

Program Notes
Kristen Wunderlich, soprano
Sunday, March 9, 2025

<p><i>Když mne stará matka</i> Songs my mother taught me, In the days long vanished; Seldom from her eyelids Were the teardrops banished. Now I teach my children, Each melodious measure. Oft the tears are flowing, Oft they flow from my memory's treasure</p> <p><i>Wiegenlied (Lullaby)</i> Dream, dream, my sweet, my life, of heaven that brings the flowers; blossoms shimmer there, they live from the song your mother sings.</p> <p>Dream, dream, bud born of my anxiety, of the day the flower unfolded; of that morning bright with blossom, when your soul opened to the world.</p> <p>Dream, dream, blossom of my love, of the silent, of the sacred night, when the flower of his love made this world my heaven.</p> <p><i>Heimweh (Homesickness)</i> What is it that takes my breath away, And stifles even my sighs? That blocks my path at every turn, And clouds my thoughts and mind? It's homesickness! Oh, the cry of pain! Oh, the cry of pain, how deeply familiar you sound within me!</p> <p>What is it that robs me of my will, And leaves me powerless to act? That turns the fields, so lush and green, Into the darkness of a prison cell? It's homesickness! Oh, the voice of sorrow!</p> <p>Oh, the voice of sorrow, how long you've echoed in my heart! What is it that freezes and burns me, And poisons every joy and pleasure? Is there no word to name this feeling,</p>	<p>Is there no word in this world? It's homesickness! Oh, bitter woe! Oh, bitter woe! My homeland, alas, I'll never see again.</p> <p><i>O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück</i> Ah! if I but knew the way back, The sweet way back to childhood's land! Ah! why did I seek my fortune And let go my mother's hand?</p> <p>Ah! how I long for utter rest, Immune from any striving, Long to close my weary eyes, Gently shrouded by love!</p> <p>And search for nothing, watch for nothing, Dream only light and gentle dreams, Not to see the times change, To be a child a second time!</p> <p>Ah! show me that way back, The sweet way back to childhoods' land! I seek happiness in vain – Ringed round by barren shores!</p> <p><i>La Mamma Morta</i> They killed my mother at the door of my room She died and saved me. Later, at dead of night, I wandered with Bersi, when suddenly a bright glow flickers and lights were ahead of me the dark street! I looked – My childhood home was on fire! I was alone! surrounded by nothingness! Hunger and misery deprivation, danger! I fell ill, and Bersi, so good and pure made a market, a deal, of her beauty for me –</p>
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I bring misfortune to all who care for me!
It was then, in my grief, that love came to me.
A voice full of harmony says,
"Keep on living, I am life itself!
Your heaven is in my eyes!
You are not alone.
I collect all your tears
I walk with you and support you!
Smile and hope! I am Love!
Are you surrounded by blood and mire?
I am Divine! I am oblivion!
I am the God above the world
I descend from the empyrean and make this
Earth a heaven! Ah!
I am love, love, love."

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

Le Printemps (The Spring)

You are here, you laughing Spring!
Bunches of lilacs are blossoming.
Lovers who cherish you
Free their flowing hair.

Beneath the rays of sparkling gold
The ancient ivy withers.
You are here, you laughing Spring!
Bunches of lilacs are blossoming.

Let us lie beside ponds
So that our bitter wounds may heal!
A thousand fabulous hopes nourish
Our stirred and fluttering hearts.
You are here, you laughing Spring!

Quand la nuit n'est pas étoilée

When the night is not studded with stars
Come rock yourself on the waves of the sea;
Like death, night is veiled,
Like life, waves are bitter.

The dark and abyss have a deep mystery
That no mortal has penetrated;
It is God who tells them to be quiet
Until the day when all shall speak!

Other eyes have, of these uncountable waves,
in vain sought to gauge the depths;
Other eyes filled with shadows,
contemplating the deep sky.

You, ask the nocturnal world
for peace to your desert heart!
Request a drop in the urn!
Request a song to this concert!

Soar above the other women,
And let your beautiful eyes wander
Between heaven, where souls are,
And earth, where there are tombs!