

Lotus Dreams

favourite songs and ballads

Shu-Cheen Yu



俞淑琴
花月夢

Katherine Day - piano

Lotus Dreams



It is my great pleasure and absolute delight to see “**Lotus Dreams**” come to reality.

Since I recorded *Lotus Moon*, *Willow Spirit Song* and *Serenade* with ABC Classics, many music lovers have suggested that they would like to hear me sing Lieder and other styles of repertoire. This CD is a collection of my favourite songs and ballads.

Interestingly, my love affair with art songs started at very early age. I was born into a musical family and both of my parents were involved with local opera companies in Shanxi Province. My father was a fine musician. He was broadminded and he wanted me to learn Western music notations and solfège (do-re-mi...) to expose me to a different music style.

Some of the first Western songs I heard were Brahms’ Lullaby, Schubert’s An Die Musik (Ode to Music) and Danny Boy, the Irish air. During the Cultural Revolution period, Western music was banned in China. But these peaceful, haunting and beautiful tunes stayed with me always.

After the Cultural Revolution, following my graduation from Shanxi Province Conservatorium of Music in Peking Opera Art & Performance, I became a Chinese and Oriental folk song specialist. I was a principle artist with the prestigious China National Oriental Song and Dance Company and was widely regarded as one of the best folk singers in China. As a result I performed regularly on China’s top radio and TV programs. In

addition I entertained visiting Heads of State and foreign dignitaries.

Whilst I was very busy with Oriental folk music, the haunting tunes of Western art songs were never far from me. They keep appearing in my head from here and there, now and then. They were like a lovely neighbour: I would hear them occasionally but I did not live with them.

In 1987, I came to Australia and finally had the wonderful privilege of learning Western style of singing at the Opera Studio of Sydney University. The rest is history.

The beautiful songs on this CD are a reflection to my artistic journey. They have all played an important part in my life. Each of them means so much to me and is so dear to my heart.

Through music like this we celebrate humanity and the great world cultural heritage that we enjoy. We are fortunate indeed to have such a breadth of musical activities to appreciate and experience so freely today.

Thank you for your interest in *Lotus Dreams* and thank you too for allowing me to share my gratitude with you. May this divine music give us all much peace and joy.

With blessings!

Shu-Cheen Yu

1 Wiegenlied (Lullaby)

Johannes Brahms Op 49. No.4

German Folk Poem and Georg Scherer

Guten Abend, gute Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Nägelein besteckt,
Schlupf unter die Deck!
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gute Nacht,
Von Englein bewacht,
Die zeigen im Traum
Dir Christkindleins Baum.
Schlaf nun selig und süß,
Schau im Traum's Paradies.

2 Plaisir D'amour

(Pleasure of Love)

Jean-Paul-Égide Martini

Poem by Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian

Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment.
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.
J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie.
Elle me quitte et prend un autre amant.
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment.
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.
Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie,
Je t'aimerai me répétait Sylvie.
L'eau coule encore.
Elle a changé pourtant.
Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment.
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

Literal English translation

Good evening, good night,
With roses covering you,
With carnations bedecked,
Slip under the covers.
Tomorrow morning, with God's will,
You will wake up again.

Good evening, good night.
By angels watched,
Who show you in your dream
The Christ-child's tree.
Sleep now blissfully and sweetly,
See paradise in your dreams.

Literal English translation

The pleasure of love lasts only a moment
The grief of love endures a lifetime.
I gave up everything for ungrateful Sylvia,
She left me for another lover.
The pleasure of love lasts only a moment,
The grief of love endures a lifetime.

“As long as this water will run gently
Towards the brook that borders the meadow,
I shall love you”, Sylvia told me repeatedly.
The stream still flows, but she has changed.
The pleasure of love lasts only a moment,
The grief of love endures a lifetime.

3 Mille Chrubuni In Coro
(A Choir of a Thousand Cherubs)

Franz Schubert

D 498, Op. 98, No. 2

Italian Poem by Alois Melichar

Mille cherubini in coro ti sorridono dal ciel.
Una dolce canzone t'accarezza il crin
Una man ti guida lieve fra le nuvole d'or,
Sognando e vegliando su te, mio tesoro,
Proteggendo il tuo cammino.

Dormi, dormi, sogna, piccolo amor mio.
Dormi, sogna, posa il capo sul mio cor.
Chiudi gli occhi, ascolta gli angioletti,
Dormi, dormi, sogna, piccolo amor.
Chiudi gli occhi, ascolta gli angioletti,
Dormi, dormi, sogna, piccolo amor.

4 The Gentle Flowing Brook

Chinese Folk Song, Yunnan Region

哎！月亮出来亮汪汪，亮汪汪，
想起我的阿哥在深山。
哥象月亮天上走，天上走，
哥啊！哥啊！哥啊！
山下小河淌水清悠悠。

哎！月亮出来照半坡，照半坡，
望见月亮想起我的哥。
一阵轻风吹上坡，吹上坡，
哥啊！哥啊！哥啊！
你可听见阿妹叫阿哥。
哎！阿哥！

Literal English translation

A choir of a thousand cherubs smiles on you
from the sky.
A sweet song caresses your brow.
A hand gently guides you through
the clouds of gold,
Dreaming and keeping watch over you,
my treasure.
Protecting your path through life.

Sleep, sleep, dream, my little love.
Sleep, dream, rest your head on my breast.
Close your eyes, listen to the little angels.
Sleep, sleep, dream, my little love.
Close your eyes, listen to the little angels,
Sleep, sleep, dream, my little love.
Dream, my little love.

Literal English translation

Hey! The moon appeared bright and shining,
I thought of my darling away on the mountain.
My love, like the moon sweeps through heaven,
Sweeps through heaven.
My love! My darling!
Under the mountain the gentle brook sparkles in
the moonlight.

Hey! The bright moon shines over the hillside,
Gazing towards the moon I think of my darling.
Suddenly the breeze sweeps over the hillside,
My love! My darling!
Can you hear your sweetheart calling?
Hey! My love!

5 Londonderry Air (Danny Boy)

Irish Air

Poem by Frederic Weatherly

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side,
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
And I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me;
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me.
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!

6 Ave Maria (Hail Mary)

J S Bach and Charles Gounod

Poem by Alphonse Lamartine, adapted by Gounod

Ave Maria! Gratia plena,
Dominus tecum,
Benedicta tu in mulieribus
Et benedictus
Fructus ventris tui, Jesus.
Santa Maria, santa Maria,
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen



English Translation

Hail Mary! Full of Grace,
God is with thee,
Blessed art thou amongst women,
And blessed
Is the fruit of thy womb (Jesus),
Holy Mary, holy Mary,
Pray for us sinners
Now and in the hour of our death. Amen

7 Amarilli, Mia Bella
(My Beautiful Amaryllis)

Giulio Caccini

Poem by Guarini, from *Le Nuove Musiche*

Amarilli mia bella,
Non credio del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
Dubitar non ti vale
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli,
Amarilli è il mio amore.

Amaryllis, my beautiful one,
Do you not believe, my heart's sweet desire,
That you are my love?
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,
Doubt not its truth.
Open my chest and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Amaryllis is my beloved.

8 Le Violette (The Violets)

Alessandro Scarlatti

Poem by Adriano Moeselli, from Pirro Demetrio

Rugiadose odorose
Violette graziose,
Voi vi state vergognose,
Mezzo ascose fra le foglie,
E sgridate le mie voglie,
Che son troppo ambiziose.

Literal English translation

Dewy fragrant
Violets graceful,
Shyly there you stand,
Half hidden amongst the leaves,
And you scold my desires,
Which are too ambitions.

9 Ridente La Calma
(Smiling Calmness is My Essence)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Anonymous

Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti;
Né resti più segno di sdegno e timor.
Tu vieni, frattanto, a stringer mio bene,
Le dolce catene sí grate al mio cor.
Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti;
Né resti un segno di sdegno e timor.

Literal English translation

Smiling calmness is my essence;
No traces of anger or fear remain.

But you came and captured me, my beloved,
The sweet chains that blessed my heart.

10 An Chloë (To Cloe)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Poem by Johann Georg Jacobi

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust hinein zu schauen
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;

Und ich halte dich und küße
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm.

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düstre Wolke mir,
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.

Literal English translation

When love shines from your blue,
Bright, open eyes,
As I gaze with joy into them
My heart pounds and glows.

And I hold you and kiss
Your rosy, warm cheeks,
Lovely maiden, and I clasp
You trembling in my arms.

Maiden, maiden, I press
You firmly to my breast,
Only with the final glance,
Only at death, will I let you go.

Then my intoxicated gaze is masked
By a gloomy cloud,
And I sit there, exhausted,
But blissful, next to you.



11 Ständchen (Serenade)

Franz Schubert

Poem by Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich!

Literal English translation

My songs gently implore you
Through the night;
Below in the quiet grove,
My love, come to me!

The slender leaf tips whisper
In the light of the moon;
No-one will observe us.
Do not be afraid, my love.

Do you hear the nightingales call?
Oh! They implore you,
With the sweet tunes of their singing
They plead for me!

They understand my heart's longing,
They know the pain of love
With their silvery sound
They sooth every tender heart.

Let them also touch within your breast,
My love: hear my plea!
Trembling I wait for you,
Come, bring me bliss!

12 Die Vögel (The Bird) D.691

Franz Schubert

Poem by Friedrich Schlegel

Wie lieblich und fröhlich,
Zu schweben, zu singen,
Von glänzender Höhe
Zur Erde zu blicken!

Die Menschen sind töricht,
Sie können nicht fliegen.
Sie jammern in Nöten,
Wir flattern gen Himmel.

Der Jäger will töten,
Dem Früchte wir pickten;
Wir müssen ihn höhnen,
Und Beute gewinnen.

13 Frühlingsglaube (Faith in Spring)

Franz Schubert

Poem by Johann Ludwig Uhland

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schooner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Literal English translation

How lovely and delightful,
To soar, to sing,
From the glittering heights
Gazing down upon the earth!

Human beings are foolish:
They cannot fly.
They mourn their disasters;
We fly up to the heavens.

The hunter wants to kill us,
His fruits we have plucked;
We mustn't mock him
While we snatch what we can!

Literal English translation

The gentle winds are awakened,
They murmur and blow day and night,
They recreate an entire land.
Oh fresh scent, oh new sound!
Now, poor dear heart, fear not!
Now everything, everything must change.

The world becomes more beautiful with each day,
One does not know what may yet happen,
The blooming doesn't want to end.
The farthest, deepest valley blooms:
Now, poor dear heart, forget the pain!
Now everything, everything must change.

14 Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

(On Wings of Song)

Felix Mendelssohn

Poem by Heinrich Heine

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort;

Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein,
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau nach den Sternen empor,
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.

Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazellen,
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des [heiligen]² Stromes Well'n.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

Literal English translation

On wings of song,
Sweetheart, I'll carry you away
To the path of the Ganges
Where I know the most beautiful place.

There lies a red-flowering garden,
In the tranquil moonlight,
The lotus-flowers are expecting
Their beloved sister.

The violets sweetly rustle,
Looking up at the stars,
Secretly the roses recount
One's aromatic fairy tales.

Leaping and listening
Are the faithful and alert gazelles
Far away a gentle murmur
Flows in heavenly waves.

There we will lay down,
Under the palm-tree,
And drink of love and peacefulness
And dream our blessed dream.

15 Vergebliches Ständchen (Futile Serenade)

Johannes Brahms

Poem by Anton Wilhelm Florintin von Zuccalmaglio

Er:

Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie:

Meine Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich laß dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er:

So kalt ist die Nacht,
so eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie:

Löschet dein' Lieb';
lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Literal English translation

He:

Good evening, my darling,
Good evening, my baby!
I come out of love for you;
Ah, open the door for me!

She:

My door is locked;
I will not let you in.
Mother advised me well,
That if you were permitted to enter
It would lead to my ruin.

He:

So cold is the night,
So icy the wind,
My heart is freezing;
My love will be extinguished.
Open up for me, my baby!

She:

If your love is being extinguished,
Just let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
Go home to bed, to sleep,
Good night my lad!

**16 Si mes vers avaient des ailes
(If My Verses Had Wings)**

Reynaldo Hahn

Poem by Victor Hogo

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'oiseau.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'amour!

Literal English translation

My verses would flee, sweet and fragile,
To your beautiful garden,
If my verses had wings
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling heart,
If my verses had wings
Like my spirit.

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



17 Zueignung (Dedication)

Richard Strauss

Poem by Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank.

18 An die Musik (To Music)

Franz Schubert

Poem by Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst,
In wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb' entzunden,
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer,
Deiner Harf' entflossen,
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

Literal English translation

Yes, you understand, beloved soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

Once I held the one, who delights in freedom,
Raising the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.

And exorcised the evil therein,
Until I, as I had never been,
Heavenly, blissfully into your heart I fall,
Have thanks.

Literal English translation

Thou divine Art,
In how many grey hours,
When life's wild circle ensnared me,
Have you kindled my heart to warm love,
Have you carried me away into a better world!

How often has the sigh,
Your harp created,
A sweet chord of yours
Opened up the heaven of better times for me,
Thou divine Art,
For that I thank you!

Katherine Day

One of the most versatile pianists of her generation, Melbourne based pianist Katherine Day is in demand as a soloist, orchestral pianist, chamber musician, arranger, repetiteur, and art song collaborator. Katherine is an alumna of London's Royal College of Music, and the University of Melbourne (VCA). She studied with Tatiana Nikolaeva, Julian Jacobson, and Peter Frankl, and has performed throughout Europe and Australia. Winner of the 2007 National Liederfest accompanist prize, Katherine has recorded art song for Move Records, ABC Classic FM, and 3MBS FM. Katherine is renowned for her championship of new music, premiering new works in the Melbourne International Festival, the ANU online streaming project, the Melbourne Comedy Festival, the Castlemaine Festival, and the Australian Flute Festival. Katherine is a Performance Teaching Fellow at the Australian National University Canberra, and Chief Repetiteur at Melbourne Opera Studio.



English translations: Shu-Cheen Yu

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