



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
GRADUATE RECITAL

Jake Michael, tenor
John Cozza, piano

Liederkreis, Op. 39

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

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2. Intermezzo
3. Waldesgespräch
4. Die Stille
5. Mondnacht
6. Schöne Fremde
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8. In der Fremde
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INTERMISSION

Songs of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

1. The Vagabond
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7. Whither must I wander?
8. Bright is the ring of words
9. I have trod the upward and the downward slope

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Master of Music in Performance.
Jake Michael is a student of Julie Miller.*



FRIDAY, 6:00 P.M.
APRIL 17, 2026
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Jake Michael, tenor | April 17, 2026

Liederkreis, Op. 39

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) was a pivotal German Romantic composer and music critic whose work bridged deep literary inspiration with rich musical expression. Originally aspiring to be a virtuoso pianist, a hand injury redirected his focus to composition, where he produced an extraordinary body of piano music, songs, chamber works, and symphonies. Schumann's affinity for poetry is especially evident in his Lieder, or art songs, which set texts by leading German poets to music of striking emotional nuance. Among these, *Liederkreis*, Op. 39 (1840), based on poems by Joseph von Eichendorff, stands as one of his most celebrated song cycles, capturing the Romantic fascination with nature, longing, and the inner world through its lyrical melodies and evocative harmonies. Despite periods of intense creativity, Schumann struggled with mental illness throughout his life, ultimately spending his final years in an asylum, but his legacy endures as one of the most introspective and poetically sensitive voices of the 19th century.

1. In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her.
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

2. Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so Frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

3. Waldesgespräch

„Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut, ich führ' dich heim!“

„Größ ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh, du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“

„So reich geschmückt ist Ross und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib;

1. In a foreign land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds come drifting in.
But father and mother have long been dead,
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! How soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,
Forgotten here as well.

2. Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness
Deep within my heart,
It gazes at me every hour
So freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself
An old and beautiful song
That soars into the sky
And swiftly wings its way to you.

3. A forest dialogue

“It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride, I'll lead you home!”

“Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee, you do not know who I am.”

“So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form;

Jetzt kenn' ich dich, Gott steh' mir bei.
Du bist die Hexe Loreley!"

„Du kennst mich wohl, von hohem Fels
Schaut still mein Schloss tief in den Rhein;
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald.“

4. Die Stille

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach! wüsst' es nur Einer, nur Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen sollt.

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wär ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär'.

5. Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküsst,
Dass sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müsst'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis' die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

6. Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,
Zu mir, fantastische Nacht!

Now I know you, may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei!"

"You know me well, from its towering rock
My castle looks deep and silent down into the Rhine;
It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!"

4. Silence

No one knows and no one can guess
How happy I am, how happy!
If only one, just one man knew,
No one else ever should.

The snow outside is not so silent,
Nor are the stars on high
So still and silent
As my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird,
And could fly across the sea,
Across the sea and further,
Until I were in heaven.

5. Moonlit night

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had now to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread
Its wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

6. A beautiful foreign land

The tree-tops rustle and shudder
As if at this very hour
The ancient gods
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle trees
In secretly twilit splendour,
What are you telling me, fantastic night,
Obscurely, as in a dream!

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

7. Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter,
Drüben gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klause.

Draußen ist es still und friedlich,
Alle sind in's Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

8. In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin,
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit!

Die Mondesschimmer fliegen,
Als säh' ich unter mir
Das Schloss im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müsste in dem Garten,
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

9. Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei;
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,

The glittering stars gaze down on me,
Fierily and full of love,
The distant horizon speaks with rapture
Of some great happiness to come!

7. In a castle

Up there at his look-out
The old knight has fallen asleep,
Rain-storms pass overhead,
And the wood stirs through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,
Ruff and breast turned to stone,
For centuries he's sat up there
In his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and peaceful,
All have gone down to the valley,
Forest birds sing lonely songs
In the empty window-arches.

Down there on the sunlit Rhine
A wedding-party's sailing by,
Musicians strike up merrily,
And the lovely bride – weeps.

8. In a foreign land

I hear the brooklets murmuring,
Through the forest, here and there,
In the forest, in the murmuring
I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing
Here in the solitude,
As though they wished to tell
Of lovely days now past!

The moonlight flickers,
As though I saw below me
The castle in the valley,
Yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden,
Full of roses, white and red,
My love were waiting for me,
Yet she died long ago.

9. Sadness

True, I can sometimes sing
As though I were content;
But secretly tears well up,
And my heart is set free.

Nightingales, when spring breezes
Play outside, sing

Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und Alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

10. Zwielight

Dämm'ung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken zieh'n wie schwere Träume,
Was will dieses Grau'n bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Lass es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger zieh'n im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau' ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

Was heut' gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren,
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

11. Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzen viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde,
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde.

12. Frühlingsnacht

Über'n Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Jauchzen möchte' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alle Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
„Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!“

-Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Their song of longing
From their dungeon cell.

Then all hearts listen
And everyone rejoices,
Yet no one feels the pain,
The deep sorrow in the song.

10. Twilight

Dusk is about to spread its wings,
The trees now shudder and stir,
Clouds drift by like oppressive dreams,
What can this dusk and dread imply?

If you have a fawn you favour,
Do not let her graze alone,
Hunters sound their horns through the forest,
Voices wander to and fro.

If here on earth you have a friend,
Do not trust him at this hour,
Though his eyes and lips be smiling,
In treacherous peace he's scheming war.

That which wearily sets today,
Will rise tomorrow, newly born.
Much can go lost in the night,
Be wary, watchful, on your guard!

11. In the forest

A wedding procession wound across the mountain,
I heard the warbling of birds,
Riders flashed by, hunting horns blared,
That was a merry chase!

And before I knew, all had faded.
Darkness covers the land;
Only the forest still sighs from the mountains,
And deep in my heart I quiver with fear.

12. Spring night

Over the garden through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
A sign that spring is in the air,
Flowers already bloom below.

I could shout for joy, could weep,
For it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders come flooding back,
Gleaming in the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
And the dreaming forest whispers it,
And the nightingales sing it:
“She is yours, is yours!”

-Richard Stokes

Songs of Travel

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958) was a leading English composer whose music helped define a distinctly national style through his deep engagement with folk traditions, modal harmony, and lyrical expression. Educated at the Royal College of Music and influenced by composers like Ravel, he blended pastoral beauty with emotional depth across symphonies, choral works, and songs. Among his most beloved vocal compositions is *Songs of Travel* (1901–1904), a song cycle for voice and piano that sets poems by Robert Louis Stevenson, capturing themes of wandering, solitude, and the human search for meaning—hallmarks of Vaughan Williams’s enduring musical voice.

1. The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There’s the life for a man like me,
There’s the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o’er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.

3. The roadside fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your
room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the
broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body
white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside
fire.

White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

2. Let Beauty awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty’s sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day’s dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

4. Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden
gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

5. In dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremember'd tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

7. Whither must I wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place
of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the
moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and
flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood -
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney -
But I go for ever and come again no more.

9. I have trod the upward and the downward slope

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

-Robert Lous Stevenson (1850-1894)

6. The infinite shining heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars looked over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me

8. Bright is the ring of words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

