

Wanchun Liang
bass-baritone

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Michael Meraw

with
Sean Yu, piano

Thursday, March 30, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

“Si, tra i ceppi” from *Berenice*
“Sorge infausta una procella” from *Orlando*

Carl Loewe
(1796–1869)

Erlkönig from *Drei Balladen*, op. 1

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Wie Melodien zieht es mir, op. 105 no.1
Sapphische Ode, op. 94 no. 4

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Chanson d’amour, op. 27 no. 1
Après un rêve, op. 7 no. 1
Les berceaux, op. 23 no. 1

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

from *Songs of Travel*
The Vagabond
The Roadside Fire
Whither Must I Wander?

Jiping Zhao 幽兰操
(b. 1945)
Poem by Yu Han

Orchid Calisthenics 韩愈

Sì, tra i ceppi e le ritorte

*Sì, tra i ceppi e le ritorte
La mia fe risplendera.
No, ne pur la stessa morte.
Il mio foco estinguerà.*

Anonymous

Sorge infausta una procella

*Sorge infausta una procella
che oscurar fa il cielo e il mare.
sorge fausta poi la stella
che ogni cor ne fà goder.
Può talor il forte errare
ma risorto dall'errore
quel che pria gli diè dolore
cusa immenso il suo piacer.*

Carlo Sigismondo Capece

Erlkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?

*Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.*

*„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?“
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“*

*„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“*

Yes, even in chains and bonds

*Yes, even in chains and bonds
My faith will be resplendent.
No, not even Death itself
will put out my fire.*

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LiederNet Archive; <https://www.lieder.net>*

An inauspicious tempest rises

*An inauspicious tempest rises
and darkens the sky and the sea
after this good star rises
and makes each heart happy.
Sometimes the hero can err
but, after the mistake,
he feels a great joy
for what was before his great sorrow.*

*Translation by Ugo Berardi (pro.ugo@tin.it) from
the Aria Database (<http://www.aria-database.com>)*

The Erlking

*Who rides so late through the night and
wind?*

*It is the father with his child.
He has the boy in his arms;
he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.*

*'My son, why do you hide your face in fear?'
'Father, can you not see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and tail?'
'My son, it is a streak of mist.'*

*Sweet child, come with me.
I'll play wonderful games with you.
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;
my mother has many a golden robe.'*

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wie Melodien zieht es

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.
kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.
Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborg'n wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Klaus Groth

'Father, father, do you not hear
what the Erlking softly promises me?'
'Calm, be calm, my child:
the wind is rustling in the withered leaves.'

'Won't you come with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
my daughters lead the nightly dance,
and will rock you, and dance, and sing you to
sleep.'

'Father, father, can you not see
Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?'
'My son, my son, I can see clearly:
it is the old grey willows gleaming.'

'I love you, your fair form allures me,
and if you don't come willingly, I'll use force.'
'Father, father, now he's seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!'

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,
he holds the moaning child in his arms;
with one last effort he reaches home;
the child lay dead in his arms.

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Like Melodies

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.
Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.
Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Sapphische Ode

Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen Hage,
Süßer hauchten Duft sie, als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.

Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lippen pflückte;
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.

Hans Schmidt

Chanson d'amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange...

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange...

Armand Silvestre

Sapphic Ode

I gathered roses from the dark hedge by
night,
The fragrance they breathed was sweeter than
by day;
But when I moved the branches, they
showered
Me with dew.

And the fragrant kisses thrilled me as never
before,
When I gathered them from your rose-bush
lips by night;
But you too, moved in your heart like those
roses,
Shed the dew of tears.

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The Book of Lieder (Faber); provided via Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Love Song

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of all you say,
O my rebel, O my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise.

I love your eyes, I love your brow ...

I love all that makes you beautiful
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my wild one, O my rebel.

I love your eyes, I love your brow ...

Après un rêve

*Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,*

Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

*Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvriraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.*

*Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;*

*Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!*

Romain Bussine

Les berceaux

*Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.*

*Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.*

*Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.*

Sully Prudhomme

After a Dream

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and
ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial
fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your
delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

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Song Companion (Oxford University Press);
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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.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

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.

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.

Robert Louis Stevenson

幽兰操

韩愈

兰之猗猗，扬扬其香。
众香拱之，幽幽其芳。
不采而佩，于兰何伤。
以日以年，我行四方。
文王梦熊，渭水泱泱。
采而佩之，奕奕清芳。
雪霜茂茂，蕾蕾于冬。
君子之守，子孙之昌。

Orchid calisthenics

The orchid is flourishing, its fragrance spreads. If no one plucks one to wear it, how could that harm the orchid! My coming back today, who caused it? I have been traveling everywhere, for years on end The luxuriance of the frost and snow (will bring) luxuriant crops (in spring) If you are not sad I will not come to see you Luxuriant crops (mean) a good harvest Although a gentleman may be sad, he keeps proper conduct.

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Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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Leo Weisskoff, jazz bass (BM)

Student of Cecil McBee, Nasheet Waits, and Joe Morris

Friday, March 31, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Brittany Bryant, mezzo-soprano (BM)

Student of Karen Holvik

Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Wooyoung Kim, mezzo-soprano (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Hechen Sun, cello (BM)

Student of Lluís Claret

Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Yuri Ahn, cello (MM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Nozomi Murayama, violin (MM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Richard Vculek, bassoon (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Andrew Flurer, bassoon (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Huimin Mandy Liu, French horn (BM)

Student of Richard Sebring

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Jonathan Salman, cello (MM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Carson McHaney, *contemporary musical arts* (MM)

Student of Liz Knowles and Ayano Ninomiya

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Chae Lim Yoon, *violin* (BM)

Student of Paul Biss

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Will Fredendall, *jazz flute* (BM)

Student of Renée Krimsier, Jerry Leake, and Jason Moran

Monday, April 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Karlee Kamminga, *French horn* (MM)

Student of Rachel Childers

Monday, April 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Yukun Zhang, *guitar* (BM)

Student of Eliot Fisk

Monday, April 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Yiliang Jiang, *violin* (GD)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Tuesday, April 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Yechan Min, *flute* (BM)

Student of Paula Robison

Tuesday, April 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Jie Zhou, *piano* (MM)

Student of Stephen Drury

Tuesday, April 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jonathan Swensen, *cello* (AD)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Wednesday, April 5, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Boxianzi Vivian Ling, *violin* (MM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Wednesday, April 5, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

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