

Wenxin Sha
baritone

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2023
Student of Michael Meraw

with
Tianying Xiong, piano

Monday, April 17, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

“*Pensa a chi geme d’amor piagata*” from *Alcina*

“*Ombra mai fu*” from *Xerxes*

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

from *Dichterliebe*

I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh’

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

VII. Ich grolle nicht

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

Three Shakespeare Songs, op. 6

Come away, death

O mistress mine

Blow, blow thou winter wind

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874–1947)

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mai

À Chloris

Jiping Zhao
(b. 1945)

幽兰操 (Song of the Orchid)

*Wenxin Sha is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by
the Florence O. Preble Scholarship Fund.*

Pensa a chi geme d'amor piagata

Pensa a chi geme d'amor piagata,

*e sempre teme abbandonata,
crudel, da te.*

*Torna ad amarla, e la consola,
né mesta e sola così lasciarla
senza mercé.*

Antonio Fanzaglia

Ombra mai fu

*Frondi tenere e belle
del mio platano amato,
per voi risplenda il fato.
Tuoni, lampi, e Procelle
non voltragginp mai la cara pace,
né giunga a profanarvi austro rapace.*

*Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile,
cara ed amabile
soave più..*

Niccolò Minato

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.*

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.*

**Think of those who moan of wounded
love**

Think of those who moan of wounded
love,

and always fears abandoned,
cruel, from you.

Love her again, and console her,
neither sad and alone so leave her
without mercy.

Translation by Wenxin Sha

Shadow Never Was

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree,
Let Fate smile upon you .
May thunder, lightning, and storms
never bother your dear peace,
Nor may you by blowing winds be
profaned.

Never was made
A vegetable (a plant)
more dear and loving
or gentle.

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Im the wondrous month of May

Im the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.

Im the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

*Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.*

*Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.*

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

*Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.*

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

*Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.*

*Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.*

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

*Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.*

*Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.*

From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

Rose, lily, dove, sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

*Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.*

*Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.*

*Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.*

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,

*Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,*

*Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.*

Heinrich Heine

In the Rhine, in the holy river

*In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.*

*In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.*

*Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.*

I bear no grudge

*I bear no grudge, though my heart is
breaking,*

*O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.
I've known that long. For I saw you in my
dreams,*

*And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.*

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber) Provided via Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Come away, death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

From Twelfth Night, Act II Scene 4

O mistress mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

From Twelfth Night, Act II, Scene 3

Blow, blow thou winter wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Although thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
Most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
most loving mere folly
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

From As You Like It, Act II Scene 7

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

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

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

*Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour.*

Victor Hugo

If my verses had wings

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!

Mai

*Depuis un mois, chère exilée,
Loin de mes yeux tu t'en allas,
Et j'ai vu fleurir des lilas
Avec ma peine inconsolée.*

*Seul, je fuis ce ciel clair et beau
Dont l'ardent effluve me trouble,
Car l'horreur de l'exil se double
De la splendeur du renouveau.*

*En vain le soleil a souri,
Au printemps je ferme ma porte,
Et veux seulement qu'on m'apporte
Un rameau de lilas fleuri;*

*Car l'amour dont mon âme est pleine
Y trouve, parmi ses douleurs
Ton regard dans ces chères fleurs
Et dans leur parfum ton haleine.*

François Coppée

À Chloris

*S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.*

Théophile Viau

May

It is a month, dear exile,
Since you vanished from my gaze,
And I have watched the lilacs bloom
With my sorrow unassuaged.

Alone, I avoid these lovely clear skies,
Whose blazing rays disquiet me,
For an exile's dread increases
With the splendour of nature's renewal.

In vain the sun has smiled;
I close my door to the spring,
And wish only to be brought
A lilac branch in bloom!

For Love, which fills my heart to overflowing,
Finds among its sorrows
Your gaze in the midst of those dear flowers,
And in their fragrance your sweet breath!

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.
Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favour of your eyes!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A
French Song Companion (Oxford University
Press) Provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

幽兰操

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。

韩愈 (Han Yu)

Song of the Orchid

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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Eric Chen, *violin* (BM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Tuesday, April 18, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Shannon Johnson, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Karen Holvik

Tuesday, April 18, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Aaron Kaufman-Levine, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Miguel Zenón and Frank Carlberg

Wednesday, April 19, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Jeremy Tai, *cello* (MM)

Student of Paul Katz

Wednesday, April 19, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Wenbo Zhao, *baritone* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Wednesday, April 19, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jennifer Burks, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Lisa Saffer

Thursday, April 20, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Kaitlyn Knudsvig, *contemporary musical arts* (MM)

Student of Hankus Netsky and Liz Knowles

Thursday, April 20, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

William Mabuza, *jazz bass* (BM)

Student of Jason Moran and Nasheet Waits

Friday, April 21, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Kwong Man To, *viola* (MM)

Student of Nicholas Cords

Friday, April 21, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Delfina Cheb Terrab, CMA (DMA '24)

Student of Dominique Eade and Anthony Coleman

Friday, April 21, 2023 at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Jawoon Koo, *bass-baritone* (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Saturday, April 22, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Josie Larsen, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Saturday, April 22, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

William Stark, *jazz bass* (BM)

Student of Cecil McBee

Saturday, April 22, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Libang Wang, *baritone* (MM)

Student of Michael Meraw

Saturday, April 22, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Lucas Hernandez, *tenor* (BM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Andrew Li, *piano* (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall

Ga-Young Park, *collaborative piano* (DMA '25)

Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Keller Room

Ruoran Poppy Yu, *violin and viola* (BM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen and Mai Motobuchi

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Tiffany Chang, *violin* (MM)

Student of Miriam Fried

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Juliette Kaoudji, *mezzo-soprano* (GD)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

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