

Wenbo Zhao
baritone

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Bradley Williams

with
Justin Williams, piano

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

PROGRAM

Antonio Caldara
(1670–1736)

“Selve amiche, ombroso piante”
from *La Costanza in Amor Vince l’Inganno*

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

from *Liederkreis, op. 39*
In der Fremde
Intermezzo
Die Stille
Mondnacht
In Walde

Maurice Ravel
(1875–1937)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

The House of Life (1903)
Love Sight
Silent Noon
Heart’s Haven
Death in Love
Love’s Last Gift

阿镗 A. Tang
(b. 1948)
Lyrics by 岳飞 Yue Fei

满江红 *The River All Red*

*Thank you all for coming to my recital today.
This moment will be unforgettable for me.*

*On this difficult path of art, I could not have achieved anything
without the love and unconditional support of my parents.*

*I would like to thank my undergraduate voice teacher Bo Yang
for getting me started on this wonderful journey.*

*Thanks to my dear professor Bradley Williams for being patient,
caring and so professional, which has supported me to go further at NEC.*

*Thanks to my recital coach, Justin Williams!
I won't forget the time I explore music with you.*

*Thank you all, (my fellows, professors, and my family)
for making me live my ordinary life in an extraordinary way!
I hope we all will continue pursuing what we are truly passionate about.*

Thank you all for being here!

Selve amiche, ombrose piante

*Selve amiche, ombrose piante,
Fido albergo del mio core,
Chiede a voi quest'alma amante
Qualche pace al suo dolore.*

Anonymous

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.*

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.*

Die Stille

*Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßst' es nur Einer, nur Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!*

*So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',*

Friendly woods, shady plants

Friendly woods, shady plants,
faithful shelter of my heart,
asks of you this-soul loving
some peace in its sorrow.

*Literal translation and IPA transcription © by
Bard Suverkrop – IPA Source, LLC*

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.

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.

Silence

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

The snow outside is not so silent,
Nor are the stars on high
So still and taciturn

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'!*

Mondnacht

*Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun 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.*

Im Walde

*Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten 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.*

Joseph von Eichendorff

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!

Moonlit Night

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only 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
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

In the Forest

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

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

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

Chanson romanesque

*Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.*

*Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.*

*Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.*

*Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.*

Chanson épique

*Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.*

*D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.*

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)

*L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.*

Romantic song

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.

Epic song

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

*(O great Saint George and great Saint
Michael)*

Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.

Chanson à boire

*Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!*

*Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... lorsque j'ai bu!*

*Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!*

*Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...
Lorsque j'ai bu!*

Paul Morand

Drinking song

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky
mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight...
when I'm... drunk!

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) Provided via
Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Love Sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?

Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love - my love! if I no more should see Thyself,
nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The groundwhirl of the perished leaves of Hope
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Heart's Haven

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,
Cow'ring beneath dark wings that love must chase,
With still tears show'ring and averted face,
Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:
And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling harms
I crave the refuge of her deep embrace, —
Against all ills the fortified strong place
And sweet reserve of sov'reign counter-charms.

And Love, our light at night and shade at noon,
Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away
All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams through his tune;
And as soft waters warble to the moon,
Our answ'ring spirits chime one roundelay.

Death in Love

There came an image in Life's retinue
That had Love's wings and bore his gonfalon:
Fair was the web, and nobly wrought thereon,
O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!
Bewildering sounds, such as spring wakens to,
Shook in its folds; and through my heart its power
Sped trackless as the immemorable hour

When birth's dark portal groaned and all was new.
But a veiled woman followed, and she caught
The banner round its staff, to furl and cling,
Then plucked a feather from the bearer's wing,
And held it to his lips that stirred it not,
And said to me, 'Behold, there is no breath:
I and this Love are one, and I am Death.

Love's Last Gift

Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,
And said: 'The rose-tree and the apple-tree
Have fruits to vaunt or flowers to lure the bee;
And golden shafts are in the feathered sheaf
Of the great harvest marshal, the year's chief
Victorious summer; aye, and 'neath warm sea
Strange secret grasses lurk inviolably
Between the filtering channels of sunk reef ...

'All are my blooms; and all sweet blooms of love
To thee I gave while spring and summer sang;
But autumn stops to listen, with some pang
From those worse things the wind is moaning of.
Only this laurel dreads no winter days:
Take my last gift; thy heart hath sung my praise.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

满江红

怒发冲冠，凭阑处、潇潇雨歇。

抬望眼，仰天长啸，壮怀激烈。

三十功名尘与土，
八千里路云和月。

莫等闲，白了少年头，空悲切。

靖康耻，犹未雪；
臣子恨，何时灭？

驾长车，踏破贺兰山缺。

壮志饥餐胡虏肉，笑谈渴饮匈奴血。

待从头，收拾旧山河，朝天阙。

岳飞 Yue Fei

The River All Red

Wrath sets on end my hair;
I lean on railings where,
I see the drizzling rain has ceased.

Raising my eyes ,
Towards the skies,
I heave long sighs,
My wrath not yet appeased.

To dust is gone the fame achieved in thirty
years;
Like cloud-veiled moon the thousand-mile
Plain disappears.

Should youthful heads in vain turn grey,
We would regret for aye.

Lost our capitals, what a burning shame!
How can we generals, quench our vengeful
flame!

Driving our chariots of war, we'd go ,
To break through our relentless foe.

Valiantly we'd cut off each head;
Laughing, we'd drink the blood they shed.

When we've reconquered our lost land,
In triumph would return our army grand.

English Translation by XuYuan Chong

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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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

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

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