

Libang Wang
baritone

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

with
Brett Hodgdon, piano

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

PROGRAM

Maurice Ravel
(1875–1937)

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée
Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

from *Liederkreis, op. 39*
In der Fremde
Die Stille
Mondnacht
Wehmut
Zwielicht
Im Walde
Frühlingsnacht

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

Three Shakespeare Songs
Come away, death
O mistress mine
Blow, blow thou winter wind

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

“How willing my paternal love” from *Samson*

Francesco Tosti
(1846–1916)

A vucchella
Tristezza

Qing Liu

Song of the Yue Boatman

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 blêmiraiss 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

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.

Die Stille

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßt' es nur Einer, nur Einer,

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)

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.

Silence

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

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',
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.

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,
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.

No one else ever should!

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

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
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.

Zwielicht

*Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume—
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?*

*Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn 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!*

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.*

Frühlingsnacht

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

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

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!

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.

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.

*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

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

*Translation © 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!

William Shakespeare, 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.

William Shakespeare, 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.

William Shakespeare, As You Like It, Act II Scene 7

How willing my paternal love

How willing my paternal love.
The weight to share
Of filial care,
And part of sorrow's burden prove!
Though wand'ring in the shades of night,
Whilst I have eyes he wants no light.

Newburgh Hamilton

A vucchella

*Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo
tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuiatella.*

*Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
- è comm'a na rusella -
dammillo nu vasillo,
dammillo, Cannelletta!*

*Dammillo e pigliatillo,
nu vaso piccerillo
comm'a chesta vucchella,*

*che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuiatella...*

Gabriele D'Annunzio

Tristezza

*Guarda; lontan lontano
muore ne l'onde il sol;
stormi d'uccelli
a vol tornano al piano.*

*Una malinconia io sento in cuore
e pur non so perchè;
guardandoti negli occhi,
o bella mia, muto mi stringo a te.*

*Copre l'ombria d'un manto
le cose, il cielo, il mar;
io sento tremolar
ne gli occhi il pianto.*

*Suona l'avemaria ed é sí triste
e pur non so perchè:
devotamente preghi, o bella mia,
io prego insieme con te.*

A sweet mouth

Yes, like a little flower,
You have got a sweet mouth
A little bit
withered.

Please give it to me
it's like a little rose
Give me a little kiss,
give, Cannelletta!

Give one and take one,
a kiss as little
as your mouth

which looks like a little rose
a little bit
withered.

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Sadness

Look, far in the distance
the sun is dying on the waves
flocks of birds are flying
back to the plain.

I feel a sadness in my heart
and yet I don't know why.
Looking into your eyes my beauty,
I silently press you close to me.

A shadow cloaks creation
the sky and the sea,
I feel tears brimming
in my eyes.

The Angelus bell rings and sounds so sad
and yet I don't know why.
You pray devoutly, my beauty
and I pray with you.

*Tenera ne la sera
che s'empie di fulgor,
dai nostri amanti cuor
va la preghiera.*

*E la malinconia
mi fa pensare
e pur non so perchè,
che un giorno, ahimè,
dovrà la vita mia
perdere il sogno e te!*

Riccardo Mazzola

越人歌

今夕何夕兮，
褰舟中流。
今日何日兮，
得与王子同舟。
蒙羞被好兮，
不谔诟耻。
心几烦而不绝兮，
得知王子。
山有木兮木有枝，
心悦君兮君不知

Tenderly the prayer goes out
from our loving hearts
into the splendour
of the evening.

The sadness
makes me think
and yet I don't know why,
that one day, alas,
my heart will lose
this dream and you!

*Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English
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Song of the Yue boatman

Oh! What night is tonight,
we are rowing on the river.
Oh! What day is today,
that I get to share a boat with a prince?
The prince's kindness makes me shy,
I take no notice of people's mocking cries
Ignorant but not uncared for,
I made acquaintance with a prince.
There are trees on the mountains and there
are branches on the tree
I adore you, oh! you do not know.

*English Translation © Zhengzhang,
Shangfang(1991) "Decipherment of Yue-Ren-Ge
(Song of the Yue boatman)"*

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Student of Bradley Williams

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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)

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

Juliette Kaoudji, *mezzo-soprano* (GD)

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Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Aixin Cheng, *cello* (BM)

Student of Lluís Claret

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

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