

Jingyue Jiang

soprano

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

with
Pualina Lim, piano

Sunday, April 23, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia, K. 582

Vado, ma dove? O Dei!, K. 583

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965

Xianyi Ji, clarinet

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Fiançailles pour rire, FP 101

La dame d'André

Dans l'herbe

Il vole

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Violon

Fleurs

John Duke
(1899–1984)

From the Sea

All Beauty Calls You to Me

Listen, I Love You

I am so Weak a Thing

All Things in the World can Rest, but I

Oh, My Love

Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia

*Chi sa, chi sa, qual sia
l'affanno del mio bene,
se sdegno, gelosia,
timor, sospetto, amor.
Voi che sapete, o Dei,
I puri affetti miei,
Voi questo dubbio amaro
Toglietemi dal cor.*

Lorenzo Da Ponte

Vado, ma dove? Oh Dei!

*Vado, ma dove? Oh Dei!
Se de' tormenti suoi,
se de' sospiri miei
non sente il ciel pietà!
Tu che mi parli al core,
Guida i miei passi, amore;
Tu quel ritegno or toglì
Che dubitar mi fa.*

Lorenzo Da Ponte

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

*Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,*

*Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.*

*Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.*

*Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.*

Who knows

Who knows what it is
that troubles my beloved.
Is it anger, jealousy, fear,
suspicion, or love?
You, oh gods,
who know the purity of my love,
take this bitter uncertainty
from my heart.

*Literal translation © 2008 by Bard Suverkrop-
IPA Source, LLC*

I go, but where? oh gods!

I go, but where, oh gods,
if for his torments,
for my sighs,
Heaven feels no pity?
You who speak to my heart,
guide my steps, love;
remove that hesitation
that makes me doubt.

Translation by Jingyue Jiang

The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

*In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.*

So sehnd klang im Wald das Lied,

*So sehnd klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.*

*Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.*

Wilhelm Müller

Stanzas 5 and 6 by Karl August Varnhagen
von Ense

La Dame d'André

*André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains,
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?*

*Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiancailles du hasard?*

*A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver
Entrait par la grande avenue?*

*Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur,
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?*

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the
wood,

Rang out so longingly through the night,
That is draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready
to journey.

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

André's Lady

André does not know the lady
whose hand he takes today in marriage.
Does she have a heart for tomorrows
And in the evening does she have a soul?

Coming back from a country dance
did she go off in a light dress
to look in the grinding stones for the ring
of a chance engagement?

Was she afraid once the night came,
threatened by the shadows of yesterday,
in her garden, when the winter
entered through the grand avenue?

He had loved her for her complexion,
for her good Sunday humor.
Will she pale at the white leaves
of her album of better times?

Translation from French to English copyright
© 2012 by *Laura Claycomb*, reprinted with
permission from the *LiederNet Archive*,
<https://www.lieder.net/>

Dans l'herbe

*Je ne peut plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.*

*Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appellant, en m'appellant.
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus
Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance.
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.*

Il vole

*En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.*

– Mais où est le corbeau? – Il vole.

*Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.*

– Mais où est mon amant? – Il vole.

In the grass

I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.
He died for his fair one
He died a fair death
Outside
Beneath the tree of Justice
In utter silence
In open country
In the grass.

He died unnoticed
Crying out as he passed away
Calling, calling me
But since I was far from him
And since his voice no longer carried
He died alone in the woods
Beneath his childhood tree
And I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.

Stealing away

The sun as it sets
Is reflected in my polished table –
It is the round cheese of the fable
In the beak of my silver scissors.

But where's the crow? Stealing away on its
wing.

I'd like to sew but a magnet
Attracts all my needles.
In the square the skittle-players
Pass the time playing game after game.

But where's my lover? Stealing away on his
wing.

*C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.*

– Mais où est le bonheur? – Il vole.

*Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.*

– Mais où donc est l'amour? – Il vole.

*Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.*

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

*Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.*

*Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombres encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.*

*Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes
Au noeud de mon cœur arrêté.*

*Et mes deux pieds sont des montagnes,
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
À la minute où j'ai perdu*

*I've a stealer for a lover,
The crow steals away and my lover steals,
The stealer of my heart breaks his word
And the stealer of cheese is absent.*

*But where is happiness? Stealing away on its
wing.*

*I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves
I weep because I want to be wanted
And because my stealer doesn't care for me.*

*But where can love be? Stealing away on its
wing.*

*Find the sense in my nonsense
And along the country ways
Bring me back my wayward lover
Who steals hearts and robs me of my senses.*

I want my stealer to steal me.

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

My cadaver is soft like a glove

*My cadaver is soft like a glove
Soft like a glove of frozen skin
and my erased pupils
make white pebbles out of my eyes.*

*Two white pebbles in my face
In the silence, two deaf-mutes
shadowed still by a secret
and heavy with the dead weight of images.*

*My oft-wandering fingers
press together in a saintly pose
on the hollow of my laments
at the knot of my stopped heart.*

*And my two feet are mountains
the last hills that I saw
in the minute that I lost*

La course que les années gagnent.

*Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.*

Violon

*Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de friase,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.*

Fleurs

*Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.*

Louise de Vilmorin

the race that the years had gained.

My memory is life-like,
Children, carry it away quickly.
Go on, Go on, my life is spoken for.
My cadaver is soft like a glove.

*Translation from French to English copyright
© 2012 by Laura Claycomb, reprinted with
permission from the LiederNet Archive,
<https://www.lieder.net/>*

Violin

Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings
Stretched on the string of disquiet,
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from a step's parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Sprinkled with the sea's sand?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
Burns with its sacred images.

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

From the Sea

All beauty calls you to me, and you seem,
Past twice a thousand miles of shifting sea,
To reach me. You are as the wind I breathe
Here on the ship's sun-smitten topmost deck,
With only light between the heavens and me.
I feel your spirit and I close my eyes,
Knowing the bright hair blowing in the sun,
The eager whisper and the searching eyes.

Listen, I love you. Do not turn your face
Nor touch me. Only stand and watch awhile
The blue unbroken circle of the sea.
Look far away and let me ease my heart
Of words that beat in it with broken wing.
Look far away, and if I say too much,
Forget that I am speaking. Only watch,
How like a gull that sparkling sinks to rest,
The foam-crest drifts along a happy wave
Toward the bright verge, the boundary of the world.

I am so weak a thing, praise me for this,
That in some strange way I was strong enough
To keep my love unuttered and to stand
Altho' I longed to kneel to you that night
You looked at me with ever-calling eyes.
Was I not calm? And if you guessed my love
You thought it something delicate and free,
Soft as the sound of fir-trees in the wind,
Fleeting as phosphorescent stars in foam.
Yet in my heart there was a beating storm
Bending my thoughts before it, and I strove
To say too little lest I say too much,
And from my eyes to drive love's happy shame.

All things in all the world can rest, but I,
Even the smooth brief respite of a wave
When it gives up its broken crown of foam,
Even that little rest I may not have.
And yet all quiet loves of friends, all joy
In all the piercing beauty of the world
I would give up—go blind forevermore,
Rather than have God blot from out my soul
Remembrance of your voice that said my name.

Oh, my love
To whom I cannot come with any gift

Of body or of soul, I pass and go.

But sometimes when you hear blown back to you
My wistful, far-off singing touched with tears,
Know that I sang for you alone to hear,
And that I wondered if the wind would bring
To him who tuned my heart its distant song.

Sara Teasdale

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert information

James Lorusso, *collaborative piano* (GD)

Student of Cameron Stowe

Monday, April 24, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Ayano Nakamura, *viola* (BM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi and Martha Katz

Monday, April 24, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Andrew Brooks, *bassoon* (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Tuesday, April 25, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Aadam Ibrahim, *viola* (MM)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

Tuesday, April 25, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Yuxin Liu, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Tuesday, April 25, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Sepehr Davalloukhongar, *collaborative piano* (GD '24)

Student of Cameron Stowe

Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Ruoxi Peng, *soprano* (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

You Kyung Kim, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Audrey Daum, *soprano* (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Thursday, April 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Boyi Fa, *piano* (DMA '25)

Student of Bruce Brubaker

Thursday, April 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Pualina Lim, *collaborative piano* (MM)

Student of Pei-Shan Lee

Thursday, April 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Chiyang Chen, *double bass* (MM)

Student of Donald Palma

Friday, April 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Caleb Montague, *jazz percussion* (BM)

Student of Nasheet Waits

Friday, April 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Edward Ferran, *tenor* (BM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Saturday, April 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Yeh-Chun Lin, *viola* (BM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Saturday, April 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Andres Sanchez, *cello* (GD '24)

Student of Paul Katz

Saturday, April 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Natalie Boberg, *violin* (BM)

Student of Valeria Kuchment

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Megan Dillon, *saxophone* (DMA '24)

Student of Kenneth Radnofsky

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Lila Dunn, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Christopher Ferrari, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Jerry Leake, Jason Moran, Miguel Zenón, and Joe Morris

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Eben Jordan

Food and drink are not allowed in the concert hall,
and photography and audio or video recording are prohibited.
Assistive listening devices are available for all Jordan Hall concerts;
contact the head usher or house manager on duty or inquire at the Coat Room.
Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

Stay Connected      



necmusic.edu/tonight