

Ruoxi Peng
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of MaryAnn McCormick

with
Tristan Leung, piano

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

PROGRAM

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Aria: Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen,
from *Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen*, BWV 51

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Das Rosenband
Ich schwebe
Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden
Amor

Charles Griffes
(1884–1920)

Three Poems of Fiona McLeod, op. 11
The Lament of Ian the Proud
Thy Dark Eyes to Mine
The Rose of the Night

Ernest Chausson
(1855–1899)

Sérénade
Le temps des lilas
Hébé
La cigale

Yi Zhou
(b. 1943)

钗头凤 *Chaitoufeng*

Jiping Zhao
(b. 1945)

关雎 *Guan Ju*

*Everything I have accomplished in my graduate degree
has been thanks to the kindness and generosity of the people around me.*

*To Ms. McCormick, my beloved voice teacher,
thank you for not only helping me grow as a musician but also as a person.
Your guidance, support, and encouragement have been invaluable to me,
and I feel so fortunate to have you as my professor.*

*To my parents,
thank you for your support and encouragement throughout my journey as a musician,
and for always being my biggest fans.
I could not have achieved this without your love and support.*

*To my friends and the many guiding teachers and mentors
with whom I had the pleasure to work at NEC,
thank you for your encouragement, inspiration, and guidance.*

*And thanks to my coach, Tanya,
for your patience and for always pushing me to new heights,*

*and to my pianist, Tristan,
for making beautiful music with me.
Your contributions to my performance have been priceless.*

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen

*Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!
Was der Himmel und die Welt*

*An Geschöpfen in sich hält,
Müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen,
Und wir wollen unserm Gott
Gleichfalls jetzt ein Opfer bringen,
Dass er uns in Kreuz und Not
Allezeit hat beigestanden.*

Das Rosenband

*Im Frühlings Schatten fand ich sie;
Da band ich Sie mit Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt 'es nicht und schlummerte.*

*Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
Ich fühlt 'es wohl, und wußt 'es nicht.*

*Doch lispelt 'ich ihr sprachlos zu,
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern:
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.*

*Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick 'an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.*

Friedrich Klopstock

Ich schwebe

*Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.*

*Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.*

Shout for joy to God in every land

Shout for joy to God in every land!
All the creatures contained in heaven and
earth

do add to his glory,
and we want to our God
likewise now a sacrifice bring,
since He us in anguish and distress
at all times he has stood by us.

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The rose garland

I found her in the spring shade,
And bound her fast with a rose garland:
Oblivious, she slumbered on.

I gazed on her; with that gaze
My life became entwined with hers:
This I sensed, yet did not know.

I murmured wordlessly to her
And rustled the garland of roses:
Then she woke from slumber.

She gazed on me; with that gaze
Her life became entwined with mine,
And Paradise bloomed about us.

I float

I float as if on angels' wings,
My foot hardly touches the earth,
In my ears I hear a sound
Like my love's farewell greeting.

It sounds so sweetly, gently, softly,
It speaks such tender, timid, pure words,
The tune still sounds and lulls me gently
Into bliss-laden dreams.

*Mein schimmernd Aug' -- indeß mich füllen
Die süßesten der Melodien, --
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn*

Karl Friedrich Henckell

Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden

*Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.*

*Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.*

*Das wollte ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Da fing es an zu sprechen:
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!*

*"Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"*

*Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.*

*Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.*

Clemens Brentano

My glistening eyes—while I'm filled
By the sweetest of melodies—
See my love, without clothes or veil,
Pass smiling by.

I meant to make you a posy

I meant to make you a posy,
But dark night then came,
There were no flowers to be found,
Or I'd have brought you some.

Tears then flowed down my cheeks
Into the clover,
And now I saw a flower
That had sprung up in the garden.

I meant to pick it for you
There in the dark clover,
When it started to speak:
'Ah, do no hurt me!

Be kind in your heart,
Consider you own suffering,
And do not make me die
In torment before my time!

And had it not spoken these words,
All alone in the garden,
I'd have picked it for you,
But now that cannot be.

My sweetheart stayed away,
I am utterly alone.
Sadness dwells in loving,
And cannot be otherwise.

Amor

*An dem Feuer saß das Kind
Amor, Amor
Und war blind;
Mit dem kleinen Flügel fächelt
In die Flammen er und lächelt,
Fächelt, lächelt, schlaues Kind!*

*Ach, der Flügel brennt dem Kind!
Amor, Amor
Läuft geschwind!
"O wie ihn die Glut durchpeinet!"
Flügelschlagend laut er weinet;
In der Hirtin Schoß entrinnt
Hilfeschreiend das schlaue Kind.*

*Und die Hirtin hilft dem Kind,
Amor, Amor
Bös und blind.
Hirtin, sieh, dein Herz entbrennet,
Hast den Schelmen nicht gekennet.
Sieh, die Flamme wächst geschwinde.
Hüt dich vor dem schlaunen Kind!
Fächle, lächle, schlaues Kind!*

Clemens Brentano

The Lament of Ian the Proud

What is this crying that I hear in the wind?
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief?
Or is it a new thing coming, a whirling leaf
About the gray hair of me who am weary and blind?
I know not what it is, but on the moor above the shore
There is a stone which the purple nets of heather bind,
And thereon is writ: She will return no more.
O blown, whirling leaf, and the old grief,
And wind crying to me who am old and blind!

Thy dark eyes to mine

Thy dark eyes to mine, Eilidh,
Lamps of desire!
O how my soul leaps

Amor

The child sat by the fire.
Cupid, Cupid,
And was blind;
With his little wings he fans
The flames and he smiles,
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

Alas, the child has burnt his wing,
Cupid, Cupid,
Runs quickly!
'Ah, how the flames hurt him!'
Beating his wings, he cries aloud,
Seeks refuge in the shepherdess's lap,
Crying for help, the crafty child.

And the shepherdess helps the child
Cupid, Cupid,
Naughty and blind.
Look, shepherdess, your heart's on fire,
Didn't you recognize the child?
Look how quickly the flames spread.
Beware the crafty child!
Fans and smiles, the crafty child!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005), provided courtesy
of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Leaps to their fire!

Sure, now, if I in heaven,
Dreaming in bliss,
Heard but a whisper,
But the lost echo even
Of one such kiss --

All of the Soul of me
Would leap afar --
If that called me to thee
Aye, I would leap afar
A falling star!

The Rose of the Night

The dark rose of thy mouth
Draw nigher, draw nigher!
Thy breath is the wind of the south,
A wind of fire,
The wind and the rose and darkness,
O Rose of my Desire!

Deep silence of the night,
Husht like a breathless lyre,
Save the sea's thunderous might,
Dim, menacing, dire,
Silence and wind and sea, they are thee,
O Rose of my Desire!

As a wind-eddy flame
Leaping higher and higher,
Thy soul, thy secret name,
Leaps thro' Death's blazing pyre,
Kiss me, Imperishable Fire, dark Rose,
O Rose of my Desire!

Fiona MacLeod

Sérénade

*Tes grands yeux doux semblent des îles
Qui nagent dans un lac d'azur :
Aux fraîcheurs de tes yeux tranquilles,
Fais-moi tranquille et fais-moi pur.*

*Ton corps a l'adorable enfance
Des clairs paradis de jadis :
Enveloppe-moi de silence,
Du silence argenté des lys.*

*Alanguï par les yeux tranquilles
Des étoiles caressant l'air,
J'ai tant rêvé la paix des îles,
Sous un soir frissonnant et clair !*

Henri Cazalis

Le temps des lilas

*Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Est passé, le temps des œillets aussi.*

*Le vent a changé, les cieux sont moroses,
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.*

*Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
Las! Que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!*

*Et toi, que fais-tu? pas de fleurs écloses,
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.*

Maurice Bouchor

Serenade

Your big, sweet eyes resemble the islands
That swim in a lake of azure-blue.
Within the peace of your tranquil eyes
Give me calm and make me pure.

Your body has the adorable infancy
Of lights of paradise long ago:
Envelop me in silence
Of your body white like the lily.

Made-languid by your eyes peaceful
of the stars caressing the sky,
I have dreamed of the peace of islands,
On an evening shimmering and bright!

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Lilac time

The time for lilac and the time for roses
Will return no more this spring;
The time for lilac and the time for roses
Is past, the time for carnations too.

The wind has changed, the skies are sullen,
And no longer shall we roam to gather
The flowering lilac and beautiful rose;
The spring is sad and cannot bloom.

Oh sweet and joyous springtime
That came last year to bathe us in sun,
Our flower of love is so far faded,
That your kiss, alas, cannot rouse it!

And what do you do? No blossoming flowers,
No bright sun, and no cool shade;
The time for lilac and the time for roses
With our love has perished for evermore.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000), provided
courtesy of Oxford Lieder- www.oxfordlieder.co.uk*

Hébé

*Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avançait,
Les dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide,
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.
Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la déesse?
Nous l'ignorons, il enivre et ravit.
Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,
Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain.
Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle,
Notre œil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.*

Louise Ackermann

La cigale

*Ô Cigale, née avec les beaux jours,
Sur les verts rameaux dès l'aube posée,
Contente de boire un peu de rosée,
Et telle qu'un roi, tu chantes toujours.*

*Innocente à tous, paisible et sans ruses,
Le gai laboureur, du chêne abrité,
T'écoute de loin annoncer l'Été
Apollôn t'honore autant que les Muses,
Et Zeus ta donné l'Immortalité!*

*Salut, sage enfant de la Terre antique,
Dont le chant invite à clore les yeux,
Et qui, sous l'ardeur du soleil Attique,*

N'ayant chair ni sang, vis semblable aux Dieux.

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

Hebe

When Hebe, guileless and with lowered gaze,
Blushingly drew near their feast,
The delighted gods proffered empty goblets
Which the child replenished with nectar.
And we too, when youth fades,
Vie in proffering her our goblets.
What is the wine she dispenses?
We do not know; it elates and enraptures.
Having smiled with her immortal grace,
Hebe goes on her way—you summon her in
vain.
For a long time still on the eternal path,
We follow the cup-bearer with weeping eyes.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000), provided
courtesy of Oxford Lieder-www.oxfordlieder.co.uk*

The cicada

O cicada, born with fine days,
Poised from dawn on the green branches,
Happy to drink a little dew,
And kinglike, you always sing.

Blameless to all, peaceful and without guile,
The happy worker, shaded by the oaktree,
Hears you in the distance heralding summer.
Apollo praises you as highly as the Muses,
And Zeus has given you immortality!

Hail, wise child of ancient earth,
Whose song invites eyes to close,
And who, beneath the intensity of the Attic
sun,
Having neither flesh nor blood, live like the
Gods.

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钗头凤

红酥手，
黄滕酒，
满城春色宫墙柳。

东风恶，
欢情薄。
一怀愁绪，
几年离索。
错、错、错。

春如旧，
人空瘦，
泪痕红浥鲛绡透。

桃花落，
闲池阁。
山盟虽在，
锦书难托。
莫、莫、莫！

陆游词

关雎

关关雎鸠，
在河之洲。
窈窕淑女，
君子好逑。
参差荇菜，
左右流之。
窈窕淑女，
寤寐求之。
求之不得，
寤寐思服。
悠哉悠哉，
辗转反侧。
参差荇菜，
左右采之。
窈窕淑女，
琴瑟友之。
参差荇菜，
左右芣之。

Chaitoufeng

Pink hands so fine,
Gold-branded wine,
Spring paints green willows
palace walls cannot confine.

East wind unfair,
Happy times rare.
In my heart sad thoughts throng:
We've severed for years long.
Wrong, wrong, wrong!

Spring is as green,
In vain she's lean,
Her silk scarf soak'd with tears
and red with stains unclean.

Peach blossoms fall
Near desert'd hall.
Our oath is still there, oh!
No word to her can go.
No, no, no!

Text by Lu You from Song Dynasty

Cooing And Wooing

By riverside are cooing
A pair of turtledoves;
A good young man is wooing
A fair maiden he loves.
Water flows left and right
Of cress long here, short there;
The youth yearns day and night
For the good maiden fair.
His yearning grows so strong,
He can not fall asleep,
But tosses all night long,
So deep in love, so deep!
Now gather left and right
Cress long or short and tender!
O lute, play music bright
For the bride sweet and slender!
Feast friends at left and right
On cress cooked till tender!

窈窕淑女，
钟鼓乐之。

先秦 诗经

O bells and drums, delight
The bride so sweet and slender!

*The text is from Classic of Poetry which is the
oldest existing collection of Chinese poetry,
comprising 305 works dating from the 11th to 7th
centuries BCE.*

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