

Pualina Lim Mei En
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Pei-Shan Lee and Cameron Stowe

with
Alexandra Henderson, soprano
Mara Riley, soprano
Yi-En Ian Hsu, violin

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

PROGRAM

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)

from *Mörrike-Lieder*

Der Gärtner
Auf ein altes Bild
Im Frühling
Auf einer Wanderung

Mara Riley, soprano

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Fiançailles pour rire

La dame d'André
Dans l'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Violon
Fleurs

Alexandra Henderson, soprano

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Violin Sonata No. 3 in D Minor, op. 108

Allegro
Adagio
Un poco presto e con sentimento
Presto agitato

Yi-En Ian Hsu, violin

Pualina Lim Mei En is the recipient of scholarships made possible by the Alexander W. Dole and Mara E. Dole Scholarship Fund for Foreign Students and the Francis W. Hatch Sr. Presidential Scholarship Fund.

Thank you for coming to my recital and I hope you enjoyed the music we created tonight.

*I would like to thank my parents and family
for their love, support, and patience, for allowing me to chase my dreams
on the other side of the globe.*

*Thank you to my collaborators, Alex, Mara and Ian –
it's been a pleasure to work with all of you! Thank you for your efforts and artistry!*

*Thank you to my studio teachers Ms. Pei-Shan Lee and Mr. Cameron Stowe,
for all your guidance and faith, for helping me to hear what I can now hear
and in what I can now craft.*

*To every single faculty who has taught me,
thank you for your inspiration, for believing in me and for the opportunities given.*

*To my friends and collaborative piano family,
thank you for your support and for being with me on this journey.*

*To every musician I have collaborated with,
no matter how brief, thank you for the chance to make music together
and to learn with/from you.*

Der Gärtner

*Auf ihrem Leibrösslein,
So weiss wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin
Reit't durch die Allee.*

*Der Weg, den das Rösslein
Hintanzet so hold,
Der Sand, den ich streute,
Er blinket wie Gold.*

*Du rosenfarbs Hütlein,
Wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder
Verstohlen herab!*

*Und willst du dagegen
Eine Blüte von mir,
Nimm tausend für eine,
Nimm alle dafür!*

Auf ein altes Bild

*In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,
Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr,
Schau, wie das Knäblein sündelos
Frei spielt auf der Jungfrau Schoss!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
Ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!*

Im Frühling

*Hier lieg ich auf dem Frühlingshügel:
Die Wolke wird mein Flügel,
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.
Ach, sag mir, alleinige Liebe,
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei dir bliebe!
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr habt kein Haus.*

*Der Sonnenblume gleich steht mein Gemüte offen,
Sehnend,
Sich dehnend
In Lieben und Hoffen.
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?
Wann werd' ich gestillt?*

The Gardener

On her favourite mount,
As white as snow,
The loveliest princess
Rides down the avenue.

On the path her horse
Prances so sweetly along,
The sand I scattered
Glitters like gold.

You rose-coloured bonnet,
Bobbing up and down,
O throw me a feather
Discreetly down!

And if you in exchange
Want a flower from me,
Take a thousand for one,
Take all in return!

On an old painting

In the summer haze of a green landscape,
By cool water, rushes and reeds,
See how the Child, born without sin,
Plays freely on the Virgin's lap!
And ah! growing blissfully there in the wood,
Already the tree of the cross is turning green!

In Spring

Here I lie on the springtime hill:
The clouds become my wings,
A bird flies on ahead of me.
Ah tell me, one-and-only love,
Where you are, that I might be with you!
But you and the breezes, you have no home.

Like a sunflower my soul has opened,
Yearning,
Expanding
In love and hope.
Spring, what is it you want?
When shall I be stilled?

*Die Wolke seh ich wandeln und den Fluss,
Es dringt der Sonne goldner Kuss
Mir tief bis ins Geblüt hinein;
Die Augen, wunderbar berauschet,
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton der Biene lauschet.*

*Ich denke dies und denke das,
Ich sehne mich und weiss nicht recht nach was:
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es Klage;
Mein Herz, o sage,
Was webst du für Erinnerung
In golden grüner Zweige Dämmerung?
– Alte unnenmbare Tage!*

Auf einer Wanderung

*In ein freundliches Städtchen tret ich ein,
In den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
Über den reichsten Blumenflor
Hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,*

*Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,
Dass die Blüten beben,
Dass die Lüfte leben,
Dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.*

*Lang hielt ich staunend, lustbeklommen.
Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie rauscht im Grund
die Mühle,
Ich bin wie trunken, irreführt –
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
Mit einem Liebeshauch!*

Eduard Mörike

*\ I see the clouds drift by, the river too,
The sun kisses its golden glow
Deep into my veins;
My eyes, wondrously enchanted,
Close, as if in sleep,
Only my ears still harken to the humming
bee.*

*I muse on this, I muse on that,
I yearn, and yet for what I cannot say:
It is half joy, half lament;
Tell me, O heart,
What memories you weave
Into the twilit green and golden leaves?
– Past, unmentionable days!*

On a walk

*I arrive in a friendly little town,
The streets glow in red evening light.
From an open window,
Across the richest array of flowers
And beyond, golden bell-chimes come
floating,
And one voice seems a choir of nightingales,
Causing blossoms to quiver,
Bringing breezes to life,
Making roses glow a brighter red.*

*Long I halted marvelling, oppressed by joy.
How I came out through the gate,
I cannot in truth remember.
Ah, how bright the world is here!
The sky billows in a crimson whirl,
The town lies behind in a golden haze;
How the alder brook chatters, and the mill
below!
I am as if drunk, led astray –
O Muse, you have touched my heart
With a breath of love!*

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber),
provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

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?*

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 appelant,
En m'appelant.
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.*

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?

In the grass

I can not say anything more
nor do anything else for him.
He is dead from his beautiful one
He is dead from his beautiful death.
Outside
On the tree of the Law
In total silence
In the middle of the landscape
in the grass.

He died, unnoticed
Crying out his passage
Calling out
Calling out to me.
But because I was far away from him
And his voice didn't carry any more
He died alone in the forest
under the tree of his youth.
And I can not say anything more
Nor do anything else for him.

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.*

*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.*

He steals away

Along with the setting of the sun,
it reflects on the varnish of my table:
It's the round cheese of the fable
at the beak of my ruby scissors.
But where is the crow? He steals away.

I'd like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the lawn bowlers
pass their time flirting.
But where's my lover? He steals away.

It's a thief that I have for a lover,
The crow flies and my lover steals,
Heart-stealer doesn't keep his word
and the cheese stealer is absent.
But where's happiness? He steals it.
But where's happiness? It flies away.

I weep under the weeping willow;
I mix my tears with its leaves.
I cry because I want someone to want me,
but I don't please my thief.
But where then is love? It flies away.

Find the reason in my rhyme
And from the routes of the countryside
Bring me back my flighty lover
Who steals hearts and loses my mind.
I want my thief to steal me away.

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.

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

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

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

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
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.

Violin

Amorous couple of unknown accents,
The violin and his player please me.
Ah! I love these taut moanings
on the chord of malaises.
To the chords [played] on the cords of the
hanged,
in the hour where the Law hushes,
the heart, in the form of a strawberry
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Flowers

Flowers promised, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers issued from the parenthesis of a step,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of withered
loves,
Beautiful eyes are made of ashes and in the
chimney
a heart beribboned in complaints
burns with its sainted images.

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Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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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

Elizabeth Kleiber, *flute* (BM)

Student of Cynthia Meyers

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Xiang Li, *French horn* (MM)

Student of Richard Sebring

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Lydia Plaut, *viola* (BM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Hao Wang, *cello* (MM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Soobin Kong, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Minyi Wang, *double bass* (MM)

Student of Donald Palma

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Yihe Wang, *baritone* (GD)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Subin Oh, *flute* (BM)

Student of Renée Krimsier

Monday, May 1, 2023 at 5:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Chenxi Fu, *bass* (MM)

Student of Michael Meraw

Monday, May 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Evren Ozel, *piano* (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

Monday, May 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Samuel Rockwood, *oboe* (MM)

Student of Mark McEwen

Monday, May 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Elgin Lee, *collaborative piano* (GD '24)

Student of Jonathan Feldman

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Joan Herget, *cello* (BM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Hyelim Kong, *viola* (MM)

Student of Nicholas Cords

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Shuqi Yang, *soprano* (GD)

Student of Carole Haber

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Haoyang Shi, *viola* (BM)

Student of Nicholas Cords

Wednesday, May 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Jin Yu, *tenor* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Wednesday, May 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Jooyeon Park, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Karen Holvik

Wednesday, May 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Rafe Schaberg, *piano* (BM)

Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

Thursday, May 4, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Gayeon Lee, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Lisa Saffer

Thursday, May 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Soyeon Park, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Thomas Martin

Thursday, May 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

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