

Shuqi Yang
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2023
Student of Carole Haber

with
Michael Banwarth, piano
Felicita Schiffner, Hyun Ji Lee, violin
Aidan Garrison, viola
Pi-Wei Lin, cello
Jacob Kalogerakos, double bass

Abide the World

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

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

“Ch’io mi scordi di te?...Non temer, amato bene”, K. 505 from *Idomeneo*

Felicitas Schiffner, Hyun Ji Lee, violin
Aidan Garrison, viola
Pi-Wei Lin, cello
Jacob Kalogerakos, double bass
Michael Banwarth, piano

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

***Die Männer sind méchant!*, D. 866
Du liebst mich nicht, D. 756
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt, D. 877
Gretchen am Spinnrade, D. 118**

Henri Duparc
(1848–1933)

***Testament*
La vie antérieure
*Le galop***

Franz Schubert

***Rastlose Liebe*, D. 138
Gruppe aus dem Tartarus, D. 583
Nacht und Träume, D. 827**

Lee Hoiby
(1926–2011)

***Winter Song*
The Serpent
Goodbye, Goodbye world
*There came a wind like a bugle***

*Shuqi Yang is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by
the Perkin Opera Scholarship Fund.*

*Thanks to my piano partner and coach, Michael Banwarth,
without whom I can't do this recital!*

*Thanks to my string players Felicitas Schiffner, Hyun Ji Lee,
Aidan Garrison, Pi-Wei Lin and Jacob Kalogerakos,
who make it possible to perform my
beloved Mozart concert aria with a group of musicians!*

*Special thanks to my voice teacher and mentor, Ms. Haber
and my coach Justin Williams,
who have been teaching and supporting me
during my whole three-year journey at NEC.*

*Thank you all who watch this recital
and are willing to give me the opportunity to share the music stories!*

This is a very famous concert aria by Mozart, which comes from the story of Ilia and Idamante in Mozart's opera *Idomeneo*. The whole piece is about the confession of love and farewell. Mozart composed this unique concert aria combining solo voice, piano obbligato and orchestra, which he made for himself and soprano Nancy Storace. It is Mozart's farewell to Nancy Storace before her departure from Vienna.

Ch'io mi scordi di te?

*Ch'io mi scordi di te?
Che a lui mi doni puoi consigliarmi?
E puoi voler che in vita...
Ah no! Sarebbe il viver mio di morte assai
peggior.
Venga la morte, intrepida l'attendo.
Ma, ch'io possa struggermi ad altra face,
ad altr'oggetto donar gl'affetti miei, come
tentarlo?
Ah, di dolor morrei!*

*Non temer, amato bene,
per te sempre il cor sarà.
Più non reggo a tante pene,
l'alma mia mancando va.
Tu sospiri? O duol funesto!
Pensa almen, che istante è questo!
Non mi posso, oh Dio! spiegar.
Stelle barbare, stelle spietate,
perchè mai tanto rigor?
Alme belle, che vedete
le mie pene in tal momento,
dite voi, s'equal tormento
può soffrir un fido cor?*

Giambattista Varesco (1735-1805)

I should forget you?

I should forget you?
You can tell me to give myself to her?
And you can wish that I live?
Ah no, my life would be much worse than
death!
Let death come! I will fearlessly await it,
But, that I could be consumed by another
face, to give my affections to another, how
could I?
Ah! I would die of grief!

Do not fear, well beloved,
For you my heart will always be.
I can bear no more such pain,
my soul is failing.
You sigh? Oh sad grief!
At least think, think what a moment this is!
I cannot, oh God, explain, no, ah!
Barbarous stars, pitiless stars,
Why so much severity?
Beautiful souls who see
my pains in such a moment,
Tell me, if equal torment
can be endured by a faithful heart!

*Adapted from literal translation © by Bard
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These four Schubert pieces are all about love, obsession, longing, lust and loss.

Die Männer sind méchant!

*Du sagtest mir es, Mutter:
Er ist ein Springinsfeld!
Ich würd' es dir nicht glauben,
Bis ich mich krank gequält!*

Men are naughty

You told me, mother:
he's a young rogue!
I would not believe you
until I had tormented myself sick.

*Ja, ja, nun ist er's wirklich;
Ich hatt' ihn nur verkannt!
Du sagtest mir's, o Mutter:
„Die Männer sind méchant!“*

*Vor'm Dorf im Busch, als gestern
Die stille Dämm' rung sank,
Da rauscht' es: „Guten Abend!“
Da rauscht' es: „Schönen Dank!“
Ich schlich hinzu, ich horchte;
Ich stand wie festgebannt:
Er war's mit einer Andern –
„Die Männer sind méchant!“*

*O Mutter, welche Qualen!
Es muss heraus, es muss! –
Es blieb nicht bloss bei'm Rauschen,
Es blieb nicht bloss bei'm Gruss!
Vom Grusse kam's zum Kusse,
Vom Kuss zum Druck der Hand,
Vom Druck, ach liebe Mutter! –
„Die Männer sind méchant!“*

Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875)

Du liebst mich nicht

*Mein Herz ist zerrissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Du ließest mich's wissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Wiewohl ich dir flehend und werbend erschien,
Und liebebeflissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Du hast es gesprochen, mit Worten gesagt,
Mit allzugewissen, du liebst mich nicht!
So soll ich die Sterne, so soll ich den Mond,
Die Sonne vermissen? du liebst mich nicht!
Was blüht mir die Rose, was blüht der Jasmin,
Was blüht die Narzissen? du liebst mich nicht!*

August von Platen (1796-1835)

Yes, I now know he really is;
I had simply misjudged him.
You told me, mother:
'Men are naughty!'

Yesterday, as dusk fell silently,
in the copse outside the village,
I heard a whispered 'Good evening!'
and then a whispered 'Many thanks!'
I crept up and listened;
I stood as if transfixed:
it was he, with someone else –
'Men are naughty!'

O mother, what torture!
I must be out with it, I must!
It didn't just stop at whispering,
it didn't just stop at greetings!
It went from greetings to kisses,
from kisses to holding hands,
from holding hands ... ah, dear mother,
'Men are naughty!'

*Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published
by Schirmer Books, provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

You do not love me

My heart is broken, you do not love me!
You let me know you do not love me!
Though I wooed you and beseeched you
With devotion, you do not love me!
You told me so, you said it in words,
All too clearly, you do not love me!
So must I forgo the stars, forgo the moon
And the sun? You do not love me!
Why does the rose bloom? Why the jasmine?
Why the narcissus? You do not love me!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Gretchen am Spinnrade

*Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.*

*Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.*

*Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.*

Meine Ruh' ist hin ...

*Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.*

*Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.*

Only those who know longing

Only those who know longing
Know what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
From every joy,
I search the sky
In that direction.
Ah! he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
My head reels,
My body blazes.
Only those who know longing
Know what I suffer!

Gretchen at the spinning-wheel

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.

My peace is gone ...

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

Meine Ruh' ist hin ...

My peace is gone ...

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

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

This group is about life before death and recalling the past life with magic but secret sadness. The last song, *Le galop*, for me means that no matter how painful the past was, we should look forward, like a free horse, and go ahead and explore the unknown world of the future!

Testament

*Pour que le vent te les apporte
Sur l'aile noire d'un remord,
J'écrirai sur la feuille morte
Les tortures de mon cœur mort!*

*Toute ma sève s'est tarie
Aux clairs midis de ta beauté,
Et, comme à la feuille flétrie,
Rien de vivant ne m'est resté;*

*Tes yeux m'ont brûlé jusqu'à l'âme,
Comme des soleils sans merci!
Feuille que le gouffre réclame,
L'autan va m'emporter aussi ...*

Testament

That the wind might bear them to you
On the black wing of remorse,
I shall inscribe on the dead leaf
The torments of my dead heart!

All my strength has drained away
In the bright noon of your beauty,
And, like the withered leaf,
Nothing living is left for me.

Your eyes have scorched me to the soul
Like suns devoid of mercy!
The chasm will claim the leaf,
The south wind sweep me away...

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

*Mais avant, pour qu'il te les porte
Sur l'aile noire d'un remords,
J'écrirai sur la feuille morte
Les tortures de mon cœur mort!*

Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

La vie antérieure

*J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.*

*Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.*

*C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs,*

Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,

*Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.*

Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867)

Le galop

*Agite, bon cheval, ta crinière fuyante;
Que l'air autour de nous se remplisse de voix!
Que j'entende craquer sous ta corne bruyante
Le gravier des ruisseaux et les débris des bois!*

Aux vapeurs de tes flancs mêle ta chaude haleine,

Aux éclairs de tes pieds ton écume et ton sang!

*Cours, comme on voit un aigle en effleurant la
plaine*

Fouetter l'herbe d'un vol sonore et frémissant.

But first, that it might bear them to you
On the black wing of remorse,
I shall inscribe on the dead leaf,
The torments of my dead heart!

A previous life

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades
Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns,
Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,
Made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,
Solemnly and mystically interwove
The mighty chords of their mellow music
With the colours of sunset reflected in my
eyes.

It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose,
With blue sky about me and brightness and
waves

And naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,
And whose only care was to fathom
The secret grief which made me languish.

The gallop

Flourish, good horse, your flying mane,
That the air about us be filled with voices!
That beneath your clattering hooves I hear
The gravel of streams and the woods' broken
boughs!

Mingle your hot breath with the steam of
your flanks,

Your foam and your blood with the sparks
from your hooves!

Run, like an eagle we see skimming the plain,

Lashing the grass with its quivering loud
wings!

'Allons, les jeunes gens, à la nage! à la nage!
Crie à ses cavaliers le vieux chef de tribu,
Et les fils du désert respirent le pillage,
Et les chevaux sont fous du grand air qu'ils ont bu!

Nage ainsi dans l'espace, ô mon cheval rapide.
Abreuve-moi d'air pur, baigne-moi dans le vent.

L'étrier bat ton ventre, et j'ai lâché la bride,
Mon corps te touche à peine, il vole en te suivant.

Brise tout, le buisson, la barrière ou la branche;
Torrents, fossés, talus, franchis tout d'un seul
bond;
Cours, je rêve et sur toi, les yeux clos, je me
penche...
Emporte, emporte-moi dans l'inconnu profond!

René-François Sully-Prudhomme (1839-1907)

'Come, young men, swim your horses across!
Cries the old tribal chief to his horsemen;
And the sons of the desert are eager for
plunder,
And the horses are crazed with the air they
have drunk!

Swim thus in space, O my swift mount,
Quench my thirst with pure air, bathe me in
wind;
The stirrup strikes your belly, I've slackened
the rein,
My body scarcely touches you, it flies in your
wake.

Break down everything, bush, gate, or branch;
Cross torrent, ditch, embankment with a
single bound;
Race on, I dream, bending over you with
closed eyes...
Transport me, transport me to the deep
unknown!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A
French Song Companion (Oxford University
Press), provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Schubert's position in the field of Lieder is crucial. These three pieces are more abstract than the four pieces in the first group, but they are all about morality, human nature, fear and respect. Often, human nature is against social morality. So how do we choose? After all the struggle between right and wrong, we will finally return to a peaceful world and a peaceful heart.

Rastlose Liebe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem Wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Restless love

Into the snow, the rain,
and the wind,
through steamy ravines,
through mists,
onwards, ever onwards!
Without respite!

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

*Lieber durch Leiden
Wollt' ich mich schlagen,
Als so viel Freuden
Des Lebens ertragen.
Alle das Neigen
Von Herzen zu Herzen,
Ach, wie so eigen
Schaffet es Schmerzen!*

*Wie soll ich flieh'n?
Wälderwärts zieh'n?
Alles vergebens!
Krone des Lebens,
Glück ohne Ruh,
Liebe, bist du!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Gruppe aus dem Tartarus

*Horch – wie Murmeln des empörten Meeres,
Wie durch hohler Felsen Becken weint ein Bach,*

*Stöhnt dort dumpfigtief ein schweres – leeres,
Qualerpresstes Ach!*

*Schmerz verzerret
Ihr Gesicht – Verzweiflung sperret
Ihren Rachen fluchend auf.
Hohl sind ihre Augen – ihre Blicke
Spähen bang nach des Cocytus Brücke,
Folgen tränend seinem Trauerlauf.*

*Fragen sich einander ängstlich leise,
Ob noch nicht Vollendung sei?
Ewigkeit schwingt über ihnen Kreise,
Bricht die Sense des Saturns entzwei.*

Friedrich von Schiller (1759-1805)

Nacht und Träume

*Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkst nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.*

I would sooner fight my way
through suffering
than endure so much
of life's joy.
This affection
of one heart for another,
ah, how strangely
it creates pain!

How shall I flee?
Into the forest?
It is all in vain!
Crown of life,
happiness without peace –
this, O love, is you!

Group from Hades

Hark! Like the angry murmuring of the sea,
or a brook sobbing through pools in hollow
rocks,
from the depths arises a muffled groan,
heavy, empty and tormented!

Pain distorts
their faces – in despair
their mouths open wide, cursing.
Their eyes are hollow – their frightened gaze
strains towards Cocytus' bridge,
following as they weep that river's mournful
course.

Anxiously, softly, they ask one another
if the end is yet nigh.
Eternity sweeps in circles above them,
breaking Saturn's scythe in two.

Night and Dreams

Holy night, you sink down;
dreams, too, float down,
like your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.

*Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!*

Matthäus von Collin (1779-1824)

They listen with delight,
crying out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

*Translations © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published
by Schirmer Books, provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

These four songs focus on nature, climate, animals, and life philosophy. The final two songs—*Goodbye, Goodbye world* and *There came a wind like a bugle* inspired the title of the recital. *Goodbye, Goodbye world* is about a dead woman recalling her happy life as a girl. She realizes that she had enjoyed so much beauty in this world, and every minute people are ignoring this world. But at this moment she can only say goodbye to the world. *There came a wind like a bugle* tells me that no one can escape from everything in the universe, and no one can not follow the laws and facts of this world. What we have to do is to accept and enjoy the present moment, face the storms of the world, and face all these sorrows with grace. Abide the world, and you will be fine finally.

Winter Song

The browns, the olives, and the yellows died,
And were swept up to heaven; where they glowed
Each dawn and set of sun till Christmastide,
And when the land lay pale for them, pale-snowed,
Fell back, and down the snow-drifts flamed and flowed.

From off your face, into the winds of winter,
The sun-brown and the summer-gold are blowing;
But they shall gleam with spiritual glinter,
When paler beauty on your brows falls snowing,
And through those snows my looks shall be soft-going.

Wilfred Owen (1893-1918)

The Serpent

There was a Serpent who had to sing.
There was. There was.
He simply gave up Serpentine.
Because. Because.
He didn't like his Kind of Life;
He couldn't find a proper Wife;
He was a Serpent with a soul;
He got no Pleasure down his Hole.
And so, of course, he had to Sing,
And Sing he did, like Anything!
The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;
And various Measures Propounded
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:
They bought a Drum. He wouldn't Whack it.
They sent, — you always send, — to Cuba
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;
They got a Horn, they got a Flute,
But Nothing would suit.
He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note
That practically split the Top of his Throat.
"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,
"I'm *Serious* about my Singing Career!"
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek
As the Birds flew off to the end of Next Week.

Theodore Roethke (1908-1963)

Goodbye, Goodbye world

Goodbye, Goodbye, world.
Goodbye, Grover's Corners.
Mama and Papa.
Goodbye to clocks ticking and Mama's sunflow'rs.
And food and coffee.
And new-ironed dresses and hot baths.
And sleeping and waking up.
Oh, earth, you're too wonderful for anybody to realize you.

Do any human beings ever realize life while they live it? — ev'ry, ev'ry minute?

Thornton Wilder (1897-1975)

There came a wind like a bugle

There came a wind like a bugle,
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass

We barred the windows and the doors
As from an emerald ghost
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed.

On a strange mob of panting trees,
And fences fled away,
And rivers where the houses ran
Those looked that lived that day,

The bell within the steeple wild,
The flying tidings told.
How much can come and much can go,
And yet abide the world!

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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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

Alex Yoo, *jazz drums* (BM)

Student of Billy Hart and Jason Moran

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

Yeonsoo Kim, *violin* (BM)

Student of Paul Biss

Friday, May 5, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Mark Tipton, *jazz trumpet* (DMA '24)

Student of Jason Palmer

Friday, May 5, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Jeff Pearson, *violin* (MM)

Student of Soovin Kim

Friday, May 5, 2023 at 8:30 p.m., Williams Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Darby Clinard, *mezzo-soprano* (GD)

Student of Karen Holvik

Saturday, May 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Aidan Garrison, *viola* (MM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi and Nicholas Cords

Saturday, May 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Benjamin Maines, *tenor* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Saturday, May 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Macintyre Taback, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Saturday, May 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Erika Hallenbeck, *jazz voice* (MM)

Student of Dominique Eade

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Claire Park, *cello* (BM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Nathalie G. Vela, *oboe* (MM)

Student of John Ferrillo

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Keller Room

Sophia Donelan, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Garrett Frees, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Jason Moran, Joe Morris, Miguel Zenón, Jerry Leake, Melissa Aldana, Jerry Bergonzi, Frank Carlberg, Donny McCaslin, and Brian Levy

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Dermot Gleeson, *guitar* (BM)

Student of Jérôme Mouffe and Eliot Fisk

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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