

Haoyang Shi
viola

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2023
Student of Nicholas Cords

with
Ji Yung Lee, piano
Longfei Flora Sun, reciter

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

PROGRAM

Johann Sebastian Bach

(1685–1750)

Cello Suite No. 2 in D Minor, BWV 1008

Prelude

Allemande

Courante

Sarabande

Menuet

Gigue

Zhou Long

(b. 1953)

Wild Grass

Longfei Flora Sun, reciter

Rebecca Clarke

(1886–1979)

Sonata for Viola and Piano

Impetuoso

Vivace

Adagio

Wild Grass

When I am silent, I feel replete; as I open my mouth to speak, I am conscious of emptiness.

The past life has died. I exult over its death, because from this I know that it once existed. The dead life has decayed. I exult over its decay, because from this I know that it has not been empty.

From the clay of life abandoned on the ground grow no lofty trees, only wild grass. For that I am to blame.

Wild grass strikes no deep roots, has no beautiful flowers and leaves, yet it imbibes dew, water and the blood and flesh of the dead, although all try to rob it of life. As long as it lives it is trampled upon and mown down, until it dies and decays.

But I am not worried; I am glad. I shall laugh aloud and sing.

I love my wild grass, but I detest the ground which decks itself with wild grass.

A subterranean fire is spreading, raging, underground. Once the molten lava breaks through the earth's crust, it will consume all the wild grass and lofty trees, leaving nothing to decay.

But I am not worried; I am glad. I shall laugh aloud and sing.

Heaven and earth are so serene that I cannot laugh aloud or sing. Even if they were not so serene, I probably could not either. Between light and darkness, life and death, past and future, I dedicate this tussock of wild grass as my pledge to friend and foe, man and beast, those whom I love and those whom I do not love.

For my own sake and for the sake of friend and foe, man and beast, those whom I love and those whom I do not love, I hope for the swift death and decay of this wild grass. Otherwise, it means I have not lived, and this would be truly more lamentable than death and decay.

Go, then, wild grass, together with my foreword!

Lu Hsun

Written in White Cloud Pavilion, Kwangchow

April 26, 1927

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