Jin Yu

tenor

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

with
Marie-Elise Boyer, piano
Xiaoqian Yu, violin

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

PROGRAM

Vicente Martín y Soler
(1754–1806)

"Qual piacer…prova il cor"
from *L'Arbore di Diana*

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

from ***Dichterliebe*, op. 48**
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

from ***Songs of Travel***
The Vagabond
Let Beauty Awake
The Roadside Fire

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Les berceaux
Lydia
Toujours

Long Wang
(b. 1992)

Drinking alone in the moonlight
Xiaoqian Yu, violin

When is the end of spring flowers and autumn moon

Qual piacer prova il cor

Qual piacer prova il cor nel veder tal beltà.
Il guardar spira amor, il parlar gioja da
Ah,perché nel bel sen, mai non vien la pietà

Lorenzo Da Ponte

What a joy to see such a beauty

What a joy to see such a beauty.
Her eyes instill love and her words bring joy
Why mercy is never in the arms of beauty

Translation by Jin Yu

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

Rose, Lily, Dove, Sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is breaking,

Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,

Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

Heinrich Heine

O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long. For I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

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

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Les berceaux

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Sully Prudhomme

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

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

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et plus blanc,
Que le lait, coule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues ;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur tes lèvres en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein ;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie !
Ô Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours !

Charles-Marie-René

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparklingly
The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

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Toujours

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!

Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots
Et quand les vents sont en démence,
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!

Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!

Charles Grandmougin

Forever

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you forever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!

Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!

Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!

But do not expect my soul
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds its flowers!

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月下独酌

花间一壶酒，独酌无相亲
举杯邀明月， 对影成三人

月既不解饮，影徒随我身
暂伴月将影，行乐须及春

我歌月徘徊，我舞影零乱
醒时同交欢，醉后各分散

永结无情游，相期邈云汉

Created in Tang period in China by Bai Li (BC701-BC762)

Drinking alone under the moon

A pot of good wine was placed among the flowers, and I drank it alone without companionship. Invite the moon to drink together, and his figure is just three people.

The moon did not know how to drink, the shadow in vain behind him. For the time being accompanied by the moon's shadow, take advantage of this night to carpe diem.

I sing and the moon lingers, I dance and the shadows go back and forth. Sober when we shared joy, drunk after each rush things.

I wish I could roam forever and meet in the vast sky.

Translation by Jin Yu

春花秋月何时了

春花秋月何时，往事知多少？
小楼昨夜又东风，故国不堪回首月明中

雕栏玉砌应犹在，只是朱颜改。
问君能有几多愁？恰似一江春水向东流。

Created in Nantang period in China by Yu Li（BC937-BC978）

When is the end of spring flower and autumn moon

Spring flowers open year after year, autumn moon bright year after year, when can the time end? In the past years, there have been too many sad sad memories. My old house last night and the east wind blowing, the moon and cannot help but look back.

The elaborately carved railings and jade steps of the old Jinling City should still be there, but the people living inside have changed. To ask how much sorrow and hatred in the heart, probably like the east flow of spring water, endless.

Translation by Jin Yu

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC
all programs subject to change
Visit **necmusic.edu** for complete and updated concert information

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

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

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC
–continued

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

Miranda Macias, *bassoon* (MM)
Student of Richard Svoboda
Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Dilshod Narzillaev, *cello* (GD)
Student of Laurence Lesser and Blaise Déjardin
Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Josephina YK Kim, *cello* (MM)
Student of Laurence Lesser
Monday, May 8, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

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