

Doris Ho Hsuan Wang
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2024
Student of Pei-Shan Lee and Cameron Stowe

with
Nina Yang Zhang, piano
Jonah Kernis, cello
Chihiro Asano, mezzo-soprano
Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Wednesday, April 3, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Sonata for Piano Four Hands, FP 8

Prelude
Rustique
Final

Nina Yang Zhang, piano

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809–1847)

Cello Sonata No. 2, op. 58

Allegro assai vivace
Allegretto scherzando
Adagio
Molto allegro e vivace

Jonah Kernis, cello

Intermission

Alban Berg
(1885–1935)

Vier Gesänge, op. 2

Dem Schmerz sein Recht
Schlafend trägt man mich in mein Heimatland
Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand
Warm die Lüfte

Chihiro Asano, mezzo-soprano

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

from *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, op. 12*

Weep You No More
My Life's Delight
Damask Roses
The Faithless Shepherdess
Brown is My Love
Fair House of Joy

Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Thank you for joining my recital tonight!

*My heartfelt gratitude to my parents and families for their selfless support.
Their encouragement and love have always motivated me to be better.*

*I am genuinely grateful to have my teachers, Pei-Shan Lee and Cameron Stowe,
by my side over the past two years. Their invaluable guidance and mentorship
have helped me overcome many challenges.*

*Thank you to my collaborators, Chihiro, Jonah, Nina, and Shiyu.
This recital wouldn't have happened without your support and your unparalleled musical
talents. It was an honor to share this journey with each of you.*

*Tonight's recital doesn't mark an end, but rather represents the pinnacle
of an extraordinary chapter in my life. I was appreciative of everyone
who has crossed paths with me on this journey in NEC,
and I'm sincerely grateful to all of you for enriching this adventure with your presence!*

Dem Schmerz sein Recht

*Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als Schlafen!
Kein Erwachen, keinen Traum!
Jener Wehen, die mich trafen,
Leisestes Erinnern kaum.
Daß ich, wenn des Lebens Fülle
Niederklingt in meine Ruh',
Nur noch tiefer mich verhülle,
Fester zu die Augen tu'!*

Christian Friedrich Hebbel

Sleep, sleep, nothing but sleep!
No awakening, no dream!
Of the pains I had to bear
Scarce the faintest memory -
So that when life's plenitude
Echoes down to where I rest,
I enshroud myself more deeply still,
Press my eyes more tightly shut!

Schlafend trägt man mich in mein Heimatland

*Schlafend trägt man mich
in mein Heimatland.
Ferne komm'; ich her,
über Gipfel, über Schlände,
über ein dunkles Meer
in mein Heimatland.*

Alfred Mombert

I am borne in sleep
to my homeland.
I come from afar,
over peaks, over gorges,
over a dark sea
to my homeland.

Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand

*Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand,
mich aus dem dunkelsten Land heimfand
an einer weißen Märchenhand
Hallen schwer die Glocken.
Und ich wanke durch die Gassen schlafbefangen.*

Alfred Mombert

Now I've conquered the strongest of giants,
and from the darkest land have found my
way home
guided by a white faerie hand
The bells sound heavily.
And I stagger through the streets, drunk with
sleep.

Warm die Lüfte

*Warm die Lüfte,
es sprießt Gras auf sonnigen Wiesen.
Horch!
Horch, es flötet die Nachtigall...
Ich will singen:*

Warm the breezes,
grass grows on sunlit meadows.
Listen! -
Listen, the nightingale is singing...
I shall sing:

*Droben hoch im düstern Bergforst,
es schmilzt und glitzert kalter Schnee,
ein Mädchen im grauen Kleide
lehnt am feuchten Eichstamm,
krank sind ihre zarten Wangen,
die grauen Augen fiebern
durch Düsterriesenstämme.
'Er kommt noch nicht. Er läßt mich warten'...*

*Stirb!
Der Eine stirbt, daneben der Andere lebt:
Das macht die Welt so tiefschön.*

Alfred Mombert

High in the gloomy mountain forest,
cold snow melts and glitters,
a girl dressed in grey
leans against the damp trunk of an oak,
her tender cheeks are sick,
her grey eyes stare feverishly
through the gloom of giant trunks.
'Still he does not come. He keeps me
waiting'...

Die!
One dies, while another lives:
That makes the world so profoundly
beautiful.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005) provided by Oxford
International Song Festival
(www.oxford.song.com)*

Weep You No More

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Anonymous

My Life's Delight

Come, O come, my life's delight!
Let me not in languor pine:
Love loves no delay, thy sight
The more enjoyed, the more divine.
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss:
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come then! and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light!

Thomas Campion

Damask Roses

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which, clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips, where sweet love harbours,
My eyes present me with a double doubting:
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

Anonymous

The Faithless Shepherdess

While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorchèd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
In shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure:
-- Three days endured your love to me
And it was lost in other three!

Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Anonymous

Brown is My Love

Brown is my Love, but graceful:
And each renowned whiteness,
Matched with her lovely brown loseth its brightness.

Fair is my Love, but scornful,
Yet have I seen despisèd
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well prizèd.

Anonymous

Fair House of Joy

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:

Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.

Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Anonymous

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