

Harper Yin
mezzo-soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2024
Student of Michael Meraw

with
Doris Ho Hsuan Wang, piano

Saturday, April 6, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Vado, ma dove?, K. 583

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

La courte paille, FP 178

Le sommeil
Quelle aventure!
La reine de coeur
Ba, be, bi, bo, bu
Les anges musiciens
Le carafon
Lune d'Avril

Intermission

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

An eine Äolsharfe, op. 19 no. 5
Botschaft, op. 47 no. 1
O wüßst ich doch den Weg zurück, op. 63 no. 8
Unbewegte laue Luft, op. 57 no. 8

Benjamin Britten
(1913–1976)

from *Cabaret Songs*
II. Funeral Blues
III. Johnny

Vado, ma dove?

*Vado, ma dove? O Dei!
Se dd'; tormenti suoi,
se de' tormenti miei,
non sente il ciel pietà!*

*Tu che mi parli al core,
guida i miei passi, amore;
Tu quel ritegno or toglì
che dubitar mi fa.*

Lorenzo da Ponte

Le sommeil

*Le sommeil est en voyage,
Mon dieu! où est-il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
il pleure dans son lit-cage,
il pleure depuis midi.*

*Où le sommeil a-t'il mis
son sable et ses rêves sages?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
il se tourne tout en nage,
il sanglote dans son lit.*

*Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,
sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse
a enterré le soleil
et rallumé ses abeilles.*

*Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
il ne dira pas bonjour,
il ne dira rien demain
à ses doigts, au lait, au pain
qui l'accueillent dans le jour.*

I go, but where?

I go, but where? Oh gods!
If for his torments,
If for my torments,
There is no pity from heaven!

You who speak to my heart,
guide my steps, love;
take away that restraint
let only faith remain.

Translation by Harper Yin

Sleep

Sleep has gone off on a journey,
My God! Where has it gone?
I have rocked my little one in vain,
he cries in his crib,
he has been crying since noon.

Where has sleep put
its sand and its gentle dreams?
I have rocked my little one in vain,
he tosses and turns perspiring,
he sobs in his bed.

Ah! Come back, come back, sleep,
on your great race-horse!
In the dark sky, the Great Bear
has buried the sun
and re-lit his bees.

If baby does not sleep well
he will not say "good day"
he will not say anything tomorrow
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
that greet him with the day.

Quelle aventure!

*Une puce, dans sa voiture,
tirait un petit éléphant
en regardant les devantures
où scintillaient les diamants*

*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Quelle aventure!
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?*

*L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent,
suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,
elle tirait en souriant.*

*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Que cela dure
et je vais me croire dément!*

*Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
la puce fondit dans le vent
et je vis le jenne, elephant
se sauver en fendant les murs.*

*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! La chose est sûre,
mais comment la dire à maman?*

La reine de cœur

*Mollement acoudée
à ses vitres de lune,
la reine vous salue,
d'une fleur d'amandier.*

*C'est la reine de cœur,
elle peut, s'il lui plait,
vous mener en secret
vers d'étranges demeures.*

*Où il n'est plus deportes,
de salles ni de tours
et où les jeunes mortes
viennet parler d'amour.*

*La reine vous salue,
hâtez-vous de la suivre
dans son château de givre
au doux vitraux de lune.*

What an adventure!

A flea, in its carriage
was pulling a little elephant
looking at the shop windows,
where the diamonds sparkled.

My God! My God! What an adventure!
Who will believe me if I tell them?

The little elephant was casually
sucking on a pot of jam.
But the flea didn't notice,
and went on pulling with a smile.

My God! My God! How hard this is,
And I really think I am mad!

Suddenly, near a fence,
the flea disappeared in the wind
and I saw the young elephant save himself,
by breaking down the walls.

My God! My God! It is perfectly true,
but how can I tell Mommy?

The Queen of Hearts

Gently leaning on her elbow
at her window-panes of moon,
the queen waves to you,
with an almond flower.

She is the queen of hearts,
She can, if she wishes,
lead you in secret
to strange dwellings.

Where there are no more doors,
no rooms or towers
and where the young dead
come to talk of love.

The queen waves to you,
hasten to follow her
into her hoar-frost castle
with soft stained-glass moon windows.

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu

*Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
il va de porte en porte
jouer, danser, chanter.*

*Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
* 'Tu dois apprendre à lire,
à compter, à écrire'
lui crie-t-on de partout.*

*Mais rikketikketau,
le chat de s'esclaffer,
en rentrant au château:
Il est le Chat botté!*

*This is a chant children use to memorize words that require an "x" for plural instead of an "s."

Les anges musiciens

*Sur les fils de la pluie,
les anges de jeudi
jouent longtemps de la harpe.*

*Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart
tinte, délicieux,
en gouttes de joie bleue.*

*Car c'est toujours Mozart
que reprennent sans fin
les anges musiciens,*

*Qui, au long du jeudi,
font chanter sur le harpe
la douceur de la pluie.*

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
The cat has put on his boots,
he goes from door to door
playing, dancing, singing.

Lice, cabbage, knee, owl.
* "You must learn to read,
to count, to write,"
everyone calls out to him.

But rikketikketau,
the cat bursts out laughing,
as he returns to the castle:
He is Puss in Boots!

The Angel Musicians

On the fields of rain,
the Thursday angels
play on the harp all day.

And beneath their fingers, Mozart
tinkles deliciously,
in drops of blue joy.

Since it is always Mozart
that is repeated endlessly
by the musician angels,

Who, all day Thursday,
sing on their harps
the sweetness of the rain.

Le carafon

*'Pourquoi,' se plaignait la carafe,
'N'aurais je pas un carafon?
Au zoo, madame la girafe
n'atelle pas un girafon?'*
*Un sorcier qui passait par là,
a cheval sur un phonographe,
enregistra la belle voix
de soprano de la carafe
et la fit entendre à Merlin.
'Fort bien, di celuici, fort bien!'*
*Il frappa trios fois dans les mains
et la dame de la maison
se demande encore pourquoi
ella trouva, ce matin-là,
un joli petit carafon
blotti tout contre la carafe
ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon
pose son cou fragile et long
sur le flanc clair de la giraffe.*

Lune d'Avril

*Lune, belle lune, lune d'Avril
faites-moi voir en mon dormant
le pechèr au coeur de safran,
le poisson qui rit du grésil,
l'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,
doucement reveille les morts
et surtout, surtout le pays
où il fait joie, où il fait clair,
où soleilieux de primevères,
On a brisé tous les fusils.*

Maurice Carême

An eine Äolsharfe

*Angelehnt an die Epheuwand
Dieser alten Terrasse,
Du, einer luftgebor'nen Muse
Geheimnisvolles Saitenspiel,
Fang an,
Fange wieder an
Deine melodische Klage!*

The Baby Carafe

*"Why," complained the carafe,
"Couldn't I have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, Madame Giraffe
Doesn't she have a baby giraffe?"*
*A sorcerer who was passing by
astride a phonograph,
recorded the lovely
soprano voice of the carafe
and let Merlin hear it.
"Very good," said he, "'Very good!"*
*He clapped his hands three times
and the lady of the house
still asks herself why
she found that very morning
a pretty little baby carafe
nestling close to the carafe
just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe
rests its long, fragile neck
against the smooth flank of the giraffe.*

April Moon

*Moon, beautiful moon, moon of April,
let me see in my sleep
the peach tree with a heart of saffron,
the fish who laughs at the sleet,
the bird who, distant as a horn,
gently awakens the dead
and above all, above all, the country
where there is joy, where it is bright,
where sunny with springtime,
all the guns have been destroyed.*

Translations by Harper Yin

To an Aeolian Harp

*Leaning against the ivy-clad wall
Of this old terrace,
O mysterious lyre
Of a zephyr-born Muse,
Begin,
Begin again
Your melodious lament!*

*Ihr kommet, Winde, fern herüber,
Ach! von des Knaben,
Der mir so lieb war,
Frisch grünendem Hügel,
Und Frühlingsblüten unterwegs streifend,
Übersättigt mit Wohlgerüchen,
Wie süß, bedrängt ihr dies Herz!
Und säuselt her in die Saiten,
Angezogen von wohl lautender Wehmut,
Wachsend im Zug meiner Sehnsucht,
Und, hinsterbend wieder.*

*Aber, auf einmal,
Wie der Wind heftiger herstösst,
Ein holder Schrei der Harfe
Wiederholt zu süßem Erschrecken
Meiner Seele plötzliche Regung,
Und hier- die volle Rose streut geschüttelt
All' ihre Blätter vor meine Füße!*

Eduard Mörike

Botschaft

*Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe,
Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;
Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, denkst an ihn.“*

Georg Friedrich Daumer

Winds, you come from far away,
Ah! From the fresh green mound
Of the boy
Who was so dear to me,
And brushing spring flowers along the way,
Saturated with fragrance,
How sweetly you afflict this heart!
And you murmur into these strings,
Drawn by their sweet-sounding sorrow,
Waxing with my heart's desire,
Then dying away once more.

But all at once,
As the wind gusts more strongly,
The harp's gentle cry
Echoes, to my sweet alarm,
The sudden commotion of my soul;
And here – the full-blown rose, shaken,
Strews all its petals at my feet!

A Message

Blow breeze, gently and sweetly
About the cheek of my beloved,
Play softly with her tresses,
Make no haste to fly away!
Then if she should chance to ask
How things are with wretched me,
Say: 'His sorrow's been unending,
His condition most grave;
But now he can hope
To revel in life once more,
For you, fair one, think of him.'

O wüßst ich doch den Weg zurück

*O wüßst ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum suchst ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?*

*O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!*

*Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind,
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!*

*O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück –
Ringsum ist öder Strand!*

Klaus Groth

Unbewegte laue Luft

*Unbewegte laue Luft,
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur;
Durch die stille Gartennacht
Plätschert die Fontäne nur;
Aber im Gemüte schwillt
Heißere Begierde mir;
Aber in der Ader quillt
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust
Sehnlichere Wünsche heben?
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß
Säume nicht, daher zu schweben!
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns
Himmlische Genüge geben!*

Georg Friedrich Daumer

Ah! if I but knew the way back

*Ah! if I but knew the way back,
The sweet way back to childhood's land!
Ah! why did I seek my fortune
And let go my mother's hand?*

*Ah! how I long for utter rest,
Immune from any striving,
Long to close my weary eyes,
Gently shrouded by love!*

*And search for nothing, watch for nothing,
Dream only light and gentle dreams,
Not to see the times change,
To be a child a second time!*

*Ah! show me that way back,
The sweet way back to childhoods' land!
I seek happiness in vain –
Ringed round by barren shores!*

Motionless mild air

*Motionless mild air,
Nature deep at rest;
Through the still garden night
Only the fountain splashes;
But my soul swells
With a more ardent desire;
Life surges in my veins
And yearns for life.
Should not your breast too
Heave with more passionate longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
Quiver deeply through your own?
Softly on ethereal feet
Glide to me, do not delay!
Come, ah! come, that we might
Give each other heavenly satisfaction!*

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

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos and with muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message 'He is Dead',
Tie crêpe bands 'round the white necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love could last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one,
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun,
Pour away the ocean and sweep up the woods;
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

Johnny

O the valley in the summer when I and my John,
beside the deep river walk on and on.
While the grass at our feet and the birds up above,
whispered so soft in reciprocal love,
and I leaned on his shoulder,
'O Johnny, let's play':
But he frowned like thunder, and he went away.

O the evening near Christmas as I well recall,
when we went to the Charity Matinee Ball.
The floor was so smooth, and the band was so loud,
and Johnny so handsome I felt so proud,
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till day':
But he frowned like thunder and went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera,
when music poured out of each wonderful star?
Diamonds and pearls hung like ivy down,
over each gold and silver gown;
'O John I'm in heaven,' I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and went away.

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

O but he was as fair as a garden in flower,
as slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower.
When the waltz throbbled out down the long promenade,
O his eyes and his smile went straight to my heart;
'O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover;
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on the other.
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
every star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But you went away.

W.H. Auden

*Thank you to:
Michael Meraw, my dear professor,
for all of your support, guidance and care throughout the past two years at NEC;
Tanya Blaich, my dear coach,
for your patience and teaching, making all the music more fascinating with me.
Doris, my friend aka my pianist,
for your precious time and your lovely smile,
All my colleagues and friends who inspire me.
My family's absolute support for me and my musical endeavors.
Love you all.*

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Dane Bennett, *oboe* (MM)

Student of Mark McEwan

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Keller Room

Gwen Goble, *oboe* (MM)

Student of John Ferrillo

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Joy Hsieh, *viola* (GD '25)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Tsubasa Muramatsu, *violin* (BM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Su Cong, *baritone* (BM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Corinne Luebke-Brown, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Chia-Fen Chang, *flute* (MM)

Student of Paula Robison

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Graham Lovely, *French horn* (BM)

Student of Eli Epstein

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jahnvi Madan, *jazz clarinet* (BM)

Student of Anna Webber and Jason Moran

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Rohan Zakharia, *percussion* (BM Dec '24)

Student of Matthew McKay

Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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