

Su Cong
baritone

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music, 2024
Student of Jane Eaglen

with
Antian Ye, piano

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

PROGRAM

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801–1835)

Vaga luna, che inargenti
Ma rendi pur contento
Il fervido desiderio

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Ständchen
Gute Nacht, from *Winterreise*
Der Lindenbaum, from *Winterreise*

Intermission

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Lydia
Prison
Les berceaux

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

Three Shakespeare Songs, op. 6
Come away, death
O Mistress Mine
Blow, blow thou winter wind

Yong Chen 陈勇

Sea Love 海恋

*Thanks to my professor Ms. Jane Eaglen. Thanks for your guidance over four years.
I am so lucky to have the chance to study with you during my undergraduate experience.
You inspired me to become a successful performer and singer, you allowed me to make mistake
so that I can break through myself, and you patiently helped me to fix the problems.
For me, you, are a life mentor and navigator, always showing me the way.*

Vaga luna, che inargenti

*Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.*

*Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.*

Anonymous

Ma rendi pur contento

*Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core,
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.*

*Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perché più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.*

Pietro Trapassi

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

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Only make happy

Only make happy
The heart of my beautiful [lady],
And I will pardon you, love
If my own [heart] is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.

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Il fervido desiderio

*Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?*

*Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?*

Anonymous

Ständchen

*Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!*

*Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.*

*Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßsen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.*

*Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.*

*Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend har' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!*

Ludwig Rellstab

The fervent wish

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

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Serenade

My songs softly plead
Through the night to you;
Down to the quiet grove,
Sweetheart, come to me!

Whispering, slender treetops rustle
In the moon's light;
Fear not the traitor's hostile overhearing,
My dear, don't be afraid.

Do you hear the nightingales singing?
Oh! They plead with you,
With their sweetly sorrowful tones
They plead on my behalf.

They understand the heart's longing,
Know the pain of love,
Stir every tender heart
With their silver sounds.

Let your heart be moved too,
Sweetheart, listen to me!
Trembling, I wait for you!
Come, make me happy!

Translation by Su Cong

Gute Nacht

*Fremd bin ich eingezogen,
Fremd zieh' ich wieder aus.
Der Mai war mir gewogen
Mit manchem Blumenstrauss.
Das Mädchen sprach von Liebe,
Die Mutter gar von Eh' –
Nun ist die Welt so trübe,
Der Weg gehüllt in Schnee.*

*Ich kann zu meiner Reisen
Nicht wählen mit der Zeit:
Muss selbst den Weg mir weisen
In dieser Dunkelheit.
Es zieht ein Mondenschatten
Als mein Gefährte mit,
Und auf den weissen Matten
Such' ich des Wildes Tritt.*

*Was soll ich länger weilen,
Dass man mich trieb' hinaus?
Lass irre Hunde heulen
Vor ihres Herren Haus!
Die Liebe liebt das Wandern,
Gott hat sie so gemacht –
Von einem zu dem andern –
Fein Liebchen, gute Nacht.*

*Will dich im Traum nicht stören,
Wär' Schad' um deine Ruh',
Sollst meinen Tritt nicht hören –
Sacht, sacht die Türe zu!
Schreib' im Vorübergehen
An's Tor dir gute Nacht,
Damit du mögest sehen,
An dich hab' ich gedacht.*

Wilhelm Müller

Good Night

I arrived as a stranger,
I leave again as one.
May was kind to me
With many a bouquet of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
The mother even of marriage –
Now the world is so gloomy,
The path covered in snow.

I cannot choose the time
For my journey:
I must find my own way
In this darkness.
A moon's shadow
Travels with me as my companion,
And on the white fields
I search for the wild's tracks.

Why should I linger longer,
To be driven out?
Let stray dogs howl
Outside their master's house!
Love loves to wander,
God made it that way –
From one to another –
Farewell, my dear, good night.

I won't disturb your dream,
It would be a pity to disturb your peace,
You shall not hear my step –
Softly, softly close the door!
As I pass by,
I write 'good night' on your door,
So you may see,
I thought of you.

Translation by Su Cong

Der Lindenbaum

*Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.*

*Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide
Zu ihm mich immer fort.*

*Ich musst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.*

*Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!*

*Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.*

*Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!*

Wilhelm Müller

Lydia

*Lydia sur tes roses joues,
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,
Roule 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 ta lèvre en fleur.*

The linden tree

Near the gate,
there's a linden tree standing;
Beneath its shade,
I've dream some pretty sweet dreams.

Into its bark I carved,
a few words of love;
Through both joy and sorrow,
It kept pulling me back.

Tonight, I had to walk past
In the deep, dark night,
And in that darkness,
I closed my eyes.

Its branches were whispering,
Almost like they were calling out to me:
"Come closer, friend,
You'll find your peace here!"

Cold winds were blasting
Straight into my face,
My hat was blown off my head,
But I didn't turn back.

Now, I'm hours away
From that spot,
And still, I hear its whisper:
"You would find peace there!"

Translation by Su Cong

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and white,
Flow sparkingly
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.

*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.
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!*

Charles Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

Prison

*Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.*

*La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Douxement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.*

*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.*

*– Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?*

Paul Verlaine

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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The sky, above the roof,
So blue, so serene!
A tree, above the roof,
Swings its fronds.

The bell, in the visible sky,
Gently rings.
A bird on the visible tree
Sings its lament.

My God, my God, life is there,
Simple and quiet.
That peaceful murmur there
Comes from the city.

– What have you done, oh you there
Crying incessantly,
Tell me, what have you done, you there,
With your youth?

Translation by Su Cong

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.*

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

René-François Sully-Prudhomme

Cradles

Along the quay, the large ships,
Silently swayed by the swell,
Pay no mind to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of farewells will come,
For women must weep,
And curious men
Will chase the deceiving horizons.

And on that day, the large ships,
Leaving the dwindling port behind,
Will feel their bulk held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Translation by Su Cong

Come away, death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

William Shakespeare, Twelfth Night

O mistress mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

William Shakespeare, Twelfth Night

Blow, blow thou winter wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Although thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
Most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
most loving mere folly
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

William Shakespeare, As You Like It

海恋

美丽的梦像大海，
闪动的星光像情怀，
你是否感到我的期待，
就像浪花依恋着海。
美丽的梦像大海，
闪动的星光像情怀，
你是否感到我的无奈，
多想给你我最真的依赖。
我把思念变成潮水，
再把泪水融入大海，哦，

海市蜃楼的梦幻，
无法替代潮起潮落的无奈！
不要离开，我为你而来，

拥有梦，就会拥有未来，
不要离开，我为你存在，
你是否明白我情深似海。
美丽的梦像大海，
闪动的星光像情怀，
你是否感到我的无奈，
多想给你我最真的依赖。
不要离开，我为你而来，
拥有梦，就会拥有未来，
不要离开，我为你存在，
你是否明白我情深似海。
我的梦，我的爱，我的情，
归来我的爱。

陈小涛

Sea Love

Beautiful dreams like the sea,
Twinkling stars like emotions,
Do you feel my anticipation,
Like waves clinging to the sea?
Beautiful dreams like the sea,
Twinkling stars like emotions,
Do you feel my helplessness,
How I wish to give you my truest support.
I turn my yearning into the tide,
Then blend my tears into the sea, oh,
The illusory dreams of a mirage,
Can't replace the helplessness of the tides
coming and going!
Don't leave, I came for you,
Having dreams means having a future,
Don't leave,
I exist for you,
Do you understand my love is as deep as the
sea?
Beautiful dreams like the sea,
Twinkling stars like emotions,
Do you feel my helplessness,
How I wish to give you my truest support.
Don't leave, I came for you,
Having dreams means having a future,
Don't leave,
I exist for you,
Do you understand my love is as deep as the
sea?
My dream, my love, my affection,
Return to my love.

Text by XiaoTao Chen

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

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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

Itay Dayan, *contemporary musical arts* (MM)

Student of Anthony Coleman and Ran Blake

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

Zhengying Yan, *soprano* (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

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

Leland Ko, *cello* (AD)

Student of Yeesun Kim and Donald Weilerstein

Tuesday, April 9, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Daniel Barak, *trumpet* (MM)

Student of Tom Siders and Benjamin Wright

Tuesday, April 9, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Aidan Garrison, *viola* (GD '25)

Student of Mai Motobuchi and Nicholas Cords

Wednesday, April 10, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Mara Riley, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Lisa Saffer

Wednesday, April 10, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jeffrey Sagurton, *percussion* (MM)

Student of Daniel Bauch, Will Hudgins, and Matthew McKay

Wednesday, April 10, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

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