

Zhengying Yan
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2024
Student of MaryAnn McCormick

with
Pualina Lim Mei An, piano

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

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

“Alleluia” from *Exultate, jubilate*, K. 165

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Ariettes oubliées, L. 60

C'est l'extase langoureuse
Il pleure dans mon cœur
L'ombre des arbres
Chevaux de bois
Green (Aquarelle)
Spleen (Aquarelle)

Intermission

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Das Mädchen, D. 625
Erster Verlust, D. 226
An die Nachtigall, D. 497
An den Mond, D. 193

Samuel Barber
(1910–1981)

Sleep Now, op. 10 no. 2
Rain has fallen, op. 10 no. 2
Solitary Hotel, op. 41 no. 4

Zi Huang
(1904–1938)

春思曲 *Spring Nostalgia*

Yi Zhou
(b. 1943)

钗头凤 *Chai Tou Feng*

*I want to express my deepest gratitude to my dearest voice teacher,
Professor MaryAnn McCormick.
Thank you for your endless guidance and support.
Your encouragement has inspired me to rise above difficulties and grow.
I am incredibly fortunate to have your guidance.
Thank you for helping me become a better musician!*

*I would also like to express my sincere gratitude to my coach, Tanya,
generously offering me inspiration and advice in music.
Thank you for sharing your boundless talent with me!*

*And a special thank you to my pianist, Pualina,
for collaborating with me to create such beautiful music.
I deeply appreciate your invaluable support and care!!*

*I'd also like to extend my gratitude to all of my friends and colleagues at NEC.
Thank you for your precious friendship.
I feel incredibly fortunate to study alongside such
amazing musicians.*

*Lastly, a huge thank you to my family! None of this would be possible without you.
Thank you for your selfless love and support! I hope we can see each other soon!*

C'est l'extase langoureuse

*C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.*

*Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.*

*Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?*

Il pleure dans mon cœur

*Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?*

*Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.*

*C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.*

It is languorous rapture

*It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.*

*O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.*

*This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?*

Tears fall in my heart

*Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?*

*Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!*

*Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.*

*And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.*

L'ombre des arbres

*L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.*

*Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!*

Chevaux de bois

*Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.*

*L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.*

*Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!*

*C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.*

*Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.*

*Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.*

The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.

*Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!*

Green

*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des
branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.*

*Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit
doux.*

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

*Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.*

Spleen

*Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.*

*Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.*

*Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.*

*Je crains toujours, — ce qu'est d'attendre! —
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.*

*Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,*

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for
you.

Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely
eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Spleen

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

*Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!*

Paul Verlaine

Das Mädchen

*Wie so innig, möcht' ich sagen,
Sich der meine mir ergibt,
Um zu lindern meine Klagen,
Dass er nicht so innig liebt.*

Will ich's sagen, so entschwebt es;

*Wären Töne mir gerlichen,
Flöss' es hin in Harmonien,
Denn in jenen Tönen lebt es.*

*Nur die Nachtigall kann sagen,
Wie er innig sich mir giebt,
Um zu lindern meine Klagen,
Dass er nicht so innig liebt.*

Friedrich von Schlegel

Erster Verlust

*Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene Tage der ersten Liebe,
Ach, wer bringt nur eine Stunde
Jener holden Zeit zurück!
Einsam nähr' ich meine Wunde,
Und mit stets erneuter Klage
Traur' ich ums verlorne Glück,
Ach, wer bringt die schönen Tage,
Jene holde Zeit zurück!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French
Song Companion (Oxford University Press)
provided via Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

The Maiden

I should like to say that my beloved
shows me such ardent devotion
in order to still my complaints,
that he does not love me ardently.

When I am about to tell him, the words float
away;

if the power of music were granted me
my feelings would pour out in harmonies,
for they live in music.

Only the nightingale can say
what ardent devotion he shows me
in order to still my complaints,
that he does not love me ardently.

First Loss

Ah, who will bring back those fair days,
those days of first love?

Ah, who will bring back but one hour
of that sweet time?

Alone I nurture my wound
and, forever renewing my lament,
mourn my lost happiness.

Ah, who will bring back those fair days,
that sweet time?

An die Nachtigall

*Er liegt und schläft an meinem Herzen,
Mein guter Schutzgeist sang ihn ein;
Und ich kann fröhlich sein und scherzen,
Kann jeder Blum' und jedes Blatts mich freun.
Nachtigall, ach! Nachtigall, ach!
Sing mir den Amor nicht wach!*

Matthias Claudius

An den Mond

*Geuss, lieber Mond, geuss deine Silberflimmer
Durch dieses Buchengrün,
Wo Phantasien und Traumgestalten
Immer vor mir vorüberfliehn.*

*Enthülle dich, dass ich die Stätte finde,
Wo oft mein Mädchen sass,
Und oft, im Wehn des Buchbaums und der Linde,*

Der goldnen Stadt vergass.

Enthülle dich, dass ich des Strauchs mich freue,

*Der Kühlung ihr gerauscht,
Und einen Kranz auf jeden Anger streue,
Wo sie den Bach belauscht.*

*Dann, lieber Mond, dann nimm den Schleier
wieder,*

*Und traur um deinen Freund,
Und weine durch den Wolkenflor hernieder,
Wie dein Verlassner weint!*

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

To the Nightingale

He lies sleeping upon my heart;
my kind tutelary spirit sang him to sleep.
And I can be merry and jest,
delight in every flower and leaf.
Nightingale, ah, nightingale,
do not awaken my love with your singing!

To The Moon

Beloved moon, shed your silver radiance
through these green beeches,
where fancies and dreamlike images
forever flit before me.

Unveil yourself, that I may find the spot
where my beloved sat, where often,
in the swaying branches of the beech and
lime,
she forgot the gilded town.

Unveil yourself, that I may delight in the
whispering
bushes that cooled her,
and lay a wreath on that meadow
where she listened to the brook.

Then, beloved moon, take your veil once
more,

and mourn for your friend.
Weep down through the hazy clouds,
as the one you have forsaken weeps.

*Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts (Schirmer
Books) provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Sleep now

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart -- -
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

Rain has fallen

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of memories.

Staying a little by the way
Of memories shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

Solitary Hotel

Solitary hotel in mountain pass.
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.
In dark corner young man seated.
Young woman enters.
Restless. Solitary. She sits.
She goes to window. She stands.
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.
On solitary hotel paper she writes.
She thinks. She writes. She sighs.
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.
He comes from his dark corner.
He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire.
Twilight. He reads. Solitary.
What?
In sloping, upright and backhands: Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's Ho...

James Joyce

春思曲

潇潇夜雨滴阶前，
寒衾孤枕未成眠。
今朝揽镜，
应是梨涡浅。
绿云慵掠，
懒贴花钿。

小楼独倚，
怕睹陌头杨柳，
分色上帘边，
更妒煞无知双燕，
吱吱语过画栏前。
忆个郎远别已经年，
恨只恨，
不化成杜宇，
唤他快整归鞭。

韦瀚章词 Hanzhang Wei

Spring Nostalgia

Rain drops falling on the front steps,
Kept me awake all night.
The mirror this morning,
My hair falls back limply,
Without a comb or a pin.

Here I am, alone in the house,
Is hard not to see the willows, Swaying
against my drapes,
How I envy those clueless swallows,
Chirping and fleeting past my window,.
By now, my love has been gone for many
years,
Devastated as I am,
I refuse to succumb to grief,
Please be ready to come back to me soon.

钗头凤

红酥手，
黄滕酒。
满城春色宫墙柳。

东风恶，
欢情薄。
一怀愁绪，
几年离索。
错，错，错。

春如旧，
人空瘦。
泪痕红色蛟绡透。

桃花落，
闲池阁。
山盟虽在，
锦书难托。
莫，莫，莫！

Chai Tou Feng

Pink hands so fine,
Gold-branded wine,
Spring paints green willows
palace walls cannot confine.

East wind unfair,
Happy times rare.
In my heart sad thoughts throng:
We've severed for years long.
Wrong, wrong, wrong!

Spring is as green,
In vain she's lean,
Her silk scarf soak'd with tears
and red with stains unclean.

Peach blossoms fall
Near desert'd hall.
Our oath is still there, oh!
No word to her can go.
No, no, no!

Text by Lu You from Song Dynasty

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