

Ruoxi Peng
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2024
Student of MaryAnn McCormick

with
J. J. Penna, piano
Marco Chen, clarinet

Saturday, April 13, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965

Marco Chen, clarinet

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Zéphyr
Regret
Fête galante
La romance d'Ariel

Intermission

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873–1943)

Six Romances, op. 38

Ночью в саду у меня
At night in my garden
К ней
To Her
Маргаритки
Daisies
Крысолов
The Pied Piper
Сон
The Dream
Ау!
A-oo

Ned Rorem
(1923–2022)

*Early in the morning
See how they love me
The silver swan*

Yan Li

青玉案 元夕

*These past seven years at NEC have been priceless for me,
and I would like to express my gratitude
for the kindness and generosity of the people around me.*

*Ms. McCormick, my beloved voice teacher,
thank you for your love during these past three years.
Your guidance, support, and encouragement have
been invaluable to me, and I feel so fortunate to have you as my professor.*

*To my parents,
thank you for your support and encouragement
throughout my journey as a musician, and for always being my biggest fans.
I could not have achieved this without your love and support.*

*To my friends and the many guiding teachers and mentors
with whom I had the pleasure to work at NEC,
thank you for your encouragement, inspiration, and guidance.*

*And thanks to my coach, JJ,
for your patience and for always believing in me and pushing me to new heights.
It's always my pleasure to work with you.*

*Ruoxi Peng is the recipient of a scholarship made possible
by the Ethan Ayer Scholarship Fund in Voice.*

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

*Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh' ,
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh' ,
Und singe,*

*Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.*

*Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.*

*Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.*

*In tiefem Gram verzehrt ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.*

So sehnd klang im Wald das Lied,

*So sehnd klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.*

*Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud' ,
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.*

Wilhelm Müller
Stanzas 5 and 6 by Karl August Varnhagen
von Ense

Zéphyr

*Si j'étais le Zéphyr ailé,
J'irais mourir sur votre bouche.
Ces voiles, j'en aurais la clé,
Si j'étais le Zéphyr ailé.
Près des seins, pour qui je brûlais,
Je me glisserais dans la couche.*

The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the
wood,

Rang out so longingly through the night,
That is draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready
to journey.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber), provided via Oxford
International Song Festival(www.oxfordsong.org).*

Zephyr

Were I the winged Zephyr,
I would fly to your lips and die.
I would possess the key to these veils,
Were I the winged Zephyr.
I would slide into your bed,
Nestling against the breasts that inflame me.

*Si j'étais le Zéphyr ailé,
J'irais mourir sur votre bouche.*

Théodore de Banville

Regret

Devant le ciel d'été, tiède et calmé,

*Je me souviens de toi comme d'un songe,
Et mon regret fidèle aime et prolonge
Les heures où j'étais aimé.*

*Les astres brilleront dans la nuit noire;
Le soleil brillera dans le jour clair;
Quelque chose de toi flotte dans l'air,
Qui me pénètre la mémoire.*

*Quelque chose de toi qui fut à moi:
Car j'ai possédé tout de ta pensée,
Et mon âme, trahie et délaissée,
Est encor tout entière à toi.*

Paul Bourget

Fête galante

*Voilà Sylvoandre et Lycas et Myrtil
Car c'est ce soir fête chez Cydalise.*

*Partout dans l'air court un parfum subtil,
Dans le grand parc où tout s'idéalise
Avec la rose Aminthe rivalise.
Phyllis, Eglé, qui suivent leurs amants,
Cherchent l'ombrage en mille endroits charmants.*

*Dans le soleil qui s'irrite et qui joue,
Luttant d'orgueil avec les diamants,
Sur le chemin, le Paon blanc fait la roue.*

Théodore Faullin de Banville

Were I the winged Zephyr,
I would fly to your lips and die.

Translation © Richard Stokes

Regret

Beneath the summer sky, warm and
becalmed,
I remember you as in a dream,
And my faithful regret loves and prolongs
The hours when I was loved.

The stars will shine in the black night;
The sun will shine in the bright day;
Something of you hovers in the air,
Penetrating my memory.

Something of you that was mine:
For I once filled all your thoughts,
And my soul, betrayed and abandoned,
Is still entirely yours.

Translation © Richard Stokes

Courtship party

Here is Silvandre and Lycas and Myrtil,
For tonight there's a celebration at the home
of Cydalise.

Everywhere a subtle perfume fills the air,
In the vast park where all is ideal
With the rose Aminta competes.
Phyllis and Eglia, who pursue their lovers,
Seek the shadows in a thousand charming
places.

Beneath the sun that excites and plays,
they struggle to show off with the diamonds,
On the road, the white peacock spreads its
tale.

Literal translation © 2008 by Bard Suverkrop

La romance d'Ariel

Au long de ces montagnes douces,

*Dis! viendras-tu pas à l'appel
De ton délicat Ariel
Qui veloute à tes pieds les mousses?*

*Suave Miranda, je veux
Qu'il fasse juste assez de brise
Pour que ce souffle tiède frise
Les pointes d'or de tes cheveux!*

*Les clochettes des digitales
Sur ton passage tinteront;
Les églantines sur ton front
Effeuilleront leurs blancs pétales.*

*Sous le feuillage du bouleau
Blondira ta tête bouclée;
Et dans le creux de la vallée
Tu regarderas bleuir l'eau,*

*L'eau du lac lumineux ou sombre,
Miroir changeant du ciel d'été,
Qui sourit avec sa gaieté
Et qui s'attriste avec son ombre;*

*Symbole, hélas! du cœur aimant,
Où le chagrin, où le sourire
De l'être trop aimé, se mire
Gaîment ou douloureusement ...*

Paul Bourget

Ночью в саду у меня

Ночью в саду у меня
Плачет плакучая ива,
И безутешна она
Ивушка, грустная ива.

Ariel's Romance

Come, will you not cross these fair
mountains,
When summoned by
Your fair Ariel,
Who velvets the moss at your feet?

Sweet Miranda, I would wish
For just enough breeze
For its warm breath to ruffle
The golden tips of your hair!

The foxglove bells
Will chime as you pass;
The eglantine will shed on your brow
Its white petals.

Beneath the birch leaves
Your curly head will turn blond;
And in the depths of the valley
You will see the water turn blue,

The water of the luminous or dark lake,
A changing mirror of the summer sky,
Which smiles in merriment
And grows sad in its shadow;

Symbol, alas, of the loving heart,
Where the sorrow, where the smile
Of one too well loved, is reflected
Merrily or sadly ...

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

At night in my garden

At night in my garden
the weeping willow weeps,
and she is inconsolable,
This dear Willow, mournful willow tree.

Раннее утро блеснёт,
Нежная девушка-зорька
Ивушке, плачущей горько,
Слёзы кудрями сотрёт.

Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Blok

К ней

Травы одеты перлами.
Где-то приветы
Грустные слышу,
Приветы милые...
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Вечера светы ясные,
Вечера светы красные
Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя,
Милая, где ты,
Милая?

Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя,
В струях
Леты смытую
Бледными Леты
струями...
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Boris Nikolayevich Bugayev

Early morning flashes;
The gentle maiden Dawn
From dear Willow, weeping bitterly,
Wipes away the tears with her curls.

To Her

Pearls adorn the grass.
From somewhere
I hear mournful greetings,
Cherished greetings...
Dear one, where are you?
Dear one!

The lights of evening are clear,
The lights of evening are red,
My arms raised,
I await you,
Dear one, where are you?
Dear one?

My arms raised,
I await you;
In the streams,
Lethe washes the years away,
Pale Lethe,
In the streams,
Dear one, where are you?
Dear one!

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Маргаритки

О, посмотри! как много маргариток —
И там, и тут...
Они цветут; их много; их избыток;

Они цветут.

Их лепестки трёхгранные — как крылья,
Как белый шёлк...
Вы — лета мощь! Вы — радость изобилья!

Вы — светлый полк!

Готовь, земля, цветам из рос напиток,

Дай сок стеблю...
О, девушки! о, звезды маргариток!
Я вас люблю...

Igor Vasil'yevich Lotaryov

Крысолов

Я на дудочке играю,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
И на дудочке играю,
Чьи-то души веселя.

Я иду вдоль тихой речки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Дремлют тихия овечки,
Кротко зыблются поля.

Спите, овцы и барашки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
За лугами красной кашки
стройно встали тополя.

Малый домик там таится,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Милой девушке приснится,
Что ей душу отдал я.

Daisies

Oh, see how many daisies,
Here and there,
They blossom; they are plentiful; they are
abundant.
They blossom.

Their petals are three-edged, like wings,
Like white silk;
You are the summer's might! You are
abundant joy,
You are radiant multitude!

Earth prepares to flower with the dew's
draught,
Giving sap to the stalks.
Oh maidens, Oh daisy stars,
I love you!

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The Pied Piper

I play a reed-pipe,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I play a reed-pipe,
cheering up someone's soul.

I walk along a quiet river,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Timid sheep are asleep,
the fields are gently rocking.

Sleep, sheep and lambs,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
Beyond the fields of red clover
stand slender poplars.

A little house is hidden there,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
A pretty maiden will have a dream,
That I gave her my soul.

И на нежный зов свирели,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Выйдет словно к светлой цели,
через сад, через поля.

И в лесу под дубом тёмным,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Будет ждать в бреду истомном,
В час, когда уснёт земля.

Встречу гостью дорогую,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Вплоть до утра зацелую,
Сердце лаской утоля.

И, сменившись с ней колечком,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Отпущу её к овечкам,
В сад, где стройны тополя.

Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля!

Valery Yakovlevich Bryusov.

And to the tender call of the reed-pipe,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will come, as if towards a bright dream,
Through the garden, through the fields.

And in the forest under the dark oak,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
She will wait in a languorous fever
At the hour when the earth falls asleep.

I will greet the dear guest,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
And will kiss her away till dawn,
Satisfying my heart with tenderness.

And, after we've exchanged rings,
tra-la-la-la-la-la-la,
I'll put her out with the sheep,
Into the garden, where slender poplars
stand!

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la!

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Sон

В мире нет ничего
Дожденнее сна,
Чары есть у него,
У него тишина,
У него на устах
Ни печаль и ни смех,
И в бездонных очах
Много тайных утех.

У него широки,
Широки два крыла,
И легки, так лёгки,
Как полночная мгла.
Не понять, как несёт,
И куда и на чем
Он крылом не взмахнет
И не двинет плечом.

Fyodor Kuzmich Teternikov

Ау!

Твой нежный смех был сказкою
изменчивою,
Он звал как в сон зовёт свирельный звон.
И вот венком, стихом тебя увенчиваю.
Уйдём, бежим вдвоем на горный склон.

Но где же ты?
Лишь звон вершин позванивает
Цветку цветок средь дня зажег свечу.

И чей-то смех все в глубь меня заманивает.

Пою, ищу,
Ау!
Ау!
Кричу.

Konstantin Dmitrevich Bal'mont

The Dream

There is nothing
more desirable
In the world than the dream.
It has magic stillness.
It has on its lips
No sadness, no laughter
And bottomless eyes,
and many hidden pleasures.

It has two immense wings,
as light as
the shadow of midnight.
It's unfathomable
how it carries them,
and where and on what;
It will not beat its wings,
And it will not move its shoulder.

A-oo!

Your tender laughter was a fickle fairytale,
It calls me out of the dream on pipe chimes.
Now my garland of poetry crowns you.
Let's go, let's run, both of us, to the
mountainside!

But where are you?
Only the pipes from the top chime...
One flower to another flower light the candle
of midday.
And someone's laughter calls to me from the
depths.
I sing, I search,
"A-oo!"
"A-oo!"
I cry.

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Early in the Morning

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away,
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay,
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

Robert Hillyer

See How They Love Me

See how they love me – green leaf, gold grass,
swearing my blue wrists tick and are timeless.
See how it woos me – old sea, blue sea,
curving a half-moon round to surround me.
See how it loves me – high sky, blue sky,
letting the light be kindled to warm me.
Yet you rebuke me, oh Love –
Love I only pursue.
See how they love me.

Howard Moss

The silver swan

The silver Swan, who, living, had no Note,
when Death approached, unlocked her silent throat.
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
thus sang her first and last, and sang no more:
“Farewell, all joys! O Death, come close mine eyes!
More Geese than Swans now live, more Fools than Wise.”

Orlando Gibbons

青玉案 元夕

东风夜放花千树，
更吹落、星如雨。
宝马雕车香满路。
凤箫声动，玉壶光转，一夜鱼龙舞。

蛾儿雪柳黄金缕，
笑语盈盈暗香去。
众里寻他千百度，
蓦然回首，那人却在，
灯火阑珊处。

辛弃疾

QingYuAn

Easterlies of the night call to bloom blossoms
of a thousand trees,
As if blowing adrift stars that drizzle like rain.
Precious horses and lavish carriages go by
leaving a scented trail.
Phoenix flutes music perform as the
timekeeper witnesses the turning of hours,
Throughout the night lanterns in the shape of
fish and dragons dance and gyrate.

Golden are the willow tassels of her
butterfly hairpin,
Among giggles and chatters her scent is
fading away.
In the crowd I look for her presence
everywhere time and again,
Suddenly I turn around, and I see her there,
Where the lights are dim and faint.

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