

Ashley Grace Chen
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2024
Student of Carole Haber

with
Ssu-Hsuan Sandy Li, piano

Saturday, April 20, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen, BWV 32

Corinne Foley, oboe
Thompson Wang, Darwin Chang, violin
Eunha Kwon, viola
Pi-Wei Lin, cello

“Blute nur, du liebes Herz”

from *Matthäus-Passion*, BWV 244

Honor Hickman, Anna Ridenour, flute
Thompson Wang, Darwin Chang, violin
Eunha Kwon, viola
Pi-Wei Lin, cello

John Alden Carpenter
(1876–1951)

Gitanjali

When I Bring to You Colour'd Toys
The Sleep that Flits on Baby's Eyes
On the Seashore of Endless Worlds

Luigi Arditi
(1822–1903)

Parla!

Intermission

Vladimir Vavilov
(1925–1973)

Ave Maria

Thompson Wang, Darwin Chang, violin
Eunha Kwon, viola
Pi-Wei Lin, cello

Erik Satie
(1866–1925)

Le chapelier from *Trois melodies* (1916)

Élégie from *Trois melodies* (1886)

La Diva de l'Empire

Luigi Arditi

Il Bacio

*Thank you to my wonderful and ever-knowledgeable teacher, Carole Haber,
for everything you've taught me.*

*I have learned so much about what it means to be an artist
and you've inspired me in ways I can't even begin to describe.
I owe all of my growth in the last four years as a singer and performer,
and as a person, to you.*

*Thank you to the amazing coaches that I've had the privilege of working with at NEC:
Justin Williams, Tanya Blaich, Brett Hodgdon, Marie-Elise Boyer,
J.J. Penna, and Cameron Stowe.
You've all greatly inspired me to find my own artistry.*

*Thank you to all my friends who have made me smile and laugh
in the happy and difficult times, and who stuck with me through everything.
You've made my time at NEC truly special.*

*Lastly, a big thank you to my family — mom, dad, Shawna, Tiffany, and of course, Mopsie.
Thanks for watching all my performances and visiting me at every chance.
Sorry I didn't go home more often...*

Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen

*Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen,
Sage mir, wo find ich dich?
Soll ich dich so bald verlieren
Und nicht Ferber bei mir spüren?
Ach! Mein Hort, erfreue mich,
Lasst dich höchst vergnügt umfängen.*

Georg Christian Lehms

Blute nur, du liebes Herz

*Blute nur, du liebes Herz!
Ach! Ein Kind, das du erzogen,
Das an denier Brust gesogen,
Droht den Pfleger zu ermorden,
Denn es ist zur Schlange warden.*

Picander/Christian Friedrich Henrici

When I Bring To You Colour'd Toys

When I bring to you colour'd toys, my child,
I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds,
On water, and why flow'rs are painted in tints:
When I give colour'd toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance,
I truly know why there is music in leaves,
And why waves send their chorus of voices
To the heart of the listening earth:
When I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands,
I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower
And why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice:
When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

Dearest Jesus, my desire

Dearest Jesus, my desire
Tell me, where do I find you?
Shall I lose you so soon
And no longer feel you with me?
Ah! My refuge, make me joyous
Be embraced by me in the highest
contentment.

Translation by Ashley Grace Chen

Bleed out, loving heart

Bleed out, loving heart
Ah! A child, whom you raised,
That nursed at your breast,
Is threatening to murder its guardian
For it has become a serpent.

Translation by Ashley Grace Chen

The Sleep That Flits On Baby's Eyes

The sleep that flits on baby's eyes,
Does anyone know from where it comes?
Yes, there is a rumour that it has its dwelling
Where, in the fairy village
Among the shadows of the forest
Dimly lit with glow-worms,
There hang two timid buds of enchantment.
From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

On The Seashore of Endless Worlds

On the seashore of endless worlds, children meet.
The infinite sky is motionless overhead
And the restless water is boisterous.
On the seashore of endless worlds the
Children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand and they
Play with empty shells.
With wither'd leaves they weave their boats
And smilingly float them on the vast deep.
Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not
How to cast nets.
Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in
Their ships,
While children gather pebbles and scatter
Them again.
They seek not for hidden treasures, they know
Not how to cast nets.

The sea surges up with laughter, and pale
Gleams the smile of the sea-beach.
Death-dealing waves sing meaningless
Ballads to the children,
Even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle.
The sea plays with children, and pale gleams
The smile of the sea-beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds, children meet.
Tempest roams in the path less sky, ships get
Wrecked in the trackless water,
Death is abroad and children play.
On the seashore of endless worlds is the great
Meeting of children.

Parla!

*Più nel dubbio non farmi penare
 Mi conforti una dolce parola,
 Io la implora per tutte le care
 Tue promesse del passato!*

*Mi ripeti d'amare me sola
 Ch'ancor sono il tuo primo pensiero,
 Con un detto ti mostra sincero
 Al mio core affanato, al mio cor affanato!*

*Parla! Parla! Parla!
 Ah! Ah! Sì! Ah!
 Parla mio ben, mio ben parla*

*Mi sorridi, mi parla, o mio ben,
 Santa gioja, mi versa nel sen!
 Ah! Sorridi, sorridi, mio ben!*

*Ah! Un altro cor del mio più fedel,
 Non troverai, no!
 Ah! Tanto amor mostrarti crudel,
 Tu non potrai, ah! Ah! Ah! No!*

*Ogni tormento di gelosia, ah!
 Un sol tuo detto svanir farà, sì!*

Un tuo detto, ah!

Anonymous

Ave Maria

Ave Maria.

Speak!

Do not make me suffer any longer in doubt,
 Comfort me with a sweet word,
 I beseech it for all your dear
 Promises of the past!

You repeat that you love me alone,
 That I am still your first thought,
 With a [word] you are shown
 To my troubled heart to be sincere!

Speak!
 Ah! Yes!
 Speak my beloved, my beloved, speak!

Smile at me, speak to me, oh my beloved,
 Holy joy, pour me into [your] breast!
 Ah! Smile, smile my beloved!

Ah! Another heart more faithful than mine
 You will not find, no!
 Ah! You will not be able to show yourself
 cruel [with] so much love, ah! No!

Every jealous torment, ah!
 Only one of your [words] will make vanish,
 yes!
 One of your [words], ah!

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Hail Mary

Hail Mary

Translation by Ashley Grace Chen

Le chapelier

*Le chapelier s'étonne de constater
Que sa montre retarde de trois jours,
Bien qu'il ait eu soin de la graisser
Toujours avec du beurre de première qualité.
Mais il a laissé tomber des miettes
De pain dans les rouages,
Et il a beau plonger sa montre dans le thé,
Ça ne le fera pas avancer davantage.*

René Chalupe

Élégie

*J'ai vu décliner comme un songe,
Cruel mensonge,
Tout mon bonheur.
Au lieu de la douce espérance,
J'ai la souffrance
Et la douleur.*

*Autrefois ma folle jeunesse
Chantait sans cesse
L'hymne d'amour.
Mais la chimère caressée
S'est effacée
En un seul jour.*

*J'ai dû souffrir mon long martyre,
Sans le maudire,
Sans soupiner.
Le seul remède sur la terre
À ma misère
Est de pleurer.*

Patrice Contamine de Latour

The Hatter

The hatter is astonished to find
That his watch is three days slow,
Despite always greasing it diligently
With butter of best quality.
But he has dropped
Breadcrumbs into the works,
And though he dips his watch in the tea,
That will not make it go faster.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Eulogy

I have seen my luck fade,
As if in a dream.
Cruel fate!
Instead of sweet hope,
I am full of suffering
and pain.

In the folly of my youth,
I sang
the song of love unceasingly.
But the gentle dream
was erased,
In a single day.

I have to suffer my long martyrdom,
Without cursing it,
without sighing.
The only remedy on earth,
For my misery,
is to cry.

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La Diva de L'Empire

*Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,
Mettant l'éclat d'un sourire,
D'un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,
C'est la Diva de l'Empire.
C'est la rein' dont s'éprennent
Les gentlemen
Et tous les dandys
De Piccadilly.*

*Dans un seul "yes" elle mettant de douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,
L'accueillant des hourras frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire narquois
De son joli minois.*

*Elle danse presque automatiquement
Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,
De ses jambes montrant le frétillement.
C'est à la fois très très innocent
Et très très excitant.*

Dominique Bonnaud & Numa Blès

The Diva of the Empire

Beneath her large Greenaway hat,
Putting on her dazzling smile,
The fresh and charming laugh
Of a wide-eyed sighing babe,
A little girl with velvet eyes -
She's the Diva of the Empire,
She's the queen they're smitten with,
The gentlemen
And all the dandies
Of Piccadilly.

She invests a single 'Yes' with such sweetness,
That all the fancy-waistcoated snobs
Welcoming her with frenzied cheers,
Hurl bouquets on the stage,
Without observing the wily smile
On her pretty face.

She dances almost mechanically
And lifts - Oh! so modestly -
Her pretty petticoat edged with flounces,
To reveal her wriggling legs.
It is very, very innocent
And very, very exciting too.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Il Bacio

*Sulle labbra se potessi
dolce un bacio ti darei.
Tutte ti direi le dolcezze dell'amor.
Sempre assisa te d'appresso,
mille gaudii ti direi, Ah! ti direi.
Ed i palpiti udirei
che rispondono al mio cor.
Gemme e perle non desio,
non son vaga d'altro affetto.
Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,
un tuo bacio è il mio tesor.
Ah! Vieni! ah vien! più non tardare a me!
Ah vien! nell'ebbrezza d'un amplesso
ch'io viva!
Ah!*

Gottardo Aldighieri

The Kiss

If I could only give you
a kiss on your lips,
It would tell you all the delights of love,
Abiding to speak
a thousand joys to you!
Ah, thus it would speak
to you along with my heart's palpitations.
I do not desire gems or pearls,
nor do I seek others' affections.
Your look is my delight,
your kiss is my treasure.
Ah! Come! Do not delay!
Ah! Come! Let us enjoy love's
life-giving intoxication.
Ah!

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Student of Carole Haber

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Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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Student of Donald Palma

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Sunday, April 21, 2024 at 7:00 p.m., SB G14

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