

Qianqian Li  
*soprano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Bachelor of Music degree, 2024  
Student of Bradley Williams

with  
Sujin Choi, piano

Saturday, May 4, 2024  
8:00 p.m.  
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

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**Claudio Monteverdi**

(1567–1643)

**“Pur ti miro, pur ti godo”**

from *L'incoronazione di Poppea*

Baian Chen, countertenor

**George Frideric Handel**

(1685–1759)

**“Lascia ch'io pianga”** from *Rinaldo*

**Richard Strauss**

(1864–1949)

*Allerseelen*

*Ich schwebe*

**江定仙 Dingxian Jiang**

(1912–2000)

**岁月悠悠** (Years long)

**赵季平 Jiping Zhao**

(b. 1945)

**枫叶飘落的声音**

(The whisper of falling maple leaves)

*Intermission*

**Kurt Weill**  
(1900–1950)

*Youkali*

**Francis Poulenc**  
(1899–1963)

*Violon* from *Fiançailles pour rire*

**Ottorino Respighi**  
(1879–1936)

*Nebbie*

**Francesco Paolo Tosti**  
(1846–1916)

*Te solo*

**Rebecca Clarke**  
(1886–1979)

*The Seal Man*

**Benjamin Britten**  
(1913–1976)

*Funeral Blues* from *Cabaret Songs*

*Qanqian Li is the recipient of the Tan Family Foundation Scholarship.*

*This is dedicated to all those who have given me the love and support  
I have received during my four years at NEC:*

*I love you all as the plant that never blooms  
but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers.*

*Thanks to the love you have given me,  
a certain fragrance has risen from the earth and dwells in my being.*

*In the presence of your care, the shadows dance with light unseen,  
a secret symphony of nature's grace.*

*Your care is like the breath that stirs dormant seeds,  
awakening life in the depths of my heart.*

*Like a twilight breeze on a moonless night,  
your care lingers, invisible yet profound.*

*With your support, I find solace in the mystery of human connection,  
a journey of love, eternally unbound.*

*You allow the beautiful creature in me to rise above the pain,  
smile above hate, cry above madness.*

*You help to mend what has been broken in me  
and ignite what is still very much alive.*

*I thank you all from my heart!*

**Pur ti miro, pur ti godo**

*Pur ti miro, pur ti godo,  
Pur ti stringo, pur t'annodo;  
Più non peno, più non moro,  
O mia vita, o mio tesoro.  
Io son tua, tuo son io,  
Speme mia, dillo, di'.  
Tu sei pur, l'idolo mio,  
Si, mio ben, si, mio cor, mia vita, si.*

Giovanni Busenello

**Lascia ch'io pianga**

*Lascia ch'io pianga  
mia cruda sorte,  
e che sospiri  
la libertà.*

*Il duolo infranga  
queste ritorte,  
de' miei martiri  
sol per pietà.*

Giacomo Rossi

**Allerseelen**

*Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,  
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,  
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
Wie einst im Mai.*

*Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke*

*Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  
Wie einst im Mai.*

**I gaze upon you, I desire you**

I gaze upon you, I desire you,  
I embrace you, I enchain you;  
no more grieving, no more dying,  
oh my life, oh my beloved.  
I am yours, yours am I,  
my hope, tell it, tell.  
You are truly my idol,  
yes, my love, yes, my heart, my life, yes.

**Let me weep**

Let me weep over  
my cruel fate,  
and let me sigh for  
liberty.

May sorrow shatter  
these chains,  
toward my torments  
out of pity alone.

**All souls day**

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring in the last red asters,  
and let us talk of love again,  
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I may secretly  
press it;  
and if someone sees, it's all one to me.  
Just give me one of your sweet glances,  
as once you did in May.

*Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,  
Ein Tag im Jahre ist ja den Toten frei,  
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,*

*Wie einst im Mai.*

Hermann von Gilm

### **Ich schwebe**

*Ich schwebe wie auf Engelsschwingen,  
Die Erde kaum berührt mein Fuß,  
In meinen Ohren hör' ich's klingen  
Wie der Geliebten Scheidegruß.*

*Das tönt so lieblich, mild und leise,  
Das spricht so zage, zart und rein,  
Leicht lullt die nachgeklung'ne Weise  
In wonneschweren Traum mich ein.*

*Mein schimmernd Aug', indeß mich füllen  
Die süßesten der Melodien,  
Sieht ohne Falten, ohne Hüllen  
Mein lächelnd Lieb' vorüberziehn*

Karl Henckell

### **岁月悠悠**

岁月悠悠旧情付水流  
忆去年今日送你上归舟  
江风拂杨柳  
一日不见如三秋

岁月悠悠  
旧情不可留  
临江空惆怅  
胜地忆旧游  
江风逐水流  
旧情不堪重回首

黄嘉谟 Jiamo Huang

Flowers bloom and spread their fragrance  
today on every grave;  
one day in the year is sacred for the dead.  
Come close to my heart, so that I can have  
you again,  
as once I did in May.

### **I float**

I float as if on angel's wings,  
the earth barely touches my feet,  
in my ears I hear it sounding  
like the beloved's goodbye.

That sounds so loving, gentle and soft,  
that speaks so shy, tender and pure,  
lightly the echoing melody lulls me,  
into a wonderful deep deep dream.

My shimmering eye, meanwhile, being filled  
with the sweetest of melodies  
sees without pretense, without masks,  
my smiling love passing by.

### **Years long**

Years drift gently, old affections given to the  
flowing stream,  
Recalling last year, today, I bade you farewell  
on the homeward boat.  
The river breeze brushes the willow leaves,  
A single day apart feels like three autumns  
long.

Years drift gently, Old love cannot stay.  
By the river, I stand in empty melancholy,  
In this cherished place, I reminisce about our  
past journeys.  
The river wind chases the flowing water,  
Old affections are unbearable to revisit once  
more.

## 枫叶飘落的声音

当一缕温柔的秋风  
吹拂我青春的梦境  
我似乎听见那几许  
哦，枫叶飘落的声音  
啊，枫叶飘落的声音  
啊，让我专注的聆听  
我相信风儿也会说话  
最美是岁月吻别的风景  
枫叶飘落 枫叶飘落 轻轻 哦 轻轻

当一场年少的邂逅  
积成我刻骨的深情  
我能够学会那感受  
哦，枫叶飘落的声音  
啊，枫叶飘落的声音  
啊，给我心底的共鸣  
我懂得枫叶也会唱歌  
就像那人生旅途的驼铃  
枫叶飘落 枫叶飘落 轻轻 哦 轻轻

王雷 Lei Wang

## Youkali

*C'est presque au bout du monde,  
Ma barque vagabonde,  
Errant au gré de l'onde,  
M'y conduisit un jour.  
L'île est toute petite,  
Mais la fée qui l'habite  
Gentiment nous invite  
A en faire le tour.*

## The whisper of falling maple leaves

When a gentle breeze of autumn  
caresses the dreams of my youth,  
I seem to hear, just faintly,  
Oh, the whisper of falling maple leaves.  
Ah, the whisper of falling maple leaves,  
Ah, beckons me to listen intently.  
I believe the wind too speaks; its beauty lies  
in the farewell kiss of time.  
Maple leaves fall, without stopping, softly, oh,  
softly.

When a youthful encounter  
Turns into a love etched deep in my soul,  
I learn to feel,  
Oh, the sound of maple leaves falling.  
Ah, the sound of maple leaves falling,  
Ah, resonates with the strings of my heart.  
I know from deep within that maple leaves  
too can sing,  
Like the camel bells on life's journey.  
Maple leaves fall, without waiting, gently, oh,  
gently.

## Youkali

It is almost at the end of the world,  
my vagabond boat,  
wandering at the will of the sea,  
led me there one day.  
The island is entirely small,  
but the fairy who dwells there  
politely invites us  
to tour it.

*Youkali,  
C'est le pays de nos desirs,  
C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir,  
C'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis,  
C'est, dans notre nuit, comme une éclaircie, l'étoile  
qu'on suit,  
C'est Youkali.  
C'est le respect de tous les vœux échangés,  
C'est le pays des beaux amours partagés,  
C'est l'espérance  
Que est au cœur de tous les humains,  
La délivrance  
Que nous attendons tous pour demain,  
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,  
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!*

*Et la vie nous entraîne,  
Lassante, quotidienne,  
Mais la pauvre âme humaine,  
Cherchant partout l'oubli,  
A, pour quitter la terre,  
Su trouver le mystère  
Où nos rêves se terrent  
En quelque Youkali.*

Roger Fernay

### **Violon**

*Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus  
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.  
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus  
Sur la corde des malaises.  
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus  
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent  
Le coeur en forme de fraise  
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.*

Louise de Vilmorin

### **Nebbie**

*Soffro, lontan lontano  
Le nebbie sonnolente  
Salgono dal tacente  
Piano.*

*Youkali,  
it is the land of our desires,  
it is happiness, it is pleasure,  
it is the land one leaves all his worries,  
it is, in our night, like a sunny spell, the star  
that one follows,  
it's Youkali.  
It is the respect of all of the exchanged vows,  
it is the land of the beautiful, shared loves,  
it is the hope  
that is in the heart of all humans,  
the deliverance  
that we all are waiting for until tomorrow,  
but it is a dream, a folly,  
there is no Youkali!*

*And life drags us along,  
weary, daily,  
but the poor human soul,  
seeking obviously everywhere,  
has known how to find the mystery  
in order to leave the earth,  
where our dreams are buried  
In some Youkali*

### **Violin**

*Loving couple of misinterpreted sounds  
Violin and its player please me.  
Ah! I love these long lamenting  
expanding on the string of chaos,  
To the sound of strung-up chords  
At the hour when justice and moral is silent  
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,  
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.*

### **Mist**

*I suffer. Far, far away  
The slumbering mists  
rise from the silent  
plain.*



*Alto gracchiando, i corvi,  
Fidati all'ali nere,  
Traversan le brughiere  
Torvi.*

*Dell'aere ai morsi crudi  
Gli addolorati tronchi  
Offron, pregando, i bronchi  
Nudi.*

*Come ho freddo!... Son sola;  
Pel grigio ciel sospinto  
Un gemito destinto  
Vola;*

*E mi ripete: Vieni,  
È buia la vallata.  
O triste, o disamata,  
Vieni!*

Ada Negri

### **Te solo**

*Qui... te solo, te solo. Oh, lascia, lascia  
Ch'io sfoghi sul tuo cor tutti i singulti  
Da tant'anni nel petto accumulati,*

*Tutti gli affanni e i desideri occulti...  
Ho bisogno di pianto.*

*Sul tuo sen palpitante, oh, lascia, lascia  
Ch'io riposi la testa affaticata,  
Come timido augello sotto l'ala,  
Come rosa divelta e reclinata...  
Ho bisogno di pace.*

*Sul tuo giovine fronte, oh, lascia, lascia  
Ch'io prema il labbro acceso e trepidante,  
Ch'io ti susurri l'unica parola  
Che inebbri nel delirio d'un istante.  
Ho bisogno d'amore.*

Ada Negri

The crows croaking loudly,  
trusting their black wings  
cross the heath  
grimly.

To the weathering of the air  
the grieving tree trunks  
offer, praying, their  
bare branches.

How cold am I! I am alone;  
driven through the gray sky  
a wail of extinction  
flies;

And it repeats to me: come,  
the valley is dark.  
Oh sad one, oh unloved one,  
Come! Come!

### **You alone**

Here... you alone, you alone. Oh, let me  
pour upon your heart all the sobs  
that have been gathering in my chest for  
years,

all the troubles and hidden desires...  
I need to weep.

On your throbbing bosom, oh, let, let me  
rest my weary head,  
like a timid bird beneath the wing,  
like a plucked rose, bent and leaning...  
I need peace.

On your youthful brow, oh, let, let me  
press my burning, trembling lips,  
let me whisper the single word.  
that intoxicates in the delirium of a moment...  
I need love.

## The Seal Man

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling  
There was a strong love came up in her at that  
And she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says  
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door  
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all  
Will keep me this night from the man I love."  
And she went out into the moonlight to him  
There by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river  
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world  
Will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"  
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says  
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."  
Then they went down into the sea together  
And the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;  
It was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;  
Only a great love like the love of the old ones  
That was stronger than the touch of the fool  
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers  
And she went down into the sea with her man  
Who wasn't a man at all  
She was drowned, of course  
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself  
She was drowned, drowned.

*John Masefield*

## 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 crepe 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 would 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 wood;  
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

*W. H. Auden*

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