

Chen Chen
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2024
Student of Michael Meraw

with
Marie-Elise Boyer, piano

Monday, May 6, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660–1725)

“Caldo sangue” from Il Sedecia, re di Gerusalemme

Ottorino Respighi
(1879–1936)

from 5 Canti all'antica

I. L'udir talvolta nominare

II. Ma come potrei

III. Ballata

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Abendempfindung an Laura, K. 523

An Chloë, K. 524

*Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers
verbrannte, K. 520*

Intermission

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Beau soir

Nuit d'étoiles

Apparition

Zéphyr

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

from *Songs, op. 25*

V. Music, when soft voices die

from *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics, op. 12*

I. Weep you no more

IV. The faithless shepherdess

VII. Fair house of joy

Caldo sangue

*Caldo sangue, che bagnando il sen mi vai,
e d'amore fai gran fede al genitore,
fuggi pur, fuggi da me
ch'io già moro e resto esangue!*

*Forse un dì risorgerai
per vendetta della man, che mi saetta*

*e il vigor, che in me già manca,
caldo sangue, passerà più saldo in te.*

Anonymous

L'udir talvolta nominare

*L'udir talvolta nominare il loco
Dove dimori, o talvolta vedere
Chi di là venga, mi riaccende il fuoco
Nel cor mancato per troppo dolere.*

*E par ch'io senta alcun nascoso gioco
Nell'anima legata dal piacere,
E meco dico: quindi venissi io
Onde quel viene, o dolce mio disio!...*

Ma come potrei

*Ma come potrei io mai soffrire
Di partirmida te che t'amo tanto,
Che senza te mi par ognor morire?
Essendo teco non so giammai quanto
Più ben mi possa avere, o più disire.
Ma sallo bene Amore in quanto pianto
Istà la vita mia la notte e 'l giorno,
Mentre non veggo questo viso adorno.*

Ballata

*Non so qual io mi voglia,
O viver o morir, per minor doglia*

Warm Blood

Warm blood, which continues to soak my
breast,
and serves as proof of my love for my father,
flee then, flee from me,
for I am already dying and am drained of
blood!

Perhaps one day you will rise again,
In order to take revenge on the hand which
wounds me;
and the strength, which in me already fails,
warm blood, will pass more solid into you.

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To hear occasionally

To hear occasionally the name of the place
Where you are staying, or sometimes see
Who is there, this fans the flames
Of a heart [that has] stopped from too much
pain.

And I seem to sense some hidden game
Of a soul bound by pleasure,
And I say to myself: from there I come
[Like] arriving waves, O my sweet love!

But how could I

But how could I ever endure
To part from you whom I love so much,
That without you I seem to die every hour?
Being with you: I do not know what
Could be better or more desirable.
But Love recognizes it well in this cry:
Night and day dominate my life
While I don't see [your] attractive face.

Ballad

I don't know which I want,
To live or die, to diminish [the] suffering

*Morir vorrei, che 'l viver m'è gravoso
Veggendomi da voi esser lasciato;
E morir non vorrei, che trapassato*

*Più non vedrei il bel viso amoroso
Per cui io piango invidioso
Di chi l'ha fatto suo e me ne spoglia!*

Giovanni Boccaccio

Abendempfindung

*Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.*

*Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.*

Bald vielleicht; mir weht, wie Westwind leise,

*Eine stille Ahnung zu,
Schließ ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.*

*Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch wehn.*

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir und pflücke

*Mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.*

I would die, life weighs on me
Seeing myself abandoned by you;
But I would not die, [because if I] passed
away

I would not see [your] beautiful, loving face
[So] I weep with envy for [he] who
Had it and strips me of it!

*Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English
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Evening sensations

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moon streams with silver rays;
Thus flee Life's fairest hours,
Flying away as if in a dance.

Soon away will fly Life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain will come rolling down;
Done is our play, the tears of a friend
Flow already over our grave.

Soon, perhaps the thought gently arrives like
the west wind -

A quiet foreboding,
I will part from life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep over my grave,
Gaze mournfully upon my ashes,
Then, o Friends, I will appear
And waft you all heavenward.

And You, my beloved, bestow also a little tear
on me, and pluck

Me a violet for my grave,
And with your soulful gaze,
Look then gently down on me.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach! schäme
dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weihn;
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Possibly by Joachim Heinrich Campe

An Chloë

Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust hineinzuschauen,
Mir's im Herzen klopf und glüht;

Und ich halte dich, und küsse
Deine Rosenwangen warm;
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
Zitternd dich in meinem Arm!

Mädchen, Mädchen! und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Den berauschten Blick umschattet
Eine düstre Wolke mir;
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig, neben dir;

Johann Georg Jacobi

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte, geht zu Grunde,
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder,
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,

Consecrate a tear for me, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to cry;
Those tears will be in my diadem
then: the fairest pearls!

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To Chloë

When love shines from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into them
my heart pounds and glows;

And I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks;
lovely maiden, and I clasp
you trembling in my arms!

Maiden, maiden, and I press
you firmly to my breast,
which at the last moment,
only at death, will let you go;

Then my intoxicated gaze is cast in shadows
by a gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted,
but blissful, next to you.

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When Luise burned the letters of her unfaithful lover

Generated by ardent fantasy;
in a rapturous hour
brought into this world - Perish,
you children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your existence,
so I restore you now to the fire,
with all your rapturous songs.
For alas! he sang them not to me alone.

I burn you now, and soon, you love-letters,

*Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.*

Gabriele von Baumberg

Beau soir

*Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,*

Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses

Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

*Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer, -- nous au tombeau!*

Paul Bourget

Nuit d'étoiles

*Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.*

*La sereine mélancolie vient éclore
au fond de mon coeur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.*

*Dans les ombres de la feuillée,
Quand tout bas je soupire seul,
Tu reviens, pauvre âme éveillée,
Toute blanche dans ton linceuil.*

there will be no trace of you here.
Yet alas! the man himself, who wrote you,
may still perhaps burn long in me.

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Fair evening

When rivers are pink in the setting sun,
And a slight shiver runs through fields of
wheat,

A suggestion to be happy seems to rise up
from all things

And ascends toward the troubled heart ;

A suggestion to taste the charms of the world
While one is young and the evening is fair,
For we are on our way just as this wave is:
It is going to the sea, -- and we, to the grave!

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Night of stars

Night of stars, beneath your veils,
Beneath your breezes and your scents,
A sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of dead loves.

The serene melancholy comes bursting
In the depth of my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Tremble in the dreaming woods.

In the leafy shadows,
When I sigh very quietly,
You return, poor awakened soul,
All white in your shroud.

*Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.*

Theodore de Banville

Apparition

*La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des
fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.
– C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.*

J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli

*Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue*

Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de claret

Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté

Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées

Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

Stéphane Mallarmé

Zéphyr

*Si j'étais le Zéphyr ailé,
J'irais mourir sur votre bouche.
Ces voiles, j'en aurais la clé,*

I see again at our fountain
Your gaze, blue as the sky;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

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Apparition

The moon was saddened. Seraphims in tears
dreaming, bows at their fingers, in the calm of
filmy flowers

Threw dying violas of white sobs
sliding over the blue of corollas.
It was the blessed day of your first kiss;
My reverie, loving to torture me,
wisely imbibed its perfume of sadness
That even without regret and without setback
leaves the gathering of a dream within the
heart that gathered it.

I wandered then, my eye riveted on the aged
cobblestones.

When, with light in your hair, in the street
and in the evening, you appeared to me
smiling
and I thought I had seen the fairy with a hat
of light
who passed in my sweet dreams as a spoiled
child,
always dropping from her carelessly closed
hand
a snow of white bouquets of perfumed stars.

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Zephyr

Were I the winged Zephyr,
I would fly to your lips and die.
I would possess the key to these veils,

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

Theodore de Banville

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

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

Music, when soft voices die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Weep you no more

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

The faithless shepherdess

While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon, the shepherd, late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
In shadow of a green oak tree,
Upon his pipe this song play'd he:
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, [and]1 treasure;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
Burning in flames beyond all measure:
Three days endured your love to me
And it was lost in other three!
Adieu, Love, adieu, Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Fair house of joy

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:

Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.

Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

Anonymous

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Margaret Stone, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Tuesday, May 7, 2024 at 1:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Yoona Kim, *contemporary musical arts* (GD)

Student of Stratis Minakakis

Tuesday, May 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Daniel Oslin, *piano* (BM)

Student of HaeSun Paik and Randall Hodgkinson

Wednesday, May 8, 2024 at 1:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Cameron Alan-Lee, *violin* (GD)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Wednesday, May 8, 2024 at 3:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Hyun Ji Lee, *violin* (GD)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

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

Sabrina Ngaieng Lai, *percussion* (BM)

Student of Daniel Bauch and Timothy Genis

Wednesday, May 8, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Kevin Takeda, *piano* (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

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

Alex Knutrud, *trombone* (DMA '26)

Student of Stephen Lange

Thursday, May 9, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Jewel Pin-Chieh Chen, *piano* (MM)

Student of Stephen Drury

Friday, May 10, 2024 at 1:00 p.m., Keller Room

Kian Hirayama, *oboe* (MM)

Student of Keisuke Wakao

Friday, May 10, 2024 at 1:00 p.m., JH 124

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