

Xijin Chen
soprano

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

with
J. J. Penna, piano
Yeji Hwang, violin

Whispers of Love

Monday, May 6, 2024
4:00 p.m.
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

“L’amero sarò costante” from *Il re pastore*,
K. 208

Yeji Hwang, violin

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Fêtes galantes, Book 1
En sourdine
Fantoches
Clair de lune

Joseph Marx
(1882–1964)

Selige Nacht
Nocturne
Ach gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht
Hat dich die Liebe berührt

Intermission

Rui Zhang

雪花的快乐 (The Joy of Snowflakes)
诔词 (Requiescat)
歌 (Song)

Fernando Obradors
(1897–1945)

from *Canciones clásicas españolas*
La mi sola, Laureola
Al Amor
Del cabello más sutil
Chiquitita la novia

Thanks for all the love.

L'amero, sarò costante

*L'amerò, sarò costante:
Fido sposo, e fido amante
Sol per lei sospirerò.
In sì caro e dolce oggetto
La mia gioia, il mio diletto,
La mia pace io troverò.*

Pietro Metastasio

En sourdine

*Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.*

*Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.*

*Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.*

*Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.*

*Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.*

I'll love her, constant and ever

I'll love her, constant and ever:
Faithful husband, unflinching lover,
Only for her I'll yearn and sigh.
In an object so precious and pleasing
My greatest joy and sense of well-being,
My sweetest solace there shall I find.

Translation by Ed Lein, © 2009

Muted

Calm in the twilight
Cast by lofty boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us blend our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Fantoches

*Scaramouche et Pulcinella
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla
Gesticulent, noirs sous la lune.*

*Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolognais cueille avec lenteur
Des simples parmi l'herbe brune.*

*Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse, demi-nue, en quête*

*De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.*

Clair de lune

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.*

*Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,*

*Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.*

Paul Verlaine

Scaramouche and Pulcinella

Scaramouche and Pulcinella
Drawn together by some evil scheme,
Gesticulate, black beneath the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
From Bologna is leisurely picking
Medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his daughter, pertly pretty,
Beneath the arbour, stealthily,
Glides, half-naked, in quest

Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose grief a lovelorn nightingale
Proclaims as loudly as he can.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life's favours,
they do not seem to believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with the light of the
moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble statues.

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

Selige Nacht

*Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,*

*und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –*

*Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!*

Otto Erich Hartleben

Nocturne

Süß duftende Lindenblüthe
in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe
ist mir in Sinnen erwacht.

Als klänge vor meinen Ohren
leise das Lied vom Glück,
als töne, die lange verloren,
die Jugend leise zurück.

Süß duftende Lindenblüthe
in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe
ist mir zu Schmerzen erwacht.

Otto Erich Hartleben

Blissful night

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.
The summer wind listened at the open
window,

and carried the peace of our breathing
out into the moon-bright night. –

And from the garden a scent of roses
came timidly to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber 2005) provided via Oxford
International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Nocturne

Sweet fragrance of linden blossom
In halcyon summer night,
That awakeneth now in my bosom
Mem'ry of bygone delight.

As though on my ears there sounded
Softly of joy the song,
As though once again I had found it,
My youth, Ah! that is lost so long.

Sweet fragrance of linden blossom
In halcyon summer night,
That awakeneth now in my bosom
Sadness of bygone delight.

*Singable translation from German to English by
Addie Funk, reprinted with permission from the
LiederNet Archive, <https://www.lieder.net/>*

Ach gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht

*Ach gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht,
Sie haben geduftet die ganze Nacht,*

Für ihm geworben, der meiner denkt --

Da hab' ich den Traum einer Nacht ihm geschenkt.

*Und heute geh' ich und lächle stumm,
Trag seine Rosen mit mir herum
Und warte und lausche, und geht die Thür,
So zittert mein Herz: ach, käm' er zu mir!*

*Und küsse die Rosen, die er mir gebracht,
Und gehe und suche den Traum der Nacht.*

Thekla Lingen

Hat dich die Liebe berührt

*Hat dich die Liebe berührt,
Still unter lärmenden Volke,
Gehst du in gold'ner Wolke,
Sicher von Gott geführt.*

*Nur wie verloren, umher
Lässtest die Blicke du wandern,
Gönnt ihre Freuden den Andern,
Trägst nur nach Einem Begehrt.*

*Scheu in dich selber verzückt,
Möchtest du leugnen vergebens,
Dass nun die Krone des Lebens,
Strahlend die Stirn dir schmückt.*

Paul Heyse

Ah Yesterday roses he brought

Ah yesterday he brought me roses,
They diffused their scent the whole night
long,

They wooed me on his behalf, he who thinks
of me --

So I bestowed the dream of one night upon
him.

And today I wander about and smile mutely,
Carry his roses around with me
And wait and hearken, and if I hear the door,
My heart quivers: ah, if he would only come
to me!

And I kiss the roses that he brought me,
And I go and seek the dream of the night.

*Translation from German (Deutsch) to English
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If love has touched you

If Love has touched you
Softly amid noisy mankind,
You will walk on a cloud of gold,
Led safely by God.

You gaze about you
As though you are lost,
You do not begrudge others their happiness,
Only one single thing do you desire.

In shy and rapt introspection,
You deny in vain
That life's gleaming crown
Now adorns your brow.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005) provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

雪花的快乐

假如我是一朵雪花，
翩翩的在半空里潇洒，
我一定认清我的方向——
飞扬，飞扬，飞扬，——
这地面上有我的方向。

不去那冷寞的幽谷，
不去那凄清的山麓，
也不上荒街去惆怅——
飞扬，飞扬，飞扬，——
你看，我有我的方向！

在半空里娟娟的飞舞，
认明了那清幽的住处，
等着她来花园里探望——
飞扬，飞扬，飞扬，——
啊，她身上有朱砂梅的清香！

那时我凭借我的身轻，
盈盈的，沾住了她的衣襟，
贴近她柔波似的心胸——
消溶，消溶，消溶——
溶入了她柔波似的心胸！

Zhimo Xu

The Joy of Snowflakes

Were I a snowflake,
A graceful dancer in the air,
I'd know just where to fly—
Fly on, and on, and on—
I'd know just where to fly.

I'd never head for some cold empty valley
Or some desolate hill-side,
Or some deserted street,
Where sadness might overwhelm me—
Fly on, and on, and on—
Oh, I'd know just where to fly.

A dainty dancer in the air
I'd know where peace was—
Fly on, and on, and on—
Peace with her delicate
Plum blossom perfume.

I'd be so light
I'd stick to her coat, graceful, easy,
I'd hold tight to her bosom
Rising and falling like ripples.
I'd melt, and melt, and melt away,
Dissolving into the soft motion of her breast.

Translation by Zuxing Ding,
<https://www.en84.com/>

诛词

散上玫瑰花·散上玫瑰花·
休搀杂一小枝的水松！
在寂静中她寂静的解化；
啊！但愿我亦永终。
她是个希有的欢欣·人间
曾经她喜笑的洗净·
但倦了是她的心·倦了·可怜
这回她安眠了·不再苏醒。

在火热与扰攘的迷阵中
旋转·旋转着她的一生；
但和平是她灵魂的想望·一
和平是她的了·如今。
局促在人间·她博大的神魂·
何曾享受呼吸的自由；
今夜·在这静夜·她独自的攀登
那死的插天的高楼。

Chinese translation by Zhimo Xu

歌

我死了的时候·亲爱的·
别为我唱悲伤的歌；
我坟上不必安插蔷薇·
也无须浓荫的柏树·
让盖着我的青青的草
淋着雨·也沾着露珠；
假如你愿意·请记着我·
要是你甘心·忘了我。

我再不见地面的青荫·
觉不到雨露的甜蜜；
再听不见夜莺的歌喉·
在黑夜里倾吐悲啼；

Requiescat

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!
Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.
Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

Original poem by Matthew Arnold

Song

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:

在悠久的昏墓中迷惘·
阳光不升起；
我也许·也许我记得你·
我也许·我也许忘记·

Chinese translation by Zhimo Xu

La mi sola, Laureola

*La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola,
Yo el cautivo Leriano
Aunque mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.*

*La mi sola Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola.*

Juan Ponce

Al Amor

*Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después...
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y... contemos al revés.*

Cristobal de Castillejo

And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Original poem by Christina Rossetti

My one and only, Laureola

My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, only, only,
I'm the captive Leriano
Even though I'm very proud
I'm wounded by that hand
Of which in the whole world, there is only
one.
My one and only, Laureola
My one and only, only.

*Translation from Spanish (Español) to English
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To Love

Give me, Love, kisses without number,
your hands seizing my hair,
give me eleven hundred of them,
and eleven hundred more,
and then...
many more thousands, and three more!
And so that no one may know,
let's forget the tally
and...count backwards.

Del cabello más sutil

*Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.*

*Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.*

Traditional

Chiquitita la novia

*Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala,
Y el dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero.*

Curro Dulce

From the finest hair

From the finest hair
in your tresses
I wish to make a chain
to draw you to my side.

In your house, young girl,
I'd fain be a pitcher,
to kiss your lips
whenever you went to drink. Ah!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Spanish Song Companion (Scarecrow Press)
provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Tiny is the bride

Tiny is the bride,
Tiny is the groom,
Tiny is the living room,
Tiny is the bedroom.
That is why I want
a tiny bed with a
mosquito net.

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Chen Chen, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Michael Meraw

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

Boyuan Cheng, *piano* (MM)

Student of Dang Thai Son

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

Christine Yuting Huang, *piano* (MM)

Student of Alexander Korsantia and Alessio Bax

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

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

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