

Shiyu Zhuo
soprano

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

with
Tanya Blaich, piano

Saturday, October 5, 2024
7:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Aaron Copland
(1900–1990)

from *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*
Nature, the gentlest mother
Heart, we will forget him
Going to Heaven!

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Trois poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin, FP 91
Le garçon de Liège
Au-delà
Aux officiers de la garde blanche

Lingbo Ma '25 DMA

心经 (Heart Sutra)

Intermission

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

“Ruhe sanft, mein holdes Leben”
from *Zaide*. K. 344

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

from *8 Gedichte aus 'Letzte Blätter', op. 10*
Zueignung
Nichts
Die Nacht
Die Georgine
Das Verschwiegenen
Die Zeitlose
Allerseelen

*I want to extend my deepest gratitude to my esteemed mentor,
Prof. Carole Haber.*

*Over the past two years, both myself and those around me
have witnessed remarkable changes in my life.
These transformations are undoubtedly a result of your patient guidance,
attentive nurturing, and candid advice.
Your mentorship has left an indelible mark on my journey of growth.
Thank you from the bottom of my heart!*

*I am also immensely thankful to my outstanding coach and today's recital pianist,
Prof. Tanya Blaich.*

*Your depth of knowledge has made a lasting impression on me.
It's difficult to articulate the impact you've had on me over these past two years.
It is through your guidance that I have truly begun to understand
the most poignant moments within music.*

*A heartfelt THANK YOU goes to my beloved parents.
Thank you for instilling in me the confidence to pursue this path,
for equipping me with the ability to navigate the complexities of this world,
and above all, for bringing me into this world.*

*I want to express my gratitude to my family and friends as well.
Your support and love are the driving forces behind my progress
and the foundation of my steadfast belief.
I will forever cherish our friendship and miss the support
and love you have bestowed upon me.*

*Lastly, I want to thank myself. Thank you for your hard work!
The growth over the past two years is evident to both you and everyone around you.
So, don't be lazy; keep pushing forward and strive to inch closer and closer to your dreams.
It's the greatest gift you can give yourself.*

Nature, the gentlest mother

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, —
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon, —
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

Going to Heaven!

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, –
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven! –
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

Emily Dickinson

Un garçon de Liège

*Un garçon de conte de fée
M'a fait un grand salut bourgeois
En plein vent, au bord d'une allée,
Debout sous l'arbre de la Loi.*

*Les oiseaux d'arrière-saison
Faisaient des leurs malgré la pluie
Et prise par ma déraison
J'osai lui dire: <Je m'ennuie.>*

The boy of Cork

A fairy-tale youth
bowed to me a deep bourgeois bow
in the open air, alongside an avenue,
standing, beneath the tree of Law.

The birds of late autumn
kept up their work, despite the rain
and seized by my folly
I dared tell him: "I'm bored."

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

*Sans dire un doux mot de menteur
Le soir dans ma chambre à tristesse
Il vint consoler ma pâleur.
Son ombre me fit des promesses.*

*Mais c'était un garçon de Liège,
Léger, léger comme le vent
Qui ne se prend à aucun piège
Et court les plaines de beau temps.*

*Et dans ma chemise de nuit,
Depuis lors quand je voudrais rire
Ah! beau jeune homme je m'ennuie,
Ah! dans ma chemise à mourir.*

Au-delà

*Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l'heure du plaisir,
Choisir n'est pas trahir,
Je choisis celui-là.*

*Je choisis celui-là
Qui sait me faire rire,
D'un doigt de-ci, de-là,
Comme on fait pour écrire.*

*Comme on fait pour écrire,
Il va par-ci, par-là,
Sans que j'ose lui dire:
J'aime bien ce jeu-là.*

*J'aime bien ce jeu-là,
Qu'un souffle fait finir,
Jusqu'au dernier soupir
Je choisis ce jeu-là.*

*Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l'heure du plaisir,
Choisir n'est pas trahir,
Je choisis celui-là.*

Aux officiers de la garde blanche

*Officiers de la garde blanche,
Gardez-moi de certaines pensées la nuit.*

Without saying one sweet word of falsehood
that evening, in my room of sadness,
he came to console my pallor.
His shadow made me promises.

But he was a boy of Cork,
light, light as the wind
which is not to be caught in any trap
and roams the plains in fine weather.

and in my night-shirt,
ever since, whenever I want to laugh,
ah, handsome young man, I'm bored,
ah, in my shirt, to death!

Beyond

Eau-de-vie! Beyond!
At the hour of pleasure,
Choosing is not betraying,
I choose that one.

I choose that
Which can make me laugh out loud,
With a finger here, there,
As when one is writing.

As when one is writing,
It travels this way, that way,
Without my daring to say to it:
I love this game.

I love this game,
Which a single breath puts to an end,
Until the last sigh,
I choose this game.

Eau-de-vie! Beyond!
At the hour of pleasure,
Choosing is not betraying,
I choose that one.

Officers of the white guard

Officers of the white guard,
keep me from certain thoughts at night.

Gardez-moi des corps à corps et de l'appui

*D'une main sur ma hanche.
Gardez-moi surtout de lui
Qui par la manche m'entraîne
Vers le hasard des mains pleines
Et les ailleurs d'eau qui lui.
Épargnez-moi les tourments en tourmente
De l'aimer un jour plus qu'aujourd'hui,
Et la froide moiteur des attentes
Qui presseront aux vitres et aux portes
Mon profil de dame déjà morte.
Officiers de la garde blanche,
Je ne veux pas pleurer pour lui
Sur terre. Je veux pleurer en pluie
Sur sa terre, sur son astre orné de buis,*

*Lorsque plus tard je planerai transparente,
Au-dessus des cent pas d'ennui.
Officiers des consciences pures,
Vous qui faites les visages beaux,
Confiez dans l'espace au vol des oiseaux
Un message pour les chercheurs de mesure
Et forgez pour nous des chaînes sans anneaux.*

Louise de Vilmorin

心经 **Heart Sutra**

观自在菩萨·行深般若波罗蜜多时·照见五蕴皆空·度一切苦厄,

When Avalokiteshvara Bodhisattva was practicing the profound Prajna Paramita, he realized the five aggregates are all void of defined person, and saw that they are all empty, and he crossed beyond all suffering and adversity.

舍利子, 色不异空, 空不异色, 色即是空, 空即是色,

Shariputra, form does not differ from voidness; voidness does not differ from form. The form itself is emptiness; emptiness itself is form.

受想行识, 亦复如是。

Likewise, sensation, cognition, formation, and consciousness are also thus. Shariputra, all dharmas are empty of characteristics.

Keep me from bodily contacts and the
pressing
of a hand upon my hip.
Above all keep me from him
who, by the sleeve, pulls me
towards the chance of full hands
and the elsewheres of glistening water.
Spare me the torments in torment
of loving him some day more than today,
and the cold dampness of the awaiting
which will impress my profile of a lady
already dead onto the windows and doors.
Officers of the white guard,
I do not want to weep for him
on earth. I want to weep in rain
upon his land, upon his star adorned with
boxwood,
when, later, transparent, I float
above the hundred strides of misery.
Officers of pure consciences,
you who render faces beautiful,
confide in space to the flight of the birds
a message for those seeking moderation
and forge for us chains without rings.

*Translation © by Christopher Goldsack, the
Mélodie Treasury 2020*

舍利子, 是诸法空相, 不生不灭, 不垢不净, 不增不减。

they neither arise nor cease, are neither defiled nor pure, neither increase nor decrease.

是故空中无色, 无受想行识,

Therefore, within voidness, there is no form, sensation, cognition, formation, or consciousness,

无眼耳鼻舌身意, 无色声香味触法,

no eyes, ears, tongue, body, or mind; no form, sounds, odor, tastes, objects of touch or dharmas,

无眼界, 乃至无意识界, 无无明, 亦无无明尽,

no field of the eyes, up to and including no field of mind-consciousness. up to and including no old age and death or ending of old age and death.

乃至无老死, 亦无老死尽, 无苦集灭道, 无智亦无得,

There is no suffering, nor accumulating, no cessation, nor way, and no wisdom, nor attaining.

以无所得故, 菩提萨埵, 依般若波罗蜜多故, 心无罣碍,

There is no suffering, nor accumulating, no cessation, nor way, and no wisdom, nor attaining.

无罣碍, 故无有恐怖, 远离颠倒梦想, 究竟涅槃,

Because there is no attainment, the Bodhisattvas, relying on Prajnaparamita, abide without mental hindrances. Being without mental hindrances, they have no fear, they go far beyond inverted views and ultimately reach Nirvana.

三世诸佛, 依般若波罗蜜多故, 得阿耨多罗三藐三菩提,

All Buddhas of the past, present, and future attain Anuttara-samyak-sambodhi through reliance on Prajna Paramita.

故知般若波罗蜜多, 是大神咒, 是大明咒, 是无上咒, 是无等等咒,

Therefore, know that Prajna Paramita is a great spiritual mantra, a great bright mantra, a supreme mantra, and an unequalled mantra.

能除一切苦, 真实不虚,

Capable of dispelling all suffering. It is genuine and not false.

故说般若波罗蜜多咒, 即说咒曰,

That is why the mantra of Prajna Paramita was spoken. Proclaim the mantra that says:

揭谛揭谛 波罗揭谛 波罗僧揭谛 菩提萨婆诃。

Gate Gate Paragate Paramsamgate Bodhi Svaha!

Translation by Shiyu Zhuo

Ruhe sanft mein holdes Leben

*Ruhe sanft mein holdes Leben,
schlafe, bis dein Glück erwacht;
da, mein Bild will ich dir geben,
schau, wie freundlich es dir lacht:
ihr süßen Träume, wiegt ihn ein,
und lasset seinem Wunsch am Ende
die wollustreichen Gegenstände
zu reifer Wirklichkeit gedeihn.*

Johann Andreas Schachtner

Rest peacefully, my sweet life

Rest peacefully, my sweet life,
Sleep, until your happiness awakens.
Here, I'll give you my image,
See, how friendly it smiles at you.
Your sweet dreams, lull you to sleep,
And allow his wishes in the end,
That the things of which he dreams,
May mature into reality.

Translation by Shiyu Zhuo

Zueignung

*Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.*

*Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.*

*Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!*

Nichts

*Nennen soll ich, sagt ihr, meine
Königin im Liederreich!
Toren, die ihr seid, ich kenne
Sie am wenigsten von euch.*

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

Nothing

You say I should name
My queen in the realm of song!
Fools that you are, I know
Her least of all of you.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)

*Fragt mich nach der Augen Farbe,
Fragt mich nach der Stimme Ton,
Fragt nach Gang und Tanz und Haltung,*

Ach, und was weiß ich davon.

*Ist die Sonne nicht die Quelle
Alles Lebens, alles Lichts
Und was wissen von derselben
Ich, und ihr, und alle? — nichts.*

Die Nacht

*Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!*

*Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.*

*Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.*

*Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.*

Die Georgine

*Warum so spät erst, Georgine?
Das Rosenmärchen ist erzählt,
Und honigsatt hat sich die Biene
Ihr Bett zum Schlummer ausgewählt.*

*Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese Nächte?
Wie lebst du diese Tage hin?
Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling brächte,
Du feuergelbe Träumerin,*

Ask me the colour of her eyes,
Ask me about the sound of her voice,
Ask me about her walk, her dancing, her
bearing,

Ah! what do I know of all that.

Is not the sun the source
Of all life, of all light,
And what do we know about it,
I and you and everyone? — nothing.

Night

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

The Dahlia

Why, dahlia, appear so late?
The roses have told their tale
And the honey-sated bee
Has chosen where to lay its head.

*Sind nicht zu kalt dir diese Nächte?
Wie lebst du diese Tage hin?
Wenn ich dir jetzt den Frühling brächte,
Du feuergelbe Träumerin,*

*Wenn ich mit Maitau dich benetzte,
BegöÙe dich mit Junilicht,
Doch ach! dann wäÙrst du nicht die Letzte,
Die stolze Einzige auch nicht.*

*Wie, TräÙmerin, lock' ich vergebens?
So reich' mir schwesterlich die Hand,
Ich hab' den Maitag dieses Lebens
Wie du den Fröhling nicht gekannt;*

*Und spät wie dir, du Feuergelbe,
Stahl sich die Liebe mir ins Herz;
Ob spät, ob früh, es ist dasselbe
Entzücken und derselbe Schmerz.*

Das Verschwiegene

*Ich habe wohl, es sei hier laut
Vor aller Welt verkündigt,
Gar vielen heimlich anvertraut,
Was du an mir gesündigt.*

*Ich sagt's dem ganzen Blumenheer,
Dem Veilchen sagt' ich's stille,
Der Rose laut, und lauter der
GroßäÙgigen Kamille.*

*Doch hat's dabei noch keine Not,
Bleib munter nur und heiter;
Die es gewußt, sind alle tot
Und sagen's nicht mehr weiter.*

Die Zeitlose

*Auf frisch gemäÙtem Weideplatz
Steht einsam die Zeitlose,
Den Leib von einer Lilie,
Die Farb' von einer Rose.*

*Doch es ist Gift, was aus dem Kelch,
Dem reinen, blinkt so rötlich—
Die letzte Blum', die letzte Lieb'
Sind beide schön, doch tödlich.*

What if I watered you with May dew,
Drenched you in the light of June,
But ah! you would not be then the last,
Nor proud to be unique.

What, O dreamer, do I tempt you in vain?
Then give me your sisterly hand,
I've not known May-time in this life,
Just as you've not known the spring.

And as with you, fiery yellow flower,
Love stole late into my heart,
Late or early, it is the same
Enchantment and the same pain.

The discreet ones

I have—let it here be declared
Before the entire world—
Secretly confided to very many
The wrong that you have done me.

I told the whole host of flowers,
I told it softly to the violet,
Loudly to the rose, and louder still
To the wide-eyed camelia.

But there is nothing to worry about,
Just stay cheerful and happy,
Those who knew it are all dead
And will never let on.

The meadow saffron

On a freshly mown meadow
Stands the meadow saffron alone,
The body of a lily,
The colour of a rose.

But it is poison that glistens so rosily
From the pure chalice;
The last flower, the last love
Are both beautiful, but deadly.

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.*

*Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.*

Hermann von Gilm

All Souls' Day

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
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(www.oxfordsong.org)*

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