

Yumeng Xing
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
bachelor of Music degree, 2025
Student of MaryAnn McCormick

with
J.J. Penna, piano

Wednesday, February 12, 2025
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

“Piangerò la sorte mia”
from *Giulio Cesare in Egitto*, HWV 17

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Suleika I
Im Frühling
Gretchen am Spinnrade
Der Musensohn

Intermission

Samuel Barber
(1910–1981)

from *Four Songs, op. 13*
I. A Nun Takes the Veil
III. Sure On This Shining Night
IV. Nocturne

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

from *Ariettes oubliées, L. 60*
I. C'est l'extase langoureuse
II. Il pleure dans mon coeur
IV. Chevaux de bois
V. Green (Aquarelle)

周易 Zhou Yi

钗头凤 Chai Tou Feng

赵季平 Jiping Zhao
(b. 1945)

幽兰操 You Lan Cao

Piangerò la sorte mia

Recitative

*E pur così in un giorno
perdo fasti, e grandezze? Ah! fato rio!
Cesare il mio bel nume è forse estinto;
Cornelia, e Sesto inermi son, né sanno
darmi soccorso. O dio!
Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.*

Aria

*Piangerò la sorte mia
sì crudele e tanto ria
finché vita in petto avrò.*

*Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno*

fatta spettro agiterò.

Nicola Francesco Haym

Suleika I

*Was bedeutet die Bewegung?
Bringt der Ost mir frohe Kunde?
Seiner Schwingen frische Regung
Kühlt des Herzens tiefe Wunde.*

*Kosend spielt er mit dem Staube,
Jagt ihn auf in leichten Wölkchen,
Treibt zur sichern Rebenlaube
Der Insekten frohes Völkchen.*

*Lindert sanft der Sonne Glühen,
Kühlt auch mir die heissen Wangen,
Küsst die Reben noch im Fliehen,
Die auf Feld und Hügel prangen.*

So it is that in one day I lose

Recitative

So it is that in one day I lose
both splendor and grandeur? Ah cruel fate!
Caesar, my beautiful god, may be dead;
Cornelia and Sesto are powerless and
do not know how to help me. O god!
No hope remains in my life.

Aria

I shall weep over my cruel fate
so long as there remains
life in my breast.

But once I have perished,
I shall become a ghost and torment that
tyrant
from all directions, day and night.

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Suleika I

What does this stirring portend?
Is the east wind bringing me joyful tidings?
The refreshing motion of its wings
cools the heart's deep wound.

It plays caressingly with the dust,
throwing it up in light clouds,
and drives the happy swarm of insects
to the safety of the vine-leaves.

It gently tempers the burning heat of the sun,
and cools my hot cheeks;
even as it flies it kisses the vines
that adorn the fields and hillsides.

*Und mir bringt sein leises Flüstern
Von dem Freunde tausend Grüsse;
Eh' noch diese Hügel düstern,
Grüssen mich wohl tausend Küsse.*

*Und so kannst du weiter ziehen!
Diene Freunden und Betrübten.
Dort wo hohe Mauern glühen,
Dort find' ich bald den Vielgeliebten.*

*Ach, die wahre Herzenskunde,
Liebeshauch, erfrishtes Leben
Wird mir nur aus seinem Munde,
Kann mir nur sein Atem geben.*

Marianne von Willemer

Im Frühling

*Still sitz ich an des Hügels Hang,
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach, so glücklich war.*

*Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah,
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,
Und sie im Himmel sah.*

*Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
Am liebsten pflückt' ich von dem Zweig,*

Von welchem sie gepflückt.

*Denn alles ist wie damals noch,
Die Blumen, das Gefild;
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
Das blaue Himmelsbild.*

*Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,*

And its soft whispering brings me
a thousand greetings from my beloved;
before these hills grow dark
I shall be greeted by a thousand kisses.

Now you may pass on,
and serve the happy and the sad;
there, where high walls glow,
I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Ah, the true message of the heart,
the breath of love, renewed life
will come to me only from his lips,
can be given to me only by his breath.

In Spring

I sit silently on the hillside.
The sky is so clear,
the breezes play in the green valley
where once, in the first rays of spring,
I was, oh, so happy.

Where I walked by her side,
so tender, so close,
and saw deep in the dark rocky stream
the fair sky, blue and bright,
and her reflected in that sky.

See how the colourful spring
already peeps from bud and blossom.
Not all the blossoms are the same to me:
I like most of all to pluck them from the
branch
from which she has plucked.

For all is still as it was then,
the flowers, the fields;
the sun shines no less brightly,
and no less cheerfully,
the sky's blue image bathes in the stream.

Only will and delusion change,
and joy alternates with strife;
the happiness of love flies past,

*Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!*

*O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang!
Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier,
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,
Den ganzen Sommer lang.*

Ernst Schulze

Gretchen am Spinnrade

*Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.*

*Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.*

*Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.*

*Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.*

*Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.*

*Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.*

and only love remains;
love and, alas, sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a bird,
there on the sloping meadow!
Then I would stay on these branches here,
and sing a sweet song about her
all summer long.

Gretchen at the spinning-wheel

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn.

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt'
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Der Musensohn

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen weg zu pfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget,
Und nach dem Mass bewegt
Sich alles an mir fort.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüssen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,

And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

The son of the muses

Roaming through field and wood,
whistling my song,
thus I go from place to place!
And all keep time with me,
and all move
in measure with me.

I can scarcely wait for them,
the first flower in the garden,
the first blossom on the tree.
They greet my songs,
and when winter returns
I am still singing my dream of them.

I sing it far and wide,
the length and breadth of the ice.
Then winter blooms in beauty!
This blossom, too, vanishes,
and new joys are found
on the cultivated hillsides.

For when, by the linden tree,
I come upon young folk,

*Sogleich erreg' ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.*

*Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt, durch Tal und Hügel,
Den Liebbling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

I at once stir them.
The dull lad puffs himself up,
the demure girl whirls
in time to my tune.

You give my feet wings,
and drive your favourite over hill and dale,
far from home.
Dear, gracious Muses,
when shall I at last find rest again
on her bosom?

*Translations © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts (Schirmer
Books) provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

A Nun Takes the Veil

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Sure On This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

James Agee

Nocturne

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,
Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow,
Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward th' Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

Frederic Prokosch

C'est l'extase langoureuse

*C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.*

*Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.*

*Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?*

It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

*Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?*

*Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.*

*C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.*

Chevaux de bois

*Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.*

*L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.*

*Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!*

*C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.*

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

*Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.*

*Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.*

*Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!*

Green

*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des
branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit
doux.*

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

*Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.*

Paul Verlaine

*Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.*

*And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.*

*Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!*

Green

*Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for
you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely
eyes.*

*I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.*

*On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.*

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

钗头凤

红酥手，
黄滕酒。
满城春色宫墙柳。
东风恶，
欢情薄。
一怀愁绪，
几年离索。
错·错·错!

春如旧，
人空瘦。
泪痕红浥蛟绡透。
桃花落，
闲池阁。
山盟虽在，
锦书难托。
莫，莫，莫!

陆游 Lu You

Chai Tou Feng

Pink hands so fine,
Gold-branded wine,
Spring paints green willows palace walls
cannot confine.
East wind unfair,
Happy times rare.
In my heart sad thoughts throng:
We've severed for years long.
Wrong, wrong, wrong!

Spring is as green,
In vain she's lean,
Her silk scarf soak'd with tears and red with
stains unclean.
Peach blossoms fall
Near desert'd hall.
Our oath is still there, lo!
No word to her can go.
No, no, no!

The poem "You Lan Cao" uses orchids as a metaphor for a gentleman, expressing the idea that no matter what circumstances he is in, he will stick to his ethics and maintain his noble character. It also references the allusion of "King Wen dreaming of a bear," symbolizing the birth of a great man and implying that noble character can bring prosperity and lasting happiness to future generations. This poem embodies the pursuit of ideal personality and the praise of spiritual inheritance.

幽兰操

兰之猗猗，扬扬其香。
众香拱之，幽幽其芳。
不采而佩，于兰何伤？
以日以年，我行四方。
文王梦熊，渭水泱泱。
采而佩之，奕奕清芳。
雪霜茂茂，蕾蕾于冬，
君子之守，子孙之昌。

韩愈 Han Yu

You Lan Cao

The orchid is flourishing, its fragrance
spreads.
Surrounded by a multitude of scents,
its aroma remains gentle and pure.
If no one plucks one to wear it,
how could that harm the orchid!
I have been traveling everywhere,
for years on end.
King Wen dreamed of a bear by the flowing
Wei River.
When plucked and worn,
it exudes a clear and radiant fragrance.
The luxuriance of the frost and snow will
make crops stronger in spring.
A gentleman's virtue is upheld,
bringing prosperity to his descendants.

Translations by Yumeng Xing

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