

# Zeyu Song

*soprano*

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

with  
Sandy Li, piano

Wednesday, March 26, 2025  
8:00 p.m.  
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

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**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

*Im Fruhling*

*Die junge Nonne*

**Henri Duparc**  
(1848–1933)

*Chanson triste*

*La vie antérieure*

*L'invitation au voyage*

**Richard Strauss**  
(1864–1949)

from *Mädchenblumen*, op. 22

Kornblumen

Epheu

*Intermission*

**Samuel Barber**  
(1910–1981)

***Hermit Songs, op. 29***

At Saint Patrick's Purgatory  
Church Bell at Night  
St. Ita's Vision  
The Heavenly Banquet  
The Crucifixion  
Sea Snatch  
Promiscuity  
The Monk and His Cat  
The Praises of God  
The Desire for Hermitage

赵季平 JiPing Zhao

幽兰操 *You Lan Cao*

陆在易 Zaiyi Lu

桥 *Qiao*

## **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,  
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

## **Die junge Nonne**

*Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende Sturm!*

*Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!  
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,*

## **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,  
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.*

## **The young nun**

*How the raging storm roars through the  
treetops!*

*The rafters rattle, the house shudders!  
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,*

*Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!*

*Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch jüngst noch  
in mir!*

*Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der Sturm,  
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das Haus,  
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,  
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.*

*Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,  
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,  
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende Braut,  
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,  
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.*

*Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem Blick!  
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die Braut,  
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.  
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein vom Turm!*

*Es lockt mich das süsse Getön  
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.  
Alleluia!*

Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta

### **Chanson triste**

*Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,  
Un doux clair de lune d'été,  
Et pour fuir la vie importune,  
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.*

*J'oublierai les douleurs passées,  
Mon amour, quand tu berceras  
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées  
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.*

*Tu prendras ma tête malade,  
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,  
Et lui diras une ballade  
Qui semblera parler de nous;*

and the night is as dark as the grave.

So be it, not long ago a storm still raged in  
me.

My life roared like the storm now,  
my limbs trembled like the house now,  
love flashed like the lightning now,  
and my heart was as dark as the grave.

Now rage, wild, mighty storm;  
in my heart is peace, in my heart is calm.  
The loving bride awaits the bridegroom,  
purified in the testing flames,  
betrothed to eternal love.

I wait, my Saviour, with longing gaze!  
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your bride.  
Free the soul from earthly bonds.  
Listen, the bell sounds peacefully from the  
tower!

Its sweet pealing invites me  
all-powerfully to eternal heights.  
Alleluia!

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

### **Song of sadness**

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,  
A gentle summer moonlight,  
And to escape the cares of life  
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,  
My sweet, when you cradle  
My sad heart and my thoughts  
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,  
Ah! sometimes on your lap,  
And recite to it a ballad  
That will seem to speak of us;

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

*Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,  
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai  
Tant de baisers et de tendresses  
Que peut-être je guérirai.*

Jean Lahor

### ***La vie antérieure***

*J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques  
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,  
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,  
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.*

*Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,  
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique  
Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique  
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.*

*C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes  
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs,  
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,*

*Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,  
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir  
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.*

Charles Baudelaire

### ***L'invitation au voyage***

*Mon enfant, ma sœur,  
Songe à la douceur  
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!  
Aimer à loisir,  
Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble!  
Les soleils mouillés  
De ces ciels brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
Si mystérieux  
De tes traîtres yeux,  
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.*

And from your eyes full of sorrow,  
From your eyes I shall then drink  
So many kisses and so much love  
That perhaps I shall be healed.

### **A previous life**

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades  
Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns,  
Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,  
Made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,  
Solemnly and mystically interwove  
The mighty chords of their mellow music  
With the colours of sunset reflected in my  
eyes.

It is there that I have lived in sensuous  
repose,  
With blue sky about me and brightness and  
waves  
And naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,  
And whose only care was to fathom  
The secret grief which made me languish.

### **Invitation to journey**

My child, my sister,  
Think how sweet  
To journey there and live together!  
To love as we please,  
To love and die  
In the land that is like you!  
The watery suns  
Of those hazy skies  
Hold for my spirit  
The same mysterious charms  
As your treacherous eyes  
Shining through their tears.

*Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté!*

*Vois sur ces canaux  
Dormir ces vaisseaux  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
C'est pour assouvir  
Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.  
-Les soleils couchants  
Revêtent les champs,  
Les canaux, la ville entière,  
D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière.*

*Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté!*

Charles Baudelaire

### **Kornblumen**

*Kornblumen nenn ich die Gestalten,  
die milden mit den blauen Augen,  
die, anspruchslos in stillem Walten,  
den Tau des Friedens, den sie saugen  
aus ihren eigenen klaren Seelen,  
mitteilen allem, dem sie nahen,  
bewußtlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,  
die sie von Himmelshand empfahn.  
Dir wird so wohl in ihrer Nähe,  
als gingst du durch ein Saatgefilde,  
  
durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe,  
voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde.*

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,  
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals  
Those vessels sleeping,  
Vessels with a restless soul;  
To satisfy  
Your slightest desire  
They come from the ends of the earth.  
The setting suns  
Clothe the fields,  
Canals and all the town  
With hyacinth and gold;  
The world falls asleep  
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,  
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A  
French Song Companion (Oxford University  
Press) provided via Oxford International Song  
Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))*

### **Cornflowers**

Cornflowers are what I call those girls,  
Those gentle girls with blue eyes,  
Who simply and serenely impart  
The dew of peace, which they draw  
From their own pure souls,  
To all those they approach,  
Unaware of the jewels of feeling  
They receive from the hand of Heaven:  
You feel so at ease in their company,  
As though you were walking through a  
cornfield,  
Rippled by the breath of evening,  
Full of devout peace and gentleness.

## **Epheu**

*Aber Epheu nenn' ich jene Mädchen  
mit den sanften Worten,  
mit dem Haar, dem schlichten, hellen  
um den leis' gewölbten Brau'n,  
mit den braunen seelenvollen Rehenaugen,  
die in Tränen steh'n so oft,  
in ihren Tränen gerade sind unwiderstehlich;  
ohne Kraft und Selbstgefühl,  
schmucklos mit verborg'ner Blüte,  
doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer  
treuer inniger Empfingung  
können sie mit eigner Triebkraft  
nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln,  
sind geboren, sich zu ranken  
liebend um ein ander Leben:  
an der ersten Lieb'umrankung  
hängt ihr ganzes Lebensschicksal,  
denn sie zählen zu den seltenen Blumen,  
die nur einmal blühen.*

Felix Dahn

## **At Saint Patrick's Purgatory**

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!  
O King of the churches and the bells  
Bewailing your sores and your wounds  
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!  
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!  
Pity me, O King!  
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?  
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,  
Who shunned not the death by three wounds,  
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg  
And I with a heart not softer than a stone!

## **Church Bell at Night**

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,  
I would liefer keep tryst with thee  
Than be with a light and foolish woman.

## **Ivy**

But ivy is my name for those  
Girls with gentle words,  
With sleek fair hair  
And slightly arched brows,  
With brown soulful fawn-like eyes  
that well up so often with tears—  
which are simply irresistible;  
Without strength and self-confidence,  
Unadorned with hidden flowers,  
But with inexhaustibly deep,  
True and ardent feeling,  
They cannot, through their own strength,  
Rise from their roots,  
But are born to twine themselves  
Lovingly round another's life:—  
Their whole life's destiny  
Depends on their first love-entwining,  
For they belong to that rare breed of flower  
That blossoms only once.

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Book of Lieder (Faber) provided via Oxford  
International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))*

– *Seán Ó Faoláin*

– *Howard Mumford Jones*



### **St. Ita's Vision**

'I will take nothing from my Lord,' said she,  
'unless He gives me His Son from Heaven  
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him.'  
So that Christ came down to her  
in the form of a Baby and then she said:  
'Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
Nothing in this world is true  
Save, O tiny nursling, You.  
Infant Jesus at my breast,  
By my heart every night,  
You I nurse are not a churl  
But were begot on Mary the Jewess  
By Heaven's light.  
Infant Jesus at my breast,  
What King is there but You who could  
Give everlasting good?  
Wherefore I give my food.  
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!  
There is none that has such right  
To your song as Heaven's King  
Who every night  
Is Infant Jesus at my breast'.

*– Chester Kallman*

### **The Heavenly Banquet**

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;  
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.  
I would like to have the three Mary's,  
their fame is so great.  
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.  
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.  
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.  
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.  
I would like to be watching Heaven's family  
Drinking it through all eternity.

*– Seán Ó Faoláin*

### **The Crucifixion**

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.  
Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon His Mother.

*– Howard Mumford Jones*

### **Sea Snatch**

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,  
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!  
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,  
As timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.  
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,  
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

– *Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson*

### **Promiscuity**

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,  
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

– *Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson*

### **The Monk and His Cat**

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me, study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
Without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are,  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

– *Adapted by W. H. Auden from an anonymous  
Irish text (8th-13th c.)*

### **The Praises of God**

How foolish the man who does not raise  
His voice and praise with joyful words,  
As he alone can, Heaven's High King.  
To whom the light birds with no soul but air,  
All day, everywhere laudations sing.

– *Adapted by W. H. Auden from an anonymous  
Irish text (8th-13th c.)*

### **The Desire for Hermitage**

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.

That will be an end to evil when I am alone  
in a lovely little corner among tombs  
Far from the houses of the great.  
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world,  
Alone I shall go from it.

– Seán Ó Faoláin

### 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。

### 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 Wang dreamed of a bear by the flowing  
Wei River.  
When plucked and worn,  
it exudes a clear and radiant fragrance.  
The luxuriance of the forest and snow will  
make crops stronger in spring.  
A gentleman's virtue is upheld,  
bringing prosperity to his descendants.

### 桥

水乡的小桥，姿态多，  
石板缝里长藤萝。  
三步两桥，连水港阿，  
条条玉带，映碧波。  
姑娘挑藕，桥头歇，  
老汉送粮，桥下过。  
离家千年也恋水乡阿，  
愿做人间桥一座。

### Qiao

The bridges of the water town, in countless  
forms they stand,  
Vines grow from stone crevices, lush and  
unplanned.  
Every three steps, two bridges rise,  
Connecting waterways like ribbons in the  
skies.  
A girl rests on the bridge, her baskets filled  
with lotus roots,  
An old man passes below, carrying grain as  
daily pursuits.  
Even if a thousand years keep me away, my  
heart still longs,  
I wish to become a bridge, where love forever  
belongs.

*Translations by Zeyu Song*

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