

Hengzuo Yan

baritone

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2025
Student of Jane Eaglen

Ho Hsuan Wang, piano
Shengyu Cui, flute

Friday, March 28, 2025
8:30 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

“Mache dich, mein Herze, rein” from
St. Matthew Passion, BWV 244

Shengyu Cui, flute

Gustav Mahler
(1860–1911)

Nicht wiederssehen!
from *Lieder und Gesänge aus der Jugendzeit*

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

Der Soldat from *Fünf Lieder*, op. 40

Maurice Ravel
(1845–1924)

from *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*
Chanson romanesque
Chanson épique
Chanson à boire

Intermission

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

from *Songs of Travel*
The Vagabond
Let Beauty awake
The Roadside Fire
Youth and Love

赵季平 **Jiping Zhao**
(b. 1945)

幽兰操 *Ode to the Hidden Orchid*

徐沛东 **Peidong Xu**
(b. 1954)

忆秦娥 恒山月
Yi Qin'e: The Moon Over Mount Heng

刘洲 **Zhou Liu**
(b. 1981)

敕勒歌 *Ballad of Chilechuan*

*Hengzuo Yan is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by
the Musical Theater Scholarship Fund.*

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein,
Ich will Jesum selbst begraben.
Denn er soll nunmehr in mir
Für und für
Seine süße Ruhe haben.
Welt, geh aus, laß Jesum ein!

Picander

Nicht wiedersehen!

Und nun ade, mein herzallerliebster Schatz,
Jetzt muß ich wohl scheiden von dir,
Bis auf den andern Sommer,
Dann komm ich wieder zu dir! Ade!

Und als der junge Knab heimkam,
Von seiner Liebsten fing er an:
„Wo ist meine Herzallerliebste,
Die ich verlassen hab?“

„Auf dem Kirchhof liegt sie begraben,
Heut ists der dritte Tag.
Das Trauern und das Weinen
Hat sie zum Tod gebracht.“

Jetzt will ich auf den Kirchhof gehen,
Will suchen meiner Liebsten Grab,
Will ihr all'weile rufen,
Bis daß sie mir Antwort gab!

Ei du mein allerherzliebster Schatz,
Mach auf dein tiefes Grab!
Du hörst kein Glöcklein läuten,
Du hörst kein Vöglein pfeifen,
Du siehst weder Sonne noch Mond!
Ade, mein herzallerliebster Schatz! Ade!

Anonymous

Der Soldat

Es geht bei gedämpfter Trommel Klang;

Make thee clean, my heart, from sin

Make thyself pure, my heart,
I will myself entomb Jesus.
For he shall henceforth in me,
Forever and ever,
Take his sweet rest.
World, begone, let Jesus in!

Translation © Pamela Dellal, courtesy Emmanuel
Music Inc.

Never to meet again!

And now farewell, my dearest love!
Now must I be parted from you,
Till summer comes again,
When I'll return to you! Farewell!

And when the young man came home again,
He enquired after his love:
'Where is my dearest love,
She whom I left behind?'

'In the churchyard she lies buried,
Today is the third day!
The mourning and the weeping
Brought about her death.'

Then I'll go to the churchyard,
To look for my beloved's grave,
And I'll never cease calling her,
Until she answers me!

O you, my dearest love,
Open up your deep grave!
You cannot hear the bells ringing,
You cannot hear the birds singing,
You can see neither sun nor moon!
Farewell, my dearest love! Farewell!

The Soldier

He walks to the sound of the muffled drum;

Wie weit noch die Stätte! der Weg wie lang!
O wär er zur Ruh und alles vorbei!
Ich glaub', es bricht mir das Herz entzwei.

Ich hab' in der Welt nur ihn geliebt,
Nur ihn, dem jetzt man den Tod doch gibt.
Bei klingendem Spiele wird paradiert,
Dazu bin auch ich kommandiert.

Nun schaut er auf zum letztenmal
In Gottes Sonne freudigen Strahl, —
Nun binden sie ihm die Augen zu, —
Dir schenke Gott die ewige Ruh!

Es haben dann Neun wohl angelegt,
Acht Kugeln haben vorbeigefegt;
Sie zittern alle vor Jammer und Schmerz —
Ich aber, ich traf ihn mitten in das Herz.

Adelbert von Chamisso

Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

How far away the place! how long the way!
Ah, were he at rest and all this done!
My heart, I think, will break in two.

None but him in the world have I loved,
Him, who now they're putting to death.
The firing squad parades with full band,
I too am detailed for the task.

Now he takes his last look
At the joyous rays of God's sun, —
Now they're blindfolding him, —
May God grant you eternal peace!

The nine of us took good aim,
Eight bullets whistled wide of the mark;
Every man shook with pity and grief —
But I, I shot him clean through the heart.

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

Romantic song

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea.

Chanson épique

*Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.*

*D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.*

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)

*L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.*

Chanson à boire

*Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!*

*Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ... lorsque j'ai bu!*

*Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!*

*Je bois
À la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ...*

Epic Song

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and great Saint
Michael)

Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.

Drinking song

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky
mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight...

Lorsque j'ai bu!

Paul Morand

when I'm... drunk!

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

The vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river —
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field —
Warm the fireside haven —
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let Beauty awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

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

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

The roadside fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Youth and love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwyside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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

Yu Han

忆秦娥恒山月

恒山月，危楼倚壁看圆缺
看圆缺，高天一尺层峦千叠
当年酒侣伤言别，孤踪寄意维摩侧
维摩侧，悬空寺里无穷生灭

Zeng Fan

Ode to the Orchid

The orchid sways in grace,
Its fragrance fills the air.
All scents bow to its trace,
Subtle, yet beyond compare.

Unplucked, yet worn with pride,
What harm to its pure soul?
Through years and days, I stride,
Roaming the world as my goal.

King Wen dreamed of the bear,
By the vast Wei River's flow.
Plucked and worn, its essence rare,
A noble fragrance starts to glow.

Through frost and snow, it thrives,
Winter buds in steadfast might.
The noble heart survives,
Blessing sons with endless light.

Yi Qin'e: The Moon over Mount Heng

The moon over Mount Heng,
A perilous tower clings to the cliff, watching
wax and wane.

Watching wax and wane—
The sky looms a foot above; layered peaks
fold a thousand times.

Once, wine companions mourned our
parting,

Now my solitary path rests by Vimalakirti's
side.

By Vimalakirti's side—

Within the Hanging Temple, endless cycles of
birth and death.

敕勒歌

心随天地走 意被牛羊牵
大漠的孤烟 拥抱落日圆
在天的尽头 与月亮聊天
篝火映着脸 醉了套马杆
心随天地走 寻找那达观
情缘你在哪 姑娘问着天
在天的尽头 与月亮把盏
篝火映着脸 走马敕勒川
敕勒川 阴山下
天似穹庐 笼盖四野
天苍苍 野茫茫
风吹草低见牛羊
敕勒川 阴山下
天似穹庐 笼盖四野
天苍苍 野茫茫
风吹草低见牛羊
心随天地走 意被牛羊牵
大漠的孤烟 拥抱落日圆
在天的尽头 与月亮聊天
情缘你在哪 姑娘问着天
情缘你在哪 走马敕勒川

Baoqin Xue

Ballad of Chilechuan

My heart roams with heaven and earth,
My will trails with the cattle and sheep.
Lone smoke in the desert embraces the sun's
perfect round,
At sky's edge, I converse with the moon.
Campfire light flickers on faces aglow,
Drunken laughter sways the horse-catching
pole.
My heart roams, seeking enlightenment,
"Where is my destined love?" the maiden asks
the sky.
At heaven's brink, I toast with the moon,
Campfire glow dances on cheeks flushed,
Gallop across Chilechuan's plains.

*Chilechuan, beneath Yinshan's peaks,
The sky, a yurt's dome, embracing the wilds
below.
Vast is the sky, boundless the plain,
As winds bow the grass, cattle and sheep come
into view.*

My heart roams with heaven and earth,
My will trails with the cattle and sheep.
Desert smoke embraces the setting sun's
sphere,
At world's end, I whisper to the moon.
"Where is my destined love?" the maiden
pleads to the sky,
"Where is my destined love?" galloping
through Chilechuan.

Translations provided by Hengzuo Yan

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Caroline Smoak, *violin* (BM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Saturday, March 29, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Rania Toli, *jazz voice* (MM)

Student of Dominique Eade

Saturday, March 29, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Samuel Xu, *piano* (MM)

Student of HaeSun Paik

Saturday, March 29, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Zhikang Chen, *saxophone* (MM)

Student of Kenneth Radnofsky

Sunday, March 30, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Erik Paul, *bassoon* (BM)

Student of Marc Goldberg

Sunday, March 30, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Alexandra Richmond, *trumpet* (BM)

Student of Thomas Siders

Sunday, March 30, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Yukun Zhang, *guitar* (MM)

Student of Eliot Fisk

Sunday, March 30, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Xinyi Liao, *saxophone* (MM)

Student of Kenneth Radnofsky

Sunday, March 30, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Ishaan Modi, *French horn* (MM)

Student of Richard Sebring

Sunday, March 30, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Alexis Reese, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, March 30, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

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