

Yechan Min  
*baritone*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Bachelor of Music degree, 2025  
Student of Bradley Williams

with  
Ga-Young Park, piano  
Yechan Min, flute

Tuesday, April 1, 2025  
8:00 p.m.  
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

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**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**  
(1756–1791)

from *Le nozze di Figaro*, K. 492  
Bravo, signor padrone! ... Se vuol ballare  
Non più andrai  
Tutto è disposto ... Aprite un po' quegli  
occhi

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

from *Die schöne Müllerin*, op. 25 D. 795  
Halt!  
Am Feierabend  
Der Neugierige  
Die böse Farbe

**Jin Choi**  
(b. 1976)

시간에 기대어 (Leaning on Time)

*Intermission*

**Ralph Vaughan Williams**  
(1872–1958)

from *Songs of Travel*  
The Vagabond  
Let Beauty awake  
The Roadside Fire  
Youth and Love  
Bright is the Ring of Words

**Maurice Ravel**  
(1875–1937)

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

**Keeyoung Kim**  
(b. 1963)

**바울의 기도** (A Prayer of Paul the Apostle)

Yecheon Min, flute

*First of all, I give all the glory and thanks to God.*

*I extend my deepest gratitude to Professor Bradley Williams  
for his mentorship, patience and guidance,  
as well as to all my wonderful coaches for their inspirations and encouragement.*

*An enormous thanks to all of my supportive families, friends,  
and everyone who has prayed for me throughout the journey.*

*Thank you Ga-Young for supporting me with all the knowledge and talents you have got.*

*Thank you Yecheon for stepping in to create a performance as Yecheon-Min<sup>2</sup>,  
completing the April Fools concert at its finest.*

*From the bottom of my heart, thank you.*

**Bravo, signor padrone! ... Se vuol ballare**

*Bravo, signor padrone!  
Ora incomincio a capir il mistero,*

*e a veder schietto tutto il vostro progetto;  
a Londra è vero?  
Voi ministro, io corriero,  
e la Susanna ... secreta ambasciatrice.  
Non sarà, non sarà,  
Figaro il dice!*

*Se vuol ballare, Signor Contino,  
il chitarrino le suonerò.*

*Se vuol venire nella mia scuola,  
la capriola le insegnerò.*

*Saprò, ma piano;  
meglio ogni arcano dissimulando scoprir potrò.*

*L'arte schermendo, l'arte adoperando,  
di qua pungendo, di là scherzando,  
tutte le macchine rovescerò.*

**Non più andrai**

*Non più andrai, farfallone amoroso,  
notte e giorno d'intorno girando,  
delle belle turbando il riposo,  
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.*

*Non più avrai questi bei pennacchini,  
quel cappello leggero e galante,  
quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,  
quel vermiglio donnesco color!*

*Non più avrai  
quei pennacchini,  
quel cappello,  
quella chioma,  
quell'aria brillante!*

*Tra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!  
gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,  
scioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,*

**Bravo, dear master! ... If you wish to dance**

*Bravo, dear master!  
Now I'm beginning to understand the  
mystery,  
and clearly see your plan;  
off to London, is that right?  
You as a minister, me as a courier,  
and Suzanna... secret ambassador.  
No, that would never happen,  
Figaro declares!*

*If you wish to dance, little Count,  
I'll play the music on my little guitar.*

*If you wish to come to my school,  
I'll teach you the dance moves.*

*I will find out, but silently;  
it's better to disguise what I know to unveil  
more.*

*The art of dodging, the art of improvising,  
stabbing here, joking there,  
I'll overturn all your plans.*

**You will go no more**

*You will go no more, amorous butterfly,  
flirting around all day and night,  
disturbing the sleep of beautiful ladies,  
Little Narcissus, Adonis of love.*

*You will have no more of these fine feathers,  
this light and fancy hat,  
that curly and stylish hair,  
that rosy and girlish color!*

*You will have no more of  
these feathers,  
this hat,  
that curly  
and stylish hair!*

*Among soldiers, by Bacchus!  
huge mustaches, tight sack,  
rifle on your shoulder, sword at your side,*

collo dritto, muso franco,  
un gran casco, o un gran turbante,  
molto onor, poco contante.  
Ed invece del fandango,  
una marcia per il fango.  
Per montagne, per valloni,  
con le nevi, e i sollioni,  
al concerto di tromboni,  
di bombarde, di cannoni,  
che le palle in tutti i tuoni,  
all'orecchio fan fischiar.

Cherubino alla vittoria,  
alla gloria militar!

**Tutto è disposto... Aprite un po' quegli occhi**

*Tutto è disposto; l'ora dovrebbe esser vicina;  
io sento gente... è dessa! non è alcun;*

*buia è la notte, ed io comincio omai  
a fare il scimunito mestiere di marito.  
Ingrata! Nel momento della mia cerimonia*

*ei godeva leggendo; e nel vederlo,*

*io rideva di me senza saperlo.*

*O Susanna! quanta pena mi costi!*

*con quell'ingenua faccia,  
con quegli occhi innocenti,  
chi creduto l'avria?  
Ah! che il fidarsi a donna, è ognor follia.*

*Aprite un po' quegli occhi, uomini incauti e sciocchi.*

*Guardate queste femmine, guardate cosa son.*

*Queste chiamate dee, dagli ingannati sensi,*

*a cui tributa incensi la debole ragion.*

straight neck, bold expression,  
a massive helmet, or large turban,  
a ton of honor, a tiny income.  
And instead of dancing to fandango,  
a march through the mud.  
Over mountains, through valleys,  
through the snow, and the heat,  
to the concert of trumpets,  
of bombs, of cannons,  
all of whose bullets  
whistle by your ear.

To the victory of Cherubino,  
to the glory of the military!

**Everything is set... Open your eyes a little**

Everything is set; the hour should be near;  
I hear someone... is it Susanna? No, it's  
nobody;

The night is dark, and I begin  
to play this role of a foolish husband.  
Ungrateful woman! At the very moment of  
our wedding  
the Count was reading the letter; while I was  
looking at him,  
I was laughing at myself without even  
knowing it.

Oh Susanna! How much pain you have cost  
me!

with that naive face,  
with those innocent eyes,  
who would have believed it?  
Ah! Having trust in a woman is always  
foolish.

Open your eyes a little, incautious, foolish  
men.

Take a close look at these women, observe  
them as they are.

Those who call them as goddesses, deceived  
by their senses,  
and who worship them by their weak minds.

*Son streghe che incantano per farci penar,  
sirene che cantano per farci affogar,  
civette che allettano per trarci le piume,  
comete che brillano per toglierci il lume,  
son rose spinose, son volpi vezzose,  
son orse benigne, colombe maligne,*

*maestre d'inganni, amiche d'affanni,  
che fingono, mentono,  
amore non senton,  
Non senton pietà,  
No! Il resto nol dico,  
già ognuno lo sa.*

Lorenzo da Ponte

### **Halt!**

*Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken  
aus den Erlen heraus,  
durch Rauschen und Singen  
bricht Rädergebraus.*

*Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,  
süßer Mühlengesang!  
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!  
Und die Fenster, wie blank!*

*Und die Sonne, wie helle  
vom Himmel sie scheint!  
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
War es also gemeint?*

### **Am Feierabend**

*Hätt' ich tausend Arme zu rühren!  
Könnst' ich brausend die Räder führen!  
Könnst' ich wehen durch alle Haine!  
Könnst' ich drehen alle Steine!  
Daß die schöne Müllerin merkte meinen treuen  
Sinn!*

*Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!  
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,  
was ich schneide, was ich schlage,*

They are witches who cast spells to give us  
pain,  
sirens who sings to make us drown,  
owls that lures us to pluck-out our feathers,  
comets that shines brightly to steal our light,  
they are thorny roses, they are cunning foxes,  
they are gentle-seeming bears, infectious  
doves,  
masters of deception, friends of anxieties,  
who pretend, lie,  
they feel no love,  
they feel no pity,  
No! The rest I won't even say,  
since everyone knows it already.

*Translations by Yechan Min*

### **Stop!**

I see a mill shining  
out from the woods,  
through rushing and singing  
the roaring of the wheels breaks through.

Oh welcome, oh welcome,  
sweet song of the mill!  
And how cozy the house looks!  
And how shiny the windows are!

And how bright the sun  
shines from heaven!  
Oh, brooklet, dear brooklet,  
Was this what you meant?

### **After the work**

If I had a thousand arms to move!  
If I could drive the wheels to roar!  
If I could blow through every bush!  
If I could turn every stone!  
So that the lovely Miller's girl would notice  
my faithful heart!

Ah, how weak my arms are!  
What I could lift, what I could carry,  
what I could cut, what I could hammer,

jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.  
Und da sitz ich in der großen Runde,  
  
in der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,  
und der Meister spricht zu allen:  
euer Werk hat mir gefallen;  
und das liebe Mädchen sagt  
allen eine gute Nacht.

### **Der Neugierige**

Ich frage keine Blume,  
Ich frage keinen Stern;  
sie können mir alle nicht sagen,  
was ich erfähr so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,  
die Sterne stehn zu hoch;  
mein Bächlein will ich fragen,  
ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
wie bist du heut so stumm!  
Will ja nur Eines wissen,  
ein Wörtchen um und um.

"Ja," heißt das eine Wörtchen,  
das andre heißt: "Nein;"  
die beiden Wörtchen schließen  
die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
was bist du wunderbar!  
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,  
sag, Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

### **Die böse Farbe**

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,  
hinaus in die weite Welt;  
wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär  
da draußen in Wald und Feld!

every other worker could do the same.  
And there I sit among the large group of  
workers,  
after the work, when it's silent and cool,  
and the Master speaks to everyone:  
I am satisfied with your work;  
and the lovely girl says  
Good night everyone.

### **The curious one**

I won't ask the flowers,  
I won't ask the stars;  
none of them can answer  
what I really want to find out.

I am not a gardener indeed,  
the stars are way up high;  
I will ask my brooklet,  
if my heart has lied to me or not.

Oh brooklet of my love,  
how quiet you are today!  
I want to know just one thing,  
one little word, one or the other.

"Yes," is one word,  
the other word is: "No;"  
these words mean  
the whole world to me.

Oh brooklet of my love,  
how strange you are!  
I will not repeat myself,  
tell me, brooklet, does she love me?

### **The hateful color**

I would like to go out into the world,  
out into the wide, wide world;  
If only it were not so green  
out there in the forest and field!

*Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all  
pflücken von jedem Zweig,  
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all  
weinen ganz totenbleich.*

*Ach! Grün, du böse Farbe du,  
was siehst mich immer an  
so stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,  
mich armen, armen weißen Mann?*

*Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür,  
im Sturm und Regen und Schnee,  
und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht  
das eine Wörtchen Ade!*

*Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,  
da klingt ihr Fensterlein;  
und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,  
darf ich doch schauen hinein.*

*O binde von der Stirn dir ab das grüne, grüne  
Band;  
ade, ade! und reiche mir zum Abschied deine  
Hand!*

Wilhelm Müller

### 시간에 기대어

저 언덕 너머 어딘가  
그대가 살고 있을까  
계절이 수놓은 시간이란 덤 위에  
너와 난 나약한 사람

바람이 닿는 여기 어딘가  
우리는 남아 있을까  
연습이 없는 세월에 무게 만큼 더  
너와 난 외로운 사람

설움이 닿는 여기 어딘가  
우리는 살아 있을까  
후회투성이 살아온 세월만큼 더  
너와 난 외로운 사람

I would like all the green leaves  
to be plucked from every branch,  
I would like all the green grasses  
to be deathly pale out with my tears.

Ah! Green, you hateful color,  
why do you always look at me  
so proud, so bold, so boastful,  
me, a poor white man?

I would like to lie in front of her door,  
in the storm, in the rain and in the snow  
and sing very softly through day and night  
just one little word, Farewell!

Listen, when the sound of the hunting horn  
echoes the forest,  
her little window rings;  
and though she does not look for me,  
I may still look inside.

Oh take that green ribbon off your forehead;  
Farewell, farewell! and wave me Goodbye!

Translations by Yechan Min

### Leaning on Time

Beyond that hill somewhere  
I wonder if you live there  
Upon the gift called time embroidered by the  
season,  
You and I are fragile human beings.

Somewhere here, reached by the wind,  
I wonder if we're still there.  
As heavy as the unrehearsed days,  
You and I are lonely human beings.

Somewhere here, reached by the sorrows,  
I wonder if we're still alive.  
As much as the regretful years we've lived  
through,  
You and I are lonely human beings.



난 기억하오 난 추억하오  
소원해져버린 우리의 관계도  
사랑하오 변해버린 그대 모습  
그리워하고 또 잊어야 하는  
그 시간에 기댄 우리

사랑하오 세상이 하얗게 저도  
덤으로 사는 반복된 하루가

Jin Choi

I remember, I recall,  
Even the bond that faded between us.  
I still love you, though you've changed.  
The time we longed for, the time we must  
forget.  
We are leaning on that time.

I'd still you, even when the world is bleached,  
through the repeated days we live as a gift.

*Translation by Yechan Min*

### **The Vagabond**

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the love 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!

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

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 ask not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I ask, the heaven above,  
And the road below me.

### **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!

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.

### **Bright is the ring of words**

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
when the singer sings them.  
Still they are carolled and said-  
On wings they are carried-  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

### **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.*

### **Romantic song**

If you told me that the earth  
Offended you by spinning so much,  
I would send Panza to it:  
You would see it still and silent.

If you told me that boredom comes to you  
From the sky blooming with too much stars,  
Tearing apart the holy archives,  
I would shear the night in one stroke.

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

*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.*

O *Dulcinée*

### **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.*

*(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)  
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,  
Ma douce Dame si pareille  
A 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*

If you told me that space  
Thereby bared does not please you,  
Godly knight, spear in hand,  
I would scatter the passing wind with stars.

But if you said that my blood  
Belongs rather to me than you, my Lady,  
I would turn pale under the guilt,  
And I would die, praising you.

O *Dulcinea*

### **Epic song**

Good Saint Michael who grants me the grace  
to see my Lady and hear her voice,  
Good Saint Michael who deigns to choose me  
to please her and defend her,  
Good Saint Michael please descend  
with Saint George on the altar  
of the Madonna with the blue cloak.

With a ray of light from the heaven, bless my  
blade

and its equal in purity  
and its equal in piety  
in modesty and chastity alike: my Lady

(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)  
The angel who watches over my vigil,  
My sweet Lady so similar  
To you, the Madonna with the blue cloak!

*Amen.*

### **Drinking song**

Damn the bastard, illustrious Lady,  
who, to ruin me in your sweet eyes,  
says that love and old wine  
place my heart and my soul in mourning!

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

*Lorsque j'ai bu!*

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

Paul Morand

### 바울의 기도

무릎 꿇고 내가 주 앞에 간절히 비오니  
아버지의 성령의 능력으로  
내 안의 속 사람을 강건케 하소서

주님의 사랑 그 너비와 깊음과 높이를 깨달아  
아버지의 모든 충만하신 것으로  
우리에게 충만하기를 구하게 하소서

십자가 사랑 알게 하소서  
나를 만져 강하게 하소서  
은총의 손길로 주 아버지의 은혜가  
내게 넘쳐나게 하소서

아버지여, 아버지여

Hyunseung Baek

when I am drunk!

Away from the jealous one, dark-haired  
mistress,  
who whines, who cries and vows  
to always be such pale lover  
who waters down his drunkenness!

*Translations by Yechan Min*

### A Prayer of Paul the Apostle

Kneeling before the Father, I sincerely pray,  
Through the power of the Father's Spirit,  
Strengthen the inner being within me.

Grasping the width, depth, and height of the  
love of Christ,  
By the fullness of the Father,  
Allow us to be filled with Your fullness.

Allow me to comprehend the love of the  
cross,  
Strengthen me with Your touch.  
With the hand of grace, may Your blessing  
Overflow in me.

Father, O Father

*Translation by Yechan Min*

## **Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC**

*all programs subject to change*

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**Kai Burns**, *jazz guitar* (BM)

Student of Efstratios Minakakis and Davide Ianni

*Wednesday, April 2, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Rafe Lei Schaberg**, *collaborative piano* (MM)

Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

*Wednesday, April 2, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**André Bruni**, *jazz composition* (MM)

Student of Ken Schaphorst and Frank Carlberg

*Thursday, April 3, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Theresa Katz**, *violin* (BM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen

*Thursday, April 3, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Peixuan Wu**, *violin* (MM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

*Thursday, April 3, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan*

**Mattias Bengtsson**, *French horn* (BM)

Student of Rachel Childers

*Friday, April 4, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Morgan Brookman**, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Farayi Malek

*Friday, April 4, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Eben Jordan*

**Evan Haskin**, *jazz guitar* (BM)

Student of Stratis Minakakis

*Friday, April 4, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Gayeon Kim**, *cello* (GD '26)

Student of Laurence Lesser

*Friday, April 4, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Keller Room*

**Hayoung Choi**, *violin* (BM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

*Saturday, April 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

## Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

**Agne Giedraityte**, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Hankus Netsky and Carole Haber

*Saturday, April 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Jin Jeong**, *piano* (MM)

Student of Alessio Bax and Pavel Nersessian

*Saturday, April 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Carlo Kind**, *jazz percussion* (MM)

Student of Nasheet Waits, Jerry Leake, and Frank Carlberg

*Saturday, April 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Dermot Gleeson**, *guitar* (MM)

Student of Eliot Fisk and Jérôme Mouffe

*Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Melissa Pereyra**, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

*Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Victoria Solís Alvarado**, *oboe* (BM)

Student of John Ferrillo

*Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Samuel Christopher Eric Davies**, *jazz trumpet* (MM)

Student of Jerry Bergonzi and Steve Emery

*Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Jiaxin Lin**, *violin* (MM)

Student of Kristopher Tong

*Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Anna Poltronieri Tang**, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Michael Meraw

*Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Antian Ye**, *piano* (MM)

Student of Alessio Bax and Pavel Nersessian

*Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

Food and drink are not allowed in the concert hall,  
and photography and audio or video recording are prohibited.  
Assistive listening devices are available for all Jordan Hall concerts;  
contact the head usher or house manager on duty or inquire at the Coat Room.  
Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

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