

KaiLiang Wei  
*tenor*

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

with  
J.J. Penna, piano

Monday, April 28, 2025  
8:00 p.m.  
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

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**Giovanni Battista Bononcini**  
(1672–1750)

*Per la gloria d'adorarvi*

**Alessandro Scarlatti**  
(1659–1725)

*Già il sole dal Gange*

**Giovanni Paisiello**  
(1740–1816)

*Nel cor più non mi sento*

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

*Ständchen, D 957*

*Im Frühling, D 882*

*Der Wanderer an den Mond, D 870*

*An die Musik, D 547*

*Intermission*

**Henri Duparc**  
(1848–1933)

*Phidylé*

*Chanson triste*

**Gabriel Fauré**  
(1845–1924)

*Ici-bas*

**Eric Coates**  
(1886–1957)

*Bird Songs at Eventide*

**Ben Moore**  
(b. 1960)

*The Lake Isle of Innisfree*

*In the dark pine-wood*

**Yongxi Huang**  
(1917–2003)

怀念曲 (Song of Remembrance)

**Zaiyi Lu**  
(b. 1943)

桥 (The Bridge)

**Bannong Liu**  
(1891–1934)

教我如何不想她 (How Can I But Think of Her)

**Per la gloria d'adorarvi**

*Per la gloria d'adorarvi  
voglio amarvi,  
o luci care.  
Amando penerò,  
ma sempre v'amerò,  
sì, sì, nel mio penare,  
penerò,  
v'amerò,  
luci care.*

*Senza speme di diletto  
vano affetto  
è sospirare,  
ma i vostri dolci rai  
chi vagheggiar può mai  
e non, e non v'amare?  
penerò,  
v'amerò,  
luci care!*

Anonymous

**Già il sole dal Gange**

*Già il sole dal Gange  
Più chiaro sfavilla,  
E terge ogni stilla  
Dell'alba che piange.*

*Col raggio dorato  
Ingemma ogni stelo,  
E gli astri del cielo  
Dipinge nel prato.*

Anonymous

**Nel cor più non mi sento**

*Nel cor più non mi sento  
Brillar la gioventù;*

**For the glory of adoring you**

*For the glory of adoring you  
I want to love you,  
oh dear eyes.  
In love I will suffer,  
yet always I will love you,  
Yes, in my suffering:  
I will suffer,  
I will love you,  
dear, dear eyes.*

*Without a hope of pleasure  
It is vain affection  
to sigh,  
Yet your sweet glances:  
Who can ever admire them,  
No, and not love you?  
I will suffer,  
I will love you,  
dear, dear eyes.*

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**Already, from over the Ganges, the sun**

*Already, from over the Ganges, the sun  
Sparkles more brightly  
And dries every drop  
of the dawn, which weeps.*

*With the gilded ray  
It adorns each blade of grass;  
And the stars of the sky  
It paints in the field.*

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LiederNet Archive -- <https://www.lieder.net/>*

**I no longer feel within my heart**

*I no longer feel within my heart  
the accustomed brightness of my youth,*

*Cagion del mio tormento,  
Amor, sei colpa tu.  
Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi,  
Mi pungichi, mi mastichi;  
Che cosa è questo ahimè?  
Pietà, pietà, pietà!  
Amore è un certo che,  
Che disperar mi fa.*

Giuseppe Palomba

### **Ständchen**

*Leise flehen meine Lieder  
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;  
In den stillen Hain hernieder,  
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!*

*Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen  
In des Mondes Licht;  
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen  
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.*

*Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?  
Ach! sie flehen Dich,  
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen  
Flehen sie für mich.*

*Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,  
Kennen Liebesschmerz,  
Rühren mit den Silbertönen  
Jedes weiche Herz.*

*Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,  
Liebchen, höre mich!  
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!  
Komm', beglücke mich!*

Ludwig Rellstab

O Love, it's your fault  
that I feel so tormented.  
You pinch me, you poke me,  
you prick me, you grind me.  
What is this, alas?  
Have pity, I beg!  
Love is a certain something  
which arouses in me despair.

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### **Serenade**

Softly my songs plead  
through the night to you;  
down into the silent grove,  
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle  
in the moonlight;  
my darling, do not fear  
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?  
Ah, they are imploring you;  
with their sweet, plaintive songs  
they are imploring for me.

They understand the heart's yearning,  
they know the pain of love;  
with their silvery notes  
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,  
beloved, hear me!  
Trembling, I await you!  
Come, make me happy!

## **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

## **Der Wanderer an den Mond**

Ich auf der Erd', am Himmel du,  
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu:  
Ich ernst und trüb, du mild und rein,  
Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?

## **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 wanderer's address to the moon**

I on earth, you in the sky,  
both of us travel briskly on;  
I solemn and gloomy, you gentle and pure,  
what can be the difference between us?

*Ich wandre fremd von Land zu Land,  
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;  
Bergauf, bergab, Wald ein, Wald aus,*

*Doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus.*

*Du aber wanderst auf und ab  
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab,*

*Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,  
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.*

*Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,  
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland:  
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,  
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!*

Johann Gabriel Seidl

#### **An die Musik**

*Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,*

*Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,*

*Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!*

*Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,  
Ein süsßer, heiliger Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!*

Franz von Schober

I wander, a stranger, from land to land,  
so homeless, so unknown;  
up and down mountains, in and out of  
forests, yet,  
alas, nowhere am I at home.

But you wander up and down,  
from the east's cradle to the west's grave,  
travel  
from country to country  
and yet are at home wherever you are.

The sky, infinitely extended,  
is your beloved homeland;  
O happy he who, wherever he goes,  
still stands on his native soil!

#### **To Music**

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,  
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous  
round,  
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of  
love,  
and borne me away to a better world!

Oft a sigh, escaping from your harp,  
a sweet, celestial chord  
has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.  
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

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

## **Phidylé**

*L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais  
peupliers,  
Aux pentes des sources moussues,  
Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par mille  
issues,  
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.*

*Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages  
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.  
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,*

*Chantent les abeilles volages.*

*Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,*

*La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,  
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,*

*Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.*

*Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe  
éclatante,  
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,  
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser  
Me récompensent de l'attente!*

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

## **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;*

## **Phidylé**

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool  
poplars  
On the banks of the mossy springs  
That flow in flowering meadows from a  
thousand sources,  
And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves  
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.  
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright  
sunlight,  
The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding  
paths,  
The red flowers of the cornfield droop;  
And the birds, skimming the hillside with  
their wings,  
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,  
Sees its brilliance wane,  
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss  
Reward me for my waiting!

## **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;



*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

***Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent***

*Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,  
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,  
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent  
Toujours...*

*Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent  
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,  
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent  
Toujours...*

*Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent  
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;  
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent  
Toujours...*

René-François Sully-Prudhomme

**Bird Songs at Eventide**

Over the quiet hills  
Slowly the shadows fall;  
Far down the echoing vale  
Birds softly call;  
Slowly the golden sun  
Sinks in the dreaming West;  
Bird songs at eventide  
Call me to rest.

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.

**In this world all the lilies die**

In this world all the lilies die,  
All the songs of birds are short;  
I dream of the summers that abide  
Forever...

In this world lips brush but lightly,  
And nothing of their velvet remains;  
I dream of the kisses that abide  
Forever...

In this world every man is mourning  
His friendships or his loves;  
I dream of the couples who abide  
Forever...

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

Love, though the hours of day  
Sadness of heart may bring,  
When twilight comes again  
Sorrows take wing;  
For when the dusk of dreams  
Comes with the falling dew,  
Bird songs at eventide  
Call me to you.

*Royden Barrie*

## The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

*William Butler Yeats*

## In the dark pine-wood

In the dark pine-wood  
I would we lay,  
In deep cool shadow  
At noon of day.

How sweet to lie there,  
Sweet to kiss,  
Where the great pine-forest  
Enaisled is!

Thy kiss descending  
Sweeter were  
With a soft tumult  
Of thy hair.

O unto the pine-wood  
At noon of day  
Come with me now,  
Sweet love, away.

*James Joyce*

## 怀念曲

把印着泪痕的笺，  
交给那旅行的水，  
何时流到你屋边，  
让它弹动你心弦。  
我曾问南归的燕，  
可带来你的消息？  
他为我命运呜咽，  
希望似梦心无依。

Yu Mao

## Song of Remembrance

Hand the tear-stained note,  
To the traveling stream below,  
When will it flow past your window,  
And gently stir your soul.  
I once asked the swallows flying south,  
If they could bring me news of you?  
They wept for my fate with sorrow,  
As hope fades like a dream I cannot hold on  
to.

## 桥

水乡的小桥姿态多  
石板逢里长藤罗  
三步两桥连水港啊  
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  
愿做人间桥一座  
离家千年也恋水乡  
愿做人间桥一座

Zhi Yu

## 教我如何不想她

天上飘着些微云，  
地上吹着些微风。  
啊！  
微风吹动了我的头发，  
教我如何不想她？

月光恋爱着海洋，  
海洋恋爱着月光。  
啊！  
这般蜜也似的银夜。  
教我如何不想她？

水面落花慢慢流，  
水底鱼儿慢慢游。  
啊！  
燕子你说些话？  
教我如何不想她？

枯树在冷风里摇，  
野火在暮色中烧。  
啊！  
西天还有些儿残霞，  
教我如何不想她？

Yuanren Zhao

## The Bridge

The little bridges of my water town, so full of grace,  
Stone paths entwined with creeping vines in place.  
Step by step, bridges link the winding streams,  
Like jade belts shimmering in emerald dreams.  
A girl rests her shoulders by the lotus lane,  
An old man passes with grain beneath the span.  
Though a thousand years away from home I roam,  
My heart still longs for this waterside home.  
Though a thousand years away from home I roam,  
I wish to be a bridge in this world — standing alone.

*Translations provided by KaiLiang Wei*

## How Can I But Think of Her?

Clouds floating in the sky.  
Breezes blowing over the ground.  
Ah!  
The breezes blowing on my hair.  
How can I but think of her?

Moonlight loves the sea.  
The sea loves the moonlight.  
Ah!  
This honey-like silvery night;  
How can I but think of her?

Fallen flowers flow gently on the water.  
Fish swim slowly under the water.  
Ah!  
Swallow, what are you saying?  
How can I but think of her?

The withered tree shakes in the cold wind.  
Wild-fire burns at dusk.  
Ah!  
There's afterglow in the west sky  
How can I but think of her?

*Translation by Lei Wang*

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