

Pin-Han Huang
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2025
Student of Pei-Shan Lee

with
Shanti Fowler-Puja, soprano
Mirah Johnston, mezzo-soprano
Melissa Pereyra, soprano
Alec Pin Kan, clarinet

Sunday, May 4, 2025
12:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Die Forelle

Der Fluss

Shanti Fowler-Puja, soprano

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

from *Liederkreis*, op. 39

I. In der Fremde

III. Waldesgespräch

V. Mondnacht

IX. Wehmut

XII. Frühlingsnacht

Mirah Johnston, mezzo-soprano

Manuel de Falla
(1876–1946)

Siete canciones populares españolas

El paño moruno

Seguidilla murciana

Asturiana

Jota

Nana

Canción

Polo

Melissa Pereyra, soprano

Intermission

Egon Kornauth
(1891–1959)

Clarinet Sonata in F Minor, op. 5

Leidenschaftlich bewegt (Allegro con brio)
Gemütliches Tanzzeitmaß (Molto comodo)
Ruhig behind (Andante espressivo)
Entschlossen (Allegro energico, alla marcia)

Alec Pin Kan, clarinet

Die Forelle

*In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fischleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.*

*Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.*

*Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogene an.*

Christian Schubart

Der Fluss

*Wie rein Gesang sich windet
Durch wunderbarer Saitenspiele Rauschen,

Er selbst sich wieder findet,
Wie auch die Weisen tauschen,
Daß neu entzückt die Hörer ewig lauschen:*

*So fließet mir gediegen
Die Silbermasse, schlangengleich gewunden,
Durch Büsche, die sich wiegen*

The Trout

*In a limpid brook
the capricious trout
in joyous haste
darted by like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
in blissful peace, watching
the lively fish swim
in the clear brook.*

*An angler with his rod
stood on the bank
cold-bloodedly watching
the fish's contortions.
As long as the water
is clear, I thought,
he won't catch the trout
with his rod.*

*But at length the thief
grew impatient. Cunningly
he made the brook cloudy,
and in an instant
his rod quivered,
and the fish struggled on it.
And I, my blood boiling,
looked on at the cheated creature.*

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

The River

*Like a pure song that winds itself
through the wonderful sound of strings
playing,
finding itself again
as the tunes switch back and forth
so that the listeners are always newly
delighted;*

*So, the silvery bulk flows with dignity,
winding like a snake
through swaying bushes*

*Von Zauber süß gebunden,
Weil sie im Spiegel neu sich selbst gefunden;*

*Wo Hügel sich so gerne
Und helle Wolken leise schwankend zeigen,*

*Wenn fern schon matte Sterne
Aus blauer Tiefe steigen,
Der Sonne trunkne Augen abwärts neigen.*

*So schimmern alle Wesen
Den Umriss nach im kindlichen Gemüthe,
Das zur Schönheit erlesen
Durch milder Götter Güte
In dem Krystall bewahrt die flücht'ge Blüthe.*

Friedrich von Schlegel

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot

*Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.*

*Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.*

Waldesgespräch

*Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!*

*„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“*

sweetly and magically entranced
to find themselves mirrored;

Where hills and bright clouds
like to melt themselves into softly vibrating
images
when the distant, faint stars
rise from the blue depths
and the sun lowers its intoxicated eyes.

So shine all creatures,
like silhouettes in the childlike mind,
which is selected for beauty
by the gentle goodness of the Gods,
and in which fleeting blossoms are preserved
in crystal.

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from the LiederNet Archive*

In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red
lightning,
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother have long been dead,
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,
Forgotten here as well.

A Forest Dialogue

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

'Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.'

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

*So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich — Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.*

*„Du kennst mich wohl — von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!“*

Mondnacht

*Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.*

*Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.*

*Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.*

Wehmut

*Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.*

*Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.*

*Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.*

*So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you — may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.*

*'You know me well — from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!'*

Moonlit Night

*It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only to dream of him.*

*The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.*

*And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.*

Sadness

*True, I can sometimes sing
As though I were content;
But secretly tears well up,
And my heart is set free.*

*Nightingales, when spring breezes
Play outside, sing
Their song of longing
From their dungeon cell.*

*Then all hearts listen
And everyone rejoices,
Yet no one feels the pain,
The deep sorrow in the song.*

Frühlingsnacht

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

Joseph von Eichendorff

El paño moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.

Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

Gregorio Martínez Sierra

Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡puede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!

Spring Night

Over the garden, through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
A sign that spring is in the air,
Flowers already bloom below.

I could shout for joy, could weep,
For it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders come flooding back,
Gleaming in the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
And the dreaming forest whispers it,
And the nightingales sing it:
'She is yours, is yours!'

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

The Moorish cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.

It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!

*Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y créyendola falsa
nadie la toma!*

Anonymous

Asturiana

*Por ver si me consolaba,
arrímeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!*

Anonymous

Jota

*Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.*

*Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.*

Anonymous

Nana

*Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.*

Anonymous

For your many infidelities
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing
from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it

Asturian song

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Jota

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine!

I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapprove,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Canción

*Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
»del aire«.
Niña, el mirarlos
»Madre, a la orilla«.*

*Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
»del aire«.
Por lo perdido,
»Madre, a la orilla«.*

Anonymous

Polo

*¡Ay!
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.*

*¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!*

Anonymous

Song

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
'del aire',
dearest, to gaze into them.
'Mother, a la orilla.'

They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
'del aire',
and cut your losses,
'Mother, a la orilla.'

Polo

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

*Translations by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard
Stokes published in The Spanish Song
Companion (Gollancz, 1992), provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org).*

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

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Aidan Garrison, *viola* (GD)

Student of Nicholas Cords and Mai Motobuchi

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

Olga Kaminsky, *violin* (BM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen

Sunday, May 4, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Stella Haekyung Ju, *violin* (MM)

Student of Soovin Kim and Donald Weilerstein

Sunday, May 4, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Tristan Leung, *collaborative piano* (DMA '26)

Student of Cameron Stowe

Sunday, May 4, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Yi-I Stephanie Yang, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Sunday, May 4, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Evan Judson, *bassoon* (GC)

Student of Suzanne Nelsen

Monday, May 5, 2025 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Dongyang Li, *soprano* (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Monday, May 5, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Daniel Slatch, *double bass* (BM)

Student of Donald Palma

Monday, May 5, 2025 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Inés Issel Burzynska, *violin* (GC)

Student of Miriam Fried

Monday, May 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Yejin Jang, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Monday, May 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Loren Kim, *piano* (BM)

Student of Meng-Chieh Liu

Monday, May 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Nicolette Sullivan-Cozza, *viola* (BM)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

Monday, May 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Inácia Afonso, *viola* (MM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi and Nicholas Cords

Tuesday, May 6, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Emelia Boydstun-Torres, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Michael Meraw

Tuesday, May 6, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Ashly Zhang, *collaborative piano* (GD '26)

Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein and Cameron Stowe

Wednesday, May 7, 2025 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Yeji Lim, *violin* (MM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen

Wednesday, May 7, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Matthew Mihalko, *trumpet* (BM)

Student of Thomas Siders

Wednesday, May 7, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Agne Giedraityte, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Hankus Netsky and Carole Haber

Thursday, May 8, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Haowen Wang, *guitar* (BM)

Student of Eliot Fisk and Jérôme Mouffe

Thursday, May 8, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Dongchen Xu, *tenor* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Thursday, May 8, 2025 at 8:00 pm., Burnes Hall

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