

Dongyang Li
soprano

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

with
Doris Wang and Yang Zhang, piano

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

PROGRAM

Franz Liszt
(1811–1886)

Der Fischerknabe
Ihr Glocken von Marling
Vergiftet sind meine Lieder
Der du von dem Himmel bist

Ernest Chausson
(1855–1899)

Le colibri, from *Sept Mélodies*, op. 2
Hébé, from *Sept Mélodies*, op. 2
Les papillons, from *Sept Mélodies*, op. 2
Le temps des lilas

Intermission

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Chi sa, chi sa, qual sia

Roger Quilter
(1877–1953)

Love's philosophy
Music, when soft voices die
My life's delight

Doris Wang, piano

Shande Ding
(1911–1995)

爱人送我向日葵

Jianchang Tan
(1911–1995)

故乡的云

Yang Zhang, piano

Der Fischerknabe

*Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum Bade,
Der Knabe schlief ein am grünen Gestade,
Da hört er ein Klingen,
Wie Flöten so süß,
Wie Stimmen der Engel
Im Paradies.*

*Und wie er erwachet in seliger Lust,
Da spielen die Wasser ihm um die Brust,
Und es ruft aus den Tiefen:
Lieb' Knabe, bist mein!
Ich locke den Schläfer,
Ich zieh ihn herein.*

Friedrich von Schiller

Ihr Glocken von Marling

*Ihr Glocken von Marling,
Wie brauset ihr so hell;
Ein wohliges Läuten,
Als sänge der Quell.*

*Ihr Glocken von Marling,
Ein heil 'ger Gesang
Umvallet wie schützend
Den weltlichen Klang.*

*Nehmt mich in die Mitte
Der tönenden Flut,
Ihr Glocken von Marling,
Behütet mich gut!*

Emil Kuh

The Fisher Boy

The lake smiles and invites a swim.
The boy falls asleep by the green shore.
Then he hears a sound,
sweet like flutes,
like angel voices
in paradise.

And when he wakes in blissful joy,
the water plays around his chest.
A voice calls from the deep:
Dear boy, you are mine!
I call to the sleeper,
I draw him in.

Translation provided by Dongyang Li

Bells of Marling

Bells of Marling,
How brightly you chime;
A pleasing sound
Like a babbling spring.

Bells of Marling,
A sacred song
Embraces and protects
The sounds of the earth.

Take me to your heart
Of your resounding flood,
Bells of Marling,
Watch over me well!

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005) provided courtesy
of Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder

*Vergiftet sind meine Lieder;
Wie könnte es anders sein?
Du hast mir ja Gift gegossen
Ins blühende Leben hinein.*

*Vergiftet sind meine Lieder;
Wie könnte es anders sein?
Ich trage im Herzen viel Schlangen,
Und dich, Geliebte mein.*

Heinrich Heine

Der du von dem Himmel bist

*Der du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süsser Friede!
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Le colibri

*Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,

Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbe fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.*

*Il se hâte et vole au source voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer;
Où l'açoka rouge, aux odeurs divines,

S'ouvre, et porte au cœur un humide éclair.*

My songs are filled with poison

*My songs are filled with poison
Why, shouldn't that be true?
Into my budding manhood
You poured your poison through.*

*My songs are filled with poison
Why shouldn't that be true?
My heart bears a nest of serpents
And also, darling, you.*

*Translation © Hal Draper, provided courtesy of
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

You who come from heaven

*You who come from heaven,
Soothing all pain and sorrow,
Filling the doubly wretched
Doubly with delight,
Ah, I am weary of this restlessness!
What use is all this pain and joy?
Sweet peace!
Come, ah come into my breast!*

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

The Hummingbird

*The green humming-bird, the king of the
hills,
On seeing the dew and gleaming sun
Shine in his nest of fine woven grass,
Darts into the air like a shaft of light.*

*He hurries and flies to the nearby springs
Where the bamboos sound like the sea,
Where the red hibiscus with its heavenly
scent
Unveils the glint of dew at its heart.*

*Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir.*

*Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée!*

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

Hébé

*Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avançait,
Les dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide,
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.*

*Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la déesse?
Nous l'ignorons, il enivre et ravit.*

*Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,
Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain.*

*Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle,
Notre œil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.*

Louise Ackermann

Les papillons

*Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?*

*Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me pouvaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?*

He descends, and settles on the golden
flower,
Drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing if he'd drunk it
dry.

On your pure lips, O my beloved,
My own soul too would sooner have died
From that first kiss which scented it!

Hebe

When Hebe, guileless and with lowered gaze,
Blushingly drew near their feast,
The delighted gods proffered empty goblets
Which the child replenished with nectar.

And we too, when youth fades,
Vie in proffering her our goblets.
What is the wine she dispenses?
We do not know; it elates and enraptures.

Having smiled with her immortal grace,
Hebe goes on her way—you summon her in
vain.

For a long time still on the eternal path,
We follow the cup-bearer with weeping eyes.

Butterflies

Snow-coloured butterflies
swarm over the sea;
beautiful white butterflies, when might I
take to the azure path of the air?

Do you know, O beauty of beauties,
my jet-eyed bayadère—
were they to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would go?

*Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.*

Théophile Gautier

Le temps des lilas

*Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Ne reviendra plus à ce printemps-ci;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Est passé, le temps des œillets aussi.*

*Le vent a changé, les cieux sont moroses,
Et nous n'irons plus courir, et cueillir
Les lilas en fleur et les belles roses;
Le printemps est triste et ne peut fleurir.*

*Oh! joyeux et doux printemps de l'année,
Qui vins, l'an passé, nous ensoleiller,
Notre fleur d'amour est si bien fanée,
Las! Que ton baiser ne peut l'éveiller!*

*Et toi, que fais-tu? pas de fleurs écloses,
Point de gai soleil ni d'ombrages frais;
Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses
Avec notre amour est mort à jamais.*

Maurice Bouchor

Chi sa, chi sa, qual sia

*Chi sa, chi sa, qual sia
l'affanno del mio bene,
se sdegno, gelosia,
timor, sospetto, amor.
Voi che sapete, o Dei,
I puri affetti miei,
Voi questo dubbio amaro
Toglietemi dal cor.*

Lorenzo da Ponte

Without kissing a single rose,
across valleys and forests
I'd fly to your half-closed lips,
flower of my soul, and there would die.

Lilac time

The time for lilac and the time for roses
Will return no more this spring;
The time for lilac and the time for roses
Is past, the time for carnations too.

The wind has changed, the skies are sullen,
And no longer shall we roam to gather
The flowering lilac and beautiful rose;
The spring is sad and cannot bloom.

Oh sweet and joyous springtime
That came last year to bathe us in sun,
Our flower of love is so far faded,
That your kiss, alas, cannot rouse it!

And what do you do? No blossoming flowers,
No bright sun, and no cool shade;
The time for lilac and the time for roses
With our love has perished for evermore.

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

Who knows, who knows what it may be?

Who knows, who knows what troubles
the heart of my beloved—
whether it be anger, jealousy,
fear, suspicion, or love.
You who know, oh gods,
the pure feelings within me,
remove this bitter doubt
from my heart.

Translation provided by Dongyang Li

Love's philosophy

The fountains mingle with the River
And the Rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me?

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Music, when soft voices die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

My life's delight

Come, O come, my life's delight!
Let me not in languor pine:
Love loves no delay, thy sight
The more enjoyed, the more divine.
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss:
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come then! and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light!

Thomas Campion

爱人送我向日葵

我和爱人来相会，
盼他送我一支红玫瑰。
哦，没有玫瑰，没有玫瑰，
一团圆圆的向日葵。

听他语调多么美，
他是初次下乡种向日葵。
啊，向日葵呀，小太阳啊，
在他手上放光辉。

啊！他送我这一团向日葵，
这蜂窝一样的向日葵。
啊，爱情的甜蜜在这里面，
他教我种在窗边。

那是他的脸儿对我来探望，
那是他向我把手挥。
哦，爱人送我向日葵呀，
爱人送我向日葵！

Difan Zou

Sunflowers from My Love

I wait for my love, hoping for a red rose —
But there's no rose, only a sunflower he
holds,
round and golden, like a captured sun.

His voice is soft, still new to farming,
tending sunflowers in the village soil.
Oh, these little suns in his rough hands,
radiant as dawn breaking through.

He gives me this clustered sunflower,
its seeds packed tight like a honeycomb.
“Plant it by your window,” he says —
there, sweetness hides in every cell.

Now its face turns toward my room,
waving like his hand in the wind.
Oh, my love brings sunflowers !

Translation provided by Dongyang Li

故乡的云

天边飘过故乡的云
它不停地向我召唤
当身边的微风轻轻吹起
有个声音在对我呼唤

归来吧 归来哟
浪迹天涯的游子
归来吧 归来哟
别再四处漂泊

踏着沉重的脚步
归乡路是多么漫长
当身边的微风轻轻吹起
吹来故乡泥土的芬芳

归来吧 归来哟
浪迹天涯的游子
归来吧 归来哟
我已厌倦漂泊

我已经满怀疲惫，
眼里是酸楚的泪，
那故乡的风和故乡的云，
为我抹去创痕
我曾经豪情万丈，
归来却空空的行囊，
那故乡的风和故乡的云，
为我抚平创伤。

Xiaoxuan

Clouds Over My Homeland

Clouds from hometown drift over the
horizon.
They keep calling out to me without pause.
When the soft breeze rises around me,
I hear a voice speaking low in its cause.

Come back, come back,
you who have wandered so long.
Come back, come back,
no need to keep drifting on.

I walk with heavy steps.
The road home feels endless.
When the breeze rises again,
it carries the scent of the soil I know.

Come back, come back,
you who carry too much silence.
Come back, come back,
I've grown tired of the distance.

My body aches, and tears blur my sight.
The wind and the clouds from home
reach gently toward my wounds.
I left chasing a sky full of dreams.
Now I return with empty hands,
and nothing but breath to give.
But the wind and clouds still know me.
They hold me without asking.
And slowly, I begin to heal.

Translation provided by Dongyang Li

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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Nicolette Sullivan-Cozza, *viola* (BM)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

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

Loren Kim, *piano* (BM)

Student of Meng-Chieh Liu

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

Inácia Afonso, *viola* (MM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi and Nicholas Cords

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

Emelia Boydston 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

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

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Dongchen Xu, *tenor* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

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

Daniel Slatch, *double bass* (BM)

Student of Donald Palma

Monday, May 12, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

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