

Ashly Zhang
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2026
Student of Vivian Hornik Welerstein and Cameron Stowe

with
Helen Yu, violin
Macintyre Taback, cello
Rena Maduro, soprano

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

PROGRAM

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770–1827)

Sonata for Piano and Cello in C Major,
op. 102 no. 1

Andante – Allegro vivace

Adagio – Tempo d'andante – Allegro vivace

Macintyre Taback, cello

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

Sonata for Violin and Piano in A Minor,
op. 105 no. 1

Mit leidenschaftlichem Ausdruck

Allegretto

Lebhaft

Helen Yu, violin

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

***Fiançailles pour rire*, FP 101**

La dame d'André

Dans l'herbe

Il vole

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Violon

Fleurs

Rena Maduro, soprano

*Thank you to my incredible collaborators
Mac, Helen, and Rena for your artistry and generosity.
Working with you all on this program has been so exciting,
and an absolute highlight of my semester!*

*Thank you to my teachers Prof. Vivian Weilerstein and Prof. Cameron Stowe
for encouraging me to go beyond myself, filling my head with extraordinary insights
and thrilling ideas, and making opportunities like this half-recital possible.*

*Thank you to Prof. Donald Weilerstein,
and the numerous NEC faculty I have worked with this year
for shaping the preparation of this program.*

*Thank you to my family and friends back home,
and to my NEC peers/family.
You have been such a source of support and inspiration for me,
more than I could have ever imagined.*

La dame d'André

*André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A-t-elle un coeur à lendemains
Et pour le soir a-t-elle une âme?*

*Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait-elle en robe vague
Chercher dans le meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?*

*A-t-elle eu peur, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hier.
Dans son jardin lorsque l'hiver
Entrait par la grande avenue?*

*Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur
Pour sa bonne humeur de Dimanche.
Pâlira-t-elle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?*

Dans l'herbe

*Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.*

*Il est mort inaperçu
Encriant son passage
En appelant, en m'appelant
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et que sa voix ne portait plus
Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.*

André's ladyfriend

André does not know the woman
Whose hand he takes today.
Has she a heart for the future,
And for evening has she a soul?

Returning from a country dance,
Did she in her loose-fitting gown
Go and seek in the haystacks
The ring of random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,
Watched by the ghosts of the past,
In her garden, when winter
Entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her complexion,
For her Sunday good humour.
Will she fade on the blank pages
Of his album of better days?

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In the grass

I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.
He died for his fair one
He died a fair death
Outside
Beneath the tree of Justice
In utter silence
In open country
In the grass.

He died unnoticed
Crying out as he passed away
Calling, Calling me
But since I was far from him
And since his voice no longer carried
He died alone in the woods
Beneath his childhood tree
And I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.

*Il vole**

*En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.*

– Mais où est le corbeau? – Il vole.

*Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.*

– Mais où est mon amant? – Il vole.

*C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.*

– Mais où est le bonheur? – Il vole.

*Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.*

– Mais où donc est l'amour? – Il vole.

*Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.*

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

* 'Voler' = to fly and to thief, an almost untranslatable double meaning.

Stealing away

The sun as it sets
Is reflected in my polished table –
It is the round cheese of the fable
In the beak of my silver scissors.

But where's the crow? Stealing away on its wing.

I'd like to sew but a magnet
Attracts all my needles.
In the square the skittle players
Pass the time playing game after game.

But where's my lover? Stealing away on his wing.

I've a stealer for lover,
The crow steals away and my lover steals,
The stealer of my heart breaks his word
And the stealer of cheese is absent.

But where is happiness? Stealing away its wing.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves
I weep because I want to be wanted
And because my stealer doesn't care for me.

But where can love be? Stealing away on its wing.

Find the sense in my nonsense
And along the country ways
Bring me back to my wayward lover
Who steals hearts and robs me of my senses.

I want my stealer to steal me.

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Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

*Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.*

*Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage,
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombres encore d'un secret
Et lourds du poids mort des images.*

*Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes
Au noeud de mon cœur arrêté.*

*Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes,
Les deux derniers monts que j'ai vus
À la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.*

*Mon souvenir est ressemblant.
Enfants emportez-le bien vite,
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.*

Violon

*Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur en forme de fraise
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.*

Fleurs

*Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver*

My cadaver is soft like a glove

*My cadaver is soft like a glove
Soft like a glove of frozen skin
And my erased pupils
Make white pebbles out of my eyes.*

*Two white pebbles in my face
In the silence, two deaf-mutes
Shadowed still by a secret
And heavy with the dead weight of images.*

*My oft-wandering fingers
Press together in a saintly pose
On the hollow of my laments
At the knot of my stopped heart.*

*And my two feet are mountains,
The last hills that I saw
In the minute that I lost
The race that the years had gained.*

*My memory is life-like,
Children, carry it away quickly,
Go on, go on, my life is spoken for.
My cadaver is soft like a glove.*

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Violin

*Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings
Stretched on the string of disquiet.
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart shaped like a strawberry
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.*

Flowers

*Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from a step's parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in winter*

*Saupoudrés du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée
Un coeur enrubanné de plaints
Brûle avec ses images saintes.*

Louise de Vilmorin

Sprinkled with the sea's sand?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
Burns with its sacred images.

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Student of Eliot Fisk and Jérôme Mouffe

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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

Grace Lee, *piano* (GD)

Student of Randall Hodgkinson

Wednesday, June 18, 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

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