

Dongchen Xu

tenor

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

with
J.J. Penna, piano

Thursday, May 8, 2025
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1659–1725)

Già il sole dal Gange

Christoph Willibald Gluck
(1714–1787)

“O del mio dolce ardor” from *Paride ed Elena*

Francesco Bartolomeo Conti
(1681–1732)

Il mio bel foco

Alessandro Stradella
(1639–1682)

Pietà, Signore

Émile Paladilhe
(1844–1926)

Psyché
Vous aurez beau faire et beau dire

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Chanson d'amour
Automne

Intermission

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

from *Dichterliebe*, op. 48

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII. Ich grolle nicht

Zhaoji Ping

关雎 *Crying Ospreys* from *The Book of Songs*

Rui Zhang
(b. 1983)

歌 *Song (When I Am Dead, My Dearest)*

Shuai Hu

记住乡愁 *Remembering Homesickness*

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

O del mio dolce ardor

*O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.*

*O vunque il guardo io giro,
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge:
Il mio pensier si finge
Le più liete speranze;
E nel desio che così
M'empie il petto
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e sospiro.*

Raniero de' Calzabigi

Il mio bel foco

*Il mio bel foco,
O lontan o vicino
Ch'esser poss'io,
Senza cangiar mai tempre
Per voi, care pupille,
Arderà sempre.*

Quella fiamma che m'accende

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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Of my sweet ardor

*Oh, desired object
Of my sweet ardor,
The air which you breathe,
At last I breathe.*

*Wherever I turn my glance
Your lovely features
Paint love for me:
My thoughts imagine
The most happy hopes,
And in the longing which
Fills my bosom
I seek you, I call you, I hope, and I sigh.*

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My lovely fire

*My lovely fire,
Whether I am far or near,
Shall never change
its warmth.
For you, dear eyes,
It will burn forever.*

The flame that kindles me

*Piace tanto all'alma mia,
Che giammai s'estinguerà.
E se il fato a voi mi rende,
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,
Altra luce ella non vuole
Nè voler giammai potrà.*

Anonymous

Pietà, Signore

*Pietà, Signore,
di me dolente!
Signor, pietà,
se a te giunge
il mio pregar;
non mi punisca
il tuo rigor,
meno severi,
clementi ognora,
volgi i tuoi sguardi
sopra di me, ecc.*

*Non fia mai
che nell'inferno
sia dannato
nel fuoco eterno
dal tuo rigor.*

*Gran Dio, giammai
sia dannato
nel fuoco eterno
dal tuo rigor, ecc.*

Pietà, Signore, ecc.

Anonymous

Delights my very soul
And will never be extinguished.
And if fate returns me to you,
Fair rays of my shining sun,
No other light will my soul desire,
Nor could it ever desire another.

Translation provided by Dongchen Xu

Have mercy, Lord

Have mercy, Lord,
on me in my remorse!
Lord, have mercy
if my prayer
rises to you;
do not chastise
me in your severity,
less harshly,
always mercifully,
look down
on me, etc.

Never let me
be condemned
to hell
in the eternal fire
by your severity.

Almighty God, never let me
be condemned to hell
in the eternal fire
by your severity, etc.

Have mercy, Lord, etc.

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Psyché

*Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature!
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent,
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les caresses du vent,*

*Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure!
L'air même que vous respirez
Avec trop de plaisir passe sur votre bouche.
Votre habit de trop près vous touche!
Et sitôt que vous soupirez
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche
Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des soupirs égarés!*

Pierre Corneille

Vous aurez beau faire et beau dire

*Vous aurez beau faire et beau dire,
L'oubli me serait odieux;
Et je vois toujours son sourire
Des adieux.*

*Vous aurezbeau dire et beau faire,
Sans espoir je dois la chérir;
Je souffre bien, mais je préfère
En souffrir.*

*Vous aurez beau faire et beau dire
Dût-elle même l'ignorer,
Je veux, fidèle à mon martyre,
La pleurer.*

*Vous aurez beau dire et beau faire,
Seule, elle peut mon mal guérir
Et j'aime mieux, s'il persévère,
En mourir.*

François Coppée

Psyche

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature:
The rays of the sun kiss you too often;
Your hair suffers too often the wind's
caresses:
The moment he strokes them, I demur;
The very air you breathe
Passes your lips with too much pleasure;
Your garment clings to you too closely;
And the instant you sigh,
Something which frightens me
Fears that your sighs are not all for me.

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A French Song Companion (Oxford University
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Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Obstinacy

Whatever you do or say,
Forgetting would be odious to me;
And I always see her smile
of farewell.

Whatever you say or do,
I must cherish her without hope;
I suffer much, but I prefer
to suffer.

Whatever you do or say,
Would she even ignore it?
I want to be true to my martyrdom
and weep for her.

Whatever you do or say,
Only she can heal my pain,
And I would prefer if it persevered
Unto death.

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Chanson d'amour

*J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.*

*J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!*

*J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!*

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants,

*Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau des torrents,
Tes jours faits de mélancolies.*

*Sur l'aile du regret mes esprits emportés,
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse!
Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse.*

*Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées*

Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon cœur,

Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Armand Silvestre

Song of love

*I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
oh my rebellious and fierce one.
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
on which my kisses will tire themselves out.*

*I love your voice, I love the strange
gracefulness of everything you say,
oh my rebellious one, my dear angel,
my hell and my paradise!*

*I love all that makes you beautiful,
from your feet to your hair,
you to whom my hopeful pleas ascend,
oh my fierce and rebellious one!*

Autumn

*Autumn, time of misty skies and heart-
breaking horizons,
of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,
I watch your melancholy days
flow past like a torrent.*

*My thoughts borne off on the wings of regret
as if our time could ever be relived!
dreamingly wander the enchanted slopes
where my youth once used to smile.*

*In the bright sunlight of triumphant memory
I feel the scattered roses reblooming in
bouquets;
and tears well up in my eyes, tears which my
heart
at twenty had already forgotten!*

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Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.*

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.*

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

*Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.*

*Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.*

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

*Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.*

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

*Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.*

*Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.*

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May

*Tw'as in the beauteous month of May,
When all the flowers were springing
That first within my bosom
I heard love's echo ringing.*

*Tw'as in the beauteous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
That first I to my sweetheart
My vows of love was bringing.*

From my tears sprout forth

*From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing become joined with
The chorus of the nightingales.*

*And if you love me, dear child,
I will send you so many flowers;
And before your window should sound
The song of the nightingale.*

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun

*The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;
She herself -- the source of all love --
IS the rose, lily, dove, and sun.*

When I gaze into your eyes

*When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes;
Yet when I kiss your lips,
I am made wholly and entirely healthy.*

*When I lay against your breast
It comes over me like longing for heaven;
Yet when you say, "I love you!"
I must cry so bitterly.*

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

*Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.*

*Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.*

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

*Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem großen Dome
Das große, heilige Köln.*

*Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.*

*Es schweben Blumen und Englein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.*

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,

*Ewig verlор'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiß ich längst.*

I want to delve my soul

*I want to delve my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily should give resoundingly
A song belonging to my beloved.*

*The song should shudder and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.*

In the Rhine, in the fair stream

*In the Rhine, in the holy stream
Is it mirrored in the waves -
With its great cathedral -
That great, holy city Cologne.*

*In the Cathedral stands an image
Painted on golden leather;
Into the wildness of my life
Has it shone, friendly.*

*Flowers and little cherubs hover
Around our beloved Lady;
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks--
They match my beloved's exactly.*

I bear no grudge

*I bear no grudge, even when my heart is
breaking!*

*Love lost forever! I bear no grudge.
Although you shine in diamond splendor,
No beam falls into the night of your heart.
I will know that for a long time.*

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,

*Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.*

Heinrich Heine

关雎

关关雎鸠，在河之洲。
窈窕淑女，君子好逑。

参差荇菜，左右流之。
窈窕淑女，寤寐求之。

求之不得，寤寐思服。
悠哉悠哉，辗转反侧。

参差荇菜，左右采之。
窈窕淑女，琴瑟友之。

参差荇菜，左右芼之。
窈窕淑女，钟鼓乐之。

Zhaoji Ping

歌

当我死了的时候，亲爱的，
别为我唱悲伤的歌；
我坟上不必安插蔷薇，
也无需浓荫的柏树；
让盖着我的青青的草
霖着雨，也沾着露珠；
假如你愿意，请记住我，

I bear no grudge, and when my heart is
breaking!
I truly saw you in my dreams
And saw the night in the room of your heart,
And saw the snake that bites your heart;
I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

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Crying Ospreys

Crying ospreys on the islet in the stream,
A gentle maiden, pure and fair,
A fine match for the noble lord.

Long trailing water plants he gathers right
and left,
The gentle maiden he seeks day and night.

He cannot win her, he thinks of her still;
Waking and sleeping, he dreams of her
beauty.

Long trailing water plants he plucks right and
left,
With harp and lute he woos the maid.

Long trailing water plants he picks right and
left,
With bells and drums he'll gladden her heart.

Translation by Xianyi Yang and Gladys Yang

Song

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,

要是你甘心，忘了我。

我再不见地面的青荫，
觉不到雨露的甜蜜；
再听不到夜莺的歌喉，
在黑夜裡倾吐悲啼；
在悠久的昏暮中迷惘，
阳光不升起也不消翳；
我也许，也许我记得你，
我也许，我也许忘记。

Translation into Chinese by Zhimo Xu

记住乡愁

慈母手中线
缝补春和秋
一曲游子吟
未唱泪先流

游子枕边泪
离人杯中酒
一弯故乡月
勾起多少愁

久违的家书是乡愁
牵挂字里行间留
归来的燕子是乡愁
带给我故乡问候

乡愁让人愁
乡愁醉心头
醉了青梅醉了竹马
醉了多少春秋

还有一段乡情
醉倒家门口

And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Christina Rossetti

Remembering Homesickness

A mother threads the needle in hand,
Stitching across the springs and falls.
A song the wanderer longs to sing—
Yet tears arrive before the notes can call.

Tears stain the pillow of the one who roams,
Farewell wine lingers in the cup alone.
A crescent moon hangs above the
hometown—
How much sorrow that silver arc has known.

A long-lost letter from home is homesickness,
Longing hidden in each written line.
A swallow returning to its nest is
homesickness,
Carrying greetings from the land once mine.

Homesickness brings a gentle ache,
It lingers softly in heart and head.
It intoxicates green plums and childhood
friends,
And seasons of youth quietly shed.

One deep thread of hometown love—
Leaves me drunk outside my door.

乡愁叫人愁
乡愁让人瘦
瘦了山水瘦了岁月
瘦了路尽头
还有一缕炊烟萦绕在心头

慈母手中线
缝补春和秋
一曲游子吟
未唱泪先流

游子枕边泪
离人杯中酒
一弯故乡月
勾起多少
勾起多少愁

Daobing Chen

Homesickness brings a silent pain,
It thins the years, the rivers, the terrain.
It thins the road that leads afar,
With cooking smoke curled in the heart again.

A mother threads the needle in hand,
Stitching across the springs and falls.
A song the wanderer longs to sing—
Yet tears arrive before the notes can call.

Tears stain the pillow of the one who roams,
Farewell wine lingers in the cup alone.
A crescent moon hangs above the
hometown—
Stirring again, again... the sorrow known.

Translation provided by Dongchen Xu

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