

Sunday, February 6, 2022 | 5 PM
Gordon K. and Harriet Greenfield Hall

CLASSICAL VOICE RECITAL

Daiyao Zhong, mezzo soprano

Shiyu Tan, piano

PROGRAM

GEORGES BIZET
(1838–1875)

“L’amour est un oiseau rebelle” (*Habanera*) from *Carmen*

“Près des remparts de Séville” (*Seguidilla*) from *Carmen*

GUSTAV MAHLER
(1860–1911)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Ging heut’ Morgen über’s Feld

Ich hab’ ein glühend Messer

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Intermission

刘青 LIU QING
(b. 1974)

越人歌 *The Yue Folk’s Song*

周易 ZHOU YI
(b. Unknown)

钗头凤 *Phoenix Hairpin*

黄自 HUANG ZI
(1904–1938)

花非花 *A Flower in the Haze*

玫瑰三愿 *Three Wishes of a Rose*

思乡 *A Tune of Homesickness*

踏雪寻梅 *Over the Snow for Wintersweet*

李泰祥 LI TAI XIANG
(1941–2014)

橄榄树 *The Olive Tree*

张瑞 ZHANG RUI
(b. Unknown)

歌 *Song*

王世光 WANG SHIGUANG
(b. 1941)

长江之歌 *Song of the Yangtze River*

Yuhui Yang, soprano
Yu Ding, tenor

GIUSEPPE VERDI
(1813–1901)

“Un dì, se ben rammentomi... Bella figlia dell’amore” from *Rigoletto*

Yuhui Yang, soprano
Yu Ding, tenor
Le Bu, bass-baritone

Daiyao Zhong, a student of Mignon Dunn, is a candidate for the Master of Music degree. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of its requirements. This recital was coached by Shiyu Tan.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Habanera

Quand je vous aimerai?
Ma foi, je ne sais pas,
Peut-être jamais, peut-être demain.
Mais pas aujourd’hui, c’est certain.

L’amour est un oiseau rebelle
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
Et c’est bien en vain qu’on l’appelle,
S’il lui convient de refuser.
Rien n’y fait, menace ou prière,
L’un parle bien, l’autre se tait;
Et c’est l’autre que je préfère
Il n’a rien dit; mais il me plaît.
L’amour! L’amour! L’amour! L’amour!

L’amour est enfant de Bohême,
Il n’a jamais, jamais connu de loi,
Si tu ne m’aime pas, je t’aime,
Si je t’aime, prend garde à toi!

L’oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l’aile et s’envola;
L’amour est loin, tu peux l’attendre;
Tu ne l’attends plus, il est là!
Tout autour de toi vite, vite,
Il vient, s’en va, puis il revient!
Tu crois le tenir, il t’évite;
Tu crois l’éviter, il te tient!
L’amour, l’amour, l’amour, l’amour!

L’amour est enfant de Bohême... etc.

When will I love you?
Good lord, I don’t know,
Maybe never, maybe tomorrow.
But not today, that’s certain.

Love is a rebellious bird
That nothing can tame,
And it is simply in vain to call it
If it is convient for it to refuse.
Nothing will work, threat or pleading,
One speaks, the other stays quiet;
And it’s the other that I prefer
He said nothing; but he pleases me.
Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is the child of the Bohemian,
It has never, never known any law,
If you don’t love me, I love you,
If I love you, keep guard of yourself!

The bird you thought to surprise
Bat its wing and flew away;
Love is far away, you can wait for it;
If you wait for it no more, it is there!
All around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, goes, then it comes back!
You think to hold it, it avoids you;
You think to avoid it, it holds you!
Love, love, love, love!

Love is the child of the Bohemian... etc.

Seguidilla

Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia
J'irai danser la Séguedilla
Et boire du Manzanilla.
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.

Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,
Et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux;
Donc, pour me tenir compagnie,
J'emmènerai mon amoureux!
Mon amoureux, il est au diable,
Je l'ai mis à la porte hier!

Mon pauvre coeur très consolable,
Mon coeur est libre comme l'air!
J'ai les galants à la douzaine,
Mais ils ne sont pas à mon gré.
Voici la fin de la semaine;
Qui veut m'aimer? Je l'aimerai!

Qui veut mon âme?
Elle est à prendre.
Vous arrivez au bon moment!
J'ai guère le temps d'attendre,
Car avec mon nouvel amant

Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia
Nous danserons la Séguedilla
Et boirons du Manzanilla.
Tra la la

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

1. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
Dunkles Kämmerlein,
Weine, wein' um meinen Schatz,
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Blümlein blau! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Du singst auf grüner Heide.
Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leide!
An mein Leide!

Near the ramparts of Seville
At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia
I will go to dance the Seguedilla
And to drink Manzanilla. will go to the place of my friend.

Yes, but all alone, one gets bored,
And the real pleasures are for two;
So, to keep me company,
I will take away my lover.
My lover, he has gone to the devil,
I put him out yesterday!

My poor heart, very consolable,
My heart is free, like the air!
I have suiters by the dozen,
But, they are not to my taste.
Here it is the weekend;
Who wants to love me? I will love him!

Who wants my soul?
It's for the taking.
You're arriving at the right time!
I have hardly the time to wait,
For with my new lover—

Near the ramparts of Seville
At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia
We will go to dance the Seguedilla
And to drink Manzanilla.
Tra la la

1. When my sweetheart is married

When my sweetheart is married
Her joyful wedding day,
I have my day of mourning!
I go to my little room,
My dark little room,
I weep, weep for my love,
My dearest love!

Blue little flower! Do not wither!
Sweet little bird! You sing upon the heather!
Ah, how fair the world is!
Chirp! Chirp!

Sing no more! Bloom no more!
For spring is over!
All singing now is over!
At night, when I go to sleep,
I think of my sorrow!
My deep sorrow!

2. Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld

Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
"Ei du! Gelt? Guten Morgen! Ei gelt?
Du! Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?"
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt! Heia!"

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und Vogel, groß und Klein!
"Guten Tag, ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei du, gelt? Schöne Welt!"

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein, nein, das ich mein',
Mir nimmer blühen kann!

3. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
Ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! Das schneid't so tief
in jede Freud' und jede Lust.
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
nimmer hält er Rast,
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht,
wenn ich schlief!
O weh!

Wenn ich den Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen stehn!
O weh! Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde weh'n!

Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
Ich wollt', ich läg' auf der Schwarzen Bahr',
Könnt' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

4. Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da muß ich Abschied nehmen vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!

2. I walked across the fields this morning

I walked across the field this morning,
Dew still hung on the grass,
The merry finch said to me:
"Hey you! Isn't it? Good morning!
Isn't it a lovely world?
Tweet! Tweet! Bright and sweet!
O how I love the world!"

And the harebell at the field's edge,
Merrily and in good spirits,
Ding-ding with its tiny bell
Rang out its morning greeting:
"Isn't it a lovely world?
Ding-ding! Beautiful thing!
O how I love the world! Hooray!"

And then in the gleaming sun
The world at once began to sparkle;
All things gained in tone and colour!
In the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small.
"Good day! Good day! Isn't it a lovely world?
Hey, you there?! A lovely world!"

Will my happiness now begin?
No! No! The happiness I mean
Can never bloom for me!

3. I have a burning knife

I have a burning knife
A knife in my breast,
O woe! It cuts so deeply
Into every joy and every delight,
Ah, what an evil guest it is!
Never does it rest,
Never takes a break,
Neither by day, nor by night,
When I sleep!
O woe!

When I look into the sky,
I see two blue eyes!
O woe! When I walk in the yellow field,
I see from afar her golden hair
Blowing in the wind!

When I start from a dream
I hear her silvery laughter,
I wish I were lying on the black bier,
My eyelids never to open hereafter!

4. The two blue eyes of my love

The two blue eyes of my love
Have sent me into the wide world.
I had to leave from the place I loved most!
O blue eyes, why did you look on me?
Now I have eternal sorrow and grief!

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht
wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt
Ade!
Mein Gesell' war Lieb und Leide!

Auf der Straße steht ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles, Lieb und Leid
Und Welt und Traum!

越人歌

今夕何夕兮，
搴舟中流。
今日何日兮，
得与王子同舟。
蒙羞被好兮，
不谿诟耻。
心几烦而不绝兮，
得知王子。
山有木兮木有枝，
心悦君兮君不知。

钗头凤

陆游

红酥手，黄滕酒，
满城春色宫墙柳。
东风恶，欢情薄。
一怀愁绪，
几年离索。
错，错，错！

春如旧，人空瘦，
泪痕红浥鲛绡透。
桃花落，闲池阁。
山盟虽在，锦书难托。
莫，莫，莫！

花非花

白居易

花非花，
雾非雾。
夜半来，
天明去。
来如春梦不多时，
去似朝云无觅处。

玫瑰三愿

龙榆生

玫瑰花，玫瑰花，烂开在碧栏杆下。
我愿那妒我的无情风雨莫吹打！
我愿那爱我的多情游客莫攀摘！
我愿那红颜常在不凋谢！
好教我留住芳华。

I went out in the silent night
Across the dark heath.
No one said farewell to me
Farewell!
My companions were love and sorrow!

A linden tree stood by the roadside,
Where I first found peace in sleep!
Under the linden tree
Which snowed its blossom on me,
I did not know how life went on,
And all, all was well once more!
All! All, love and sorrow
and world and dream!

The Love Song of the Yue's

O what night is tonight?
All through the waves I row.
O what day is today?
I share with Your Highness the same canoe
O ashamed, ashamed am I,
In status so low
O disturbed, disturbed am I,
Your Highness I come to know
O uphill grow trees, on the trees boughs grow
O my heart goes to you, but you don't know.

Phoenix Hairpin

Poem by Lu

Pink hands so fine, gold-vine wine,
Spring paints green willows palace walls cannot confine.
East wind unfair, happy times rare,
In my heart sad thoughts throng:
We've severed for years long.
Wrong, wrong, wrong!

Spring is as green, in vain she's lean,
Her red silk scarf soak'd with tears.
Peach blossoms fall, near desert'd hall.
Our oath is still there, lo! No word to her can go.
No, no, no!

A Flower in the Haze

Poem by Bai Juyi

In bloom, she's not a flower,
Hazy, she's not a haze.
She comes at midnight hour,
She goes with starry rays.
She comes like vernal dreams that cannot stay
She goes like morning clouds that melt away.

Three Wishes of a Rose

Poem by Yusheng Long

A rose, blossoming under the jade rail:
“I hope the jealous storm not to make me frail!
I hope the amorous sightseer won't pluck me off!
I hope my beauty will never wither away!
Therefore I can keep the youth forever.”

思乡

韦瀚章

柳丝细绿，
清明才过了。
独自个凭栏无语。
更那堪墙外鹃啼，
一声声道：不如归去！

惹起了万种闲情，
满怀别绪。
问落花随渺渺微波，
是否向南流？
我愿与他同去。

踏雪寻梅

刘雪庵

雪霁天晴朗，
腊梅处处香。
骑驴灞桥过，
铃儿响叮当。
好花采得瓶供养，
伴我书声琴韵，
共度好时光。

橄榄树

三毛

不要问我从哪里来，
我的故乡在远方。
为什么流浪，
流浪远方？流浪！
为了天空飞翔的小鸟，
为了山间清流的小溪，
为了宽阔的草原，
流浪远方，流浪！
还有还有
为了梦中的橄榄树。

歌

徐志摩 译

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
也无须浓荫的柏树
让盖着我的青青的草
淋着雨也沾着露珠
假如你愿，记着我
要是你甘心，忘了我

我再不见地面的青藤
觉不到雨露的甜蜜
再听不见夜莺的歌喉
在黑夜里倾吐悲啼
在悠久的昏墓中
阳光不升起
我也许，也许记得你
为我唱悲伤的歌

A Tune of Homesickness

Poem by Harold H.T. Wei

Green, slender willow branches grow fast.
Ching Ming Festival has just passed.
Leaning against the rail, alone, and speechless
A cuckoo keeps crying over the dome,
calling over and over: Home is better!
This arouses ripples of an emotional wave,
I'm filled with endless feelings.
I ask a fallen flower floating with the river,
“Whether to south are you heading?”
If yes, I would like to go with you.

Over the Snow for Wintersweet

Poem by Liu Xue'an

Snow wanes, the day so fine
The wintersweet, sweet as wine.
On a mule, o'er the bridge,
The bell goes tinkling-tine.
O flowers, gleaned for a vase of mine,
Be with me while I read or chime,
We'll share a time divine.

The Olive Tree

Poem by Echo Chen

Don't ask from where I have come,
My home is far, far away.
Why do you wander so far,
Wander so far? Wander so far!
For the little bird free I wander,
For the brook clear and limpid,
For the meadow green and wide,
I wander, wander so far!
Then, is there more?
Yes, and for the olive tree of my dream.

Song

Christina Rossetti

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,
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.

长江之歌

你从雪山走来
春潮是你的丰采
你向东海奔去
惊涛是你的气概
你用甘甜的乳汁
哺育各族儿女
你用健美的臂膀
挽起高山大海

我们赞美长江
你是无穷的源泉
我们依恋长江
你有母亲的情怀

你从远方走来
巨浪荡涤着尘埃
你向未来奔去
涛声回荡在天边
你用纯洁的清流
灌溉花的国土
你用澎湃的力量
掀起新的时代

Un dì, se ben rammentomi...

Duca

Un dì, se ben rammentomi,
O bella, t'incontrai...
Mi piacque di te chiedere
E intesi che qui stai.
Or sappi che d'allora
Sol te quest'alma adora.

Gilda

(Iniquo!)

Maddalena

Ah! Ah!... e vent'altre appresso
Le scorda forse adesso?
Ha un'aria il signorino
Da vero libertino...

Duca

Si... un mostro son ...

Gilda

Ah, padre mio!

Maddalena

Lasciatemi, stordito.

Duca

Ih, che fracasso!

Maddalena

Stia saggio!

Duca

E tu sii docile, non farmi tanto chiasso.
Ogni saggezza chiudesi
Nel gaudio e nell'amore.
La bella mano candida!

Song of the Yangtze River

You come from the snow-capped mountains,
Spring tidal is your elegant demeanor;
You ran to the East China Sea Great wave is your spirit.
You use sweet milk,
Feeding children of all ethnic groups;
Your vigorous and graceful arm,
Roll up the mountains to sea.

We praise the Yangtze River,
You are the source of endless;
We adhere to the Yangtze River,
You have the mother's feelings.

You come from the ancient,
Huge waves wash away the dust;
You ran to the future,
sound of wave reverberated in the sky,
You use a clean and pure water,
Irrigate the Homeland of flowers;
You use your majestic strength,
Promote a new era.

Duke

One day, if I remember rightly,
my pretty one, I met you...
I asked someone about you
and was told that you live here.
Let me say that ever since,
my heart has been yours alone.

Gilda

(Deceiver!)

Maddalena

Ah! Ah! And of twenty others
that maybe you're forgetting?
I think my fine young man
is a bit of a libertine.

Duke

Yes, I'm a monster.

Gilda

Ah, father!

Maddalena

Leave me alone, you scatterbrain!

Duke

Ho, what a fuss!

Maddalena

Behave yourself!

Duke

Be nice to me, don't play hard to get.
Good behavior doesn't exclude
jollity and love.
Pretty white hand!

Maddalena

Scherzate voi, signore.

Duca

No, no.

Maddalena

Son brutta.

Duca

Abbracciami.

Maddalena

Ebbro!

Duca

D'amore ardente.

Maddalena

Signor, l'indifferente vi piace canzonar?

Duca

No, no, ti vo' sposar...

Maddalena

Ne voglio la parola...

Duca

Amabile figliuola!

Rigoletto

E non ti basta ancor?

Gilda

Iniquo traditor!

Duca

Bella figlia dell'amore,
Schiavo son dei vezzi tuoi;
Con un detto sol tu puoi
Le mie pene consolar.
Vieni e senti del mio core
Il frequente palpitar.

Maddalena

Ah! ah! rido ben di core,
Che tai baie costan poco
Quanto valga il vostro gioco,
Mel credete, so apprezzar.
Son avvezza, bel signore,
Ad un simile scherzar.

Gilda

Ah, così parlar d'amore
A me pur intame ho udito!
Infelice cor tradito,
Per angoscia non scoppiar.

Rigoletto

Taci, il piangere non vale...
Ch'ei mentiva sei sicura.
Taci, e mia sarà la cura
La vendetta d'affrettar.
Sì, pronta fia, sarà fatale,
Io saprò fulminar.

Maddalena

You are joking, sir.

Duke

No, no.

Maddalena

I'm ugly.

Duke

Hug me.

Maddalena

You're drunk!

Duke

With love.

Maddalena

If you're trifling with me, sir, I'm indifferent.

Duke

No, no. I want to marry you...

Maddalena

I want your word of honor.

Duke

Sweet little maid!

Rigoletto

Haven't you seen enough?

Gilda

The wicked deceiver!

Duke

Fairest daughter of love,
I am a slave to your charms;
with but a single word you could
relieve my every pain.
Come, touch my breast and feel
how my heart is racing.

Maddalena

Ah! Ah! That really makes me laugh;
talk like that is cheap enough.
Believe me, I know exactly
what much your game worth
I, my fine sir, am quite accustomed
to foolish jokes like this.

Gilda

Ah, these are the loving words
the scoundrel spoke once to me!
O wretched heart betrayed
do not break for sorrow.

Hush weeping can do no good...

You are now convinced he was lying.
Hush, and leave it up to me
to hasten our revenge.
It will be quick, it will be deadly,
I know how to deal with him.

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