

Monday, May 9, 2022 | 8 PM  
Gordon K. and Harriet Greenfield Hall

## CLASSICAL VOICE RECITAL

# Ariel Wei, mezzo soprano

Chun-wei Kang, piano

### PROGRAM

GIOACHINO ROSSINI  
(1792–1868) *La regata veneziana, 'Tre canzonette'*  
*Anzoleta avanti la regata*  
*Anzoleta co passa la regata*  
*Anzoleta dopo la regata*

GIUSEPPE VERDI  
(1813–1901) *La zingara from 6 Romanze*

ROGER QUILTER  
(1877–1953) *Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal from 3 Songs, Op. 3*

YINGHAILI  
(1927–2007) 枫桥夜泊 *Feng Qiao Ye Bo*

YAN LI 青玉案·元夕 *Qing Yu An Yuan Xi*

QINGZHULI  
(1893–1959) 我住长江头 *A River-Long Love*

### Intermission

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK  
(1841–1904) *Zigeunermelodien, Op. 55*  
*Mein Lied ertönt*  
*Ei! Ei, wie mein Triangel wunderbarlich läutet!*  
*Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still*  
*Als die alte Mutter*  
*Reingestimmt die Saiten!*  
*In dem weiten, breiten, luft'gen Leinenkleide*  
*Horstet hoch der Habicht*

ERIK SATIE  
(1866–1925)

*Je te veux*

LÉO DELIBES  
(1836–1891)

*Les filles de Cadix*

GEORGES BIZET  
(1838–1875)

“Près des remparts de Séville” from *Carmen*  
**Xiaojie Ji**, tenor

Ariel Wei, a student of Mignon Dunn, is a candidate for the Bachelor of Music degree. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of its requirements. This recital was coached by Chun-wei Kang.

## TRANSLATIONS AND NOTES

### *La Regata Veneziana*

I. Angelina before the regatta  
Over there on the machina the flag is flying,  
Look, you can see it, now go for it.  
Bring it back to me this evening,  
Or else run away and hide.  
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.  
Row the gondola with heart and soul,  
Then you cannot help but be first.  
Go on, think of your Angelina  
Watching you from this balcony.  
Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.  
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly like the wind.

III. Angelina after the regatta  
Take a kiss, another,  
dear Momolo, from my heart;  
here at your right hand is it time to dry your sweat.  
Ah I have seen you in passing  
by throwing my glance toward you  
and enjoyed whispering:  
he will catch a beautiful prize...  
Yes this flag is a nice prize,  
it is red;  
of which all of Venice will talk,  
you are called the winner.  
Take a kiss, no rower is more blessed than you,  
yours is the best name among rowers of ferryboats.

### *La zingara*

Who was my father, what is my country?  
In vain people go on calling to me;  
What of the first thing I knew, and of my homeland?  
It's any land that gives me flowers and fruits.  
Wherever fate leads me,  
I find a smile, I find a lover;  
Why worry about the past  
When my heart is happy now?

II. Angelina during the regatta  
Here they come, here they come, look at them,  
The poor things, they're nearly done in,  
Ah, the wind is against them,  
But the tide's in their favor.  
My Momolo, where is he?  
Ah, I see him, in second place.  
Ah! the excitement is too much for me,  
I can feel my heart racing.  
Come on, keep it up, row, row,  
You must be first to the finish,  
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet  
You'll leave all the others behind.  
Dear boy, it's as if he's flying,  
And he's beating the lot of them,  
He's gone half a length ahead,  
Ah! Now I understand – he's seen me.

It may come to pass that tomorrow a dark veil  
Will obscure my serene appearance;  
But if today my sky is a resplendent blue,  
Why be sad from doubts that may not come to pass?  
I am a plant that isn't damaged by frost,  
That defies all of winter's severity;  
If one leafy branch falls here, another germinates there,  
In every season I am laden with flowers.

### 3 Chinese art songs

1. *Maple Bridge at Night* is the work of Zhang Ji, a poet of the Tang Dynasty. After the An Lushan Rebellion (from 755s-763s), Zhang Ji wrote this poem while passing through the Hanshan Temple. The poem is a precise and delicate description of the observations and feelings of a night moorer on the late autumn night scene in the south of the Yangtze River, depicting the moonset, the frosty cold night, the river maple and the fishing fire, and the lonely boat. In addition, this poem also fully expresses the author's thoughts about his travels, his worries about his family and country, and his worries about not being able to return to his home in a troubled world, and is a masterpiece of writing sorrow.

Poem translation:

The moon has fallen, crows cawing cold air full of the sky,  
the maple trees and fishing fires on the riverside and sleep sadly.  
The sound of the bell ringing in the middle of the night reached the passenger boat at the ancient temple,  
on this lonely and quiet Cold Mountain outside Gusu City.

2. Qiji Xin was a great poet during the Southern Song dynasty. This poetry depicts the bustling scene of decorated viewing on The Lantern Festival, satirizing Inaction of the court. In the midst of the many beauties of the nobility in heavy make-up, the poet uses the description of a unique elegant beauty as a metaphor for his own noble sentiments of being indifferent and not complicit in corruption.

Poem translation:

Like the spring breeze blew open a thousand trees of silver flowers, and like a sky full of stars  
falling like rain. The colorful carriage pulled by the precious horse was overflowing with wonderful  
fragrance, and all were rich and noble families who came to watch the lantern. The lilting sound of  
xiao (an ancient Chinese instrument) echoed around, the bright moon was gradually slanting in the west,  
and the fish and dragon lanterns were flying happily, and they did not feel sleepy all night long.  
Women dressed so pretty like flowers, their heads were covered with elaborate and luxurious  
headdresses made of gold. They let out melodious laughter like silver bells, and passed by gracefully with  
a wonderful fragrance on the way. I anxiously searched for her... in the crowd I found a thousand times  
but did not see her. Suddenly I turned around, but inadvertently found her in a place where the lights were sparse.

3. This poem is from the hand of Li Zhiyi, a poet of the Northern Song Dynasty. The first stanza is about the distance between the two sides and the longing for each other. The river is used to write about the spatial barrier and the connection between the two sides, which is profound in its simplicity. The second half is about the heroine's persistent pursuit of love and her ardent expectation. The river water is a metaphor for the continuous longing for each other, and finally, the love of the other party is expected, and the sincere love is poured out by the mouth. The whole lyric takes the Yangtze River water as the lyrical clue, the language is as clear as words, the sentences are compounded and looped, the feelings are deep and sincere, the deep flavor of the folk song, but also has the novelty of the literati word idea, reflecting the spirit and elegance, exquisite crystal style and spirit.

Poem translation:

I live at the source of the Yangtze River, and you live at the end of the River. I miss you every day  
but I can't see you, but we drink the same river water everyday. When will this river stop flowing like  
this? When will this separation hate stop? I hope that your heart feels the same as mine, and I will not  
fail your love even if it is the end of the world.

### *Zigeunermelodien (Op. 55)*

I. My song resounds, a psalm of love,  
When day begins to fade,  
And when the moss and withered grass  
Secretly drink in pearls of dew.  
My song resounds full of wanderlust,  
As we journey through the world,  
Only on my wide native plains  
Can my song ring out happily.  
My song is also full of love,  
As storms rage across the heath,  
And my friend breathes his last  
And frees himself from pain!

II. Hey! How my triangle rings out in splendour!  
Like gypsy songs when we approach death!  
When the triangle's song accompanies me to the grave,  
There will be no more singing and dancing!

III. All around the woods are so still and silent,  
My heart beats so fearfully;  
The black smoke sinks ever deeper  
Drying the tears on my cheek.  
But do not dry my tears,  
You shall blow in other places!  
He who can sing while grieving,  
Still lives, and his song will not fade!

IV. When my old mother taught me songs to sing,  
Tears would well strangely in her eyes.  
Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears,  
When I teach the children how to sing and play!

V. Take your bow and strike up!  
Come and join the round dance, my lad!  
Be happy today, abundantly so,  
And sad tomorrow – it was ever thus!  
Next day on the banks of the Nile,  
Sacred to our fathers.  
Take your bow and strike up,  
Hasten to the dance!

VI. In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes  
The gypsy feels freer than when dressed in silk and gold!

### ***Je te veux (I want you)***

I've understood your distress,  
Dear lover,  
And yield to your desires:  
Make me your mistress.  
Let's throw discretion  
And sadness to the winds.  
I long for the precious moment  
When we shall be happy:  
I want you.

### ***Les filles de Cadix (The girls of Cadix)***

We'd just left the bullfight,  
Three boys, three girls,  
The sun shone on the grass  
And we danced a bolero  
To the sound of castanets.  
'Tell me, neighbour,  
Am I looking good,  
And does my skirt  
Suit me, this morning?  
Have I a slender waist? . . .  
Ah! Ah!  
The girls of Cadiz are fond of that.'

### ***Scene in Carmen Act 1:***

After Carmen is arrested for fighting with a woman at the cigarette factory, Don Jose, the soldier assigned to guard her, finds it hard to carry out his orders because Carmen is flirting with him. She sings the gypsy melody "Pres des remparts de Seville" trying to seduce him help her escape and that makes Jose who is attracted by her feels insane.

CARMEN: Near the ramparts of Seville,  
At my friend Lillas Pastia's,  
I will dance the seguid  
And drink Manzanilla!  
I'll go to my friend Lillas Pastia's house.  
Yes, but all alone is bored,  
And the real pleasures are two.  
So to keep me company,  
I will take my lover  
My lover! ... he is at odds  
I kicked him out yesterday.  
My poor heart very consolable,  
My heart is as free as the air.  
I have gallants at the dozen,

JOSÉ: Shut up, I told you not to talk to me.

Yes! The golden dolman constricts his breast,  
Smothers the happily wandering strains of his free song.  
He who feels true joy when these songs resound,  
Wishes that all gold should vanish from the face of the earth.

VII. As long as the falcon can fly above the Tatra mountains,  
He will never exchange his rocky nest for a cage.  
If the wild foal can race across the heath,  
He'll find no pleasure in bridle and reins.  
If, O gypsy, nature has given you something,  
She has given me freedom all my life.

I've no regrets  
And only one desire:  
Close, very close by you  
To live my whole life long.  
Let my heart be yours  
And your lips mine,  
Let your body be mine  
And all my flesh yours.

And we were dancing a bolero  
One Sunday evening.  
A hidalgo came towards us,  
Glittering in gold, feather in cap,  
And hand on hip:  
'If you want me,  
Dark beauty with the sweet smile,  
You've only to say so,  
And these riches are yours.'  
Go on your way, fine sir.  
Ah! ah!  
The girls of Cadiz don't take to that.

But they are not to my liking;  
Here is the end of the week,  
Who wants to love me I will love him.  
Who wants my soul ... she is to take.  
You arrive at the right moment,  
I do not have time to wait,  
Because with my new lover  
Near the walls of Seville.  
At my friend Lillas Pastia's,  
I will dance the seguid  
And drink Manzanilla.  
Yes, I will go to my friend's house  
Lillas Pastia!

CARMEN: I do not speak to you ... I sing for myself,  
And I think ... it's not forbidden to think,  
I think of some officer who loves me,  
And that in turn, yes that to my turn  
I could love!

JOSÉ: Carmen!

CARMEN: My officer is not a captain,  
Not even a lieutenant,  
He is only brigadier.  
But that's enough for a gypsy,  
And I deign to be satisfied with it!

JOSÉ: loosening the rope that holds Carmen's hands  
Carmen, I'm like a drunk man,  
If I give in, if I surrender,  
Your promise, you will hold it.  
Ah! If I love you, Carmen,  
Carmen, you will love me.

CARMEN: Yes...

JOSÉ: At Lillas Pastia.

CARMEN: We will dance the seguid  
By drinking manzanilla.

JOSÉ: You promise!  
Carmen! You promise!

CARMEN: Ah! Near the ramparts of Seville  
At my friend Lillas Pastia's,  
We will dance the seguid  
And drink of Manzanilla.  
Tra la la la la la la la la!

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### Land Acknowledgment

We want to acknowledge that we gather as Manhattan School of Music on the traditional land of the Lenape and Wappinger past and present, and honor with gratitude the land itself and the people who have stewarded it throughout the generations. This calls us to commit to continuing to learn how to be better stewards of the land we inhabit as well.

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