

4-28-2013

## Graduate Recital: Mengchun Yang, soprano

Mengchun Yang

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# Graduate Recital: Mengchun Yang, soprano

Michael Lewis, piano

Alice Pan, percussion

Andrew Sickmeier, percussion

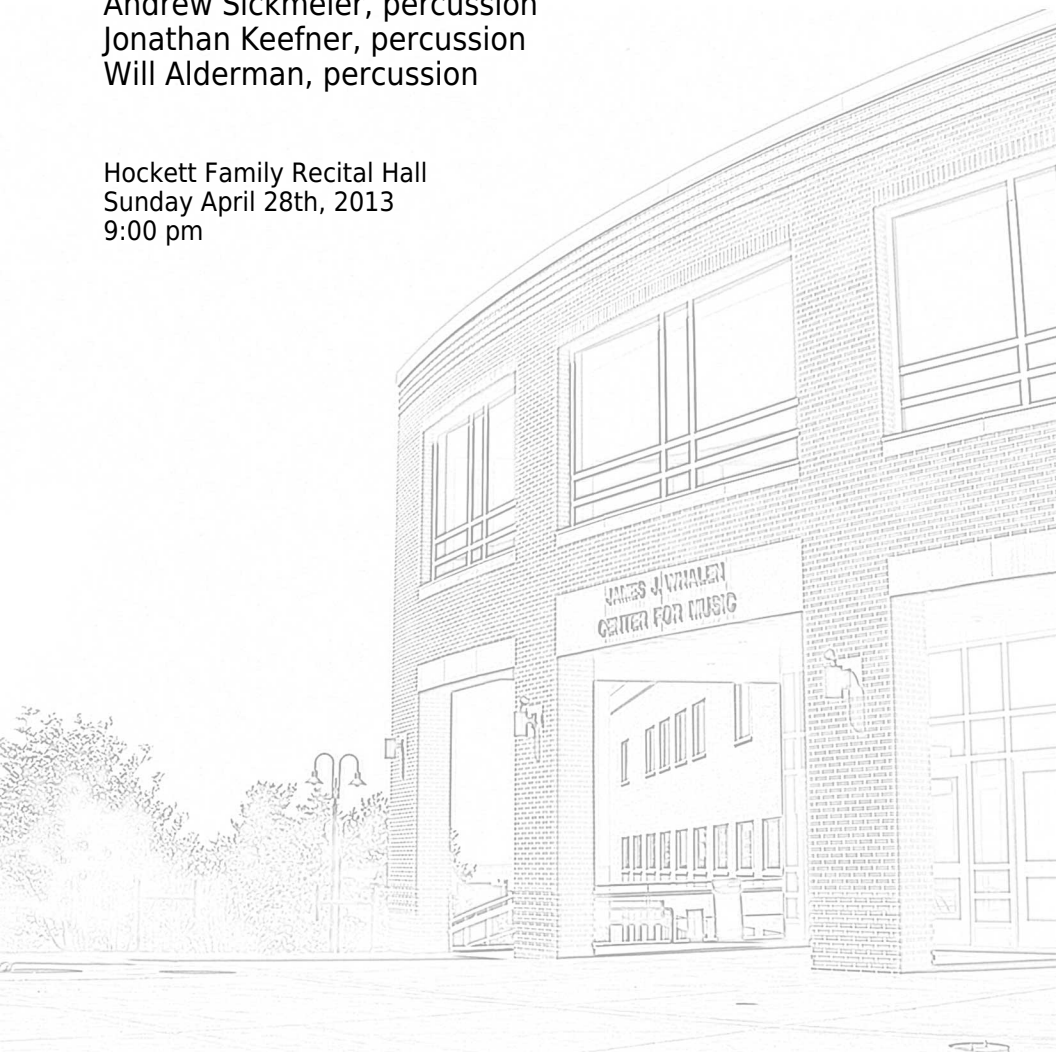
Jonathan Keefner, percussion

Will Alderman, percussion

Hockett Family Recital Hall

Sunday April 28th, 2013

9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

# Program

## Sieben frühe Lieder

Alban Berg  
(1885-1935)

*Nacht*  
*Schilflied*  
*Die Nachtigall*  
*Traumgekrönt*  
*Im Zimmer*  
*Liebesode*  
*Sommertage*

## Chansons de Ronsard

Darius Milhaud  
(1892-1974)

*À une fontaine*  
*À Cupidon*  
*Tais-toi, babillarde*  
*Dieu vous gard'*

## Love Songs

John Thrower  
(b.1951)

*When Angels will be free*  
*Forever*  
*You Know*  
*I ll always be waiting for You*

## Visa F-1

Alice Pan  
(b.1988)  
Mengchun Yang  
(b.1989)

*Ready to Fly*  
*High Heels*  
*Blue Wall*  
*F\*\*K*

## Nacht (Night)

夕陽度西嶺，群壑倏已暝。  
松月生夜涼，風泉滿清听。

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal,	The clouds embrown the night and valley;
Nebel schweben, Wasser rauschen sacht.	the mists float above, the water rushing gently.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einemmal: O gib Acht! Gib Acht!	Now all at once they unveil themselves: o listen! pay heed!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan. Silbern ragen Berge, traumhaft groß,	A broad land of wonder has opened up. Silver mountains rise up, fantastically huge,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan Aus verborg'nem Schoß;	quiet paths lit with silver [lead] toward the valley from [some] hidden place;
Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.	and the noble world is so dreamily pure.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht Schattenschwarz, ein Hauch vom fernen Hain Einsam leise weht.	A mute beech stands by the path, black with shadows; a breeze from a distant, lonely grove wafts gently by. And from the deep darkness of the valley
Und aus tiefen Grundes Dusterheit	flash lights in the silent night.
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht. Trinke Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit! O gib Acht! Gib Acht!	Drink, my soul! Drink in this solitude! O listen! pay heed!

## Schilflied (Along a secret forest path)

杨柳岸、晓风残月。此去经年，应是良辰、好景虚设。便纵有、千种风情，更与何人说。

Auf geheimem Waldespfade Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein An das öde Schilfgestade,	Along a secret forest path I like to creep in the evening light; I go to the desolate, reedy banks, and think,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein! Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert, Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll, Und es klaget und es flüstert, Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.	my maiden, of you! As the bushes grow dark, the reeds hiss mysteriously, and lament and whisper, and thus I have to weep and weep.
Und ich mein', ich höre wehen Leise deiner Stimme Klang, Und im Weiher untergehen Deinen lieblichen Gesang.	And I think that I hear wafting the gentle sound of your voice, and down into the pond sinks your lovely song.

## Die Nachtigall (The Nightingale)

夜晚因为夜莺的歌唱而灵动，我因为你变成了今天的自己。

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall Die  
Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Kind,  
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,

Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut  
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut

Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.  
Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall

Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall Die  
Rosen aufgesprungen.

It happened because the nightingale  
sang the whole night long;  
from her sweet call,  
from the echo and re-echo, roses  
have sprung up.

She was but recently a wild blossom,  
and now she walks, deep in thought;  
she carries her summer hat in her  
hand,

enduring quietly the heat of the sun,  
knowing not what to begin.

It happened because the nightingale  
sang the whole night long;  
from her sweet call,  
from the echo and re-echo, roses  
have sprung up.

## Traumgekrönt (A Crown of Dreams)

来我怀里，或者，让我住进你的心里。默然，相爱。

Das war der Tag der weißen  
Chrysanthemen,  
Mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht...  
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die  
Seele nehmen  
Tief in der Nacht.  
Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb  
und leise,  
Ich hatte grad im Traum an dich  
gedacht.  
Du kamst, und leis' wie eine  
Märchenweise  
Erklang die Nacht.

That was the day of the white  
chrysanthemums,  
I was almost intimidated by its glory...

And then, then you came to take my  
soul  
deep in the night.  
I was so worried, and you came so  
lovingly and quietly,  
I had just thought of you in a dream.  
You came, and softly the night  
resounded like  
a fairy tale song.

## In Zimmer (Indoors)

秋夜，依偎，一分钟的永恒。

Herbstsonnenschein.  
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.  
Ein Feuerlein rot Knistert im Ofenloch  
und loht.  
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n, So ist  
mir gut. Wenn mein Auge so in  
deinem ruht,  
Wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

Autumn sunlight.  
The lovely evening peers so quietly in.  
A little red fire crackles in the stove and  
flares up.  
And with my head upon your knee, I am  
contented.

When my eyes rest in yours,  
how gently do the minutes pass!

## Liebesode (Lovers' ode)

风·花·床·月

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein,	In the arms of love we fell blissfully asleep;
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,	at the open window the summer wind listened
Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden	and carried the peacefulness of our breath
Trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. --	out into the bright, moonlit night.
Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich	And out of the garden, feeling its way randomly,
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett	the scent of roses came to our bed of love
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,	and gave us wonderful dreams,
Träume des Rausches -- so reich an Sehnsucht!	dreams of intoxication, rich with yearning.

## Sommertage (Summer days)

泉眼无声惜细流，树荫照水爱晴柔。  
小荷才露尖尖角，早有蜻蜓立上头。

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,	Now the days drag through the world,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,	sent forth from blue eternity;
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.	time dissipates in the summer wind.
Nun windet nächstens der Herr	Now at night the Lord
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand	weaves with blessed hand
Über Wander- und Wunderland.	wreaths of stars above the wandering wonderland.
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen	In these days, o my heart,
Dein hellstes Wanderlied	what can your brightest wanderer's song then say about your deep, deep pleasure?
denn sagen Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:	In meadow-song the heart falls silent;
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,	now there are no words,
Nun schweigt das Wort,	and image upon image visits you and fills you entirely.
wo Bild um Bild Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.	

## À une fontaine (To a Fountain)

Écoute un peu, Fontaine vive,	Listen to me, fountain living,
En qui j'ai rebu si souvent,	from which I have repeatedly-drunk so often,
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,	lying flat down overlooking your bank,
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent,	idly in the coolness of the breeze,
Quand l'été ménager moissonne	while thrifty summer gathers the harvest
Le sein de Cérès devêtu,	from the bare breast of Ceres,
Et l'aire par compas résonne	and the air of the threshing floor resounds
	with groans beneath the beaten

Ainsi toujours puisses-tu être.  
En dévotion religion a tous ceux  
Qui te boiront ou fairont paitre

Tes verts rivages a leurs boeufs.  
Ainsi toujours la lune claire  
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val

Les Nymphes près de ton repaire

A mille bonds mener le bal!

a sacred place for all those  
who from you drink or lead to graze  
your green shores to their oxen.  
So always the moonlight  
glimpse at midnight at the bottom of  
a valley  
the nymphs around of your refuge  
leading the dance with a thousand  
leaps.

### À Cupidon (To Cupid)

Le jour pousse la nuit,  
Et la nuit sombre  
Pousse le jour qui luit  
D'une obscure ombre.  
L'Autonne suit l'été  
Et l'aspre rage  
Des vents n'a point été  
Après l'orage.  
Mais la fièvre d'amours  
Qui me tourmente  
Demeure en moy tousjours  
Et ne s'alente.  
Ce n'estoit pas moi, Dieu,  
Qu'il falloit poindre;  
Ta fleche en autre lieu  
Se devoit joindre.  
Poursuy les paresseux  
Et les amuse,  
Mais non pas moy, ne ceux  
Qu'aime la Muse...

The day expels the night,  
and the night dark  
expels the day, shining  
in a dim shadow.  
the autumn follows the summer  
and the bitter fury  
of the winds no longer blows  
after the storm.  
Yet the fever of love  
that me torments  
dwells in me always  
and will not abate.  
It was not I, God,  
at whom you should have pointed;  
your arrow at another mark  
it needed to acquire.  
Pursue the lazy  
and them amuse,  
but not ever me, nor those  
who love the Muse...

### Tay toy, babillarde Arondelle (Quiet, chattering swallow)

Ah! Tay toy, babillarde Arondelle,  
Ou bien, je plumeray ton aile  
Si je t'empongne, ou d'un couteau  
Je te couperay la languette,  
Qui matin sans repos caquette  
Et m'estourdit tout le cerveau.  
Je te preste ma cheminée,  
Pour chanter toute la journée,

De soir, de nuit, quand tu voudras.  
Mais au matin ne me reveille,  
Et ne m'oste quand je sommeille

Ma Cassandre d'entre mes bras.

Ah! Be quiet! Babbling swallow,  
or else, I will tear off your wing  
if I can catch you, or with a knife  
I will cut out your tongue,  
which chatters on and on in the  
morning  
and drives me out of my mind.  
I will lend you my chimney,  
where you can sing all the day long.  
all evening, all night if you want,  
but do not wake me up in the  
morning  
and, when I am dozing, do not take  
from me  
my Cassandra from my arms.

## Dieu vous gard', messagers fidèles (God be with you)

Dieu vous gard', messagers fidèles  
Du Printemps, gentes hirondelles,  
Huppées, coucous, rossignoles,  
Tourterelles, et vous oiseaux sauvages  
Qui de cent sortes de ramages  
Animent les bois verdelets.  
Dieu vous gard', belles pâquerettes,  
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,  
Et vous boutons jadis connus

Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse,

Et vous thym, anis et mélisse,  
Vous soyez les bien revenus.  
Dieu vous gard', troupe diaprée

Des papillons, qui par la prée

Les douces herbes suçotez;  
Et vous, nouvel essaim d'abeilles,  
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles  
De votre bouche baisotez.  
Cent mille fois je resalue

Votre belle et douce venue.  
Ô que j'aime cette saison  
Et ce doux caquet des rivages,

Au prix des vents et des orages

Qui m'enfermaient en la maison!

### High Heels

I continue sleep for twenty hour, I feel  
emotion.  
Do you want a hug?  
What is Hug? (conversation with my  
old roommate Mike in the first month in  
ithaca.)  
I love high heels, but everyday I  
walked to school in boots;  
I love perfum, but the scent I wear  
comes from cooking "bai-cai";  
My dresses I never have the chance  
to show,  
I just wear my parka only warm  
clothes.  
I'm kinda flying in the sky when I am  
drink alone,  
the colorful things in my life,  
I just want to sing aloud.  
O, freedom I got you, you are now in  
my life;  
O, freedom I need you, you are now  
in my life.

God protect you, faithful messengers  
of Spring, gentle swallows,  
hoopoes, cuckoos, little-ningtongales,  
turtledoves, and you birdes wild  
who, with a hundred kinds of songs,  
enliven the green woods.  
God protect you, lovely daisies,  
beautiful roses, beautiful  
little-flowers,  
and you buds that were once named  
for the blood of Ajax and of Narcissus.  
And you thyme, anise and balm,  
all are welcomed back again.  
God protect you, multi-colored flight  
of butterflies, who, across the  
meadows,  
the sweet grasses drink;  
and you, new swarm of bees  
who the flowers red and yellow  
with your mouths kiss.  
A hundred thousand times I  
repeatedly salute  
your beautiful and sweet coming.  
Oh how I love this season  
and the soft clucking on the banks  
more than the winds and the storms  
which have shut me in my house!

### Blue Wall

She keeps her emotion silent  
She pretend she's brave in the  
strange room  
She fears dying in the darkness  
so she lets her breath becomes  
resounding  
  
ear...silent  
eye...black and white  
speak...with no one  
  
Let me rest into the blue wall...



## Love Songs

The story tells of a young girl who has lost her fiancé in a car accident. Without getting into all the details, let me simply say that at a moment of terrible anguish, she falls into a deep sleep and awakes in a dream. In the dream she discovers that there are all these 'beings' who are trying to help her to understand that she should not throw away her life because of the tragedy she is going through.

In the first song, the girl meets the Angel of Life, who tries to comfort her by telling her that all will be well if she just listens to the inner call, or voice that will be always with her.

The second song deals with a memory of the girl's love and pain of loss when a relationship ends--one that perhaps shouldn't have.

' You Know', the 3rd song, is actually the words of one of those beings in her dream. It is the Attribute 'Wisdom' who appears to her to try to give her the facts about life and death and inform her of the consequences of her actions.

In the 4th song, the girl meets her fiancé who tells her that he will always be waiting for her.

## Visa F-1

Visa F-1 is my first composition. Many thanks to my close friend and partner Alice Pan, who also worked on composing this piece. I would also like to thank my best friend Michael Horsford for helping with the text, especially the grammar, haha. The title comes from the visa type given to international students.

The first movement, "Ready to Fly" is about our emotions before we traveled to USA.

The second movement, "High Heels," is about how I've changed after coming to Ithaca, like cooking from myself, changing my wardrobe and becoming more independent. The first entrance of this piece comes from a real conversation that happened in the first month of living in my old house with my roommate, Mike.

My old apartment had blue walls, this gave me the inspiration for the title, "Blue Wall." This movement is about the difficulties international students face when accepting cultural and language differences, and the feeling of being alone.

The last movement, "F\*\*K", express the contrast, conflict, and combination of different cultures, just like all the international students. The title refers to the dirty word we often say when we struggle from the hard life. However, thinking of learning a different language when you were in high school, lots of words don't really mean the meaning to you. This is just a word to release pressure, sometimes even for a joke, so don't take it too seriously. Enjoy it.