



Second Master of Music Recital

Friday, April 17, 2026

8:30pm, Mixon Hall

**Yi Ching Ariel Wong, soprano
Grace Betry, piano**

Quanti mi siete intorno... Padre, germani, addio!
from *Idomeneo*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

La seduzione
Il poveretto
Non t'accostare all'urna

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813–1901)

Sieben frühe Lieder
Schilflied
Nacht
Im Zimmer
Die Nachtigall

Alban Berg
(1885–1935)

~ INTERMISSION ~

Banalités, FP 107
Chanson d'Orkenise
Hôtel
Fagnes de Wallonie
Voyage à Paris
Sanglots

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Despite and Still, Op. 41
My Lizard
In the Wilderness
Solitary Hotel

Samuel Barber
(1910–1981)

Yi Ching Ariel Wong is a student of Mary Schiller.

Special thanks to Dr. Schiller for her inspiring guidance and support, to Grace for her wonderful collaboration, and to all of my teachers, family and friends for their encouragement.

Text and Translation

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

**Quanti mi siete intorno... Padre germani addio!
(From *Idomeneo*)**

Italian source: Giambattista Varesco

Quanti mi siete intorno
Carnefici spietati?... orsù sbranate
Vendetta, gelosia, odio, ed amore,
Sbranate sì quest'infelice core!

Padre, germani, addio!
Voi foste, io vi perdei.
Grecia, cagion tu sei.
E un greco adorerò?

D'ingrata al sangue mio
So, che la colpa avrei;
Ma quel semiante, oh Dei!
Odiare ancor non so.

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

La seduzione

Italian source: Luigi Balestra

Era bella com'angiol del cielo,
Innocente degl'anni sul fiore,
Ed il palpito primo d'amore
Un crudele nel cor le destò.

Inesperta, fidente ne' giuri,
Sè commise all'amante sleale;
Fu sedotta! e l'anello nuziale,
Poveretta, ma indarno invocò.

All'infamia dannata, allo scherno,
Nove lune gemé la tradita;
Poi, consunta dal duolo la vita,
Pregò venia al crudele e spirò.

Ed il frutto del vil tradimento
Nel sepolcro posogli d'appresso;
Là non sorse una croce, un cipresso,
Non un sasso il suo nome portò.

**How many of you are around me... Father,
brothers, farewell! (From *Idomeneo*)**

English translation: Bard Suverkrop

Merciless butchers,
how many of you are around me?... Come then,
tear apart vengeance, jealousy, hatred and love,
tear apart yes, this unhappy heart!

Father, brothers, farewell!
You are no more, I have lost you.
Greece, you are the cause.
And a Greek I will love?

I know I will be guilty
of being ungrateful to my own blood;
But this face, oh gods!
How could I ever hate him?

The seduction

English translation: Anne Evans

She was as beautiful as an angel in heaven
and as innocent as a budding flower
When the cruel one aroused
the first stirrings of love in her heart.

Inexperienced and trusting,
she was seduced and betrayed
And pleaded in vain
for a wedding ring.

Doomed to shame and scorn,
she groaned for nine months
Then consumed by grief,
she begged pardon for her disloyal lover and died.

The fruit of the vile betrayal
was laid in the grave soon after
But there no cross or cypress stood,
no stone bearing her name.

Il poveretto

Italian source: S. Manfredo Maggioni

Passegger, che al dolce aspetto
Par che serbi un gentil cor,
Porgi un soldo al poveretto
Che da man digiuno è ancor.

Fin da quando era figliuolo
Sono stato militar
E pugnando pel mio suolo
Ho trascorso e terra e mar;

Ma or che il tempo su me pesa,
Or che forza più non ho,
Fin la terra che ho difesa,
La mia patria m'obliò.

Non t'accostare all'rna

Italian source: Jacopo Vittorelli

Non t'accostare all'urna,
Che il cener mio rinserra,
Questa pietosa terra
È sacra al mio dolor.

Odio gli affanni tuoi;
Ricuso i tuoi giacinti,
Che giovano agli estinti
Due lagrime, o due fior?

Empia! Dovevi allora
Porgermi un fil d'aita,
Quando traeva la vita
Nell'ansia e nei sospir.

A che d'inutil pianto
Assordi la foresta?
Rispetta un'ombra mesta,
E lasciala dormir.

The poor man

English translation: Fenna Ograjensek

Passerby that has a gentle look
And seems to have a good heart,
Give this poor man a penny
Because today he hasn't had a thing to eat.

From my childhood on
I was a soldier;
Fighting for my country
I have crossed land and sea

But now that I'm burdened by years
Now that my strength is gone
Even the land that I have defended,
My homeland, has forgotten me.

Do not draw near the urn

English translation: Will Crutchfield

Do not draw near the urn
that encloses my ashes;
this merciful ground
is sacred to my sorrow.

I despise your grief;
I refuse your wreaths of hyacinth.
What use to the departed
are a pair of tears or of flowers?

Evil woman! you should
have given me a thread of help
while I bore my life
in anxiety and sighs!

Why deafen the forest
with useless weeping?
Respect a dolorous shade,
and let it sleep.

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Sieben frühe Lieder

Schilflied

German source: Nikolaus Lenau

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
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.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

Nacht

German source: Carl Hauptmann

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!

Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoß.

Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

Reed song

English translation: Richard Stokes

Along a secret forest path
I love to steal in the evening light
To the desolate reedy shore
And think, my girl, of you!

When the bushes then grow dark,
The reeds pipe mysteriously,
Lamenting and whispering,
That I must weep, must weep.

And I seem to hear the soft sound
Of your voice,
And your lovely singing
Drowning in the pond.

Night

English translation: Richard Stokes

Clouds loom over night and valley.
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.
Now at once all is unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

A vast wonderland opens up,
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,
Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards
From a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside
Shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove
Blows solitary soft.

And from the deep valley's gloom
Lights twinkle in the silent night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

Die Nachtigall

German source: Theodor Storm

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 Blut,
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.

Im Zimmer

German source: Johannes Schlaf

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 ziehn! ...

The nightingale

English translation: Richard Stokes

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

She was once a wild creature,
Now she wanders deep in thought;
In her hand a summer hat,
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,
Not knowing what to do.

It is because the nightingale
Has sung throughout the night,
That from the sweet sound
Of her echoing song
The roses have sprung up.

In the room

English translation © Richard Stokes

Autumn sunshine.
The lovely evening looks in so silently.
A little red fire
Crackles and blazes in the hearth.

Like this! – With my head on your knees. –
Like this I am content;
When my eyes rest in yours like this.
How gently the minutes pass!

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Banalités, FP107

Chanson d'Orkenise

French source: Guillaume Apollinaire

Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
'Qu' emportes-tu de la ville?'
'J'y laisse mon coeur entier.'

Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
'Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?'
'Mon coeur pour me marier!'

Que de coeurs, dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient.
Va-nu-pieds la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.

Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotaient superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.

Hôtel

French source: Guillaume Apollinaire

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer

Song of Orkenise

English translation: Richard Stokes

Through the gates of Orkenise
A waggoner wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
A vagabond wants to leave.

And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the vagabond:
'What are you taking from the town?'
'I'm leaving my whole heart behind.'

And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the waggoner:
'What are you carrying into the town?'
'My heart in order to marry.'

So many hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed:
Vagabond, the road's not merry,
Love makes you merry, O waggoner!

The handsome sentries guarding the town
Knitted vaingloriously;
The gates of the town then
Slowly closed.

Hotel

English translation: Richard Stokes

My room is shaped like a cage
The sun slips its arm through the window
But I who want to smoke to make mirages
I light my cigarette on daylight's fire
I do not want to work I want to smoke

Fagnes de Wallonie

French source: Guillaume Apollinaire

Tant de tristesses
plénières Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes désolées
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait
le vent d'ouest
J'avais quitté le joli bois
Les écureuils y sont restés
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages
Au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une chanson
énigmatique
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles
Tendrement mariée
Nord
Nord
La vie s'y tord
En arbres forts
Et tors
La vie y mord
La mort
À belles dents
Quand bruit le vent

Voyage à Paris

French source: Guillaume Apollinaire

Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris
Paris joli
Qu'un jour
Dut créer l'Amour

Walloon moss-hags

English translation: Richard Stokes

So much utter sadness
Seized my heart in the desolate upland moss-hags
When weary I set down in the fir plantation
The weight of kilometres to the roar
Of the west wind
I had left the pretty wood
The squirrels stayed there
My pipe tried to make clouds
In the sky
Which stubbornly stayed clear

I confided no secret but an enigmatic song
To the dank peat-bogs

The honey-fragrant heather
Attracted the bees
And my sore feet
Crushed bilberries and whortleberries
Tenderly united
North
North
Life is gnarled there
In strong trees
And twisted
Life there bites
Death
Voraciously
When the wind howls

Trip to Paris

English translation: Richard Stokes

Oh! how delightful
To leave a dismal
Place for Paris
Charming Paris
That one day
Love must have made

Sanglots

French source: Guillaume Apollinaire

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup d'hommes
respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos fronts
C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur
Et le portaient dans la main droite
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs

Des marins qui chantaient comme des conquérants
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux d'Ophir
Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient leur ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants
De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
A sa blessure délicate
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes
Et douloureuse et nous disait
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes
Mon pauvre coeur mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes
Voici voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici Ainsi vont toutes
choses,
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots

Sobs

English translation: Richard Stokes

Our love is governed by the calm stars
Now we know that in us many men have their being
Who came from afar and are one beneath our
brows
It is the song of the dreamers
Who tore out their hearts
And carried them in their right hands
Remember dear pride all these memories

The sailors who sang like conquerors
The chasms of Thule the gentle Ophir skies
The accursed sick those who flee their shadows
And the joyous return of happy emigrants
This heart ran with blood
And the dreamer kept thinking
Of his delicate wound
You shall not break the chain of these causes
Of his painful wound and said to us
Which are the effects of other causes
My poor heart my broken heart
Like the hearts of all men
Here here are our hands that life enslaved
Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is Such is the fate of all
things
So tear out yours too
And nothing will be free till the end of time
Let us leave all to the dead
And conceal our sobs

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Despite and Still, Op. 41

My Lizard

Text: Theodore Roethke

My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice
Of envy's mean gaze;

May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,
When I am no one.

Solitary Hotel

Text: James Joyce

Solitary hotel in mountain pass.
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.
In dark corner young man seated.
Young woman enters.
Restless. Solitary. She sits.
She goes to window. She stands.
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.
On solitary hotel paper she writes.
She thinks. She writes. She sighs.
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.
He comes from his dark corner.
He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire.
Twilight. He reads. Solitary.

What?

In sloping, upright and backhands: Queen's hotel,
Queen's hotel, Queen's Ho...

In the Wilderness

Text: Robert Graves

He, of his gentleness,
Thirsting and hungering
Walked in the Wilderness;
Soft words of grace he spoke
Unto lost desert-folk
That listened wondering.
He heard the bittern call
From ruined palace-wall,
Answered him brotherly;
He held communion
With the she-pelican
Of lonely piety.
Basilisk, cockatrice,
Flocked to his homilies,
With mail of dread device,
With monstrous barbed stings,
With eager dragon-eyes;
Great bats on leathern wings
And old, blind, broken things
Mean in their miseries.
Then ever with him went,
Of all his wanderings
Comrade, with ragged coat,
Gaunt ribs, poor innocent
Bleeding foot, burning throat,
The guileless young scapegoat;
For forty nights and days
Followed in Jesus' ways,
Sure guard behind him kept,
Tears like a lover wept.