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**Second Master of Music Recital**

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Friday, May 1, 2026

2:30pm, Kulas Hall

**Xinyue Li, soprano**  
**Ka Yiu Yan, piano**

From *Le nozze di Figaro*  
“Venite, inginocchiatevi”

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756–1791)

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella

Antonio Lotti  
(1667–1740)

Se Florinda è Fedele  
Già il sole dal Gange

Alessandro Scarlatti  
(1660–1725)

Der arme Peter  
Der Hans und die Grete tanzen herum  
In meiner Brust, da sitzt ein Weh  
Der arme Peter wankt vorbei

Robert Schumann  
(1810–1856)

~ INTERMISSION ~

Les Roses d’Ispahan  
En Prière  
Mandoline

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845–1924)

Early in the Morning  
I Am Rose  
How They Love Me

Ned Rorem  
(1923–2022)

那一晚 (That Night)

冼海力 Haili Xian  
(b. 1998)

*Xinyue Li is a student of Mary Schiller.*

*Special thanks to Dr. Schiller for her guidance and to my friends and family  
for their support throughout the recital preparation.*

## Texts and Translations

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)**

**“Venite, inginocchiatevi”  
(From *Le nozze di Figaro*)**

Text: Lorenzo Da Ponte

Venite, inginocchiatevi;  
Restate fermo lì.  
Pian piano, or via, giratevi:  
Bravo, va ben così.

La faccia ora volgetemi:  
Olà, quegli occhi a me.  
Drittissimo: guardatemi.  
Madama qui non è.

Più alto quel colletto...  
quel ciglio un po' più basso...  
le mani sotto il petto...

vedremo poscia il passo  
quando sarete in piè.

Mirate il bricconcello!  
Mirate quanto è bello!  
Che furba guardatura!  
Che vezzo, che figura!

Se l'amano le femmine  
han certo il lor perché.

**Come, kneel down**

Come here, get down on your knees,  
and stay still there!  
Gently, now turn around again.  
Bravo, that's just fine.

Now turn your face around,  
ha! Don't make such eyes at me;  
keep looking straight on ahead.  
Madame is not there.

Pull this collar a bit higher,  
keep your eyes down lower,  
your hands across your chest,

we'll see how you walk  
when you're on your feet.

Look at the little colt,  
look how handsome he is!  
What a crafty expression,  
what an outfit, what a figure!

If women fall in love with him,  
they have their reasons why.

**Antonio Lotti (1667–1740)**

**Pur dicesti, o bocca bella**

Text: Anon

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella,  
Quel soave e caro sì,  
Che fatutto il mio piacer.

Per onor di sua facella  
Con un bacio Amor t'apri,  
Dolce fonte del goder, ah!

**Oh, delightful mouth, at last you have uttered**

English translation: Nicholas Cornforth

Oh, delightful mouth, at last you have uttered  
That gentle and precious yes,  
Upon which all my pleasure is founded.

In his own radiant honour  
Love has opened you with a kiss,  
Sweet foundation of pleasure, ah!

**Alessandro Scarlatti (1660–1725)**

**Se Florindo è Fedele**

Text: Domenico Filippo Contini

Se Florindo è fedele  
io m'innamorerò.

Potrà ben l'arco tendere  
il faretrato arcier,  
Ch'io mi saprò difendere  
d'un guardo lusinghier.  
Preghi, pianti e querele,  
io non ascolterò.  
Ma se sarà fedele  
io m'innamorerò.

**If Fiorindo is faithful**

English translation: Andrew Schneider

If Florindo is faithful,  
I shall fall in love for sure.

The archer, fully equipped,  
may well draw his bow,  
but I will know how to defend myself  
from a seductive glance.  
Prayers, weeping, complaints:  
No heed shall I pay to these.  
But if he remains faithful,  
I shall fall in love

**Già il sole dal Gange**

Text: Anonymous

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  
Dipingo nel prato.

**Already, from over the Ganges, the sun**

English translation: Emily Ezust

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.

**Robert Schumann (1810–1856)**

**Der arme Peter**

**Der Hans und die Grete tanzen herum**

Text: Heinrich Heine

Der Hans und die Grete tanzen herum,  
Und jauchzen vor lauter Freude.  
Der Peter steht so still und so stumm,  
Und ist so blass wie Kreide.

Der Hans und die Grete sind Bräut'gam und  
Braut,  
Und blitzen im Hochzeitgeschmeide.  
Der arme Peter die Nägel kaut  
Und geht im Werkeltagkleide.

Der Peter spricht leise vor sich her,  
Und schauet betrübet auf beide:  
„Ach! wenn ich nicht gar zu vernünftig wär',  
Ich täte mir was zu leide.“

**In meiner Brust, da sitzt ein Weh**

German source: Heinrich Heine

„In meiner Brust, da sitzt ein Weh,  
Das will die Brust zersprengen;  
Und wo ich steh' und wo ich geh',  
Will's mich von hinnen drängen.

„Es treibt mich nach der Liebsten Näh',  
Als könnt's die Grete heilen;  
Doch wenn ich der ins Auge seh',  
Muss ich von hinnen eilen.

„Ich steig' hinauf des Berges Höh',  
Dort ist man doch alleine;  
Und wenn ich still dort oben steh',  
Dann steh' ich still und weine.“

**Der arme Peter wankt vorbei**

German source: Heinrich Heine

**Hans and Grete are dancing about**

English translation: Richard Stokes

Hans and Grete are dancing about,  
And crying aloud for joy.  
Peter stands there speechless and still,  
Looking as white as chalk.

Hans and Grete are groom and bride,  
And gleam in wedding finery.  
Poor Peter is biting his nails  
And wearing his working clothes.

Peter mumbles to himself  
Looking sadly at the pair:  
'If I weren't such a sensible lad,  
I'd do myself some harm.'

**The pain in my breast**

English translation: Richard Stokes

'The pain in my breast  
Will burst my heart;  
Wherever I am, wherever I go,  
It drives me ever onwards.

'It drives me to be near my love,  
As if Grete could ease my pain;  
But when I look into her eyes,  
I must hurry away again.

'I climb up to the high hills,  
For there one is alone;  
And when I'm standing still up there,  
I stand quite still and weep.'

**Poor Peter totters past**

English translation: Richard Stokes

Der arme Peter wankt vorbei,  
Gar langsam, leichenblass und scheu.  
Es bleiben fast, wie sie ihn sehn,  
Die Leute auf den Strassen stehn.

Die Mädchen flüstern sich ins Ohr:  
„Der stieg wohl aus dem Grab hervor.“  
Ach nein, ihr lieben Jungfräulein,  
Der steigt erst in das Grab hinein.

Er hat verloren seinen Schatz,  
Drum ist das Grab der beste Platz,  
Wo er am besten liegen mag,  
Und schlafen bis zum Jüngsten Tag.

Poor Peter totters past,  
So slowly, timid and pale;  
Folk in the street almost stop  
When they see him passing by.

The girls whisper to each other:  
‘He must have risen from his grave.’  
Which is not true, my dear young girls,  
He’s about to lie in his grave.

He has lost his own true love,  
And so the grave is the best place  
For him to lie and sleep  
Till the Day of Judgement comes.

## Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

### Les roses d'Ispahan

Text: Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse,  
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les fleurs de l'oranger  
Ont un parfum moins frais, ont une odeur moins douce,  
Ô blanche Leïlah! que ton souffle léger.

Ta lèvre est de corail, et ton rire léger  
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive et d'une voix plus douce,  
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui berce l'oranger,  
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante au bord d'un nid de -  
mousse ...

Ô Leïlah! depuis que de leur vol léger  
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta lèvre si douce,  
Il n'est plus de parfum dans le pâle oranger,  
Ni de céleste arôme aux roses dans leur mousse ...

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce papillon léger,  
Revienne vers mon cœur d'une aile prompte et - douce,  
Et qu'il parfume encor les fleurs de l'oranger,  
Les roses d'Ispahan dans leur gaine de mousse!

### En Prière

Text: Stéphan Bordèse

Si la voix d'un enfant peut monter jusqu'à vous,  
O mon Père,  
Écoutez de Jésus, devant Vous à genoux,  
La prière!

Si vous m'avez choisi pour enseigner vos lois  
Sur la terre,  
Je saurai Vous servir, auguste Roi des rois,  
O Lumière!

Sur mes lèvres, Seigneur, mettez la vérité  
Salutaire,  
Pour que celui qui doute, avec humilité  
Vous révère!

### The roses of Isfahan

English translation: Richard Stokes

The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths,  
The jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossom  
Have a fragrance less fresh and a scent less sweet,  
O pale Leilah, than your soft breath!

Your lips are of coral and your light laughter  
Rings brighter and sweeter than running water,  
Than the blithe wind rocking the orange-tree boughs,  
Than the singing bird by its mossy nest ...

O Leilah, ever since on light wings  
All kisses have flown from your sweet lips,  
The pale orange-tree fragrance is spent,  
And the heavenly scent of moss-clad roses ...

Oh! may your young love, that airy butterfly,  
Wing swiftly and gently to my heart once more,  
To scent again the orange blossom,  
The roses of Isfahan in their mossy sheaths!

### In prayer

English translation: Christopher Goldsack

If the voice of a child can reach up to you,  
O my Father,  
listen to this prayer from Jesus,  
kneeling before You!

If you have chosen me to teach your laws  
here on earth,  
I shall know how to serve You, mighty King of kings,  
O Light!

Place the salutary truth upon my lips,  
Lord  
so that he who doubts, may revere you  
with humility!

Ne m'abandonnez pas, donnez-moi la douceur  
Nécessaire,  
Pour apaiser les maux, soulager la douleur,  
La misère!

Révélez-Vous à moi, Seigneur en qui je crois  
Et j'espère:  
Pour Vous je veux souffrir et mourir sur la croix,  
Au clavaire!

### **Mandoline**

Text: Paul Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Do not abandon me, give me the gentleness  
needed  
to lessen pains, to relieve suffering  
and misery!

Reveal Yourself to me, O Lord in whom I believe  
and I hope:  
For You I wish to suffer and to die upon the cross  
at Calvary!

### **Mandolin**

English translation: Richard Stokes

The gallant serenaders  
And their fair listeners  
Exchange sweet nothings  
Beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,  
And tedious Clitandre too,  
And Damis who for many a cruel maid  
Writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,  
Their long trailing gowns,  
Their elegance, their joy,  
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture  
Of a grey and roseate moon,  
And the mandolin jangles on  
In the shivering breeze.

**Ned Rorem (1923–2022)**

**Early in the Morning**

Text: Robert Hillyer

Early in the morning  
Of a lovely summer day  
As they lowered the bright awning  
At the outdoor café  
I was breakfasting on croissants  
And café au lait  
Under greenery like scenery  
Rue François Premier  
They were hosing the hot pavement  
With a dash of flashing spray  
And a smell of summer showers  
When the dust is drenched away  
Under greenery like scenery  
Rue François Premier  
I was twenty and a lover  
And in Paradise to stay  
Very early in the morning  
Of a lovely summer day

**See How They Love Me**

Text: Howard Moss

See how they love me – green leaf, gold grass,  
swearing my blue wrists tick and are timeless.  
See how it moves me – old sea, blue sea,  
curving a half-moon round to surround me.  
See how it loves me – high sky, blue sky,  
letting the light be kindled to warm me.  
But you rebuke me, oh Love –  
Love that I only pursue.  
See how they love me.

**I am rose**

Text: Gertrude Stein

I am Rose my eyes are blue.  
I am Rose who are you?  
I am Rose and when I sing  
I am Rose like anything.

## 那一晚

Text: 林徽因

那一晚我的船推出了河心，  
澄蓝的天上托着密密的星。  
那一晚你的手牵着我的手，  
迷惘的星夜封锁起重愁。

那一晚你和我分定了方向，  
两人各认取个生活的模样。

到如今我的船仍然在海面飘，  
细弱的桅杆常在风涛里摇。  
到如今太阳只在我背后徘徊，  
层层阴影留守在我周围。

那一天我希望要走到了顶层，  
蜜一般酿出那记忆的滋润。  
那一天我要跨上带羽翼的箭，  
望着你花园里射一个满弦。

那一天你要听到鸟般的歌唱，  
那便是我静候着你的赞赏。  
那一天你要看到零乱的花影，  
那便是我私闯入当年的边境！

## That Night

That night my boat drifted out to the center of the river,  
the clear blue sky held a dense field of stars.  
That night your hand held mine,  
and the bewildering starry night enclosed our deep sorrow.

That night you and I chose our separate directions,  
each of us accepting a different way of life.

Until now, my boat still drifts upon the sea,  
its slender mast trembling in wind and waves.  
Until now, the sun lingers only behind me,  
while layers of shadow stay around me.

One day, I hope to reach the highest point,  
to distill the sweetness of memory like honey.  
That day I will mount a winged arrow,  
and, looking toward your garden, release a fully drawn shot.

That day you will hear a song like a bird's,  
that will be me, quietly awaiting your praise.  
That day you will see scattered shadows of flowers,  
that will be me, secretly crossing back into the borders of our  
past.