



First Master of Music Recital

Tuesday, May 5, 2026

6pm, Kulas Hall

Ziyi Han, mezzo-soprano Jialin Wang, piano

Voi Che Sapete
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*
E amore un ladroncello
from *Così fan tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

An die Laute
Lied der Mignon
Im Haine
Heidenröslein

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

~ INTERMISSION ~

Nuit d'étoiles
Beau soir
Fantoques

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

I bought this suitcase in New York
from *Flight*

Jonathan Dove
(b. 1959)

玫瑰三愿 (Three Wishes from a Rose)
思乡 (Homesickness)

Huang Tzu
(1904–1938)

Ziyi Han is a student of Mary Schiller.

*Special thanks to Dr. Schiller for her unwavering patience toward me and my music.
I'd also like to thank my collaborator Jialin Wang for playing these beautiful pieces with me.
Finally, thanks to my family and friends for their unconditional love and support.*

Texts and Translations

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Voi che sapete
(From *Le Nozze di Figaro*)

Text: Lorenzo Da Ponte

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor,
donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.
Quello ch'io provo vi ridirò,
è per me nuovo,
capir nol so.
Sento un affetto pien di desir,
ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir.
Gelo e poi sento l'alma avvampar,
e in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
non so chi'l tiene,
non so cos'è.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
palpito e tremo senza saper.
Non trovo pace notte né dì,
ma pur mi piace languir così.

È amore un ladroncello
(From *Così fan tutte*)

Text: Lorenzo Da Ponte

È amore un ladroncello,
Un serpentello è amor,
ei toglie e dà la pace,
come gli piace ai cor.

Per gli occhi al seno appena,
un varco aprir si fa,
che l'anima in catena,
e toglie libertà.

Porta dolcezza e gusto,
se tu lo lasci far,
ma t'empie di disgusto,
se tenti di pugar.

Se nel tuo petto ei s'edem
s'egli ti becca quì,
fa tutto quel ch'ei chiede
che anch'io farò così.

Who know what love is
(From *The Marriage of Figaro*)

You ladies who know what love is,
See if it is what I have in my heart.
All that I feel I will explain;
Since it is new to me,
I don't understand it.
I have a feeling full of desire,
Which now is pleasure, now is torment.
I freeze, then I feel my spirit all ablaze,
And the next moment turn again to ice.
I seek for a treasure outside of myself;
I know not who holds it
Nor what it is.
I sigh and I groan without wishing to,
I flutter and tremble without knowing why.
I find no peace by night or day,
But yet to languish thus is sheer delight.

Love is a little thief
(From *Thus do they all*)

Text: Sally Mouzon

Love is a little thief,
a little serpent is love,
He takes away and gives peace
as he pleases to the heart.

From the eyes to the breast, soon
a path through he makes
that the soul is enchained,
and freedom taken away.

He brings sweetness and pleasure
if you let him do,
but he fills you with disgust
if you attempt to fight.

If in your breast he settles,
if he pecks you here
Do all that he commands,
as also I will do thus.

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

An die Laute

Text: Johann Friedrich Rochlitz

Leiser, leiser, kleine Laute,
Flüstre, was ich dir vertraute,
Dort zu jenem Fenster hin!
Wie die Wellen sanfter Lüfte
Mondenglanz und Blumen düfte,
Send es der Gebieterin!

Neidisch sind der Nachbars Söhne,
Und im Fenster jener Schöne
Flimmert noch ein einsam Licht.
Drum noch leiser, kleine Laute:
Dich vernehme die Vertraute,
Nachbarn aber, Nachbarn nicht!

Lied der Mignon

Text: Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

Im Haine

Text: Franz Joseph von Bruchmann

Sonnenstrahlen
Durch die Tannen,
Wie sie fallen
Ziehn von dannen
Alle Schmerzen,
Und im Herzen
Wohnet reiner Friede nur.

Stilles Sausen
Lauer Lüfte,

To the Lute

English translation: Richard Wigmore

Play more softly, little lute,
whisper what I secretly told you
to that window there!
Like the ripple of gentle breezes,
like moonlight and the scent of flowers,
convey your secret to my mistress.

The neighbour's sons are envious,
and at the fair lady's window
a solitary lamp flickers.
So play still more softly, little lute:
that my beloved may hear you,
but the neighbours – no, not the neighbours!

Mignon's Song

English translation: Richard Wigmore

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.
Alone, cut off
from all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
in that direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
I feel giddy,
my vitals are aflame.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.

In the grove

English translation: Richard Wigmore

As rays of sunlight
fall
through the fir trees
all sorrow
drifts away
and in our hearts
dwells only peace.

Balmy breezes
murmuring softly,

Und im Brausen
Zarte Düfte,
Die sich neigen
Aus den Zweigen,
Atmet aus die ganze Flur.

and the whispering
delicate scents
that float down
from the branches
caress every meadow.

Wenn nur immer
Dunkle Bäume,
Sonnenschimmer,
Grüne Säume
Uns umblühten
Und umglühten,
Tilgend aller Qualen Spur!

If only
dark trees,
shimmering sunlight
and the edge of green woods
were to flower
and glow about us for ever,
wiping away all traces of pain!

Heidenröslein

Text: Johann Wolfgang Goethe

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehen,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Wild Rose

English translation: Richard Wigmore

A boy saw a wild rose
growing in the heather;
it was so young, and as lovely as the morning.
He ran swiftly to look more closely,
looked on it with great joy.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Said the boy: I shall pluck you,
wild rose in the heather!
Said the rose: I shall prick you
so that you will always remember me.
And I will not suffer it.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
'S Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

And the impetuous boy plucked
the wild rose from the heather;
the rose defended herself and pricked him,
but her cries of pain were to no avail;
she simply had to suffer.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Nuit d'étoiles

Text: Théodore Faullain de Banville

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Beau soir

Text: Paul Charles Joseph Bourget

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons,
comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

Fantoches

Text: Paul-Marie Verlaine

Scaramouche et Pulcinella
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla
Gesticulent, noirs sous la lune.

Night of stars

English translation: Richard Stokes

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.

Night of stars...

Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars...

Beautiful evening

English translation: Richard Stokes

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by,
as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Scaramouche and Pulcinella

English translation: Richard Stokes

Scaramouche and Pulcinella
Drawn together by some evil scheme,
Gesticulate, black beneath the moon.

Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur
Des simples parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse, demi-nue, en quête

De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
From Bologna is leisurely picking
Medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his daughter, pertly pretty,
Beneath the arbour, stealthily,
Glides, half-naked, in quest

Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose grief a lovelorn nightingale
Proclaims as loudly as he can.

Jonathan Dove (b.1959)

I bought this suitcase in New York (From *Flight*)

Text: April De Angelis

I bought this suitcase in New York
A trip with Geoffrey
Just for laughs
I filled it full of delicious things
Frivolous things
Things for me.

A cashmere jersey in Camel
A Gucci dress
Bright blue
And some beautiful shoes

And now...

Matinee coat
Bootees
A woolly squirrel with stripes
Nappies and nipple cream
Powdered milk and Vaseline
Rusks and cotton wool

What's happening?
What's happening?

Tired woman drained of life
No more chances for life's advances
Tired woman
Little child straining at me,
Pulling me down,
Reducing me disappearing me with claims,
Its cries

Dry my eyes
Drained of life
Chained for life

Whose bag is this?
Whose bag is this?

It's mine,
It's mine.
It's mine,
It's mine.

Huang Tzu 黄自(1904-1938)

玫瑰三愿

Text: Long Yusheng 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。
我愿那红颜常好
不凋谢，
好教我留住芳华。

思乡

Text: Wei Han-chang 韦翰章

柳丝系绿，
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：
“遂渺渺微波是否向南流？”
我愿与他同去！

Three Wishes of the Rose

Rose, rose,
Blossoming under a green fence,
I pray that ruthless wind which envies me,
Do not tread on them!
I pray that the sentimental tourists that love me
Do not them them!
I pray this beauty with the flaming red
lasts for eternity

So it may teach me to hold on to my youth.

Homesickness

The willows change to green,
the April just passed.
Standing alone by the fence speechless,
the cuckoos are singing outside of the wall.
A voice is saying,
'it's time to go back.'

All kinds of leisure moods
full of farewell emotion.
Let me ask the falling flowers flowing with the
waves, 'Are you slowing to the south?'
I want to go with you and find my love.