

Sunday, December 11, 2022, 3pm
Zellerbach Playhouse

Ying Fang, *soprano*
Myra Huang, *piano*

Please note: This concert was originally scheduled for November 6, with pianist Ken Noda as accompanist. We are pleased to welcome Myra Huang as the pianist for today's performance. Please see page 12 of this program insert for biographies of the artists.

PROGRAM

Johann Sebastian BACH (1685–1750) “Zerfließe mein Herze,”
from *St John Passion*, BWV 245

Franz SCHUBERT (1797–1828) Ganymed, D. 544
Im Abendrot, D. 799
Im Frühling, D. 882
Nacht und Träume, D. 827

Richard STRAUSS (1864–1949) Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3
Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8
Morgen!, Op. 27, No. 4

INTERMISSION

Reynaldo HAHN (1874–1947) À Chloris

Claude DEBUSSY (1862–1918) Nuit d'Étoiles

Ernest CHAUSSON (1855–1899) Le Colibri

Dominick ARGENTO (1927–2019) Six Elizabethan Songs
Spring
Sleep
Winter
Dirge
Diaphenia
Hymn

Yuanren ZHANG (1892–1982) 听雨 – Listening to the Rain
Rui ZHANG 雪花的快乐 – Happiness of the Snowflake
Yi ZHOU (b. 1943) 钹头凤 – Phoenix Hairpin
Zaiyi LU (b. 1943) 桥 – Bridge
Qing LIU (b. 1956) 越人歌 – Yue People's Song

This performance is made possible, in part, by Nadine Tang.

Johann Sebastian Bach

Zerfließe, mein Herze

From *St. John Passion*, BWV 245

Zerfließe, mein Herze, in Fluten der Zähren
Dem Höchsten zu Ehren!
Erzähle der Welt und dem Himmel die Not:
Dein Jesus ist tot!

Dissolve, My Heart

Dissolve, my heart, in floods of tears
to honor the Almighty!
Tell the world and heaven your distress:
your Jesus is dead!

Franz Schubert

Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Umendliche Schöne!

How in the morning radiance
you glow upon me from all sides,
Spring, beloved!
With love's thousandfold bliss
to my heart thrusts itself
your eternal ardour's
sacred feeling,
beauty unending!

Dass ich dich fassen möcht
In diesen Arm!

Might I clasp you
in these arms!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den bremenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Moregenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

Ah, at your breast
I lie, languish,
and your flowers, your grass
thrust themselves to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my bosom,
sweet morning wind!
The nightingale calls me
lovingly from the misty vale.

Ich komm, ich komme!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?

I come, I come!
Whither? Ah, whither?

Hinauf! Hinanuf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfängen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen.
Alliebender Vater!

Upwards! Upwards the striving.
The clouds float
down, the clouds
bow down to yearning love.
To me! To me!
In your lap
upwards!
Embracing embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
All-loving Father

Im Abendrot

O wie schön ist deine Welt,
 Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet!
 Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt,
 Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet;
 Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt,
 In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!

Könnst' ich klagen, könnst' ich zagen?
 Irre sein an dir und mir?
 Nein, ich will im Busen tragen
 Deinen Himmel schon allhier.
 Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,
 Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.

Im Frühling

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,
 Der Himmel ist so klar,
 Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal.
 Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
 Einst, ach so glücklich war.

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
 So traulich und so nah,
 Und tief im dunklen Felsenquell
 Den schönen Himmel blau und hell
 Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
 Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
 Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
 Am liebsten pflückt ich von dem Zweig,
 Von welchem sie gepflückt!

Denn alles ist wie damals noch,
 Die Blumen, das Gefild;
 Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
 Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
 Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
 Es wechseln Lust und Streit,
 Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
 Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
 Die Lieb und ach, das Leid.

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
 Dort an dem Wiesenhang
 Dann blieb ich auf den Zweigen hier,
 Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,
 Den ganzen Sommer lang.

In the Glow of Evening

How lovely is your world,
 Father, in its golden radiance
 When your glory descends
 And paints the dust with glitter;
 When the red light that shines from the clouds
 Falls silently upon my window.

Could I complain? Could I be apprehensive?
 Could I lose faith in you and in myself?
 No, I already bear your heaven
 Here within my heart.
 And this heart, before it breaks,
 Still drinks in the fire and savors the light.

In Spring

Quietly I sit on the hill's slope,
 The sky is so clear.
 A breeze plays in the green valley.
 Where I was at Spring's first sunbeam
 Once - alas, I was so happy!

When I was walking at her side,
 So intimate and so close,
 And deep in the dark rocky spring
 Was the beautiful sky, blue and bright
 And I saw her in the sky.

Look how colorful Spring already
 Looks out from bud and blossom!
 Not every blossom is the same for me,
 I like best to pick from the branch
 From which she picked hers!

For all is as it was,
 The flowers, the field;
 The sun does not shine less brightly,
 Nor does the spring reflect any less charmingly
 The blue image of the sky.

The only things that change are will and delusion:
 Joys and quarrels alternate,
 The happiness of love flies past,
 And only the love remains -
 The love and, alas, the sorrow.

Oh, if only I were a little bird,
 There, on the meadow's slope,
 Then would I remain here on these branches,
 And sing a sweet song of hers
 The whole summer long.

Nacht und Träume

Heilige Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heilige Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Richard Strauss

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Night and Dreams

Holy night, sinking down;
down too, float my dreams,
like your moonlight in space,
through the silent hearts of men.
To these they bring joy;
crying out, when day awakes:
come again, holy night!
Sweet Dreams, come again

The Night

Out of the forest steps Night,
Out of the trees she softly steals,
Looks around her in a wide arc,
Now beware.

All the lights of this world,
All flowers, all colors
She extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
and from the Cathedral's copper roof,
She takes the gold.

The bushes are left, stripped naked,
Come closer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear that the night will also steal
You from me.

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,

Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,

Wie einst im Mai.

Morgen!

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen...

Reynaldo Hahn

À Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

All Souls

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
Just give me your sweet gaze,
as once you did in May.

Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off
their fragrances;
one day in the year are the dead free.
Come close to my heart, so that I can have you
again,
as once I did in May.

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I will take,
Will we, we happy ones, again be made one
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the broad, blue-waved shore,
we shall, quiet and slow, descend,
silent, into each other's eyes we'll gaze,
and on us will joy's speechless silence fall...

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that thou lov'st me,
And I understand that thou dost love me well,
I do not believe that even kings
Could know such happiness as mine.
How unwelcome death would be,
If it came to exchange my fortune
With the joy of heaven!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not fire my imagination
Like the favor of thine eyes.

Claude Debussy

Nuit d'étoiles

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 écore au fond de mon coeur
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

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

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

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

Ernest Chausson

Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.
Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
Souvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.
Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a putarir!
Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,

Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

Starry Night

Starry night,
Beneath your veils,
In your breezes and your perfume,
Like a sad sighing lyre,
I dream of bygone loves,

Serene melancholy
Blossoms in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quivering in the dreaming woods.

Starry night,
Beneath your veils,
In your breezes and your perfume,
Like a sad sighing lyre,
I dream of bygone loves,

At your fountain I again see
Your glances, blue as the sky
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Starry night,
Beneath your veils,
In your breezes and your perfume,
Like a sad sighing lyre,
I dream of bygone loves,

The Hummingbird

The green humming bird, king of the hills,
Seeing the dew and the bright sun
Glitter on his nest, woven of fine grasses,
Like a light breeze escapes into the air.
He hurries and flies to the nearby springs,
Where the reeds make the sound of the sea,
Where the red hibiscus, with its heavenly scent,
Unfolds and brings a humid light to the heart.
Towards the golden flower he descends, alights,
And drinks so much love from the rosy cup
That he dies, not knowing if he could have
drained it!

On your pure lips, oh my beloved,
My soul likewise would have wanted to die
Of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.

Dominick Argento
Six Elizabethan Songs

Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a
ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! The sweet Spring!

Sleep

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish and restore thy light,
With dark forgetting of my cares, return;
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-who!
Tu-whit! Tu-who! — A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-who!
Tu-whit! Tu-who! — A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Dirge

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Diaphenia

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams:
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king, —
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

Hymn

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heav'n to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so-ever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

Yuanren Zhang

听雨

我来北地已半年，
今日初听一宵雨。
若移此雨在江南，

故园新笋添几许？

Rui Zhang

雪花的快乐

假如我是一朵雪花，
翩翩的在半空里潇洒，
我一定认清我的方向——
飞扬，飞扬，飞扬——
这地面上有我的方向。
不去那冷寞的幽谷，
不去那凄清的山麓，
也不上荒街去惆怅——
飞扬，飞扬，飞扬——
你看，我有我的方向！
在半空里娟娟地飞舞，
认明了那清幽的住处，
等着她来花园里探望——
飞扬，飞扬，飞扬——
啊，她身上有朱砂梅的清香！
那时我凭借我的身轻，
盈盈地，沾住了她的衣襟，
贴近她柔波似的心胸——
消溶，消溶，消溶——
溶入了她柔波似的心胸！

Listening to the Rain

I have been in the North for half a year,
I heard a night of rain today for the first time.
If this rain is moved to the south of the
Yangtze River,
How many new bamboo shoots are sprouting
in my hometown?

Happiness of the Snowflake

If I were a snowflake,
Dancing in the mid-air in elation,
I must know where I'm going—
Flying, flying, flying—
Somewhere on the ground is my direction.
I won't go to the cold valleys,
Nor to the hills in desolation,
Nor to the empty streets for melancholy—
Flying, flying, flying—
You see I have my direction!
Flying in the mid-air in elegance,
I recognize that quiet residence,
Waiting in the garden for her visiting—
Flying, flying, flying—
Ah, the plum aroma from her body is emitting!
Then by my light-weight,
I land on her lappet gently,
Close to her soft breast—
Melting, melting, melting—
Melting into the soft wave of her mind!

Yi Zhou

钗头凤

红酥手，黄滕酒，满城春色宫墙柳。
东风恶，欢情薄，一怀愁绪，几年离索。
错错错！
春如旧，人空瘦，泪痕红浥鲛绡透。
桃花落，闲池阁。山盟虽在，锦书难托。
莫莫莫！

Zaiyi Lu

桥

水乡的小桥姿态多
石板缝里长藤罗
三步两桥连水港啊
条条玉带映碧波
姑娘挑藕桥头歇
老汉送粮桥下过
离家千年也恋水乡啊
愿做人间桥一座
离家千年也恋水乡啊
愿做人间桥一座

Phoenix Hairpin

Your soft apple-red hands,
holding onto Yellow-Vine wine,
Spring's here, but you're distant like a willow
inside a palace wall.
The east wind's heartless, feelings are worn thin,
a sorrow-filled cup,
I have been alone for years since separation.
Wrong, so wrong, so very wrong.

Spring's as always, you've slimmed, tears run
down through rouge and soak a handkerchief.
Peach flowers drop, the pond side pavilion is quiet.
A pledge of love remains, it's hard to put into
words.
Don't, so don't, so please don't.

The Bridge

The bridges of the water town have so many
different shapes, between the stone bricks
there are green vines.
Within three steps you find two bridges.
The reflections of them are on the streams
across the town.
The young lady who carries the lotus root is
resting on the bridge,
the old man who sends bags of grains is passing
under the bridge.
Even if I left my home for a thousand years,
I would still love my water town,
If I left my home for a thousand years,
I would wish to be a bridge in this world.

Qing Liu

越人歌

今夕何夕兮，
 搴舟中流。
 今日何日兮，
 得与王子同舟。
 蒙羞被好兮，
 不訾诟耻。
 心几顽而不绝兮，
 得知王子。
 山有木兮木有枝，
 心说君兮君不知。

Yue People's Song

O what night is tonight?
 All through the waves I row.
 O what day is today?
 I share with Your Highness the same canoe
 O ashamed, ashamed am I,
 In status so low
 O disturbed, disturbed am I,
 Your Highness I come to know
 O trees grow uphill,
 On the trees boughs grow
 O my heart goes to you,
 But you don't know.

YING FANG, SOPRANO

Chinese soprano Ying Fang has been praised as “indispensable at the Met in Mozart” (*The New York Times*) and for “a voice that can stop time, pure and rich and open and consummately expressive” (*Financial Times*).

During the 2022–23 season, Fang makes her house debut at the Wiener Staatsoper as Susanna in *Le nozze de Figaro* conducted by Philippe Jordan, a role she reprises for the Handel and Haydn Society under the baton of Raphaël Pichon. She returns to the Metropolitan Opera as Ilia in *Idomeneo* conducted by Manfred Honeck, and as Zerlina in a new production of *Don Giovanni* conducted by Nathalie Stutzmann. Additionally, she returns to the Salzburg Festival as Nannetta in a new production of *Falstaff* opposite Gerald Finley. On the concert stage, she returns to San Francisco Symphony for Mahler’s Symphony No. 4 conducted by Robin Ticciati, debuts with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra in Brahms’ *Ein deutsches Requiem* led by Sir Donald Runnicles, and performs with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra in Mozart’s *Mass in C minor* and Handel’s *Messiah*, led by Manfred Honeck. She also performs recitals with pianist Ken Noda at New York’s Park Avenue Armory and the Dallas Opera.

Fang has previously appeared with the New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Los Angeles Philharmonic, National Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, Houston Symphony, and Hong Kong Philharmonic. She has performed at Carnegie Hall, the Kennedy Center, and Alice Tully Hall, as well as with the Salzburger Festspiele, Verbier Festival, and Festival d’Aix-en-Provence. Fang has sung at the Metropolitan Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Opernhaus Zürich, and Opéra de Lille, among others. She is a former member of the Metropolitan Opera’s Lindemann Young Artist Development Program.

MYRA HUANG, PIANO

Acclaimed by *Opera News* as being “among the top accompanists of her generation” and by the *New York Times* as “...a coloristic tour de force,” Grammy Award-nominated pianist Myra Huang is highly sought after for her interpretations of lieder and art song as well as her depth of musicianship and impeccable technique. Huang is invited regularly to perform around the world, with tours including regular appearances at Carnegie Hall, Wigmore Hall, the Mostly Mozart Festival at Lincoln Center, the Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles, the Kennedy Center, and the 92nd Street Y. Huang was chosen as the recipient of the Samuel Sanders Collaborative Artist Award for 2019 by the Classical Recording Foundation for her consummate artistry. Regular collaborations include recitals with J’Nai Bridges, Lawrence Brownlee, Sasha Cooke, Joshua Hopkins, Will Liverman, Angela Meade, Eric Owens, Nicholas Phan, Susanna Phillips, and clarinetist Anthony McGill. This season Huang appears in concert with Ying Fang, Fleur Barron, Angel Blue, and Roderick Williams.

Huang holds the positions of the Head of Music for the Lindemann Young Artist Development Program at the Metropolitan Opera and Director of Musical Administration and Head Coach at the Aspen Music Festival, and is a member of the faculty of the Collaborative Piano Department at the Manhattan School of Music. She regularly adjudicates national competitions as well as administers master classes at institutions across the country.

Huang is an avid recitalist and recording artist. She is a two-time Grammy nominee for her albums *Gods and Monsters* and *Clairières* with tenor Nicholas Phan on the Avie label. Huang is a Steinway Artist.