

# Lamont School of Music

## Artist Diploma Final Round

**Samuel Liang**

Guitar

**Puting Liu**

Bass-Baritone

**Yingying Zong**

Soprano

**Yunkyeong Ko**

Piano

Sunday, February 15, 2026

2:00 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall

# Program

*Samuel Liang, guitar*

## **Fantasia 5**

**John Dowland**  
(1563–1626)

## **Phantasia in D Major**

**David Kellner**  
(1670–1748)

## **The Old Lime Tree**

**Sergei Rudnev**  
(b. 1955)

## **Fantasia on Themes from *La traviata***

**Francisco Tárrega**  
(1852–1909)

*Puting Liu, bass-baritone*  
*Beth Nielsen, piano*

## **Ah! per sempre io ti perdei** *from *I puritani**

**Vincenzo Bellini**  
(1801–1835)  
Carlo Pepoli

## **In der Fremde, Op. 39, No. 1** *from *Liederkreis**

**Robert Schumann**  
(1810–1856)  
Joseph von Eichendorff

## **Waldesgespräch, Op. 39, No. 3** *from *Liederkreis**

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**Mab, la reine des mensonges**

*from Roméo et Juliette*

**Charles Gounod**

(1818–1893)

Jules Barbier

Michel Carré

**Come Away, Come Away, Death, Op. 18**

*from Let Us Garlands Bring*

**Gerald Finzi**

(1901–1956)

William Shakespeare

**Papagena Papagena Papagena!  
(Papageno's Suicide Aria)**

*from Die Zauberflöte*

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**

(1756–1791)

Emanuel Schikaneder

**Aprite un po' quegli occhi**

*from Le nozze di Figaro*

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**

(1756–1791)

Lorenzo Da Ponte

INTERMISSION

*Yingying Zong, soprano*

*Beth Nielsen, piano*

**Ah! Je ris de me voir si belle  
(Air des bijoux)**

*from Faust*

**Charles Gounod**

(1818–1893)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

**Languir me fais...**

*from Sept chansons de Clément Marot*

**George Enescu**

(1881–1955)

Clément Marot

**Qual fiamma avea nel guardo...**

**Stridono lassù**

*from Pagliacci*

**Ruggero Leoncavallo**

(1857–1919)

Ruggero Leoncavallo

**The Serpent (1979)**

**Lee Hoiby**

(1926–2011)

Theodore Roethke

**Beim Schlafengehen**

*from Vier letzte Lieder*

**Richard Strauss**

(1864–1949)

Hermann Hesse

*Yunbyeong Ko, piano*

**Bukoliki**

**Witold Lutosławski**

(1913–1994)

- I. Allegro vivace
- II. Allegretto sostenuto
- III. Allegro molto

**Prelude and Fugue No. 3  
in C-Sharp Major, BWV 848**

*from The Well-Tempered Clavier, Book 1*

**J. S. Bach**

(1685–1750)

**Piano Sonata No. 30 in E Major, Op. 109**

**L. v. Beethoven**

(1770–1827)

- I. Vivace ma non troppo – Adagio espressivo
- II. Prestissimo

**Andante spianato et grande  
polonaise brillante, Op. 22**

**Frederic Chopin**

(1810–1849)

# Text and Translations

## Ah! per sempre io ti perdei

Or dove fuggo mai? ... Dove mai  
celo  
Gli orrendi affanni miei? Come quei  
canti  
Mi risuonano all'anima amari pianti!  
O Elvira, Elvira, o mio sospir soave,  
Per sempre, per sempre, io ti  
perdeii!  
Senza speme ed amor, in questa  
vita  
Or che rimane a me?

Ah! Per sempre io ti perdei,  
Fior d'amore, o mia speranza;  
Ah! La vita che m'avanza  
Sarà piena di dolor!  
Quando errai per anni ed anni In  
poter della ventura,  
Io sfidai sciagura e affanni

Nella speme del tuo amor.  
– Carlo Pepoli

## In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen  
rot  
Da kommen die Wolken her,  
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange  
tot,  
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.  
Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die  
stille Zeit,  
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir  
Rauscht die schöne  
Waldeinsamkeit,  
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.  
– Joseph von Eichendorff

## Ah! Forever I lost you

Where do I flee? ... Where ever it  
cloaks  
The horrendous troubles of mine?  
Like those songs  
They resonate to me bitter tears!  
O Elvira, Elvira, or my sweet sigh,  
Forever, forever, I lost you!  
Without spice and love, in this life  
What remains to me?

Ah! Forever I lost you,  
Fior d'amore, or my hope;  
Ah! The life that drives me  
It will be full of pain!  
When I went for years and years  
In the power of fortune,  
I challenged misfortune and  
troubles  
In the hope of your love.

## In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the  
red lightning,  
The clouds come drifting in,  
But father and mother have long  
been dead,  
Now no one knows me there.  
How soon, ah! how soon till that  
quiet time  
When I too shall rest  
Beneath the sweet murmur of  
lonely woods,  
Forgotten here as well.  
Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Waldesgespräch**

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Was reit'st du einsam durch den  
Wald?

Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,  
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich  
heim!

„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,

Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen  
ist,

Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,

O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und  
Weib,

So wunderschön der junge Leib,  
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir  
bei!

Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von  
hohem Stein

Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den  
Rhein.

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem  
Wald!“

– Joseph von Eichendorff

### **A Forest Dialogue**

It is already late, already cold,  
Why ride lonely through the forest?

The forest is long, you are alone,  
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

'Great is the deceit and cunning of  
men,

My heart is broken with grief,

The hunting horn echoes here and  
there,

O flee! You do not know who I am.'

So richly adorned are steed and  
lady,

So wondrous fair her youthful form,  
Now I know you—may God protect  
me!

You are the enchantress Lorelei.

'You know me well—from its  
towering rock

My castle looks silently into the  
Rhine.

It is already late, already cold,  
You shall never leave this forest  
again!' !

Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Mab, la reine des mensonges**

Mab, la reine des mensonges,  
Préside aux songes.

Plus légère que le vent

Décevant,

À travers l'espace,

À travers la nuit,

Elle passe,

Elle fuit!

Son char, que l'atôme rapide

Entraîne dans l'éther limpide,

Fut fait d'une noisette vide

### **Mab, The Queen of Lies**

Mab, the queen of lies,  
Preside in dreams.

Lighter than the wind

Disappointing,

Through space,

Through the night,

She's passing,

She flees!

His chariot, that fast atom

Train in limpid ether,

Was made of an empty hazelnut

Parver de terre, le charon!  
Les harnais, subtile dentelle,  
Ont été découpés dans l'aile  
De quelque verte sauterelle  
Par son cocher, le moucheron!  
Un os de grillon sert de manche  
À son fouet, dont la mèche blanche  
Est prise au rayon qui s'épanche  
De Phœbé rassemblant sa cour.  
Chaque nuit, dans cet équipage,  
Mab visite, sur son passage,  
L'époux qui rêve de veuvage

Et l'amant qui rêve d'amour!  
À son approche, la coquette  
Rêve d'atours et de toilette,  
Le courtisan fait la courbette,  
Le poète rime ses vers!  
À l'avare en son gîte sombre,  
Elle ouvre des trésors sans  
nombre,  
Et la liberté rit dans l'ombre

Au prisonnier chargé de fers.  
Le soldat rêve d'embuscades,  
De batailles et d'estocades,  
Elle lui verse les rasades  
Dont ses lauriers sont arrosés.  
Et toi, qu'un soupir effarouche,  
Quand tu reposes sur ta couche,  
Ô vierge! elle effleure ta bouche  
Et te fait rêver de baisers!

Mab, la reine des mensonges,  
Préside aux songes.  
Plus légère que le vent  
Décevant,  
À travers l'espace,  
À travers la nuit,  
Elle passe,  
Elle fuit!

– Jules Barbier & Michel Carré

Earth parter, the charon!  
Harnesses, subtle lace,  
Were cut in the wing  
Some green grasshopper  
By his coachman, the gnat!  
A cricket bone serves as a handle  
With his whip, whose white wick  
Is taken to the radius that pours  
Phoebe gathering his court.  
Every night, in this crew,  
Mab visit, on his way,  
The husband who dreams of  
widowhood

And the lover who dreams of love!  
At his approach, the coquette  
Dream of attires and toilet,  
The courtier bows,  
The poet rhymes his verses!  
To the miser in his dark lodging,  
She opens treasures without  
number,  
And freedom laughs in the  
shadows

Prisoner loaded with irons.  
The soldier dreams of ambushes,  
Battles and thrusts,  
She pours him the sweets  
Whose laurels are watered.  
And you, a sigh frightened,  
When you rest on your couch,  
O virgin! she touches your mouth  
And makes you dream of kisses!

Mab, the queen of lies,  
Preside in dreams.  
Lighter than the wind  
Disappointing,  
Through space,  
Through the night,  
She's passing,  
She flees!

### **Come Away, Come Away, Death**

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  
True lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

– William Shakespeare

### **Papagena Papagena Papagena!**

Papagena! Papagena! Papagena!  
Weibchen! Täubchen! meine  
Schöne! –  
Vergebens! Ach! sie ist verloren!  
ich bin zum Unglück schon  
geboren! –  
Ich plauderte, und das war  
schlecht,  
und drum geschieht es mir schon  
recht! –  
Seit ich gekostet diesen Wein –  
seit ich das schöne Weibchen sah,  
so brennt's im Herzenskammerlein,  
so zwicket's hier, so zwicket's da!  
Papagena! Herzensweibchen!  
Papagena liebes Täubchen!  
'S ist umsonst, es ist vergebens,  
müde bin ich meines Lebens!

Sterben macht der Lieb' ein End,  
wenn's im Herzen noch so brennt.

### **Papagena Papagena Papagena!**

Papagena, Papagena, Papagena!  
Little woman, little dove, my sweet!  
  
In vain! Alas, I have lost her!  
I was born to be wretched.  
  
I chattered, and that was bad,  
  
And so it serves me right.  
  
Ever since I tasted that wine ...  
Ever since I saw that lovely woman,  
My little heart has been on fire,  
Aching here and aching there.  
Papagena, love of my life!  
Papagena, my sweet little dove!  
It's all in vain, to no avail!  
I am tired of living!

Death will put an end to love,  
Though my heart still burns with  
longing

Diesen Baum da will ich zieren,  
mir an ihm den Hals zuschnüren,  
weil das Leben mir mißfällt,  
gute Nacht, du falsche Welt! –  
Weil du böse an mir handelst,

mir kein schönes Kind zubandelst,  
so ist's aus, so sterbe ich.  
Schöne Mädchen, denkt an mich! –  
Will sich eine um mich Armen,  
eh' ich hänge, noch erbarmen –  
wohl, so laß ich's diesmal sein!  
Rufet nur, Ja oder Nein! –  
Keine hört mich! alles stille!  
Also ist es euer Wille!  
Papageno frisch hinauf,

ende deinen Lebenslauf.  
Nun! ich warte noch! es sei –  
bis man zählet: eins, zwei, drei!

eins! zwei! drei!  
Nun wohlan! es bleibt dabei!  
Weil mich nichts zurücke hält,

gute Nacht, du falsche Welt!  
– Lorenzo Da Ponte

### **Aprite un po' quegli occhi**

Tutto è disposto:  
L'ora dovrebbe esser vicina;  
Io sento gente...è dessa!  
Non è alcun;  
Buia è la notte...  
Ed io comincio omai a fare  
Il scimunito mestiere di marito...

Ingrata!  
Nel memento della mia cerimonia  
Ei godeva leggendo:  
E nel vederlo io rideva

I shall now adorn this tree,  
By hanging from it by my neck,  
Because I dislike life so much,  
Good night, treacherous world.  
Since you have treated me so  
badly,

Since you grant me no sweetheart  
All is finished, I shall die.  
Beautiful girls, think of me.  
If but one girl will pity poor me  
Before I string myself up –  
I'll refrain from killing myself!  
Just cry out: yes or no! –  
No one hears me, not a sound!  
Is that your will, then?  
Quick, Papageno, string yourself  
up!

Put an end to this life of yours.  
I'll wait a little longer, just to see,  
Until I've counted one, two, three.

One! Two! Three!  
All right, then, let it be,  
Since there's nothing to hold me  
back!  
Good night, treacherous world.

### **Open your eyes**

Everything is set:  
the hour should be near;  
I can hear people... it is her!  
It's nobody;  
The night is dark...  
and I am just beginning to practice  
the stupid work of being a  
husband...

You ungrateful!  
While remembering my ceremony  
he was enjoying in reading:  
And while I was seeing it I was  
laughing

*Continued.*

Di me senza saperlo.  
Oh Susanna! Susanna!  
Quanta pena mi costi!  
Con quell'ingenua faccia,  
Con quegli occhi innocenti,  
Chi creduto l'avria? Ah!  
Che il fidarse a donna, è ognor  
follia.

Aprite un po' quegli occhi,  
Uomini incauti e sciocchi,  
Guardate queste femmine,  
Guardate cosa son!  
Queste chiamate dee  
Dagli ingannati sensi,  
A cui tributa incensi  
La debole ragion.  
Son streghe che incantano  
Per farci penar,  
Sirene che cantano  
Per farci affogar,  
Civette che allettano  
Per trarci le piume,  
Comete che brillano  
Per toglierci il lume.  
Son rose spinose  
Son volpi vezzose;  
Son orse benigne,  
Colombe maligne,  
Maestre d'inganni,  
Amiche d'affanni,  
Che fingono, mentono,  
Amore non senton,  
Non senton pietà ,  
No, no, no, no no!  
Il resto no dico,  
Già ognuno lo sa.

- Lorenzo Da Ponte

at me without knowing it.  
Oh, Susanna! Susanna!  
What a great suffering you cost me!  
With your ingenuous face,  
with your innocent eyes,  
who would imagine it? Ah,  
that it's foul to trust in a woman.

Open your eyes,  
you incautious and stupid men  
Look at these women  
Look what they are!  
These you call goddesses  
with deceived senses,  
to whom the weak reason  
tributes incenses.  
They are witches who enchant  
only to make us pain,  
Sirens who sing  
to draw us,  
Owls who attract  
to take out our feathers  
Comets who shine  
to take our light away,  
they're thorny roses  
they're charming foxes  
they're benign bears,  
malign doves,  
masters in cheating  
friends of worries  
who pretend, lie,  
don't feel any love,  
don't feel any pity,  
no, no, no, no, no!  
I don't tell all the rest,  
anybody knows that.

**Ah! Je ris de me voir si belle**

O Dieu! que de bijoux! ... est-ce un  
rève charmant

Qui m'éblouit, ou si je veille? ...  
Mes yeux n'ont jamais vu de  
ricesse pareille! ...

Si j'osais seulement  
Me parer un moment  
De ces pendants d'oreille! ...

Ah! voici justement,  
Au fond de la cassette,  
Un miroir! ... comment  
N'être pas coquette?

Ah! je ris de me voir.  
si belle en ce miroir.  
Ah! je ris de me voir.  
si belle en ce miroir.

Est-ce toi, Marguerite, est-ce toi?  
Réponds-moi, réponds-moi,  
Réponds, réponds, réponds vite!

Non! Non! ce n'est plus toi!  
Non...non, ce n'est plus ton visage;  
C'est la fille d'un roi; c'est la fille  
d'un roi!  
C'est la fille d'un roi; c'est la fille  
d'un roi!

Ce n'est plus toi.  
Ce n'est plus toi.  
Qu'on salut au passage!

Ah s'il était ici!

S'il me voyait ainsi!  
Comme une demoiselle  
Il me trouverait belle.  
Ah! Comme une demoiselle  
il me trouverait belle.

– Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

**Ah, I Laugh To See Myself So  
Beautiful**

O goodness! What a lot of jewels!

Is this some bewitching dream  
Which dazzles me,  
Or am I really awake?

If only I dared  
Adorn myself, for a moment,  
With these earrings!

Ah! there is a mirror  
At the bottom of the casket!  
How could one help admiring  
oneself?

Ah, I laugh to see myself  
so beautiful in this mirror.  
Ah, I laugh to see myself  
so beautiful in this mirror.

Is it you, Marguerite, it is you?  
Answer me, answer me,  
Respond, respond, respond  
quickly!

No! No! It's no longer you!  
No... no, it's no longer your face;  
It's the daughter of a king!  
It's the daughter of a king.

It's no longer you.  
It's no longer you.  
One must bow to her as she  
passes!  
Ah, if only he were here!

If he should see me thus!  
Like a lady,  
He would find me so beautiful  
Ah! Like a lady,  
He would find me so beautiful.

Trans. Marc Verzatt

### **Languir me fais...**

Languir me fais sans t'avoir o  
fensée:  
Plus ne m'escriptz, plus de moy ne  
t'enquiers;  
Mais non obstant, aultre Dame ne  
quiers:  
Plus tost mourir que changer ma  
pensée.

Je ne dy pas t'amour estre effacée,  
Mais je me plains de l'ennuy que  
j'acquiers,  
Et loing de toy humblement te  
requiers  
Que loing de moy, de moy ne sois  
faschée.

– Clément Marot

### **Qual fiamma avea nel guardo... Stridono lassù**

Qual fiamma avea nel guardo!  
Gli occhi abbassai per tema ch'ei  
leggesse  
il mio pensier segreto!  
Oh! s'ei mi sorprendesse...  
bruttale come egli è!  
Ma basti, orvia.  
Son questi sogni paurosi e fole!  
O che bel sole di mezz'agosto!  
Io son piena di vita,  
e, tutta illanguidita per arcano  
desio,  
non so che bramo!

Oh! che volo d'augelli,  
e quante strida!  
Che chiedono? dove van? chissà!

La mamma mia, che la buona  
ventura annunziava,  
comprendevo il lor canto  
e a me bambina così cantava:

Hui! Hui!

### **You Make Me Pine Away**

You make me pine away, though I  
haven't offended you.  
You've stopped writing to me, or  
asking after me.  
But despite this I do not desire any  
other lady:  
I'd rather die than change my mind.

I don't say that your love has  
vanished,  
but I do complain of the anguish I  
receive.  
And far from you I humbly beg you  
not to be angry at me.

Trans. Peter Low

### **What Fire There Was in His Look!**

What fire there was in his look!  
I lowered my eyes  
for fear he should read  
my secret thoughts.  
Oh! if he caught me ...  
He's so brutal ...  
But enough: no more.  
These are idle, fearful dreams!  
O how glorious is the August sun!  
I feel full of life, and, my senses  
glowing  
with secret desire, I know not what  
I long for!

Oh what a flight of birds,  
and what a chatter!  
What do they seek? Where are  
they going? Who knows? ...  
My mother, who could tell  
fortunes,  
understood their warbling,  
and sang this song to me as  
child:  
Hey!

Stridono lassù, liberamente  
lanciati a vol, a vol come frecce, gli  
augel.  
Disfidano le nubi e'l sol cocente,  
e vanno, e vanno per le vie del ciel.

Lasciateli vagar per l'atmosfera,  
questi assetati d'azzurro e di sple  
dor:  
seguono anch'essi un sogno, una  
chimera,  
e vanno, e vanno fra le nubi d'or!  
Che incalzi il vento e latri la te  
pesta,  
con l'ali aperte san tutto sfidar;

la pioggia i lampi, nulla mai li  
arresta,  
e vanno, e vanno sugli abissi e i mar.  
Vanno laggiù verso un paese strano  
che sognan forse e che cercano in  
van.  
Ma i boèmi del ciel, seguon l'arcano  
poter  
che li sospinge... e van! e van! e van!  
e van!

– Ruggero Leoncavallo

The birds chirp up aloft,  
freely launched in flight like arrows.

They defy the clouds and the  
burning sun and onward they fly  
through the boundless sky.

Let them roam through the  
atmosphere,  
ever eager for the glorious infinite  
blue:

They too follow a dream,  
a chimera, as onward they fly.  
Through the gilded clouds.  
Though the wind freshen  
and the tempest roar,  
with pinions spread they brave all  
dangers;

rain or lightning, nothing defers  
them,  
and onward they fly  
over abysses and oceans.  
Onward they go to some strange  
land  
of which perhaps they dream  
and which they seek in vain.  
But the gypsies of the sky  
follow the mysterious power  
which draws them ...  
onward ... ever onward!

Trans. Yingying Zong

### **The Serpent**

There was a Serpent who had to sing.  
There was. There was.  
He simply gave up Serpentine.  
Because. Because.  
He didn't like his Kind of Life;  
He couldn't find a proper Wife;  
He was a Serpent with a soul;  
He got no Pleasure down his Hole.  
And so, of course, he had to Sing,  
And Sing he did, like Anything!

*Continued.*

The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;  
And various Measures Propounded  
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:  
They bought a Drum. He wouldn't Whack it  
They sent, —you always send, —to Cuba  
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;  
They got a Horn, they got a Flute,  
But Nothing would suit.

He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:  
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."

And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note  
That practically split the Top of his Throat

"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer,  
"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"

And the Woods Resounded  
with many a Shriek  
As the Birds flew off to the end of Next Week.

– Theodore Roethke

### **Beim Schlafengehen**

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,

Soll mein sehnliches Verlangen  
Freundlich die gestirnte Nacht

Wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände, laßt von allem Tun,  
Stirn vergiß du alles Denken,  
Alle meine Sinne nun  
Wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht  
Will in freien Flügen schweben,

Um im Zauberkreis der Nacht  
Tief und tausendfach zu leben.

– Hermann Hesse

### **Upon Going to Sleep**

Now that the day has made me so  
tired,

my dearest longings shall  
be accepted kindly by the starry  
night

like a weary child.

Hands, cease your activity,  
head, forget all of your thoughts;  
all my senses now  
will sink into slumber.

And my soul, unobserved,  
will float about on untrammelled  
wings

in the enchanted circle of the night,  
living a thousandfold more deeply.

Trans. Emily Ezust

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# Upcoming Events

Monday, February 16, 7:30 p.m.

**Undergraduate recital: Auty Scherden, violin**

Hamilton Recital Hall

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Thursday, February 19, 4:00 p.m.

**Masterclass: Olga Kern, piano**

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission to observe

Thursday, February 19, 7:30 p.m.

**Una serata d'amore e d'incanto**

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

**Lamont Concert Line: (808) 871-6412**

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