University of British Columbia School of Music
6361 Memorial Road, Vancouver, BC V6T 1Z2 | music.ubc.ca

Non-required Student Recital at Barnett Hall
April, 24th , 2025
4:30 p.m.

Yung Denise, Chung, Voice

with

Joseph Zhang, Piano

Tornami a Vagheggiar From *Alcina*	G.F Handel (1685-1759)
La Pastorella dell'Alpi From Soirées Musicales	Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Wie Melodien zieht es mir From Fünf Lieder, Op. 105	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Chacun le sait From *La Fille du Régiment*	Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
The Beauty Is From *The Light in the Piazza*	Adam Guettel (b.1964)
Poor Wandering One From *Pirates of Penzance*	Arthur Suillvan (1842-1900)

~ intermission ~

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Aus Liebe — J.S. Bach (1685-1750)
From St. Matthew Passion

Zaiden Grayda-Reyes, Flute
Saya Leznoff & Kiara Hosie, English Horn

Villanelle — Eva Dell'Acqua (1856-1930)

Joseph Zhang, Piano
Zaiden Grayda-Reyes, Flute

Laurie's Song — Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
From *The Tenderland*

Mother of the Sea — Joe Hisaishi (b.1950)
From *Ponyo*

Joseph Zhang, Piano
Zaiden Grayda-Reyes, Flute
David Zhen, Cello

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Texts and Translations

Tornami a Vagheggiar
From *Alcina*

Tornami a vagheggiar,
te solo vuol amar
quest'anima fedel,
caro mio bene.

Già ti donai il mio cor;
fido sarà il mio amor;
mai ti sacrò crudel,
cara mia speme.

Return me to vague,
you only want to love
this faithful soul,
my dear good.

I already gave you my heart;
I will trust my love;
I will never be cruel to you,
my dear spury.

La Pastorella dell'Alpi
From Soirées musicales
Poem by Count Carlo Pepoli; Translation © Nicholas Cornforth

Son bella pastorella,
Che scende ogni mattino
Ed offre un cestellino
Di fresche frutta e fior.

Chi viene al primo albore
Avrà vezzose rose
E poma rugiadose,
Venite al mio giardin.

Chi nel notturno orrore
Smarrì la buona via,
Alla capanna mia
Ritroverà il cammin.

Venite, o passaggiero,
La pastorella è qua,
Ma il fior del suo pensiero
Ad uno sol darà!

I am the pretty shepherdess,
Who comes down every morning,
Offering a little basket
Of fresh fruit and flowers.

Those who come at first light
Will find delightful roses
And apples damp with dew,
Come all to my garden.

Those who lost their way
In the horror of the night,
Will find their path once more
At my little cabin.

Come, oh passing traveller,
The shepherdess is here,
Yet the flower of her thoughts
She will give to one and one alone!

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Wie Melodien zieht es mir
From Fünf Lieder, Op. 105
Poem by Klaus Groth; Translation © Richard Stokes

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

Chacun Le Sait
From *La Fille du Régiment*
Text by Jules-Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges and Jean-François Bayard; Translation © Nico Castel

Chacun le sait, chacun le dit:
Le regiment par excellence,
Le seul à qui l'on fass'crédit
Dans tous les cabarets de France.
Le regiment: en tous pays l'effroi des amates,
Des maris, mais de la beauté bien suprême!

Il est là, il est là, morbleu!
Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!
Le beau vingt et unième!

Everyone knows, everyone says:
The regiment is excellence,
The one to whom we give credit
In all the cabarets of France.
The regiment in all countries fright lovers,
The husbands, but the supreme beauty.

It is, it is!
Behold, behold!
The beautiful twenty-first!

He won so many battles
That our emperor, we think,

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Il a gagné tant de combats
Que notre empereur, on le pense,
Fera chacun de ses soldats,
À la paix, maréchal de France!
Car c'est connu le régiment le plus vainqueur,
Le plus charmant, qu'un sexe craint,
Et que l'autre aime.

Will make everyone his soldiers,
To the Marshal of France!
Because it is known the regiment as vain
As a charming sex nor fears
And the other likes.

The Beauty Is
From *The Light in the Piazza*
Text by Adam Guettel

These are very popular in Italy
It's the land of naked marble boys
Something we don't see a lot in Winston-Salem
That's the land of corduroys.

I'm just a someone in an old museum.
Far away from home as someone can go.
And the beauty is I still meet people I know.
Hello.

This is wanting something, this is reaching for it,
This is wishing that a moment would arrive.
This is taking chances, this is almost touching, what the beauty is.
I don't understand a word they're saying
I'm as different here as different can be.
But the beauty is I still meet people like me.

Everyone's a mother here, in Italy.
Everyone's a father, or a son.
I think if I had a child, I would take such care of her.
Then I wouldn't feel like one.

I've hardly met a single soul, but I am not alone.
I feel grown.

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This is wanting something, this praying for it,
This is holding breath and keeping fingers crossed.
This is counting blessings, this is wondering when I'll see that boy again.
I've got a feeling he's just a someone, too.
And the beauty is, when you realize, when you realize,
Someone could be looking for a someone like you.

Poor Wandering One
From *The Pirate of Penzance*
Text by W.S. Gilbert

Poor wandering one!
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wandering one!

Poor wandering one!
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find
True peace of mind-
Why, take it, it is thine!

Take heart, fair days will shine;
Take any heart -- take mine!

Take heart, fair days will shine;
Take any heart -- take mine!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Poor wand'ring one!
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace,
Thy steps retrace,
Poor wandering one

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Aus Liebe
From St. Matthew Passion
Text by Christian Friedrich Henrici; Translation © Brenna Wiinanen

Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben,	Out of love my Saviour is willing to die,
Von einer Sünde weiβ er nichts,	Though he knows nothing of any sin,
Daβ das ewige Verderben	So that eternal ruin
Und die Strafe des Gerichts	And the punishment of judgement
Nicht aud meiner Seele bliebe	May not rest upon my soul.

Villanelle
Text by Frédéric van der Elst ;Translation ©Richard Stokes

J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle	I have seen the swallow fly over
Dans le ciel pur du matin:	In the clear morning sky:
Elle allait, à tire-d'aile,	She was flying by wing
Vers le pays où l'appelle	To the land to which she is called
Le soleil et le jasmin.	By the sun and the jasmine.
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle!	I have seen the swallow fly over!
J'ai longtemps suivi des yeux	I have followed for a long time with my eyes
Le vol de la voyageuse...	The flight of the traveller...
Depuis, mon âme rêveuse	Since then, my dreaming soul
L'accompagne par les cieux.	accompanies her through the skies.
Ah! ah! au pays mystérieux!	Ah! ah! to the mysterious land!
Et j'aurais voulu comme elle	And I would have wished like her
Suivre le même chemin...	to follow the same path.
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle	I have seen the swallow fly over.

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Laurie's song
Text by Aaron Copland

Once I thought I'd never grow tall as this fence
Time dragged heavy and slow

But April came and August went
Before I knew just what they meant
And little by little I grew
And as I grew I came to know
How fast the time could go

Once I thought I'd never go outside this fence
This space was plenty for me

But I walked down the road one day
And just happened I can't say
But little by little it came to be
That line between the earth and sky
Came beckoning to me

Now the time has grown short
The world has grown so wide

I'll be graduated soon
Why am I strange inside?

What makes me think I'd like to try
To go down all those roads beyond that line
Above the earth and 'neath the sky?
Tomorrow when I sit upon
The graduation platform stand
I know my hand will shake
When I reach out to take that paper
With the ribboned band

Now that all the learning's done
O who knows what will now begin?

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O it's so strange
I'm strange inside

The time has grown so short
The world so wide

Mother of the Sea
From Ponyo
Text by Hayao Miyazaki and Wakako Kaku

海ゆりゆれる 青いうち	Within the blue, the sea lilies sway,
かぞえきれない きょうだいたちと	I spoke with countless siblings,
あぶくのことばで はなしていたの	In the language of bubbles
おぼえていますか ずっと昔に	Do you remember?
お前は青いうみに いっしょにくらしていたの	In the distant past, you and I lived together in the blue sea
クラゲもウニも サカナもカニも	The jellyfish, sea urchins, fish, and crabs
みんな きょうだいだっ	Were all your siblings
おぼえていますか ずっと昔に	Do you remember?
お前は青いうみに いっしょにくらしていたの	In the distant past, you and I lived together in the blue sea
海ゆりゆれる 青いうち	Within the blue, the sea lilies sway,
おぼえていますか きょうだいたちを	Do you remember? Your brothers and sisters

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