



Brabeeba

Mien

PIANO, VIOLIN & COMPOSITION

Tracy Cui, violin
Roufei Jia, voice
Rain Wu, voice

Tuesday, May 23rd, 2023 6:30 p.m.

MIT's Killian Hall

Program

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Sonatine
Modéré
Mouvement de menuet
Animé

Brabeeba Mien Wang
(1995-current)

“Undercurrent” in B major
“A fish in the water” in G minor
“Silent utterance” in C minor

Frédéric Chopin
(1810-1847)

Étude Op. 25
No. 1 in A-flat major
No. 2 in F minor

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

An die Musik

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Violin Sonata No. 1 in G minor, BWV 1001
Adagio
Fuga
Siciliana
Presto

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Abendempfindung an Laura, K. 523

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Piano Sonata No. 21 in F sharp major, Op. 78,
“à Thérèse”
Adagio cantabile – Allegro ma non troppo
Allegro vivace

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Six Pieces for Piano, Op. 118
No. 1 - Intermezzo in A minor
No. 2 - Intermezzo in A major

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Sonata for Piano and Violin No. 21 in E minor,
K304
Allegro
Tempo di Menuetto

Acknowledgement

I would like to thank my piano teacher, Tim, violin teachers, Maria and Zenas and composition teachers, Peter, Charles and Keeril to not only show me the endless possibility in music but also guide me to find my own voice in music.

I would like to thank my great friend, En-Chi Cheng, for supporting me both musically and emotionally during the preparation of the recital and exchanging countless conversation in music and life to make me grow both as a musician and as a person.

I would like to thank three of my talented friends and chamber music partners, Tracy, Ruofei and Rain, to have this fun collaboration with me. Your musicianship and brilliant personality make the memory with you so enjoyable both in and outside of rehearsals.

I would like to thank Moxin (@notsunnychen) for designing the cover of the program and Jiayuan (@maojiayuan) for taking photography for the posters, and many friends with great artistic minds to make the creative endeavors of this recital possible.

Lastly, I would like to thank all my music buddies, Tiancheng, Jingxuan, Chi-Ning, Kaidong, and everyone else in the BSO concert-going group, who have constantly inspired me and accompanied me throughout my journey in music.

Lyrics

An die Musik

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen
Stunden, Wo mich des Lebens wilder
Kreis umstrickt,

Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb'
entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessere Welt entrückt,
In eine bessere Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf'
entfloßen, Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von
dir,

Den Himmel besserer Zeiten mir
erschlossen, Du holde Kunst, ich danke

To music

O blessed art, how often in dark hours,
When the savage ring of life tightens round
me,

Have you kindled warm love in my heart,
Have transported me to a better world!
Transported to a better world

Often a sigh has escaped from your harp,
A sweet, sacred harmony of yours

Has opened up the heavens to better times
for me,
O blessed art, I thank you for that!
O blessed art, I thank you!

Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu –
Schließ' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab;
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

Evening Thoughts

It is evening, the sun has vanished,
And the moon sheds its silver light;
So life's sweetest hours speed by,
Flit by as in a dance!

Soon life's bright pageant will be over,
And the curtain will fall.
Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend
Flow already on our grave.

Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr,
A silent presentiment will reach me,
And I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
Fly to the land of rest.

If you then weep by my grave
And gaze mourning on my ashes,
Then, dear friends, I shall appear to you
Bringing a breath of heaven.

May you too shed a tear for me
And pluck a violet for my grave;
And let your compassionate gaze
Look tenderly down on me.

Consecrate a tear to me and ah!
Be not ashamed to do so;
In my diadem it shall become
The fairest pearl of all.