

Program

Ludwig van Beethoven

(1770-1827)

Henry Purcell

(1659-1695)

Amy Beach

(1867-1944)

Reynaldo Hahn

(1874-1947)

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

Clara Schumann

(1819-1896)

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Johann Sebastian Bach

(1685-1750)

Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)

Frédéric Chopin

(1810-1847)

Brabeeba Mien Wang

(1995-current)

Ludwig van Beethoven

(1770-1827)

Romance in F major, Op.50

Piano: Yi-Yi Liang

If Music Be the Food of Love, Z.379

Four songs, Op.14

No.1. The Summer Wind

À Chloris

Two songs, Op.27

No.1, Chanson d'amour

Lieder, Op.12

No. 2, Liebst du um Schönheit

Du bist die Ruh, D.776

Italian Concerto, BWV 971

3. Presto

Three Intermezzi for piano, Op. 117

No. 2 in B-flat minor

Waltzes, Op. 34

No. 1 in A-flat major

Unwavering Waves in A minor

Violin Sonata Op. 30 No. 3 in G major

1. Allegro assai

2. Tempo di minuetto, ma molto moderato e grazioso

3. Allegro vivace

Lyrics

The Summer Wind

Softly the summer wind woos the rose;
Like a fickle lover
He kisses her petals, then off he goes
The fair fields over.
Yet since he has kissed her, forever the rose
Her heart, her heart uncloses;
And he breathes thereafter,
Wherever he goes,
The perfume, the perfume of roses.

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'ambroisie Ne touche point ma fantaisie Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

Chanson d'amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front, Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche, J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange Grâce de tout ce que tu dis, Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange, Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle, De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux, Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux, Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!

If Music be the Food of Love

If music be the food of love, Sing on till I am fill'd with joy; For then my listening soul you move To pleasures that can never cloy. Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare That you are music everywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear, So fierce the transports are, they wound, And all my senses feasted are, Tho' yet the treat is only sound, Sure I must perish by your charms, Unless you save me in your arms.

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me, (And I'm told you love me dearly), I do not believe that even kings Can match the happiness I know. Even death would be powerless To alter my fortune With the promise of heavenly bliss! All that they say of ambrosia Does not stir my imagination Like the favour of your eyes!

Love song

I love your eyes, I love your brow, O my rebel, O my wild one, I love your eyes, I love your mouth Where my kisses shall dissolve.

I love your voice, I love the strange Charm of all you say, O my rebel, O my dear angel, My inferno and my paradise.

I love all that makes you beautiful From your feet to your hair, O you the object of all my vows, O my wild one, O my rebel.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit. O nicht mich liebe! Liebe die Sonne. Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar. Liebst du um Jugend, O nicht mich liebe! Liebe den Frühling, Der jung ist jedes Jahr. Liebst du um Schätze. O nicht mich liebe! Liebe die Meerfrau. Sie hat viel Perlen klar. Liebst du um Liebe, O ja, mich liebe! Liebe mich immer, Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh, Der Friede mild, Die Sehnsucht du, Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir Voll Lust und Schmerz Zur Wohnung hier Mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr' ein bei mir, Und schliesse du Still hinter dir Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz Aus dieser Brust. Voll sei dies Herz Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt Von deinem Glanz Allein erhellt, O füll' es ganz.

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty, O love not me! Love the sun. She has golden hair. If you love for youth, O love not me! Love the spring Which is young each year. If you love for riches, O love not me! Love the mermaid Who has many shining pearls. If you love for love, Ah yes, love me! Love me always. I shall love you ever more.

You are repose

You are repose and gentle peace. You are longing and what stills it.

Full of joy and grief I consecrate to you my eyes and my heart as a dwelling place.

Come in to me and softly close the gate behind you.

Drive all other grief from my breast. Let my heart be full of your joy.

The temple of my eyes is lit by your radiance alone: O, fill it wholly!