

Yale SCHOOL OF MUSIC

José García-León, Dean

Commencement Concert

Sunday, May 18, 2025 | 3:00 pm

Morse Recital Hall in Sprague Memorial Hall

Program

Frédéric Chopin
1810-1849

Nocturne in E major, Op. 62 No. 2

Claude Debussy
1862-1918

Estampes, L. 100

III. Jardin sous la pluie

Juan Pedro García Oliva '25MM, *piano*

Ralph Vaughan Williams
1872-1958
Text by Walt Whitman
1819 - 1892

Two Vocal Duets

I. The Last Invocation

II. The Love Song of the Birds

Ellen Robertson '25MMA, *soprano*

Fredy Bonilla '25MM, *baritone*

Josh Liu '25MM, *violin*

Michelle Kim, *piano*

Ben Rieke
b. 2000

Upward Mobility, for solo piano

Forrest Eimold '24MM '30DMA, *piano*

Debussy

String Quartet in G minor, Op. 10

III. Andantino, doucement expressif

Sory Park '25MMA, *violin*

Albert Gang '25MM, *violin*

Andy Park '25MM, *viola*

Balder Mikkelsen '26MM, *cello*

INTERMISSION

Giovanni Bottesini
1891-1953

Passione Amorosa

- II. Andante
- III. Allegretto

Jülide San '25MM, *double bass*
Chelsea Strayer '25MM, *double bass*
Lyndon Ji '29DMA, *piano*

Charles Ives
1874-1974

Four German Songs, from 114 Songs

- I. Weil' auf mir Nikolaus Lenau
- IV. Ich grolle nicht Heinrich Heine
- III. Feldeinsamkeit Hermann Allmers

Eva Martínez '25MM, *soprano*
Anna Smigelskaya, *piano**

David Maslanka
1943-2017

Quintet for Winds No. 3

- III. Very Fast

Sophia Jean '25MM, *flute*
Maren Tonini '25MM, *oboe*
Nikki Pet '23MM '29DMA, *clarinet*
Tucker Van Gundy '25MM, *bassoon*
Gretchen Berendt '25MM, *horn*

* Faculty

As a courtesy to others, please silence all devices. Photography and recording of any kind is strictly prohibited. Please do not leave the hall during musical selections. Thank you.

Texts & Translations

Two Vocal Duets

I. The last invocation

At the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful,
 fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks --
 from the keep of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;
With the key of softness unlock the locks
 -- with a whisper,
Set ope the doors, O Soul!

Tenderly! Be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
Strong is your hold, O Love.)

II. The Love-Song of the Birds

Shine! Shine! Shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun!
While we bask -- we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow South or winds blow North,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home or rivers and mountains from
 home,
Singing all... time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Text by Walt Whitman

Four German Songs

I. Weil' auf mir

Weil' auf mir, du dunkles Auge,
Übe deine ganze Macht,
Ernste, milde, träumerische,
Unergründlich süße Nacht.

Nimm mit deinem Zauberdunkel
Diese Welt von hinnen mir,
Daß du über meinem Leben
Einsam schwebest für und für.

IV. Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch
bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens
Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im
Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens
Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen
frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

I. Eyes so dark

Eyes so dark, on me reposing,
Let me feel now all your might.
With thy grave and dreamy sweetness
Thine unfathomed wondrous night.

Take now with thy sombre magic
From my sight this world away,
That alone Thou may'st forever
O'er my life extend thy sway.

IV. I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is
breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond
splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long. For I saw you in my
dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your
heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

Texts & Translations, *cont.*

III. Feldeinsamkeit

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn
Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam
umwoben.

Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille
Träume;
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

III. Alone in fields

I rest at peace in tall green grass
And gaze steadily aloft,
Surrounded by unceasing crickets,
Wondrously interwoven with blue sky.

The lovely white clouds go drifting by
Through the deep blue, like lovely silent
dreams;
I feel as if I have long been dead,
Drifting happily with them through
eternal space.

English translation by Richard Stokes

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