

James Lorusso
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2023
Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

with
Alexandra Henderson, soprano
Eric Chen, violin

Sunday, October 2, 2022
4:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Trois Poèmes de Louise Vilmorin, FP 57

Le garçon de Liège
Au-delà
Aux officiers de la garde blanche

Alexandra Henderson, soprano

Jesús Guridi
(1886–1961)

Seis canciones castellanas

Allá arriba en aquella montaña
¡Serenos!
Lámale con el pañuelo
No quiero tus avellanas
Cómo quieres que adivine
Mañanita de San Juan

Alexandra Henderson, soprano

Edvard Grieg
(1843–1907)

Violin Sonata No. 3 in C Minor, op. 45

Allegro molto ed appassionato
Allegretto espressivo alla Romanza
Allegro animato

Eric Chen, violin

*Special thank you to
Cameron Stowe, Jonathan Feldman, Pei-Shan Lee,
Alexandra Henderson, and Eric Chen*

Le garçon de Liège

*Un garçon de conte de fée
M'a fait un grand salut bourgeois
En plein vent, au bord d'une allée,*

Debout sous l'arbre de la Loi.

*Les oiseaux d'arrière-saison
Faisaient des leurs malgré la pluie
Et prise par ma déraison
J'osai lui dire: "Je m'ennuie"*

*Sans dire un doux mot de menteur
Le soir dans ma chambre à tristesse
Il vint consoler ma pâleur.
Son ombre me fit des promesses.*

*Mais c'était un garçon de Liège,
Léger, léger comme le vent
Qui ne se prend à aucun piège
Et court les plaines de beau temps.*

*Et dans ma chemise de nuit,
Depuis lors quand je voudrais rire
Ah! beau jeune homme je m'ennuie,
Ah! dans ma chemise à mourir.*

Au-delà

*Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l'heure du plaisir,
Choisir n'est pas trahir,
Je choisis celui-là.*

*Je choisis celui-là
Qui sait me faire rire,
D'un doigt de-ci, de-là,
Comme on fait pour écrire.*

*Comme on fait pour écrire,
Il va par-ci, par-là,
Sans que j'ose lui dire:
J'aime bien ce jeu-là.*

The boy of Cork [The boy from Liège]

A fairy-tale youth
bowed to me a deep bourgeois bow
in the open air, alongside an avenue,
standing,
beneath the tree of Law.

The birds of late autumn
kept up their work, despite the rain
and seized by my folly
I dared tell him: "I'm bored."

Without saying one sweet word of falsehood
that evening, in my room of sadness,
he came to console my pallor.
His shadow made me promises.

But he was a boy of Cork,
light, light as the wind
which is not to be caught in any trap
and roams the plains in fine weather.

and in my night-shirt,
ever since, whenever I want to laugh,
ah, handsome young man, I'm bored,
ah, in my shirt, to death!

Beyond

Water-of-life! Beyond!
At the hour of pleasure,
to choose is not to betray,
I choose that one.

I choose that one
who can make me laugh,
with a finger here, there,
as one does when writing.

As one does when writing,
he comes here, he goes there,
without my daring to say to him:
I do like that game.

*J'aime bien ce jeu-là,
Qu'un souffle fait finir,
Jusqu'au dernier soupir
Je choisis ce jeu-là.*

*Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l'heure du plaisir,
Choisir n'est pas trahir,
Je choisis celui-là.*

Aux officiers de la garde blanche

*Officiers de la garde blanche,
Gardez-moi de certaines pensées la nuit.
Gardez-moi des corps à corps et de l'appui*

*D'une main sur ma hanche.
Gardez-moi surtout de lui
Qui par la manche m'entraîne
Vers le hasard des mains pleines
Et les ailleurs d'eau qui luit.
Épargnez-moi les tourments en tourmente
De l'aimer un jour plus qu'aujourd'hui,
Et la froide moiteur des attentes
Qui presseront aux vitres et aux portes
Mon profil de dame déjà morte.
Officiers de la garde blanche,
Je ne veux pas pleurer pour lui
Sur terre. Je veux pleurer en pluie
Sur sa terre, sur son astre orné de buis,*

*Lorsque plus tard je planerai transparente,
Au-dessus des cent pas d'ennui.
Officiers des consciences pures,
Vous qui faites les visages beaux,
Confiez dans l'espace au vol des oiseaux
Un message pour les chercheurs de mesure
Et forgez pour nous des chaînes sans anneaux.*

Louise de Vilmorin

I do like that game,
which a breath puts to an end,
up until the last sigh
I choose that game.

Water-of-life! Beyond!
At the hour of pleasure,
to choose is not to betray,
I choose that one..

To the officers of the white guard

Officers of the white guard,
keep me from certain thoughts at night.
Keep me from bodily contacts and the
pressing
of a hand upon my hip.
Above all keep me from him
who, by the sleeve, pulls me
towards the chance of full hands
and the elsewheres of glistening water.
Spare me the torments in torment
of loving him some day more than today,
and the cold dampness of the awaiting
which will impress my profile of a lady
already dead onto the windows and doors.
Officers of the white guard,
I do not want to weep for him
on earth. I want to weep in rain
upon his land, upon his star adorned with
boxwood,
when, later, transparent, I float
above the hundred strides of misery.
Officers of pure consciences,
you who render faces beautiful,
confide in space to the flight of the birds
a message for those seeking moderation
and forge for us chains without rings.

*Translated by Christopher Goldsack
(melodietreasury.com)*

Allá arriba, en aquella montaña

*Allá arriba, en aquella montaña,
yo corté una caña, yo corté un clavel.
Labrador ha de ser, labrador,
que mi amante lo es.
No le quiero molinero,
que me da con el maquilandero.*

*Yo le quiero labrador,
que coja las mulas y se vaya a arar
y a la medianoche me venga a rondar.
Entra labrador si vienes a verme.
Si vienes a verme ven por el corral,*

*sube por el naranjo, que seguro vas.
Entra labrador si vienes a verme.*

¡Sereno!

*¡Sereno! En mi casa hay un hombre
durmiendo con un capotón.
En la mano llevaba un reloj
y un puñal de plata.
¡Ay! Sereno, este hombre me mata.*

Llámale con el pañuelo

*Llámale con el pañuelo, llámale con
garbo y modo.
Echale la escarapela al otro lado del lomo.
Llámale majo al toro.
Torero tira la capa; torero*

*tira el capote;
mira que el toro te pillá, mira que
el toro te coge.
Majo, si vas a los toros, no laves
capa pa torear;
que son los toros muy bravos y a algún torero le
van a matar.*

Up there, on that mountain

Up there, on that mountain,
I cut some cane, I picked a carnation.
A simple farmer must he be, a simple farmer,
must my lover be.
I do not want a miller,
who treats me like the grain that powers his
mill.

I want a simple farmer,
to take the mules and go to plow
and at midnight come to serenade me.
Enter, farmer, if you have come to see me.
If you come to me, come through the
farmyard,
climb the orange tree, [just] to be safe.
Enter, farmer, if you have come to see me.

Nightwatchman!

Nightwatchman! In my house there is a man
sleeping under a cloak.
He was wearing a watch and in his hands
holding a silver dagger.
Ah! Nightwatchman, this man is killing me.

Wave to him with your handkerchief

Wave to him with your handkerchief, call him
with grace and style.
Throw your cockade over his shoulder.
Majo, call the bull.
Matador, throw down your [silk promenade]
cape;
twirl your long red cape;
Look out, lest the bull catch you, look out, lest
the bull gets you.
Majo, if you go to the bulls, don't wear a
decorative cape to fight;
for the bulls are very brave and some
bullfighter they are going to kill.

No quiero tus avellanas

*No quiero tus avellanas,
tampoco tus alelías,
porque me han salido vanas
las palabras que me diste.*

*Las palabras que me diste yendo
por aqua a la fuente,
como eran palabras de amor
se las llevó la corriente.*

*Se las llevó la corriente
de las cristalinas aguas
hasta llegar a la fuente
donde me diste palabra,*

*Donde me diste palabra
de ser mía hasta la muerte*

Cómo quieres que adivine

*Cómo quieres que adivine
si estás despierta o dormida,
¿como no baje del cielo un ángel
y me lo diga!*

*¿Cómo quieres que adivine?
Alegria y más alegría,
hermosa paloma cuando serás mía,
cuando serás mía, ¿cuando vas a ser,
hermosa paloma, remito laurel!*

*Cuando voy por leña al monte
olé ya mi niña y me meto en la espesura,*

*y veo la nieve blanca, ole ya mi niña,
me acuerdo de tu hermosura.*

*Quisiera ser por un rato anillo
de tu pendiente,
para decirte al oído
lo que mi corazón siente.*

*Las estrellas voy contando, ole ya mi niña,
por ver la que me persigue.*

*Ne persigue un lucerito,olé ya mi niña,
pequeñito pero firme,
Alegria y más alegría,*

I don't want your hazelnuts

I don't want your hazelnuts,
nor your alhelí flowers,
because I found to be empty
the words you said to me.

The words you said to me as I went
for water at the spring,
since they were just words of love
carried away by the current.

They were carried away by the current
of the crystal-clear waters
down to the fountain
where you gave me your word,

Where you gave me your word
to be mine until death.

How can you expect me to guess

How can you expect me to guess
if you're awake or asleep?
An angel isn't dropping down from heaven
to tell me!

How can you expect me to guess?
Joy and more joy,
beautiful dove, when you're mine,
when you're mine, when you will,
beautiful dove, honor me!

When I go for firewood, up the mountain
oh yes, my girl, and I get tangled in the
thicket,

and I see the white snow, oh yes, my girl,
I remember your beauty.

I'd like to be a ring (just for awhile)
in your earring,
to whisper in your ear
what my heart feels.

The stars are counted by me, oh yes, my girl,
to see which one pursues me.

It's not Venus, oh yes, my girl,
but a tiny one, that shines steadily,
Joy and more joy,

*hermosa paloma cuando serás mía.
¡Cuando serás mía, cuando vas a ser,
hermosa paloma, ramito laurel!
¡Cómo quieres que adivine!*

Mañanita de San Juan

*Mañanita de San Juan,
levántate tempranito
y en la ventana verás
de hierbabuena un poquito.*

*Aquella paloma blanca
que pica en el arcipiés,
que por dónde la cogeria,
que por dónde la cogere;
si la cojo por el pico
se me escapa por los pies.*

*Coge niño la enramada,
que la noche está serena
y la música resuena
en lo profundo del mar.*

Traditional

beautiful dove, when you're mine,
when you're mine, when you will,
beautiful dove, honor me!
How can you expect me to guess?

Midsummer morning [Morning on St. John's Day]

Morning on St. John's Day,
wake up very early
and in the windowsill
a little bit of mint.

That white dove
which pecks among the leaves,
where might I catch it?
Where shall I catch it?
Even if I catch it by the beak
it can escape me by foot.

Boy, take that flowering branch,
for the night is calm
and the music resounds
deep in the sea.

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