

Julian Seney

viola

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2022
Student of Kim Kashkashian

with
Shalun Li, Ari Chais, piano
Philip Rawlinson, viola
Brittany Bryant, Hannah Dunton, Sahana Narayana,
Katie Purcell, Yifei Zhou, voice

Saturday, November 19, 2022
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Lili Boulanger

(1893–1918)

transcr. Julian Seney

from *Clairières dans le ciel* (1913)

1. ...Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

3. ...Parfois, je suis triste

13. ...Demain fera un an

Shalun Li, piano

Bernd Alois Zimmermann

(1918–1970)

Sonata for Solo Viola (1955)

Emmett Mathison '22

Apros Estros (2022)

for two violas and five human voices

World Premiere

Philip Rawlinson, viola

Brittany Bryant, Hannah Dunton,

Sahana Narayanan, Katie Purcell,

Yifei Zhou, voice

Lera Auerbach

(b. 1973)

Arcanum

Advenio

Cinis

Postremo

Adempte

Shalun Li, piano

Luciano Berio
(1925–2003)

Sequenza VI (1967)

Duo Improvisation

Ari Chais, piano

*Thank you to my devoted teacher, Kim Kashkashian,
who has done more for me than I could have ever imagined.*

*Thank you to all of my other teachers and mentors
who have challenged me to improve.*

*Thank you to all of my beautiful friends and family —
you continue to inspire me and give me hope.*

Thank you to my moms and dad who have made this all possible.

I am grateful for each and every one of you and the loving support you give.

Boulangier

1.....Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

*Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie
et, comme la prairie était toute fleurie
de plantes dont la tige aime à pousser dans l'eau,
ces plantes inondées je les avais cueillies.
Bientôt, s'étant mouillée, elle gagna le haut
de cette prairie-là qui était toute fleurie.
Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec la grâce*

*dégingandée qu'ont les jeunes filles trop grandes.
Elle avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de lavande.*

3.....Parfois, je suis triste

Parfois, je suis triste. Et, soudain, je pense à elle.

*Alors, je suis joyeux. Mais je redeviens triste
de ce que je ne sais pas combien elle m'aime.*

*Elle est la jeune fille à l'âme toute claire,
et qui, de dans son cœur, garde avec jalousie
l'unique passion que l'on donne à un seul.
Elle est partie avant que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,
et, comme ils ont fleuri depuis qu'elle est partie,
je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis,
des branches de tilleuls qui n'avaient pas de fleurs.*

13....Demain fera un an

*Demain fera un an qu'à Audaux je cueillais
les fleurs dont j'ai parlé, de la prairie mouillée.*

*C'est aujourd'hui le plus beau jour des jours de
Pâques.*

*Je me suis enfoncé dans l'azur des campagnes,
à travers bois, à travers prés, à travers champs.
Comment, mon cœur, n'es-tu pas mort depuis un
an?*

*Mon cœur, je t'ai donné encore ce calvaire
de revoir ce village où j'avais tant souffert,*

She had reached the low-lying meadow,
and, since the meadow was all a-blossom
with plants that like to grow in water,
I had picked these flooded flowers.
Soon, soaking wet, she reached the top
of that blossoming meadow.

She was laughing and gasping with the
gawky grace
of girls who are too tall.
Her eyes looked like lavender flowers

Sometimes I am sad. And suddenly, I think of
her.

Then, I am overjoyed. But I grow sad again,
because I do not know how much she loves
me.

She is the girl with the limpid soul,
and who, in her heart, guards with jealousy
the unrivaled passion garnered for one alone.
She went before the limes had blossomed,
and since they flowered after she had gone,
I was astonished to see, my friends,
lime-tree branches devoid of flowers.

It will be a year tomorrow since at Audaux I
picked
those flowers I mentioned from the damp
meadow.
Today is the most beautiful of Easter days.

I plunged deep into the blue countryside,
across woods, across meadows, across fields.
How is it, O heart, you did not die a year ago?

O heart, once more I've caused you this
Calvary
of seeing again this village where I suffered
so,

*ces roses qui saignaient devant le presbytère,
ces lilas qui me tuent dans les tristes parterres.*

*Je me suis souvenu de ma détresse ancienne,
et je ne sais comment je ne suis pas tombé
sur l'ocre du sentier, le front dans la poussière.*

*Plus rien. Je n'ai plus rien, plus rien qui me
soutienne.*

*Plus rien. Pourquoi fait-il si beau et pourquoi suis-
je né?*

J'aurais voulu poser sur vos calmes genoux

*la fatigue qui rompt mon âme qui se couche
ainsi qu'une pauvre femme au fossé de la route.*

Dormir. Pouvoir dormir. Dormir à tout jamais

*sous les averses bleues, sous les tonnerres frais.
Ne plus sentir. Ne plus savoir votre existence.*

Ne plus voir cet azur engloutir ces coteaux

dans ce vertige bleu qui mêle l'air à l'eau,

ni ce vide où je cherche en vain votre présence.

*Il me semble sentir pleurer au fond de moi,
d'un lourd sanglot muet, quelqu'un qui n'est pas
là.*

J'écris. Et la campagne est sonore de joie.

*«Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie,
et comme la prairie était toute fleurie.»*

*Plus rien. Je n'ai plus rien, plus rien qui me
soutienne.*

Francis Jammes

Zimmerman

*Gelobet seist du, Jesu Christ,
Daß du Mensch geboren bist
Von einer Jungfrau, das ist wahr;
Des freuet sich der Engel Schar.
Kyrie eleison!*

Lutheran hymn

the roses which bled before the vicarage,
the lilacs that kill me in their melancholy
beds.

I recalled my old anguish
and do not know why I did not fall headlong
in the dust on the ochre path.

Nothing more. I have nothing more, nothing
to sustain me.

Nothing more. Why is the weather so fair and
why was I born?

I would have wished to place on your quiet
lap

the fatigue which breaks my soul as it lies
like a poor woman by the roadside ditch.

To sleep. To be able to sleep. To sleep forever
more

beneath blue showers, beneath fresh thunder.
To no longer feel. Be no longer aware that you
exist.

To no longer see this blue sky swallow up
these hills

in this reeling blue which mingles air and
water,

nor this void where I search for you in vain.

I seem to feel a weeping within me,
a heavy, silent sobbing, someone who is not
there.

I write. And the countryside is loud with joy.

'She had reached the low-lying meadow,
and like the meadow was all a-blossom.'

Nothing more. I have nothing more, nothing
to sustain me.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) provided
courtesy of Oxford Lieder www.oxfordlieder.co.uk*

Praised be you, Jesus Christ
that you have been born as a man
from a virgin - this is true-
at which the host of angels rejoices.
Kyrie eleison!

Translation by Miles Coverdale

Auerbach Arcanum

I. Advenio

(Singular active indicative)

Advenire, advenio, adveni, adventum

[ad + veniō] to come (to), arrive (at), reach; to come on purpose, to come from outside, to arrive, put in, to reach, be brought, come into the hands of, to set in, arise, develop, to come (in time); *interea dies advenit* - meanwhile it was day; *advenientes ad angulos noctis* - reaching to the very corners of the night.

II. Cinis

(Nominative masculine singular)

Cinis, cineris

The residue from fire, ashes; the extinct or apparently extinct ashes of a fire; the spent or smoldering fires of love or enmity; *Troia virum et noctium acerba cinis* - Troy, bitter ash of men and nights; ashes as a condition of the body after death (as a stage in existence) 'the grave'; *Cinis hic docta puella fuit* - this ash was a scholarly girl.

III. Postremo

(Adverb, ablative masculine of Postremus)

At last, finally, after everything else, last of all, lastly (in a logical sequence), in the last place, finally; on the last occasion, most recently, for the last time; in the end, eventually; in the last resort; to sum up, in short, in fact, after all; *primo... deinde...postremo* - first...then...finally.

IV. Adempte

(Vocative masculine singular of Ademptus)

Adimere, adimo, ademi, ademptus

[ad + emō] to remove something by physical force, take away; to rescue, save (from death); to steal, confiscate; to capture, seize; to deprive of (life, sleep, etc.); to refuse or fail to give, deny, withhold; to render (vision) impossible; *nox diem adimat* - the day would not be long enough [night confiscates day]; to remove by exile or death, to banish, dispel; to acquire by purchase.

– Lera Auerbach

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert information

Santiago Galeano, *jazz piano* (MM '22)

Student of Henrique Eisenmann

Sunday, November 20, 2022 at 12:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Zachary Johnson, *trombone* (MM)

Student of Stephen Lange

Sunday, November 20, 2022 at 12:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Hannah O'Brien, *violin* (MM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Sunday, November 20, 2022 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Yuzhe Qiu, *violin* (MM)

Student of Paul Biss

Sunday, November 20, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Thomas Burrill, *collaborative piano* (GD)

Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

Wednesday, November 30, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Samantha Reiss, *jazz bass* (BM)

Student of Frank Carlberg and Dominique Eade

Thursday, December 1, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

John Fulton, *bassoon* (BM '22)

Student of Suzanne Nelsen

Saturday, December 3, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Passacaglia Mason, *violin* (MM)

Student of Soovin Kim

Saturday, December 3, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Taehyun Kim, *jazz drums* (MM '22)

Student of Nasheet Waits and Miguel Zenón

Sunday, December 4, 2022 at 12:00 noon, Eben Jordan

Eva Sánchez-Vegazo Roperro, *cello* (BM '22)

Student of Lluís Claret

Sunday, December 4, 2022 at 12:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Food and drink are not allowed in the concert hall,
and photography and audio or video recording are prohibited.
Assistive listening devices are available for all Jordan Hall concerts;
contact the head usher or house manager on duty or inquire at the Coat Room.
Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

Stay Connected      



necmusic.edu/tonight