

Calandra E. Damouras  
*soprano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Master of Music degree, 2023  
Student of Jane Eaglen

with  
JJ Penna, piano

Saturday, December 10, 2022  
8:00 p.m.  
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

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**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart**  
(1756–1791)

*“L’amerò, sarò costante”* from *Il re pastore*

Kaitlyn Knudsvig, violin

**Henri Duparc**  
(1848–1933)

*Chanson triste*

*Lamento*

*L’invitation au voyage*

*Au pays où se fait la guerre*

*In loving memory of Dr. Lonel Woods*

**Richard Strauss**  
(1864–1949)

*Zueignung*

*Der Stern*

*Einerlei*

*Befreit*

*Cäcilie*

**Liza Lehmann**  
(1862–1918)

*Stars*

*The Swing*

*Evensong*

*If no one ever marries me*

*I would like to take this opportunity to thank  
my incredible collaborators for making music with me today.*

*I would especially like to thank my coach and accompanist, JJ Penna,  
for his guidance and wisdom in the creation of this program.*

*I would also like to thank my family, friends, and past teachers  
for all of their love and support, without whom, none of this would be reality for me.*

*And last but certainly not least, I would like to give huge thanks to my teacher,  
Jane Eaglen, for being the most wonderful mentor the last year and a half.  
It has been a true honor to be your student and I want to thank you so much  
for pushing me to be the best singer, performer, and person I can be.*

*Thank you all so much for coming and/or watching today's performance.  
I sincerely hope you enjoy it!*

*L'amerò, sarò costante*

*L'amerò, sarò costante:  
Fido sposo e fido amante  
Sol per lei sospirerò.  
In sì caro e dolce oggetto  
La mia gioia, il mio diletto,  
La mia pace troverò.*

Pietro Metastasio

*Chanson triste*

*Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,  
Un doux clair de lune d'été,  
Et pour fuir la vie importune,  
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.*

*J'oublierai les douleurs passées,  
Mon amour, quand tu berceras  
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées  
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.*

*Tu prendras ma tête malade,  
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,  
Et lui diras une ballade  
Qui semblera parler de nous;*

*Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,  
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai  
Tant de baisers et de tendresses  
Que peut-être je guérirai.*

Jean Lahor

*Lamento*

*Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,  
Où flotte avec un son plaintif  
L'ombre d'un if?  
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,  
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,  
Chante son chant.*

**I shall love her. I shall be constant**

I shall love her. I shall be constant;  
Faithful husband and faithful lover  
Only for her I shall long.  
In so dear and sweet object.  
My joy, my delight,  
My peace of mind I shall find.

*Translation by Nico Castel, The Libretti of  
Mozart's Completed Opera*

**Song of Sadness**

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,  
A gentle summer moonlight,  
And to escape the cares of life  
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,  
My sweet, when you cradle  
My sad heart and my thoughts  
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,  
Ah! sometimes on your lap,  
And recite to it a ballad  
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,  
From your eyes I shall then drink  
So many kisses and so much love  
That perhaps I shall be healed.

**Lament**

Do you know the white tomb,  
Where the shadow of a yew  
Waves plaintively?  
On that yew a pale dove,  
Sad and solitary at sundown  
Sings its song;

*On dirait que l'âme éveillée  
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson  
De la chanson,  
Et du malheur d'être oubliée  
Se plaint dans un roucoulement  
Bien doucement.*

*Ah! jamais plus, près de la tombe,  
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir  
Au manteau noir,  
Écouter la pâle colombe  
Chanter sur la branche de l'if  
Son chant plaintif!*

**Théophile Gautier**

### ***L'invitation au voyage***

*Mon enfant, ma sœur,  
Songe à la douceur  
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!  
Aimer à loisir,  
Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble!  
Les soleils mouillés  
De ces ciels brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
Si mystérieux  
De tes traîtres yeux,  
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.*

*Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté!*

As if the awakened soul  
Weeps from the grave, together  
With the song,  
And at the sorrow of being forgotten  
Murmurs its complaint  
Most meltingly.

Ah! nevermore shall I approach that tomb,  
When evening descends  
In its black cloak.  
To listen to the pale dove  
On the branch of the yew  
Sings its plaintive song!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, from A French  
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) provided via  
Oxford Lieder [www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

### **Invitation to journey**

My child, my sister,  
Dream of the gentleness  
Of going over there to live together!  
To love at leisure,  
To love and to die  
In the country which resembles you!  
The watery suns  
Of those misty skies  
For my mind, have the charms  
so mysterious,  
of your betraying eyes,  
Shining through their tears.

There, all is but order and beauty,  
luxury, calm, and voluptuousness.

*(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)*

Vois sur ces canaux  
Dormir ces vaisseaux  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
C'est pour assouvir  
Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.  
-Les soleils couchants  
Revêtent les champs,  
Les canaux, la ville entière,  
D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Charles Baudelaire

### **Au pays où se fait la guerre**

Au pays où se fait la guerre  
Mon bel ami s'en est allé;  
Il semble à mon cœur désolé  
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.  
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,  
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche.  
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?  
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,  
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,  
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,  
Roucoulent amoureusement  
Avec un son triste et charmant;  
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent.

Je me sens tout près de pleurer,  
Mon cœur comme un lys plein s'épanche,  
Et je n'ose plus espérer,  
Voici briller la lune blanche.  
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,  
J'attends encore son retour.

Quelqu'un monte à grand pas la rampe:

serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?  
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement

See, on these canals  
Those vessels sleeping,  
Whose disposition is to roam;  
It is to fulfill  
Your slightest desire  
That they come from the end of the earth.  
The setting suns  
re clothe the fields,  
the canals, the whole town  
in hyacinth and in gold;  
The world falls asleep  
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,  
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Translation © by Christopher Goldsack from the  
*Mélodie Treasury*

### **To the land where a war is waged**

To the land where a war is waged  
my beloved has departed;  
it seems to my disconsolate heart  
that I alone remain on earth.  
On leaving, with the farewell kiss,  
he took my soul from my lips.  
My God, who withholds so long?  
Here now is the sun setting,  
and me, all alone in my tower,  
I still await his return.

The pigeons are cooing on the roof,  
cooing lovingly  
with a sad and enchanting sound;  
Beneath the big willows the waters are  
flowing.

I feel very near to crying,  
my heart opens out like a full lily,  
and I dare not hope any longer,  
now the white moon is shining,  
and me, all alone in my tower,  
I still await his return.

Someone is climbing the steps with big  
strides:  
would it be him, my sweet lover?  
It is not him, but only

*Mon petit page avec ma lampe.  
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui  
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,  
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.  
Voici que l'aurore se lève,  
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,  
J'attends encore son retour.*

Theophile Gautier

### **Zueignung**

*Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,  
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,  
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,  
Habe Dank.*

*Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,  
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,  
Und du segnest den Trank,  
Habe Dank.*

*Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,  
Habe Dank!*

Hermann von Gilm

### **Der Stern**

*Ich sehe ihn wieder  
Den lieblichen Stern;  
Er winket hernieder,  
Er nahte mir gern;  
Er wärmet und funkelt,  
Je näher er kömmt,  
Die andern verdunkelt,  
Die Herzen beklemmt.*

my little page with my lantern.  
Winds of the evening, fly, tell him  
that he is my thought and my dream,  
my whole joy and my longing.  
Here now is the dawn rising,  
and me, all alone in my tower,  
I still await his return.

*Translation © by Christopher Goldsack from the  
Mélodie Treasury*

### **Dedication**

Yes, dear soul, you know  
That I'm in torment far from you,  
Love makes hearts sick –  
Be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom,  
I held the amethyst cup aloft  
And you blessed that draught –  
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,  
Till I, as never before,  
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –  
Be thanked.

### **The Star**

I see it again  
The beautiful star;  
It beckons to me,  
And would like to draw near;  
It warns and it glitters,  
The closer it comes,  
It dims the others,  
Oppresses hearts.

*(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)*

*Die Haare im Fliegen  
Er eilet mir zu,  
Das Volk träumt von Siegen,  
Ich träume von Ruh',  
Die andern sich deuten  
Die Zukunft daraus,  
Vergangene Zeiten  
Mir leuchten ins Haus.*

Ludwig Achim von Arnim

### **Einerlei**

*Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,  
Sein Kuß mir immer neu,  
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,  
Sein freier Blick mir treu;  
O du liebes Einerlei,  
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!*

Ludwig Achim von Arnim

### **Befreit**

*Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise  
wirst du lächeln und wie zur Reise  
gab' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.  
Unsre lieben vier Wände, du hast sie bereitet,  
ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet;*

O Glück!

*Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen  
und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,  
läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.  
Du schenkest mir dein ganzes Leben,  
ich will es ihnen wieder geben;  
O Glück!*

*Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,  
wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,  
so gab' ich dich der Welt zurück!  
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen  
und mich segnen und mit mir weinen;  
O Glück!*

Richard Dehmel

With flowing mane  
It hurries towards me,  
The people dream of victory,  
I dream of peace,  
From it the others  
Predict the future,  
For me it merely  
Illumines the past.

### **Sameness**

Her mouth is always the same,  
Its kiss is ever new,  
Her eyes remain the same,  
Their frank gaze true to me;  
O you dear sameness,  
The diversity that comes of you!

### **Released**

You will not weep. Gently, gently  
you will smile; and as before a journey  
I shall return your gaze and kiss.  
You have cared for the room we love!  
I have widened these four walls for you into a  
world –  
O happiness!

Then ardently you will seize my hands  
and you will leave me your soul,  
leave me to care for our children.  
You gave your whole life to me,  
I shall give it back to them –  
O happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know it,  
we have released each other from suffering,  
so I returned you to the world.  
Then you'll appear to me only in dreams,  
and you will bless me and weep with me –  
O happiness!



## *Cäcilie*

*Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt  
Von brennenden Küssen,  
Vom Wandern und Ruhen  
Mit der Geliebten,  
Aug' in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd –  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest Dein Herz!*

*Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt  
In einsamen Nächten,  
Umschauert vom Sturm,  
Da Niemand tröstet  
Milden Mundes  
Die kampfmüde Seele –  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.*

*Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was leben heißt,  
Umhaucht von der Gottheit  
Weltschaffendem Atem,  
Zu schweben empor,  
Lichtgetragen,  
Zu seligen Höh'en,  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du lebstest mit mir.*

**Heinrich Hart**

## **Cecily**

If you knew  
What it is to dream  
Of burning kisses,  
Of walking and resting  
With one's love,  
Gazing at each other  
And caressing and talking –  
If you knew,  
Your heart would turn to me.

If you knew  
What it is to worry  
On lonely nights  
In the frightening storm,  
With no soft voice  
To comfort  
The struggle-weary soul –  
If you knew,  
You would come to me.

If you knew  
What it is to live  
Enveloped in God's  
World-creating breath,  
To soar upwards,  
Borne on light  
To blessed heights –  
If you knew,  
You would live with me.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, from The Book of  
Lieder provided via Oxford Lieder  
[www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

## Stars

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out  
Through the blinds, and the windows, and bars;  
And high overhead, and all moving about,  
There were thousands and millions of stars,  
There were thousands and millions of stars.  
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,  
Nor of people in church or the park  
As the crowds of the stars that look'd down upon me,  
And that glitter'd and wink'd in the dark

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter and all  
And the star of the Sailor, and Mars,  
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall  
Would be half full of water and stars.

They saw me at last, and they chas'd me with cries,  
And they soon had me pack'd into bed,  
But the glory kept shining, and bright in my eyes,  
And the stars going round in my head.  
The stars kept going round in my head.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## The Swing

How would you like to go up in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue?  
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air, and over the wall,  
Till I can see so wide,  
Rivers, and trees, and cattle, and all  
Over the country side.

Till I look down on the garden green,  
Down on the roof so brown,  
Up in the air I go flying again,  
Up in the air and down! Ah!

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## **Evensong**

Fold your white wings, dear Angels,  
Fold your white wings;  
Dew falls and the nightingale softly now sings.

Across the lawn lie shadows, so still, so deep,  
Dear, loving Angels, pass not by,  
Hush me to sleep.

Night falls, and whisp'ring goes the wind  
Along the sea;  
Fold your white wings, dear Angels,  
Fold them, dear Angels  
Fold them round me.

*Constance Morgan*

### **If no one ever marries me**

If no one ever marries me -  
And I don't see why they should,  
For nurse says I'm not pretty,  
And I'm seldom very good -

If no one ever marries me  
I shan't mind very much,  
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage  
And a little rabbit-hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,  
And a pony all my own  
And a little lamb, quite clean and tame,  
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old -  
At twenty-eight or nine -  
I shall buy a little orphan-girl  
And bring her up as mine.

*Laurence Alma-Tadema*

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