

Thai Johnson  
*tenor*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Master of Music degree, 2023  
Student of Michael Meraw

with  
James Lorusso, piano

Sunday, December 11, 2022  
4:00 p.m.  
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

---

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

“*Si mostra la sorte*”, KV 209

“*Clarice cara mia sposa*”, KV 256

**Gabriel Fauré**  
(1845–1924)

from *La Bonne Chanson*, op. 61

Une Sainte en son auréole  
Puisque l’aube grandit  
La lune blanche luit dans les bois  
J’allais par des chemins perfides

**Gerald Finzi**  
(1901–1956)

*Oh Fair to See*, op. 13b

I say, “I’ll seek her”  
Oh fair to see  
As I lay in the early sun  
Only the wanderer  
To Joy  
Harvest  
Since we loved

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

from *Die schöne Müllerin*, D. 795 op. 25

Das Wandern  
Wohin?  
Halt!  
Danksagung an den Bach  
Am Feierabend  
Der Neugierige  
Ungeduld

**Si mostra la sorte**

*Si mostra la sorte  
Propizia all'amante,  
Che prova costante  
Ardire in amor.  
Ma sempre nemica  
E pronta all'offese  
distrugge l'impresa  
D'un timido cor.*

Anonymous

**Clarice cara mia sposa**

*Clarice cara mia sposa dev'essere  
Per la magnetica virtù simpatica,  
Voglio convincermi colla gramatica,  
Colla retorica, logica e fisica,  
La matematica non può fallar.*

*Se in questa musica non siam unisoni  
Tritoni e dissoni, vuo' fulminar.  
Dell'arte medica con tutti i recipi,  
con mille cabale dell'aritmetica,  
Degli avvocati con tutti gli et caetera,  
Voi lo vedrete, Saprà trionfar.  
Voi lo sapete Saprà trionfar.*

*Con carte e sarte con nautica bussola*

*D'un cor amabile la cinosura  
Certa e sicura saprò ritrovar.  
Se mi diceste che cosa impossibile,  
Quel vostro petto di tigre inflessibile  
Con un fendente vorrei spalancar.*

**Fate proves**

Fate proves  
Favorable to the lover,  
Who always shows  
Boldness in love.  
But (love) is always hostile  
And ready to attack  
It destroys the undertakings  
Of a timid heart.

Translation © 2010 by Bard Suverkrop –IPA  
Source, LLC)

**That Clarice must be my dear bride**

That Clarice must be my dear bride  
Because of her attractive, pleasant virtue,  
I will convince myself with grammar,  
With rhetoric, logic and physics,  
Mathematics cannot fail

If in this music there are no unisons  
Tritones and dissonances, I will rage.  
With all the prescriptions of the medical art,  
With a thousand intricacies of arithmetic,  
And all the “et ceteras” of lawyers,  
You will see, I will triumph.  
You will know, I will triumph.

With maps and riggings, with nautical  
compass,

The Pole Star of a loving heart,  
Surely and safely, I will find.  
If you tell me that it would be impossible,  
Your stubborn heart of tiger  
I will open wide with the slash of a saber.

*Ma se poi facile siete e pieghevole,  
cento bucefali vuo' che s'attacchino,  
e Salamanca, Firenze e poi Tunisi, Londra,*

*Berlin, Roma, Torino e Padova, Amsterdam,  
Montpellier, Livorno e Genova,*

*Vuo' testimoni dell'inclito merito della mia bella,*

*dell'impareggiabile sposa adorabile  
del celeberrimo Dottor giuridico, Medico, fisico,*

*Che tutto il mondo vedrem stupefar.*

Anonymous

### **Une Sainte en son auréole**

*Une Sainte en son auréole,  
Une Châtelaine en sa tour,  
Tout ce que contient la parole  
Humaine de grâce et d'amour;*

*La note d'or que fait entendre  
Un cor dans le lointain des bois,  
Mariée à la fierté tendre  
Des nobles Dames d'autrefois;*

*Avec cela le charme insigne  
D'un frais sourire triomphant  
Éclos dans des candeurs de cygne  
Et des rougeurs de femme-enfant;*

*Des aspects nacrés, blancs et roses,  
Un doux accord patricien:  
Je vois, j'entends toutes ces choses  
Dans son nom Carlovingien*

Paul Verlaine

But if you are easy going and flexible,  
Then I will have a hundred horses harnessed,  
And the people of Salamanca, Florence,  
Tunis, London,

Berlin, Rome, Turin and Padua,  
Amsterdam, Montpellier, Livorno, and  
Genoa,

I will make witness to the illustrious merit of  
my beautiful one,

Of the incomparable, adorable bride  
Of the most celebrated juridical, medical, and  
physical doctor,

Whose merits will be seen to astound the  
whole world.

Translation © 2010 by Bard Suverkrop—IPA  
Source, LLC)

### **A Saint in her halo**

A Saint in her halo,  
A Châtelaine in her tower,  
All that human words contain  
Of grace and love;

The golden note of a horn  
In forests far away,  
Blended with the tender pride  
Of noble Ladies of long ago;

And then - the rare charm  
Of fresh, triumphant smile,  
Flowering in swan-like innocence  
And the blushes of a child-bride;

A nacreous sheen of white and pink,  
A sweet patrician harmony -  
All these things I see and hear  
In her Carolingian name.

**Puisque l'aube grandit**

*Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque voici l'aurore,  
Puisque, après m'avoir fui longtemps, l'espoir veut  
bien*

*Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et l'implore,  
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien être le mien,*

*Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux yeux aux flammes  
douces,*

*Par toi conduit, ô main où tremblera ma main,*

*Marcher droit, que ce soit par des sentiers de  
mousses*

*Où que rocs et cailloux encombrent le chemin;*

*Et comme, pour bercer les lenteurs de la route,  
Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me dis  
Qu'elle m'écouterà sans déplaisir sans doute;*

*Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre Paradis.*

Paul Verlaine

**La lune blanche**

*La lune blanche  
Luit dans les bois;  
De chaque branche  
Part une voix  
Sous la ramée...*

*Ô bien aimée.*

*L'étang reflète,  
Profond miroir,  
La silhouette  
Du saule noir  
Où le vent pleure...*

*Rêvons, c'est l'heure.*

**Since day is breaking**

Since day is breaking, since dawn is here,  
Since hope, having long eluded me, would  
now

Return to me and my imploring,  
Since all this happiness will truly be mine.

I shall, guided by your fair eyes' gentle glow,

Led by your hand in which I place my  
trembling hand,

Walk straight ahead, on mossy paths

Or boulder-strewn and stony tracks.

And while, to ease the journey's languid pace,  
I shall sing some simple airs, I tell myself  
That she will surely hear me without  
displeasure;

And truly I crave no other paradise.

**The white moon**

The white moon  
Gleams in the woods;  
From every branch  
There comes a voice  
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,  
Deep mirror,  
The silhouette  
Of the black willow  
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

*Un vaste et tendre  
Apaisement  
Semble descendre  
Du firmament  
Que l'astre irise...*

*C'est l'heure exquise*

Hermann Allmers

***J'allais par des chemins perfides***

*J'allais par les chemins perfides,  
Douloureusement incertain.  
Vos chères mains furent mes guides.*

*Si pâle à l'horizon lointain  
Luisait un faible espoir d'aurore;  
Votre regard fut le matin.*

*Nul bruit, sinon son pas sonore,  
N'encourageait le voyageur.  
Votre voix me dit: "Marche encore!"*

*Mon coeur craintif, mon sombre coeur  
Pleurait, seul, sur la triste voie;  
L'amour, délicieux vainqueur,  
Nous a réunis dans la joie.*

Paul Verlaine

**I say, "I'll seek her"**

I say 'I'll seek her side  
Ere hindrance interposes;  
But eve in midnight closes  
And here I still abide.  
When darkness wears I see  
Her sad eyes in a vision:  
They ask, 'What indecision  
Detains you, Love, from me? —

'The creaking hinge is oiled,  
I have unbarred the backway,  
But you tread not the trackway

A vast and tender  
Consolation  
Seems to fall  
From the sky  
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

**I walked along treacherous ways**

I walked along treacherous ways,  
Painfully uncertain.  
Your dear hands guided me.

So pale on the far horizon  
A faint hope of dawn was gleaming;  
Your gaze was the morning.

No sound, save his own footfall,  
Encouraged the traveller.  
Your voice said: 'Walk on!'

My fearful heart, my heavy heart,  
Wept, lonely along the sad road;  
Love, that charming conqueror,  
Has united us in joy.

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

And shall the thing be spoiled?  
'Far cockcrows echo shrill,  
The shadows are abating,  
And I am waiting, waiting;  
But O, you tarry still.'

*Thomas Hardy*

**Oh, fair to see**

Oh fair to see  
Bloom-laden cherry tree,  
Arrayed in sunny white,  
An April day's delight;  
Oh fair to see!  
Oh fair to see  
Fruit-laden cherry tree,  
With balls of shining red  
Decking a leafy head;  
Oh fair to see!

*Christina Rossetti*

**As I lay in the early sun**

As I lay in the early sun,  
Stretched in the grass, I thought upon  
My true love, my dear love,  
Who has my heart forever  
Who is my happiness when we meet,  
My sorrow when we sever.

She is all fire when I do burn,  
Gentle when I moody turn,  
Brave when I am sad and heavy  
And all laughter when I am merry.

And so I lay and dreamed and dreamed,  
And so the day wheeled on,  
While all the birds with thoughts like mine  
Were singing to the sun.

*Edward Shanks*

## **Only the wanderer**

Only the wanderer  
Knows England's graces,  
Or can anew see clear  
Familiar faces.  
And who loves joy as he  
That dwells in shadows?  
Do not forget me quite,  
O Severn meadows.

*Ivor Gurney*

## **Joy**

Is not this enough for moan  
To see this babe all motherless -  
A babe beloved - thrust out alone  
Upon death's wilderness?  
Out tears fall, fall, fall - I would weep  
My blood away to make her warm,  
Who never went on earth one step,  
Nor heard the breath of the storm.  
How shall you go, my little child,  
Alone on that most wintry wild?

*Edmund Blunden*

## **Harvest**

So there's my year, the twelvemonth duly told  
Since last I climbed this brow and gloated round  
Upon the lands heaped with their wheaten gold,  
And now again they spread with wealth imbrowned -  
And thriftless I meanwhile,  
What honeycombs have I to take, what sheaves to pile?

I see some shrivelled fruits upon my tree,  
And gladly would self-kindness feign them sweet;  
The bloom smelled heavenly, can these stragglers be  
The fruit of that bright birth and this wry wheat,  
Can this be from those spires  
Which I, or fancy, saw leap to the spring sun's fires?

I peer, I count, but anxious is not rich,  
My harvest is not come, the weeds run high;  
Even poison-berries, ramping from the ditch  
Have stormed the undefended ridges by;  
What Michaelmas is mine!



fields I sought to serve, for sturdier tillage pine.

But hush - Earth's valleys sweet in leisure lie;  
And I among them wandering up and down  
Will taste their berries, like the bird or fly,  
And of their gleanings make both feast and crown.  
The Sun's eye laughing looks.  
And Earth accuses none that goes among her stooks.

*Edmund Blunden*

### **Since we loved**

Since we loved, — (the earth that shook  
As we kissed, fresh beauty took) —  
Love hath been as poets paint,  
Life as heaven is to a saint;

All my joys my hope excel,  
All my work hath prosper'd well,  
All my songs have happy been,  
O my love, my life, my queen.

*Robert Bridges*

### **Das Wandern**

*Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,  
Das Wandern!  
Das muss ein schlechter Müller sein,  
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,  
Das Wandern*

*Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,  
Vom Wasser!  
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,  
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,  
Das Wasser.*

*Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,  
Den Rädern!  
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,  
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde gehn,  
Die Räder.*

### **Wandering**

To wander is the miller's delight;  
to wander!  
A poor miller he must be  
who never thought of wandering,  
of wandering.

We have learnt it from the water,  
from the water!  
It never rests, by day or night,  
but is always intent on wandering,  
the water.

We can see it in the wheels too,  
the wheels!  
They never care to stand still  
but turn tirelessly the whole day long,  
the wheels.

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

*Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,  
Die Steine!  
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn  
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,  
Die Steine.*

*O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,  
O Wandern!  
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,  
Lasst mich in Frieden weiter ziehn  
Und wandern.*

### **Wohin?**

*Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen  
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,  
Hinab zum Tale rauschen  
So frisch und wunderhell.*

*Ich weiss nicht, wie mir wurde,  
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,  
Ich musste auch hinunter  
Mit meinem Wanderstab.*

*Hinunter und immer weiter  
Und immer dem Bache nach,  
Und immer heller rauschte,  
Und immer heller der Bach.*

*Ist das denn meine Strasse?  
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?  
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen  
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.*

*Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?  
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:  
Es singen wohl die Nixen  
Tief unten ihren Reihn.*

*Lass singen, Gesell, lass rauschen,  
Und wandre fröhlich nach!  
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder  
In jedem klaren Bach.*

The stones themselves, heavy as they are,  
the stones!  
They join in the merry dance  
and seek to move still faster,  
the stones.

O wandering, my delight,  
O wandering!  
Master and mistress,  
let me go my way in peace,  
and wander.

### **Where to?**

I heard a little brook babbling  
from its rocky source,  
babbling down to the valley,  
so bright, so wondrously clear.

I know not what came over me,  
nor who prompted me,  
but I too had to go down  
with my wanderer's staff.

Down and ever onwards,  
always following the brook  
as it babbled ever brighter  
and ever clearer.

Is this, then, my path?  
O brook, say where it leads.  
With your babbling  
you have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling?  
That is no babbling.  
It is the water nymphs singing  
as they dance their round far below.

Let them sing, my friend; let the brook babble  
and follow it cheerfully.  
For mill-wheels turn  
in every clear brook.

## **Halt!**

*Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken  
Aus den Erlen heraus,  
Durch Rauschen und Singen  
Bricht Rädergebraus.*

*Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,  
Süsser Mühlengesang!  
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!  
Und die Fenster, wie blank!*

*Und die Sonne, wie helle  
Vom Himmel sie scheint!  
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
War es also gemeint?*

## **Danksagung an den Bach**

*War es also gemeint,  
Mein rauschender Freund,  
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,  
War es also gemeint?*

*„Zur Müllerin hin!“  
So lautet der Sinn.  
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?  
„Zur Müllerin hin!“*

*Hat sie dich geschickt?  
Oder hast mich berückt?  
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,  
Ob sie dich geschickt.*

*Nun wie's auch mag sein,  
Ich gebe mich drein:  
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,  
Wie's immer mag sein.*

*Nach Arbeit ich frug,  
Nun hab' ich genug,  
Für die Hände, für's Herze  
Vollauf genug!*

## **Halt!**

I see a mill gleaming  
amid the alders;  
the roar of mill-wheels  
cuts through the babbling and singing.

Welcome, welcome,  
sweet song of the mill!  
How inviting the house looks,  
how sparkling its windows!

And how brightly the sun  
shines from the sky.  
Now, dear little brook,  
is this what you meant?

## **Thanksgiving to the brook**

Is this what you meant,  
my babbling friend?  
Your singing, your murmuring –  
is this what you meant?

'To the maid of the mill!  
This is your meaning;  
have I understood you?  
'To the maid of the mill!

Did she send you,  
or have you entranced me?  
I should like to know this, too:  
did she send you?

However it may be,  
I yield to my fate:  
what I sought I have found,  
however it may be.

I asked for work;  
now I have enough  
for hands and heart;  
enough, and more besides.

## **Am Feierabend**

Hätt' ich tausend  
Arme zu rühren!  
Könnt' ich brausend  
Die Räder führen!  
Könnt' ich wehen  
Durch alle Haine!  
Könnt' ich drehen  
Alle Steine!  
Dass die schöne Müllerin  
Merke meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!  
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,  
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,  
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.  
Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,  
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,  
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:  
„Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;“  
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt  
Allen eine gute Nacht.

## **Der Neugierige**

Ich frage keine Blume,  
Ich frage keinen Stern,  
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,  
Was ich erfähr' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,  
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;  
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,  
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!  
Will ja nur Eines wissen,  
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heisst das eine Wörtchen,  
Das andre heisset Nein,  
Die beiden Wörtchen schliessen  
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Was bist du wunderbarlich!

## **After Work**

If only I had a thousand  
arms to wield!  
If only I could drive  
the rushing wheels!  
If only I could blow like the wind  
through every wood,  
and turn  
every millstone,  
so that the fair maid of the mill  
would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!  
What I lift and carry,  
what I cut and hammer –  
any apprentice could do the same.  
And there I sit with them, in a circle,  
in the quiet, cool hour after work,  
and the master says to us all:  
'I am pleased with your work.'  
And the sweet maid  
bids us all goodnight.

## **The Inquisitive One**

I ask no flower,  
I ask no star;  
none of them can tell me  
what I would so dearly like to hear.

For I am no gardener,  
and the stars are too high;  
I will ask my little brook  
if my heart has lied to me.

O brook of my love,  
how silent you are today!  
I wish to know just one thing,  
one small word, over and over again.

One word is 'yes',  
the other is 'no';  
these two words contain for me  
the whole world.

O brook of my love,  
how strange you are.

*Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,  
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?*

### **Ungeduld**

*Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,*

*Ich grüb' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,  
Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet  
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,  
Auf jeden weissen Zettel möcht' ich's schreiben:*

*Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.*

*Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Star,  
Bis dass er spräch' die Worte rein und klar,  
Bis er sie spräch' mit meines Mundes Klang,  
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heissem Drang;  
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:  
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.*

*Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,*

*Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;  
O, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!*

*Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!  
Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder treiben?  
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.*

*Ich meint', es müsst' in meinen Augen stehen,*

*Auf meinen Wangen müsst' man's brennen sehn,  
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,  
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund;*

*Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem bangen Treiben:  
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben!*

**Wilhelm Müller**

I will tell no one else:  
say, brook, does she love me?

### **Impatience**

I should like to carve it in the bark of every  
tree,

I should like to inscribe it on every pebble,  
sow it in every fresh plot  
with cress seed that would quickly reveal it;  
I should like to write it on every scrap of  
white paper:  
my heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.

I should like to train a young starling  
until it spoke the words, pure and clear;  
until it spoke with the sound of my voice,  
with my heart's full, ardent yearning.  
then it would sing brightly at her window:  
my heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.

I should like to breathe it to the morning  
winds,  
and whisper it through the rustling grove.  
If only it shone from every flower; if only  
fragrant  
scents could bear it to her from near and far.  
Waves, can you drive only mill-wheels?  
My heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.

I should have thought it would show in my  
eyes,  
could be seen burning on my cheeks,  
could be read on my silent lips; I should have  
thought my every breath would proclaim it to  
her;  
but she notices none of these anxious signs:  
my heart is yours, and shall ever remain so.

*Translations © Richard Wigmore, author of  
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published  
by Schirmer Books, provided via Oxford Lieder  
([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

## **Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC**

*all programs subject to change*

Visit [necmusic.edu](http://necmusic.edu) for complete and updated concert information.

**Anthony Chan**, *violin* (BM '22)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya and Nicholas Kitchen

*Monday, December 12, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Christine Yu-Ting Huang**, *piano* (BM '22)

Student of Alexander Korsantia and Alessio Bax

*Tuesday, December 13, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Kristina Costello**, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Lisa Saffer

*Wednesday, December 14, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Dragon Long**, *piano* (DMA)

Student of Alessio Bax

*Wednesday, December 14, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Isabelle Ai Durrenberger**, *violin* (GD '22)

Student of Donald Weilerstein and Soovin Kim

*Thursday, December 15, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Killian Grider**, *music theory* (MM '22)

Student of Andrew Schartmann

*Thursday, December 15, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Jiangcheng Guan**, *contemporary musical arts* (MM)

Student of Hankus Netsky

*Sunday, December 18, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan*

**Sarah Heimberg**, *trumpet* (BM)

Student of Steve Emery

*Sunday, December 18, 2022 at 8:00 p.m., Williams 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](https://necmusic.edu/tonight)