

Maegan Hoogerhyde
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Karen Holvik

with
Justin Williams, piano
Clayton Hancock, violin
Sarah Tindall, cello
Xianyi Ji, clarinet
Kimberly Martinez, mezzo-soprano

Saturday, February 11, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

Aria: “Die Schätzbarkeit der weiten Erden”
from Cantata 204: Ich bin in mir vergnügt, BWV 204

Clayton Hancock, violin
Sarah Tindall, cello

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801–1835)

L'allegro marinaro
La ricordanza

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Xianyi Ji, clarinet

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Cécile Chaminade
(1897–1944)

L'absente
Les rêves
L'été

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia
Ophelia's Song
Women have loved before
Not in a Silver Casket
Spring

Léo Delibes
(1836–1891)

“Viens, Mallika...Sous le dôme épais” from *Lakmé*

Kimberly Martinez, mezzo-soprano

*I want to thank Karen Holvik
for her invaluable teaching, mentorship, and encouragement
over the past two and a half years;
I would not have been able to do this without her!*

*Thank you to my amazing pianist, Justin Williams,
with whom it has been a pleasure to collaborate.*

*Thank you to all my friends and colleagues here at NEC-
I could not have asked for better people to surround myself with and grow alongside.*

Thank you to my wonderful family who have supported me every step of the way.

*Most of all I want to thank God for the gift of singing and the gift of salvation;
He is the reason I am here today.*

Die Schätzbarkeit der weiten Erden

*Die Schätzbarkeit der weiten Erden
Laß meine Seele ruhig sein.
Bei dem kehrt stets der Himmel ein,
Der in der Armut reich kann werden.*

Christian Friedrich Hunold

L'allegro marinaro

*Allor che azzurro il mar
sereno specchia il ciel,
al tuo navil fedel
ritorna, o marinar.
Tentiamo del piacer
su l'onde la canzon,
sfidiamo il flutto e il tuon
contenti avventurier.*

*Spera, spera, o marinar:
la speranza è il nostro ben.
Ognun spera di tornar
de' suoi fidi ancora al sen.
Cinge il futuro un manto:
sol Dio saper potrà
chi fia che rivedrà
l'antica madre in pianto.*

*Allor che in ciel vedrem
il nembo imperversar,
convien coraggio oprar:
da forti griderem.
Oggi concenter e suon
la sorte ci serbò;
doman mandar ci può
forse procelle e tuon.*

*Ma tornar vedrem sul mar,
pien di gioia, ancor quel sol
che alla pace ridonar
ci dovrà del patrio suol.
Allor senza periglio
la madre ascolterà
quella che a lei dirà*

The valuables of the world

The valuables of the world
leave my soul undisturbed.
For him heaven will always return
who can be wealthy in poverty.

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The happy mariner

As soon as the blue sea
brightly mirrors the sky,
to your trusty ship
return, o seaman.
Let's try out a happy
song on the waves;
let's defy the waves and thunder
as happy adventurers.

Hope, o mariner:
Hope is our treasure.
Let everyone hope to return
again to the bosom of his faithful ones.
The future is surrounded by a cloak:
Only God can know
who it may be who will again see
his old mother, weeping.

As soon as we shall see in the sky
the rain clouds raging,
we must work with courage.
Loudly we will cry out: "Courage!"
For today, songs and music
are what fate has dealt us;
tomorrow it can send us,
perhaps, storms and thunder.

But we shall see, returning on the sea,
full of joy, again that sunlight
that must return us
to the peace of our native land.
Then, out of danger,
a mother will listen to
that which will tell her

storia di pianto il figlio.

Anonymous

La ricordanza

*Era la notte, e presso di Colei
Che sola al cor mi giunse e vi sta sola,*

*Con quel pianger che rompe la parola,
Io pregava mercede a martir miei.*

*Quand' Ella, dechinando gli occhi bei,
Disse (e il membrarlo sol me, da me invola):*

Ponmi al cor la tua destra, e ti consola:

Ch'io amo e te sol' amo intender dei,

*Poi fatta, per amor, tremante e bianca,
In atto soavissimo mi pose
La bella faccia su la spalla manca.*

Se dopo il dolce assai più duol l'amaro;

*Se per me nullo istante a quel rispose,
Ah! quant'era in quell'ora il morir caro!*

Conte Carlo Pepoli

the tearful story of her son.

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Recollection

It was night, and beside Her
Who alone reached my heart and there
remains alone,

With those tears that impede words
I pleaded for pity on my anguish.

When She, lowering her lovely eyes,
Said (the mere memory of it makes my head
whirl):

"Place your hand on my heart, and be
consoled:

You should know that I love you and you
alone",

This said from love, pale and trembling,
In the sweetest of acts she leaned
Her lovely face on my left shoulder.

Even if, after this bliss, grief was far more
bitter,

Even if; for me, no moment matched this,
Ah! how dear was dying in that hour!

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Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

*Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
in's tiefe Thal herniederseh',
und singe:*

*fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Thal
schwingt sich empor der Wiederhall
der Klüfte.*

*Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
je heller sie mir wiederklingt
von unten.*

*Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
drum seh'n' ich mich so heiss nach ihr
hinüber.*

*In tiefem Gram verzehr' ich mich,
mir ist die Freude hin,
auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
ich hier so einsam bin.*

So sehnd klang im Wald das Lied,

*so sehnd klang es durch die Nacht,
die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
mit wunderbarer Macht.*

*Der Frühling will kommen,
der Frühling, meine Freud',
nun mach' ich mich fertig
zum Wandern bereit.*

Wilhelm Müller and Karl August Varnhagen
von Ense

L'absente

*Vois le vent chassant la nue;
Vois l'oiseau traversant l'air;
Vois l'étoile chevelue
Hâtant sa course inconnue;
Vois au ciel passer l'éclair.*

The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the
wood,

Rang out so longingly through the night,
That it draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready to journey.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of: The Book
of Lieder (Faber), provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

The absent one

See the wind driving the cloud:
see the bird flying through the air;
see the comet
speeding on its unknown course;
see the lightning flash across the sky.

*Et cependant si pressée
Que l'aile ou la foudre soit,
Quand mes yeux, ma fiancée,
Ne te voient plus, ma pensée
Vole plus vite vers toi!*

*Vois l'enfant qui de sa mère
À tout instant suit les pas;
Vois là-bas le mur de pierre
Qu'à jamais ce beau lierre
Entoure de mille bras.*

*Et cependant si fixée
Qu'à tout objet l'ombre soit,
Quand mes yeux, ma fiancée,
Ne te voient plus, ma pensée
S'attache encor plus à toi!*

Edouard Guinand

Les rêves

*Les rêves se posent sur nous
Un moment, sans plier leurs ailes,*

*Ils murmurent, charmants et frêles
Des chants très vagues et très doux,
Puis, qu'un vent passe, l'aile ouverte*

*Ils repartent toujours chantants,
Et leur place est vide longtemps,
Et pour longtemps l'âme est déserte!*

*Un beau jour le bonheur nous vient
Souriant, tout vêtu de rose,
Parfois il semble peu de chose,
Quand de son rêve on se souvient.
Il se pose aussi l'aile ouverte,
Il repart après quelques jours
Et sa place est vide toujours,
Et pour toujours l'âme est déserte!*

Louis Guays

And yet as hurried
as the wing or the lightning bolt may be,
when my eyes, my betrothed,
no longer see you, my thoughts
fly more swiftly to you!

See the child who follows in his mother's
footsteps at every moment;
See the stone wall over there
forever in the beautiful ivy's
embrace of a thousand arms.

And yet as fixed
as a shadow may be to an object,
when my eyes, my betrothed,
no longer see you, my thoughts
cling even more to you!

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Dreams

Dreams descend upon us
for a moment, without ever folding their
wings,
they murmur, charming and fragile,
some very indistinct and soft songs,
Then, as a wind passing, with their wings
open,
they leave again still singing,
and their place is empty for a long time,
and for a long time the soul feels deserted!

One fine day happiness comes to us,
smiling, all dressed in rosy-pink,
sometimes it seems an indistinct thing,
as when one remembers a dream.
It also descends with open wing,
and leaves again after a few days
and the place it held is empty forever,
and the soul feels deserted forever!

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L'été

Ah! chantez, chantez,
Folle fauvette,
Gaie alouette,
Joyeux pinson, chantez, aimez!
Parfum des roses,
Fraîches écloses,
Rendez nos bois, nos bois plus embaumés!
Ah! chantez, aimez!

Soleil qui dore
Les sycamores
Remplis d'essains tout bruissants,
Verse la joie,
Que tout se noie
Dans tes rayons resplendissants.

Ah! chantez, aimez!
Souffle, qui passes
Dans les espaces
Semant l'espoir d'un jour d'été.
Que ton haleine
Donne à la plaine
Plus d'éclat et plus de beauté.
Ah! chantez, chantez!

Dans la prairie
Calme et fleurie,
Entendez-vous ces mots si doux?
L'âme charmée,
L'épouse aimée
Bénit le ciel près de l'époux!

Edouard Guinand

Ophelia's Song

The hills are green, my dear one,
and blossoms are filling the air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

Summer

Ah! sing, sing,
wild warbler,
gay lark,
cheerful chaffinch, sing, love!
Scent of roses,
newly opened,
render our woods, our woods more fragrant!
Ah! sing, love!

The sun that gilds
the sycamores
that are filled with swarms of buzzing bees,
pours out your joy,
that all itself is drowned
in your resplendent rays!

Ah! sing, love!
Breeze, which wafts
through the air
sowing the hope of a day of summer.
May your breath
give to the plain
more brilliance and beauty.
Ah! sing, love!

In the meadow
calm and flowering,
do you hear the sweet words?
The charmed soul,
the beloved wife
blesses heaven by her husband's side!

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Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.
Pine for a chalice of gold.
I have a dear one and he is mine.
Thicker than water. Water so cold.

In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

Jake Heggie

Women have loved before

Women have loved before as I love now;
At least, in lively chronicles of the past—
Of Irish waters by a Cornish prow
Or Trojan waters by a Spartan mast
Much to their cost invaded—Here and there,
Hunting the amorous line, Skimming the rest,
I find some woman bearing as I bear
Love like a burning city in the breast.
I think however that of all alive
I only in such utter, ancient way
Do suffer love; in me alone survive
The unregenerate passions of a day
When treacherous queens, with death upon the tread,
Heedless and willful, took their knights to bed.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Not in a Silver Casket

Not in a silver casket cool with pearls
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls
Have given their loves, I give my love to you;
Not in a lovers' -knot, not in a ring
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain—
Semper Fidelis, where a secret spring
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
I bring you, calling out as children do:
"Look, look what I have!—And these are all for you."

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Spring

To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness
Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only underground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing,
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Viens, Mallika...Sous le dôme épais

Lakmé:
*Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs
Jettent déjà leur ombre
Sur le ruisseau sacré qui coule, calme et sombre,*

Eveillé par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!

Mallika:
*Oh! maîtresse,
C'est l'heure où je te vois sourire,
L'heure bénie où je puis lire dans le coeur toujours
fermé de Lakmé!*

Both: *Sous le dôme épais, où le blanc jasmin*

A la rose s'assemble,

L: *Rive en fleurs, frais matin,*
M: *Sur la rive en fleurs, riant au matin,*

Come, Mallika...Under the thick dome

Lakmé:
Come, Mallika, the lianas in bloom
Already throw their shadow
Over the sacred stream which flows, calm
and dark,
Awakened by the song of the noisy birds!

Mallika:
Oh, mistress,
It is the hour when I see you smile,
The blessed hour where I can read into the
ever-closed heart of Lakmé!

Both: Under the thick dome, where the white
jasmine

Has gathered together with the rose,

L: Riverbank in bloom, fresh morning,
M: On the riverbank in bloom, pleasant in
the morning,

L: *Nous appellent ensemble.*
M: *Viens, descendons ensemble.*

L: *Ah! glissons en suivant*
M: *Doucement glissons de son flot charmant*

Both: *Suivons le courant fuyant:*
Dans l'onde frémissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord,

M: *Où la source dort.*

Both: *Où l'oiseau chante.*
Sous le dôme épais,
Sous le blanc jasmin,

L: *Nous appellent ensemble!*
M: *Ah! descendons ensemble!*

L: *Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite*
S'empare de moi,
Quand mon père va seul à leur ville maudite;
Je tremble, je tremble d'effroi!

M: *Pour que le Dieu Ganeça le protège,*
Jusqu'à l'étang où s'ébattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

L: *Oui, près des cygnes aux ailes de neige,*
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.

Edmond Condinet and Philippe Gille

L: We call together.
M: Come, we go down together.

L: Ah! We glide to follow
M: Gently we glide with its charming stream

Both: We follow the evasive current:
In the wave quivering
From a nonchalant hand,
Come, we go to the riverbank,

M: Where the spring of water sleeps.

Both: Where the bird sings.
Under the thick dome,
Under the white jasmine,

L: We call together!
M: Ah! we go down together!

L: But, I do not know what sudden fear
Seizes me,
When my father goes alone to their cursed
town;
I tremble! I tremble in fear!

M: So that the god Ganeça protects him
To the pond where the swans
With wings of snow joyfully frolic,
We go to gather the blue lotus.

L: Yes, near the swans with wings of snow,
We go to gather the blue lotus.

Translation by Maegan Hoogerhyde

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