

Emma Ujifusa
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Carole Haber

with
JJ Penna, piano

Monday, February 27, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Maurice Ravel
(1875–1937)

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques
Chanson de la mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel galant m'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentiques
Tout gai!

John Corigliano
(b. 1938)

Mr. Tambourine Man: Seven Poems of Bob Dylan
Prelude: Mr. Tambourine Man
Clothes Line
Blowin' in the Wind
Masters of War
All Along the Watchtower
Chimes of Freedom
Postlude: Forever Young

Chanson de la mariée

*Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté,
mon cœur en est brûlé!*

*Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!*

Là-bas, vers l'église

*Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!*

Quel galant m'est comparable

*Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?*

*Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!*

The song to the bride

Awake, awake, my darling partridge,
Open to the morning your wings.
Three beauty marks;
my heart is on fire!

See the ribbon of gold that I bring
To tie round your hair.
If you want, my beauty, we shall marry!
In our two families, everyone is related

Yonder by the Church

Yonder, by the church,
By the church of Ayio Sidero,
The church, o blessed Virgin,
The church of Ayio Costandino,
There are gathered,
Assembled in numbers infinite,
The world's, o blessed Virgin,
All the world's most decent folk!

What Gallant Compares with Me?

What gallant compares with me,
Among those one sees passing by?
Tell me, lady Vassiliki!

See, hanging on my belt,
My pistols and my curved sword.
And it is you whom I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

*Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon coeur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas ! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!*

Tout gai!

*Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la...*

Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi

The Song of the Girls Collecting Mastic

O joy of my soul,
joy of my heart,
treasure which is so dear to me,
joy of my soul and heart,
you whom I love ardently,
you are more handsome than an angel.
O when you appear,
angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a fine, blond angel,
under the bright sun,
Alas! all of our poor hearts sigh!

Everyone is Joyous!

Everyone is joyous, joyous!
Beautiful legs, tireli, which dance,
Beautiful legs; even the dishes are dancing!
Tra la la, la la la!

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the LiederNet Archive; <https://www.lieder.net>*

Prelude: Mr. Tambourine Man

...Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand,
Vanished from my hand.
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.
My weariness amazes, I'm branded on my feet,
I have no one to meet
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Take me on a trip upon a magic swirlin' ship,
My sense have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels
To be wanderin'.
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready to...fade
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,
I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for Me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun,
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run...
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
To you tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're
Seein' that he's chasing.

...Yes to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand wavin' free,
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

...I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.

Clothes Line

After a while we took in the clothes,
Nobody said very much.
Just some old wild shirts and a couple pairs of pants
Which nobody really wanted to touch.
Mama come in and picked up a book
An' Papa asked her what it was.
Someone else asked, "What do you care?"
Papa said, "Well, just because."
Then they started to take back their clothes,
Hang 'em on the line.
It was January the thirtieth
And everybody was feelin' fine.

The next day everybody got up
Seein' if the clothes were dry.
The dogs were barking, a neighbor passed,
Mama, of course, she said, "Hi!"
"Have you heard the news?" he said, with a grin,
"The Vice-President's gone mad!"
"Where?" "Downtown." "When?" "Last night."
"Hmm, say, that's too bad."
"Well, there's nothin' we can do about it," said the neighbor,
"It's just somethin' we're gonna have to forget."
"Yes, I guess so," said Ma,
Then she asked me if the clothes was still wet.

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

I reached up, touched my shirt,
And the neighbor said, "Are those clothes yours?"
I said, "Some of 'em, not all of 'em."
He said, "Ya always help out around here with the chores?"
I said, "Sometime, not all the time."
Then my neighbor, he blew his nose
Just as papa yelled outside,
"Mama wants you to come back in the house and bring them clothes."
Well, I just do what I'm told,
So, I did it, of course.
I went back in the house and Mama met me
And then I shut all the doors.

Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind...

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
[The answer is blowin' in the wind.]
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
['blowin' in the wind']
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
...blowin'...
...blowin'...

Masters of War

Come, [come,] you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build the death planes
You that build the big bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
[Come, come, you masters of war]
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
Than the fast bullets fly...

You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs through your veins

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could?
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you've made
Will never buy back your soul

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

And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
Til I'm sure that you're dead.

All Along the Watchtower

"There must be some way out of here," said the joker to the thief,
"There's been some confusion, I can't get no relief.
Businessmen they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth,
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,
"There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke.
But you and I we've been through that, and this is not our fate,
So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late."

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, too.

Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl.

Chimes of Freedom

Far between sundown's finish an' midnights broken toll
We ducked inside the doorway thunder crashing
As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing
Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight
Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight
An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
With faces hidden while the walls were tightening
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
Dissolved into the bells of the lightning.

[Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
An' the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder
That the clanging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
And we listened one last time and we watched with one last look
Spellbound an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended

Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake
Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaken
Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing...

Tolling for the deaf and blind, tolling for the mute
Tolling for the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled prostitute...]

Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed...
An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Postlude: Forever Young

May God bless and keep you always
May your wishes all come true
May you always do for others
And let others do for you.
May you build a ladder to the stars
And climb on every rung.
May you stay forever young,
Forever young, forever young.
May you stay forever young.

May you grow up to be righteous
May you grow up to be true,
May you always know the truth
And see the lights surrounding you.
May you always be courageous,
Stand upright and be strong,
May you stay forever young,
Forever young, forever young.
May you stay forever young.

May your hands always be busy
May your feet always be swift
May you have a strong foundation
When the winds of changes shift.
May your heart always be joyful.
May your song always be sung.
May you stay forever young,
Forever young, forever young.
May you stay forever young.

Bob Dylan

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert information

Felicitas Schiffner, *violin* (MM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Tuesday, February 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Dorson Chang, *violin* (BM)

Student of Paul Biss

Wednesday, March 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Mitsuru Yonezaki, *violin* (GD '24)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Thursday, March 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Leland Ko, *cello* (AD '24)

Student of Yeesun Kim and Donald Weilerstein

Friday, March 3, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Ga-Young Park, *collaborative piano* (DMA '25)

Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

Friday, March 3, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Justine Boonstra, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Karen Holvik

Sunday, March 5, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

–continued

Yeonjo Oh, *French horn* (MM)

Student of Eli Epstein

Saturday, March 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Lila Searls, *saxophone* (BM)

Student of Kenneth Radnofsky

Saturday, March 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Danielle Tobin, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Saturday, March 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Justine Boonstra, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Karen Holvik

Sunday, March 5, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall

Yihong Guo, *jazz voice* (MM)

Student of Brian Levy and Frank Carlberg

Sunday, March 5, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Kevin Lin, *clarinet* (BM)

Student of Richard Stoltzman

Sunday, March 5, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Keller Room

Hannah Messenger, *French horn* (MM)

Student of Jason Snider

Sunday, March 5, 2023 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Thomas Acey, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Richard Stoltzman

Sunday, March 5, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Linhui He, *jazz guitar* (MM)

Student of Frank Carlberg and Henrique Eisenmann

Sunday, March 5, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

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Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

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