

Justine Boonstra
soprano

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

with
James Lorusso, piano
Matthew Rhee, cello

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

PROGRAM

Barbara Strozzi
(1619–1677)

Arie, op. 8 no. 6: “Che si può fare”

Matthew Rhee, cello

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Ariettes oubliées, L. 60

C'est l'extase langoureuse
Il pleure dans mon coeur
L'ombre des arbres
Chevaux des bois
Green (Aquarelle)
Spleen (Aquarelle)

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

from ***Sechs Lieder (Brentano Lieder), op. 68***

I. An die Nacht
II. Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden
III. Säusle, liebe Myrthe!

Florence B. Price
(1887–1953)

Bewilderment
Hold Fast to Dreams
An April Day
Night
The Glory of the Day was on Her Face
Out of the South Blew a Wind
The Poet and His Song

Thank you to:

*Karen Holvik, my wonderful voice teacher,
for all of your support, guidance and care throughout the past two years at NEC;*

*Jamie Lorusso and Matthew Rhee
for being such great collaborators and friends;*

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my recital coach, for being so much fun to work with
and for inspiring me to express myself fully;*

My NEC Colleagues and Friends who inspire me and make me laugh;

My parents for their undying support of me and my musical endeavors;

Eli for being my rock and my safe place;

Samara for being my best friend and biggest fan;

*God for faithfully providing every step of the way and giving me the gift of music.
I am so grateful.*

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Virginia Ahrens Voice Scholarship Fund in Memory of Eleanor Steber.*

Che si può fare

*Che si può fare?
Le stelle
Rubelle
Non hanno pietà.
Che s'el cielo non dà
Un influsso di pace al mio penare,
Che si può fare?*

*Che si può dire?
Da gl'astri
Disastri
Mi piovano ogn'hor;
Che le perfido amor
Un respiro diniega al mio martire
Che si può dire?*

Aurelio Aurelli

C'est l'extase langoureuse

*C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.*

*Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.*

*Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?*

What can you do?

What can you do?
The stars,
Intractable,
have no pity.
Since the gods don't give
a measure of peace in my suffering,
what can I do?

What can you say?
From the heavens
disasters
keep raining down on me;
Since that treacherous Cupid
denies respite to my torture,
what can I say?

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It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

*Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?*

*Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.*

*C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.*

L'ombre des arbres

*L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.*

*Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!*

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this lethargy
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain

The shadow of the trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Chevaux de bois

*Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.*

*L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.*

*Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!*

*C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.*

*Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foïn.*

*Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.*

*Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!*

Green

*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des
branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit
doux.*

Wooden Horses

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday penny.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Ponies, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy drinkers,
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves, and branches,
And here too is my heart that beats just for
you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely
eyes.

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

*Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez*

Spleen

*Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.*

*Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.*

*Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.*

*Je crains toujours, — ce qu'est d'attendre! —
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.*

*Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,*

*Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!*

Paul Verlaine

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tempest grant it peace,
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

Spleen

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair returns.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear — oh to wait and wonder! —
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming boxwood too,

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

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

An die Nacht

Heilige Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Sternengeschloss'ner Himmelsfriede!
Alles, was das Licht geschieden,
Ist verbunden,
Alle Wunden
Bluten süß im Abendrot!

Bjelbog's Speer, Bjelbog's Speer
Sinkt in's Herz der trunknen Erde,
Die mit seliger Geberde
Eine Rose
In dem Schoße
Dunkler Lüste niedertaucht!

Heilige Nacht! züchtige Braut, züchtige Braut!
Deine süße Schmach verhülle,
Wenn des Hochzeitbechers Fülle
Sich ergießet.
Also fließet
In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!

Ich wollt' ein Sträußlein binden

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.

Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.

Das wollte ich dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Da fing es an zu sprechen:
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!

"Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,

To the night

Holy night, holy night!
Heavenly peace, encircled in stars!
All things divided by light,
Are united,
All our wounds
Bleed sweetly in the sunset!

Bielbog's spear, Bielbog's spear
Plunges into the heart of the drunken earth,
Which with a gesture of bliss
Immerses a rose
In the womb
Of darkened desire!

Holy night! chaste bride, chaste bride!
Veil your sweet shame,
When the wedding-cup
Overflows.
Thus does day
Stream into fervent night!.

I meant to make you a bouquet

I meant to make you a bouquet,
But dark night then came,
There were no flowers to be found,
Or I'd have brought you some.

Tears then flowed down my cheeks
Into the clover,
And now I saw a flower
That had sprung up in the garden.

I meant to pick it for you
There in the dark clover,
When it started to speak:
'Ah, do no hurt me!

Be kind in your heart,
Consider you own suffering,
And do not make me die
In torment before my time!

And had it not spoken these words,
All alone in the garden,

So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.

Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.

Säusle, liebe Myrthe!

"Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
Wie still ist's in der Welt,
Der Mond, der Sternenhirt
Auf klarem Himmelsfeld,
Treibt schon die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

"Säusle, liebe Myrthe!
Und träum im Sternenschein,
Die Turteltaube girrte
Auch ihre Brut schon ein.
Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe
Zum Born des Lichtes hin,
Schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
Bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

"Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen?
Hörst du, wie die Grille zirpt?
Stille, stille, laß uns lauschen,
Selig, wer in Träumen stirbt;
Selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,
Wenn der Mond ein Schlaflied singt;
O! wie selig kann der fliegen,
Den der Traum den Flügel schwingt,
Dass an blauer Himmelsdecke
Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt;
Schlaf, träume, flieg', ich wecke
Bald dich auf und bin beglückt!"

Clemens Brentano

I'd have picked it for you,
But now that cannot be.

My sweetheart stayed away,
I am utterly alone.
Sadness dwells in loving,
And cannot be otherwise.

Rustle, dear myrtle!

'Rustle, dear myrtle!
How silent the world is,
The moon, that shepherd of the stars,
In the bright heavenly fields,
Already drives the herd of clouds
To the spring of light,
Sleep, my friend, ah sleep,
Till I am with you again!

'Rustle, dear myrtle!
And dream in the starlight,
The turtledove has already cooed
Her brood to sleep.
Quietly the herd of clouds travel
To the spring of light,
Sleep, my friend, ah sleep,
Till I am with you again!

'Do you hear the fountains murmur?
Do you hear the cricket chirping?
Hush, hush, let us listen,
Happy is he who dies while dreaming;
Happy he who is cradled by clouds,
While the moon sings a lullaby;
Ah, how happily he can fly,
Who takes flight in dreams,
So that from heaven's blue vault
He gathers stars as though they were flowers;
Sleep, dream, fly, I shall wake
You soon and be made happy!"

Translations by Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005) provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder www.oxfordlieder.co.uk

Bewilderment

I ask you this:
Which way to go?
I ask you this:
Which sin to bear?
Which crown to put
Upon my hair?
I do not know,
Lord God,
I do not know.

Langston Hughes

Hold Fast to Dreams

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Langston Hughes

An April Day

On such a day as this I think,
On such a day as this,
When earth and sky and nature's world
Are clad in April's bliss;
And balmy zephyrs gently waft
Upon your cheek a kiss;
Sufficient is it just to live
On such a day as this.

Joseph Seamon Cotter, Jr.

Night

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes,
She lights her stars, and turns to where,
Beneath her silver lamp the moon,
Upon a couch of shadow lies
A dreamy child,
The wearied Day.

Louise C. Wallace

The Glory of the Day was in Her Face

The glory of the day was in her face,
The beauty of the night was in her eyes.
And over all her loveliness, the grace
Of Morning blushing in the early skies.

And in her voice, the calling of the dove;
Like music of a sweet, melodious part.
And in her smile, the breaking light of love;
And all the gentle virtues in her heart.

And now the glorious day, the beauteous night,
The birds that signal to their mates at dawn,
To my dull ears, to my tear-blinded sight
Are one with all the dead, since she is gone.

James Weldon Johnson

Out of the South Blew a Wind

Out of the South blew a soft sweet wind;
And on its breath was a song
Of fields and flowers and leafy bowers,
And bees that hum all day long.

Out of the South blew a soft low wind;
On its wings was a joy of a dream,
And it hovered so near I was sure I could hear
The call of woodland and stream.

Out of the South blew a soft sweet wind;
And on its breath was a song.

Fannie Carter Woods

The Poet and His Song

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at last I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease;
I till my ground and prune my trees.
When ripened gold is all the grain,
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,
While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But—life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.

Paul Laurence Dunbar

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