

Mark Tempesta

tenor

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Doctor of Musical Arts, 2023
Student of Jane Eaglen

with
Brett Hodgdon and Yandi Chen, piano
Tara Jamshidian, soprano

Sunday, March 5, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Richard Wagner
(1813–1883)

Act I, Scene Three from *Die Walküre*

Tara Jamshidian, soprano
Brett Hodgdon, piano

George Butterworth
(1885–1816)

Six Songs from "A Shropshire Lad"

Loveliest of trees
When I was one-and-twenty
Look not in my eyes
Think no more, lad
The lads in their hundreds
Is my team ploughing?

Yandi Chen, piano

Mark Tempesta is the recipient of the Annie MacColl Scholarship.

Die Walküre, Akt Eins, Dritte Scene

(Siegmund allein. Es ist vollständig Nacht geworden; der Saal ist nur noch von einem schwachen Feuer im Herde erhellt. Siegmund läßt sich, nah beim Feuer, auf dem Lager nieder, und brütet in großer innerer Aufregung eine Zeitlang schweigend vor sich hin).

Siegmund

*Ein Schwert verhiess mir der Vater,
ich fänd' es in höchster Noth.
Waffenlos fiel ich in Feindes Haus;
seiner Rache Pfand, raste ich hier:
ein Weib sah' ich, wonnig und hehr:
entzückend Bangen zehrt mein Herz.
Zu der mich nun Sehnsucht zieht,
die mit süßem Zauber mich sehrt,
im Zwange hält sie der Mann,
der mich wehrlosen höhnt.
Wälse! Wälse! Wo ist dein Schwert?
Das starke Schwert,
das im Sturm ich schwänge,
bricht mir hervor aus der Brust,
was wüthend das Herz noch hegt?*

(Das Feuer bricht zusammen; es fällt aus der auf-sprühenden Gluth plötzlich ein greller Schein auf die Stelle des Eschenstammes, welche Sieglindes Blick bezeichnet hatte, und an der man jetzt deutlich einen Schwertgriff haften sieht.)

*Was gleißt dort hell im Glimmerschein?
Welch' ein Strahl bricht aus der Esche Stamm,
Des Blinden Auge leuchtet ein Blitz:
lustig lacht da der Blick.
Wie der Schein so hehr das Herz mir sengt!
Ist es der Blick der blühenden Frau,
den dort haftend sie hinter sich ließ,
als aus dem Saal sie schied?
(Von hier an verglimmt das Herdfeuer allmählich.)*

The Walkyries, Act I, Scene Three

(Siegmund alone. It has become quite dark. The hall is only lighted by a dull fire on the hearth. Siegmund sinks on a bench by the fire and broods silently for some time in great agitation.)

Siegmund

My father promised me a sword
That would serve me in sorest need.
Unarmed I stumbled into my enemy's house;
Here helpless, I secure his vengeance.
I saw a woman wondrous and noble,
Blissful tremors seized my heart.
Longing now draws me to her,
Who with sweet enchantment wounds me,
Is held hostage by the man
Who mocks me, his weaponless foe.
Wälse! Wälse! Where is thy sword?
The strong sword,
That in adversity shall serve me,
When from my bosom outbreaks
The fury my heart now bears?

(The fire falls together. From the flame which springs up a bright light strikes on the spot in the ash stem indicated by Sieglinde's look, on which a sword hilt is now clearly seen.)

What gleams there in the flickering light?
What a beam bursts from the ash tree's trunk!
A flashing light lights the blind eye:
Gay as laughter its light!
How wonderfully the light scorches my heart!
Is it the glance of the radiant woman
That she left as she passed from the hall?

(The fire now gradually sinks.)

Nächtiges Dunkel deckte mein Aug',
ihres Blickes Strahl streifte mich da:
Wärme gewann ich und Tag.
Selig schien mir der Sonne Licht;
den Scheidel umglaß mir ihr wonniger Glanz,
bis hinter Bergen sie sank.
(Ein neuer schwacher Aufschein des Feuers.)

Noch einmal, da sie schied,
traf mich Abends ihr Schein;
selbst der alten Esche Stamm
erglänzte in gold'ner Gluth:
da bleicht die Blüthe, das Licht verlischt;
nächtiges Dunkel deckt mir das Auge:
tief in des Busens Berge glimmt nur noch
lichtlose Gluth.
(Das Feuer ist gänzlich verloschen: volle
Nacht. Das Seitengemach öffnet sich leise.
Sieglinde, in weißem Gewande, tritt heraus
und schreitet leise, doch rasch, auf den Herd
zu.)

Sieglinde
Schläfst du, Gast?

Siegmund
(freudig überrascht)
Wer schleicht daher?

Sieglinde
(mit geheimnißvoller Hast)
*Ich bin's: höre mich an!
In tiefem Schlaf liegt Hunding;
ich würzt' ihm betäubenden Trank:
nütze die Nacht dir zum Heil!*

Siegmund
(hitzig unterbrechend)
Heil macht mich dein Nah'n!

Sieglinde
*Eine Waffe lass' mich dir weisen:
o wenn du sie gewänn'st!
Den hehr'sten Helden dürft' ich dich heißen:*

Night's darkness covered mine eyes,
Her glance's beam fell on me then:
Bringing me warmth and daylight.
Blissfully shone on me the sun's light;
The wonderful radiance encircled my head,
Till it sank behind the mountains.
(*Another faint gleam from the fire.*)

Once again, as it departed,
The evening's light found me;
Even the old ash tree trunk
Shone forth with a golden glow:
Then the splendor faded, the light died out;
A nocturnal darkness covers my eyes:
Deep in my bosom's recesses
There glimmers still a flameless fire.
(*The fire is quite extinguished: complete darkness.
The door at the side opens softly. Sieglinde, in a
white garment, comes out and advances lightly
but quickly toward the hearth.*)

Sieglinde
Are you sleeping, guest?

Siegmund
(*in joyful surprise*)
Who whispers there?

Sieglinde
(*with furtive haste*)
It is I: listen to my words!
In deepest sleep lies Hunding;
I spiced for him a drugged drink:
Use the night to save yourself!

Siegmund
(*interrupting her passionately*)
Your very presence is what saves me!

Sieglinde
A weapon let me show you:
O if only you could get it!
The most noble of heroes then might I call
you:

dem Stärksten allein ward sie bestimmt.
O merke wohl, was ich dir melde!
Der Männer Sippe saß hier im Saal,
von Hunding zur Hochzeit geladen:
er freite ein Weib,
das ungefragt Schächer ihm schenkten zur Frau.
Traurig saß ich während sie tranken;
ein Fremder trat da herein:
ein Greis in grauem Gewand;
tief hing ihm der Hut,
der deckt' ihm der Augen eines;
doch des andren Strahl, Angst schuf es allen,

traf die Männer sein mächtiges Dräu'n:
mir allein weckte das Auge süß sehnennden
Harm,

Thränen und Trost zugleich.
Auf mich blickt' er, und blitzte auf Jene,
als ein Schwert in Händen er schwang;
das stieß er nun in der Esche Stamm,
bis zum Heft haftet' es drin:
dem sollte der Stahl geziemen,
der aus dem Stamm es zög'.
Der Männer Alle, so kühn sie sich mühten,
die Wehr sich Keiner gewann;
Gäste kamen und Gäste gingen,
die Stärk'sten zogen am Stahl ...
keinen Zoll entwich er dem Stamm:
dort haftet schweigend das Schwert.
Da wußt' ich wer der war,
der mich gramvolle begrüßt: ich weiß auch,
wem allein im Stamm das Schwert er bestimmt.

O fänd ich ihn heut' und hier, den Freund;
käm' er aus Fremden zur ärmsten Frau:

was je ich gelitten in grimmigem Leid,
was je mich geschmerzt in Schande und Schmach,

süßeste Rache sühnte dann Alles!
Erjagt hätt' ich was je ich verlor,
was je ich beweint wär' mir gewonnen,
fänd' ich den heiligen Freund,
umfing' den Helden mein Arm!

To the strongest alone was it decreed.
O heed well what I now tell you!
The clan of men gathered here in the hall,
to honor the wedding of Hunding:
The woman he married,
Was given to him unwillingly by robbers.
Sad I sat the while they were drinking;
Then, a stranger entered the hall:
An old man clad all in grey
Low down hung his hat,
Covering one of his eyes;
The glint in the other eye caused fear in the
guests
When their eyes met its glance:
Yet on me lingered his look with sweet
sadness,

Sorrow and solace in one.
On me glancing, he glared on the others,
As a sword he swung in his hands;
Which then he struck in the ash tree trunk;
To the hilt he lodged it in;
To him would belong the steel
Who could pull it from the trunk.
All the men present tried bravely,
Not one could win the weapon.
Guests came and guests went;
The strongest tugged at the steel ...
Not one inch did it move from the trunk:
there cleaves in silence the sword.
Then knew I who he was
who in sorrow greeted me: I know too
who alone shall draw the sword from the
trunk.

O might I today find the friend;
Come from afar to the most miserable
woman:

What ever I have suffered in bitterest pain,
What ever I have borne in shame and
disgrace,
Sweet vengeance would atone for it all!
I would regain whatever I had lost,
Whatever I wept for would come back to me,
Were I to find the sacred friend,,
My arms would embrace the hero!

Siegmund

(mit Gluth Sieglinde umfassend)

*Dich selige Frau hält nun der Freund,
dem Waffe und Weib bestimmt!*

*Heiß in der Brust brennt mir der Eid,
der mich dir Edlen vernählt.*

*Was je ich ersehnt ersah ich in dir;
in dir fand ich was je mir gefehlt!*

Littest du Schmach, und schmerzte mich Leid;

war ich geächtet, und warst du entehrt:

freudige Rache lacht nun den Frohen!

Auf lach' ich in heiliger Lust,

halt' ich dich Ehre umfängen,

fühl' ich dein schlagendes Herz!

(Die große Thüre springt auf.)

Sieglinde

Ha, wer ging? wer kam herein?

*(Die Thüre bleibt geöffnet: außen herrliche
Frühlings nacht; der Vollmond leuchtet herein,
und wirft sein helles Licht auf das Paar, das so
sich plötzlich in voller Deutlichkeit
wahrnehmen kann.)*

Siegmund

(in leiser Entzückung)

Keiner ging, doch Einer kam:

siehe, der Lenz lacht in den Saal!

*(Siegmund zieht Sieglinde mit sanfter Gewalt
zu sich auf das Lager, so daß sie neben ihm zu
sitzen kommt. Wachsende Helligkeit des
Mondscheines.)*

Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond,

in mildem Lichte leuchtet der Lenz;

auf linden Lüften, leicht und lieblich,

Wunder webend er sich wiegt;

durch Wald und Auen weht sein Athem,

weit geöffnet lacht sein Aug':

aus sel'ger Vöglein Sange süß ertönt,

holde Düfte haucht er aus:

seinem warmen Blut entblühen wonnige

Blumen,

Keim und Sproß entspringt seiner Kraft.

Mit zarter Waffen Zier bezwingt er die Welt;

Siegmund

(*embracing Sieglinde with ardor*)

Thee, beloved woman, hold now the friend,
To whom weapon and wife belong!

Hot in my breast burns now the oath

That weds me to you.

Whatever I longed for, I saw in you;

In you I've found all that I lacked!

You suffered disgrace and I was grieved by
sorrow;

I was outlawed, you were dishonored:

Joyful revenge now laughs in our gladness!

I laugh out loud in fullest delight,

I hold you, lovely one, in my embrace,

Feeling the beats of your heart!

(The great door springs open.)

Sieglinde

Ah, who went? who entered here?

*(The door remains open: outside a glorious spring
night; the full moon shines in, throwing its bright
light on the pair, so that suddenly they can fully
and clearly see each other.)*

Siegmund

(*in gentle ecstasy*)

No one went, but one has come:

Laughing, the spring enters the hall!

*(Siegmund draws Sieglinde to him on the couch
with tender vehemence, so that she sits beside him.
Increasing brilliance of the moonlight.)*

Winter storms have waned in the moon of
May,

With tender radiance sparkles the spring;

On balmy breezes, light and lovely,

Weaving wonders, on he floats;

Over wood and meadow wafts his breathing,

Widely open laughs his eye:

In blithesome song of birds resounds his
voice,

Sweetest fragrance breathes he forth:

From his ardent blood bloom out all joy-
giving blossoms,

Bud and shoot spring up by his might.

With gentle weapons' charm he forces the
world;

Winter und Sturm wichen der starken Wehr:
wohl mußte den tapfern Streichen
die strenge Thüre auch weichen,
die trotzig und starr uns trennte von ihm.
Zu seiner Schwester schwang er sich her;
die Liebe lockte den Lenz:
in uns'rem Busen barg sie sich tief;
nun lacht sie selig dem Licht.
Die bräutliche Schwester befreite der Bruder;
zertrümmert liegt was je sie getrennt;
jauchzend grüßt sich das junge Paar:
vereint sind Liebe und Lenz!

Sieglinde

Du bist der Lenz
nach dem ich verlangte
in frostigen Winters Frist.
Dich grüßte mein Herz mit heiligem Grau'n,
als dein Blick zuerst mir erblühte.
Fremdes nur sah ich von je,
freundlos war mir das Nahe;
als hätt' ich nie es gekannt,
war was immer mir kam.
Doch dich kannt ich deutlich und klar:
als mein Auge dich sah, warst du mein Eigen:
was im Busen ich barg, was ich bin,
hell wie der Tag taucht' es mir auf,
wie tönender Schall schlug's an mein Ohr,
als in frostig öder Fremde
zuerst ich den Freund ersah.
(Sie hängt sich entzückt an seinen Hals, und blickt

Siegmund

(mit Hingerissenheit)
O süßeste Wonne! seligstes Weib!

Sieglinde

(dicht an seinen Augen)
O laß in Nähe zu dir mich neigen,
daß hell ich schaue den hehren Schein,
der dir aus Aug' und Antlitz bricht,
und so süß die Sinne mir zwingt.

Winter and storm yield to his strong attack:
Assailed by his hardy strokes now
The doors are shattered that, fast and
Defiant, once held us parted from him.
To clasp his sister hither he flew;
'Twas love that lured the spring:
Within our bosoms deeply she hid;
Now gladly she laughs to the light.
The bride and sister is freed by the brother;
In ruin lies what held them apart;
Joyfully greet now the loving pair:
United are love and spring!

Sieglinde

You are the spring
That I have so longed for
In frosty winter's spell.
My heart greeted thee with blissfullest dread,
As thy look at first on me lightened.
Strange has seemed all I e'er saw,
Friendless all that was round me;
Like far off things and unknown,
All that ever came near.
When thou camest all was made clear:
As my eyes on thee fell, mine wert thou only:
All I hid in my heart, all I am;
Bright as the day dawned on my sight,
Like echoing tones struck on my ear,
As in winter's frosty desert
My eyes first beheld the friend.
(She hangs in rapture on his neck and gazes
closely into his face.)

Siegmund

(with transport)
O sweetest enchantment! Woman most blest!

Sieglinde

(close to his eyes)
O let me closer to thee still press me
And see more clearly the holy light
That breaks forth from your eyes and face
And so sweetly sways all my senses.

Siegmund

*Im Lenzesmond
leuchtest du hell;
hehr umwebt dich das Wellenhaar:
was mich berückt errath' ich nun leicht
denn wonnig weidet mein Blick.*

Sieglinde

*(schlägt ihm die Locken von der Stirn
zurück und betrachtet ihn staunend)
Wie dir die Stirn so offen steht,
der Adern Geäst in den Schläfen sich schlingt!*

*Mir zagst es vor der Wonne die mich entzückt!
Ein Wunder will mich gemahnen:
den heut' zuerst ich erschaut,*

mein Auge sah dich schon!

Siegmund

*Ein Minnetraum gemahnt auch mich:
in heißem Sehnen sah ich dich schon!*

Sieglinde

*Im Bach erblickt' ich mein eigen Bild,
und jetzt gewahr' ich es wieder:
wie einst dem Teich es enttaucht,
bietest mein Bild mir nun du!*

Siegmund

Du bist das Bild, das ich in mir barg.

Sieglinde

*(den Blick schnell abwendend)
O still! laß mich der Stimme lauschen:
mich dünkt, ihren Klang hört' ich als Kind —
doch nein! ich hörte sie neulich,
(aufgeregt) als meiner Stimme Schall
mir wiederhallte der Wald.*

Siegmund

O lieblichste Laute, denen ich lausche!

Sieglinde

*(ihm wieder in die Augen spähend)
Deines Auges Gluth erglänzte mir schon:
so blickte der Greis grüßend auf mich,
als der Traurigen Trost er gab.*

Siegmund

*Beneath spring's moonlight
You shine brightly;
Wrapped in glory of waving hair:
What has ensnared me now see easily
And my eyes blissfully feast themselves.*

Sieglinde

*(pushes the locks back from his brow and
gazes at him with astonishment)
How noble and broad your forehead,
The wandering veins in your temples
entwine!
I tremble with the rapture of my delight!
A marvel wakes my remembrance:
Though I have seen you today for the first
time,
My eye has seen you before!*

Siegmund

*A love-dream wakes also in me
In ardent yearning, I've seen you before!*

Sieglinde

*In the brook, I saw my own reflection,
And now again I behold it:
As once from the water it rose,
Now your face shows it to me anew!*

Siegmund

You are the image I held in my heart.

Sieglinde

*(quickly turning her eyes away from him)
O hush! Let me listen to your voice:
I feel that I heard it as a child —
But no! Recently I have heard it,
(excitedly) yes, when my own voice
echoes back from the woods.*

Siegmund

O loveliest song to which I listen!

Sieglinde

*(again gazing into his eyes)
Your eye's fire has blazed on me before:
The old stranger looked on me so,
as he soothed with his look her grief.*

*An dem Blick erkannt' ihn sein Kind;
schon wollt' ich beim Namen ihn nennen!
(einhaltend)
Wehwalt heißt du fürwahr?*

Siegmond

*Nicht heiß' mich so, seit du mich liebst:
nun walt' ich der hehrsten Women!*

Sieglinde

*Und Friedmund darfst du froh dich
nicht nennen?*

Siegmond

*Heiße mich du,
wie du liebst daß ich heiße:
den Namen nehm' ich von dir!*

Sieglinde

Doch nanntest du Wolfe den Vater?

Siegmond

*Ein Wolf war er feigen Füchsen!
Doch dem so stolz strahlte das Auge,
wie, Herrliche, hehr dir es strahlt, der war:
Wälse genannt.*

Sieglinde

*(außer sich)
War Wälse dein Vater, und bist du ein Wälsung,*

*stieß er für dich sein Schwert in den Stamm,
so laß mich dich heißen, wie ich dich liebe:
Siegmond, so nenn' ich dich!*

Siegmond

*(springt auf)
Siegmond heiß' ich und Siegmund bin ich!
bezeug' es diess Schwert, das zaglos ich halte!
Wälse verhieß mir, in höchster Noth
fänd' ich es einst: ich faß' es nun!
Heiligster Minne höchste Noth,
sehrender Liebe sehrende Noth,
brennt mir hell in der Brust,
drängt zu That und Tod:*

*As he gave comfort to a sad girl;
His child recognized his glance!
Almost by his name I wanted to call him!
...Are you Wehwalt, in truth?
(The false name he had given earlier)*

Siegmond

*Don't call me that, since you love me:
Now that I am full of the purest rapture!*

Sieglinde

Then do you not call yourself Friedmund?

Siegmond

*Name me,
As you wish I were called:
My name I take but from you!*

Sieglinde

Yet did you not call your father "Wolf"?

Siegmond

*Wolf was he to fearful foxes!
But he whose eye proudly did glisten,
So, fairest one, glistens your own.
Wälse he was named.*

Sieglinde

*(beside herself)
Was Wälse your father ...and are you a
Wälsung?
For you, the sword is buried in the trunk,
So let me now name you as I have loved you:
Siegmond, so I name you!*

Siegmond

*(springs up)
Siegmond name me for Siegmund am I!
Be witness this sword I hold now undaunted!
Wälse foretold me in sorest need
This should I find: I grasp it now!
Holist love's highest need,
Love-longing's piercing passionate need,
Burning bright in my breast,
Drives to deeds and death:*

*Nothing! Nothing! so nenn' ich dich, Schwert.
Nothing! Nothing! neidlicher Stahl!
Zeig' deiner Schärfe schneidenden Zahn!
heraus aus der Scheide zu mir!*

(Siegmund zieht mit einem gewaltigen Zuck das Schwert aus dem Stamme, und zeigt es der von Staunen und Entzücken erfaßten Sieglinde.)

Siegmund, den Wälsung, siehst du, Weib!

Als Brautgabe bringt er diess Schwert:

so freit er sich die seligste Frau;

dem Feindeshaus entführt er dich so.

Fern von hier folge mir nun,

fort in des Lenzes lachendes Haus:

dort schützt dich Nothung das Schwert,

wenn Siegmund dir liebend erlag!

(Er hat sie umfaßt, um sie mit sich fort zu ziehen.)

Sieglinde

(reißt sich in höchster Trunkenheit von ihm los und stellt sich ihm gegenüber)

Bist du Siegmund, den ich hier sehe,

Sieglinde bin ich, die dich ersehnt:

*die eigne Schwester gewamst du zu eins
mit dem Schwert!*

(Sie wirft sich ihm an die Brust.)

Siegmund

Braut und Schwester

bist du dem Bruder

so blühe denn, Wälsungen Blut!

(Erzieht sie mit wüthender Gluth an sich. Der Vorhang fällt schnell.)

Nothing! Nothing! so name I thee, sword.

Nothing! Nothing! conquering steel!

Show now thy biting, severing blade!

Come forth from thy scabbard to me!

(With a powerful effort Siegmund pulls the sword from the tree, and shows it to the astonished and enraptured Sieglinde.)

Siegmund, the Wälsung, see you here!

As bride-gift he brings you this sword;

So he win it for him the woman most blest;

From his foe's house thus he bears her away.

Far from here follow me now,

Forth to the laughing house of spring:

There guards you Nothung the sword,

When Siegmund lies captive to love!

(He has embraced her in order to draw her away with him.)

Sieglinde

(in highest excitement tears herself away and stands before him.)

Art you really Siegmund, standing before me?

Sieglinde am I, who for you longed:

Your own twin sister you win along

With the sword!

(She throws herself on his breast.)

Siegmund

Bride and sister

You are to the brother:

Thus flourish the Wälsungen blood!

(He draws her to him with passionate fervor. The curtain falls rapidly.)

Loveliest of Trees

*Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.*

*Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.*

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

When I was one-and-twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

Look not in my eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

Think no more lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever;
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

The lads in their hundreds

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

Is my team ploughing

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;

No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

“Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?”

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

“Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?”

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?”

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

A.E Housman

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert information

Nikita Manin, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Anthony Coleman and Efstratios Minakakis

Monday, March 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Xiao Xiao, *mezzo-soprano* (GD)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Monday, March 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Zhiqiao Zhang, *piano* (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

Monday, March 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Youngji Choi, *violin* (MM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

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

Yoona Kim, *contemporary musical arts* (MM)

Student of Hankus Netsky, Lautaro Mantilla, Carla Kihlstedt, and Anthony Coleman

Wednesday, March 8, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Magdalyn Chauby, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Karen Holvik

Thursday, March 9, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Zion Dyson, *jazz voice* (BM)

Student of Dominique Eade and Ted Reichman

Thursday, March 9, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Aidan Ip, *violin* (MM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Thursday, March 9, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Jake Baldwin, *trumpet* (MM)

Student of Steve Emery

Friday, March 10, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

David O'Neill, *trumpet* (MM)

Student of Tom Siders

Friday, March 10, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

–*continud*

Cameron Alan-Lee, *violin* (MM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Saturday, March 11, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Anna Kvelson, *flute* (MM)

Student of Paula Robison

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

Qi Liang, *piano* (MM)

Student of Stephen Drury

Saturday, March 11, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Misha Bjerken, *double bass* (BM)

Student of Donald Palma

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

Mattias Kaufmann, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Frank Carlberg

Sunday, March 12, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Eben Jordan

Erika Rohrberg, *flute* (MM)

Student of Cynthia Meyers

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

Clayton Stephenson, *piano* (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

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

Javier Castro, *flute* (GD)

Student of Cynthia Meyers

Sunday, March 12, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Huntley McSwain, *jazz voice* (MM)

Student of Frank Carlberg

Sunday, March 12, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Avi Randall, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Hankus Netsky

Sunday, March 12, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Food and drink are not allowed in the concert hall,
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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.

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