

Michael Banwarth
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Cameron Stowe and Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

with
Edward Ferran, tenor
Hyungjin Son, baritone
Harin Kang, violin
Mara Riley, soprano

Tuesday, March 14, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Der Musensohn
An die Entfernte
Am Flusse
Willkommen und Abschied

Edward Ferran, tenor

Samuel Barber
(1910–1981)

Three Songs, op. 10
Rain has fallen
Sleep now
I hear an army

Hyungjin Son, baritone

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Violin Sonata in E-flat Major, op. 18
Allegro, ma non troppo
Improvisation: Andante cantabile
Finale: Andante – Allegro

Harin Kang, violin

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Tel jour, telle nuit, FP 86
Bonne journée
Une ruine coquille vide
Le front comme un drapeau perdu
Une roulette couverte en tuiles
À toutes brides
Une herbe pauvre
Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Nous avons fait la nuit

Mara Riley, soprano

*Michael Banwarth is the recipient of scholarships made possible by the
Eugene and Adele Cohen Scholarship Fund
and the Forrest Cressman Piano Scholarship Fund.*

Der Musensohn

*Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,
Mein Liedchen weg zu pfeifen,
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!
Und nach dem Takte reget,
Und nach dem Mass beweget
Sich alles an mir fort.*

*Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,
Die erste Blum' im Garten,
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.
Sie grüssen meine Lieder,
Und kommt der Winter wieder,
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.*

*Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,
Da blüht der Winter schön!
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,
Und neue Freude findet
Sich auf bebauten Höhen.*

*Denn wie ich bei der Linde
Das junge Völkchen finde,
Sogleich erreg' ich sie.
Der stumpfe Bursche blüht sich,
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich
Nach meiner Melodie.*

*Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel
Und treibt, durch Tal und Hügel,
Den Liebling weit von Haus.
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen
Auch endlich wieder aus?*

An die Entfernte

*So hab' ich wirklich dich verloren?
Bist du, o Schöne, mir entflohn?
Noch klingt in den gewohnten Ohren
Ein jedes Wort, ein jeder Ton.*

*So wie des Wandrers Blick am Morgen
Vergebens in die Lüfte dringt,
Wenn, in dem blauen Raum verborgen,
Hoch über ihm die Lerche singt:*

The son of the Muses

Rambling through field and wood,
Whistling my ditty,
Thus I go from place to place!
And everything moves
To my beat,
And in measure with me.

I can hardly wait for them,
The first flower in the garden,
The first blossom on the tree.
They greet my songs,
And when winter comes again,
Still I sing this dream of them.

I sing it far and wide,
Across the expanse of the ice,
As the winter blooms in beauty!
This blossom too dwindles,
And new delight is found
On cultivated hillsides.

Then as I by the linden tree
Find the young folk,
I thrill them immediately.
The dull fellow puffs himself up,
The stiff girl spins round,
To my tune.

You who give my feet wings
And drive your darling far from home,
through valley and hill,
You dear, lovely Muses,
When shall I at last
Again find rest on her bosom?

To the distant one

Have I really lost you?
Have you, oh fair one, fled from me?
Yet it rings still, familiar in my ears
Every word, every sound.

Just as the wayfarer's view in the morning
Pierces the skies in vain
When, hidden in the blue expanse
High over him, the lark sings:

*So dringet ängstlich hin und wieder
Durch Feld und Busch und Wald mein Blick;
Dich rufen alle meine Lieder:
„O komm, Geliebte, mir zurück!“*

Am Flusse

*Verfliesset, vielgeliebte Lieder,
Zum Meere der Vergessenheit!
Kein Knabe sing' entzückt euch wieder,
Kein Mädchen in der Blütenzeit.*

*Ihr sanget nur von meiner Lieben;
Nun spricht sie meiner Treue Hohn.
Ihr wart ins Wasser eingeschrieben;
So fließt denn auch mit ihm davon.*

Willkommen und Abschied

*Es schlug mein Herz, geschwind zu Pferde!
Es war getan fast eh' gedacht.
Der Abend wiegte schon die Erde,
Und an den Bergen hing die Nacht;
Schon stand im Nebelkleid die Eiche,
Ein aufgetürmter Riese, da,
Wo Finsterniss aus dem Gesträuche
Mit hundert schwarzen Augen sah.*

*Der Mond von einem Wolkenhügel
Sah kläglich aus dem Duft hervor,
Die Winde schwangen leise Flügel,
Umsausten schauerlich mein Ohr;
Die Nacht schuf tausend Ungeheuer,
Doch frisch und fröhlich war mein Mut:
In meinen Adern welches Feuer!
In meinem Herzen welche Glut!*

*Dich sah ich, und die milde Freude
Floss von dem süßen Blick auf mich;
Ganz war mein Herz an deiner Seite
Und jeder Atemzug für dich.
Ein rosenfarbnes Frühlingswetter
Umgab das liebliche Gesicht,
Und Zärtlichkeit für mich – Ihr Götter!
Ich hofft' es, ich verdient' es nicht!*

So my gaze seeks anxiously here and there
Through field and bush and wood;
All my songs cry out to you:
“O come, beloved, back to me!”

On the river

Pass by, well-loved songs,
To the sea of oblivion!
No enraptured lad will sing you again,
No maiden in the flower of youth.

You sang only of my beloved;
Now she derides my fidelity.
You were written in the water;
So with the water flow away.

Welcome and farewell

My heart pounded; swiftly, to horse!
Quicker than thinking it was done.
The evening already cradled the earth,
And night hung in the mountains;
Already the oak stood garbed in mist,
A towering giant, there
Where darkness peered out of the thicket
With a hundred black eyes.

The moon, from a bank of clouds,
Gazed ruefully through the perfumed air,
The winds spread their wings,
Whispering eerily by my ear;
The night brought forth a thousand monsters,
But my mood was fresh and cheerful:
What fire in my veins!
What glow in my heart!

I saw you, and clement joy
Floated to me from your sweet glance;
My heart was drawn completely to your side
And my every breath was for you.
A rosy spring weather
Bedecked your beloved face,
And such tenderness for me – Oh gods!
I had hoped for this, but I was not worthy of
it!

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

*Doch ach, schon mit der Morgensonne
Verengt der Abschied mir das Herz:
In deinen Küssen welche Wonne!
In deinem Auge welcher Schmerz!
Ich ging, du standst und sahst zur Erden,*

*Und sahst mir nach mit nassem Blick:
Und doch, welch Glück, geliebt zu werden!
Und lieben, Götter, welch ein Glück!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Yet oh, already with the morning sun
The farewell constricted my heart:
What delight in your kisses!
What pain in your eyes!
I went, and you stood and looked at the
ground,
And looked after me with a teary gaze:
And yet, what happiness, to be loved!
And to love, oh gods, what bliss!

Translations by Michael Banwarth, 2023

Rain Has Fallen All the Day

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of mem'ries.

Staying a little by the way
Of mem'ries shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

Sleep now

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying "Sleep now"
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying "Sleep no more."

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart –
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

I Hear An Army

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with flutt'ring whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battlename:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, why have you left me alone?

James Joyce (1882-1941)

Bonne journée

Bonne journée j'ai revu qui je n'oublie pas

*Qui je n'oublierai jamais
Et des femmes fugaces dont les yeux
Me faisaient une haie d'honneur
Elles s'enveloppèrent dans leurs sourires*

*Bonne journée j'ai vu mes amis sans soucis
Les hommes ne pesaient pas lourd
Un qui passait
Son ombre changée en souris
Fuyait dans le ruisseau*

*J'ai vu le ciel très grand
Le beau regard des gens privés de tout*

Plage distant où personne n'aborde

*Bonne journée qui commença mélancolique
Noire sous les arbres verts
Mais qui soudain trempée d'aurore
M'entra dans le cœur par surprise.*

A good day

A good day I have again seen whom I do not
forget

Whom I shall never forget
And women fleeting by whose eyes
Formed for me a hedge of honour
They wrapped themselves in their smiles

A good day I have seen my friends carefree
The men were light in weight
One who passed by
His shadow changed into a mouse
Fled into the gutter

I have seen the great wide sky
The beautiful eyes of those deprived of
everything
Distant shore where no one lands

A good day which began mournfully
Dark under the green trees
But which suddenly drenched with dawn
Invaded my heart unawares.

Une ruine coquille vide

*Une ruine coquille vide
Pleure dans son tablier
Les enfants qui jouent autour d'elle
Font moins de bruit que des mouches*

*La ruine s'en va à tâtons
Chercher ses vaches dans un pré
J'ai vu le jour vois cela
Sans en avoir honte*

*Il est minuit comme un flèche
Dans un cœur à la portée
Des folâtres lueurs nocturnes
Qui contredisent le sommeil.*

Le front comme un drapeau perdu

*Le front comme un drapeau perdu
Je te traîne quand je suis seul
Dans des rues froides
Des chambres noires
En criant misère*

*Je ne veux pas les lâcher
Tes mains claires et compliquées
Nées dans le miroir clos des miennes*

*Tout le reste est parfait
Tout le reste est encore plus inutile
Que la vie*

Creuse la terre sous ton ombre

*Une nappe d'eau près des seins
Où se noyer
Comme une pierre.*

Une roulotte couverte en tuiles

*Une roulotte couverte en tuiles
Le cheval mort un enfant maître
Pensant le front bleu de haine
A deux seins s'abattant sur lui
Comme deux poings*

A ruin an empty shell

A ruin an empty shell
Weeps into its apron
The children who play around it
Make less sound than flies

The ruin goes groping
To seek its cows in the meadow
I have seen the day I see that
Without shame

It is midnight like an arrow
In a heart within reach
Of the sprightly nocturnal glimmerings
Which ginsay sleep.

The brow like a lost flag

The brow like a lost flag
I drag you when I am alone
Through the cold streets
The dark rooms
Crying in misery

I do not want to let them go
Your clear and complex hands
Born in the enclosed mirror of my own

All the rest is perfect
All the rest is even more useless
than life

Hollow the earth beneath your shadow

A sheet of water reaching the breasts
Wherein to drown oneself
Like a stone.

A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles

A gypsy wagon roofed with tiles
The horse dead a child master
Thinking his brow blue with hatred
Of two breasts beating down upon him
Like two fists

*Ce mélodrame nous arrache
La raison du cœur.*

This melodrama tears away from us
The sanity of the heart.

A toutes brides

*A toutes brides toi dont le fantôme
Piaffe la nuit sur un violon
Viens régner dans les bois*

*Les verges de l'ouragan
Cherchent leur chemin par chez toi
Tu n'est pas de celles
Dont on invente les désirs*

*Viens boire un baiser par ici
Cède au feu qui te désespère.*

Riding full tilt

Riding full tilt you whose phantom
Prances at night on a violin
Come to reign in the woods

The lashings of the tempest
Seek their path by way of you
You are not of those
Whose desires one imagines

Comes drink a kiss here
Surrender to the fair which drives you to
despair.

Une herbe pauvre

*Une herbe pauvre
Sauvage
Apparut dans la neige
C'était la santé
Ma bouche fut émerveillée
Du goût d'air pur qu'elle avait
Elle était fanée.*

Scanty grass

Scanty grass
Wild
Appeared in the snow
It was health
My mouth marvelled
At the savour of pure air it had
It was withered.

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer

*Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
Un orage emplit la vallée
Un poisson la rivière*

Je t'ai faite à la taille de ma solitude

*Le monde entier pour se cacher
Des jours des nuits pour se comprendre*

*Pour ne plus rien voir dans tes yeux
Que ce que je pense de toi
Et d'un monde à ton image*

Et des jours et des nuits réglés par tes paupières.

I long only to love you

I long only to love you
A storm fills the valley
A fish the river

I have formed you to the pattern of my
solitude
The whole world to hide in
Days and nights to understand one another

To see nothing more in your eyes
But what I think of you
And of a world in your likeness

And of days and night ordered by your
eyelids.

Figure de force brûlante et farouche

*Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Cheveux noirs où l'or coule vers le sud*

Aux nuit corrompues

*Or englouti étoile impure
Dans un lit jamais partagé*

*Aux veines des tempes
Comme au bout des seins
La vie se refuse
Les yeux nuls peut les crever
Boire leur éclat ni leurs larmes
Le sang au-dessus d'eux triomphe pour lui seul*

*Intraitable démesurée
Inutile
Cette santé bâtit une prison.*

Nous avons fait la nuit

*Nous avons fait la nuit je tiens ta main je veille
Je te soutiens de toutes mes forces
Je grave sur un roc l'étoile de tes forces
Sillons profonds où la bonté de ton corps germera*

*Je me répète ta voix cachée ta voix publique
Je ris encore de l'orgueilleuse
Que tu traite comme une mendicante
Des fous que tu respectes des simples où tu te
baignes
Et dans ma tête qui se met doucement d'accord
avec la tienne avec la nuit
Je m'émerveille de l'inconnue que tu deviens
Une inconnue semblable à tout ce que j'aime*

Qui est toujours nouveau.

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

Image of fiery wild forcefulness

Image of fiery wild forcefulness
Black hair wherein the gold flows toward the
south

On corrupt nights

Engulfed gold tainted star
In a bed never shared

To the veins of the temples
As to the tips of the breasts
Life denies itself
No one can blind the eyes
Drink their brilliance or their tears
The blood above them triumphs for itself
alone

Intractable unbounded
Useless
This health builds a prison.

We have made night

We have made night I hold your hand I watch
over you
I sustain you with all my strength
I engrave on a rock the star of your strength
Deep furrows where the goodness of your
body will germinate
I repeat to myself your secret voice your
public voice
I laugh still at the haughty woman
Whom you treat like a beggar
At the fools whom you respect the simple folk
in whom you immerse yourself
And in my head which gently begins to
harmonize with yours with the night
I marvel at the stranger that you become
A stranger resembling you resembling all that
I love
Which is ever new.

*Translations by Pierre Bernac, from Francis
Poulenc: The Man and His Songs (1978)*

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Yandi Chen, *piano chamber music* (DMA '25)

Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

Wednesday, March 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Bowen Chen, *violin* (MM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen

Wednesday, March 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Teresa Tucci, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Wednesday, March 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Deokyong Claire Kim, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Thursday, March 16, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Nikki Naghavi, *violin* (BM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Thursday, March 16, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Madeleine Wiegers, *mezzo-soprano* (BM)

Student of Lisa Saffer

Thursday, March 16, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Giulia Haible, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Mike Block

Friday, March 17, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Sung Ho Yoo, *piano* (MM)

Student of Dang Thai Son

Friday, March 17, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Marie-Elise Boyer, *collaborative piano* (DMA)

Student of Cameron Stowe

Wednesday, March 22, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Hyunwoo Chun, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Thomas Martin

Sunday, March 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

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