

Madeleine Therese Wieggers  
*mezzo-soprano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Bachelor of Music degree, 2023  
Student of Lisa Saffer

with  
Michael Banwarth, piano

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

PROGRAM

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**George Frideric Handel**  
(1685–1759)

*“As with rosy steps the morn”* from *Theodora*

**Ottorino Respighi**  
(1879–1936)

*Nebbie*  
*Pioggia*  
*Notte*

**Anton Webern**  
(1883–1945)

*Fünf Lieder aus ‘Der siebente Ring’, op. 3*  
Dies ist ein Lied für ich allein  
Im Windesweben  
An Bachesranft  
Im Morgentaun  
Kahl reckt der Baum

**Gabriel Fauré**  
(1845–1924)

*Cinq melodies “de Venise”, op. 58*  
Mandoline  
En sourdine  
Green  
À Clymène  
C’est l’extase

*Madeleine Therese Wiegers is the recipient of a Presidential Distinction Award and  
the Beneficent Society Scholarship.*

*A tempest forebodes on the horizon.  
From distant mists, the wind brings rain.  
A storm, a delicacy, a renaissance of springtime.  
April showers are soon to fall; to prepare the way for May flowers  
in the form of caps and gowns  
earned by seeds,  
thirsty for Next.*

*Thank you to all who have nourished me along the way  
and to all who have bloomed beside me.*

## As with rosy steps the morn

### *Recitative*

Ah! whither should we fly? or fly from whom?  
The Lord is still the same, today, forever;  
And his protection here and ev'rywhere.  
Though gath'ring round our destin'd heads  
The storm now thickens, and looks big with fate;  
Still shall thy servants wait on Thee, O Lord,  
And in thy saving mercy put their trust.

### *Aria*

As with rosy steps the morn,  
Advancing, drives the shades of night,  
So from virtuous toils well-borne,  
Raise Thou our hopes of endless light.  
Triumphant Saviour, Lord of day,  
Thou art the life, the light, the way!

Thomas Morell

## **Nebbie**

*Soffro, lontan lontano*  
*Le nebbie sommolente*  
*Salgono dal tacente*  
Piano.

*Alto gracchiando, i corvi,*  
*Fidati all'ali nere,*  
*Traversan le brughiere*  
Torvi.

*Dell'aere ai morsi crudi*  
*Gli addolorati tronchi*  
*Offron, pregando, i bronchi*  
Nudi.

*Come ho freddo!... Son sola;*  
*Pel grigio ciel sospinto*  
*Un gemito destino*  
Vola;

*E mi ripete: Vieni,*  
*È buia la vallata.*  
*O triste, o disamata,*  
Vieni!

Ada Negri

## **Mists**

I suffer. – From a far distance  
The sleepy mists  
Rise from the silent  
plain.

Cawing loudly, the crows,  
Trusting their black wings,  
Traverse the fields,  
threatening.

From the raw bites of the air,  
The grieving trunks  
Offer, praying, their branches,  
nude.

How I am cold!... I am alone;  
Pushed through the gray sky,  
A distinct cry  
flies;

And repeats to me: Come,  
The valley is dark.  
Oh, sad one. Oh, unloved one.  
Come!

## **Pioggia**

*Piovea: per le finestre spalancate*

*A quella tregua di ostinati odori  
Saliano dal giardin fresche folate  
D'erbe risorte e di risorti fiori*

*S'acchettava il tumulto dei colori  
Sotto il vel delle goccioline implorate;  
E intorno ai pioppi ai frassini agli allori*

*Beveano ingorde le zolle assetate.*

*Esser pianta, esser foglia, esser stelo  
E nell'angoscia dell'ardor (pensavo)  
Così largo ristoro aver dal cielo!  
Sul davanzal protesa io gli arboscelli,  
I fiori, l'erbe guardavo guardavo*

*E mi battea la pioggia sui capelli.*

Vittoria Pompili

## **Notte**

*Sul giardino fantastico  
Profumato di rosa  
La carezza de l'ombra  
Posa.*

*Pure ha un pensiero e un palpito  
La quiete suprema,  
L'aria come per brivido  
Trema.*

*La luttuosa tenebra  
Una storia di morte  
Racconta alle cardenie  
Smorte?*

*Forse perché una pioggia  
Di soavi rugiade  
Entro i socchiusi petali  
Cade,*

## **Rain**

It was raining: through the wide-open  
windows

To the respite of stubborn odors,  
Fresh gusts wafted from the garden  
Of restored herbs and flowers.

Calmed was the tumult of colors  
Under the veil of implored-for droplets;  
And around the poplars, to the ash trees, to  
the laurels,  
The thirsty clods drank greedily.

To be a plant, to be a leaf, to be a stem  
And in the anguish of ardor (I thought)  
Such great restoration to get from the sky!  
Spread on the windowsill, the saplings,  
The flowers, the herbs, I watched and  
watched,  
And the rain hit my hair

## **Night**

On the fantastic garden  
Perfumed by roses  
The caress of the shadow  
Rests.

It even has a thought and a heartbeat  
The supreme quiet  
The air, as if thrilled,  
Trembles.

Does the mournful darkness  
Recount a story of death  
To the gardenias,  
Pale?

Maybe because a rain  
Of gentle dew,  
Between the partly-open petals  
Falls,

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

*Su l'ascose miserie  
E su l'ebbrezze perdute,  
Sui muti sogni e l'ansie  
Mute.*

*Su le fugaci gioie  
Che il disinganno infrange  
La notte le sue lacrime  
Piange...*

Ada Negri

On hidden miseries  
And on lost intoxications,  
On silenced dreams and anxieties,  
Muted.

On the fleeting joys  
That disillusionment infringes  
The night, her tears,  
Cries...

*Translations by Madeleine Wiegers*

***Dies ist ein Lied für dich allein***

*Dies ist ein Lied  
Für dich allein:  
Von kindischem Wähnen  
Von frommen Tränen...  
Durch Morgengärten klingt es  
Ein leichtbeschwingtes.  
Nur dir allein  
Möcht es ein Lied  
Das rühre sein.*

***Im Windesweben***

*Im Windesweben  
War meine Frage  
Nur Träumerei.  
Nur Lächeln war  
Was du gegeben.  
Aus nasser Nacht  
Ein Glanz entfacht --  
Nun drängt der Mai,  
Nun muss ich gar  
Um dein Aug und Haar  
Alle Tage  
In Sehnen leben.*

***This is a song for you alone***

This is a song  
For you alone:  
From childish cries  
From pious tears...  
Through the morning garden it sounds  
A lighthearted tune.  
To you alone  
Would it like to be a song  
That touches.

***In the weaving wind***

In the weaving wind  
My question was  
Only a reverie.  
Only a smile was  
What you gave.  
From the wet night  
A shine sparked –  
Now May pushes,  
Now I must always,  
For your eyes and hair,  
Every day,  
Live in yearning.

### **An Bachesranft**

*An Bachesranft  
Die einzigen Frühen  
Die Hasel blühen.  
Ein Vogel pfeift  
In kühler Au.  
Ein Leuchten streift  
Erwärmt uns, sanft  
Und zuckt und bleicht.  
Das Feld ist brach,  
Der Baum noch grau...  
Blumen streut vielleicht  
Der Lenz uns nach.*

### **Im Morgentaun**

*Im Morgentaun  
Trittst du hervor  
Den Kirschenflor  
Mit mir zu schau.  
Duft einzuziehn  
Des Rasenbeetes.  
Fern fliegt der Staub ..  
Durch die Natur  
Noch nichts gediehn  
Von Frucht und Laub –  
Rings Blüte nur ...  
Von Süden weht es.*

### **Kahl reckt der Baum**

*Kahl reckt der Baum  
Im Winterdunst  
Sein frierend Leben.  
Lass deinen Traum  
Auf stiller Reise  
Vor ihm sich heben!  
Er dehnt die Arme –  
Bedenk ihn oft  
Mit dieser Gunst  
Dass er im Harme  
Dass er im Eise  
Noch Frühling hofft!*

Stefan George

### **On the stream's edge**

On the stream's edge,  
The lone early one,  
The hazel blooms.  
A bird whistles  
In the cooler meadow.  
A glow, grazing  
To warm us, softens  
And twitches and pales.  
The field is fallow,  
The tree still gray...  
Maybe flowers will be scattered  
For us after Lent.

### **In the morning dew**

In the morning dew  
You step toward  
the cherry blossoms  
To look at them with me.  
To draw in the scent  
Of the bed of lawn.  
Far flies the dust...  
Through Nature,  
Still not prosperous  
From fruit and foliage –  
Around the blossoms only  
From the south it blows.

### **Bald, stretches the tree**

Bald, stretches the tree,  
In the winter haze,  
His freezing life.  
Let your dream  
On a silent journey  
Rise before him!  
He stretches his arms –  
Think of him often  
With this favor,  
That he in harm  
That he in the ice  
Still hopes for spring!

*Translations by Madeleine Wiegers*

### *Mandoline*

*Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.*

*C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte*

*Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.*

*Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,*

*Tourbillonnement dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.*

*Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte*

*Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.*

### *En sourdine*

*Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profond.*

*Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbousiers.*

*Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.*

*Laissons-nous persuader  
Au souffle berceur et doux  
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider*

### **Mandolin**

The givers of serenades  
And their beautiful listeners  
Exchange bland words  
Under the singing branches.

It is Tircis and it is Aminte,  
And it is the eternal Clitandre,  
And it is Damis, who for many a cruel  
woman,  
Wrote a tender verse.

Their short vests of silk,  
Their long dresses with tails,  
Their elegance, their joy,  
And their soft, blue shadows,

Turbulent in the ecstasy  
Of a moon, pink and gray  
And the mandolin chatters  
Among the shivers of the breeze.

And it is Damis, who for many a cruel  
woman,  
Wrote a tender verse.

### **On mute**

Calm in the half-day  
Created by the branches,  
We penetrate our love well  
Into this profound silence.

We mix our souls, our hearts,  
And our senses of ecstasy  
Among the vague tongues  
Of the pines and arbutus trees.

Close your eyes half way,  
Cross your arms over your chest,  
And, from your sleeping heart,  
Chase all worries away.

Let us be persuaded  
By the breath, lulling and sweet,  
That comes at your feet to wrinkle



*Les ondes des gazons roux.*

*Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.*

### **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.*

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée  
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.*

*Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds repose*

*Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

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

### **À Clymène**

*Mystiques barcarolles,  
Romances sans paroles,  
Chère, puisque tes yeux,  
Couleur des cieux,*

*Puisque ta voix, étrange  
Vision qui dérange  
Et trouble l'horizon  
De ma raison,*

*Puisque l'arome insigne  
De ta pâleur de cygne,  
Et puisque la candeur  
De ton odeur,*

The waves of red lawns.

And when, solemn, the evening  
Of the black oaks will fall,  
Voice of our despair:  
The nightingale will sing.

### **Green**

Here are the fruits, flowers, leaves, and  
branches,  
And here is my heart that only beats for you.  
Do not tear it with your two pale hands,  
And may, to your eyes, so beautiful, the  
humble gift be sweet!

I arrive all covered still with dew  
That the wind of morning comes to freeze at  
my forehead.

May it be that my fatigue come to rest at your  
feet

And dream of dear instances that would  
relieve it.

On your young breast, let my head roll,  
All still sounding from your last kisses.  
Let it be soothed from the great tempest,  
And let me sleep a little while as you rest

### **To Clymène**

Mystical songs,  
Romance without words,  
Dear, since your eyes,  
Color of the skies,

Because your voice, a strange  
Vision that deranges  
And troubles the horizon  
Of my reason,

Because the distinguished aroma  
Of your swan-like pallor,  
And because of the candor  
Of your smell,

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

*Ah! puisque tout ton être,  
Musique qui pénètre,  
Nimbés d'anges défunts,  
Tons et Parfums,*

*A, sur d'âmes cadences,  
En ces correspondances  
Induit mon cœur subtil,  
Ainsi soit-il!*

***C'est l'extase***

*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 bruit 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?*

Paul Verlaine

Ah! Because your whole being  
Like music that penetrates,  
Nimbuses of fallen angels,  
Tones and perfumes,

Ah, in wondrous cadences,  
In their correspondences  
Induce my subtle heart,  
So be it!

**It is the ecstasy**

It is the languorous ecstasy,  
It is the fatigue of love,  
It is all the thrills of the forest  
Among the embrace of the breezes,  
It is, around the gray branches,  
The choir of little voices.

Oh the delicate and fresh murmur!  
The chirps and whispers,  
It resembles the soft cry  
The restless grass expires...  
You would say, under the swirling water,  
The muffled roll of the stones.

This soul which laments  
And this dormant grief  
It is ours, is it not?  
Mine, say, and yours,  
From which is exhaled the humble hymn  
On this warm evening, silently?

*Translations by Madeleine Wieggers*

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**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*

**Chiau-Rung Chen**, *viola* (GD)

Student of Nicholas Cords

*Monday, March 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Cara Pogossian**, *viola* (MM)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

*Monday, March 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Junghyun Ahn**, *viola* (MM)

Student of Martha Katz and Mai Motobuchi

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

**Tong Chen**, *violin* (GD)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

*Tuesday, March 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Mara Riley**, *flute* (MM)

Student of Paula Robison

*Tuesday, March 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Keegan Marshall-House**, *jazz piano* (MM)

Student of Frank Carlberg and Jason Moran

*Wednesday, March 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

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