

Rebekah Rosa Luxon Schweitzer
soprano

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

with
Christina Wright-Ivanova, piano, harpsichord
Mara Riley, soprano
Brian Bartling, archlute

Thursday, March 30, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Pierce Hall

PROGRAM

Barbara Strozzi
(1619–1677)

L'Astratto
from *Arie a voce sola*, op. 8

Godere e facere
Dal pianto degli amanti scherniti
from *Il Primo Libro de Madrigali*, op. 1

Christina Wright-Ivanova, harpsichord
Brian Bartling, archlute
Mara Riley, soprano

Clara Schumann
(1819–1896)

from *Sechs Lieder*, op. 13
Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Mein Stern
Sie liebten sich beide
Die stille Lotusblume
Lorelei

Christina Wright-Ivanova, piano

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)
Nadia Boulanger
(1887–1979)

* from *Fiançailles pour rire*, FP 101

‡ from *Sept chansons* (1915–1922)
§ from *Cinq chansons* (1909)

Au bord de la route (‡)
Violon (*)
Cantique (§)
Il vole (*)
Élégie (§)
Fleurs (*)

Christina Wright-Ivanova, piano

Libby Larsen

(b. 1950)

Sonnets from the Portuguese

I thought once how Theocritus had sung

If I leave all for thee

My letters

Oh, Yes

With the same heart

How do I love thee

Christina Wright-Ivanova, piano

Thank you to my parents, Tom and Ivy, for making me.

Thank you to Lisa for teaching me.

Thank you to Becky Luce for showing what a love of singing looks like.

Rebekah Rosa Luxon Schweitzer is the recipient of the Musical Theater Scholarship.

L'Astratto

Voglio sì, vo cantar: forse cantando

trovar pace potessi al mio tormento.

Ha d'opprimere il duol forza il contento

Sì, sì, pensiero, aspetta

a sunoar cominziamo

e a nostro sense una canzon troviamo.

"Ebbi il core legato un dì d'un ben crin..."

La stracerei: subito ch'aspro un foglio

sento che mi raccorda il mio cordoglio.

"Fuggia la notte e sol spiegava intorno..."

Eh sì, confondon qui la nott'e'l giorno!

"Volate, of Furie

e conducete un miserabile

al foco eterno..."

Ma che fo nell'inferno?

"Al tuo ciel vago desio

spiega l'ale e vanne..."

Affé che quel che ti compose

poco sapea dell'amoroso strale.

Desiderio d'amante in ciel non sale.

"Goderò sotto la luna..."

Hor questa sì ch'è peggio!

Sa il destin degl'amanti e vuol fortuna.

Misero! I guai m'han da ma stesso astratto

e cercando un sogetto

per volerlo dir sol centro n'ho detto.

Chi nel carcere d'un crine

i desiri ha prigionieri,

per sue crude aspre ruine

nemmen suoi sono i pensieri.

The Abstract

I want, yes, I want to sing; perhaps through
singing

I can find relief from my torment.

Music has the power to overcome suffering.

Yes, yes, wait my thoughts!

Lets begin to play

and for our mood we'll find a song.

"If one day my heart were bound by beautiful
tresses..."

I'd cut them off! As soon as I look at a page

I feel reminded of my anguish.

"The night fled and the sun spread its
light..."

Oh yes, here we go confusing day with night!

"Fly away, oh furies

and carry this miserable creature

to the eternal fire."

But what am I doing in Hell?

"To your heaven, beautiful yearning,
spread your wings and go..."

The person who wrote you

sure didn't know much about love.

A lover's desires don't rise to heaven.

"I'll go rejoice under the moon..."

This song is even worse! He knows the fate of
lovers and yet expects good fortune.

O misery! My woes have estranged me from

myself and in seeking a theme that would

enable me to tell about it I've proposed a

hundred.

He whose aspirations are captivated

by the enticement of beautiful tresses,

to his bitter cruel ruin

not even his thoughts are his own.

*Chi, ad un vago alto splendore
die' fedel la liberta,
schiavo al fin tutto d'amore,
nemmen sua la mente avrà.*

*Quind'io, misero e stolto,
non volendo cantar, cantato ho molto.*

Giuseppe Artale

Godere e tacere

*Gioisca al gioir nostro.
E l'aura e l'onda.
Scherzin fra l'erbe e i fiore
I lascivetti amori
A nostri dolci canti
Eccho risponda.*

*In questo lieta e fortunato giorno
Volin le Gratie intorno
Vengan sul labbro i cori
E s'annondino l'alme
Al suon de baci.
Ah, non dir piu, mia lingue taci.*

Dal pianto degli amanti scherniti s'imparo a far la carta

*Mordeva un bianco lina Acì dolente
E come e l'uso de scherniti amanti
Alla sua bella schernitrice avanti
Di mal trattar godea tela innocente
Ma quel ch'irato lacerava il dente.
Non mai restavan d'amolire i pianti
Che trito homai da tanti morsi e tanti
Liquido il rese al fin l'occhio gemente:
Tela non sembra piu ma foglie sparte.
Onde tu prima c'insegnasti Amore,
Col fiero esempio a fabbricar le carte.
Se nacque gia dal feminil rigore
D'una donna crudel si nobil arte
Che produrra la cortesia d'un core.*

Giulio Strozzi

He who entrusts his liberty to a fair
unattainable beauty,
in the end is completely enslaved by love,
and not even his thoughts are his own.

Thus I, miserable and foolish,
not wanting to sing, have sung too much.

To enjoy and be silent

Let us rejoice in our joy
And the breeze and the waves.
Frolicking amid greenery and flower
The lusty cupids
To our sweet songs
Echo responses.

In this merry and fortunate day
The Graces surround
Bringing to our lips our hearts
And intertwine our souls
To the sound of kisses.
Ah, be silent my tongue.

From the weeping of lovers scorned we learned to make paper

Chewing a white linen, morose Acis
In the custom of scorned lovers
Went to his beautiful mocking lover
To enjoy ripping the innocent cloth.
However, irately he ground his teeth.
No more restored with softening tears
It is torn into many tiny pieces.
Liquified finally by his grieving eyes:
The linen is no more than crushed leaves.
Here, Love commenced teaching with
This cruel example of how to make paper.
Born from the feminine rigor
Of a cruel woman, the noble art
Now reproduces gentility of heart.

Translations by Richard Kolb

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

*Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starte ihr Bildnis an
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann,*

*Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächelnd wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Ergänzte ihr Augenpaar.*

*Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab -
Und Ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!*

Heinrich Heine

Mein Stern

*O du mein Stern,
Schau dich so gern,
Wenn still im Meere die Sonne sinket,
Dein gold'nes Auge so tröstend winket
In meiner Nacht!*

*O du mein Stern,
Aus weiter Fern',
Bist du ein Bote mit Liebesgrüßen,
Laß deine Strahlen mich durstig küssen
In banger Nacht.*

*O du mein Stern,
Verweile gern,
Und lächelnd für' auf des Lichts Gefieder
Der Träume Engel dem Freunde wider*

In seiner Nacht.

Friederike Serre

I Stood Darkly Dreaming

*I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
and that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.*

*About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.*

*And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!*

My Star

*O you my star,
I love to observe you,
When the sun slips quietly into the sea,
And your golden haze beckons so consolingly
In my night!*

*O you my star,
From afar
You bring me tidings of love,
Let me passionately kiss your rays
In fearful night.*

*O you my star,
Linger gladly,
And smilingly on the wings of light
Escort once more the angel of dreams to your
friend
In his night.*

Sie liebten sich beide

*Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.*

*Sie trennten sich Endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wussten es selber kaum.*

Heinrich Heine

Die stille Lotosblume

*Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.*

*Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All seinen gold'nen Schein,
Gießt aller seines Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.*

*Im Wasser um di Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
Er singt so süß so leise
Und schau die Blume an.*

*Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?*

Emanuel Geibel

They Loved One Another

They loved one another, but neither
Wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks,
Yet nearly died of love.

In the end they parted and saw
Each other but rarely in dreams.
They died so long ago
And hardly knew it themselves

The silent lotus flower

The silent lotus flower
Rises out of the blue lake,
Its leaves glitter and glow,
Its cup is as white as snow.

The moon then pours from heaven
All its golden light,
Pours all its rays
Into the lotus flower's bosom.

In the water, round the flower,
A white swan circles,
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And gazed on the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And wishes to die as it sings.
O flower, white flower,
Can you fathom the song?

Lorelei

*Ich weiss nich, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.*

*Die Luft is kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.*

*Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldnes Haar.*

*Sie kämmt es mit goldnem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.*

*Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.*

*Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.*

Heinrich Heine

Au bord de la route

*Cet homme ne voulait plus vivre
Voyons de quoi vous mêlez vous?
Monsieur, madame, en vérité
Cet homme en avait assez.*

*Son coeur était comme une pierre
Mais si quelqu'un l'avait ouvert
Peut-être dans ce coeur d'amant
Aurait-il vu le diamante.*

Loreley

I do not know that it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

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The Book of Lieder (Faber); provided via Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Next to the road

This man no longer wished to live
Do you see with whom you are consorting?
Sir, Madam, truly,
This man has had enough.

His heart was like a stone
But if someone had opened it
Perhaps in this loving heart
He would have seen the diamond.

Mais la pierre était si pesante
Qu'il s'est couché sur le chemin
En serrant sur elle ses mains
Et il mort de son attente.

Cet homme avait assez
Avec lui le joyau mourra
Monsieur, madame, il se fait tard
Un signe de croix, et passé

Camille Maclair

Violon

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! J'aime ses gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Loïs se taisent
Le coeur en forme de fraise
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

Louise de Vilmorin

Cantique

À tout âme que pleure
À tout péché qui passe
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles
Mes mains pleines de grâces

Il n'est péché qui vive
Quand l'amour à parlé
Il n'est âme qui meure
Quand l'amour a pleuré

Et si l'amour s'égarant
Aux sentiers d'ici bas
Ses larmes me retrouvent
Et ne s'égarant pas

Maurice Maeterlinck

But the stone was so heavy
That he lay down by the path
Holding it tightly in his hands
And he died waiting.

This man has had enough,
The jewel will die with him
Sir, Madam, the hour grows late,
A sign of the cross and pass.

Translation by Rebekah Schweitzer

Violin

Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings
Stretched on the string of disquiet,
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.

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The French Song Companion (Oxford
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Hymn

To all souls that weep
To all sins that pass
I open to the stars
My hands full of grace

No sin lives
When love speaks
No soul dies
When love weeps

And if love strays
From the earthly paths
Its tears will find me
And themselves shall not stray.

Translation by Rebekah Schweitzer

Il Vole

*En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.*

– Mais où est le corbeau, – Il vole.

*Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place des joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.*

– Mais où est mon amant? – Il vole.

*C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant,
Le corbeau vole, et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.*

– Mais où est le bonheur? – Il vole.

*Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.*

– Mais où donc est l'amour? – Il vole.

*Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les route du paysage
Ramenez-moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.*

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

Louise de Vilmorin

Stealing away

The sun as it sets
Is reflected in my polished table –
It is the round cheese of the fable
In the beak of my silver scissors.

But where's the crow? Stealing away on its
wing.

I'd like to sew but a magnet
Attracts all my needles.
In the square the skittle-players
Pass the time playing game after game.

But where's my lover? Stealing away on his
wing.

I've a stealer for a lover,
The crow steals away and my lover steals,
The stealer of my heart breaks his word
And the stealer of cheese is absent.

But where is happiness? Stealing away on its
wing.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves
I weep because I want to be wanted
And because my stealer doesn't care for me.

But where can love be? Stealing away on its
wing.

Find the sense in my nonsense
And along the country ways
Bring me back my wayward lover
Who steals hearts and robs me of my senses.

I want my stealer to steal me.

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Élégie

*Une douceur splendide et sombre
Flotte sous le ciel étoilé
On dirait que, là-haut dans l'ombre
Un paradis s'est écroulé.*

*Et c'est comme l'odeur ardente,
L'odeur fiévreuse dans l'air noir,
D'une chevelure d'amante
Dénouée à travers le soir.*

*Tout l'espace languit de fièvres
Du fond des cœurs mystérieux
S'en viennent mourir sur les lèvres
Des mots qui font fermer les yeux.*

Et de ma bouche où s'évapore

*Le parfum des bonheurs derniers
Et de mon cœur vibrant encore
S'élèvent de vagues pitiés.*

*Pour tous ceux-là, qui, sur la terre,
Par un tel soir tendant les bras,
N'ont point dans leur cœur solitaire
Un nom à sangloter tout bas.*

Albert Victor Samain

Fleurs

*Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,
Qui t'apportait ses fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.*

Louise de Vilморin

Elegy

A radiant and somber sweetness
Floats under the starry sky.
One would say that up there in the shadow
A paradise has collapsed.

And it is like an ardent fragrance,
A fevered fragrance in the black air
Of a lover's hair,
Loosened across the evening.

The entire atmosphere burns with fever
From the depths of mysterious hearts.
Words that make eyes close
End up dying on the lips.

And from my mouth, from which has
evaporated
The perfume of past happiness,
And from my yet living heart
Arises a vague pity

For all down here who, on the earth
On such a night stretch their arms,
But do not have in their lonely heart
A name to sob to themselves.

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Flowers

Promised flower, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers from a step's parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Sprinkled with the sea's sand?
Sand of your kisses, flower of faded loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
burns with its sacred images.

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The French Song Companion (Oxford
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I thought once how Theocritus had sung

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old and young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life,
who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me and drew me backward by the hair:
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,--
"Guess now who holds thee?"
"Death," I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang, "Not Death, but Love."

If I leave all for thee

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange
When I look up, to drop on the new range
Of walls and floors, another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?
That's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,
To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove;
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.

My letters

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee tonight.
This said, --he wished to have me in his sight.
Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand, a simple thing
Yet I wept for it....--this, the paper's light...
Said, *Dear I love thee*; and I sank and quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past.
This said, *I am thine*-- and so its link has paled
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.

And this...O Love, thy words have ill availed
If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!

Oh Yes!

Oh Yes! they love through all this world of ours!
I will not gainsay love, called love forsooth.
I have heard love talked in my early youth
And since, not so long back but that the flowers
Then gathered, smell still. Musselmans and Giaours
Throw kerchief at a smile, and have no ruth
For any weeping. Polypheme's white tooth
Slips on the nut, if after frequent showers
The shell is over-smooth; and not so much
will turn the thing called love, aside to hate
Or else to oblivion. But thou art not such
A lover, my Beloved! thou canst wiat
Through sorrow and sickness, to bring souls to touch
And think it soon when others cry "Too late."

With the same heart

With the same heart, I said, I'll answer thee
As those, when thou shalt call me by my name—
Lo, the vain promise! is the same,
Perplexed and ruffled by life's strategy?
When called before, I told how hastily
I dropped my flower or brake off from a game,
To run and answer with the smile that came
At play last moment, and went on with me
Through my obedience. When I answer now,
I drop a grave thought, break from solitude:
Yet still my heart goes to thee—ponder how—
Not as to a single good, but all my good!
Lay thy hand on it, best one, and allow
That no child's foot could run as fast as this blood.

How do I love thee

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right,
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,--I love thee with the breadth,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!--and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

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Brittany Bryant, *mezzo-soprano* (BM)

Student of Karen Holvik

Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Wooyoung Kim, *mezzo-soprano* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Hechen Sun, *cello* (BM)

Student of Lluís Claret

Saturday, April 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Yuri Ahn, *cello* (MM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Nozomi Murayama, *violin* (MM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Richard Vculek, *bassoon* (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Andrew Flurer, *bassoon* (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Huimin Mandy Liu, *French horn* (BM)

Student of Richard Sebring

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Jonathan Salman, *cello* (MM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

Sunday, April 2, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

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