

Alexandra Marie Henderson  
*soprano*

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

with  
Michael Banwarth, piano

Thursday, April 6, 2023  
8:00 p.m.  
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

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

**“Combatti da forte”** from *Rinaldo*  
**“Augeletti”** from *Rinaldo*

Mara Riley, flute

**Ernest Chausson**  
(1855–1899)

**7 *Mémoires*, op. 2**

Nanny  
Le charme  
Les papillons  
La dernière feuille  
Sérénade italienne  
Hébé  
Le colibri

**Charles Ives**  
(1874–1954)

***Memories***

A. Very pleasant  
B. Rather sad

***Those Evening Bells***

***Nature’s Way***

***The Things Our Fathers Loved***

***Song My Mother Taught Me***

**Erich Wolfgang Korngold**  
(1897–1957)

***Lieder des Abschieds*, op. 14**

Sterbelied  
Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen  
Mond, so gehst du wieder auf  
Gefaßter Abschied

*Alexandra Marie Henderson is the recipient of the  
Douglas Smith Scholarship for Voice.*

*Thank you to my accompanist, Michael Banwarth;  
your artistry and fine attention to detail is a gift to be around.*

*Thank you to my teacher and mentor, Lisa Saffer,  
I could spend a lifetime thanking you for all that you've done for me (and likely will).*

*To my coach, JJ Penna, thank you for being a constant champion of my singing;  
any moment I spend working with you is transformative.*

*To my friends, thank you, I will forever cherish the memories we made together.*

*To my boyfriend, thank you for being endlessly supportive of  
my work and for always holding space for me.*

*To my wonderful family, thank you.  
All I do is for you, and all I am is because of you.*

### **Combatti da forte**

*Combatti da forte, che fermo il mio sen  
Piacer ti prepara, contenti d'ognor.*

*Con face di gloria bell'iri seren  
Adesso risplenda nell'alto tuo cor.*

### **Augelletti**

*Augelletti, che cantate,  
Zefiretti che spirate  
Aure dolci intorno a me,  
Il mio ben dite dov'è!*

Giacomo Rossi

### **Nanny**

*Bois chers aux ramiers, pleurez, doux feuillages,  
Et toi, source vive, et vous, frais sentiers;*

*Pleurez, ô bruyères sauvages,  
Buissons de houx et d'églantiers.*

*Printemps, Roi fleuri de la verte année,*

*Ô jeune Dieu, pleure! Été mûrissant,  
Coupe ta tresse couronnée;  
Et pleure, Automne rougissant.*

*L'angoisse d'aimer brise un coeur fidèle.  
Terre et ciel, pleurez! Oh! Que je l'aimais!  
Cher pays, ne parle plus d'elle;  
Nanny ne reviendra jamais!*

Leconte de Lisle

### **Le charme**

*Quand ton sourire me surprit,  
Je sentis frémir tout mon être;  
Mais ce qui domptait mon esprit,*

### **Fight well**

Fight well, because my heart and  
Pleasure awaits you, how happy we'll be.

With a face shining with glory,  
May glory now shine in your noble heart.

### **Little birds**

Little birds, who sing,  
Little Zephyrs, who blow  
Gentle breezes towards me,  
Tell me where my beloved is!

*Translation by Alexandra Henderson*

### **Nanny**

Woods dear to the doves, weep, gentle leaves,  
And you flowing spring, and you cool  
footpaths,  
Weep, O wild heather,  
Holly bushes and sweet briars.

Springtime, king of the green year adorned  
with flowers,  
O young god, weep! Ripening summer,  
Cut your crowned tresses,  
And weep, reddening autumn.

The anguish of loving breaks a faithful heart,  
Earth and sky, weep! Oh! How I loved her!  
Dear land, speak of her no more;  
Nanny will never return!

*Translation © Winifred Radford, from The  
Interpretation of French Song (Norton &  
Company, 1970)*

### **The Charm**

When your smile caught me unawares,  
I felt a trembling throughout my being,  
but the reason for the subjection of my spirit

*Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.*

*Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,  
Je sentis mon âme se fondre;  
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,  
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.*

*Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,  
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme,  
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais  
Qu'en voyant ta première larme!*

Armand Silvestre

### **Les papillons**

*Les papillons couleur de neige  
Volent par essaims sur la mer;  
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je  
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?*

*Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,  
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,  
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,  
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?*

*Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses  
À travers vallons et forêts,  
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,  
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.*

Théophile Gautier

I did not at first know.

When your glance fell on me,  
I felt my soul melt,  
but what this emotion was,  
I could not at first tell.

That which vanquished me forever,  
Was a more sorrowful charm,  
and I knew that I loved you  
only when I saw your first tears.

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Company, 1970)*

### **Butterflies**

Snow-coloured butterflies  
swarm over the sea;  
beautiful white butterflies, when might I  
take to the azure path of the air?

Do you know, O beauty of beauties,  
my jet-eyed bayadère—  
were they to lend me their wings,  
do you know where I would go?

Without kissing a single rose,  
across valleys and forests  
I'd fly to your half-closed lips,  
flower of my soul, and there would die.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French  
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) Provided via  
Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

### **La dernière feuille**

*Dans la forêt chauve et rouillée  
Il ne reste plus au rameau  
Qu'une pauvre feuille oubliée,  
Rien qu'une feuille et qu'un oiseau.*

*Il ne reste plus en mon âme  
Qu'un seul amour pour y chanter;  
Mais le vent d'automne, qui brame,  
Ne permet pas de l'écouter.*

*L'oiseau s'en va, la feuille tombe,  
L'amour s'éteint, car c'est l'hiver.  
Petit oiseau, viens sur ma tombe  
Chanter quand l'arbre sera vert.*

Theophile Gautier

### **Sérénade italienne**

*Partons en barque sur la mer  
Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles.  
Vois, il souffle juste assez d'air  
Pour enfler la toile des voiles.*

*Le vieux pêcheur italien  
Et ses deux fils qui nous conduisent,  
Écoutent, mais n'entendent rien  
Aux mots que nos bouches se disent.*

*Sur la mer calme et sombre, vois,  
Nous pouvons échanger nos âmes,  
Et nul ne comprendra nos voix,  
Que la nuit, le ciel et les lames.*

Paul Bourget

### **Hébé**

*Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,  
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avançait,*

### **The last leaf**

In the bare and blighted forest  
Nothing remains on the branches  
Except a poor forgotten leaf -  
Nothing but a leaf and bird.

Nothing remains in my soul  
Except a lone love singing there;  
But the howling autumn wind  
Will not allow it to be heard.

The bird flies away, the leaf falls,  
Love dies, for winter is come.  
Little bird, alight on my tomb  
And sing when the tree is green again.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French  
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) Provided via  
Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

### **Italian serenade**

Let us sail in a boat over the sea  
To pass the night under the stars,  
See, there is just enough breeze  
To inflate the canvas of the sails.

The old Italian fisherman  
and his two sons, who steer us,  
listen but understand nothing  
of the words which we speak.

On the sea, calm and dark, see,  
our souls may commune,  
and none will understand our voices,  
but the night, the sky and the waves.

*Translation © Winifred Radford, from The  
Interpretation of French Song (Norton &  
Company, 1970)*

### **Hebe**

When Hebe, guileless and with lowered gaze,  
Blushingly drew near their feast,

*Les dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide,  
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.*

*Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,  
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.  
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la déesse?  
Nous l'ignorons, il enivre et ravit.*

*Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,  
Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain.*

*Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle,  
Notre œil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.*

Louise Ackermann

### **Le colibri**

*Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,  
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair  
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,  
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.*

*Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,  
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,  
Où laçoka rouge aux odeurs divines*

*S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.*

*Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,*

*Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose  
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir.*

*Sur ta lèvre pure, o ma bien-aimée,  
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,  
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.*

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

The delighted gods proffered empty goblets  
Which the child replenished with nectar.

And we too, when youth fades,  
Vie in proffering her our goblets.  
What is the wine she dispenses?  
We do not know; it elates and enraptures.

Having smiled with her immortal grace,  
Hebe goes on her way—you summon her in  
vain.

For a long time still on the eternal path,  
We follow the cup-bearer with weeping eyes.

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Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) Provided via  
Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

### **The Hummingbird**

The green humming-bird, the king of the  
hills,  
On seeing the dew and gleaming sun  
Shine in his nest of fine woven grass,  
Darts into the air like a shaft of light.

He hurries and flies to the nearby springs  
Where the bamboos sound like the sea,  
Where the red hibiscus with its heavenly  
scent  
Unveils the glint of dew at its heart.

He descends, and settles on the golden  
flower,  
Drinks so much love from the rosy cup  
That he dies, not knowing if he'd drunk it  
dry.  
On your pure lips, O my beloved,  
My own soul too would sooner have died  
From that first kiss which scented it!

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## Memories

### A. Very Pleasant

We're sitting in the opera house;  
We're waiting for the curtain to arise  
With wonders for our eyes;  
We're feeling pretty gay,  
And well we may,  
"O, Jimmy, look!" I say,  
"The band is tuning up  
And soon will start to play."  
We whistle and we hum,  
Beat time with the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house;  
We're waiting for the curtain to arise  
With wonders for our eyes,  
A feeling of expectancy,  
A certain kind of ecstasy,  
Expectancy and ecstasy... Shhhh. "Curtain!"

### B. Rather Sad

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall,  
A tune as threadbare as that "old red shawl,"  
It is tattered, it is torn,  
It shows signs of being worn,  
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from early morn,  
'Twas a common little thing and kind 'a sweet,  
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both his feet;  
I can see him shuffling down  
To the barn or to the town,  
A humming.

*Charles Ives*

## Those Evening Bells

Those evening bells! Those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells  
of youth, and home and that sweet time,  
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are past away,  
And many a heart that then was gay  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells  
And hears no more these evening bells.



And so 'twill be when I am gone;  
That tuneful peal will still ring on  
while other bards will walk these dells,  
and sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

*Thomas Moore*

### **Nature's Way**

When the distant evening bell calmly breathes its blessing;  
When the moonlight to the trees speaks in words caressing;  
When the stars with radiance gaze towards the sleeping flowers,  
then does nature bare her soul, giving strength to ours.

*Charles Ives*

### **The Things Our Fathers Loved**

I think there must be a place in the soul  
all made of tunes, of tunes of long ago;  
I hear the organ on the Main Street corner,  
Aunt Sarah humming Gospels; Summer evenings,  
The village cornet band, playing in the square.  
The town's Red, White and Blue,  
all Red, White and Blue; Now! Hear the words  
But they sing in my soul of the things our Fathers loved.

*Charles Ives*

### **Songs My Mother Taught Me**

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished,  
Seldom from her eyelids were the tear drops banished.  
Now I teach my children each melodious measure;  
Often tears are flowing from my memory's treasure.

*Alfred Heyduk, translated by Natalie Macfarren*

## **Sterbelied**

*Laß Liebster, wenn ich tot bin,  
laß du von Klagen ab.  
Statt Rosen und Cypressen  
wächst Gras auf meinem Grab.*

*Ich schlafe still im Zwielijkschein  
in schwerer Dämmernis -  
Und wenn du willst, gedenke mein  
und wenn du willst, vergiß.*

*Ich fühle nicht den Regen,  
ich seh' nicht, ob es tagt,  
ich höre nicht die Nachtigall,  
die in den Büschen klagt.*

*Vom Schlaf erweckt mich keiner,  
die Erdenwelt verblich.  
Vielleicht gedenk ich deiner,  
vielleicht vergaß ich dich.*

Christina Rossetti, translated by Alfred Kerr

## **Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen**

*Dies eine kann mein Sehnen nimmer fassen,  
Daß nun von mir zu dir kein Weg mehr führ',  
Daß du vorübergehst an meiner Türe  
In ferne, stumme, ungekannte Gassen.*

*Wär' es mein Wunsch, daß mir dein Bild erleiche,*

*Wie Sonnenglanz, von Nebeln aufgetrunken,  
Wie einer Landschaft frohes Bild, versunken  
Im glatten Spiegel abendstillter Teiche?*

*Der Regen fällt. Die müden Bäume triefen.  
Wie welches Laub verweh'n viel Sonnenstunden.  
Noch hab' ich in mein Los mich nicht gefunden  
Und seines Dunkels uferlose Tiefen.*

Edith Ronsperger

## **Requiem**

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Do not lament.  
Instead of roses and cypress,  
Grass shall cover my grave.

I shall sleep quietly in the twilight,  
In the heavy dusk.  
And if you will, remember,  
And if you will, forget.

I shall not feel the rain,  
I shall not see the dawn,  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Lamenting in the trees.

No one shall ever wake me,  
All the world has vanished.  
Perhaps I shall remember you,  
Perhaps I'll have forgotten you.

## **This one thing my longing can never grasp**

This one thing my longing can never grasp,  
That now no path leads me to you,  
That you walk past my door  
Into distant, silent, unknown streets.

Could it be my wish that you should fade  
away,

Like the sun's brilliance engulfed in mist,  
Like a landscape's happy reflection,  
Sunken in the smooth mirror of evening ponds?

The rain falls. The tired trees drip.  
Many hours of sun fade like withered leaves.  
I have not yet come to term with my fate  
And the boundless depths of its darkness.

**Mond, so gehst du wieder auf**

*Mond, so gehst du wieder auf  
überm dunklen Tal der ungeweinten Tränen!  
Lehr, so lehr mich's doch, mich nicht nach ihr zu  
sehnen  
blaß zu machen Blutes Lauf,  
dies Leid nicht zu erleiden  
aus zweier Menschen Scheiden.*

*Sieh, in Nebel hüllst du dich.  
Doch verfinstern kannst du nicht den Glanz der  
Bilder,  
die mir weher jede Nacht erweckt und wilder.*

*Ach! im Tiefsten fühle ich:  
das Herz, das sich mußst' trennen,  
wird ohne Ende brennen.*

Ernst Lothar (Müller)

**Gefaßter Abschied**

*Weine nicht, daß ich jetzt gehe,  
Heiter lass dich von mir küssen.  
Blüht das Glück nicht aus der Nähe,  
Von ferne wird's dich keuscher grüssen.*

*Nimm diese Blumen, die ich pflückte,  
Monatsrosen rot und Nelken,  
Laß die Trauer, die dich drückte,  
Herzens Blume kann nicht welken.*

*Lächle nicht mit bitter'm Lächeln,  
Stosse mich nicht stumm zur Seite.  
Linde Luft wird bald dich wieder fächeln,  
Bald ist Liebe dein Geleite!*

*Gib deine Hand mir ohne Zittern,  
Letztem Kuß gib alle Wonne.  
Bang' vor Sturm nicht: aus Gewittern  
Geht strahlender auf die Sonne.*

**Moon, thus you rise once more**

*Moon, thus you rise once more  
Over the dark valley of unwept tears!  
Teach, teach me not to yearn for her,*

*To make my blood run pale,  
Not to suffer this sorrow,  
Caused when two souls part.*

*See, you shroud yourself in mist.  
Yet you cannot darken the bright images*

*That the night arouses in me with wilder and  
fiercer pain.*

*Ah! I feel in the depths of my being:  
The heart that has suffered separation  
Will burn eternally.*

**Resigned farewell**

*Do not weep that I am now going,  
Be cheerful and let me kiss you.  
If joy does not bloom when we are near,  
It will greet you more chastely from afar.*

*Take these flowers that I have picked,  
Red China roses and carnations,  
Shake off the sorrow that oppressed you,  
The heart's blossom cannot wither.*

*Do not smile a bitter smile,  
Do not push me aside in silence.  
A soft breeze will soon fan you once more,  
Love will soon escort you!*

*Give me your hand without trembling,  
Give me all your rapture to this last kiss.  
Be not afraid of tempests: after storms  
The sun rises more resplendently.*

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

*So schau zuletzt noch die schöne Linde,  
Drunter uns kein Auge je erspähte.  
Glaub, o glaub, daß ich dich wiederfinde,  
Denn ernten wird, wer Liebe lächelnd säte.*

Ernst Lothar

So, take one last look at the lovely lime-tree,  
Beneath which no eye ever saw us.  
Believe, O believe, I shall find you again,  
For they who sowed love with a smile shall  
reap its harvest.

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