

Molly Irene Flynn
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2023
Student of Michael Meraw

with
Marie-Elise Boyer, piano
Charles Iner, lute

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

PROGRAM

Johannes Brahms

(1833–1897)

Franz Schubert

(1797–1828)

Richard Strauss

(1864–1949)

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück

Ganymed

Wiegenlied

Ottorino Respighi

(1879–1936)

from *Deità silvane*

II. Musica in Horto

IV. Acqua

Vincenzo Bellini

(1801–1835)

from *Composizioni da Camera*

L'abbandono

Francis Poulenc

(1899–1963)

Cinq poèmes de Max Jacob

Chanson Bretonne

Cimetière

La petite servante

Berceuse

Souric et Mouric

John Dowland
(1563–1626)

Awake Sweet Love
Can she excuse my wrongs

Robert Johnson
(1583–1633)

Have you seen but a white lily grow?

Charles Iner, lute

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)

Ganymed from *Goethe-Lieder*

Johannes Brahms

O wüßst ich doch den Weg zurück

*I am so incredibly grateful for my time at NEC,
and the people that made it so meaningful.*

*I would like to thank my wonderful family,
for always supporting my dreams,*

my wonderful class,

and Professor Meraw for his wisdom and guidance.

O wüßst ich doch den Weg zurück

*O wüßst ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum suchst ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?*

*O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!*

*Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind,
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!*

*O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück –
Ringsum ist öder Strand!*

Klaus Groth

Ganymed

*Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!*

*Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!*

Ah! If I but knew the way back

Ah! if I but knew the way back,
The sweet way back to childhood's land!
Ah! why did I seek my fortune
And let go my mother's hand?

Ah! how I long for utter rest,
Immune from any striving,
Long to close my weary eyes,
Gently shrouded by love!

And search for nothing, watch for nothing,
Dream only light and gentle dreams,
Not to see the times change,
To be a child a second time!

Ah! show me that way back,
The sweet way back to childhoods' land!
I seek happiness in vain –
Ringed round by barren shores

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber) Provided via Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Ganymede

How your glow envelops me
in the morning radiance,
spring, my beloved!
With love's thousandfold joy
the hallowed sensation
of your eternal warmth
floods my heart,
infinite beauty!
O that I might clasp you
in my arms!

Ah, on your breast
I lie languishing,
and your flowers, your grass
press close to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst within my breast,
sweet morning breeze,

*Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach wohin?*

*Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wiegenlied

*Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,
von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.
Blüten schimmern da, die beben
von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.
Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,
von dem Tage, da die Blume sproß;
von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,
da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloß.
Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
von der stillen, von der heiligen Nacht,
da die Blume seiner Liebe
diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.*

Richard Dehmel

as the nightingale calls
tenderly to me from the misty valley.
I come, I come!
But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!
The clouds drift
down, yielding
to yearning love,
to me, to me!
In your lap,
upwards,
embracing and embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
all-loving Father!

*Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published
by Schirmer Books, provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Cradle song

Dream, dream, my sweet, my life,
of heaven that brings the flowers;
blossoms shimmer there, they live
from the song your mother sings.
Dream, dream, bud born of my anxiety,
of the day the flower unfolded;
of that morning bright with blossom,
when your soul opened to the world.
Dream, dream, blossom of my love,
of the silent, of the sacred night,
when the flower of his love
made this world my heaven.

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Musica in Horto

Uno squillo di cròtali clangenti

*Rompe in ritmo il silenzio dei roseti,
Mentre in fondo agli aulenti orti segreti
Gorgheggia un flauto liquidi lamenti.
La melodia, con tintinnio d'argenti,
Par che a vicenda s'attristi e s'allieti,*

*Ora luce di tremiti inquieti,
Or diffondendo lunghe ombre dolenti:
Cròtali arguti e canne variotocche!,*

*Una gioia di cantici inespressi
Per voi par che dai chiusi orti rampolli,
E in sommo dei rosai, che cingon molli*

*Ghirlande al cuor degli intimi recessi,
S'apron le rose come molli bocche!*

Acqua

*Acqua, e tu ancora sul tuo flauto lene
Intonami un tuo canto variolungo,
Di cui le note abbian l'odor del fungo,*

*Del musco e dell'esiguo capelvenere,
Sì che per tutte le sottili vene,
Onde irrighi la fresca solitudine,
Il tuo riscintillio rida e sublūdii
Al gemmar delle musiche serene.
Acqua, e, lung'h'essi i calami volubili*

*Movendo in gioco le cerulee dita,
Avvicenda più lunghe ombre alle luci,
Tu che con modi labii deduci
Sulla mia fronte intenta e sulla vita*

Del verde fuggitive ombre di nubi.

Antonio Rubino

Garden Music

A blast of finger-cymbals clashing
rhythmically

Punctuates the silence of the rose gardens,
While at the end of fragrant, secret orchards
A flute pours out its liquid lamentation.
The melody, with silver cymbal-hissing
Shifts between saddening and becoming
joyful;

Now shining with flickering, flaring light,
Now casting long sorrowful shadows:
Ringing finger-cymbals and many-sounding
pipes!

A joy of songs unexpressed
for you gushes forth from the orchards,
And at the top of the rosebushes, that weave
garlands

At the heart of the intimate nooks,
The roses open like soft mouths!

Water

Water, once again your mellow flute
Plays to me your varying song,
Whose notes seem like the smell of
mushrooms,

Of moss and of sleek, silken maiden-hair,
So that along all the tiny streams
That refresh the lonely places,
Your sparkling presence laughs and ripples
With the jewels of serene music.

Water, while along your banks the
whispering reeds

Playfully wiggle their blue fingers,
Flickering longer shadows in the light,
You wind your fleeting way, seeing
On my brooding forehead and on each of the
leaves

The passing shadows of clouds.

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L'abbandono

*Solitario zeffiretto,
a che movi i tuoi sospiri?
Il sospiro a me sol lice,
ché, dolente ed infelice,
chiamo [Dafne]¹ che non ode
l'insoffribil mio martir.*

*Langue invan la mammoletta
e la rosa e il gelsomino;
lunge son da lui che adoro,*

*non conosco alcun ristoro
se non viene a consolarmi
col bel guardo cilestrino.*

*Ape industrie, che vagando
sempre vai di fior in fiore,
ascolta, ascolta.*

*Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora,
di' che rieda a chi l'adora,*

*come riedi tu nel seno
delle rose al primo albor.*

Anonymous

The Abandonment

Lonely breeze
why do you sigh?
Sighs are meant for me alone
for, grieving and unhappy,
I call on Daphnis who does not hear
my unbearable torment.

The sweet-smelling violet,
the rose and the jasmine
languish in vain; I am far from him whom I
adore,
and I have no relief
unless he comes and console me
with his beautiful blue gaze.

Industrious bee, who always flit
from flower to flower,
listen, listen:

If you find him where he is,
tell him to come back to the one who adores
him,
as you come back to the bosom of the roses
at the first light of dawn.

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Chanson Bretonne

*J'ai perdu ma poulette
Et j'ai perdu mon chat.
Je cours à la poudrette
Si Dieu me les rendra.*

*Je vais chez Jean le Coz
Et chez Marie Maria.
Va-t'en voir chez Hérode
Peut-être il le saura.*

*Passant devant la salle
Toute la ville était là
À voir danser ma poule
Avec mon petit chat.*

*Tous les oiseaux champêtres
Sur les murs et sur les toits
Jouaient de la trompette
Pour le banquet du roi.*

Cimetière

*Si mon marin vous le chassez,
Au cimetière vous me mettez,
Rose blanche, rose blanche et rose rouge.*

*Ma tombe, elle est comme un jardin,
Comme un jardin, rouge et blanche,
Le dimanche vous irez, rose blanche,
Vous irez vous promener,
Rose blanche et blanc muguet,*

*Tante Yvonne à la Toussaint
Une couronne en fer peint
Elle apporte de son jardin
En fer peint avec des perles de satin,
Rose blanche et blanc muguet.*

*Si Dieu veut me ressusciter
Au Paradis je monterai, rose blanche,
Avec un nimbe doré,
Rose blanche et blanc muguet.*

Breton Song

I've lost my little hen,
and I've lost my cat.
I'll run to the trash heap
if God gives them back to me.

I will go see Jean le Coz
and Marie Maria.
You go see Herod.
Maybe he will know.

When I went by the room,
the whole town was there
to see my hen dancing
with my little cat.

All the birds of the fields
were playing the trumpet on the walls
and the rooftops
for the king's banquet.

Graveyard

If you send my sailor away
you'll send me to my grave.
White rose, white rose and red.

My grave is like a garden,
like a garden, red and white.
On Sunday you will go walking,
white rose, white rose
and white lily of the valley.

On All Saints' Day,
Aunt Yvonne carries
into her garden a wreath
of painted iron with satin beads,
white rose and white lily of the valley.

If God wishes to bring me back to life,
I will go to Heaven, white rose,
with a golden halo,
white rose and white lily of the valley.

*Si mon marin revenait,
Rose rouge et rose blanche,
Sur ma tombe il vient auprès,
Rose blanche et blanc muguet.*

*Souviens-toi de notre enfance, rose blanche,
Quand nous jouions sur le quai,
Rose blanche et blanc muguet.*

La petite servante

*Préservez-nous du feu et du tonnerre,
Le tonnerre court comme un oiseau,
Si c'est le Seigneur qui le conduit
Bénis soient les dégâts.
Si c'est le diable qui le conduit
Faites-le partir au trot d'ici.*

*Préservez-nous des dartres et des boutons,
de la peste et de la lèpre.
Si c'est pour ma pénitence que vous l'envoyez,
Seigneur, laissez-la moi, merci.
Si c'est le diable qui le conduit
Faites-le partir au trot d'ici.*

*Goître, goître, sors de ton sac,
sors de mon cou et de ma tête!
Feu Saint Elme, danse de Saint Guy,
Si c'est le Diable qui vous conduit
mon Dieu faites le sortir d'ici.*

*Faites que je grandisse vite
Et donnez-moi un bon mari
qui ne soit pas trop ivrogne
et qui ne me batte pas tous les soirs.*

If my sailor returns,
red rose and white,
he will come to my grave,
white rose and white lily of the valley.

Remember our childhood, white rose,
when we played on the wharf,
white rose and white lily of the valley.

The little maidservant

Preserve us from fire and lightning.
Lightning runs like a bird.
If the Lord drives it,
blessed be the damage.
If the Devil drives it,
drive him out of here at a trot.

Preserve us from sores and pimples,
plague and leprosy.
If you have sent them to me for a penance,
Lord, leave them with me, thank you.
If the Devil drives it,
drive him out of here at a trot.

Goiter, goiter, jump out of your bag,
leave my neck and my head!
St. Elmo's fire, St. Vitus' dance,
if it's the Devil who drives you,
God, drive him away from here.

Make me grow up fast
and give me a good husband
who isn't too much of a drunkard
and doesn't beat me every night.

Berceuse

*Ton père est à la messe,
Ta mère au cabaret,
Tu auras sur les fesses
Si tu vas encore crier.*

*Ma mère était pauvre
Sur la lande à Auray
Et moi je fais des crêpes
En te berçant du pied.*

*Si tu mourais du croup,
Coliques ou diarrhées
Si tu mourais des croûtes
Que tu as sur le nez,*

*Je pêcherais des crevettes
À l'heure de la marée
Pour faire la soupe aux têtes:
Y a pas besoin de crochets.*

Souric et Mouric

*Souric et Mouric,
Rat blanc, souris noire,
Venus dans l'armoire
Pour apprendre à l'araignée
À tisser sur le métier
Un beau drap de toile.*

*Expédiez-le à Paris, à Quimper, à Nantes,
C'est de bonne vente!
Mettez les sous de côté,
Vous achèterez un pré,
Des pommiers pour la saison
Et trois belles vaches,
Un boeuf pour faire étalon.*

*Chantez, les rainettes,
Car voici la nuit qui vient,
La nuit on les entend bien,
Crapauds et grenouilles,
Écoutez, mon merle
Et ma pie qui parle,*

Lullaby

Your father is at Mass,
your mother at the cabaret.
You'll have a spanking
if you cry again.

My mother was a poor woman,
on the plain of Auray,
and I make pancakes
and rock you with my foot.

If you died of the croup,
colic or diarrhea,
if you died of the crust
on your nose,

I would fish for shrimp
when the tide came in.
You don't need hooks
to make fishhead chowder.

Souric and Mouric

Souric and Mouric,
white rat and black mouse,
came to the cupboard
to teach the spider
how to weave a beautiful sheet
of web on the loom.

Send it to Paris, Quimper, Nantes -
it will sell well!
Save your pennies
and buy a field,
with apple trees for the season
and three fine cows,
and a bull for stud.

Sing, frogs,
for night is coming.
We hear them clearly at night,
toads and frogs.
Listen, my merle
and my talking magpie.

Écoutez, toute la journée,
Vous apprendrez à chanter.

Max Jacobs

Listen all the day long,
and you will learn to sing.

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Awake Sweet Love

Awake, sweet love! Thou art return'd,
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Let love, which never absent dies,
Now live forever in her eyes,
Whence came my first annoy.

Only herself hath seemed fair,
She only I could love,
She only drove me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.
Despair did make me wish to die,
That I my joys might end,
She only which did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee, now aught worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
Which so despair hath prov'd.
Despair hath proved now in me,
That love will not inconstant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.

If she at last reward thy love,
And all thy harm repair,
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
Rais'd up from deep despair.
And if that now thou welcome be
When though with her dost meet,
She, all the while, but play'd with thee,
To make thy joys more sweet.

Anonymous

Can she excuse my wrongs

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No, no; where shadows do for bodies stand,
That may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand,
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou canst not o'ercome her will,
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire,
If she this deny, what can granted be?

If she will yield to that which reason is,
It is reason's will that love should be just.
Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that I die must.

Better a thousand times to die
Than for to love thus still tormented:
Dear, but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented.

Anonymous

Have you seen but a white lily grow

Have you seen but a white Lily grow
before rude hands hath touch'd it;
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
before the Earth hath smucht it.
Have you felt the wool of Beaver,
Or Swans down ever;
or have smelt of the Bud of the Briar,
Or the Nard in the fire;
Or have tasted the Bag of the Bee;
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet, so sweet,
so sweet is she!

O so white, O so soft, O so sweet,
so sweet, so sweet is she!

Anonymous

Ganymed

*Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!*

*Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm', ich komme!
Wohin? Ach wohin?*

*Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ganymede

How your glow envelops me
in the morning radiance,
spring, my beloved!
With love's thousandfold joy
the hallowed sensation
of your eternal warmth
floods my heart,
infinite beauty!
O that I might clasp you
in my arms!

Ah, on your breast
I lie languishing,
and your flowers, your grass
press close to my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst within my breast,
sweet morning breeze,
as the nightingale calls
tenderly to me from the misty valley.
I come, I come!
But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!
The clouds drift
down, yielding
to yearning love,
to me, to me!
In your lap,
upwards,
embracing and embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
all-loving Father!

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O wüßst ich doch den Weg zurück

*O wüßst ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum suchst du nach dem Glück
Und ließst der Mutter Hand?*

*O wie mich sehnet auszuruhen,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!*

*Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähen,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind,
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!*

*O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens suchst du nach dem Glück –
Ringsum ist öder Strand!*

Klaus Groth

Ah! If I but knew the way back

Ah! if I but knew the way back,
The sweet way back to childhood's land!
Ah! why did I seek my fortune
And let go my mother's hand?

Ah! how I long for utter rest,
Immune from any striving,
Long to close my weary eyes,
Gently shrouded by love!

And search for nothing, watch for nothing,
Dream only light and gentle dreams,
Not to see the times change,
To be a child a second time!

Ah! show me that way back,
The sweet way back to childhoods' land!
I seek happiness in vain –
Ringed round by barren shores

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Chihiro Asano, *mezzo-soprano* (GD)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Monday, April 10, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Adithya Muralidharan, *cello* (GD)

Student of Yeesun Kim

Monday, April 10, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Yulia Price, *violin* (MM)

Student of Soovin Kim

Monday, April 10, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Yvonne Cox, *harp* (MM)

Student of Jessica Zhou

Tuesday, April 11, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Hyun Ji Lee, *violin* (MM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Wednesday, April 12, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Wenhao Shou, *piano* (MM)

Student of Meng-Chieh Liu

Wednesday, April 12, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Ranfei Wang, *piano* (BM)

Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

Wednesday, April 12, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Jonathan Paik, *jazz piano* (BM)

Student of Jason Moran and Bruce Brubaker

Thursday, April 13, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Abisal Gergiev, *piano* (BM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

Saturday, April 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Hyeokwoo Kweon, *clarinet* (BM)

Student of Thomas Martin

Saturday, April 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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