

Shannon Johnson
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Karen Holvik

with
JJ Penna, piano

Tuesday, April 18, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Maria Szymanowska
(1789–1831)

Se spiegar

Isabella Colbran
(1785–1845)

from *24 canzoncine oû petits airs italiens*

Mi lagnerò tacendo

Il piè s'allontana

Cécile Chaminade
(1857–1944)

L'absente

Sombrero

Pauline Viardot
(1821–1910)

Haï luli!

Chant du soir

Lili Boulanger
(1893–1918)

from *Clairières dans le ciel*

Elle est gravement gaie

Nadia Boulanger
(1887–1979)

Cantique

Wally Kaverno
(1914–2015)

La robe de lune

Clara Schumann
(1819–1896)

from *Sechs Lieder, op. 13*

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Liebeszauber
Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Die stille Lotosblume

Alma Mahler
(1879–1964)

from *Fünf Lieder*

In meines Vaters Garten
Laue Sommernacht

Margaret Bonds
(1913–1972)

from *Six Songs on Poems by*
Edna St. Vincent Millay

Even in the Moment
Feast
I Know My Mind
What Lips My Lips Have Kissed

Se spiegar

*Se spiegar potessi, Oh! Dio,
L'eccessivo mio dolore
Desterei nel tuo core
Qualche segno di pietà.*

*Forse allor, fatta pietosa
Volgereste a me lo spero
Uno sguardo lusinghiero
Della mia felicità.*

Anonymous

Mi lagnerò tacendo

*Mi lagnerò tacendo
del mio destino amaro
ma ch'io non tema o caro,
non lo sperar da me,
nò, non lo sperar da me.*

*Crudel in che t'offendo
se resta in questo petto
il misero diletto
di sospirar per te.*

Metastasio

Il piè s'allontana

*Il piè s'allontana
Del caro semblante,
Ma l'anima costante
Non parte da te.*

*L'uffizio di quella
Fan dentro al mio petto
Le speme, l'affetto,
La bella mia fe.*

Anonymous

If I could tell

If I could tell, oh God,
The extremes of my sorrow
I would awaken in your heart
A small sign of mercy.

Perhaps then, made compassionate
You would show to me, I hope,
A tempting glimpse
of my happiness.

Translation by Shannon Johnson

I shall complain in silence

I shall complain in silence
Over my bitter fate,
but that I should love you not, oh dearest,
do not hope that of me.
No, do not hope that of me.

Cruel one, in what way did I offend you,
if in my breast there remains
this miserable delight
in sighing for you?

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<https://ipasource.com>, edited by Shannon Johnson*

The foot is moving away

The foot is moving away
From the dear countenance
But the constant soul
Does not part from you

Inside my breast
is the office of
That hope, the affection
my beautiful faith.

Translation by Shannon Johnson

L'absente

*Vois le vent chassant la nue;
Vois l'oiseau traversant l'air;
Vois l'étoile chevelue
Hâtant sa course inconnue;
Vois au ciel passer l'éclair.*

*Et cependant si pressée
Que l'aile ou la foudre soit,
Quand mes yeux, ma fiancée,
Ne te voient plus, ma pensée
Vole plus vite vers toi!*

*Vois l'enfant qui de sa mère
À tout instant suit les pas;
Vois là-bas le mur de pierre
Qu'à jamais ce beau lierre
Entoure de mille bras.*

*Et cependant si fixée
Qu'à tout objet l'ombre soit,
Quand mes yeux, ma fiancée,
Ne te voient plus, ma pensée
S'attache encor plus à toi!*

Sombrero

*Qu'elle était mutine et coquette,
La fillette
Du vieux Pédro!
Elle avait mis sur son oreille
Si vermeille
Un sombrero.*

*Elle avait un petit air crâne
De Diane
Courant le cerf;
L'œil indompté d'une cavale
Qui détale
Dans le désert.*

The absent one

See the wind driving the cloud;
See the bird flying through air;
See the comet
Hastening its course unknown;
See the lightning flash across the sky.

And yet as hurried
As the wing or the lightning bolt may be
When my eyes, my betrothed,
No longer see you, my thoughts
Fly more swiftly towards you!

See the child who follows of his mother
At every moment follows her steps;
See the stone wall over there
forever the beautiful ivy's
Embrace of a thousand arms.

And yet as fixed
As a shadow may be to an object,
When my eyes, my betrothed,
Don't see you anymore, my thoughts
Cling even more to you!

Sombrero

How she was disobedient and coquettish,
The young daughter
Of old Pedro!
She had placed over her ear
So pink
A sombrero.

She had a bit of a self-confident air
Of Diana
Hunting a stag
The untamed eye of a mare
Which runs off
In the deserted-place

*Autour de sa taille serrée
Et cambrée
Son corset noir
Reluisait comme une cuirasse,
Claire glace,
Vivant miroir.*

*Elle avait pris son ton farouche
Et sa bouche,
Rose clairon,
Somnait une brève fanfare,
Et, bizarre,
Plissait le front.*

*Elle frappait contre la dalle
Sa sandale
Fiévreusement.
Elle attendait impatientement,
Défiante,
Son jeune amant.
Il ne viendra pas, songeait-elle,
L'infidèle,
Il est trop tard!*

*Elle tenait dans sa main blanche,
Par le manche,
Son fin poignard.
Qu'elle était troublée, inquiète,
La fillette
Du vieux Pedro.
Elle avait mis sur son oreille
Si vermeille
Un sombrero.*

Édouard Guinand

Hai luli

*Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
et je l'attends ici seulette.
Hai luli! Hai luli!
Où donc peut être mon ami?*

About her thin
and shapely waist
Her black bodice
Shone like a breast-plate
Brilliant ice
A living mirror

She had adopted a rough tone of voice
And her mouth
A red bugle
Sounded like a brief fanfare
And, bizarrely,
Creased the forehead

She tapped against the flagstone
Her sandal
Frantically
She waited impatiently
Defiantly
For her young lover
"He won't come," she thought,
"The disloyal one,
It is too late!"

She held in her white hand,
By the handle,
A slim dagger.
How she was troubled, anxious,
The young daughter
Of old Pedro!
She placed over her ear
So pink
A sombrero.

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<https://ipasource.com>*

Hai luli

I am sad, I am anxious,
I no longer know what's to become of me.
My lover was to have come,
And I wait for him here alone.
Hai luli, hai luli,
How sad it is without my lover!

*Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
le fil se casse dans ma main ...
Allons, je filerai demain;
aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!*

*Ah! s'il est vrai qu'il soit volage,
s'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
le village n'a qu'à brûler,
et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
A quoi bon vivre sans ami?
Hai luli*

Xavier de Maistre

Chant du soir

*Sur la cime des montagnes
Fuit le jour mourant
L'air embaume nos campagnes,
Dors, ma belle enfant.*

*De la nuit l'oiseau soupire
L'hymne pénétrant,
Sous mes doigts frémit ma lyre,
Dors, ma belle enfant,
Dors, enfant.*

*L'œil de ton bon ange veille
Dans le firmament.
Dans le bois le vent sommeille,
Dors, ma belle enfant.*

*Dors, ma belle enfant.
Dors, ma belle enfant.*

Original Russian text by Pushkin, French
translation by Louis Pomey

I sit down to spin my wool,
The thread snaps in my hand:
Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,
Today I am too upset.
Hai luli, hai luli,
Where can my lover be?

Ah! If it's true that he's unfaithful,
And will one day abandon me,
Then let the village burn
And me too along with the village!
Hai luli, hai luli,
What point is there in living without a lover?
Hai luli

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) provided
courtesy of Oxford Lieder www.oxfordlieder.co.uk*

Night song

On top of the mountains
Flee the dying day
The air perfumes our countryside,
Sleep, my beautiful child.

Of the night the bird sighs
The penetrating hymn,
Beneath my fingers quivers my lyre,
Sleep, my beautiful child,
Sleep, child.

The eye of your good angel is watching
In the firmament.
In the wood the wind sleeps,
Sleep, my beautiful child.

Sleep, my beautiful child.
Sleep, my beautiful child.

Translation by Shannon Johnson

Elle est gravement gaie

*Elle est gravement gaie.
Par moments son regard
se levait comme pour surprendre ma pensée.
Elle était douce alors comme quand il est tard
le velours jaune et bleu d'une allée de pensées.*

Francis Jammes

Cantique

*A toute âme qui pleure
A tout péché qui passe
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles
mes mains pleines de grâces
Il n'est péché qui vive
Quand l'amour a parlé
Il n'est âme qui meure
Quand l'amour a pleuré
Et si l'amour s'égare
Aux sentiers d'icibas
Ses larmes me retrouvent
Et ne s'égareront pas*

Maurice Maeterlinck

La robe de lune

*Pour être plus belle à la lumière
J'ai mis du Kohl à mes paupières
J'ai mis du rouge sur mes lèvres*

*Et, la robe de lune
De mon premier bal
La robe de lune
De mon premier rêve*

*Pour être la reine de la soirée
J'ai mis un lourd collier d'or
Dans mes cheveux une orchidée*

She is solemnly cheerful

She is solemnly cheerful.
At times she looked up,
as if to catch what I was thinking.
She was gentle then, like at dusk
the yellow-blue velvet of a path of pansies.

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

Song

To all weeping souls
to all sin to pass
I open in the midst of the stars
my hands full of grace
No sin lives
where love speaks
No soul dies
where love weeps
And if love gets lost
on the paths of the earth
Its tears will find me
and not go astray

*Translation © Bard Suverkrop from IPASource
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The dress of the moon

To be more beautiful in the light
I put Kohl on my eyelids
I put red on my lips

And the dress of the moon
From my first ball
The dress of the moon
Of my first dream

To be the queen of the party
I put on a heavy, golden necklace
And in my hair an orchid

Dans la robe de lune...

*Il est si beau ce lui de mon amour
Avec lui je danserai toujours
Dans ses bras j'attendrai le jour*

Dans la robe de lune...

*Le rouge de mes lèvres a passé
L'orchidée rose s'est brisée
Entre mes main s'est fanée*

La robe de lune...

Bernard Mondan

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

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

*Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte 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

And the dress of the moon...

He is so beautiful, he my lover
With him I dance
In his arms, I will wait for the day

In the dress of the moon...

The red on my lips has gone
The pink orchid is broken-up,
In my hands it has faded

The dress of the moon...

Translation by Shannon Johnson

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!

Liebeszauber

*Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wundersüße Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.*

*Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;*

*Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.*

*Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig roter Schein.*

*Ich aber zog den Wald entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Wiederhall.*

Der Mond kommt still gegangen

*Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein.
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.*

*Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.*

*Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunklen
Still in die Welt hinaus.*

Love's Magic

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.

And as it sounded, there arose a scent
From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And the breeze moved softer still;

The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.

Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.

But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo.

The moon rises silently

The moon rises silently
With its golden glow.
The weary earth then falls asleep
In beauty and splendour.

Many thousand loving thoughts
From many faithful minds
Sway on the breezes
Over those who slumber.

And down in the valley
The windows sparkle of my beloved's house;
But I in the darkness gaze
Silently out into the world.

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 alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut 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

In meines Vaters Garten

In meines Vaters Garten -
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -
in meines Vaters Garten
stand ein schattender Apfelbaum -
Süßes Traum -
stand ein schattender Apfelbaum.

Drei blonde Königstöchter -
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -
drei wunderschöne Mädchen
schlafen unter dem Apfelbaum -
Süßes Traum -
schlafen unter dem Apfelbaum.

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 gazes 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?

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber 2005) Provided via Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

In my father's garden

In my father's garden –
blossom, O my heart, blossom –
In my father's garden
grew a shady apple tree –
Sweet dream –
grew a shady apple tree.

Three blond princesses –
blossom, O my heart, blossom –
three wonderfully beautiful girls
slept beneath the apple tree –
Sweet dream –
slept beneath the apple tree.

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

Die allerjüngste Feine -
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -
die allerjüngste Feine
blinzelte und erwachte kaum -
Süsser Traum -
blinzelte und erwachte kaum.

Die zweite fuhr sich übers Haar -
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -
sah den roten Morgentraum -
Süsser Traum -

Sie sprach: Hört ihr die Trommel nicht -
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -
Süsser Traum -
hell durch den dämmernden Traum?

Mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf -
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -
mein Liebster zieht in den Kampf hinaus,
küssst mir als Sieger des Kleides Saum -
Süsser Traum -
küssst mir des Kleides Saum!

Die dritte sprach und sprach so leis -
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -
die dritte sprach und sprach so leis:
Ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum -
Süsser Traum -
ich küsse dem Liebsten des Kleides Saum. -

In meines Vaters Garten -
blühe mein Herz, blüh auf -
in meines Vaters Garten
steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum -
Süsser Traum -
steht ein sonniger Apfelbaum!

Otto Erich Hartleben

Laue Sommernacht

Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel
Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

The youngest of the three beauties -
blossom, O my heart, blossom -
the youngest of the three beauties
blinked and hardly awoke -
Sweet dream -
blinked and hardly awoke.

The second ran her hand through her hair -
blossom, O my heart, blossom -
Saw the red morning dream -
Sweet dream -

She said: 'Don't you hear the drums?
blossom, O my heart, blossom -
Sweet dream -
Brightly through the dawn?

My beloved is going to war
blossom, O my heart, blossom -
My beloved is going to war,
Kisses as victor the hem of my dress
Sweet dream -
Kisses the hem of my dress.

The third spoke, and spoke so quietly -
blossom, O my heart, blossom -
The third spoke and spoke so quietly:
I kiss the hem of my beloved's coat -
Sweet dream -
I kiss the hem of my beloved's coat.

In my father's garden -
blossom, O my heart, blossom -
In my father's garden
stands a sunny apple tree -
Sweet dream -
stands a sunny apple tree.

Mild summer night

Mild summer night: in the sky
Not a star, in the deep forest
We sought each other in the dark
And found one another.

*Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.*

*War nicht unser ganzes Leben
So ein Tappen, so ein Suchen?
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.*

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Found one another in the deep wood
In the night, the starless night,
And amazed, we embraced
In the dark night.

Our entire life – was it not
Such a tentative quest?
There: into its darkness,
O Love, fell your light.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber 2005) Provided via Oxford
Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Even in the Moment

Even in the moment of our earliest kiss,
When sighed the straitened bud into the flower,
Sat the dry seed of most unwelcome this;
And that I knew, thought not the day and hour.
Too season-wise am I, being country-bred,
To tilt at autumn or defy the frost:
Snuffing the chill even as my fathers did,
I say with them, "What's out tonight is lost."
I only hoped, with the mild hope of all
Who watch the leaf take shape upon the tree,
A fairer summer and a later fall
Than in these parts a man is apt to see,
And sunny clusters ripened for the wine:
I tell you this across the blackened vine.

Feast

I drank at every vine.
The last was like the first.
I came upon no wine
So wonderful as thirst.
I gnawed at every root.
I ate of every plant.
I came upon no fruit
So wonderful as want.
Feed the grape and bean
To the vintner and monger;
I will lie down lean
With my thirst and my hunger.

I Know My Mind

I know my mind and I have made my choice;
Not from your temper does my doom depend;
Love me or love me not, you have no voice
In this, which is my portion to the end.
Your presence and your favours, the full part
That you could give, you now can take away:
What lies between your beauty and my heart
Not even you can trouble or betray.
Mistake me not—unto my inmost core
I do desire your kiss upon my mouth;
They have not craved a cup of water more
That bleach upon the deserts of the south;
Here might you bless me; what you cannot do
Is bow me down, who have been loved by you.

What Lips My Lips Have Kissed

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.
Thus in winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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Aaron Kaufman-Levine, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Miguel Zenón and Frank Carlberg

Wednesday, April 19, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Jeremy Tai, *cello* (MM)

Student of Paul Katz

Wednesday, April 19, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Wenbo Zhao, *baritone* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Wednesday, April 19, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jennifer Burks, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Lisa Saffer

Thursday, April 20, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Kaitlyn Knudsvig, *contemporary musical arts* (MM)

Student of Hankus Netsky and Liz Knowles

Thursday, April 20, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

William Mabuza, *jazz bass* (BM)

Student of Jason Moran and Nasheet Waits

Friday, April 21, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Kwong Man To, *viola* (MM)

Student of Nicholas Cords

Friday, April 21, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Delfina Cheb Terrab, CMA (DMA '24)

Student of Dominique Eade and Anthony Coleman

Friday, April 21, 2023 at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Jawoon Koo, *bass-baritone* (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Saturday, April 22, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Josie Larsen, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Saturday, April 22, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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