

Josie Aurelia Larsen

soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student Bradley Williams

with
Tanya Blaich, piano
Barna Zsolt Károly, cello

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

PROGRAM

Jean Sibelius
(1865–1957)

5 Songs, op. 37
Den första kyssen
Lasse liten
Soluppgång
Var de ten dröm?
Flickan kon ifrån sin älsklings möte

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873–1943)

How fair this spot (Здесь хороню), op. 21 no. 7
Lilacs (Сирень), op. 21 no. 5
Oh, never sing to me again! (Не пой, красавица)
op. 4 no. 4

André Previn
(1929–2019)

Vocalise
Shelter

Barna Zsolt Károly, cello

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

from *Vier Lieder, op. 27*
Ruhe, meine Seele!
Cäcilie
Morgen!

Josie Aurelia Larsen is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by the Ethan Ayer Scholarship Fund on Voice.

Den första kyssen

På silvermolnets kant satt aftonstjärnan,
Från lundens skymning frågte henne tärnan:

Säg, aftonstjärna, vad i himlen tänkes,

När första kyssen åt en älskling skänkes?
Och himlens blyga dotter hördes svara:

På jorden blickar ljusets änglaskara,
Och ser sin egen sällhet speglad åter;
Blott döden vänder ögat bort -- och gråter.

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

The First Kiss

The evening star sat on the rim of silver mist.
From the shadowy grove the maiden asked
her:

Tell me, evening star, what do they think in
heaven
when you give the first kiss to your lover?
And heaven's shy daughter was heard to
answer:

The angels of light look toward the earth
and see their own bliss reflected back;
only death turns his eyes away and weeps.

Anonymous

Lasse liten

Världen är så stor, så stor,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Större än du nänsin tror,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Där är hett och där är kallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Men Gud råder överallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Många mänskor leva där,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Lycklig den som Gud har kär,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

När Guds ängel med dig går,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Ingen orm dig bita få,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Säg, var trives du nu mest,
Lasse, Lasse liten?
Borta bra men hemma bäst,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Zachris Topelius

Lasse, little Lasse

The world is so vast, so vast,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Vaster than you ever think,
Lasse, little Lasse!

There it's warm and there it's cold,
Lasse, little Lasse!
But God rules over all,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Many people live there,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Happy he who is loved by God,
Lasse, little Lasse!

When God's angel with thee goes,
Lasse, little Lasse,
No snake may bite thee,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Say, where do you thrive most,
Lasse, little Lasse?
Away is good but home is best,
Lasse, little Lasse!

*English Translation © Maria Forsström provided
via Oxford Lieder, (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Soluppgång

*Under himlens purpurbrand
Ligga tysta sjö och land,
Det är gryningsstunden.
Snögren och frostvit kvist
Tecka sig så segervis
Mot den röda grunden.*

*Riddarn står vid fönsterkarm,
Lyssnar efter stridens larm,
Trampar golvens tilja.
Men en smal och snövit hand
Kyler milt hans pannas brand,
Böjer mjukt hans vilja.tenderly*

*Riddarn sätter horn till mun,
Blåser vilt I gryningsstund,
Över nejd som tiger.
Tonen klingar, klar och spröd,
Branden slacknar, gyllenröd,
Solen sakta stiger.*

Tor Hedberg

Var det en dröm?

*Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?
Jag minns det som en tystrad sång,
då strängen darrar än.*

*Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,
en blick så blyg och öm;
jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt.
Var allt, var allt en dröm?*

*En dröm lik sippans liv så kort
uti en vågrön ängd,
vars fägring hastigt vissnar bort
för nya blommors mängd.*

*Men mången natt jag hör en röst
vid bittra tårars ström:*

Sunrise

Beneath the purple sky
Lie silent seas and lands,
Day is breaking.
Snowy branches and frosty twigs
Cast their patterns victoriously
Over the red earth.

The knight stands by the window,
Listens for the call to arms,
Paces the room, back and forth.
But a small, snow white hand
Cools his fiery brow,
Gently calms his will.

The knight puts his bugle to his lips,
Blows wildly into the morning light
Towards the silent land.
The sound rings out, bright and clear.
The golden fire of dawn retreats
And the sun slowly rises.

Was it a dream?

Was it a dream, that once upon a blissful time
I was your heart's friend?
I remember it like a silent song
Whose melody still lingers on.

I remember you gave me a rose
With a look so shy and tender,
I remember the glistening of a parting tear.
Was it all just a dream?

A dream like a wildflower's life,
So brief in the verdant meadow,
Whose beauty quickly withers away
Within an ocean of new flowers

But on many a night I hear a voice
Through a stream of bitter tears.

*göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
det var din bästa dröm!*

Josef Julius Wecksell

Flickan kom ifrån sing älskings mote

*Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda händer. Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat rosor
och på törnen stungit mina händer."*

*Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda läppar. Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har ätit hallon
och med saften målat mina läppar."*

*Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade:
"Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Red en grav, o moder!*

*Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,
och på korset rista, som jag säger:*

*En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.*

*En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,
ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro."*

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Hide this memory deep in your heart
For this was your best dream.

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The maiden came from her lover's tryst

The maiden came from her lover's tryst,
Came with red hands. The mother said:
"Whence redden your hands, maiden?"
The maiden said: "I have picked roses
And stung my hands on the thorns."

Again she came from her lover's tryst,
Came with red lips. The Mother said:
"Whence redden your lips, maiden?"
The maiden said: "I have eaten raspberries
And with the juices painted my lips."

Again she came from her lover's tryst,
Came with pale cheeks. Her mother said:
"Whence pale your cheeks, maiden?"
The maiden said: "Make me a grave, o
mother!

Hide me there and put a cross on top,
And on the cross carve, what I say:

Once she came home with red hands,
Since they had reddened between her lover's
hands.

Once she came home with red lips,
Since they reddened under her lover's lips.
Lastly, she came home with pale cheeks,
Since they had paled with her lover's
unfaithfulness.

*English Translation © Maria Forsström provided
via Oxford Lieder, (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Здесь хорошо

Здесь хорошо...
Взгляни, вдали
Огнём горит река;
Цветным ковром луга легли,
Белеют облака.
Здесь нет людей...
Здесь тишина...
Здесь только Бог да я.
Цветы, да старая сосна,
Да ты, мечта моя!

Glaflira Adol'fovna Galina

How fair this spot

All is well here...
Look, in the distance
The river glows like a fire;
The meadows are like a colourful carpet,
And there is the whiteness of clouds.
There is nobody here.
All is quiet...
Here I am alone with God.
And the flowers, and the old pine,
And you, my dream...

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,<https://www.lieder.net/>*

Сирень

По утру, на заре,
По росистой траве,
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;

И в душистую тень,
Где теснится сирень,
Я пойду своё счастье искать...

В жизни счастье одно
Мне найти суждено,
И то счастье в сирени живёт;
На зелёных ветвях,
На душистых кистях
Моё бедное счастье цветёт...

Ekaterina Andreyena Beketova

Lilacs

In the morning, at dawn,
Through the dew-clad grass,
I shall walk, breathing in the freshness of
morning;
And to the fragrant shade,
Where lilacs cluster,
I shall go in search of my happiness...

In life there is but one happiness
That I am fated to find,
And that happiness lives in the lilacs;
On their green branches,
In their fragrant clusters
My poor happiness blooms...

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Не пой, красавица, при мне

Не пой, красавица, при мне
Ты песен Грузии печальной;
Напоминают мне оне
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.

Увы, напоминают мне

Oh, never sing to me again!

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, They remind me,

Твои жестокие напевы
И степь, и ночь, и при луне
Черты далекой, бедной девы!

Я призрак милый, роковой,
Тебя увидев, забываю;
Но ты поёшь, и предо мной
Его я вновь воображаю.

Не пой, красавица, при мне
Ты песен Грузии печальной;
Напоминают мне оне
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.

Alexander Pushkin

.

your cruel melodies,
of the steppe, the night and moonlit
features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition
I forget when you appear;
but you sing, and before me
I picture that image anew.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
your sad songs of Georgia;
they remind me
of that other life and distant shore.

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Shelter

In this soft place
Under your wings
I will find shelter
From ordinary things.

Here are the mountains
I want to scale
Amazon rivers
I'm dying to sail.

Here the eyes of the forest
I can hold in a stare
And smile the movement
Of Medusa's green hair.

In this soft place
Under your wings
I will find shelter
From ordinary things.

Toni Morrison

Ruhe, meine Seele

*Nicht ein Lüftchen,
Regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert
Ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter
Dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter
Sonnenschein.
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Deine Stürme
Gingen wild,
Hast getobt und
Hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung,
Wenn sie schwillt!
Diese Zeiten
Sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und
Hirn in Not—
Ruhe, ruhe,
Meine Seele,
Und vergiß,
Was dich bedroht!*

Rest, my soul

Not even
A soft breeze stirs,
In gentle sleep
The wood rests;
Through the leaves'
Dark veil
Bright sunshine
Steals.
Rest, rest,
My soul,
Your storms
Were wild,
You raged and
You quivered,
Like the breakers,
When they surge!
These times
Are violent,
Cause heart and
Mind distress—
Rest, rest,
My soul,
And forget
What threatens you!

Karl Friedrich Henkell

Cäcilie

*Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssem,
Vom Wandern und Ruhem
Mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest Dein Herz!*

*Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt
In einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm,
Da Niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes*

Cecily

If you knew
What it is to dream
Of burning kisses,
Of walking and resting
With one's love,
Gazing at each other
And caressing and talking –
If you knew,
Your heart would turn to me.

If you knew
What it is to worry
On lonely nights
In the frightening storm,
With no soft voice
To comfort

*Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du kämtest zu mir.*

*Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt,
Umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltshaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor,
Lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höh'en,
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du lebst mit mir.*

Heinrich Hart

The struggle-weary soul –
If you knew,
You would come to me.

If you knew
What it is to live
Enveloped in God's
World-creating breath,
To soar upwards,
Borne on light
To blessed heights –
If you knew,
You would live with me.

Morgen!

*Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...*

*Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,*

*Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen
...*

John Henry Mackay

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's
eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall
on us ...

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Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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Lucas Hernandez, tenor (BM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Andrew Li, piano (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall

Ga-Young Park, collaborative piano (DMA '25)

Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Keller Room

Ruoran Poppy Yu, violin and viola (BM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen and Mai Motobuchi

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Tiffany Chang, violin (MM)

Student of Miriam Fried

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Juliette Kaoudji, mezzo-soprano (GD)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Harry Clark, viola (BM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Halle Hayoung Song, percussion (MM)

Student of Dan Bauch

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Solomon Caldwell, contemporary musical arts (MM)

Student of Carla Kihlstedt and Joe Morris

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Aixin Cheng, cello (BM)

Student of Lluís Claret

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

-continued

Jingyue Jiang, soprano (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Sunday, April 23, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

James Lorusso, collaborative piano (GD)

Student of Cameron Stowe

Monday, April 24, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Ayano Nakamura, viola (BM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi and Martha Katz

Monday, April 24, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Andrew Brooks, bassoon (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Tuesday, April 25, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Aadam Ibrahim, viola (MM)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

Tuesday, April 25, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Yuxin Liu, soprano (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Tuesday, April 25, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Sepehr Davalloukhoungar, collaborative piano (GD '24)

Student of Cameron Stowe

Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Ruoxi Peng, soprano (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

You Kyung Kim, cello (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Audrey Daum, soprano (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Thursday, April 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

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