

Juliette Lee Kaoudji
mezzo-soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2023
Student of Carole Haber

with
Christina Wright-Ivanova, piano
Grant Houston, violin

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

PROGRAM

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)

“Erbarme dich” from *Matthäus-Passion*, BWV 244

Grant Houston, violin

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792–1868)

La Regata Veneziana (1835)

Anzoleta avanti la regatta

Anzoleta co passa la regatta

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Xavier Montsalvatge
(1912–2002)

Cinco Canciones Negras (1945)

Cuba dentro de un piano

Punto de Habañera

Chévere

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito

Canto negro

Moses Hogan
(1957–2003)

Give Me Jesus

Were You There?

Sometimes I Feel like a Motherless Child

Deep River

*I want to deeply thank my sponsors
Kate and Tom Kush.
Their guidance, support and generosity is immeasurable.
Thank you for changing my life.*

*I want to thank my voice teacher of the past 7 years
Ms. Carole Haber
for teaching me how to be my best teacher and instilling in me
the values necessary to succeed. I am forever ever grateful that you are my voice teacher.*

*Thank you to my partner Jonathan
for showing me the brighter side to everything
and for helping me find honesty in this music.*

*Thank you to my coach, Dr. Christina Wright-Ivanova
for not only helping me to refine this music but my overall processes as a musician.
My focus has better focus thanks to you.*

*Thank you to Grant for putting so much of your heart into everything you do.
I am inspired by your artistry and deeply honored to have you as a collaborator.*

*Thank you to my mother for her love and encouragement.
I am grateful for all that you have done and continue to do for me.*

Erbarme dich

*Erbarme dich, mein Gott,
Um meiner Zähren willen!
Schaue hier, Herz und Auge
Weint vor dir bitterlich.
Erbarme dich, mein Gott..*

Picander

Anzoleta avanti la regatta

*Là su la machina xe la bandiera varda,
la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.*

*In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta
nè el primo premio te pol mancar,
va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.*

*In pope, Momolo, no te incantar,
cori a svolar.*

Anzoleta co passa la regatta

I xe qua, vardeli,

*povereti i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.*

*El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! mi confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.*

*Su coraggio, voga,
prima d'esser al paleto se ti voghi,
ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.*

*Caro, par che ei svola,
el li magna tutti quanti,*

Have mercy

Have mercy, my God,
For the sake of my tears!
See here, before you heart and eyes
weep bitterly.
Have mercy, my God.

Translation by Juliette Lee Kaoudji

Angelina before the regatta

Over there on the machina the flag is flying,
Look, you can see it, now go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening,
Or else run away and hide.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.
Row the gondola with heart and soul,
Then you cannot help but be first.
Go on, think of your Angelina
Watching you from this balcony.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't gawp.
Once in the boat, Momolo, fly like the wind.

Angelina during the regatta

Here they come, here they come, look at
them,

The poor things, they're nearly done in,
Ah, the wind is against them,
But the tide's in their favour.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah! the excitement's too much for me,
I can feel my heart racing.

Come on, keep it up, row, row,
You must be first to the finish,
If you keep rowing, I'll lay a bet
You'll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, it's as if he's flying,
And he's beating the lot of them,

*meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.*

Anzoleta dopo la regata

*Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora de sugarte sto sudor.*

*Ah t'ho visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà
e godito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà...*

*Sì un bel premio in sta bandiera
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.*

*Ciapa un baso, benedeto a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada de tragheto ti xe el megio barcarol.*

Count Carlo Pepoli

Cuba dentro de un piano

*Quando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de fresa por
sombbrero
y el humo de los barcos aún era humo de habanero.*

*Mulata vueltabajera ...
Cádiz se adornecía entre fandangos y habaneras*

y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor.

*... dime dónde está la flor que el hombre tanto
venera.*

Mi tío Antonio volvía con su aire de insurrecto.

*La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los patios del
Puerto.*

He's gone half a length ahead,
Ah! Now I understand – he's seen me.

Angelina after the regatta

Take a kiss, another,
dear Momolo, from my heart;
here at your right hand is it time to dry your
sweat.

Ah I have seen you in passing
by throwing my glance toward you
and enjoyed whispering:
he will catch a beautiful prize...

Yes this flag is a nice prize,
it is red;
of which all of Venice will talk,
you are called the winner.

Take a kiss, no rower is more blessed than
you,
yours is the best name among rowers of
ferryboats.

*Anonymous); Provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Cuba in a piano

When my mother wore a strawberry ice for a
hat

and the smoke from the boats was still

Havana smoke.

Mulata from Vuelta Abajo ...

Cadiz was falling asleep to fandango and
habanera

and a little parrot at the piano tried to sing
tenor.

*... tell me, where is the flower that a man can
really respect.*

My uncle Anthony would come home in his
rebellious way.

The Cabaña and El Príncipe resounded in the
patios of the port.

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

(Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de las Antillas.

Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.)

Me encontré con la bella Trinidad ...

Cuba se había perdido y ahora era verdad.

Era verdad,

no era mentira.

Un cañonero huido llegó cantándolo en guajira.

La Habana ya se perdió.

Tuvo la culpa el dinero ...

Calló,

cayó el cañonero.

Pero después, pero ¡ah! después

fue cuando al SÍ

lo hicieron YES.

Rafael Alberti

Punto de Habañera

La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.

¡Qué blanco!

¡Hola! Crespón de tu espuma;

¡Marineros, contempladla!

Va mojadita de lunas

que le hacen su piel mulata;

Niña no te quejes,

tan solo por esta tarde.

Quisiera mandar al agua que no se escape de

pronto

de la cárcel de tu falda.

Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde

rumor de abrirse de dalia.

Niña no te quejes,

tu cuerpo de fruta está

dormido en fresco brocado.

Tu cintura vibra fina

con la nobleza de un látigo,

toda tu piel huele alegre

a limonal y naranjo.

Los marineros te miran

y se te quedan mirando.

La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.

¡Qué blanco!

Néstor Luján

*(But the blue pearl of the Caribbean shines no
more.*

Extinguished. For us no more.)

I met beautiful Trinidad ...

Cuba was lost, this time it was true.

True

and not a lie.

*A gunner on the run arrived, sang Cuban
songs about it all.*

Havana was lost

and money was to blame ...

The gunner went silent,

and fell.

But later, ah, later

they changed SÍ

to YES.

Habanera Rhythm

The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.

How white!

The billowing spray of your crepe skirt!

Sailors, look at her!

She passes gleaming in the moonlight

which darkens her skin.

Young girl, do not complain,

only for tonight

do I wish the water not to suddenly escape

the prison of your skirt.

In your body this evening

dwells the sound of opening dahlias.

Young girl, do not complain,

your ripe body

sleeps in fresh brocade,

your waist quivers

as proud as a whip,

every inch of your skin is gloriously fragrant

with orange and lemon trees.

The sailors look at you

and feast their eyes on you.

The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.

How white!

Chévere

*Chévere del navajazo,
se vuelve él mismo navaja:
pica tajadas de luna,
mas la luna se le acaba;
pica tajadas de sombra,
mas la sombra se le acaba;
pica tajadas de canto,
mas el canto se le acaba;
y entonces pica que pica
carne de su negra mala.*

Nicolás Guillén

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito

*Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
tan chiquitito,
el negrito
que no quiere dormir.*

*Cabeza de coco,
grano de café,
con lindas motitas,
con ojos grandotes
como dos ventanas
que miran al mar.*

*Cierra los ojitos,
negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco
te puede comer.
¡Ya no eres esclavo!*

*Y si duermes mucho,
el señor de casa
promete comprar
traje con botones
para ser un 'groom'.*

*Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
duérmete, negrito,
cabeza de coco,
grano de café.*

Ildefonso Pereda Valdés

The Dandy

The dandy of the knife thrust
himself becomes a knife:
he cuts slices of the moon,
but the moon is fading on him;
he cuts slices of shadow,
but the shadow is fading on him,
he cuts slices of song,
but the song is fading on him;
and then he cuts up, cuts up
the flesh of his evil black woman.

Lullaby for a little black boy

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
tiny little child,
little black boy,
who won't go to sleep.

Head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean,
with pretty freckles
and wide eyes
like two windows
looking out to sea.

Close your tiny eyes,
frightened little boy,
or the white devil
will eat you up.
You're no longer a slave!

And if you sleep soundly,
the master of the house
promises to buy
a suit with buttons
to make you a 'groom'.

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
sleep, little black boy,
head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean.

Canto negro

¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro.
congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pie.

Mamatomba,
serembé cuserembá,

*El negro canta y se ajuma.
el negro se ajuma y canta.
el negro canta y se va.*

Acuemem e serembó
aé,
yambó
aé.

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba,
tamba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba,
¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

Nicolás Guillén

Give Me Jesus

In the morning when I rise, in the morning when I rise,
In the morning when I rise, give me Jesus.
Give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
You may have all of this world. Give me Jesus.

Dark midnight was my cry, dark midnight was my cry.
Dark midnight was my cry. Give me Jesus.
Give me Jesus, give me Jesus
You may have all of this world. Give me Jesus.

Oh when I comes to die, oh when I comes to die,
Oh when I come to die, give me Jesus.
Give me Jesus, give me Jesus,
You may have all of this world. Give me Jesus.

Negro Song

Yambambó, yambambé!
The congo solongo is ringing,
the black man, the real black man is ringing;
congo solongo from the Songo
is dancing the yambó on one foot.

Mamatomba,
Serembe cuserembá.

The black man sings and gets drunk,
the black man gets drunk and sings,
the black man sings and goes away.

Acuemem e serembó
aé,
yambó
aé.

Bam, bam, bam, bam,
bam of the black man who tumbles;
drum of the black man, wow,
wow, how the black man's tumbling!
¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

*Translations © by Jacqueline Cockburn and
Richard Stokes published in The Spanish Song
Companion (Gollancz, 1992); Provided via
Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Were You There?

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?
Oh, sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long way from home, a long way from home.

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone
Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone
And a long, long way from home, a long way from home.

Deep River

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.
Deep River, my home is over Jordan.
Deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.
Oh, don't you want to go to the Gospel feast;
That Promised Land, where all is peace?
Oh, deep river, Lord, I want to cross over into campground.

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

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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

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 Davalloukhongar, *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

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

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

Boyi Fa, *piano* (DMA '25)

Student of Bruce Brubaker

Thursday, April 27, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Pualina Lim, *collaborative piano* (MM)

Student of Pei-Shan Lee

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

Chiyang Chen, *double bass* (MM)

Student of Donald Palma

Friday, April 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Caleb Montague, *jazz percussion* (BM)

Student of Nasheet Waits

Friday, April 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Edward Ferran, *tenor* (BM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Saturday, April 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Yeh-Chun Lin, *viola* (BM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Saturday, April 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Andres Sanchez, *cello* (GD '24)

Student of Paul Katz

Saturday, April 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Natalie Boberg, *violin* (BM)

Student of Valeria Kuchment

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

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