

Sepehr Davalloukhongar
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2024
Student of Cameron Stowe

with
Larisa Bainton, soprano
Mara Riley, soprano

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

PROGRAM

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Vier Lieder, op. 27

Ruhe, meine Seele
Cécilie
Heimliche Aufforderung
Morgen!

Larisa Bainton, soprano

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Ariettes oubliées

C'est l'extase langoureuse
Il pleure dans mon coeur
L'ombre des arbres
Chevaux de bois
Green (Aquarelle)
Spleen (Aquarelle)

Mara Riley, soprano

*Special thank you to Cameron Stowe, Tanya Blaich, Joel Ayau, Robert Tweten,
and all the amazing faculty members, colleagues, and friends
who continue to inspire me and help me grow as an individual and an artist.*

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!*

Karl Friedrich Henckell

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!

Cäcilie

*Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt
Von brennenden Küssen,
Vom Wandern und Ruh'n
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
Die kampfmüde Seele –
Wenn Du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.*

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

Heinrich Hart

Heimliche Aufforderung

*Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle
dein Herz gesund.*

*Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke
mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann trinke
ich still wie du ...*

Und still gleich mir betrachte

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
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.

Secret Invitation

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
And drink at this joyful feast
your heart to health.

And when you raise it, give
me a secret sign,
Then I shall smile, and drink
as quietly as you ...

And quietly like me, look

*um uns das Heer
Der trunknen Schwätzer — verachte
sie nicht zu sehr.*

*Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle
sie glücklich sein.*

*Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,
den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen
festfreudiges Bild,*

*Und wandle hinaus in den Garten
zum Rosenstrauch, —
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,*

*Und will an die Brust dir sinken
eh' du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken,
wie ehemals oft,*

*Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht —
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!*

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

around at the hordes
Of drunken gossips — do not
despise them too much.

No, raise the glittering goblet,
filled with wine,
And let them be happy
at the noisy feast.

But once you have savoured the meal,
quenched your thirst,
Leave the loud company
of happy revellers,

And come out into the garden
to the rose-bush, —
There I shall wait for you
as I've always done.

And I shall sink on your breast,
before you could hope,
And drink your kisses,
as often before,

And twine in your hair
the glorious rose —
Ah! come, O wondrous,
longed-for night!

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 ...

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

C'est l'extase langoureuse

*C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.*

*Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.*

*Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?*

Il pleure dans mon cœur

*Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?*

*Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'enmuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.*

*C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.*

It is languorous rapture

*It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.*

*O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.*

*This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?*

Tears fall in my heart

*Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?*

*Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!*

*Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.*

*And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.*

L'ombre des arbres

*L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.*

*Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!*

Chevaux de bois

*Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.*

*L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.*

*Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!*

*C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.*

*Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.*

*Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.*

The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.

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

*Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!*

Green

*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des
branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.*

*Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit
doux.*

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

*Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.*

Spleen

*Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.*

*Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.*

*Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.*

*Je crains toujours, — ce qu'est d'attendre! —
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.*

*Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,*

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for
you.

Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely
eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Spleen

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

*Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!*

Paul Verlaine

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

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

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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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

Megan Dillon, *saxophone* (DMA '24)

Student of Kenneth Radnofsky

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

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Lila Dunn, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

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

Christopher Ferrari, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Jerry Leake, Jason Moran, Miguel Zenón, and Joe Morris

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Eben Jordan

Elizabeth Kleiber, *flute* (BM)

Student of Cynthia Meyers

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Xiang Li, *French horn* (MM)

Student of Richard Sebring

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Lydia Plaut, *viola* (BM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Hao Wang, *cello* (MM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Soobin Kong, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Minyi Wang, *double bass* (MM)

Student of Donald Palma

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Yihe Wang, *baritone* (GD)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Subin Oh, *flute* (BM)

Student of Renée Krimsier

Monday, May 1, 2023 at 5:00 p.m., Williams Hall

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