

Lila Kenny Dunn  
*soprano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Master of Music degree, 2023  
Student of Carole Haber

with  
James Lorusso, piano

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

## PROGRAM

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**Johann Sebastian Bach**  
(1685–1750)

**“Erfüllet, ihr himmlischen göttlichen Flammen”**  
from *Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern*, BWV 1

**“Heil und Segen”** from *Gott, man lobet dich in der Stille*, BWV 120

**Erik Satie**  
(1866–1925)

***Ludions***

Air du rat

Spleen

La grenouille américaine

Air du poète

Chanson du chat

***Daphnéo*, No. 2** from *Trois Mélodies de 1916*

***Je te veux***

**Enrique Granados**  
(1867–1916)

from ***12 Tonadillas en estilo antiguo***

El tra la la y el punteado

El majo tímido

El majo discreto

El majo olvidado

La maja dolorosa, no. 1

La maja dolorosa, no. 2

La maja dolorosa, no. 3

**William Bolcom**

(b. 1938)

from *Cabaret Songs*

Amor

Toothbrush Time

At the Last Lousy Moments of Love

Places to Live

Waitin

*Lila Kenny Dunn is the recipient of the Faith Phillips Pereyra Memorial Scholarship.*

**Erfüllet, ihr himmlischen göttlichen Flammen**

*Erfüllet, ihr himmlischen göttlichen Flammen,  
Die nach euch verlangende gläubige Brust!  
Die Seelen empfinden die kräftigsten Triebe  
Der brünstigsten Liebe  
Und schmecken auf Erden die himmlische Lust.*

**Heil und Segen**

*Heil und Segen  
Soll und muß zu aller Zeit  
Sich auf unsre Obrigkeit  
In erwünschter Fülle legen,  
Daß sich Recht und Treue müssen  
Miteinander freundlich küssen.*

Anonymous

**Air du rat**

*Abi-Abirunere  
Qui que tu n'étais don ?  
Une blanche monera  
Un jo  
Un joli goulifon  
Un œil  
Un œil a son pepere  
Un jo  
Un joli goulifon*

**Spleen**

*Dans un vieux square où l'océan  
Du mauvais temps met son séant*

*Sur un banc triste aux yeux de pluie  
C'est d'une blonde  
Rosse et gironde  
Que tu t'ennuie  
Dans ce cabaret de Néant  
Qu'est notre vie*

**Fill utterly, you divine celestial flames**

Fill utterly, you divine celestial flames,  
this faithful breast that longs for you!  
Our souls feel the most powerful urges  
of intensely burning love  
and taste on earth heavenly delight.

**Prosperity and blessing**

Prosperity and blessing  
at all times must and shall  
depend upon our government  
in desired fullness,  
so that righteousness and faithfulness must  
kiss each other lovingly.

*Translations © Pamela Dellal, courtesy  
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**Air of the rat**

Abi-Abiruneeba  
So who then were you not?  
A little white amoeba,  
A han-  
A handsome gobble-gob  
An eye  
An eye for watching granpop  
A han-  
A handsome gobble-pot

**Spleen**

While in the gardens where the sea  
Of rotten weather weighs down with his  
bottom

An old park-bench with eyes of rain  
There is a blonde,  
All bosom and strife,  
How you are bored  
In this cabaret of Nothingness  
That is our life

### **La grenouille américaine**

*La grenouille américaine  
Me regarde par-dessus  
Ses béquilles du futaine  
Ses yeux sont des gros massus  
Dépourvus de jolitaine  
Je pense a Casadesus  
Qui n'a pas fait de musique  
Sur cette scene d'amour  
Dont le parfum nostalgique  
Sort d'une boîte d'armour*

*Argus de table tu gardes  
L'âme du crapaud Vanglor  
O bouillon qui me regardes  
Avec tes lunettes d'or*

### **Air du poète**

*Au pays de Papouasie  
J'ai caressé la Pouasie  
La grace que je vous souhaite  
C'est de n'être pas Papouete*

### **Chanson du chat**

*Il est une bebête  
Ti Li petit nenfant  
Tirelan  
C'est une byronette  
La beste à sa moman  
Tirelan  
Le peu Tinan faon  
C'est un ti blanc-blanc  
Un petit potasson?  
C'est mon goret  
C'est mon pourçon  
Mon petit potasson.*

### **The American frog**

The Amaiwican Fwoggy  
Ogles me from over his  
Spectacles of green and yellow  
Eyes he has, enormous globes  
Utterly devoid of prettiness  
I think of Casadesus  
Who has never once made music  
In this amorous boudoir  
Which reeks of odours nostalgic  
Out of a candy-jar

Argus of the table you keep  
The soul of the toad Vanglor  
Oh broth that watches me  
With your golden spectacles

### **Air of the poet**

On the shores of Papua  
I have caressed the Puasie  
For you I wish the blest condition  
Of not being a Papoetician

### **Song of the cat**

Oh he's a baby-beast,  
tee-lee, a little tot,  
tirelong.  
A little byronetty,  
a beastie with a mom,  
tirelong.  
The wee kittykit's  
a wee bitty bit,  
a little Potasson.  
He's my wee pig,  
my furry hog,  
my little Potasson.

*Il saut' sur la fenêtre  
Et groume du museau  
Pasqu'il voit sur la crête  
S'découper les oiseaux  
Tirelo  
Le petit n'en faut  
C'est un ti bloblo  
Un petit Potação  
C'est mon goret  
C'est mon pourceau  
Mon petit potasseau.*

Leon-Paul Fargue

### **Daphénéo**

*Dis-moi, Daphénéo, quel est donc cet arbre  
Dont les fruits sont des oiseaux qui pleurent?  
Cet arbre, Chrysaline, est un oisetier.*

*Ah! Je croyais que les noisetiers  
Donnaient des noisettes, Daphénéo.*

*Oui, Chrysaline, les noisetiers donnent des  
noisettes,  
Mais les oisetiers donnent des oiseaux qui pleurent.*

Ah!...

Mimi Godebska, as M. God

### **Je te veux**

*J'ai compris ta détresse,  
Cher amoureux,  
Et je cède à tes vœux:  
Fais de moi ta maîtresse.  
Loin de nous la sagesse,  
Plus de tristesse  
J'aspire à l'instant précieux*

He jumps up by the window  
And grooms his muzzle, tirelo,  
Because he sees on the rooftop  
a birdie's silhouette,  
tirelo.  
The wee cattykit's  
a wee batty bit,  
A little Potasson.  
He's my wee big,  
my furry pig,  
my little Potasson.

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<https://www.lieder.net/> with adaptations by Lila  
Dunn*

### **Dapheneo**

Tell me, Dapheneo, what is that tree  
The fruit of which is weeping birds?  
That tree, Chrysaline, is a bird-tree.

Ah! I believe that trees  
Produce hazelnuts, Dapheneo.

Yes, Chrysaline, trees give hazelnuts,  
But bird-trees give weeping birds.

Ah!...

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### **I want you**

I've understood your distress,  
Dear lover,  
And yield to your desires:  
Make of me your mistress.  
Let's throw discretion  
And sadness to the winds.  
I long for the precious moment

Où nous serons heureux:  
Je te veux.

*Je n'ai pas de regrets,  
Et je n'ai qu'une envie:  
Près de toi, là, tout près,  
Vivre toute ma vie.  
Que mon cœur soit le tien  
Et ta lèvre la mienne,  
Que ton corps soit le mien,  
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.*

*Oui, je vois dans tes yeux  
La divine promesse  
Que ton cœur amoureux  
Vient chercher ma caresse.  
Enlacés pour toujours,  
Brûlés des mêmes flammes,  
Dans des rêves d'amours,  
Nous échangerons nos deux âmes.*

Henry Pacory

### **El tra la la y el punteado**

*Es en balde, majo mío, que sigas hablando  
porque hay cosas que contesto yo siempre cantando:*

*Tra la la...  
Por más que preguntes tanto:  
tra la la...  
En mí no causas quebranto  
ni yo he de salir de mi canto:  
tra la la...*

### **El majo tímido**

*Llega a mi reja y me mira  
por la noche un majo  
que, en cuanto me ve y suspira,  
se va calle abajo.  
¡Ay qué tío más tardío!  
¡Si así se pasa la vida  
Estoy divertida!*

When we shall be happy:  
I want you.

I've no regrets  
And only one desire:  
Close, very close by you  
To live my whole life long.  
Let my heart be yours  
And your lips mine,  
Let your body be mine  
And all my flesh yours.

Yes, I see in your eyes...  
The exquisite promise  
That your loving heart  
Is seeking my caress.  
Entwined for ever,  
Consumed by the same desire,  
In dreams of love  
We'll exchange our souls.

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

### **The tralala and the plucking**

It is in vain, my boy, that you go on talking,  
For there are things to which I ever answer in  
song.

*Tra la la...  
No matter how many times you ask:  
Tra la la...  
You cause me no grief  
And I will not cease to sing.  
tra la la...*

### **The shy majo**

Coming to my window grate to look at me  
In the evening is a gent  
Who, when he has seen enough, sighs  
And disappears down the road.  
Ah, what a fleeting fellow!  
If this is how life will go,  
I am amused!

### **El majo discreto**

*Dicen que mi majo es feo.  
Es posible que sí que lo sea,  
que amor es deseo  
que ciega y marea.  
Ha tiempo que sé  
que quien ama no ve.*

*Mas si no es mi majo un hombre  
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,  
en cambio es discreto  
y guarda un secreto  
que yo posé en él  
sabiendo que es fiel.*

*¿Cuál es el secreto  
que el majo guardó?  
Sería indiscreto  
contarlo yo.  
No poco trabajo costara saber  
secretos de un majo con una mujer.  
Nació en Lavapiés.  
¡Eh, ¡eh!  
¡Es un majo, un majo es!*

### **El majo olvidado**

*Cuando recuerdes los días pasados,  
piensa en mí, en mí.  
Cuando de flores se llene tu reja,  
piensa en mí, piensa en mí.*

*Cuando en las noches serenas,  
cante el ruiseñor,  
piensa en el majo olvidado  
que muere de amor.*

*¡Pobre del majo olvidado!  
¡Qué duro sufrir, sufrir, sufrir!  
Pues que la ingrata le dejó,  
no quiere vivir.  
¡Ah!*

### **The discreet majo**

Some say that my beloved is homely.  
It is possible that he may be,  
For love is desire  
Which blinds and dizzies.  
For long have I known  
That loving is not seeing.

But if my beloved is not a man  
Whose beauty turns heads and astonishes,  
Then he is discreet  
And the keeper of a secret  
That I entrusted to him  
Knowing that he is true.

What could this secret be  
That my beloved is safeguarding?  
It would be indiscreet  
For me to reveal it.  
It is no small feat to learn  
The secrets between a man and a woman.  
He was born in Lavapiés.  
Uh-huh!  
He is handsome, handsome is he!

### **The forgotten majo**

When you think of days gone by,  
Think of me, of me.  
When your trellis is bedecked with flowers,  
Think of me, think of me.

When, on tranquil nights,  
The nightingale sings,  
Think of the forgotten man  
Who died of love.

Poor forgotten man!  
How deeply he suffers, suffers, suffers!  
Because an ungrateful one left him,  
He does not want to live.



**La maja dolorosa, no. 1**

¡Oh muerte cruel!  
¿Por qué tú, a traición,  
mi majo arrebataste a mi pasión?  
¡No quiero vivir sin él,  
porque es morir, porque es morir  
así vivir!

No es posible ya  
sentir más dolor:  
en lágrimas deshecha ya mi alma está.  
¡Oh Dios, torna mi amor,  
porque es morir, porque es morir  
así vivir!

**La maja dolorosa, no. 2**

¡Ay majo de mi vida,  
no, no, tú no has muerto!  
¿Acaso yo existiese  
si fuera eso cierto?

¡Quiero, loca, besar tu boca!  
Quiero,  
segura, gozar más de tu ventura,  
¡ay!, de tu ventura.

Mas, ¡ay!, deliro, sueño:  
mi majo no existe.  
En torno mío el mundo  
lloroso está y triste.  
¡A mi duelo no hallo consuelo!  
Mas muerto y frío siempre el majo será mío.  
¡Ay! Siempre mío.

**The sorrowful maja, no. 1**

Oh, cruel Death!  
Why have you, pitilessly,  
Stolen my love away from me?  
I don't want to live without him,  
Because it is death, it is death  
To live this way!

It is impossible  
To feel more pain:  
My spirit is dissolved in tears.  
Oh, God, return my love  
Because it is death, it is death  
To live this way!

**The sorrowful maja, no. 2**

Ah, love of my life,  
No, no - you haven't died!  
How could I continue to exist  
If this were true?

I want, irrationally, to kiss your mouth!  
I want, safely, to enjoy more of your  
happiness,  
Ah, of your happiness!

Ah! Still I rant and dream;  
My man no longer exists.  
All about me the world  
Is weeping and sad.  
For my sorrow there is no consolation!  
Even dead and cold, my love will be mine,  
Ah, always mine.

*La maja dolorosa, no. 3*

*De aquel majo amante  
que fué mi gloria  
guardo anhelante  
dichosa memoria.  
El me adoraba  
vehemente y fiel.  
Yo mi vida entera  
di a él.  
Y otras mil diera  
si él quisiera,  
que en hondos amores  
martirios son las flores.*

*Y al recordar mi majo amado  
van resurgiendo ensueños  
de un tiempo pasado.*

*Ni en el Mentidero  
ni en la Florida  
majo más majo  
paseó en la vida.  
Bajo el chambergo  
sus ojos ví  
con toda el alma  
puestos en mí  
que a quien miraban  
enamoraban,  
pues no hallé en el mundo  
mirar más profundo.*

*Y al recordar mi majo amado  
van resurgiendo ensueños  
de un tiempo pasado.*

Fernando Periquet

**Amor**

It wasn't the policeman's fault  
in all the traffic roar.  
Instead of shouting halt when he saw me  
he shouted Amor  
Amor, Amor, Amor.

**The sorrowful maja, no. 3**

Of that handsome lover  
that was once my joy  
I ardently keep  
sweet memories.  
He adored me  
fervently and loyally.  
My whole life  
I gave to him,  
And a thousand more would I give,  
if he wished it,  
For in deep love  
agony is a flower.

And when I think of my beloved,  
Dreams of a time gone by  
are rekindled.

Neither in Mentidero,  
nor in Florida,  
A more handsome man  
ever roamed.  
Under the rim of his hat  
I saw his eyes  
Fixed upon me  
with all his soul.  
They bewitched  
all those whom they beheld,  
And in this world I never found a gaze  
so profound.

And when I think of my beloved,  
Dreams of a time gone by  
are rekindled.

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Even the ice-cream man,  
(free ice-creams by the score)  
instead of shouting Butter Pecan  
one look at me  
he shouted Amor  
Amor, Amor, Amor.

All over town it went that way,  
everybody took off the day.  
Even philosophers understood  
how good was the good cuz I looked  
so good.

The poor stopped taking less,  
the rich stopped needing more.  
Instead of shouting no and yes,  
both looking at me shouted Amor.

Da de da...

My stay in town was cut short.  
I was dragged to court.  
The judge said I disturbed the peace  
and the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand  
And instead of Desist and Cease,  
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand,  
And whispered Amor,  
Amor, Amor, Amor.

Night was turning into day,  
I walked alone away.  
Never see that town again.  
But as I passed the church-house door  
instead of singing Amen  
the choir was singing Amor.

Da da...

Amor, Amor, Amor, Amor.

## **Toothbrush Time**

It's toothbrush time,  
ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.  
Last night at half past nine it seemed okay,  
but in the light of day not so fine  
at toothbrush time.

Now he's crashing round my bathroom,  
now he's reading my degree,  
perusing all my pills, reviewing all my ills,  
and he comes out smelling like me.

Now he advances on my kitchen,  
now he raids every shelf,  
till from the pots and pans and puddles and debris  
emerges three eggs all for himself.

Oh, how I'd be ahead  
if I'd stood out of bed;  
I wouldn't sit here grieving,  
waiting for the wonderful moment of his leaving  
at toothbrush time, toothbrush time,  
ten a.m. again and toothbrush time.

I know it's sad to be alone;  
it's so bad to be alone,  
still I should've known that I'd be glad to be alone,  
I should've known, I should've known!  
Never should've picked up the phone  
And called him.

Hey— uh listen, uhm, uh, I've got to, uh— I  
You gotta go too? So glad you understand.

And — — — by the way, did you say nine tonight again?  
See you then.  
Toothbrush time!

## **At the Last Lousy Moments of Love**

At the last lousy moments of love  
He wanted to tell me the truth.  
At the last writhing, rotten moments of love  
he wanted to tell me the truth  
about me of course.

Thanks, I'll need this.

At the last lousy moments of love,  
He wanted to tell me  
that I wasn't doing too well.  
I was eating and drinking and talking too much.  
He wanted to tell me, as a friend  
at the end of those last lousy moments of love.

He wanted to tell me he was leaving  
he'd waited too long  
To tell me that I was self-righteous,  
even when I wasn't wrong,  
And I spoke about friendship,  
'till our friends gave me up as a friend for the season,  
For which reason he wanted to tell me the truth.

He wanted to tell me these things, as a friend,  
He wanted to tell me,  
but he didn't in the end.

At those last lousy moments of love  
He said it all, with his body  
to my best friend.

### **Place to Live**

Places to live! Give me places to live!  
Wonders to wander to, places to live!

My feet are dreaming of new dust, new dirt;  
my hips want to swing in a cellophane skirt.  
Give me my change in a celluloid note  
while I buy wooden hats from the factory boat.

Places to live! Give me places to live!  
Wonders to wander to, places to live!

My tonsils are longing to hum a new tune;  
I'm dying to dance by the dark of the moon  
With mustachioed mounties in deep purple kilts  
and me in blue velvet on flaming red stilts.

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

Places to live! Give me places to live!  
Give me wonders to wander to, places to live!  
My soul is keening for new forms of faith!  
I need a new God more than Henry the Eighth  
to take off my feathers and give me release,  
and I'll kneel in the sand  
and I'll drown my valise.

Places to live! Give me places to live.

### **Waitin**

Waitin waitin  
I've been waitin  
Waitin waitin all my life.

That light keeps on hiding from me,  
but it someday just might bless my sight.

Waitin waitin waitin...

*Arnold Weinstein*

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*all programs subject to change*

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**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*

**Chenxi Fu**, *bass* (MM)

Student of Michael Meraw

*Monday, May 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Evren Ozel**, *piano* (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

*Monday, May 1, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

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