

Gayeon Lee
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Lisa Saffer

with
Christina Wright-Ivanova, piano

Thursday, May 4, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Lili Boulanger
(1893–1918)

from *Clairières dans le ciel*

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie
Parfois, je suis triste
Un poète disait
Nous nous aimerons
Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

Igor Stravinsky
(1882–1971)

Ах, сердце доброе, ах, сад благоуханный
(Oh dear heart, oh, fragrant garden), from
the opera, *Соловей* (The Nightingale)

John Duke
(1899–1984)

The bird

Igor Stravinsky

Съ неба высоты блеснувь звезда упала
(A shining star fell from the sky) from
the opera, *Соловей* (The Nightingale)

Michael Head
(1900–1976)

A blackbird singing from *Over the rim of the moon*

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Mädchenblumen, op. 22

Kornblumen
Mohnblumen
Epheu
Wasserrose

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

“Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!”, K. 418

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie

*Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie
et, comme la prairie était toute fleurie
de plantes dont la tige aime à pousser dans l'eau,
ces plantes inondées je les avais cueillies.
Bientôt, s'étant mouillée, elle gagna le haut
de cette prairie-là qui était toute fleurie.
Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec la grâce*

*dégingandée qu'ont les jeunes filles trop grandes.
Elle avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de lavande.*

Parfois, je suis triste

Parfois, je suis triste. Et, soudain, je pense à elle.

*Alors, je suis joyeux. Mais je redeviens triste
de ce que je ne sais pas combien elle m'aime.*

*Elle est la jeune fille à l'âme toute claire,
et qui, de dans son cœur, garde avec jalousie
l'unique passion que l'on donne à un seul.
Elle est partie avant que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,
et, comme ils ont fleuri depuis qu'elle est partie,
je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis,
des branches de tilleuls qui n'avaient pas de fleurs.*

Un poète disait

*Un poète disait que lorsqu'il était jeune,
il fleurissait des vers comme un rosier des roses.*

*Lorsque je pense à elle, il me semble que jase
une fontaine intarissable dans mon cœur.
Comme sur le lys Dieu pose un parfum d'église,
comme il met du corail aux joues de la cerise,
je veux poser sur elle, avec dévotion,
la couleur d'un parfum, qui n'aura pas de nom.*

She had reached the low-lying meadow

She had reached the low-lying meadow,
and, since the meadow was all a-blossom
with plants that like to grow in water,
I had picked these flooded flowers.
Soon, soaking wet, she reached the top
of that blossoming meadow.
She was laughing and gasping with the
gawky
grace of girls who are too tall.
Her eyes looked like lavender flowers.

Sometimes I am sad

Sometimes I am sad. And suddenly, I think of
her.

Then, I am overjoyed. But I grow sad again,
because I do not know how much she loves
me.

She is the girl with the limpid soul,
and who, in her heart, guards with jealousy
the unrivalled passion garnered for one alone.
She went before the limes had blossomed,
and since they flowered after she had gone,
I was astonished to see, my friends,
lime-tree branches devoid of flowers.

A poet said

A poet said that when he was young
he blossomed with verse, like rose-trees with
roses.

When I think of her, an endless spring
seems to babble in my heart.
As God places a church-scent on the lily
and coral on the cheeks of the cherry,
I wish to place, devotedly, on her
the colour of a scent that shall have no name

Nous nous aimerons

*Nous nous aimerons tant que nous tairons nos
mots,
en nous tendant la main, quand nous nous
reverrons.*

*Vous serez ombragée par d'anciens rameaux
sur le banc que je sais où nous nous assoierons.*

*Donc nous nous assoierons sur ce banc tous deux
seuls ...*

D'un long moment, ô mon amie, vous n'oserez ...

Que vous me serez douce et que je tremblerai ...

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

*Les lilas qui avaient fleuri l'année dernière
vont fleurir de nouveau dans les tristes parterres.
Déjà le pêcher grêle a jonché le ciel bleu*

*de ses roses, comme un enfant la Fête-Dieu.
Mon cœur devrait mourir au milieu de ces choses
car c'était au milieu des vergers blancs et roses*

*que j'avais espéré je ne sais quoi de vous.
Mon âme rêve sourdement sur vos genoux.
Ne la repoussez point. Ne la relevez pas
de peur qu'en s'éloignant de vous elle ne voie*

combien vous êtes faible et troublée dans ses bras.

Francis Jammes

Ах, сердце доброе, ах, сад благоуханный

**Ах, сердце доброе, ах, сад благоуханный,
цветы душистые и солнце, и цветы!
Ах, сердце грустное, туман
передраcветный,
слеза прозрачная и месяц, и слеза...**

We shall love each other

We shall love each other so, that we shall be
silent
as we hold out hands when we next meet.

You will be shaded by old branches
on the bench where I know we shall both sit
down.

And so we shall sit down on this bench, we
two alone...

For a long while, my friend, you will not
dare...

How gentle you will be with me and how I
shall tremble...

The lilacs which had flowered last year

The lilacs which had flowered last year
shall flower again in melancholy beds.

Already the slender peach has strewn the
blue sky

with its pinks, like a child at Corpus Christi.
My heart should die amid these things,
for it was amid the orchard's whites and
pinks

that I had hoped from you I know not what.
My soul dreams secretly upon your lap.

Do not reject it. Do not raise it up,
for fear that drawing away from you it might
see

how frail you are and troubled in its arms.

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

Oh, dear heart, oh, fragrant garden

**Oh, dear heart, oh, fragrant garden,
fragrant flowers and the sun and flowers!
Oh, sad heart, mist before dawn,**

a transparent tear and a moon, and a tear ...

Ах, сердце нежное, ах, небо синей ночи,
мечты любимые, и звёзды, и мечты...

Ah, tender heart, ah, blue night sky,
beloved dreams, and stars, and dreams ...

The bird

O clear and musical,
Sing again! Sing again!
Hear the rain fall
Through the long night,
Bring me your song again,
O dear delight!

O dear and comforting,
Mine again! Mine again!
Hear the rain sing
And the dark rejoice!
Shine like a spark again,
O clearest voice!

Elinor Wylie

Съ неба высоты блеснувь звѣзда упала

Ахъ, ахъ...
Съ неба высоты блеснувь звѣзда упала
Она разсыпалась алмазною росой
На розы, что растутъ въ саду вокругъ
дворца.
Ахъ, розы, голосъ мой вы слышитель
въночи?
Склонилили вы головки подъ тяжестью
росы?
и плачете ли вы, роняя тихо слезы?
Ахъ, ахъ...

Igor Stravinsky and Stepan Mitusov

A shining star fell from the sky

Ah, ah...
A shining star fell
It fell out from diamond dew
On the roses, which grew in the gardens
around the place
Oh, roses, do you hear my voice in the
night?
Have you bowed your head under the
weight of the dew?
And are you weeping, fallen peaceful tears?
Ah, ah...

Translations by Gayeon Lee

A blackbird singing

A blackbird singing
On a moss upholster'd stone,
Bluebells swinging,
Shadows wildly blown,

A song in the wood,
A ship on the sea,
The song was for you
and the ship was for me;

A blackbird singing,
I hear in my troubled mind,
Bluebells swinging
I see in a distant wind,

But sorrow and silence
are the wood's threnody,
the silence for you,
and the sorrow for me,
A blackbird singing

Francis Ledwidge

Kornblumen

*Kornblumen nenn ich die Gestalten,
die milden mit den blauen Augen,
die, anspruchslos in stillem Walten,
den Tau des Friedens, den sie saugen
aus ihren eigenen klaren Seelen,
mitteilen allem, dem sie nahen,
bewußtlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,
die sie von Himmelshand empfahn.
Dir wird so wohl in ihrer Nähe,
als gingst du durch ein Saatgefilde,*

*durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe,
voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde.*

Mohnblumen

*Mohnblumen sind die runden,
rotblutigen gesunden,
die sommersproßgebraunten,
die immer froh gelaunten,*

Cornflowers

Cornflowers are what I call those girls,
Those gentle girls with blue eyes,
Who simply and serenely impart
The dew of peace, which they draw
From their own pure souls,
To all those they approach,
Unaware of the jewels of feeling
They receive from the hand of Heaven:
You feel so at ease in their company,
As though you were walking through a
cornfield,
Rippled by the breath of evening,
Full of devout peace and gentleness.

Poppies

Poppies are the round,
Red-blooded, healthy girls,
The brown and freckled ones,
The always good-humoured ones,

kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,
tanznimmermüden Seelen;
die unter'm Lachen weinen
und nur geboren scheinen,
die Kornblumen zu necken,
und democh oft verstecken
die weichsten, besten Herzen,
im Schlinggewächs von Scherzen;
die man, weiß Gott, mit Küssen
ersticken würde müssen,
wär' man nicht immer bange,
umarmest du die Range,
sie springt ein voller Brander
aufflammend auseinander.

Epheu

Aber Epheu nenn' ich jene Mädchen
mit den sanften Worten,
mit dem Haar, dem schlichten, hellen
um den leis' gewölbten Brau'n,
mit den braunen seelenvollen Rehenaugen,
die in Tränen steh'n so oft,
in ihren Tränen gerade sind unwiderstehlich;
ohne Kraft und Selbstgefühl,
schmucklos mit verborg'ner Blüte,
doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer
treuer inniger Empfindung
können sie mit eigener Triebkraft
nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln,
sind geboren, sich zu ranken
liebend um ein ander Leben:
an der ersten Lieb'umrankung
hängt ihr ganzes Lebensschicksal,
denn sie zählen zu den seltnen Blumen,
die nur einmal blühen.

Honest and merry as the day is long,
Who never tire of dancing,
Who laugh and cry simultaneously
And only seem to be born
To tease the cornflowers,
And yet often conceal
The gentlest and kindest hearts
As they entwine and play their pranks,
Those whom, God knows,
You would have to stifle with kisses,
Were you not so timid,
For if you embrace the minx,
She will burst, like smouldering timber,
Into flames!

Ivy

But ivy is my name for those girls
with gentle words,
With sleek fair hair
And slightly arched brows,
With brown soulful fawn-like eyes
that well up so often
with tears—which are simply irresistible;
Without strength and self-confidence,
Unadorned with hidden flowers,
But with inexhaustibly deep,
True and ardent feeling,
They cannot, through their own strength,
Rise from their roots,
But are born to twine themselves
Lovingly round another's life:—
Their whole life's destiny
Depends on their first love-entwining,
For they belong to that rare breed of flower
That blossoms only once.

Wasserrose

*Kennst du die Blume, die märchenhafte,
sagengefeierte Wasserrose?
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem, schlankem Schafte
das durchsicht'ge Haupt, das farbenlose,
sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im Haine,
gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset sie einsam,*

*sie erschließt sich nur dem Mondenscheine,
mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer gemeinsam:
so blüht sie, die zaub'rische Schwester der Sterne,*

*umschwärmt von der träumerisch dunklen
Phaläne,
die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet von ferne,*

*und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie sich sehne.
Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die schlanke,
nachtlock'ge Maid, alabastern von Wangen,*

*in dem Auge der ahnende tiefe Gedanke,
als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden gefangen.*

*Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie silbernes
Wogenrauschen,
wenn sie schweigt, ist's die ahnende Stille der
Mondnacht;
sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu tauschen,
deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie gewohnt
macht;
du kannst nie ermüden, in's Aug' ihr zu schau'n,
das die seidne, lange Wimper umsäumt hat,
und du glaubst, wie bezaubernd von seligem
Grau'n,
was je die Romantik von Elfen geträumt hat.*

Felix Dahn

Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!

*Vorrei spiegarvi, oh Dio!
Qual è l'affanno mio;
Ma mi condanna il fato*

Water-lily

Do you know this flower, the fairy-like
Water-lily, celebrated in legend?
On her ethereal, slender stem
She sways her colourless transparent head;
It blossoms on a reedy and sylvan pond,
Protected by the solitary swan that swims
round it,
Opening only to the moonlight,
Whose silver gleam it shares.
Thus it blossoms, the magical sister of the
stars,
As the dreamy dark moth, fluttering round it,

Yearns for it from afar at the edge of the
pond,
And never reaches it for all its yearning.—
Water-lily is my name for the slender
Maiden with night-black locks and alabaster
cheeks

With deep foreboding thoughts in her eyes,
As though she were a spirit imprisoned on
earth.

Her speech resembles the silver rippling of
waves,

Her silence the foreboding stillness of a
moonlit night,

She seems to exchange glances with the stars,
Whose language—their natures being the
same—she shares.

You can never tire of gazing into her eyes,
Framed by her silken long lashes,
And you believe, bewitched by their blissful
grey,

All that Romantics have ever dreamt about
elves.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, the author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber), provided courtesy of
Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

I would like to explain to you, oh God

I would like to explain to you, oh God,
what my grief is!
Fate, however condemns me

*A piangere e tacer.
Arder non pù il mio core
Per chi vorrebbe amore
E fa che cruda io sembri,
Un barbaro dover.*

*Ah conte, partite,
Correte, fuggite
Lontano da me;
La vostra diletta
Emilia v'aspetta,
Languir non la fate,
È degna d'amor.
Ah stelle spietate!
Nemiche mi siete.
Mi perdo s'ei resta.
Partite, correte,
D'amor non parlate,
È vostro il suo cor.*

Anonymous

to weep and keep silent.
My heart may not pine
for the one I would like to love
making me apparently hard-hearted
and cruel.

Alas, Count, part from me,
run, flee
far away from me;
your beloved
Emilia awaits you,
don't keep her languishing,
she is worthy of love.
Alas, pitiless stars!
You are hostile to me.
I am lost when he stays.
Part from me, run,
do not talk about love,
her heart is yours.

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Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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Yeonsoo Kim, *violin* (BM)

Student of Paul Biss

Friday, May 5, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Mark Tipton, *jazz trumpet* (DMA '24)

Student of Jason Palmer

Friday, May 5, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Jeff Pearson, *violin* (MM)

Student of Soovin Kim

Friday, May 5, 2023 at 8:30 p.m., Williams Hall

Darby Clinard, *mezzo-soprano* (GD)

Student of Karen Holvik

Saturday, May 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Aidan Garrison, *viola* (MM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi and Nicholas Cords

Saturday, May 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Benjamin Maines, *tenor* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Saturday, May 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Macintyre Taback, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Saturday, May 6, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Erika Hallenbeck, *jazz voice* (MM)

Student of Dominique Eade

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Claire Park, *cello* (BM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Nathalie G. Vela, *oboe* (MM)

Student of John Ferrillo

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Keller Room

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

–continued

Sophia Donelan, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Garrett Frees, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Jason Moran, Joe Morris, Miguel Zenón, Jerry Leake, Melissa Aldana, Jerry Bergonzi, Frank Carlberg, Donny McCaslin, and Brian Levy

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Dermot Gleeson, *guitar* (BM)

Student of Jérôme Mouffe and Eliot Fisk

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Miranda Macias, *bassoon* (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Dilshod Narzillaev, *cello* (GD)

Student of Laurence Lesser and Blaise Déjardin

Sunday, May 7, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Josephina YK Kim, *cello* (MM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Monday, May 8, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

William Swett, *double bass* (MM)

Student of Thomas Van Dyck

Monday, May 8, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Changyong Shin, *piano* (AD '24)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

Monday, May 8, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Tristen Broadfoot, *clarinet* (BM)

Student of Thomas Martin

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

Jacob Earnhart, *euphonium* (BM) – still at NEC?

Student of James Markey and Norman Bolter

Monday, May 8, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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