

Darby Clinard
mezzo-soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2023
Student of Karen Holvik

with
JJ Penna, piano

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

PROGRAM

Antonín Dvořák
(1841–1904)

from *Zigeunermelodien*, op. 55
Mein Lied ertönt
Rings ist der Wald
Als die alte Mutter

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

from *Ariettes oubliées*
C'est l'extase
Il pleure dans mon coeur

Clara Schumann
(1819–1896)

from *Sechs Lieder*
Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Sie liebten sich beide

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

from *Camille Claudel: Into the Fire* (2012)
Rodin
La Valse
La petite châtelaine
The Gossips
Epilogue: Jessie Lipscomb visits Camille
Claudel, Montdevergues Asylum, 1929

*Thank you to everyone who has been with me
every step of the way in my musical endeavors.
I am very grateful to have had the opportunity to pursue my dreams
here at New England Conservatory of Music.*

*Thank you to my incredible collaborator Jerry-James Penna
for making this possible and teaching me so much this past year.*

*Thank you to my wonderful voice teacher, Karen Holvik
for being my musical foundation during my time here.
I am so thankful for everything you have given me to enhance my abilities in music.*

*Thank you to my friends and support systems
for always being there for me.*

*Lastly, thank you to my family for being my biggest support.
I'd like to especially thank my incredible mother.
None of this would be possible without your unconditional love.*

*Darby Clinard is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by
the Gladys Miller Voice Scholarship Fund.*

Mein Lied ertönt

*Mein Lied ertönt, ein Liebespsalm,
beginnt der Tag zu sinken,
und wenn das Moos, der welke Halm
Tauperlen heimlich trinken.
Mein Lied ertönt voll Wanderlust,
wenn wir die Welt durchwahlen,
nur auf der Puszta weitem Plan
Lass frohen Sang ich schallen
Mein Lied ertönt voll Liebe auch,
wenn Heide Stürme toben;
wenn sich befreit zum letzten Hauch
des Bruders Brust gehoben!*

Rings ist der Wald

*Rings ist der Wald so stumm und still,
das Herz schlägt mir so bange;
der schwarze Rauch sinkt tiefer stets,
die Träne trocknend meiner Wange.*

*Doch meine Träne trockne nicht,
Sollst anders wohin wehen!
Wer auch im Schmerz noch singen kann,
der lebt, nicht wird sein Lied vergehen!*

Als die alte Mutter

*Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen,
sonderbar, dass Tränen ihr am Auge hingen.
Jetzt die braunen Wangen netzen mir die Zähnen,
Wenn ich will, werden die Kinder Sang und
Spielen lernen!*

Adolf Heyduk

C'est l'extase langoureuse

*C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois*

My song resounds

My song resounds, a psalm of love,
When day begins to fade,
And when the moss and withered grass
Secretly drink in pearls of dew.
My song resounds full of wanderlust,
As we journey through the world,
Only on my wide native plains
Can my song ring out happily.
My song is also full of love,
As storms rage across the heath,
And my friend breathes his last
And frees himself from pain!

All around the woods

All around the woods are so still and silent,
My heart beats so fearfully;
The black smoke sinks ever deeper
Drying the tears on my cheek.

But do not dry my tears,
You shall blow in other places!
He who can sing while grieving,
Still lives, and his song will not fade!

When My Old Mother

When my old mother taught me songs to
sing,
Tears would well strangely in her eyes.
Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears,
When I teach the children how to sing and
play!

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

It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest

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'ennuie
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.

Paul Verlaine

Ich stand in dunklen Traumen

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

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.

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

I stood darkly dreaming

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.
Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.
Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wussten es selber kaum.

Heinrich Heine

Rodin

Last night I went to sleep completely naked
I pretended you were holding me
But I woke alone again, everything burned away
In the cruel morning light.
Was I dreaming? That you loved me? Though, you left me far behind.

Someone's there, hidden in the shadows!
You don't want me to see, you don't want me to find.
In the clay, I search with my fingers, to uncover something true, Rodin, Rodin!
Was there ever a time, you wanted me to find you.

There's a secret I have traced. In your eyes, your brow, your hair.
Other's think they see you. But, they don't know. You're not there.

In the clay, I search with my fingers, to uncover something true, Rodin, Rodin!
Was there ever a time, you wanted me to find you. Rodin?

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.
And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

They loved one another

They loved one another, but neither
Wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks,
Yet nearly died of love.
In the end they parted and saw
Each other but rarely in dreams.
They died so long ago
And hardly knew it themselves.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, the author of The
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La Valse

The light of day will fade, and shadows will descend.
No breath can last forever, no heartbreak truly mends.
Again, again. Console my eyes.
With beauty, allow me to forget that every dance of love is mingled with regret.

Take me one step closer. One step back. One step spins, one step hovers.
Take me to the place, for unrepented lovers.

Is it in the spirit? Is it in the flesh? Where do I abide? Console my eyes.
With beauty, allow me to forget that every dance of love is mingled with regret.

La petite châtelaine

Hello, my little one. La petite châtelaine.
Do you know who I am?
They say I leave at night, by the window of my tower.
Hanging from a red umbrella. With which I set fire.

Hello, my little one. La petite châtelaine.
Do you know who I am?
Or the land you come from.
Where the earth is stained.

I did as they said and returned you to clay.
Oh how could I bleed such a blessing away.
Now I'm forever alone, with my children of stone.

La petite châtelaine.
Can you hear my voice?
The voice of your mother.

The Gossips

What is in my hands? What is in my head?
So many ideas. My mind aches.
So many ideas. The earth quakes.

People at a table listen to a prayer.
People on a high cart laugh and go to mass.
A woman crouches on a bench and cries all alone.
What does she know? Does she know?

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

Three people sit behind a screen and whisper.
What is the secret? Suspended in the air.
I know.

The halo rusts. The light is dim.
Into the fire!
Is it him?

Epilogue: Jessie Lipscomb visits Camille Claudel, Montdevergues Asylum, 1929

Thank you for coming. I thought everyone had forgotten.
Thank you for remembering me.
Four children? Beautiful! Beautiful.
Off to Italy?
Beautiful! Beautiful.
You will have wonderful things to eat there.
Here they are trying to poison me. I see that they don't, I cook for myself.
Thank you for remembering me.
Do you remember our studio in paris?
Everything moving! Two young women so many ideas.
Look at me now. Who Jessie. Every dream I ever had was of movement.
Touching. Breathing. Reaching. Hovering.
Something always about to change.
A photograph? Just me and you?
Yes. I understand. I must be very still.
Thank you for remembering me.

Gene Scheer

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