

Sophia Grace Donelan
soprano

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

with
Michael Banwarth, piano

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

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

“Ah, lo previdi” K. 272

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

from *6 Lieder, op. 17*
Ständchen
Das Geheimnis

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Gretchen am Spinnrade, op. 2, D. 118

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

from *Trois Poèmes de Louise de Vilmorin*
Le garçon de Liège
Au-delà

Alfred Bachelet
(1864–1944)

Chère nuit

Traditional Spiritual
arr. Undine Smith Moore
(1904–1989)

Come Down, Angels

Hale Smith
(1925–2009)

March Moon

Traditional Spiritual
arr. Margaret Bonds
(1913–1972)

He's Got the Whole World in His Hand

*I'm so grateful for the amount of love and support
I have been blessed with throughout my four years at NEC.*

*Thank you to my loving parents and grandma
for supporting me every step of the way, for sharing your love of music with me,
and encouraging me to work hard and follow my dreams.*

*Thank you to my incredible teacher and mentor, Ms Haber.
You believe in my potential and have helped me grow so much as a singer, actor and person.
Thank you for sharing your immense knowledge of technique and wisdom with me.*

*Thank you to my wonderful coaches that have helped me prepare for this recital:
Marie-Elise Boyer and JJ Penna
You both have helped me immensely to put this program together
and I'm a better singer and musician because of the knowledge you have shared with me.*

*Thank you to Michael Banwarth, my incredible pianist, collaborator, and coach,
for his endless hours of hard work, support and incredible talent
put into this program with me.*

*Thank you to my acting coach Adria Firestone
for helping me bring my imaginative interpretations to life
for this program of many characters and themes.*

Thank you to Uncle Al, Shelby, and Mum for being my second home in Boston.

*Thank you to my wonderful group of friends at NEC.
I have loved performing with you and growing together as musicians.
I'm so grateful for the memories we have shared.*

*I'm so grateful for all of you who are here with me on this special day.
I love you all and feel so truly blessed!*

Mozart *Ah, lo prevedi!*

Andromeda is left as a sacrifice to the sea monster and is gallantly saved by Perseus. She is obliged to marry Euristeus, King of Argos, but she is in love with her hero Perseus. Euristeus tells her he has seen Perseus wandering aimlessly with a sword, which makes her believe he has killed himself. Andromeda is furious with Euristeus for not preventing Perseus's suicide. In the cavatina, Andromeda expresses her desire to go to the Underworld and to cross the River Lethe with her beloved, Perseus.

Recitativo

Ah, lo prevedi!

Povero prence, con quel ferro istesso, che me salvo

ti lacerasti il petto.

Ma tu sì fiero scempio perchè non impedir?

Come, o crudele,

D'un misero a pietà non ti movesti

Qual tigre, qual tigre ti nodri?

Dove, dove, dove nascesti?

Ah! T'invola, t'invola agli occhi miei!

Aria

Ah, t'invola agl'occhi miei,

Alma vile, ingrato cor!

La cagione, oh Dio, tu sei

Del mio barbaro, barbaro dolor.

Va, crudele! Va, spietato!

Va, tra le fiere ad abitar.

Recitativo

Misera! Misera! Invan m'adiro,

E nel suo sangue intanto

Nuota già l'idol mio.

Con quell'acciaro, ah Perseo, che facesti?

Mi salvasti poc'anzi, or m'uccidesti!

Col sangue, ahi, la bell'alma

Ecco, già uscì dallo squarciato seno.

Me infelice!

Si oscura il giorno agli occhi miei

E nel barbaro affanno il cor vien meno

Ah, non partir, ombra diletta

Io voglio unirmi a te

Sul grado estremo

Intanto che m'uccide il dolor,

Intanto fermati, fermati alquanto!

Recitative

Ah, I predicted it!

Poor prince, with the same sword, you saved
me

And you stabbed yourself in the chest

But you, why didn't you prevent this cruel
slaughter?

How, O cruel one

You were not moved by pity of the miserable
one

What tiger, what tiger fed you

Where, where were you born?

Ah flee from my sight

Aria

Ah flee from my sight

Vile soul, ungrateful heart

You are the cause, o God

Of my dreadful pain

Go cruel one! Go ruthless one!

Go and live among the wild beasts

Recitative

Poor one! In vain I'm angry

And in his own blood

My beloved swims already

With this sword, ah Perseus what have you
done?

You saved me not long ago but now you have
killed me

The blood, alas, this beautiful soul

Is already stabbed in the breast

Unhappy me!

The daylight darkens in my eyes

And in unbearable torment, my heart fails

Ah don't leave, beloved shadow

I want to be united with you

On extreme degree

While the pain kills me

While it stops for a moment

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

Cavatina

*Deh, non varcar quell'onda,
Anima del cor mio.
Di lete all'altra sponda,
Ombra, compagna anch'io
Voglio venir, venir con te.*

Cavatina

Alas do not cross the waters
Love of my life
To Lethe's other bank
A shadow of your companion
I want to come with you.

Translation by Sophia Donelan

Ständchen

*Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind
Um keinem vom Schlummer zu wecken
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind*

*Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!*

*Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach*

Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

*Sitz nieder! Hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen.
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den Wonneshauern der Nacht.*

Das Geheimnis

*Du fragst mich, Mädchen, was flüsternd der West
Vertraue den Blütenglocken?
Warum von Zweige zu Zweig im Geäst
Die zwitschernden Vögel locken?*

*Warum an Knospe die Knospe sich schmiegt,
Und Wellen mit Wellen zerfließen,*

Serenade

Open up, open up! But quietly, my dear,
So no one will awake from slumber!
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly
quivers

A leaf on the bushes and hedges;
Gently, my love, so that nothing stirs,
Gently with your hand lift the door latch!

With steps as light as the steps of elves,
As they hop over flowers,
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,
Slip out to me in the garden!
The flowers are sleeping along the rippling
brook

Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit down! Here it darkens mysteriously
Beneath the Linden tree
The nightingale above us
Shall dream of our kisses
And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,
Shall glow from our blissful passions of the
night.

The Secret

You ask me, Girl, what the West Wind
whisperingly
Confides to the bluebells?
Why from bough to bough in the branches
The chirping birds entice?

Why bud clings to bud,
And waves dissolve into waves

*Und dem Mondstrahl, der auf den Kelchen sich
wiegt,
Die Violett der Nacht sich erschließen?*

O törichtes Fragen! Wem Wissen frommt,

*Nicht kann ihm die Antwort fehlen;
Drum warte, mein Kind, bis die Liebe kommt,
Die wird dir alles erzählen!*

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Gretchen am Spinnrade

*Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
und nimmermehr.*

*Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
ist mir vergällt.*

*Mein armer Kopf
ist mir verrückt
Mein armer Sinn
ist mir zerstückt.*

Meine Ruh ist hin, ...

*Nahm ihm nur schau ich
zum Fenster hinaus,
Nahm ihm nur geh ich
aus dem Haus.*

*Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt.*

*Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss.
Sein Händedruck,
und ach, sein Kuss!*

To the moonbeam, that sways upon glasses

And the night violets open themselves?

O foolish questions! The one who benefits
from the knowledge

He shall not lack an answer
So wait, my child, until love comes
It shall tell you everything!

Translation by Sophia Donelan

Gretchen at the spinning-wheel

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy
I will never find peace
never again

When he's not with me,
Life is like the grave
The whole world
Is destroyed

My poor head
Is unhinged
My poor mind
Is torn apart

My peace is gone ...

For him only, I gaze
out the window
For him only, I go
Out of the house

His proud walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power.

His words'
Magic flow.
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

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

Meine Ruh ist hin, ...

*Mein Busen drängt
Sich nahm ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
und halten ihn.*

*Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Le garçon de Liège

*Un garçon de conte de fée
M'a fait un grand salut bourgeois
En plein vent, au bord d'une allée,
Debout sous l'arbre de la Loi*

*Les oiseaux d'arrière saison
Faisaient des leurs malgré la pluie
Et prise par ma déraison
J'osai lui [dir]: "Je m'ennuie."*

*Sans dire un doux mot de menteur
Le soir dans ma chambre à tristesse
Il vint consoler ma pâleur.
Son ombre me fit des promesses.*

*Mais c'était un garçon de Liège,
Léger, léger comme le vent
Qui ne se prend à aucun piège
Et court les plaines du beau temps.*

*Et dans ma chemise de nuit,
Depuis lors quand je voudrais rire
Ah! beau jeune homme je m'ennuie,
Ah! dans ma chemise à mourir.*

My peace is gone, ...

My bosom urges
Itself towards him
Ah if I could clasp
And hold him

And kiss him
As I would wish
And in his kisses
I should die!

Translation by Sophia Donelan

The Boy from Liège

A fairy tale boy
Bowed to me in a bourgeois way
In the open air, along a pathway
Standing beneath the tree of Law

The birds of late autumn
Continued working, despite the rain
And taken by my foolishness
I dared to tell him "I'm bored"

Without saying one sweet untruthful word
That evening in my room of sadness
He came to console my pallor
His shadow made me promises

But he was a boy from Liège
Light, light like the wind
Who does not get caught in any trap
And runs along the plains in the beautiful
weather

And in my nightgown
Ever since whenever I would want to laugh
Ah, beautiful young man, I'm bored
And in my nightgown, to death.

Au-delà

*Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l'heure du plaisir,
Choisir n'est pas trahir,
Je choisis celui-là.*

*Je choisis celui-là
Qui sait me faire rire,
D'un doigt de-ci, de-là,
Comme on fait pour écrire.*

*Comme on fait pour écrire,
Il va par-ci, par-là,
Sans que j'ose lui dire:
J'aime bien ce jeu-là.*

*J'aime bien ce jeu-là,
Qu'un souffle fait finir,
Jusqu'au dernier soupir
Je choisis ce jeu-là.*

*Eau-de-vie! Au-delà!
A l'heure du plaisir,
Choisir n'est pas trahir,
Je choisis celui-là.*

Louis de Vilmorin

Chère nuit

*Voici l'heure bientôt.
Derrière la colline
Je vois le soleil qui décline
Et cache ses rayons jaloux.
J'entends chanter l'âme des choses,
Et les narcisses et les roses
M'apportent des parfums plus doux!*

*Chère nuit aux clartés sereines,
Toi qui ramènes
Le tendre amant,
Ah! descends et voile la terre
De ton mystère
Calme et charmant.*

Beyond

Water of life! Beyond!
At the time of pleasure
To choose is not to betray
I choose that one

I choose that one there
Who knows how to make me laugh
With a finger here, there
As one does to write

As one does to write
He goes here and there
Without me daring to say to him
I do like that game

I do like that game
Which a breath puts to an end
Until the last sigh
I choose that game

Water of life! Beyond!
At the time of pleasure
To choose is not to betray
I choose that one.

Translation by Sophia Donelan

Fair Night

Night will soon be here
Behind the hill
I see the sun set
And hide it's jealous rays
I hear Nature's soul singing
And the narcissi and roses
Bringing me sweeter scents!

Fair night of serene brightness
You who bring back
The tender lover
Ah! Descend and veil the earth
With your calm,
charming mystery

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

*Mon bonheur renaît sous ton aile,
Ô nuit plus belle
Que les beaux jours:
Ah! lève-toi! pour faire encore
Briller l'aurore
De mes amours!*

Eugène Adénis Colombeau

My happiness is reborn beneath your wing
O night more beautiful
Than beautiful days
Ah! Rise, that once more
Shine the dawn
Of my loves.

Translation by Sophia Donelan

Come Down, Angels

Come down, Angels, a trouble the water.
Let God's saints come in.
I love to shout I love to sing
Let God's saints come in.
I love to praise my heavenly King,
Let God's saints come in.
I think I hear the Sinner say
Let God's saints come in.
My Savior taught me how to pray
Let God's saints come in.
Come down, Angels, trouble the water.
Let God's saints come in.
Down, down, down, down trouble the water,
Let God's saints come in.

Anonymous

March Moon

The moon is naked.
The wind has undressed the moon.
The wind has blown all the cloud-garments
Off the body of the moon
And now she's naked,
Stark naked.

But why don't you blush,
O shameless moon?
Don't you know
It isn't nice to be naked?

Langston Hughes

He's Got the Whole World in his Hand

He's got the whole world in His hand.
He's got the wood and the waters in His hand,
He's got the sun and the moon right in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

He's got the birds and the bees right in His hand,
He's got the beasts of the field right in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

He's got you and me right in His hand,
He's got everybody in His hand,
He's got the whole world in His hand.

Anonymous

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