

Allyson Bennett
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2023
Student of Jane Eaglen

with
Justin Williams, piano

Wednesday, May 10, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Gustav Mahler

(1860–1911)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

Sergei Rachmaninoff

(1873–1943)

Shest romansov (Шесть романсов), op. 8

The Water Lily (Речная лилея)

Child! You are as beautiful as a flower

(Дитя! Как цветок ты прекрасна)

Brooding (Дума)

The Soldier's Wife

(Полюбила я на печаль свою)

Dream (Сон)

A Prayer (Молитва)

Giuseppe Verdi

(1813–1901)

L'esule

Stornello

*I want to thank my coaches and directors
for their incomparable counsel throughout my entire education.
I have become a better singer, a better colleague, and a better storyteller
thanks to your instruction.*

*A special thank you to my coach Christina Wright-Ivanova
and my pianist Justin Williams.
Your collaboration and guidance made this recital program possible.*

*My family and friends:
thank you dearly for all of your support and encouragement.
Your love means the world to me.*

*Lastly, I would like to thank my teacher of 7 years.
Jane,
you have gifted me an invaluable education and a mentorship
that simply could never be replaced.
I am blessed to have had a teacher who will fight for me
and believe in me so strongly.
You have provided me with all the tools and skills
to chase my dreams I've needed.
I've reached heights in my artistry I never dreamed of under your guidance.
I am forever grateful for all you have done and continue to do for me.
Thank you.*

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

*Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,
dunkles Kämmerlein!
Weine! wein' um meinen Schatz,
um meinen lieben Schatz!*

*Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!
Du singst auf grüner Heide!
„Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth! Ziküth!“*

*Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk' ich an mein Leid!
An mein Leide!*

Ging heut' Morgen über's Feld

*Ging heut' morgen über's Feld,
tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
„Ei du! Gelt?
Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt? Du!
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!“*

*Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
hat mir lustig, guter Ding',
mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,
ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
„Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Kling! Kling! Kling! Kling! Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt! Hei-ah!“*

*Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles, alles, Ton und Farbe gewann!
Im Sonnenschein!*

When my darling has her wedding day

When my darling has her wedding day,
her joyous wedding day,
I'll have my day of mourning!
I'll go into my little room,
dark little room!
I'll weep! weep for my treasure,
for my beloved treasure!

Little blue flower! Little blue flower!
Don't wither! Do not wither!
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!
You sing on the green heath!
“Ah, how beautiful is the world!
Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!”

Sing not! Bloom not!
Spring is surely over!
Now all singing is done!
In the night, when I go to sleep,
I think of my misery!
Of my pain!

This morning I walked across the field

This morning I walked across the field,
dew still clinging onto the grass blades;
The merry finch said to me:
“Hey you! Right?
Good morning! Hey you, isn't it? You!
Isn't the world beautiful?
Chirp! Chirp! Beautiful and bright!
How I love the world!”

And also the bluebell in the field
to me merrily and in good spirits,
with the little bells, ding, ding, ding,
pealed their morning greeting:
“Isn't it a beautiful world?
Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Beautiful thing!
How I love the world! Ah!”

And then in the sunshine
suddenly the world began to sparkle;
All, all gained sound and color!
In the sunshine!

Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!
„Guten Tag! Guten Tag!
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei, du! Gelt? Schöne Welt!“
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?
Nein! Nein! Das ich mein',
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer,
ein Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! O weh!
Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust,
So tief! so tief!
Es schneid't so weh und tief!

Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh',
Nimmer hält er Rast!
Nicht bei Tag,
Nicht bei Nacht, wenn ich schlief!
O weh! O weh! O weh!

Wenn ich in dem Himmel seh',
Seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n!
O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar
Im Winde wehn! O weh! O weh!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O weh! O weh!
Ich wollt', ich läg' auf der schwarzen Bahr',
Könn't' nimmer die Augen aufmachen!

Flower and bird, big and small!
“Good day! Good day!
Isn't the world so beautiful?
Hey, you! Isn't it? Beautiful world!”
Now then does my happiness also begin?
No! No! I mean that happiness
can never, never bloom for me!”

I have a glowing knife

I have a glowing knife,
a knife in my breast,
Oh woe! Oh woe!
It cuts so deeply
into every joy and every delight,
so deep! So deeply!
It cuts so sharp and deep!

Ah, what an evil guest it is!
Never is it at peace,
never does it rest!
Not by day,
nor by night when I sleep!
Oh woe! Oh woe! Oh woe!

When I look into the heavens,
I see two blue eyes there!
Oh woe! Oh woe!
When I go into the golden field,
I see from afar blonde hair
blowing in the wind! Oh woe! Oh woe!
When I start up from a dream,
and hear ringing her silver laughter,
Oh woe! Oh woe!
I wish I were laying on the black bier,
and would never, never open my eyes again!

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz

*Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.
Da mußt' ich Abschied nehmen
Vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen blau, warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?*

Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!

*Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,
Wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt, Ade!
Mein Gesell' war Lieb' und Leide!*

*Auf der Straße stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!*

*Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles!
Lieb und Leid, und Welt und Traum!*

Gustav Mahler

Речная лилея

Речная лилея, головку поднявши
на небо глядит;
А месяц влюбленный лучами уныло
её серебрит...
И вот она снова поникла стыдливо,
к лазурным водам;
Но месяц все бледный и томный как
призрак,
сияет и там...

Дитя! Как цветок ты прекрасна

Дитя! Как цветок ты прекрасна,
Светла, и чиста, и мила.
Смотрю на тебя, и люблюсь,

My darling's two blue eyes

My darling's two blue eyes,
they've sent me off into the wide world.
Then I had to say goodbye
to the most beloved place!
Oh blue eyes, why did you have to look upon
me?
Now I carry eternal sorrow and grief!

I went out into the quiet night,
far across the dark heath;
No one had given me a farewell. Farewell!
My companions were love and sorrow!

By the road stands a linden tree,
I have for the first time in my sleep found real
rest there !

Under the linden tree,
it's blossoms dropped over me like snowfall,
I didn't know then, how life went on,
and all was good again!
Everything! Everything!
Love and pain, and world and dream!

Translations by Allyson Bennett

The Water Lily

Raising its head, the water lily
gazes up at the sky;
As the melancholy lovesick moon
illuminates her with his silver rays.
In response, she shyly lowers her face again
towards the azure waters;
But the moon, still pale and as languid as a
ghost,
shines there too.

Child! You are as beautiful as a flower

Child! You are as beautiful,
and bright, and pure, and dear as a flower.
I look at you with admiration,

И снова душа ожила...

Охотно б тебе на головку
Я руки свои возложил;
Прося чтобы Бог тебя вечно
Прекрасной и чистой хранил.

Heinrich Heine, translated into Russian by
Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev

Дума

Проходят дни... проходят ночи;
Прошло и лето;
Шелестит Лист пожелтевший;
гаснут очи.
Заснули думы; Сердце спит.

Заснуло всё...

Не знаю я -- живёшь ли ты, душа моя?
Бесстрастно я гляжу на свет,
И нету слёз, и смеха нет!

И доля где моя?
Судьбою, Знать, не дано мне никакой...
Но если я благой не стою,
Зачем не выпало хоть злой?
Не дай, о Боже! как во сне блуждать...

Остынуть сердцем мне.
Гнилой колодой на пути
Лежать меня не попусти.

Но дай мне жить, Творец,
О, дай мне сердцем, сердцем жить!
Чтоб я хвалил твой мир чудесный,
Чтоб мог я ближнего любить!
Страшна неволя! Тяжко в ней...

and my soul is healed anew...

I would willingly lay my hands
upon your head in blessing,
Asking the Lord to keep you
lovely and pure forever.

Brooding

Days pass... nights pass;
And another summer passed;
The leaves, already yellowed, rustle softly;
My eyes have grown dim.
My thoughts have drifted off; my heart
sleeps.
Everything sleeps...

I don't know -- does my soul live, or not?
Impassively I gaze at the world,
And there are no tears, no laughter!

And what is my lot?
It seems fate has not granted me one...
But if I'm not worthy of a good fate,
why then has not even a bad one befallen me?
Give not, oh God! That I must wander as if in
a dream...
Don't let my heart grow cold.
Don't let me lie on the road
like a rotting log.

But grant me life, Lord,
Oh let my heart live!
So that I might praise your wonderful world,
So that I might love my fellow man!
How terrible is this imprisonment! How
oppressive...

Полюбила я на печаль свою

Полюбила я, на печаль свою,
Сиротинушку бесталанного.
Уж такая доля мне выпала!

Разлучили нас Люди сильные;
Увели его, сдали в рекруты...
И солдаткой я, одинокой я,
Знать, в чужой избе И состареюсь...

Уж такая доля мне выпала.

Taras Hryhorovych Shevchenko, translated
into Russian by Aleksey Nikolayevich
Pleshcheyev

Сон

И у меня был край родной;
Прекрасен он!
Там ель качалась надо мной...
Но то был сон!

Семья друзей жива была.
Со всех сторон
Звучали мне любви слова...
Но то был сон!

Heinrich Heine, translated into Russian by
Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev

Молитва

О, Боже мой!
Взгляни на грешную меня;
Я мучусь, я больна душой,
Изрыта скорбью грудь моя.
О, мой Творец, велик мой грех,
Я на земле преступней всех.

Кипела в нём младая кровь,
Была чиста его любовь,

The Soldier's Wife

I fell in love, to my great sorrow,
With an ill-fated orphan boy.
Such is the fate that befell me!

Powerful people separated us;
and took him away to the recruits...
And as a soldier's wife, all alone,
It seems I will grow old in someone else's
home...

Such is the fate that befell me.

Dream

And I had a homeland;
It was lovely!
There a fir tree swayed above me...
But it was just a dream!

My family and friends were alive.
And all around me
Sounded words of love...
But it was only a dream!

Prayer

Oh, my God!
Glance down at me, a sinner;
I'm tormented, and sick in spirit,
My heart is torn apart in my chest by grief.
Oh my Lord, great is my sin,
No one on Earth is more guilty than I!

A passionate young fire burned in him,
His love was pure,

Но он её в груди своей
Таил так свято от людей.
Я знала всё... О Боже мой!
Прости мне, грешной и больной.

Его я муки поняла;
Улыбкой, взором лишь одним
Я б исцелить его могла,
Но я не сжалилась над ним.

Томился долго, долго он,
Печалью тяжкой удручён;
И умер, бедный, наконец,
О Боже мой, о мой Творец!
Тронься грешинцы мольбой...
Взгляни, как я больна душой.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, translated into
Russian by Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev

L'esule

*Vedi! la bianca luna splende sui colli;
la notturna brezza scorre leggera
ad increspate il vago grembio del quieto lago.
Perché, perché sol io nell'ora più tranquilla
e più soave muto e pensoso mi starò?
Qui tutto è gioia; il ciel, la terra
di natura sorridono all'incanto.
L'esule solo è condannato al pianto.
Ed io pure fra l'aure native*

palpitava d'ignoto piacer.

*Oh, del tempo felice ancor vive
la memoria nel caldo pensier.
Corsi lande, deserti, foreste,
vidi luoghi olezzanti di fior;
M'aggirai fra le danze e le feste,
ma compagno ebbi sempre il dolor.*

But he kept the sacred secret in his heart
And told nobody.
I knew everything... Oh my god!
Forgive me, a sick sinner.

I knew of his torments;
With a smile, just a glance
I could have healed him,
But I took no pity on him.

He suffered for a long, long time,
Depressed with a heavy sadness;
And finally, the poor soul, he had died,
Oh my God, oh my Lord!
Be touched by a sinner's prayer,
Look at how sick my spirit is.

Translations by Allyson Bennett

The Exile

Look! the white moon shines on the hills;
the night breeze blows lightly
to ripple the lovely inlet of the calm lake.
Why, why in this tranquil and sweet hour
do I alone remain silent and pensive?
Here all is joyful; the sky, the earth,
all of nature smiles at the enchantment.
The exiled one alone is damned to weep.
And while I was still among my native
breezes
I would also tremble with an unknown
pleasure.

Oh, the memory of happy times lives again
in my ardent thoughts.
I ran through moors, deserts, forests,
I saw places fragrant with flowers;
I walked among the dances and the parties,
but my companion was always sorrow.

*Or che mi resta?...
togliere alla vita quella forza che misero mi fa.*

Deh, vieni, vieni, o morte, a chi t'invita

E l'alma ai primi gaudi tornerà.

*Oh, che allor le patrie sponde
non saranno a me vietate;
Fra quell'aure, su quell'onde
Nudo spirito volerò;
Bacerò le guance amate della cara genitrice
ed il pianto all'infelice
non veduto tergerò.*

Temistocle Solera

Stornello

Tu dici che non m'ami... anch'io non t'amo...

Dici non vi vuoi ben, non te ne voglio.

Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.

*Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.
Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:
Tu fai quel che ti pare, io quel che voglio.*

Son libera di me, padrone è ognuno.

Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

*Costanza nell'amor è una follia;
Volubile io sono e me ne vanto.
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,*

Né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in pianto.

Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia

Tutta la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.

Now should I stay?...
take away from my life this force that makes
me miserable.

Oh come, come, o death, to she who invites
you

and my soul may return to those first joys.

Oh, then my native banks
will no longer be forbidden to me;
Among the breezes, on the waves
naked my spirit will fly;
I'll kiss the loving cheeks of my dear parents
and my unhappy tears
will be nowhere to be found.

Little folk song

You say that you don't love me... and I don't
love you.

You say that you don't want me... I don't
want you.

You say that you've caught another fish on
your line of love.

And I also pick roses in another garden.

Also on this I want that we agree:

You do what you think is best, and I do what
I want.

I am free in myself, everyone is their own
master.

I am a servant to all, and I don't answer to
anyone.

Constancy in love is a folly;

I am fickle and I boast of it.

I don't tremble anymore to see you on the
street,

nor when you're far from me do I struggle in
tears.

Like the nightingale who emerges from
prison

all night and day I frolic and sing.

Son libera di me, padrone è ognuno.

Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

Anonymous

I am free in myself, everyone is their own
master.

I am a servant to all, and I don't answer to
anyone.

Translations by Allyson Bennett

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