

NEC Preparatory School Youth Chorale

Erica J. Washburn, director

with

Calvin Wamser '24 MM, assistant conductor

Da-Yu Liu, piano

Tuesday, May 30, 2023

7:30 p.m.

NEC's Jordan Hall

PROGRAM

Sid Robinovitch
(b. 1942)

Sensemaya from *Canciones por las Americas*

Giovanni Gastoldi
(ca. 1550–1622)

Amor vittorioso

Robert A. Harris
(b. 1938)

The Silver Swan (1999)

Calvin Wamser '24 MM, conductor

Yu-Wei Hsie
(b. 1969)
arr. Yu-Shan Tsai

Fa Shu Ha (*Under That Flower Tree*)

Ashley Chen and Maximilian Woods, solo

Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol
(b. 1974)

Şu Yalan Dünya
dedicated to the loving memory of my father,
Dr. Hüseyin Parkan Sanlıkol

Ilan Mivtach Yermish Balzac, solo

Fanny Hensel
(1805–1847)

Lockung, from *Gärtenlieder*, op. 3 no. 1 (1846)

Jocelyn Hagen
(b. 1980)

On my dreams (2007)

Sensemayá

Bombe-bombe-mayombe!

*La culebra tiene los ojos de vidrio;
La culebra viene,
Y se enreda en un palo
La culebra camina sin patas;
La culebra esconde en la yerba.
La culebra caminando sin patas,
Se esconde en la yerba.*

*Sensemayá!
Sensemayá con sus ojos;
Sensemayá con su lengua;
Sensemayá con su boca.*

*La culebra muerta no puede comer;
La culebra muerta no puede silbar;
La culebra muerta no puede respirar.
Tú le das con el hacha, y se muere;*

*No le des con el pie, que te muerde!
La culebra muerta no puede mirar,
No puede beber,
No puede morder!
La culebra muerta no puede caminar.
Sensemayá, Sensemayá, Se murió!*

Nicolás Guillén

Amor vittorioso

*Tutti venite armati
O forti miei soldati,
Fa la la
Io son l'invitt' Amore
Giusto saettatore.
Non temete punto,
Ma in bella schiera uniti,
Me seguitate arditi.
Fa la la*

*Sembrano forti heroi
Quei che son contra voi.
Fa la la*

(Chant for killing a snake)

Bombe-bombe-mayombe!

The snake has eyes made of glass;
The snake comes
and wraps himself around a stick
The snake walks without feet;
The snake hides in the grass.
The snake walking without feet,
He hides in the grass.

Sensemayá!
Sensemayá with those eyes;
Sensemayá with that tongue;
Sensemayá with that mouth.

A dead snake can't eat;
A dead snake can't hiss;
A dead snake can't breathe.
Let him have it with the hatchet and he's
dead;

Don't do it with your foot or he'll bite you!
A dead snake can't look,
Can't drink,
Can't bite!
A dead snake can't move.
Sensemayá, Sensemayá, He's dead!

Victorious Love

Come all ye, armed,
My hardy soldiers!
Fa la la
I am Love indomitable,
The righteous archer.
Do not fear in the slightest,
But in beautiful array,
Follow me with ardour!
Fa la la

They seem strong heroes,
Those in front of you.
Fa la la

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

*Ma da chi sa ferire,
Non si sapran schermire.
Non temete punto,
Ma coraggiosi e forti,
Siat' a la pugna accorti.
Fa la la*

But from those who know how to wound,
They will know not how to defend.
Do not fear in the slightest,
But, bold and strong,
Be shrewd in battle!
Fa la la

The Silver Swan

The silver swan who, living, had no note;
When death approached, unlocked her silent throat.
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
thus sang her first and last and sang no more.
Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes.
More geese now live, more fools than wise.

Anonymous

Hsie Fa Shu Ha

The island of Taiwan was originally inhabited by more than a dozen tribes of aboriginal people, many with their own customs and languages. In the 17th century, Chinese migrant workers – including two different ethnic groups, the Hoklo and the Hakka – began to settle on the island. Today, the Hoklo account for nearly 70% of the population while only 15% of the residents are Hakka. Mandarin is now the dominant language, and the indigenous non-Mandarin dialects are in danger of disappearing.

Fa Shu Ha is the old name for a Hakka village remembered by the lyricist, Gu Siou-Ru, as a place bustling with people like the flowers on the Tung flower tree and proud of its traditional blue-dyed garment shops. Sadly, both the flowering trees and the traditional customs are now gone. *Fa Shu Ha* is set in the Hakka dialect.

Fa Shu Ha, have you not heard of it?
Fa Shu Ha, full of blossoming flowers.
If people strolled by, the red and white flowers would float down in front of you,
on your shoulders and under your feet.

Fa Shu Ha has a blue-dye garment shop.
Fa Shu Ha has an elderly master who has crafted blue-dye garments
and dressed charming girls like the flowers in front of the door,
I don't know how many.

Fa Shu Ha stands under the flowering tree.

Gu, Siou-Ru

Sanlıkol Şu Yalan Dünya

This composition was commissioned by an amateur choir in Bursa, Turkey which was founded by my late father to feature professionals such as doctors and lawyers. As a result, I decided to rely on the piano harmonically while writing simpler melodies and countermelodies for the voices. The text was selected by my father who had also specified a desire toward a Turkish folk music inspired composition. Since I did not want to arrange an already existing Turkish folk song I first began by composing the Turkish folk song-like tune which is sung by a soloist according to the specifics of Turkish makam (mode) tradition at the end of the composition.

After creating this tune I then created the larger structure of the composition with the goal of setting this tune up. The polyphonic as well as the harmonic structures throughout the piece have been carefully constructed with the unique qualities of the chosen makam in mind.

– Mehmet Ali Sanlıkol

Şu Yalan Dünya

Ah şu yalan dünya...

Oh, this false world...

Şu yalan dünyaya geldim geleli viran oldum

Ever since I came to this false world I have
been ruined

*Tas tas içtim ağuları sağ iken
Kahbe felek virmez benim muradım*

I drank mugs full of venom in this life
This backstabbing destiny does not grant my
wishes

Viran oldum mor sümbüllü bağ iken

I am now ruined but I used to be a garden full
of purple hyacinths

Ah şu yalan dünyaya geldim geleli vay...

Oh, ever since I came to this false world...

*Aradılar bir tenhada buldular
Yaslandılar şıvgalarım kırdılar
Yaz bahar ayında bir od verdiler*

They looked for and found me alone
They destroyed and weakened me
It was during Spring, Summertime when I
became sorrowful

Yandım gittim ala karlı dağ iken

Though I was like a great snowy mountain, I
am finished now

*Şu yalan dünyaya geldim geleli
Tas tas içtim ağuları sağ iken
Kahbe felek virmez benim muradım*

Ever since I came to this false world
I drank mugs full of venom in this life
This backstabbing destiny does not grant my
wishes

Viran oldum [ben] mor sümbüllü bağ iken

I am now ruined but I used to be a garden full
of purple hyacinths

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

Karac'oglan derki bakın olana

*Ömrümün yarısı gitti talana
Sual eylen bizden evvel gelene
Kim var imiş [vay] biz burada yoğ iken*

Karacaoğlan

Hörst du nicht die Bäume rauschen

*Hörst du nicht die Bäume rauschen
Draußen durch die stille Rund?
Lockt's dich nicht, hinabzulauschen
Von dem Söller in den Grund,
Wo die vielen Bäche gehen
Wunderbar im Mondenschein
Und die stillen Burgen sehen
In den Fluß vom hohen Stein?*

*Kennst du noch die irren Lieder
Aus der alten, schönen Zeit?
Sie erwachen alle wieder
Nachts in Waldeseinsamkeit,
Wenn die Bäume träumend lauschen
Und der Flieder duftet schwül
Und im Fluß die Nixen rauschen
Komm herab, hier ist's so kühl.*

Joseph von Eichendorff

On my Dreams

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light;
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

William Butler Yeats, "Aedh Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven"

Karac'oglan says, take a look at what
happened

Half of my life has been ruined
Question those who came before us
Who lived [here] before our time...

*Translations by Öznur Tülüoğlu and
Mehmet Ali Sanlikol*

Can't you hear the trees rustle

Can't you hear the trees rustle
Outside through the quiet round?
Aren't you tempted to listen
down from the balcony to the ground,
Where the many brooks flow
Wondrously in moonlight
And where the silent castle looks
Into the river from the high rock?

Do you remember the mad songs
From former, beautiful times?
They all awake again at night,
In the loneliness of the forest,
When the dreaming trees are listening
And the lilac has a sultry scent
And in the river the mermaids murmur:
Come down, here it is so cool.

NEC Youth Chorale

Erica J. Washburn, director

Da-Yu Liu '24 DMA, accompanist

Calvin Wamser '24 MM, assistant conductor and student manager

*Ashley Chen	Chloe Locke	Ariel Wang
Christina Choi	Alla Petrosyan	Coco Wang
Isaiah Choi	Adam Pinto	Mary Wang
Noela Chung	Rebecca Riccio	Maximilian Wood
Elena Davis	Mia Snorek-Yates	Ilan Mivtach Yermish
Natalie Feng	*Wanrou Tang	Balzac
Andrew Ge	Elin Thomas	Nicholas Ying
Hannah Goodwin	Natalie Tulipani	Eddie Zhou
Lindsay Kwon	Clara Van de Velde	Kevin Zhou
Paul Lee	*Calvin Wamser	* college member

Erica J. Washburn

Director, Youth Chorale

Conductor and mezzo-soprano Erica J. Washburn has been Director of Choral Activities at New England Conservatory since 2009. Known for her student-centric approach to classroom and rehearsal instruction, and commitment to the performance of new music, she is the recipient of several outstanding alumni awards, including the distinguished honor of induction to the Westminster Choir College Music Education Hall of Fame.

As a conductor, Washburn has worked with Kansas City, MO based Cardinalis, the Yale Schola Cantorum, the East Carolina University Women's Chorale, and the Eastman Women's Chorus. She is a sought-after guest clinician who frequently leads state and regional festival choruses, and spent five summers as a conductor and voice faculty member for the New York State Summer School of the Arts School of Choral Studies.

Under her direction, the NEC choirs have been featured on several live and pre-recorded broadcasts, including the North Carolina based station WCPE Great Sacred Music, WICN Public Radio, and WGBH Boston. The choirs can also be heard in collaboration with the Boston Modern Orchestra Project on the BMOP/Sound recording *Paul Moravec: The Blizzard Voices*.

Washburn's stage credits include appearances as Madame Lidoine in Francis Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, Rebecca Nurse in Robert Ward's *The Crucible*, Mother/Allison in the premiere of Lee Hoiby's *This is the Rill Speaking* and others. Her recital and orchestral solo credits are numerous, and her live premiere from Jordan Hall of the late Richard Toensing's *Night Songs* and *Evening Prayers* with the New England Conservatory Symphonic Winds can be heard on Albany Records.

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Food and drink are not allowed in the concert hall, and photography and audio or video recording are prohibited. Assistive listening devices are available for all Jordan Hall concerts; contact the head usher or house manager on duty or inquire at the Coat Room. Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

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