

Marie-Elise Boyer
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Doctor of Musical Arts degree, 2024
Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

with
Sophie Boyer, mezzo-soprano
Shiyu Zhuo, soprano
Kaitlyn Knudsvig, violin

Women and Their Works: Outside the Box!

Wednesday September 20, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

GERMANY

Lied

Josephine Lang

(1815–1880)

Seid mir gegrüsst

Wiegenlied in stürmischer Zeit

ENGLAND

Lied

Adela Maddison

(ca. 1866–1929)

Einsam stand er

Küsse mir Lieb

Sophie Boyer, mezzo-soprano

FRANCE

Mélodie

Cécile Chaminade

(1857–1944)

Bonne humeur

Tu me dirais

L'anneau d'argent

Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Chanson triste

L'amour captif

Sophie Boyer, mezzo-soprano

Lili Boulanger

(1893–1918)

D'un matin de printemps

Kaitlyn Knudsvig, violin

UNITED STATES

Art Song

Undine Smith Moore

(1904–1989)

Lyric for Truelove

Valerie Capers

(b. 1935)

Autumn from *Songs of the Seasons*

Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Margaret Bonds

(1913–1972)

Hyacinth

Louise Talma

(ca. 1906–1996)

Rain Song from *Seven Songs*

Sophie Boyer, mezzo-soprano

Arrangements of Creole Folk Songs

Camille Nickerson

(1888–1983)

Chère, mo lemmé toi

Gué-gué, Solingaie

Arrangement of Chilean Lullaby

Jacqueline B. Hairston

(b. 1932)

Dormi, Jesu!

*Arrangements and Works
based on African-American
Spirituals*

Undine Moore Smith

Come down, Angels

Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Margaret Bonds

Lord, I just can't keep from cryin'

Sophie Boyer, mezzo-soprano

Florence B. Price
(1887–1953)

Fantasia-Negre No. 1 for Piano Solo,
after "Sinner, please don't let this harvest pass"

My soul's been anchored in de Lord

Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

*I wish to express my gratitude
to my teachers and coaches
Cameron Stowe, Jonathan Feldman and Tanya Blaich;
to my musical partners Sophie Boyer, Shiyu Zhuo and Kaitlyn Knudsvig;
to my husband David Boyer-Brown;
and to Sally Millar and Elias Dagher.*

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the Ken and Barbara Burnes Scholarship Fund.*

Women and their works: outside the box!

This program is designed to honor women and their works, whether they be composers or poets, by taking a journey through not just the world, but also various genres. I chose these specific composers and works to reflect my own musical journey—it took me through France, of course, but also England, Germany and the United States. The pieces I wish to share with the audience in this program also reveal my personal bond with certain genres and particular works, such as German Lied, Mélodie Française, American Art Song and arrangements of African-American Spirituals.

Some may say it has become trendy to feature works by women composers in events such as recitals or symphonic concerts. But is it really that fashionable? Or, is it rather a habit that needs to be expanded in order to do justice to a repertoire that has been, and still is, vastly overlooked—or even forgotten—by performers and listeners alike? The fact is, out of the eleven composers included in the present program, three—namely Valerie Capers, Camille Nickerson and Jacqueline Hairston—apparently do not deserve to have their own entry in *Grove Music Online*, the major and largest encyclopedic reference in English language covering music and musicians. As for the other composers, only Cécile Chaminade's biography consists of more than a couple of paragraphs. Even the entry for Lili Boulanger—the first woman to ever win the coveted Prix de Rome, in 1913—consists of only three bare paragraphs.

The composers whose works are featured in the present program are only a handful of many more talented, hard-working and resilient women who have been forced to deal with the nature of their condition as women, on various levels. Some, like Mel Bonis, née Mélanie, had to think outside the box and change their name in order to sound more masculine and secure more opportunities to be published. Others—such as Clara Schumann, Elsa Respighi or Alma Mahler whose husbands were famous composers, but also Fanny Hensel who published some of her works under her brother's name, Felix Mendelssohn—remained in the shadow of a close masculine figure. If things seem to be changing for the better, women's works remain largely unknown by most music lovers. Female composers' names such as Cécile Chaminade, Clara Schumann, Alma Mahler or Lili Boulanger are famous nowadays, however few people would be able to hum a tune written by one of them by memory.

Another fact reflects the general lack of consideration for the repertoire that encompasses musical works written by women: the recurrent difficulty to find the scores. For instance, a number of published songs written by female composers can only be found within anthologies of works by women, as if each of these composers did not deserve to have all of their songs compiled in one whole collection dedicated to each of them. Often, musicians interested in performing specific works not found in these anthologies struggle to find scores. Sometimes the songs have not been published for decades and have never been digitized; in other instances, the songs were never published at all and the manuscripts are sleeping in a box, in an obscure location.

Europe

JOSEPHINE LANG

Born in 1815, Josephine Lang began composing at a very young age and would simultaneously play and sing her songs in the numerous dinners organized by her father at home. Felix Mendelssohn himself has been a fervent advocate of her works. In 1831 he wrote that “when she sits down at the piano, and begins one of [her] songs, the tones sound different—the entire music is moved back and forth so strangely, and in each note there is the deepest, finest feeling.” He added that “whoever is not moved by her current songs must be completely without feeling.”

Lang wrote about 150 *Lieder* spanning most of her life. One of her particularities lies in the fact that, between 1840 and 1856, she exclusively set her husband Christian Reinhold Köstlin’s poems to music. Otherwise, she usually used her friends’ and acquaintances’ texts for her songs; of course, these poets included women. The poem “Seid mir gegrüsst” was written by the Duchess of Orleans when she was fourteen years-old. *Wiegenlied in stürmischer Zeit* is a lullaby on a poem by Ottilie Wildermuth, one of Lang’s acquaintances from Tübingen, her hometown from 1842 until her death.

ADELA MADDISON

It is especially difficult to find any reliable information about English composer Adela Maddison. Even her birthdate does not seem to be accurate, according to the contradicting dates found on various sources: either 1862, 1863 or 1866. Notwithstanding the lack of information, scholars seem to agree on the following fact: she was of Irish descent, married to the director of a publishing firm, and in close relation with French composer Gabriel Fauré (there are rumors about a liaison between the two). Maddison’s name appears on some of Fauré’s songs as the author of the English translations of the poems.

It is also interesting to note that Maddison was involved in women’s fight for the right to vote; in June 1911, a journal article mentions her marching along British composer and suffragette Ethel Smyth in a women’s procession.

As a composer, Maddison was a little bit of a chameleon able to write songs using poems in different languages and their corresponding genre. When she wrote in her native language (English), her music sounded British. When she wrote in German, one could hear some German *Lieder*. And the French poems gave birth to *mélodies* with touches of impressionism. For both *Einsam stand er* and *Küsse mir Lieb*, Maddison used poems by Minna von Witte (also known as Minna von Mädler, her married name), a German poet who was born in 1804 in Hannover and died in 1891. The songs are in a German late-romantic style, quite dramatic for the former, and almost erotic for the latter; in both of them, while the music remains tonal,

Maddison uses chromaticism to a point where the listener does not know anymore what key is used and where the music is going. In the first one, the chromaticism is coupled with fast pace and a sense of urgency, whereas in the second one, it enhances the general slow motion and sensuality suggested by the text.

CECILE CHAMINADE

Cécile Chaminade, a very prolific composer—and one of the generally better known female composers—used to be performed a lot in the States around the turn of the twentieth century. This included the New England Conservatory, where piano students would regularly play her works in concerts. However, today, Chaminade's music is not performed as much as it used to be, despite the large amount of works she has written: about 400 works including many solo piano pieces, mélodies and chamber music.

The five songs selected for this program are representative of her refined, delicate and colorful style – her romantic piano-writing complements the lyrical vocal line to reflect the poetry's expression in the most exquisite manner. As is common with Chaminade, her songs challenge both the singer and the pianist through expressive leaps and long phrases in the melody, and the large range of dynamics and technical tricks for the piano: arpeggios covering most of the keyboard range, numerous and varied phrasing markings, lightness of the touch.

LILI BOULANGER

As mentioned above, Lili Boulanger was an extremely gifted composer who won the Prix de Rome in 1913, twenty years after her birth; her father also won the Prix de Rome in composition, in 1835! Her family was very musical, and her sister Nadia (also a composer) became one of the most renowned composition professors of the twentieth century, especially among American composers. Sadly, Lili Boulanger died at the young age of 24, and many of her works were lost or destroyed; however, she did leave about twenty mélodies, some orchestral and instrumental music, including chamber music works. *D'un Matin de Printemps*, written for piano and violin (or flute), also exists in a very beautiful and colorful orchestral version. Boulanger's writing is generally impressionist and incorporates many complex and contrapuntal layers, making her music extremely fluid and sensual. *D'un Matin de Printemps* is one of the more rhythmical, joyful and agitated pieces.

American Composers

The next seven composers are all American, and the pieces I chose to include in this program reflect the richness and variety of American culture. My time in the United States has taught me so much about the diverse cultural influences in American music, that it became difficult to not include more of these wonderful composers.

UNDINE SMITH MOORE

A native of Virginia, Undine Smith Moore is sometimes referred to as the “Dean of Black Women Composers.” She wrote many choral works, but also instrumental and piano pieces. The two songs presented in this program demonstrate her ability to write art songs as skillfully and powerfully as arrangements of African-American spirituals. In addition to the numerous awards she received—such as the National Association of Negro Musicians Distinguished Achievement Award in 1975 and honorary Doctor of Music degrees by Virginia State University in 1972 and Indiana University in 1976—her oratorio *Scenes from the Life of a Martyr*, recalling Martin Luther King’s life, was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize in 1981. Moore was also the co-founder of Virginia State University’s Black Music Center, where she taught.

VALERIE CAPERS

Born in the Bronx, Dr. Valerie Capers is the first blind woman to have been awarded Bachelor’s and Master’s degrees from the Juilliard School of Music. She received them in classical composition and performance, after which she focused more specifically on jazz. She is a vocalist, pianist, educator, composer and arranger. “Autumn” is the third of the four *Songs of the Seasons*, and the only one for only the piano and the voice; the three other songs also require a “cello obbligato.” Capers wrote the texts of all songs as well as the music—which sounds like a fusion between impressionism and jazz—in the manner of an improvisation, with the piano part echoing at times the melody from the vocal line. Interestingly, the poetry emphasizes the characteristic colors of the fall, which are enhanced by the changing colors of the harmonies in the piano, as if the autumnal brown and yellow and the silver moon and azure sky could be perceived by the ear.

MARGARET BONDS

Margaret Bonds was a piano and composition student of Florence Price, the last composer featured in this program. Both composers were pioneers in various fields for African-American musicians, especially as Black female composers and were the first African-Americans to be awarded Wanamaker Foundation Prizes (first and third for Price and second for Bonds, in 1932). Additionally, Margaret Bonds was the first African-American soloist to perform with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra: they played Price’s piano concerto in 1933. Bonds’ compositions mainly consist of art songs and arrangements of spirituals; her friendship with poet Langston Hughes led her to write many songs inspired by his poetry. She was especially struck by “The Negro Speaks of Rivers,” recalling that “because in that poem he tells how great the Black man is: and if I had any misgivings, which I would have to have—here you are in a setup where the restaurants won’t serve you and you’re going to college, you’re sacrificing, trying to get through school—and I know that poem helped save me.”

In *Hyacinth*, the contrapuntal dissonances present in the harmony and chromaticism reflect the anguish of the speaker whose love is neglected; the poem is written by Pulitzer Prize-winner and feminist Edna St. Vincent Millay. In the arrangement of the spiritual *Lord I just can't keep from cryin'*," Bonds uses similar compositional tools with dissonances emphasizing the grief contained in the text.

LOUISE TALMA

Louise Talma was one of many American composers—and one of the very few women—who studied with Nadia Boulanger at the American Conservatory in Fontainebleau, France. Talma became very close to Boulanger and admired her to the point of dressing like her and converting to catholicism. Boulanger eventually became her godmother.

Talma was awarded two Guggenheim Fellowships, a Senior Fullbright fellowship, a Sibelius medal. She also was the first woman to be elected at the American Academy of Arts and Letters, in 1974. *Rain Song* was written in 1973 and is a setting of a poem by American poet Jean Garrigue, originally Gertrude Louise Garrigus (she changed her name to make it sound more French and more gender neutral). The poem is rather witty, with many onomatopoeias reflected in the music through some repetitions and mechanical ideas.

CAMILLE NICKERSON

"The Louisiana Lady" Camille Nickerson was a pianist, educator and arranger of Creole folk music. She spent the majority of her life advocating for the preservation and diffusion of her Creole heritage and those of musicians of color. She was especially involved in the National Association of Negro Musicians (she became its president from 1935 to 1937). Her musical studies took her to Oberlin, Juilliard and Columbia Teachers college.

In her arrangements of Creole folk tunes, one does hear a true composer who adds her own personal and creative ideas to the original tune. For example, in *Gué-gué Solingaie*, she harmonizes each verse slightly differently, adding counter-melodies to the piano; she also incorporates some chromaticism to enhance the expressivity in the accompaniment, especially in the introduction, the interludes, and the cadential progressions. The role of the accompaniment in *Chère, mo lemmé toi* is more rhythmical in nature, however Nickerson changes the texture of the last iteration of the tune, by giving a legato countermelody to the piano and a humming part to the voice—all in a very quiet dynamic.

JACQUELINE B HAIRSTON

Pianist, composer, arranger, music educator and vocal coach, Jacqueline Hairston studied at the Juilliard School, Howard University School of Music and Columbia University in New York City. Her works are regularly performed and recorded by

orchestras, companies and performers such as London Symphony Orchestra, San Francisco Women's Philharmonic, the Metropolitan Opera, Kathleen Battle, and Denyce Graves. Hairston wrote many art songs and arrangements of spirituals, but also an arrangement of a Chilean lullaby in Latin: the exquisite *Dormi Jesu*, dedicated to Kathleen Battle. The accompaniment in the piano features a beautiful cello-like line with a never-ending flow of sixteenth notes, as if breaking this melody in the bass could possibly disturb the child's sleep.

FLORENCE PRICE

Perhaps the most exciting composer of this program for a recital taking place at the New England Conservatory, Florence Price was the first female African-American composer to have one of her large-scale works performed by a major orchestra in the States: the Chicago Symphony Orchestra premiered her *Symphony in E minor* in 1933. This exceptionally gifted composer stood out by graduating from NEC with a double major (organ and piano teaching), as well as getting composition guidance from the conservatory's director of the time, George Whitefield Chadwick.

Notwithstanding her mother's attempt to make Price "pass" as a White person—she listed her hometown in Mexico when enrolling her at NEC—the vast majority of Price's compositions are either arrangements of African-American spirituals or works that incorporate elements coming from plantation songs. It is as if Price used her composition skills to reconcile her own personal and cultural heritage with her classical musical upbringing.

The two final pieces of this program are perfect examples demonstrating her mastery of merging two different genres in one single musical work: the African-American spiritual on one hand, and the romantic piano-writing on the other hand. The first, *Fantasie-Negre*, is extremely virtuosic and was dedicated to Margaret Bonds, who was fourteen years-old at that time! It features some Chopinesque variations on the spiritual *Sinner, Please Don't Let This Harvest Pass*, as well as some more impressionistic passages at times. *My Soul's been Anchored in de Lord* was dedicated to famous contralto Marian Anderson and gives prominence to a Rachmaninov-like piano-writing; the complementarity of the vocal line and the piano part enhances the spiritual's jubilant message.

Seid mir gegrüsst

*Seid mir gegrüßt, ihr lachenden Hügel
Herrlich gekrönt mit grünendem Laub;
Mild umweht von Zephyr's Flügel
Werdet ihr keines Sturmes Raub!*

*Sey mir gegrüßt, o ruhiges Meer,
Brandende Wogen am einsamen Strand,
Spiegel dem nächtlichen Sternenheer.
Sey mir gegrüßt mein Jugendland!*

*Theure Bilder verflossener Freuden,
Verschwunden sind sie nach kurzem Spiel;
Möge der Schmerz vom irdischen Scheiden
Wenden das Auge zum seligen Ziel!*

Duchess of Orleans

Wiegenlied in stürmischer Zeit

*Schlafe Kindlein, schlafe,
Thu' die Äuglein zu,
Gottes Engel hüten
Deinen stillen Schlaf!*

*Ob die Donner rollen
Zuckt der Blitze Schein,
Möge doch mein Kindlein
Ruhig schlafen ein!*

*Gottes Engel schirmen
Deinen linden Schlaf!
Wen der Herr behütet,
Nie ein Wetter traf!*

*Und wir wollten zagen,
Wo ein Kindlein ruht?
Sind wir all' nicht Kinder
In des Vaters Hut?*

Ottolie Wildermuth

I greet you

I greet you, you laughing hills,
Wonderfully crowned with green foliage!
Mildly blown by Zephyr's wings,
You will not be robbed by the storm!

I greet you, Oh quiet sea,
Surging waves upon the lonely beach!
Mirror of the nocturnal array of stars!
I welcome you, land of my youth!

The dear images of past joys,
They disappear after a short time!
May the pain of earthly partings
Turn my eye toward the blessed goal!

Lullaby during a Storm

Sleep, little child, sleep!
Close your little eyes,
God's angel guards
Your quiet sleep!

If the thunder rolls
And the lightning quivers,
May my little child
Calmly fall asleep!

God's angel shields
Your gentle sleep!
Whoever is protected by the Lord
Has never met a storm!

And we should worry
Where a little child rests?
Aren't we all children
Under the Father's watch?

Einsam stand er

*Einsam stand er auf fels'ger Höh'
Einsam mit seinem grossen Weh.
Über ihm ein wolkiges Heer,
Unter ihm das brausende Meer.*

*Er und das Meer, sie rangen bang
Mit dem Sturm die Nacht entlang.
Und als sich zeigte das Morgenrot
War vorbei der Sturm und die Not.*

Minna von Witte

Küsse mir Lieb

*Küsse mir Lieb die Augen auf,
Damit in Deiner Augen Blau
Ich meiner Seele Seligkeit,
Ich meinen Himmel heut erschau!*

*Küsse mir Lieb die Augen zu,
Damit von Dir ich träumen kann
In süßer, ungestörter Ruh
Bis auch die Ewigkeit verrann!*

Minna von Witte

Bonne Humeur

*Nous marchions sous la fine pluie;
Le ciel était couleur de suie,
Le vent soufflait;
Le bois semblait toucher la nue*

*Et sa carcasse maigre et nue
De froid tremblait.*

*Affrontant gaîment la tempête,
Hâtant le pas, baissant la tête,
Ninon chantait;
Et parfois, sur notre passage,
Un oiseau, dans son clair langage,
Lui répondait.*

Lonely he stood

Lonely, he stood on the rocky heights,
Lonely, with his immense pain.
Above him a myriad of clouds,
Under him the roaring sea.

He and the sea, they wrestled anxiously
With the storm all night long.
And as the dawn arose
Gone were the storm and the distress.

Wake up my eyes

Wake up my eyes tenderly with a kiss,
So that I may, in your blue eyes,
Contemplate the bliss of my soul
And my heaven today!

Tenderly kiss my eyes to sleep,
So that I may dream of you
In a sweet and untroubled peace
Until eternity too disappears!

Good Mood

We were walking under the fine rain;
The sky had the color of soot,
The wind was blowing;
The woods seemed like they were touching
the clouds
And their thin and naked carcasses
Were shivering.

Joyfully facing the storm,
Hastening, head down,
Ninon was singing;
And sometimes, along our way,
A bird, in its bright prose,
Was answering her.

*L'air piquant animait sa joue;
Tout en clapotant dans la boue
Elle sourit.
En dépit de l'hiver morose,
Nous gardons au coeur une rose
Qui refleurit.*

Amélie de Wailly

Tu me dirais

*Tu me dirais que l'on entend le souffle,
Qu'au sein des fleurs exhale un papillon,
Et que l'on a retrouvé la pantoufle
Qu'en s'enfuyant laissa choir Cendrillon.*

*Tu me dirais que ces vers sont en prose,
Et qu'une femme a gardé des secrets,
Que le lys parle et que l'azur est rose,
Vois ma folie, ami, je te croirais.*

*Tu me dirais que l'astre qui scintille,
Au ver luisant doit son éclat joyeux,
Et que la nuit accroche à sa mantille
Comme un bijou le soleil radieux;*

Tu me dirais qu'il n'est plus une fraise

*Dans les recoins tout moussus des forêts,
Et qu'une plume de bengali pèse
Plus qu'un chagrin au coeur, je te croirais.*

En t'écoutant tous mes doutes d'eux-mêmes

*Tombent soudain, vaincus; tu me dirais
Que le bonheur existe et que tu m'aimes,
Vois ma folie, ami, je te croirais!*

Rosemonde Gérard

The biting wind livened up her cheeks;
While frolicking in the mud
She smiled.
Despite the gloomy winter,
We keep in our hearts a rose
That blooms again.

If you told me

If you told me one can hear the breath
That a butterfly exhales inside the flowers,
And that one retrieved the slipper
That Cinderella dropped when fleeing.

If you told me that these verses are in prose,
And that a woman kept her secrets,
That the lily talks and the azure is pink,
See my madness, friend, I would believe you.

If you told me that the star that twinkles
Owes its joyful sparkle to the firefly,
And that the night hangs upon its mantilla
The radiant sun like a jewel;

If you told me that there are no strawberries
left

In the mossy corners of the forests,
And that a Bengali feather weighs
More than heartache, I would believe you.

When I listen to you all of my doubts
themselves

Fall suddenly, conquered; if you told me
That happiness exists and that you love me,
See my madness, friend, I would believe you!

L'anneau d'argent

*Le cher anneau d'argent que vous m'avez donné
Garde en son cercle étroit nos promesses encloses ;
De tant de souvenirs recéleur obstiné,
Lui seul m'a consolée en mes heures moroses.*

*Tel un ruban qu'on mit autour de fleurs écloses
Tient encor le bouquet alors qu'il est fané,
Tel l'humble anneau d'argent que vous m'avez
donné
Garde en son cercle étroit nos promesses encloses.*

*Aussi, lorsque viendra l'oubli de toutes choses,
Dans le cercueil de blanc satin capitonné,
Lorsque je dormirai très pâle sur des roses,
Je veux qu'il brille encor à mon doigt décharné,
Le cher anneau d'argent que vous m'avez donné.*

Rosemonde Gérard

Chanson triste

*Dans les profondes mers naquit la perle ambrée,
Au pied des sapins verts, la violette en fleur,
Dans l'air bleu du matin, la goutte de rosée,
Moi, dans ton cœur!*

*En un royal collier la perle ronde est morte,
En un vase élégant, la violette en fleur,
Au baiser du soleil la gouttelette est morte,
Moi, dans ton cœur!*

*Ici-bas les choses exquises,
Et qui souvent ne parlent pas,
Sont bien mortes quand on les brise ;
Par pitié, ne les brise pas!*

*Car ces frêles et tendres choses,
Ailes fines de papillons,
Plumes d'oiseau, branches de roses,
Disparaissent dans le sillon.*

*Mon pauvre rêve de bonheur
Est bien mort, ainsi que la rose,*

The silver ring

The dear silver ring that you gave me
Keeps promises enclosed in its tight circle;
Stubborn fence of so many memories,
It alone consoled me in my darkest hours.

As a ribbon tied around blooming flowers
Still holds the bouquet when it is withered,
So the modest silver ring that you gave me
Keeps our promises enclosed in its tight
circle;

Then, when the oblivion of all things comes,
In the coffin padded with white satin,
When I sleep, quite pale on the roses,
I want it to still shine on my gaunt finger,
The dear silver ring that you gave me.

Sad Song

In the deep seas emerged the amber pearl,
At the fir trees' feet the blooming violet,
In the blue morning breeze, the dewdrop,
I, in your heart!

In a royal necklace the round pearl died,
In an elegant vase, the blooming violet,
At the kiss of the sun, the droplet perished,
I, in your heart!

Down here, the exquisite things,
That often remain silent,
Do perish when they are shattered;
Have mercy, do not shatter them!

For these frail and tender things,
Fine butterfly wings,
Bird feathers, rose branches,
Disappear in the furrow.

My poor dream of happiness
Is really gone, like the rose,

*Le jour sombre où j'ai, dans mon cœur,
Senti qu'on brisait quelque chose!*

Comtesse Joseph Roçaïd

L'amour captif

*Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes;
Il ne pourra plus prendre son essor
Ni quitter jamais nos deux cœurs fidèles.
D'un noeud souple et fin de vos cheveux d'or,*

Mignonne, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!

*Chère, de l'amour si capricieux
J'ai dompté pourtant le désir volage:
Il suit toute loi que dictent vos yeux,
Et j'ai mis enfin l'amour en seroage,
Ô chère! l'amour, si capricieux!*

*Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes.
Laissez par pitié ses lèvres en feu
Effleurer parfois vos lèvres rebelles,
A ce doux captif souriez un peu;
Ma mie, à l'amour j'ai lié les ailes!*

Thérèse Maquet

On this dark day when I, within my heart,
Felt like something was shattered!

The captive love

Pretty one, I have tied Love's wings;
It will neither ever be able to take off
Nor ever leave our two faithful hearts.
With a supple and fine knot made out of your
golden hair,

Pretty one, I have tied Love's wings!

Dear one, of such capricious Love
I did tame the wayward desire:
It follows any law dictated by your eyes,
And I finally enslaved Love,
Oh dear one! Love, so capricious!

My sweetheart, I have tied Love's wings.
I beg you to let its burning lips
Caress now and then your rebellious lips,
To this sweet captive one, give a little smile;
My sweetheart, I have tied Love's wings!

Truelove

True love, true love arise for our trysting
a young scented wind hastens by to remind us,
the season is on us; the hour is right.

Oh do you remember an April behind us when dogwood twined gentle and white?
Your voice was a singing bird caught in the branches.
Your hair, a bright river that curved as it fell and silky your eyelids were, cool as the blossoms;
Your mouth for my thirst was a well.

True love, true love arise for our trysting.
Leave your throat bare and your long hair undone.
We lean to each other where wild boughs are misting and shake out our dreams in the sun.

Florence Hynes Willette

Autumn

The fields of green now brown and yellow
A silvery white the moon
The distant mountains clothed in mist
And early frost the bloom has kissed
From ancient trees their gold and crimson splendor rise
To mingle with the azure sky
All labor's now at rest
The harvest stored and set
For autumn gentle autumn is the promise kept

Valerie Capers

Hyacinth

I am in love with him to whom a hyacinth is dearer
Than I shall ever be dear.
At night when the field-mice are abroad he cannot sleep:

He hears their narrow teeth at the bulbs of his hyacinths.
But the gnawing of my heart he does not hear.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Rain Song

My sad-bad rain that falls
In lisp and dibble-dabble
On the porch and understairs
And puddles in the driveway brimmed and dolloped by the slow loitering
Of the not-quite clapping hands.
So slight they are on the primrose leaves and the periwinkle
And keeps such babble-babble going through the day.
Cats in beds sleep long
And I, I'd do the same
Or sing
If all the birds weren't gone.
It's silk under the elm leaves
It's slip into the streams that clasp the globe around
It's in the stealth to steal another tongue than bell that does not strike but holds
All in its spell
So fresh and so small.

Jean Garrigue

Chère, mo lemmé toi

*Chère, mo lemmé toi
Chère, mo lemmé toi
Oui, mo lemmé toi
'vec tou mo coeur mo lemmé toi.*

*Chère, mo lemmé toi
Chère, mo fou pou toi
Oui, mo lemmé toi
Comme 'tit co chon lemmé labou.*

*Si jamais mo pas lemmé vou
Si jamais mo pas lemmé vou
Mo prend couteau, oui, prend couteau
Et coupé mo vieux la cou.*

Creole Folk Song

Dear one, I love you

Dear one, I love you
Dear one, I love you
Yes, I love you
With all my heart I love you.

Dear one, I love you
Dear one, I'm crazy for you
Yes, I love you
Like a little pig loves mud.

If I ever stop loving you
If I ever stop loving you
I will take a knife, yes, take a knife
And cut my old neck.

Gué-gué Solingaie

*Gué-gué Solingaie,
Balliez chimin-là,
M'a dis li,
Oui, m'a dis li,
Calbasse, li connain parler!
Calbasse, il connain parler!*

*Gué-gué Solingaie,
Balliez chimin-là,
M'a dis li,
Oui, m'a dis li,
Cocodril, li connain chanter!
Cocodril, il connain chanter!*

*Gué-gué Solingaie,
Balliez chimin-là,
M'a dis li,
Oui, m'a dis li,
Pichou, li connain trangler!
Pichou, li connain trangler!*

Creole Folk Song

Dormi, Jesu!

*Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet
Quae tam dulcem somnum videt,
Dormi, Jesu! blandule!
Si non-dormis, Mater plorat,
Inter fila cantans orat,
Blande, veni, somnule.*

Chilean Lullaby

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.

Gué-gué Solingaie

Gué-gué Solingaie,
Sweep this path,
They told me,
Yes, they told me,
The tortoise, it knows how to speak!
The tortoise, it knows how to speak!

Gué-gué Solingaie,
Sweep this path,
They told me,
Yes, they told me,
The crocodile, it knows how to sing!
The crocodile, it knows how to sing!

Gué-gué Solingaie,
Sweep this path,
They told me,
Yes, they told me,
The bobcat, it knows how to strangle!
The bobcat, it knows how to strangle!

Sleep, Jesus!

Sleep, Jesus! Mother smiles
And sees such sweet sleep
Sleep, Jesus! Gentle on
If you do not sleep, Mother weeps,
While she spins, in song she prays,
Come, gentle little sleep.

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.

Lord, I just can't keep from cryin'

Lord, I just can't keep from cryin' some time
When my heart is full of sorrow
And my eyes are full of tears
Lord, I just can't keep from cryin' some time.

Lord, I fold my arms and cry some time
When my heart is full of sorrow
And my eyes are full of tears
Lord, I fold my arms and cry some time.

Lord, I hum a tune and cry some time
When my heart is full of sorrow
And my eyes are full of tears
Lord, I hum a tune and cry some time.

My soul's been anchored in de Lord

In de Lord, in de Lord,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord.

Before I'd stay in hell one day,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord;
I'd sing and pray myself away,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord.

I'm going to pray and never stop,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord;
Until I've reached the mountain top,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord.

African-American Spirituals

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