

Delfina Cheb Terrab
contemporary musical arts

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Doctor of Musical Arts degree, 2024
Student of Anthony Coleman

Songs for Living in Winter

Tuesday, October 3, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Eben Jordan Hall

Songs for Living in Winter

*Drops of ice are falling from off my cheeks:
did I not notice, then, that I have been crying?*

—from *Gefror'ne Tränen* by Wilhelm Müller, translation by William Mann

*For my friend Alex
who has helped me get up even just to get breakfast and to sing songs together.*

All compositions and texts are by Delfina Cheb Terrab.

Copla Voladora (Flying Couplet)

Quizas Ye Fue (Maybe That's It)

Si Viene del Amor (When it Comes to Love)

El Centro en Invierno (Winter Downtown)

Dos Veces (Twice)

One Song (Una Cancion)

Porque Toco la Guitarra hasta Llorar (Because I play my guitar until I cry)

Delfina Cheb Terrab, *voice, guitar*

*My thanks to Eden MacAdam-Somer, Hankus Netsky, Anthony Coleman, Dominique Eade,
Nima Janmohammadi, Mehmet Ali Sanlikol, and Tanya Maggi.*

*Delfina Cheb Terrab is the recipient of the Kimball P. Stickney Memorial Scholarship
and the Salmon-Garner-Anderson Scholarship*

I have come to the realization that I have been living in Winter for the last 8 years. Every May I would pack my books and scores and travel to Argentina. Every June I relive the beginning of winter for the second time of the year. It of course felt different to experience the first cold breeze of the year from my childhood home's balcony, but it still felt like winter.

Both in Boston and in Buenos Aires, these were the songs that kept me warm and helped me withstand the dark afternoons and the gloomy mornings of Winter.

Like Schubert, I felt the urge to create a travel log of my journey. Some sort of catalog where I could record some of the questions (both answered and unanswered) that the icy roads revealed as they melted.

The good things is; Winter is always followed by Spring.

Here are some poetic translations of my songs:

Copla Voladora (Flying Couplet)

'til I don't sing to you, once again and for the last time.
There will be no way of convincing my heart, which cries for you.

About the fact that there's no time to win, that you closed your window:
that there is no flying couplet that can make you change your mind, there is no
flying couplet that can make you want to stay.

Not even if I would want to, that is, if I would want for you to want me, I could
never make you want to start to want me once again –
not even if I wanted for you to want me once again.

And yet, until I don't sing to you, once again and for the last time,
there will be no way of convincing my heart that this time you've really gone away.

Quizas Ya Fue (Maybe That's It)

A friend told me: she saw you in some corner and something about you looked off.
I who try and not make a big deal of things, am starting to feel it too.
It's not about my doubts, and it's not about your sneakers: something is certainly
getting darker.
I confess I become excessive; but I am starting to understand
that maybe that's it, perhaps that's it,
Trying to get you, when there's nothing else to get.

My cousin told me: she saw you in some bakery and something about you looked off.
I who try and not make a big deal of things, am starting to feel it too.

It's not about the movies, and it's not about my scars: something is certainly getting darker.

I confirm I have become delirious; but I am starting to understand that maybe that's it, perhaps that's it,
Trying to get you, when there's nothing else to get.

Si Viene del Amor (When it Comes to Love)

It is not your fault to have trusted me,
and it is not my fault that I cannot see beyond him.
It is not his fault to always be in the middle of things,
It is nobody's fault when it comes to love.

The cities of South America, and the reasons we gave each other to overcome the journey.

The comfort that exists when something will just not happen.
The effort I am able to make to see you for who you are,
I will always try to make the effort to see you for who you are someday.

The songs that we had to sing, Baby [in reference to Caetano Veloso's song "Baby"],
The stars that we had to count *também* ["as well" in Portuguese].
The hugs that we will have to store back in the closet,
The sighs that I managed to shipwreck.
If there are any sighs left please let me know so I can shipwreck them too.

It is not my fault to have trusted you,
And it is not your fault that you cannot see beyond him.
Who are we to blame the things that are no longer among us?
It is nobody's fault when it comes to love, my love.

El Centro en Invierno (Winter Downtown)

Winter in downtown was the witness of a love that gave me the strength to understand that I could actually be happy. And now that there is more sunlight than we need, the light is nowhere to be found. You said it was going to dawn, and I couldn't even cry.

And what's the problem, if I was only a place where you could rest? Why do you have to wake up so suddenly?

Winter in spring was the witness of a pain that gave the strength to understand that I could actually be happy. And now that there is less sunlight than we need,

the light seems to be everywhere! If I said it was dawning, it was because I could finally cry.

Dos Veces (Twice)

In the midst of poems and inflations, I thought I saw something amongst your things, that had unwillingly removed my pain.

The familiar streets of my neighborhood tried to warn me about your light as I kept insisting that this time it was not like the last time.

Foolish is the one that trusts the same thing twice,
foolish is the one who trusts, and how ironic can it be?
That before giving up one must sing a song.

I built a thousand stages just to see you,
I convinced myself that I deserved all of these scars.
I thought just for a moment, I could be good for you.

You talked to me about platonic love,
and I only wanted you to call me.
Crying every night, wishing you would finally return.

Strong is the one that trusts the same thing twice.
Strong is the one who trusts and never forgets
that before giving up one must sing a song.

One Song (Una Cancion)

A song that can listen to me,
when it is late and there is nobody else to bother.

Just one song that can help me listen to what might happen if I manage to get up, to what might happen if I manage to get up just to get breakfast.

A song that can help me get up, just one song that can perhaps understand that there nothing harder now than getting up.

Let this song be the song that will help me listen to my wish to be able to get up again, even only to get breakfast.

Let this be the song that can help me get up, even if it is just for singing this song once again.

Porque Toco la Guitarra hasta Llorar (Because I play my guitar until I cry)

I know I should stay in silence tonight, that nobody really asked me to write another song.

That it is not better to speak about what is lacking, that everything was okay until I started boycotting it.

That you do not really know me and still find me funny, that there is not a cup of coffee that can decree

that I do everything wrong, like my neighbors say, because I play my guitar until I cry, because every night I play my guitar until I cry.

And although I am feeling way better, I was of course going to get sick right in time for our time (together).

I know I should stay in silence tonight, that nobody really asked me to write another song.

That it is not better to speak about what is lacking, that I hope it is ok that I might need to speak about it anyways.

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Student of Bradley Williams

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Student of Richard Svoboda

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Mary Letellier, *soprano* (DMA '25)

Student of Bradley Williams

Monday, October 16, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Michael Rogers, *percussion* (MM)

Student of Will Hudgins

Friday, October 20, 2023 at 8:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

Kelley Osterberg, *oboe* (MM)

Student of John Ferrillo

Sunday, October 22, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Kristofer Monson, *jazz bass* (DMA '25)

Student of Donald Palma and Jason Moran

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Dragon Long, *piano* (DMA)

Student of Bruce Brubaker and Alessio Bax

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Yu-Cih Chang, *double bass* (MM)

Student of Donald Palma

Friday, October 27, 2023 at 8:30 p.m., Williams Hall

Honor Hickman, *flute* (BM)

Student of Cynthia Meyers

Sunday, October 29, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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