

Benjamin Maines
tenor

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Bradley Williams

with
Sujin Choi, piano

Thursday, October 5, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846–1919)

La serenata
L'ultima canzone
Ideale

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

from *Dichterliebe*, op. 48
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
Wenn ich in einen Augen seh'
Ich will meine Seele tauchen
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
Ich grolle nicht

Intermission

Jules Massenet
(1842–1912)

Élégie
Ouvre tes yeux bleus

Ben Moore
(b. 1960)

Ah, Happy, Happy Boughs
When I was one and twenty
Where are the songs of spring
Lake Isle of Innisfree

*I would like to thank my parents who have supported me throughout my journey.
I would not be performing this recital if it were not for their unwavering support
and commitment to me following my dreams.*

*I would also like to thank Professors Jane Eaglen and Bradley Williams for
helping hone my technique and grow not just as a singer but as a human being.
Lastly, thank you to my friends and family who have taken the time out of their schedules to
attend the culmination of my time at New England Conservatory.*

La Serenata

*Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
e, con la bella testa abbandonata,
posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.*

*Splende Pura la luna,
l'ale il silenzio stende,
e dietro i veni dell'alcova
bruna la lampada s'accende.
Pure la luna splende.
Pure la luna splende.*

*Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.*

*Vola, o serenata:
La mia diletta è sola,
ma sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata, vola.
O serenata, vola.*

*L'onda sogna su 'l lido,
e 'l vento su la fronda;
e a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido*

*la mia signora bionda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.
Sogna su 'l lido l'onda.*

*Vola, o serenata,
Vola, o serenata, vola.
Ah! là. Ah! là.*

Giovanni Alfredo Cesareo (1861-1937)

The Serenade

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
with her beautiful head hidden
under the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The moonlight is pure,
wings of silence stretch out,
and behind the veils of the dark alcove
the lamp burns.
The pure moonbeams shine.
The pure moonbeams shine.

Fly, o serenade,
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

Fly, o serenade:
My beloved is alone,
but still smiling [while] half asleep,
she has returned beneath the sheets:
O serenade, fly.
O serenade, fly.

The waves dream on the shore,
and the wind [blows] through the branches;
and my kisses don't result in a nest [being
offered],
by my blonde lady.
Dreaming on the shore, [are] the waves.
Dreaming on the shore, [are] the waves.

Fly, o serenade.
Fly, o serenade, fly.
Ah! là. Ah! là.

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L'ultima canzone

*M'han detto che domani
Nina vi fate sposa,
Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.
Là nei deserti piani
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho ricantata!*

*Foglia di rosa
O fiore d'amaranto
Se ti fai sposa
Io ti sto sempre accanto.*

*Domani avrete intorno
Feste sorrisi e fiori
Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi amori.
Ma sempre notte e giorno
Piena di passione
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia canzone.*

*Foglia di menta
O fiore di granato,
Nina, rammenta
I baci che t'ho dato!*

Ah! ... Ah! ...

Francesco Cimmino (1862-1938)

Ideale

*Io ti seguii come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguii come un'amica face
De la notte nel velo.
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,
Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.*

*In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce,
Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce,*

The last song

They told me that tomorrow
Nina, you will be a bride.
yet still I sing my serenade to you!
Up on the barren plateau,
down in the shady valley,
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!

Rose-petal
O flower of amaranth,
though you marry,
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded
by celebration, smiles and flowers,
and will not spare a thought for our past love;
yet always, by day and by night,
with passionate moan
my song will sigh to you.

Mint-flower,
O flower of pomegranate,
Nina, remember
the kisses I gave you!

Ah! ... Ah! ...

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Ideal

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of darkness,
and I sensed you in the light, in the air,
in the perfume of flowers,
and the solitary room was full
of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time
of the sound of your voice,
and earth's every anxiety, every torment

*In quel giorno scordai.
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,
Una novella aurora.*

Carmelo Errico (1848-1892)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.*

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

*Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.
Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.*

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

*Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.*

I forgot in that dream.
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant
to smile at me again,
and in your face will shine for me
a new dawn.

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Im the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.
In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.
And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

Rose, Lily, Dove, Sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

*Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.*

*Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.*

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

*Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.*

*Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.*

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

*Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.*

*Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.*

*Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.*

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,

When I look into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

Let me bathe my soul

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, though my heart is
breaking,

*Ewig verlор'nes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiss ich längst.*

Ich grolle nicht, ich sah dich ja im Traume,

*Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.*

Heinrich Heine

Elégie

*Ô doux printemps d'autrefois, vertes saisons, vous
avez fui pour toujours! Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu; je
n'entends plus les chants joyeux des oiseaux! En
emportant mon bonheur, Ô bien-ami, tu t'en es
allé! Et c'est en vain que revient le printemps! Oui!
Sans retour, avec toi, le gai soleil, les jours riants
sont partis! Comme en mon coeur tout est sombre
et glacé, tout est flétri pour toujours!*

Louis Gallet

Ouvre tes yeux bleus

*Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma mignonne:
Voici le jour!
Déjà la fauvette fredonne
Un chant d'amour.
L'aurore épanuit la rose:
Viens avec moi*

*Cueillir la marguerite éclose.
Réveille-toi! Réveille-toi!
Ouvre tes yeux bleus, ma mignonne:
Voici le jour...*

O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.
I've known that long.

I bear no grudge, for I saw you in my
dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

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Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005) provided courtesy
of Oxford Lieder www.oxfordlieder.co.uk*

Elegy

O sweet Spring of yesteryear, green seasons,
you have fled forever! I no longer see the blue
sky, I no longer hear the joyous songs of the
birds! You have fled, my love, and with you
has fled my happiness. And it is in vain that
the spring returns! For along with you, the
cheerful sun, the laughing days have gone! As
my heart is dark and frozen, so all is withered
for evermore!

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Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) provided
courtesy of Oxford Lieder www.oxfordlieder.co.uk*

Open your blue eyes

Open your blue eyes, my darling:
The day has come!
Already the warbling bird sings
A song of love.
The dawn brings forth the rose:
Come with me

To pick the blossoming daisy.
Awake! Awake!
Open your blue eyes, my darling:
The day has come!

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

*A quoi bon contempler la terre
Et sa beauté?
L'amour est un plus doux mystère
Qu'un jour d'été ;
C'est en moi que l'oiseau module
Un chant vainqueur,
Et le grand soleil qui nous brûle
Est dans mon cœur!*

Paul Robiquet

What good is it to contemplate the earth
And its beauty?
Love is more a sweet mystery
Than a summer day;
It is in myself that the bird is singing
His triumphant song,
And the great, burning sun
Is in my heart!

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Ah, Happy, Happy Boughs!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

John Keats

When I was one-and-twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."

And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

A. E. Housman

Where are the songs of spring?

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

John Keats

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

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Elizabeth Embser, *jazz voice* (MM '23)

Student of Dominique Eade

Sunday, October 15, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Evan Judson, *bassoon* (BM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Sunday, October 15, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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

Monday, October 23, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Dragon Long, *piano* (DMA)

Student of Bruce Brubaker and Alessio Bax

Wednesday, October 25, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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

Jie Lee, *soprano* (MM '23)

Student of Bradley Williams

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

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

–continued

Yixiang Wang, *violin* (MM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Thursday, November 2, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Anisha Srinivasan, *musicology* (MM '23)

Student of Sean Gallagher

Thursday, November 9, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

June Chung, *violin* (MM)

Student of Paul Biss

Friday, November 10, 2023 at 8:30 p.m. Burnes Hall

Daihua Song, *saxophone* (BM '23)

Student of Kenneth Radnofsky

Saturday, November 11, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Cody York, *trumpet* (BM)

Student of Ben Wright and Thomas Siders

Saturday, November 11, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Quinn McGillis, *trombone* (MM)

Student of Toby Oft

Sunday, November 12, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Julien Rollins, *bassoon* (BM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Sunday, November 12, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Shalun Li, *collaborative piano* (GD)

Student of Cameron Stowe and Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

Wednesday, November 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Arisa Onoda, *piano* (GD)

Student of Dang Thai Son

Wednesday, November 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Rotem Eylam, *jazz guitar* (BM '23)

Student of Efstratios Minakakis

Friday, November 17, 2023 at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

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Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

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