Chloe Thum

soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music degree, 2024
Student of Jane Eaglen

with
Justin Williams, piano
Sianna Monti, mezzo-soprano
Isabel Evernham and Anna Ridenour, flute
Jordan Hadrill and Hannah Goldstick, violin
Po-Sung Huang, viola
Kei Otake, cello
Shalen Joos, harp

Friday, December 15, 2023
8:30 p.m.
Williams Hall
PROGRAM

Franz Joseph Haydn  
(1732–1809)  
*Ragion nell’alma siede* from *Il mondo della luna*  
(The World on the Moon)

Richard Strauss  
1825–1899)  
*Du meines Herzens Krönelein*  
*Einerlei* from 5 Kleine Lieder, op. 69, no. 3

Gustav Mahler  
(1860–1911)  
from *Rückert Lieder, op. 44*  
I. Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft  
II. Liebst du um Schönheit

*Intermission*
William Walton  
(1902–1983)  
**Three Songs, for Dora and Hubert Foss**  
Daphne  
Through Gilded Trellises  
Old Sir Faulk

Reynaldo Hahn  
(1874–1947)  
from **7 Chansons Grises**  
I. Chanson d’automne  
II. Tous deux  
V. L’heure exquise  
VII. La bonne chanson

Jacques Offenbach  
(1819–1880)  
**Belle nuit** from **The Tales of Hoffman**  
Sianna Monti, mezzo-soprano  
Isabel Evernham, Anna Ridenour, flute  
Jordan Hadrill, Hannah Goldstick, violin  
Po-Sung Huang, viola  
Kei Otake, cello  
Shalen Joos, harp
I’d like to thank my loving and supportive parents for all their hard work and efforts in helping me get to this point in my academic and musical career. They have always been my biggest fans and I am so grateful for them.

Thank you family and friends for your continued support and encouragement! It truly means the world that you were able to attend or live stream the event!

A special thank you to JJ Penna and Marie-Elise Boyer for all their help in preparing me for this recital.

And to my amazing accompanist and coach, Justin Williams. We first met and performed together in Williams Hall at my NEC undergrad audition in 2020. I’m so happy that we were able to bring things full circle with my recital and perform together one last time.

And I’d like to thank my incredible voice teacher, Jane Eaglen, for all the amazing work we’ve done over the years and for always being the most nurturing and caring teacher. Professor Eaglen often says to her students, “just sing”, with the intention of alleviating our anxieties and perfectionistic tendencies. I’ve always resonated with the idea of being fully present and embodied in the character when performing. She has continued to inspire me to connect with the heart and perform from the soul. I have to say, our past four years together have been “totally fab”! :}


**Ragion nell’alma siede**

Ragion nell’alma siede  
Regina dei pensieri  
Ma si disarma e cede  
Se la combatte amor.

Reason sits in the soul  
Queen of thoughts,  
But she disarms and gives in  
If she is fought by love.

E amor se occupa il trono,  
di re si fa tiranno,  
e sia tribute o dono,  
vuol tutto il nostro cor.

And the love, if it occupies the throne,  
Like a king, becomes a tyrant,  
And be it a tribute or gift,  
It wants our entire heart.

Carlo Goldoni

---

**Du Meines Herzens Krönelein**

Du meines Herzens Krönelein  
du bist von lautrem Golde,  
Wenn Andere daneben sein,  
dann bist du noch viel holde.  
Die Andern tun so gern gescheut,  
du bist gar sanft und stille;  
Daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,  
dein Glück ist’s, nicht dein Wille.

You, my heart’s crown,  
you are of pure gold,  
When others are beside you,  
you are more lovely still.  
Others love to appear shy,  
you are very gentle and quiet;  
That every heart delights in you,  
is your luck, not your will.

Felix Dahn
Einerlei

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
Sein Kuß mir immer neu,
Ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
Sein freier Blick mir treu;
O du liebes Einerlei,
Wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

Ludwig Achim von Arnim

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft

Friedrich Rückert

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

Friedrich Rückert

Sameness

Her mouth is always the same,
Its kiss is always new to me,
Her eyes remain the same,
Their free gaze is true to me;
O you dear, sameness,
The diversity that comes of you!

I breathed a gentle scent!

I breathed a gentle scent!
In the room stood
A branch of a If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
O love me not!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.
If you love for youth,
O love me not!
Love the spring,
It is young every year.
If you love for treasures,
O love me not!
Love the mermaid,
She has many shining pearls.
If you love for love,
O yes, love me!
Love me always,
I will love you forever!
Daphne

When green as a river was the barley,
Green as a river the rye,
I waded deep and began to parley
With a youth whom I heard sigh.
‘I seek’, said he, ‘a lovely lady,
A nypth as bright as a queen,
Like a tree that drips with pearls
Her shady locks of hair were seen;
And all the rivers became her flocks
Though their wool you cannot shear,
Because of the love of her flowing locks,
The kingly sun like a swain came strong,
Unheeding of her scorn.

Wading in deeps where she has lain,
Sleeping upon her river lawn
And chasing her starry satyr train,
She fled, and changed into a tree,
That lovely fair-haired lady…
And now I seek through the sere summer
Where no trees are shady!’

Through gilded trellises

Through gilded trellises of the heat,
Dolores, Inez, Manuccia,
Isabel, Lucia,
Mock Time that flies.
“Lovely bird, will you stay and sing,
Flirting your sheened wing,-
Peck with your beak, and cling
To our balconies?”
They flirt their fans, flaunting,
“O silence enchanting as music!”,
Then slanting their eyes,
Like gilded or emerald grapes,
They take mantillas, capes,
Hiding their simian shapes.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)
Sighs each lady, ‘Our spadille’s done’
‘Dance the quadrille from Hell’s towers to Seville;
Surprise their siesta’, Dolores said.
Through gilded trellises of the heat,
Spangles pelt down through the tangles of bell flowers;
Each dangles her castanets,
Shutters fall while the heat mutters,
With sounds like a mandoline or tinkled tambourine….
Ladies, time dies!

Old Sir Faulk

Old
Sir
   Faulk,
   Tall as a stork,
Before the honeyed fruits of dawn
were ripe, would walk,
And stalk with a gun
The reynard-coloured sun,
Among the pheasant-feathered corn
The unicorn has torn, forlorn
   the
Smock-faced sheep
Sit
   and
   sleep;
Periwigged as William and Mary, weep…
‘Sally, Mary, Mattie, what’s the matter, why cry?’
The huntsman and the reynard
-coloured sun and I sigh
“Oh, the nurserymaid Meg
With a leg like a peg
Chased the feathered dreams like hens, And when they laid an egg
In the sheepskin
Meadows
Where,
The serene King James would steer,
Horse and hounds, then he
From the shade of a tree
Picked it up as spoil to boil for nursery tea”, said the mourners.
In the
Corn, towers strain,
Feathered tall as a crane,
And whistling down the feathered rain, Old Noah goes again -
An old dull mome
with a head like a pome,
Seeing the world as a bare egg,
Laid by the feathered air; Meg
Would beg three of these
For the nursery teas
Of Japhet, Shem, and Ham,
she gave it
Underneath the trees,
Where the boiling
Water
Hissed,
Like the goose-king’s feathered
daughter kissed,
Pot and pan and copper kettle
Put upon their proper mettle,
Lest the Flood – the Flood – The Flood begin again through these!

Edith Sitwell

Chanson d’automne

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
De l’automne
Blessent mon cœur
D’une langueur
Monotone.
Tout suffocant
Et blême, quand
Sonne l’heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure;
Et je m’en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m’emporte
Deçà, delà,
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.

Autumn Song

With long sobs
The violins
Of autumn
Wound my heart
With languorous
Monotony.
All choking
And pale, when
The hour sounds,
I remember
the ancient days
And I weep;
And I go
Where ill winds blow,
Buffeted
To and from,
Like a
Dead leaf.
Tous deux

Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d’été
Le grand soleil, complice de ma joie,
Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,
Plus belle encore votre chère beauté;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une haute tente,
Frissonnera somptueux à longs plis
Sur nos deux fronts heureux qu’auront pâlis
L’émotion du bonheur et l’attente;

Et quand le soir viendra, l’air sera doux
Qui se jouera, caressant, dans vos voiles,
Et les regards paisibles des étoiles
Bienveillamment souriront aux époux.

L’heure exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L’étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c’est l’heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l’astre irise...

C’est l’heure exquise.

Both of us

So, a clear summer day it shall be:
The big sun, accomplice of my joy,
Will be, among the satin and the silk,
Your dear beauty lovelier still;

The sky, all blue, like a tall canopy,
Shall shiver sumptuously in the long folds
Above our two happy brows, that have
grown pale
With the emotion of happiness and
expectancy;

And when evening comes, the air will be soft,
And play out caressingly in your veils,
And the peaceful stars looking down
Shall smile benevolently on the spouses..

This exquisite hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illuminates...

Exquisite hour.
La bonne chanson

La dure épreuve va finir
Mon cœur, souris à l’avenir!
Ils sont finis, les jours d’alarmes
Où j’étais triste jusqu’aux larmes!
J’ai tu les paroles anières
Et banni les sombres chimères!
Mes yeux, exilés de la voir
De par un douloureux devoir
Mon oreille, avide d’entendre
Les notes d’or de sa voix tendre
Tout mon être et tout mon amour
Acclamé le bienheureux jour

Où, seul rêve et seule pensée
Me reviendra la fiancée!

Paul Verlaine

Belle Nuit

Belle nuit, ô nuit d’amour
Souris à nos ivresses
Nuit plus douce que le jour
Ô, belle nuit d’amour!
Le temps fuit et sans retour
Emporte nos tendresses
Loin de cet heureux séjour
Le temps fuit sans retour
Zéphirs embrasés
Versez-nous vos caresses
Zéphirs embrasés
Donnez-nous vos baisers!
Vos baisers! Vos baisers! Ah!
Belle nuit, ô, nuit d’amour
Souris à nos ivresses
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô, belle nuit d’amour!
Ah! souris à nos ivresses!
Nuit d’amour, ô, nuit d’amour!
Ah!

Jules Barbier

The good song

The harsh ordeal will end,
My heart, smile at what is to come.
They are finished, the days of alarms,
When I was sad to the point of tears!
I have killed the bitter words,
And banished the dark fantasies!
My eyes, exiled from the sight of her
By a painful duty.
My ear, eager to hear
The golden notes of her tender voice.
All my soul, and all my love acclaims the
blessed day
When, my only dream and my only thought,
My fiancée will return to me!

Beautiful Night

Beautiful night, oh night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night sweeter than the day
O, beautiful night of love!
Time flees and never returns
Carrying away our endearments
Far from this happy stay
Time flees and never returns.
Burning Zephyrs
Give us your caresses
Burning Zephyrs
Give us your kisses!
Your kisses! Your kisses! Ah!
Beautiful night, oh night of love
Smile upon our joys!
Night sweeter than the day
O, beautiful night of love!
Smile upon our joys!
Night of love, O, night of love!
Ah!
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.

Stay connected

necmusic.edu/tonight