Maklyn Baley

mezzo-soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, December 2024
Student of Lisa Saffer

with
J.J. Penna, coach, piano

Tuesday, February 27, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

Georg Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

"Thou art gone up on high" from *Messiah*

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

***Le travail du peintre,* FP 161**
Pablo Picasso
Marc Chagall
Georges Braque
Juan Gris
Paul Klee
Joan Miró
Jacques Villon

German Pieces by Female Composers

Josephine Lang
(1815–1880)

Mignons Klage
from *5 Lieder, op. 10 no. 2*

Clara Schumann
(1819–1896)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
from *Sechs Lieder, op. 13 no. 7*

Fanny Hensel
(1805–1847)

Wanderlied
from *Ausgewählte Lieder, op. 1 no. 1*

Adela Maddison
(1862–1929)

Liebe
from *Zwei Lieder, op. 10 no. 1*

Maude Valérie White
(1855–1937)

Stille Thränen
from *16 German Songs*

Alma Mahler
(1879–1964)

Laue Sommernacht
from *Fünf Lieder*

Manuel de Falla
(1876–1946)

Siete canciones populares españolas

El paño moruno
Seguidilla murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

Thank you to my incredible voice teacher, Lisa Saffer, and coach, JJ Penna.
I cannot thank either of you enough for your support
and for pushing me to be a better musician.

I would also like to thank my friends and family.
My parents who have always supported me as a person and musician.
My best friend, Jenna Reed, cousin Erin Wall and Kevin
for coming all the way from Oregon to support me today.

I would also be remiss not to thank all of my amazing colleagues
and friends here at NEC.
I could not have done this without all the support from some of the
kindest and most amazing musicians I have ever known.

Thou Art Gone Up on High

Thou art gone up on high,
Thou hast led captivity captive,
And received gifts for men;
Yea, even from Thine enemies,
That the Lord God might dwell among them.

Psalm 68:18

Poulenc ***Le travail du peintre***

Each piece in this set is inspired by a different contemporary painter. I have displayed one work by each painter to provide further insight into Poulenc and Éluard's inspiration.

Le travail du peintre

Pablo Picasso

Entoure ce citron de blanc d'œuf informe
Enrobe ce blanc d'œuf d'un azur souple et fin

La ligne droite et noire a beau venir de toi
L'aube est derrière ton tableau

Et des murs innombrables croulent
Derrière ton tableau et toi l'œil fixe
Comme un aveugle comme un fou
Tu dresses une haute épée dans le vide

Une main pourquoi pas une seconde main
Et pourquoi pas la bouche nue comme une plume
Pourquoi pas un sourire et pourquoi pas des larmes
Tout au bord de la toile où jouent les petits clous

Voici le jour d'autrui laisse aux ombres leur chance

Et d'un seul mouvement des paupières renonce.

Marc Chagall

Âne ou vache coq ou cheval
Jusqu' à la peau d'un violon
Homme chanteur un seul oiseau
Danseur agile avec sa femme

The Work of the Painter

Pablo Picasso

Surround this lemon with formless egg-white
Coat this egg-white with a supple and delicate blue
Though the straight black line stems from you
Dawn lies behind your painting

And innumerable walls crumble
Behind your painting and your eyes staring
Like a blind man like a madman
You raise up a tall sword in the void

A hand why not a second hand
And why not a mouth unadorned like a quill
Why not a smile and why not tears
At the very edge of the canvas where tiny nails are fixed

This is another man's daylight let darkness take its chances
And with a single movement of the eyelids renounce.

Marc Chagall

Ass or cow cockerel or horse
Even a violin's skin
Singing man single bird
Agile dancer with his wife

Couple trempé dans son printemps

L'or de l'herbe le plomb du ciel
Séparés par les flammes bleues
De la santé de la rosée
Le sang s'irise le cœur tinte

Un couple le premier reflet

Et dans un souterrain de neige
La vigne opulente dessine
Un visage aux lèvres de lune
Qui n'a jamais dormi la nuit.

Couple steeped in their springtime

The gold of the grass the lead of the sky
Divided by the blue flames
Of health-giving dew
The blood grows iridescent the heart rings

A couple the first reflection

And in a cavern of snow
The luxuriant vine traces
A face with moon-like lips
Which has never slept at night.

Georges Braque

Un oiseau s'envole,
Il rejette les nues comme un voile inutile,
Il n'a jamais craint la lumière,
Enfermé dans son vol,
Il n'a jamais eu d'ombre.

Coquilles des moissons brisées par le soleil.
Toutes les feuilles dans les bois disent oui,
Elles ne savent dire que oui,
Toute question, toute réponse
Et la rosée coule au fond de ce oui.

Un homme aux yeux légers décrit le ciel d'amour.

Il en rassemble les merveilles
Comme des feuilles dans un bois,
Comme des oiseaux dans leurs ailes
Et des hommes dans le sommeil.

Georges Braque

A bird flies off,
It discards the clouds like a useless veil,
It has never feared the light,
Enclosed in its flight
It has never had a shadow.

Sun-split husks of harvest grains.
All the forest leaves say yes,
Yes is all they know how to say,
Every question, every answer
And the dew flows in the depth of this yes.

A man with carefree eyes describes the heaven of love.

He gathers together its wonders
Like leaves in a forest,
Like birds in their wings
And men in sleep.

Juan Gris

De jour merci de nuit prends garde
De douceur la moitié du monde
L'autre montrait rigueur aveugle

Aux veines se lisait un présent sans merci
Aux beautés des contours l'espace limité
Cimentait tous les joints des objets familiers

Table guitare et verre vide
Sur un arpent de terre pleine
De toile blanche d'air nocturne

Table devait se soutenir
Lampe rester pépin de l'ombre
Journal délaissait sa moitié

Deux fois le jour deux fois la nuit
De deux objets un double objet
Un seul ensemble à tout jamais.

Juan Gris

Give thanks by day beware by night
One half of the world sweetness
The other showed blind harshness

In the veins a relentless present could be read
In the beauties of the contours bounded space
Cemented together all familiar objects

Table guitar and empty glass
On an acre of earth full of
White canvas of night air

Table had to support itself
Lamp remains at the core of darkness
Newspaper shed half of itself

Twice the day twice the night
Of two objects one double object
A single whole for evermore.

Paul Klee

Sur la pente fatale le voyageur profite
De la faveur du jour, verglas et sans cailloux,

Et les yeux bleus d'amour, découvre sa saison

Qui porte à tous les doigts de grands astres en bague.

Sur la plage la mer a laissé ses oreilles
Et le sable creusé la place d'un beau crime.
Le supplice est plus dur aux bourreaux qu'aux victimes
Les couteaux sont des signes et les balles des larmes.

Paul Klee

On the fatal slope, the traveller profits
From the day's favour, frost-glazed and pebbleless,
And eyes blue with love, he discovers his season
Which wears on each finger great stars as rings.

The sea has left its ears on the shore
And the hollowed sand site of a noble crime.
Executioners agonize more than victims

Knives are omens and bullets tears.

Joan Miró

Soleil de proie prisonnier de ma tête,
Enlève la colline, enlève la forêt.
Le ciel est plus beau que jamais.
Les libellules des raisins
Lui donnent des formes précises

Joan Miró

Sun of prey prisoner of my head
Remove the hill, remove the forest.
The sky is more lovely than ever.
The grapes' dragonflies
Give it precise forms

Que je dissipe d'un geste.

Nuages du premier jour,
Nuages insensibles et que rien n'autorise,
Leurs graines brûlent
Dans les feux de paille de mes regards.

A la fin, pour se couvrir d'une aube
Il faudra que le ciel soit aussi pur que la nuit.

Jacques Villon

Irrémédiable vie
Vie à toujours chérir

En dépit des fléaux
Et des morales basses
En dépit des étoiles fausses
Et des cendres envahissantes

En dépit des fièvres grinçantes
Des crimes à hauteur du ventre
Des seins taris des fronts idiots
En dépit des soleils mortels

En dépit des dieux morts
En dépit des mensonges
L'aube l'horizon l'eau
L'oiseau l'homme l'amour

L'homme léger et bon
Adoucissant la terre
Éclaircissant les bois
Illuminant la pierre

Et la rose nocturne
Et le sang de la foule.

Paul Éluard

That I with one gesture dispel.

Clouds of primeval day,
Indifferent clouds sanctioned by nothing,
Their seeds burn
In the straw fires of my glances.

At the last, to cloak itself with dawn
The sky must be as pure as night.

Jacques Villon

Incurable life
Life to be cherished always

Despite scourges
And base morals
Despite false stars
And encroaching ashes

Despite creaking fevers
Belly-high crimes
Desiccated breasts foolish faces
Despite mortal suns

Despite dead gods
Despite the lies
Dawn horizon water
Bird man love

Man light-hearted and good
Sweetening the earth
Brightening the woods
Illuminating the stone

And the nocturnal rose
And the blood of the crowd.

Translations © Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion *(Oxford, 2000) provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Mignons Klage

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Mignon's Lament

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.
Alone, cut off
from all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
in that direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
I feel giddy,
my vitals are aflame.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder *(Faber, 2005) provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

Heinrich Heine

I Stood Darkly Dreaming

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder *(Faber, 2005) provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Wanderlied

Von dem Bergen zu den Hügeln,
Niederab das Tal entlang,

Wandering Song

From the mountains to the hills,
and throughout the valley,

Da erklingt es wie von Flügeln,
Da bewegt sichs wie Gesang;
Und dem unbedingten Triebe
Folget Freude, folget Rat,
Und dein Streben, sei's in Liebe!
Und dein Leben sei die Tat.

Bleibe nicht am Boden heften,
Frisch gewagt und frisch hinaus!
Kopf und Arm mit heitern Kräften,
Überall sind wir zu Haus;
Wo wir uns der Sonne freuen,
Sind wir jeder Sorgen los,
Daß wir uns in ihr zerstreuen,
Darum ist die Welt so groß.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

something resounds as if on wings,
something is stirring like a song!
And to absolute impulse
joy yields, reason yields;
and let your striving be for love!
And let your life be the deed.

Do not stay pinned to the floor -
be fresh and daring, and go on your way,
head and arm full of cheerful strength;
everywhere we are at home!
Wherever the sun delights us,
we are free of every care;
that we may scatter within it
is the reason the world is so huge.

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English
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Liebe

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh!
Doch, wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So bin ich ganz und gar gesund
Wenn ich mich leh'n an deine Brust
Kommts' über mich wie Himmel's Lust
Doch, wenn du sprichts,
"Ich liebe dich!"
So muss ich weinen bitterlich!

Heinrich Heine

Love

When I look into your eyes
So dwindles all of my sorrow and pain!
Yes, when I kiss your mouth,
I am whole and complete
When I lay on your chest
Heaven's desire comes over me
Yes, when you say,
"I love you!"
I must weep bitterly!

Translation by Maklyn Baley

Stille Thränen

Du bist vom Schlaf erstanden
Und wandelst durch die Au',
Da liegt ob allen Landen
Der Himmel wunderblau.

So lang du ohne Sorgen
Geschlummert schmerzenlos,
Der Himmel bis zum Morgen
Viel Tränen niedergoss.

In stillen Nächten weinet
Oft mancher aus den Schmerz,
Und morgens dann ihr meinet,
Stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.

Justinius Kerner

Silent Tears

From sleep you have risen
And walk through the meadow.
Everywhere lies
Heaven's wondrous blue.

As long as, free of care, you have
Been slumbering, free of pain,
Heaven has, till morning,
Poured down many tears.

Often on silent nights
Many a man weeps his grief away,
And in the morning you imagine
His heart is ever happy.

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Laue Sommernacht

Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel
Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
So ein Tappen, so ein Suchen?
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Mild Summer Night

Mild summer night: in the sky
Not a star, in the deep forest
We sought each other in the dark
And found one another.

Found one another in the deep wood
In the night, the starless night,
And amazed, we embraced
In the dark night.

Our entire life – was it not
Such a tentative quest?
There: into its darkness,
O Love, fell your light

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de Falla ***Siete canciones populares españolas***

This set is composed of folk songs from various regions of Spain adapted for piano and voice. You will hear a wide range of music styles from flamenco to a lullaby.

El paño moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.

Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

Gregorio Martínez Sierra

The Moorish cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.

It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡puede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y créyendola falsa
nadie la toma!

Anonymous

Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!

For your many infidelities
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing
from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Anonymous

Asturian song

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Anonymous

Jota

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine!

I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapprove,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

Anonymous

Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
"del aire".
Niña, el mirarlos
"Madre, a la orilla".

Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
"del aire".
Por lo perdido,
"Madre, a la orilla"

Anonymous

Song

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
'del aire',
dearest, to gaze into them.
'Mother, a la orilla.'

They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
'del aire',
and cut your losses,
'Mother, a la orilla.'

Polo

¡Ay!
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.

¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Anonymous

Polo

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

Translations © Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes published in The Spanish Song Companion *(Gollancz, 1992) provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC
all programs subject to change
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Yuki Yoshimi, *piano* (BM)
Student of Alexander Korsantia
Thursday, February 29, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Chen Chen, *soprano* (BM)
Student of Michael Meraw
Friday, March 1, 2024 at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Jing Pauline Pu, *piano* (BM)
Student of Stephen Drury
Saturday, March 2, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Luther Warren, *viola* (DMA '26)
Student of Kim Kashkashian
Saturday, March 2, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Julian Rhee, *violin* (MM)
Student of Miriam Fried
Sunday, March 3, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Alexandra Wiebe, *soprano* (MM)
Student of Bradley Williams
Sunday, March 3, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Jessica Yuma, *piano* (BM)
Student of Alessio Bax and Bruce Brubaker
Sunday, March 3, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall

Jay Kim, *flute* (MM)
Student of Cynthia Meyers
Sunday, March 3, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Jung Ah Lee, *cello* (BM)
Student of Yeesun Kim
Sunday, March 3, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Colin Miller, *tenor* (BM)
Student of Bradley Williams
Sunday, March 3, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC
–continued

Tianchen Yan, *piano* (MM)
Student of Pavel Nersessian
Sunday, March 3, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

SooBeen Lee, *violin* (GD)
Student of Miriam Fried
Sunday, March 3, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Hyungjin Son, *baritone* (MM)
Student of Bradley Williams
Sunday, March 3, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Arun Asthagiri, *violin* (BM)
Student of Nicholas Kitchen
Monday, March 4, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Boyuan Cheng, *piano* (MM)
Student of Dang Thai Son
Wednesday, March 6, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Eddy Lanois, *trumpet* (MM)
Student of Benjamin Wright
Wednesday, March 6, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Kyuree Kim, *piano* (GD)
Student of HaeSun Paik
Thursday, March 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jie Yin, *jazz composition* (MM)
Student of Ken Schaphorst
Thursday, March 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Martina Sabariego, *jazz composition* (GC)
Student of Ken Schaphorst
Friday, March 8, 2024 at 8:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

Isaac Dubow, *jazz trumpet* (MM)
Student of Davide Ianni and Stratis Minakakis
Saturday, March 9, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

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Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

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