

Alexandra Wiebe  
*soprano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Master of Music degree, 2024  
Student of Bradley Williams

with  
J. J. Penna, piano

Sunday, March 3, 2024  
12:00 noon  
Burnes Hall

## PROGRAM

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**Ricky Ian Gordon**  
(b. 1956)

from *A Horse with Wings*  
My Sister's New Red Hat  
Poem

**Jake Heggie**  
(b. 1961)

*If you were coming in the Fall*  
from *The Faces of Love*

**Libby Larsen**  
(b. 1950)

from *Sonnets from the Portuguese*  
I thought once how Theocritus had sung  
My Letters!

**Ricky Ian Gordon**

*Prayer* from *Genus Child*

*Intermission*

**Arnold Schoenberg**  
(1847–1951)

from *Brettli-Lieder*  
Der genügsame Liebhaber  
Einfältiges Lied  
Galathea

**Florence B. Price**  
(1887–1953)

*Songs to the Dark Virgin*

**Nadia Boulanger**  
(1887–1979)

*J'ai frappé*  
*Le couteau*  
*Cantique*

**Sergei Rachmaninoff**  
(1873–1943)

from *6 Romances, op. 8*

Duma  
Poljubila ja na pechal svoyu  
Molitva

*I would like to thank JJ,  
for so beautifully coaching and playing this recital while always  
encouraging me to stay true to my own artistic vision;*

*Professor Williams,  
for restoring my joy in vocal exploration and always indulging my technical curiosity,*

*and my parents,  
for their unwavering support.*

*I would also like to thank my two best friends,  
Valérie Filloux and Lauren Randolph,  
for their late-night conversations and constant encouragement,  
as well as consultations on programming.*

*Finally, I would like to thank Theresa Brancaccio and Kurt Hansen  
for their seven years of mentorship and support, no matter what challenges this career brings.*

### **My Sister's New Red Hat**

I'm a little jealous of my sister's new red hat  
She gets all the attention and I covet all of that  
Mama says that I should strive to be as thin as she  
Looking like a pale green boat ballooning out at sea

Wallowing in jealousy I lock my little room  
Pondering my destiny and any other doom  
Mama buy me please a hat as pretty as the wheat  
Help me dry my eyes of tears and stand upon my feet

Just because I'm not perhaps as pretty as a ring  
Someday it will simply be enough that I can sing  
Sing about the sorry trees and not what isn't real  
Sing about the moon at night and all of what I feel

*Ricky Ian Gordon*

### **Poem**

Lana turner has collapsed!  
I was trotting along and suddenly it started raining and snowing  
And you said it was hailing  
But hailing hits you on the head hard  
So it was really snowing and raining  
And I was in such a hurry to meet you but the traffic was acting exactly like the sky  
And suddenly I see the headline Lana Turner has collapsed  
There is no snow in Hollywood  
There is no rain in California I have been to lots of parties and acted perfectly disgraceful  
But I never actually collapsed  
Oh Lana Turner we love you, get up!

*Frank O'Hara*

### **If you were coming in the Fall**

If you were coming in the Fall,  
I'd brush the Summer by  
With half a smile, and half a spurn  
As Housewives do a, Fly.

If I could see you in a year,  
I'd wind the months in balls—  
And put them each in separate Drawers,  
For fear the numbers fuse—

If only Centuries, delayed,  
I'd count them on my Hand,  
Subtracting, til my fingers dropped  
Into Van Dieman's Land,

If certain, when this life was out—  
That yours and mine, should be  
I'd toss it yonder, like a Rind,  
And take Eternity—

But, now, uncertain of the length  
Of this, this is between,  
It goads me, like the Goblin Bee—  
That will not state— its sting.

*Emily Dickinson*

### **I thought once how Theocritus had sung**

I thought once how Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:  
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,  
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;  
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,-  
"Guess now who holds thee!" – "Death," I said. But, there,  
The silver answer rang, "Not death, but Love."

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

### **My Letters!**

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!  
And yet they seem alive and quivering  
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string  
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.  
This said, - he wished to have me in his sight  
Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring  
To come and touch my hand... a simple thing,  
Yet I wept for it! – this, ... the paper's light...  
Said, Dear I love thee; and I sank and quailed  
As if God's future thundered on my past.

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

This said, I am thine – and so its ink has paled  
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.  
And this... O Love, thy words have ill availed  
If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

### Prayer

I ask you this: which way to go?  
I ask you this: which sin to bear?  
Which crown to put upon my hair?  
I do not know Lord God I do not know

Langston Hughes

### *Der genügsame Liebhaber*

*Meine Freudin hat eine schwartze Katze,  
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,  
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblanke-Glatze,  
Blitzblank und gatt und silberhell.*

*Meine Freudin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,  
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,  
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,  
Mein Gott, ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche Haar.*

*Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin besuchen,  
So liegt die Mieze im Schoße bei ihr,  
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen,  
Und schauert wenn ich leise ihr Haar berühr'.*

*Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,  
Und daß sie mir auch einmal "Eitschi" macht,  
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,  
Dann streichelt die Freundin die Katze und lacht.*

Hugo Salus

### The contented suitor

My girlfriend has a black cat  
With soft, rustling, velvet fur,  
And I, I have a shining bald pate,  
Shining and smooth and silvery.

My girlfriend's one of those voluptuous  
women,  
She lies on the sofa all year round,  
Busily stroking her cat's fur,  
My God, how she loves that soft, velvet fur.

And when in the evening I visit my  
girlfriend,  
Her pussy-cat's always on her lap,  
Nibbling with her the gingerbread,  
And trembling whenever I stroke its fur.

And if I become amorous with my love,  
So that she might call me "honey-bun",  
I lift the cat onto my bald pate-  
And my girlfriend strokes the cat and laughs.

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Lieder (Faber, 2005) provided by the Oxford  
International Song Festival  
([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))

## **Einfältiges Lied**

*König ist spazieren gangen,  
Bloß wie ein Mensch spazieren gangen,  
Ohne Szepter und ohne Kron',  
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn.*

*Ist ein starker Wind gekommen,  
Ganz gewöhnlicher Wind gekommen,  
Ohne Ahnung, wer das wär',  
Fällt er über den König her.*

*Hat ihm den Hut vom Kopf gerissen,  
Hat ihn über's Dach geschmissen,  
Hat ihn nie mehr wiedergesehn!*

*Seht ihr's!  
Da habt ihr's!  
Das sag' ich ja!*

*Treiben gleich Allotria!  
Es kann kein König ohne Kron',  
Wie ein gewöhnlicher Menschensohn  
Unter die dummen Leute gehn!*

Hugo Salus

## **Galathea**

*Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,  
weil sie so entzückend sind.*

*Wonne die mir widerfahre,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,  
weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Nimmer wehr mir, bis ich ende,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,  
weil sie so verlockend sind.*

## **The king went out for a walk**

The king went out for a walk,  
Like an ordinary man upon a walk,  
Without a scepter and without a crown  
Like a common man about the town.

A strong wind began to blow,  
A quite ordinary wind began to blow,  
Without knowing who it was at all,  
Upon the king the wind did fall.

It ripped the hat from off his head,  
And hurtling o'er the rood it sped,  
Nevermore to be seen!

There you see it!  
There you have it!  
I told you so!

What a joke!  
One can't be a king without a crown,  
Who, like ordinary men, goes up and down  
Among the foolish folk.

*Translation from German to English © by  
Michael P. Rosewall, reprinted with permission  
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<https://www.lieder.net/>*

## **Galathea**

Ah, how I'm burning with desire,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Just to kiss your cheeks,  
Because they're so enchanting.

The rapture that I feel,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Just to kiss your tresses,  
Because they're so enticing.

Never resist me, till I've finished,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Kissing your hands,  
Because they're so enticing.

*Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,  
weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Und was tät ich nicht, du süße  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,  
weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Aber deinen Mund enthülle,  
Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie,  
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle  
küsst ihn nur die Phantasie.*

Frank Wedekind

Ah, you do not sense how I burn,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
To kiss your knees,  
Because they're so enticing.

And what wouldn't I do, my sweet,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
To kiss your feet,  
Because they're so enticing.

But never expose your lips,  
Sweet girl, to my kisses,  
For the fullness of their charms  
Can only be kissed in fantasy.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from The Book of  
Lieder (Faber, 2005) provided by the Oxford  
International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))*

### **Songs to the Dark Virgin**

Would that I were a jewel,  
A shattered jewel,  
That all my shining brilliants  
Might fall at thy feet,  
Thou dark one.  
Would that I were a garment,  
A shimmering, silken garment,  
That all my folds  
Might wrap about thy body,  
Absorb thy body,  
Hold and hide thy body,  
Thou dark one.

Langston Hughes

### ***J'ai frappé***

*Ma main a frappé les portes closes  
Et d'autres mains au loin ont répondu.  
Mon front a frappé les portes closes  
Et d'autres front au loin ont répondu.  
Mon cœur a frappé les portes closes  
Mais l'écho de mon cœur seul a répondu.*

Jean-François Bourguignon

### **My hand has struck**

My hand has struck closed doors  
And other hands have replied from afar.  
My brow has struck closed doors  
And other brows have replied from afar.  
My heart has struck closed doors  
But only my heart's echo replied.

*Anonymous translation, provided by the Oxford  
International Song Festival ([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))*



## **Le couteau**

*J'ai un couteau dans l' cœur  
- Une belle, une belle l'a planté –  
J'ai un couteau dans l' cœur  
Et ne peux pas l'ôter.*

*C' couteau, c'est l'amour d'elle  
- Une belle, une belle l'a planté –  
Tout mon cœur sortirait  
Avec tout mon regret.*

*Il y faut un baiser.  
- Une belle, une belle l'a planté –  
Un baiser sur le cœur  
Mais ell' ne veut l' donner*

*Couteau, reste en mon cœur  
Si la plus belle t'y a planté!  
J' veux bien me mourir d'elle  
Maid J' veux pas l'oublier!*

Camille Maclair

## **Cantique**

*A toute âme qui pleure,  
A tout péché qui passe,  
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles  
Mes mains pleines de grâces.*

*Il n'est péché qui vive,  
Quand l'amour a parlé,  
Il n'est âme qui meure,  
Quand l'amour a pleuré.*

*Et si l'amour s'égare  
Aux sentiers d'ici-bas,  
Ses larmes me retrouvent  
Et ne s'égarent pas.*

Maurice Maeterlinck

## **The knife**

I have a knife in my heart -  
Planted by her fair hand -  
I have a knife in my heart  
And cannot extract it.

This knife is her love -  
Planted by her fair hand -  
My whole heart would fain escape  
With all my sorrow.

A kiss is needed.  
Her fair mouth planted it -  
A kiss on my heart  
But she will not give it.

Knife - remain in my heart,  
Since the fairest hand planted it there!  
I wish so much to die of her  
But do not wish to forget her!

## **Canticle**

To all weeping souls,  
To all fleeting sins,  
I open, cradled by stars,  
My hands full of grace.

No sin can live  
When Love has spoken,  
No soul can die  
When Love has wept.

And if Love goes astray  
On terrestrial paths,  
Its tears will find me  
And not go astray.

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Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) provided via  
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## Duma

*Prokhodjat dni... prokhodjat nochi;  
Proshlo i leto; Shelestit  
List pozheltevsij; gasunt ochi;  
Zasnuli dumy; Serdce spit.*

*Zasnulo vsjo... Ne znaju ja—  
Zhivjosh' li ty, dusha moja?  
Besstrastno ja gljazhu ne svet,  
I netu sljuz, i smekha net!*

*I golja gde moja? Sud'boju,  
Znat', ne dano mne nikakoj...  
No jesli ja blagoj ne stoju,  
Zachem ne vypalo khot' zloj?  
Ne daj, o Bozhe! Kak vo sne  
Bluzhdat'... ostynut' serdcem mne.  
Gniloj kolodoj na puti  
Lezhat' manja ne dopusti.*

*No daj mne zhit', tvorec!  
O, daj mne serdcem, serdcem zhit'!*

*Chtob ja khvalil tvoj mir chudesnyj,  
Chtob mog ja blizhnego ljubit'!  
Strashna nevolja, tjazhko v nej!*

Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev

## Poljubila ja

*Poljubila ja,  
Na pechal' svoju,  
Sirotinushku  
Bestalannogo.  
Uzh takaja mne  
Dolja vypala  
Razluchili nas  
Ljudi sil'nye;  
Uvezli ego,  
Sdali v rekruty...  
I soldatkoj ja,  
Odinokoj ja,*

## Brooding

The days pass... the nights pass;  
Summer has also gone; A yellowed leaf  
Rustles; the eyes grow dim;  
The thoughts have died down; the heart  
sleeps;  
Everything has gone to sleep... I do not know  
Whether you live, my love.  
Coldly I look at the world,  
Neither in tears, nor with laughter!

And what is my lot? My fate  
Is to remain unknowing...  
But if no good fortune is to befall me,  
Why can't I at least know the bad one?  
Give not, o God, that I have to  
Wander as if in dreams...  
And have my heart grow cold  
Do not allow me to lay myself down  
Like a rotten log on the road,

But allow me to live, my Creator,  
O give that I live from the heart, from the  
heart!  
So that I could praise your wonderful world,  
So that I could love my neighbour!  
Terrible mental bondage! It is hard therein.

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## The Soldier's Wife

I fell in love,  
To my sorrow,  
With a poor orphan,  
With an ill-fated lad.  
Such is the lot  
That befell me!  
Powerful folks  
Separated us;  
They took him away,  
And made a conscript of him...  
A soldier's wife I am,  
All alone I am,

*Znat', v chuzhoj izbe  
I sostarejus'...  
Uzh takaja mne  
Dolja vypala.*

Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev

### **Molitva**

*O, Bozhe moj!  
Vzgljani na grshnuju menja;  
Ja muchus', ja bol'na dushoj,  
Izryta skorb'ju grud' moja.  
O, moj Tvorec, velik moj grekh,  
Ja na zemle prestupnej vsekh.*

*Kipela v njom mladaja kroov',  
Byla chista jego ljubov',  
No on jezo v grudi svojej  
Tail tak svjato ot ljudej.  
Ja znala vsjo... O Bozshe moj!  
Prosti mne, greshnoj i bol'noj.*

*Jago ja muki ponjala;  
Ulybkoy, vzorom lish' odnim  
Ja b iscelit' jego mogla,  
No ja ne szhalilas' nad nim.*

*Tomilsja dolgo, dolgo on,  
Pechal'ju tjazhkoj udruchjon;  
I umer, bednyj, nakonec,  
O Bozhe moj, o moj Tvorec!  
Tron'sja greshnoju mol'boj,  
Vzgljani, kak ja bol'na dushoj.*

Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev

It seems that I shall grow old  
In a stranger's hut...  
Such is the lot  
That befell me.

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([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org))*

### **Prayer**

Oh, my God!  
Look at sinful me;  
I suffer, I am ill in my soul,  
Sorrow tortures my breast.  
Oh, my Creator, great is my sin,  
I am the worst criminal on earth.

Young blood boiled in him,  
Pure was his love,  
But he kept it in himself  
So holy, from people.  
I knew it all... Oh, my God!  
Forgive me, sinful and ill.

I understood his sufferings;  
With only the sign of a smile  
I could have cured him,  
But I didn't pity him.

He suffered long, long,  
With sadness and heavily depressed  
And died, miserable at last,  
Oh, my God, Oh my Creator!  
Be touched by my sinful prayer...  
Look how I am ill in my soul.

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