

Liederabend LXXI

*This is the place:
Voices of Exile and Exodus*

Curated and coached by Tanya Blaich

Wednesday, March 13, 2024
6:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

“Whither must I wander?”

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

Whither must I wander?
Suowei Wu, tenor
Doris Wang, piano

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)

Heimweh
Dongyang Li, soprano
Tristan Leung, piano

“This is the place you would rather not know about”

Tania León
(b. 1943)

Notes towards a poem that can never be written
from *Atwood Songs*
Mara Riley, soprano
Sandy Li, piano

Stefania Turkewich
(1898–1977)

Time Passes
Suowei Wu, tenor
Doris Wang, piano

Paul Hindemith
(1895–1963)

Rast auf der Flucht nach Ägypten
from *Das Marienleben*
Mara Riley, soprano
Sandy Li, piano

“The refugee’s third rule: possess nothing”

Hanns Eisler
(1898–1962)

Auf der Flucht
Die Flucht

Anneke Stern, mezzo-soprano
Tristan Leung, piano

Norbert Glanzberg
(1910–2001)

Ein Koffer spricht
Shiyu Zhuo, soprano
Shalun Li, piano

Marc Blitzstein
(1905–1964)

Displaced
Anneke Stern, mezzo-soprano
Tristan Leung, piano

Ian Cusson
(b. 1981)

Bird Song from *Where there’s a wall*

Henri Dutilleux
(1916–2013)

Chanson de la déportée
Sydney Pexton, soprano
Shalun Li, piano

Elisabeth Luytens
(1906–1983)

Refugee Blues
Mara Riley, soprano
Sandy Li, piano

“In the midst of thousands, and yet a perfect stranger”

Moses Hogan

(1957–2003)

Jake Heggie

(b. 1961)

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

These Strangers (from *These Strangers*)

In the Midst of Thousands

(from *These Strangers*)

Alexis Reese, soprano

Doris Wang, piano

“I once had a beautiful homeland”

Rafael Guastavino

(1842–1908)

Pampamapa

Melissa Pereyra, soprano

Shalun Li, piano

Hanns Eisler

Über die Dauer des Exils I

Mara Riley, soprano

Sandy Li, piano

Chen Yi

(b. 1953)

Ruth Crawford Seeger

(1901–1953)

Bright Moonlight

Chinaman, Laundryman

Shiyu Zhuo, soprano

Shalun Li, piano

Wilhelm Killmayer

(1927–2017)

Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland

Suowei Wu, tenor

Doris Wang, piano

“A place for us”

Ned Rorem
(1923–2022)

Early in the morning
Melissa Pereyra, soprano
Shalun Li, piano

Leonard Bernstein
(1918–1990)

Somewhere
Dongyang Li, soprano
Tristan Leung, piano

Ernest Bacon
(1898–1990)

One Thought Ever at the Fore
All singers
Shalun Li, piano

Special thanks to Cameron Stowe for additional coaching.

Upcoming Liederaabend and Sonata Night concerts

Sonata Night 50
Music for Cello and Piano
a collaboration with the studio of Yeesun Kim
Thursday, March 14, 2024 at 6:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

Liederaabend LXXII
Tanya Blaich and Cameron Stowe, directors
Wednesday, April 17, 2024 at 6:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Sonata Night 51
Music for Saxophone and Piano
a collaboration with the studio of Kenneth Radnofsky
Thursday, April 18, 2024 at 6:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

Whither must I wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree.
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door --
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood --
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
But I go for ever and come again no more.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Heimweh

*Anders wird die Welt mit jedem Schritt,
Den ich weiter von der Liebsten mache;
Mein Herz, das will nicht weiter mit.
Hier scheint die Sonne kalt ins Land,
Hier deucht mir alles unbekannt,
Sogar die Blumen am Bache!
Hat jede Sache
So fremd eine Miene, so falsch ein Gesicht.
Das Bächlein murmelt wohl und spricht:
„Armer Knabe, komm bei mir vorüber,
Siehst auch hier Vergissmeinnicht!“
– Ja, die sind schön an jedem Ort,
Aber nicht wie dort.*

Homesickness

The world becomes different with every step
that takes me farther away from my beloved;
my heart -- it will not go any farther with me.
Here the sun shines coldly upon the land,
here everything seems unfamiliar to me,
even the very flowers along the stream!
Every thing has
So strange a look, so wrong a face.
The streamlet murmurs well and speaks:
"Poor boy, come along beside me -
you see forget-me-nots here as well!"
Yes, they are beautiful everywhere,
but these are not anything like the ones there.

*Fort, nur fort!
Die Augen gehn mir über!*

Eduard Mörike

*Onward, simply onward!
My eyes spill over.*

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LiederNet Archive -- <https://www.lieder.net/>*

Notes towards a poem that can never be written

This is the place
you would rather not know about,
this is the place that will inhabit you,
this is the place you cannot imagine,
this is the place that will finally defeat you

where the word why shrivels and empties
itself. This is famine.

Margaret Atwood

Минають дні

Минають дні, минає літо,
А Україна, знай, горить;
По селах плачуть малі діти —
Батьків немає.
Шелестить пожовкле листя по діброві;
Гуляють хмари; сонце спить;
Ніде не чуť людської мови;
Звір тільки виє, йде в село,

Де чує трупи, йде в село,
Минають дні, минає літо.

Taras Shevchenko

Time Passes

Days pass, the summer passes,
And Ukraine, hear me, is burning;
Small children weep in the villages,
There are no parents.
Yellow leaves whisper in a coppice,
The clouds are wild, the sun sleeps,
The human tongue is nowhere heard.
Only the beast howls as he goes into the
village,
Where he smells the corpses -
Days pass, the summer passes.

*Translation by Maria Lukianowicz, provided
courtesy of the Ukrainian Art Song Project
(www.ukrainianartsong.ca)*

Rast auf der Flucht nach Ägypten

*Diese, die noch eben atemlos
flohen mitten aus dem Kindermorden:
o wie waren sie unmerklich groß
über ihrer Wanderschaft geworden.*

*Kaum noch daß im scheuen Rückwärtsschauen
ihres Schreckens Not zergangen war,
und schon brachten sie auf ihrem grauen
Maultier ganze Städte in Gefahr:*

*denn so wie sie, klein im großen Land,
- fast ein Nichts - den starken Tempeln nahten,
platzten alle Götzen wie verraten
und verloren völlig den Verstand.*

*Ist es denkbar, daß von ihrem Gange
alles so verzweifelt sich erbost?
und sie wurden vor sich selber bange,
nur das Kind war namenlos getrost.*

*Immerhin, sie mußten sich darüber
eine Weile setzen. Doch da ging -
sieh: der Baum, der still sie überhing,
wie ein Dienender zu ihnen über:*

*er verneigte sich. Derselbe Baum,
dessen Kränze toten Pharaonen
für das Ewige die Stirnen schonen,
neigte sich. Er fühlte neue Kronen
blühen. Und sie saßen wie im Traum.*

Rainer Maria Rilke

Auf der Flucht

*Da ich die Bücher nach der Grenze hetzend
Den Freunden ließ, entrat ich des Gedichts,*

Doch führ ich meine Rauchgeräte mit, verletzend

Des Flüchtlings dritte Regel: Habe nichts!

Die Bücher sagen dem nicht viel, der nur

Rest on the flight to Egypt

*These, who just managed to flee breathlessly
in the midst of the slaughtering of children:
o, how they had become imperceptibly great
along their journey.*

*In their timid backwards-looking,
hardly had their panic dissolved,
and already, on their gray mule,
they were putting entire cities in danger:*

*Because as they neared,
small in a big land,
all the idols exploded as if betrayed
and completely lost their minds.*

*Is it possible, that at their passing,
everything became so desperate and angry?
And they became afraid of themselves,
Only the Child was inexpressibly confident.*

*Nevertheless, they had to sit down
for a while. But then -
behold: a tree, which quietly hung over them,
was like a servant to them:*

*It bowed down. The same tree,
whose wreaths were given to dead pharaohs
to protect their brows for eternity,
leaned over them. It felt new crowns
blooming. And they sat as if in a dream.*

Translation by Mara Riley

Fleeing

*As I left my books with my friends, while
Rushing toward the border, I abandoned
poetry.*

*Yet I take my smoking receptacles with me,
thereby
Breaking the third rule of a refugee: Have
nothing!*

*The books are not much use to someone who
only*

*Auf solche wartet, kommend ihn zu greifen.
Das Ledersäcklein und die alten Pfeifen
Vermögen fürder mehr für ihn zu tun.*

Die Flucht

Auf der Flucht vor meinen Landsleuten

*Bin ich nun nach Finnland gelangt. Freunde,
Die ich gestern nicht kannte, stellten uns Betten
In saubere Zimmer. Im Lautsprecher
Höre ich die Siegesmeldungen des Abschaums.
Neugierig betrachte ich die Karte.
Hoch oben in Lappland,
Nah dem Nördlichen Eismeer zu,
Seh' ich noch eine kleine Tür.*

Bertolt Brecht

Ein Koffer spricht

*Ich bin ein kleiner Koffer aus Frankfurt am Main,
Und ich suche meinen Herrn, ja, wo mag der nur
sein?
Der Herr trug einen Stern und er war alt und
blind,
Und er erhielt mich gut, als wäre ich sein Kind.
Sein' Reisekameraden hat er mich oft genannt;
Ich fühle immer noch seine behutsame Hand.
Bin aus echtem Vulkanfiber, man kann's sogar
noch lesen,
bin früher fesch und schick und blank und sauber
gewesen.
Ich habe meinen Herrn begleitet, jahraus jahrein,
Auch diesmal ging ich mit ihm, jetzt ist er ganz
allein.
Er war doch alt und blind, wohin ist er gekommen,
Und weshalb hat man mich denn mit ihm
fortgenommen?*

*Waits for those coming to take him prisoner.
The little leather pouch and the old pipes
Can henceforth do more for him.*

The escape

*In the course of my flight from my
countrymen
I have now arrived in Finland. Friends,
Whom I did not know yesterday, placed beds
In clean rooms. Through the loudspeaker
I hear the victory announcements of the scum.
Curious, I gaze upon the map.
High up in Lapland,
Towards the northern polar sea,
I still perceive a small door.*

*Translations from German (Deutsch) to English
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A suitcase speaks

*I am a small suitcase from Frankfurt,
And I'm searching for my master, hm, where
could he be,
The master wore a star and was old and
blind,
And he treated me well, as if I were his child.
He often called me his travel companion.
I still feel the gentleness of his hand.
(I am) made of genuine vulcanized fiber, one
can still see,
I used to be stylish, chic, shiny, and clean.

I accompanied my master year after year,
This time too, I went with him, but now he's
all alone.
He was old and blind, where has he gone,
And why was I taken away from him?*

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

*Und warum bin ich denn auf dem Kasernenhof
geblieben,
Sein Name stand doch gross auf meinem Kleid
geschrieben.
Nun bin ich furchtbar schmutzig,
Mein Schloss dass hält nicht mehr,
Man hat mich ganz geplündert, ich bin
vollkommen leer.
Ein Tuch ist nur noch da, auch ein Becher ist dabei,
Und seine arme kleine Blindentafel aus Blei,
Doch sonst ist alles fort, die Arzneien, und das
Brot,
Er sucht mich ganz gewiss, vielleicht leidet er Not

Ach Gott, was muss das schwer sein für so'nen
alten Blinden,
Mich in dem Riesenstapel von den Koffern zu
finden.
Es ist mir ganz unmöglich, Ich kann es schwer
verstehen,
Weshalb wir hier so nutzlos, so kaputt, zu Ende
gehen.
Ich bin ein kleiner Koffer aus Frankfurt am Main,
Ich möchte zu meinem Herrn, er ist ja so allein!
Tja, wo mag der nur sein?*

Ilse Weber

Displaced

I remember running and running to my house.
With a sear of burning inside my eyes.
Which was my house?
That smoking doorway, lone and still,
Was my house!
What I thought, what I did,
Where I ran, where I hid,
I could not tell you, not begin.
I think I just sat down in the doorway
Where my house had been.
I remember they took me on a long journey.
Put me by a road near a darkened wood.
Oh, my children!
"Work" is a word we once found good,
My children.
This was work, work on work,
Break your back, and still work

And why am I left in the barracks yard,
His name was boldly written on my cover.

Now I'm awfully dirty,
My lock doesn't hold anymore,
I've been completely plundered; I am entirely
empty.
Only a cloth is left, also a cup is there,
And his small leaden Braille tablet,
But everything else is gone, the medicines,
and the bread,
He's definitely looking for me, perhaps he's
suffering.
Oh God, how difficult it must be for such an
old blind man,
To find me in this giant pile of suitcases.

It's completely impossible for me, I can hardly
understand,
Why we are here so useless, so broken, so
near the end.
I am a small suitcase from Frankfurt am Main,
I want to be with my master; he is so alone!
Hmm, where could he be?

Translated by Shiyu Zhuo

Bitter work, never meant for men.
And now I am home, children,
Make me find the joy of work again.

Marc Blitzstein

Bird Song

Flung from our nests
in the late spring
and ordered to fly
or die we are
weaned to the air.

In this our flight
Lord in this long
fall the call
is clear--

to rise to sunlight
through spring
storms and wars with
wings grown strong.

But here these wind-trimmed
unformed bones
and tiny beaks

that sing
inaudible songs.

Joy Kogawa

Chanson de la déportée

*Depuis des jours et des jours
avec leurs nuits sans sommeil
je n'ai pas revu mes amours
ni le ciel, ni le soleil,
ni mon enfant.*

Song of the deported

For days and days
with their nights without sleep
I have not seen my loves
neither the sky, nor the sun,
nor my child.

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

*Sous mes haillons en lambeaux
je n'ai plus forme vivante,
comme une ombre sans repos
je suis déjà la morte errante
sans mon enfant.*

*C'est en moi qu'est la clarté.
Là, je garde illimités
tous les trésors de l'horizon
toutes les fleurs, toute la joie
et la chanson de mon enfant.*

Jean Gandrey-Réty

Under my tattered rags
I no longer have a living form,
like a shadow without repose
I am already like the wandering dead
without my child.

In me there is clarity.
There, I keep unlimited
all the treasures of the horizon
all the flowers, all the joy
and the song of my child.

Translation by Tanya Blach

Refugee Blues

Say this city has ten million souls,
Some are living in mansions, some are living in holes:
But there's no place for us, my dear, but there's no place for us.

Once we had a country and we thought it fair,
Look in the atlas, and you'll find it there:
We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot go there now.

The consul banged the table and said:
"If you've got no passport, you're officially dead";
But we are still alive, my dear, but we are still alive.

Went down the harbour and stood upon the quay,
Saw the fish swimming as if they were free:
Only ten feet away, my dear, only ten feet away.

Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees;
They had no politicians and sang at their ease:
They weren't the human race, my dear, they weren't the human race.

Stood on a great plain in the falling snow;
Ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro:
Looking for you and me, my dear, looking for you and me.

W. H. Auden

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
A long way from home.

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone,
A long ways from home.

Traditional

These Strangers in a Foreign World

These Strangers, in a foreign World,
Protection asked of me —
Befriend them, lest Yourself in Heaven
Be found a Refugee —

Emily Dickinson

In the Midst of Thousands

There I was in the midst of thousands, and yet a perfect stranger;
Without home and without friends.
Afraid to speak to anyone for fear of speaking to the wrong one.
I saw in every white man an enemy and in almost every colored man cause for distrust.
In the midst of thousands, a perfect stranger.

Frederick Douglass

Pampamapa

*Yo no soy de estos pagos pero es lo mismo
He robado la magia de los caminos.*

*Esta cruz que me mata, me da la vida
Una copla me sangra que canta herida.*

*No me pidas que deje mis pensamientos
No encontrarás la forma de atar al viento.*

*Si mi nombre te duele, échalo al agua
No quiero que tu boca se ponga amarga,
Se ponga amarga.*

*A la huella, mi tierra, tan trasnochada.
Yo te daré mis sueños, dame tu calma.*

Map of the Pampa

I am not from here but it doesn't matter
I have stolen the magic of the paths.

This cross that kills me, gives me life
A copla bleeds from me and sings in pain.

Do not ask me to leave my thoughts behind
You won't find a way to tie down the wind.

If my name hurts you, throw it in the water
I don't want your mouth to become bitter,
To become bitter.

On the trail, my land, so sleepless.
I will give you my dreams, give me your
calmness.

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

*Como el pájaro antiguo conozco el rastro,
Sé cuando el trigo es verde, cuando hay que amarlo.*

*Por eso es que, mi vida, no te confundas,
El agua que yo busco es más profunda.*

*Para que fueras cierto te alcé en un canto,
Ahora te dejo solo, me voy llorando.*

*Pero nunca, mi cielo, de pena muero
Junto a la luz del día nazco de nuevo,
Nazco de nuevo.*

*A la huella, mi tierra, tan trasnochada.
Yo te daré mis sueños, dame tu calma.*

Hamlet Lima Quintana

Über die Dauer des Exils

*Schlage keinen Nagel in die Wand,
wirf den Rock auf den Stuhl.
Warum für vier Tage vorsorgen,
du kehrst morgen zurück.*

*Laß den kleinen Baum ohne Wasser.
Warum einen Baum pflanzen?
Bevor er so hoch wie eine Stufe ist,
gehst du froh weg von hier.*

*Zieh die Mütze ins Gesicht,
wenn die Leute vorbeikommen.
Wozu in einer fremden Grammatik blättern?*

*Die Botschaft, die dich ruft,
ist in bekannter Sprache geschrieben.*

*So wie der Kalk vom Gebälk blättert
(tue nichts dagegen),
so wird der Zaun der Gewalt zermorschen
der an der Grenze aufgerichtet ist gegen die
Gerechtigkeit.*

Bertolt Brecht

Like the old bird I know the trail,
I know when the corn is green, when it must
be loved.

That is why, my life, do not be mistaken,
The water I am looking for is deeper.

For you to be real I lifted you up in song,
Now I leave you alone, I go away crying.

But never, my heaven, will I die of sadness
By the light of day I am born again,
I am born again.

On the trail, my land, so sleepless.
I will give you my dreams, give me your
calmness.

*Translation © Lorena Paz Nieto, provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

About the duration of the exile

Don't drive any nails into the wall,
throw the skirt on the chair.
Why make provisions for four days,
you'll return tomorrow.

Leave the little tree without water.
Why plant a tree?
Before it is as high as a step,
you'll go happily away from here.

Pull your cap over your eyes,
when people go past.
What's the use in flipping through a foreign
grammar book?

The message, that calls you,
is written in a familiar language.

Like whitewash peels from the beams
(do nothing about it),
so will the fence of violence be destroyed
that is erected against justice at the border.

Translation by Mara Riley

Bright Moonlight

Outside my window bright moonlight.
Kissing the grassland,
Kissing the grassland.
Near in front, far away,
Given to the earth with consonance.
Look at the window bright moonlight.
Missing my homeland,
Missing my homeland.
Near in front, far away,
Yearning for the world of consonance.

Chen Yi

Chinaman, Laundryman

“Chinaman”!
“Laundryman”!
Don’t call me “man”!
I am worse than a slave.

Wash! Wash!
Why can I wash away
The dirt of others’ clothes
But not the hatred of my heart?
My skin is yellow,
Does my yellow skin color the clothes?
Why do you pay me less
For the same work?
Clever boss!
You know
How to scatter the seeds of hatred
Among your ignorant slaves.

Iron! Iron!
Why can I smooth away
The wrinkle of others’ dresses
But not the miseries of my heart?
Why should I come to America?
To wash clothes?
Do you think “Chinamen” in China
Wear no dresses?
I came to America
Three days after my marriage.
When can I see her again?
Only the almighty “Dollar” knows!

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

Dry! Dry!
Why do clothes dry,
But not my tears?
I work
Twelve hours a day,
He pays
Fifteen dollars a week.
My boss says,
"Chinaman,
Go back to China,
If you don't feel satisfied!
There,
Unlimited hours of toil:

Two silver dollars a week,
If
You can find a job."
Thank you, Boss,
For you remind me.
I know
Bosses are robbers everywhere!
Chinese boss says:
"You Chinaman,
Me Chinaman,
Come work for me —
Work for your fellow countryman!
By the way,
You 'Wong', me 'Wong' —
Do we not belong to the same family?
Ha! Ha!
We are cousins!
O yes!
You 'Hai Shan', me 'Hai Shan',
Do we not come from the same district?
O come work for me;
I will treat you better!"
GET away from here!
What is the difference,
When you come to exploit me?
"Chinaman"!
"Laundryman"!
Don't call me "Chinaman"!
Yes, I am a "Laundryman"!
The workingman!
Don't call me "Chinaman"!
I am the World man!
"Chinaman"!
"Laundryman"!

All you workingmen!
Here is the brush
Made of study
Here is the soap
Made of action
Let us all
wash with the brush!
Let us all
Press with the iron!

Wash!
Brush!
Dry!
Iron!
Then we shall have
A clean world!

H. T. Tsiang

Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland

*Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland.
Der Eichenbaum
Wuchs dort so hoch, die Veilchen nickten sanft -
Es war ein Traum.*

*Das küßte mich auf deutsch und sprach auf
deutsch
(Man glaubt es kaum,
Wie gut es klang) das Wort: "Ich liebe dich" -
Es war ein Traum.*

Heinrich Heine

Somewhere

There's a place for us,
Somewhere a place for us.
Peace and quiet and open air
Wait for us, somewhere.

There's a time for us,
Some day a time for us,
Time together with time to spare,
Time to learn, time to care.

I had a lovely homeland

Once I had a wonderful homeland.
The oak grew there so high,
and the violets nodded kindly.
It was a dream.

There I was kissed in German, and was told
in German
(one can hardly believe how good it sounded)
the words: "I love you!"
It was a dream.

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Some day,
Somewhere,
We'll find a new way of living,
We'll find a way of forgiving.
Somewhere,
Somewhere . . .

There's a place for us,
A time and place for us.
Hold my hand and we're halfway there.
Hold my hand and I'll take you there
Somehow,
Some day,
Somewhere!

Stephen Sondheim

Early in the morning

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away,
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay,
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

Robert Hillyer

One thought ever at the fore

One thought ever at the fore –
That in the Divine Ship, the World, breasting Time and Space,
All Peoples of the globe together sail, sail the same voyage,
Are bound to the same destination.

Walt Whitman

Other Upcoming Concerts at NEC

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert information:

SONATA NIGHT 50, Music for Cello and Piano
a collaboration with the cello studio of Yeesun Kim
Thursday, March 14, 2024 at 6:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

HUMPERDINCK: *Hansel and Gretel*
performed by NEC Undergraduate Opera Studio, Michael Meraw, artistic director
Steven Goldstein, stage director
Thursday-Friday, March 14-15, 2024 at 7:30 p.m.
Plimpton Shattuck Black Box Theatre

FACULTY RECITAL: KENNETH RADNOFSKY, saxophone
Monday, March 25, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

TUESDAY NIGHT NEW MUSIC
New music by NEC composers, performed by their peers
Tuesday, March 26, 2024 at 7:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

NEC SAXOPHONE ENSEMBLE: Kenneth Radnofsky, director
Tuesday, March 26, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

PIANO DEPARTMENT CONCERT: IVES 150
Bruce Brubaker, curator of piano programming
“Ives Extended”: NEC piano students perform *The Celestial Railroad*, the *Set of Five Take-Offs*, works by Carl Ruggles, Lou Harrison and Henry Cowell, and rarely heard music for two pianos in quarter-tones by Ives, David Fulmer, and Georg Haas.
Wednesday, March 27, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC Peyton Residency Concert, curated by Sid Richardson
“The Music of Valerie Coleman”
Thursday, March 28, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

“CONNECTIONS” CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES, Max Levinson, director
Thursday, March 28, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

FIRST MONDAY IN JORDAN HALL, Laurence Lesser, artistic director
Mozart *Ein musicalisches Spass (A Musical Joke)*, K. 522; Smetana *Trio in G Minor*, op. 15;
Bruckner *Quintet in F Major*, WAB 112; Ayano Ninomiya, violin; Kim Kashkashian,
viola; Lluís Claret, cello; HaeSun Paik, piano; Borromeo String Quartet
Monday, April 1, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Support the future of music at NEC!

Your gift to The NEC Fund has a direct and immediate impact on student scholarships, NEC's world-class faculty, and a collaborative and innovative learning environment rooted in the highest level of musical excellence.

Please consider making a gift to support NEC at necmusic.edu/give.

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



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