

Olivia Sheehy  
*mezzo-soprano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Master of Music degree, 2024  
Student of MaryAnn McCormick

with  
J.J. Penna, piano  
Aidan Garrison, viola

Friday April 5, 2024  
8:30 p.m.  
Keller Room

PROGRAM

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**Claude Debussy**  
(1862–1918)

*Chansons de Bilitis*  
La flûte de Pan  
La chevelure  
Le tombeau des Nàiades

**Miquel Ortega**  
(b. 1963)

*Romance de la luna, luna*

**Eddie Hill**  
(b. 1962)

from *The Giver of Stars*  
III. Vernal Equinox  
IV. The Giver of Stars

*Intermission*

**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833–1897)

*Two Songs for Voice, Viola and Piano, op. 91*  
Gestillte Sehnsucht  
Geistliches Wiegenlied

*Dedicated to Joe and Maire Keogh*

**Gustav Mahler**  
(1860–1911)

from *Mörrike-Lieder*  
Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!  
Liebst du um Schönheit  
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

*For Little Bee*

*Olivia Sheehy is the recipient of the Annabelle Bernard-Mercker Memorial Scholarship.*

*I would like to thank the George Moore Scholarship fund  
for giving me the opportunity of a lifetime.*

*Special thanks to JJ Penna and Professor McCormick  
for their guidance and support.*

*I would not be able to survive this journey without the constant support  
from my parents Jo and Brendan, thank you, I love you.*

### **La flûte de Pan**

*Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une  
syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la  
blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le  
miel.*

*Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais je  
suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si  
doucement que je l'entends à peine.*

*Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes  
près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se  
répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur  
la flûte.*

*Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui  
commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais  
que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma  
ceinture perdue.*

### **The Flute of Pan**

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrxinx  
made of carefully cut reeds, bonded with  
white wax which tastes sweet to my lips like  
honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but I  
am a little fearful. He plays it after me, so  
gently that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we one  
to another, but our songs try to answer each  
other, and our mouths join in turn on the  
flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs  
that begins with the night. My mother will  
never believe I stayed out so long to look for  
my lost sash.

### **La chevelure**

*Il m'a dit: «Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.*

*«Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.*

*«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songe.»*

*Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson*

### **Le tombeau des Naiïades**

*Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.*

*Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?» — «Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.» Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.*

*«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.»*

*Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les naiïades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.*

### **The tresses of hair**

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed. I had your tresses around my neck. I had your hair like a black necklace all round my nape and over my breast.

'I caressed it and it was mine; and we were united thus for ever by the same tresses, mouth on mouth, just as two laurels often share one root.

'And gradually it seemed to me, so intertwined were our limbs, that I was becoming you, or you were entering into me like a dream.'

When he had finished, he gently set his hands on my shoulders and gazed at me so tenderly that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

### **The tomb of the Naiads**

Along the frost-bound wood I walked; my hair across my mouth, blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you seek?' 'I follow the satyr's track. His little cloven hoof-marks alternate like holes in a white cloak.' He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.

'The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there has not been so harsh a winter. The tracks you see are those of a goat. But let us stay here, where their tomb is.'

And with the iron head of his hoe he broke the ice of the spring, where the naiads used to laugh. He picked up some huge cold fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky, gazed through them.

## **Romance de la luna, luna**

*La luna vino a la fragua  
con su polisón de nardos.  
El niño la mira mira.  
El niño la está mirando.*

*En el aire conmovido  
mueve la luna sus brazos  
y enseña, lúbrica y pura,  
sus senos de duro estaño.*

*Huye luna, luna, luna.  
Si vinieran los gitanos,  
harían con tu corazón  
collares y anillos blancos.*

*Niño déjame que baile.  
Cuando vengan los gitanos,  
te encontrarán sobre el yunque  
con los ojillos cerrados.*

*Huye luna, luna, luna,  
que ya siento sus caballos.  
Niño déjame, no pises,  
mi blancor almidonado.*

*El jinete se acercaba  
tocando el tambor del llano.  
Dentro de la fragua el niño,  
tiene los ojos cerrados.*

*Por el olivar venían,  
bronce y sueño, los gitanos.  
Las cabezas levantadas  
y los ojos entornados.*

*¡Cómo canta la zumaya,  
ay como canta en el árbol!  
Por el cielo va la luna  
con el niño de la mano.*

*Dentro de la fragua lloran,  
dando gritos, los gitanos.  
El aire la vela, vela.  
el aire la está velando.*

Federico García Lorca

## **Romance of the moon, moon**

The moon came to the forge  
With her bustle of fragrant flowers.  
The boy looks at her, looks.  
The boy is staring at her.

In the flowing air  
the moon moves her arms  
and teaches, lubricious y and pure,  
her breasts of hard tin.

-Flee moon, moon, moon.  
If the gypsies came,  
with your heart they would make  
white necklaces and rings.

-Boy, let me dance.  
When the gypsies come,  
they will find you on the anvil  
with closed eyes.

-Flee moon, moon, moon.  
I already sense their horses,  
Boy, leave me, don't step on  
my starched whiteness.

The rider approached  
playing the drum of the plain  
Inside the forge the boy,  
Had closed his eyes.

Through the olive grove they came,  
bronzed and sleepy, the gypsies.  
Heads raised and  
eyes narrowed.

How the night bird sings,  
¡ay, how it sings in the tree!  
The moon goes through the sky  
with a child by the hand..

Inside the forge they cry,  
screaming, the gypsies.  
The air holds vigil.  
The air is watching

*Translation by Olivia Sheehy*

## Vernal Equinox

The scent of hyacinths, like a pale mist, lies  
between me and my book;  
And the South Wind, washing through the room,  
Makes the candles quiver.  
My nerves sting at a spatter of rain on the shutter,  
And I am uneasy with the thrusting of green shoots  
Outside, in the night.

Why are you not here to overpower me with your  
tense and urgent love?

*Amy Lowell*

## The Giver of Stars

Hold your soul open for my welcoming.  
Let the quiet of your spirit bathe me  
With its clear and rippled coolness,  
That, loose-limbed and weary, I find rest,  
Outstretched upon your peace, as on a bed of ivory.

Let the flickering flame of your soul play all about me,  
That into my limbs may come the keenness of fire,  
The life and joy of tongues of flame,  
And, going out from you, tightly strung and in tune,  
I may rouse the blear-eyed world,  
And pour into it the beauty which you have begotten.

*Amy Lowell*

## Gestillte Sehnsucht

*In goldnen Abendschein getaucht,  
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!  
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet  
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.  
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?  
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.*

*Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget  
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!  
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,  
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?  
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,  
Ihr sehnenenden Wünsche, wann schläft ihr ein?*

## Assuaged longing

Bathed in golden evening light,  
How solemnly the forests stand!  
The evening winds mingle softly  
With the soft voices of the birds.  
What do the winds, the birds whisper?  
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring  
In my heart without respite!  
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –  
When will you rest, when will you sleep?  
The winds and the birds whisper,  
But when will you, yearning desires,  
slumber?

*Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen  
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,  
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen  
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt;  
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein  
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.*

### **Geistliches Wiegenlied**

*Die ihr schwebet  
Um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heil'gen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

*Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
Im Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also!  
Schweiget, neiget  
Euch leis' und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

*Der Himmelsknabe  
Duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd' er ward  
Vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm  
Leise gesänftigt  
Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

*Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck' ich  
Des Kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel,  
Die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.*

Friedrich Rückert

Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens  
On wings of dreams into golden distances,  
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly  
On eternally remote stars;  
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper  
My life – and my longing – to sleep.

### **A Sacred Cradle-song**

You who hover  
Around these palms  
In night and wind,  
You holy angels,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem  
In the raging wind,  
Why do you bluster  
So angrily today!  
O roar not so!  
Be still, lean  
Calmly and gently over us;  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe  
Suffers distress,  
Oh, how weary He has grown  
With the sorrows of this world.  
Ah, now that in sleep  
His pains  
Are gently eased,  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold  
Blows down on us,  
With what shall I cover  
My little child's limbs?  
O all you angels,  
Who wing your way  
On the winds,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

***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*

***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.*

***I breathed a gentle fragrance!***

*I breathed a gentle fragrance!  
In the room stood  
A spray of lime,  
A gift  
From a dear hand.  
How lovely the fragrance of lime was!  
How lovely the fragrance of lime is!  
The spray of lime  
Was gently plucked by you;  
Softly I breathe  
In the fragrance of lime  
The gentle fragrance of love.*

***If you love for beauty***

*If you love for beauty,  
O love not me!  
Love the sun,  
She has golden hair.  
If you love for youth,  
O love not me!  
Love the spring  
Which is young each year.  
If you love for riches,  
O love not me!  
Love the mermaid  
Who has many shining pearls.  
If you love for love,  
Ah yes, love me!  
Love me always,  
I shall love you ever more.*



***Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen***

*Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,  
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,  
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,  
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!  
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,  
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,  
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,  
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.  
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,  
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!  
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,  
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!*

Friedrich Rückert

**I am lost to the world**

I am lost to the world  
With which I used to waste much time;  
It has for so long known nothing of me,  
It may well believe that I am dead.  
Nor am I at all concerned  
If it should think that I am dead.  
Nor can I deny it,  
For truly I am dead to the world.  
I am dead to the world's tumult  
And rest in a quiet realm!  
I live alone in my heaven,  
In my love, in my song!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The  
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005) provided via  
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## **Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC**

*all programs subject to change*

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**Lexine Feng**, *cello* (BM)

Student of Laurence Lesser

*Saturday, April 6, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Kristofer Monson**, *jazz bass* (DMA '25)

Student of Donald Palma and Ethan Iverson

*Saturday, April 6, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Min-Han Tsai**, *violin* (MM)

Student of Soovin Kim

*Saturday, April 6, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Harper Yin**, *mezzo-soprano* (MM)

Student of Michael Meraw

*Saturday, April 6, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Maggie Ruochen Zang**, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Hankus Netsky

*Saturday, April 6, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., G-01*

**Dane Bennett**, *oboe* (MM)

Student of Mark McEwan

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Keller Room*

**Gwendolyn Goble**, *oboe* (MM)

Student of John Ferrillo

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall*

**Joy Hsieh**, *viola* (GD '25)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall*

**Tsubasa Muramatsu**, *violin* (BM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall*

**Su Cong**, *baritone* (BM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room*

## Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

**Corinne Luebke-Brown**, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Carole Haber

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Chia-Fen Chang**, *flute* (MM)

Student of Paula Robison

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Graham Lovely**, *French horn* (BM)

Student of Eli Epstein

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Jahnvi Madan**, *jazz clarinet* (BM)

Student of Anna Webber and Jason Moran

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Rohan Zakharia**, *percussion* (BM Dec '24)

Student of Matthew McKay

*Sunday, April 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Itay Dayan**, *contemporary musical arts* (MM)

Student of Anthony Coleman and Ran Blake

*Monday, April 8, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Zhengying Yan**, *soprano* (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

*Monday, April 8, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Leland Ko**, *cello* (AD)

Student of Yeesun Kim and Donald Weilerstein

*Tuesday, April 9, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

**Daniel Barak**, *trumpet* (MM)

Student of Tom Siders and Benjamin Wright

*Tuesday, April 9, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Aidan Garrison**, *viola* (GD)

Student of Mai Motobuchi and Nicholas Cords

*Wednesday, April 10, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

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Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

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