

Corinne Luebke-Brown  
*soprano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Bachelor of Music degree, 2024  
Student of Carole Haber

with  
Isabel Evernham, flute  
Pualina Lim Mei En, piano

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

PROGRAM

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**George Frideric Handel**  
(1685–1759)

*Nel dolce dell'oblio*, HW 134

Isabel Evernham, flute

**Francis Poulenc**  
(1899–1963)

*La courte paille*

Le sommeil  
Quelle aventure!  
La reine de Coeur  
Ba, be, bi, bo, bu  
Les anges musiciens  
Le carafon  
Lune d'Avril

*Brief pause*

**Clara Schumann**  
(1819–1896)

from *Sechs Lieder*, op. 13

I. Ich stand in dunklen Träumen  
II. Sie liebte sich beide  
III. Liebeszauber  
V. Ich hab' in deinen Auge

**Libby Larsen**  
(b. 1950)

*Songs from Letters*

So like your father's  
He never misses  
A man can love two women  
A working woman  
All I have left

Pualina Lim Mei En, piano

*Nel dolce dell' oblio*

Recitativo

*Nel dolce dell' oblio, benchè riposi,  
La mia Filli adorata veglia coi pensier suoi,*

*E in quelle quiete Amor non cessa mai con varie  
forme*

*La sua pace turbar mentre ella dorme.*

Aria:

*Giacchè il somno a lei dipinge  
La sembianza del suo bene,*

*Nella quiete nè pur finge  
D' abbracciar le sue catene.*

Recitativo:

*Così fida ella vive al cuor che adora*

*E nell' ombre respira  
La luce di quel sol per cui sospira.*

Aria:

*Ha l'inganno il suo diletto  
Se i pensier mossi d'affetto  
Stiman ver ciò che non sanno.  
Ma se poi si risveglia un tal errore  
Il pensier ridice a noi;  
Ha l'inganno il suo dolore.*

Anonymous

**In her sweet sleep, although resting**

*Recitativo*

*In her sweet sleep, although resting,  
My adored Phillis awakens through her  
thoughts*

*And in this quietness Love never stops in  
various ways  
to trouble her sleeping peace.*

*Aria:*

*From the moment sleep seems  
to paint on her face the figure of her  
*bien-aimée,**

*during this quietness, sleep seems also  
to embrace its chains.*

*Recitativo:*

*In this way, she's loyal toward the heart she  
adores,  
and she breathes like a shadow  
of the light for which she only sighs.*

*Aria:*

*If thoughts, moved by love,  
Deem as true what they do not know,  
This sort of deceit has its charm.  
But if the mind awakens from such an error  
May it speak the truth to us all:  
"This deceit has its charm!"*

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## **Le sommeil**

*Le sommeil est en voyage,  
Mon dieu! où est-il parti?  
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,  
il pleure dans son lit-cage,  
il pleure depuis midi.*

*Où le sommeil a-t'il mis  
son sable et ses rêves sages?  
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,  
il se tourne tout en nage,  
il sanglote dans son lit.*

*Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,  
sur ton beau cheval de course!  
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse  
a enterré le soleil  
et rallumé ses abeilles.*

*Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,  
il ne dira pas bonjour,  
il ne dira rien demain  
a ses doigts, au lait, au pain  
qui l'accueillent dans le jour.*

## **Quelle aventure!**

*Une puce, dans sa voiture,  
tirait un petit éléphant  
en regardant les devantures  
où scintillaient les diamants  
Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Quelle aventure!  
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?*

*L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent,  
suçait un pot de confiture.  
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,  
elle tirait en souriant.  
Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Que cela dure  
et je vais me croire dément!*

*Soudain, le long d'une clôture,  
la puce fondit dans le vent  
et je vis le jenne, elephant  
se sauver en fendant les murs.  
Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! La chose est sûre,*

## **Sleep**

Sleep is on vacation,  
My God! Where has it gone?  
I've rocked my little one in vain,  
he cries in his crib,  
he's been crying since noon.

Where has sleep put  
its sand and its wise dreams?  
I've rocked my little one in vain,  
he turns, all sweaty,  
he sobs in his bed.

Ah! Return, return, sleep,  
on your beautiful racehorse!  
In the black sky, the Big Bear  
has buried the sun  
and re-lit the bees.

If baby doesn't sleep well  
he won't say "good morning,"  
he won't say anything tomorrow  
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread  
that greet him with the day.

## **What an adventure!**

A flea was pulling a little elephant  
Along in its carriage  
While looking at the shop windows,  
where the diamonds sparkled.  
My God! My God! What an adventure!  
Who'll believe me if they hear me?

The little elephant casually  
licked at a jar of jam.  
But the flea didn't care;  
she pulled along smiling.  
My God! My God! How hard this is,  
And I think I must be crazy!

Suddenly, near a fence,  
the flea blew over in the wind  
and I saw the young elephant  
save himself by knocking down the walls.  
My God! My God! It's really true,

*mais comment la dire à maman?*

### **La reine de cœur**

*Mollement acoudée  
à ses vitres de lune,  
la reine vous salue,  
d'une fleur d'amandier.*

*C'est la reine de cœur,  
elle peut, s'il lui plaît,  
vous mener en secret  
vers d'étranges demeures.*

*Où il n'est plus de portes,  
de salles ni de tours  
et où les jeunes mortes  
viennent parler d'amour.*

*La reine vous salue,  
hâtez-vous de la suivre  
dans son château de givre  
au doux vitraux de lune.*

### **Ba, be, bi, bo, bu**

*Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!  
Le chat a mis ses bottes,  
il va de porte en porte  
jouer, danser, chanter.*

*Pou, chou, genou, hibou.  
\* 'Tu dois apprendre à lire,  
à compter, à écrire'  
lui crie-t-on de partout.*

*Mais rikketiketau,  
le chat de s'esclaffer,  
en rentrant au château:  
Il est le Chat botté!*

but how can I tell Mommy?

### **The Queen of Hearts**

Softly leaning  
on her window-panes of moon,  
the queen gestures to you,  
with an almond flower.

She is the Queen of Hearts,  
She can, if she wishes,  
lead you in secret  
into strange dwellings.

Where there are no more doors,  
or rooms, or towers,  
and where the young dead  
come to talk of love.

The queen salutes you,  
hasten to follow her  
into her hoar-frost castle  
with smooth stained-glass moon windows.

### **Ba, be, bi, bo, bu**

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!  
The cat has put on his boots,  
he goes from door to door  
playing, dancing, singing.

*Pou, chou, genou, hibou.  
"You ought to learn to read,  
to count, to write,"  
everyone calls out to him.*

But rikketiketau,  
the cat bursts out laughing,  
returning to his castle:  
He is Puss in Boots!

### **Les anges musiciens**

*Sur les fils de la pluie,  
les anges de jeudi  
jouent longtemps de la harpe.*

*Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart  
tinte, délicieux,  
en gouttes de joie bleue.*

*Car c'est toujours Mozart  
que reprennent sans fin  
les anges musiciens,*

*Qui, au long du jeudi,  
font chanter sur le harpe  
la douceur de la pluie.*

### **Le carafon**

*'Pourquoi,' se plaignait la carafe,  
'N'aurais je pas un carafon?  
Au zoo, madame la girafe  
n'atelle pas un girafon?'*  
*Un sorcier qui passait par là,  
a cheval sur un phonographe,  
enregistra la belle voix  
de soprano de la carafe  
et la fit entendre à Merlin.  
'Fort bien, di celui-ci, fort bien!'*  
*Il frappa trois fois dans les mains  
et la dame de la maison  
se demande encore pourquoi  
ella trouva, ce matin-là,  
un joli petit carafon  
blotti tout contre la carafe  
ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon  
pose son cou fragile et long  
sur le flanc clair de la giraffe.*

### **The Angel Musicians**

On the treads of the rain,  
the Thursday angels  
play on the harp for a long time.

And beneath their fingers, Mozart  
tinkles deliciously,  
in drops of blue joy.

Since it is always Mozart  
which is played endlessly  
by the musician angels,

Who, all day Thursday,  
make their harps sing  
the sweetness of the rain.

### **The Baby Carafe**

"Why," lamented the carafe,  
"Couldn't I have a baby carafe?  
At the zoo, Mrs. Giraffe  
Doesn't she have a baby giraffe?"  
A wizard who was riding by  
astride the phonograph,  
recorded the beautiful  
soprano voice of the carafe  
and plays it for Merlin.  
"Very well," he said, "very well!"  
He clapped his hands three times  
and the lady of the house  
still asks herself why  
she found, that morning,  
a pretty little baby carafe  
leaning up against the carafe  
just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe  
leans its long and fragile neck  
against the smooth flank of the giraffe.

### **Lune d'Avril**

Lune,  
belle lune, lune d'Avril  
faites-moi voir en mon dormant  
le pechèr au coeur de safran,  
le poisson qui rit du grésil,  
l'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,  
doucement reveille les morts  
et surtout, surtout le pays  
où il fait joie, où il fait clair,  
où soleilleux de primevères,  
On a brisé tous les fusils.

Maurice Carême

### **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  
Ergänzte 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

### **Sie liebten sich beide**

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner  
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;  
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,  
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

### **April Moon**

Moon,  
beautiful moon, moon of April,  
make me see in my dreams  
the peach tree with a heart of saffron,  
the fish that laughs at sleet,  
the bird that, far away, like a horn,  
sweetly wakens the dead  
and above all, above all, the country  
where there is joy, where it is bright,  
where, sunny with springtime,  
they have broken all the rifles.

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### **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!

### **They loved one another**

They loved one another, but neither  
Wished to tell the other;  
They gave each other such hostile looks,  
Yet nearly died of love.

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

*Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich  
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;  
Sie waren längst gestorben  
Und wussten es selber kaum.*

Heinrich Heine

**Liebeszauber**

*Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall  
Im Rosenbusch und sang;  
Es flog der wundersüße Schall  
Den grünen Wald entlang.*

*Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis  
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,  
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',  
Und leiser ging die Luft;*

*Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum  
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,  
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum  
Und lauschten dem Getön.*

*Und hell und immer heller floß  
Der Sonne Glanz herein,  
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß  
Sich goldig roter Schein.*

*Ich aber zog den Wald entlang  
Und hörte auch den Schall.  
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,  
War nur sein Widerhall.*

Emanuel Geibel

**Ich hab' in deinem Auge**

*Ich hab' in deinem Auge  
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,  
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen  
Einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.*

*Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt  
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,*

In the end they parted and saw  
Each other but rarely in dreams.  
They died so long ago  
And hardly knew it themselves.

**Love's magic**

Love, as a nightingale,  
Perched on a rosebush and sang;  
The wondrous sound floated  
Along the green forest.

And as it sounded, there arose a scent  
From a thousand calyxes,  
And all the treetops rustled softly,  
And the breeze moved softer still;

The brooks fell silent, barely  
Having babbled from the heights,  
The fawns stood as if in a dream  
And listened to the sound.

Brighter, and ever brighter  
The sun shone on the scene,  
And poured its red glow  
Over flowers, forest and glen.

But I made my way along the path  
And also heard the sound.  
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour  
Was merely its echo.

**I saw in your eyes**

I saw in your eyes  
The ray of eternal love,  
I saw on your cheeks  
The roses of heaven.

And as the ray dies in your eyes,  
And as the roses scatter,



*Ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,  
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,*

*Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n  
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,  
So werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n  
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.*

Friedrich Rückert

Their reflection, forever new,  
Has remained in my heart,

And never will I look at your cheeks,  
And never will I gaze into your eyes,  
And not see the glow of roses,  
And the ray of love.

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

### **So Like Your Father's**

Janey, a letter came today  
and a picture of you.  
Your expression so like your father's  
brought back all the years.

### **He Never Misses**

I met your father 'Wild Bill Hickok' near Abilene.  
A bunch of outlaws were planning to kill him.  
I crawled through the brush to warn him.

Bill killed them all.  
I'll never forget...  
Blood running down his face  
while he used two guns.  
He never aimed and he was never known to miss.

### **A Man Can Love Two Women**

Don't let jealousy get you, Janey.  
It kills love and all nice things,  
It drove your father from me.  
I lost everything I loved except for you.

A man can love two women at a time.  
He loved her and he still loved me.  
He loved me because of you, Janey.

## **A Working Woman**

Your mother works for a living.  
One day I have chickens, and the next day feathers.

These days I'm driving a stagecoach.  
For a while, I worked in Russell's saloon  
but when I worked there all the virtuous women  
planned to run me out of town,  
so these days, I'm driving a stagecoach.

I'll be leaving soon to join Bill Cody's Wild West Show.  
I'll ride a horse bare-back,  
standing up, shoot my old Stetson hat  
twice – throwing it into the air –  
and landing on my head.

These are hectic days – like hell let out for noon.  
I mind my own business, but remember  
the one thing the world hates is a woman  
who minds her own business.

All the virtuous women  
have bastards and shot-gun weddings.  
I have nursed them through childbirth and  
my only pay is a kick in the pants when my back is turned.  
These other women are pot bellied, hairy legged  
and look like something the cat dragged in.  
I wish I had the power to damn their souls to hell!  
Your mother works for a living.

## **All I Have**

I am going blind.  
All hope of seeing you again is dead, Janey.  
What have I ever done except one blunder after another?  
All I have left are these pictures of you and your father.

Don't pity me, Janey,  
forgive my faults and all the wrong I did you.  
Good night, little girl,  
And may God keep you from harm.

*Letters from Calamity Jane to her daughter Jane*

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**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 P. 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*

**Mara Riley**, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Lisa Saffer

*Wednesday, April 10, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Jeffrey Sagurton**, *percussion* (MM)

Student of Daniel Bauch, Will Hudgins, and Matthew McKay

*Wednesday, April 10, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

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