

Mara Riley  
*soprano*

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

with  
Rafe Lei Schaberg, piano  
Anna Kevelson, alto flute

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

PROGRAM

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**Gabriel Fauré**

(1845–1924)

from *La chanson d'Eve*

I. Paradis

III. Roses ardentes

IV. Comme Dieu rayonne

VI. Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil

IX. Crépuscule

**Tania León**

(b. 1943)

*Atwood Songs*

Notes towards a poem that can never be  
written

Memory

Eating Fire

Habitation

Four Evasions

**André Previn**

(1929–2019)

*Two Remembrances*

A Love Song

Lyric

Anna Kevelson, alto flute

*Intermission*

**Hugo Wolf**  
(1860–1903)

from *Mörike-Lieder*

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung  
Auf eine Christblume II  
Nixe Binsefuss  
An die Geliebte  
Begegnung

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

from *La Resurrezione*

D'amor fu consiglio  
Disserratevi, o porte d'Averno

## Paradis

*C'est le premier matin du monde.  
Comme une fleur confuse exhalée de la nuit,*

*Au souffle nouveau qui se lève des ondes,*

*Un jardin bleu s'épanouit.*

*Tout s'y confond encore et tout s'y mêle,  
Frissons de feuilles, chants d'oiseaux,  
Glissements d'ailes,  
Sources qui sourdent, voix des airs, voix des eaux,  
Murmure immense;  
Et qui pourtant est du silence.*

*Ouvrant à la clarté ses doux et vagues yeux  
La jeune et divine Ève  
S'est éveillée de Dieu.*

*Et le monde à ses pieds s'étend comme un beau  
rêve.*

*Or Dieu lui dit: Va, fille humaine,  
Et donne à tous les êtres  
Que j'ai créés, une parole de tes lèvres,  
Un son pour les connaître.*

*Et Ève s'en alla, docile à son seigneur,  
En son bosquet de roses,  
Donnant à toutes choses  
Une parole, un son de ses lèvres de fleur:*

*Chose qui fuit, chose qui souffle, chose qui vole ...*

*Cependant le jour passe, et vague, comme à l'aube,  
Au crépuscule, peu à peu,  
L'Éden s'endort et se dérobe  
Dans le silence d'un songe bleu.*

*La voix s'est tue, mais tout l'écoute encore,*

*Tout demeure en attente;  
Lorsque avec le lever de l'étoile du soir,  
Ève chante.*

## Paradise

It is the first morning of creation.  
Like an abashed flower breathed on the night  
air,

With the pristine whisperings that rise from  
the waves,

A blue garden blooms.

Everything is still blurred and indistinct,  
Trembling leaves, singing birds,  
Gliding wings,

Springs that rise, voices of air and water,  
An immense murmuring;  
Which yet is silence.

Opening to the light her soft and vacant eyes,  
Young, heaven-born Eve  
Is awakened by God.

And the world lies at her feet like a lovely  
dream.

Now God says to her: Go, daughter of man,  
And bestow on all beings  
That I have created a word from your lips,  
A sound that we might know them by.

And Eve went, obedient to her Lord,  
Into her rose grove,  
Bestowing on all things  
A word, a sound from her flower-like lips:

On all that runs, that breathes, that flies ...

Day meanwhile passes, and hazy, as at dawn,  
Eden sinks slowly to sleep  
In the twilight and steals away  
In the silence of a blue dream.

The voice is hushed, but everything still  
hearkens,

Waiting in expectation;  
When with the rising of the evening star,  
Eve sings.

### **Roses ardentes**

*Roses ardentes  
Dans l'immobile nuit,  
C'est en vous que je chante,  
Et que je suis.*

*En vous, étincelles,  
À la cime des bois,  
Que je suis éternelle,  
Et que je vois.*

*Ô mer profonde,  
C'est en toi que mon sang  
Renaît vague blonde,  
Et flot dansant.*

*Et c'est en toi, force suprême,  
Soleil radieux,  
Que mon âme elle-même  
Atteint son dieu!*

### **Comme Dieu rayonne**

*Comme Dieu rayonne aujourd'hui,  
Comme il exulte, comme il fleurit  
Parmi ces roses et ces fruits!*

*Comme il murmure en cette fontaine!  
Ah! comme il chante en ces oiseaux ...  
Qu'elle est suave son haleine  
Dans l'odorant printemps nouveau!*

*Comme il se baigne dans la lumière  
Avec amour, mon jeune dieu!  
Toutes les choses de la terre  
Sont ses vêtements radieux.*

### **Fiery roses**

*Fiery roses  
In the motionless night,  
It is in you that I sing  
And have my being.*

*It is in you, gleaming stars  
High in the forests,  
That I am eternal  
And given sight.*

*O deep sea,  
It is in you that my blood  
Is reborn, white wave  
And dancing tide.*

*And it is in you, supreme force,  
Radiant sun,  
That my very soul  
Reaches its god!*

### **How radiant is God**

*How radiant is God today,  
How he exults and blossoms  
Among these roses and fruits!*

*How he murmurs in this fountain!  
Ah! how he sings in these birds ...  
How sweet is his breath  
In the new fragrant spring!*

*How he bathes in light  
With love, my young god!  
All earthly things  
Are his dazzling raiments.*

### *Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil*

*Veilles-tu, ma senteur de soleil,  
Mon arôme d'abeilles blondes,  
Flottes-tu sur le monde,  
Mon doux parfum de miel?*

*La nuit, lorsque mes pas  
Dans le silence rôdent,  
M'annonces-tu, senteur de mes lilas,  
Et de mes roses chaudes?*

*Suis-je comme une grappe de fruits  
Cachés dans les feuilles,  
Et que rien ne décèle,  
Mais qu'on odore dans la nuit?*

*Sait-il, à cette heure,  
Que j'entr'ouvre ma chevelure,  
Et qu'elle respire;  
Le sent-il sur la terre?*

*Sent-il que j'étends les bras,  
Et que des lys de mes vallées  
Ma voix qu'il n'entend pas  
Est embaumée?*

### *Crépuscule*

*Ce soir, à travers le bonheur,  
Qui donc soupire, qu'est-ce qui pleure?  
Qu'est-ce qui vient palpiter sur mon cœur,  
Comme un oiseau blessé?*

*Est-ce une voix future,  
Une voix du passé?  
J'écoute, jusqu'à la souffrance,  
Ce son dans le silence.*

*Île d'oubli, ô Paradis!  
Quel cri déchire, dans la nuit,  
Ta voix qui me berce?*

### *Are you awake, my fragrant sun?*

*Are you awake, my fragrant sun,  
My scent of bright-coloured bees,  
Do you drift across the world,  
My sweet aroma of honey?*

*At night, while my steps  
Prowl in the silence,  
Do you, who scent my lilacs  
And vivid roses, proclaim me?*

*Am I like a bunch of fruit  
Hidden in the foliage,  
That nothing reveals  
But whose fragrance is felt at night?*

*Does he know at this hour  
That I am loosening my tresses  
And that they are breathing;  
Does he sense it on earth?*

*Does he sense that I reach out my arms,  
And that my voice – which he cannot hear –  
Is fragrant  
With lilies from my valleys?*

### *Twilight*

*This evening, amid the happiness,  
Who is it that sighs and what is it that weeps?  
What comes to flutter in my heart,  
Like a wounded bird?*

*Is it a premonition,  
A voice from the past?  
I listen, till it hurts,  
To that sound in the silence.*

*Isle of oblivion, O paradise!  
What cry in the night cracks  
Your voice that cradles me?*

*Quel cri traverse  
Ta ceinture de fleurs,  
Et ton beau voile d'allégresse?*

Charles van Lerberghe

What cry pierces  
Your girdle of flowers,  
And your lovely veil of happiness?

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French  
Song Companion (Oxford University Press),  
provided via Oxford International Song Festival  
([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org)).*

### **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.

### **Memory**

Memory is not in the head  
only. It's midnight,  
you existed once, you exist

again, my entire skin  
sensitive as an eye,

imprint of you  
glowing against me,  
burnt-out match in a dark room.

## **Eating Fire**

Eating Fire

is your ambition:  
to swallow the flame down  
take it into your mouth  
and shoot it forth, a shout or an incandescent  
tongue, a word  
exploding from you in gold, crimson  
unrolling in a brilliant scroll

To be lit up from within  
vein by vein

To be the sun

(Taught by a sideshow man)

## **Habitation**

Marriage is not  
a house or even a tent

it is before that, and colder:

the edge of the forest, the edge  
of the desert

                                  the unpainted stairs  
at the back where we squat  
outside, eating popcorn

the edge of the receding glacier

where painfully and with wonder  
at having survived even  
this far

we are learning to make fire

## **Four Evasions**

Sitting in this car, houses & wind outside,  
three in the morning, windows  
obliterated by snow



coats & arms around each other, hands  
cold, no place we can go

unable to say how much I want you  
unable even to say  
I am unable

\*

Not that there is nothing to be  
said but that there is  
too much: this cripples me.

I watch with envy & desire,  
you speak so freely.

\*

*Margaret Atwood*

### **Love Song**

Come to me in the night—we shall sleep closely together.  
I am so tired, lonely from being awake.  
A strange bird already sang in the dark early morning,  
As my dream still wrestled with itself and me.  
Flowers open before all the springs  
Taking on the color of your eyes. . .  
Come to me in the night on seven-starred shoes  
And love shall be wrapped up until late in my tent.  
Moons rise from the dusty trunk of heaven.  
We shall make love quietly like two rare animals  
In the high reeds behind this world.

*Else Lasker-Schüler, translated by Michael Gillespie*

### **Lyric**

I am yours,  
you are mine.  
Of this we are certain.  
You are lodged  
in my heart,  
the small key  
is lost.  
You must stay there  
forever.

*Frau Ava, translated by Willis Barnstone*

### **Der Genesene an die Hoffnung**

*Tödlich graute mir der Morgen:  
Doch schon lag mein Haupt, wie süß!  
Hoffnung, dir im Schoss verborgen,  
Bis der Sieg gewonnen hiess.  
Opfer bracht ich allen Göttern,  
Doch vergessen warest du;  
Seitwärts von den ewgen Rettern  
Sahest du dem Feste zu.*

*O vergib, du Vielgetreue!  
Tritt aus deinem Dämmerlicht,  
Dass ich dir ins ewig neue,  
Mondenhelle Angesicht  
Einmal schaue, recht von Herzen,  
Wie ein Kind und sonder Harm;  
Ach, nur einmal ohne Schmerzen  
Schliesse mich in deinen Arm!*

### **Auf eine Christblume II**

*Im Winterboden schläft, ein Blumenkeim,  
Der Schmetterling, der einst um Busch und Hügel  
In Frühlingnächten wiegt den samtnen Flügel;  
Nie soll er kosten deinen Honigseim.*

*Wer aber weiss, ob nicht sein zarter Geist,  
Wenn jede Zier des Sommers hingesenken,  
Dereinst, von deinem leisen Dufte trunken,  
Mir unsichtbar, dich blühende umkreist?*

### **Nixe Binsefuss**

*Des Wassermanns sein Töchterlein  
Tanzt auf dem Eis im Vollmondschein,  
Sie singt und lachtet sonder Scheu  
Wohl an des Fischers Haus vorbei.*

*„Ich bin die Jungfer Binsefuss,  
Und meine Fisch wohl hüten muss;  
Meine Fisch, die sind im Kasten,  
Sie haben kalte Fasten;  
Von Böhmeglas mein Kasten ist,*

### **He who has recovered addresses hope**

Day dawned deathly grey:  
Yet my head lay, how sweetly!  
O Hope, hidden in your lap,  
Till victory was reckoned won.  
I had made sacrifices to all the gods,  
But you I had forgotten;  
Aside from the eternal saviours  
You gazed on at the feast.

Oh forgive, most true one!  
Step forth from your twilight  
That I, just once, might gaze  
From my very heart  
At your eternally new and moonbright face,  
Like a child and without sorrow;  
Ah, just once, without pain,  
Enfold me in your arms!

### **On a Christmas rose II**

There sleeps within the wintry ground, itself a  
flower-seed,  
The butterfly that one day over hill and dale  
Will flutter its velvet wings in spring nights.  
Never shall it taste your liquid honey.

But who knows if perhaps its gentle ghost,  
When summer's loveliness has faded,  
Might someday, dizzy with your faint  
fragrance,  
Unseen by me, circle you as you flower?

### **The water-sprite Reedfoot**

The water spirit's little daughter  
Dances on the ice in the full moon,  
Singing and laughing without fear  
Past the fisherman's house.

“I am the maiden Reedfoot,  
And I must look after my fish;  
My fish are in this casket,  
Having a cold Lent;  
My casket's made of Bohemian glass,

*Da zähl ich sie zu jeder Frist.*

*Gelt, Fischer-Matz? gelt, alter Tropf,  
Dir will der Winter nicht in Kopf?  
Komm mir mit deinen Netzen!  
Die will ich schön zerfetzen!  
Dein Mägdlein zwar ist fromm und gut,  
Ihr Schatz ein braves Jägerblut.*

*Drum häng ich ihr, zum Hochzeitsstrauss,  
Ein schilfen Kränzlein vor das Haus,  
Und einen Hecht, von Silber schwer,  
Er stammt von König Artus her,  
Ein Zwergen-Goldschmieds-Meisterstück,  
Wers hat, dem bringt es eitel Glück:  
Er lässt sich schuppen Jahr für Jahr,  
Da sinds fünfhundert Gröschlein bar.*

*Ade, mein Kind! Ade für heut!  
Der Morgenhahn im Dorfe schreit.“*

#### **An die Geliebte**

*Wenn ich, von deinem Anschaun tief gestillt,  
Mich stumm an deinem heiligen Wert vergnüge,  
Dann hör ich recht die leisen Atemzüge  
Des Engels, welcher sich in dir verhüllt.*

*Und ein erstaunt, ein fragend Lächeln quillt  
Auf meinem Mund, ob mich kein Traum betrüge,*

*Dass nun in dir, zu ewiger Genüge,  
Mein kühnster Wunsch, mein einz'ger, sich  
erfüllt?*

*Von Tiefe dann zu Tiefen stürzt mein Sinn,  
Ich höre aus der Gottheit nächtger Ferne  
Die Quellen des Geschicks melodisch rauschen.*

*Betäubt kehr ich den Blick nach oben hin,  
Zum Himmel auf – da lächeln alle Sterne;  
Ich kniee, ihrem Lichtgesang zu lauschen.*

And I count them whenever I can.

Not so, Matt? Not so, foolish old fisherman,  
You cannot understand it's winter?  
If you come near me with your nets,  
I'll tear them all to shreds!  
But your little girl is good and devout,  
And her sweetheart's an honest huntsman.

That's why I'll hang a wedding bouquet,  
A wreath of rushes outside her house,  
And a pike of solid silver,  
From King Arthur's time,  
The masterwork of a dwarf goldsmith,  
Which brings its owner the best of luck:  
Each year it sheds its scales,  
Worth five hundred groshen in cash.

Farewell, child! Farewell for today!  
The cock in the village cried morning.“

#### **To the beloved**

When I, deeply calmed at beholding you,  
Take silent delight in your sacred worth,  
Then I truly hear the gentle breathing  
Of that angel concealed within you.

And an amazed, a questioning smile  
Rises to my lips: does not a dream deceive  
me,  
Now that in you, to my eternal joy,  
My boldest, my only wish is being fulfilled?

My soul then plunges from depth to depth,  
From the dark distances of Godhead I hear  
The springs of fate ripple in melody.

Dazed I raise my eyes  
To heaven – where all the stars are smiling;  
I kneel to listen to their song of light.

## Begegnung

*Was doch heut nacht ein Sturm gewesen,  
Bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!  
Wie hat der ungebetne Besen  
Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!*

*Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die Strassen,  
Das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;  
Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,  
So unstet ihr Gesichtchen glüht.*

*Ein schöner Bursch tritt ihr entgegen,  
Er will ihr voll Entzücken nahn:  
Wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen  
Die ungewohnten Schelme an!*

*Er scheint zu fragen, ob das Liebchen  
Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,  
Die heute nacht im offenen Stübchen  
Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.*

*Der Bursche träumt noch von den Küssen,  
Die ihm das süsse Kind getauscht,  
Er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,  
Derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.*

Eduard Mörike

## D'amor fu consiglio

*È Re di Gloria, è Re possente e forte,  
Cui resister non può la tua possanza.*

*Come cieco t'inganni, e non t'avvedi  
Che se morì chi è della vita autore,  
Non fu per opra tua, ma sol d'amore.*

*D'amor fu consiglio  
Che al Padre nel Figlio  
L'offesa pagò,*

## Encounter

What a storm there was last night,  
It raged until this morning dawned!  
How that uninvited broom  
Swept the streets and chimneys clean!

Here comes a girl along the street,  
Glancing half bashfully about her;  
Like roses the wind has scattered,  
Her pretty face keeps changing colour.

A handsome lad steps up to meet her,  
Approaches her full of bliss,  
How joyfully and awkwardly  
Those novice rascals exchange looks!

He seems to ask if his sweetheart  
Has tidied up her plaited locks,  
That last night a storm dishevelled  
In her gaping wide room.

The lad's still dreaming of the kisses  
The sweet child exchanged with him,  
He stands enraptured by her charm,  
As she whisks round the corner.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The  
Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber),  
provided via Oxford International Song Festival  
([www.oxfordsong.org](http://www.oxfordsong.org)).*

## By love's inspiration

He is the King of Glory, a mighty and strong  
King,  
Whom your power cannot resist.

Like a blind man you deceive yourself, and  
do not see,  
That if he - the author of life - died,  
It was not because of any action of yours, but  
only love.

By love's inspiration  
The Son paid to the Father  
The price of sin,

*Per render all'uomo  
La vita ch'un pomo gustato involò.*

***Disserratevi, o porte d'Averno***

*Disserratevi, o porte d'Averno,  
E al bel lume d'un Nume ch'è eterno*

*Tutto in lampi si sciolga l'orror!*

*Cedete, orride porte,  
Cedete al Re di Gloria,  
Che della sua vittoria  
Voi siete il primo onor!*

Carlo Sigismondo Capece

In order to restore to man  
The life that a tasted apple took away.

**Unlock yourselves, o gates of Avernus**

Unlock yourselves, o gates of Avernus,  
And by the beautiful light of a God who is  
eternal,

Let the horror be dissolved in flashes!

Yield, horrid doors,  
Yield to the King of Glory,  
For it is your honor  
To be the first to cede to his victory!

*Translations by Mara Riley*

## **Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC**

*all programs subject to change*

Visit [necmusic.edu](http://necmusic.edu) for complete and updated concert information

**Masha Lakisova**, *violin* (BM)

Student of Miriam Fried

*Thursday, April 11, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Mitsuru Yonezaki**, *violin* (GD)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

*Thursday, April 11, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Ga-Young Park**, *collaborative piano* (DMA '25)

Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

*Friday, April 12, 2024 at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Eli Geruschat**, *percussion* (MM)

Student of Daniel Bauch and Matthew McKay

*Saturday, April 13, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan*

**Karl Henry**, *contemporary musical arts* (MM)

Student of Lautaro Mantilla

*Saturday, April 13, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

**Ruoxi Peng**, *soprano* (GD)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

*Saturday, April 13, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Mark Tipton**, *jazz trumpet* (DMA)

Student of Billy Hart and Joe Morris

*Saturday, April 13, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Robert Diaz**, *oboe* (BM)

Student of John Ferrillo

*Sunday, April 14, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall*

**Huan Li**, *piano* (GD)

Student of Alexander Korsantia

*Sunday, April 14, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall*

**Daniel Slatch**, *double bass* (BM)

Student of Donald Palma

*Sunday, April 14, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall*

## Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

**Maggie Yifan Yue**, *jazz voice* (BM)

Student of Mark Zaleski and Dominique Eade

*Sunday, April 14, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Eben Jordan*

**Cailin Singleton**, *double bass* (BM)

Student of Donald Palma

*Sunday, April 14, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Kevin Smith**, *trombone* (BM)

Student of Toby Oft

*Sunday, April 14, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez**, *baritone* (BM)

Student of Bradley Williams

*Sunday, April 14, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Shannon Ross**, *cello* (MM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

*Sunday, April 14, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Zeyi Tian**, *saxophone* (MM)

Student of Kenneth Radnofsky

*Sunday, April 14, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Jungyoon Kim**, *flute* (GD)

Student of Renée Krimsier

*Monday, April 15, 2024 at 2:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Sujin Choi**, *collaborative piano* (GD)

Student of Cameron Stowe

*Monday, April 15, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Hila Dahari**, *violin* (BM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

*Monday, April 15, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Shota Renwick**, *jazz saxophone* (BM)

Student of Jason Moran, Jerry Bergonzi, Anna Webber, and Nasheet Waits

*Monday, April 15, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

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