

Anneke Stern
mezzo-soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2024
Student of Jane Eaglen

with
Jamie Lorusso and Tristan Leung, piano

Thursday, April 18, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Pierce Hall

PROGRAM

Geminiano Giacomelli
(1692–1740)

"Sposa son disprezzata" from *Merope*

Jamie Lorusso, piano

Alma Mahler
(1879–1964)

Vier Lieder

Licht in der Nacht
Waldseligkeit
Ansturm
Erntlied

Tristan Leung, piano

Ivor Gurney
(1890–1937)

Nine of the clock,

from *A First Volume of Ten Songs*

Bread and Cherries,

from *A Second Volume of Ten Songs*

Sleep from *Five Elizabethan Songs*

Jamie Lorusso, piano

Intermission

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Banalités, FP 107

Chanson d'Orkenise
Hôtel
Fagnes de Wallonie
Voyage à Paris
Sanglots

Jamie Lorusso, piano

Maurice Ravel
(1875–1937)

***Kaddisch* from *Deux melodies hébraïque*, op. 22**

Jamie Lorusso, piano

*Thank you to my family
for your unending support, patience, encouragement,
and the occasional kick-in-the-butt.
You have given me every opportunity to follow my passion,
and I wouldn't have made it to this point without you.*

*Thank you to my teacher Jane Eaglen
for all of your guidance as a singer and a human;
you were the first person to give me a real chance to pursue this career,
and I've grown so much during our time together.
I consider myself so lucky to have found a mentor for life.*

*Thank you to JJ Penna, Jamie Lorusso, and Tristan Leung
for their extraordinary talent, collaboration, and flexibility;
you're the definition of the dream team, and I'm grateful to have been able
to work on this music with each of you.*

*Thank you to Pomo
for being the kindest, gentlest, strangest cat to ever grace this planet.*

*Finally, I would like to thank anyone
who has ever been anywhere near me throughout this process;
it takes a village, and I'm thankful to have landed in such a great one.*

Sposa son disprezzata

*Sposa son disprezzata,
Fida son oltraggiata.
Cieli che feci mai?
E pur egl'è il mio cor,
Il mio sposo, il mio amor,
La mia speranza.*

Agostino Piovene

Licht in der Nacht

*Ringsum dunkle Nacht, hüllt in Schwarz mich ein,
zage flimmert gelb fern her ein Stern!
Ist mir wie ein Trost, eine Stimme still,
die dein Herz aufruft, das verzagen will.*

*Kleines gelbes Licht, bist mir wie der Stern
übern Hause einst Jesu Christ, des Herrn*

und da löscht es aus. Und die Nacht wird schwer!

Schlafe Herz. Du hörst keine Stimme mehr.

Otto Julius Bierbaum

I am wife and I am scorned

I am wife and I am scorned,
I am faithful and I'm outraged.
Heavens, what have I done?
And yet he is my heart,
my husband, my love,
my hope.

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Light in the Night

Dark night all around, enveloping me in
black,
Timidly a star flickers yellow from afar!
It's to me like a comfort, a quiet voice,
Which calls on your heart that wants to give
up.

Little yellow light, you are like a star to me
Above the house of Jesus Christ the Lord,
once,
And there it goes out. And the night turns
heavy!
Sleep, my heart. You hear no voice anymore.

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Waldseligkeit

*Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen,
Den Bäumen naht die Nacht,
Als ob sie selig lauschen,
Berühren sie sich sacht.*

*Und unter ihren Zweigen,
Da bin ich ganz allein,
Da bin ich ganz mein eigen:
Ganz nur Dein!*

Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel

Ansturm

*O zürne nicht, wenn mein Begehren
Dunkel aus seinen Grenzen bricht,
Soll es uns selber nicht verzehren,
Muß es heraus ans Licht!*

*Fühlst ja, wie all mein Imres brandet,
Und wenn herauf der Aufruhr bricht,
Jäh über deinen Frieden strandet,
Dann bebst du aber du zürnst mir nicht.*

Richard Fedor Leopold Dehmel

Erntlied

*Der ganze Himmel glüht
In hellen Morgenrosen;
Mit einem letzten, losen
Traum noch im Gemüt,
Trinken meine Augen diesen Schein.*

Wach und wacher, wie Genesungswein,

*Und nun kommt von jenen Rosenhügeln
Glanz des Tags und Wehn von seinen Flügeln,*

Kommt er selbst und alter Liebe voll,

Bliss in the Woods

The woods begin to rustle,
And Night approaches the trees,
As if it were listening happily,
For the right moment to caress them.

And under their branches,
I am entirely alone,
I am entirely myself:
Entirely yours!

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Onslaught

O be not angry, when my desire
Darkly breaks through its boundaries,
If it is not to consume us,
It has to come out to the light!

You clearly can feel how I churn inside,
And when my rapture breaks to the surface,
Abruptly inundates your peace,
Then you tremble but are not angry with me.

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Harvest Song

The whole sky glows
in bright morning roses;
With one last loose dream
still in my soul,
My eyes drink in this light,

More and more awake, like the wine of
health.

And now comes the glow of the day
From that hill of roses, and the stir of its
wings,

Comes day itself, and filled with old love,

*Daß ich ganz an ihm genesen soll,
Gram der Nacht und was sich sonst verlor,
Ruft er mich an seine Brust empor!*

*Und die Wälder und die Felder klingen,
Und die Gärten heben an zu singen,
Fern und dumpf rauscht das erwachte Meer.
Segel seh' ich in die Sonnenweiten,
Weiße Segel, frischen Windes, gleiten,
Stille, goldne Wolken obenher.*

*Und im Blauen, sind es Wanderflüge?
Schweig o Seele! Hast du kein Genüge?
Sieh, ein Königreich hat dir der Tag verliehn.
Auf! Dein Wirken preise ihn! Ah!*

Gustav Falke

That through it I shall overcome
Grief of night and what else got lost,
Day calls me up to its bosom!

And as the woods and the fields ring
And the gardens begin to sing,
Far and dull the sea roars, awoken.
I see sails gliding into the sunny distance,
White sails of the fresh wind,
Quiet, golden clouds aloft, clouds above.

And in the blueness are these migrant birds?
Be quiet, o soul, are you not satiated?
Look, a kingdom the day granted you.
Go! Let your deeds praise it! Ah!

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Nine of the clock

Nine of the clock, oh!
Wake my lazy head!
Your shoes of red Morocco,
Your silk bedgown;

Rouse, rouse, speck-eyed Mary
From your high bed!
A yawn, a smile, sleepy-starey
Mary climbs down.

"Good-morning to my brothers,
Good-day to the Sun,
Haloo, haloo to the lily white sheep
That up the mountain run."

Robert Graves

Bread and Cherries

"Cherries, ripe cherries!" the old woman cried,
In her snowy-white apron, and basket beside;
And the little boys came,
Eyes shining, cheeks red,
To buy bags of cherries
To eat with their bread.

Walter De la Mare

Sleep

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dream beguile all my fancies,
That from thence I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We that suffer long annoy are contented
With a thought through an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

John Fletcher

Chanson d'Orkenise

*Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un vanupieds.*

*Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au vanupieds:
« Qu'emportes-tu de la ville ? »
« J'y laisse mon coeur entier. »*

*Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
« Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville ? »
« Mon cœur pour me marier. »*

*Que de cœurs dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient,
Vanupieds, la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.*

*Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotèrent superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.*

Hôtel

*Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer.*

Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise
A waggoner wants to enter:
Through the gates of Orkenise
A vagabond wants to leave.

And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the vagabond:
'What are you taking from the town?'
'I'm leaving my whole heart behind.'

And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the waggoner:
'What are you carrying into the town?'
'My heart in order to marry.'

So many hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed:
Vagabond, the road's not merry,
Love [greys], O waggoner!

The handsome sentries guarding the town
Knitted vaingloriously;
The gates of the town
then slowly closed.

Hotel

My room is shaped like a cage
The sun slips its arm through the window
But I who want to smoke to make mirages
I light my cigarette on daylight's fire
I do not want to work I want to smoke.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A
French Song Companion (Oxford University
Press), provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org).*

Fagnes de Wallonie

*Tant de tristesses plénières
Priront mon coeur aux fagnes désolées.
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres
pendant que râlait le vent d'ouest.*

*J'avais quitté le joli bois,
Les écureuils y sont restés.
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément.*

*Je n'ai confié aucun secret
Sinon une chanson énigmatique
Aux tourbières humides.*

*Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles.
Tendrement mariée
Nord, nord, la vie s'y tord.
En arbres forts et tors,
La vie y mord La mort à belles dents
Quand bruit le vent.*

Voyage à Paris

*Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose pour Paris,
Paris joli
Qu'un jour dut créer l'Amour.*

Fens of Walloon

So many plentiful sorrows
Took my heart to the desolate fens.
When weary, I set down in the fir-trees
The weight of the kilometers
While the west wind moaned.

I had left the pretty wood,
The squirrels stayed there.
My pipe tried to make clouds in the sky
Which remained stubbornly pure.

I confided no secret
Except an enigmatic song
To damp bogs.

The honey-scented heather
Attracted the bees
And my aching feet
Trampled blueberries and cranberries.
Tenderly wed
North, north, life twists and turns.
In strong and twisted trees,
Love bites Death in its teeth
When the wind blows.

Translation by Anneke Stern

Trip to Paris

Oh! how delightful
To leave a dismal place for Paris,
Charming Paris
That one day Love must have made.

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

Sanglots

*Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles
Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup d'hommes
respirent
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous nos
fronts*

*C'est la chanson des rêveurs
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur
Et le portaient dans la main droite
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs*

*Des marins qui chantaient comme des
conquérants
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux d'Ophir

Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient leur
ombre
Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants*

*De ce coeur il coulait du sang
Et le rêveur allait pensant
A sa blessure délicate
Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes*

*Et douloureuse et nous disait
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes*

*Mon pauvre coeur, mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes*

*Voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici*

Ainsi vont toutes choses

*Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps*

*Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots*

Guillaume Apollinaire

Sobs

Our love is governed by the calm stars
Now we know that within us many men
breathe
Who came from very far and are one
beneath our brows

This is the song of the dreamers
Who had torn out their heart
And carried it in the right hand
Remember dear pride all these memories

Of the sailors who sang like conquerors

Of the chasms of Thule of the gentle skies
of Ophir
Of the damned sick of those who flee
from their shadow
And of the joyous homecoming of the
happy emigrants

From this heart there ran blood
And the dreamer went on thinking
About his wound tender
You will never shatter the chain of these
events

And painful and said to us
Which are the results of other causes

My poor heart my shattered heart
Identical to the heart of all men

Here are our hands that life made slaves
Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is

Thus is the way of all things

So tear out your own also
And nothing will have its freedom until
the end of time

Let us leave all to the dead
And hide our sobs

© Translated by Christopher Goldsack, *Mélodie
Treasury*

The mourner's Kaddish is a prayer traditionally recited in Jewish services to honor and remember the deceased.

Kaddisch

*Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh rabba
be'olmà diverà 'khire'outhé
veyamli'kl mal'khouté'khôn,
ouvezome'khôn
ouve'hayyé de'khol beth yisraël
ba'agalá ouvizman qariw
weimrou, Amen.
Yithbara'kh Weyischtaba'h
weyithpaêr weyithroman,
weyithnassé weyithhaddar,
weyith'allé weyithhallal
scheméh dequoudschâ beri'kh hou,
l'êla ule'êla mikkol bir'khatha
weschi'ratha touschbehata wene'hamathâ
daamirân ah! Be' olma ah! Ah! Ah!
We imrou. Amen.*

Sanctification

May his great name be exalted and sanctified
in the world which He created according to
His will may He establish his kingdom,
during your days
and during the lifetimes of all the House of
Israel
speedily and very soon,
And say, So be it.
Blessed and praised,
glorified and exalted,
extolled and honored,
adored and lauded,
be the name of the Holy One, blessed be He,
above and beyond all the blessings,
hymns, praises, and consolations
that are uttered in the world.
We say, So be it.

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