

Liederabend LXXII

*Song Lab presents a Folk Song Project*

Coached by Tanya Blach, Brett Hodgdon, Eden MacAdam-Somer,  
Hankus Netsky, J.J. Penna, and Cameron Stowe

Wednesday, April 24, 2024  
8:00 p.m.  
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

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**arr. Percy Grainger**  
(1882–1961)

*The Sprig of Thyme*  
Megan Hull, soprano  
Tristan Leung, piano

**arr. Benjamin Britten**  
(1913–1976)

*Sail on, sail on*  
Shiyu Zhuo, soprano  
Pualina Lim Mei En, piano

**arr. Herbert Hughes**  
(1882–1937)

*Reynardine*  
Sydney Pexton, soprano  
Tristan Leung, piano

**arr. Johannes Brahms**  
(1833–1897)

*In stiller Nacht*  
Mara Riley, soprano  
Rafe Lei Schaberg, piano

**arr. Charles Ives**  
(1874–1954)

*At the River*  
Olivia Sheehy, mezzo-soprano  
Rafe Lei Schaberg, piano

**arr. Roger Quilter**  
(1877–1953)

*Barbara Allen*  
Megan Hull, soprano  
Jamie Lorusso, piano

**arr. Reza Vali**  
(b. 1952)

from *4 Persian Songs*  
**بارون / Bârun / Rain**  
**Kurdish Folk Song**  
  
Mara Riley, Ruoxi Peng, soprano  
Sepehr Davalloukhongar, piano

*Short Pause*

arr. and performed by  
Ruoxi Peng, soprano  
Pualina Lim Mei En, piano

*Quand j'étais fille* (Quebec)

arr. and performed by  
Sydney Pexton, soprano  
Sepehr Davalloukhongar, piano

**Արի Իմ Սոխակ / Ari im soxak /  
Come my nightingale** (Armenia)

arr. and performed by  
Mara Riley, soprano  
Jamie Lorusso, piano

*I Will Give my Love an Apple* (England)

arr. and performed by  
Hyungjin Son, baritone  
Rafe Lei Schaberg, piano

*Es führt über den Main* (Germany)

based on a song by  
Tomás Méndez  
arr. and performed by  
Shiyu Zhou, soprano  
Tristan Leung, piano

*Cucurrucucú Paloma* (Mexico)

arr. and performed by  
Olivia Sheehy, mezzo-soprano  
Sepehr Davalloukhongar, piano

*My Lagan Love* (Ireland)

arr. and performed by  
Josie Larsen, soprano  
Jamie Lorusso, piano

*Lord Don't Move the Mountain* (USA)

### **In stiller nacht**

*In stiller Nacht, zur ersten Wacht,  
ein Stimm' beginnt zu klagen,  
der nächt'ge Wind hat süß und lind  
zu mir den Klang getragen.  
Von herben Leid und Traurigkeit  
ist mir das Herz zerflossen,  
die Blümelein, mit Tränen rein  
hab' ich sie all' begossen.*

*Der schöne Mond will untergahn,  
für Leid nicht mehr mag scheinen,  
die Sterne lan ihr Glitzen stahn,  
mit mir sie wollen weinen.  
Kein Vogelsang noch Freudenklang  
man höret in den Lüften,  
die wilden Tier' trauern auch mit mir  
in Steinen und in Klüften.*

Anonymous

### **In silent night**

*In silent night, at first watch,  
A voice begins to lament.  
The night wind has sweetly and gently  
Carried the sound to me.  
With bitter pain and sorrow  
My heart is melted.  
With simple tears and flowers  
I have watered all of them.*

*The lovely moon will now set,  
For sorrow it doesn't want to shine,  
The stars stop their gleaming,  
They want to weep with me.  
No birdsong nor joyous sounds  
Can be heard in the air.  
Even the wild beasts grieve with me  
In rocks and ravines.*

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The  
Book of Lieder (Faber) provided via Oxford  
International Song Festival  
(www.oxfordsong.org).*

### **بارون Rain**

بارون بارون،  
بارون ببار بر سر کوه و دمن  
بارون بارون،  
بارون ببار بر سر دشت و دمن  
دل من غم زده است، ای یار من، کی میایی؟

*Rain on the mountains and the valley  
Rain rain  
Rain on the plain fields and the valley  
My heart is struck by sadness, my lover,  
when are you coming then?*

*Translation by Sepehr Davalloukhongar*

### **Quand j'étais fille**

*Quand j'étais fille à la maison,  
quand j'étais fille à la maison  
Tous les garçons venaient me quérir alors  
quand j'étais fille.  
Ah que c'est un plaisir charmant  
de y être fille à l'âge de quinze ans.*

### **When I was a girl**

*When I was a girl at home,  
when I was a girl at home  
All the boys came to ask for me  
when I was a girl.  
Ah what a charming pleasure  
to be a girl there at the age of fifteen.*

*Tous les garçons venaient me quérir,  
Tous les garçons venaient me quérir  
C'était pour aller au bal et danser alors  
quand j'étais fille.  
Ah que c'est un plaisir charmant  
de y être fille à l'âge de quinze ans.*

*C'était pour aller au bal et danser,  
C'était pour aller au bal et danser  
Mais à présent, ce n'est plus ça alors  
quand j'étais fille.  
Ah que c'est un plaisir charmant  
de y être fille à l'âge de quinze ans.*

*Mais à présent, ce n'est plus ça,  
Mais à présent, ce n'est plus ça  
J'ai mon ménage à ramener alors  
quand j'étais fille.  
Ah que c'est un plaisir charmant  
de y être fille à l'âge de quinze ans.*

*J'ai mon ménage à ramener,  
J'ai mon ménage à ramener  
Les 'tits enfants à soigner alors  
quand j'étais fille.  
Ah que c'est un plaisir charmant  
de y être fille à l'âge de quinze ans.*

Anonymous, Quebec folk song

## Արի Իմ Սոխակ

Արի, Իմ սոխակ, թող պարտեզ մերին,  
Տաղերով քուն բեր տղիս աչերին.  
Բայց Նա լալիս է, դուն սոխակ, մի գա,  
Իմ որդին չուզե տիրացու դառնալ...  
Բայց Նա լալիս է, դուն սոխակ, մի գա,  
Իմ որդին չուզե տիրացու դառնալ...

Թող որսդ, արի, քաջասիրտ բազե,  
Քո երգը գուցե իմ որդին լսե...  
Բազեն որ եկավ՝ որդիս լռեցավ,  
Ռազմի երգերի ձայնով քնեցավ...  
Բազեն որ եկավ՝ որդիս լռեցավ,  
Ռազմի երգերի ձայնով քնեցավ...

Anonymous, Armenian folk song

All the boys came to ask for me,  
All the boys came to ask for me  
It was to go to the ball and dance  
when I was a girl.  
Ah what a charming pleasure  
to be a girl there at the age of fifteen.

It was to go to the ball and dance,  
It was to go to the ball and dance  
But now it's not like that anymore  
when I was a girl.  
Ah what a charming pleasure  
to be a girl there at the age of fifteen.

But now it's not that anymore,  
But now it's not that anymore  
I have my household to bring back  
when I was a girl.  
Ah what a charming pleasure  
to be a girl there at the age of fifteen.

I have my household to bring back,  
I have my household to bring back  
Little children to take care of  
when I was a girl.  
Ah what a charming pleasure  
to be a girl there at the age of fifteen.

Translation by Ruoxi Peng

## Come my nightingale

Come my nightingale, leave our garden  
Bring sleep to my son's eyes with verses  
But he is crying, do not come, nightingale  
My son doesn't want to become a ruler  
He is crying, do not come, nightingale  
My son doesn't want to become a ruler

Leave your prey, come, brave hawk  
Maybe my son will like your song...  
When the hawk came, my son became silent  
And fell into slumber with the songs of war.  
When the hawk came, my son became silent  
And fell into slumber with the songs of war.

Translation by Sydney Pexton

***Es führt über den Main***

*Es führt über den Main,  
eine Brücke von Stein.  
Wer darüber will geh'n,  
muss im Tanze sich dreh'n.  
Falalalala, falalala*

*Kommt ein Fuhrmann daher,  
hat geladen gar schwer.  
Seine Rösser sind drei,  
und sie tanzen vorbei.  
Falalalala, falalala*

*Kommt ein Mädchen allein,  
auf die Brücke von Stein,  
Fasst ihr Röcklein geschwind,  
und sie tanzt wie der Wind.  
Falalalala, falalala*

*Und der König in Person  
steigt herab von seinem Thron  
Kaum betritt er das Brett,  
tanzt er gleich Menuett  
Falalalala, falalala*

*Liebe Leute herbei,  
schlägt die Brücke entzwei  
Und sie schwangen das Bein  
und sie tanzten derweil  
Falalalala, falalala*

*Und die Leute im Land  
kommen eilig gerannt  
Bleibt der Brücke doch fern,  
denn wir tanzen so gern  
Falalalala, falalala*

Anonymous, German folk song

***Cucurrucú Paloma***

*Dicen que por las noches  
no más se le iba en puro llorar;  
dicen que no comía,  
no más se le iba en puro tomar.*

**Across the Main river**

Across the Main river,  
runs a bridge made of stone.  
He who wants to get there,  
must spin in a dance.  
Falalalala, falalala

A carter comes around,  
his cart full to the brim.  
He has three plow horses  
and they too dance along.  
Falalalala, falalala

If a girl comes alone  
over the bridge of stone.  
She swiftly grabs her skirt  
and like the wind she dances.  
Falalalala, falalala

Even the king himself  
descends from his throne.  
No sooner on the boards  
then he starts dancing a minuet  
Falalalala, falalala

Gather round, good people,  
break the bridge asunder.  
And they brandished their axes  
and they danced all the while.  
Falalalala, falalala

The people in the country  
come running in a hurry.  
Now stay away from the bridge  
because we love to dance.  
Falalalala, falalala

*Translation from lyricstranslate*

**Cucurrucú Paloma**

They say that at night  
He did nothing but cry  
They say he didn't eat  
He did nothing but drink

*Juran que el mismo cielo  
se estremecía al oír su llanto,  
cómo sufría por ella,  
y hasta en su muerte la fue llamando.*

*Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba,  
ay, ay, ay, ay, ay gemía.  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba,  
de pasión mortal moría.*

*Que una paloma triste  
muy de mañana le va a cantar,*

*a la casita sola  
con sus puertitas de par en par.  
Juran que esa paloma  
no es otra cosa más que su alma,  
que todavía la espera  
a que regrese la desdichada.*

*Cucurrucucú paloma,  
cucurrucucú no llores.  
Las piedras jamás, paloma,  
¿qué van a saber de amores?*

Tomás Méndez

They swear that the heavens themselves  
Trembled on hearing his weeping  
How he suffered for her  
That even in death he went on calling for her

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, he sang  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, he groaned  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, he sang  
He died from a deadly passion

That a sad dove  
Very early in the morning is going to sing to  
him

In the lonely little house  
With its little doors open wide  
They swear that that dove  
Is actually his soul  
That is still waiting  
for the ill fated (woman) to return

Coo coo ru coo coo, paloma (dove)  
Coo coo roo coo coo, don't cry,  
The stones never, paloma (dove)  
What will they ever know of love?

*Translation by Spanishpopyrics.Wordpress.com*

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