

Alessandra Collins
mezzo-soprano

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

with
Ga-Young Park, piano
Nadav Brenner, guitar
José Lezcano, guitar
Victor Giraldez, tambourine

Friday, May 3, 2024
8:30 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Francesca Caccini
(1587–1640)

Ch'amor sio nudo

Chi desia di saper

Nadav Brenner, guitar
Victor Giraldez, tambourine

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)

from *Spanisches Liederbuch*

Nun wandre, Maria
Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen
Führ mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!
Ach, des Knaben Augen

Ga-Young Park, piano

Intermission

Pauline Viardot
(1821–1910)

Le Toréador

Haï luli

Madrid

Ga-Young Park, piano

José Lezcano
(b. 1960)

Canciones de Libertad

Adivinanza para mi hija
Cultivo una rosa blanca
Cuban Thanksgiving
Intima

José Lezcano, guitar

*I would like to thank everyone who has helped me
along the way to accomplishing my masters at NEC.
Thank you to my wonderful family who has been extremely supportive
and traveled from Miami, Mexico City, Louisiana and many more places!*

*Thank you to Ms. Haber
for pushing me in the right direction as a musician, artist and overall person.
These past two years have been monumental in my growth as an artist
and I am so glad I was able to work with such a wonderful teacher.*

*Thank you to JJ
for being a remarkable coach,
always picking out the smallest details to refine these works
to be the best they could possibly be.*

*Thank you to Ga-Young and Nadav
for being wonderful collaborators! I love making music with you both.*

*Thank you to José
for collaborating with me on such a moving set that you wrote.
Being able to not only perform your music, but work with you and collaborate with you
has been such a fantastic experience.*

*Thank you to all my wonderful friends
who have also pushed me to become a better artist and person. I love you all!*

*Last but not least, thank you to my boyfriend for all the love and support!
And thank you for designing my recital dress! I love you!*

Ch'amor sia nudo

Ch'amor sia nudo,
e pur con l'ali al tergo
Stia sotto il cielo
e non procuri albergo
È vanita.
Ma che per gli occhi
egli dicend' al petto
Et ivi posi
Et ivi abbia ricetto
È verita.

Et io mel sò,
che s'egli avv'en ch'io nieghi,
Ch'a suoi fier gioghi questo collo io pieghi
È vanita.
Ma s'io dirò,
che n' amorose tempre,
Et ardo, et arsi,
Et arderò mai sempre
È verita.

Francesca Caccini

Chi desia di saper

Chi desia di saper che cosa è amore,
Io dirò, che non sia se non ardore,
Che non sia se non dolore,
Che non sia se non timore,
Che non sia se non furore;
Io dirò che non sia se non ardore,
Chi desia di saper che cosa è amore.

Chi mi domanderà s'amor' io sento
Io dirò che'l mio foco è tutto spento
Ch'io non provo più tormento.
Ch'io non tremo, ne pavento,
Ch'io ne, vivo ogn' or content;
Io dirò che'l mio foco è tutto spento
Chi mi domanderà s'amor' io sento.

That love be naked

That love be naked,
even with wings on his back
That love provide shelter,
even under the heavens
That is vanity
He descends to the breast
with one look of the eye
There he finds his comfort
and his refuge.
That is truth.

And I know, that if it happens to me,
I must refuse
I must not bend my neck to his desires
That is vanity.
But, I say that
in the amorous tempers,
I burn, and have burned,
and myself will burn always
That is truth

Translation by Alesandra Collins

Whoever desires to know

Whoever desires to know what love is,
I'll tell them that it is nothing but fever,
but suffering
but dread,
but fury
I'll say it is nothing but passion
Whoever desires to know what love is.

Whoever demands that I feel love
I'll say that my fire has extinguished
That I do not torment
That I am not shaking, nor fearing
That I myself live happily everyday
I'll say that my fire has extinguished
Whoever demands that I feel love.

*Chi mi consiglierà ch'io debb'amare,
lo dirò che non vo' più sospirare,
Ne temere, ne sperare,
Ne avvampare, ne gelare,
Ne languire, ne penare.
lo dirò che non vò più sospirare
Chi mi consiglierà ch'io debb'amare.*

*Chi d'amor crederrà dolce il gioire,
lo dirò che più dolce è amor fuggire,
Ne piegarsi al suo desirè,
Ne tentar suoi sdegni, et ire,
Ne provare il suo martire;
lo dirò che più dolce è amor fuggire,
Chi d'amor crederrà dolce il gioire.*

Francesca Caccini

Nun wandre, Maria

*DER HEILIGE JOSEPH SINGT
Nun wandre, Maria,
Nun wandre nur fort.
Schon krähen die Hähne,
Und nah ist der Ort.*

*Nun wandre, Geliebte,
Du Kleinod mein,
Und balde wir werden
In Bethlehem sein.
Dann ruhest du fein
Und schlummerst dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne
Und nah ist der Ort.*

*Wohl seh ich, Herrin,
Die Kraft dir schwinden;
Kann deine Schmerzen,
Ach, kaum verwinden.
Getrost! Wohl finden
Wir Herberg dort.
Schon krähen die Hähne
Und nah ist der Ort.*

Whoever counsels me that I should love
I'll say that I do not want to sigh anymore
Fear, hope
Burn, freeze,
Languish, nor suffer anymore.
I'll say that I do not want to sigh anymore
Whoever counsels me that I should love.

Whoever believes that love is sweet and
joyful,
I'll tell them that it is sweeter to flee,
Do not submit to its will.
Do not tempt your disdain
and do not feel the torment;
I'll say it is sweeter to flee,
Whoever believes that love is sweet and
joyful.

Translation by Alesandra Collins

Journey on, now, Mary

*SAINT JOSEPH SINGS
Journey on, now, Mary,
Keep journeying.
The cocks are crowing,
And the place is near.*

*Journey on, beloved,
My jewel,
And soon we shall
Be in Bethlehem.
Then you shall rest well
And slumber there.
The cocks are crowing,
And the place is near.*

*I will see, my lady,
That your strength is failing;
I can hardly, alas,
Bear your agony.
Courage! We shall find
Some shelter there.
The cocks are crowing,
And the place is near.*

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

*Wär erst bestanden
Dein Stündlein, Marie,
Die gute Botschaft,
Gut lohnt ich sie.
Das Eselein hie
Gäb ich drum fort!
Schon krähen die Hähne
Und nah ist der Ort.*

Ocaña; Spanish to German translation by
Paul Heyse

Die ihr schwebet

*Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heiligen 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,*

If only your hour of pain
Were over, O Mary,
I should handsomely reward
The happy tidings.
This little ass here
I'd gladly give away!
The cocks are crowing,
Come! The place is near.

You who hover

You who hover
About 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!
Oh roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Ah, how weary He has grown
With the sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the tree-tops!
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,

*Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein kind.*

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio; Spanish to
German translation by Emanuel Geibel

Führ mich, Kind, nach Bethlehem!

*Führ mich, Kind nach Bethlehem!
Dich, mein Gott, dich will ich sehn.
Wem geläng' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu gehn!*

*Rüttle mich, dass ich erwache,
Rufe mich, so will ich schreiten;
Gieb die Hand mir, mich zu leiten,
Dass ich schaue Bethlehem,
Dorten meinen Gott zu sehn.
Wem geläng' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu gehn!*

*Von der Sünde schwerem Kranken
Bin ich träg und dumpf beklommen.
Willst du nicht zu Hülfe kommen,
Muss ich straucheln, muss ich schwanken.
Leite mich nach Bethlehem,
Dich, mein Gott, dich will ich sehn.
Wem geläng' es, wem,
Ohne dich zu dir zu gehn!*

Anonymous; Spanish to German translation
by Paul Heyse

Ach, des Knaben Augen

*Ach, des Knaben Augen sind
Mir so schön und klar erschienen,
Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.*

Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Lead me, child, to Bethlehem!

Lead me, child, to Bethlehem!
Thee, my God, Thee will I see.
Whoever managed to come to Thee,
Without Thy help!

Shake me awake,
Call me, and I shall come;
Stretch forth Thy hand to guide me,
That I might set out.
That I might gaze on Bethlehem,
There to see my God.
Whoever managed to come to Thee,
Without Thy help!

I am sorely oppressed and weighed down
With the grievous sickness of sin.
If Thou wilt not come to my aid,
I must stumble and falter.
Lead me to Bethlehem,
Thee, my God, Thee will I see.
Whoever managed to come to Thee,
Without Thy help!

Ah, the Infant's eyes

Ah, the Infant's eyes seemed
So beautiful and clear to me,
And a radiance streams from them
That captures my whole heart.

*Blickt' er doch mit diesen süssen
Augen nach den meinen hin!
Säh er dann sein Bild darin,
Würd' er wohl mich liebend grüssen.*

*Und so geb' ich ganz mich hin,
Seinen Augen nur zu dienen,
Denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.*

Juan López de Úbeda; Spanish to German
translation by Paul Heyse

Le Toréador

*J'avais une bague, une bague d'or,
Et je l'ai perdue hier dans la ville;
Je suis pandériste et toréador,
Guitare à Grenade, épée à Séville.*

*Mon anneau luit plus que l'astre vermeil;
Le diable, caché dans l'œil de ma brune,
Pourrait seul produire un bijou pareil
S'il faisait un jour un trou dans la lune.*

*Si vous retrouvez l'anneau n'importe où,
Rapportez-le-moi. C'est Gil qu'on me nomme.
Certes, je vaux peu ; je ne suis qu'un sou,
Mais près d'un liard je suis gentilhomme.*

*Je n'ai que mon chant comme le moineau.
Rendez-moi ma bague, et que Dieu vous paie!*

*Vous connaissez Jeanne? Eh bien, cet anneau,
C'est, avec son cœur, le seul or que j'aie.*

Victor Hugo

If only He would turn
Those sweet eyes on mine!
If He saw His image reflected there,
He would surely greet me lovingly.

So I surrender myself
To the sole service of His eyes,
For a radiance shines from them
That captures my whole heart.

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

The Bullfighter

I had a ring, a gold ring,
And I lost it yesterday in the city;
I play tambourine and I'm a bullfighter,
Guitar in Granada, sword in Seville.

My ring shines brighter than the red aster;
The devil, hidden in my brunette's eye,
Could only produce such a jewel
If, one day, he made a hole in the moon.

If you find the ring anywhere,
Bring it back to me. Gil is what they call me.
True, I am worth little; I'm not nearly a penny
But almost a farthing I am a gentleman.

I only have my song like the sparrow.
Give me back my ring, and may God repay
you!

Do you know Jeanne? Well, this ring,
It is, along with her heart, the only gold I
have.

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Haï luli

*Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
et je l'attends ici seulette.
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Où donc peut être mon ami?*

*Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
le fil se casse dans ma main ...
Allons, je filerai demain;
aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!*

*Ah! s'il est vrai qu'il soit volage,
s'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
le village n'a qu'à brûler,
et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!*

Madrid

*Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,
Il court par tes mille campagnes
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux noirs.
La blanche ville aux sérénades,
Il passe par tes promenades
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.*

*Madrid, quand tes taureaux bondissent,
Bien des mains blanches applaudissent,
Bien des écharpes sont en jeux.
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,
Bien des señoras long voilées
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.*

*Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille
De tes dames à fine taille
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;
Car j'en sais une par le monde
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!*

Hai luli

*I am sad, I am anxious,
I no longer know what's to become of me.
My lover was to have come
And I wait for him here alone.
Hai luli, hai luli,
How sad it is without my lover!*

*I sit down to spin my wool,
The thread snaps in my hand:
Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,
Today I am too upset.
Hai luli, hai luli,
Where can my lover be?*

*Ah! If it's true that he's unfaithful,
And will one day abandon me,
Then let the village burn
And me too along with the village!
Hai luli, hai luli,*

Madrid

*Madrid, Princess of Spanish lands,
Many blue eyes, many dark eyes
Can be seen on your thousand fields.
Many dainty feet tread each evening
Along the walks of your white town,
Famed for its serenades.*

*Madrid, when your bulls rampage,
Many a white hand applauds,
Many scarves are waved.
On your beautiful starry nights,
Many a señora with long veils
Descends your blue stairs.*

*Madrid, Madrid, I mock
Your slim-waisted ladies
Who wear narrow dancing shoes;
For there's no brunette or blonde
In all the world who's worth the finger-tips
Of a lady I know!*

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

*Car c'est ma princesse andalouse,
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse!
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!
C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!
Elle est jaune, comme une orange,
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!*

*Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,
Un compliment sur sa mantille
Puis des bonbons à la vanille
Par un beau soir de carnaval.*

Alfred de Musset

For she is my Andalusian princess,
My lover, my jealous one!
My beautiful, well-connected widow!
She's a real demon, she's an angel!
She's as yellow as an orange,
She's as lively as a bird!

Now, if by chance people wonder
How I achieved such a conquest, I reply:
because of my handsome horse,
The way I praised her mantilla,
The vanilla sweets I gave her
On a beautiful carnival evening

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

Zaray Rosi and I collaborated to select the poems that I set in *Songs of Freedom*. The Cuban authors selected are either dissident, historical, or immigrant poets who make some reference to the universal theme of freedom and the longing for it, in their work.

– José Lezcano

Adivinanza para mi hija

*¿En que se parece la libertad
a un atardecer?
No sé.
Yo ha veces confundo
la caída de la noche
con la entrada del día
y hay un instante
uno solo
en el que nadie sabe
si viene o se va la luz.
He visto tres mil dos ciento veinte y siete
atardeceres.
Nací en el otoño
a mediados de los ochenta.
No puedo hacer comparaciones.*

Raul Rivero

Riddle for my daughter

What is freedom like?
to a sunset?
I do not know.
I have sometimes confused
nightfall
with the entrance of the day
and there is an instant
only one
in which no one knows
if the power comes or goes.
I have seen three thousand two hundred and
twenty-seven sunsets.
I was born in the fall
halfway through the eighties.
I can't make comparisons.

Cultivo una rosa blanca

*Yo vengo de todas partes,
Y hacia todas partes voy:
Arte soy entre las artes,
En los montes, monte soy.*

*Cultivo una rosa blanca
en junio como enero
para el amigo sincero
que me da su mano franca.*

*Y para el cruel que me arranca
el corazón con que vivo,
cardo ni ortiga cultivo;
cultivo la rosa blanca.*

Excerpts from Jose Marti

Cuban Thanksgiving

A week before Thanksgiving
I explained to my abuelita
about the Indians and the Mayflower, how
Lincoln set the slaves free;
I explained to my parents about
the purple mountain's majesty,
"one if by land, two if by sea"
the cherry tree, the tea party,
the amber waves of grain,
the "masses yearning to be free"
liberty and justice for all, until
finally they agreed:
This Thanksgiving we would have turkey, as
well as pork.

Richard Blanco

Cultivate a white rose

I come from everywhere,
And everywhere I go:
Art I am among the arts,
In the mountains, mountain I am

I grow a white rose
in June as in January
for the sincere friend
who gives me his frank hand.

And for the cruel one who tears out
my heart with which I live,
Neither do I grow thistle or nettle,
I grow the white rose

Intima

*Quieres sondear la noche de mi espíritu?
Allá en el fondo oscuro de mi alma
hay un lugar donde jamás penetra
la clara luz del sol de la esperanza.*

*¡Pero no me preguntes lo que duerme
bajo el sudario de la sombra muda...;
detente allí junto al abismo y llora
como se llora al borde de las tumbas!*

Juana Borrera

Intimate

Do you want to probe the night of my spirit?
Out there in the dark depths of my soul
There is a place where it never penetrates
The clear sunlight of hope.

But don't ask me what sleeps under the
shroud of the silent shadow...;
Stop there by the abyss and cry
as one cries at the edge of the graves!

Translations by José Lezcano

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and photography and audio or video recording are prohibited.
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