

Maggie Stone

soprano

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

with
J. J. Penna, piano
Baba Taba, guitar

Tuesday, May 7, 2024
1:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

from *Theodora*

Oh thou bright sun!... With darkness deep as
is my woe

But why art thou disquieted, my soul?...

Oh that I on wings could rise

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Mandoline

Chanson d'amour

Après un rêve

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

Er ist's

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Frühlingsglaube

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Wie Melodien zieht es

Intermission

Joaquín Rodrigo
(1901–1999)

Estribillo
Romancillo
¡Un home, San Antonio!

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873–1943)

Zdes' khorosho
Ne poi krasavitsa

David Leisner
(b. 1953)

Outdoor Shadows
Slow
Homeward
Yes, What?
Seagulls
Sing a Song of Juniper

Baba Taba, guitar

**Oh thou bright sun!...With darkness deep as
is my woe**

O thou bright sun! How sweet thy rays
To health, and liberty! But here, alas,
They swell the agonizing thought of shame,
And pierce my soul with sorrows yet unknown.

With darkness deep, as is my woe,
Hide me, ye shades of night;
Your thickest veil around me throw,
Conceal'd from human sight.
Or come thou, death, thy victim save,
Kindly embosom'd in the grave.

**But why are thou disquieted, my soul?
Oh that I on wings could rise**

But why art thou disquieted, my soul?
Hark! Heav'n invites thee in sweet rapt'rous strains,
To join the ever-singing, ever-loving choir
Of saints and angels in the courts above.

Oh, that I on wings could rise,
Swiftly sailing through the skies,
As skims the silver dove!
That I might rest,
For ever blest,
With harmony and love.

Thomas Morell

Mandoline

*Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.*

*C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.*

Mandolin

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.

*Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,*

*Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.*

Paul Verlaine

Chanson d'amour

*J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.*

*J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!*

*J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!*

Armande Silvestre

Après un rêve

*Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,*

Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

*Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.*

*Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows*

*Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.*

Love song

*I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.*

*I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of all you say,
O my rebel, O my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise.*

*I love all that makes you beautiful
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my wild one, O my rebel.*

After a dream

*In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and
ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;*

*You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial
fires.*

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

*Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;*

*Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!*

Romain Bussine

Er ist's

*Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.*

*Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, ein Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's!
Dich hab ich vernommen!*

Eduard Mörike

Frühlingsglaube

*Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.*

*Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.*

Johann Ludwig Uhland

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your
delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A
French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)
provided via Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Spring is here

Spring is floating its blue banner
On the breezes again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift portentously across the land.

Violets, already dreaming,
Will soon begin to bloom.
Listen, the sound of a harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!

Translation © Richard Stokes

Faith In Spring

Balmy breezes are awakened;
they stir and whisper day and night,
everywhere creative.
O fresh scents, O new sounds!
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.
Now all must change.

The world grows fairer each day;
we cannot know what is still to come;
the flowering knows no end.
The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all must change.

*Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts (Schirmer
Books) provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Wie Melodien

*Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.*

*Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.*

*Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.*

Klaus Groth

Estríbillo

*Y muera yo de amor por Perinarda,
Desde que nace el sol hasta que para.
Canten las aves, suenen las ramas,
Y los pajarillos, tiple alados,
Canten arpados.*

Ah!

*Suenen sonoros en suaves coros.
Y muera yo de amor por Perinarda.
Desde que nace el sol hasta que para.
Canten en su capilla
En gran maravilla!*

Ah!

*Con su voz ingrata, ingrata,
Aquel arroyuelo, capón de plata.*

Ah!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Salvador Jacinto Polo de Medina

Like Melodies

Thoughts, like melodies,
Steal softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And drift away like fragrance.

Yet when words come and capture them
And bring them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Yet surely in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
Summoned by moist eyes
From the silent seed.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005) provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Chorus

And I die of love for Perinarda,
From when the sun rises until it stops.
Let the birds sing, let the branches ring,
And the little birds, winged birds,
Sing harps.

Ah!

They sound loud in soft choruses.
And I die of love for Perinarda.
From when the sun rises until it stops.
Sing in your chapel
In great wonder!

Ah!

With his ungrateful, ungrateful voice,
That stream, silver capon.

Ah!

La, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Romancillo

*Por mayo era, por mayo,
Cuando hace la calor,
Cuando los trigos encallan
Y están los campos en flor;
Cuando canta la calandria
Y responde el ruiseñor,
Cuando los enamorados
Van a servir al amor.
Menos yo, ¡triste cuitado!
Que vivo en esta prisión,
Que ni sé cuándo es de día,
Ni cuándo las noches son,
Sino por una avecica
Que me cantaba al albor -
Matómela un balletero ...
¡Dios le dé mal galardón!*

Joaquín Rodrigo

¡Un Home, San Antonio!

*San Antonio bendito,
Dádeme un home,
Anque me mate,
Anque m' esfole.*

*Meu Santo San Antonio,
Daime un homiño,
Anqu'ó tamaño teña
D'un gran de millo.*

*Daimo, meu Santo,
Anqu'os pés teña coxos,
Mancos os brazos.*

*Unha muller sin home...
¡Santo bendito!
E corpiño sin alma,
Festa sin trigo.*

*Pau viradoiro,
Qu' onda queira que vaya,
Troncho que troncho.*

The prisoner's romance

In May it was, in May,
when the days are hot,
when the wheat ripens
and the fields are in flower,
when the lark sings
and the nightingale replies.
When lovers
serve the god of Love.
Except for me, poor wretch,
who lives in this prison,
unaware of daybreak
and unaware of nightfall,
save when a little bird
sang to me at dawn -
An archer shot it;
may God grant him small thanks!

Translations by Maggie Stone

A man, Saint Antonio!

Blessed Saint Antonio,
Give me a man,
Even if he mistreats me,
Even if he dishonours me.

Please, Saint Antonio,
Give me a little man,
Even if he be no bigger
Than a grain of millet.

Give him to me, please, Saint,
Even if his feet be crippled,
And maimed his arms.

A wife without a man . . .
Blessed Saint!
Is a body without a soul,
A fiesta without bread,

A useless spinning post
That wherever it goes
Cuts here and there to no avail.

*Mais en tend' un homiño,
¡Virxe do Carme!
Non hay mundo que chegue
Para un folgarse.*

*Que zamb' ou trencó,
Sempr' é bó ter un home
Para un remedio!*

Rosalita de Castro

Zdes' khorosho

Zdes' khorosho... Vzgljani, vdali

*Ognjom gorit reka;
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.*

*Zdes' net ljudej... Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Cvety, da staraja sosna,
Da ty, mechta moja!*

Glafira Adol'fovna Galina

Ne poi krasavitsa

*Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi;
Napominayut mne one
Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnyi.*

*Uoy, napominayut mne
Tvoi zhestokie napevy
I step, i noch – i pri lune
Cherty dalyokoy, miloi devï.*

Alexander Pushkin

But having a man,
Virgin of Carmen,
If one has a man,
There is no end to joy!

Even if he is knock-kneed,
Always to have a man
Is the remedy!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Spanish Song Companion (Scarecrow Press)
provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

How fair is the spot

How fair this spot... Just look, there in the
distance
The river is ablaze;
The meadows are like a radiant carpet,
And the clouds are white.

There is nobody here... here silence reigns...
Here I am alone with God.
And the flowers, and the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!...

Oh do not sing, fair maiden

Oh do not sing for me, fair maiden,
Those Georgian songs so sad;
They remind me
Of another life and a distant shore.

Alas, your cruel strains
Remind me
Of the steppe and the night,
And the moonlit face of my distant beloved.

*English translation © Philip Ross Bullock
provided via Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Slow

I have been watching slow things
The long afternoon,
The thickening pad of snow
Out on the windowsill.
That grows so slowly we can never see it grow,
Although we say we can.
All that we know is that It *has* grown
And most probably *will* grow
So long as the snow falls.
And that is quite enough to know.
Then it will go and that will be a slow thing too.
Whether it goes in sun or rain,
Whether a wind is or is not blowing.
It always has been so.
And what is slower than this short, gray afternoon?

Slower than the way the sun, almost snowed in,
Begins by being low and ends by being low.
And never sets or so it seems?
Such a slow sun.
Nor is there much to show for my long afternoon
Except perhaps that I've been growing I suppose.
Only the unremarkable growth that must be, though,
Which isn't much, Heaven knows,
For anyone to show.

Homeward

Sun that gives the world its color,
Turn me darker, deeper, duller.
Make the clouds white, and the foam.
Make me brown as fresh turned loam.
Save whiteness for sky and sea.
Give the tan of earth to me.
Blend me to the hue of loam.
Turn me homeward, turn me home.

Yes, What?

What would earth do without her blessed boobs
her blooming bumpkins garden variety
her oafs her louts her yodeling yokels
and all her Breughel characters
under the fat-faced moon?

Her nitwits numbskulls universal
nincompoops jawohl jawohl with all
their yawps burps beers guffaws
her goofs her goons her big galoots
under the red-faced moon?

Seagulls

Between the under and the upper blue
All day the seagulls climb and swerve and soar,
Arc intersecting arc, curve over curve.

And you may watch them weaving a long time
And never see their pattern twice the same
And never see their pattern once imperfect.

Take any moment they are in the air.
If you could change them, if you had the power,
How would you place them other than they are?

What we have labored all our lives to have
And failed, these birds effortlessly achieve:
Freedom that flows in form and still is free.

Sing a Song of Juniper

Sing a song of juniper
Whose song is seldom sung,
Whose needles prick the finger,
Whose berries burn the tongue.

Sing a song of juniper
With boughs shaped like a bowl
For holding sun or snowfall
High on the pasture knoll.

Sing a song of juniper
Whose green is more than green,
Is blue and bronze and violet
And colors in between.

Sing a song of juniper
That keeps close to the ground,
A song composed of silence
And very little sound.

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

Sing a song of juniper
That hides the hunted mouse,
And gives me outdoor shadows
To haunt my indoor house.

Robert Francis

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