Concert Program
A Faculty Recital by

Tanya Blaich

_piano_

With

Paula Murrihy

_mezzo-soprano_

_I Will Walk with My Love_

Thursday, September 21, 2023
7:30 p.m.
NEC’s Jordan Hall
PROGRAM

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Ständchen
In stiller Nacht
Da unten im Tale
Wie komm' ich den zur Tür herein
Es steht ein' Lind'
Vergebliches Ständchen

Gustav Mahler
(1860–1911)

from Des Knaben Wunderhorn
Rheinlegendchen
Ich ging mit Lust
Verlor'ne Müh
Das irdische Leben
Urlicht

Intermission

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Chansons de Bilitis, L97
La flûte de Pan
La chevelure
Le tombeau des Naïades

Edvard Grieg
(1843–1907)

Sechs Lieder, op. 48
Gruss
Dereinst Gedanke mein
Lauf der Welt
Die verschweigene Nachtigall
Zur Rosenzeit
Ein Traum
Irish Song Selections

Gerard Victory
(1921–1995)
Poem by Padraig Colum

Benjamin Britten
(1913–1976)
Poem by William Butler Yeats

John Larchet
(1884–1967)
Poems by Elizabeth Shane

arr. Herbert Hughes
(1882–1937)
Traditional text

An Old Woman of the Roads
The Salley Gardens
Wee Hughie
The Wee Boy in Bed
I Will Walk with My Love
There’s a reason songs about love are so ubiquitous—love is an endlessly rewarding source of inspiration and exploration! The songs you will hear tonight are largely folk-inspired and the bookends of the recital, Brahms’ *Da unten im Tale* and Herbert Hughes’ *I will walk with my love* encapsulate the parameters of this journey. Brahms’ classic German folk song walks us through the phases of lament, frustration, reconciliation and transcendence in a love relationship, almost like a Bach Cantata, but in under 3 min. *I will walk with my love* widens the span to the beginnings of love: we hear of building a bower for the beloved in one’s breast, and in the next verse the text leaps forward to the transcendent phase post-breakup, but the brilliant and simple folk truth concludes that love in some form is still there—”I will still walk with my love now and then”. The remainder of the program then explores everything in between: falling in love, courting, missing a beloved far away, love affairs and love’s rejection. We make brief excursions to other expressions of love—love of God, love of family and one’s children.

These are not all folk songs or texts, strictly speaking—but there is something folk-like in many of them. All of these songs, even the truest of folk texts or songs are lacking squeaky clean authenticity. Arnim and Brentano edited or invented parts of the poems they collected in *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, and Mahler added his own edits to these folk texts. Zuccalmaglio invented or edited the poems in his folk collections, and Louÿs claimed his texts for Debussy’s *Bilitis* songs were translations of an ancient Greek poetess which later turned out to be an invention by the poet himself in an attempt to make the sexually explicit lyrics more palatable to nineteenth-century audiences. Grieg is known for his folk song style and many of the songs in op. 48 feel folk-like in their directness and simplicity, yet they also cannot be strictly claimed as folk songs. Britten put his own unmistakable personal stamp on his arrangements of folk songs and was not primarily concerned with authenticity. Yet in all these songs, we receive enchanting, simple and unassuming insights into the human condition. They address universal experiences that have the power to speak across social, class and cultural boundaries.

— Tanya Blaich
Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut’;
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei,
Mit Flöt’ und Geig’ und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
und lispelt: »Vergiß nicht mein!

Franz Theodor Kugler (1808-1858)

Serenade

The moon is over the mountain,
just perfect for people in love;
in the garden a fountain is trickling,
otherwise still far and wide.

Next to the wall in the shadows
three students are standing there
with flute and fiddle and zither,
and singing and playing along.

The strains steal gently into the dreams
of the loveliest maiden.
She gazes at her blond beloved
and whispers: “Forget me not!”

In stiller Nacht

In stiller Nacht, zur ersten Wacht,
ein Stimm’ begunnt zu klagen,
der nächtge Wind hat süß und lind
tzu mir den Klang getragen.
Von herbm Leid und Traurigkeit
ist mir das Herz zerflossen,
die Blümlein, mit Tränen rein
hab’ ich sie all ‘begossen.

Der schöne Mon will untergon,
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.

In the quiet night

In the quiet night, at the first watch,
A voice begins to lament,
The nightly wind has sweetly and gently
carried the sound to me.
From bitter grief and sorrow
my heart has melted,
the little flowers, with pure tears
I have watered them all.

The beautiful moon wants to set,
for pain wants never to shine again,
the stars refrain their shining,
with me they want to weep.
No joyous sound from birdsong
one hears in the breezes,
the wild animals mourn also with me
in the rocks and the ravines.
Da unten im Tale

Da unten im Tale
Läuft's Wasser so trüb,
Und i kann dir's net sagen,
i hab' di so lieb.

Sprichst allweil von Liebe,
Sprichst allweil von Treu',
Und a bissele Falschheit
Is auch wohl dabei.

Und wenn i dir's zehnmal sag,
Daß i di lieb,
Und du willst nit verstehn,
Muß i halt weitergehn.

Für die Zeit, wo du gliebt mi hast,
Dank i dir schön,
Und i wünsch, daß dir's anderswo
Besser mag gehn.

Aus 49 Deutsche Volkslieder Wo033

Down there in the Valley

Down there in the valley
the clouded stream is flowing,
and I cannot tell you,
I love you so.

You always speak of love,
you always speak of fidelity,
and a little falsehood
is also likely there.

And if I tell you ten times
that I love you,
and you don’t want to understand,
I will have to move on.

For the time that you have loved me
I thank you kindly,
and I wish that elsewhere
you may fare better.

Wie komm' ich denn zur Tür herein

He: How do I get in at the door,
tell me, my love, how?

She: Grasp the ring and pull the latch,
then mother will think it’s the wind,
come, my sweetheart, come!

How do I get past the dog?
Tell me, my sweetheart, how?

She: Say something pleasant to the dog,
then he’ll lie down again,
come, my sweetheart, come!

He: How do I get past the fire,
tell me, my sweetheart, how?

She: Pour a little water over it,
then mother will think it’s raining in,
come, my sweetheart, come!
Er: Wie komm’ ich denn die Trepp’ hinauf, 
sag’ du, mein Liebchen, sag’?

Sie: Nimm die Schuh’ nur in die Hand 
und schleich’ dich leis’ entlang der Wand, 
komm’ du, mein Liebchen komm’!

Aus 49 Deutsche Volkslieder Wo033

Es steht ein’ Lind’

Es steht ein’ Lind’ in jenem Tal, 
ach Gott, was tut sie da? 
Sie will mir helfen trauern, trauern, 
daß ich mein’ Lieb’ verloren hab’.

Es sitzt ein Vöglein auf dem Zaun, 
ach Gott, was tut es da? 
Es will mir helfen klagen, klagen, 
daß ich mein’ Lieb’ verloren hab’.

Es quillt ein Brünnlein auf dem Plan, 
ach Gott, was tut es da? 
Es will mir helfen weinen, weinen, 
daß ich mein’ Lieb’ verloren hab’

Aus 49 Deutsche Volkslieder Wo033

Vergebliches Ständchen

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz, 
guten Abend, mein Kind! 
Ich komm’ aus Lieb’ zu dir, 
Ach, mach’ mir auf die Tür, 
mach’ mir auf die Tür!

Sie: Meine Tür ist verschlossen, 
Ich laß dich nicht ein; 
Mutter, die rät’ mir klug, 
Wär’st du herein mit Fug, 
Wär’s mit mir vorbei!

Aus 49 Deutsche Volkslieder Wo033

There is a Linden Tree

There is a linden tree in that valley- 
—oh God, what is it doing there? 
It wants to help me mourn, mourn, 
that I have lost my love.

A little bird is sitting on that fence, 
—oh God, what is it doing there? 
It wants to help me lament, lament, 
that I have lost my love.

A little spring is gushing in the meadow, 
—oh God, what is it doing there? 
It wants to help me weep, weep, 
that I have lost my love.

Futile Serenade

He: Good evening, my sweetheart, 
good evening, my dear! 
I’m here out of love for you, 
ah, open up the door, 
open the door!

She: My door is locked, 
I won’t let you in; 
mother advised me well, 
if you had the chance to come in, 
it would all be over for me!

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)
Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,
so eisig der Wind,
Daß mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein’ Lieb’ erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein’ Lieb’;
lass’ sielöschen nur!
Löscht sie immerzu,
Geh’ heim zu Bett, zur Ruh’!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab’!

Anton von Zuccalmaglio (1803-1869)

Rheinlegendchen
Bald gras’ ich am Neckar,
bald gras’ ich am Rhein;
Bald hab’ ich ein Schätzel,
bald bin ich allein!

Was hilft mir das Grasen,
wenn d’ Sichel nicht schneidt;
was hilft mir ein Schätzel,
wenn’s bei mir nicht bleibt!

So soll ich denn grassen
am Neckar, am Rhein,
So werf ich mein goldenes
Ringlein hinein.

Es fließet im Neckar
und fließet im Rhein,
Soll schwimmen hinunter
in’s Meer tief hinein.

Und schwimmt es, das Ringlein,
so frißt es ein Fisch!
Das Fischlein soll kommen
auf’s König sein Tisch!

Der König tät fragen,
wem’s Ringlein sollt sein?
Da tät mein Schatz sagen:
das Ringlein g’hört mein!

He: The night is so cold,
so icy the wind,
that my heart freezes,
my love will be extinguished;
open up, my child!

She: Extinguish your love;
go ahead and let it be extinguished!
Extinguish it always,
go home to bed, to rest!
Good night, my lad!

Rhine Legend
Now I mow along the Neckar,
now I mow along the Rhine;
now I have a sweetheart,
now I’m alone!

What use is mowing,
if the sickle won’t cut;
what use is a sweetheart,
if she doesn’t stay with me!

So if I’m to graze
along the Neckar, along the Rhine,
I’ll throw in
my little gold ring.

It’ll float in the Neckar,
and float in the Rhine.
Shall float right down
deep into the sea.

And as it floats, the ring,
a fish will eat it!
The fish will end up
on the king’s table!

The king would ask,
whose ring it is?
My sweetheart would say:
the ring is mine!
Mein Schätzlein tät springen
Berg auf und Berg ein,
Tät mir wiedrum bringen
das Goldringlein fein!

Kannst grasen am Neckar,
kannst grasen am Rhein!
Wirf du mir nur immer
dein Ringlein hinein!

Ich ging mit Lust
durch einen grünen Wald,
Ich hört’ die Vöglein singen;
Sie sangen so jung, sie sangen so alt,
Die kleinen Waldvöglein im grünen Wald!
Wie gerne hört ich sie singen!

I Walked Joyfully
through a green wood,
I heard the little birds singing;
they sang so young, they sang so old,
the little woodland birds in the green wood!
How gladly I heard them sing!

Nun sing, nun sing, Frau Nachtigall!
Sing du’s bei meinem Feinsliebchen:
Komm schier, wenn’s finster ist,
Wenn niemand auf der Gasse ist,
Dann komm zu mir! Herein will ich dich lassen!

Now sing, now sing, Mrs. Nightingale!
Sing your song for my lover:
come discreetly when it is dark,
when no one is on the street,
then come to me! I will let you in!

Der Tag verging, die Nacht brach an,
Er kam zu Feinsliebchen gegangen.
Er klopf’ so leis’ wohl an den Ring:
„Ei schläfst du oder wachst mein Kind?

The day passed, night fell,
he came to his sweetheart.
He taps so gently on the knocker:
“Oh, are you still sleeping or are you awake,
my dear?
I’ve been waiting for so long!”

Ich hab so lang gestanden!”

Es schaut der Mond durchs Fensterlein
Zum holden, süßen Lieben,
Die Nachtigall sang die ganze Nacht.
Du schlafelig Mägdelein, nimm dich in Acht
Wo ist dein Herzliebster geblieben?

The moon gazes in at the little window
upon the sweet love scene,
The nightingale sang all night long.
You sleepy maiden, watch out!
Where did your sweetheart go?
Verlor’ne Müh

Sie: Büble, wir!
Büble, wir wollen auße gehe!
Wollen wir?
Unsere Lämmer besehe?
Kommt! Kommt! Lieb’s Büberle,
komm’, ich bitt’!

Er: Närrisches Dinterle,
ich geh dir holt nit!
Sie: Willst vielleicht —
Willst vielleicht ä bissel nasche?
Hol’ dir was aus meiner Tasch’!
Hol’, lieb’s Büberle,
hol’, ich bitt’!

Er: Närrisches Dinterle,
ich nasch’dir holt nit!
Sie: Gelt, ich soll —
Gelt? Ich soll mein Herz dir schenke!?
Immer willst an mich gedenke!?
Nimm’s! Lieb’s Büberle!
Nimm’s, ich bitt’!
Er: Närrisches Dinterle,
Ich mag es holt nit!

Das irdische Leben

“Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich!
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!”
“Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir ernten geschwind!”

Und als das Korn geerntet war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
“Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich!
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!”
“Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir dreschen geschwind!”

Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
“Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich!
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!”
“Warte nur! Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir backen geschwind!”

Wasted Effort

She: Laddie, we—
Laddie, let’s go outside!
Shall we?
To look at our lambs?
Come! Come! Dear laddie,
come, please!

He: Silly lassie,
I don’t want to!
She: Perhaps you—
perhaps you want to snack a bit?
Grab something from my bag!
Take it, laddie,
take it, please!

He: Silly lassie,
I don’t want a snack from you!
She: You mean, I should—
Right? Shall I offer you my heart!?
So that you always think of me!?
Take it! Dear laddie!
Take it, I beg you!
He: Silly lassie,
I don’t want it!

The Earthly Life

“Mother, oh mother, I’m starving!
Give me bread, or else I’ll die!”
“Just wait, my dear child!
Tomorrow we’ll hurry and harvest!”

And when the grain was harvested,
The child still cried out:
“Mother, oh mother! I am starving!
Give me bread, or else I’ll die!”
“Just wait, my dear child!
Tomorrow we will hurry and thresh.”

And when the grain was threshed,
The child still cried out:
“Mother, ah mother! I’m starving,
Give me bread, or else I’ll die.”
“Just wait, my dear child,
Tomorrow we’ll hurry and bake.”
Und als das Brot gebacken war,  
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahr’!

And when the bread was baked,  
The child lay on the funeral bier!

**Urlicht**

O Röschen rot!  
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Not!  
Der Mensch liegt in grösster Pein!  
Je lieber möcht’ ich im Himmel sein!

Da kam ich auf einen breiten Weg;  
Da kam ein Engelein und wollt’ mich abweisen.

Ach nein, ich ließ mich nicht abweisen!  
Ich bin von Gott und will wieder zu Gott!  
Der liebe Gott wird mir ein Lichtchen geben,  
Wird leuchten mir bis in das ewig selig’ Leben!

Primal Light

O little red rose!  
Man lies in greatest need!  
Man lies in greatest pain!  
I would rather be in heaven!

Then I came upon a broad path;  
there came an angel and wanted to turn me away.

Ah no, I would not let myself be turned away!  
I am from God and desire to return to God!  
The good Lord will give me a little light,  
will illuminate the way to eternal, blessed life!

**La flûte de Pan**

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,  
il m’a donné une syrinx faite  
de roseaux bien taillés,  
unis avec la blanche cire  
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m’apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;  
mais je suis un peu tremblante.  
Il en joue après moi,  
si doucement que je l’entends à peine.

Nous n’avons rien à nous dire,  
tant nous sommes près l’un de l’autre;  
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,  
et tour à tour nos bouches s’unissent sur la flute.

The Flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus Day,  
he gave me a syrinx  
made of beautifully cut reeds  
bound together with white wax  
which tastes sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play as I sit on his lap;  
but I’m trembling a bit.  
He plays after me so softly  
that I can barely hear it.

We have no need to speak,  
we are so close to one another;  
but our songs want to answer each other,  
and bit by bit our lips join on the flute.

It is late;  
hear the song of the green frogs  
that begins with the night.  
My mother will never believe  
that I was gone so long  
to look for my lost sash.
**La chevelure**


«Je les caressais, et c’étaient les miens; et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n’ont souvent qu’une racine.

«Et peu à peu, il m’a semblé, tant nos membres étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même, ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songe.»

Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d’un regard si tendre, que je baisai les yeux avec un frisson.

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**The Tresses of Hair**

He said to me: “Last night, I dreamed. I had your tresses around my neck. Your hair lay like a black necklace around my neck and over my breast.

I caressed them, and they were mine; and we were united thus forever by the same tresses, mouth on mouth, just like two laurels often share one root.

“And gradually, it seemed to me, our limbs were so intertwined that I was becoming you, or you were entering into me like a dream.”

When he had finished, he gently placed his hands on my shoulders, and gazed at me so tenderly that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

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**Le tombeau des Naïades**

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; Mes cheveux devant ma bouche Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, Et mes sandales étaient lourdes De neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: “Que cherches-tu?”
Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent Comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.
Il me dit: “Les satyres sont morts.

“Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans, il n’a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d’un bouc. Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.”

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace De la source où jadis riaient les naïades. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,

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**The Tomb of the Naiads**

I trudged along the frost-bound wood; my hair across my mouth blossomed with little ice crystals, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He says to me: “What do you seek?”
I am following the satyr tracks. His little cloven hoofprints alternate like holes in a white cloak.
He says to me: “The satyrs are dead.”

“The satyrs and nymphs as well. In thirty years there has not been such a terrible winter. The tracks that you see are those of a he-goat. But let us pause here where their tomb is.”

And with the iron tip of the hoe he broke the ice of the spring where the naiads once laughed. He took large frozen pieces of the ice.
Et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,
Il regardait au travers.

Pierre Louÿs (1970-1925)

Greeting

Gently resounding in my soul,
I hear a lovely ringing;
ring, little spring song,
ring out far and wide.

Ring out to that house
where the violets bloom;
when you see a rose,
tell her, I send my greetings.

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

One Day, O my Thoughts

One day,
O my thoughts,
you will be at peace.
If love’s embers
do not allow you to rest,
under the cool earth
you will sleep soundly;
there without love
and without torment
you will find rest.

Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)
Lauf der Welt

An jedem Abend geh' ich aus
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es steht hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.

Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küss' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.

Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Tau kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!

Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

 Unter der Linden,
 An der Haide,
 Wo ich mit meinem Trauten saß,
 Da mögt ihr finden,
 Wie wir beide
 Die Blumen brachen und das Gras.
 Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall,
 Tandaradei!
 Sang im Thal die Nachtigall.

 Ich kam gegangen
 Zu der Aue,
 Mein Liebster kam vor mir dahin.
 Ich ward empfangen,
 Als hehre Fraue,
 Daß ich noch immer selig bin.
 Ob er mir auch Kösse bot?
 Tandaradei!
 Seht, wie ist mein Mund so roth!

The Way of the World

Every evening I walk out
along the meadow’s trail.
She looks out from her garden house,
which lies right along the path.
We’ve never arranged to meet,
it’s just the way of the world.

I don’t know how it came about,
but I’ve kissed her for a long time,
I don’t ask, she doesn’t say “yes!”
yet she also never says “no”.
When lips join willingly,
we do not hinder it, it seems good to us.

The little breeze plays with the rose,
it does not ask: do you love me?
The little rose is cooled by the dew
and doesn’t demand: Give!
I love her, she loves me,
but neither says: I love you!

The Secretive Nightingale

Under the linden tree
in the meadow
where I sat with my love,
there you may see
how we both
crushed the flowers and the grass.
By the woods with sweet sound,
tandaradei!
sang the nightingale in the valley.

I made my way
to the meadow,
my lover arrived before me.
I was welcomed
as a noble lady so
that I am still in bliss.
Did he offer me kisses?
Tandaradei!
See how my lips are so red!
Wie ich da ruhte,  
Wüßt' es Einer,  
Behüte Gott, ich schämte mich.  
Wie mich der Gute  
Herzte, keiner  
Erfahre das als er und ich—  
Und ein kleines Vögelein,  
Tandaradei!  
Das wird wohl verschwiegen sein.

Zur Rosenzeit

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,  
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;  
Blühet, ach! Dem Hoffnungslosen,  
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,  
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,  
Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd  
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte  
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug  
Und vor deinem Angesichte  
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,  
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;  
Blühet, ach! Dem Hoffnungslosen,  
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

As I lay there,  
if anyone knew,  
God forbid, I would be ashamed.  
How the dear man embraced me,  
no one must know  
except him and me—  
and a little bird,  
tandaradei!  
that will keep a secret.

In the Time of Roses

You wither, sweet roses,  
my love could not sustain you;  
ah, bloom for the hopeless one  
whose soul is breaking from grief.

I think of those days mournfully,  
when I, my angel, clinging to you,  
impatiently awaited the first rosebud  
when I visited my garden in the mornings;

all the blossoms, all the fruit  
I still laid at your feet,  
and the presence of your face  
filled my heart with hope.

You wither, sweet roses,  
my love could not sustain you;  
ah, bloom for the hopeless one  
whose soul is breaking from grief.
Ein Traum

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut -

Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst im Traum

Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit --
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her --
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang --
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!
O, frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit --
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

Friedrich von Bodenstedt (1819-1892)

A Dream

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
I was loved by a fair maiden;
it was in the green forest glade,
it was in the warm springtime:

the bud blossomed, the forest brook swelled,
far away from the village, bells were
ringing—
we were so full of joy,
immersed in blissfulness.

And even more beautiful than once this
dream,
It happened in reality—
it was in the green forest glade,
it was in the warm springtime:

The forest brook swelled, the bud blossomed,
bells rang out from the village—
I held you tightly, I held you long—
and will never let you go!
Oh, spring-green forest glade!
You live in me forever—
there, reality became a dream,
there, the dream became reality!

An Old Woman of the Roads

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!
I could be quiet there at night
Beside the fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,
And tired I am of bog and road,
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I'm praying to God on high,
And I'm praying Him night and day,
For a little house--a house of my own--
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

*Padraig Colum (1881–1972)*

The Salley Gardens

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

*William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)*
**Wee Hughie**

He's gone to school, Wee Hughie,
An' him not four.
Sure I saw the fright was in him
When he left the door.

But he took a hand o' Denny
An' a hand o' Dan,
Wi' Joe's owld coat upon him-
Och, the poor wee man!

He cut the quarest figure,
More stout nor thin;
An' trottin' right an' steady
Wi his toes turned in.

I watched him to the corner
O' the big turf stack,
An' the more his feet went forrit,
Still his head turned back.

He was lookin',
Would I call him--
Och me heart was woe--
Sure it's lost I am without him,
But he be to go.

I followed to the turnin'
When they passed it by,
God help him, he was cryin',
An', maybe, so was I.

*Elizabeth Shane (1877-1951)*

**The Wee Boy in Bed**

I mind my Granny wi' her wrinkled hands cardin' the wool;
I mind my mother at her spinnin' wheel, on a low stool.
I mind myself...a wee boy in bed, lying so still;
I mind the quare wee lamp that glimmered on the window sill.

I mind my father climbin' to the loft to work the loom,
I mind the clackin' noise that it would make down in the room,
An' well I mind the way I'd be afeart o' what 'twould be,
An' then herself would lave the wheel and come whisperin' to me.
“Och, whist ye ara-a-thais-ce, turn your face to the wall, 
There’s not a hait o’ harm in the ould loom...at all, at all.”

I mind the way, I mind the way her voice would murmur on close to my ear. 
I mind the way I’d hear the crickets singin’ loud and clear.

An’ still I mind the light would flicker dim, the turf burn red. 
But I can never mind, can never mind, the big ones when goin’ to bed.

_Elizabeth Shane_

**I Will Walk with My Love**

I once loved a boy and a bold Irish boy 
Who would come and go at my request.
And this bold Irish boy was my pride and joy
and I built him a bower in my breast. 

But this girl who has taken my bonny bonny boy 
let her make of him all that she can, 
and whether he loves me or loves me not, 
I will walk with my love now and then.

_Traditional_

**ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES**

Irish mezzo-soprano **Paula Murrihy** enjoys a busy career working at the highest level in both Europe and the US. Previously a member of Oper Frankfurt’s acclaimed ensemble, her many roles in Frankfurt included Dido (_Dido and Aeneas_), Lazuli (_L’étoile_), Octavian (_Der Rosenkavalier_), Medoro (_Orlando Furioso_), and creating the role of _Carmen_ in Barrie Kosky’s iconic production, which she also reprised in Frankfurt for their 2020 revival.

This season, Paula makes her role and company debut as Prince Charmant (_Cendrillon_) at the Opéra de Paris. Elsewhere in the operatic stage, she returns to Santa Fe Opera as Octavian (_Der Rosenkavalier_) and reprises the role of Dejanira in Barrie Kosky’s _Hercules_ at the Komische Oper Berlin, following her highly praised performance in the production premiere at Oper Frankfurt last season. In concert, Paula can be heard singing Mozart _Requiem_ in Chicago with Music of the Baroque conducted by Dame Jane Glover, and Marguerite in a concert performance of _Le Damnation de Faust_ with the Netherlands Radio Philharmonic Orchestra. She also performs solo recitals, both at Oper Frankfurt alongside pianist and longtime collaborator Tanya Blaich, and at the Wigmore Hall, London.
Last season, Paula returned to the Royal Opera House Covent Garden to sing the role of Donna Elvira (Don Giovanni) directed by Kasper Holten, followed by the title role Carmen for her company debut at the Det Kongelige Teater Copenhagen. Her recent notable debuts include singing Komponist in Katie Mitchell’s production of Ariadne auf Naxos at the Gran Teatre del Liceu, Barcelona, the title role Ariodante in a livestreamed concert performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, conducted by Christian Curnyn and for her house debut at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, her debut as Orfeo in a concert performance of Gluck’s Orfeo ed Eurydice with Opera North conducted by Laurence Cummings and broadcast live on BBC Radio 3, and her company debut at the Metropolitan Opera, as Stéphano (Roméo et Juliette).

Paula has toured extensively on the concert platform, more recently performing as Didon for a European tour of Berlioz’ Les Troyens alongside the Monteverdi Choir & Orchestra conducted by Dinis Sousa, closing with a performance at the BBC Proms. She joined a European tour of St John Passion with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment; joined Harry Bicket and The English Concert Orchestra as Micah in a performance of Handel’s Samson in London, Ruggiero (Alcina) in Los Angeles and San Francisco, and as Arsamene (Serse) for a tour of Spain and the US, with venues including Carnegie Hall, New York.

Additional concert highlights include Cherubino (Le nozze di Figaro) with the Handel & Haydn Society in Boston, Stravinsky’s Pulcinella with the RTÉ Symphony Orchestra, Mahler’s Das Lied von der Erde at the Tiroler Festspiele Erl, Haydn’s Paukenmesse at the BBC Proms, the role of Sara in Mysliveček’s oratorio Abramo ed Isacco alongside Collegium 1704 at the Salzburg Festival and Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen with Sir Mark Elder and the Britten Sinfonia.

In the United States she has worked with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, where she premiered John Harbison’s Symphony No. 6, the Philadelphia Orchestra for Handel’s Messiah, the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra for Beethoven Symphony No. 9, the Handel and Haydn Society as Juno/Ino in Semele and the St Paul Chamber Orchestra in performances of Bach’s St Matthew Passion.

Last season she released her debut solo album with American pianist Tanya Blaich on Orchid Classics. Titled I Will Walk with My Love, the disc explores folk inspired songs and myths and features works by Brahms, Mahler, Debussy and Grieg, as well as traditional Irish folksong.

Tanya Blaich is a pianist and teacher with particular sensitivity for and expertise in the song and collaborative piano repertoire. A faculty member of New England Conservatory’s collaborative piano and voice departments since 2006, Blaich is co-coordinator of NEC’s Liederabend Series and teaches classes dedicated to the performance of song repertoire and in language diction and expression. Blaich has been praised for her “unfailingly expressive and finely judged” playing (The Guardian) and her “distinct and refined palette and textures” and “unwaveringly attentive” ensemble (Opera Today).
Blaich has performed in concert venues and festivals throughout the United States, Europe, and Russia with such recitalists as Thomas Hampson, Paula Murrihy, Klemens Sander, and Sari Gruber. Recent highlights with Murrihy include recitals at Teodor Currentzis’ International Diaghilev Festival, Performance Santa Fe’s Festival of Song, and in concert venues across Europe. She also worked with Murrihy and composer John Harbison in preparation for the world premiere of Harbison’s *Sixth Symphony* with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Blaich and Murrihy’s first album, *I Will Walk With My Love: Folk-Inspired Songs and Myths*, was just released on Orchid Classics this October to great acclaim.

As a guest artist, Blaich has given song recitals and master classes at universities and colleges throughout the U.S. In addition to her collaborations with singers, she has performed as a chamber music partner with members of the Colorado, Lydian, and Miro string quartets. She has also served as a coach and rehearsal pianist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Handel and Haydn Society, and Odyssey Opera. Tanya Blaich attended the University Paris-Sorbonne and graduated from Walla Walla College in Washington. She moved to Vienna to pursue her passion for the German Lied repertoire, earning a diploma in performance from the Vienna Conservatory in vocal accompaniment and chamber music. She subsequently earned both her M.M. and D.M.A. degrees from New England Conservatory.
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NEC PHILHARMONIA, David Loebel, conductor
Mendelssohn Overture to the Fairy Tale of the Fair Melusina; Ravel Ma mère l’Oye; Abels Global Warming (1990); Debussy La Mer
Wednesday, September 27, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC SYMPHONIC WINDS, William Drury and Rachel Brake ‘24 MM, conductors
Martino Estate; Maconchy Music for Woodwind and Brass; Liu The Torment of a Flower; Gounod Petite Symphonie for Wind Instruments; Firsova Three Portraits, op. 153 – Nicholas Ottersberg Enriquez ’24, bass
Thursday, September 28, 2032 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

FIRST MONDAY IN JORDAN HALL, Laurence Lesser, artistic director - 39th season
Ives Violin Sonata No. 4; Schnittke Piano Quintet; Brahms Piano Trio in C Major, op. 87
Monday, October 2, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC CHAMBER ORCHESTRA, Donald Palma, artistic director
Elgar Introduction and Allegro; Theofanidis Visions and Miracles;
Shostakovich Chamber Symphony, op .110a
Wednesday, October 4, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

JAZZ RESIDENCY: SARA SERPA – “Intimate Strangers”
Wednesday, October 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

NEC WIND ENSEMBLE, James Stephenson, guest conductor
Stephenson Symphony No. 2, “Voices”; Bernstein Overture to Candide;
Brahms Variations on a Theme by Haydn, op. 56a; Stephenson Octet
Thursday, October 6, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC SYMPHONY, David Loebel, conductor
Coleman Seven O’Clock Shout; Haydn Symphony No. 95; Sibelius Symphony No. 2
Wednesday, October 17, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

LIEDERABEND LXVII
Wednesday, October 18, 2023 at 6:00 p.m., Williams Hall

NEC CHAMBER SINGERS, Erica J. Washburn, conductor
“Wanting Memories” - reflective music by Barnwell, Barnum, Bosba, Brahms, Ives, David, Davids, McDowall, Panufnik, Perduto, and Wilby
Wednesday, October 18, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall
Upcoming Concerts at NEC
–continued

NEC JAZZ ORCHESTRA: The Music of George Russell
Ken Schaphorst, conductor,
Thursday, October 19, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

“CONNECTIONS” CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES
Max Levinson, director
Thursday, October 19, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

JOHN HEISS MEMORIAL CONCERT
Monday, October 23, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

TUESDAY NIGHT NEW MUSIC
New music by NEC student composers, performed by their peers
Tuesday, October 24, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

NEC PHILHARMONIA, Earl Lee, guest conductor
Schumann Manfred Overture; Shin Upon His Ghostly Solitude (2023);
Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D Major, op. 73
Wednesday, October 25, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

SONATA NIGHT 47, Pei-Shan Lee, director
Thursday, October 26, 2023 at 6:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

COMPOSERS’ SERIES
Works by NEC faculty and alumni composers
Thursday, October 26, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

RESIDENCY CONCERT: THE MUSIC OF DAVE HOLLAND
Thursday, October 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

FACULTY RECITAL: TIMOTHY STEELE, piano
Monday, October 30, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

LIEDERABEND LXVIII
Wednesday, November 1, 2023 at 6:00 p.m., Williams Hall

NEC CHAMBER ORCHESTRA, Donald Palma, artistic director
Haydn Symphony No. 6 “Le Matin”; Stravinsky Concerto in D;
Rózsa Concerto for Strings, op. 17
Wednesday, November 1, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall
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