

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a vibrant red sleeveless gown and a large, multi-strand red necklace, is captured in a dynamic pose. She is leaning back, her head tilted to the side, and her right arm extended wide. Her lips are painted a matching red color. The background is dark, making the red of her dress stand out. In the lower right foreground, the audience's heads are visible, suggesting she is performing on stage.

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# Liederabend LXV

Coached by Tanya Blaich and Cameron Stowe

Wednesday, March 1, 2023  
6:00 p.m.  
Williams Hall

## PROGRAM

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**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

*Alinde*  
*Der Jüngling an der Quelle*  
*Lied der Delphine*

Ruoxi Peng, soprano  
Sujin Choi, piano

**Samuel Barber**  
(1910–1981)

*Four Songs for Voice and Piano, op. 13*  
A Nun Takes the Veil  
The Secrets of the Old  
Sure on This Shining Night  
Nocturne

Shuqi Yang, soprano  
Ho Hsuan Wang, piano

**Rebecca Clarke**  
(1886–1979)

*The Seal Man*  
Hyungjin Son, baritone  
Michael Banwarth, piano

**Arnold Schoenberg**  
(1874–1951)

from *Brettli Lieder*  
Der genügsame Liebhaber  
Gigerlette  
Galathea  
Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien (1901)

Mara Riley, soprano  
Ga-Young Park, piano

**William Bolcom**

(b. 1938)

Texts by Arnold Weinstein

from *Cabaret Songs*

Thius, King of Orf

Angels are the highest form of virtue

Waitin'

The Actor

Surprise!

Amor

Teresa Tucci, soprano

Tristan Leung, piano

*Upcoming Sonata Night and Liederabend concerts*

**Sonata Night 44**

*Thursday, March 9, 2023 at 6:30 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Liederabend LXVI**

*Wednesday, April 5, 2023 at 6:30 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Sonata Night 45**

*Thursday, April 13, 2023 at 6:30 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Sonata Night 46**

*Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

### **Alinde**

*Die Sonne sinkt ins tief Meer,  
Da wollte sie kommen.  
Geruhig trabt der Schnitter einher,  
Mir ist'sbeklommen.*

*„Hast, Schnitter, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?  
Alinde, Alinde!“  
„Zu Weib und Kindern muss ich gehn,  
Kann nicht nach andern Dirnen sehn;  
Sie warten mein unter der Linde.“*

*Der Mond betritt die Himmelsbahn,  
Noch will sie nicht kommen.  
Dort legt der Fischer das Fahrzeug an,  
Mir ist'sbeklommen.*

*„Hast, Fischer, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?  
Alinde, Alinde!“  
„Muss suchen, wie mir die Reusen stehen,  
Hab nimmer Zeit nach Jungfern zu gehen,  
Schau, welch einen Fang ich finde.“*

*Die lichten Sterne ziehn herauf,  
Noch will sie nicht kommen.  
Dort eilt der Jäger in rüstigem Lauf,  
Mir ist'sbeklommen.*

*„Hast, Jäger, mein Liebchen nicht gesehn?  
Alinde, Alinde!“  
„Muss nach dem bräunlichen Rehbock gehen,  
Hab nimmer Lust nach Mädeln zu sehn;  
Dort schleicht er im Abendwinde.“*

*In schwarzer Nacht steht hier der Hain,  
Noch will sie nicht kommen.  
von allen Lebendgen irr ich allein,  
Bang undbeklommen.*

*„Dir, Echo, darf ich mein Leid Gesten:  
Alinde, Alinde!“  
„Alinde,“ liess Echo leise herüberwehn;  
Da sah ich sie mir zur Seite stehn:  
„Du suchtest so treu, nun finde!“*

### **Alinda**

*The sun sinks into the deep ocean,  
She was due to come.  
Calmly the reaper walks by.  
My heart is heavy.*

*‘Reaper, have you not seen my love?  
Alinda! Alinda!’  
‘I must go to my wife and children,  
I cannot look for other girls.  
They are waiting for me beneath the linden  
tree.’*

*The moon entered its heavenly course,  
She still does not come.  
There a fisherman lands his boat.  
My heart is heavy.*

*‘Fisherman, have you not seen my love?  
Alinda! Alinda!’  
‘I must see how my oyster baskets are,  
I never have time to chase after girls;  
Look what a catch I have!’*

*The bright stars appear,  
She still does not come.  
The huntsman rides swiftly along.  
My heart is heavy.*

*‘Huntsman, have you not seen my love?  
Alinda! Alinda!’  
‘I must go after the brown roebuck,  
I never care to look for girls;  
there he goes in the evening breeze!’*

*The grove lies here in blackest night,  
She still does not come.  
I wander alone, away from all mankind,  
Anxious and troubled.*

*‘To you, Echo, I confess my sorrow:  
Alinda! Alinda!’  
‘Alinda’, came the soft echo;  
Then I saw her at my side.  
‘You searched so faithfully. Now you find  
me.’*

### *Der Jüngling an der Quelle*

*Leise, rieselnder Quell!  
Ihr wallenden, flispernden Pappeln!  
Euer Schlummergeräusch  
Wecket die Liebe nur auf.  
Linderung sucht' ich bei euch,  
Und sie zu vergessen, die Spröde;  
Ach, und Blätter und Bach  
Seufzen, Luise, dir nach!*

Freiherr Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis  
(1762-1834)

### *Lied der Delphine*

*Ach, was soll ich beginnen  
Vor Liebe?  
Ach, wie sie innig durchdringet  
Mein Innres!  
Siehe, Jüngling, das Kleinste  
Vom Scheitel  
Bis zur Sohl' ist dir einzig  
Geweihet.  
O Blumen! Blumen! verwelket,  
Euch pfleget  
Nur, bis sie Lieb' erkennet,  
Die Seele.  
Nichts will ich tun, wissen and haben,  
  
Gedanken  
Der Liebe, die mächtig mich fassen,  
Nur tragen.  
Immer sinn' ich, was ich aus Inbrust  
Wohl könnte tun,  
Doch zu sehr hält mich Liebe im Druck,  
Nichts lässt sie zu.  
Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich erst brennen,  
Und sterbe.*

### *The Youth by the Spring*

*Softly rippling brook,  
Swaying, whispering poplars,  
Your slumbrous murmur  
Awakens only love.  
I sought consolation in you,  
Wishing to forget her, she who is so aloof.  
But alas, the leaves and the brook  
Sigh for you, Louise!*

### *Delphine's Song*

*Ah, how shall I begin,  
For love?  
Ah, how profoundly it penetrates  
My inmost being!  
See, young man, the smallest part of me,  
From my head  
To the soles of my feet,  
Is dedicated to you alone.  
O flowers, fade!  
The soul  
Tends you  
Only until it knows love.  
I wish to do nothing, know nothing, have  
nothing;  
All I wish is to cherish  
Thoughts of love,  
Which has held me in its power.  
I forever reflect on what else I might do  
In my ardour,  
But love holds me too tightly in its grasp,  
It permits me nothing.  
Now that I am in love I desire first to burn,  
Then to die.*

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

*Jetzt, da ich liebe, möcht' ich hell brennen,*

*Und welke.*

*Wozu auch Blumen reihen und wässern?*

*Entblättert!*

*So sieht, wie Liebe mich entkräftet,*

*Sein Spähen.*

*Der Rose Wange will bleichen,*

*Auch meine.*

*Ihr Schmuck zerfällt, wie verscheinen*

*Die Kleider.*

*Ach Jüngling, da du mich erfreuest*

*Mit Treue,*

*Wie kann mich mit Schmerz so bestreuen*

*Die Freude?*

Christian Wilhelm von Schütz (1776-1847)

Now that I am in love I desire to burn  
brightly,

Then to wither.

What is the good of planting rows of flowers  
and watering them?

They are stripped of their leaves!

Thus he sees

How love weakens me.

The rose's cheek will fade,

And so, too, will mine.

Her lustre is ruined, as clothes

Grow threadbare.

Ah, young man, if you bring me joy

With your devotion,

How can that joy fill me

With such pain?

*Translations © Richard Wigmore, author of Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published by Schirmer Books, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

### **A nun takes the veil**

I have desired to go

Where springs not fail,

To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail

And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be

Where no storms come,

Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,

And out of the swing of the sea.

Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889)

### **The secrets of the old**

I have old women's secrets now

That had those of the young;

Madge tells me what I dared not think

When my blood was strong,

And what had drowned a lover once

Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb

If thrown in Madge's way,

We three make up a solitude;

For none alive today  
Can know the stories that we know  
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most  
Of all that are gone,  
How such a pair loved many years  
And such a pair but one,  
Stories of the bed of straw  
Or the bed of down.

*William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)*

**Sure on this shining night**

Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

*James Agee (1909-1955)*

## Nocturne

Close my darling both your eyes,  
Let your arms lie still at last.  
Calm the lake of falsehood lies  
And the wind of lust has passed,  
Waves across these hopeless sands  
Fill my heart and end my day,  
Underneath your moving hands  
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids  
Blaze with such a longing now:  
Close, my love, your trembling lids,  
Let the midnight heal your brow,  
Northward flames Orion's horn,  
Westward th' Egyptian light.  
None to watch us, none to warn  
But the blind eternal night.

*Frederic Prokosch (1906-1989)*

## The Seal Man

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.  
There was a strong love came up in her at that,  
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,  
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.  
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all  
will keep me this night from the man I love."  
And she went out into the moonlight to him,  
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.  
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,  
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"  
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,  
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."  
Then they went down into the sea together,  
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;  
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;  
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,  
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.  
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,  
and she went down into the sea with her man,  
who wasn't a man at all.

She was drowned, of course.  
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.  
She was drowned, drowned.

*John Masefield (1878-1967)*

***Der genügsame Liebhaber***

*Meine Freundin hat eine schwarze Katze,  
Mit weichem knisterndem Sammetfell,  
Und ich, ich hab' eine blitzblanke Glatze,  
Blitzblank und glatt und silberhell.*

*Meine Freundin gehört zu den üppigen Frauen,  
Sie liegt auf dem Divan das ganze Jahr,  
Beschäftigt das Fell ihrer Katze zu krauen,  
Mein Gott, ihr behagt halt das sammtweiche Haar.*

*Und komm' ich am Abend die Freundin besuchen,  
So liegt die Mieze im Schoße bei ihr,  
Und nascht mit ihr von dem Honigkuchen,  
Und schauert wenn ich leise ihr Haar berühr'.*

*Und will ich mal zärtlich tun mit dem Schatze,  
Und daß sie mir auch einmal 'Eitschi' macht,  
Dann stülp' ich die Katze auf meine Glatze,  
Dann streichelst die Freundin die Katze und lacht.*

*Hugo Salus (1866-1929)*

**The contented suitor**

My girlfriend has a black cat  
With soft, rustling, velvet fur,  
And I, I have a shining bald pate,  
Shining and smooth and silvery.

My girlfriend's one of those voluptuous  
women,  
She lies on the sofa all year round,  
Busily stroking her cat's fur,  
My God, how she loves that soft, velvet fur.

And when in the evening I visit my girlfriend,  
Her pussy-cat's always on her lap,  
Nibbling with her the gingerbread,  
And trembling whenever I stroke its fur.

And if I become amorous with my love,  
So that she might call me 'honey-bun',  
I lift the cat onto my bald pate –  
And my girlfriend strokes the cat and laughs.

## *Gigerlette*

*Fräulein Gigerlette  
Lud mich ein zum Tee.  
Ihre Toilette  
War gestimmt auf Schnee;  
Ganz wie Pierrette  
War sie angetan.  
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,  
Sähe Gigerlette  
Wohlgefällig an.*

*War ein rotes Zimmer,  
Drin sie mich empfing,  
Gelber Kerzenschimmer  
In dem Raume hing.  
Und sie war wie immer  
Leben und Esprit.  
Nie vergess ichs, nimmer:  
Weinrot war das Zimmer,  
Blütenweiß war sie.*

*Und im Trab mit Vieren  
Fuhren wir zu zweit  
In das Land spazieren,  
Das heißtt Heiterkeit.  
Dafß wir nicht verlieren  
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,  
Saß bei dem Kutschieren  
Mit den heißen Vieren  
Amor hinten auf.*

Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-1910)

## *Gigerlette*

*Fräulein Gigerlette  
Invited me to tea.  
Her attire  
Harmonized with snow;  
She was dressed  
Just like Pierrette.  
Even a monk, I bet,  
Would gaze on Gigerlette  
With pleasure.*

*She received me  
In a red room,  
Yellow candlelight  
Flickered in the air.  
And she was, as ever,  
Full of life and wit.  
I'll not forget it, never,  
The room was wine-red,  
She was blossom-white.*

*And both of us rode off  
In a carriage-and-four  
Out into the Land  
Of Mirth.  
In order to reach our goal  
And not stray without reins,  
Cupid sat atop  
At the back  
Of our carriage-and-four.*

## *Galathea*

*Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,  
Weil sie so entzückend sind.*

*Wonne die mir widerfahre,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

## *Galathea*

*Ah, how I'm burning with desire,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Just to kiss your cheeks,  
Because they're so enchanting.*

*The rapture that I feel,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Just to kiss your tresses,  
Because they're so enticing.*

*Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich ende,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Und was tät ich nicht, du Süße,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.*

*Aber deinen Mund enthülle,  
Mädchen, meinen Küßen nie,  
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle,  
Küßt ihn nur die Phantasie.*

Frank Wedekind (1864-1918)

#### *Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arcadien*

*Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,  
Schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,  
Es summt und brummt mir hier und da,  
Als wie ein Bienenschwarm.*

*Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,  
Ihr Auge schön und klar,  
So schlaget wie der Hammerstreich,  
Mein Herzchen immer dar.  
Bum, bum, bum, usw.*

*Ich wünschte tausend Weiber mir,  
Wenn's recht den Göttern wär',  
Da tanzt' ich wie ein Murmeltier,  
In's Kreuz und in die Quer.*

*Das wär' ein Leben auf der Welt,  
Da wollt' ich lustig sein,  
Ich hüpfte wie ein Has' durch's Feld,  
Und's Herz schlug immer drein.  
Bum, bum, bum, usw.*

Never resist me, till I've finished,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Kissing your hands,  
Because they're so enticing.

Ah, you do not sense how I burn,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
To kiss your knees,  
Because they're so enticing.

And what wouldn't I do, my sweet,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
To kiss your feet,  
Because they're so enticing.

But never expose your lips,  
Sweet girl, to my kisses,  
For the fullness of their charms  
Can only be kissed in fantasy.

#### *Aria from The Mirror of Arcadia*

Since seeing so many women,  
My heart beats so ardently,  
It hums and buzzes here and there,  
Just like a swarm of bees.

And if her ardour resembles mine,  
And her eyes are lovely and limpid,  
Then my heart, like a hammer,  
Beats on and on.  
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

I wish I could have a thousand women,  
If it so pleased the gods,  
I'd dance like a marmot  
In every direction.

That would be a life worth living,  
Then I'd have joy and fun,  
I'd hop like a hare through the field,  
And my heart would skip along.  
Boom, boom, boom, etc.

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

*Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen weiß,  
Ist weder kalt noch warm,  
Und liegt als wie ein Brocken Eis,  
In eines Mädchens Arm.*

*Da bin ich schon ein andrer Mann,  
Ich spring' um sie herum;  
Mein Herz klopft froh an ihrem an  
Und machet bum, bum, bum, usw.*

Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812)

A man who does not value women  
Is neither cold nor warm,  
And lies like a block of ice  
In a young girl's arms.

I'm a different sort of man,  
I circle women in a dance;  
My heart beats happily against hers,  
Going boom, boom, boom, etc.

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