

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a vibrant red, draped dress and a matching necklace, is shown from the waist up. She is looking off to the side with a slight smile, her right arm extended forward. The background is dark, with a textured, red, crystalline structure visible behind her.

Welcome to NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY

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Liederabend LXVI

Coached by Tanya Blaich and Cameron Stowe

*Nine Art Song Premieres:
A Collaboration with NEC Composers
and Song Lab*

Friday, April 28, 2023

8:00 p.m.

Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Da-Yu Liu '24 DMA

Piano

Mara Riley, soprano
Sepehr Davalloukhongar, piano

Ian Wiese '23 DMA

Bel Canto

Rebekah Schweitzer, soprano
Michael Banwarth, piano

Ellie Zhong '24

Alone

Shiyu Zhuo, soprano
Sepehr Davalloukhongar, piano

Ethan Antonio Chaves '27 MM

And he was the demon of my dreams

Olivia Sheehy, mezzo-soprano
Michael Banwarth, piano

Haoyu Zheng '23

Since There's No Help

Josie Larsen, soprano
Pualina Lim, piano

Claire Stephenson '24

Highland Mary

Jimin Park, soprano
Pualina Lim, piano

Changjin Ha '23

Symphony of End

Benedict Hensley, baritone
Shalun Li, piano

Lingbo Ma '24 DMA

A Dream Within a Dream

Chihiro Asano, mezzo-soprano
Shalun Li, piano

Alex Matheson '24 DMA

When Ecstasy Is Inconvenient

Alexandra Henderson, soprano
Jamie Lorusso, piano

*Special thanks to Michael Gandolfi, John Harbison, Lisa Saffer,
and the NEC Composition Faculty for their help in bringing these songs to the stage.*

Piano

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930)

Bel Canto

You started as a prick in my heart
speck in my inner sea

lilt of joy
we hummed with one breath

blood harmony
it's called when parent and child

sing together.
You arrived like a gale

hiccupping in the womb
already keeping time.

I danced you to delivery
my fingers hooked in dad's belt

welcomed the waves
squatted like a savage

when my waters broke
they hauled me onto the birthing bed

in my street clothes
told me to reverse breathe

you were coming so fast
but you made your entrance undeterred

drew that first breath and bellowed
your primal aria.

They whisked you off
to vacuum out your lungs

and every night after
I sang you to sleep

crooning songs of my time till
you could sing them with me

legato
same timbre same key.

Ivy Schweitzer (1952)

Alone

I am alone, in spite of love,
In spite of all I take and give,
In spite of all your tenderness,
Sometimes I am not glad to live.

I am alone, as though I stood
On the highest peak of the tired gray world,
About me only swirling snow,
Above me, endless space unfurled;

With earth hidden and heaven hidden,
And only my own spirit's pride
To keep me from the peace of those
Who are not lonely, having died.

Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

And he was the demon of my dreams

And he was the demon of my dreams
the handsomest of angels. His victorious eyes
shone like steel,
and the bloody flame of his torch
lit up the deep crypt of the soul.

"Will you go with me?" "No, never!"
"Tombs and the dead frighten me."
But his iron hand gripped mine.

"You will go with me." ... And in my dreams I walked
blind in the light of his torch
and in the crypt I heard the sound of chains
and the stirrings of beasts that were in cages.

Translated to English by Ethan Antonio Chaves
From the Spanish by Antonio Machado (1875-1939)

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies;
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

Michael Drayton (1563-1631)

Highland Mary

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There Simmer first unfold her robes,
And there the longest tarry:
For there I took the last Fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden Hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my Dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu'tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:
But Oh, fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my Flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance,
That dwalt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

Symphony of End

The cosmos, a scatter'd hymn, so torn,
A melody ne'er ends, forlorn,
A harmony that screams to the void,

The firmament, a shatter'd ode,
A ballade of love and pain, false and real,
A ballade sings the tale, a facade,
O' life's journey, but with a broken seal.

In this realm, the end ever near,
Echoes of chaos fill the air with fear,
The music o' destruction, so clear I hear,
O in this dream, I cannot repair.

The notes of destruction, play on forever,
A symphony of end, despair,
And in this dream, I am undone,
By its rhythm, I'm ensnared.

Let the music play, let it all end,
For in this dream, there's no ascension.
An eternal choir, where hope and gleam seem,
But in its chaos, lies the world's apprehension.

Text generated by GPT-3.5, edited by Changjin Ha

A Dream Within a Dream

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow —
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand —

How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep — while I weep!
O God! Can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849)

When Ecstasy Is Inconvenient

Feign a great calm;
all gay transport soon ends.
Chant: who knows
flight's end or flight's beginning
for the resting gull?

Heart, be still.
Say there is money but it rusted;
say the time of moon is not right for escape.
It's the color in the lower sky
too broadly suffused,
or the wind in my tie.

Know amazedly how
often one takes his madness
Into his own hands
and keeps it.

Lorine Niedecker (1903-1970)

Upcoming Concerts at NEC

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert and ticketing information

NEC CHAMBER SINGERS, Erica J. Washburn, conductor

"Something New: The Line Between"

Improvisational electronic dance music, recycling selected Renaissance works from the 7:30 concert, guest artist, Andrew Lenox

Friday, April 28, 2023 at 10:00 p.m., Jordan Hall

FIRST MONDAY IN JORDAN HALL, Laurence Lesser, artistic director

Kurtág *Hommage à Schumann*; Ligeti *Quartet No. 2*; Schumann *Quintet in E-flat Major*

Monday, May 1, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

TUESDAY NIGHT NEW MUSIC

New music by NEC student composers, performed by their peers

Tuesday, May 2, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

HONORS ENSEMBLE: QUARTET LUMINERA

Masha Lakisova and Kristy Chen, violin; Njord Fossnes, viola; Davis You, cello

Wednesday, May 3, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

PRATT RESIDENCY CONCERT

Thursday, May 4, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

CHAMBER MUSIC GALA

Friday, May 5, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

CMA CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL

Sunday, May 7, 2023, 10:00 am -10:00 pm, Eben Jordan

ARTIST DIPLOMA RECITAL: Changyong Shin, piano

Changyong Shin '24 AD studies with Wha Kyung Byun

Monday, May 8, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

HONORS ENSEMBLE 7

Joshua Brown and Thompson Wang, violin; Cara Pogossian, viola; Claire Park, cello

Tuesday, May 9, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

FACULTY RECITAL: STEPHEN DRURY, piano

Wednesday, May 10, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

HONORS ENSEMBLE 8

Yun Janice Lu, piano; Yiliang Eric Jiang, violin; Jeffrey Ho, cello

Thursday, May 11, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Upcoming Concerts at NEC

—continued

SONATA NIGHT 46, Pei-Shan Lee, director

Music for Piano Four Hands by Franz Schubert

Friday, May 12, 2023 at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

Edward Ferran, tenor (BM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Saturday, April 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Yeh-Chun Lin, viola (BM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

Saturday, April 29, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Natalie Boberg, violin (BM)

Student of Valeria Kuchment

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Megan Dillon, saxophone (DMA '24)

Student of Kenneth Radnofsky

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Lila Dunn, soprano (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Christopher Ferrari, jazz saxophone (BM)

Student of Jerry Leake, Jason Moran, Miguel Zenón, and Joe Morris

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Eben Jordan

Elizabeth Kleiber, flute (BM)

Student of Cynthia Meyers

Sunday, April 30, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

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