

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a vibrant red, draped dress and a matching necklace, is captured in a dynamic pose on a stage. She is looking towards the right with an expressive, slightly open-mouthed expression. Her right arm is extended forward, hand open. The background is dark, with a textured, red, tufted surface visible behind her. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her dress and features.

N | E | C

Welcome to
NEW ENGLAND
CONSERVATORY

necmusic.edu

Liederabend LXII

Coached by JJ Penna

*Violet City:
Queer Life in New York, 1920–2020*

Wednesday, November 16, 2022

6:00 p.m.

Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Gertrude Stein: Icon

Ned Rorem

(b. 1923)

I am Rose

Richard Hundley

(1931–2018)

Well Welcome

William Flanagan

(1923–1969)

Valentine to Sherwood Anderson

Virgil Thomson

(1896–1989)

Preciosilla

David Diamond

(1915–2005)

I am Rose

Edward Ferran, tenor

Michael Banwarth, piano

Whitman in Love

Marc Blitzstein

(1905–1964)

Shine! Shine! Shine!

Elliott Carter

(1908–2012)

Warble for Lilac Time

Megan Hull, soprano

Michael Banwarth, piano

Plague: Requiem

Leonard Bernstein
(1918–1990)

Nachspiel (In Memoriam)

Megan Hull, soprano
Madeleine Wieggers, mezzo-soprano

Daron Hagen
(b. 1961)

Ghost Letter

Madeleine Wieggers, mezzo-soprano

Martin Hennessy
(b. 1953)

The Gate

Megan Hull, soprano

Drew Hemenger
(b. 1968)

Her Final Show

Megan Hull, soprano

Chris DeBlasio
(1959–1993)

Poussin
Walt Whitman in 1989

Madeleine Wieggers, mezzo-soprano

Leonard Bernstein

Nachspiel (In Memoriam)

Megan Hull, soprano
Madeleine Wieggers, mezzo-soprano

Shalun Li, piano

Street Life

Elliott Carter

Voyage

Xiao Xiao, mezzo-soprano
Shalun Li, piano

John Corigliano
(b. 1938)

from *Mr. Tambourine Man*
Mr. Tambourine Man
Blowin' in the Wind

Rebekah Schweitzer, soprano
Andrew Barnwell, piano

Eve Beglarian
(b. 1958)

Farther From the Heart

Martin Hennessy

Eighth Avenue Bossa Nova

Tennant/Lowe/Morales
arr. Siskind

New York City Boy

Benedict Hensley, baritone
Yandi Chen, piano

Upcoming Liederabend and Sonata Night concerts

SONATA NIGHT 43

Cello and Piano

Bach, Chopin, and Britten

Thursday, November 17, 2022 at 6:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

LIEDERABEND LXIII: "Wolf and Mörike"

The program will comprise a selection of songs from
Wolf's masterpiece, The Mörike Songbook

Wednesday, December 7, 2022 at 6:00 p.m., Williams Hall

I am Rose

I am Rose my eyes are blue
I am Rose and who are you?
I am Rose and when I sing
I am Rose like anything.

Well Welcome

Why am I if I am uncertain reasons may inclose.
Remain remain propose repose chose.
I call carelessly that the door is open
Which if they may refuse to open
No one can rush to close.
Let them be mine therefor.
Everybody knows that I chose.
Therefor if therefore before I close.
I will therefore offer therefore I offer this.
Which if I refuse to miss may be miss is mine.
I will be well welcome when I come.
Because I am coming.
Certainly I come having come.
 These stanzas are done.

Valentine to Sherwood Anderson

If you hear her snore
It is not before you love her
You love her so that to be her beau is very lovely
She is sweetly there and her curly hair is very lovely
She is sweetly here and I am very near and that is very lovely.
She is my tender sweet and her little feet are stretched out well which is a treat and very lovely
Her little tender nose is between her little eyes which close and are very lovely.
She is very lovely and mine which is very lovely.

Preciosilla

Cousin to Clare washing.

In the win all the band beagles which have cousin lime sign and arrange a weeding match to presume a certain point to exstate to exstate a certain pass lint to exstate a lean sap prime lo and shut shut is life.

Bait, bait, tore, tore her clothes, toward it, toward a bit, to ward a sit, sit down in, in vacant surely lots, a single mingle, bait and wet, wet a single establishment that has a lily lily grow.

Come to pen come in the stem, come in the grass grown water.

Lily wet lily while. This is so pink so pink in stammer, a long bean which shows bows is collected by a single curly shady, shady get, get set wet bet.

It is a snuff a snuff to be told and have can wither, can is it and sleep sleep knot, is is a lily scarf the pink and blue yellow, not blue nor odour sun, nobles are bleeding bleeding two seats two seats on end. Why is grief. Grief is strange black. Sugar is melting. We will swim.

Preciosilla

Please be please be get, please get wet, wet naturally, naturally in weather. Could it be fire more firier. Could it be so in ate struck. Could it be gold up, gold up stringing, in it while while which is hanging, hanging in dingling, dingling in pinning, not so. Not so dots large dressed dots, big sizes, less laced, less laced diamonds, diamonds white, diamonds bright, diamonds in the in the light, diamonds light diamonds door diamonds hanging to be four, two four, all before, this bean, lessly, all most, a best, willow, vest, a green guest, guest, go go go go go go, go. Go go. Not guessed. Go go.

Toasted susie is my ice-cream.

Gertrude Stein

Shine! Shine! Shine!

Shine! Shine! Shine!

Pour down your warmth, great sun!

While we bask—we two together.

Two together!

Winds blow South or winds blow North,

Day come white, or night come black,

Home or rivers and mountains from home,

Singing all time, minding no time,

While we two keep together.

Warble for Lilac Time

Warble me now for joy of Lilac-time, (returning in reminiscence,)

Sort me O tongue and lips for Nature's sake, souvenirs of earliest summer,

Gather the welcome signs, (as children with pebbles or stringing shells,)

Put in April and May, the hylas croaking in the ponds, the elastic air,

Bees, butterflies, the sparrow with its simple notes,

Blue-bird and darting swallow, nor forget the high-hole flashing his golden wings,
The tranquil sunny haze, the clinging smoke, the vapor,
Shimmer of waters with fish in them, the cerulean above,
All that is jocund and sparkling, the brooks running,
The maple woods, the crisp February days and the sugar-making,
The robin where he hops, bright-eyed, brown breasted,
With musical clear call at sunrise, and again at sunset,
Or flitting among the trees of the apple-orchard, building the nest of his mate,
The melted snow of March, the willow sending forth its yellow-green sprouts,
For spring-time is here! Summer is here! And what is this in it and from it?
Thou, soul unloosen'd — the restlessness after I know not what;
Come, let us lag here no longer, let us be up and away!
O if one could but fly like a bird!
O to escape, to sail forth as in a ship!
To glide with thee O soul, o'er all, in all, as a ship o'er the waters;
Gathering these hints, the preludes, the blue sky, the grass, the morning drops of dew,
The lilac-scent, the bushes with dark green heart-shaped leaves,
Wood-violets, the delicate pale blossoms called innocence,
Samples and sorts not for themselves alone, but for their atmosphere,
To grace the bush I love—to sing with the birds,
A warble for joy of lilac-time, returning in reminiscence.

Walt Whitman

Ghost Letter

Tonight the Chinese lanterns along the dock could lead your ghost to water.
The departing ones need light, for their sight has already dimmed.
As for me, I'm sitting at the edge of the old canal,
I'm whispering this ghost letter, staring at the moon.
Dear friend: There is no one pitiable in this life.
No "pitiful abundance."
If you saw back into this world you would see me by the hydrangeas still framed by the chain-link fence, where you once took my photo.
If you have the inclination to look back, that is, if the dead are changeless; if the gravesite is something other than a way of having in the end.
When you were dying the hospital chaplain stood in the doorway: she said we should be tending to your immediate journey; she said we should take turns sleeping; she said the room was too cold for words.
And someone told her
Quiet! Don't you know that the dead go on hearing for hours?
What might I have said?
I'd made so many promises.
According to one book that I consulted, the Autumn fields were set afire after harvest, to warm the dying as they rose.

Richard McCann

The Gate

I had no idea that the gate I would step through
To finally enter this world

Would be the space my brother's body made. He was
A little taller than me: a young man

But grown, himself by then,
done at twenty-eight, having folded every sheet,

Rinsed every glass he would ever rinse under the cold
And running water.

This is what you have been waiting for, he used to say to me.
And I'd say, What?

And he'd say, This—holding up my cheese and mustard sandwich
And I'd say, What?

And he'd say, This, sort of looking around.

Marie Howe

Her Final Show

She said it was a better way to die
Than most; she seemed relieved, almost at peace,
The stench of her infected Kaposi's
Made bearable by the Opium applied
So daintily behind her ears: "I know
It costs a lot, but dear, I'm nearly gone."
Her shade of eyeshadow was emerald green;
She clutched her favorite stones. Her final show
She'd worn them all, sixteen necklaces of pearls,
Ten strings of beads. She said they gave her hope.
Together, heavy as a gallow's rope,
The gifts of drag queens dead of AIDS. "Those girls,
They gave me so much strength," she whispered as
I turned the morphine up. She hid her leg
Beneath smoothed sheets, I straightened her red wig
Before pronouncing her to no applause.

Rafael Campo

Poussin

Forever the beautiful men ride into the night—some are primitive and beat the saddest songs of one or two gaunt and shifting notes, while others throw shadows traced with purple, and leave word for one another in the mouths of seashells;

Now come the winds up above the Orient, and the setting sun dissolves like crimson clips from poppies in the surf.

Still a certain pinkness spreads up above the troubles of our age: there the clouds are meteoric, and the horses still chase on unfurling steamy whips from their nostrils, under the innocent whispers of heroes.

Perry Brass

Walt Whitman in 1989

Walt Whitman has come down today to the hospital room; he rocks back and forth in the crisis; he says it's good we haven't lost our closeness, and cries as each one is taken.

He has written many lines about these years: the disfigurement of young men and the wars of hard tongues and closed minds.

The body in pain will bear such nobility, but words have the edge of poison when spoken bitterly.

Now he takes a dying man in his arms and tells him how deeply flows the river that takes the old man and his friends this evening.

It is the river of dusk and lamentation.

"Flow," Walt says, "dear River, I will carry this young man to your bank. I'll put him myself on one of your strong, flat boats, and we'll sail together all the way through evening..."

Perry Brass

Voyage

Infinite consanguinity it bears —
This tendered theme of you that light
Retrieves from sea plains where the sky
Resigns a breast that every wave enthrones;
While ribboned water lanes I wind
Are laved and scattered with no stroke
Wide from your side, whereto this hour
The sea lifts, also, reliquary hands.

And so, admitted through black swollen gates
That must arrest all distance otherwise, —
Past whirling pillars and lithe pediments,
Light wrestling there incessantly with light,
Star kissing star through wave on wave unto
Your body rocking!
and where death, if shed,
Presumes no carnage, but this single change, —
Upon the steep floor flung from dawn to dawn
The silken skilled transmemberment of song;

Permit me voyage, love, into your hands . . .

Hart Crane

Mr. Tambourine Man

Though I know that evening's empire has returned into sand
Vanished from my hand
Left me blindly here to stand, but still not sleeping.
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet
I have no one to meet
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship
My senses have been stripped
My hands can't feel to grip
My toes too numb to step
Wait only for my boot heels to be wandering.
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
Into my own parade
Cast your dancing spell my way, I promise to go under it.

Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me ...

Though you might hear laughing, spinning, swinging madly across the sun
It's not aimed at anyone
It's just escaping on the run
And but for the sky there are no fences facing.
And if you hear vague traces of skipping reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time
It's just a ragged clown behind
I wouldn't pay it any mind
It's just a shadow you're seeing that he's chasing.

Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me ...

Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, and how many years must a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
And how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind ...

Yes, and how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
And how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows
That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind ...

Bob Dylan

Support the musical journeys of NEC students!

Contributions to The NEC Fund directly support the musical journeys of our extraordinarily talented NEC students and help keep our concerts free. From student scholarships and faculty support to exceptional student resources and learning opportunities, your gift makes the unparalleled NEC experience possible. Learn more at necmusic.edu/give.



Food and drink are not allowed in the concert hall, and photography and audio or video recording are prohibited. Assistive listening devices are available for all Jordan Hall concerts; contact the head usher or house manager on duty or inquire at the Coat Room. Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

Stay Connected      



necmusic.edu/tonight