Welcome to NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY

necmusic.edu
Song and Verse

Christina Wright-Ivanova, piano and coach

The world is not enough

Thursday, April 20, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall
PROGRAM

QUANTUM OF SOLACE

Amy Beach
(1867–1944)

I send my heart up to thee
The year's at the spring

Yoomin Kang, soprano

Ernst von Dohnányi
(1877–1960)

Grüsse zur Nacht, op. 16 no. 3

Molly Knight, soprano

Charles Ives
(1874–1954)

Romanzo di Central Park

Domenick Argento
(1927–2019)

Rome

Oskar Merikanto
(1868–1924)

Beherzigung, op. 109 no. 1

Sianna Monti, mezzo-soprano

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Zueignung

Edward Ferran, tenor

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Anton Rubenstein
(1829–1894)

Du bist wie eine Blume

Molly Knight, soprano

Nikolai Medtner
(1879–1951)

An die Türen will ich schleichen, op. 15 no. 2

Jing Chen, soprano
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<td><em>Chanson d’amour, op. 28 no. 2</em></td>
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<td>(1855–1899)</td>
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<td>Jake Heggie</td>
<td><em>The Spring is Arisen: Ophelia’s Song</em></td>
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<td>Richard Strauss</td>
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<td>Juliana Hall</td>
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Inaugurated in the fall of 2020, the Song and Verse recital series provides a platform for undergraduate singers at NEC to experience the unique and invigorating process of song preparation and performance—creating interpretations, building performance skills, and forging intellectual and musical connections with a wide literature. Working closely with Vocal Arts faculty members, students will engage with rich traditions of song composition from around the globe. Committed to diversity, our programs will feature both established and emerging composers and poets from across many cultures and traditions. This series creates new opportunities for students to participate with the singular type of storytelling unique to song.

**Upcoming Song and Verse Concert**

**Friday, April 21, 2023 at 8:00 p.m, Burnes Hall**
I Send My Heart up to Thee

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice’ streets to leave on space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.

The Year’s at the Spring

The year’s at the spring
And day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
The hillside’s dew-pearled;
The lark’s on the wing;
The snail’s on the thorn:
God’s in His heaven—
All is right with the world!

Robert Browning

Grüsse zur Nacht

Nach deinen
Lippen sehnen die meinen,
Geliebte!
Wenn du es wüsstest
du kämst und küsstest
die Stunden fort!

Zu Sternen
blickend, in blaue Fernen
der Nächte
das Aug’ gewendet,
hab’ Gruss gesendet
zum fernen Ort. —

Mög’ küssen,
segnen, dich frommes Grüssen,
unwogen
mit Traumgestalten
dich zärtlich Walten...
träum’ glücklich fort!

Wilhelm Gomoll

Night Greeting

My lips are
longing for yours,
my beloved!
If you knew this,
you would come and kiss me
for hours.

To the blinking stars
in the blue expanses
of the night,
my eyes are turned on.
I have sent a greeting
to a distant place.

May you be kissed
and blessed by my pious greetings,
enshrouded
in dreams that
tenderly watch over you...
Dream away happily!

Translation by Christina Wright-Ivanova
Romanzo di Central Park

Grove,
Rove,
Night,
Delight
Heart,
Impart,
Prove
Love,
Heart,
Impart,
Love,
Prove,
Prove
Love,
Kiss,
Bliss,
Kiss,
Bliss
Blest,
Rest,
Heart,
Impart,
Impart,
Impart,
Love.

James Henry Leigh

Rome

Music. Look out and see people like movies . . . Ices.
Old man who haunts the Greco . . . Fierce large jowled old
ladies . . . talking about Monaco. Talleyrand. Some very
poor black wispy women. The effect of dowdiness produced
by wispy hair. Sunday café . . . Very cold. The prime Minister's
letter offering to recommend me for the Companion of Honour. No.

Virginia Woolf

Beherzigung

Ach, was soll der Mensch verlangen?
Ist es besser, ruhig bleiben?
Klammernd fest sich anzuhalten?
Ist es besser, sich zu treiben?

Take this to heart

Ah, what should a man desire?
Is it better to remain quiet?
Or hang on, holding tight?
Is it better to press on?
Soll er sich ein Häuschen bauen?
Soll er unter Zelten leben?
Soll er auf die Felsen trauen?
Selbst die festen Felsen beben.

Eines schickt sich nicht für alle;
Sehe jeder, wie er’s treibe,
Sehe jeder, wo er bleibe,
Und wer steht, daß er nicht falle!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an’s Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Hermann von Gilm

Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau’ dich an, und Wehmut
Schlecht mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen solle,
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schon und hold.

Heinrich Heine

You are like a flower

You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.
I feel as if I should lay
My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserve you
So pure and fair and sweet.

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber) Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)
An die Türen will ich schleichen
An die Türen will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam will ich stehen,
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,
Und ich werde weiter ghn.
Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint,
Eine Träne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiss nicht, was er weint.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

I shall steal from door to door
I shall steal from door to door
and stand there, silent and humble;
a kind hand will offer food
and I shall go on my way.
Each will deem himself happy
when he sees me before him.
He will shed a tear;
and yet I know not why he should weep.

Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published
by Schirmer Books, provided via Oxford Lieder
(www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Chanson d’amour

Loin de moi, loin de moi ces lèvres que j’adore
Et dont le mensonge, hélas! fut si doux.
Ces beaux yeux que le ciel de mai prend pour
l’aurore
Ces yeux qui rendaient le matin jaloux.

Maurice Bouchor

Love Song

Take away, take away from me the lips that I
adore,
And whose lie, alas! was so sweet.
Those beautiful eyes which the sky of May
takes for the dawn
Those eyes which make the morning jealous.

But if in spite of it all my sorrow touches you
Ah! give back to me, give back to me my
kisses,
seals of love which were placed
In vain upon your eyes, your eyes and your
mouth.

Literal translation © by Bard Suverkrop–IPA
Source, LLC

The spring is arisen

The hills are green, my dear one,
and blossoms are filling the air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

In this flowery field I’ll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.
Pine for a chalice of gold.

The spring is arisen

The hills are green, my dear one,
and blossoms are filling the air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

In this flowery field I’ll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.
Pine for a chalice of gold.
I have a dear one and he is mine.  
Thicker than water. Water so cold.

In this flowery field I'll lay me  
and dream of the open air.  
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

Jake Heggie

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb
Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb
Vor andern nun?  
An dem Muschelhut und Stab  
Und den Sandalschuh'n.

Er ist tot und lange hin,  
Tot und hin, Fräulein.  
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,  
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein.—O, ho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,  
Viel liebe Blumen trauern:  
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, o weh,  
Vor Liebesschauern.

Translated into German by  
Karl Joseph Simrock

How shall I know my True love
How shall I know my true love  
From others now?  
By his cockle hat and staff  
And his sandal shoes.

He is dead and long gone,  
Dead and gone, lady!  
At his head green grass,  
At his feet a stone. O, ho!

On his shroud white as snow  
Many sweet flowers mourn.  
They’ll go wet to the grave, alas,  
Wet with love’s showers.

William Shakespeare

Seclusion

Let, O world, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself  
Its rapture, its pain!

I do not know why I grieve,  
It is unknown sorrow;  
Always through a veil of tears  
I see the sun’s beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,  
And bright joy flashes  
Through the oppressive gloom,  
Bringing rapture to my breast.

(The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)
Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Eduard Mörike

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber) Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

An Silvia

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Dass sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n,
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,
Dass ihr alles untan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,
Und verweilt in süsser Ruh'.

Darum Silvia, tön', o Sang.
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren;
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Translated into German by Eduard von Bauernfeld

Who is Sylvia

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

William Shakespeare

From: Hair Emergency!
A Cycle of Songs Inspired by Online Reviews of Hairdressers

Could my hair type, this is what it would write

I was feeling super crummy and needed a big pick-me-up.
I wasn’t even in the mood to shop, and trust me, that’s huge!
Well, I thought, why not pretty myself up, get myself pampered?
I really wanted to go to Studio Thirty-One, but three plus one add up to four,
(like an inverse thirteen) and four is my unlucky number,
And if not me, then my uber-superstitious mom will never let me hear the end of it.
So instead, I went to Salon Stefano, because Stefano is Swiss, and Europeans cut hair very well.
But he was booked.
So I gambled at stylist roulette, and entrusted my tête to someone else.
Well, could my hair type this is what it would write:
Dear Name Deleted to keep this anonymous, I love you,
I’m kidding your name is Kate. Infatuatedly yours, My hair. Tête!
My hair values brevity. It also values not looking like grass,
Which is how it looked when I showed up…
Seven months of box dye drunk-bang-trimmed dry growth.

It took seventy-five minutes just to thin it out.
The resultant pile on the floor was bigger than many dogs.
Did Name Deleted, no Kate! Complain about the gargantuan task?
No, she did not!

She bravely soldiered on, shears and razors aloft, and kept up a steady stream of hilarious
conversation as the tresses hit the floor.
Her color job was equally great, and she finally got me out of my red rut.
I went from “Ewww…” to “Hell YES!”
So I had better revise my letter: Dear KATE!
I love you. I love you I love you, love you.
Infatuatedly yours, Me! Me! Me!!!(Don’t I look great?)

To Harriet Monroe (March 1st, 1918)

Spring is here, — and I could be very happy, except that I am broke. Would you mind paying me now instead of on publication for those so stunning verses of mine which you have? I am become very, very thin, and have taken to smoking Virginia tobacco.

P.S. I am awfully broke. Would you mind paying me a lot?

Edna St. Vincent Millay

In Time of Silver Rain

In time of silver rain
The earth
Puts forth new life again,
Green grasses grow
And flowers lift their heads,
And over all the plain
The wonder spreads
Of life,
Of life,
Of life!

The text continues on the following page. Please turn the page quietly.)
In time of silver rain
The butterflies
Lift silken wings
To catch a rainbow cry,
And trees put forth
New leaves to sing
In joy beneath the sky
As down the roadway
Passing boys and girls
Go singing, too,
In time of silver rain
When spring
And life
Are new.

*Langston Hughes*

**Feldeinsamkeit**

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn’ Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.

Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume;
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin,
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew’ge Räume.

*Hermann Allmers*

**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;

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber) Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*
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

the flowering knows no end.
The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all must change.


Songs My Mother Taught Me

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were the tear drops banished.
Now I teach my children each melodious measure;
Often tears are flowing from my memory’s treasure.

English Translation © Natalie Macfarren

Als die alte Mutter

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen,
tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft ihr hingen.
Jetzt, wo ich die Kleinen selber üb im Sange,
rieselt’s in den Bart oft, rieselt’s oft von der braunen Wange.

Alfred Heyduk

Songs My Mother Taught Me

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were the tear drops banished.
Now I teach my children each melodious measure;
Often tears are flowing from my memory’s treasure.

English Translation © Natalie Macfarren
Upcoming Concerts at NEC
Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert and ticketing information

FACULTY RECITAL: BRIAN LEVY, jazz saxophone
Friday, April 21, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

SONG & VERSE: “Diva! Romance, Peril, Dream, and the Feminine Eternal”
JJ Penna, coach
Friday, April 21, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

MARION RUBIN BERMAN ’31 PIANO HONORS CONCERT
Ligeti Etudes
Monday, April 24, 2023, 2022 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

JAZZ COMPOSERS’ WORKSHOP ORCHESTRA, Frank Carlberg, director
Tuesday, April 25, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC PHILHARMONIA & SYMPHONIC CHOIR, Hugh Wolff, conductor
Brahms Tragic Overture; Gabriela Lena Frank Conquest Requiem;
Yeonjae Cho, soprano, Libang Wang, baritone; Lutoslawski Concerto for Orchestra
Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Symphony Hall (tickets required)

SONATA NIGHT 46, Pei-Shan Lee, director
The Music of Schubert for Piano Four Hands
Wednesday, April 26, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

HONORS ENSEMBLE: ZEPHYR WIND QUINTET
Yechan Min, flute; Sojeong Kim, oboe; Hyunwoo Chun, clarinet; Andrew Brooks, bassoon; Yeonjo Oh, French horn
Thursday, April 27, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC CHAMBER SINGERS, Erica J. Washburn, conductor
“Something Old: An Origin Story”
works by Aleotti, Byrd, des Prez, Dowland, Lotti, Morley, Ockeghem, Palestrina, Pearsall, Weelkes, de Wert
Friday, April 28, 2023 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

LIEDERABEND LXVI
Friday, April 28, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall
Upcoming Concerts at NEC
–continued

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, DJ 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
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.

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