



A Faculty Recital by

Tanya Blaich piano

with

Heidi Stober *soprano*

Despite and Still

Tuesday, October 15, 2024 7:30 p.m. NEC's Jordan Hall

PROGRAM

Elisabeth Lutyens (1906–1983) Maude Valérie White

(1855–1937) **Ethel Smyth** (1858–1944) As I walked out one evening

So, we'll go no more a-roving

Possession

Maude Valérie White

Liebe

Hör ich das Liedchen klingen Anfangs wollt ich fast verzagen Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Stille Tränen

Franz Liszt (1811–1886)

Der Fischerknabe. S. 292b/2 Freudvoll und Leidvoll, S. 280/2 Vergiftet sind meine Lieder. S. 289 Es muss ein Wunderbares sein, S. 314 Der du von dem Himmel bist, S 279/1

Intermission

Germaine Tailleferre

(1892 - 1983)

6 Chansons françaises

Non, non, la fidélité Souvent un air de vérité Mon mari m'a diffamé Vrai Dieu, qui me confortera On a dit mal de mon ami Les trois présents

Samuel Barber

(1910–1981)

Despite and Still, op. 41

A Last Song My Lizard In the Wilderness Solitary Hotel Despite and Still

The Heart of a Woman

Florence B. Price

(1887 - 1953)

Margaret Bonds

Margaret Bonds

(1913–1972)

(b. 1989)

B. E. Boykin Secret

Hyacinth

I Know My Mind

Despite and Still

Inspired by Samuel Barber's song cycle of that title, this program explores tenacity and resilience in navigating life's challenges. Barber composed *Despite and Still* at the end of his life as he was grappling with creative inspiration, poor health, love loss and isolation. These songs resolve to reconcile and persevere.

WH Auden and Elisabeth Lutyens open the program, reflecting on the blessings of love despite limitations of time and personal shortcomings. Ethel Smyth and Ethel Carnie ponder the debilitating nature of possession in love and embrace freedom. Smyth exemplifies the essence of "despite and still" both in her perseverance as a woman composer in the early 20th century and her political activism as a suffragette. Ethel Smyth's Der Wald was the first opera by a woman composer to be performed at the Metropolitan Opera.

Maude Valérie White's songs are inexplicably neglected today, yet she was considered one of the best song composers in the early 20th century in England. Despite discouragement from her family and Victorian societal norms, she studied at the Royal Academy of Music and wrote nearly 250 songs. Although the last performance of her songs at the Proms was in 1940, her compositions remain the most frequently performed by a woman composer in the history of that series.

Poems by Goethe, Schiller and Heine reflect on the emotional extremes of love in song settings by Franz Liszt. We encounter here the vitriol and deception, the intense pleasure and pain of love, and nevertheless are compelled to persist in pursuing this crowning grace of life.

Germaine Tailleferre wrote her 6 *Chansons françaises* after her first husband threatened to shoot her in the stomach when he heard she was pregnant with their first child. When she heard shots in the house, she ran away, miscarried because of the trauma and then divorced him. Two months later she had completed these cheeky songs about unconventional and abusive relationships.

The final set in the recital features songs by African American women composers and poets. Persevering in spite of racial and gender discrimination, these women articulate their desires to break out of those cages and take action. — *Tanya Blaich*

As I Walked Out One Evening

As I walked out one evening, Walking down Bristol Street, The crowds upon the pavement Were fields of harvest wheat

And down by the brimming river I heard a lover sing Under an arch of the railway: 'Love has no ending.

'I'll love you, dear, I'll love you
Till China and Africa meet,
And the river jumps over the mountain
And the salmon sing in the street,

'I'll love you till the ocean
Is folded and hung up to dry
And the seven stars go squawking
Like geese about the sky.

But all the clocks in the city Began to whirr and chime: 'O let not Time deceive you, You cannot conquer Time.

'In headaches and in worry Vaguely life leaks away, And Time will have his fancy To-morrow or to-day. 'Into many a green valley
Drifts the appalling snow;
Time breaks the threaded dances
And the diver's brilliant bow.

'O plunge your hands in water, Plunge them in up to the wrist; Stare, stare in the basin And wonder what you've missed.

'O look, look in the mirror, O look in your distress: Life remains a blessing Although you cannot bless.

'O stand, stand at the window
As the tears scald and start;
You shall love your crooked neighbour
With your crooked heart.'

It was late, late in the evening,
The lovers they were gone;
The clocks had ceased their chiming,
And the deep river ran on.

W. H. Auden

So We'll Go No More a Roving

So, we'll go no more a roving So late into the night, Though the heart be still as loving, And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath, And the soul wears out the breast, And the heart must pause to breathe, And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving, And the day returns too soon, Yet we'll go no more a roving By the light of the moon.

Lord Byron

Liebe

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh, So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh; Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund, So werd ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn an deine Brust, Kommts über mich wie Himmelslust; Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich! So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

Possession

There bloomed at my cottage door
A rose with a heart scented sweet,
O so lovely and fair that I plucked it one day,
Laid it over my own heart's swift beat.
In a moment its petals were shed:
Just a tiny white mound at my feet.

There flew through my casements low A linnet that richly could sing.

Sang so thrillingly sweet I could not let it go But must cage it, the wild, happy thing.

But it pined in the cage I had made,

Not a note to my chamber would bring.

There came to my lonely soul
The friend I had waited for long,
And the deep chilly silence lay stricken and
dead,

Pierc'd to death by our love and our song. And I thought of the bird and the flow'r And my soul in its knowledge grew strong.

Go out when thou wilt, O friend; — Sing thy song, roam the world glad and free; By the holding I lose; by the giving I gain, And the gods cannot take thee from me; For a song and a scent on the wind Shall drift in through the doorway from thee.

Ethel Carnie Holdsworth

Love

When I look into your eyes, All my pain and sorrow vanish; But when I kiss your lips, Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast, Heavenly bliss steals over me; But when you say: I love you! I must weep bitter tears.

Hör ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen, Das einst die Liebste sang, So will mir die Brust zerspringen Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen Hinauf zur Waldeshöh', Dort löst sich auf in Tränen Mein übergrosses Weh'.

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen, Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie; Und ich hab' es doch getragen — Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen, Die hat einen andern erwählt; Der andre liebt eine andre, Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger Den ersten besten Mann, Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen; Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte, Doch bleibt sie immer neu; Und wem sie just passieret, Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

Heinrich Heine

When I hear the little song

When I hear the little song That my love once sang, My heart almost bursts With the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing drives me Out to the wooded heights, Where my overwhelming grief Dissolves in tears.

At first I almost despaired

At first I almost despaired,
And I thought I could never be able to bear it;
Yet even so, I have borne it—
But do not ask me how.

A boy loves a girl

A boy loves a girl Who chooses another; He in turn loves another And marries her.

The girl, out of pique, Takes the very first man To come her way; The boy is badly hurt.

It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

Stille Tränen

Du bist vom Schlaf erstanden Und wandelst durch die Au', Da liegt ob allen Landen Der Himmel wunderblau.

So lang du ohne Sorgen Geschlummert schmerzenlos, Der Himmel bis zum Morgen Viel Tränen niedergoss.

In stillen Nächten weinet Oft mancher aus den Schmerz, Und morgens dann ihr meinet, Stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.

Justinus Kerner

Der Fischerknabe

Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum Bade, Der Knabe schlief ein am grünen Gestade, Da hört er ein Klingen, Wie Flöten so süß, Wie Stimmen der Engel Im Paradies.

Und wie er erwachet in seliger Lust,
Da spielen die Wasser ihm um die Brust,
Und es ruft aus den Tiefen:
Lieb' Knabe, bist mein!
Ich locke den Schläfer,
Ich zieh ihn herein.

Friedrich von Schiller

Silent Tears

From sleep you have risen And walk through the meadow. Everywhere lies Heaven's wondrous blue.

As long as, free of care, you have Been slumbering, free of pain, Heaven has, till morning, Poured down many tears.

Often on silent nights
Many a man weeps his grief away,
And in the morning you imagine
His heart is ever happy.

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber), provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)

The Fisherboy

The lake smiles, so inviting to bathe, the boy slept on the green bank, then, he hears a tinkling, as of sweet flutes, like the voices of angels in paradise.

And as he awakens in blissful desire, the waters now play against his breast, and a call from the depths:
Dear boy, you are mine!
I lure the sleeper,
I draw him down.

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Freudvoll und Leidvoll

Freudvoll
Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein;
Hangen
Und bangen
In schwebender Pein;
Himmelhoch jauchzend,
Zum Tode betrübt —
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder; -Wie könnt es anders sein? Du hast mir ja Gift gegossen Ins blühende Leben hinein.

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder; -Wie könnt es anders sein? Ich trag' im Herzen viel Schlangen, Und dich, Geliebte mein.

Heinrich Heine

Es muss ein Wunderbares sein

Es muss ein Wunderbares sein
Ums Lieben zweier Seelen,
Sich schliessen ganz einander ein,
Sich nie ein Wort verhehlen,
Und Freud und Leid und Glück und Not
So mit einander tragen;
Vom ersten Kuss bis in den Tod
Sich nur von Liebe sagen.

Oskar von Redwitz-Schmöl

Joyful and Sorrowful

Joyful
And sorrowful,
To be full of thoughts;
Yearning
And worrying
In nebulous pain;
Jubilating to high heaven,
Deathly depressed —
Fortunate alone
Is the soul that loves

Translation by Tanya Blaich

Poisoned are my songs

Poisoned are my songs how could it be otherwise? You have poured poison into my blossoming life.

Poisoned are my songs how could it be otherwise? I bear in my heart many snakes, and you, my beloved!

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How wondrous it must be

How wondrous it must be When two souls love each other, Locking each other wholly in, Never concealing a single word, And sharing with each other Joy and sorrow, weal and woe; Talking only of love From the first kiss unto death.

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber), provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)

Der du von dem Himmel hist

Der du von dem Himmel bist, Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest. Den, der doppelt elend ist, Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest, Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde! Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust? Süsser Friede! Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Non, la fidélité...

Non, la fidélité N'a jamais été Ou'une imbécillité. I'ai quitté

Par légèreté Plus d'une beauté.

Vive la nouveauté! Mais quoi! la probité?

Puérilité.

Le serment répété? Style usité.

A-t-on jamais compté

Sur un traité Dicté

Par la volupté, Sans liberté?

On feint par vanité

D'être irrité.

L'amant peu regretté

Est imité:

La femme avec gaîté,

Bientôt s'arrange de son côté.

Gabriel-Charles de Lattaignant

Souvent un air de vérité

Souvent un air de vérité Se mêle au plus grossier mensonge.

You who come from heaven

You who come from heaven, Soothing all pain and sorrow, Filling the doubly wretched Doubly with delight, Ah, I am weary of this restlessness! What use is all this pain and joy? Sweet peace! Come, ah come into my breast!

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber), provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)

No, fidelity...

No, fidelity has never been anything but stupidity. Capriciously, I've left

more than one beautiful woman.

Long live novelty! But morality, you say?

Puerility.

Repeated vows? Out of fashion.

Could one ever count

on a treatise inspired by pleasure

that omits the value of freedom? You pretend, out of vanity,

to be annoyed.

The un-regretted lover is copied by others.

The woman, for her part, gaily, quickly makes alternative arrangements.

Often an air of truth

Often an air of truth can be found in the crudest lie. Une nuit dans l'erreur d'un songe, Au rang des rois j'étais monté. Je vous aimais alors et j'osais vous le dire.

Les dieux à mon réveil ne m'ont pas tout ôté:

Je n'ai perdu que mon empire.

François Marie Arouet.

Last night in a deluded dream I had risen to the rank of kings. At that time I loved you and dared to tell you

When I woke, the gods didn't take it all away:

I lost only my kingdom.

Mon mari m'a diffamée

Mon mari m'a diffamée Pour l'amour de mon ami, De la longue demeurée Que j'ai faite avecque lui. Hé! mon ami, En dépit de mon mari qui me va toujours battant, Je ferai pis que devant.

Aucunes gens m'ont blamée, Disant que j'ai fait ami; La chose très fort m'agrée, Mon très gracieux souci. Hé! mon ami, en dépit de mon mari Qui ne vaut pas un grand blanc, Je ferai pis que devant.

Quand je suis la nuit couchée Entre les bras de mon ami, Je deviens presque pamée Du plaisir que prends en lui. Hé! mon ami Plût à Dieu que mon mari Je ne visse de trente ans! Nous nous don'rions du bon temps.

Si je perds ma renommée
Pour l'amour de mon ami,
Point n'en dois être blamée,
Car il est coint et joli.
Hé! mon ami,
Je n'ai bonjour ni demi
Avec ce mari méchant.
Je ferai pis que devant.

My husband has vilified me

My husband has vilified me for my love for my man friend, citing the long stay I made with him.
Hey, lover, in spite of my husband who is always beating me, I will behave worse than before.

Some folk blamed me saying I have a lover; but the thing pleases me greatly, it is my very gracious concern. Hey, lover, in spite of my husband who is not worth a big fat nothing, I will behave worse than before.

When I lie at night in the arms of my lover, I just about faint with the pleasure I take in him. Hey, lover, would to God that I never see my husband in the next thirty years! We'll give each other a good time.

If I lose my reputation for love of my lover, I ought not to be blamed, for he is pleasant and handsome Hey, lover, I don't get a good-day (or even half) with this nasty husband. I will behave worse than before.

Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera

Vrai Dieu, qui m'y confortera Quand ce faux jaloux me tiendra En sa chambre seule enfermée? Mon père m'a donné un vieillard Qui tout le jour crie: Hélas! Hélas! Hélas! Et dort au long de la nuitée.

Il me faut un vert galant Qui fût de l'âge de trente ans Et qui dormit la matinée. Rossignolet du bois plaisant, Pourquoi me va ainsi chantant, Puisqu'au vieillard suis mariée?

Ami tu sois le bienvenu; Longtemps a que t'ai attendu Au joli bois, sous la ramée.

On a dit mal de mon ami

On a dit mal de mon ami,
Dont j'ai le coeur bien marri,
Qu'ont-ils affaire quel il soit,
ou qu'il soit beau ou qu'il soit laid,
Quand je lui plais et qu'il me plait?

Un médisant ne veut onc bien: Quand le cas ne lui touche en rien, Pourquoi va-t-il médire? Il fait vivre en martyre Ceux qui ne lui demandent rien.

Quand j'ai tout bien considéré, Femme n'est de quoi n'est parlé. Voilà ce qui m'avance De prendre ma plaisance. Aussi dit-on bien que je l'ai.

Plût or à Dieu qu'il fut ici Celui que j'ai pris et choisi, Puisqu'on en a voulu parler! Et, dussent-ils tous enrager, Je coucherais avecque lui!

Anonymous, 15th c.

Who will comfort me?

Who, true God, will comfort me when this false and jealous man holds me locked up alone in his bedroom? My father gave me an old man who shouts the whole day long: "Alas, alas, alas!" and sleeps the whole night through.

What I need is a lusty younger man around the age of thirty who sleeps in the morning.
Oh nightingale of the pleasant woods, why do you keep singing to me, when I am married to an old man?

Lover, I bid you welcome; for a long time I have waited for you in the pretty woods, under the boughs.

They've spoken ill of my lover

They've spoken ill of my lover, and this has distressed my heart. Is it their business what he is like, or whether he's handsome or ugly, when he likes me and I like him?

A slanderer is never well-meaning: when the matter doesn't affect him at all, why does he speak ill? He creates a life of misery for people who ask nothing of him.

All things considered, there are no women who aren't talked about. That is what encourages me to take pleasure.
So people rightly say that I do.

Now would to God that the man were here whom I have taken and chosen, given that folk have wanted to talk of him! And, even if they all get angry, I would lie with him!

Les trois présents

Je vous donne, avec grand plaisir, De trois présents un à choisir. La belle, c'est à vous de prendre Celui des trois qui plus vous duit. Les voici, sans vous faire attendre: Bonjour, bonsoir et bonne nuit.

Jean-François Sarasin

The three presents

I offer you, with great pleasure, three presents, for you to choose one. It's up to you, my beauty, to take the one of the three that most suits you. Here they are, with no more delay: good day, good evening, and goodnight.

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A Last Song

A last song, and a very last, and yet another O, when can I give over?

Must I drive the pen until blood bursts from my nails And my breath fails and I shake with fever, Or sit well wrapped in a many colored cloak Where the moon shines new through Castle Crystal? Shall I never hear her whisper softly: "But this is truth written by you only, And for me only; Therefor, love, have done?"

Robert Graves

My Lizard (Wish for a Young Love)

My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice
Of envy's mean gaze;
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
And your hair ever blaze,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,
When I am no one.

Theodore Roethke

In The Wilderness

He, of his gentleness, Thirsting and hungering Walked in the Wilderness; Soft words of grace he spoke Unto lost desert-folk That listned wondering. He heard the bittern call From ruined palace-wall, Answered him brotherly; He held communion With the she-pelican Of lonely piety. Basilisk, cockatrice, Flocked to his homilies. With mail of dread device, With monstrous barbed stings, With eager dragon-eyes; Great bats on leathern wings And old, blind, broken things Mean in their miseries. Then ever with him went, Of all his wanderings Comrade, with ragged coat, Gaunt ribs — poor innocent — Bleeding foot, burning throat, The guileless young scapegoat; For forty nights and days Followed in Jesus' ways, Sure guard behind him kept, Tears like a lover wept.

Robert Graves

Solitary Hotel

Solitary hotel in a mountain pass. Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit. In dark corner young man seated. Young woman enters. Restless. Solitary. She sits. She goes to window. She stands. She sits. Twilight. She thinks. On solitary hotel paper she writes. She thinks. She writes. She sighs. Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out. He comes from his dark corner.

He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire. Twilight.
He reads. Solitary. What?
In sloping, upright and backhands:
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho...

James Joyce, from Ulysses

Despite and Still

Have you not read The words in my head, And I made part Of your own heart? We have been such as draw The losing straw — You of your gentleness, I of my rashness, Both of despair -Yet still might share This happy will: To love despite and still. Never let us deny The thing's necessity, But, O. refuse To choose, Where chance may seem to give Love in alternative.

Robert Graves

The heart of a woman

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn As a lone bird, soft winging so restlessly on. Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam. In the wake of those echoes, the heart calls home.

The heart of a woman falls back with the night And enters some alien cage in its plight, And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars While it breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

Georgia Douglas Johnson

Hyacinth

I am in love with him to whom a hyacinth is dearer Than I shall ever be dear. On nights when the field-mice are abroad he cannot sleep: He hears their narrow teeth at the bulbs of his hyacinths. But the gnawing at my heart he does not hear.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Secret

I shall make a song like your hair ... gold-woven with shadows green-tinged, And I shall play with my song As my fingers might play with your hair. Deep in my heart I shall play with my song of you, Gently ... I shall laugh At its sensitive lustre ... I shall wrap my song in a blanket, Blue like your eyes are blue With tiny shots of silver. I shall wrap it caressingly, Tenderly ... I shall sing a lullaby To the song I have made Of your hair and eyes ... And you will never know That deep in my heart I shelter a song of you Secretly ...

Gwendolyn Bennett

I Know My Mind

I know my mind and I have made my choice; Not from your temper does my doom depend; Love me or love me not, you have no voice In this, which is my portion to the end. Your presence and your favours, the full part That you could give, you now can take away: What lies between your beauty and my heart Not even you can trouble or betray. Mistake me not — unto my inmost core I do desire your kiss upon my mouth; They have not craved a cup of water more That bleach upon the deserts of the south; Here might you bless me; what you cannot do Is bow me down, who have been loved by you.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

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 cocoordinator 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 and Europe with such recitalists as Thomas Hampson, Paula Murrihy, Klemens Sander, and Sari Gruber. Recent highlights in the 2023-24 season include song recitals at the Frankfurt Opera with Paula Murrihy and at the Kurt Weill Festival with Ute Gfrerer. Upcoming concerts this year include song recitals at the Oxford International Song Festival with Heidi Stober and at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam with Paula Murrihy. Blaich and Murrihy's first album, *I Will Walk With My Love: Folk-Inspired Songs and Myths*, was released on Orchid Classics in 2020 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. from New England Conservatory.

American soprano **Heidi Stober**, whom *Opera News* exclaimed is a "distinctly American lyric soprano that makes the rest of the world listen" is enjoying an international career with a crystalline voice and method-like commitment to stage acting.

In the 2024/25 season, Ms. Stober will make her debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden singing her acclaimed portrayal of Gretel in *Hansel und Gretel*, as well as appearances at the Deutsche Oper Berlin as Zdenka in *Arabella*, Pat Nixon in *Nixon in China*, the Semperoper Dresden as Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte* and the title role in Thea Musgrave's *Mary*, *Queen of Scots* with English National Opera. In concert, Ms. Stober will debut with the San Francisco Symphony in Mahler's *Symphony No.* 2 with Esa-Pekka Salonen, perform Mozart's *Requiem* with the Musikkollegium Winterthur in Switzerland with Roberto González-Monjas, Pamina with Sir Donald Runnicles and the Grand Teton Music Festival, and Beethoven's *Symphony No.* 9 with the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. In solo recital, Ms. Stober will appear at the Oxford International Song Festival, the New England Conservatory in Jordan Hall, at Deutsche Oper Berlin, and with the Collaborative Arts Institute of Chicago.

In the 2023/24 season, Heidi Stober returned to the Metropolitan Opera as Musetta in *La bohème*, conducted by Carlo Rizzi, premiered a new production of *Nixon in China* as Pat Nixon with Deutsche Oper Berlin, in addition to performances of Gretel, and sang the title role of Rahel in Detlev Glanert's world premiere opera, *Die Jüdin von Toledo* at the Semperoper Dresden in a production by Robert Carsen. Also at Dresden, she sang performances of Pamina, and debuted with Opernhaus Zürich in Andreas Homoki's production of *Sweeney Todd* as Johanna. In concert, Ms. Stober performed Mozart's *Requiem* at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, conducted by music director Enrique Mazzola. In Boston, Ms. Stober performed in Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* with Boston Baroque and sang Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass* on tour in Spain with Omer Meir Wellber and the Kammerphilharmonie Bremen.

Upcoming Concerts at NEC

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NEC Composers' Series, John Mallia, curator

Works by Haleh Abghari, Marti Epstein, John Mallia, Lautaro Mantilla, and Gavin Bryars

Wednesday, October 16, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

NEC Jazz Orchestra, Ken Schaphorst, director

"The See'r: Charles Ives at 150"

Arrangements by Ken Schaphorst of some Ives classics: *Three Places in New England, A Set for Theatre Orchestra*, and *Ragtime Dance No.* 4

Thursday, October 17, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

AD Recital: Evren Ozel, piano

Tuesday, October 22, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Tuesday Night New Music

New music by NEC student composers, performed by their peers *Tuesday, October 22, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

NEC Symphony, David Loebel, conductor

Thomas *Sunburst;* Prokofiev *Suite No.* 2 from *Romeo and Juliet* Beethoven *Symphony No.* 7

Wednesday, October 23, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Perkin Opera Scenes

Thursday, October 24, 2024 at 6:00 p.m., Friday, October 25, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Plimpton Shattuck Black Box Theatre

Sonata Night 52, Pei-Shan Lee, director

Sonatas for Viola and Piano

Thursday, October 24, 2024 at 6:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

NEC Chamber Singers, Erica J. Washburn, conductor

"Great Music for a Great Space: Of Im/mortals"

Tormis Raua Needmine (Curse Upon Iron); Wilhelm Hjaðningaríma;

Holst Choral Hymns from the Rig Veda (group 1); Iliya avoonan dbishmayya;

Brahms Schicksalslied; Crawford Seeger Chant, 1930

Thursday, October 24, 2024 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

Liederabend LXXIII, Cameron Stowe and Tanya Blaich, curators *Monday, October 28, 2024 at 7:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

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