

Blake Hartley Hetherington
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2024
Student of Jane Eaglen

with
Justin Williams, piano
Grace Navarro, soprano
Valentine Umeh, tenor
McLain Weaver, baritone

Sunday, November 24, 2024
4:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

“Non ti fidar, o misera” from *Don Giovanni*

Grace Navarro, soprano
Valentine Umeh, tenor
McLain Weaver, baritone

Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia?, K. 582

Henri Duparc
(1838–1933)

L’invitation au voyage

Soupir

Chanson triste

Intermission

Joseph Marx
(1882–1964)

Selige Nacht

Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht

Hat dich die Liebe berührt

Vittorio Giannini
(1903–1966)

Tell Me, Oh Blue, Blue Sky!

If I Had Known

It is a Spring Night

*Thank you to my fantastic pianist, Justin Williams,
my dear voice teacher, Jane Eaglen,
and my wonderful community and family,
who have supported me on my admittedly long journey.*

*Thank you to my four parents,
who have always unwaveringly supported and believed in me.
Words cannot express my gratitude for all you do and have done for me.*

Thank you for coming to my recital and celebrating my musical life with me.

Non ti fidar, o misera

Donna Elvira (a Don Giovanni)
Ah, ti ritrovo ancor, perfido mostro!

(a Donna Anna)

*Non ti fidar, o misera,
di quel ribaldo cor;
Me già tradì quel barbaro,
te vuol tradir ancor.*

Donna Anna e Don Ottavio
*Cieli, che aspetto nobile,
che dolce maestà!
Il suo pallor, le lagrime
m'empiono di pietà.*

Don Giovanni
*La povera ragazza è pazza, amici miei;
Lasciatemi con lei, forse si calmerà.*

Donna Elvira
Ah non credete al perfido!

Don Giovanni
È pazza, non badate

Donna Elvira
Restate ancor, restate!

Donna Anna e Don Ottavio
A chi si crederà?

Donna Anna, Don Ottavio, Don Giovanni
*Certo moto d'ignoto tormento
dentro l'alma girare mi sento
Che mi dice, per quell'infelice,
cento cose che intender non sa.*

Donna Elvira
*Sdegno, rabbia, dispetto, spavento
dentro l'alma girare mi sento,
Che mi dice, di quel traditore
cento cose che intender non sa.*

Don't trust, oh miserable one

Donna Elvira (to Don Giovanni)
Ah, we meet again you evil monster!

(to Donna Anna)

Don't trust, oh miserable one,
him with the wicked heart;
That barbarian already betrayed me,
and he wants to betray you again.

Donna Anna and Don Ottavio
Heavens! This is a noble lady
who sorely seems distraught!
Her pallor and warning tone
are taught by bitter grief!

Don Giovanni
This poor girl is crazy my friends;
Leave me with her, and maybe she will calm
down.

Donna Elvira
Ah, don't believe the liar!...

Don Giovanni
She is crazy, don't mind it.

Donna Elvira
I pray you friends stay near me!

Donna Anna and Don Ottavio
Oh, who should we believe?

Donna Anna, Don Ottavio, Don Giovanni
There is a feeling of a certain unknown
torment I can feel moving inside my soul
Which tells me about the unhappy woman
A hundred things that it can't understand.

Donna Elvira
Disdain, rage, spite, fear
I can feel moving inside my soul
They are telling me, about the traitor
A hundred things that it can't
understand.

Don Ottavio (a Donna Anna)
*Io di qua non vado via
se non so com'è l'affar.*

Donna Anna
*Non ha l'aria di pazzia
il suo tratto, il suo parlar.*

Don Giovanni
(Se m'en vado, si potrà qualche cosa sospettar.)

Donna Elvira (a Donna Anna e Don Ottavio)
*Da quel ceffo si dovrà
la ner'alma guidicar.*

Don Ottavio (a Don Giovanni)
Dunque quella?...

Don Giovanni
È pazzarella.

Donna Anna (a Donna Elvira)
Dunque quegli?...

Donna Elvira
È un traditore.

Don Giovanni
Infelice!

Donna Elvira
Mentitore!

Donna Anna e Don Ottavio
*Incomincio a dubitar.
passano dei contadini*

Don Giovanni
*Zitto, zitto, che la gente
si raduna a noi d'intorno;
Siate un poco più prudente,
vi farete criticar.*

Don Ottavio (to Donna Anna)
I am not leaving until I understand
what is happening here.

Donna Anna
There is nothing that looks like insanity
in her words, in her face.

Don Giovanni
(If I leave now, they will suspect that I am a
liar.)

Donna Elvira (to Donna Anna and Don Ottavio)
From his evil face, you should be able
to see the evil in his soul!

Don Ottavio (to Don Giovanni)
What about her?...

Don Giovanni
She's crazy.

Donna Anna (to Donna Elvira)
What about him?...

Donna Elvira
He's a traitor!

Don Giovanni
You unhappy thing!

Donna Elvira
Liar!!

Donna Anna and Don Ottavio
I'm beginning to suspect
something may be going on

Don Giovanni
Quiet, quiet, see, these people
are crowding around us!
Be more careful
or they will start to talk about you!

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

Donna Elvira
Non sperarlo, o scellerato,
ho perduta la prudenza;
Le tue colpe ed il mio stato,
voglio a tutti palesar!

Donna Anna e Don Ottavio
Quegli accenti sì sommessi,
quel cangiarsi di colore,
son indizi troppo espresso
che mi fan determinar.

Lorenzo Da Ponte

Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia

Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia
l'affanno del mio bene,
se sdegno, gelosia,
timor, sospetto, amor.
Voi che sapete, o Dei,
I puri affetti miei,
Voi questo dubbio amaro
toglietemi dal cor.

Lorenzo Da Ponte

L'invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux

Donna Elvira
Don't hope I will be quiet, you scoundrel
I lost my patience;
Your bad deeds and what you did to me,
I want to tell everybody!

Donna Anna and Don Ottavio
Those whispered words,
her pallor is changing,
and the clues are clear,
now I have decided.

Translation by Blake Hetherington

Who knows, who knows the cause

Who knows, who knows the cause
of my love's anxiety?
Is it anger, jealousy,
fear, suspicion, or love?
You who know, oh Gods,
the purity of my affection
Take away this bitter doubt
in my heart.

Translation by Blake Hetherington

Invitation to journey

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals

*Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
-Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.*

*Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!*

Charles Baudelaire

Soupir

*Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer.*

*Ouvrir les bras et, las d'attendre,
Sur le néant les re fermer,
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre,
Toujours l'aimer.*

*Ah! Ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre
Toujours l'aimer.*

*Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre,
Toujours l'aimer !*

René-François Sully-Prudhomme

Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Sigh

Never to see or hear her,
Never to utter her name aloud,
But faithful, always to wait for her,
Always to love her.

To open my arms and, weary of waiting,
To close them again on a void,
Yet always to hold them out again,
Always to love her.

Ah, able only to hold them out
And to waste away in tears,
Yet always to shed those tears,
Always to love her.

Never to see or hear her,
Never to utter her name aloud,
But with a love always more tender,
Always to love her.

Chanson triste

*Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.*

*J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.*

*Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;*

*Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.*

Henri Cazalis

Selige Nacht

*Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,*

*und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –*

*Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!*

Otto Erich Hartleben

Song of sadness

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A
French Song Companion (Oxford University
Press), provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Blissful night

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.
The summer wind listened at the open
window,
and carried the peace of our breathing
out into the moon-bright night. –

And from the garden a scent of roses
came timidly to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

*Translation © by Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber 2005), provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Und gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht

*Ach gestern hat er mir Rosen gebracht,
Sie haben geduftet die ganze Nacht,*

Für ihm geworben, der meiner denkt --

Da hab' ich den Traum einer Nacht ihm geschenkt.

*Und heute geh' ich und lächle stumm,
Trag seine Rosen mit mir herum
Und warte und lausche, und geht die Thür,
So zittert mein Herz: ach, käm' er zu mir!*

*Und küsse die Rosen, die er mir gebracht,
Und gehe und suche den Traum der Nacht.*

Thekla Lingen

Hat dich die Liebe berührt

*Hat dich die Liebe berührt,
Still unter lärmenden Volke,
Gehst du in gold'ner Wolke,
Sicher von Gott geführt.*

*Nur wie verloren, umher
Lässt die Blicke du wandern,
Gönnt ihre Freuden den Andern,
Trägst nur nach _Einem_ Begehrt.*

*Scheu in dich selber verzückt,
Möchtest du leugnen vergebens,
Dass nun die Krone des Lebens,
Strahlend die Stirn dir schmückt.*

Paul Heyse

Ah yesterday he brought me roses

Ah yesterday he brought me roses,
They diffused their scent the whole night
long,

They wooed me on his behalf, he who thinks
of me --

So I bestowed the dream of one night upon
him.

And today I wander about and smile mutely,
Carry his roses around with me
And wait and hearken, and if I hear the door,
My heart quivers: ah, if he would only come
to me!

And I kiss the roses that he brought me,
And I go and seek the dream of the night.

*Translation from German (Deutsch) to English
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If love has touched you

If Love has touched you
Softly amid noisy mankind,
You will walk on a cloud of gold,
Led safely by God.

You gaze about you
As though you are lost,
You do not begrudge others their happiness,
Only one _single_ thing do you desire.

In shy and rapt introspection,
You deny in vain
That life's gleaming crown
Now adorns your brow.

*Translation © by Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber 2005), provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Tell Me, Oh Blue, Blue Sky!

Summer has flown, the leaves are falling,
I hear a voice, Your voice, calling,
I see a face, Your face, pleading,
I feel a heart, Your heart, bleeding.

Tell me, Oh blue, blue sky,
Why did we part?
Tell me, Oh whispering wind, breathe on my heart.
Breathe on my lonely heart, that too has bled.
Tell what is left in life, since love has fled, since love has fled?

Tell me, Tell me, Tell me, Oh blue, blue sky,
Tell me, Oh blue, blue sky!

If I Had Known

If I had known, beloved, If I had known,
Read in your eyes the tenderness that shone,
Life held the beauty of a rose full-blown,
If I had known, beloved, If I had known!

If I had known, beloved, If I had known,
to reap the harvest where true love had sown.
Life would hold more than mem'ries alone.
If I had known, ah! beloved, If I had known!

It is a Spring Night

It is a Spring night, O my Beloved!
The scent of the Wisteria draws me,
With caressing, invisible fingers.
And once more I walk in the garden of my dreams!

Ah! That you were here with me my Beloved!
Attired in moon-colored silks
Swaying on your tiny lily feet,
Here with me among the languorous night fragrance of the flowers,
in the garden of my dreams!

My soul is filled with a celestial scent.
I lift my eyes above the earth, and behold!
There in the dark garden of the heavens
Blooms white, and misty, a Lotus moon!

Oh! That thou wert here with me,
To share this ecstasy
This white and misty Lotus moon
That fills the soul with a celestial scent.
Blooming there, in the dark garden of the heavens,
So high above the lonely garden of my dreams!

Karl Flaster

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