

N|E|C

New England  
Conservatory

# Concert Program

STEINWAY & SONS

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# Welcome to NEC!

I am thrilled to share New England Conservatory's 2024-25 concert season—a celebration of the power of music to connect and inspire one another.

Whether you are seated in one of our concert halls or watching online, we hope you are uplifted by the performances of our students, faculty, and guest artists.

Above all, we thank you for your support of our students as they cultivate their artistry and contribute to the world through music.

A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to be "Andrea Kalyn". The signature is stylized and fluid.

Andrea Kalyn  
President

A Faculty Recital by

Joel Ayau  
*piano*

with

Jennifer Zetlan  
*soprano*

Sunday, February 2, 2025  
3:00 p.m.  
NEC's Jordan Hall

PROGRAM

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**Modest Petrovich Mussorgsky**  
(1839–1881)

*The Nursery*

With Nanny (С няней)  
In the Corner (В углу)  
The Beetle (Жук)  
With the Doll (С куклой)  
At Bedtime (На сон грядущий)  
The Cat 'Sailor' (Кот Маррос)  
Ride on a Hobby Horse (Поехал на палочке)

**Sergei Rachmaninoff**  
(1833–1887)

*Moment musicaux in E Minor, op. 16 no. 4*

**Joaquín Turina**  
(1882–1949)

*Poema en forma de canciones*

Dedicatoria  
Nunca olvida...  
Cantares  
Los dos miedos  
Las locas por amor

*Intermission*

**Gabriel Fauré**  
(1845–1924)

*Poème d'un jour*  
Rencontre  
Toujours  
Adieu

**Maurice Ravel**  
(1875–1937)

*Jeux d'eau*

*Trois chansons*  
Nicolette  
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis  
Ronde

**Ricky Ian Gordon**  
(b. 1956)

from *Too Few the Mornings Be*  
Too Few the Mornings Be  
If All the Griefs  
The Bustle in a House  
Estranged from Beauty  
Bee! I'm Expecting You  
Will There Really Be a Morning

## С няней

Расскажи мне, нянюшка, расскажи мне,  
милая,

Про того про буку страшного:  
Как тот бука по лесам бродил,  
Как тот бука в лес детей носил

И как грыз он их белые косточки,  
И как дети те кричали, плакали!  
Нянюшка! Ведь зато их, детей-то, бука съел,

Что обидели няню старую,  
Папу с мамой не послушали.  
Ведь зато он съел их, нянюшка?

Или вот что: Расскажи мне лучше про царя  
с царицей,

Что за морем жили в терему богатом.  
Ещё царь всё на ногу хромал,  
Как споткнётся, так гриб вырастет,

У царицы то всё насморк был,  
Как чихнёт, стекла в дребезги!

Знаешь, нянюшка:  
Ты про буку то уж не рассказывай! Бог с  
ним, с букой!  
Расскажи мне, няня, ты, смешную-то!

## В углу

Ах ты проказник!  
Клубок размотал, прутки растерял,

Ах ты! все петли спустил!  
Чулочек весь забрызгал чернилами!  
В угол! В угол!  
Пошёл в угол!  
Проказник!

Я ничего не сделал, нянюшка,  
Я чулочек не трогал, нянюшка!  
Клубочек размотал котёночек

И пруточки разбросал котёночек,

## With Nanny

Tell me, Nanny, tell me, my dear,

About that terrible wolf:  
How that wolf wandered in the woods,  
How that wolf carried children into the  
woods

And how he gnawed on their white bones,  
And how the children screamed, cried!  
Nanny! So was it the case that, those children  
the wolf ate,  
They offended their old nurses,  
Not even listening to their Papa and Mama?  
So is that why he ate them, Nanny?

Or how about this: Tell me instead about the  
Tsar and Tsarina,

Who lived by the sea in a fine palace.

The same Tsar who walked with a limp,  
How whenever he stumbled, a mushroom  
would spring up,

About the Tsarina who had such a runny nose  
That she sneezed the window glass into  
smithereens!

You know, Nanny:  
Don't tell me any more about the wolf! God  
bless him, peace be with the wolf!  
Tell me another story, nurse, something  
funny!

## In the Corner

Oh, you mischief-maker!  
The skein of wool has been unwound,  
knitting needles lost,  
Oh, you! The stitches have been dropped!  
The stocking is all splashed with ink!  
In the corner! In the corner!  
Go stand in the corner!  
Prankster!

I didn't do anything, Nanny,  
I didn't touch your knitting, Nanny!  
The wool stocking was unwound by the little  
kitten,  
And the needles were lost by that kitty,

А Мишенька был паинька,  
Мишенька был умница.  
А няня злая, старая,  
у няни носик то запачканный.  
Миша чистенький, причёсанный,  
А у няни чепчик на боку.  
Няня Мишеньку обидела,  
напрасно в угол поставила  
Миша больше не будет любить свою  
нянюшку, вот что!

## Жук

Няня, нянюшка!  
что случилось, няня душенька!  
Я играл там на песочке,  
за беседкой, где берёзки,  
Строил домик из лучинок кленовых,  
Тех, что мне мама, сама мама нащепала.

Домик уж совсем построил,  
Домик с крышкой, настоящий домик,  
вдруг!

Но самой крышке жук сидит,  
Огромный, чёрный, толстый такой,  
усами шевелит страшно так,  
И прямо на меня всё смотрит!  
Испугался я! А жук гудит, злится,

Крылья растопырил, схватить меня хочет! . .  
И налетел, в височек меня ударил!

Я притаился, нянюшка,  
присел, боюсь пошевелинуться!  
Только глазок один чуть-чуть открыл,  
И что-же, послушай, нянюшка:  
Жук лежит, сложивши лапки,  
кверху носиком, на спинке,  
И уж не злится, и усам не шевелит,

И не гудит уж, только крылышки дрожат.

Что-ж, он умер, иль притворился?  
Что-ж это, что-же, скажи мне, няня,  
С жуком-то случилось? Меня ударил, а сам  
свалился!

Что-ж это с ним случилось, с жуком-то!

But Mikey was a good boy,  
Mikey was a clever boy.  
But Nanny is angry, old,  
and her nose is dirty.  
Mikey is clean, well-combed,  
But Nanny's cap is crooked.  
Nanny hurt Mikey's feelings,  
and now he has to stand in the corner.  
Mikey doesn't love Nanny anymore, so there!

## The Beetle

Nurse, Nanny!  
what happened, dear Nurse!  
I was playing over there in the sand,  
near the gazebo, by the birch trees,  
I'd built a house of the finest maple pieces,  
Those, that my own Mama herself cut out for  
me.

The little house was finished being built,  
A little house with a roof, a proper little  
house, when all of a sudden...  
Onto the same roof, a beetle lands,  
Huge, black, so fat,  
wiggling his moustache in such a scary way,  
And right at me, he was looking!  
I was frightened! But the beetle is buzzing,  
angrily,

His wings spread, he wants to grab me! . . .  
And he flew, and right here in the temple, he  
hit me!

I crouched down, Nanny,  
sat down, afraid to move!  
Only one of my eyes opened a bit,  
And what's more, look, Nanny:  
The beetle is lying there, with folded legs,  
his nose in the air, on his back,  
And it's not at all angry, and his moustache  
doesn't move,  
And he's definitely not buzzing, only the  
wings are trembling.

So? He died? Or he was pretending?  
What was it, what, tell me, Nurse,  
What happened to the beetle? He hit me, and  
he fell!  
What happened to him, that beetle?

## С куклой

Тяпа, бай, бай, Тяпа, спи, усни,  
Утомон тебя возьми! Тяпа! Спать надо!

Тяпа, спи, усни, Тяпу бука съест,  
серый волк возьмёт, в тёмный лес снесёт.

Тяпа, спи, усни!  
Что во сне увидишь, мне про то  
расскажешь:  
Про остров чудный, где ни жнут ни сеют,

Где цветут и зреют груши наливные,  
День и ночь поют птички золотые!  
Бай, бай, баю бай, бай, бай, Тяпа!

## На сон грядущий

„Господи помилуй папу и маму  
и спаси их, Господи!  
Господи помилуй братца Васеньку  
и братца Мишеньку!  
Господи помилуй бабушку старенькую,  
Пошли ты ей доброе здоровьице,  
Бабушке добренькой,  
бабушке старенькой, Господи!  
И спаси, Боже наш, тётю Катю,  
тётю Наташу, тётю Машу, тётю Парашу,

Тётей Любу, Варю, и Сашу,  
и Олю, и Таню, и Надю,  
Дядей Петю и Колю, дядей Володю  
и Гришу, и Сашу, и всех их,  
Господи, спаси и помилуй,  
и Филю, и Ваню, и Митю, и Петю,  
и Дашу, Пашу, Соню, Дунюшку. . .  
Няня! а, няня! Как дальше, няня?”

„Вишь ты, проказница какая!  
Уж сколько раз учила:  
Господи помилуй и меня грешную!”

„Господи помилуй и меня грешную!  
Так, нянюшка?”

## With the Doll

Tyapa, bye, bye, Tyapa, bye, bye,  
Calm yourself down! Tyapa! You need to  
sleep!

Tyapa, sleep, sleep, Tyapa, or the boogeyman  
will come  
a big wolf will come, and carry you into the  
dark forest.

Tyapa, sleep, go to sleep!  
What you see in your dreams, tell me about it:

About a wonderful island, where you don't  
need to reap nor sow,

Where pear trees bloom and ripen,  
Day and night golden birds sing!  
Bye, bye, hushabye, bye, bye, Tyapa!

## At Bedtime

“Lord have mercy on Papa and Mama  
and save them, Lord!  
Lord have mercy on my little brother Vasya  
and my brother Misha!  
Lord have mercy on my old grandmother,  
Give her good health,  
Grandma's so good,  
Grandma's so old, Lord!  
And save, our God, Auntie Katya,  
auntie Natasha, auntie Masha, auntie  
Parasha,  
Aunties Lyuba, Varya, and Sasha,  
and Olya, and Tanya, and Nadya,  
Uncles Petya and Kolya, uncles Volodya  
and Grisha, and Sasha, and everybody else,  
Lord, save and have mercy on  
Filya, and Vanya, and Mitya, and Petya,  
and Dasha, Pasha, Sonya, Dunyushka...  
Nurse! Hey, nurse! What else, Nurse?”

“You see, how naughty you are!  
How many times do I really need to repeat:  
'Lord have mercy and protect me!'”

“Lord have mercy and protect me!  
That's it, Nanny?”



## Кот Матрос

Ай, ай, ай, мама, милая мама!  
Побежала я за зонтиком, мама,  
очень ведь жарко, шарил в комод  
и в столе искала: нет, как нарочно!  
Я второпях к окну подбежала,  
может быть зонтик там позабыла. . .

Вдруг вижу, на окне-то, кот наш Матрос,  
забравшись на клетку, скребёт!  
Снегирь дрожит, забился в угол, пищит.

Зло меня взяло! „Э, брат, до птичек ты  
лаком!  
Нет, постой, попался. Вишь-ты, кот!``  
Как ни в чём не бывало стою я, смотрю в  
сторонку,  
Только глазом одним подмечаю:  
странно что-то!  
Кот спокойно в глаза мне смотрит,  
А сам уж лапу в клетку заносит:  
Только что думал схватить снегиря,  
а я его хлоп!  
Мама, какая твёрдая клетка!  
Пальцам так больно, мама!  
Мама! вот в самых кончиках, вот тут,  
Так ноет, ноет так...  
Нет! каков кот-то, мама, а?

## The Cat 'Sailor'

Hey, hey, hey, hey, Mama, dear Mama!  
I was going to find my parasol, Mama,  
it's very hot, I dug around in the chest  
and looked in the table: no, as if it's hiding!  
I quickly ran to the window,  
maybe the parasol had been forgotten out  
there...

Suddenly I see it, on the windowsill, our cat  
"Sailor,"  
climbing on the birdcage, scratching at it!  
The bullfinch trembles, hides in the corner,  
peeps.

I was furious! "Hey, brother, before you  
polish off the little bird!  
No, wait, you're caught. I see you, cat!"  
As if nothing had happened, I stand still, look  
to the side,  
Only keeping one eye on him:  
what a strange creature!  
The cat calmly looks me in the eye,  
And his paw reaches into the cage anyway:  
only thinking about grabbing the bullfinch,  
so I slapped him!  
Mama, how hard the cage was!  
My fingers hurt so much, Mama!  
Mama! Right on the tips, right here,  
it's aching, it aches right here...  
No! What a bad cat, Mama, right?

## Поехал на палочке

„Гей! Гоп, гоп! Гей, поди! Гей! Гей!  
Та, ..., та, гей! Та, ..., та, поди!  
Тпру! . . . стой! Вася, а Вася!  
Слушай, приходи играть сегодня!  
Только не поздно!  
Ну ты, гоп! Гоп! Прощай, Вася!  
Я в Юкки поехал...  
Только к вечеру непременно буду,  
Мы ведь рано, очень рано спать ложимся...  
Приходи, смотри!  
Та, ... та, гей! Та, ..., та, поди!  
Гоп! Гей, поди! Гей, гей поди! Гей, гей!  
Раздавлю!  
Ой, больно! Ой, ногу! Ой, больно! Ой,  
ногу.”

„Милый мой, мой мальчик, что за горе?  
Ну, полно плакать!  
Пройдёт, мой друг!  
Постой-ка, встань на ножки прямо:  
Вот так, дитя! Посмотри, какая прелесть!  
Видишь?  
В кустах налево! Ах, что за птичка дивная!

Что за пёрышки!  
Видишь? ... Ну что? Прошло?”

„Прошло! Я в Юкки съездил, мама!  
Теперь домой торопиться надо ...  
Гоп! Гоп! Гости будут... Гоп!  
Торопиться надо!...”

Modest Petrovich Mussorgsky

## Dedicatoria

### *Nunca olvida...*

*Ya que este mundo abandono,  
Antes de dar cuenta á Dios,  
Aqui para entre los dos,  
Mi confesion te diré:  
-- Con toda el alma perdono*

## Stick Horse Ride

“Hey! Trot, trot! Hey, giddyap! Hey! Hey!  
Ta, ta, hey! Ta, ta, giddyap!  
Whoa! Stop! Vasya, Vasya!  
Listen, come over to play today!  
Only ... it's late!  
Well, you trot on! Trot! Bye, Vasya!  
I went to Yukki...  
But I'll get there before night falls,  
We're put to bed early, extremely early...  
Come, see!  
Ta, ... ta, hey! Ta, ..., ta, let's go!  
Trot! Hey, giddyap! Hey, hey, let's go! Hey,  
hey! Crushed!  
Oh, it hurts! Oh, my leg!”

“My dear, little boy, what's wrong?  
Well, enough to make you cry!  
Come, my friend!  
Hang on, stand on the right foot:  
There, child! Look, how lovely!  
Do you see?  
In the bushes to your left! Ah, what a divine  
bird!  
What plumage!  
Do you see? ... Over there? It's gone?”

“It's gone! I rode to Yukki, Mama!  
Now we need to hurry home ...  
Trot! Trot! Guests are coming ... Trot!  
We need to hurry! ...”

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## Dedication

(no text)

### Never forget...

Now that I abandon this world,  
before rendering account to God,  
I will tell you my confession  
here, face-to-face.  
I pardon with all my soul

*Hasta á los que siempre he odiado;  
¡Á tí, que tanto te he amado,  
Nunca te perdonaré!*

### **Cantares**

*¡Ay! Más cerca de mí te siento  
Cuanto más huyo de tí,  
Pues tu imágen es en mí  
Sombra de mi pensamiento.*

*Vuélvemelo hoy a decir,  
Pues, embelesado, ayer  
Te escuchaba sin oír,  
Y te miraba sin ver.*

### **Los dos miedos**

*Al comenzar la noche de aquel día,  
ella, lejos de mí,  
-- ¿Por qué te acercas tanto? -- Me decía;  
-- ¡Tengo miedo de tí! --*

*Y después que la noche hubo pasado  
dijo, cerca de mí:  
-- ¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?  
¡Tengo miedo sin tí! --*

even those people I have always hated.  
As for you, whom I have loved so much,  
I will never forgive you!

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### **Songs**

I feel closer to you  
The more I run from you,  
For your image haunts  
The very shadow of my thoughts.

Tell me again,  
For yesterday I was spellbound:  
I heard you without listening  
And I looked at you without seeing.

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### **The two fears**

At the beginning of the night that day,  
She, far away, said to me,  
Why are you moving so close to me?  
I am afraid of you.

And after the night had passed  
She said, close to me:  
Why are you going away from my side?  
I am afraid without you!

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### **Las locas por amor**

-- "Te amaré, diosa Venus, si prefieres  
que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura."

Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:  
-- "Prefiero, como todas las mujeres,  
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura."

Ramón María de las Mercedes

### **Rencontre**

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai rencontrée,  
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné tourment;  
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,  
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?  
Ô, passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu donc l'amie  
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète isolé,  
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,  
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé?  
Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,  
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!  
Devant l'immensité ton extase s'éveille,  
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme est cher;  
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie  
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un vivant lien,  
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,  
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te connaître bien!

### **Toujours**

Vous me demandez de me taire,  
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,  
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,

### **Mad for love**

"I shall love you, goddess Venus, if you wish  
for me to love you for a long time and with  
good sense."  
And the goddess of Cythera responded,  
"I prefer, as all women do,  
for you to love me for a short time and with  
madness."

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### **Meeting**

I was so sad and wistful when you and I first  
met;  
Today, I feel less of that unyielding torment.  
O tell me, could you be that unexpected  
woman,  
The lovely chimera that I have sought in  
vain?  
O, wayfarer of such gentle eye, are you that  
friend  
Who will return happiness to this lonely  
poet?  
And will you shine on my reawakening soul  
Like the skies of home upon an exile's heart?  
Your untamed sorrow, like my own,  
Is fond of watching the sun set over the sea!  
Its magnitude evokes rapture within you,  
And the evening's allure is dear to your  
beautiful soul;  
A curious and sweet affinity  
Already links me to you with a living  
connection.  
My soul shudders, suffused with passion,  
And my heart, not fully knowing you, yet  
cherishes you!

### **Always**

You tell me to hold my silence,  
To remain apart from you forever,  
And to make my own way, alone,

*Sans me rappeler qui j'aimais!*

*Demandez plutôt aux étoiles  
De tomber dans l'immensité,  
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,  
Au jour de perdre sa clarté,*

*Demandez à la mer immense  
De dessécher ses vastes flots,  
Et, quand les vents sont en démente,  
D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!*

*Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme  
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs  
Et se dépouille de sa flamme  
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!*

### **Adieu**

*Comme tout meurt vite, la rose  
Déclose,  
Et les frais manteaux diaprés  
Des prés;  
Les longs soupirs, les bien aimées,  
Fumées!*

*On voit dans ce monde léger  
Changer,  
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,  
Nos rêves,  
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,  
Nos coeurs!*

*À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,  
Cruelle,  
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours  
Sont courts!  
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,  
Sans larmes,  
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,  
Adieu!*

Charles Jean Grandmougin

Without ever bringing who I love to mind!

You might as well ask the stars  
To fall into the void,  
Tell the night to forsake its shades,  
The day to abandon its splendor.

Tell the immeasurable ocean  
To dry its boundless floods,  
And tell the winds, when they are howling,  
To cease their melancholy sobbing!

But, do not expect that my soul  
Could uproot such bitter sadness  
And cast off its flames  
As the Springtime does it flowers!

### **Farewell**

Everything dies so quickly; the rose  
Abloom,  
And the freshly colored cloaks  
Of the meadows,  
Deep sighs, those we love well,  
Wisps of smoke!

One can see, in this insubstantial world,  
Everything changing;  
More rapidly than waves upon the sand,  
Our dreams,  
More suddenly than the branching frost,  
Our hearts!

I may have believed myself faithful to you,  
Cruel one,  
But, alas! The most abiding loves  
Are brief!  
And I say, upon abandoning your charms,  
Without tears,  
Just at the moment of my confession,  
Farewell!

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## **Nicolette**

*Nicolette, à la vesprée,  
S'allait promener au pré,  
Cueillir la pâquerette,  
la jonquille et le muguet,  
Toute sautillante, toute guillerette,  
Lorgnant ci, là de tous les côtés.*

*Rencontra vieux loup grognant,  
Tout hérissé, l'œil brillant;  
Hé là! ma Nicolette,  
viens tu pas chez Mère Grand?  
A perte d'haleine, s'enfuit Nicolette,  
Laissant là cornette et socques blancs.*

*Rencontra page joli,  
Chausses bleues et pourpoint gris,  
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,  
veux tu pas d'un doux ami?  
Sage, s'en retourna, très lentement,  
le cœur bien marri.*

*Rencontra seigneur chenu,  
Tors, laid, puant et ventru  
"Hé là! ma Nicolette,  
veux tu pas tous ces écus?  
Vite fut en ses bras, bonne Nicolette  
Jamais au pré n'est plus revenue.*

## **Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis**

*Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis  
Mon ami z-il est à la guerre  
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis  
Ont passé par ici.*

*Le premier était plus bleu que le ciel,  
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)  
Le second était couleur de neige,  
Le troisième rouge vermeil.*

*"Beaux oiselets du Paradis,  
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)*

## **Nicolette**

Nicolette, at twilight,  
Went for a walk through the fields,  
To pick daisies,  
daffodils, and lilies of the valley.  
Skipping around, completely jolly,  
Spying here, there, and everywhere.

She met an old, growling wolf,  
On alert, eyes a-sparkle:  
"Hey there! Nicolette, my dear,  
won't you come to Grandmother's house?"  
Out of breath, Nicolette fled,  
Leaving behind her cornette and white clogs.

She met a cute page,  
Blue shoes and gray doublet:  
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,  
wouldn't you like a sweetheart?"  
Wisely, she turned 'round, poor Nicolette,  
very slowly, with a contrite heart.

She met an old gentleman,  
Twisted, ugly, smelly and pot-bellied:  
"Hey there! Nicolette dear,  
don't you want all this money?"  
She ran straight into his arms, good Nicolette,  
Never to return to the fields again.

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## **Three beautiful birds of paradise**

Three beautiful birds of paradise  
(My love is gone to the war)  
Three beautiful birds of paradise  
Have passed this way.

The first was bluer than the sky  
(My love has gone to the war)  
The second was the color of snow  
The third was red as vermillion.

"Beautiful little birds of paradise  
(My love has gone to the war)

Beaux oiselets du Paradis,  
Qu'apportez par ici?"

"J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur  
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)"  
"Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige,  
Un baiser dois mettre, encore plus pur."

Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,  
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)  
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,  
Que portez vous ainsi?

"Un joli coeur tout cramoisi"  
Ton ami z-il est à la guerre  
"Ha! je sens mon coeur qui froidit...  
Emportez le aussi."

### Ronde

Les vieilles:  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
Jeunes filles, n'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de satyres,  
de centaures, de malins sorciers,  
Des farfadets et des incubes,  
Des ogres, des lutins,  
Des faunes, des follets, des lamies,  
Diables, diabolots, diabolotins,  
Des chèvre-pieds, des gnomes,  
des démons,  
Des loups-garous, des elfes,  
des myrmidons,  
Des enchanteurs es des mages,  
des stryges, des sylphes,  
des moines-bourrus,  
des cyclopes, des djinns,  
gobelins, korrigans,  
nécromants, kobolds ...  
Ah!  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
N'allez pas au bois.

Beautiful little birds of paradise  
What do you bring here?"

"I carry an azure glance  
(Your love has gone to the war)  
And I must leave on a snow-white brow  
A kiss, even purer."

"You red bird of paradise  
(My love has gone to the war)  
You red bird of paradise  
What are you bringing me?"

"A loving heart, flushing crimson."  
(Your love has gone to the war)  
"Ah, I feel my heart growing cold . . .  
Take that with you as well."

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### Round

*The old women:*  
Do not go into Ormonde forest,  
Young maidens, do not go into the forest:  
It is full of satyrs,  
Of centaurs, of evil sorcerers,  
Of sprites and incubuses,  
Ogres, pixies,  
Fauns, hobgoblins, spooks,  
Devils, imps, and fiends,  
Cloven-foot, gnomes,  
Of demons,  
Of werewolves, elves,  
Warriors,  
Enchanters and conjurers,  
Of fairies, sylphs  
Of surly hermits,  
Cyclopes, Djinns,  
Spirits, gremlins,  
Necromancers, trolls ...  
Ah!  
Do not go into Ormonde forest,  
Do not go into the forest.

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

Les vieux:

*N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
Jeunes garçons, n'allez pas au bois:  
Il y a plein de faunesses,  
de bacchantes et de males fées,  
garçons, n'allez pas au bois.*

*Des satyresses,  
des ogresses,  
Et des babaïagas,  
Des centaures et des diablesses,  
Goules sortant du sabbat,  
Des farfadettes et des démons,  
Des larves, des nymphes,  
des myrmidones,  
Il y a plein de démons,  
D'hamadryades, dryades,  
naiades,  
ménades, thyades,  
follettes, lémures,  
gnomides, succubes,  
gorgones, gobelines ...  
N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde.*

Les filles / Les garçons:

*N'irons plus au bois d'Ormonde,  
Hélas! plus jamais n'irons au bois.*

*Il n'y a plus de satyres,  
plus de nymphes ni de males fées.  
Plus de farfadets, plus d'incubes,  
Plus d'ogres, de lutins,  
Plus d'ogresses,  
De faunes, de follets, de lamies,  
Diables, diablots, diabolotins,  
De satyresses, non.  
De chèvre-pieds, de gnomes,  
de démons,  
Plus de faunesses, non!  
De loups-garous, ni d'elfes,  
de myrmidons  
Plus d'enchanteurs ni de mages,  
de stryges, de sylphes,  
de moines-bourus,  
De centaures, de naiades,  
de thyades,  
Ni de ménades, d'hamadryades,  
dryades,*

*The old men:*

*Do not go into Ormonde forest,  
Young men, do not go into the forest:  
It is full of female fauns,  
Of Bacchae and evil spirits,  
Lads, do not go into the forests.*

*Of female satyrs,  
Ogresses,  
And Baba Yagas,  
Of female centaurs and devils,  
Ghouls emerging from sabbath,  
Of sprites and demons,  
Of larvae, of nymphs,  
Of warriors,  
It is full of demons,  
Tree spirits and dryads,  
Naiads,  
Bacchantes, oreads,  
Hobgoblins, ghosts,  
Gnomes, succubuses,  
Gorgons, monsters,  
Do not go into Ormonde forest.*

*The maids / The lads:*

*We won't go into Ormonde forest any more,  
Alas! Never more we'll go into the forest.*

*There are no more satyrs there,  
No more nymphs or evil spirits.  
No more sprites, no more incubuses,  
No ogres, no pixies,  
No more ogresses,  
No more fauns, hobgoblins or spooks,  
Devils, imps, or fiends,  
No female satyrs, no.  
No more goat-footed, no gnomes,  
No demons.  
No more female fauns, no!  
Nor werewolves, nor elves,  
No warriors,  
No more enchanters or conjurers,  
No fairies, no sylphs,  
No surly hermits,  
No female centaurs or naiads,  
No more oreads,  
No more Bacchantes or tree spirits,  
No dryads,*



*folletes, lémures, gnomides, succubes, gorgones,  
gobelines,  
de cyclopes, de djinns, de diabloteaux, d'éfrits,  
d'aegyptans,  
de sylvoains, gobelins, korrigans, nécromans,  
kobolds ...  
Ah!*

*N'allez pas au bois d'Ormonde,  
N'allez pas au bois.*

*Les malavisées vieilles,  
Les malavisés vieux  
Les ont effarouchés – Ah!*

Maurice Ravel

### **Too Few the Mornings Be**

Too few the mornings be,  
Too scant the nights.  
No lodging can be had  
For the delights  
That come to earth to stay,  
But no apartment find  
And ride away.

### **If All the Grievs**

If all the grieves I am to have  
Would only come today,  
I am so happy I believe  
They'd laugh and run away.

If all the joys I am to have  
Would only come today,  
They could not be so big as this  
That happens to me now.

Hobgoblins, ghosts, gnomes, succubuses,  
gorgons, goblins,  
No cyclops, nor djinns, nor fiends, no ifrits,  
no Aegipan,  
No tree spirits, goblins, gremlins,  
necromancers, trolls...  
Ah!

Do not go into the Ormonde forest,  
Do not go into the forest.

The misguided old women,  
The misguided old men  
Have chased them all away – Ah!

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### **The Bustle in a House**

The Bustle in a House  
The Morning after Death  
Is solemnest of industries  
Enacted upon Earth –

The Sweeping up the Heart  
And putting Love away  
We shall not want to use again  
Until Eternity –

### **Estranged From Beauty**

Estranged from Beauty – none can be –  
For Beauty is Infinity –  
And power to be finite ceased  
Before Identity was leased.

### **Bee! I'm Expecting You**

Bee! I'm expecting you!  
Was saying Yesterday  
To Somebody you know  
That you were due –

The Frogs got Home last Week –  
Are settled, and at work –  
Birds, mostly back –  
The Clover warm and thick –

You'll get my Letter by  
The seventeenth; Reply  
Or better, be with me –  
Yours, Fly.

### **Will There Really Be a Morning**

Will there really be a "Morning"?  
Is there such a thing as "Day"?  
Could I see it from the mountains  
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?  
Has it feathers like a Bird?  
Is it brought from famous countries

Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!  
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!  
Please to tell a little Pilgrim  
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

*Emily Dickinson*

Senior Vocal Coach **Joel Ayau** enjoys a broad musical career spanning a wide range of genres, venues, and musical styles. A graduate of the Cafritz Young Artist Program of the Washington National Opera, Ayau has assisted on eleven productions at WNO, including *Samson et Dalila*, *Aida*, and *Eugene Onegin*. He has also worked on the music staffs of North Carolina Opera, Portland Opera, Opera Omaha, Wolf Trap Opera, and Aspen Opera Theatre and VocalARTS. During his three seasons on the music staff of the Castleton Festival, he also prepared the chorus for *Roméo et Juliette* under Rafael Payarre, and Lorin Maazel's productions of *Don Giovanni* and *Madama Butterfly*.

From 2018-2020, Ayau assisted in the preparation of operas, musicals, and oratorio for the National Symphony Orchestra. Ayau's concert appearances include recitals at Stern Auditorium in Carnegie Hall, the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, and National Concert Hall in Taipei, in collaboration with vocalists Andrea Bocelli, Frederica von Stade, David Portillo, Kathryn Lewek, and Zach Borichevsky, and instrumentalists Charles Neidich, Ian Bousfield, David Halen, and the Attacca Quartet. During his time in Northern Virginia, Ayau enjoyed frequent collaboration with Renée Fleming; their concert appearances together include a performance (along with Hao Jiang Tian and Béla Fleck) at the Kennedy Center as part of the Coal + Ice: Musical Homage to the Earth exhibition, and virtual gala concerts for the Metropolitan Opera and the Lang Lang International Music Foundation.

A coach of Russian, French, German, and Italian vocal repertoire, Ayau also speaks Mandarin Chinese. Formerly on the faculties of Shenandoah Conservatory and George Washington University, his recent concerts and guest artist residencies include Gordon College, Louisiana State University, Virginia Tech, and several universities and conservatories in Taiwan and China. From 2011–2014, he served as pianist for the United States Army Chorus, performing for foreign dignitaries and audiences around the country. He holds the Doctorate in Musical Arts from the University of Michigan in Collaborative Piano, having studied under renowned pedagogue Martin Katz, and holds a Masters in Collaborative Piano from The Juilliard School.

Soprano **Jennifer Zetlan** is internationally recognized for her artistry and captivating stage presence, known for being "persuasive and powerful", "flawless" (*The New York Times*), and a "tour de force" (*Wall Street Journal*). This season, Ms. Zetlan sings Tzeitl in *Tevye's Daughters* and Madame Alice in *Working for the Macbeths* (American Lyric Theatre InsightALT series), joins Opera Saratoga as Helen in a workshop of *The*

*Other Side of Silence*, sings in a concert with Cecilia Chorus of New York at Carnegie Hall, and presents a recital of Libby Larsen's *The Magdalene* with Brooklyn Art Song Society. Upcoming engagements will include singing Chava in *Fiddler on the Roof* with Cincinnati Opera and Handel's *Messiah* with Oratorio Society of New York.

In recent seasons, she sang Eurydice in *Orpheus & Erica* (Victory Hall Opera) and as Trujamán in *El retablo del maese Pedro* at the Kennedy Center (PostClassical Ensemble). She gave the world premiere of *Tribute to the Angels*, (Talea Ensemble), sang *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* (Brooklyn Art Song Society, Riverside Orchestra). Roles include covering Queen Tye in *Akhmaten*, covering Little Stone in *Eurydice*, and singing the 2nd French actress in *War and Peace*, Xenia in *Boris Godunov*, Bloody Child in *Macbeth*, and Rebecca in the premiere of *Two Boys* (The Metropolitan Opera); Gilda, Musetta, Woglinde, and The Forest Bird (Seattle Opera), Pamina (Charlottesville Opera and Nashville Opera), Sardula in Menotti's *The Last Savage* (Santa Fe Opera), Spring in *The Fairy Queen* (Staatstheater Stuttgart), Laoula in *L'étoile* (New York City Opera), Nannetta in *Falstaff* (Juilliard Opera Center), Ginsburg in Wang's *Scalia/Ginsburg* (Opera Carolina, Opera Grand Rapids, Opera Delaware), Xenia in *Boris Godunov* (San Francisco Symphony), and soprano soloist in *Carmina Burana* (Kansas City Symphony). Ms. Zetlan has originated title roles in *Ellen West*, *Rhoda and the Fossil Hunt*, and *Jane Eyre*, and sung in premieres with the Aspen Music Festival and Juilliard Opera Center, ART in Boston and BAM in New York, Ojai Festival and Carnegie Hall, On Site Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Gotham Chamber Opera and Opera Philadelphia, and Seattle Opera. She has also appeared on Broadway as Shaindel in Bartlett Sher's *Fiddler on the Roof*.

On the concert stage, she has performed Kaija Saariaho's *Lonh* and Woglinde in *Das Rheingold* (New York Philharmonic), soprano soloist in Bruckner's *Te Deum* and Mozart's *Mass in C minor* (Oratorio Society of New York) and at Carnegie Hall for a concert. Zetlan has been heard in recital with her husband, pianist David Shimoni, as well as pianists Martin Katz and Ricky Ian Gordon. She released her first solo album in collaboration with Mr. Gordon at the piano. Ms. Zetlan is on the voice faculty of the Mannes College of Music.

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Steven Goldstein, director; Robert Tweten, conductor

*Monday & Wednesday, February 3 & 5, 2025 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

### **Piano Department Concert**, Bruce Brubaker, curator of piano programming

“Fauré and His Students”, Part One

*Tuesday, February 4, 2025 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

### **Sonata Night 54**, Pei-Shan Lee, director

Sonatas for Clarinet and Piano

*Thursday, February 6, 2025 at 6:30 p.m., Burnes Hall*

### **Faculty Recital: Meng-Chieh Liu, piano**

Sonatas by Dutilleux, Bartók, and Barber

*Thursday, February 6, 2025 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

### **Jazz Composers’ Workshop Orchestra Residency Concert**

Saxophonist and composer, Tim Berne

*Tuesday, February 11, 2025 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

### **Liederabend LXXVI**, Joel Ayau, curator

“Fables and Fairy Tales: Music from Russia”

*Wednesday, February 12, 2025 at 6:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

### *West African Art Music Festival*

**NEC Chamber Orchestra**, Donald Palma, artistic director

Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson *Sinfonietta No. 1*; Fela Sowande *African Suite*

*Wednesday, February 12, 2025 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall*

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“An Evening of West African Vocal Music”

NEC Chamber Singers and Conductors’ Choir, Erica J. Washburn conductor, join guest chorus, the African Choral Ensemble, Dr. John Dankwa, conductor and soloists; works by Ephraim Amu, Ayo Bankole, Laz Ekwueme, Vincent I. Ihaza, Ayo Oluranti, Christian Onyeji, SK Oretimehin, and Joshua Uzoigwe

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