

Molly Knight
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2025
Student of MaryAnn McCormick

with
Tristan Leung, piano
Hyojeong Ham, harpsichord

Saturday, February 8, 2025
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Barbara Strozzi
(1619–1677)

Il Lamento

Hyojeong Ham, harpsichord

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Prometheus

Liedesend

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

La Dame de Monte-Carlo

Tristan Leung, piano

Intermission

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

“Paradis” from *La chanson d’Eve*

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

Eve-Song

* My Name

Even-*ing*

* Good

Listen

Snake

* Woe to Man

* The Wound

The Farm

* *spoken text*

Tristan Leung, piano

*Thank you to
MaryAnn McCormick,
my family, friends,
and all of the wonderful people
who have supported me along the way.*

Il Lamento

*Sul Rodano severo
giace tronco infelice
di Francia il gran scudiero,
e s'al corpo non lice
tornar di ossequio pieno
all'amato Parigi,
con la fredd'ombra almeno
il dolente garzon segue Luigi.*

*Enrico il bei, quasi annebbiato sole,
delle guance vezzose
cangiò le rose in pallide viole
e di funeste brine
macchiò l'oro del crine.
Lividi gl'occhi son, la tocca langue,
e sul latte del sen diluvia il sangue.*

*"Oh Dio, per qual cagione"
par che l'ombra gli dica
"sei frettoloso andato
a dichiarar un perfido, un fellone,
quel servo a te sì grato,
mentre, francese Augusto,
di meritar procuri
il titolo di giusto?
Tu, se 'l mio fallo di gastigo è degno,
ohimè, ch'insieme insieme
dell' invidia che freme
vittima mi sacrifichi allo sdegno.*

*Non mi chiamo innocente:
purtroppo errai, purtroppo
ho me stesso tradito
a creder all'invito
di fortuna ridente.
Non mi chiamo innocente:
grand'aura di favori
rea la memoria fece
di così stolti errori,
un nembo dell'obblio
fu la cagion del precipizio mio.*

Ma che dic'io? Tu, Sire - ah, chi nol vede?

*tu sol, credendo troppo alla mia fede,
m'hai fatto in regia corte*

The Lament

By the pitiless Rhone
lies the hapless body
of France's grand squire,
and though the body is not permitted
the return with funeral honors
to his beloved Paris,
at least in his cold shade
the sorrowful youth attends Louis.

Like a clouded sun,
the fair Henry's rosy cheeks
are changed to pale violet,
and his golden hair
is stained with a deathly frost.
His eyes are livid, the mouth droops,
and blood flows upon his milky white breast.

"Oh God, for whatever reason"
(it seems the ghost is telling him)
"Did you hastily
pronounce as a traitor, a criminal,
that servant whom you esteemed so well,
while yet, Majesty of France,
you claim to deserve
the title of Just?
Even if my failing is worthy of punishment,
alas, together
with seething envy
you sacrificed me as a victim to indignation.

"I do not call myself innocent:
Unfortunately, I erred,
I betrayed myself,
trusting in the enticement
of smiling fortune.
I do not call myself innocent:
A great halo of favor
is made guilty by the memory
of such foolish errors.
A fog of heedlessness
was the cause of my downfall.

"But what am I saying? You, Sire, ah, who
couldn't see?

You alone, believing too much in my loyalty,
made me in your royal court

bersaglio dell'invidia e reo di morte.

*Mentre al devoto collo
tu mi stendevi quel cortese braccio,
allor mi davi il crollo,
allor tu m'apprestavi il ferro e 'l laccio.
Quando meco godevi
di trastullarti in solazzevol gioco,
allor l'esca accendevi
di mine cortigiane al chiuso foco.
Quella palla volante
che percoteva il tuo col braccio mio
dovea pur dirmi, oh Dio,
mia fortuna incostante.*

*Quando meco gioivi
di seguir cervo fuggitivo, allora
l'animal innocente
dai cani lacerato
figurava il mio stato,
esposto ai morsi di accanita gente.
Non condanno il mio re, no, d'altro errore
che di soverchio amore.*

*Di cinque macche illustri
notato era il mio nome,
ma degli emoli miei l'insidie industri
hanno di traditrice alla mia testa
data la marca sesta.
Ha l'invidia voluto
che, se colpevol sono,
escluso dal perdono
estinto ancora immantamente io cada;
col mio sangue ha saputo
de' suoi trionfi imporpar la strada.*

*Nella grazia del mio re
mentre in su troppo men vo,
di venir dietro al mio pie'
la fortuna si stancò,
Onde ho provato, ah! lasso,
come dal tutto al niente è un breve passo."*

a target for envy and deserving of death.

"While about my devoted neck
you extended your gracious arm,
you also contrived my fall,
you consigned me to the sword and trap.
When you enjoyed yourself with me,
sporting in pleasant games,
you then ignited the tinder
of the courtiers' mines of hidden flame.
When that flying ball,
hit by your arm and mine,
might well have told me, oh God,
of my shifting fortune.

"When we delighted
in hunting the fleeing deer,
At that time the innocent animal
torn by the dogs
prefigured my state,
exposed to the bites of hound-like people.
I do not condemn my king of any other fault
than that of excessive Love.

"My name was distinguished
with five worthy honors;
but to my titles the connivance of deceivers
bestowed a sixth upon my head,
that of a traitor.
Envy wished that,
if I were found guilty,
excluded from pardon,
I should die instantly.
With my blood, envy knew how
to redden the streets with her triumphs.

"While by the favor of my King
I ventured too high,
fortune weary of
following in my footsteps.
Hence I have learned, alas,
how from everything to nothing is but a tiny
step."

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

*Luigi, a queste note
di voce che perdon supplice chiede,
timoroso si scuote
e del morto garzon la faccia vede.
Mentre il re col suo pianto
delle sue frette il pentimento accenna
tremò parigi e torbidossi Senna.*

Anonymous

Prometheus

*Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst,
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
Der Disteln köpft,
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöhn;
Musst mir meine Erde
Doch lassen stehn,
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,
Und meinen Herd,
Um dessen Glut
Du mich beneidest.*

*Ich kenne nichts Ärmeres
Unter der Sonn' als euch, Götter!
Ihr nähret kümmerlich
Von Opfersteuern
Und Gebetshauch
Eure Majestät,
Und darbtet, wären
Nicht Kinder und Bettler
Hoffnungsvolle Toren.*

*Da ich ein Kind war,
Nicht wusste wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt' ich mein verirrtes Auge
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz wie mein's,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.*

*Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Übermut?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverei?*

Louis, at these words
of a voice that pleads for pardon,
trembles with fear
and gazes on the face of the dead youth.
While the King, with his tears,
shows remorse for his haste,
Paris trembles and the Seine becomes
turbulent.

Translation by Molly Knight

Prometheus

Cover your heaven, Zeus,
With cloudy vapours,
And test your strength, like a boy
Beheading thistles,
On oaks and mountain peaks;
Yet you must leave
My earth alone,
And my hut you did not build,
And my hearth,
Whose fire
You envy me.

I know nothing more paltry
Beneath the sun than you, gods!
Meagrely you nourish
Your majesty
On levied offerings
And the breath of prayer,
And would starve, were
Not children and beggars
Optimistic fools.

When I was a child,
Not knowing which way to turn,
I raise my misguided eyes
To the sun, as if above it there were
An ear to hear my lament,
A heart like mine,
To pity me in my anguish.

Who helped me
Withstand the Titans' insolence?
Who saved me from death
And slavery?

*Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet,
Heilig glühend Herz?
Und glühtest jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank*

Dem Schlafenden da droben?

*Ich dich ehren? Wofür?
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert
Je des Beladenen?
Hast du die Tränen gestillet
Je des Geängsteten?
Hat nicht mich zum Manne geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herrn und deine?*

*Wähtest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blütenträume reiften?*

*Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen
Nach meinem Bilde,
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,
Zu leiden, zu weinen,
Zu geniessen und zu freuen sich
Und dein nicht zu achten,
Wie ich!*

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe

Liedesend

*Auf seinem gold'nen Throne
Der graue König sitzt –
Er starret in die Sonne,
Die rot im Westen blitzt.*

*Der Sänger rührt die Harfe,
Sie rauschet Siegessang;
Der Ernst jedoch, der scharfe,
Er trotzt dem vollen Klang.*

Did you not accomplish all this yourself,
Sacred glowing heart?
And did you not – young, innocent,
Deceived – glow with gratitude for your
deliverance

To that slumber in the skies?

I honour you? Why?
Did you ever soothe the anguish
That weighed me down?
Did you ever dry my tears
When I was terrified?
Was I not forged into manhood
By all-powerful Time
And everlasting Fate,
My masters and yours?

Did you suppose
I should hate life,
Flee into the wilderness,
Because not all
My blossoming dreams bore fruit?

Here I sit, making men
In my own image,
A race that shall be like me,
That shall suffer, weep,
Know joy and delight,
And ignore you
As I do!

Song's End

On his golden throne
the grey king sits,
staring into the sun
that glows red in the west.

The minstrel strokes his harp,
a song of victory resounds;
but austere solemnity
defies the swelling tones.

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

*Nun stimmt er süsse Weisen,
An's Herz sich klammernd an;
Ob er ihn nicht mit leisen
Versuchen mildern kann.*

*Vergeblich ist sein Mühen,
Erschöpft des Liedes Reich,
Und auf der Stirne ziehen
Die Sorgen wettergleich.*

*Der Barde, tief erbittert,
Schlägt die Harf' entzwei,
Und durch die Lüfte zittert
Der Silbersaiten Schrei.*

*Doch wie auch alle beben,
Der Herrscher zürnet nicht;
Der Gnade Strahlen schweben
Auf seinem Angesicht.*

*„Du wolle mich nicht zeihen
Der Unempfindlichkeit;
In lang verblühten Maien
Wie hast du mich erfreut!*

*„Wie jede Lust gesteigert,
Die aus der Urne fiel!
Was mir ein Gott geweigert,
Erstattete dein Spiel.*

*„Vom kalten Herzen gleitet
Nun Liederzauber ab,
Und immer näher schreitet
Nun Vergänglichkeit und Grab.“*

Johann Mayrhofer

La Dame de Monte-Carlo

*Quand on est morte entre les mortes,
qu'on se traîne chez les vivants*

*lorsque tout vous flanque à la porte
et la ferme d'un coup de vent,
ne plus être jeune et aimée ...*

Now he plays sweet tunes
which touch the heart;
to see if he can soothe the king
with gentle strains.

His efforts are in vain,
the realm of song is exhausted,
and, like storm clouds,
cares form upon the king's brow.

The bard, sorely embittered,
breaks his harp in two,
and through the air vibrates
the cry of the silver strings.

But, though all tremble,
the ruler is not enraged;
the light of mercy
lingers on his countenance.

'Do not reproach me
with insensitivity;
in months of May long past
how you have gladdened me!

'How you enhanced every joy
which fell from fate's urn!
What a god denied me
your playing restored to me.

'From a cold heart
the magic of song now steals away,
and ever closer step
transience and the grave.'

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

The Lady of Monte Carlo

When you're dead amongst the dead,
when you're withering in the land of the
living,

when everything kicks you out
and the wind slams the door shut,
when you're no longer young and loved ...

*derrière une porte fermée,
il reste de se fiche à l'eau
ou d'acheter un rigolo.
Oui, messieurs, voilà ce qui reste
pour les lâches et les salauds.
Mais si la frousse de ce geste
s'attache à vous comme un grelot,
si l'on craint de s'ouvrir les veines,
on peut toujours risquer la veine
d'un voyage à Monte-Carlo.*

*Monte-Carlo! Monte-Carlo!
J'ai fini ma journée.
Je veux dormir au fond de l'eau
de la Méditerranée.
Monte-Carlo! Monte-Carlo!*

*Après avoir vendu à votre âme
et mis en gage des bijoux
que jamais plus on ne réclame,
la roulette est un beau joujou.
C'est joli de dire: "je joue".
Cela vous met le feu aux joues
et cela vous allume l'œil.
Sous les jolis voiles de deuil
on porte un joli nom de veuve.
Un titre donne de l'orgueil!
Et folie, et prête, et toute neuve,
on prend sa carte au casino.
Voyez mes plumes et mes voiles,
contemplez les strass de l'étoile
qui mène à Monte-Carlo.*

*La chance est femme. Elle est jalouse
de ces veuvages solennels.
Sans doute ell' m'a cru l'épouse
d'un véritable colonel.
J'ai gagné, gagné sur le douze.
Et puis les robes se décousent,
la fourrure perd des cheveux.
On a beau répéter: "Je veux",
dès que la chance vous déteste,
dès que votre cœur est nerveux,
vous ne pouvez plus faire un geste,*

when behind a closed door
there's nothing left but to drown
or buy a pistol—
Yes, gentlemen, that's what's left
for cowards and bastards.
But if the thought of suicide
makes you tremble like a leaf,
if you balk at slashing your veins,
you can always take the gamble
of a trip to Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!
I've done with life.
I want to sleep on the bed
of the Med.
Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!

Having sold your soul,
and pawned your jewellery
once and for all,
roulette is a pretty plaything.
It's fun to say: 'I gamble'.
It makes your cheeks flush
and lights up your eyes.
Beneath your fine widow's veil,
you've a fine widow's name.
Such a title gives you pride!
Crazy, prepared, and wholly restored,
you take out your card at the casino.
Just look at my feathers and my veils,
behold the bejewelled star,
leading to Monte Carlo.

Luck is a woman. She's jealous
of these solemn widows.
She no doubt took me for the wife
of a real colonel.
I won, won on the twelve.
Dresses then become unstitched,
fur loses its hair.
No matter how often you say: 'I want',
once fortune hates you,
once you're highly strung,
you can no longer make a move,

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

*pousser un sou sur le tableau
sans que la chance qui s'écarte
change les chiffres et les cartes
des tables de Monte-Carlo.*

*Les voyous, le buses, les gales!
Ils m'ont mise dehors ... dehors ...
et ils m'accusent d'être sale,
de porter malheur dans leurs salles,
dans leurs sales salles en stuc.
Moi qui aurais donné mon truc
à l'œil, au prince, à la princesse,
au Duc de Westminster, au Duc,
parfaitement. Faut que ça cesse,
qu'ils me criaient, votre boulot!
Votre boulot? ...*

*Ma découverte.
J'en priverai les tables vertes.
C'est bien fait pour Monte-Carlo, Monte-Carlo.
Et maintenant, moi qui vous parle,
je n'avouerai pas les kilos que j'ai perdus,
perdus
à Monte-Carle, Monte-Carle, ou Monte-Carlo.
Je suis une ombre de moi-même ...
les martingales, les systèmes
et les croupiers qui ont le droit
de taper de loin sur vos doigts
quand on peut faucher une mise.
Et la pension où l'on doit
et toujours la même chemise
que l'angoisse trempe dans l'eau.
Ils peuvent courir. Pas si bête.
Cette nuit je pique une tête
dans la mer de Monte-Carlo, Monte-Carlo.*

Jean Cocteau

Paradis

*C'est le premier matin du monde.
Comme une fleur confuse exhalée de la nuit,
Au souffle nouveau qui se lève des ondes,
Un jardin bleu s'épanouit.*

push a coin on the board,
without luck beating a retreat
and changing numbers and cards
on the tables at Monte Carlo.

The scoundrels! The fools! The scabs!
They threw me out ... threw me out ...
They accuse me of being dirty,
of bringing misfortune to their saloons,
to their dirty stucco saloons—
I, who would have told them my trick
for free, to the Prince, the Princess,
the Duke of Westminster,
this must stop,
this has to stop, they screamed at me,
this business of yours! This business? ...

My discovery—
I'll deprive the green tables of it.
Serves Monte Carlo right. Monte Carlo.
And now, I who am talking to you,
I shan't admit how many kilos I've lost

at Monte Carle, Monte Carle, or Monte Carlo.
I am a shadow of myself ...
The martingales, the systems
and the croupiers who have the right
to rap your knuckles,
when you're about to pinch the stake.
And the money you owe at your digs,
and always the same wet night-shirt
drenched with anguish.
Let them pursue me. I'm not that stupid.
Tonight I'll hurl myself head first
into the sea at Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo.

Paradise

It is the first morning of creation.
Like an abashed flower breathed on the night
air,
With the pristine whisperings that rise from
the waves,
A blue garden blooms.

*Tout s'y confond encore et tout s'y mêle,
Frissons de feuilles, chants d'oiseaux,
Glissements d'ailes,
Sources qui sourdent, voix des airs, voix des eaux,
Murmure immense;
Et qui pourtant est du silence.*

*Ouvrant à la clarté ses doux et vagues yeux
La jeune et divine Ève
S'est éveillée de Dieu.*

*Et le monde à ses pieds s'étend comme un beau
rêve.*

*Or Dieu lui dit: Va, fille humaine,
Et donne à tous les êtres
Que j'ai créés, une parole de tes lèvres,
Un son pour les connaître.*

*Et Ève s'en alla, docile à son seigneur,
En son bosquet de roses,
Donnant à toutes choses
Une parole, un son de ses lèvres de fleur:*

Chose qui fuit, chose qui souffle, chose qui vole ...

*Cependant le jour passe, et vague, comme à l'aube,
Au crépuscule, peu à peu,
L'Éden s'endort et se dérobe
Dans le silence d'un songe bleu.*

La voix s'est tue, mais tout l'écoute encore,

*Tout demeure en attente;
Lorsque avec le lever de l'étoile du soir,
Ève chante.*

Charles van Lerberghe

Everything is still blurred and indistinct,
Trembling leaves, singing birds,
Gliding wings,
Springs that rise, voices of air and water,
An immense murmuring;
Which yet is silence.

Opening to the light her soft and vacant eyes,
Young, heaven-born Eve
Is awakened by God.

And the world lies at her feet like a lovely
dream.

Now God says to her: Go, daughter of man,
And bestow on all beings
That I have created a word from your lips,
A sound that we might know them by.

And Eve went, obedient to her Lord,
Into her rose grove,
Bestowing on all things
A word, a sound from her flower-like lips:

On all that runs, that breathes, that flies ...

Day meanwhile passes, and hazy, as at dawn,
Eden sinks slowly to sleep
In the twilight and steals away
In the silence of a blue dream.

The voice is hushed, but everything still
hearkens,
Waiting in expectation;
When with the rising of the evening star,
Eve sings.

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

My Name

Eve
must be the sound I made
as I was being made.
Eve.
Out I came, made up
by a couple of men.
Old man made me
out of Adam's rib... .
Oh, did he?
God made Adam God made Adam God Adam God Adam
God damn it,
my children
are going to know
who their mother is.
Mad bad Eve the amnesiac
Eve the nymphomaniac,
ME!

Was young man Adam completely unconscious,
as I was manufactured?
Did he groan and whimper EVE
as I slipped out?
Did God mutter EVE
as he slapped me into shape?
Did I scream EVE
at the inevitable rape?
Or was EVE
the last breath shaped into sound by my mother's mouth as I came out?
I was too little to save her or to remember anything about her...Eve.
WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO TELL ME WITH THEIR STORIES

I am allowed no clothing.
I am allowed no shame.
I have nothing to wear
but my beautiful hair,
my body, my face
and MY NAME.

Even-ing

in the evening
I am at peace
in the evening
I hear
everything
more clearly
everything

to the hearer
all the world
does sing
with a ringing
and a quickening

overhead
the birds
wheel and turn
overhead
the setting sun
reddening
no longer burns

at the water's
edge a wind
brushes by me
with a susurraton:
grass and leaves
flowers glow against
the darkening trees
eyesight and the light
both go

every evening
the forest darkens
in the evening
my senses sharpen

I have
no peace at night

I have no peace at night.

Good

*Good
Morning
Whoever you are.
Good morning.
Do you have a name yet?
Let me name you.
It must be the right name
So I don't
Forget.*

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

*What
Shall I name you?*

*What
Is your name?
I have not
Eaten yet.
Are you slow
Or fleet?
Are you obedient?
Are you
Good to eat?*

*Almost
Everything is good to eat.
Good morning.
If I could
I would eat the world
Because it's
Good.*

Listen

It's entire body ripples back and forth
like a sentence, fascinating

Do you want to be like God?

How do you mean?
Be old and have a penis?
I don't think so. No.

Do you want to be like God?
You know what I mean.

Yes. I do.

My entire body ripples up and down
like a story. I am listening.

Snake

Snake,
Is it true
About the fruit?
My intuition tells me what you say about
This fruit
Is true.

I'd like to find out, snake.

I'd love to know.
Go ahead in front of me
Where I can see you.
I will follow you.

Oh!

The snake is in the tree.
Where I cannot see him.
He is now the color of
Shadows.

Very few things are
As visible as I am
When I'm clean.

When a thing is visible,
It always means that the thing,
The tree frog,
Or that fruit,
Means to be seen.

Visibility's
A warning or
An invitation
And it never tells you
Which.

What's visible will either,
Feed you,
Mate with you,
Or kill you.
Either way you gain
Experience.

Here goes.

Sweet.
Sour.
Salty.
Bitter.

And the taste of air,
Of rotteness,
Earth,
And water.

Now I know.

Woe to Man

*Woe to man
Woe to man
What can a man expect?
Think of all the riches, gifts,
Woman brings in her train,
Besides her obvious differences
(Inside-out, below the waist,
Bigger breasts, smaller brain)...
Can you think of any?
Anything?
She is nothing
But trouble.
Nothing.
She is no thing.
Oh, you haven't lived until
A man has said that to you.*

*Wo-man
Because she was made from man.
Woe to man
Because he is born of woman.*

*Cain. Abel. Seth.
Death. Death. Death.*

*Until I had daughters
I was covered by my sons
And when I had my un-named daughters,
I could not control their brothers or their father...
Eve's daughters of
Eve's daughters of
Eve*

The Wound

*The wound
Re-opened
Opens
The tomb

Her womb
Quickens
The woman
Sickens
And hungers
Hugely*

*The world in her belly
The sky in her head
Limbs heavy
She swells
She swells*

*A drop of water
Will not hold
Let it go
Let go
Let go*

*Not yet
The new-born baby
Will not let me
Let it go
Just yet.*

*What is already
In that head?
Forget.
Forget.
Forget*

The Farm

As I recollect
It was more like a farm
Than a garden.
We all worked.
It was a nice farm.
Trees.
Everything grew.
Good soil
And plenty of water.
No, it didn't rain.
We lived by the rivers.
The Tigris.
And the Euphrates.
You might say.
That's where it all started.

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert information

Che Li, *piano* (MM)

Student of Alexander Korsantia

Sunday, February 9, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jonathan Senik, *piano* (MM)

Student of Alexander Korsantia

Tuesday, February 11, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Yumeng Xing, *soprano* (BM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Wednesday, February 12, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Mark Abramovski, *jazz bass* (BM)

Student of Efstratios Minakakis and Davide Ianni

Friday, February 14, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Solomon Ge, *piano* (BM)

Student of HaeSun Paik and Alessio Bax

Friday, February 14, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Williams Hall

Gwen Goble, *oboe* (GD)

Student of John Ferrillo

Thursday, February 20, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jamie Eliot, *contemporary musical arts, bass* (BM)

Student of Nima Janmohammadi, Mark Zaleski, Carla Kihlstedt,

Eden MacAdam-Somer, and Farayi Malek

Friday, February 21, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Pierce Hall

Kelley Osterberg, *oboe* (GD)

Student of John Ferrillo

Friday, February 21, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

Zhiheng Guo, *piano* (DMA)

Student of Bruce Brubaker

Saturday, February 22, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Beth Ann Jones, *contemporary musical art, bass* (MM)

Student of Joe Morris and Cecil McBee

Saturday, February 22, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

–continued

Dongyang Li, *soprano* (MM)

Student of MaryAnn McCormick

Saturday, February 22, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Hyojeong Ham, *collaborative piano* (GD '26)

Student of Cameron Stowe and Joel Ayau

Tuesday, February 25, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Ethan Lehman, *trombone* (MM)

Student of Stephen Lange

Wednesday, February 26, 2025 at 8:0 p.m., Pierce Hall

Bairun Liu, *piano* (MM)

Student of Meng-Chieh Liu

Wednesday, February 26, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Junfei Li, *jazz percussion* (MM)

Student of Bob Nieske

Thursday, February 27, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Yoshino Toi, *collaborative piano* (DMA '27)

Student of Pei-Shan Lee

Thursday, February 27, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Hans Chan, *piano* (MM)

Student of Alexander Korsantia

Friday, February 28, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Williams Hall

Zijian Luo, *jazz drums* (MM)

Student of Jerry Leake

Friday, February 28, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Pierce Hall

Hayden Silvester, *tuba* (BM)

Student of Mike Royslance

Friday, February 28, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Ko-Te Chen, *trumpet* (MM)

Student of Michael Dobrinski

Saturday, March 1, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

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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