

Rafe Lei Schaberg
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2025
Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

with
Darwin Chang, violin
Austin Topper, cello
Mara Riley, soprano
Ricky Lee Owens, Jr., countertenor

Forbidden Connections

Wednesday, April 2, 2025
8:00 p.m.
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

Adagio and Allegro, op. 70
Adagio
Allegro

Austin Topper, cello

Alfred Schnittke
(1934–1998)

Violin Sonata No. 1
Andante
Allegretto
Largo
Allegretto scherzando

Darwin Chang, violin

Intermission

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung
from *Mörrike-Lieder*

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

Ariettes oubliées, L. 60
C'est l'extase langoureuse
Il pleure dans mon coeur
L'ombre des arbres
Chevaux de bois
Green (Aquarelle)
Spleen (Aquarelle)

Mara Riley, soprano

John Harbison
(b. 1938)

The Clouds from *Mirabai Songs*

Charles Ives
(1874–1954)

Down East

The Things Our Fathers Loved
(*the greatest of these was Liberty*)

Ricky Lee Owens, Jr., countertenor

*I'd like to thank
Vivian Weilerstein, Cameron Stowe, and Tanya Blaiich
for the preparation of this program.*

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung

Tödlich graute mir der Morgen:
Doch schon lag mein Haupt, wie süß!
Hoffnung, dir im Schoss verborgen,
Bis der Sieg gewonnen hiess.
Opfer bracht ich allen Göttern,
Doch vergessen warest du;
Seitwärts von den ewgen Rettern
Sahest du dem Feste zu.

O vergiß, du Vielgetreue!
Tritt aus deinem Dämmerlicht,
Dass ich dir ins ewig neue,
Mondenhelle Angesicht
Einmal schaue, recht von Herzen,
Wie ein Kind und sonder Harm;
Ach, nur einmal ohne Schmerzen
Schliesse mich in deinen Arm!

Eduard Mörike

C'est l'extase langoureuse,

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

He who has recovered addresses hope

Day dawned deathly grey:
Yet my head lay, how sweetly!
O Hope, hidden in your lap,
Till victory was reckoned won.
I had made sacrifices to all the gods,
But you I had forgotten;
Aside from the eternal saviours
You gazed on at the feast.

Oh forgive, most true one!
Step forth from your twilight
That I, just once, might gaze
From my very heart
At your eternally new and moonbright face,
Like a child and without sorrow;
Ah, just once, without pain,
Enfold me in your arms!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber), provided via Oxford international Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.com)

It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

*Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?*

*Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.*

*C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.*

L'ombre des arbres

*L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.*

*Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!*

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.

The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.

How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Chevaux de bois

*Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.*

*L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.*

*Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!*

*C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.*

*Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.*

*Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.*

*Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!*

Green

*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des
branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit
doux.*

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for
you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely
eyes.

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

*Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.*

Spleen

*Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.*

*Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.*

*Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.*

*Je crains toujours, — ce qu'est d'attendre! —
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.*

*Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,*

*Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!*

Paul Verlaine

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

Spleen

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear — oh to wait and wonder! —
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

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

The Clouds

When I saw the dark clouds, I wept, o Dark One
I wept at the dark clouds.
Black clouds soared up, and took some yellow along;
Rain did fall, some rain fell long.

There was water east of the house, west of the house;
Fields all green.

The one I loved lives past those fields;
Rain has fallen on my body,
On my hair, as I wait, in the open door for him.

The Energy that holds up mountains
Is the energy Mirabai bows down to.
He lives century, after century,
And the test I set for him he has passed.

*16th century Hindu Mystic poet Mirabai
Translation by Robert Bly*

Down East

Songs! Visions of my homeland,
come with strains of childhood,
Come with tunes we sang in school days
and with songs from mother's heart;
Way down east in a village by the sea,
stands an old, red farm house
that watches o'er the lea;
All that is best in me,
lying deep in memory,
draws my heart where I would be,
nearer to thee.
Ev'ry Sunday morning,
when the chores were almost done,
from that little parlor
sounds the old melodeon,
"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee,"
With those strains a stronger hope
comes nearer to me.

The Things Our Fathers Loved

I think there must be a place in the soul
all made of tunes, of tunes of long ago;
I hear the organ on the Main Street corner,
Aunt Sarah humming Gospels; Summer evenings,
The village cornet band, playing in the square.
The town's Red, White and Blue,
all Red, White and Blue; Now! Hear the words
But they sing in my soul of the things our Fathers loved.

Charles Ives

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert information

André Bruni, *jazz composition* (MM)

Student of Ken Schaphorst and Frank Carlberg

Thursday, April 3, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Theresa Katz, *violin* (BM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen

Thursday, April 3, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Peixuan Wu, *violin* (MM)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Thursday, April 3, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Mattias Bengtsson, *French horn* (BM)

Student of Rachel Childers

Friday, April 4, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Williams Hall

Morgan Brookman, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Farayi Malek

Friday, April 4, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Eben Jordan

Evan Haskin, *jazz guitar* (BM)

Student of Stratis Minakakis

Friday, April 4, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Gayeon Kim, *cello* (GD '26)

Student of Laurence Lesser

Friday, April 4, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Keller Room

Hayoung Choi, *violin* (MM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

Saturday, April 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Agne Giedraityte, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Hankus Netsky and Carole Haber

Saturday, April 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Jin Jeong, *piano* (MM)

Student of Alessio Bax and Pavel Nersessian

Saturday, April 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Carlo Kind, *jazz percussion* (MM)

Student of Nasheet Waits, Jerry Leake, and Frank Carlberg

Saturday, April 5, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Dermot Gleeson, *guitar* (MM)

Student of Eliot Fisk and Jérôme Mouffe

Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Melissa Pereyra, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Victoria Solís Alvarado, *oboe* (BM)

Student of John Ferrillo

Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Samuel Christopher Eric Davies, *jazz trumpet* (MM)

Student of Jerry Bergonzi and Steve Emery

Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Jiaxin Lin, *violin* (MM)

Student of Kristopher Tong

Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Anna Poltronieri Tang, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Michael Meraw

Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Antian Ye, *piano* (MM)

Student of Alessio Bax and Pavel Nersessian

Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Hidemi Akaiwa, *contemporary musical arts* (MM)

Student of Ran Blake, Anna Webber, Joe Morris, and Ted Reichman

Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Hyeabin Lee, *jazz piano* (MM)

Student of Frank Carlberg and Ethan Iverson

Sunday, April 6, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

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.

Stay connected 



necmusic.edu/tonight