

Anna Poltronieri Tang
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2025
Student of Michael Meraw

with
Justin Williams, piano

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

PROGRAM

Henri Duparc
(1848–1933)

Chanson triste

Au pays où se fait la guerre

L'invitation au voyage

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Ah, lo previdi

Intermission

Joseph Marx
(1882–1964)

Waldseligkeit from *Lieder und Gesänge, vol. 3*

Die Elfe from *Lieder und Gesänge, vol. 1*

Selige Nacht from *Lieder und Gesänge, vol. 3*

Libby Larson
(b. 1950)

Try Me, Good King

Katherine of Aragon

Anne Boleyn

Jane Seymour

Anne of Cleves

Katherine Howard

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.*

Jean Lahor

Au pays où se fait la guerre

*Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé,
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche ...
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.*

*Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureusement,
Avec un son triste et charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent.
Je me sens tout près de pleurer,
Mon cœur comme un lys plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer,*

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.

To the land where there is war

To the land where there is war
My handsome lover has gone;
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone am left on earth!
When we parted with a farewell kiss,
He took my soul from my lips.
Who detains him so long, my God?
See, the sun is setting,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly,
With a sad, enchanting sound;
Waters flow beneath tall willows.
I am near to weeping;
My heart overflows like a full-blown lily
And I dare no longer hope.

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

*Voici briller la lune blanche.
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.*

*Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe ...
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe ...
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève.
Et moi toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.*

Théophile Gautier

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
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.*

See, the white moon is shining,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

Someone is bounding up the stairs:
Could it be he, my sweet lover?
It is not he, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Take wing, evening breezes, and tell him
That he is my thought and my dream,
And all my joy and my sorrow.
See, the dawn is breaking,
And I, all alone in my tower,
Still await his return.

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
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.

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

Charles Baudelaire

Ah, lo previdi!

*Ah, lo previdi!
Povero Prence, con quel ferro istesso*

che me salvò, ti lacerasti il petto.

Ma tu sì fiero scempio perchè non impedir?

*Come, o crudele, d'un misero a pietà
non ti movesti?*

*Qual tigre, qual tigre ti nodrì?
Dove, dove, dove nascesti?*

*Ah, t'invola agl'occhi miei,
alma vile, ingrato cor!
La cagione, oh Dio, tu sei
del mio barbaro, barbaro dolor.
Va, crudele! Va, spietato!
Va, tra le fiere ad abitar.*

*Misera! Misera! Invan m'adiro,
e nel suo sangue intanto
nuota già l'idol mio.
Con quell'acciaro, ah Perseo, che facesti?
Mi salvasti poc'anzi, or m'uccidesti.*

*Ah, non partir, ombra diletta,
io voglio unirmi a te.
Sul grado estremo, intanto che m'uccide il dolor,
intanto fermati, fermati alquanto!*

*Deh, non varcar quell'onda,
anima del cor mio.
Di Lete all'altra sponda,
ombra, compagna anch'io
voglio venir, venir con te.*

Vittorio Amedeo Cigna-Santi

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

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

Ah, I foresaw this!

Ah, I foresaw this!
With your own sword, poor Prince, you
saved me
But took your own life.

Why did you not prevent this?
Cruel man, are you not moved by pity?

What tiger raised you?
Where were you born?

Get out of my sight,
Vile soul, ungrateful heart!
You are the cause, oh God,
of my barbaric pain.
Go, cruel one! Go, ruthless one!
Go live amongst the beasts.

Misery! Poor me! In vain, I'm enraged,
My beloved lies in his own blood.
With that sword,
Oh Perseus, what did you do?
You saved me earlier, and now you've killed
me.

Ah, do not leave, my beloved!
I want to be with you.
My pain kills me.
Stop, stop for a while!

Oh, do not cross that stream,
Soul of my heart.
To the far shore of Lethe,
My beloved, I shall accompany you.
I want to come with you.

Translation by Anna Poltronieri Tang

Waldseligkeit

*Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen,
Den Bäumen naht die Nacht;
Als ob sie selig lauschen,
Berühren sie sich sacht.*

*Und unter ihren Zweigen,
Da bin ich ganz allein,
Da bin ich ganz mein eigen:
Ganz nur Dein.*

Richard Dehmel

Die Elfe

*Bleib bei uns! Wir haben den Tanzplatz im Tal
bedeckt von Mondenglanze,
Johanneswürmchen erleuchten den Saal,
die Heimchen spielen zum Tanze.*

*Die Freude, das schöne leichtgläub'ge Kind,
es wiegt sich in Abendwinden:
Wo Silber über die Zweige rinnt,
sollst du die Schönste finden.*

Joseph Karl Benedikt, Freiherr von
Eichendorff

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,*

Woodland rapture

The wood begins to stir,
Night draws near the trees;
As if blissfully listening,
They gently touch each other.

And beneath their branches
I am utterly alone,
Utterly my own:
Utterly and only yours.

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

The Elfs

Stay with us! We have covered a clearing in
the dell
with moonlight for the dance;
fireflies illuminate the hall
and crickets are playing dance-music.

Joy, the fair, overcredulous child,
is lulled by the evening winds;
where silver runs on branch and bush
you will find the fairest girl.

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LiederNet Archive -- <https://www.lieder.net/>*

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,

Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!

ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

Otto Erich Hartleben

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Katherine of Aragon

Katherine of Aragon, formerly Queen of England, to King Henry VIII, 7 January 1536

My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,

The hour of my death now drawing on, the tender love I owe you forces me... to commend myself unto you and to put you in remembrance of the health and welfare of your soul... You have cast me into many calamities and yourself into many troubles. For my part, I pardon you everything, and I wish to devoutly pray God that He will pardon you also. For the rest, I commend unto you our daughter, Mary, beseeching you to be a good father unto her... Lastly, I make this vow, that my eyes desire you above all things...

Anne Boleyn

Letter from Anne Boleyn, Queen of England, to Henry VIII, 6 May 1536;

Excerpt from two letters from Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn;

Anne Boleyn's speech at her execution, 19 May 1536

Try me, good king... and let me have a lawful trial, and let not my... enemies sit as my accusers and judges... Let me receive an open trial for my truth shall fear no open shame.... Never a prince had a wife more loyal in all duty... in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bulen.... You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion.... Do you not remember the words of your own hand? "My own darling... I would you were in my arms... for I think it long since I kissed you. My mistress and friend...." Try me, good king.... If ever I have found favor in your sight – if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your ears – then let me obtain this request... and my innocence shall be... known and... cleared.

Good Christian People, I come hither to die,... and by the law I am judged to die.... I pray God save the King. I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little....

Jane Seymour

Jane Seymour, Queen of England, to the Council, 12 October 1537; "Tudor rose" (Anonymous)

Right trusty and Well-Beloved, we greet you well... for as much as be the inestimable goodness... of Almighty God, we be delivered... of a prince,...

I love the rose both red and white.

To hear of them is my delight!

Joyed may we be,

Our prince to see,

And roses three!

Anne of Cleves

Anne of Cleves, Queen of England, to Henry VIII, 11 July 1540

I have been informed... by certain lords.... of the doubts and questions which have been... found in our marriage.... It may please your majesty to know that, though this case... be most hard... and sorrowful... I have and do accept [the clergy] for my judges. So now,... the clergy hath... given their sentence, I... approve.... I neither can nor will repute myself for your grace's wife... yet it will please your highness to take me for your sister, for which I most humbly thank you....

Your majesty's most humble sister,
Anne, daughter of Cleves

Katherine Howard

Recorded at her execution by an unknown Spaniard, 13 February 1541

God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me. By the journey upon which I am bound, brothers, I have not wronged the King. But it is true that long before the King took me, I loved [Thomas] Culpeper.... I wish to God I had done as Culpeper wished me, for at the time the King wanted... me, [Culpeper] urged me to say that I was pledged to him. If I had done as he wished me I should not die this death, nor would he.... God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me.... I die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpeper.

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