

Melissa Pereyra
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2025
Student of Jane Eaglen

with
J.J. Penna, piano

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

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia, K. 582

Manuel de Falla
(1876–1946)

Siete canciones populares Españolas

El paño moruno
Seguidilla murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

Modest Mussorgsky
(1839–1881)

from *Детская, The Nursery*

В углу (In the Corner)
Жук (The Beetle)
На сон грядущий (At Bedtime)

Henri Duparc
(1848–1943)

L'invitation au voyage

Chanson triste

Intermission

Kamala Sankaram
(b. 1978)

The Far Shore

Edvard Grieg
(1853–1907)

from *Sechs Lieder, op. 48*

Lauf der Welt
Zur Rosenzeit
Ein Traum

Enrique Granados
(1867–1916)

from *Canciones amatorias*

Mañanica era
Mira que soy niña, ¡Amor, déjame!
Gracia Mia

Thank You

*I am beyond grateful for the love and support of my Mom and Dad,
my Abuelita, my incredible voice professor Jane Eaglen,
and all my friends and family who have always believed in me.
This journey would not have been possible without you
—thank you from the bottom of my heart!*

Chi sà, chi sà, qual sia

Chi sa, chi sa, 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

El paño moruno

*Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.*

*Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!*

Gregorio Martínez Sierra

Seguidilla murciana

*Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡puede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!*

*Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y créyendola falsa
nadie la toma!*

Who knows, who knows what it may be?

Who knows, who knows what troubles my
beloved's heart.

Is it disdain, jealousy, fear, doubt, or love?
You who see my pure devotion, O gods,
take this bitter uncertainty away from my
heart.

Translation by Melissa Pereyra

The Moorish cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.

It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!

For your many infidelities
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing
from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it

Asturiana

*Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!*

Jota

*Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.*

*Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.*

Nana

*Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.*

Canción

*Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
»del aire«.
Niña, el mirarlos
»Madre, a la orilla«.*

*Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
»del aire«.
Por lo perdido,
»Madre, a la orilla«.*

Asturian Song

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Jota

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine!

I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapprove,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Song

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
'del aire',
dearest, to gaze into them.
'Mother, a la orilla.'

They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
'del aire',
and cut your losses,
'Mother, a la orilla.'

Polo

¡Ay!

*Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.*

*¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!*

Anonymous

В углу

Ах ты проказник!
Клубок размотал, прутки растерял,

Ах ты! все петли спустил!
Чулоч 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,
А Мишенька был паинька,
Мишенька был умница.
А няня злая, старая,
у няни носик то запачканный.
Миша чистенький, причесанный,
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!

Polo

Ay!

I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

*Translations © Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard
Stokes, published in The Spanish Song
Companion (Gollancz, 1992), provided via
Oxford international Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.com)*

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,
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!

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 пошевелиться!
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 стало? Меня ударил, а сам
свалился!

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

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!

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?

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!

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?"

Modest Petrovich Mussorgsky

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*

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?"

*Translation from Russian (Русский) to
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Archive, <http://www.lieder.net/>*

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

*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 Beaudelaire

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

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.

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 The
French Song Companion (Oxford University
Press), provided via Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.com)*

The Far Shore

Ah, this life waxes and wanes.
It does not last long.
The leaf that falls does not return to the branch.
But behold, behold the ocean of rebirth.
Behold its irresistible tide.
Oh, pilot of my soul, swiftly guide my ship.
Guide my ship to the far shore.

Meera Bai

Lauf der Welt

*An jedem Abend geh' ich aus,
Hinauf den Wiesensteg.
Sie schaut aus ihrem Gartenhaus,
Es stehet hart am Weg.
Wir haben uns noch nie bestellt,
Es ist nur so der Lauf der Welt.*

*Ich weiß nicht, wie es so geschah,
Seit lange küßs' ich sie,
Ich bitte nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja!
Doch sagt sie: nein! auch nie.
Wenn Lippe gern auf Lippe ruht,
Wir hindern's nicht, uns dünkt es gut.*

*Das Lüftchen mit der Rose spielt,
Es fragt nicht: hast mich lieb?
Das Röschen sich am Taue kühlt,
Es sagt nicht lange: gib!
Ich liebe sie, sie liebet mich,
Doch keines sagt: ich liebe dich!*

Johann Ludwig Uhland

Zur Rosenzeit

*Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!*

*Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,*

The Way of the World

Every evening I go out,
Up the meadow path.
She looks out from her summer house,
Which stands close by the road.
We've never planned a rendezvous,
It's just the way of the world.

I don't know how it came about,
For a long time I've been kissing her,
I don't ask, she doesn't say yes!
But neither does she ever say no!
When lips are pleased to rest on lips,
We don't prevent it, it just seems good.

The little breeze plays with the rose,
It doesn't ask: do you love me?
The rose cools itself with dew,
It doesn't dream of saying: give!
I love her, she loves me,
But neither says: I love you!

Time of Roses

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,

*Auf das erste Knöspchen lauend
Früh zu meinem Garten ging;*

*Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
Und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.*

*Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ein Traum

*Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:*

*Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut —*

*Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.*

*Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit —
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:*

*Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her —
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!*

*O frühlingsgrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit —
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!*

Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt

And waiting for the first little bud,
Went early to my garden;

Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
At your very feet,
With hope beating in my heart,
When you looked on me.

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

A Dream

I once dreamed a beautiful dream:
A blonde maiden loved me,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The buds bloomed, the forest stream swelled,
From the distant village came the sound of
bells—

We were so full of bliss,
So lost in happiness.

And more beautiful yet than the dream,
It happened in reality,
It was in the green woodland glade,
It was in the warm springtime:

The forest stream swelled, the buds bloomed,
From the village came the sound of bells—
I held you fast, I held you long,
And now shall never let you go!

O woodland glade so green with spring!
You shall live in me for evermore—
There reality became a dream,
There dream became reality!

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

Mañanica era

*Mañanica era, mañana
de San Juan se decía al fin,
cuando aquella diosa Venus
dentro de un fresco jardín
tomando estaba la fresca
a la sombra de un jazmín,
cabellos en su cabeza,
parecía un serafín.
Sus mejillas y sus labios
como color de rubí
y el objeto de su cara
figuraba un querubín;
allí de flores floridas
hacía un rico cojín,
de rosas una guirnalda
para el que venía a morir,
¡ah!, lealmente por amores
sin a nadie descubrir.*

Mira que soy niña, ¡Amor, déjame!

*Mira que soy niña, ¡Amor, déjame!
¡Ay, ay, ay, que me moriré!*

*Paso, amor, no seas a mi gusto extraño,
no quieras mi daño
pues mi bien deseas;
basta que me veas
sin llegárteme.
¡Ay, ay, ay, que me moriré!*

*No seas agora, por ser atrevido;
sé agradecido Ah!
con la que te adora,
que así se desdora
mi amor y tu fe.
¡Ay, ay, ay, que me moriré!*

Mira que soy niña ...

It was daybreak

It was daybreak,
on the feast of Saint John, they said,
when the goddess Venus herself,
within a cool garden,
sat enjoying the fresh air
beneath the shade of a jasmine tree.
With flowing hair upon her head,
she looked like a seraph,
her cheeks and lips
blushed like rubies,
and the beauty of her face
resembled a cherub's glow.
There, among blooming flowers,
she fashioned a soft cushion,
and from roses, wove a garland
for the one who would come to die—
ah!—faithfully for love,
without a soul ever knowing.

Look, I am but a child, Love, leave me be!

Look, I am but a child, Love, leave me be!
Oh, oh, oh, I'll die from this!

Pass by, love, don't be strange to my liking,
Don't wish me harm,
for you desire my good;
just seeing me
without drawing near will suffice.
Oh, oh, oh, I'll die from this!

Don't be bold now,
be grateful, Ah!
to the one who adores you,
for this is how
my love and your faith wither.
Oh, oh, oh, I'll die from this!

Look, I am but a child...

Gracia Mia

*Gracia mía, juro a Dios
que sois tan bella criatura
que a perderse la hermosura
se tiene de hallar su voz.*

*Fuera bien aventurada
en perderse en vos mi vida
porque viniera perdida
para salir más ganada.*

*¡Ah! Seréis hermosuras dos
en una sola figura,
que a perderse la hermosura
se tiene de hallar en vos.*

*En vuestros verdes ojuelos
nos mostráis vuestro valor
que son causa del amor
y las pestañas son cielos;
nacieron por bien de nos.*

Gracia mía ...

Anonymous

My grace

My grace, I swear to God,
you are such a beautiful being
that if beauty were ever lost,
it would be found in your voice.

My life would be blessed
to lose itself in you,
for in being lost,
it would only be gained.

Ah! You will be twice as beautiful,
contained in a single form,
for if beauty were ever lost,
it would be found in you.

In your green eyes,
you reveal your true power —
they are the source of love,
and your lashes, the heavens,
born for our delight.

My grace...

Translations by Melissa Pereyra

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

all programs subject to change

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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

Tristan Leung, *collaborative piano* (DMA '26)

Student of Cameron Stowe

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

Aiden Coleman, *jazz trombone* (BM)

Student of Kalia Vandever and Ken Schaphorst

Monday, April 7, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Peter Yide Shi, *piano* (BM)

Student of Meng-Chieh Liu

Monday, April 7, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Gabriella Foster, *violin* (BM)

Student of Paul Biss

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

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Céline Bethoux, *violin* (BM)

Student of Soovin Kim

Wednesday, April 9, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Lara Suer, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Wednesday, April 9, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Dong Eun Yoon, *tenor* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Wednesday, April 9, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jakob Schoenfeld, *percussion* (MM)

Student of Daniel Bauch and Will Hudgins

Thursday, April 10, 2025, at 2:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Jowen Hsu, *viola* (BM)

Student of Nicholas Cords

Thursday, April 10, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Shengyu Cui, *flute* (MM)

Student of Paula Robison

Friday, April 11, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Noah Mark, *jazz percussion* (BM)

Student of Stratis Minakakis and Davide Ianni

Friday, April 11, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Pierce Hall

Jillian Moore, *jazz voice* (MM)

Student of Frank Carlberg and Dominique Eade

Friday, April 11, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Eben Jordan

Aislin Alancheril, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Jane Eaglen and Carole Haber

Saturday, April 12, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

David Carreon, *violin* (MM)

Student of Kristopher Tong

Saturday, April 12, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown 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.

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