

Aislin Alancheril
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Bachelor of Music degree, 2025
Student of Jane Eaglen and Carole Haber

with
J.J. Penna, Rafe Lei Schaberg, and Jessica Yuma, piano
Sarah Cho, clarinet
Koki Renwick, trumpet
Evan Haskin, guitar
Dom Vance, drums

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

PROGRAM

Franz Joseph Haydn
(1732–1809)

Cantata: Miseri noi! Misera Patria!
Hob. XXIVa: 7

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Clair de lune, op. 46 no. 2
Les berceaux, op. 23 no. 1
Nell, op. 18 no. 1
En sourdine, op. 58 no. 2

Rafe Lei Schaberg, piano

Intermission

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965

Sarah Cho, clarinet
Jessica Yuma, piano

Tonio Ko
(b. 1988)

Smoke and Distance

J.J. Penna, piano

Free Improvisation

Koki Renwick, trumpet
Evan Haskin, guitar
Dom Vance, drums

*I would like to thank my teachers, Jane Eaglen and Carole Haber
for teaching me so much over these past four years,
along with my coaches, JJ Penna, Justin Williams,
Brett Hodgdon, and Tanya Blaich.*

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and a scholarship made possible by the Wallace Scholarship Fund.*

Miseri noi! Misera Patria!

Recitative

Miseri noi!

Misera Patria!

Ah! Qualiti sovrastan ruine!

Ah! Veder parmi le tue mure distrutte!

Il ferro, il foco, inondar le tue strade, arder le mura,
l'altare incenerir.

I padri... i figli... i mariti... le spose...

I dolci amici abbracciarsi e fuggir

Sento mi intorno

I gemiti indistinti

Odo le tronche languide notte

Ascolto i singulti... i sospiri, e nel commun dolore

Gli accenti di chi cade

E di chi muore

Aria

Funestro orror di morte torbido annunzia il giorno,
queruli accenti intorno ascolto a risuonar.

Già la fatal sua sorte del vincitor per gioco,
va fra le stragi, e il foco ciascuno ad incontrar.

Anonymous

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi

Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques

Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi

Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur

L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,

Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur

Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,

Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres

Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,

Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Paul Verlaine

Wretched us! Wretched homeland!

Recitative

Wretched us!

Wretched homeland!

Ah! The shadow that ruins overhangs!

Ah! To see your walls destroyed!

Iron, fire, flood your streets, burn your walls,
the altar incinerated.

Fathers... the children... husbands... brides...

Sweet friends hugging and running away

I feel around me

The indistinct moans

I hear the languid sighs at night

I listen to the sobs... sighs, and in common
sorrow

The words of those who fall

And of those who die

Aria

A baleful horror of death announces the day,
querulous words around listening to resound.

Already the fate of the victor has come,

He goes among the massacres, and everyone
meets the fires.

Translation by Aislin Alancheril

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape

Bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,

Playing the lute and dancing and almost

Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key

Of conquering love and life's favours,

They do not seem to believe in their fortune

And their song mingles with the light of the
moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,

That sets the birds dreaming in the trees

And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,

Tall and sveltes amid marble statues.

Les berceaux

*Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.*

*Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.*

*Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.*

Sully Prudhomme

Nell

*Ta rose de pourpre, à ton clair soleil,
Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée;
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.*

*Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Monte un soupir de volupté;
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté,
Ô mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.*

*Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé,
Étoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon cœur charmé!*

*La chantante mer, le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère amour, ô Nell,
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!*

Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Your crimson rose in your bright sun

Your crimson rose in your bright sun
Glitters, June, in rapture;
Incline to me also your golden cup:
My heart is like your rose.

From the soft shelter of shady leaves
Rises a languorous sigh;
More than one dove in the secluded wood
Sings, O my heart, its love-lorn lament.

How sweet is your pearl in the blazing sky,
Star of meditative night!
But sweeter still is the vivid light
That glows in my enchanted heart!

The singing sea along the shore
Shall cease its eternal murmur,
Before in my heart, dear love, O Nell,
Your image shall cease to bloom!

En Sourdine

*Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.*

*Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.*

*Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.*

*Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.*

*Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.*

Paul Verlaine

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

*Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,*

*Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.*

*Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.*

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,

Muted

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French
Song Companion (Oxford University Press)
provided courtesy of Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,

*Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.*

*In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.*

So sehnd klang im Wald das Lied,

*So sehnd klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.*

*Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.*

Wilhelm Müller

Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the
wood,

Rang out so longingly through the night,
That is draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready
to journey.

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

Smoke and Distance

Our meeting was like the upward swish of a rocket
In the blue night
I do not know when it burst
But now I stand gaping
In a glory of falling stars

Amy Lowell, from "Pyrotechnics" (Pictures of a Floating World. 1919)

The blue smoke leaps
Like swirling clouds of birds vanishing.
So my love leaps forth toward you.
Vanishes and is renewed.

Richard Aldington from "Images" (Modern British Poetry. 1920)

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