

Daniela Pyne
soprano

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

with
Ellen Annor-Adjei, piano
Evan Pyne, violin

Tuesday, April 15, 2025
8:00 p.m.
Brown Hall

PROGRAM

Claude Debussy
(1862–1918)

En sourdine

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Spleen

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874–1947)

Le rossignol des lilas

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

Six Songs, op. 7

Treue Liebe
Parole
Anklänge
Volkslied
Die Trauernde
Heimkehr

Michael Pepa
(b. 1939)

Rival Beauties

Spring
Summer
Autumn
Winter

Evan Pyne, violin

Intermission

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

A questo seno, deh vieni!

Evan Pyne, violin

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873–1943)

Ночью в саду у меня (At Night in my Garden)
Здесь хорошо (How Beautiful it is Here)
Они отвечали (The Answer)

*I would like to thank my studio teacher, MaryAnn McCormick,
for her invaluable involvement in my development during my undergraduate degree.*

*Thank you to my family, friends and professors
for supporting me endlessly,
and thank you all for showing up tonight to enjoy this beautiful music with me!*

En sourdine

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

*Fondons 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.*

Spleen

*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 chant de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison
Dans mon cœur qui s'éçœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Mon deuil est sans raison.*

*C'est bien la pire peine,
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,*

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.*

Spleen

*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 song 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*

Mon cœur a tant de peine.

Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Le rossignol des lilas

*Ô premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,
Ta voix m'est douce a reconnaître!
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!*

*Fidèle aux amoureux liens,
Trille encor, divin petit être!
Ô premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre!*

*Nocturne ou matinal, combien
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renâître
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,
Ô premier rossignol qui viens!*

Léopold Dauphin (1847-1925)

Treue Liebe

*Ein Mägdlein sass am Meeresstrand
Und blickte voll Sehnsucht ins Weite.
'Wo bleibst du, mein Liebster, wo weilst du so
lang?'*

*Nicht ruhen lässt mich des Herzens Drang.
'Ach, kämst du mein Liebster, doch heute!'*

*Der Abend nahte, die Sonne sank
Am Saum des Himmels darnieder.
'So trägt dich die Welle mir nimmer zurück?'*

*Vergebens späht in die Ferne mein Blick.
'Wo find' ich, mein Liebster, dich wieder?'*

My heart has so much pain.

The Nightingale Among the Lilac

O first nightingale to appear
Among the lilac beneath my window,
How sweet to recognise your voice!
There is no song like yours!

Faithful to the bonds of love,
Trill away, divine little being!
O first nightingale to appear
Among the lilac beneath my window!

Night or morning—O how
Your love-song strikes my heart!
Such ardour re-awakens in me
Echoes of April days long past,
O first nightingale to appear!

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

Faithful Love

A girl sat by the seashore
and gazed longingly into the distance.
'Where are you, beloved, where do you tarry
so long?'

My heart's desire grants me no peace.
'Ah, if only you'd come today, my dearest!'

Evening drew on, the sun sank down
to the rim of the sky.
'Will the waves, then, never bring you back to
me?'

My gaze searches the horizon in vain.
'Where, my beloved, shall I find you again?'

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

*Die Wasser umspielten ihr schmeichelnd den Fuss,
Wie Träume von seligen Stunden;
Es zog sie zur Tiefe mit stiller Gewalt:
Nie stand mehr am Ufer die holde Gestalt,*

Sie hat den Geliebten gefunden!

Eduard Ferrand (1813-1842)

Parole

*Sie stand wohl am Fensterbogen
Und flocht sich traurig das Haar,
Der Jäger war fortgezogen,
Der Jäger ihr Liebster war.*

*Und als der Frühling gekommen,
Die Welt war von Blüten verschnitten,
Da hat sie ein Herz sich genommen
Und ging in die grüne Heid'.*

*Sie legt das Ohr an den Rasen,
Hört ferner Hufe Klang –
Das sind die Rehe, die grasen
Am schattigen Bergeshang.*

*Und abends die Wälder rauschen,
Von fern nur fällt noch ein Schuß,
Da steht sie stille zu lauschen:
'Das war meines Liebsten Gruß!'*

*Da sprangen vom Fels die Quellen,
Da flohen die Vöglein ins Tal.
'Und wo ihr ihn trefft, ihr Gesellen,
O, grüßt mir ihn tausendmal!'*

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Anklänge

*Hoch über stillen Höhen
Stand in dem Wald ein Haus;
So einsam war's zu sehen,
Dort übern Wald hinaus.*

Ein Mädchen saß darinnen

The waters playfully encircled her feet,
Like dreams of blissful hours;
the tide drew her down, powerfully, silently;
her fair figure was never again seen on the
shore,

she has found her beloved!

Password

She stood at the arched window
And sadly braided her hair.
The huntsman had departed,
Who was her lover.

And when the spring came,
The world was snowed under with blossom,
And she took fresh heart
And went out into the green heath.

She puts her ear to the turf,
Hears the sound of distant hooves:
The deer that are grazing
On the shaded mountainside.

And at evening the forests rustle,
A single shot can be heard in the distance,
She stands still to listen:
'That was my lover's greeting!'

The springs then leapt from the cliff,
The little birds then fled to the valley!
'And wherever you meet him, friends,
Oh greet him from me a thousand times!'

Echoes

High over silent heights
A house stood in the forest;
It looked so lonely there,
Gazing out over the forest.

A girl sat inside

Bei stiller Abendzeit,
Tät seidne Fäden spinnen
Zu ihrem Hochzeitskleid.

Joseph von Eichendorff

Volkslied

Die Schwälble ziehet fort, ziehet fort,
Weit an en andre Ort;
Und i sitz' do in Traurigkeit,
Es isch a böse, schwere Zeit.

Könnst' i no fort durch d' Welt, fort durch d' Welt,

Weil mir's hie gar net, gar net g'fällt!
O Schwälble, komm, i bitt', i bitt'!
Zieg mir de Weg und nimm mi mit!

Anonymous

Die Trauernde

Mei Mueter mag mi net,
Und kein Schatz han i net,
Ei warum sterb' i net,
Was tu i do?

Gestern isch Kirchweih g'wä,
Mi hot mer g'wis net g'seh,
Denn mir isch's gar so weh,
I tanz ja net.

Laßt die drei Rose stehn,
Die an dem Kreuzle blühn:
Hent ihr das Mädle kennt,
Die drunter liegt?

Anonymous

At silent eventide,
Spinning silken threads
For her wedding dress.

Folksong

The swallow flies away, flies away,
Far off to another place;
And I sit here in sorrow,
It's a bad, sad time.

If I too could fly through the world, the
world,

Since I'm so very unhappy here!
O swallow, come, I beg, I beg,
Show me the way and take me with you!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber 2005) provided courtesy of
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(www.oxfordsong.org)*

The Grieving Girl

My mother doesn't love me,
And I don't have a sweetheart,
I might as well be dead,
What am I doing here?

Yesterday was the parish fair,
I'm sure no one noticed me,
Because I feel so sad
And don't dance now.

Let the three roses be
That bloom on the little cross;
Did you know the girl
Who lies below it?

*Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts (Schirmer
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Heimkehr

O brich nicht, Steg, du zitterst sehr!

O stürz' nicht, Fels, du dräuest schwer!

*Welt, geh' nicht unter, Himmel, fall' nicht ein,
Bis ich mag bei der Liebsten sein!*

Johann Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

Homecoming

O break not, footbridge, you shake so very
much,

O fall not, rocks on the cliff, you see so
threateningly heavy,

World, do not end, and sky, do not fall,
Until I may be with my beloved!

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Spring

DOUBLE GLOGY

Suddenly with the scent of flowering plums,
Sunrise along the mountain roadway comes.

Bashō

THE MAD MONTH

Birds are in blossom, Trees begin to sing,
And then it snows: the insanity of Spring!

Hō-ō

Summer

FIRE AND WATER

Can these be sparks of rain or drops of light?
Fireflies darting through a shower at night.

Moritake

A CHIME OF WINDBELLS

Three windbells cool the humid summertime,
Clashing their shrilly sweet metallic chime.

Hō-ō

RIVAL BEAUTIES

Slanting their parasols against the blaze,
They smiled politely, went their separate ways...

Rakuten

Autumn

THE BLUE FLOWER

A petal unknown to bird or butterfly
Opens its flower: Ah, the autumn sky!

Bashō

THE MIMIC

Deep in the forest glade, a woodpecker hacks:
Hark: the woodsman echoing his axe!

Buson

Winter

LOST IN WINTER

No earth, no sky, can be discerned at all,
Only these ceaseless snowflakes: still they fall.

Hashin

BLOWN OUT TO SEA

The Winter storm tonight that howls and raves,
Dies away with the distant sound of waves.

Gonsui

Japanese Haiku in English Verse by Harold Stewart

A questo seno, deh vieni!

*A questo seno, deh vieni!
Vieni, idolo mio. Quanti timori,
Quante lacrime, oh Dio,
Costi alla sposa tua.
Dunque tu vivi. Oh contento! Oh certezza!
Oh premio! Oh speme! Oh amor! Numi clementi,
Nell'offrirmi, pietosi, un sì bel dono,*

Tutto il vostro rigore io vi perdono.

Or che il cielo a me tir rende,

*Cara parte del mio cor,
La mia gioia, ah, non comprende
Chi non sa, che cosa è amor!
Sono all'alma un grato oggetto
Le sue barbare vicende,
Ed in sen dolce discende
La memoria del dolor.*

Giovanni de Gemerra (1743-1803)

To this Heart, Ah!

To this heart, Ah come!
Come, my idol. How many fears,
How many tears, oh God,
You have cost your spouse.
So you are alive. O happiness! O certainty!
O reward! O hope! O love! Merciful gods,
By bestowing on me, O lenient ones, such a
beautiful gift,
You make me forgive all your rigors!

Now that Heaven has brought you back to
me,

You cherished part of my heart,
No one, Ah, can understand my joy
Who does not know what love is!
To my soul, your barbarous adventures
Turn into an object of gratitude
As from my heart sweetly goes away
The memory of my pain.

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Ночью в саду у меня

Ночью в саду у меня
Плачет плакучая ива,
И безутешна она
Ивушка, грустная ива.

Раннее утро блеснёт,
Нежная девушка-зорька
Ивушка, плачущей горько,
Слёзы кудрями отрёт

Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Blok (1880-1921)

Здесь хорошо

Здесь хорошо...
Взгляни, вдали огнем
Горит река;
Цветным ковром луга легли,
Белеют облака.

Здесь нет людей...
Здесь тишина...
Здесь только Бог да я.
Цветы, да старая сосна,
Да ты, мечта моя!

Glafira Adol'fovna Galina (1873-1942)

Они отвечали

Спросили они: 'Как в летучих челнах
Нам белою чайкой скользить на волнах,

Чтоб нас сторожа не догнали?'
'Требите!', оне отвечали.

Спросили они: 'Как забыть навсегда,
Что в мире юдольном есть бедность, беда,

Что есть в нём гроза и печали?'
'Засните!', оне отвечали.

Спросили они: 'Как красавиц привлечь

At Night in my Garden

At Night in my garden
The weeping willows weeps,
And she is inconsolable
This dear Willow, mournful Willow tree.

Early morning flashes;
The gentle maiden Dawn
From dear Willow, weeping bitterly,
Wipes away the tears with her curls.

How fair is the spot

How fair this spot...
Just look, there in the distance,
The river is ablaze;
The meadows are like a radiant carpet,
And the clouds are white.

There is nobody here...
here silence reigns...
Here I am alone with God.
And the flowers, and the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!...

The Answer

They asked: 'How, in swift boats,
Are we to glide across the waves, like a white
seagull,
Lest the guards should catch us?'
'Row!', they answered.

They asked: 'How are we to forget forever
That there is poverty and misfortune in this
vale of tears,
That there is enmity and sorry?'
'Sleep', they answered.

They asked: 'How are we to win beautiful
girls

Без чары: чтоб сами на страстную речь
Они нам в объятия пали?’
‘Любите!’, оне отвечали.

Lev Aleksandrovich Mey (1822-1862)

Without spells: so that our passionate words
Will make them fall into our embraces?’
‘Love!’, they answered.

Translations by Philip Ross Bullock

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