

Emelia Boydstun Torres
soprano

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

with
Marie-Elise Boyer, piano, harpsichord

Tuesday, May 6, 2025
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)

from *Vier Gesänge*, **op. 43**

I. Von ewige Liebe

II. Die Mainacht

III. Ich schell mein Horn in's Jammerthal

from *Vier Gesänge*, **op. 70**

II. Lerchengesang

Barbara Strozzi
(1619–1677)

from *Arie*, **op. 8**

Che si può fare

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

“Lusinghe più care” from *Alessandro*, HWV 21

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

from *Banalités*, **FP 107**

I. Chanson d'Orkenise

II. Hôtel

III. Fagnes de Wallonie

IV. Voyage à Paris

Intermission

Jake Heggie
(b. 1961)

from *Three Folk Songs*
I. Barb'ry Allen
II. He's gone away

Danny Boy

Manuel Ponce
(1882–1948)

Lejos de ti

Fernando Obradors
(1897–1945)

from *Canciones Clásicas Españolas, vol. 1*
IV. El majo celoso
VI. Del cabello más sutil

*Thank you to my incredible voice professor, Michael Meraw,
for his invaluable wisdom and support he has given me
during my undergraduate degree at the New England Conservatory of Music.*

*Thank you to my family and friends
for your encouragement in my artistic endeavors
and your presence and support during tonight's recital.*

Von ewiger Liebe

*Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.*

*Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.*

*Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,*

*Führt sie am Weidengebüsch vorbei,
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:*

*„Leidest du Schmach und betrübtest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,*

*Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.*

*Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.“*

*Spricht das Mägdlein, Mägdlein spricht:
„Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!*

*Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.*

*Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?*

*Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“*

August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben

Die Mainacht

*Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche
blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen
streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.*

Eternal Love

Dark, how dark in forest and field!
Evening already, and the world is silent.

Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,
And even the lark is silent now too.

Out of the village there comes a lad,
Escorting his sweetheart home,

He leads her past the willow-copse,
Talking so much and of so many things:

'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,
Shame for what others think of me,

Then let our love be severed as swiftly,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.

Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.'

The girl speaks, the girl says:
'Our love cannot be severed!

Steel is strong, and so is iron,
Our love is even stronger still:

Iron and steel can both be reforged,
But our love, who shall change it?

Iron and steel can be melted down,
Our love must endure for ever!

May Night

When the silvery moon gleams through the
bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the grass,

And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden
dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Ich schell mein Horn in's Jammerthal

*Ich schell mein Horn in's Jammerthal,
mein Freud ist mir verschwunden,
ich hab gejagt, muss abelahn,
das Wild läuft vor den Hunden.
Ein edel Thier in diesem Feld
hatt' ich mir auserkoren,
das schied von mir, als ich wohl spür,
mein Jagen ist verloren.*

*Fahr' hin, Gewild, in Waldes Lust!
Ich will dir nimmer schrecken
mit Jagen dein schneeweisse Brust,
ein Ander muss dich wecken
mit Jägers Schrei und Hundebiss,
dass du nit magst entrinnen;
halt dich in Hut, mein Thierle gut!
mit Leid scheid ich von hinnen.*

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that shines through
my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you here on
earth?
And the lonely tear
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.

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

I sound my horn into the vale of tears

I sound my horn into the vale of tears:
My joy has vanished.
I have hunted, but I must cease
For the deer runs beyond the hounds.
A noble beast in this field
I had selected;
It has fled me, as I sense well.
My hunt is lost.

Farewell, deer, find joy in the forest!
I will never frighten
your snow-white breast with my hunting;
It is for another to awaken you
With hunter's calls and snapping hounds,
That you may not outrun:
Beware, my little beast!
With sorrow I bid this place adieu.

Kein Hochgewild ich fahen kann,
das muss ich oft entgelten,
noch halt ich stät' auf Jägers Bahn,
wie wohl mir Glück kommt selten.
Mag mir nit g'bühn ein Hochwild schön,
so lass ich mich begnügen
an Hasenfleisch, nit mehr ich heisch,
das mag mich nit betrügen.

Anonymous

Lerchengesang

Ätherische ferne Stimmen,
Der Lerchen himmlische Grüße,
Wie regt ihr mir so süße
Die Brust, ihr lieblichen Stimmen!

Ich schließe leis mein Auge,
Da ziehn Erinnerungen
In sanften Dämmerungen
Durchweht vom Frühlingshauche.

Karl August Candidus

Che si può fare

Che si può fare?
Le stelle rubelle
non hanno pietà.
Che si può fare
s'el cielo non dà un influsso
di pace al mio penare,

Che si può fare?
Che si può dire?
Da gl'astri disastri mi piovano ogn'hor;

Che si può dire
che le perfido amor un respiro diniega
al mio martire.
Che si può dire?

Gaudenzio Brunacci

I cannot capture any noble game,
For which I often suffer,
Yet I constantly follow the hunter's paths,
and seldom does luck come to me.
If I am not honored with a noble deer,
Then let me be satisfied
With a hare; nothing more do I demand,
And it will not trouble me.

The larks' song

Ethereal, distant voices,
The heavenly greetings of the larks:
How sweetly you move
My heart, you lovely voices!

I close my eyes gently;
There pass memories
Of soft twilights,
Pervaded with the breath of Spring.

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What can one do?

What can one do?
The rebel stars
have no pity;
What can one do,
if heaven has no influence
of peace upon my sorrows.

What can one do?
What can one say?
From the stars disasters rain upon me at all
hours;
What can one say
if perfidious love denies a respite
to my torments
What can one say?

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Lusinghe più care

*Lusinghe più care
d'Amor veri dardi
Vezzose volate
sul labbro, nei guardi,
e tutta involate
l'altrui libertà.*

*Gelosi sospetti,
diletti con pene;
fra gioie e tormenti
momenti di spene,
voi l'armi farete
di vaga beltà.*

Paolo Antonio Rolli

Chanson d'Orkenise

*Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut entrer un charretier.
Par les portes d'Orkenise
Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.*

*Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:
'Qu' emportes-tu de la ville?'
'J'y laisse mon coeur entier.'*

*Et les gardes de la ville
Courant sus au charretier:
'Qu'apportes-tu dans la ville?'
'Mon coeur pour me marier!'*

*Que de coeurs, dans Orkenise!
Les gardes riaient, riaient.
Va-nu-pieds la route est grise,
L'amour grise, ô charretier.*

*Les beaux gardes de la ville
Tricotèrent superbement;
Puis les portes de la ville
Se fermèrent lentement.*

Sweetest flattery

Sweetest flattery,
love's truest darts,
You fly charmingly
through others' gazes
and on their lips,
and so rob everyone of liberty.

Jealous suspicions,
delights intertwined with pain,
moments of hope
betwixt joy and anguish:
behold how you make
a weapon out of beauty.

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Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise
A waggoner wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
A vagabond wants to leave.

And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the vagabond:
'What are you taking from the town?'
'I'm leaving my whole heart behind.'

And the sentries guarding the town
Rush up to the waggoner:
'What are you carrying into the town?'
'My heart in order to marry.'

So many hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed:
Vagabond, the road's not merry,
Love makes you merry, O waggoner!

The handsome sentries guarding the town
Knitted vaingloriously;
The gates of the town then
Slowly closed.

Hôtel

*Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux fumer*

Fagnes de Wallonie

*Tant de tristesses plénières
Priront mon coeur aux fagnes désolées*

*Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait
Le vent d'ouest
J'avais quitté le joli bois
Les écureuils y sont restés
Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages
Au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément*

*Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une chanson
énigmatique
Aux tourbières humides*

*Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles
Tendrement mariée
Nord
Nord
La vie s'y tord
En arbres forts
Et tors
La vie y mord
La mort
À belles dents
Quand bruit le vent*

Voyage à Paris

*Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris.*

Hotel

*My room is shaped like a cage
The sun slips its arm through the window
But I who want to smoke to make mirages
I light my cigarette on daylight's fire
I do not want to work I want to smoke*

Walloon moss-hags

*So much utter sadness
Seized my heart in the desolate upland moss-
hags
When weary I set down in the fir plantation
The weight of kilometres to the roar
Of the west wind
I had left the pretty wood
The squirrels stayed there
My pipe tried to make clouds
In the sky
Which stubbornly stayed clear*

*I confided no secret but an enigmatic song
To the dank peat-bogs*

*The honey-fragrant heather
Attracted the bees
And my sore feet
Crushed bilberries and whortleberries
Tenderly united
North
North
Life is gnarled there
In strong trees
And twisted
Life there bites
Death
Voraciously
When the wind howls*

Trip to Paris

*Oh! how delightful
To leave a dismal
Place for Paris.*

*Paris joli
Qu'un jour
Dut créer l'Amour.
Ah! la charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris.*

Guillaume Apollinaire

Charming Paris
That one day
Love must have made
Oh! how delightful
To leave a dismal
Place for Paris.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A
French Song Companion (Oxford, 2000)
provided courtesy of Oxford International Song
Festival (www.oxfordsong.org)*

Barb'ry Allen

Twas in the merry month of May
When all the flowers were blooming,
Sweet William on his deathbed lay
For love of Barb'ry Allen,
Sweet William on his deathbed lay
For love of Barb'ry Allen.

As she was walking through the field
She heard the death bells knelling,
And with every toll, they seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen!"

"Oh mother, mother, make my bed,
And make it long and narrow.
Sweet William died for me today,
I die for him tomorrow."

They buried William in the old churchyard,
And Barbara there a-nigh him,
And out of his grave, grew red, red rose,
And, out of hers, a briar.
They leapt and tied in a true love's knot:
the rose ran 'round the briar.

Traditional

He's gone away

I'm goin' away for to stay a little while,
But I'm comin' back if I go ten thousand miles.
Oh, who will tie your shoes ?
And who will glove your hands?
And who will kiss your ruby lips when I am gone?

Look away, look away over Yandro...

You've gone away for to stay for a little while,
But you're comin' back if you go ten thousand miles.
Oh, it's Papa who'll tie my shoe,
And Mama will glove my hand,
And you will kiss my ruby lips when you come back!
When you come back...

Look away, look away over Yandro...

Traditional

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side.
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so!

But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me.
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

Frederick E. Weatherly

Lejos de ti

*Lejos de ti la vida es un martirio, sin alegría,
sin luz
Es la existencia cruel loco delirio
Porque me faltas tú, porque me faltas tú, porque
me faltas tú.*

*Es triste la mañana sonriente, la tarde, el cielo
azul
Todo está gris y lúgubre en mi mente
Porque me faltas tú, porque me faltas tú, porque
me faltas tú.*

Manuel Ponce

El majo celoso

*Del majo que me enamora
He aprendido la queja
Que una y mil veces suspira
Noche tras noche en mi reja:
Lindezas, me muero
De amor loco y fiero
Y quisiera olvidarte
Mas quiero y no puedo!
Le han dicho que en la Pradera
Me han visto con un chispero
Desos de malla de seda
Y chupa de terciopelo.
Majezas, te quiero,
No creas que muero
De amores perdida
Por ese chispero.*

Anonymous

Far from you

*Far from you life is a torment, without joy,
without light
It's the cruel existence, crazy delirium
Because I miss you, because I miss you,
because I miss you.*

*The smiling morning is sad, the afternoon, the
blue sky
Everything is gray and gloomy in my mind
Because I miss you, because I miss you,
because I miss you.*

Translation from Letras

The jealous majo

*From the majo who I'm falling for,
I've learned this complaint.
He sighs endlessly
Night after night at my fence:
"My beauty, I'm dying
Of rash and painful love
And I'd like to forget you since
I want more, and I can't have it!"
Someone has told him that on the Pradera
I've been seen hanging around with a cad
Wearing silk stockings
And a velvet coat.
Babe, I love you,
Don't believe that I'm dying
Because of an old love affair
With that peasant.*

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Del cabello más sutil

*Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.*

Folksong

Of the softest hair

Of the softest hair
which you have in your braid,
I would make a chain
so that I may bring you to my side.
A jug in your home,
little one, I would like to be...
so that I may kiss you
each time you take a drink.

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