

EM Grant Project

Gay as a Songbird -
*A Gala Celebrating Queerness
in Music*

Molly Knight,
soprano and project director

Wednesday, May 7, 2025

Pre-concert talk: 7:00 p.m.

Concert: 8:15 p.m.

Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

*This program was made possible through support from
the Entrepreneurial Musicianship Departmental Grant.*

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

La dame de Monte-Carlo

Molly Knight, soprano
J.J. Penna, piano

While this work isn't queer in terms of outward romantic interest, composer Francis Poulenc and poet Jean Cocteau themselves and their connections to queerness are reflected in this work in the broader themes of queer isolation and the struggle of belonging in a heteronormative society that this work presents. — *Molly Knight*

John Musto
(b. 1954)

The Rose Family

Molly Knight, soprano
J.J. Penna, piano

This poem could be interpreted in a variety of ways. When I first heard this piece, I thought that while this was likely not the most accurate interpretation, it sounds particularly transphobic. As someone who is trans, I appreciate the irony, and was particularly drawn to perform it tonight. — *Molly Knight*

Emma Blanc

Automata

Emma Blanc, tenor saxophone
Sylva Goldman, bassoon

While the title just brings to mind the image of funny little robots bumbling about, to us, *Automata* is about the personal and musical connection we share. We took a collaborative approach in arranging this original tune, creating a piece that exemplifies our unique musical language. — *Emma Blanc, Sylva Goldman*

Cole Porter
(1891–1964)

I Hate Men from *Kiss Me Kate*

Nancy Schoen, mezzo-soprano
Tristan Leung, piano

I think the sentiment of *I Hate Men* is inherently gay, even if the source material of the piece is not. I first heard this piece when I was still confused about my sexuality, and

the text was relatable in such a way that it helped me learn more about myself.

– Nancy Schoen

Ethel Cain

(b. 1998)

Televangelism

Matthew Tirona, piano

This improvisatory instrumental track is taken from the album *Preacher's Daughter*, by queer singer-songwriter and producer Ethel Cain.

– Matthew Tirona

Jillian Moore

In My Pocket

Jillian Moore, voice

Bella Navarro, violin

Charlie Picone, viola

I often find myself writing heavier music about queerness in the south, so for this song, I wanted to write something joyful, simple, and sweet. *In My Pocket* is gay because it's about gay feelings at the start of a relationship and how impactful it can be to fully experience certain feelings for the first time.

– Jillian Moore

Johannes Brahms

(1833–1897)

from **Clarinet Sonata No. 2, op. 120 no. 2**

I. Allegro amabile

Chasity Thompson, clarinet

Tristan Leung, piano

This was written late in Brahms' life, when he'd "retired" but was inspired by clarinetist Richard Mühlfeld. Some queer readings suggest this relationship may have carried emotional depth or even unspoken affection. Whether romantic or not, the music clearly expresses deep admiration and tenderness, intimacy that resists labels.

– Chasity Thompson

Cy Coleman

Joseph Allen McCarthy

as performed by Fiona Apple

Why Try to Change Me Now

Nini Singh, voice

Maddoc Johnson, piano

Bug Jaffe, bass

Ruby Wagner, drums

Why Try to Change Me Now is a really good example of the feeling of internalized homophobia within a hetero normative society. The lyrics of being conventional and being stared at and laughed at but choosing to love regardless and coming to terms with your queerness.

– Nini Singh

Charlie Picone

Reece, on butterflies

Charlie Picone, speaker

Personally, I've never liked writing about my queerness. Despite the general existential nonsense of being one of the only out queers in a small-town Maine public school, I never actually struggled because of it. It's just always been a natural part of my being, and I was lucky enough to have it be pretty immediately accepted (and if we're being honest, predicted/encouraged) by my family and friends. Maybe it's the vagueness of the label I've given myself—just 'queer', in ways I really don't want to micro-analyze. But it never feels genuine for me to abstract it, to center stories around explicit homophobia I never (directly, at least) experienced. So it's always just a part of the setting. My characters are, almost always, queer, in ways they may or may not explicitly state. But what I want is to avoid abstraction, and so my primary goal in writing queerness is to keep it just as inherent within the story as it's always been to me, while I use this backdrop to play around and sew together my more pertinent life experiences (in this piece in particular, I wanted to portray the unbound destructive hwoo-y-ness that is the intersection between queerness and mental illness—that sort of violence of communication) in the hope that I can demystify someone's experiences.

– Charlie Picone

Johannes Brahms

Sapphische Ode

Haijie Du, mezzo-soprano

Tristan Leung, piano

This classic mezzo song described the lost love between two women; the title “sapphic” refers to the Ancient Greek poet Sappho, who often wrote about lesbian love. Brahms set music to this poem about a woman in a rose garden recalling the pain of her lost kiss.

– Haijie Du

Billie Eilish

Birds of a Feather

Haijie Du, vocals

Farrell Smith, piano, vocals

Billie Eilish is a young and influential artist in today's musical landscape and she's gay! It feels refreshing that the highs and lows that come with being in this generation of humans is represented in a mainstream way through her music.

– Haijie Du

John Hurt

Let the Mermaids Flirt with Me

Bella Navarro, Keilani Bolhuis, violin
Bug Jaffe, banjo

In 1928, lawyer William E. Myer started the Lonesome Ace record company, whose motto was “Without a Yodel,” mainly as a way to have his compositions performed and recorded. When he wrote the words to *Mermaids*, a dark tale about an impoverished man in an unhappy marriage, he asked none other than a young Mississippi John Hurt to put them to music. We have re-contextualized this song to tell a story of a lesbian in a heterosexual marriage, longing to be her true self.

– Bella Navarro

Jeremy Kittel

June Apple

Bella Navarro, Keilani Bolhuis, violin
Bug Jaffe, banjo

June Apple is a traditional Appalachian fiddle tune, with origins in the British Isles. In our rendition, we aim to channel its raucous and joyful energy in tribute to the legacy of the Stonewall Riots, which began on June 28, 1969, and ignited what we now celebrate as Pride Month. Through this song, we honor the resilience and joy of Pride within traditional music.

– Bella Navarro

Francis Poulenc

from *Chansons gaillardes*

La maîtresse volage
Chanson à boire
Madrigal

James Slipp, baritone
Tristan Leung, piano

Francis Poulenc was a highly influential 20th-century queer French composer. He was also a deeply religious Roman Catholic and often struggled to accept his LGBTQ+ identity.

– James Slipp

The Indigo Girls

Power of Two

Jamie Eliot, guitar, vocals
Jillian Moore, voice

To me this song is about the importance of personal relationships when navigating a world that is so often against you. In the face of persecution, my relationships with other queer and trans people have helped me find joy, meaning and love. Also it was written by a lesbian.

– Jamie Eliot

Chappell Roan
(b. 1988)

Red Wine Supernova
Pink Pony Club

Jillian Moore, vocals
Sylva Goldman, alto saxophone
Emma Blanc, tenor saxophone
Peter Vazquez, piano
Jamie Eliot, guitar
Bug Jaffe, bass
Maddoc Johnson, drums

A quote from Chappell Roan herself: “I needed a campy gay girl song that captured the magic of having feelings for another girl. I packed [*Red Wine Supernova*] with fun raunchy lyrics that make it feel like a night out flirting with the girl across the bar.”

Chappell Roan was inspired to write *Pink Pony Club* after visiting a gay bar in California. It celebrates liberation and chosen family, and is a bold and joyful declaration of queer self-discovery, love, and unapologetic self-expression. It is a true celebration of queerness.

– Molly Knight

Texts

La dame de Monte-Carlo

*Quand on est morte entre les mortes,
qu'on se traîne chez les vivants*

*lorsque tout vous flanque à la porte
et la ferme d'un coup de vent,
ne plus être jeune et aimée ...
derrière une porte fermée,
il reste de se fiche à l'eau
ou d'acheter un rigolo.
Oui, messieurs, voilà ce qui reste
pour les lâches et les salauds.*

*Mais si la frousse de ce geste
s'attache à vous comme un grelot,
si l'on craint de s'ouvrir les veines,
on peut toujours risquer la veine
d'un voyage à Monte-Carlo.*

*Monte-Carlo! Monte-Carlo!
J'ai fini ma journée.
Je veux dormir au fond de l'eau*

The Lady of Monte Carlo

When you're dead amongst the dead,
when you're withering in the land of the
living,
when everything kicks you out
and the wind slams the door shut,
when you're no longer young and loved ...
when behind a closed door
there's nothing left but to drown
or buy a pistol—
Yes, gentlemen, that's what's left
for cowards and bastards.

But if the thought of suicide
makes you tremble like a leaf,
if you balk at slashing your veins,
you can always take the gamble
of a trip to Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!
I've done with life.
I want to sleep on the bed

de la Méditerranée.
Monte-Carlo! Monte-Carlo!

*Après avoir vendu à votre âme
et mis en gage des bijoux
que jamais plus on ne réclame,
la roulette est un beau joujou.
C'est joli de dire: "je joue".
Cela vous met le feu aux joues
et cela vous allume l'œil.
Sous les jolis voiles de deuil
on porte un joli nom de veuve.
Un titre donne de l'orgueil!
Et folie, et prête, et toute neuve,
on prend sa carte au casino.
Voyez mes plumes et mes voiles,
contemplez les strass de l'étoile
qui mène à Monte-Carlo.*

*La chance est femme. Elle est jalouse
de ces veuvages solennels.
Sans doute ell' m'a cru l'épouse
d'un véritable colonel.
J'ai gagné, gagné sur le douze.
Et puis les robes se décousent,
la fourrure perd des cheveux.
On a beau répéter: "Je veux",
dès que la chance vous déteste,
vous ne pouvez plus faire un geste,
pousser un sou sur le tableau
sans que la chance qui s'écarte
change les chiffres et les cartes
des tables de Monte-Carlo.*

*Les voyous, le buses, les gales!
Ils m'ont mise dehors ... dehors ...
et ils m'accusent d'être sale,
de porter malheur dans leurs salles,
dans leurs sales salles en stuc.
Moi qui aurais donné mon truc
à l'œil, au prince, à la princesse,
au Duc de Westminster, au Duc,
parfaitement. Faut que ça cesse,
qu'ils me criaient, votre boulot!
Votre boulot? ...*

of the Med.
Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!

Having sold your soul,
and pawned your jewellery
once and for all,
roulette is a pretty plaything.
It's fun to say: 'I gamble'.
It makes your cheeks flush
and lights up your eyes.
Beneath your fine widow's veil,
you've a fine widow's name.
Such a title gives you pride!
Crazy, prepared, and wholly restored,
you take out your card at the casino.
Just look at my feathers and my veils,
behold the bejewelled star,
leading to Monte Carlo.

Luck is a woman. She's jealous
of these solemn widows.
She no doubt took me for the wife
of a real colonel.
I won, won on the twelve.
Dresses then become unstitched,
fur loses its hair.
No matter how often you say: 'I want',
once fortune hates you,
once you're highly strung,
you can no longer make a move,
push a coin on the board,
without luck beating a retreat
and changing numbers and cards
on the tables at Monte Carlo.

The scoundrels! The fools! The scabs!
They threw me out ... threw me out ...
They accuse me of being dirty,
of bringing misfortune to their saloons,
to their dirty stucco saloons—
I, who would have told them my trick
for free, to the Prince, the Princess,
the Duke of Westminster,
this must stop,
this has to stop, they screamed at me,
this business of yours! This business? ...

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

*Ma découverte.
J'en priverai les tables vertes.
C'est bien fait pour Monte-Carlo. Monte-Carlo!
Et maintenant, moi qui vous parle,
je n'avouerai pas les kilos que j'ai perdus, que j'ai
perdus
à Monte-Carle, Monte-Carle, ou Monte-Carlo.*

*Je suis une ombre de moi-même ...
les martingales, les systèmes
et les croupiers qui ont le droit
de taper de loin sur vos doigts
quand on peut faucher une mise.
Et la pension où l'on doit
et toujours la même chemise
que l'angoisse trempe dans l'eau.
Ils peuvent courir. Pas si bête.
Cette nuit je pique une tête
dans la mer de Monte-Carlo.*

Monte-Carlo!

Jean Cocteau

My discovery –
I'll deprive the green tables of it.
Serves Monte Carlo right. Monte Carlo.
And now, I who am talking to you, I shan't
admit how many kilos I've lost
at Monte Carle, Monte Carle, or Monte Carlo.

I am a shadow of myself ...
The martingales, the systems
and the croupiers who have the right
to rap your knuckles,
when you're about to pinch the stake.
And the money you owe at your digs,
and always the same wet night-shirt
drenched with anguish.
Let them pursue me. I'm not that stupid.
Tonight I'll hurl myself head first
into the sea at Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo!

*Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French
Song Companion (Oxford 2000) provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

The Rose Family

The rose is a rose,
And was always a rose.
But the theory now goes
That the apple's a rose,
And the pear is, and so's
The plum, I suppose.
The dear only knows
What will next prove a rose.
You, of course, are a rose -
But were always a rose.

Robert Frost

I Hate Men

I hate men,
I can't abide 'em even now and then.

Than ever marry one of them, I'd rest a maiden rather,
For husbands are a boring lot and only give you bother.
Of course, I'm awf'ly glad that mother had to marry father,
But I hate men.

Of all the types I've ever met, within our democracy,
I hate the most, the athlete with his manner bold and brassy.
He may have hair upon his chest, But sister, so has Lassie,
Oh, I hate men!

I hate men,
Their worth upon this earth I dinna ken.

Avoid the trav'ling salesman, though a tempting Tom he may be,
From China he will bring you jade and perfume from Araby.
But don't forget 'tis he who'll have the fun and thee the baby,
Oh, I hate men.

If thou shouldst wed a bus'ness man, Be wary, oh be wary,
He'll tell you he's detained in town on bus'ness necessary.
His bus'ness is the bus'ness which he gives his secretary,
Oh, I hate men!

I hate men,
Though roosters they, I will not play the hen.

If you espouse an older man; through girlish optimism,
He'll always stay at home at night and make no criticism.
Though you may call it "love" the doctors call it "rheumatism,"
Oh, I hate men.

From all I've read, alone in bed, From A to Zed, about 'em,
Since love is blind, then from the mind, All womankind should rout 'em
But, ladies, you must answer too, What would we do without 'em?
Still, I hate men!

Bella Spewack, Sam Spewack

In My Pocket

How did we get here?
I never could have guessed it
So far turned so near

You've got me in your clutches
And I am so glad
To me your smilin' face is heaven
I think I wanna put you in my pocket
Spin you round like I feel in my stomach

I may not know what heaven is
But bein' with you must be one version of it
You've got this way about you
Goofy and kind, you're smooth to me
I like the way that you know me
The truth is safe with you

I think I wanna put you in my pocket
Spin you round like I feel in my stomach
I may not know what heaven is
But bein' with you must be one version of it
Bringin' me tears of ecstasy
We are tumblin' down the hill of infatuation
And I only wanna bring you what you wish
Cause I keep uncovering that you are all the things I wished for and more
How did we get here?
Sometimes I can't believe it
So far turned so near
You've got me in your pocket

Jillian Moore

Why Try to Change Me Now

I'm sentimental, so I walk in the rain
I've got some habits, even I can't explain
Go to the corner, I end up in Spain
Why try to change me now?

I sit and daydream, I've got daydreams galore
Cigarette ashes, there they go on the floor
Go away weekends, leave my keys in the door
Why try to change me now?

Why can't I be more conventional?
People talk and they stare, so I try

But that can't be, 'cause I can't see
My strange little world just go passing me by

Let people wonder
Let 'em laugh, let 'em frown
You know I'll love you 'til the moon's upside down
Don't you remember I was always your clown?
Why try to change me now?

Why can't I be more conventional?
People talk and they stare, so I try
But that can't be, because I can't see
My strange little world just go passing me by

So let people wonder
Let 'em laugh, let 'em frown
You know I'll love you 'til the moon's upside down
Don't you remember I was always your clown?
So, why try to change me?
Why would you want to change me?
Why try to change me now?

Joseph McCarthy Jr.

Sapphische Ode

*Rosen brach ich nachts mir am dunklen Hage,
Süßer hauchten Duft sie, als je am Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die bewegten Äste
Tau, der mich näßte.*

*Auch der Küsse Duft mich wie nie berückte,
Die ich nachts vom Strauch deiner Lippen pflückte;
Doch auch dir, bewegt im Gemüt gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.*

Hans Schmidt

I gathered roses from the dark hedge by night

I gathered roses from the dark hedge by
night,
The fragrance they breathed was sweeter than
by day;
But when I moved the branches, they
showered
Me with dew.

And the fragrant kisses thrilled me as never
before,
When I gathered them from your rose-bush
lips by night;
But you too, moved in your heart like those
roses,
Shed the dew of tears.

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

Birds of a Feather

I want you to stay
"Til I'm in the grave
"Til I rot away, dead and buried
"Til I'm in the casket you carry

If you go, I'm going too, uh
'Cause it was always you, alright
And if I'm turnin' blue, please don't save me
Nothing left to lose without my baby

Birds of a feather, we should stick together, I know
I said I'd never think I wasn't better alone
Can't change the weather, might not be forever
But if it's forever, it's even better

And I don't know what I'm cryin' for
I don't think I could love you more
It might not be long, but baby, I
I'll love you 'til the day that I die
"Til the day that I die
"Til the light leaves my eyes
"Til the day that I die

I want you to see, hm
How you look to me, hm
You wouldn't believe if I told ya
You would keep the compliments I throw ya

But you're so full of shit, uh
Tell me it's a bit, no
Say you don't see it, your mind's polluted
Say you wanna quit, don't be stupid

And I don't know what I'm cryin' for
I don't think I could love you more
Might not be long, but baby, I
Don't wanna say goodbye

Birds of a feather, we should stick together, I know ('til the day that I die)
I said I'd never think I wasn't better alone ('til the light leaves my eyes)
Can't change the weather, might not be forever ('til the day I die)
But if it's forever, it's even better

I knew you in another life
You had that same look in your eyes
I love you, don't act so surprised.

Billie Eilish

La maîtresse volage

*Ma maîtresse est volage,
Mon rival est heureux;
S'il a son pucelage,
C'est qu'elle en avait deux.
Et vogue la galère,
Tant qu'elle pourra voguer.*

Anonymous

Chanson à boire

*Les rois d'Egypte et de Syrie,
Voulaient qu'on embaumât leur corps,
Pour durer plus longtemps morts.
Quelle folie!*

*Buvons donc selon notre envie,
Il faut boire et reboire encore.
Buvons donc toute notre vie,
Embaumons-nous avant la mort.
Embaumons-nous;
Que ce baume est doux.*

Anonymous

Madrigal

*Vous êtes belle comme un ange,
Douce comme un petit mouton;
Il n'est point de cœur, Jeanneton,
Qui sous votre loi ne se range.
Mais une fille sans têttons
Est une perdrix sans orange.*

Anonymous

The fickle mistress

My mistress is fickle,
my rival is fortunate;
if he has her virginity,
she must have had two.
Let's chance our luck
as long as it will last.

*Translation © Winifred Radford, provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Drinking Song

The kings of Egypt and Syria
Wanted their bodies to be embalmed
So as to last, longer, dead.
What folly!

Let us drink then according to our desire,
We should drink and drink again.
Let us drink then all our life,
Let us embalm ourselves before death.
Let us embalm ourselves,
For the balm is sweet!

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Madrigal

You are as beautiful as an angel,
Sweet as a little lamb;
There is no man, Jeanette,
Who doesn't follow your rule.
But a girl without breasts
Is a partridge without orange.

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Power of Two

Now the parking lot is empty
Everyone's gone someplace
I pick you up and in the trunk I've packed
A cooler and a 2-day suitcase
'Cause there's a place we like to drive
Way out in the country
Five miles out of the city limit we're singing and your
Hand's upon my knee

So we're okay

We're fine

Baby I'm here to stop your crying

Chase all the ghosts from your head

I'm stronger than the monster beneath your bed

Smarter than the tricks played on your heart

We'll look at them together then we'll take them apart

Adding up the total of a love that's true

Multiply life by the power of two

You know the things that I am afraid of
I'm not afraid to tell
And if we ever leave a legacy
It's that we loved each other well
'Cause I've seen the shadows of so many people
Trying on the treasures of youth
But a road that fancy and fast ends in a fatal crash
And I'm glad we got off
To tell you the truth

We're fine

Baby I'm here to stop your crying

Chase all the ghosts from your head

I'm stronger than the monster beneath your bed

Smarter than the tricks played on your heart

We'll look at them together then we'll take them apart

Adding up the total of a love that's true

Multiply life by the power of two

All the shiny little trinkets of temptation (make new friends)
Something new instead of something old (but keep the old)
All you gotta do is scratch beneath the surface (but remember what is gold)
And it's fools gold
Fools gold (what is gold)
Fools gold (what is gold)

Now we're talking about a difficult thing
And your eyes are getting wet
I took us for better and I took us for worse
Don't you ever forget it

And now the steel bars
Now the steel bars between me and a promise
Suddenly bend with ease
And the closer I'm bound in love to you
The closer I am to free (free)
So we're okay
We're fine
Baby I'm here to stop your crying
Chase all the ghosts from your head
I'm stronger than the monster beneath your bed
Smarter than the tricks played on your heart
We'll look at them together then we'll take them apart
Adding up the total of a love that's true
Multiply life by the power of two

Indigo Girls

Red Wine Supernova

She was a Playboy, Brigitte Bardot
She showed me things I didn't know
She did it right there, out on the deck
Put her canine teeth in the side of my neck
I'm in the hallway waitin' for ya
Mini skirt and my go-go boots (uh-huh)
I just want you to make a move
So slow down, sit down, it's new
I just wanna get to know ya
Guess I didn't quite think it through (nah-uh, girl)
Fell in love with the thought of you
Now I'm choked up, face down, burnt out
Baby, why don't you come over?
Red wine supernova, falling into me
(Let's pick it up now)
I don't care that you're a stoner
Red wine supernova, fall right into me

I like (I like) what you like (what you like)
Long hair (no bra) that's my type (that's right)
You just told me, want me to fuck you
Baby, I will 'cause I really want to
I just wanna get to know ya
Guess I didn't quite think it through (nah-uh, girl)
Fell in love with the thought of you
Now I'm choked up, face down, burnt out
Baby, why don't you come over? ...

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

Well, back at my house
I've got a California king
Okay, maybe it's a twin bed
And some roommates (don't worry, we're cool)
I heard you like magic
I've got a wand and a rabbit
So baby, let's get freaky, get kinky
Let's make this bed get squeaky
Baby, why don't you come over? ...

Pink Pony Club

I know you wanted me to stay
But I can't ignore the crazy visions of me in LA
And I heard that there's a special place
Where boys and girls can all be queens every single day

I'm having wicked dreams of leaving Tennessee
Hear Santa Monica, I swear it's calling me
Won't make my mama proud, it's gonna cause a scene
She sees her baby girl, I know she's gonna scream

God, what have you done?

You're a pink pony girl

And you dance at the club

Oh mama, I'm just having fun

On the stage in my heels

It's where I belong down at the

Pink Pony Club

I'm gonna keep on dancing at the

Pink Pony Club

I'm gonna keep on dancing down in

West Hollywood

I'm gonna keep on dancing at the

Pink Pony Club, Pink Pony Club

I'm up and jaws are on the floor
Lovers in the bathroom and a line outside the door
Blacklights and a mirrored disco ball
Every night's another reason why I left it all

I thank my wicked dreams a year from Tennessee
Oh, Santa Monica, you've been too good to me
Won't make my mama proud, it's gonna cause a scene
She sees her baby girl, I know she's gonna scream
God, what have you done? ...

Don't think I've left you all behind
Still love you and Tennessee
You're always on my mind
And mama, every Saturday
I can hear your southern drawl a thousand miles away, saying
God, what have you done? ...

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Agne Giedraityte, *contemporary musical arts* (BM)

Student of Hankus Netsky and Dominique Eade

Thursday, May 8, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Haowen Wang, *guitar* (BM)

Student of Eliot Fisk and Jérôme Mouffe

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

Dongchen Xu, *tenor* (MM)

Student of Bradley Williams

Thursday, May 8, 2025 at 8:00 pm., Burnes Hall

Daniel Slatch, *double bass* (BM)

Student of Donald Palma

Monday, May 12, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Grace Lee, *piano* (GD)

Student of Randall Hodgkinson

Wednesday, June 18, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Upcoming Concerts at NEC

Visit necmusic.edu for complete and updated concert and ticketing information

Chirp 6: Music Technology, John Mallia, curator

Thursday, May 8, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Plimpton Shattuck Black Box Theatre

NEC Commencement Concert

Saturday, May 17, 2025 at 7:30 p.m., Jordan Hall

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Your gift to The NEC Fund has a direct and immediate impact on student scholarships, NEC's world-class faculty, and a collaborative and innovative learning environment rooted in the highest level of musical excellence.

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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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