

NEC Children's Choir Chamber Chorus

and

Youth Chorale

Laura Nevitt, conductor NEC Children's Choir and Chamber Chorus Chris Lockman, piano

> Erica J. Washburn, conductor NEC Youth Chorale Lingbo Ma, piano

Thursday, May 22, 2025 7:30 p.m. NEC's Jordan Hall

PROGRAM

NEC Children's Choir Laura Nevitt, conductor Chris Lockman, piano

Victoria Ebel-Sabo

Wind on the Hill

(b. 1957)

Shengyu Cui, flute

American Folk Song

All the Pretty Little Horses

arr. Laura Nevitt

English Folk Song arr. Christopher Lockman

The Tailor and the Mouse

Laura Nevitt

Chickadee

(b. 1985)

Shengyu Cui, flute

Corinne Savage, Olivia Lynn Barton

(b. 1995) (b. 1996)

arr. Roger Emerson

If I Were a Fish

NEC Children's Choir and NEC Chamber Chorus

Irish Folk Song

Song of the Seagull

arr. Christopher Lockman

Shengyu Cui, flute Olga Kaminsky, violin NEC Chamber Chorus Laura Nevitt, conductor Chris Lockman, piano

Ralph Vaughan Williams

(1872 - 1958)

Spring

Uno Naissoo

(1928-1980)

Metsa Telegramm

Abbie Betinis

(b. 1980)

Be Like the Bird

Gioacchino Rossini

(1792 - 1868)

Duetto buffo di due gatti

Laura Nevitt

Tree Toad

Charles Hutchinson Gabriel

(1856-1932)

arr. Kenneth Paden

adapted by Rollo Dilworth

I Sing Because I'm Happy

NEC Youth Chorale Erica J. Washburn, conductor Lingbo Ma, piano

Veljo Tormis (1930–2017)

Tuul könnumaa kohal from Sügismaastikud

Stephen Chatman

(b. 1950)

Roses I Send to You from Songs of a Prospector

Eric Whitacre

(b. 1970)

Animal Crackers, vol. 1

The Panther The Cow The Firefly

Henri Youmans '25 MM, conductor

Chinese Folk Tune

arr. Reed Criddle

Boat on Tai Lake 太湖船

Henri Youmans '25 MM, conductor

Sophia Knappe, cello

Randall Thompson

(1899-1984)

Choose Something Like a Star from Frostiana

John Lennon, Paul McCartney

(1940–1980) (b. 1942) arr. Daryl Runswick Blackbird

Morten Lauridsen

(b. 1943)

Sure on This Shining Night from Nocturnes

Wind on the Hill

No one can tell me, Nobody knows, Where the wind comes from, Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere fast as it can, I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.

A.A Milne

All the Pretty Little Horses

Hush-a-by, Don't you cry, Go to sleepy little baby.

When you wake, You shall have All the pretty little horses. Blacks and bays, Dapples and grays, Coach and six a little horses.

The Tailor and the Mouse

A tailor had a little mouse Hi diddle um come feed-al They lived together in one house Hi diddle um come feed-al

Hi diddle um come tarum tirum, Through the town of Ramsey, Hi diddle um come over the lea, Hi diddle um come feed-al

The tailor thought his mouse was ill Hi diddle um come feed-al So he gave it half of one blue pill Hi diddle um come feed-al

Hi diddle um come tarum tirum ...

The tailor thought his mouse would die Hi diddle um come feed-al So he baked it in an apple pie Hi diddle um come feed-al

Hi diddle um come tarum tirum ...

The tailor thought his mouse was dead Hi diddle um come feed-al So he bought another in his stead Hi diddle um come feed-al

Hi diddle um come tarum tirum ...

Chickadee

The chickadee in the apple tree Talks all the time very gently. He makes me sleepy. I rock away to the sea-lights. Far off I hear him talking The way smooth bright pebbles Drop into water... Chick-a-dee-dee-dee...

Hilda Conkling

If I Were a Fish

If I were a fish and you caught me You'd say "Look at that fish" Shimmering in the sun Such a rare one Can't believe that you caught one If I were a fish and you caught me You'd say "Look at that fish" Heaviest in the sea You'd win first prize If you caught me.

Why's everybody on the internet so mean?
Why's everybody so afraid of what they've never seen?
If I was scrolling through and I saw me
Flopping around and singing my song
I'd say "Man, they're cute" and sing along

If I were a rock you would pick me up
And say "That's a nice rock"
Skippiest on the lake
Plop, plop, plop
I'm the perfect shape
And if I were a sock you would put me on
And say "That's a nice sock"
Happiest as a pair
I found you now I'm not scared

Why's everybody on the internet so mean?
Why's everybody so afraid of what they've never seen?
If I was scrolling through and I saw me
Flopping around and singing my song
I'd say "Man, they're cute" and sing along

How lucky are we
Of all the fish in the sea?
You get to be you
And I get to be me
Just let 'em be mean
We're as free as can be
To be the you-est of you
And the me-est of me

If I were a fish ...

Doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo

Olivia Barton

Song of the Seagull

All day long o'er the ocean I fly, My bright wings beating fast through the sky; I hunt fishes all down the bay, And ride on rocking billows in play.

All night long, in my rock home I rest; Away up on a cliff is my nest. The waves murmur below, And winds fresh from the sea o'er me blow.

I'll sail off, scouting new lands to dwell; Find more birds with stories to tell. Through soft mist and salt-scented air, We'll sing songs of the journeys we share. When rain falls and clouds crowd the shore, When night falls and light is no more, I'll stay strong; I won't run and hide. I'll soar on with hope as my guide

Spring

When Summer dons her dress of green. And all the land is bathed in sun; Down by the brook the willows lean And in and out the children run;

When Autumn with a golden train Steps forth in all her proud array, Then farmers work with might and main To stack the harvest safe away.

When Winter follows stark and cold And all the land is wrapped in sleep, Then beasts begin to seek their fold And birds to warmth and shelter creep.

But when at last comes smiling Spring, And birds and beasts awake once more, Then must we all for gladness sing, For Spring holds happiness in store.

Frances M. Farrer

Metsa Telegramm

Tok, tok, tok,
Rähn see telegramme toksib.
Tok, tok, tok,
"Ärge murdke puude oksi!"
Tok, tok, tok,
Üle metsa keset vaikust
Tok, tok, tok,
Rähni trade kõikjal kaigub.

Hoidke ilu! Metsa elu! Olgu teile sõbraks ju siin iga puu!

Ja kaitskem metsa kaunist rüüd. Siis mets meil mühab alati. Ka linnupesi kaitske nü,

Woodpecker's Warning

ripple on;

Tok, tok, tok,
Comes a signal from the forest.
Tok, tok, tok,
Comes an echo like a chorus;
Tok, tok, tok,
Breaking through the morning silence,
Tok, tok, tok,
Driving deep into our conscience.

Save the forest! Join the chorus!

There is much that we can do, and you can too!

While birds still serenade the morning sky
While beasts still run, while streams still

Be Like the Bird

Be like the bird that, pausing in her flight awhile on boughs too slight, feels them give way beneath her, and sings, knowing she hath wings.

Victor Hugo

Duetto buffo di due gatti

"Meow"

Tree Toad

Every night I see little shadows
I never saw before.
Every night I hear little voices
I never heard before.
When night comes trailing her starry cloak,
I start out for slumberland,
With tree-toads calling along the roadside.
Good-night, I say to one, Good-by, I say to another:
I hope to find you on the way
We have traveled before!
I hope to hear you singing on the Road of Dreams!

Hilda Conkling

I Sing Because I'm Happy

I sing because I'm happy.
I sing because I'm free.
His eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

I sing (oh yes, I sing) because (oh because) I'm happy. I sing (oh yes, I sing) because (oh because) I'm free. For his eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.

I'm so happy, yes!
I'm so happy, yes, I am!
For his eye is on the sparrow,
And I know He watches me.

Civilia D. Martin

Tuul könnumaa kohal

Tuul könnumaa kohal Tuul koolnukollase könnumaa kohal.

Teekäänul kõhinal naeris paar surnud puud

Viivi Luik

Wind Over the Barrens

Wind over the barrens Corpse-like yellowish over the barrens

Road bending rattling laughter some lifeless trees

Translation by Ritva Poom

Roses I Send to You

Oh roses, whose beauty is subtle and rare, For you my beloved so gentle and fair, Roses I send to you All I intend to you Love and devotion I solemnly swear.

Oh beautiful messengers, fragrant and fair, And greeting the morning all guiltless of care, Roses I send to you Such I commend to you Roses to grace your dark tresses of hair.

So blushingly conscious each bud how demure! But sad that their beauties so briefly endure! Roses I send to you All I intend to you Yet ere they fade may they carry secure.

George Winkler

The Panther

The panther is like a leopard Except it hasn't been peppered. If you behold a panther crouch Prepare to say "ouch". Better yet, if called by a panther, Don't anther

The Cow

The cow is of the Bovine ilk
One end is moo,
The other milk.

The Firefly

The firefly's flame is something for which science has no name. I can think of nothing eerier Than flying around with an unidentified glow on a person's posterior.

Ogden Nash

Boat on Tai Lake

The green mountains and gleaming water are restfully still; A gusto of wind blows on the surface of the lake. Row, oh row, forward, oh forward.

At dusk, there are few people out; The reflection of the moon on the surface of the water undulates. Row, oh row, forward, oh forward.

Water plants abound on the bank of Tai Lake; Breezes waft the fragrance of reeds and flowers. Row, oh row, forward, oh forward.

The setting sun is reflected in the water's images and the mountains' glow. The Surface o the lake slightly shows the sail's reflection. Row, oh row, forward, oh forward.

Shen Zhi, English translation by Reed Criddle

Choose Something Like a Star

O Star (the fairest one in sight),
We grant your loftiness the right
To some obscurity of cloud —
It will not do to say of night,
Since dark is what brings out your light.
Some mystery becomes the proud.

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

But to be wholly taciturn In your reserve is not allowed. Say something to us we can learn By heart and when alone repeat. Say something! And it says, "I burn." But say with what degree of heat. Talk Fahrenheit, talk Centigrade. Use language we can comprehend. Tell us what elements you blend. It gives us strangely little aid, But does tell something in the end. And steadfast as Keats' Eremite, Not even stooping from its sphere, It asks a little of us here. It asks of us a certain height, So when at times the mob is swayed To carry praise or blame too far, We may choose something like a star To stay our minds on and be staid.

Robert Frost

Blackbird

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly;
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.
Blackbird, fly,
Blackbird, fly,
into the light of a dark, black night.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see;
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to be free.
Blackbird, fly,
Blackbird, fly,
into the light of a dark, black night.

John Lennon and Paul McCartney

Sure on This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night Of star made shadows round, Kindness must watch for me This side the ground. The late year lies down the north. All is healed, all is health. High summer holds the earth. Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night I weep for wonder Wand'ring far alone Of shadows on the stars.

James Agee

NEC Preparatory School Children's Choir

Laura Nevitt, director Lena Wong '25 MM, student manager Chris Lockman, pianist

Gaelle Dumel Emma Shi Arielle Meng Nina Dundas Iudá Soto Linh Nguyan Iulian Hirshfield Olivia Obholzer Alexander Thomas Briella Hosch Elyza Oglice Wagtowicz Eliot Oglice Iran Korangy George Wang Ivv Liao Vincent Ren Almaia Watkins

Lily Li-Nagy Logan Sen Anna Katalena Zawadowski

Yohann Magloire Victoria Zhang

NEC Preparatory School Chamber Chorus

Grace Ann Callahan Katherine Ge Jai Sathiraju Luce de Rinaldis Savannah Kaminsky Jessica Tang Jackson Dundas Victoria Paromova Max Tran

Eliza Gastrock Emily Peng Addy Elizabeth Weed

William Peng

Laura Nevitt

Conductor, NEC Children's Choir and Chamber Chorus

Laura Nevitt is a conductor, composer, and educator based in Boston. She earned degrees in Composition and Music Education from the University of South Carolina and a M.M. in Choral Conducting at Boston Conservatory, studying with George Case.

As a fierce advocate for new music, they love working with composers and have conducted over 35 premieres of new works. She is especially passionate about giving voice and space to gender marginalized musicians and poets through choral and vocal music.

Laura is the Founder & Artistic Director of Lilith Vocal Ensemble, Children's Chorus and Chamber Choir Director at New England Conservatory Prep, a Teaching

Artist with Boston Lyric Opera and Handel & Haydn Society, and Music Director at First Parish UU in Needham, MA, where she is also Artistic Director of the newly formed "To The Fore" Concert Series, focused on bringing historically marginalized voices to the forefront. She is a Founding Member and Former Co-Artistic Director of Nightingale Vocal Ensemble, and former Associate Conductor at Voices Boston Children's Choir.

Their compositions are frequently performed by musicians across the country, some highlights being the Handel & Haydn Society Youth Choruses, Choral Arts Initiative, the Evelyn Duo, Voices Boston Children's Choir, Boston Conservatory Choir, Nightingale Vocal Ensemble, Lilith Vocal Ensemble, BRACE New Music Choir, the UofSC Concert Choir, sparks & wiry cries' songSLAM, Source Song Festival, Quorum, Opera on Tap Boston, Una Voce (Community Music Center of Boston), the East Central College Choir in Missouri, First Parish UU in Needham, and the Choir of Saint Peter's Episcopal Church in Cambridge, First Presbyterian Church (Columbia, SC) Children's Choirs, Greater Columbia Children's Choir, and the First Presbyterian Church Chamber Choir during the Piccolo Spoleto Festival in Charleston, SC.

At First Presbyterian Church in Columbia, SC, she directed the Primary and Junior Choirs, supervised the Children's Music Program, and was a section leader in their Chancel and Chamber Choir. In Columbia, she kept a private studio of guitar and voice students and was the chorus teacher at CrossRoads Intermediate School in Irmo, SC. During her time as a choral director in South Carolina, Nevitt's ensembles consistently earned superior ratings at the Carowinds Festival of Music in Charlotte, North Carolina, and the Music USA Festival in Orlando, Florida.

As a soprano, she has performed Reich's *Drumming* with New York-based ensemble So Percussion

NEC Preparatory School Youth Chorale

Erica J. Washburn, director Henri Youmans '25 MM, student manager and assistant conductor Lingbo Ma, pianist

Naomi Carney	Robert Moorman	Lena Wong
Arthur Chen	Claire Park	Christopher Yoo
Bailee Green	Alla Petrosyan	Henri Youmans
David Jiang	Leo Ren	Eddie Zhou
Lindsay Kwon	Avika Shukla	Kevin Zhou
Paul Lee	Nivriti Thakur	Grace Zhuo
Darya Leshchiner	Ariel Wang	

Erica J. Washburn

Conductor, Youth Chorale

Conductor and mezzo-soprano Erica J. Washburn has been Director of Choral Activities at New England Conservatory since 2009 and is Chair of the Preparatory School Choral Department. Known for her student-centric approach to classroom and rehearsal instruction, and commitment to the performance of new music, Washburn is the recipient of several outstanding alumni awards, including the distinguished honor of induction to the Westminster Choir College Music Education Hall of Fame.

As a conductor, Washburn has worked with Kansas City, MO based Cardinalis, the East Carolina University Women's Chorale, and the Eastman Women's Chorus. She is a sought-after guest clinician who frequently leads state and regional festival choruses, and spent five summers as a conductor and voice faculty member for the New York State Summer School of the Arts School of Choral Studies.

Under her direction the NEC choirs have been featured on several live and prerecorded broadcasts, including the North Carolina based station WCPE Great Sacred Music, WICN Public Radio, and WGBH Boston. The choirs can also be heard in collaboration with the Boston Modern Orchestra Project on the BMOP/Sound recording Paul Moravec: *The Blizzard Voices*.

Washburn's stage credits include appearances as Madame Lidoine in Francis Poulenc's *Dialogues of the Carmelites*, Rebecca Nurse in Robert Ward's *The Crucible*, Mother/Allison in the premiere of Lee Hoiby's *This is the Rill Speaking* and others. Her recital and orchestral solo credits are numerous, and her live premiere from Jordan Hall of the late Richard Toensing's *Night Songs* and *Evening Prayers* can be heard on Albany Records, with the New England Conservatory Symphonic Winds.

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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.

