

# Concert Program



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A Faculty Recital by

Cameron Stowe

*piano*

Corey Gaudreau

*baritone*

*Homage*

*Works inspired by Legendary Singers*

Monday, November 24, 2025

7:30 p.m.

NEC's Jordan Hall



## PROGRAM

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All of the piano-vocal works on tonight's program were given their debut performances by the singers for whom they were written.

All four of these singers have achieved legendary status, as muses for many of our most important song composers of the twentieth century and as performers whose extensive work as art song recitalists contributed immeasurably to the development of this art form. Tonight's program contains just four examples of the many celebrated works they had a hand in creating.

### **Samuel Barber**

(1910–1981)

#### *Three Songs, op. 45*

Now I Have Fed and Eaten Up the Rose  
A Green Lowland of Pianos  
O Boundless, Boundless Evening

Premiered April 29, 1974 by baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and pianist Charles Wadsworth (Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society, New York City)

### **Benjamin Britten**

(1913–1976)

#### *Winter Words, op. 52*

At Day-Close in November  
Midnight on the Great Western  
(The Journeying Boy)  
Wagtail and Baby (A Satire)  
The Little Old Table  
The Choirmaster's Burial  
(The Tenor Man's Story)  
Proud Songsters (Thrushes, Finches, and  
Nightingales)  
At the Railroad Station, Upway  
(The Convict and the Boy with the Violin)  
Before Life and After

Premiered October 8, 1953 by tenor Peter Pears with the composer at the piano (Harewood House, Leeds Festival)

*Intermission*

**Maurice Ravel**  
(1875–1937)

*Histoires naturelles* (1906)

Le paon  
Le grillon  
Le cygne  
Le martin-pêcheur  
Le pintade

Premiered January 12, 1907 by mezzo-soprano Jane Bathori with the composer at the piano  
(Salle Érard, Paris)

**Francis Poulenc**  
(1899–1963)

*Hommage à Édith Piaf, FP 176*  
*No. 15 from 15 Improvisations for Piano*

*Le fraîcheur et le feu, FP 147*

Rayon des yeux et des soleils  
Le matin les branches attisent  
Tour disparut même les toits  
Dans les ténèbres du jardin  
Unis la fraîcheur et le feu  
Homme au sourire tendre  
La grande rivière qui va

Premiered November 22, 1950 by baritone Pierre Bernac with the composer at the piano

## **Barber    *Three Songs***

### **Now I Have Fed and Eaten Up the Rose**

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose  
Which then she laid within my stiffcold hand.  
That I should ever feed upon a rose  
I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red  
The flower that in the darkness my food has been.  
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,  
Deliver us from evil, Lord, Amen.

*Original German text by Gottfried Keller; English translation by James Joyce*

### **A Green Lowland of Pianos**

in the evening  
as far as the eye can see  
herds  
of black pianos

up to their knees  
in the mire  
they listen to the frogs

they gurgle in water  
with chords of rapture

they are entranced  
by froggish, moonish spontaneity

after the vacation  
they cause scandals  
in a concert hall  
during the artistic milking  
suddenly they lie down  
like cows

looking with indifference  
at the white flowers  
of the audience

at the gesticulating  
of the ushers

*Original Polish text by Jerzy Harsymowicz; English translation by Czesław Miłosz*

## **O Boundless, Boundless Evening**

O boundless, boundless evening. Soon the glow  
Of long hills on the skyline will be gone,  
Like clear dream country now, rich-hued by sun.  
O boundless evening where the cornfields throw  
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.  
Swallows high up are singing, very small.  
On every meadow glitters their swift flight,  
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand  
In brilliant bays. Yet in ravines beyond  
Between the hills already nests the night.

*Original German text by Georg Heym; English translation by Christopher Middleton*

## **Britten    *Winter Words***

### **At day-close in November**

The ten hours' light is abating,  
And a late bird wings across,  
Where the pines, like waltzers waiting,  
Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noontime,  
Float past like specks in the eye;  
I set every tree in my June time,  
And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here  
Conceive that there never has been  
A time when no tall trees grew here,  
That none will in time be seen.

### **Midnight on the Great Western (The Journeying Boy)**

In the third-class seat sat  
The journeying boy.  
And the roof-lamp's oily flame  
Played down on his listless form and face,  
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,  
Or whence he came.

*(The text continues on the following page, please turn the page quietly.)*

In the band of his hat the journeying boy  
Had a ticket stuck; and a string  
Around his neck bore the key of his box,  
That twinkled gleams of the  
Lamp's sad beams  
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy,  
Towards a world unknown,  
Who calmly, as if incurious quite  
On all at stake, can undertake  
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,  
Our rude realms far above,  
Whence with spacious vision  
You mark and mete  
This region of sin that you find you in,  
But are not of?

### **Wagtail and Baby (A Satire)**

A baby watched a ford, whereto  
A wagtail came for drinking;  
A blaring bull went wading through,  
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,  
The birdie nearly sinking;  
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,  
And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot  
A mongrel slowly slinking;  
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not  
In dip and sip and prinking

A perfect gentleman then neared;  
The wagtail, in a winking,  
With terror rose and disappeared;  
The baby fell a-thinking.

### **The Little Old Table**

Creak, little wood thing, creak,  
When I touch you with elbow or knee;  
That is the way you speak



Of the one who gave you to me!

You, little table, she brought—  
brought me with her own hand,  
As she looked at me with a thought:  
That I did not understand.

—Whoever owns it anon,  
And hears it, will never know  
What a history hangs upon  
This creak from long ago.

### **The Choirmaster's Burial (The Tenor Man's Story)**

He often would ask us  
That, when he died,  
After playing so many  
To their last rest,  
If out of us any  
Should here abide,  
And it would not task us,  
We would with our lutes  
Play over him  
By his grave-brim  
The psalm he liked best—  
The one whose sense suits  
"Mount Ephraim"  
And perhaps we should seem  
To him, in death's dream,  
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew  
That his spirit was gone  
I thought this his due,  
And spoke thereupon.  
"I think" said the vicar,  
"A read service quicker  
Than viols out-of-doors  
In these frosts and hoars.  
That old-fashioned way  
Requires a fine day,  
And it seems to me  
It had better not be."

*(The text continues on the following page, please turn the page quietly.)*

Hence, that afternoon,  
Though never knew he  
That his wish could not be,  
To get through it faster  
They buried the master  
Without any tune.

But t'was said that, when  
At the dead of next night  
The vicar looked out,  
There struck on his ken  
Thronged roundabout,  
Where the frost was graying  
The headstoned grass,  
A band all in white  
Like the saints in church-glass,  
Singing and playing  
The ancient stave  
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told  
When he had grown old.

### **Proud Songsters (Thrushes, Finches, and Nightingales)**

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,  
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,  
And as it gets dark loud nightingales  
In bushes  
Pipe, as they can when April wears,  
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve months' growing,  
Which a year ago, or less than twain,  
No finches were, nor nightingales,  
Nor thrushes,  
But only particles of grain,  
And earth, and air, and rain.

### **At the Railroad Station, Upway (The Convict and the Boy with the Violin)**

'There is not much that I can do,  
For I've no money that's quite my own!'  
Spoke up the pitying child—  
A little boy with a violin  
At the station before the train came in—  
'But I can play my fiddle to you,

And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!

The man in the handcuffs smiled;  
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,  
As the fiddle began to twang;  
And the man in the handcuffs  
Suddenly sang  
With grimful glee:  
'This life so free  
Is the thing for me!'

And the constable smiled, and said no word,  
As if unconscious of what he heard;  
And so they went on till the train came in—  
The convict, and boy with the violin.

### **Before Life and After**

A time there was—as one may guess  
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell—  
before the birth of consciousness,  
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,  
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings;  
None cared whatever crash or cross  
Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,  
If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung;  
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed.  
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,  
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong:  
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed  
How long, how long?

*Thomas Hardy*

## Ravel *Histoires naturelles*

### *Le paon*

*Il va sûrement se marier aujourd'hui.  
Ce devait être pour hier. En habit de  
gala, il était prêt. Il n'attendait que sa fiancée.  
Elle n'est pas venue.  
Elle ne peut tarder.  
Glorieux, il se promène avec une allure  
de prince indien et porte sur lui les riches  
présents d'usages. L'amour avive l'éclat de  
ses couleurs et son aigrette tremble comme  
une lyre.  
La fiancée n'arrive pas.  
Il monte au haut du toit et regarde du côté  
du soleil. Il jette son cri diabolique:  
Léon! Léon!  
C'est ainsi qu'il appelle sa fiancée. Il ne  
voit rien venir et personne ne répond.  
Les volailles habituées ne lèvent même point la  
tête. Elles sont lasses de l'admirer.  
Il redescend dans la cour,  
si sûr d'être beau qu'il est incapable de rancune.  
  
Son mariage sera pour demain.  
Et, ne sachant que faire du reste de la  
journée, il se dirige vers le perron. Il gravit  
les marches, comme des marches de temple,  
d'un pas officiel.  
Il relève sa robe à queue toute lourde des  
yeux qui n'ont pu se détacher d'elle.  
Il répète encore une fois la cérémonie.*

### *Le grillon*

*C'est l'heure où, las d'errer, l'insecte  
nègre revient de promenade et répare avec  
soin le désordre de son domaine.  
  
D'abord il ratisse ses étroites allées de sable.  
Il fait du bran de scie qu'il écarte au  
seuil de sa retraite.  
Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe  
propre à le harceler.  
Il se repose.  
Puis il remonte sa minuscule montre.*

## Stories from nature

### *The peacock*

He must surely be getting married today.  
It was to have been yesterday. Dressed in his  
gala clothes, he was ready. He was only  
waiting for his bride. She did not come.  
She cannot be long.  
Magnificent, he parades at the pace  
of an Indian prince, wearing the customary  
rich gifts. Love heightens the splendour of  
his colours and his crest trembles like  
a lyre.  
The bride does not come.  
He climbs to the top of the roof and looks in  
the direction of the sun. He utters his dreadful  
cry: Léon! Léon!  
This is how he calls his bride. He sees nothing  
coming and no one replies.  
Accustomed to this, the fowl do not even  
raise their heads. They are tired of admiring  
him. He climbs back down into the yard, so  
convinced of being handsome that he is  
incapable of resentment.  
His wedding will be tomorrow.  
And, not knowing what to do with the rest of  
the day, he heads for the porch. He ascends  
the steps, like steps of a temple, with an  
official stride.  
He lifts his tail-coat, heavy with the  
eyes which were unable to detach themselves.  
He rehearses the ceremony once more.

### *The cricket*

This is the time when, tired of wandering, the  
black insect returns from his walk and  
carefully repairs the disorder about his  
domain.  
First he rakes his narrow, sandy paths.  
He makes some sawdust which he spreads on  
the threshold of his retreat.  
He files at the root of this tall grass  
which is likely to annoy him.  
He rests.  
Then he rewinds his tiny watch.

*A-t-il fini? Est-elle cassée?  
Il se repose encore un peu.  
Il rentre chez lui et ferme sa porte.  
Longtemps il tourne sa clef dans la  
serrure délicate.  
Et il écoute:  
Point d'alarme dehors.  
Mais il ne se trouve pas en sûreté.  
Et comme par une chaînette dont la poulie  
grince, il descend jusqu'au fond de la terre.*

*On n'entend plus rien.  
Dans la campagne muette, les peupliers  
se dressent comme des doigts en l'air  
et désignent la lune.*

### **Le cygne**

*Il glisse sur le bassin, comme un traîneau  
blanc, de nuage en nuage. Car il n'a faim que  
des nuages floconneux qu'il voit naître,  
bouger, et se perdre dans l'eau. C'est l'un  
d'eux qu'il désire. Il le vise du bec, et il  
plonge tout à coup son col vêtu de neige.  
Puis, tel un bras de femme sort d'une  
manche, il le retire.*

*Il n'a rien.  
Il regarde: les nuages effarouchés ont  
disparu.  
Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé, car  
les nuages tardent peu à revenir, et, là-bas,  
où meurent les ondulations de l'eau, en voici  
un qui se reforme.  
DouceMENT, sur son léger coussin de  
plumes, le cygne rame et s'approche...  
Il s'épuise à pêcher de vains reflets, et  
peut-être qu'il mourra, victime de cette  
illusion, avant d'attraper un seul morceau  
de nuage.  
Mais qu'est-ce que je dis?  
Chaque fois qu'il plonge, il fouille  
du bec la vase nourissante et ramène un ver.  
Il engraisse comme une oie.*

*Has he finished? Is it broken?  
He rests again for a while longer.  
He enters his home and shuts the door.  
He spends a long time turning his key in the  
delicate lock.  
And he listens:  
Nothing to fear outside.  
But he does not feel at ease.  
And as though by a little chain whose pulley  
creaks, he climbs down into the depths of the  
earth.  
Nothing more can be heard.  
In the silent countryside, the poplars  
stretch up like fingers in the air  
and point to the moon.*

### **The swan**

*He glides over the lake, like a white  
sleigh, from cloud to cloud. For he is only  
hungry for the fleecy clouds that he sees born,  
move, and disappear in the water. It is for one  
of those that he longs. He takes aim with his  
beak, and suddenly plunges his snowy neck  
into the water. Then, like a woman's arm  
withdrawing from a sleeve, he draws it out  
again.  
He has nothing.  
He looks: the startled clouds have  
vanished.  
Only for a moment is he disenchanted, for  
the clouds don't tarry on their return, and  
over there, where the ripples on the water are  
dying, here is another re-forming.  
Gently, on his light cushion of  
feathers, the swan paddles and draws near...  
He is exhausting himself by fishing for empty  
reflections and perhaps he will die, a victim of  
this illusion, before catching a single morsel  
of cloud.  
But what am I saying?  
Each time that he dives, he searches the  
nourishing mud with his beak and brings out  
a worm. He is fattening like a goose.*



## **Le martin-pêcheur**

*Ça n'a pas mordu, ce soir, mais je  
rapporte une rare émotion.  
Comme je tenais ma perche de ligne  
tendue, un martin-pêcheur est venu s'y poser.  
Nous n'avons pas d'oiseau plus éclatant.  
Il semblait une grosse fleur bleue au  
bout d'une longue tige. La perche pliait sous  
le poids. Je ne respirais plus, tout fier d'être  
pris pour un arbre par un martin-pêcheur.  
Et je suis sûr qu'il ne s'est pas envolé  
de peur, mais qu'il a cru qu'il ne faisait que  
passer d'une branche à une autre.*

## **La pintade**

*C'est la bossue de ma cour. Elle ne rêve  
que plaies à cause de sa bosse.  
Les poules ne lui disent rien:  
brusquement, elle se précipite et les harcèle.  
Puis elle baisse la tête, penche le corps,  
et, de toute la vitesse de ses pattes maigres,  
elle court frapper, de son bec dur, juste au  
centre de la roue d'une dinde.  
Cette poseuse l'agaçait.  
Ainsi, la tête bleuie, ses barbillons à vif,  
cocardière, elle rage, du matin au soir. Elle se  
bat sans motif, peut-être parce qu'elle  
s' imagine toujours qu'on se moque de sa  
taille, de son crâne chauve et de sa queue  
basse.  
Et elle ne cesse de jeter un cri discordant  
qui perce l'air comme une pointe.  
Parfois elle quitte la cour et disparaît.  
Elle laisse aux volailles pacifiques un moment  
de répit. Mais elle revient plus turbulente et  
plus criarde. Et, frénétique, elle se vautre  
par terre.  
Qu'a-t-elle donc?  
La sournoise fait une farce.  
Elle est allée pondre son œuf à la campagne.  
Je peux le chercher si ça m'amuse.  
Elle se roule dans la poussière, comme une bossue.*

Jules Renard

## **The kingfisher**

Not one bite this evening, but I  
bring back a rare experience.  
As I was holding my rod out-stretched,  
a kingfisher came and perched on it.  
We have no more dazzling bird.  
He seemed like a big blue flower at  
the end of a long stalk. The rod sagged  
beneath the weight. I held my breath, so  
proud of being taken for a tree by a  
kingfisher. And I am sure that he did not fly  
away through fear but that he thought that he  
was just going from one branch to another.

## **The guinea-hen**

She's the hunchback of my yard. She dreams  
of nothing but trouble because of her hump.  
The hens say nothing to her:  
suddenly she dives in and harasses them.  
Then she lowers her head, leans her body,  
and as fast as her skinny legs will carry her,  
she runs and strikes, with her hard beak,  
the very center of a turkey's tail-wheel.  
This show-off irritated her.  
In this way, blue in the face, her beard  
flapping, bumptious, she rages from dawn till  
dusk. She fights without reason, perhaps  
because she still imagines that she is mocked  
for her size, her bald head and for her low  
tail.  
And she never stops uttering her rasping cry,  
which pierces the air like a needle.  
Sometimes she leaves the yard and  
disappears. She gives the peaceful fowl a  
moment of respite. But she returns even more  
turbulent and more noisy. And, in a frenzy,  
she sprawls on the ground.  
Whatever can be the matter with her?  
The sly creature is teasing.  
She has gone to lay her egg in the country.  
I can look for it should I so wish.  
She rolls in the dust, like a hunchback.

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Mélodie Treasury

## **Poulenc    *Le fraîcheur et le feu***

*Rayons des yeux et des soleils  
Des ramures et des fontaines  
Lumière du sol et du ciel  
De l'homme et de l'oublié de l'homme  
Un nuage couvre le sol  
Un nuage couvre le ciel  
Soudain la lumière m'oublie  
La mort seule demeure entière  
Je suis une ombre je ne vois plus  
Le soleil jaune le soleil rouge  
Le soleil blanc le ciel changeant  
Je ne sais plus  
La place du bonheur vivant  
Au bord de l'ombre sans ciel ni terre.*

==

*Le matin les branches attisent  
Le bouillonnement des oiseaux  
Le soir les arbres sont tranquilles  
Le jour frémissant se repose.*

==

*Tout disparut même les toits même le ciel  
Même l'ombre tombée des branches  
Sur les cimes des mousses tendres  
Mêmes les mots et les regards bien accordés*

*Sœurs miroitières de mes larmes  
Les étoiles brillaient autour de ma fenêtre  
Et mes yeux refermant leurs ailes pour la nuit  
Vivaient d'un univers sans bornes.*

==

*Dans les ténèbres du jardin  
Viennent des filles invisibles  
Plus fine qu'à midi l'ondée  
Mon sommeil les a pour amies  
Elles m'enivrent en secret  
De leurs complaisances aveugles.*

## **The coolness and the fire**

Rays of the eyes and the suns  
of the branches and the fountains  
light of the ground and the sky  
of man and man's oblivion  
a cloud covers the ground  
a cloud covers the sky  
suddenly the light forgets me  
death alone remains whole  
I am a shadow I no longer see  
the yellow sun the red sun  
the white sun the changing sky  
I no longer know  
the place of living happiness  
on the edge of the shadow with neither sky  
nor earth.

==

In the morning the branches kindle  
the bubbling of the birds  
in the evening the trees are quiet  
the shivering day is resting.

==

Everything disappeared even the roofs even  
the sky  
even the shade fallen from the branches  
onto the crests of the tender mosses  
even the words and the freely proffered gazes

the mirrored sisters of my tears  
the stars shone around my window  
and my eyes closing their wings again for the  
night  
lived in a boundless universe.

==

Into the darkness of the garden  
come invisible girls  
more delicate than the shower at midday  
my sleep has them for friends  
they secretly intoxicate me  
with their blind complaisant ways.

*Unis la fraîcheur et le feu  
Unis tes lèvres et tes yeux  
De ta folie attends sagesse  
Fais image de femme et d'homme.*

==

*Homme au sourire tendre  
Femme aux tendres paupières  
Homme aux joues rafraîchies  
Femme aux bras doux et frais  
Homme aux prunelles calmes  
Femme aux lèvres ardentes  
Homme aux paroles pleines  
Femme aux yeux partagés  
Homme aux deux mains utiles  
Femme aux mains de raison  
Homme aux astres constant  
Femme aux seins de durée*

*Il n'est rien qui vous retient  
Mes maîtres de m'éprouver.*

==

*La grande rivière qui va  
Grande au soleil et petite à la lune  
Par tous chemins à l'aventure  
Ne m'aura pas pour la montrer du doigt*

*Je sais le sort de la lumière  
J'en ai assez pour jouer son éclat  
Pour me parfaire au dos de mes paupières  
Pour que rien ne vive sans moi.*

\* Eluard's title to this poem was "Vue donne vie" that is "Sight gives life."

Paul Eluard

Unite the coolness and the fire  
unite your lips and your eyes  
expect wisdom of your folly  
create image of woman and of man.

==

Man with tender smile  
woman with kind eyelids  
man with refreshed cheeks  
woman with gentle and fresh arms  
man with calm pupils  
woman with ardent lips  
man with rich speech  
woman with shared eyes  
man with two useful hands  
woman with hands of reason  
man with constant stars  
woman with breasts of endurance

there is nothing to restrain you  
my masters from putting me to the test.

==

The great river which flows  
great under the sun and small under the  
moon along all paths at random  
will not have me to point to it with my finger

I know the destiny of light  
I have enough of it to play with its brilliance  
so as to perfect myself behind my eyelids  
so that nothing may live without me.

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*Mélodie Treasury*

Baritone **Corey Gaudreau** is a singer and teacher who is frequently praised for his mastery of language and style, especially in French and German song. He is Chair of Voice of New England Conservatory Expanded Education where he founded the Vocal Theatre Lab, a theatre training program for young singers, and through which he established an ongoing collaboration with Voice at Peabody Preparatory Institute of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore.

As a performer, Gaudreau has worked with opera companies throughout the United States. He has sung and understudied a variety of roles including Sid in Benjamin Britten's *Albert Herring*, Des Grieux in Massenet's *Le Portrait de Manon*, Figaro in Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*, Aeneas in Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, Billy Bigelow in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel*, Yamadori in Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, Masetto and Don Giovanni in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Alvaro in Daniel Catàn's *Florencia en el Amazonas*, and Hannah Before in Laura Kaminsky and Mark Campbell's *As One*. Gaudreau was a Bonfils-Stanton Studio Artist and Apprentice Artist for two seasons with Central City Opera, and Artist-in-Residence with both Pensacola Opera and Opera on the James. Gaudreau is a staff singer at Trinity Church in the City of Boston. Formerly, he sang at Calvary-St. George's Parish in New York.

As a guest artist, Gaudreau has sung Ligeti's *Aventures* and *Nouvelles Aventures*, and Schumann's *Spanische Liebeslieder* in two installments of the First Monday Concert Series at Jordan Hall and recorded Pavel Haas' *Four Songs on Chinese Poetry* for an NEC Liederabend. In a repeat performance of Ligeti at Boston Symphony Hall, Corey was hailed by *Boston Music Intelligencer* as a baritone with "vitality and precision," offering "a fascinating study of shifting sonorities and sonic possibilities."

A versatile singer with flexibility in various styles, Gaudreau has been heard in concert and oratorio in the United States and Europe. He is a proponent of new music, jazz and musical theatre, and the intersections of these styles. He has sung a program of the *Great American Songbook* at the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston and performs prolifically as a song recitalist and concert artist.

Pianist **Cameron Stowe** is a leading specialist in the study and performance of song recital repertoire. Throughout his career his work has been led by his passion for poetry and song, and he has received much critical praise and numerous awards for his commitment to this art form. A pianist "worth his weight in gold," "Strong, precise, supple and sensitive" (*New York Times*) he has been praised for "his subtlety, his knack of supporting the voice and engaging it in dialogue, his powers of mood painting" (*Washington Post*) and his ability to "match the singer subtlety for subtlety, shimmer for shimmer" (*Baltimore Sun*).

Stowe has appeared in concert venues and music festivals throughout the world, playing with some of the most prominent concert singers of his generation, including Randall Scarlata, Denyce Graves, Measha Brueggergosman, Danielle DeNiese, Faith Esham, Susan Graham, Vinson Cole, Sari Gruber, and Jesse Blumberg.

For more than a decade Stowe has served as Chair of the Collaborative Piano

department at New England Conservatory, and he has been director of Collaborative Piano at Aspen Music Festival since 2021. Formerly a faculty member at The Juilliard School for fifteen years, his festival activities include residencies at Toronto Summer Music Festival, Plácido Domingo Festival, Vancouver International Song Institute, and he has given masterclasses for singers and pianists throughout the United States and abroad.

Stowe holds a doctorate from Juilliard and degrees from The Peabody Conservatory (Johns Hopkins), Oberlin College Conservatory, and the North Carolina School of the Arts.

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I am thrilled to welcome you to New England Conservatory's 2025–26 concert season — a celebration of the power that music has to inspire and connect us to one another.

Whether you are seated in one of our concert halls or watching online, we hope the performances of our students, faculty, and guest artists uplift you.

Above all, we thank you for supporting our students as they cultivate their artistry and contribute to the world through music.

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of several loops and a long horizontal stroke at the end.

Andrea Kalyn  
President


A large orchestra is performing in a grand, ornate hall. The conductor, wearing a bright yellow jacket, stands in the center of the stage, facing the orchestra. The musicians are seated in rows, playing various instruments including violins, violas, cellos, and double basses. The hall has a high ceiling with decorative moldings and is lit with warm, golden light. The audience is visible in the foreground, seated in rows of chairs.

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A woman in a graduation gown and a headpiece made of many thin sticks with stars at the ends, has her arms raised in a celebratory gesture. She is wearing a dark gown over a sequined dress. The background is a blurred image of a building with large windows.

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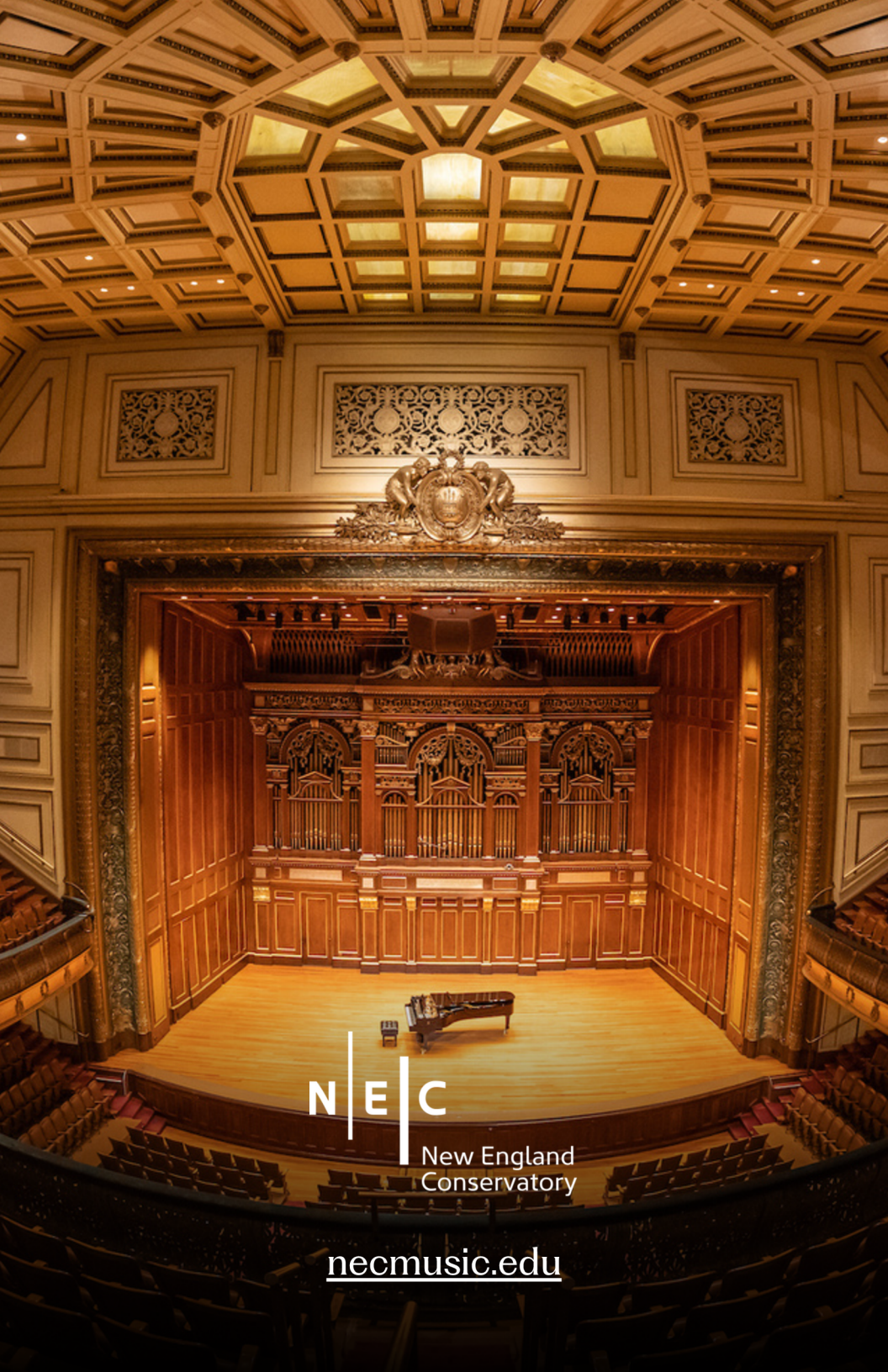
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