

Liederabend LXXVIII

Songs by Maurice Ravel

Curated and coached by Cameron Stowe and Tanya Blaich

Wednesday, December 10, 2025
6:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Maurice Ravel
(1875–1937)

5 Mélodies populaires grecques

Chanson de la mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel galant n'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Graham Lin, baritone
Sandy Li, piano

Deux épigrammes de Clément Marot

D'Anne qui m'a jecta de la neige
D'Anne jouant de l'espinette

Ronsard à son âme

Kira Lim, soprano
Quinton Chu, piano

Histoires naturelles

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

Carlynn Berners, mezzo-soprano
Nico Ottersberg Enriquez, baritone
Pualina Lim, piano

from *Chants populaires*

I. Chanson espagnole

III. Canzone italiana

IV. Chanson hébraïque

Brianna Davies, mezzo-soprano

Sepehr Davalloukhongar, piano

Ballade de la reine morte d'aimer

Vocalise-Etude en forme de Habanera

Noël des jouets

Isis Bermúdez Rivera, soprano

Anna Park, piano

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéros,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandinò,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu ...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

The bride's awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
Spread your wings to the morning,
Three beauty spots - and my heart's ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families all are related.

Down there by the church

Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together,
Buried in infinite numbers,
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it's you I love!

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul,
Joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh when you appear,
Angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun -
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

Tout gai!

*Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la ...*

Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

D'Anne qui m'a jecta de la neige

*Anne par jeu me jecta de la neige,
Que je cuidoyis froide, certainement:
Mais c'estoit feu, l'expérience en ay je,
Car embrasé, je fus soudainement.
Puis que le feu loge secrettement
Dedans la neige, où trouveray je place
Pour n'ardre point? Anne, ta seule grâce
Estaindre peult le feu que je sens bien,
Non point par eau, par neige ne par glace,
Mais par sentir un feu pareil au mien.*

D'Anne jouant de l'espinette

*Lors que je voy en ordre la brunette,
Jeune, en bon poinct, de la ligne des dieux,
Et que sa voix, ses doigts et l'espinette*

*Meinent un bruyct doux et melodieux,
J'ay du plaisir et d'oreilles et d'yeulx
Plus que les saintz en leur gloire immortelle,
Et autant qu'eulx je deviens glorieux
Dès que je pense estre un peu aymé d'elle.*

Clément Marot

So merry!

*So merry, ah, so merry;
Lovely leg, tireli, that dances
Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
Tra la la ...*

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

On Anne who threw snow at me

*Anne in play threw snow at me,
Which I certainly thought cold:
But what I felt from it was fire,
For suddenly I was all aflame.
Since fire dwells secretly
In the snow, where shall I find a place
Where I'll not burn? Anne, your favour alone
Can quench the flame I so keenly feel,
Not water nor snow nor ice,
But by feeling a fire which matches mine.*

On Anne playing the spinet

*When I see my neat and dark-haired lady,
Young, comely, of divine lineage,
And when her voice, her fingers, and the
spinet
Make a sweet melodious sound,
My ears and eyes know greater pleasure
Than the saints in their immortal glory:
And I become as glorious as they,
The moment I feel she loves me a little.*

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

Ronsard à son âme

Amelette Ronsardelette,
Mignonnette, doucelette,
Très chère hostesse de mon corps,
Tu descends là-bas, faiblelette,
Pasle, maigrelette, seulette,
Dans le froid royaume des mors;
Toutefois simple, sans remors
De meurtre, poison, et rancune,
Méprisant faveurs et trésors,
Tant enviez par la commune.

Passant, j'ay dit: suis ta fortune,
Ne trouble mon repos, je dors.

Pierre de Ronsard

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

Ronsard to his soul

Dear little bit of Ronsard,
Little sweet one, little soft one,
Dearest hostess of my body,
You descend below, so weakly,
So pale, so meager, so lonely,
To the cold kingdom of the dead;
However simple, without remorse
For murder, poison, and bitterness,
Scorning favors and treasures,
So envied by the common man.

Passer-by, as I said: follow your fortune,
Don't disturb my rest, I'm sleeping.

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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

*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 harceller.*

Il se repose.

*Puis il remonte sa minuscule montre.
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.*

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 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

Chanson espagnole

*Adios, men homino, adios,
Ja qui te marchas pr'aguerra:
Non t'olvides d'aprendina
Quiche qued' a can'a terra.*

La la la la...

*Castellanos de Castilla,
Tratade ben os grallegos:
Cando van, van como rosas,
Cando ven, ven como negros.*

La la la la...

Anonymous

Canzone italiana

*M'affaccio la finestra e vedo l'onde,
Vedo le mie miserie che sò granne!
Chiamo l'amòre mio, nun m'arrisponde!*

Anonymous

Chanson hébraïque

*Mejerke, main Suhn
Mejerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Zi weiss tu, var wemen du steihst?
"Lifnei Melech Malchei hamlochim," Tatunju.*

*Mejerke, main Suhn,
Mejerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Wos ze westu bai Ihm bet'n?
"Bonej, chajei, M'sunei," Tatunju.*

Spanish song

*Farewell, my husband, farewell,
Now that you are marching off to war
Don't forget to keep in touch
With those who are holding down the fort at
home.*

La la la la...

*Castillans of Castille
Treat well the Galicians:
When they go, they go like roses,
When they come back, they come back as
blacks.*

La la la la...

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Italian song

*I look out the window and see the waves,
I see my misery which is so great.
I call to my love, no one responds to me.*

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Hebrew Song

*"Mayerke, my son,
Mayerke, my son, oh Mayerke, my son,
Do you know before whom do you stand?
"BEFORE THE KING OF THE KING OF
KINGS, father dear."*

*"Mayerke, my son,
Mayerke, my son, oh Mayerke, my son,
And what will you ask of him?"
"CHILDREN, LIFE, AND SUSTENANCE,
father dear."*

*Mejerke, main Suhn,
Mejerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wos darfs tu Bonei?
"Boni skim batoiroh," Tatunju.*

*Mejerke, main Suhn,
Mejerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wos darfs tu chajei?
"Kol chai joiducho," Tatunju.*

*Mejerke, main Suhn,
Mejerke, main Suhn, oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wo darfs tu M'sunei?
"W'ochalto w'sowoto uwairachto," Tatunju.*

Anonymous

Ballade de la reine morte d'aimer

*En Bohême était une Reine,
Douce soeur du Roi de Thulé,
Belle entre toutes les Reines,
Reine par sa toute Beauté.*

*Le grand Trouvère de Bohême
Un soir triste d'automne roux
Lui murmura le vieux: je t'aime!... --
Âmes folles et cœurs si fous !...*

*Et la Très Belle toute blanche
Le doux Poète tant aima
Que sur l'heure son âme blanche
Vers les étoiles s'exhala...*

*Les grosses cloches de Bohême
Et les clochettes de Thulé
Chantèrent l'hosana suprême
De la Reine morte d'aimer...*

Roland de Marès

"Mayerke, my son,
Mayerke, my son, oh Mayerke, my son,
For what do you need children?"
"CHILDREN STUDY THE TORAH, father
dear."

"Mayerke, my son,
Mayerke, my son, oh Mayerke, my son,
For what do you need life?"
"ALL LIFE SHALL PRAISE HIM, father
dear."

"Mayerke, my son,
Mayerke, my son, oh Mayerke, my son,
But you also want some bread?"
"YOU SHALL EAT, AND BE SATISFIED
AND BLESS THE LORD YOUR GOD,
father dear."

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Ballad of the queen who died of love

In Bohemia there lived a Queen,
The King of Thule's gentle sister,
There was never a queen more beautiful,
She reigned through beauty alone.

The great Troubadour of Bohemia,
One sad russet autumn evening,
Murmured: 'I love you', that old refrain!
Crazed souls and such crazed hearts!...

And the white-skinned beauty
Was so loved by the gentle poet,
That of a sudden her white soul
Gave up the ghost and fled to the stars...

The great bells of Bohemia
And the little bells of Thule
Sang the last Hosanna
Of the Queen who died of love.

Translation © Richard Stokes

Noël des jouets

*Le troupeau verni des moutons
Roule en tumulte vers la crèche*

*Les lapins tambours, brefs et rêches,
Couvrent leurs aigres mirlitons.
Vierge Marie, en crinoline.
Ses yeux d'émail sans cesse ouverts,
En attendant Bonhomme hiver
Veille Jésus qui se dodine
Car, près de là, sous un sapin,
Furtif, emmitoufflé dans l'ombre
Du bois, Belzébuth, le chien sombre,*

Guette l'Enfant de sucre peint.

*Mais les beaux anges incassables
Suspendus par des fils d'archal
Du haut de l'arbuste hiémal
Assurent la paix des étables.
Et leur vol de clinquant vermeil
Qui cliquette en bruits symétriques
S'accorde au bétail mécanique
Dont la voix grêle bêle:
"Noël! Noël! Noël!"*

Maurice Ravel

Noël of the toys

The hand-varnished flock of sheep
Rolls in a sudden burst of noise toward the
crèche.

The rabbit drummers, staccato and uneven,
Cover up their shrill mirlitons.
The Virgin Mary, in crinoline,
Her enamel eyes unceasingly open,
Waiting for Old Man Winter,
Keeping watch over Jesus in the rocker.
Because nearby, below a fir tree,
Furtive, swaddled in the shadow
Of the wood, Belzébuth, the dark-colored
dog,

Is on the lookout for the Child made of hand-
painted fondant.

But the beautiful, shatterproof angels
Suspended by brass wires
From the top of the winter garlands
Ensure the peace of the stable.
And their wings of glittery bronze
Jingle in symmetrical noises,
In time with the mechanical cattle
Whose voices bleat like little hailstones:
"Noël! Noël! Noël!"

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Smetana *"The Moldau"* from *Ma Vlast*; Beethoven *Leonore Overture No. 3*, op. 72b;

Dvořák *Symphony No. 8 in G Major*, op. 88 - Clancy Ellis '26 GD,

Joseph Bozich '27 GD and Leonard Bopp '27 GD conductors

Tuesday, December 16, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

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Wednesday, December 17, 2025 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

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