

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a vibrant red, draped dress and a matching necklace, is captured in a dynamic pose on a stage. She is looking off to the side with an expressive, slightly open-mouthed expression. Her right arm is extended forward, hand open. The background is dark, with a textured, red, tufted surface visible behind her. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her dress and features.

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# Song and Verse

JJ Penna, piano and coach

*Diva!*

*Romance, Peril, Dream, and the  
Feminine Eternal*

Friday, April 21, 2023

8:00 p.m.

Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

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*Reading:* Maria Callas

**Vincenzo Bellini**  
(1801–1835)

*La ricordanza*

*Reading:* John Cassavetes

**Franz Liszt**  
(1811–1886)

*Oh! quand je dors*

Yumeng Xing, soprano

*Reading:* Marina Abramović  
Sarah Bernhardt

**Sara Corry**  
(b. 1988)

from *Fragments on Love and Desire*

**Claude Debussy**  
(1862–1918)

*Chansons de Bilitis*

La flûte de Pan

La chevelure

Le tombeau des Nâïades

Brittany Bryant, mezzo-soprano

*Reading:* Patti Smith

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

*Heiss mich nicht reden*

*An Mignon*

*Gretchen am Spinnrade*

Sophia Donelan, soprano

**Alison Bauld**  
(b. 1944)

*Titania's Song*

Madeleine Wiegers, mezzo-soprano

*Reading:* Hilton Als on actress Michelle Williams

**Hector Berlioz**  
(1803–1869)

*La mort d'Ophélie*

Molly Flynn, soprano

*Reading:* Viola Davis

**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833–1897)

*Ophelia-Lieder*

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb  
Sein Leichenhemd weiss

*Reading:* Stella Adler

Auf Morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag  
Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß  
Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück

Yumeng Xing, soprano

*Reading:* Actress Jessica Lee Findlay on playing Ophelia

**Richard Strauss**  
(1864–1949)

from *Ophelia Lieder*

Wie erkenn ich mein Treulieb  
Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß

Molly Flynn, soprano

*Reading:* Tennessee Williams

**Francis Poulenc**  
(1899–1963)

*La Dame de Monte Carlo*

Madeleine Wiegers, mezzo-soprano

Inaugurated in the fall of 2020, the Song and Verse recital series provides a platform for undergraduate singers at NEC to experience the unique and invigorating process of song preparation and performance—creating interpretations, building performance skills, and forging intellectual and musical connections with a wide literature. Working closely with Vocal Arts faculty members, students will engage with rich traditions of song composition from around the globe. Committed to diversity, our programs will feature both established and emerging composers and poets from across many cultures and traditions. This series creates new opportunities for students to participate with the singular type of storytelling unique to song.

### ***La ricordanza***

*Era la notte, e presso di Colei  
Che sola al cor mi giunse e vi sta sola,  
Con quel pianger che rompe la parola,  
Io pregava mercede a martir miei.*

*Quand' Ella, chinando gli occhi bei,  
Disse (e il membrarlo sol me, da me invola):  
Ponmi al cor la tua destra, e ti consola:*

*Ch'io amo e te sol' amo intender dei,*

*Poi fatta, per amor, tremante e bianca,  
In atto soävissimo mi pose  
La bella faccia sulla spalla manca.*

*Se dopo il dole assai più duol l'amaro;*

*Se per me nullo istante a quel rispose,  
Ah! quant' era in quell' ora il morir caro!*

Carlo Pepoli

### **Recollection**

Night had fallen, and near her  
The one who occupied my heart,  
With tears that prevented speech,  
I asked for pity on my anguish.

When she, with lowered eyes,  
Said (this memory still makes my head spin):  
"Put your hand on my heart, and feel  
restored;  
Know I love only you."

She did this with love, pale and shaking,  
In the sweetest way she rested  
Her beautiful face on my shoulder.

Even if, after this bliss, the grief was more  
bitter,

Even if no moment came close to this,  
Ah! how blessed it was to die in that hour!

*Translation by JJ Penna*

**Oh! quand je dors**

*Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,  
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,  
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche ...  
Soudain ma bouche  
S'entr'ouvrira!*

*Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève  
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,  
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève ...  
Et soudain mon rêve  
Rayonnera!*

*Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,  
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,*

*Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme ...*

*Soudain mon âme  
S'éveillera!*

Victor Hugo

**Fragments on Love and Desire**

He's equal with the Gods...  
blind, stunned, delicate fire  
the sound of thunder in my ears.

Sappho and Mira Gonzales

**Ah, while I sleep**

Ah, while I sleep, come close to where I lie,  
As Laura once appeared to Petrarch,  
And let your breath in passing touch me ...  
At once my lips  
Will part!

On my sombre brow, where a dismal dream  
That lasted too long now perhaps is ending,  
Let your countenance rise like a star ...  
At once my dream  
Will shine!

Then on my lips, where a flame flickers—  
A flash of love which God himself has  
purified—  
Place a kiss and be transformed from angel  
into woman ...  
At once my soul  
Will wake!

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French  
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) Provided via  
Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

### **La flûte de Pan**

*Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une syrinx faite de roseaux bien taillés, unis avec la blanche cire qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.*

*Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux; mais je suis un peu tremblante. Il en joue après moi, si doucement que je l'entends à peine.*

*Nous n'avons rien à nous dire, tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre; mais nos chansons veulent se répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.*

*Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes qui commence avec la nuit. Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue.*

### **La chevelure**

*Il m'a dit: «Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé. J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou. J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.*

*«Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens; et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi, par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche, ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.*

*«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé, tant nos membres étaient confondus, que je devenais toi-même ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon songe.»*

*Quand il eut achevé, il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules, et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre, que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.*

### **The pan-flute**

For Hyacinthus Day, he gave me a syrinx made of carefully cut reeds, bonded with white wax that is sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap; but I am a little fearful. He plays after me, so gently that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say, so close are we, one to another, but our songs try to answer each other, and back and forth our mouths unite on the flute.

It is late; there is the song of the green frogs that begins with the night. My mother will never believe that I stayed out so long to look for my lost sash.

### **The hair**

He said to me: "Last night I dreamed. I had your hair around my neck. I had your hair like a black collar around my neck and across my chest.

"I caressed it, and it became my own; and we were united forever, by the same hair, mouth on mouth, just as two laurels often share one root.

"And little by little, it seemed to me, our limbs had become so intertwined that I was becoming you, or that you were entering into me like in my dream."

When he had finished, he gently set his hands on my shoulders and looked at me with a look so tender, that I lowered my eyes with a shiver

## **Le tombeau des Nāiādes**

*Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais; mes cheveux devant ma bouche se fleurissaient de petits glaçons, et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.*

*Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?» — «Je suis la trace du satyre. Ses petits pas fourchus alternent comme des trous dans un manteau blanc» Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.*

*«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi. Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible. La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.*

*Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.» Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace de la source où jadis riaient les nāiādes. Il prenait de grands morceaux froids, et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.*

Pierre Louÿs

## **Heiss mich nifht reden**

*Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen,  
Denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;  
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,  
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.*

*Zu rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf  
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;*

*Der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,  
Missgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen  
Quellen.*

*Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,  
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen;  
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu  
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.*

## **The tomb of the Naiads**

Along the frost-bound wood I walked; my hair across my mouth blossomed with tiny icicles, and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He says to me: 'What do you seek?' 'I follow the satyr's track. His little cloven hoof-marks alternate like holes in a white cloak.' He says to me: 'The satyrs are dead.

'The satyrs and the nymphs too. For thirty years there has not been so harsh a winter. The tracks you see are those of a goat.

But let us stay here, where their tomb is.' And with the iron head of his hoe he broke the ice of the spring, where the naiads used to laugh. He picked up the huge cold fragments, and, raising them to the pale sky, gazed through them.

*Translations by Brittany Bryant*

## **Do not tell me to speak**

Do not tell me to speak, ask me to be silent,  
My secret is my duty;  
I want to reveal my inner soul to you,  
But fate does not allow it.

At the right time, the sun will run its course  
Through this dark night, and it must be  
illuminated;  
This hard rock opens its bosom,  
Ungrudgingly the earth bestows its deep-  
hidden springs.

Everyone seeks peace in the arm of a friend,  
There the heart can pour out its sorrows;  
But an oath locks my lips together  
And only God can open them.



### *An Mignon*

*Über Tal und Fluß getragen,  
Ziehet rein der Sonne Wagen.  
Ach, sie regt in ihrem Lauf,  
So wie deine, meine Schmerzen,  
Tief im Herzen,  
Immer morgens wieder auf.*

*Kaum will mir die Nacht noch frommen,  
Denn die Träume selber kommen  
Nun in trauriger Gestalt,  
Und ich fühle dieser Schmerzen,  
Still im Herzen,  
Heimlich bildende Gewalt.*

...

*Heimlich muß ich immer weinen,  
Aber freundlich kann ich scheinen  
Und sogar gesund und rot  
Wären tödlich diese Schmerzen  
Meinem Herzen,  
Ach! Schön lange wär ich tot.*

### *Gretchen am Spinnrade*

*Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.*

*Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.*

*Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.*

*Meine Ruh' ist hin ...*

*Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.*

### **To Mignon**

Crossing over vale and river,  
The sun's chariot passes clearly.  
Ah it stirs in its course,  
Like yours, my pain,  
Deep in my heart,  
Awakes each morning again.

The night hardly helps me,  
For my dreams come themselves  
Now in the form of sadness,  
And I feel this pain,  
Still in my heart,  
A secret, formative power.

...

Secretly, I must always weep.  
But I can seem cheerful  
And even healthy and flushed  
If these agonies were fatal  
To my heart.  
Ah! I would be dead for a long time.

### **Gretchen at the spinning-wheel**

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy.  
I will never find peace  
never again.

Where I don't have him,  
Life is like the grave,  
The whole world  
Is destroyed.

My poor head  
Is unhinged  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

My peace is gone ...

For him only, I gaze  
out the window,  
For him only, I go  
Out of the house.

*Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.*

*Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss.  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!*

*Meine Ruh' ist hin,...*

*Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft' ich fassen  
Und halten ihn.*

*Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt'  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

His proud walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth's smile,  
His eyes' power.

His words'  
Magic flow.  
The touch of his hand,  
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone ...

My bosom urges  
Itself towards him.  
Ah if I could clasp  
And hold him.

And kiss him  
As I would wish  
And in his kisses  
I should die!

*Translations by Sophia Donelan*

### **Titania's Song**

What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again  
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me  
On the first view to say, to swear, I love [thee]

Out of this wood do not desire to go  
Thou wilt remain here whether thou wilt or no  
I am a spirit of no common rate  
The summer still doth tend upon my state  
And I do love thee. Therefore go with me  
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee  
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep  
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep  
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so  
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.  
Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed!

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

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman  
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower  
Lamenting some enforced chastity  
Tie up my love's tongue. Bring him silently.

*William Shakespeare, A Midsummer Night's Dream*

### **La mort d'Ophélie**

*Après d'un torrent, Ophélie  
Cueillait, tout en suivant le bord,  
Dans sa douce et tendre folie,  
Des pervenches, des boutons d'or,  
Des iris aux couleurs d'opale,  
Et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle,  
Qu'on appelle des doigts de mort.*

*Puis élevant sur ses mains blanches  
Les rians trésors du matin,  
Elle les suspendait aux branches,  
Aux branches d'un saule voisin.  
Mais, trop faible, le rameau plie,  
Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie  
Tombe, sa guirlande à la main.*

*Quelques instants sa robe enflée  
La tint encor sur le courant,  
Et comme une voile gonflée,  
Elle flottait toujours chantant,  
Chantant quelque vieille ballade,  
Chantant ainsi qu'une naïade  
Née au milieu de ce torrent.*

*Mais cette étrange mélodie  
Passa, rapide comme un son.  
Par les flots la robe alourdie  
Bientôt dans l'abîme profond;  
Entraîna la pauvre insensée,  
Laissant à peine commencée  
Sa mélodieuse chanson.*

Translated into French by Ernest Legouvé

### **The death of Ophelia**

Beside a brook, Ophelia  
Gathered along the water's bank,  
In her sweet and gentle madness,  
Periwinkles, crow-flowers,  
Opal-tinted irises,  
And those pale purples  
Called dead men's fingers.

Then, raising up in her white hands  
The morning's laughing trophies,  
She hung them on the branches,  
The branches of a nearby willow.  
But the bough, too fragile, bends,  
Breaks, and poor Ophelia  
Falls, the garland in her hand.

Her dress, spread wide,  
Bore her on the water awhile,  
And like an outstretched sail  
She floated, still singing,  
Singing some ancient lay,  
Singing like a water-sprite  
Born amidst the waves.

But this strange melody died,  
Fleeting as a snatch of sound.  
Her garment, heavy with water,  
Soon into the depths  
Dragged the poor distracted girl,  
Leaving her melodious lay  
Hardly yet begun.

*William Shakespeare, Hamlet*

**Wie erkenn' ich dein Treulieb**

Wie erkenn ich dein Treulieb  
Vor den andern nun?  
An dem Muschelhut und Stab.  
Und den Sandalschuh' n.  
Er ist lange tot und hin,  
Tot und hin, Früulein!  
Ihm zu Häupten ein Rasen grün,  
Ihm zu Fuss ein Stein.

**Sein Leichenhemd weiss**

Sein Leichenhemd weiss wie Schnee zu sehn,  
Geziert mit Blumensegen,  
Das unbetränt zum Grab musst' gehn  
Von Liebesregen.

**Auf Morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag**

Auf Morgen ist Sankt Valentins Tag,  
Wohl an der Zeit noch früh,  
Und ich, 'ne Maid, am Fensterschlag  
Will sein eu'r Valentin.  
Er war bereit, tät an sein Kleid,  
Tät auf die Kammertür,  
Liess ein die Maid, die als 'ne Maid  
Ging nimmermehr herfür.

**Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss**

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss,  
Leider, ach leider!  
Und manche Trän' fiel in Grabes Schoss,  
Ihr müsst singen: 'Nunter! Und ruft ihr ihn  
'nunter.  
Denn traut lieb Fränzel ist all meine Lust. —

**How shall I know your true love**

How shall I know your true love  
From others now?  
By the cockle hat and staff  
And the sandal shoes.  
He is dead and long gone,  
Dead and gone, lady!  
At his head green grass,  
At his feet a stone.

**His shroud is as white**

His shroud is as white as snow  
Adorned with blessed flowers.  
Which had to go tear-stained to the grave,  
Wet with love's showers.

**Tomorrow is St Valentine's Day**

Tomorrow is St Valentine's Day,  
So early in the day.  
And I, a maid at the window,  
Shall be your Valentine.  
The young man was ready, put trousers on,  
Opened up the chamber door,  
Let in the maid who as a maid  
Departed nevermore.

**They bore him bare-faced on the bier**

They bore him bare-faced on the bier,  
Alas, ah alas!  
And many a tear fell into his grave,  
A-down, a-down, you must call him a-down.  
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

**Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?**

Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?  
Und kommt er nicht mehr zurück?  
Er ist tot, o weh!  
In dein Todesbett geh,  
Er kommt ja nimmer zurück.  
Sein Bart war so weiss wie Schnee,  
Sein Haupt dem Flachse gleich:  
Er ist hin, ist hin,  
Und kein Leid bringt Gewinn:  
Gott helf' ihm ins Himmelreich!

Translated into German by August Wilhelm  
von Schlegel

**Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb**

Wie erkenn' ich mein Treulieb  
Vor andern nun?  
An dem Muschelhut und Stab  
Und den Sandalschuh'n.

Er ist tot und lange hin,  
Tot und hin, Fräulein.  
Ihm zu Häupten grünes Gras,  
Ihm zu Fuß ein Stein. — O, ho!

Auf seinem Bahrtuch, weiß wie Schnee,  
Viel liebe Blumen trauern:  
Sie gehn zu Grabe naß, o weh,  
Vor Liebesschauern.

**Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloss**

Sie trugen ihn auf der Bahre bloß,  
Leider ach leider den Liebsten!  
Manche Träne fiel in des Grabes Schoß:  
Fahr' wohl, meine Taube!

Mein junger frischer Hansel ist's der mir gefällt,  
Und kommt er nimmermehr?  
Er ist tot, o weh!  
In dein Todbett geh,

**And will he not come again?**

And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?  
He is dead, alas!  
Go to thy death-bed,  
He never will come again.  
His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll.  
He is gone, is gone,  
And nothing comes of mourning:  
May God help him into the kingdom of  
heaven!

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The  
Book of Lieder (Faber) Provided via Oxford  
Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))

**How shall I know my true love**

How shall I know my true love  
From others now?  
By his cockle hat and staff  
And his sandal shoes.

He is dead and long gone,  
Dead and gone, lady!  
At his head green grass,  
At his feet a stone. O, ho!

On his shroud white as snow  
Many sweet flowers mourn.  
They'll go wet to the grave, alas,  
Wet with love's showers.

**They carried him naked on the bier**

They carried him naked on the bier,  
Alas, alas, the dear one!  
Many a tear dropped in the grave—  
Farewell, farewell, my dove!

My young fresh Johnnie it is I love  
—and will he come never more?  
He is dead, ah woe!  
To your deathbed go,

*Er kommt dir nimmermehr.*

*Sein Bart war weiß wie Schnee,  
Sein Haupt wie Flachs dazu:  
Er ist hin, er ist hin,  
Kein Trauern bringt Gewinn:  
Mit seiner Seele Ruh!  
Und mit allen Christenseelen! darum bet' ich! —  
Gott sei mit euch.*

Translated into German by Karl Joseph  
Simrock

### *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  
de la Méditerranée.*

He will come to you never more.

His beard was white as snow,  
His head was like flax.  
He is gone, he is gone,  
Nothing comes of mourning:  
May his soul rest in peace  
With all Christian souls! That is my prayer!  
God be with you!

William Shakespeare, Hamlet

### **The Woman of Monte Carlo**

When one is dead among the dead,  
Dragging themself among the living  
When everything kicks you out the door  
And slams it with a gust of wind  
No longer young and loved...  
Behind a closed door,  
All that remains is to drown in the water  
Or buy a pistol.  
Yes, gentlemen, that's what's left  
For cowards and bastards.  
But if the fear of this gesture  
Ties to you like a bell,  
If we fear slitting our veins,  
We can always try one's luck  
Of a trip to Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo!  
I have finished my day.  
I want to sleep at the bottom of the water  
Of the Mediterranean.

*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 decourent,  
la fourrure perd des cheveux.  
On a beau répéter: "Je veux",  
dès que la chance vous déteste,  
dès que votre cœur est nerveux,  
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?...*

*Ma découverte.  
J'en priverai les tables vertes.  
C'est bien fait pour Monte-Carlo, Monte-Carlo.  
Et maintenant, moi qui vous parle,*

After selling your soul  
And pawning your jewelry  
That no one asks for again,  
Roulette is a beautiful toy.  
It's nice to say: "I play".  
It puts fire in your cheeks  
And it illuminates your eye.  
Under pretty veils of mourning,  
One has a pretty widow's name.  
A title gives pride!  
And crazy, and ready, and totally new,  
One takes their card to the casino.  
Gaze upon my feathers and my veils,  
Contemplate the jewels of the star  
Which leads to Monte Carlo.

Luck is a woman. She is jealous  
Of these solemn widows.  
Without doubt, she believed me the wife  
Of a real colonel. I won,  
I won on the twelve.  
And then the dresses unseam themselves,  
The fur loses its hair.  
One can repeat: "I want",  
As soon as luck detests you,  
As soon as your heart is nervous,  
You can no longer make a move,  
Push a penny on the table  
Without the chance that deviates  
Changing the numbers and the cards  
On the tables of Monte Carlo.

Thugs, buzzards, scabs!  
They kicked me out... out...  
And they accuse me of being dirty,  
Of bringing bad luck to their halls,  
To their filthy halls of stucco.  
I, who would have given my hand  
To the eye, to the prince, to the princess  
To the Duke of Westminster, to the Duke,  
Perfectly. "It has to stop,"  
They cried at me, "your job!"  
Your job!...

My discovery.  
I will deprive the green tables of it.  
Well done for Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo.  
And now, I who speak to you,

*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

I will not admit the kilos I've lost, I've lost at  
Monte Carl-,  
Monte Carl- oh, Monte Carlo.  
I am a shadow of myself...  
The martingales, the systems,  
And the croupiers who have the right  
To tap your fingers from a far  
When you're about to retrieve a bet.  
And the fortunes I owe  
And every day [to] wear the same shirt  
That anguish soaked in water.  
They can run. I'm not stupid.  
Tonight I'll throw my head  
Into the sea of Monte Carlo.  
Monte Carlo.

*Translation by Madeleine Wieggers*



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