

The Longy School of Music of Bard College
Studio of Dr. Dana Lynne Varga

Devyn Kerr, soprano
Lisa DeSiro, piano

in recital on the 1st of March 2025 at 3 p.m.

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Lost and Found

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Part 1: Lost Voices

Il Mattino Maria Malibran
(1808-1836)

Kløvereng Agathe Backer Grøndahl
(1847-1907)

“Sympathy” Florence Price
From *Five Art Songs* (1887-1953)

Lorelei Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

Portrait: Valse Chantée Cécile Chaminade
(1809-1847)

The Silence of the Sirens Giovanna Spiotti
(b. 2002)

Part 2: Found Voices

Hermit Songs Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

I. At Saint Patrick’s Purgatory

II. Church Bell at Night

III. St. Ita’s Vision

IV. The Heavenly Banquet

V. The Crucifixion

VI. Sea-Snatch

VII. Promiscuity

VIII. The Monk and His Cat

IX. The Praises of God

X. The Desire for Hermitage

Could It Be Madness- This? Jake Heggie
(b.1961)

I. The First Day’s Night Had Come

II. I Heard a Fly Buzz- When I Died

Found Kevin Lubin
(b.2000)

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the Master of Music Degree.



Devyn Kerr is a rising coloratura soprano from a small town, studying at Longy School of Music of Bard College to complete her Master of Music in Vocal Studies under the guidance of Dr. Dana Lynne Varga. She holds a Bachelor's Degree from Franklin College in Franklin, Indiana, where she received both academic and performance scholarships, which helped her to develop her dream of vocal performance.

Devyn's passion and expertise for performance continually grows with each opportunity she reaps. Most recently, Devyn has been cast in Longy's production of Ned Rorem's Three Sisters who are not Sisters as Jenny. She has also appeared as La Fée in Longy's production of Massenet's Cendrillon as well as chorus member of Rachel Portman's The Little Prince, also produced by Longy. Devyn has performed in numerous solo and choral concerts and received second place for classical and third place musical theater repertoire at the National Association of Teaching Singing competition in Indiana in 2022. She also does professional vocal work with a few Churches in Boston, as she did in Indianapolis.

When she isn't practicing or teaching, Devyn is an advocate for staying physically active, being an avid lifter, yogi, and a Franklin College Women's Lacrosse Alum. She loves coffee (both drinking and learning about it), crocheting, reading, and baking treats for her friends and family. She intends to continue academic pursuits after a brief break of moving back to Indiana and enhancing her technical craft, pedagogy and repertoire knowledge, and business ventures.

Collaborative pianist **Lisa DeSiro** has performed throughout New England and in Europe with numerous vocalists, instrumentalists, and ensembles. In addition to her employment at Longy, she has worked as an accompanist at Boston Ballet School, Boston Conservatory, Emerson College, José Mateo Ballet Theatre, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Lisa also has a background in writing, editing, and publishing. She is the author of three poetry collections and was recently hired as an Assistant Editor in Marketing and Creative Services at Boston University.

Texts and Translations

Il Mattino

Ti saluto, bella Aurora,
Che di rose ammanti il prato.
Ti saluto, luogo amato
Dove nacque il mio tesor.

Sorgi, sorgi, o mio diletto,
Che l'aurora é sorta or or.

Odi il canto degli augelli
Che d'amor van gorgheggiando.
Ah! Mira l'agna, che belando
Parla anch'essa dell'amor

É l'aurora e dormi ancor?

Vedi lá tra sasso e sasso
Scorrer placido quel rio;
Odi il mesto mormorio
Che par suono di dolor?

Tutto, tutto, a te d'intorno
D'amor parla, amore intende
Ah! La fiamma che m'accende
S'alimenti nel tuo cor!

Text by Anonymous

Kløvereng

Kløvrengr!
Urskog med de tusind Stier,
hvor i Løn Serissen, gnider
Silkestreng!

Tusind lette, føielsklædte
Sommerfugles solomskyldte
Brudeseng!

Morning

I greet you, beautiful dawn,
that covers the meadow with roses
I greet you, beloved place
Where my sweetheart was born

Arise, arise, oh my delight
for the dawn is just now breaking

You hear the song of the birds
about love they are singing
Ah! See the lamb that is bleating
even It speaks of love

It Is dawn and you are still asleep?

Do you see there between rock and rock
that peaceful, flowing stream
do you hear the sad murmur?
That seems like the sound of mourning?

All, all of it around you
speaks of love and listens to love
Ah! The flame that burns inside me
You feed it in your heart!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

Clover Meadow

Clover meadow!
Primeval forest with the thousand paths
Where, in secrecy, crickets play their
Silk strings

A thousand light, velvet-clad
butterflies, their sun-dappled
Bridal bed

Lyse, lubne, lune Vover,
Gjøkens Messetone over
rødbrunt Hæng!

shiny, full, moody waves
of the cuckoo's chant over
A Red-brown garden

Tusind tause, stille, søde,
hjertervarme Blomsters bløde
Barneseng!

A thousand hushed, quiet, sweet
heartwarming flowers'
Soft crib

Duftopfyldte Dal, hvor Erler
drømmer under Duggens Perler!

Fragrance filled valley, where the birds
Dream under the dew's pearls

Himmelseng,
svøbt i Junidæmrings-Floret,
himlet ind af Nattens store
Stjernevæng!

heaven's bed!
swaddled in June's dawn, is the flower
awe-struck by night's great
Wing's of stars.

Text by Theodor Caspari

Translation by Daniel W. Haakenson

Sympathy

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing
Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting—
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,

But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—
I know why the caged bird sings!

Text by Paul Laurence Dunbar

Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

Text by Heinrich Heine

Portrait; Valse Chantée

Son nom m'est doux comme le miel,

Lorelei

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my head

The air is cool, and twilight falls
And the Rhine flows quietly by
The summit of the mountains glitter
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair

She combs it with a golden comb
and sings a song while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rock reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat
And that, with her singing,
The Lorelei has done.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Portrait; A Sung Waltz

Her name is sweet as honey to me,

Elle est blonde comme une fée,
Ses yeux sont faits d'un coin de ciel;
L'ai-je vue ou l'ai-je rêvée?

She is as fair-haired as a fairy,
Her eyes are made from the sky
Have I seen her, or am I dreaming?

Elle semble un lys frêle et doux,
Elle en a la mélancolie
Et la grace; connaissez-vous
Celle-là qui fait ma folie?

She Is like a fragile, sweet lily,
She Is melancholic
and graceful; do you know
the one who I am mad about?

Sa voix contient le miel des fleurs,
Elle est irréelle et profonde,
Et je bois toutes les douleurs,
Dans sa voix de sirène blonde.

Her voice Is nectar,
unreal and deep,
And I drink all the suffering
In this fair-haired, mermaid's voice

Son regard me frôle souvent,
Mais cependant elle m'ignore,
Elle passe et mon cœur fervent
Vole sur sa trace et l'adore

Her gaze often brushes over me
Nevertheless, she ignores me,
She goes past and my ardent heart
flies after her and I adore her.

Text by Louise Perny, as Pierre Reyniel

Translation by Geneviève Usher

The Silence of the Sirens

Listen: the treacherous voices of the night.
The Sirens sang like that. They weren't trying to seduce:
they knew that they had claws and were sterile,
and they lamented this aloud.
They couldn't help it if their laments sounded so beautiful.

Text Anonymous after Franz Kafka

Hermit Songs:

At Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!
O King of the churches and the bells
Bewailing your sores and your wounds
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!
Pity me, O King!
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?

O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,
Who shunned not the death by three wounds,
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg
And I with a heart not softer than a stone!
English source: Séan Ó Faoláin

Church Bell at Night

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be with a light and foolish *person*.

English source: Howard Mumford Jones

St. Ita's Vision

'I will take nothing from my Lord,' said she,
'unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him.'
So that Christ came down to her
in the form of a Baby and then she said:
'Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not a churl
But were begot on Mary the Jewess
By Heaven's light.
Infant Jesus at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast'.

English source: Chester Kallman

The Heavenly Banquet

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my own house;
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.
I would like to have the three Mary's,
their fame is so great.
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.
I would like to be watching Heaven's family
Drinking it through all eternity.

English source: Séan Ó Faoláin

The Crucifixion

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

English source: Howard Mumford Jones

Sea Snatch

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,
As timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

English source: Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson

Promiscuity

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

English source: Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson

The Monk and his Cat

Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are
Alone together, Scholar and cat.
Each has his own work to do daily;
For you it is hunting, for me, study.
Your shining eye watches the wall;
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.
Pleased with his own art
Neither hinders the other;
Thus we live ever
Without tedium and envy.
Pangur, white Pangur,
How happy we are,
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

English source: W. H. Auden

The Praises of God

How foolish the man who does not raise
His voice and praise with joyful words,
As he alone can, Heaven's High King.
To whom the light birds with no soul but air,
All day, everywhere laudations sing.

English source: W. H. Auden

The Desire for Hermitage

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell
with nobody near me;

beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
in a lovely little corner among tombs
far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world
alone I shall go from it.

English source: Séan Ó Faoláin

Could it be Madness— This?:

The first day's night had come—
And grateful that a thing
So terrible—had been endured—
I told my Soul to sing—

She said her Strings were snapt—
Her Bow— to Atoms blown—
And so to mend her— gave me work
Until another Morn—

And then— a Day as huge
As Yesterdays in pairs,
Unrolled its horror in my face—
Until it blocked my eyes—

My Brain— begun to laugh—
I mumbled— like a fool—
And tho' 'tis Years ago— that Day—
My Brain keeps giggling— still.

And Something's odd— within—
That person that I was-
And this One— do not feel the same—
Could It be Madness— this?

I heard a Fly buzz - when I died -
The Stillness in the Room
Was like the Stillness in the Air -

Between the Heaves of Storm -

The Eyes around - had wrung them dry -
And Breaths were gathering firm
For that last Onset - when the King
Be witnessed - in the Room -

I willed my Keepsakes - Signed away
What portion of me be
Assignable - and then it was
There interposed a Fly -

With Blue - uncertain - stumbling Buzz -
Between the light - and me -
And then the Windows failed - and then
I could not see to see -

Text by Emily Dickinson

Found

I find myself now
With love for what will always be mine
I find myself now
Away from my home
I find myself now
A plant surrounded by flat nurturing soil
I find myself now
A farmer gathering her bountiful crop
i find myself now
A calf presented a full pail of grain
I find myself now
In a place strange and new
I find myself now
Nowhere near crops or cows
And still
I find myself now

Text by Devyn Kerr