Ma sì, ti chiamerò come in quell'ore
Non fuggermi così.
Non volgere la faccia al mio dolore
Se il tuo sogno morir!

Nebbie
Poem by Ada Negri (1870-1945)  
Soffro, lontan lontano
Le nebbie sommolente
Salgono dal tacente piano.
Alto graziosamente, i corvi.
Fridati all'ali nero,
Traverser le brughiere, torvi.
Dell'are ai moriri crudì
Gli addolorato tromchi
D'or, pregando, i brocchi nudi.
Come ho freddo! Sono sola;
Pel grigio ciel soprito
Un gemito destinto voa.
E mi ripete; vieni;
È buia la valletta.
O triste, o dissamata
Vieni! Vieni!

Fog
Translated by Robert Grady  
I suffer, Far, far away
The sleeping fog
Rises from the quiet plain.
Shrilly, caving, the crowds,
Trusting their black wings,
Traverse the moors, grimly.
To the raw harshness of air
The sorrowful tree trunks
Offer, praying, their bare branches.
How cold I am! I am alone;
Driven through the gray sky
A groan of the dead soars.
And repeats to me: come;
The valley is dark.
O sad one, o unloved one,
Come! Come!

W.A. Mozart is a prolific Italian composer of the Classical period who composed works for numerous musical genres and many of Mozart's works are part of today's standard concert repertoire. Mozart composed operas written by librettist Lorenzo da Ponte and in 1786 the opera buffa Le nozze di Figaro premiered in Vienna. This aria is sung by Dr. Bartolo as he promises Marcellina he will gain vengeance over Figaro for a loan that he hasn't paid back. He also has his own motive because Figaro prevented him from marrying the current Countess of Almaviva.

"La Vendetta"
from Le nozze di Figaro (1786)
Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte (1740-1838)  
Bene, io tutto farò;
Senza riserve,
Tutto a me palese.
(Avevi pur gusto di dar per moglie
La mia serva antica a chi
Mi feci un di rapir l'amica.)
La vendetta, oh, la vendetta
E un piacer serbato a sogni.
L'oblitar l'onta, e gli oltraggi
E bassesse, è ognor vilta.
Con l'astuzia, coll'arguzia,
Col giudizio, col criterio,
Si potrebbe...
Il fatto è serio.
Ma credete se farà.
Se tutto il codice dovesse
Volgere,
Se tutto l'indice dovesse leggere,
Con un equivoco, con un sinonimo
Quel che rispago si troverà.
Tutta Siviglia conosce Bartolo;
Il birbone Figaro vintor sarà.

Vengeance
Translated by Martha Gerhart  
Very well, I'll do it all I can;
Without reservation,
Reveal everything to me.
I would certainly relish giving my old
Servant as wife to the one who
Once robbed me of my sweetheart.)

Vengeance, oh, vengeance
Is a pleasure reserved for the wise.
To forget disgrace and offenses
Is always dishonor and cowardice.
With shrewdness, with wit,
With wisdom, with discretion,
It could be possible...
The matter is serious.
But believe it, it will be done,
If I should have to turn the whole
Legal code around.
If I should have to read the whole index,
With an ambiguity, with a synonym
Some confusion will be found.
All Seville knows Bartolo:
The rascal Figaro will be defeated.

Senior Recital  
Andy Kim   
baritone  
with  
Crystal Cho, piano  

Friday, April 30, 2010  
7:30pm  
Doc Rando Recital Hall  
Beamer Music Center
Reflections of a Heart’s Journey

Eichendorff Lieder

No. 16
Liebesglück
Hugo Wolf
(1860 – 1903)

No. 3
Verschwiegene Liebe

Die Mainacht

Johannes Brahms
(1833 – 1897)

Ruhe, meine Seele!

Richard Strauss
(1864 – 1949)

Spring Thunder

John Duke
(1899 – 1984)

I Strolled Across an Open Field

Ned Rorem
(h. 1923)

Intemission

Clair de Lune

Joseph Szulec
(1875 – 1956)

Aimons-nous

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835 – 1921)

Automne

Gabriel Fauré
(1845 – 1924)

J’ai pleuré en rêve

Georges Huc
(1858 – 1948)

Tormento

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846 – 1916)

Nebbie

Ottorino Respighi
(1879 – 1936)

“La Vendetta”

from Le nozze di Figaro (1786)

W.A. Mozart
(1879 – 1936)

Every heart and love has its unique path. However, we all share many of the same experiences. These songs are a reflection of just a few of the many stages in this journey.

Notes and Translations

“Believe in the importance of love, for it is the strength and beauty that brings music to our souls.”
- Unknown

“What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined... to strengthen each other... to be at one with each other in allant unpeaasable memories.” - George Eliot

“I’ve learned that people will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel.” - Maya Angelou

“What we need to know about living is no great mystery. We all know what constitutes loving behavior; we need but act upon it, not continually question it. Our analysis often confuses the issue and in the end brings us no closer to insight. We sometimes become too busy classifying, separating, and examining, to remember that love is easy. It's we who make it complicated.” - Leo Buscaglia

Hugo Wolf is an Austrian composer who is recognized for his Lieder. His musical work is noted for compressing expansive musical ideas and depth of feeling and Wolf is skilful at musically interpreting and depicting texts.

Johannes Brahms is a German composer of the Romantic period. Although Brahms composed during this era, he maintained a Classical form and order to his works. He composed for all forms of music and his songs are considered to be some of his best works.

German composer and conductor Richard Strauss is most famous for his operas and tone poems. After the death of Brahms and Wagner, Strauss became the most important German composer.

Eichendorff Lieder

No. 16 – Liebesglück
Poem by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Ich hab ein Liebchen lieb recht von Herzen,
Hilf mir, du müsst mein Herz erkenne.
Und so spielt mein Herz wie die Welt.

Eichendorff Lieder

No. 16 – Happiness In Love
Translated by Emily Ezring

Ich habe ein Lieben, dass mir gefällt,
Sie hat die Farben des Herzens.
Und ich singe wie der Wind.

Eichendorff Lieder

No. 16 – Silent Love
Poem by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Über Wipfel und Saeten
In den Glanz hinein -
Wer mag sie erraten,
Wer holte sie ein?

Just as in the dark woods, between ravines,
Abruptly sparkle sunny gaps,
Gleaming streams, and blossoming wildernesses
Rustling heavenly - so it is in my heart!

Just as one gazes at the sea from the mountains,
Just as the seashell, gliding in the blue,
Calls to the dawned earth where it lays:
So immeasurable is true love!

This concert is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance.

Andy Kim is a student of Luana DeVol.
Thoughts away,
The night is mute;
Thoughts run free.

Only one guesses,
One who has thought of her
By the rustling of the grove,
When no one was watching any longer
Except the clouds that flew by -
My love is silent
And as fair as the night.

The May Night
Translated by Leonard Lehman

When the silvery moon
Beams through the shrubs
And over the lawn
Scatters its slumbering light,
And the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the woods.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair of doves coos
Their delight to me; but I turn away
Seeking darker shadows,
And a lonely tear flows.

When, oh smiling image that like sunrise
Shines through my soul,
Shall I find you on earth?
And the lonely tear flows trembling,
Burning, down my cheek.

Rest, My Soul!
Translated by Emily Ezust

Not a breeze is stirring lightly,
The wood lies slumbering gently;
Through the dark cover of leaves
Steals bright sunshine.

Rest, rest, my soul,
Your storms have gone wild,
Have raged and trembled
Like the surf when it breaks.

These times are powerful,
Bringing torment to heart and mind;
Rest, rest, my soul,
And forget what is threatening you!

Joseph Szulec is a Polish composer who gained much of his musical styling by studying and composing in Paris. Though he has written a handful of songs, he is most known for his operettas and French musicals.

Camille Saint-Saëns was a French composer, organist, conductor, and pianist who was widely regarded by his contemporaries and later some critics as writing music that are elegant and technically flawless. He has composed over 300 works with the opera Samson et Delila and symphonic poem Danse macabre being some of his most famous.

Gabriel Fauré is a French composer who is considered to be the most advanced composer of his generation and numerous other early-20th century composers found influence in Fauré's compositional style.

Classical French composer Georges Hitz studied with Charles Gounod and César Franck and is most noted for his operas and stage productions. Though he gained admiration from several of his famous colleagues, his music had limited success because his style did not change with the times.
Clair de Lune
Poem by Paul Verlaine (1844-1890)
Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantastiques!
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
Lamour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Il n’est pas l’air de creuser à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et s’agit de déranger les jets d’eau,
Les grands jets d’eau sveltes parmi les marges.

Aimons-nous
Poem by Théodore de Banville (1823-1881)
Aimons-nous et dormons,
Sous songer au reste du monde!
Ni le frot de la mer, ni l’ouragan des monts
Tant que nous nous aimaons
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,
Car l’amour est plus fort
Que les Dieux et la Mort!
Le soleil s’éteindrait
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure,
Le vent qui jusqu’à terre incline la forêt,
En passant n’oierait
Jouer avec ta chevelure,
Tant que tu caucheras
Ta tête entre mes bras!
Et lorsque nos deux coeurs
S’en brisent aux sphères heureuses
Où les célestes lys éclectront sous nos pleurs,
Alors, comme deux fleurs,
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,
Et tâchons d’épouser
La mort dans un baiser!

Autumne
Poem by Armand Silvestre (1838-1901)
Autumne au ciel bruneux, aux horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couCHANTs, aux aurores pâles,
Je regarde couler, comme l’eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.
Sur l’aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,
Comme s’il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse!
Parcourant en rêvant les coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis, sourit ma jeunesse!
Je sens au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Rêfleurer en bouquet les roses déliées
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes,
Qu’en mon coeur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliés!

Moonlight
Translated by Edith Braun
Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masques and bergamasques promenade,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Said beneath their fanciful disguises!
Even while singing, in a minor key
Of victorious love and fortune. living,
They do not seem to believe in their happiness,
And their song mingles with the moonlight,
The calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
Which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slender fountains among the marble statues.

Let Us Love
Translated by Richard Stokes
Let us love and sleep
Without dreaming of the rest of the world!
Neither ocean waves, nor mountain storm
While we still love each other
Can trouble your golden head,
For love is more powerful
Than Gods and Death!
The sun would extinguish its rays
To make your purity more pure,
The wind which bends the forest to the ground,
Would not dare in passing
To play with your hair,
While you nestle
Your head in my arms!
And when our two hearts
Shall ascend to paradise
When heavenly lilies shall open beneath our tears,
Then, like two flowers,
Let us join our loving lips,
And try to outlast
Death in a kiss!

Autumne
Poem by Armand Silvestre (1838-1901)
Autumne au ciel bruneux, aux horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâles,
Je regarde couler, comme l’eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.
Sur l’aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,
Comme s’il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse!
Parcourant en rêvant les coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis, sourit ma jeunesse!
Je sens au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Rêfleurer en bouquet les roses déliées
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes,
Qu’en mon coeur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliés!

Autumn
Poem by Armand Silvestre (1838-1901)
Autumn of misty skies and heartrending horizons.
Of fleeting sunsets, of pale dawns,
I watch flowing by, like the waters of a torrent,
Your days tinged with melancholy.
My thoughts, carried away on the wings of regret,
As if our time could ever be relived!
Dreamingly wander the enchanted hillsides,
Where once my youth had smiled!
In the bright sunlight of victorious memory
I smell the fallen roses blooming again in bouquets
And tears well up in my eyes,
Tears which my heart
At twenty had been forgotten!

J’ai pleuré en rêve
Poem by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)
J’ai pleuré en rêve:
J’ai rêvé que tu étais morte...
Je m’envola, et les larmes coulèrent de mes joues.
J’ai pleuré en rêve:
J’ai rêvé que tu m’abandonnait...
Je m’envola, et j’prierais
Éternellement longtemps après.
J’ai pleuré en rêve:
J’ai rêvé que tu m’aimais encore...
Je m’envola, je m’envolai,
Et le torrent de mes larmes coula toujours.

Francesco Paolo Tosti, an Italian composer, first established himself in Rome and wound up in London where he was knighted in 1908. He composed texts in Italian, French, and English and his fluent melodic style was greatly favored by singers.

Ottorino Respighi was an Italian composer, musicologist and conductor. He was principally a violinist until 1908, when he turned primarily to composition. His musical works include opera, ballet, orchestral compositions, concertos, vocal and choral pieces, and chamber music.

Tormento
Poem by Anonymous
Quando ricorderò le tue carezze
Ove mi sarai tu?
Oggi i giochi di sogni e di dolcezze
Che mai resterà più?
Quando ti chiamerò nel mio tormento
Chi mai risponderà?
Amore è elixir di vento:
Passa, carica, va!
E se incontrerò con la mia via
Che mai dir ti potrò?
Una stella filo come una scia
E il mare la divorò.

Torment
Translated by Andy Kim
When I remember your caresses,
Where will you be?
Of those days of dreams and sweetness,
What will remain?
When I call you in my torment
Will you answer?
Love is like a breath of wind:
It passes, caresses, and goes!
And if I meet you on my way,
What will I be able to say to you?
A star fell like a trail
And the sea extinguished it.