

4-30-2010

Senior Recital

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Ma s'io ti chiamerò come in quell'ore
Non fuggirmi così.
Non volgere la faccia al mio dolore
Se il tuo sogno morì!

Nebbie

Poem by Ada Negri (1870-1945)

Soffro. Lontan lontano
Le nebbie sonnolente
Salgono dal tacente piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,
Fidati all'ali nere,
Traversan le brughiere, torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi
Gli addolorati tronchi
Offron, pregando, i brochi nudi.

Come ho freddo! Son sola;
Pel grigio ciel sospinto
Un gemito destinto vola.

E mi ripete: vieni;
È buia la vallata.
O triste, o disamata
Vieni! Vieni!

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 palesate.
(Avrei pur gusto di dar per moglie
La mia serva antica a chi
Mi fece un dì rapir l'amica.)

La vendetta, oh, la vendetta
È un piacer serbato ai saggi.
L'obliar l'onte, e gli oltraggi
È bassezza, è ognor viltà.
Con l'astuzia, coll'arguzia,
Col giudizio, col criterio,
Si potrebbe...
Il fatto è serio.
Ma credete si farà.
Se tutto il codice dovessi
Volgere,
Se tutto l'indice dovessi leggere,
Con un equivoco, con un sinonimo
Qualche garbuglio si troverà.
Tutta Siviglia conosce Bartolo:
Il birbo Figaro vintro sarà.

But if I call you in that hour,
Don't leave me this way.
Don't hide your face from my pain
If your dream has died!

Fog

Translated by Robert Grady

I suffer. Far, far away
The sleeping fog
Rises from the quiet plain.

Shrilly, cawing, the crows,
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!

Vengeance

Translated by Martha Gerhart

Very well, I'll do 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.



Presents a

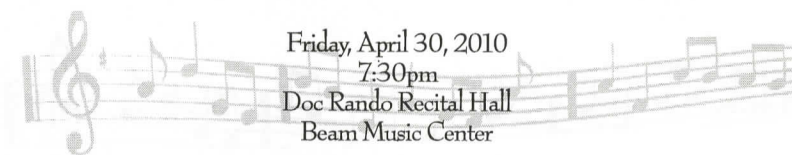
Senior Recital

Andy Kim

baritone

with

Crystal Cho, piano



Reflections of a Heart's Journey

Eichendorff Lieder

No. 16 Liebesglück
No. 3 Verschwiegene Liebe

Die Mainacht

Ruhe, meine Seele!

Spring Thunder

I Strolled Across an Open Field

Intermission

Clair de Lune

Aimons-nous

Automne

J'ai pleuré en rêve

Tormento

Nebbie

"La Vendetta"

from *Le nozze di Figaro* (1786)

*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.*

Hugo Wolf
(1860 – 1903)

Johannes Brahms
(1833 – 1897)

Richard Strauss
(1864 – 1949)

John Duke
(1899 – 1984)

Ned Rorem
(b. 1923)

Joseph Szulc
(1875 – 1956)

Camille Saint-Saëns
(1835 – 1921)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845 – 1924)

Georges Hüe
(1858 – 1948)

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846 – 1916)

Ottorino Respighi
(1879 – 1936)

W.A. Mozart
(1756 – 1791)

Notes and Translations

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.

"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 silent unspeakable 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 loving is no great mystery. We all know what constitutes loving behavior; we need but act upon it, not continually question it. Over-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 skillful 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 work.

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,
Hellfrische Augen hat's wie zwei Kerzen,
Und wo sie spielend streifen das Feld,
Ach! Wie so lustig glänzet die Welt!

Wie in der Waldnacht zwischen den Schlüften
Plötzlich die Täler sonnig sich klüften,
Funkeln die Ströme, rauscht himmelwärts
Blühende Wildnis - so ist mein Herz!

Wie vom Gebirge ins Meer zu schauen,
Wie wenn der Seefalk, hangend im Blauen,
Zuruft der dämmernden Erd', wo sie blieb?
So unermesslich ist rechte Lieb!

Eichendorff Lieder
No. 3 – Verschwiegene Liebe
Poem by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

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

Eichendorff Lieder
No. 16 – Happiness In Love
Translated by Emily Ezust

I love a maiden with all my heart,
She has bright fresh eyes like two candles,
And wherever they playfully rest,
Ah! How joyously gleams the world!

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

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

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

Over treetops and corn
And into the splendor -
Who may guess them,
Who may catch up with them?

Gedanken sich wiegen,
Die Nacht ist verschwiegen,
Gedanken sind frei.

Errät es nur eine,
Wer an sie gedacht
Beim Rauschen der Haine,
Wenn niemand mehr wacht
Als die Wolken, die fliegen -
Mein Lieb ist verschwiegen
Und schön wie die Nacht.

Die Mainacht

*Poem by Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty
(1748-1776)*

Wann der silberne Mond
Durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht
Über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt,
Find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang herab.

Ruhe, meine Seele!

Poem by Karl Friedrich Henckell (1804-1929)

Nicht ein Lüftchen regt sich leise,
Sanft entschlummert ruht der Hain;
Durch der Blätter dunkle Hülle
Stiehlt sich lichter Sonnenschein.

Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Deine Stürme gingen wild,
Hast getobt und hast gezittert,
Wie die Brandung, wenn sie schwillt.

Diese Zeiten sind gewaltig,
Bringen Herz und Hirn in Not -
Ruhe, ruhe, meine Seele,
Und vergiß, was dich bedroht!

Thoughts sway,
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 Lehrman

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!

American **John Duke** is a composer, teacher, and performer who showed a remarkable interest in American music. To quote an article in the NATS BULLETIN, "No composer has made a more extensive or important contribution to American art-song literature."

Ned Rorem is an American composer and writer. He is a 20th century composer whose studies led him to various prestigious universities and eventually to Paris. Rorem has composed nearly 400 songs and what makes him unique is that it was not the human voice that originally drew him to song, but "poetry as expressed through the voice."

Spring Thunder

Poem by Mark Van Doren (1894-1972)

Listen.
The wind is still,
And far away in the night... See!
The uplands fill
With a running light.
Open the doors.
It is warm;
And where the sky was clear... Look!
The head of a storm
That marches here!
Come under the trembling hedge
Fast, although you fumble.
There!
Did you hear the edge
Of winter crumble?

I Strolled Across an Open Field

Poem by Theodore Roethke (1908-1963)

I strolled across
An open field;
The sun was out;
Heat was happy.

This way! This way!
The wren's throat shimmered,
Either to other,
The blossoms sang.

The stones sang,
The little ones did,
And the flowers jumped
Like small goats.

A ragged fringe
Of daisies waved;
I wasn't alone
In a grove of apples.

Far in a wood
A nestling sighed;
The dew loosened
Its morning smells.

I came where the river
Ran over stones:
My ears knew
An early joy.

And all the waters
Of all the streams
Sang in my veins
That summer day.

Joseph Szulc 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 Dalila* 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 Hüb** 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 (1844-1896)

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire 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 sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

Aimons-nous

Poem by Théodore de Banville (1823-1891)

Aimons-nous et dormons
Sans songer au reste du monde!
Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ouragan des monts
Tant que nous nous aimons
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'oserait
Jouer avec ta chevelure,
Tant que tu cacheras
Ta tête entre mes bras!

Et lorsque nos deux coeurs
S'en iront aux sphères heureuses
Où les célestes lys écloront sous nos pleurs,
Alors, comme deux fleurs,
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,
Et tâchons d'épuiser
La mort dans un baiser!

Automne

Poem by Armand Silvestre (1838-1901)

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
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!
Parcourent en rêvant les coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis, sourit ma jeunesse!

Je sens au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes,
Qu'en mon coeur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Moonlight

Translated by Edith Braun

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masks and bergamasks promenade,
Playing the lute and dancing and almost
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key
Of victorious love and fortunate 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
Where 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!

Autumn

Translated by Hal Leonard Corporation

Autumn of misty skies and heartbreaking 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!

Automne

Poem by Armand Silvestre (1838-1901)

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
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!
Parcourent en rêvant les coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis, sourit ma jeunesse!

Je sens au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes,
Qu'en mon coeur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

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'éveillai, et les larmes
Coulèrent de mes joues.

J'ai pleuré en rêve:
J'ai rêvé que tu me quittais...
Je m'éveillai, et je pleurai
Amèrement longtemps après.

J'ai pleuré en rêve:
J'ai rêvé que tu m'aimais encore...
Je m'éveillai, je m'éveillai,
Et le torrent de mes larmes coule 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 is 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 mai sarai tu?
Di quei giorni di sogni e di dolcezze
Che mai resterà più?

Quando ti chiamerò nel mio tormento
Chi mai risponderà?
Amore è come un'alito di vento:
Passa, carezza, va!

E se t'incontrerò su la mia via
Che mai dir ti potrò?
Una stella fìd come una scia
E il mare la smorzò.

Autumn

Translated by Hal Leonard Corporation

Autumn of misty skies and heartbreaking 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!

I Wept In My Dream

Translated by Waldo Lyman

I wept in my dream:
I dreamed that you were dead...
I awoke, and the tears
Were flowing down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream:
I dreamed that you left me...
I awoke, and I wept
Bitterly for a long time.

I wept in my dream:
I dreamed that you loved me still...
I awoke, I awoke,
And the torrent of my tears flows endlessly.

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.