

Sujin Choi
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2023
Student of Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman

with
Poppy Yu, viola
Hyungjin Son, baritone
Philippe L'Esperance, tenor

Thursday, December 1, 2022
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Rebecca Clarke
(1886–1979)

Sonata for Viola and Piano

Impetuoso
Vivace
Adagio – Allegro – Agitato

Poppy Yu, viola

Franz Liszt
(1811–1886)

Tre sonetti di Petrarca, S. 270

Pace non trovo
Benedetto sia il giorno
I' vidi in terra angelici costumi

Philippe L'Esperance, tenor

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Chansons gaillardes, FP 42

La maîtresse volage
Chanson à boire
Madrigal
Invocations aux Parques
Couplets bachiques
L'offrande
La belle jeunesse
Sérénade

Hyungjin Son, baritone

Special thanks to my devoted teachers, Cameron Stowe and Jonathan Feldman.

Sujin Choi is the recipient of the Collaborative Piano Scholarship.

Pace non trovo

*Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra,
e temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio:
e volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra;
e nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.*

*Tal m'ha in prigion, che non m'apre, né serra,
né per suo mi ritien, né scioglie il laccio,
e non m'ancide Amor, e non mi sferra;
né mi vuol vivo, né mi trahe d'impaccio.*

*Veggio senz' occhi; e non ho lingua e grido;
e bramo di perir, e chieggo aita,
ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo ed altrui:
pascomi di dolor; piangendo rido;
egualmente mi spiace morte e vita.*

In questo stato son, donna, per voi.

Benedetto sia 'l giorno

*Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno,
e la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l'ora, e 'l punto
e 'l bel paese e 'l loco, ov'io fui giunto
da duo begli occhi che legato m'hanno,
e benedetto il primo dolce affanno
ch' i' ebbi ad esser con Amor congiunto,
e l'arco e le saette ond' i' fui punto,
e le piaghe, ch'infino al cor mi vanno.*

I find no peace

I find no peace, but I am not given to make
war,
I fear, I hope, and I burn, yet I am turned to
ice:
I fly up in the sky, while I lie on the ground;
and I hold nothing, while I embrace the whole
world.

I am in prison, which neither opens nor shuts,
neither holds nor frees from the bonds,
love neither kills nor releases me,
not wanting me to live, not lifting the
torment.

Without eyes I see; and without a tongue I
cry;
I long to perish, yet I beg for help,
I hate myself, at the same time, I love others:
I fill myself with pain; crying I laugh;
death and life equally disappoint me.

In this state I am, lady, because of you.

Blessed is the day

Blessed is the day, and the month, and the
year,
and the season, and the time, and the hour,
and the moment
and the beautiful country, and place where I
was met
by two beautiful eyes which have me bound,
and blessed is the first sweet twinge
that I had when with love I was joined,
and the bows and the arrows that pierced,
and the wounds, which at last go into my
heart.

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

*Benedette le voci tante, ch'io
chiamando il nome di (mia) Laura ho sparte,
e i sospiri e le lagrime e 'l desio.*

*E benedette sian tutte le carte
ov'io fama le acquisto, e il pensier mio,
ch'è sol di lei, si ch'altra non v'ha parte.*

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi

*I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
e celesti bellezze al mondo sole;
tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dolo:
che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.*

*E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,
ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole;
ed udi sospirando dir parole
che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.*

*Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia
facean piangendo un più dolce contento
d'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.*

*Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia s'intento
che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia,
tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.*

Francesco Petrarca (1304–1374)

Blessed be the many echoes that I,
calling the name of (my dear) Laura, have
resounded,
the sighs and the tears and the desire.

And blessed be all the letters
on which her fame I have published, and my
thoughts
that are of her, yes, that others have no part.

I saw on earth angelic features

I saw on earth angelic features,
and heavenly beauties unequalled in the
world;
such that I remember with pleasure and pain:
as much as I look, they seem like dreams,
shadows, and mists.

And I saw tears from those two beautiful
eyes,
which have many times made the sun to
envy;
and I heard words spoken with sighs
so that the mountains would move away and
stop the streams.

Love, reason, valor, mercy, and pain
made that cry a sweeter chorus
than any other the world has ever heard.

And heaven was gripped by the harmony
so that not a leaf on the branch was seen to
move,
such sweetness has filled the air and the
wind.

*Translations by Jonathan Retzlaff, author of
Exploring Art Song Lyrics*

La maîtresse volage

*Ma maîtresse est volage,
Mon rival est heureux;
S'il a son pucelage,
C'est qu'elle en avait deux.
Et vogue la galère,
Tant qu'elle pourra voguer.*

Chanson à boire

*Les rois d'Égypte et de Syrie,
Voulaient qu'on embaumât leurs corps,
Pour durer plus longtemps morts.
Quelle folie!*

*Buvons donc selon notre envie,
Il faut boire et reboire encore.
Buvons donc toute notre vie,
Embaumons-nous avant la mort.*

*Embaumons-nous;
Que ce baume est doux.*

Madrigal

*Vous êtes belle come un ange,
Douce comme un petit mouton;
Il n'est point de coeur, Jeanneton,
Qui sous votre loi ne se range.
Mais une fille sans têttons
Est une perdrix sans orange.*

Invocation aux Parques

*Je jure, tant que je vivrai,
De vous aimer, Sylvie.
Parques, qui dans vos mains tenez
Le fil de notre vie,
Allongez, tant que vous pourrez,
Le mien, je vous en prie.*

The unfaithful mistress

My mistress is unfaithful,
My rival is happy:
If he took her virginity,
It's because she had two.
So sails the ship
As long as it can sail.

Drinking song

The kings of Egypt and Syria
Wanted their bodies to be embalmed
Wishing to last longer, dead.
What a mess!

Let us drink according to our desire,
We should drink over and over again.
Let us drink during our lifetime
Embalm ourselves before death.

Let us embalm ourselves;
Because that balm is sweet!

Madrigal

You are as beautiful as an angel,
Sweet as a little lamb;
There is no man, Jeanette,
Who doesn't follow your rule.
But a girl without breasts
Is a partridge without orange.

Invocation of the fates

I swear, as long as I live,
To love you, O Sylvie;
Fates, who in your hands holds
The thread of our Life,
Elongate mine, as long as you can,
I beg you.

Couplets bachiques

*Je suis tant que dure le jour
Et grave et badin tour à tour.
Quand je vois un flacon sans vin,
Je suis grave, je suis grave,
Est-il tout plein, je suis badin.*

*Je suis tant que dure le jour
Et grave et badin tour à tour.
Quand ma femme [dort]1 au lit,
Je suis sage toute la nuit.
Si catin au lit me tient
Alors je suis badin*

*Ah! belle hôtesse, versez-moi du vin
Je suis badin, badin, badin.*

L'offrande

*Au dieu d'Amour une pucelle
Offrit un jour une chandelle,
Pour en obtenir un amant.
Le dieu sourit de sa demande
Et lui dit: Belle en attendant
Servez-vous toujours de l'offrande.*

La belle jeunesse

*Il fut s'aimer toujours
Et ne s'épouser guère.
Il faut faire l'amour
Sans curé ni notaire.*

*Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Ne visez qu'aux tirelires,
Ne visez qu'aux tourelours,
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Ne visez qu'aux cœurs
Cessez, messieurs, d'être épouseurs,
Holà messieurs, ne visez plus qu'aux cœurs.*

Bacchic couplets

Throughout the day, I am
Serious and playful.
When I see an empty bottle
I am serious, O I am serious;
Is it full, I am playful.

Throughout the day,
Serious and playful.
When my wife takes me to bed,
I behave all night long
If a prostitute comes into my bed,
Then I am playful.

Ah! Beautiful hostess, pour me some wine,
I am playful, playful, playful.

The offering

To the god of Love, a virgin
One day offered a candle
Hoping to obtain a lover.
The god heard the request,
And replied, "Beauty, while waiting,
Make good use of this offering."

The pretty young woman

We only need to love each other
and never marry.
We must make love
without priest or notary.

Stop, sirs, don't marry!
Aim only for the cash;
Aim only for the pleasure.
Stop, sirs, don't marry,
Aim only for the hearts.
Stop, sirs, don't marry!
Holà, sirs, aim only for the hearts.

*Pourquoi se marier,
Quand la femme des autres
Ne se font pas prier
Pour devenir les nôtres.*

*Quand leurs ardeurs,
Quand leurs faveurs,
Cherchent nos tirelires,
Cherchent nos tourelours,
Cherchent nos cœurs.*

Sérénade

*Avec une si belle main,
Que servent tant de charmes,
Que vous tenez du dieu malin,
Bien manier les armes.
Et quand cet Enfant est chagrin
Bien essuyer ses larmes.*

Anonymous 17th c.

Why should we marry,
If we don't need to beg
The wives of other men
To become ours.

When their passions,
When their favors,
Look for our money,
Look for our pleasures,
Look for our hearts.

Serenade

With a hand so beautiful,
That offers so many charms,
That you received from the malicious god,
You must handle a weapon well.
And when that child is sad
Wipe all of its tears.

*Translation copyright © 2013 by Simon
Chalifoux. Reprinted with permission from the
LiederNet Archive, <http://www.lieder.net/>*

Food and drink are not allowed in the concert hall,
and photography and audio or video recording are prohibited.
Assistive listening devices are available for all Jordan Hall concerts;
contact the head usher or house manager on duty or inquire at the Coat Room.
Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

Stay Connected      



necmusic.edu/tonight