

Wooyoung Kim
mezzo-soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Jane Eaglen

with
JJ Penna, piano

Saturday, April 1, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

“Ombra mai fu” from *Serse*

Gustav Mahler
(1860–1911)

from *Rückert-Lieder*

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Antonín Dvořák
(1841–1904)

Cigánské Melodie (Gypsy Songs), op. 55

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní
Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj
A les je tichý kolem kol
Když mne stará matka
Struna naladěna
Široké rukávy
Dejte klec jestřábu

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

Cinq melodies “de Venise”, op. 58

Mandoline
En sourdine
Green
À Clymène
C'est l'extase

Jake Heggie

(b. 1961)

Paper Wings

Bedtime Story

Paper Wings

Mitten Smitten

A Route to the Sky

Thank you to Jane Eaglen for your guidance and love.

Thank you to JJ and fellow colleagues for your support.

Ombra mai fu

*Frondi tenere e belle
Del mio Platano amato,
Per voi risplenda il Fato
Tuoni, Lampi, e Procelle
Non vi oltraggino mai la cara pace,
Ne giunga a profanarvi Austro rapace.*

*Ombra mai fu
Di Vegetabile,
Care ed amaile
Soave piu.*

Niccolò Minato

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!

*Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!*

*Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!*

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde*

Never was made

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree,
Let Fate smile upon you.
May thunder, lightning, and storms
never bother your dear peace,
Nor may you by blowing winds be profaned.

Never was made
A vegetable (a plant)
more dear and loving
or gentle.

*Translation into English by Robert Glaubitz, Aria
Database*

Do not look into my songs!

Do not look into my songs!
I lower my gaze,
As if caught in the act.
I dare not even trust myself
To watch them growing.
Your curiosity is treason.

Bees, when they build cells,
Let no one watch either,
And do not even watch themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
Have been brought to daylight,
You shall be the first to taste!

I breathed a gentle fragrance!

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood
A spray of lime,
A gift
From a dear hand.
How lovely the fragrance of lime was!
How lovely the fragrance of lime is!
The spray of lime
Was gently plucked by you;
Softly I breathe
In the fragrance of lime

Der Liebe linden Duft

Friedrich Rückert

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní

*Má píseň zas mi láskou zní,
když starý den umírá;
a chudý mech kdy na šat svůj
si tajně perle sbírá.*

*Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní,
když světem noha bloudí;
jen rodné pustý dálnou
zpěv volně z řader proudí.*

*Má píseň hlučně láskou zní,
když bouře běží plání;
když těším se, že bída prost
dlí bratr v umírání.*

Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj

*Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerokovně zvoní,
jak cigána píseň, když se k smrti kloní!*

Když se k smrti kloní, trojhran mu vyzvání.

Konec písní, tanci, lásce, bédování.

A les je tichý kolem kol

*A les je tichý kolem kol,
jen srdce mír ten ruší,
a černý kouř, jenž spěchá v dol,
mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.
Však nemusí jich usušit,
necht' v jiné tváře bije.
Kdo v smutku může zazpívat,
ten nezhybnul, ten žije, ten žije!*

The gentle fragrance of love.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005); Provided via Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

My song sounds of love

My song resounds, a psalm of love,
When day begins to fade,
And when the moss and withered grass
Secretly drink in pearls of dew.

My song resounds full of wanderlust
In the green of lofty forests,
Only on the pusztá's wide plains
Can I sing out happily.

My song is also full of love,
As storms rage across the heath;
When the breast of my friend heaves,
As he breathes his last!

Hey! How my triangle rings out

Hey! How my triangle rings out in splendour!
How easy to approach death with such a
sound!

One can approach death to the sound of the
triangle!

No more singing, loving and dancing!

The forest is quiet all around

All around the woods are so still and silent,
My heart beats so fearfully;
The black smoke sinks ever deeper
And dries the tears on my cheek.
Ah, my tears do not dry,
You must seek out other cheeks!
He who can praise his pain in song,
Will not curse death.

Když mne stará matka

*Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učivala,
podiřvo, že často, často slzívala.
A teď' také pláčem snědé líce mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím!*

Struna naladěna

*Struna naladěna,
hochu, toč se v kole,
dnes, snad dnes převysoko,
zejtra, zejtra, zejtra zase dole!*

*Pozejtří u Nilu
za posvátným stolem;
struna již, struna naladěna,
hochu, toč, hochu, toč se kolem*

Široké rukávy

*Široké rukávy a široké gatě
volnější cigánu nežli dolman v zlatě.*

*Dolman a to zlato bujná prsa svírá;
pod ním volná píseň násilně umírá.*

*A kdo raduješ se, tvá kdy píseň v kvěťě,
přej si, aby zašlo zlato v celém světě!*

Dejte klec jestřábu

*Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata ryzého;
nezmění on za ni hnízda trněného.*

*Komoni bujnému, jenž se pustou žene,
zřídka kdy připnete uzdy a třemene.
A tak i cigánu příroda cos dala:*

When my old mother

When my old mother taught me songs to
sing,
Tears would well strangely in her eyes.
Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears,
When I teach the children how to sing and
play!

Take your bow and strike up!

Take your bow and strike up!
Come and join the round dance, lad!
Be happy today! But what of the morrow?
Sad tomorrow – it was ever thus!

Next day on the banks of the Nile,
At the table of our fathers,
Take your bow and strike up,
Hasten to the dance and mingle!

In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes

In his loose-fitting and airy linen clothes
The gypsy feels freer than when dressed in
silk and gold!
Yes! The golden dolman constricts his breast,
Smother's happily wandering strains of his
free song.
He who feels true joy when these songs
resound,
Wishes that all gold should vanish from the
face of the earth.

As long as the falcon can fly above the Tatra mountains

As long as the falcon can fly above the Tatra
mountains,
He will never exchange his rocky nest for a
cage.
If the wild foal can race across the heath,
He'll find no pleasure in bridle and reins.
If, O gypsy, nature has given you something,

*k volnosti ho věčným poutem, k volnosti ho
upoutala.*

Adolf Heyduk

Mandoline

*Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.*

*C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.*

*Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,*

*Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.*

En sourdine

*Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.*

*Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langoureux
Des pins et des arbousiers.*

*Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.*

She has given me freedom all my life.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005); Provided via
Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

Mandolin

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel maid
Writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a grey and roseate moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

Muted

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

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

*Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.*

*Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.*

Green

*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des
branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.*

*Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit
doux.*

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

*Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.*

À Clymène

*Mystiques barcarolles,
Romances sans paroles,
Chère, puisque tes yeux,
Couleur des cieux,*

*Puisque ta voix, étrange
Vision qui dérange
Et trouble l'horizon
De ma raison,*

*Puisque l'arome insigne
De ta pâleur de cygne,
Et puisque la candeur
De ton odeur,*

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for
you.

Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely
eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

To Clymène

Mystical barcarolles,
Songs without words,
Sweet, since your eyes,
The colour of skies,

Since your voice,
Strange vision that unsettles
And troubles the horizon
Of my reason,

Since the rare scent
Of your swan-like pallor,
And since the candour
Of your fragrance,

*Ah! puisque tout ton être,
Musique qui pénètre,
Nimbés d'anges défunts,
Tons et Parfums,*

*A, sur d'âmes cadences,
En ces correspondances
Induit mon cœur subtil,
Ainsi soit-il!*

C'est l'extase langoureuse

*C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.*

*Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au bruit doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.*

*Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antième
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?*

Paul Verlaine

Ah! since your whole being –
Pervading music,
Haloes of departed angels,
Sounds and scents –

Has in sweet cadences
And correspondences
Led on my receptive heart –
So be it!

It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the sweet sound
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

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

Bedtime Stories

*Soun, soun, bènì, bènì,
Soun, soun, bènì down.*

It was a cold, cold night.
So cold we had a fire.
A cold, cold night.
We sat and talked,
All was safe and good.

Then, something happened.
Something soft went by.
A second's wait.
"Nothing there, it must have been a dream."
Again a breeze, a tiny move.

What could it have been?
At last we looked and there,
There stood a girl no more than three.
A blanket on her head, her eyes,
She thought, we couldn't see.

Ah, but who?
Oh, who was that girl?
Oh child... it was you!
Oh, magic, magic child,

You stayed.
We smiled.
Lisa.

Paper Wings

When I was young,
I lived in Greece with my mother.
That's right, Greece.
We lived in a house,
A house with a great big balcony.
And Signorina, was my nanny.
Ah, ah!

One day,
Signorina made me wings out of paper.
That's right, paper wings.
And for days and days
I pretended to fly, to fly.
Over the rooftops of Athens.

Mitten Smitten

My Uncle Tim,
He once gave me some mittens.
Ah. They were from "Indya"
And very special.
Ah! But I was small
And I'd never seen anything like them.
Where were the fingers?
I put them on...
Strange....

Route to the Sky

My mother taught me to fly
Not even knowing that she had done so.
I climbed on the roof
A complicated route to the sky.
But the fireman got me down, oh the fireman got me down!

Lisa was eight
when she climbed through a window out onto the roof.
Oh, when I saw how she'd done it,
I nearly fainted,
So I went out after her.
"Lisa! Don't move!"

Then we were both stuck.
Two trucks, an ambulance,
Two station wagons of rescue teams came to the house.
And the fireman got us down,
Oh, the firemen got us down.

Frederica von Stade

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