

Jimin Park  
*soprano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Master of Music degree, 2023  
Student of Bradley Williams

with  
JJ Penna, piano  
Harin Kang, violin

Saturday, April 8, 2023  
8:00 p.m.  
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

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**George Frideric Handel**  
(1685–1759)

**“Ombre pallide” from *Alcina*, HWV 34**

**Hector Berlioz**  
(1803–1869)

***La mort d’Ophélie***

**Benjamin C. S. Boyle**  
(b. 1979)

***Ophelia***

**Alban Berg**  
(1885–1935)

***Sieben frühe Lieder***

Nacht  
Schilflied  
Die Nachtigall  
Traumgekrönt  
Im Zimmer  
Liebesode  
Sommertage

**Hakjun Yoon**  
(b. 1973)

**잔향 (Lingering Scent)**

**Wonju Lee**  
(b. 1979)

**연 (Longing)**

Harin Kang, violin

### **Ombre pallide**

*Ombre pallide, io so, m'udite  
d'intorno errate, e vi celate,  
sorde da me. Perché?*

*Fugge il mio bene;  
voi lo fermate, deh! per pietate,  
se in questa verga, ch'ora disprezzo,  
e voglio frangere, forza non è*

Riccardo Broschi

### **La mort d'Ophélie**

*Après d'un torrent, Ophélie  
Cueillait, tout en suivant le bord,  
Dans sa douce et tendre folie,  
Des pervenches, des boutons d'or,  
Des iris aux couleurs d'opale,  
Et de ces fleurs d'un rose pâle,  
Qu'on appelle des doigts de mort.*

*Puis élevant sur ses mains blanches  
Les rians trésors du matin,  
Elle les suspendait aux branches,  
Aux branches d'un saule voisin.  
Mais, trop faible, le rameau plie,  
Se brise, et la pauvre Ophélie  
Tombe, sa guirlande à la main.*

*Quelques instants sa robe enflée  
La tint encor sur le courant,  
Et comme une voile gonflée,  
Elle flottait toujours chantant,  
Chantant quelque vieille ballade,  
Chantant ainsi qu'une naïade  
Née au milieu de ce torrent.*

### **Pale shades of hell**

Pale shades of hell, I know you hear me;  
around wrong, and you hide  
Deaf from me. Why?

My beloved flees;  
Stop him, ah, for pity's sake,  
for in this wand, that now I despise,  
and wish to break, there is no strength.

*Literal translation and IPA transcription 2008 by  
Bard Suverkrop–IPA Source, LLC*

### **The death of Ophelia**

Beside a brook, Ophelia  
Gathered along the water's bank,  
In her sweet and gentle madness,  
Periwinkles, crow-flowers,  
Opal-tinted irises,  
And those pale purples  
Called dead men's fingers.

Then, raising up in her white hands  
The morning's laughing trophies,  
She hung them on the branches,  
The branches of a nearby willow.  
But the bough, too fragile, bends,  
Breaks, and poor Ophelia  
Falls, the garland in her hand.

Her dress, spread wide,  
Bore her on the water awhile,  
And like an outstretched sail  
She floated, still singing,  
Singing some ancient lay,  
Singing like a water-sprite  
Born amidst the waves.

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

*Mais cette étrange mélodie  
Passa, rapide comme un son.  
Par les flots la robe alourdie  
Bientôt dans l'abîme profond;  
Entraîna la pauvre insensée,  
Laissant à peine commencée  
Sa mélodieuse chanson.*

William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act IV Scene  
vii; Translated by Ernest Legouvé

But this strange melody died,  
Fleeting as a snatch of sound.  
Her garment, heavy with water,  
Soon into the depths  
Dragged the poor distracted girl,  
Leaving her melodious lay  
Hardly yet begun.

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

## Ophelia

How should I your true-love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.

He is dead and gone, lady.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
Larded with sweet flowers;  
Which bewept to the grave did not go  
With true-love showers.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's Day,  
And all the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupt the chamber door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do it, if they come to it;  
By cock, they are to blame.

For bonny sweet Robin is all of my joy,  
And will he not come again? And will he not come again?  
He will never come again.

His beard was white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll:  
He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:  
Gramercy on his soul!

*William Shakespeare's Hamlet, Act IV Scene v*

### **Nacht**

*Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal.  
Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht.  
Nun entschleiertsich's mit einem Mal.  
O gib acht! gib acht!*

*Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan,  
Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß,  
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan  
Aus verborg' nem Schoß.*

*Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.  
Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht  
Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain*

*Einsam leise weht.*

*Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit  
Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht.  
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!  
O gib acht! gib acht!*

Carl Hauptmann

### **Schilflied**

*Auf geheimem Waldespfade  
Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein  
An das öde Schilfgestade,  
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!*

*Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert,  
Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,  
Und es klaget und es flüstert,  
Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.*

*Und ich mein', ich höre wehen  
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,  
Und im Weiher untergehen  
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.*

Nikolaus Lenau

### **Night**

Clouds loom over night and valley.  
Mists hover, waters softly murmur.  
Now at once all is unveiled.  
O take heed! take heed!

A vast wonderland opens up,  
Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall,  
Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards  
From a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so dreamlike pure.  
A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside  
Shadow-black – a breath from the distant  
grove  
Blows solitary soft.

And from the deep valley's gloom  
Lights twinkle in the silent night.  
Drink soul! drink solitude!  
O take heed! take heed!

### **Reed Song**

Along a secret forest path  
I love to steal in the evening light  
To the desolate reedy shore  
And think, my girl, of you!

When the bushes then grow dark,  
The reeds pipe mysteriously,  
Lamenting and whispering,  
That I must weep, must weep.

And I seem to hear the soft sound  
Of your voice,  
And your lovely singing  
Drowning in the pond.

## **Die Nachtigall**

*Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.*

*Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,  
Nun geht sie tief in Sinmen;  
Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut  
Und duldet still der Sonne Glut  
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.*

*Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.*

**Theodor Storm**

## **Traumgekrönt**

*Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemem, –  
mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht ...  
Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen  
tief in der Nacht.*

*Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise, –  
ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht.  
Du kamst, und leis wie eine Märchenweise  
erklang die Nacht ...*

**Rainer Maria Rilke**

## **Im Zimmer**

*Herbstsommenschein.  
Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein.  
Ein Feuerlein rot  
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.*

## **The Nightingale**

It is because the nightingale  
Has sung throughout the night,  
That from the sweet sound  
Of her echoing song  
The roses have sprung up.

She was once a wild creature,  
Now she wanders deep in thought;  
In her hand a summer hat,  
Bearing in silence the sun's heat,  
Not knowing what to do.

It is because the nightingale  
Has sung throughout the night,  
That from the sweet sound  
Of her echoing song  
The roses have sprung up.

## **Crowned with dreams**

That was the day of the white  
chrysanthemums –  
Its brilliance almost frightened me ...  
And then, then you came to take my soul  
at the dead of night.

I was so frightened, and you came sweetly  
and gently,  
I had been thinking of you in my dreams.  
You came, and soft as a fairy tune  
the night rang out ...

## **In the room**

Autumn sunshine.  
The lovely evening looks in so silently.  
A little red fire  
Crackles and blazes in the hearth.

*So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n. –  
So ist mir gut;  
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht.  
Wie leise die Minuten ziehn! ...*

Johannes Schlaf

### **Liebesode**

*Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein.  
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,  
  
und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden  
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. –*

*Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich  
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett  
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,  
Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!*

Otto Erich Hartleben

### **Sommertage**

*Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,  
gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,  
im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit.  
Nun windet nächstens der Herr  
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand  
über Wander- und Wunderland.*

*O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen  
dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen  
von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:  
Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust,  
nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild  
zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.*

Paul Hohenberg

Like this! – With my head on your knees. –  
Like this I am content;  
When my eyes rest in yours like this.  
How gently the minutes pass!

### **Ode to Love**

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep.  
The summer wind listened at the open  
window,  
and carried the peace of our breathing  
out into the moon-bright night. –

And from the garden a scent of roses  
came timidly to our bed of love  
and gave us wonderful dreams,  
ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!

### **Summer days**

Days, sent from blue eternity,  
journey now across the world,  
time drifts away in the summer wind.  
The Lord at night now garlands  
star-chains with his blessed hand  
across lands of wandering and wonder.

In these days, O heart, what can  
your brightest travel-song say  
of your deep, deep joy?  
The heart falls silent in the meadows' song,  
words now cease when image after image  
comes to you and fills you utterly.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The  
Book of Lieder (Faber), provided via Oxford  
Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

## 잔향

어디에서 불어오는  
희미한 바람일까  
연초록 마음 밭에  
그대 향기 가득하다

머나먼 길 달려가  
토해내던 붉은 날숨  
다시 선 그 자리에  
그대 숨결 가득하다.

흰 달빛에 채워지던  
그대의 잔향  
은은히 스며들어  
내 마음에 머물러라

돌고 돌아 돌고 돌아  
그 자리에 멈추이면  
하릴없이 흐르는 물의 노래  
물의 노래뿐이어라

-이연주 | Yeonju Lee

## 연

시리게 푸르른 그대 고운 날개  
내 맘 가까이 날아오지 않네  
이슬된 서러움에 실어 나를 데려가주오  
달을 듯한 그대의 품으로

여리게 남은 듯 그대 고운 향기  
내 맘 가까이 돌아오지 않네  
그대의 내가 멀지 않아 나를 사랑해주오  
기억 속의 나라면

아 영원한 그리움  
나 차가운 눈물에 지워도  
기다리네 기나긴 내 사랑

## The Lingering Scent

I wonder where  
this subtle breeze is coming from  
In the light green garden of my heart,  
It's full of your scent

Running all the way there,  
bursting out my burning breath  
Here, I stand at the place again  
Your breath embraces me

Your lingering scent filled  
the shimmering moon  
The scent seeps softly  
and remains in my heart

When I stop after spinning  
round and round  
All I hear is never ending song of water  
The song of water

## Longing

Your dazzling blue wings  
don't fly close to my heart  
In this dewy sorrow, carry me out  
to your arms which seem possible to reach

Your delicate scent lingers softly  
It doesn't return closely to my heart  
I am not far away from you, love me  
if it's me still in your memory

Ah, everlasting longing  
Even if I erase it with my cold tears  
I wait here for you, my long-lasting love



미련을 버리고 편히 잠들라  
그 무엇도 남지 않을 듯  
꼭 나를 기억해주오  
숨결까지  
눈물까지  
내 모든 것 그대에게로

-김동현 | Dong-Hyun Kim

Without dwelling on it, sleep peacefully  
As if nothing will remain,  
Remember me  
even my breaths,  
even my tears,  
My everything to you

*Translations by Jimin Park*

## **Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC**

*all programs subject to change*

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**Adithya Muralidharan**, *cello* (GD)

Student of Yeesun Kim

*Monday, April 10, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Yulia Price**, *violin* (MM)

Student of Soovin Kim

*Monday, April 10, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room*

**Yvonne Cox**, *harp* (MM)

Student of Jessica Zhou

*Tuesday, April 11, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Hyun Ji Lee**, *violin* (MM)

Student of Donald Weilerstein

*Wednesday, April 12, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Wenhao Shou**, *piano* (MM)

Student of Meng-Chieh Liu

*Wednesday, April 12, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Ranfei Wang**, *piano* (BM)

Student of Vivian Hornik Weilerstein

*Wednesday, April 12, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Jonathan Paik**, *jazz piano* (BM)

Student of Jason Moran and Bruce Brubaker

*Thursday, April 13, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall*

**Abisal Gergiev**, *piano* (BM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

*Saturday, April 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall*

**Hyeokwoo Kweon**, *clarinet* (BM)

Student of Thomas Martin

*Saturday, April 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall*

**Dianne Seo**, *flute* (BM)

Student of Renée Krimsier

*Saturday, April 15, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall*

## **Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC**

*–continued*

**Anne Chao**, *flute* (BM)

Student of Renée Krimsier

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall**

**Joy Hsieh**, *viola* (MM)

Student of Mai Motobuchi

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall**

**Paolo Rosselli**, *French horn* (MM)

Student of Michael Winter

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Williams Hall**

**Xiaoqing Yu**, *violin* (BM)

Student of Paul Biss

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall**

**Ye-Eun Hyun**, *piano* (MM)

Student of Wha Kyung Byun

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 4:00, Williams Hall**

**Max Ignas**, *trumpet* (DMA '24)

Student of Steve Emery

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall**

**Tess Reagan**, *French horn* (BM)

Student of Eli Epstein

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall**

**Jing Chen**, *soprano* (BM)

Student of Michael Meraw

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall**

**Soyeon Park**, *clarinet* (MM)

Student of Thomas Martin

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall**

**Jiho Seo**, *cello* (MM)

Student of Lluís Claret

**Sunday, April 16, 2023 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall**

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Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of management.

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