

Jooyeon Park  
*soprano*

Recital in partial fulfillment of the  
Master of Music degree, 2023  
Student of Karen Holvik

with  
Justin Williams, piano  
Xiang Richard Li, French horn  
Daniel Kim, cello

Wednesday, May 3, 2023  
8:00 p.m.  
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

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

*“Ye men of Gaza”* from *Samson*

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)

*Auf dem Strom*

Xiang Richard Li, French horn

**Hugo Wolf**  
(1860–1903)

from *Italienisches Liederbuch*

Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken  
Nein, junger Herr  
Ich hab’ in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen

**Hector Berlioz**  
(1803–1869)

*Villanelle*

**Eva Dell’Acqua**  
(1856–1930)

*Villanelle*

**Cécile Chaminade**  
(1857–1944)

*Villanelle*

**Joaquín Rodrigo**  
(1901–1999)

*Cuatro Madrigales amorosos*

¿Con qué la lavaré  
Vos me matásteis  
¿De dónde venís, amore?  
De los álamos vengo, madre

**Hong Ryeol Lee (이홍렬)**  
(1909–1980)

*A Child in the Island House* (섬집아기)

Daniel Kim, cello

## Ye men of Gaza

Ye men of Gaza, hither bring  
The merry pipe and pleasing string,  
The solemn hymn, and cheerful song;  
Be Dagon prais'd by ev'ry tongue!

Newburgh Hamilton

### *Auf dem Strom*

*Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,  
Und die wehenden, die Grüsse,  
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende,  
Eh' Dein Fuss sich scheidend wende!  
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen  
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,  
Doch den tränendunklen Blick  
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!*

*Und so trägt mich denn die Welle  
Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle.  
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden,  
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden!*

*Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!  
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage  
Um das schöne Heimatland,  
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand.*

*Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber,  
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,  
Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden,  
An der Hütte dort zu landen,  
In der Laube dort zu weilen;  
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen  
Weiter ohne Rast und Ruh,  
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!*

*Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste,  
Fern von jeder heitern Küste,  
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen,  
O, wie fasst mich zitternd Grauen!  
Wehmutstränen sanft zu bringen,  
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;  
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher  
Durch das grau gehobne Meer!*

### On the River

Take these last farewell kisses,  
and the wafted greetings  
that I send to the shore,  
before your foot turns to leave.  
Already the boat is pulled away  
by the waves' rapid current;  
but longing forever draws back  
my gaze, clouded with tears.

And so the waves bear me away  
with relentless speed.  
Ah, already the meadows  
where, overjoyed, I found her have  
disappeared.

Days of bliss, you are gone for ever!  
Hopelessly my lament echoes  
round the fair homeland  
where I found her love.

See how the shore flies past,  
and how mysterious ties  
draw me across  
to a land by yonder cottage,  
to linger in yonder harbour.  
But the river's waves rush onwards,  
without respite,  
bearing me on towards the ocean.

Ah, how I tremble with dread  
at that dark wilderness,  
far from every cheerful shore,  
where no island can be seen!  
No song can reach me from the shore  
to bring forth tears of gentle sadness;  
only the tempest blows cold  
across the grey, angry sea.

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

*Kann des Auges sehnd Schweifen  
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,  
Nun so schau' ich zu den Sternen  
Auf in jenen heil'gen Fernen!  
Ach, bei ihrem milden Scheine  
Nannt' ich sie zuerst die Meine;  
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück!  
Dort begeg' ich ihrem Blick.*

Ludwig Rellstab

***Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken***

*Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken,  
Auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.  
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken;*

*Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.  
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,  
Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.  
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist  
Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.*

***Nein, junger Herr***

*Nein, junger Herr, so treibt man's nicht, fürwahr;  
Man sorgt dafür, sich schicklich zu betragen.  
Für alltags bin ich gut genug, nicht wahr?  
Doch bessere suchst du dir an Feiertagen.  
Nein, junger Herr, wirst du so weiter sünd'gen,*

*Wird dir den Dienst dein Alltagsliebchen  
künd'gen.*

***Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen***

*Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,  
In der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern,  
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,  
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;  
Ein anderer wohnt in Casentino dort,  
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,*

If my wistful, roaming eyes  
can no longer descry the shore,  
I shall look up to the stars  
there in the sacred distance.  
Ah! By their gentle radiance  
I first called her mine;  
there, perhaps, O consoling fate,  
there I shall meet her gaze.

*Translation © Richard Wigmore, author of  
Schubert: The Complete Song Texts, published  
by Schirmer Books, provided via Oxford Lieder  
([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

***Even small things can delight us***

Even small things can delight us,  
Even small things can be precious.  
Think how gladly we deck ourselves with  
pearls;

They fetch a great price but are only small.  
Think how small the olive is,  
And yet it is prized for its goodness.  
Think only of the rose, how small it is,  
And yet smells so lovely, as you know.

***No, young man***

No, young man, that's no way to carry on;  
People should try to behave properly.  
I'm good enough for weekdays, am I?  
But on holidays you look for better.  
No, young man, if you keep on misbehaving  
so,

Your weekday love will hand in her notice.

***I have one lover living in Penna***

I have one lover living in Penna,  
Another in the plain of Maremma,  
One in the beautiful port of Ancona,  
For the fourth I must go to Viterbo;  
Another lives over in Casentino,  
The next with me in my own town,

*Und wieder einen hab' ich in Magione,  
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.*

Paul Heyse

### **Villanelle**

*Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles  
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les merles  
Siffler!*

*Le printemps est venu, ma belle;  
C'est le mois des amants béni,  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,  
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.  
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,  
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:  
Toujours!*

*Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,  
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,  
Et le daim au miroir des sources  
Admirant son grand bois penché;  
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,  
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,  
Revenons rapportant des fraises  
Des bois!*

Théophile Gautier

And I've yet another in Magione,  
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The  
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005), provided via  
Oxford Lieder ([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

### **Villanelle**

When the new season comes,  
When the cold has gone,  
We two will go, my sweet,  
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;  
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew  
We see quivering each morn,  
We'll go and hear the blackbirds  
Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;  
It is the season lovers bless,  
And the birds, preening their wings,  
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.  
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank  
To talk of our beautiful love,  
And tell me in your gentle voice:  
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,  
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place  
And the deer reflected in the spring,  
Admiring his great lowered antlers;  
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,  
And entwining our fingers basket-like,  
We'll bring back home wild  
Strawberries!

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of A  
French Song Companion (Oxford University  
Press), provided via Oxford Lieder  
([www.oxfordlieder.co.uk](http://www.oxfordlieder.co.uk))*

### Villanelle

*J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle  
Dans le ciel pur du matin:  
Elle allait, à tire-d'aile,  
Vers le pays où l'appelle  
Le soleil et le jasmin.  
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle!  
J'ai longtemps suivi des yeux  
Le vol de la voyageuse...  
Depuis, mon âme rêveuse  
L'accompagne par les cieus.  
Ah! ah! au pays mystérieux!  
Et j'aurais voulu comme elle  
Suivre le même chemin...  
J'ai vu passer l'hirondelle*

Frédéric van der Elst

### Villanelle

*Le blé superbe est rentré,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village.  
  
Chaque fillette, au corsage,  
Porte un bleuet azuré,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village!*

*Les jeunes gens danseront  
Ce soir, dans la grande allée:  
Et sous la nuit étoilée,  
Que de mains se chercheront*

*Ce soir, dansez jusqu'au jour,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!  
Jeunes garçons et fillettes,  
Chantez vos refrains d'amour,  
Aux gais sons de vos musettes!*

*Sans contrainte et sans remords  
Enivrez-vous de jeunesse:  
La tristesse est pour les morts,  
Pour les vivants l'allégresse,*

### Villanelle

I have seen the swallow fly over  
In the clear morning sky:  
She was flying by wing  
To the land to which she is called  
By the sun and the jasmine.  
I have seen the swallow fly over!  
I have followed for a long time with my eyes  
The flight of the traveller...  
Since then, my dreaming soul  
accompanies her through the skies.  
Ah! ah! to the mysterious land!  
And I would have wished like her  
to follow the same path...  
I have seen the swallow fly over

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### Villanelle

The splendid wheat has been gathered in,  
there are celebrations in the fields and the  
village.  
Every girl is wearing  
a blue cornflower in her bodice.  
there are celebrations in the fields and the  
village!

The young people will dance  
this evening in the long avenue  
and beneath the starry night sky,  
how hands will seek one another out

This evening, dance until day,  
to the gay sounds of your accordion!  
Young boys and girls  
sing your songs of love  
to the gay sounds of your accordion!

Without constraint and without remorse,  
Become drunk with youth:  
Gloominess is for the dead,  
happiness for the living.

*Enivrez-vous de jeunesse!*

*Dansez jusqu'au jour,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village,*

*Chaque fillette, au corsage,  
Porte un bleuet azuré,  
Fête aux champs, fête au village!*

Edouard Guinand

**¿Con qué la lavaré?**

*¿Con qué la lavaré  
la tez de la mi cara?  
¿Con qué la lavaré,  
Que vivo mal penada?  
Lávanse las casadas  
con agua de limones:  
lávome yo, cuitada,  
con penas y dolores.  
¿Con qué la lavaré,  
que vivo mal penada?*

**Vos me matásteis**

*Vos me matásteis,  
niña en cabello,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Riberas de un río  
ví moza virgo,  
Niña en cabello,  
vos me habéis muerto.  
Niña en cabello  
vos me matásteis,  
vos me habéis muerto.*

**¿De dónde venís, amore?**

*¿De dónde venís, amore?  
Bien sé yo de dónde.  
¿De dónde venís, amigo?  
Fuere yo testigo!  
¡Ah!  
Bien sé yo de dónde.*

Become drunk with youth!

Dance until day,  
there are celebrations in the fields and the  
village.

Every girl is wearing  
a blue cornflower in her bodice.  
there are celebrations in the fields and the  
village!

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**With what shall I wash**

With what shall I wash  
the skin of my face?  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.  
Married women wash  
in lemon water:  
in my grief I wash  
in pain and sorrow.  
With what shall I wash it?  
I live in such sorrow.

**You killed me**

You killed me,  
girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.  
By the river bank  
I saw a young maiden.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have slain me.  
Girl with hair hanging loose,  
you have killed me,  
you have slain me.

**Where hast thou been, my love?**

Where hast thou been, my love?  
I know well where.  
Where hast thou been, my friend?  
Were I a witness  
ah!  
I know well where!

*De los álamos vengo, madre*

*De los álamos vengo, madre,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.*

*De los álamos de Sevilla,  
de ver a mi linda amiga,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.*

*De los álamos vengo, madre,  
de ver cómo los menea el aire.*

Anonymous

**섬집아기**

엄마가 섬그늘에  
굴 따라 가면  
아기가 혼자 남아  
집을 보다가  
바다가 불러 주는 자장 노래에  
팔베고 스프르르 잠이 듭니다

아기는 잠을 곤히  
자고 있지만  
갈매기 울음 소리  
맘이 설레어  
다 못찬 굴바구니 머리에 이고  
엄마는 모랫길을 달려 옵니다

**I come from the poplars, mother**

I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.  
From the poplars of Seville,  
from seeing my sweet love,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.  
I come from the poplars, mother,  
from seeing the breezes stir them.

*Translations © by Jacqueline Cockburn and  
Richard Stokes published in The Spanish Song  
Companion (Gollancz, 1992) provided via  
Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)*

**A Child in the Island House**

After mommy went to the sea to pick the  
oyster  
The baby keeping the house all alone  
Hearing the lullaby sung by the wave  
Fell asleep making a pillow of his arm.  
The baby is sleeping like a log at home  
Mommy becoming anxious at the cry of the  
seagull  
Carrying the basket not filled yet on her head  
She rushes to home across the sands.

*Translation by Jooyeon Park*

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