

Hyungjin Son

baritone

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2024
Student of Bradley Williams

with
SuJin Choi, piano

Sunday, March 3, 2024
8:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1874–1958)

from *Songs of Travel*
The Vagabond
Let Beauty Awake
The Roadside Fire

Franz Liszt
(1811–1886)

Tre sonetti di Petrarca, S. 270
Pace non trovo
Benedetto sia 'l giorno
I' vidi in terra angelici costumi

Intermission

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

An die Musik
An die Laute
An die Leier

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

from *Chansons gaillardes, FP 42*
La maîtresse volage
Madrigal
Invocations aux Parques
Couplets bachiques
La belle jeunesse

I would like to give my special thanks to my devoted teacher, Bradley Williams.

*Hyungjin Son is the recipient of a scholarship made possible by the
John Moriarty Presidential Scholarship Fund*

The vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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 ghiaccio 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.*

I find no peace

I find no peace, and yet I make no war:
and fear, and hope: and burn, and I am ice:
and fly above the sky, and fall to earth,
and clutch at nothing, and embrace the world.

One imprisons me, who neither frees nor jails
me,
nor keeps me to herself nor slips the noose:
and Love does not destroy me, and does not
loose me,
wishes me not to live, but does not remove
my bar.

I see without eyes, and have no tongue, but
cry:
and long to perish, yet I beg for aid:
and hold myself in hate, and love another.

I feed on sadness, laughing weep:
death and life displease me equally:
and I am in this state, lady, because of you.

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.

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 dole:

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 udì 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.

Blessed be the day

Blessed be 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 the place
where I was joined

to the two beautiful eyes that have bound me:

and blessed be the first sweet suffering

that I felt in being conjoined with Love,

and the bow, and the shafts with which I was
pierced,

and the wounds that run to the depths of my
heart.

Blessed be all those verses I scattered

calling out the name of my lady,

and the sighs, and the tears, and the passion:

and blessed be all the sheets

where I acquire fame, and my thoughts,

that are only of her, that no one else has part
of.

I saw angelic virtue on earth

I saw angelic virtue on earth

and heavenly beauty on terrestrial soil,

so I am sad and joyful at the memory,

and what I see seems dream, shadows,
smoke:

and I saw two lovely eyes that wept,

that made the sun a thousand times jealous:

and I heard words emerge among sighs

that made the mountains move, and halted
rivers.

Love, Judgement, Pity, Worth and Grief,

made a sweeter chorus of weeping

than any other heard beneath the moon:

*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

and heaven so intent upon the harmony
no leaf was seen to move on the boughs,
so filled with sweetness were the wind and
air.

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An die Musik

*Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,

Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,

Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!*

*Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßser, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!*

Franz von Schober

To Music

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous
round,
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of
love,
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

An die Laute

*Leiser, leiser, kleine Laute,
Flüst're, was ich dir vertraute,
Dort zu jenem Fenster hin!
Wie die Wellen sanfter Lüfte
Mondenglanz und Blumen dufte,
Send es der Gebieterin!
Neidisch sind der Nachbars Söhne,
Und im Fenster jener Schöne
Flimmert noch ein einsam Licht.
Drum noch leiser, kleine Laute:
Dich vernehme die Vertraute,
Nachbarn aber, Nachbarn nicht!*

Franz von Schober

To the lute

Play more softly, little lute,
whisper what I secretly told you
to that window there!
Like the ripple of gentle breezes,
like moonlight and the scent of flowers,
convey your secret to my mistress.
The neighbour's sons are envious,
and at the fair lady's window
a solitary lamp flickers.
So play still more softly, little lute:
that my beloved may hear you,
but the neighbours – no, not the neighbours!

An die Leier

*Ich will von Atreus' Söhnen,
Von Kadmus will ich singen!
Doch meine Saiten tönen
Nur Liebe im Erklängen.*

*Ich tauschte um die Saiten,
Die Leier möcht ich tauschen!
Alcidens Siegeschreiten
Sollt ihrer Macht entrauschen!*

*Doch auch die Saiten tönen
Nur Liebe im Erklängen!
So lebt denn wohl, Heroen!
Denn meine Saiten tönen
Statt Heldensang zu drohen,
Nur Liebe im Erklängen.*

Johann Rochlitz

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.*

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.*

To my lyre

I would sing of Atreus' sons,
of Cadmus,
but my strings bring forth
only sounds of love.

I have changed the strings,
I should like to change the lyre!
Alcides' victorious march
should ring out from its might!

But these strings, too,
bring forth only sounds of love!
Farewell, then, heroes!
For my strings,
instead of threatening with heroic songs,
bring forth only sounds of love.

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Schubert: The Complete Song Texts (Schirmer
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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.

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 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.*

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.*

La belle jeunesse

*Il faut 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.*

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

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.

Throughout the day, I am

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 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,
O sirs, aim only for the hearts.

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

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

Anonymous 18th c.

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

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Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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Arun Asthagiri, *violin* (BM)

Student of Nicholas Kitchen

Monday, March 4, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Boyuan Cheng, *piano* (MM)

Student of Dang Thai Son

Wednesday, March 6, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Eddy Lanois, *trumpet* (MM)

Student of Benjamin Wright

Wednesday, March 6, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Kyuree Kim, *piano* (GD)

Student of HaeSun Paik

Thursday, March 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Jie Yin, *jazz composition* (MM)

Student of Ken Schaphorst

Thursday, March 7, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Martina Sabariego, *jazz composition* (GC)

Student of Ken Schaphorst

Friday, March 8, 2024 at 8:30 p.m., Burnes Hall

Isaac Dubow, *jazz trumpet* (MM)

Student of Davide Ianni and Stratis Minakakis

Saturday, March 9, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Matthew Heldt, *bassoon* (MM)

Student of Richard Svoboda

Saturday, March 9, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Danial Kukuk, *percussion* (MM)

Student of Will Hudgins

Saturday, March 9, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Eben Jordan

Shawn Lian, *piano* (BM)

Student of Alexander Korsantia

Saturday, March 9, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Cameron Alan-Lee, *violin* (GD)

Student of Ayano Ninomiya

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Brown Hall

Njord Fossnes, *viola* (BM)

Student of Kim Kashkashian

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Eben Jordan

George Maclaurin, *jazz piano* (MM)

Student of Jason Moran and Nasheet Waits

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Pierce Hall

Olga Melendez Valdes, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Jane Eaglen

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 12:00 noon, Burnes Hall

Zack Bacack, *jazz saxophone* (MM)

Student of Frank Carlberg and Jerry Bergonzi

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Donovan Bown, *oboe* (MM)

Student of John Ferrillo

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Roger Dahlin, *trombone* (MM)

Student of James Markey

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Xianyi Ji, *clarinet* (BM)

Student of Richard Stoltzman and Andrew Sandwick

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Adam Chen, *bassoon* (BM)

Student of Marc Goldberg

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Willow Otten, *French horn* (MM)

Student of Rachel Childers

Sunday, March 10, 2024 at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

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