



presents a
Voice Recital
Lindsay Kwon, soprano
Student of Jayne West
Grace Yubin Lee, piano

JUNE 1, 2024

4:00 PM

PIERCE HALL

The Seasons

Spring

Das Veilchen
K. 476

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Aprile

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Summer

Sure on this shining night
Op. 13, No. 3

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

Le Colibri
Op. 2, No. 7

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Autumn

Amore e Morte
From Soirees d'automne a L'Infrascata, A. 195-200, No. 3

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Amour d'Automne
W276

Cecile Chaminade
(1857-1944)

Winter

The Winter's Willow

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

In Stiller Nacht

Johannes Brahms

From 42 Deutsche Volkslieder
Op. WoO 33, No. 42

(1833-1897)

Don Quixote: From Rosy Bowers, Z.578

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

The Seasons

[Translations]

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
 Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
 Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
 Da kam eine junge Schäferin
 Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn
 Daher, daher,
 Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
 Die schönste Blume der Natur,
 Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
 Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
 Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
 Ach nur, ach nur
 Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
 Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
 Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
 Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
 Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
 Durch sie, durch sie,
 Zu ihren Füßen doch.

Aprile

Non senti tu ne l'aria
 il profumo che spande Primavera?
 Non senti tu ne l'anima
 il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?
 È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
 Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
 su' prati'n fiore!

Il piè trarrai fra mammole,
 avrai su'l petto rose e cilestrine,
 e le farfalle candide
 t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine.
 È l'April! È la stagion d'amore!
 Deh! vieni, o mia gentil
 su' prati'n fiore!

The Violet

A little violet stood upon the meadow,
 Lowly, humble, and unknown;
 It was a dear little violet.
 There came a young shepherdess
 With a light step and a merry spirit
 Along, along,
 Along the meadow, and sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, if I only were
 The most beautiful flower in nature,
 Ah, only for a little while,
 Until the darling had picked me
 And pressed me to her bosom until I became faint,
 Ah only, ah only
 A quarter of an hour long!

Alas! but alas! the maiden came
 And paid no heed to the little violet,
 She trampled the poor violet.
 It drooped and died and yet rejoiced:
 And if I must die, yet I die
 Through her, through her,
 Yet [I die] at her feet.

April

Do you not smell in the air
 the perfume that Spring breathes out?
 Do you not hear in your soul
 the sound of a new, enticing voice?
 It's April! It's the season of love!
 Come, lovely one,
 to the flowery meadow!

Your foot will tread among violets,
 you will wear roses and bluebells,
 and the white butterflies
 will flutter around your black hair.
 It's April! It's the season of love!
 Please come, my lovely one,
 to the flowery meadow!

Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

Amore e Morte

Odi di un uom, che muore,
Odi l' estremo suon,
Questo appassito fiore
Ti lascio, Elvira, in don.

Quanto prezioso ei sia
Saper tu il devi appien;
Il dì che fosti mia
Te l' involai dal sen.

Simbolo allor di affetto,
Or pegno di dolor;
Torni a posarti in petto
Questo appassito fior;

E avrai nel cor scolpito,
Se crudo il cor non è,
Come ti fu rapito,
Come fu reso a te.

The Hummingbird

The hummingbird, the green prince of the heights,
feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light
shining into his nest of woven grass,
shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh
where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,
and the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent
opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

Down to the flower he flies, alights from above,
and from the rosy cup drinks so much love
that he dies, not knowing if he could drink it dry.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips
my soul and senses would have wished to die
on contact with that first full-fragrant kiss.

Love and Death

Hear from a dying man,
Hear his last sound;
This wilted flower
I leave you, Elvira, as a gift.

How precious it is
You should fully understand;
On the day you were mine
I stole it from your heart.

Once symbol of love,
Now pledge of sorrow;
Place once more on your heart
This wilted flower.

And you will have engraved in your heart,
If that heart is not hard,
How it once was stolen,
And how it came back to you.

Amour d'Automne

L'âpre hiver a passé sur nous
Sans toucher à notre tendresse.
L'an nouveau vers Avril s'empresse
Et me retrouve à vos genoux.

Que votre beauté ne s'étonne
Si mes vœux sont restés constants,
Madame, voici le printemps,
Nous nous aimâmes en automne.

Les rosiers n'avaient plus de fleurs
Et les soirs hâtaient leur venue.
Les hirondelles sous la nue
S'enfuyaient vers des cieux meilleurs.

Les vigneronns fêtaient la tonne
Et nos coeurs étaient palpitants.
Madame, voici le printemps,
M'aimerez-vous comme en automne?

Sur les rosiers de neige las
Renaît la parure des roses.
Le glas joyeux des temps moroses
Sonne aux clochettes des lilas.

Au lieu d'un habit monotone
Le ciel en porte d'éclatants.
Madame, voici le printemps,
Aimons-nous donc plus qu'en automne.

Autumn Loves

The bitter winter has passed over us
Without touching our tenderness.
The new year rushes towards April
And finds me at your knees.

May your beauty not be astonished
If my wishes have remained constant,
My lady, spring is here,
We loved each other in autumn.

The rosebushes had no more flowers
And the evenings hastened their coming.
The swallows under the clouds
Fled to better skies.

The winegrowers celebrated the ton
And our hearts were throbbing.
My lady, spring is here,
Will you love me as you do in autumn?

On rosebushes weary with snow
The finery of roses is reborn.
The joyous knell of gloomy times
Sounds on the lilac bells.

Instead of monotonous garb
The sky wears bright ones.
My lady, spring is here,
So let us love more than in autumn

In Stiller Nacht

In stiller Nacht, zur ersten Wacht,
ein Stimm' beginnt zu klagen,
der nächt'ge Wind hat süß und lind
zu mir den Klang getragen.
Von herbem Leid und Traurigkeit
ist mir das Herz zerflossen,
die Blümelein, mit Tränen rein
hab' ich sie all' begossen.

Der schöne [Mond will untergahn],
für Leid nicht mehr mag scheinen,
die Sterne lan ihr Glitzen stahn,
mit mir sie wollen weinen.
Kein Vogelsang noch Freudenklang

In the quiet night

In the quiet night, at the first watch,
a voice began to lament;
sweetly and gently, the night wind
carried to me its sound.
And from such bitter sorrow and grief
my heart has melted.
The little flowers - with my pure tears
I have watered them all.

The beautiful moon wishes to set
out of pain, and never shine again;
the stars will let fade their gleam
for they wish to weep with me.
Neither bird-song nor sound of joy

man höret in den Lüften,
die wilden Tier' trauern auch mit mir
in Steinen und in Klüfte

can one hear in the air;
the wild animals grieve with me as well,
upon the rocks and in the ravines.

The Winter's Willow

(by William Barnes(1801-1886) in "Poems of rural life
in the Dorset dialect")

There Liddy zot beside her cow,
Upon her lowly seat, O;
A hood did overhang her brow,
Her päil wer at her veet, O;
An' she wer kind, an' she wer feäir,
An' she wer young, an' free o' ceäre;
Vew winters had a-blow'd her heäir,
Beside the Winter's Willow.

Above the coach-wheels rollèn rims
She never rose to ride, O,
Though she do zet her comely lim's
Above the mare's white zide, O;
But don't become too proud to stoop
An' scrub her milkèn päil's white hoop,
Or zit a-milkèn where do droop,
The wet-stemm'd Winter's Willow.

She idden woone a-rear'd in town
Where many a gayer lass, O,
Do trip a-smilèn up an' down,
So peäle wi' smoke an' gas, O;
But here in vields o' greäzèn herds,
Her väice ha' mingled sweetest words
Wi' evenèn cheärms o' busy birds,
Beside the Winter's Willow.

An' I've a cow or two in leäze,
Along the river-zide, O,
An' päils to zet avore her knees,
At dawn an' evenèn-tide, O;
An' there she still mid zit, an' look
Athirt upon the woody nook
Where vu'st I zeed her by the brook
Beside the Winter's Willow.

An' when, at last, wi' beätèn breast,
I knock'd avore her door, O,
She ax'd me in to teäke the best
O' pleäces on the vloer, O;
An' smilèn feäir avore my zight,
She blush'd beside the yollovv light
O' bleäzen brands, while winds o' night
Do sheäke the Winter's Willow.

Zoo, who would heed the treeless down,
A-beät by all the storms, O,
Or who would heed the busy town
Where vo'k do goo in zwarms, O;
If he wer in my house below
The elems, where the vier did glow
In Liddy's feäce, though winds did blow
Ageän the Winter's Willow.

An' if there's readship in her smile,
She don't begrudge to speäre, O,
To zomebody a little while,
The empty woaken chair, O;
An' if I've luck upon my zide,
Why, I do think she'll be my bride
Avore the leaves ha' twice a-died
Upon the Winter's Willow.