

Hyojeong Ham
collaborative piano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Graduate Diploma, 2026
Student of Cameron Stowe and Joel Ayau

with
Dani Jingdan Zhang, soprano
Isis Bermúdez Rivera, soprano
Sohyun Cho, soprano

Tuesday, February 25, 2025
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Arnold Schoenberg
(1874–1951)

Vier Lieder, op. 2

Erwartung
Schenk mit deine goldenen Kamm
Erhebung
Waldsonne

Isis Bermúdez Rivera, soprano

Joseph Marx
(1882–1964)

Selige Nacht
Nocturne

Sohyun Cho, soprano

Samuel Barber
(1910–1981)

Four Songs, op. 13

A Nun Takes the Veil
The Secrets of the Old
Sure on this shining night
Nocturne

Dani Jingdan Zhang, soprano

*I would like to express my sincere gratitude
to the audience who graced this place today,
to my son Dahahm,
who has the most patience of anyone,
and to Prof. Cameron Stowe and Prof. Joel Ayau,
who made all of this possible.*

*I am so touched and happy to share with you the miraculous journey that brought me here.
Special thanks to Dani, Isis, and Sohyun
for bringing their dazzling talents to beautiful songs and creating a wonderful experience.*

Erwartung

*Aus dem meergrünen Teiche
neben der roten Villa
unter der toten Eiche
scheint der Mond.*

*Wo ihr dunkles Abbild
durch das Wasser greift,
steht ein Mann und streift
einen Ring von seiner Hand.*

*Drei Opale blinken;
durch die bleichen Steine
schwimmen rot und grüne
Funken und versinken.*

*Und er küßt sie,
und seine Augen leuchten
wie der meergrüne Grund:
ein Fenster tut sich auf.*

*Aus der roten Villa
neben der toten Eiche
winkt ihm eine bleiche
Frauenhand.*

Richard Dehmel

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm

*Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm;
jeder Morgen soll dich mahnen,
daß du mir die Haare küßttest.
Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm;
jeden Abend will ich ahnen,
wem du dich im Bade rüstest,
o Maria!*

*Schenk mir Alles, was du hast;
meine Seele ist nicht eitel,
stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.
Schenk mir deine schwerste Last:
willst du nicht auf meinen Scheitel
auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch legen,
Magdalena?*

Richard Dehmel

Expectation

From the sea-green pond
near the red villa
beneath the dead oak
the moon is shining.

Where her dark image
gleams through the water,
a man stands, and draws
a ring from his hand.

Three opals glimmer;
among the pale stones
float red and green sparks
and sink.

And he kisses her,
and his eyes gleam
like the sea-green depths:
a window opens.

From the red villa
near the dead oak,
a woman's pale hand
waves to him.

Give me your golden comb

Give me your golden comb;
every morning shall remind you
that you kissed my hair.
Give me your silken sponge;
every evening I want to sense
for whom you prepared yourself in the bath -
oh, Maria!

Give me everything you have;
my soul is not vain,
proudly I receive your blessing.
Give me your heavy burden:
will you not lay on my head
your heart too, your heart -
Magdalena?

Erhebung

*Gib mir deine Hand,
nur den Finger, dann
seh ich diesen ganzen Erdkreis
als mein Eigen an!*

*O, wie blüht mein Land!
Sieh dir's doch nur an,
daß es mit uns über die Wolken
in die Sonne kann!*

Richard Dehmel

Waldsonne

*In die braunen, rauschenden Nächte
Flittert ein Licht herein,
Grüngolden ein Schein.*

*Blumen blinken auf und Gräser
Und die singenden, springenden Waldwässerlein,
Und Erinnerungen.*

*Die längst verklungenen:
Golden erwachen sie wieder,
All deine fröhlichen Lieder.*

*Und ich sehe deine goldenen Haare glänzen,
Und ich sehe deine goldenen Augen glänzen
Aus den grünen, raunenden Nächten.*

Und mir ist, ich läge neben dir auf dem Rasen

Und hörte dich wieder auf der glitzebanken Syrinx

*In die blauen Himmelslüfte blasen.
In die braunen, wühlenden Nächte
Flittert ein Licht,
Ein goldener Schein.*

Johannes Schlaf

Exaltation

Give me your hand,
only a finger, then
I shall see this whole round earth
as my own!

Oh, how my country blossoms!
Just look at me,
that I may go with you above the clouds
into the sun!

Forest sun

Into the brown rustling nights
There flutters a light,
A green-golden gleam.

Glinting flowers gaze up
And the singing, leaping forest brooklets,
And memories.

The long silent ones:
Golden, they awaken again,
All your joyous songs.

And I see your golden hair glitter,
And I see your golden eyes gleam
Out of the green murmuring nights.

And I feel as though I were lying on the lawn
by your side

And heard you once more blow on your
brightly glinting pipes

Into the blue air of heaven.
Into the brown, turbulent nights
There flutters a light,
A golden gleam.

*Translations © Richard Stokes, author of The
Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005) provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Selige Nacht

*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

Nocturne

*Süß duftende Lindenblüte
in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüte
ist mir in Sinnen erwacht.
Als klänge vor meinen Ohren
leise das Lied vom Glück,
als töne, die lange verloren,
die Jugend leise zurück.
Süß duftende Lindenblüte
in quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüte
ist mir zu Schmerzen erwacht.*

Otto Erich Hartleben

Blissful night

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!

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Nocturne

Sweet scented linden blossom
in swelling June night
a delight from my soul
awakened to my mind
As if the song of joy
sounded softly in my ears
as if long-lost youth
resounded quietly back to me
Sweet scented linden blossom
in swelling June night
a delight from my soul
awakened as pain

*Translation by Hélène Lindqvist, The Art Song
Project*

A Nun Takes the Veil

I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

The secrets of the old

I have old women's secrets now
That had those of the young;
Madge tells me what I dared not think
When my blood was strong,
And what had drowned a lover once
Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb
If thrown in Madge's way,
We three make up a solitude;
For none alive today
Can know the stories that we know
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most
Of all that are gone,
How such a pair loved many years
And such a pair but one,
Stories of the bed of straw
Or the bed of down.

William Butler Yeats

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

James Agee

Nocturne

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,
Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow.
Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward th' Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

Frederic Prokosch

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