

Dong Eun Yoon
tenor

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2025
Student of Carole Haber

with
Anna Park, piano

Wednesday, April 9, 2025
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660–1725)

Bellezza che s'ama

Son tutto duolo

Antonio Caldara
(1670–1736)

Selve amiche

Samuel Barber
(1910–1981)

from *Despite and Still*, op. 41

Solitary Hotel

Despite and Still

from *Three Songs*, op. 10

I hear an army

Intermission

Federico Mompou
(1893–1987)

Combat del Somni, Nos. 1-3

Damunt de tu només les flors

Aquesta nit un mateix vent

Jo et presentia com la mar

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770–1827)

An die ferne Geliebte, op. 98

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

Wo die Berge so blau

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Nimm sie hin den, diese Lieder

Bellezza che s'ama

*Bellezza che s'ama è gioia del core
Felice si chiama, chi è lieta in amore.*

È sommo piacere amar riamate,

È folle, chi brama contento Maggiore

Niccolò Minato

Son tutta duolo

*Son tutta duolo, non ho che affanni
E mi dà morte pena crudel:
E per me solo sono tiranni gli astri,
La sorte, i numi, il ciel.*

Selve amiche, ombrose piante

*Selve amiche, ombrose piante,
Fido albergo del mio core,
Chieda a voi quest'alma amante
Qualche pace al suo dolore.*

Anonymous

Solitary Hotel

Solitary hotel in a mountain pass.
Autumn. Twilight. Fire lit.
In dark corner young man seated.
Young woman enters.
Restless. Solitary. She sits.
She goes to window. She stands.
She sits. Twilight. She thinks.
On solitary hotel paper she writes.
She thinks. She writes. She sighs.
Wheels and hoofs. She hurries out.
He comes from his dark corner.
He seizes solitary paper.
He holds it towards fire. Twilight.
He reads. Solitary. What?
In sloping, upright and backhands:
Queen's hotel, Queen's hotel, Queen's ho . .

James Joyce, from Ulysses

Beauty, that one loves

Beauty, love is a joy of the heart!
He who knows the pleasure of love may
call himself happy.
It is the greatest pleasure to have your love
reciprocated
He who desires greater happiness is mad!

I'm all pain

I'm all pain, I have nothing but worries
And it kills me, the cruel sorrow.
And for me alone, they are tyrants, the stars,
Destiny, the gods, the heavens.

Friendly woods, shady plants

Friendly woods, shady plants,
My beloved, trusty place
This loving soul asks of you
Some peace to his pain.

Translations by Brittany Bryant

Despite and Still

Have you not read
The words in my head,
And I made part
Of your own heart?
We have been such as draw
The losing straw —
You of your gentleness,
I of my rashness,
Both of despair —
Yet still might share
This happy will:
To love despite and still.
Never let us deny
The thing's necessity,
But, O, refuse
To choose,
Where chance may seem to give
Love in alternative.

Robert Graves

I hear an army

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battle-name:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long, green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone?

James Joyce

Damunt de tu només les flors

*Damunt de tu només les flors.
Eren com una ofrena blanca:
la llum que daven al teu cos
mai més seria de la blanca.*

*Tota una vida de perfum
amb el seu bes t'era donada.
Tu resplendies de la llum*

per l'esguard clos atresorada.

*¡Si hagués pogut ésser sospir
de flor! Donar-me com un llir
a tu, perquè la meua vida
s'anés marcint sobre el teu pit.
I no saber mai més la nit
que al teu costat fóra esvaïda.*

Aquesta nit un mateix vent

*Aquesta nit un mateix vent
i una mateixa vela encesa
devien dû el teu pensament
i el meu per mars on la tendresa*

*es torna música i cristall.
El bes se'ns feia transparència,
si tu eres l'aigua, jo el mirall,
com si abraçéssim una absència.*

*El nostre cel fóra, potser,
un somni etern aixís de besos
fets melodia i un no ser
de cossos junts i d'ulls encesos
amb flames blanques i un sospir
d'acariciar sedes de llir.*

Lying upon you, like a white
Offering, there were flowers only.
From them your body drew the light,
Without them now the branch was lonely.

And as they gave their kiss to you,
Their life of fragrance was sent flowing.
From your closed eyes the light shone
through:
You were resplendent, you were glowing.

Could I but be a flower's sigh
And, like a lily, give you my
own self, so that my very being
Would fade away upon your breast
And never need again the rest
Of night, that from your side is fleeing.

Last night, the same wind of the day,
And the same sail, alive and burning,
Were there to take our thoughts away
On seas where tenderness and yearning

Turn into music, into glass.
Our kiss became transparency,
And our embrace an emptiness.
I was the mirror, you the sea.

Our private heaven might inspire
A dream of kisses, never-ending,
Turned into song; of eyes on fire
With white flames, and of bodies blending;
A sigh, from disembodied breast,
Of lily's silk as it's caressed.

Jo et presentia com la mar

*Jo et presentia com la mar
i com el vent, immensa, lliure,
alta damunt de tot atzar
i tot destí.
I en el meu viure
com el respir.*

*I ara que et tinc
veig com el somni et limitava.
Tu no ets un nom ni un gest.
No vinc
a tu com a l'imatge blava*

*d'un somni humà.
Tu no ets la mar
que és presonera dins de platges,
tu no ets el vent pres en l'espai.
Tu no tens límits; no hi ha, encar,
mots per a dir-te, ni paisatges
per sè el teu món, ni seran mai.*

Josep Janés

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

*Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!*

I had foreseen you like the sea
And like the wind, immense and giving,
High above chance and ever free
Of common fate.
And like a living
Breath in my life.

Now that you're mine
I see my dream had set you limits.
You are no name, no sign.
I come
To you not as to the blue image

Of human dreams.
You aren't the sea,
which is imprisoned among beaches,
You aren't the wind, confined by air.
You have no bounds. No words are there
To tell of you, no land that reaches
Your world, nor will there ever be.

Translation © 1999 by Jacob Lubliner

I sit on the hill, gazing

I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the misty blue countryside,
Towards the distant meadows
Where, my love, I first found you.
Now I'm far away from you,
Mountain and valley intervene
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze
That wings its way towards you,
And my sighs are lost
In the space that comes between us.
Will nothing ever reach you again?
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
That speak to you of my mistress!
For sounds of singing put to flight
All space and all time;
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Wo die Berge so blau

*Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!
Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!*

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

*Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!*

Where the blue mountains

Where the blue mountains
From the misty grey
Look out towards me,
Where the sun's glow fades,
Where the clouds scud by –
There would I be!
There, in the peaceful valley,
Pain and torment cease.
Where among the rocks
The primrose meditates in silence,
And the wind blows so softly –
There would I be!
I am driven to the musing wood
By the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
If I were able, my love,
To be with you eternally!

Light clouds sailing on high

Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
Thoughtful in the silent valley,
Let my image loom before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes
Autumn has turned fallow and bare,
Pour out to her my fate,
Pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs
To her my heart has chosen –
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

*Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen. –
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!*

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

*Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret
Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie bringt sich geschäftig
Von kreuz und von Quer
Manch weiches Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau;
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet,
Der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.*

These clouds on high

*These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of birds
Will see you, O gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses. –
Would I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
To you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
Flows directly back to me!*

May returns, the meadow blooms

*May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild,
The babbling brooks flow again,
The swallow returns
To its rooftop home,
And eagerly builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.
She busily brings
From every direction
Many soft scraps
For the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.
Now the pair lives
Faithfully together,
What winter parted,
May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.
May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild;
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites
All lovers,
Our love alone
Knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.*

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

*Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang!
Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglüheth
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklungen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!*

Alois Jeitteles

Accept, then, these songs

Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound!
As the red light of evening draws
Towards the calm blue lake,
And its last rays fade
Behind those mountain heights;
And you sing what I sang
From a full heart
With no display of art,
Aware only of longing:
Then, at these songs,
The distance that parted us shall recede,
And a loving heart be reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

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

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

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Jakob Schoenfeld, percussion (MM)

Student of Daniel Bauch and Will Hudgins

Thursday, April 10, 2025, at 2:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Jowen Hsu, viola (BM)

Student of Nicholas Cords

Thursday, April 10, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Keller Room

Shengyu Cui, flute (MM)

Student of Paula Robison

Friday, April 11, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Brown Hall

Noah Mark, jazz percussion (BM)

Student of Stratis Minakakis and Davide Ianni

Friday, April 11, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Pierce Hall

Jillian Moore, jazz voice (MM)

Student of Frank Carlberg and Dominique Eade

Friday, April 11, 2025, at 8:30 p.m., Eben Jordan

Aislin Alancheril, soprano (BM)

Student of Carole Haber

Saturday, April 12, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

David Carreon, violin (MM)

Student of Kristopher Tong

Saturday, April 12, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Hannah Miller, soprano (BM)

Student of Michael Meraw

Saturday, April 12, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Tomer Rozen, composition (MM)

Student of Michael Gandolfi

Saturday, April 12, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Yuhsi Chang, oboe (BM)

Student of Mark McEwen

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Upcoming Student Recitals at NEC

—continued

Qianfeng Jing, *piano* (MM)

Student of Meng-Chieh Liu

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Williams Hall

Michelle Jung, *cello* (BM)

Student of Lluís Claret

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Carson Meritt, *bassoon* (BM)

Student of Marc Goldberg and Suzanne Nelsen

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Keller Room

Lenka Molčányiová, *jazz saxophone* (MM)

Student of Kalia Vandever, Nasheet Waits, and Frank Carlberg

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 12:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Kyu Yeon Cho, *clarinet* (BM)

Student of Andrew Sandwick

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Emily Lin, *violin* (MM)

Student of Kristopher Tong

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

Rachel Lin, *cello* (MM)

Student of Yeesun Kim

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Keller Room

Nicholas Tsang, *cello* (GD)

Student of Lluís Claret

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 4:00 p.m., Burnes Hall

Shanti Fowler-Puja, *soprano* (MM)

Student of Carole Haber

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Brown Hall

Longfei Li, *jazz piano* (MM)

Student of Jason Moran, Jerry Leake, and Bruce Brubaker

Sunday, April 13, 2025, at 8:00 p.m., Pierce Hall

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