



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

SATURDAY, MAY 24TH, 2025

12:00 PM

WILLIAMS HALL

Dreams of Sleep

- O sleep, why dost thou leave me? from Semele, HWV 58 G. F. Handel(1685-1759)
- Rêve d'un soir Cécile Chaminade(1857-1944)
- Sogno Paolo Tosti(1846-1916)

The Beauty of the Night

- Beau Soir Claude Debussy(1862-1918)
- Evening Charles Ives(1874-1954)
- Die Nacht, Op. 10, No. 3 Richard Strauss(1864-1949)

Singers of the Night

- Rossignols Amoureux from Hippolyte et Aricie Jean-Philippe Rameau(1683-1764)
- An die nachtigall, Op. 46, No. 4 Johannes Brahms(1833-1897)
- L'assiuolo canta from I canti della sera Francesco Santoliquido(1883-1971)

Magical Things at Night

- Elfenlied from Mörike-Lieder, IHW 22 Hugo Wolf(1860-1903)
- There are fairies at the bottom of our garden Liza Lehmann(1862-1918)
- Villanelle from Les Nuits d'été, Op. 7 Hector Berlioz(1803-1869)



Moon and Stars

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| - Clair de lune, Op. 46, No. 2 | Gabriel Fauré(1845-1924) |
| - Mein Stern, Op. 13, No. 6 | Clara Schumann(1819-1896) |
| - Vaga luna, che inargenti, Op. 34, No. 2 | Vincenzo Bellini(1801-1835) |
| - Good night Moon | Eric Whitacre(1970-) |

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of Certificate Level IV.

[Rêve d'un soir]

Rêve d'un soir, rêve d'une heure,
Tu t'es enfui sur l'aile du désir,
Ta félicité n'est qu'un leurre,
Rêve d'un soir, rêve d'une heure
Que vainnement je cherche à ressaisir.

Ton enchantement nous effleure,
Tu disparais dans les feux du matin,
Notre voix t'appelle et te pleure
Rêve d'un soir, rêve d'une heure,
Ô doux mirage enivrant et lointain!

Puis-qu'ici-bas rien ne demeure,
Passe, éteins-toi comme un rayon d'été.
Mais comme un lys avant qu'il meure,
Rêve d'un soir, rêve d'une heure,
Ah! laisse-nous ton parfum enchanté!

[Sogno]

Ho sognato che stavi a' ginocchi,
Come un santo che prega il Signor ...
Mi guardavi nel fondo degli occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.

Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa...
Mi chiedea dolcemente mercè...
Solo un guardo che fosse promessa,
Imploravi, curvata al mio piè.

Io tacevo e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la morte
pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.

Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia faccia...
E la forza del cor mi tradì.
Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le braccia...
Ma, sognavo...E il bel sogno svanì.

[Dream of an Evening]

Dream of an evening, dream of an hour,
You vanished on the wing of desire,
Your bliss is but a fleeting flower,
Dream of an evening, dream of an hour,
That I vainly strive to re-acquire.

Your enchantment brushes past our face,
You fade within the morning's light,
Our voices call you, beg your grace—
Dream of an evening, dream of an hour,
O sweet mirage, intoxicating, out of sight!

Since nothing here on earth can stay,
Pass on, fade like a summer ray.
But like the lily before decay,
Dream of an evening, dream of an hour,
Ah! leave us your enchanted bouquet!

[Dream]

I dreamt that you were on your knees
Like a saint praying to the Lord.
You were looking deep into my eyes,
With a glowing look of love.

You were speaking quietly,
Asking me sweetly for forgiveness.
That she be allowed just one glance,
You begged, curled at my feet.

I stayed silent and, with a strong will,
Fought the irresistible desire.
I had faced martyrdom and death;
Still, I forced myself to say no.

But then your lips touched my face,
And my heart betrayed me.
I closed my eyes, reached out to you;
But I had been dreaming, and that beautiful
dream vanished.

[Beau soir]

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont
roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de
blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des
choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est
beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette
onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

[Die Nacht]

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

[Beautiful evening]

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

[The Night]

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors
It extinguishes, and steals the sheaves
From the field.

It takes everything that is dear,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes away, from the cathedral's copper roof,
The gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
You from me.

[Rossignols Amoureux]

Rossignols amoureux,
Répondez à nos voix
Par la douceur de vos ramages.
Vos chants sont tendres hommages
À la divinité qui règne dans nos bois.

[Amorous nightingales]

Amorous nightingales,
Pray respond to our voices
by the sweetness of your chirping.
Your song is an homage
to the goddess that reigns in these woods

[An die Nachtigall]

Geuß nicht so laut der liebentflammten Lieder
Tonreichen Schall
Vom Blütenast des Apfelbaums hernieder,
O Nachtigall!
Du tönest mir mit deiner süßen Kehle
Die Liebe wach;
Denn schon durchbebt die Tiefen meiner Seele
Dein schmelzend Ach.

[To the Nightingale]

Do not pour so loudly the full-throated sounds
Of your love-kindled songs
Down from the blossoming boughs of the
apple-tree,
O nightingale!
The tones of your sweet throat
Awaken love in me;
For the depths of my soul already quiver
With your melting lament.

Dann flieht der Schlaf von neuem dieses Lager,
Ich starre dann
Mit nassem Blick' und totenbleich und hager
Den Himmel an.
Fleuch, Nachtigall, in grüne Finsternisse,
Ins Haingesträuch,
Und spend' im Nest der treuen Gattin Küsse;
Entfleuch, entfleuch!

Sleep once more forsakes this couch,
And I stare
Moist-eyed, haggard and deathly pale
At the heavens.
Fly, nightingale, to the green darkness,
To the bushes of the grove,
And there in the nest kiss your faithful mate;
Fly away, fly away!

[L'assiolo canta]

Vieni! Sul bosco splende serena
la notte dell'estate e l'assiolo canta.
Vieni, ti volgio dir quel che non dissi mai.

[The owl sings]

Come! Over the woods the summer night shines
serene, and the owl sings.
Come, I want to tell you what I have never said
before.

E sul sentiero fioriscono le stelle,
magici fiori.
Inoltriamoci insieme e là nel folto ti dirò
perchè piansi una triste sera che non c'eri.
Inoltriamoci insieme.
Un mistero c'invita,
Odi: l'assiolo canta.

And on the path the stars bloom, those magical
flowers.
Let us go forth together, and there in the thicket I
will tell you Why I wept one sad evening, when
you were not there. Let us go forth together.
A mystery invites us,
Listen: the owl sings.

[Elfenlied]

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
 “Elfe!”
 Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief –
 Wohl um die Elfe –
 Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
 Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
 Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
 Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
 Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
 Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
 Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
 Und humpelt also tippe tapp
 Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
 Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
 Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
 “Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
 Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
 Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
 Und treibens in dem Saale;
 Da guck ich wohl ein wenig ’nein!”
 – Pfui, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!
 Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
 Gukuk! Gukuk!

[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.

[Elf Song]

The village watch cried out at night:
 “Eleven!”
 An elfin elf was asleep in the wood –
 Just at eleven –
 And thinks the nightingale was calling
 Him by name from the valley,
 Or Silpelit had sent for him.
 The elf rubs his eyes,
 Steps from his snail-shell home,
 Looking like a drunken man,
 Not having slept his fill,
 And hobbles down, tippety tap,
 Through the hazels to the valley,
 Slips right up against the wall,
 Where the glow-worm sits, shining bright.
 “What bright windows are these?
 There must be a wedding inside:
 The little folk are sitting at the feast
 And skipping round the ballroom;
 I’ll take a little peek inside!”
 Shame! he hits his head on hard stone!
 Elf, don’t you think you’ve had enough?
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

[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.

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!

[Clair de lune]

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

[Mein Stern]

O du mein Stern,
Schau dich so gern,
Wenn still im Meere die Sonne sinket,
Dein gold'nes Auge so tröstend winket
In meiner Nacht!

O du mein Stern,
Aus weiter Fern',
Bist du ein Bote mit Liebesgrüßen,

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!

[Moonlight]

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life's favours,
they do not seem to believe in their fortune
and their song mingles with the light of the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble statues.

[My star]

O you my star,
I love to observe you,
When the sun slips quietly into the sea,
And your golden gaze beckons so consolingly
In my night!

O you my star,
From afar
You bring me tidings of love,

Laß deine Strahlen mich durstig küssen
In banger Nacht.

O du mein Stern,
Verweile gern,
Und lächelnd führ' auf des Lichts Gefieder
Der Träume Engel dem Freunde wieder
In seine Nacht.

Let me passionately kiss your rays
In fearful night.

O you my star,
Linger gladly,
And smilingly on the wings of light
Escort once more the angel of dreams to your
friend
In his night.

[Vaga luna, che inargenti]

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

[Lovely moon, you who shed silver light]

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.