



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Youngeun Noh, soprano
Edward Newman, piano

Sunday, May 3, 2026

5:30pm

PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

La vie antérieure
Au pays où se fait la guerre

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Deità silvane
I fauni
Musica in horto
Egle
Acqua
Crepuscolo

Ottorino Respighi
(1879-1936)

Intermission

Vier letzte Lieder
September
Beim Schlafengehen

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

이화우 (Pear Blossom Rain)

Sophia Yang, Cello

이원주(WonJu Lee)
(b.1979)

아리아리랑(Ari Arirang)

안정준(Jeongjun Ahn)
(1929-2009)

여호와는 나의 목자시니(The Lord is my Shepherd)

나윤영(Un Yung La)
(1922-1993)

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for an Artist Diploma
in Voice. Youngeun Noh is a student of Professor Twyla Robinson.
The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.
Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.*

Program Notes

La vie antérieure

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Henri Duparc was a French composer renowned for his exquisite art songs set to the poetry of esteemed poets. A student of César Franck, his early exposure to the music of Wagner and Liszt deeply influenced his approach to composition. He combined the intimacy of French melody with the grandeur of symphonic form, and his songs, composed between 1868 and 1884, expanded traditional French song into dramatic, scena-like structures. These songs have been praised for their lyrical beauty and sophisticated harmonic language. His legacy remains that of a master of French song, blending poetry, music, and emotional depth.¹

This song was originally composed for voice and orchestra, and Duparc later added the piano accompaniment.² The piece begins with the piano repeating a steady, march-like pattern. This melody creates a calm and serene atmosphere. In the middle section, the music suddenly shifts to a minor key and the dynamics become more intense. The piano moves like waves rolling across the sea. Toward the end, the piano postlude gradually becomes softer and slower. The music transforms the bright feeling of the beginning into a more lonely and reflective mood.

La vie antérieure

J'ai long-temps habité sous de vastes portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
Les tout puissants accords de leur riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes,
Au milieu de l'azur, des flots et des splendeurs,
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

Text by Charles Baudelaire

For a long time I lived beneath the

For a long time I lived beneath the immense
porticoes
That the sea-suns dyed with a thousand rays,
And whose great columns, erect and majestic,
At night seemed just like basalt grottoes.

The rolling waves tossing the celestial images
Blended in a solemn and mystic way
The all-powerful chords of their rich music
Colored like the sunset reflected in my eyes

It is there, there that I lived in tranquil luxury
In the midst of the azure, the waves and the wonders,
And the nude slaves imbued with fragrance

Who refreshed my brow with palm leaves,
And whose sole purpose was to understand in depth
the agonizing secret that made me suffer.

Translation by Dann Mitton

¹ Zelazk, Alicja. "Henri Duparc." *Encyclopedia Britannica*, February 8, 2026, <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Henri-Duparc>.

² Barbara Meister, *Nineteenth-Century French Song: Fauré, Chausson, Duparc, and Debussy*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1980, <https://muse.jhu.edu/book/93947>.

Au pays ou se fait la guerre

This poem tells the story of a young woman who is waiting for her lover to return from war. It expresses many emotions, including loneliness, sadness, and despair. The piece has three stanzas, and each stanza ends with the line, "I still await his return." The song also uses several moments of musical imitation. For example, the piano uses trills to imitate the cooing of loving pigeons. When the woman hears footsteps, tremolos appear in the piano, showing her tension and hope. With its wide vocal range and strong dynamic contrasts, the song powerfully expresses the growing emotions of waiting and the deep sadness she feels.

Au pays ou se fait la guerre

Au pays où se fait la guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est allé ;
Il semble à mon cœur désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre!
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche.
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureusement;
Avec un son triste et charmant
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent.
Je me sens tout près de pleurer;
Mon cœur comme un lis plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus espérer.
Voici briller la lune blanche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe :
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amour?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement
Mon petit page avec ma lampe.
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.
Voici que l'aurore se lève,
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

Text by Pierre-Jules-Théophile Gautier

To the country where war is waged

To the country where war is waged
My beautiful love departed.
It seems to my desolate heart
That I alone remain on earth.
When leaving, at our kiss goodbye,
He took my soul from my mouth...
Who is holding him back so long, O God?
There is the sun setting.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,
Cooing lovingly
With a sad and charming sound;
The waters under the large willows flow...
I feel ready to cry;
My heart, like a full lily, overflows
And I no longer dare to hope.
Here gleams the white moon.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Someone is climbing the ramp rapidly.
Could it be him, my sweet love?
It isn't him, but only
My little page with my lamp.
Evening winds, veiled, tell him
That he is my thoughts and my dream,
All my joy and my longing.
Here is the dawn rising.
And I, all alone in my tower,
I still await his return.

Translation by Victoria de Menil

Ottorino Respighi was an Italian composer, music scholar, and violinist. He studied Italian music from the 16th to 18th centuries, and this interest in older music strongly influenced his own compositions. O. Respighi wrote in a clear and simple style, carefully considering the relationship between poetry and music. He took the beauty of traditional Italian melodies and shaped them with his own personal expression and a modern sense, creating a unique atmosphere.³ Rather than following the classical style exactly, he combined pre-classical forms, such as dance suites, with the musical language of 19th-century Romanticism. Some people call him a neoclassical composer. However, the terms Neo-Renaissance or Neo-Baroque better describe his music.

Respighi's song cycle *Deità silvane* sets the fantastic symbolist poems of Antonio Rubino to lyrical melodies, creating a vivid musical landscape. The cycle has five songs and takes the listener on a fifteen-minute journey through the mythical forest world imagined by Rubino.⁴ The work was originally composed for piano and voice. In February 1926, it was arranged for orchestra and premiered in New York with Respighi conducting. It was sung by his wife, Elsa Respighi.⁵

The first song *I fauni* paints a picture of the forest where fauns dwell and the lively world within it. The music moves at a lively *Allegretto vivace* tempo with several changes in meter. In the accompaniment, Respighi paints scenes of the forest through a variety of patterns and uses staccato to create a sense of mystery. The vocal line reflects the playful life of the fauns and the vitality of the woodland world.

I fauni

S'odono al monte i saltellanti rivi
Murmureggiare per le forre astruse,
S'odono al bosco gemer cornamuse
Con garrito di pifferi giulivi.

E i fauni in corsa per dumeti e clivi,
Erti le corna sulle fronti ottuse,
Bevono per lor nari camuse
Filtri sottili e zeffiri lascivi.

E, mentre in fondo al gran coro alberato
Piange d'amore per la vita bella
La sampogna dell'arcade pastore,
Contenta e paurosa dell'agguato,
Fugge ogni ninfa più che fiera snella,
Ardendo in bocca come ardente fiore.

Text by Antonio Rubino

The fauns

One hears in the hills the bubbling brooks
Murmuring through the dark ravines,
One hears in the woods the groan of the bagpipes
With the chirp of merry fifes.

And the fauns racing over hills and through thickets,
Their horns erect above their broad foreheads,
Drink through their blunt, upturned nostrils
Subtle potions and lascivious winds.

And, while beneath the great choir of trees,
They weep, for love of the beautiful life:
The bagpipes of the arcadian shepherd,
Happy and fearful of the impending ambush,
The nymphs flee, faster than wild gazelles,
Their ardent lips like blazing flowers!

Translation by Joshua Breitzer

³ "Composer Ottorino Respighi Biography." Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, Accessed March 8, 2026, <https://www.aso.org/artists/detail/ottorino-respighi>.

⁴ Gregory Zavracky, "The Mythical Forest of Ottorino Respighi's *Deità silvane*." *Journal of Singing* 82, no. 3 (2026): 273-282.

⁵ Adriano Sofri, Second Conversation with Elsa Respighi in Venice, *Respighi Society News*, 1978.

Musica in horto

Musica in horto means “Music in the garden.” The song evokes the calm and gentle atmosphere of a quiet garden. It features various ornaments, and the vocal line’s triplet rhythms should be emphasized. The accompaniment begins forte with ornaments and staccato that suggest the sharp sound of a rattlesnake mentioned in the text. In the second half the tempo becomes ‘Piu vivo’ (faster and more lively) and the music moves faster and lighter. It builds to a crescendo on the last words for a dramatic conclusion. Expressions of love appear in a tender and flowing melody like roses opening toward the beloved in the garden.⁶

Musica in horto

Uno squillo di cròtali clangenti
Rompe in ritmo il silenzio dei roseti,
Mentre in fondo agli aulenti orti segreti
Gorgheggia un flauto liquidi lamenti.

La melodia, con tintinnio d'argenti,
Par che a vicenda s'attristi e s'allieti,
Ora luce di tremiti inquieti,
Or diffondendo lunghe ombre dolenti:

Cròtali arguti e canne variotocche!,
Una gioia di cantici inespressi
Per voi par che dai chiusi orti rampolli,

E in sommo dei rosai, che cingon molli
Ghirlande al cuor degli intimi recessi,
S'apron le rose come molli bocche!

Text by Antonio Rubino

Music in the garden

A blast of finger-cymbals clashing rhythmically
Punctuates the silence of the rose gardens,
While at the end of fragrant, secret orchards
A flute pours out its liquid lamentation.

The melody, with silver cymbal-hissing
Shifts between saddening and becoming joyful;
Now shining with flickering, flaring light,
Now casting long sorrowful shadows:

Ringling finger-cymbals and many-sounding pipes!
A joy of songs unexpressed
for you gushes forth from the orchards,

And at the top of the rosebushes, that weave garlands
At the heart of the intimate nooks,
The roses open like soft mouths!

Translation by Joshua Breitzer

Egle

Egle is a quiet song in a slow waltz tempo that paints a gentle picture of a forest fairy. The opening accompaniment depicts the fairy’s delicate steps and arpeggios illustrate her dancing. The text “You dance, Aegle, with spiritless steps” flows with the soft waltz rhythm. The song is played mostly at piano and pianissimo. The vocal line moves lyrically and smoothly, conveying the peaceful forest scene and the fairy’s quiet beauty.

⁶ Zavracky, “The Mythical Forest of Ottorino Respighi’s *Deità silvane*.” 273-282.

Egle

Frondeggia il bosco d'uberi verzure,
Volgendo i rii zaffiro e margherita:
Per gli archi verdi un'anima romita
Cinge pallidi fuochi a ridde oscure.

E in te ristretta con le mani pure
Come le pure fonti della vita,
Di sole e d'ombre mobili vestita
Tu danzi, Egle, con languide misure.

E a te candida e bionda tra li ninfe,
D'ilari ambagi descrivendo il verde,
Sotto i segreti ombracoli del verde,
Ove la più inquieta ombra s'attrista,
Perle squillanti e liquido ametista
Volge la gioia roca delle linfe.

Text by Antonio Rubino

Aegle

The forest is heavy with leaves and fruit,
The brooks are shimmering in daisy and sapphire:
Under the green arches a lonely soul
Circles pale flames in hidden dances.

And with quiet intensity and hands as pure
As the pure fountains of life itself,
Veiled in clothes of sun and shadow
You dance, Aegle, with spiritless steps.

And toward you, white and blonde among the
nymphs,
Merrily dancing like fluttering leaves,
Under the secret shadows of the leaves,
Where the most restless spirit saddens,
In translucent pearl and liquid amethyst
Flows the raw rapture of the amber.

Translation by Joshua Breitzer

Acqua

Acqua means "Water." In this song Respighi expresses the sparkle and flow of moving water. The rhythm and melody change with the flow of the music. The gentle accompaniment supports the vocal line. The pedal point in the accompaniment holds the same note for more than two measures to suggest the flow of water. Overall, the music gives the listener the feeling of being carried gently along the water.

Acqua

Acqua, e tu ancora sul tuo flauto lene
Intonami un tuo canto variolungo,
Di cui le note abbian l'odor del fungo,
Del musco e dell'esiguo capelvenere,

Sì che per tutte le sottili vene,
Onde irrighi la fresca solitudine,
Il tuo riscintillio rida e sublùdii
Al gemmar delle musiche serene.

Acqua, e, lung'h'essi i calami volubili
Movendo in gioco le cerulee dita,
Avvicenda più lunghe ombre alle luci,
Tu che con modi labii deduci
Sulla mia fronte intenta e sulla vita
Del verde fuggitive ombre di nubi.

Text by Antonio Rubino

Water

Water, once again your mellow flute
Plays to me your varying song,
Whose notes seem like the smell of mushrooms,
Of moss and of sleek, silken maiden-hair,

So that along all the tiny streams
That refresh the lonely places,
Your sparkling presence laughs and ripples
With the jewels of serene music.

Water, while along your banks the whispering reeds
Playfully wiggle their blue fingers,
Flickering longer shadows in the light,
You wind your fleeting way, seeing
On my brooding forehead and on each of the leaves
The passing shadows of clouds.

Translation by Joshua Breitzer

Crepuscolo

This song is a very lyrical song. It uses modes and reduces features from the previous songs to create unity in the cycle.⁷ The song begins slowly with a heavy and sad feeling. The accompaniment flows softly using a septuplet pattern to suggest the gentle movement of water. The vocal line sings legato above the accompaniment, highlighting the lyrical character typical of Respighi's songs. The piece ends quietly and with a lingering impression, gently closing the song cycle.

Crepuscolo

Nell'orto abbandonato ora l'edace
Muschio contende all'ellere i recessi,
E tra il coro snelletto dei cipressi
S'addorme in grembo dell'antica pace
Pan.

Sul vasto marmoreo torace,
Che i convolvoli infiorano d'amplessi,
Un tempo forse con canti sommessi
Piegò una ninfa il bel torso procace.

Deità della terra, forza lieta!,
Troppo pensiero è nella tua vecchiezza:
Per sempre inaridita è la tua fonte.
Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra inquieta
Trema e s'attrista un canto d'allegrezza:
Lunghe ombre azzurre scendono dal monte...

Text by Antonio Rubino

Twilight

In the abandoned garden, now the greedy moss
Fights with the ivy for every nook and cranny,
And in the sparse cluster of cypresses,
Sleeping in the womb of ancient peace
Lies Pan.

On the vast marble statue,
Wrapped with morning-glory flowers,
Perhaps someday with a gentle song
A nymph might bend over her lovely figure.

God of the earth, joyful force!
You have become too serious in your old age:
Your fountain is dry forever.
The day dies, and through the vast restless shade
A song of happiness trembles and saddens:
Long blue shadows descend from the mountains.

Translation by Joshua Breitzer

September

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Richard Strauss is widely known as a composer of tone poems and operas, but he also left a significant legacy in the field of art songs. His song cycle *Vier letzte Lieder* (*Four Last Songs*) was composed in 1948, when Strauss was 84 years old, for soprano and orchestra. The cycle consists of four songs: "Frühling" (Spring), "September," "Beim Schlafengehen" (Going to Sleep), and "Im Abendrot" (At Sunset). The texts for the first three songs, "Spring," "September," and "Going to Sleep," are poems by the German writer Hermann Karl Hesse, while the fourth song, "At Sunset," sets a poem by Joseph von Eichendorff.⁸

In this work, Strauss blends traditional 19th-century musical style with modern techniques. The song "September" is often noted for its rich harmonic language, subtle orchestration, and expressive lyricism. It reflects a quiet, introspective mood, capturing the sense of fading summer and approaching autumn. The use of chromaticism and careful attention to orchestral color throughout the cycle influenced many 20th-century composers. The cycle as a whole is regarded as one of Strauss's most profound and moving contributions to vocal music, combining technical mastery with deep emotional resonance.

⁷ Lee Joo Mi, "A Study on Ottorino Respighi's Song Cycle <Deità Silvine>" (M.M diss., Ewha Womans University), 48-52.

⁸ "Four Last Songs," *Wikipedia*, accessed March 12, 2026.

September

Der Garten trauert,
Kühl sinkt in die Blumen der Regen.
Der Sommer schauert
Still seinem Ende entgegen.

Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt
Nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und matt
In den sterbenden Gartentraum.

Lange noch bei den Rosen
Bleibt er stehen, sehnt sich nach Ruh.
Langsam tut er die großen
Müdigewordnen Augen zu.

Text by Hermann Hesse

September

The garden mourns,
the cool rain sinks into the flower,
Summer shudders,
quietly to its close.

Leaf after golden leaf
falls from the tall acacia.
Summer smiles, astonished and drained,
into the garden's dying dream.

For a long time it lingers
by the roses, yearning for rest.
Slowly it closes
its now wearied eyes.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Beim Schlafengehen

This song is the third of Vier letzte Lieder, completed in 1948 by Richard Strauss. It was written for soprano and orchestra and is one of the final works Strauss completed near the end of his life. The title Beim Schlafengehen can be translated as “While going to sleep” or “At the Moment of Falling Asleep.” The song reflects deeply on the approach of death. The music has a calm and reflective mood.⁹ It suggests the peaceful release of the soul at the end of life. In the middle of the song there is a well-known violin solo. This moment seems to represent the soul rising freely into the air.

⁹ “R. Strauss’ *Four last songs*,” The Orchestra now, last modified September 14, 2024.

Beim Schlafengehen

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,
Soll mein sehnliches Verlangen
Freundlich die gestirnte Nacht
Wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände, laßt von allem Tun
Stirn, vergiß du alles Denken,
Alle meine Sinne nun
Wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht
Will in freien Flügen schweben,
Um im Zauberkreis der Nacht
Tief und tausendfach zu leben

Text by Hermann Hesse

While going to sleep

Now that the day has made me so tired,
my dearest longings shall
be accepted kindly by the starry night
like a weary child.

Hands, cease your activity,
head, forget all of your thoughts;
all my senses now
will sink into slumber.

And my soul, unobserved,
will float about on untrammelled wings
in the enchanted circle of the night,
living a thousandfold more deeply.

Translation by Emily Ezust

이화우(Pear Blossom Rain)

이원주(WonJu Lee)
(b.1979)

Wonju Lee studied both Western music composition for her bachelor's and master's degrees. However, her musical interests are not limited to Western classical music. She has a deep appreciation for traditional Korean music and often combines it with Western techniques, creating compositions and arrangements that highlight the unique qualities of Korean music. Her works include pieces for piano and traditional Korean instruments, as well as cello combined with Korean instruments, helping to promote Korean music to wider audiences.¹⁰

“이화우(Pear Blossom Rain)” is a Korean art song based on a *sijo* (traditional Korean poem) by Mae-chang (1575-1643), a female poet of the Joseon Dynasty. Despite the social limitations of her time, Mae-chang was recognized for her literary talent, particularly for works exploring themes of love and longing.

“이화우(Pear Blossom Rain)” is one of her most representative *sijo*, conveying deep yearning for unattainable love through the image of pear blossoms falling in the spring rain.

The song begins with a delicate piano accompaniment and flowing, gentle melodies. In the section showing the falling pear blossoms the music gradually grows stronger and expresses the sorrow and longing of unfulfilled love. This piece beautifully captures the emotional depth and elegance of Korean art song, offering both performers and audiences a moving and contemplative experience.

¹⁰ Mira Lee, “Korean Art Songs: Dreaming of a Second Renaissance,” *Auditorium*, accessed October 12, 2020, <https://auditorium.kr/2020/10/한국가곡-제2의-르네상스를-꿈꾸며/>

이화우

젖은 배꽃이 흩날릴 제 눈물 비 되어 떨어지네.
배꽃이 떨어진다 배꽃이 떨어진다 비가 되어
그대가 멀어진다 그대가 멀어진다
사랑에 눈이 멀어진다 그리움 때문일까
가을바람에 흩어지는 잎을 보며
그대 그대 날 생각할까 멀리 저 멀리 외로운
그대만이 꿈에 꿈엔들 보일까
멀리 저 멀리 외로운 그대만이 꿈에 꿈엔들
보일까 비가 눈물이 되고 한숨 꽃바람 되어 아 내
마음에 그대가 지네
꽃비 속에서 우리 다시 만날까? 꿈에!
젖은 배꽃은 비 되어 흩날리고
바람 속에 흩어진다 그대 꽃이 되어

Text by Mae-Chang

Pear Blossom Rain

When wet pear blossoms flutter, tears, becoming
raindrops, fall
Blossoms fall, Blossoms fall, becoming rain,
You drift apart, drift apart, you drift apart my eyes
become blind by love, is it because of longing?
In the autumn wind, looing at the falling leaves, you,
would you also think of me?
Far, so far ober there, lonely, only you.
Can I see you in a dream, in a dream?
Rain becomes tears, Sighs become flowery wind,
Ah! You fall in my heart.
Could we meet again in the rain of flowers? In a
dream!
While wet pear blossoms flutter as raindrops,
scattered in the wind, are you, as a flower

Translation by Moon-sook Park

아리아리랑(Ari Arirang)

안정준(Jeongjun Ahn)
(1929-2009)

The life of composer Ahn Jung-joon is largely unknown. In addition to being a composer, he was also a successful businessman. In his early years, he achieved success in the medical equipment industry while working in the Middle East. He also had a strong interest in cultural activities. In 1997, he founded a male vocal ensemble called *Primo Cantante*. In 2009, while on a business trip to Kenya, he suddenly collapsed from symptoms of an unknown cause and later passed away.¹¹

This song was composed in 1995 on commission from KBS FM. This song is based on the traditional Korean folk melody “Bonjo Ariran” and features brilliant melismas in the soprano’s upper register. The song gained wide recognition after being included as the title track of the album *Aria Arirang*, released by the soprano Sumi Jo to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Korea’s liberation. In December 2000, former South Korean president Dae-jung Kim became the first Korean to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. The song was performed by Sumi Jo at the celebration concert in Oslo, Norway. Her performance captured international attention. Since then, the piece has continued to be widely loved by both singers and audiences.

¹¹ Yonhap, “Composer Ahn Jung-jun, known for *Arirang*, passes away in Kenya,” *Jeonbuk Ilbo News*, August 17, 2009, <http://www.launyang.co.kr/index.html>.

아리아리랑

아리랑 아리랑 아라리요
아리랑 고개로 넘어간다
아리랑 아리랑 아라리요
아리랑 고개로 넘어간다

나를 버리고 가시는 님은
십리도 못하서 발병난다
아리랑 아리랑 아라리요
아리랑 아리랑 아라리요

아리랑 아리랑 아라리요
아리랑 고개로 넘어간다
나를 버리고 가시는 님은
십리도 못가서 발병난다

아리랑 아리랑 아리랑 아리랑

Text by Traditional Folk Text

Ari Arirang

Arirang, Arirang, Arariyo
Crossing over the Arirang Pass
Arirang, Arirang, Arariyo
Crossing over the Arirang Pass

My beloved who leaves me behind
will not go far before their feet grow sore.
Arirang, Arirang, Arariyo
Arirang, Arirang, Arariyo

Arirang, Arirang, Arariyo
Crossing over the Arirang Pass
My beloved who leaves me behind
will not go far before their feet grow sore. Arirang,

Arirang, Arirang, Arirang

Translation by Youngeun Noh

여호와는 나의 목자시니(The Lord is my Shepherd)

나운영(Un Yung La)
(1922-1993)

Un Yung La is a South Korean composer who has written a wide variety of music, including symphonies, concertos, operas, and art songs. He also composed more than 1,000 Korean hymns and worked as an educator, teaching composition and music theory at a university for over 42 years.¹²

“The Lord is my Shepherd” is based on Psalm 23 and expresses trust, comfort, and guidance from God. The music begins gently with soft harmonies and flowing melodies, gradually building to a dynamic and expressive climax that conveys a range of emotions. The work is performed not only in religious settings but also in concert halls, offering audiences a moment of peace and reflection.

여호와는 나의 목자시니

여호와는 나의 목자시니 내가 부족함이
없으리로다. 나로하여금 푸른 초장에 눕게 하시며.
잔잔한 물가로, 잔잔한 물가로 인도하시도다.
진실로 선함과 인자하심이, 인자하심이 나의 사는
날까지 나를 따르리니
내가 내가 여호와전에 영원토록 영원토록
영원토록 거하리로다. 아멘

Text by Psalm 23

The Lord is my Shepherd

The Lord is my Shepherd, I lack nothing.
He makes me lie down in green pastures, and leads
me beside quiet waters.
Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the
days of my life, therefore I will dwell in the house of
the Lord, forever, forever, forever, I will dwell.
Amen.

Translation by Moon-sook Park

¹² Jo Sunwoo, “Life and Works of Composer Un Yung La,” *Official Website of Composer Un Yung La*, accessed September 30, 2025

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