

Wonjin Choi's Virtual Recital

11. 17. 2020 5pm

Mit würd und hoheit angetan from Oratorio 'Die Schöpfung'	F. J. Haydn [1732~1809]
<3 Shakespeare Songs> Come away death O Mistress mine Blow, Blow thou winter wind	R. Quilter [1877~1953]
Waldesgespräch Widmung Stille Tränen	R. A. Schumann [1810~1856]
Di rigori armato il seno From Opera 'Der Rosenkavalier'	R. Strauss [1864~1949]
Tombe degli avi miei ... Fra poco a me rivcovero From Opera 'Lucia di Lammermoor'	G. Donizetti [1797~1848]
눈(Snow) 첫사랑(First Love)	김효근(Hyo-Gun Kim) [1960~]
Chanson Triste L'invitation au voyage	H. Duparc [1848~1933]
Che gelida manina From Opera 'La bohème'	G. Puccini [1858~1924]
Dein ist mein ganzes herz From Opera 'Das Land des Lächelns'	F. Lehár [1870~1948]

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732 – 1809) was an Austrian composer of the Classical period. He contributed to develop of chamber music such as the piano trio. His epithets were 'Father of the Symphony' and 'Father of the String Quartet'. He was a friend and mentor of Mozart, a tutor of Beethoven. His music is the development of larger structures out of very short, simple musical motifs, often derived from standard accompanying figures. Formally concentrated, and the important musical events of a movement can unfold rather quickly.

Mit würd und hoheit angetan is from an oratorio [Die Schöpfung] which is written between 1797 and 1798 by Joseph Haydn (Hob. XXI:2), and considered by many to be one of his masterpieces. The oratorio depicts and celebrates the creation of the world as described in the Book of Genesis. The libretto was written by Gottfried van Swieten. This aria is No. 24 in the oratorio. A prized aria for tenor, in C major, celebrating the creation of man, then woman. Although the aria relates a Biblical story, the virtues attributed to Adam (and not Eve) clearly reflect the values of the Enlightenment. This was almost certainly the last music from The Creation that Haydn ever heard: it was sung for him several days before his death in 1809 as a gesture of respect by a French military officer, a member of Napoleon's invading army.

Mit würd und hoheit anetan

URIEL:

Mit Würd' und Hoheit anetan,
Mit Schönheit, Stärk' und Mut begabt,
Gen Himmel aufgerichtet steht der Mensch,
Ein Mann und König der Natur.
Die breit gewölbt' erhabne Stirn
Verkünd't der Weisheit tiefen Sinn,
Und aus dem hellen Blicke strahlt
Der Geist, des Schöpfers Hauch und Ebenbild.
An seinen Busen schmieget sich
Für ihn, aus ihm geformt,
Die Gattin, hold und anmutsvoll.
In froher Unschuld lächelt sie,
Des Frühlings reizend Bild,
Ihm Liebe, Glück und Wonne zu.

Translation from coursehero.com

In native worth and honour clad,
With beauty, courage, strength adorn'd,
To heav'n erect and tall, he stands a man,
The Lord and King of nature all.
The large and arched front sublime
Of wisdom deep declares the seat,
And in his eyes with brightness shines the soul,
The breath and image of his God.
With fondness leans upon his breast
The partner for him form'd,
A woman fair and graceful spouse.
Her softly smiling virgin looks,
Of flow'ry spring the mirror,
Bespeak him love, and joy, and bliss.

Roger Cuthbert Quilter (1877 –1953) was an English composer, known particularly for his art songs. Roger Quilter's output of songs, more than one hundred in total, added to the canon of English art song that is still sung today. Shakespeare, Herrick, and Shelley were his favoured poets.[4] Among the most popular are "Love's Philosophy", "Fair House of Joy", "Come Away Death", "Go, Lovely Rose", "Weep You No More", "By the Sea", and his setting of "O Mistress Mine". Quilter's setting of verses from the Tennyson poem "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" is one of his earliest songs but is nonetheless characteristic of the later, mature style. the Three Shakespeare Songs of 1905 are perhaps the most successful. And the lyrics from Twelfth Night.

1. Come Away Death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

2. O Mistress mine

O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty sweetening.
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

3. Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

*Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) was a German composer, pianist, and influential music critic. He is widely regarded as one of the greatest composers of the Romantic era. Until 1840, Schumann wrote exclusively for the piano. Later, he composed piano and orchestral works, and many Lieder (songs for voice and piano).

Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!
„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“
So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.
„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!“

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!
'Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.'
So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you—may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.
'You know me well—from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!'

Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk

Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk

Stille Tränen

Du bist vom Schlaf erstanden	From sleep you have risen
Und wandelst durch die Au',	And walk through the meadow.
Da liegt ob allen Landen	Everywhere lies
Der Himmel wunderblau.	Heaven's wondrous blue.
So lang du ohne Sorgen	As long as, free of care, you have
Geschlummert schmerzenlos,	Been slumbering, free of pain,
Der Himmel bis zum Morgen	Heaven has, till morning,
Viel Tränen niedergoss.	Poured down many tears.
In stillen Nächten weinet	Often on silent nights
Oft mancher aus den Schmerz,	Many a man weeps his grief away,
Und morgens dann ihr meint,	And in the morning you imagine
Stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.!	His heart is ever happy.

Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk

Richard Georg Strauss [1864~1949] was a German composer, conductor, pianist, and violinist. Considered a leading composer of the late Romantic and early modern eras, he has been described as a successor of Richard Wagner and Franz Liszt. He was also a prominent conductor in Western Europe and the Americas. He created many operas (Guntram, Salome, Ariadne auf Naxos, Der Rosenkavalier etc.) and sometimes he composed art songs for piano and vocal. Especially, he composed songs for soprano because his wife was a soprano. Some of the representative songs are Zueignung, Cäcilie, Heimliche Aufforderung, Morgen etc.

Di rigori armato il seno is from opera [Der Rosenkavalier] which is a comic opera in three acts by Richard Strauss to an original German libretto by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. It is loosely adapted from the novel Les amours du chevalier de Faublas by Louvet de Couvrai and Molière's comedy Monsieur de Pourceaugnac. The opera has four main characters: the aristocratic Marschallin; her very young lover, Count Octavian Rofrano; her brutish cousin Baron Ochs; and Ochs' prospective fiancée, Sophie von Faninal, the daughter of a rich bourgeois. This aria is in 1st Act song by Italian singer who is not a main character.

Di rigori armato il seno

Di rigori armato il seno	With severity my breast was armed
contro amor mi ribellai	and I rebelled against love
ma fui vinto in un baleno	when with one stroke I was slain
in mirar due vaghi rai.	on seeing two lovely eyes.
Ma fui vinto in un baleno	With one stroke I was slain
Ahi! in mirar due vaghi rai.	on seeing two lovely eyes.
Ahi! che resiste puoco a stral di fuoco	Ah, how feebly
Cor di gelo di fuoco a stral	an icy heart resists such fiery arrows.

Translation from mariolanzatenor.com

Domenico Gaetano Maria Donizetti (1797 – 1848) was an Italian composer, best known for his almost 70 operas. Along with Gioachino Rossini and Vincenzo Bellini, Donizetti was a leading composer of the bel canto opera style during the first half of the nineteenth century. Donizetti's close association with the bel canto style was undoubtedly an influence on other composers such as Giuseppe Verdi. There are famous operas (Anna Bolena, L'elisir d'amore, Lucia di Lammermoor, La fille du regiment, La favorite etc.) Donizetti, a prolific composer, is best known for his operatic works, but he also wrote music in a number of other forms, including some church music, a number of string quartets, and some orchestral pieces.

Fra poco a me ricovero is from opera [Lucia di Lammermoor] which is a tragic opera in three acts by Gaetano Donizetti. Donizetti wrote Lucia di Lammermoor in 1835, a time when several factors led to the height of his reputation as a composer of opera. When the main character, Edgardo, sing this aria. He is resolved to kill himself on Enrico's sword. He learns that Lucia is dying and then Raimondo comes to tell him that she has already died. Edgardo stabs himself with a dagger, hoping to be reunited with Lucia in heaven. This is the last scene of this opera.

Tombe degli avi miei ... Fra poco a me rivcovero

Tombe degli avi miei, l' ultimo avanzo
D' una stirpe infelice
Deh'! raccogliete voi. – Cessò dell' ira
Il breve foco ... sul nemico acciaro
Abbandonar mi vo'. Per me la vita
E' orrendo peso! ... l'universo intero
E' un deserto per me senza Lucia! ...
Di liete faci ancora
Splende il castello! Ah! scarsa
Fu la notte al tripudio! Ingrata donna!
Mentr' io mi struggo in disperato pianto
Tu ridi, esulti accanto
Al felice consorte!
Tu delle gioje in seno, io ... della morte!

Frà poco a me ricovero
Darà negletto avello ...
Una pietosa lagrima
Non scorrerà sù quello!
Fin degli estinti, ahi misero!
Manca il conforto a me!
Tù pur, tù pur dimentica
Quel marmo dispregiato.
Mai non passarvi, o barbara,
Del tuo consorte a lato ...
Rispetta almen le ceneri
Di chi morià per tè.

Tombs of my fathers,
last son of an unhappy race,
receive me, I implore you. My anger's
brief fire is quenched...I will fall on
my foe's sword. For me, life
is a horrible burden! The whole universe
is a desert for me without Lucia!
Yet the castle
gleams with torches...Ah, the night
was too short for the revels! Heartless jade!
While I pine away in hopeless tears,
you laugh and gloat
by your happy consort's side!
You amid joys, I near to death!

Soon this neglected tomb
will give me refuge.
A compassionate tear
will not fall upon it...ah!
Alas, for wretched me not even
the solace of the dead.
You too, forget
that despised marble tombstone!
Never visit it, o cruel one,
by your husband's side.
Ah, respect at least the ashes
of him who dies for you,
Never visit it,
forget it exists,
respect at least the one who died for you,

Translation from opera-arias.com

Composer Hyo-geun Kim (1960~) graduated from the Department of Economics at Seoul National University and received a master's degree from the Graduate School of Business Administration and a doctorate from the University of Pittsburgh Graduate School of Business. Later, he worked as an assistant professor at the University of Alberta, Canada, and returned to Korea. He is a professor in charge of the Department of Business Administration at Ewha Womans University from 1992 to the present.

He did not major in composition. But his art songs are very famous in Korea.

눈(Snow)

조그만 산길에
흰 눈이 곱게 쌓이면
내 작은 발자국을
영원히 남기고 싶소

On a small mountain trail
When white snow is finely piled up
My little footsteps
I want to remain forever

내 작은 마음이 하얗게 물들 때까지
새하얀 산길을 헤매이고 싶소

My little heart Until it turns white
A pure white mountain path, I want to wander

외로운 겨울새 소리
멀리서 들려오면
내 공상에 파문이 일어
갈 길을 잊어버리오

If the sound of a lonely
winter bird comes from afar
Ripples in my fantasy
Forget the way to go

가슴에 새겨 보리라
순결한 님의 목소리
바람결에 실려 오는가
흰 눈 되어 온다오

I will engrave it on my heart
Innocent his/her voice
Is it carried by the wind?
It's white snow

저 멀리 숲 사이로
내 마음 달려가나
아 겨울새 보이지 않고
흰 여운만 남아 있다오

Far away through the woods
Is my heart running
Oh, I can't see winter bird
Only a white lingering remains

눈 감고 들어 보리라
끝없는 님의 노래여
나 어느새 흰 눈 되어
산길 걸어간다오

I will close my eyes and listen to
the Endless song of you
I become white snow
I walk the mountain path

Translation from google translation

첫사랑

그대를 처음 본 순간이여
설레는 내 마음에 빛을 담았네
말 못해 애타는 시간이여
나 홀로 저민다

The first time I saw you
I put light in my fluttering heart
It's time to be anxious
I cut alone

그 눈길 마주친 순간이여
내 마음 알릴세라 눈길 돌리네
그대와 함께한 시간이여 나홀로 벅차다

The moment we meet those eyes
I'm telling my heart, so I look away
The Time with you Be overwhelmed by myself.

내 영혼이여 간절히 기도해
온 세상이여 날 위해 노래해
언제나 그대에게 내 마음 전할까
오늘도 그대만 생각하며 살다

My soul, pray earnestly
All the world sing for me
Will I always convey my heart to you
I live thinking only of you today

그 마음 열리던 순간이여
떨리는 내 입술에 꿈을 담았네
그토록 짧았던 시간이여 영원히 멈추라

The moment when your heart opened
I put a dream in my trembling lips
It's been such a short time, stop forever

내 영혼이여 즐거이 노래해

Sing happily, my soul

온 세상이여 우리를 축복해
내 마음 빛이 되어 그대를 비추라
오늘도 그대만 생각하며 살다
첫사랑

Translation from google translation

Bless us all the world
Be the light of my heart and shine on you
I live thinking only of you today
first love

Eugène Marie Henri Fouques Duparc (1848–1933) was a French composer of the late Romantic period. Duparc is best known for his 17 *mélodies* ("art songs"), with texts by poets such as Baudelaire, Gautier, Leconte de Lisle and Goethe. His famous art songs are *Chanson triste*, *Soupir*, *L'Invitation au voyage*, *Phidylé*, *Elégie* etc.

Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.
Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.
You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;
And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk

L'Invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
-Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Translation from oxfordlieder.co.uk

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Giacomo Antonio Domenico Michele Secondo Maria Puccini (1858 -1924) was an Italian opera composer who has been called "the greatest composer of Italian

opera after Verdi". Puccini's early work was rooted in traditional late-19th-century romantic Italian opera. Later, he successfully developed his work in the realistic verismo style, of which he became one of the leading exponents. Puccini's most renowned works are *La bohème* (1896), *Tosca* (1900), *Madama Butterfly* (1904), and *Turandot* (1924), all of which are among the important operas played as standards. Puccini wrote in the style of the late-Romantic period of classical music.

This aria, **Che gelida manina**, is from opera [*La bohème*] which is a four-act opera based on the 1851 book by Henri Murger, *La Vie de Bohème*. It was a popular success, and remains one of the most frequently performed operas ever written. This aria is at the 1st act and when Mimi and Rodolfo met each other and they fell in love at the first same time. And when she lost her key the room was so dark. He found the key but he lied to her. And then he became closer to her. Touch her hand. This is the beginning of this aria.

Che gelida manina

Che gelida manina,
se la lasci riscaldar.
Cercar che giova?
Al buio non si trova.

Ma per fortuna é una notte di luna,
e qui la luna labbiamo vicina.

Aspetti, signorina, le dirò con due
parole
chi son, e che faccio, come vivo. Vuole?
Chi son? Sono un poeta.
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
E come vivo? Vivo.

In povertà mia lieta scialo da gran
signore rime ed inni damore.
Per sogni e per chimere e per castelli in
aria, lanima ho milionaria.

Talor dal mio forziere
ruban tutti i gioelli
due ladri, gli occhi belli.
Ventrar con voi pur ora,
ed i miei sogni usati
e i bei sogni miei,
tosto si dileguar!
Ma il furto non maccora,
poiché, poiché vha preso stanza
la speranza!
Or che mi conoscete,
parlate voi, deh! Parlate. Chi siete?
Vi piaccia dir!

Translation from liveabout.com

What a frozen little hand,
let me warm it for you.
What's the use of looking?
We won't find it in the dark

.
But luckily, it's a moonlit night,
and the moon is near us here.

Wait, mademoiselle, I will tell you in two
words, who I am, what I do, and how I live.
May I? Who am I? I am a poet.
What do I do? I write.
And how do I live? I live.

In my carefree poverty, I squander rhymes
and love songs like a lord. When it comes to
dreams and visions and castles in the air, I've
the soul of a millionaire.

From time to time two thieves
steal all the jewels
out of my safe, two pretty eyes.
They came in with you just now,
and my customary dreams
my lovely dreams,
melted at once into thin air!
But the theft doesn't anger me,
for their place has been
taken by hope!
Now that you know all about me,
you tell me who you are.
Please do!

Franz Lehár (1870–1948) was an Austro-Hungarian composer. He is mainly known for his operettas, of which the most successful and best known is The Merry Widow (Die lustige Witwe). He is most famous for his operettas – the most successful of which is The Merry Widow (Die lustige Witwe) – but he also wrote sonatas, symphonic poems and marches. He also composed a number of waltzes (the most popular being Gold und Silber, composed for Princess Pauline von Metternich's "Gold and Silver" Ball, January 1902), some of which were drawn from his famous operettas.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz is an aria from the 1929 operetta The Land of Smiles (Das Land des Lächelns) with music by Franz Lehár and the libretto by Fritz Löhner-Beda and Ludwig Herzer. The aria is sung by the character of Prince Sou-Chong in act 2.

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz

Dein ist mein ganzes Herz
Wo du nicht bist Kann ich nicht sein
So wie die Blume welkt
Wenn sie nicht küsst Der Sonnenschein

All of my heart is yours
Where you are not, I cannot be.
Just like a flower withers
If it's not kissed by the sunshine!

Dein ist mein schönstes Lied
Weil es allein aus der Liebe erblüht
Sag mir noch einmal, Mein einzig' Lieb'
Oh sag noch einmal mir
Ich hab' dich lieb

Yours is my finest song
Because it blossoms from love alone.
Tell me one more time, my only love,
Oh, one more time say to me:
"I love you!"

Wohin ich immer gehe
Ich fühle deine Nähe
Ich möchte deinen Atem trinken
Und betend dir zu Füßen sinken
Dir, dir allein
Wie wunderbar ist das leuchtende Haar
Traumschön und sehnsuchtsbang ist
dein strahlender Blick
Hör' ich der Stimme Klang
Ist es so wie Musik

Wherever I may go,
I feel your presence.
I want to drink your breath
And fall to your feet praying
Just for you alone! How wonderful
Is your brilliant hair!
Beautiful like a dream and anxiously wistful
Is the bright glance of your eyes.
When I hear your voice
It sounds like music to me.

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