



SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

**William Taylor, piano**  
*with*  
**Wonjin Choi, tenor**  
**Twyla Robinson, mezzo-soprano**  
**Elijah Ong, violin**

April 10<sup>th</sup>, 2023

8:30 PM

Van Cliburn Concert Hall at TCU

### Program

Chanson de Bilitis <i>la flute de pan</i> <i>la Chevelure</i> <i>le tombeau des Naiades</i>	Claude Debussy (1862-1954)
Ballade no. 2	Frédéric Chopin (1810-1849)
Three Korean Songs <i>Baetnorae (Sailor song)</i> <i>Janhyang (lingering scent)</i> <i>Psalm 23</i>	Cho Doom-nam Yoon Hak-joon Noh Yongjin
Strauss Violin Sonata in E-flat Major, Opus 18 <i>Allegro ma non troppo</i> <i>Andante cantabile</i> <i>Finale</i>	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a Master's of Music in Collaborative Piano. William Taylor is a student of Dr. Michael Bukhman.

The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited.

Please silence all electronic devices including watches, pagers, and phones.

## 1. La flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,  
il m'a donné une syrinx faite  
de roseaux bien taillés,  
unis avec la blanche cire  
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux ;  
mais je suis un peu tremblante.  
il en joue après moi,  
si doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,  
tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre;  
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,  
et tour à tour nos bouches  
s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard,  
voici le chant des grenouilles vertes  
qui commence avec la nuit.  
Ma mère ne croira jamais  
que je suis restée si longtemps  
à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

## 2. La chevelure

Il m'a dit: « Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.  
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.  
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir  
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens ;  
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,  
par la même chevelure, la bouche sur la bouche,  
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une  
racine.

Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,  
tant nos membres étaient confondus,  
que je devenais toi-même,  
ou que tu entraï en moi comme mon songe.

Quand il eut achevé,  
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,  
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,  
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

## 1. The pan-pipes

For the festival of Hyacinthus  
he gave me a syrinx, a set of pipes made  
from well-cut reeds joined  
with the white wax  
that is sweet to my lips like honey.

He is teaching me to play, as I sit on his knees;  
but I tremble a little.  
He plays it after me, so softly  
that I can scarcely hear it.

We are so close that we have  
nothing to say to one another;  
but our songs want to converse,  
and our mouths are joined  
as they take turns on the pipes.

It is late:  
here comes the chant of the green frogs,  
which begins at dusk.  
My mother will never believe  
I spent so long  
searching for my lost waistband.

## 2. The hair

He told me: "Last night I had a dream.  
Your hair was around my neck,  
it was like a black necklace  
round my nape and on my chest.

"I was stroking your hair, and it was my own;  
thus the same tresses joined us forever,  
with our mouths touching,  
just as two laurels often have only one root.

"And gradually I sensed,  
since our limbs were so entwined,  
that I was becoming you  
and you were entering me like my dream."

When he'd finished,  
he gently put his hands on my shoulders,  
and gazed at me so tenderly  
that I lowered my eyes, quivering.

### 3. Le tombeau des Naiades

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;  
Mes cheveux devant ma bouche  
Se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,  
Et mes sandales étaient lourdes  
De neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?"  
Je suis la trace du satyre.  
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent  
Comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.  
Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.

"Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.  
Depuis trente ans, il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi  
terrible.  
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.  
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la glace  
De la source où jadis riaient les naïades.  
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,  
Et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,  
Il regardait au travers.

Text by Pierre-Félix Louis (1870-1925)  
Translation from French (Français) to English  
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### 3. The tomb of the water-nymphs

I was walking along in the frost-covered woods;  
in front of my mouth  
my hair blossomed in tiny icicles,  
and my sandals were heavy  
with muddy caked snow.

He asked: "What are you looking for?"  
"I'm following the tracks of the satyr -  
his little cloven hoofprints alternate  
like holes in a white cloak."  
He said: "The satyrs are dead.

"The satyrs are dead, and the nymphs too.  
In thirty years there has not been such a terrible  
winter.  
That's the trail of a he-goat.  
But let's pause here, where their tomb is."

With his hoe he broke the ice  
of the spring where the water-nymphs used to  
laugh.  
There he was, picking up large cold slabs of ice,  
lifting them toward the pale sky,  
and peering through them.

**배노래(Sailor's Song)**

Dunam Cho (1912-1984)

푸른 하늘에 물새가 춤춘다  
 에야 데야 어서 노저어라 임찾아 가자  
 두둥실 배 띄워 청춘을 싣고서  
 여기는 황포강 노을이 붉고나  
 에야 데야 어서 노저어라 임 찾아 가자  
 아득한 창과만리 임계신곳 어디런가  
 맑은 달빛이 물위에 춤춘다  
 에야 데야 어서 노저어라 고향에 가자  
 순풍에 돛달고 파도를 헤치며  
 바라다 보며는 하늘도 멀고나  
 에야 데야 어서 노저어라 고향에 가자  
 아득한 수로만리 고향산천 어디런가

Water birds dance in the blue sky  
 Heya, Deya, Row quickly, Let's go find my love  
 Floating the boat and load my youth  
 The sunset of Hwangpo River is red here  
 Heya, Deya, Row quickly, Let's go find my love  
 The endless sea, where is my love?  
 The pure moonlight dances on the water  
 Heya, Deya, Row quickly, Let's go home.  
 Sailing in the wind and through the waves  
 Looking at it, the sky is far away  
 Heya, Deya, Row quickly, Let's go home  
 The endless seaway, where is my home?

Text by Seok Ho (Dunam Cho) Translation by Wonjin Choi

**잔향(Remaining Scent)**

Hakjun Yoon (b.1973)

어디에서 불어오는 희미한 바람일까  
 연초록 마음밭에 그대 향기 가득하다.  
 머나먼 길 달려가 토해내던 붉은 날숨  
 다시 선 그 자리에 그대 숨결 가득하다.  
 흰 달빛에 채워지던 그대의 잔향  
 은은히 스며들어 내 마음에 머물러라.  
 돌고 돌아 돌고 돌아 그 자리에 멈추이면  
 하릴없이 흐르는 물의 노래  
 물의 노래 뿐이어라.

Where is the faint wind blowing from?  
 The light-green field of my heart is full of your scent  
 The red exhaled breath, I spewed, after running a long way  
 The place where I stand again is full of your breath.  
 Your remaining scent filled by white moonlight  
 Softly permeate and stay in my heart  
 Turn and turn, Turn and turn, and Stop in the place  
 Song of water that flows helplessly,  
 Only the song of water.

Text by Yeonju Lee Translation by Wonjin Choi

**시편 23 편(Psalm 23)**

Yongjin Roh (b.1969)

여호와는 나의 목자,  
 내가 부족함이 없으리로다.  
 그가 나를 주의 집으로 인도하시네  
 그가 나를 푸른 초장과  
 맑은 물가로 인도하시도다  
 나의 영혼을 소생시키시고  
 의의 길로 인도하는도다  
 사망의 골짜기로 내가 다닐지라도  
 주께서 나와 함께 계시니 두렵 없네  
 주께서 내 원수의 목전에서  
 나를 위해 잔치를 베푸시고  
 내 머리에 기름을 부으시니,  
 나의 잔이 넘치나이다.  
 나의 평생에 선하심과 인자하심이  
 정녕 나를 따르리니  
 내가 여호와 집에서 영원히 살리라

The Lord is my shepherd,  
 I lack nothing.  
 He leads me to the house of the Lord  
 He makes me lie down in green pastures,  
 he leads me beside quiet waters,  
 He refreshes my soul.  
 He guides me along the right paths  
 Even though I walk through the darkest valley  
 I will fear no evil, for you are with me;  
 You prepare a table before me  
 in the presence of my enemies.  
 You anoint my head with oil,  
 my cup overflows.  
 Surely your goodness and love  
 will follow me  
 I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever.

Text by Bible KRV Text by Bible NIV