

Senior Recital

Sanghyun Im, tenor

with Joyce Lee '17, piano & Robin Kibler, piano

Saturday, May 3, 2014
Brooks Rogers Hall, 4:30PM

Dichterliebe Poems of Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) Translated by Paul Hindemith

1.
In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the buds are bursting open,
Bursts forth my own love.
There, from my own heart,

In the wonderfully beautiful month of May
When all the birds are singing,
So have I confessed to her
My yearning and my longing.

2.
From my tears sprout forth
Many blooming flowers,
And my sighing become joined with
The chorus of the nightingales.
And if you love me, dear child,
I will send you so many flowers:
And before you window should sound
The song of the nightingale.

3.
The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
The Small, the Fine, the Pure the One;
I love only them.
She herself--the source of all love--
Is the rose, lily, dove, and sun
I love only that which is small,
Fine, pure--the one, the ONE!

4.
When I gaze into your eyes,
All my pain and woe vanishes:
Yet when I kiss your lips,
In the Cathedral stands an image
Painted on golden leather;
Into the wilderness of my life
Has it shone, friendly.
Flowers and little cherubs hover
Around our beloved Lady:
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks--
They match my beloved's exactly.

5.
I want to delve my soul
Into the cup of the lily;
The lily should give resoundingly
A song belonging to my beloved.
The song should shudder and tremble
Like the kiss from her lips
That she once gave me
In a wonderfully sweet hour.

6.
In the Rhine, in the holy stream
Is it mirrored in the waves -
With its great cathedral -
That great, holy city Cologne.
In the Cathedral stands an image
Painted on golden leather;
Into the wilderness of my life
Has it shone, friendly.

8.
And if the blooms - the small ones - knew
How deeply wounded is my heart,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.
And if the nightingales knew
How sad and ill I am,
They would let forth merrily
A refreshing song.

9.
There is a fluting and fiddling
With trumpets blaring in;
In a wedding dance dances
She who is my heart's whole love.

10.
I hear the dear song sounding
That once my beloved sang.
And my heart wants to burst so strongly
From the savage pressure of pain.
A dark longing is driving me
Up into the heights of the woods
Where in my tears can be dissolved
My own colossal woe.

11.
A young boy loved a girl
Who had chosen another man:
This other man loved yet another girl
And wed that one.

12.
The first, best man
That happened into her path;
The first girl married out of spite
That young man is not well off.
It is an old story,
Yet it remains ever new:
And to he whom it has just happened,
It will break his heart in two.

13.
I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you lay in a grave.
I awoke, and my tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.
I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you had abandoned me.
I awoke and I cried
Bitterly for a long while.
I wept in my dream -
I dreamed you were still good to me.
I awoke, and still
Streams my flood of tears.

14.
Nightly I see you in my dreams
And I see you greet me, friendly,
At your sweet feet.
You say a soft word to me secretly,
And give me a branch of the cypress:
I awake, and the branch is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.

15.
From old fairy tales beckons
To me a white hand,
Where there is a singing and sounding
Of a magical land.

16.
Where multicolored flowers bloom
In golden twilight,
And glow lovely and fragrant
With their bridal visage.

And where green trees sing
Primeval melodies;
Where breezes sound secretly,
And birds warble,

And mist-figures rise
From the earth
And dance airy round-dances
In an odd chorus,

And blue sparks burn
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run
In a mad, chaotic circle,

And loud springs break
Out of wild marble stone,
And in the streams--oddly--
Shine forth the reflections.

Ah! If I could enter there
And indulge my heart
And give up my agony
And be free and holy!

Ah! This is the land of bliss
That I see so often in a dream,
But when the morning sun comes,
It melts like mere froth.

16.
The old, angry songs,
The dreams angry and wicked--
Let us now bury them.
Fetch a large coffin.

In it will I lay many things,
But I will still not say quite what.
The coffin must be still larger
As the cask in Heidelberg.

And fetch a death bier
And planks firm and thick;
They must be still longer
Than the bridge to Mainz.

And fetch me, too, twelve giants;
They must be still stronger
Than that strong St. Christopher
In the Cathedral to Cologne on the Rhine.

They should carry the coffin away
And sink it down deep in the sea,
Since such a great coffin
Deserves a great grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I sank with it my love
And my pain, deep within.

Allerseelen
Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864)
Translated by Emily Ezust

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring inside the last red asters,
and let us speak again of love,
as once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press it
secretly;
and if someone sees us, it's all the same to me.
Just give me your sweet gaze,
as once you did in May.

Flowers adorn today each grave, sending off
their fragrances;
one day in the year is free for the dead.
Come close to my heart, so that I can have you
again,
as once I did in May.

PROGRAM

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

1. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
2. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
3. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
4. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'
5. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
6. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
7. Ich grolle nicht
8. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
9. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
10. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
11. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
12. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
13. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
14. Allnächtlich im Traume
15. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
16. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Sanghyun Im '14, tenor
Joyce Lee '17, piano

Allerseelen
Morgen

Sanghyun Im '14, tenor
Robin Kibler, piano

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Morgen!
John Henry Mackay (1864-1933)
Translated by Emily Ezust

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path I will take,
it will unite us again, we happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue
waves,
we will descend quietly and slowly;
we will look mutely into each other's eyes
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

Dear Listener,

Thank you for coming to my senior recital. I started singing during my junior year of high school. The first time I sang in front of an audience was the most exhilarating experience of my life. I was hooked.

Thus, I came to Williams College already knowing that I wanted to sing, to sing opera professionally. I have already wet my feet in the opera world, performing in La Traviata, Don Pasquale, and Dido and Aeneas with Hubbard Hall Opera Theater as well as Le nozze di Figaro with The New Opera. I am especially excited to spend the next two years at Longy School of Music, where I will be pursuing a graduate degree in voice.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949) I'd like to thank Keith & Robin for an amazing 4 years at Williams. I'd also like to thank my mom, dad, and brother, whose love & support are boundless. Thank you, once again, for coming, and I hope you enjoy the concert.

Sincerely,
Steve

