

SEHOON KIM

Piano Yeojin Seol
Soprano Helèna Yip

THE FIRST D.M.A. VOICE RECITAL
ORGAN HALL
THU 4.25.2013 • 7:30 PM

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

Program

✓ *Songs of Travel*

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

The Vagabond
Let Beauty Awake
The Roadside Fire
Youth and Love
In Dreams
The Infinite Shining Heavens
Whither Must I Wander?
Bright Is the Ring of Words
I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

There will be a 10-minute intermission

✓ *Let Us Garlands Bring*

Gerald Raphael Finzi
(1901–1956)

Come away, come away, death
Who is Silvia?
Fear no more the heat o' the sun
O Mistress Mine
It was a lover and his lass

✓ *Bess, You Is My Woman Now* from opera *Porgy and Bess*

George Gershwin
(1898–1937)

Sop. Helèna Yip

Out of respect for the performers and those audience members
around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their
silent mode. Thank you.

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

1. The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river -
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field -
Warm the fireside haven -
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

2. Let Beauty awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from
beautiful dreams,

Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the
brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the
slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

3. The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your
delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at
night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at
sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep
your room,
Where white flows the river and bright
blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep
your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one
else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to
hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the
roadside fire.

4. Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a
highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either
hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level
land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is
down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the
garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

5. In Dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand .
As heretofore:
The unremember'd tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the
grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept
awhile
And then forgot.
Ah me! But he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

6. The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars looked over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

7. Whither Must I Wander

Home no more home to me, whither must I
wander?

Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and
heather:

Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the
dust.

Loved of wise men was the shade of my
roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in
the door—
Dear days of old with the faces in the
firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of
kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for
the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the
moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when day dawns on the brow of the
moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-
stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all
departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved
the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up
the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and the rain, bring
the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and
valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-
flowing hours.
Fair the day shine as it shone on my
childhood—
Fair shine the day on the house with open
door; Birds come and cry there and twitter in
the chimney—
But I go for ever and come again no more.

8. Bright Is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

9. I have trod the upward and the downward slope

I have trod the upward and the downward
slope. I have endured and done in days
before I have longed for all and bid farewell
to hope. And I have lived and loved and
closed the door.

Text: William Shakespeare

1. Come away, 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. Who is Silvia?

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

3. Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;

Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

4. 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 sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry 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.

5. It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass.
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Libretto: DuBose Heyward

Bess, You Is My Woman Now.

Porgy:

Bess, you is my woman now,
you is, you is!
An' you mus' laugh an' sing an' dance
for two instead of one.
Want no wrinkle on yo' brow,
Nohow,
Because de sorrow of de
past is all done done
Oh, Bess, my Bess!

Bess:

Porgy, I's yo' woman now,
I is, I is!

An' I ain't never goin'
nowhere 'less you shares
de fun.

Dere's no wrinkle on my brow,
Nohow,
But I ain't goin'! You hear me sayin',
If you ain' goin', wid
you I'm stayin'!

Porgy, I's yo' woman now!
I's yours forever -
Mornin' time an' evenin' time an'
summer time an' winter time.

Porgy:

Mornin' time an' evenin' time an'
summer time an' winter time.
Bess, you got yo' man.

Bess, you is my woman
now and forever.*
Dis life is jes' begun,
Bess, we two is one
Now an' forever.
Oh, bess, don't min' dose women.
You got yo' Porgy.
I knows you means it,
I seen it in yo' eyes, Bess.
We'll go swingin'
Through de years a-singin'.

Bess:

Mornin' time an' evenin' time an'
summer time an' winter time.

Porgy:

Mornin' time an' evenin' time an'
summer time an' winter time.

Bess:

Oh, my Porgy, my man, Porgy.

Porgy: *simultaneously*

My bess, my Bess.

Bess: From dis minute I'm
tellin' you, I keep dis
vow: Porgy, I's yo'
woman now.

Porgy: *simultaneously*

From dis minute I'm tellin'
you, I keep dis vow:
Oh, my Bessie, we's happy
now. We is one now.