

# Yijeong Isabel Yun's 1st M.M. Recital

Organ Hall | April 18<sup>th</sup> , 2017 | 7:30 p.m.

Lullaby

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

*from opera "The Consul"*

Au Bord de L'eau

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Le Secret

Automne

Anakreons Grab

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

Elfenlied

Begegnung

—— Intermission (10 mins.) ——

Cruda Sorte

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

*from opera "L'italiana in l'Algeri"*

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour (Barcarolle)

Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)

*from opera "Les Contes D'hoffmann"*

Lost in the stars

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Buddy on the nightshift

Barbara song

*from opera "Die Dreigroschenoper"*

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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.

## Isabel Yun's 1st M.M. Recital

### Lullaby from opera "The Consul"

Plot : As a grandchild lies sick in the cradle, the Grand mother sings a melancholy lullaby for baby. The baby passes away with her song.

I shall find for you shells and stars.  
I shall swim for you river and sea,  
Sleep my love, sleep for me,  
My sleep is old.  
I shall feed for you lamb and dove.  
I shall buy for you sugar and bread.  
Sleep my love, sleep for me,  
My sleep is dead.

Rain will fall but Baby won't know.  
He laughs alone in orchards of gold.  
Tears will fall but Baby won't know.  
His laughter is blind.  
Sleep my love for sleep is kind.  
Sleep is kind when sleep is young.  
Sleep for me, sleep for me.  
I shall build for you planes and boats.  
I shall catch for you cricket and bee.  
Let the old ones watch your sleep.  
Only death will watch the old.  
Sleep, sleep...

### Au Bord de L'eau

To sit together on the bank of the flowing stream,  
watching it flow.  
together, if a cloud floats by in space,  
to watch it floating by.  
on the horizon, if a thatched roof is smoking,  
to watch the smoke.  
if some flower is fragrant, to bathe in its fragrance.  
to listen, at the foot of the willow where the  
water murmurs, to the murmuring of the water.  
while this dream lasts, not to feel  
the passing of time.  
not feeling deep passion, only adoring each other.  
without concern for the disputes of the world,  
to know nothing of them;  
and alone together seeing all that grows weary  
without wearying of each other;  
to feel that love in face of all that passes,  
will never pass!

### Le Secret

I don't want to know the morning.  
the name that I told to the night;  
In the dawn wind, silently,  
may it evaporate like a teardrop.  
I want the day to proclaim. The love that I hid  
from the morning, and (bent over my open  
heart) to set it a flame, like a grain of incense.  
I want the sunset to forget the secret I told to the  
day, and to carry it away with my love in the folds  
of its pale robe!

### Auomne

Autumn, time of misty skies and heart-breaking  
horizons, of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,  
I watch your melancholy days flow past like a  
torrent.  
My thoughts borne off on the wings of regret  
(as if our time could ever be relived!)  
dreamingly wander the enchanted slopes  
where my youth once used to smile.  
In the bright sunlight of triumphant memory  
I feel the scattered roses reblooming in bouquets;  
and tears well up in my eyes, tears which my heart  
at twenty had already forgotten!

### Anakreons Grab

Here, where the rose blooms, where vines  
entwine the laurel, where the turtledove flirts,  
where the cricket delights.  
The place that God stay together.  
This is Anacreon's resting-place.  
He was the lucky and happy poet who enjoyed  
Spring, summer, and autumn.  
From winter, at last, has this mound protected  
him.

### In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In the shadow of my tresses  
My beloved has fallen asleep.  
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!  
Carefully I comb my ruffled  
Locks, early every day;  
Yet for nothing is my trouble,  
For the wind makes them disheveled yet again.  
The shadows of my tresses, the whispering of the  
wind, Have lulled my darling to sleep.

Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!  
I must listen to him complain  
That he pines for me so long,  
That life is given and taken away from him.  
By this, my brown cheek,  
And he calls me a snake;  
Yet he fell asleep by me.  
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

### Elfenlied

At night in the village the watchman called out:  
"Eleven!"  
A tiny little elf was sleeping in the forest --  
Just at eleven o'clock! --  
And he thinks that from out the valley  
The nightingale must have called him by name,  
Or that Silpelit might have called to him.  
The elf rubs his eyes, Steps out in front of his  
snail-shell house, And is like a drunken man,  
[For] his little sleep was not long enough;  
And he hobbles about thus, tip tap  
Through the hazelwood down into the valley,  
Slips along closely beside the wall;  
There sits the glow-worm, light upon light.  
"What bright windows are those?  
There must be a wedding celebration inside;  
The little folk are sitting at the feast  
And carousing about in the ballroom.  
I shall just peep inside a bit!"  
Fauh! he bumps his head against hard stone!  
Well, elf, I guess you've had enough?  
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

### Begegnung

What a storm it was last night, raging until the  
morning! How that unprayed-for broom  
swept clean the chimneys and the streets!

There comes a maiden along the street  
who, half-scared, glances around her;  
like roses that the wind blows wild,  
so her face's glow fluctuates.

A handsome boy steps up toward her:  
he wants to approach her, full of delight:  
how joyful and embarrassed  
seems this unaccustomed rogue!

He appears to ask, whether his sweetheart  
has put to right her braids, which last night in her  
open chamber a storm brought into disorder.

The lad still dreams of the kisses  
which that sweet girl exchanged with him;  
and he stands, overcome by her charm,  
while away she rushes, around the corner.

### Cruda Sorte from opera "L'italiana in l'Algeri"

Plot: Isabella has come to Algeria to find her love  
Lindoro. However she has been in a shipwreck and  
the Algerian pirates are planning to take her to  
become part of the harem of the Bey of Algiers.  
She comments that she is only in this danger  
because of her great love for Lindoro, but she  
goes on to state that the pirates are only men and  
therefore, no challenge to her wits.

Cruel fate! Tyrannical Cupid! Is this the reward for  
my constancy? No horror, terror or anguish exists  
compared to that which I now suffer.

For you alone, my Lindoro, I find myself in such  
peril. From whom, oh God, can I hope for  
counsel? Who will give me comfort?  
Keeping cool is what's wanted here,  
no more rages or terror:  
now is the time for courage;  
now they'll see who I am.

From experience I already know the effect of a  
languishing look, of a slight sigh. I know what to do  
to tame men. Be they gentle or rough, cool or  
ardent, they're all alike. more or less...  
They all seek, they all long for,  
from a pretty woman.

### Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour from opera "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"

Lovely night, oh, night of love  
Smile upon our joys!  
Night much sweeter than the day  
Oh beautiful night of love!  
Time flies by, and carries away  
Our tender caresses forever!  
Time flies far from this happy oasis  
and does not return.

Burning zephyrs embrace us with your caresses!  
Burning zephyrs give us your kisses!  
Your kisses! Your kisses! Ah!

### Lost in the stars

Plot: Stephen's son has been arrested for killing a white man. Stephen visits him in prison and, although he wants to do what he can for the boy, he wonders if God has gone away and left mankind lost in the stars.

Before Lord God made the Sea and the Land, he held all the stars in the palm of his hand  
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand and one little star fell alone.

And the Lord God hunted through the wide night air for the little dark star in the wind down there  
and he stated and promised he'd take special care  
So it wouldn't get lost again.

Now man don't mind if the stars grow dim  
And the clouds blow over and darken him  
So long as the Lord God's watching over him  
Keeping track how it all goes on

But I've been walking through the night, and the day till my eyes get weary and my head turns grey  
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away  
Forgetting his promise that we've heard him say  
And we're lost out here in the stars.  
Little stars, big stars, Blowing through the night  
And we're lost out here in the stars.

### Buddy on the night shift

Hello there, buddy on the nightshift. I hope you slept all day until the moon came out and woke you up and sent you on your way.  
Hello there, buddy on the nightshift. I hope you're feeling fine. I left a lot of work for you to do on a long assembly line.  
I wish I knew you better, but you never go my way, For when one of us goes on the job, the other hits the hay.  
Goodbye now, buddy on the nightshift, and push those planes along, And when the sun comes out,

I'll take your place, all wide awake and strong.  
I'll follow you, you'll follow me, and how can we go wrong?

### Barbara Songs from opera "Die Dreigroschenoper"

I used to believe in the days I was pure  
And I was pure like you used to be  
My wonderful someone will come to me someday  
and then it will all depend on me  
If he's a fine man, if he's a rich man,  
Wears a fine cravat, smokes a cigar  
And if he's gallant and treats me like a lady then I shall tell him 'Sorry'

Chin up high keep your powder dry  
Don't relax or go too far.  
Look, the moon is gonna shine till dawn  
Keep the little rowboat crusing on and on  
You stay perpendicular  
Oh, you can't just let a man walk over you  
Cold and dignified is what you are  
Such a whole lot of things can happen  
So firmly say but sweetly  
Sorry

One day comes a man, but what kind of a man  
Do you know why he does what he does?  
He walked into my room and he hung up his hat  
and I just didn't know where I was  
He was a lean man, he was a mean man.  
He didn't own a cravat, smoked no cigar  
And God knows he never made me feel a lady.  
Just wasn't time for sorry

Chin up high my chin was down  
My shoes and I relaxed, but far too far  
Oh, the way the moon kept shining on  
The night was nice for rowing and this girl was gone. Not so perpendicular!  
So you let a man just walk right over you  
who said dignified is what you are  
Such a wonderful lot of terrible things did happen  
And now it's you can tell me  
"Sorry"