

University of Missouri School of Music

Junior Recital • 2022-2023 Series

Nathan Le, tenor

Bomi Kim, piano

February 10 • 8:30pm • Sheryl Crow Hall

Program

Selected Baroque Arias Antonio Vivaldi

1. Alme perfide (1678-1741)
From *L'Atenaide*
2. La tiranna avversa sorte
From *Arsilda, regina di Ponto*
3. Dovea svenarti allora
From *Catone in Utica*

2 Mélodies, Op. 50..... Albert Roussel

1. Coeur en peril (1869-1937)
2. L'heure du retour

Larger Than Life..... Stephan Flaherty

From *My Favorite Year* (b. 1960)

Endless Night..... Elton John

From *The Lion King* (b. 1947)

Intermission

Gesänge des Harfners, Op. 12..... Franz Schubert

1. Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt (1797-1828)
2. Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen aß
3. An die Türen will ich schleichen

Selections from *Considering Matthew Shepard*..... Craig Hella Johnson

1. The Innocence (b. 1962)
2. In Need of Breath

Selected Gagok Lee Won-Ju

1. 이화우 (Falling Pear Blossoms) (b. 1979)
2. 연 (Longing)

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal performance. Nathan Le is a student of Kyle Stegall.

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Alme perfide

Alme perfide insegnatemi
Per goder a peccar con più riposo

Avvelena ogni piacer
Un rimorso tormentoso

Translation by Nathan Le

La tiranna avversa sorte

La tiranna avversa sorte
Mi vedrà sul patrio trono
Con suo scorno a trionfar

Tornerò qual fui qual sono
A dar leggi ed a regnar

Translation by Harriet Smith

Dovea svenarti allora

Dovea svenarti allora,
Ch'apristi al dì le ciglia.
Dite, vedeste ancora
un padre ed una figlia.
Perfida al par di lei
Misero al par di me.

L'ira soffrir saprei
D'ogni destin tiranno,
A questo solo affano
Costante il cor non è

Translation by Nathan Le

Coeur en peril

Que m'importe que l'Infante de Portugal
Ait le visage rond ou bien ovale
Et une cicatrice sous le sein droit
Quelle ait l'air d'une fille de roi
Ou d'une gardeuse d'oies
Que m'importe?

Peu me chaut que la princesse de Trébizonde
Soit rousse, châtaine ou blonde
Qu'elle ait l'humeur prompte et le verbe haut
Peu me chaut.

Point n'ai souci que la marquise de Carabas
Soit veuve et reprendre mari
Pour faire ici-bas son paradis!
Point n'ai souci!

Mais il suffit, jeune étourdie?
Du seul clin d'un de vos yeux moqueurs
Aux reflets irisés
Pour que mon pauvre coeur
Batte à se briser.

Perfidious souls, teach me
To enjoy sinning easily.

A tormenting remorse
Poisons all pleasure.

The tyrannical, adverse fate.
Will see me on my homeland's throne
Triumphing over his scorn

I will return as I was, as I am
To make laws and reign.

I should have slain you
The day you first opened your eyes.
Tell me, did you ever see
A father and daughter
As treacherous as her?
As wretched as I?

I can endure the wrath
Of any tyrannical fate.
This torment alone,
I cannot withstand.

Heart in peril

What do I care that the Infanta of Portugal
has a round or oval face,
or a scar under her right breast?
That she looks like the daughter of a king,
or like a cow or a goose?
What do I care?

It matters little to me if the princess of Trébizonde
has red, brown, blonde hair.
If she has a quick mood or speaks high,
It matters little to me.

I do not care that the Marquise of the Carabas
Is a widow wanting to remarry
To make her world a paradise!
I do not care!

But it is not enough, thoughtless youth
From the blink of one of your mocking eyes
with iridescent reflections.
For my poor heart
Beats broken

Translation by Nathan Le

L'heure du retour

Une bise aigre et monotone
Fait grincer les girouettes des maisons;
Des nuages gris s'entassent à l'horizon.
Ton pas froisse des feuilles mortes et l'automne
A chassé les hirondelles de ton toit.

Voyageur, voyageur,
Ne vois-tu qu'il est l'heure
De rebrousser chemin et de rentrer chez toi?
Ne vois-tu qu'il est l'heure?

Les écus d'or et les maravédis
Qui, lorsque tu partis, chargeaient ton escarcelle,
Dis-moi dans quel tripot tu les perdis,
Pour les baisers de quelle jouvencelle
Qui t'engeigna et te montra du doigt?

Voyageur, voyageur,
Ne vois-tu qu'il est l'heure
De rebrousser chemin et de rentrer chez toi?
Ne vois-tu qu'il est l'heure?

Tes yeux, me semble-t-il, ont besoin de lunettes.
Sur tes tempes voici des cheveux gris.
Ton épouse, que si souvent tu fis cornette,
T'attend sans un soupçon et de loin te sourit.
Et le vin de ta cave honorerait un roi.

Voyageur, voyageur,
Ne vois-tu qu'il est l'heure
De rebrousser chemin et de rentrer chez toi?
Ne vois-tu qu'il est l'heure?

Translation by Nathan Le

Larger Than Life

Uncle Morty used to send me to the movies...
"Here's a nickle kid, cheer up and go"
And though I was only seven,
I discovered heaven at the R.K.O.

Blue lights, Pink lights.
Stars in the ceiling.
An organ as big as a Buick.
And a screen as tall as the Great Wall of China.
Red rugs. Gold stairs. Porcelain angels.
And everything bigger and better and larger than life.

*"At first I was simply a Western man.
But then, one Saturday afternoon,
I saw 'Defender of the Crown.'
Warner Brothers, 1941. Technicolor.
Starring Alan Swann."*

The time of return

A sour and monotonous kiss
Makes the weathervanes of the house creak;
The grey clouds pile up on the horizon.
Your footsteps crumple dead leaves and autumn
And chase the swallows from your roof.

Traveler, traveler,
Can't you see it's time
To return and go back home?
Can't you see it's time?

The golden crowns and maravédis
That, when you left, were loading your purse,
Tell me in which gambling den you lost them,
For the kisses of some young maiden
Who taught you and pointed at you?

Traveler, traveler,
Can't you see it's time
To return and go back home?
Can't you see it's time?

Your eyes, it seems to me, need glasses.
On your head here are grey hairs.
Your wife, who you so often make a cornette,
Awaits you without suspicion and smiles at you from afar.
And the wine in your cellar would befit a king.

Traveler, traveler,
Can't you see it's time
To return and go back home?
Can't you see it's time?

Endless Night

Where has the starlight gone.
Dark... is the day.
How can I find my way home?

Home is an empty dream.
Lost... to the night.
Father I feel so alone.

You promised you'd be there
Whenever I needed you.
Whenever I call your name,
You're not anywhere...
I'm trying to hold on.
Just waiting to hear your voice.
One word, just one word will do.
To end this nightmare.

Daring, loyal, kind but courageous.
A hero as big as a Buick
With a cape, a sword, and a bevy of maidens.
He was movies.
Me? I was seven.
But gee, he was bigger and better and larger than life.

See, life wasn't capes and flashing swords and parapets,
Life wasn't Alan Swann or Robin Hood.
Life was your father going out for cigarettes
And deciding he was going out for good.
"Here's a nickel kid. Cheer up and go."
Swann is playing at the R.K.O.

Daring, loyal, kind but courageous.
A hero as big as I needed
In the Technicolor embrace of a maiden!
Swann, my hero!
And possible father...
He stood and he fought.
And he never ran. Oh no.
He was bigger and better and larger than life.
And he lived for me at the R.K.O.

Harfenspieler I

Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt,
Ach! der ist bald allein;
Ein jeder lebt, ein jeder liebt,
Und lässt ihn seiner Pein.
Ja! lasst mich meiner Qual!
Und kann ich nur einmal
Recht einsam sein,
Dann bin ich nicht allein.

Es schleicht ein Liebender lauschend sacht,
Ob seine Freundin allein?
So überschleicht bei Tag und Nacht
Mich Einsamen die Pein,
Mich Einsamen die Qual.
Ach, werd' ich erst einmal
Einsam im Grabe sein,
Da lässt sie mich allein!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Harfenspieler II

Wer nie sein Brot mit Tränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!
Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden,
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein:
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

Translation by Richard Stokes

When will the dawning break?
Oh, endless night.
Sleepless I dream of the day...

When you were by my side
Guiding my path
Father I can't find my way.

You promised you'd be there
Whenever I needed you.
Whenever I call your name,
You're not anywhere...
I'm trying to hold on.
Just waiting to hear your voice.
One word just a word will do.
To end this nightmare.

I know that the night must end,
And that the sun will rise.

I know that the clouds must clear,
And that the sun will shine.

Who gives himself to loneliness,
Ah! He is soon alone;
Others-- They live, they love,
And leave him to his pain.
Yes! To my torment leave me!
And can I but once
Truly lonely be,
Then I'll not be alone

A lover softly spying steals--
His loved one, is she alone?
So, by day and night, steals
Upon me who is lonely, the pain,
Upon me who is lonely, the torment.
Ah, when I shall be at last
Lonely in my grave,
Then will it leave me alone!

Who never ate his bread in tears,
Who never throughout sorrowful nights
Sat weeping on his bed,
He knows not you, Heavenly Powers!
You bring us into life,
The poor man you let fall into guilt,
Then leave him to his pain:
For all guilt is suffered for on Earth.

Harfenspieler III

An die Türen will ich schleichen,
Still und sittsam will ich stehn;
Fromme Hand wird Nahrung reichen,
Und ich werde weitergehn.

Jeder wird sich glücklich scheinen,
Wenn mein Bild vor ihm erscheint;
Eine Träne wird er weinen,
Und ich weiss nicht, was er weint.

Translation from Richard Stokes

The Innocence

When I think of all the times
The world was ours for dreaming,
When I think of all the times
The earth seemed like our home,
Ev'ry heart alive with it's own longing,
Ev'ry future we could ever hope to hold?

All the time our laughter rang in summer,
All the times the rivers sang our tune,
Was there already sadness in the sunlight?
Some stormy story waiting to be told?

Where, O where has the innocence gone?
Where, O where has it gone?
Rains, rolling down, wash away my memory,
Where, O where has it gone?

When I think of all the joys the wonders we remember,
All the treasures we believe we'd never ever lose?
Too many days gone by without their meaning,
Too many darkened hours without their peace.

Where, O where has the innocence gone?
Where, O where has it gone?
Vows we once swore,
Now it's just this letting go.
Where, O where has it gone?

Where, O where has the innocence gone?
Where, O where has it gone?
Rains, rolling down, wash away my memory,
Where, O where has it gone?

From door to door will I steal,
Quiet and humble will I stand;
A pious hand will pass food,
And I shall go on my way.

Each will think himself happy,
Seeing me before him;
A tear will he weep,
And I shall not know why.

In Need of Breath

My heart is an unset jewel
Upon the tender night.
My heart is an unset jewel
Yearning for it's dear old friend the Moon.

When the Nameless One debuts again
Ten thousand facets of my being unfurl wings
And reveal such a radiance inside, such a radiance

I enter a realm divine;
I too begin to sweetly cast light.
Like a lamp, I cast light
Through the streets of this World.

My heart is an unset jewel upon existence,
Waiting for the Friend's touch.

Tonight, tonight, tonight

My heart is an unset ruby,
Offered, bowed and weeping to the Sky.
I am dying in these cold hours
For the resplendent glance of God.

My heart is an unset jewel
Upon the tender night;
My heart is an unset ruby,
Offered, bowed and weeping to the Sky.

이화우

젖은 배꽃이 흩날린제
눈물 비되어 떨어지네

배꽃이 떨어진다 배꽃이 떨어진다 비가 되어
그대가 떨어진다 그대가 멀어진다
사랑에 눈이 멀어진다 그리움 때문일까
가을 바람에 흩어지는 잎을 보며
그대 그대날 생각할까

멀리 저멀리 외로운 그대만이
꿈에 꿈엔들 보일까

비가 눈물이 되고
한숨 꽃바람 되어
아 내 맘에 그대가 지네

꽃비 속에서 우리 다시 만날까
꿈에

젖은 배꽃은 비되어 흩날리고
바람 속에 흩어진다
그대 꽃이 되어

Translation by Moon-Sook Park and You-Seong Kim

연

시리게 푸르른
그대 고운 날개
내 맘 가까이 날아오지 않네
이슬된 서러움에 실어
나를 데려가 주오
닿을 듯한 그대의 품으로

여리게 남은 듯 그대 고운 향기
내 맘 가까이 돌아오지 않네
그대의 내가 멀지 않아
나를 사랑해주오
기억 속의 나라면

Falling Pear Blossom

When wet pear blossoms flutter,
Tears, becoming rain, fall

Blossoms fall, blossoms fall, becoming rain
You drift away, you drift away,
My eyes become blind due to love, is it because of longing?
In the autumn wind, looking at the leaves,
Would you also think of me?

Far; so far away. Lonely, only you.
In a dream; can I see you in a dream?

Rain becomes tears,
Sighs become flowery wind,
Ah! In my heart, you fall.

Could we meet again in the rain of flowers?
In a dream?

While wet, pear blossoms flutter like raindrops.
Scattered in the wind...
Are you as a flower.

Longing

Your beautiful, shiny
Soft blue wings.
You are not flying close to my heart.
Take me with you
In dewy sorrow.
In your arms as close as you can reach.

Your sweet scent lingers.
You are not coming close to my heart.
Your love for me
Is not far away
If I am in your memory.

아 영원한 그리움
나 차가운 눈물에 지워도
기다리네
기나긴 내 사랑

미련을 버리고
편히 잠들라
그 무엇도 남지 않을 듯
꼭 나를 기억해주오

숨결까지
눈물까지
내 모든 것 그대에게로

Translation by Eun Kyung Lee

Ah, endless longing!
Even if I erase it with cold tears.
I am waiting for you,
My long-cherished love.

I will let go of my lingering feelings
And die relaxed.
Nothing will be left.
Remember me as if nothing was left.

Even my breath.
Even my tears.
I'll give you my everything.