

Juhee Seo
Voice-Soprano
Haeju Choi
Piano

DMA Recital
Organ Hall
Monday, April 10, 2017 • 7:30 p.m.

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY
School of Music

Program

Banalités

Chanson d'Orkenise
Hôtel
Fagnes de Wallonie
Voyage à Paris
Sanglots

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

Mignon Lieder

Heiß mich nicht reden
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
So laßt mich scheinen
Kennst du das Land

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Adieu, notre petite table

from opera '*Manon*'

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Three Early Songs

Night
Let it be Forgotten
Wind Elegy

George Crumb
(1929-Present)

Donde Lieta Usci

from opera '*La Bohème*'

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Barcarolle

from opera '*Les contes d'Hoffmann*'

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

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.

Banalités

Francis Poulenc

Songs of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise a tramp wants to leave.
And the sentries of the town, rush up to the tramp and ask:
"What are you taking out of the town?" - "I'm leaving my whole heart behind."
And the sentries of the town, rush up to the carter and ask:
"What are you bringing into the town?" - "My heart: I'm getting married."
What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!
The sentries laughed and laughed.
Oh tramp, the road is dreary; oh carter, love is heady.
The handsome sentries of the town knitted superbly;
Then the gates of the town slowly swung shut.

Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air, and so I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

Walloon moorlands

So much deep sadness seized my heart on the desolate moors when I sat down weary among
the firs, unloading the weight of the kilometers while the west wind growled.
I had left the pretty woods.
The squirrels stayed there.
My pipe tried to make clouds of smoke in the sky which stubbornly stayed blue.
I murmured no secret except an enigmatic song which I confided to the peat bog.
Smelling of honey, the heather was attracting the bees, and my aching feet trod bilberries
and whortleberries.
Tenderly she is married
North! North!
There life twists in trees that are strong and gnarled.
There life bites bitter death with greedy teeth, when the wind howls.

Going to Paris

Ah, how delightful it is to leave a dismal place and head for Paris!
Beautiful Paris, which one day Love had to create!

Sobs

Human love is ruled by the calm stars.
We know that within us many people breathe who came from afar and are united behind our brows.
This is the song of that dreamer who had torn out his heart and was carrying it in his right hand...
Remember, oh dear pride, all those memories: the sailors who sang like conquerors,
the chasms of Thule, the tender skies of Ophir, the accursed sick,
the ones who flee their own shadows, and the joyful return of the happy emigrants.
Blood was flowing from that heart; and the dreamer went on thinking of his wound which was delicate.
You will not break the chain of those causes and painful; and he kept saying to us:
which are the effects of other causes.
"My poor heart, my heart which is broken like the hearts of all men.
Look, here are our hands which life enslaved." ...has died of love or so it seems,
has died of love and here it is.
That is the way of all things.
"So tear your hearts out too!"
And nothing will be free until the end of time.
Let us leave everything to the dead, and let us hide our sobbing.

Mignon Lieder

Hugo Wolf

Don't ask me to speak

Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be silent, for my secret is a solemn duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you, but Fate does not will it.
At the right time, the sun's course will dispel the dark night, and it must be illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and ungrudgingly,
The earth will release deep hidden springs.
Others may seek calm in the arms of a friend;
There one can pour out one's heart in lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips, and only a god has the power to open them.

Only one who knows longing

Only one who knows longing knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off, from all joy, I look into the firmament in that direction.
Ah! He who loves and knows me is far away.
I am reeling, my entrails are burning.
Only one who knows longing knows what I suffer!

So let me seem

So let me seem, until I become so; don't take the white dress away from me!
From the beautiful earth I hasten down into that solid house.
There I will repose a moment in peace, until I open my eyes afresh;
Then I will leave behind the spotless garment, the girdle and the wreath.
And those spirits of heaven, do not ask whether one is 'man' or 'woman', and no clothes,
No robes cover will over my transfigured body.
Although I have lived without trouble and toil, I have still felt deep pain.
Through sorrow I have aged too soon; Make me forever young again!

Knowest thou where?

Knowest thou where the lemon blossom grows, in foliage dark the orange golden glows,
A gentle breeze blows from the azure sky, still stands the myrtle, and the laurel, high?
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my beloved, fare.
Knowest the house, its roof on columns fine?
Its hall glows brightly and its chambers shine, and marble figures stand and gaze at me:
What have they done, oh wretched child, to thee? Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Would I with thee, oh my protector, fare.
Knowest the mountain with the misty shrouds?
The mule is seeking passage through the clouds;
In caverns dwells the dragons' ancient brood;
The cliff rocks plunge under the rushing flood!
Dost know it well?
'Tis there! 'Tis there
Leads our path! Oh father, let us fare.

Adieu, notre petite table from opera *'Manon'*

Jules Massenet

Let's go... It is necessary for his sake! My poor knight!
Oh, yes, It's him that I love! And yet, I hesitate today!
No! No! I'm no longer worthy of him!
I hear that voice that captivates me against my will: "Manon, you will be queen,
Queen by your beauty!"
I'm nothing but weakness and fragility!
Ah! In spite of myself, I feel the flowing of my tears.
Before these obliterated dreams!
Will the future have the charms of those beautiful days already passed?
Goodbye, our little table at which we met so often!
Goodbye, our little table, yet so large for us!
One thinks that it's unimaginable, so small a space... when we're embracing...
Goodbye, our little table!
The same glass was ours, each of us, when it was drunk from,
There searched one set of lips for the other...
Ah! Poor friend that loved me!
Goodbye, our little table.

Three Early Songs

George Crumb

Night

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine, rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray, the desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night.

Let it be Forgotten

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten, forgotten as a fire that once was burning gold,
Let it be forgotten forever and ever,
Time is a king friend; he will make us old.
If anyone asks, say it was forgotten.
Long and long ago, long and long ago!
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall, in a long forgotten snow.

Wind Elegy

Only the wind knows he is gone, only the wind grieves, the sun shines, the fields are sown,
Sparrows mate in the eaves;
But I heard the wind in the pines he planted, and the hem-locks overhead.
His acres wake, for the year turns, "but he is a sleep," it said.

Donde Lieta Usai from opera *'La Bohème'*

Giacomo Puccini

Whence happy leaving to your cry of love, returns alone Mimi to solitary nest.
Returns another time to weave together false flowers.
Goodbye, without resentment.
Listen, listen.
The little things gather that I have left scattered about in my drawer are enclosed that gold band
and a book of Prayers. Wrap everything much in a smock and I will send the concierge...
Pay attention, on the pillow. There is a pink bonnet. If you want, keep a memory of love!
Goodbye, without resentment.