

Saeyeon Amanda Kim
Voice-Soprano
Hyewon Rina Kim
Piano

DMA Recital
Organ Hall
Thursday, October 3, 2019 • 7:30 p.m.

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

Program

Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

Op. 2 No. 1 (written in 1895-1896)

Heilige Nacht
Der Himmel hat keine Sterne
Um Mitternacht

Op. 7 Irmelin Rose und Andere Gesänge (written in 1898-99)

Da waren zwei kinder
Entbietung
Meeraugen
Irmelin Rose
Sonntag

There will be a 15-minute intermission

Op. 6 Walzer Gesänge Nach Toskanischen Volksliedern (written in 1898)

Liebe Schwalbe
Klagen ist der Mond gekommen
Fensterlein, nachts bist du zu
Ich geh' des Nachts
Blaues Sternlein
Briefchen Schrieb Ich

Op. 8 Turmächterlied und Andere Gesänge (written in 1898-99)

Und hat der Tag all seine Qual
Mit Trommeln und Pfeifen-
Tod in Ähren
Turmächterlied

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.

Op. 2 No. 1

Alexander Zemlinsky (1871-1942)

1. Holy night

Be calm, holy night!
Dimly shines the moon.
Sweet is your kiss, O maiden,
during the calm night.

My friend, in the darkness of the night
how can I still be sad?
You are bright as the stars
during the calm night.

My friend, the stars are fair,
and sadness is also sweet;
but for me, you are the loveliest
during the holy night.

2. The sky has no stars so clear

The sky has no stars so clear,
The sea has no such coral,
like a pair of eyes
and lips to please me.

He wanders onward beneath the stars,
He travels across the seas,
He passes always through my mind,
He to whom I belong.

3. Around Midnight

Now everything rests and slumbers, People, the woods,
And the wind; Only the water in quiet descent
Streams through the flowers.

The moon with its full light rests broadly on every roof;
In the wide world I alone Am awake at this hour.

And everything, pleasure and sorrows, I've brought to rest in me;
One thing alone is awake in my heart, One thing alone, and that is you!

And your picture's peace Follows me in time and space;
By day it becomes a song, And by night it becomes a dream!

Op. 7

1. **There were two children, young and good**

There were two children, young and good,
but their blood
flowed quickly.
They smiled at each other,
at which their peace
was troubled by the first, harmless wave.

Yet every day another came,
until wildly back and forth
waves surged.
Thereupon it came to dying,
straight into doom --
they could not contain their hearts.

2. **Invitation**

Adorn your hair with wild poppies,
night is here,
all of its stars are already glowing.
All of its stars are glowing for you today!
You know it, truly:
all of its stars are glowing within me!

Your hair is black, your hair is wild
and crackles under my fervour;
and when [my fervour] swells,
with great might it drives
the red blossoms and your blood
high into the highest midnight.

In your eyes there gleams a light,
so grey in green,
as yonder the night braids itself about the star,
When are you coming?! - My torches are burning!
Let glow, let glow!
Adorn your hair for me with wild poppies!

3. **Sea eyes**

What does this strange darkened woe in your eyes want of me,
So deep and great, so still and heavy, like storms that seek peace
In the lap of the gray sea.

My heart wants to sing down, to sink me down into the gray lap of
Those eyes and wants like you so still, so heavily to pound at your
Heart, then the storms break loose.

And wants to cradle you with me in delirious, laughing bliss
upon the open sea! Till deep and full the hearts rest again,
rest from storm and suffering.

4. **Irmelin Rose**

once a king there was who grandly
many treasures used to win,
But the one he prized most highly
all knew was Irmelin.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin all that there is lovely.

All the knights' bright helmets mirror'd
her gay colors elegant,
And with all the contest's splendor
that name closed the covenant.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin all that there is lovely.

All the crowd of many suitors came
to court of that great king,
There proposing with fond gesture
many flow'ry words they bring.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin all that there is lovely.

But the princess spurn'd them from her,
for her heart was cold as steel,
Scorning all their ways and language,
mocking all that they could feel.
Irmelin Rose,
Irmelin Sun,
Irmelin all that there is lovely.

5. **Sonntag (Sunday)**

With melodies
whirring around me
I am surrounded,
And soar on sings of dreams.

Wherever I go today
I walk in bliss;
I regret no note
That sounds from my strings.

Op. 6

1. Dear swallow

Dear swallow, small swallow,
you fly up and sing so early,
strewing through the blue heavens
your sweet melody.

Those who still are sleeping in the morning,
all lovers at rest,
with your twittering songs
you awaken them from their slumber.

Up! get up! you sleeping lovers -
the morning swallow is calling:
for the night will cheat
those who sleep away the bright day.

2. The moon has come lamenting

The moon has come lamenting
before the gaze of the sun:
What use to her¹ are the heavens
if you have taken away her radiance and light?

She went to count her stars,
and she will die for sorrow:
two of the fairest stars are missing -
those that belong to your face.

3. Little window, by night you are shut

Little window, by night you are shut,
and by day, to my sorrow, you are open:
you are framed with camations;
If you were to open, it would be a welcome sight!

Window of precious stone,
within - sunlight; without - stars;
O little window, secret and small,
sun within and roses without.

4. I walk at night

I walk at night, following the moon;
I search for where they have taken my sweetheart.
But then I saw death, the Dark One.
He said: "Search no longer - I have buried him."

5. Blue little star

Blue little star, be silent -
do not reveal the secret.
Do not show everyone
the silent bond between our hearts.

Others may stand their sorrows -
let them say what they will;
Our hearts are satisfied,
and we happily keep silent.

6. I wrote little letters

I wrote little letters and threw them into the wind;
they fell into the sea, and they fell onto the sand.
into chains of snow and ice, I wind them,
And the sun melts them in my hands.

Maria, Maria, you must notice:
he who endures the struggle wins in the end;
Maria, Maria, you must understand:
He who endures in eternity is victorious.

Op. 8

1. And once all the miseries of the day.

And once all the miseries of the day
have been wept away in dewy tears,
then Night opens the hall of Heaven
in the eternal gloom's quiet misery.

And one by one
and two by two
spirit-choirs of distant worlds
rise up from the dark floor of the sky,
and over earthly joys and sorrows,
holding star-candles high in their hands,
they slowly stride across the sky.
Deep in sorrow do they go,
true to their orders;
and with astonishment,
threatened by the cold winds of the world,
the flickering flames of the star-candles sigh.

2. With drums and fifes

With drums and fifes I have often marched,
beside drums and fifes I have often presented arms,
before drums and fifes I have often advanced
toward the enemy - hurrah!

The drums and fifes - I hear them no longer,
and if the drums and fifes moved closer,
Behind the drums and fifes would hobble too
heavily my wooden leg, o woe!

If drums and fifes came into my sight,
I would stop my ears against those drums and fifes,
for drums and fifes I cannot endure-
they would break and Army!

Drums and fifes, they were my sound-
drums and fifes, a soldier's song;
You drums and fifes, my whole life long,
Cheer for Emperor and Army!

3. Death among the corn

In the wheat field, among corn and poppies,
lies a soldier, undiscovered
now for two days already, and two nights;
with heavy wounds, unbound.

Tormented by thirst and wild with fever,
in the throes of death, he rolls his breaking eyes
upwards. A last dream, a last image, he rolls his
breaking eyes upwards.

The scythe whispers in the cornfield,
he sees his village in peaceful toil,
Adieu, adieu, you world of home-
and bows his head and departs.

4. The tower watchman's song

It is now, and there is the star that God has set
as a boundary (before time yet existed)
between the clear sea of light
And the ocean of darkness;
The sun has moved away from its place-
but soon it will shine again, so we humbly hope.

You people in castles and strongholds,
You who move about the streets,
and you on the salty ocean-
you should all pray before the struggle of the day
wins the upper hand.
and turn your thoughts from house and home and
let them from your hearts fly heavenwards.
For the Lord is good and merciful now
and forevermore.

Lord, now they are all coming-
the good and the bad, the ill and the healthy,
with calls and speech, sighing at the sacred
sign of the cross. Listen to them all in your grace,
Grant them their wishes according to your will.
Grand them Christian prayer.