Juhee Seo  
Voice-Soprano  
Haeju Choi  
Piano

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

Program

Banalités  
Chanson d’Orkenise  
Hôtel  
Fagnes de Wallonie  
Voyage à Paris  
Sanglots

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

**There will be a 10-minute intermission**

Adieu, notre petite table from opera ‘Manon’  
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Three Early Songs  
George Crumb

Donde Lieta Usci from opera ‘La Bohème’  
Giacomo Puccini

Barcarolle from opera ‘Les contes d’Hoffmann’  
Jacques Offenbach

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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.
**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.

**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 accused 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

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.

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**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.

Through the gates of Orkenise a carter wants to enter.

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,
"What are you taking out of the town?" - "I'm getting married."

The earth will release deep hidden springs.

"What are you bringing into the town?" - "Love is heady.

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 soil, 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, stands the myrtle, and the laurel, high?

Knowest the mountain with the misty shrouds?
The mule is seeking passage through the clouds;

Knowest the house, its roof on columns fine?

We know that within us many people breathe who came from afar and are united behind our brows.

The cliff rocks plunge under the rushing flood
I had torn out his heart and was carrying it in his right hand...

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