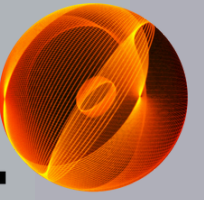


Massenet

Britten

Beethoven



YST

Yong Siew Toh
Conservatory
of Music

Tenor: Park Minjun

Piano: Darrell Lim

Park Minjun's

Junior Recital

26th Nov 2024 7:40pm

YST Concert Hall

Programme

En fermant les yeux
from <Manon> by Jules Massenet

Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo

1. Sonnet XVI
2. Sonnet XXXI
3. Sonnet XXXVIII

by Benjamin Britten

An die ferne Geliebte
by Ludwig van Beethoven

En fermant les yeux

En fermant les yeux is an aria from opera <Manon> by Jules Massenet. Massenet is a french opera composer who contributed to French opera in 19th century. He composed many significant French opera such as Manon, Werter and Le Cid.

In this aria En fermant les yeux, Des Grieux sings about a humble hope of living together with Manon in a small house in the forest.

Texts

Des Grieux: C'est vrai! Ma tête est folle...

Mais le bonheur est passager
et le ciel l'a fait si léger
qu'on a toujours peur
qu'ils'envole.

A table!

Instant charmant
où la crainte fait trêve,
Où nous sommes deux seulement..
Tiens, Manon, en marchant
je viens de faire un rêve.

Des Grieux: It is true... my mind is crazy...

But happiness is temporary,
And the heaven had made it so light
That people are always afraid
It will fly away....

Come to the table!

Enchanting moment
All the fear stop at this moment
When we two are alone..
Listen, Manon, while walking
I had a dream...

En fermant les yeux, je vois là-bas une
humble retraite,
une maisonnette toute blanche au fond des
bois!

Sous ses tranquilles ombrages,
les clairs et joyeux ruisseaux,
où se mirent les feuillages,
chantent avec les oiseaux!

C'est le Paradis!

Oh! non! Tout est là triste et morose,
car il y manque une chose:
il y faut encor Manon!
Viens! Là sera notre vie,
situ le veux, O Manon!

Closing my eyes, I see over there a humble
escape,
A house that is all white in the depth of the
woods!

It is a tranquile shade,
The clear and joyful brooks,
In which mirrors the leaves,
Sings with the birds!

It is a paradise!

Oh! No! Everything there is sad and gloomy
For it misses one thing:

It misses Manon!

Come! Our life is going to be there,
If you want, O Manon!

Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo

Benjamin Britten is a British composer who was prominent in 20th century. He wrote many vocal music such as opera, songs and folk songs. When he was writing vocal music, he used texts from different languages and different time periods. He valued the importance of texts when he was writing vocal music.

Michelangelo Sonnets are the songs that Britten wrote based on the poem written by Michelangelo who was a famous artist in Italy in 16th century. The poem talks about unrequited love. The sonnets talk about the feelings of despair and pleading when it comes to the unrequited love. In this recital, I chose three songs from this cycle which have different feelings.

Sonetto XVI

Si come nella penna e nell'inchiostro
È l'alto e 'l basso e 'l mediocre stile,
E ne' marmi l'immagin ricca e vile,
Secondo che 'l sa trar l'ingegno nostro
Così, signor mie car, nel petto vostro,
Quante l'orgoglio, è forse ogni atto umile:
Ma io sol quel c'a me proprio è e simile
Ne traggo, come fuor nel viso mostro.
Chi semina sospir, lacrime e doglie,
(L'umor dal ciel terrestre, scietto e solo,
A vari semi vario si converte),
Però pianto e dolor ne miete e coglie;

Just as there is a high, a low, and a middle
style in pen and ink
and as within the marble are images rich and
poor, according as our fancy knows how to
draw them forth
so within your heart, dear love, there are
perhaps, as well as pride, some humble
feelings: but I draw thence only what is my
desert and like to what I show outside on my
face
Whoever sows sighs, tears and lamentations
(Heaven's moisture on earth, simple and pure,
adapts itself differently to different seeds)
reaps and gathers grief and sadness

Chi mira alta beltà con sì gran duolo,
Dubbie speranze, e pene acerbe e certe.

Signor mie car!

whoever looks on high beauty with so great a
grief reaps doubtful hopes and sure and bitter
pain.

Dear my love!

Sonetto XXXI

A che più debb'io mai l'intensa voglia
Sfogar con pianti o con parole meste,
Se di tal sorte 'l ciel, che l'alma veste,
Tard' o per tempo, alcun mai non ne spoglia?
A che 'l cor lass' a più morir m'invoglia,
S'altri pur dee morir?
Dunque per queste
Luci l'ore del fin fian men moleste;
Ch'ogn' altro ben val men ch'ogni mia
doglia.

Why must I go on venting my ardent desire
in tears and melancholy words, if Heaven that
dresses the soul in grief, never, soon or late,
allows relief?

Why should my weary heart long for death
since all must die?

So to these eyes my last hours will be less
painful, all my grief being greater than any
joy.

Però se 'l colpo, ch'io ne rub' e 'n volo,
Schifar non poss'; almen, s'è destinato,
Ch entrerà 'nfra la dolcezza e 'l duolo?

Se vint' e pres' i' debb'esser beato,
Maraviglia non è se nud' e solo,
Resto prigion d'un Cavalier armato.

If, therefore, I cannot avoid these blows, nay,
even seek them, since it is my fate, who is the
one that stands always between joy and grief?
If to be happy I must be conquered and held
captive, no wonder then that I, unarmed and
alone, remain the prisoner of a Cavalier in
arms.

Sonetto XXXVIII

Rendete agli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume,
Rendete..

L'onde della non vostra e salda vena.
Che più v'innalza, e cresce, e con più lena
Che non è 'l vostro natural costume.

E tu, folt'air, che 'l celeste lume
Tempri a' tristi occhi, de' sospir miei piena
Rendigli al cor mio lasso e rasserena
Tua scura faccia al mio visivo acume.
Renda la terra i passi alle mie piante,
Ch'ancor l'erba germogli che gli è tolta;

Give back to my eyes, you fountains and
rivers

Give back...

the waves of those strong currents that are
not yours

which make you swell and grow with greater
power than is your natural way.

And thou, heavy air, that dims the heavenly
light to my sad eyes, so full of my sighs art
thou

give them back to my weary heart and
lighten thy dark face to my eye's keen sight.

Earth, give me back my footsteps that the
grass may sprout again where it was trod;

E 'l suono Ecco, già sorda a' miei lamenti;
Gli sguardi agli occhi mie, tue luci sante,
Ch'io possa altra bellezza un'altra volta
Amar, po' che di me non ti contenti.

and Echo, yet deaf to my laments, give back
thy sound; and you blest pupils give back to
my eyes their glances;
that I another time may love another beauty,
since with me you are not satisfied.

An die ferne Geliebte

Beethoven is renowned for his piano sonata and symphony yet he is less acknowledged for vocal music. He wrote many lieder too.

For example, Der Kuss, Adelaide, Ich liebe dich. Among all his marvelous lieder, An die ferne geliebte would be the most iconic piece because it is known to be first song cycle and later influences song composers such as Schubert and Schumann.

An die ferne Geliebte means 'to the distant beloved'. This song cycle has 6 songs that talk about distant beloved. This song cycle talks about not only the despair of being departed from beloved, but also hope for reunion.

Texts

Auf dem Hügel sitz' ich, spähend
In das blaue Nebelland
Nach den fernen Triften sehend
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
der zu dir so glühend eilt,
und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

I sit on the hill, looking
into the misty blue land,
towards the distant meadows
Where I found you, my beloved.

Now I'm far away from you,
mountain and valley separate
between us and our peace,
our happiness and our pain.

Ah, the look can't you see,
that rushes to you so ardently,
and my sighs are lost
In the space that separates us.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
und ein liebend Herz erreicht
was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Will nothing ever reach you again,
will nothing be a love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
that speak to you of my pain!

For before the sound of song escapes
Every space and every time;
And a loving heart reaches
what a loving heart has hallowed!

Wo die Berge so blau
aus dem nebligen Grau
shauen herein,

Wo die Sonne verglüht,
wo die Wolke umzieht,
möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.

Wo im Gestein
still die Primel dort sinnt,
weht so leise der Wind,
möchte ich sein!

Where the blue mountains
from the misty grey
look out towards me,

Where the sun's glow fades,
where the clouds move in
there I want to be!

There, in the peaceful valley,
pain and torment cease.
where among the rocks
the primrose meditates in silence,
and the wind blows so softly –
There, I want to be!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.

Innere Pein.

Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

I am driven to the musing wood
by the power of love,
Inner pain.

Inner pain.

Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
If I were able, my love,
To be with you eternally!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Light clouds sailing on high,
and you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
greet her a thousand times.

If, clouds, you see her walking
thoughtfully in the silent valley,
Let my image appear before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.

If she is standing by the bushes
Autumn is faded and leafless,
Pour out to her, what has happened to me,
Pour out, you birds, my suffering.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Quiet west winds, bring my sighs
to her whom my heart has chosen
My sighs fade away
like the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her of my love's imploring,
let her, little brook, small and narrow
Truly see in your ripples
my never-ending tears!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
dieser Vöglein muntre Zug,
werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
scherzend dir um Wang und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

These clouds on high,
this cheerful flight of birds
will see you, O my beloved.
Take me with you on your light flight!

These west winds will playfully
blow about your cheeks and breast,
will ruffle your silken tresses.
Would I might share that joy!

This brooklet hastens eagerly
to you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
flow directly back to me!

Es kehret der Maien,
es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
so milde, so lau,
geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret
zum wirtlichen Dach,
sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

May returns,
the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
so gentle, so mild,
the babbling brooks flow again,

The swallow returns
to its rooftop home,
and eagerly builds
her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig
von kreuz und von Quer
Manch weicheres Stück
zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten
beisammen so treu,
was Winter geschieden,
verband nun der Mai,
was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

She busily brings
from every direction
Many soft pieces
for the bridal bed,
Many warm pieces for the little ones.

Now the pair lives
faithfully together,
What winter parted,
May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.

Es kehret der Maien,
es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
so milde, so lau,

Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

Wenn alles, was liebet,
der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

Ja all ihr Gewinnen.

May returns,
the meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
so gentle, so mild,
I alone cannot move on.

When spring unites
All lovers,
Our love alone
knows no spring,
And tears are our only consolation.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
zu der Laute süßem Klang!

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst..

Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound!

As the red light of evening draws
towards the calm blue lake,
And its last rays fade
behind those mountain heights;

And you sing..

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräng erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt

Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
was geschieden uns so weit,
und ein liebend Herz erreicht
was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

And you sing what I sang
from a full heart
With no display of art,
aware only of longing

Then, at these songs,
The distance that parted us shall recede,
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!



PARK MINJUN

Park Minjun is currently studying as third year in YST. During his studies, he had an opportunity to participate in many different types of concerts. Notable performances are Nemorino from L'elisir d'amore in Devil's in the Details and Tenor in Blaues Gras from PDQ Bach in YST Bach Cantata Series



Thank You