

Devotion

A Junior Recital

FEATURING WORKS BY
SCHUBERT | CHAUSSON | DONIZETTI

Oh Yushin

BARITONE

Choi Hye-Seon

PIANO

03 May (Wed) 7:00PM
YST Concert Hall



Programme

7 Mélodies, Op.2

Ernest Chausson

II. Le Charme

III. Les Papillons

V. Sérénade Italienne

Amore e morte

Gaetano Donizetti

Bella siccome un angelo

(From *Don Pasquale*)

Die schöne Müllerin, Op. 25

Franz Schubert

I. Das Wandern

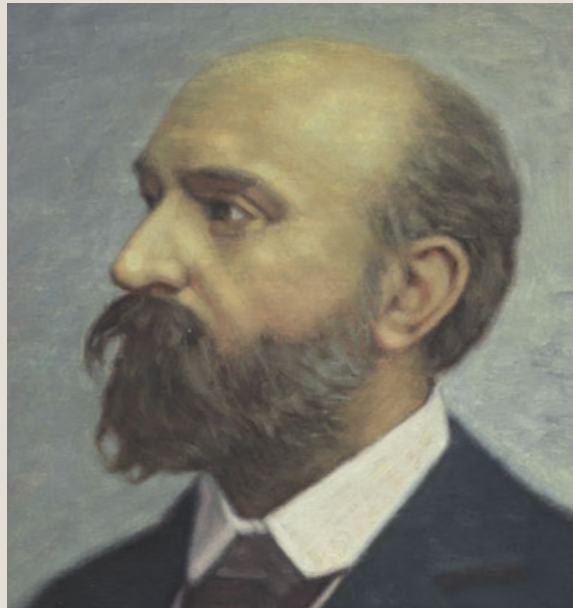
V. Am Feierabend

XI. Mein

XV. Eifersucht und Stolz

XIX. Der Müller und der Bach

Ernest Chausson



Ernest Chausson (1855-1899) who was born in Paris, was a notable French composer of the late 19th century. He entered the Paris Conservatory in 1879, for a course of study with Jules Massenet and César Franck. Chausson is known for his style which is dramatic and richly chromatic but at the same time, maintaining a certain reserve which was a feature of French music.

7 Mélodies, Op.2 is a compilation of French art songs by Chausson which feature themes such as nature and longing for love. It was composed during 1879 to 1880 and the text is set to a variety of poets such as Armand Silvestre, Théophile Gautier and Paul Bourget.

Le Charme

Le Charme

Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,
Mais ce qui domptait nous esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme,
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais
Qu'en voyant ta première larme!

The Charm

When I caught your smile,
I felt all my being tremble,
But what has conquered my mind
I did not know at first.

When your glance rested on me,
I felt my soul melting,
But what this emotion might be
I could not explain at first.

What conquered me forever
Was a much sadder charm;
And I only realized I loved you
When I saw your first tear!

Les Papillons

Les Papillons

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blancs,
quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me pouvaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

Butterflies

Snow-coloured butterflies
swarm over the sea;
beautiful white butterflies,
when might I
take to the azure path of the air?

Do you know, O beauty of beauties,
my jet eyed bayadère—
were they to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would go?

Without kissing a single rose,
across valleys and forests,
I'd fly to your half-closed lips,
flower of my soul, and I would die.

Sérénade Italienne

Sérénade Italienne

Partons en barque sur la mer

Pour passer la nuit aux étoiles.

Vois, il souffle juste assez d'air

Pour enfler la toile des voiles.

Le vieux pêcheur italien

Et ses deux fils qui nous conduisent,

Écoutent, mais n'entendent rien

Aux mots que nos bouches se disent.

Sur la mer calme et sombre, vois :

Nous pouvons échanger nos âmes,

Et nul ne comprendra nos voix

Que la nuit, le ciel et les lames.

Italian Serenade

Let us go in a boat on the ocean

To pass the night among the stars,

See, the breeze is just enough

To swell the cloth of the sails.

The old Italian fisherman

And his two sons, who guide us,

Hear but do not understand

The words we speak.

On the ocean calm and sombre, see,

We can exchange our souls,

And none will understand our voices,

But the night, the sky and the waves.

Gaetano Donizetti



Gaetano Donizetti was an Italian opera composer who lived from 1797 to 1848. He is known for his numerous operas which are composed both in the Italian and French language. His major works include operas such as Don Pasquale (1842), Lucia di Lammermoor (1835), La fille du régiment (1840).

Bella siccome un angelo is an aria sung by Dr. Malatesta in the opera Don Pasquale. In this aria, Malatesta plots to trick Don Pasquale into marrying his non-existent sister, describing the suitable bride he has found who is "beautiful like an angel."

Amore e morte is an Italian art song composed by Donizetti. The song talks about one's devotion to his lover regardless of the situation surrounding them.

Amore e morte

Amore e morte

Odi d'un uom che muore,
odi l'estremo suon:
questo appassito fiore
ti lascio, Elvira, in don.

Quanto prezioso ei sia
tu dei saperlo appien;
nel dì che fosti mia
te lo involai dal sen.

Simbolo allor d'affetto,
or pegno di dolor;
torni a posarti in petto
questo appassito fior.

E avrai nel cor scolpito,
se duro il cor non è,
Come ti fu rapito,
Come ritorna a te.

Love and death

Hear from a dying man,
hear his last utterance:
this faded flower
I leave you, Elvira, as a gift.

How precious it is
you know fully;
on the day you were first mine
I stole it from your heart.

What was once a symbol of love
is now a token of sorrow;
return it once more to your heart
this faded flower.

And you will engraved in your heart,
if your heart is not too hard,
how it was once stolen,
and how it returned to you.

Bella siccome un angelo

Bella siccome un angelo

Bella siccome un angelo
In terra pellegrino.
Fresca siccome un giglio
Che s'apre sul mattino.
Occhio che parla e ride,
Sguardo che i cor conquide,
Chioma che vince l'ebano,
Sorriso incantator!

Alma innocente, ingenua,
Che se medesima ignora.
Modestia impareggiabile
Bontà che v'innamora.
Ai miseri pietoso,
Gentil, dolce, amoroso!
Il ciel l'ha fatta nascere
Per far beato un cor!

Beautiful as an angel

Beautiful as an angel
On earth as a pilgrim.
Fresh as a lily
That opens upon morning.
Eyes that speak and laugh,
Glances that conquer the heart,
Hair that surpasses ebony,
Enchanting smile!

A soul innocent and ingenuous
That ignores itself.
Modesty incomparable
Goodness that makes one fall in love.
To the poor piteous,
Gentle, sweet, loving!
Heaven made her be born
To make a heart beat!

Franz Schubert



Franz Schubert (1797-1828) was an Austrian composer who is regarded as one of the best composers of the early-romantic era. He is particularly renowned for his German art songs (lieder).

Die schöne Müllerin Op.25 is a cycle of 20 songs for solo voice and piano. The poetry is set by Wilhelm Müller. It's a romantic story of a young miller who befriends a brook which leads him to a mill. He madly falls in love with the miller's beautiful daughter but she eventually rejects him in favor of a hunter. In despair, the young miller drowns himself in the brook which was his best companion throughout.

Through the five pieces I will be singing from this cycle, I hope to explore the young miller's change in emotion such as happiness, passion for love, anger and devastation.

Das Wandern

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muss ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde gehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Lasst mich in Frieden weiter ziehn
Und wandern.

Wandering

To wander is the miller's delight;
to wander!
A poor miller he must be
who never thought of wandering,
of wandering.

We have learnt it from the water,
from the water!
It never rests, by day or night,
but is always intent on wandering,
the water.

We can see it in the wheels too,
the wheels!
They never care to stand still
but turn tirelessly the whole day long,
the wheels.

The stones, heavy as they are,
the stones!
They join in the merry dance and seek to
move still faster,
the stones.

O wandering, my delight,
O wandering!
Master and mistress,
let me go my way in peace,
and wander.

Am Feierabend

Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt' ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Dass die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.
Und da sitz' ich in der grossen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister sagt zu Allen:
„Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;“
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

After Work

If only I had a thousand
arms to wield!
If only I could drive
the rushing wheels!
If only I could blow like the wind
through every wood,
and turn
every millstone,
so that the fair maid of the mill
would see my true love.

Ah, how weak my arm is!
What I lift and carry,
what I cut and hammer –
any apprentice could do the same.
And there I sit with them, in a circle,
in the quiet, cool hour after work,
and the master says to us all:
'I am pleased with your work.'
And the sweet maid
bids us all goodnight.

Mein!

Mein!

Bächlein, lass dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt eur Brausen ein!
All' ihr muntern Waldvögeln,
Gross und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!

Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut' ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Mein!

Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muss ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung
sein.

Mine!

Brook, cease your babbling!
Wheels, stop your roaring!
All you merry wood-birds
great and small,
end your warbling!

Throughout the wood,
within it and beyond,
let one rhyme alone ring out today:
my beloved, the maid of the mill, is mine!
Mine!

Spring, are these all of your flowers?
Sun, do you have no brighter light?
Ah, then I must remain all alone
with that blissful word of mine,
understood nowhere in the whole of
creation..

Eifersucht und Stolz

Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild, mein lieber Bach?
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder Jäger nach?
Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst deine Müllerin
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.
Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht am Tore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der grossen Strasse sehn?
Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger lustig zieht nach Haus,
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf zum Fenster 'naus.
Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag' ihr das, doch sag' ihr nicht,
Hörst du, kein Wort, von meinem traurigen Gesicht;
Sag' ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine Pfeif' aus Rohr,
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und Lieder vor.

Jealousy and Pride

Whither so fast, so ruffled and fierce, my beloved brook?
Do you hurry full of anger after our insolent huntsman friend?
Turn back, and first reproach your maid of the mill
for her frivolous, wanton inconstancy.
Did you not see her standing by the gate last night,
craning her neck as she looked towards the high road?
When the huntsman returns home merrily after the kill
a nice girl does not put her head out of the window.
Go, brook, and tell her this; but breathe not a word –
do you hear? – about my unhappy face;
tell her: he has cut himself a reed pipe on my banks,
and is piping pretty songs and dances for the children.

Der Müller und der Bach

Der Müller und der Bach

Der Müller:

Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet.

Da muss in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehen,
Damit seine Tränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn.

Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu,
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zu Ruh'.

Der Bach:

Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues
Am Himmel erblinkt.

Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot und halb weiss,
Die welken nicht wieder
Aus Dornenreis.

Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab,
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde herab.

Der Müller:

Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach, Bächlein, aber weisst du,
Wie Liebe tut?

Ach, unten, da unten,
Die kühle Ruh'!
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

The Miller and the Brook

The Miller:

Where a true heart
dies of love,
the lilies wilt
in their beds.

There the full moon
must disappear behind clouds
so that mankind
does not see its tears.

There angels
cover their eyes
and, sobbing, sing
the soul to rest.

The Brook:

And when love
struggles free of sorrow,
a new star
shines in the sky.

Three roses,
half-red, half-white,
spring from thorny stems
and will never wither.

And the angels
cut off their wings,
and every morning
descend to earth.

The Miller:

Ah, brook, beloved brook,
you mean so well:
ah, brook, but do you know
what love can do?

Ah, below, down below,
is cool rest!
Brook, beloved brook,
sing on.

Dedications

A huge thanks to God, my parents and my brother for always being there for me, supporting my journey as a young musician.

Thank you my friends for your encouragement and support.

Thank you Prof. Bennett and Dr. Choi for your musical guidance and wisdom.

And a massive thanks to everyone who came to my recital. I devote this recital to you!

Performer



Yushin Oh is a baritone from South Korea. He is currently a year third-year classical voice major, studying at the YST Conservatory of Music under the tutelage of Professor Alan Lee Bennett.

Yushin has been featured in multiple solo and choral singing performances which include YST's production of St. John's Passion as Pontius Pilate (2022) and the Fanatasticks by Harvey Schmidt as Hucklebee (2023). In July 2022, Yushin was accepted into the Queensland Conservatorium as an exchange student. There, he performed as the chorus for Gilbert & Sullivan's opera Iolanthe and did a solo recital.

He also had the opportunity to attend a masterclass by the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland Professor, Stephen Robertson.