

Dreams, Dust and Dulcinea

Works by Robert Schumann, Maurice Ravel and Jacques Ibert

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL

Baritone

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Piano

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28 April | 2 PM
YST Concert Hall

This recital is a mirror of my own journey. Having served in the South Korean Army's notorious 3rd Infantry Division, I experienced the raw extremes of human emotion: deep isolation, grit and unexpected joy. Schumann's Liederkreis Op. 39 captures the melancholic, yet beautiful depths of that struggle.

But like Cervantes' Don Quixote, I chose to remain a romantic dreamer. The songs by Ibert and Ravel represent my true self: a bit clumsy and perhaps 'mad' in the eyes of the world, but fiercely bold and unwavering in the pursuit of my Dulcinea: Music.

Jacques Ibert



French composer Jacques Ibert's (1890-1962) music is admired for its colourful, technically polished and often witty neoclassical style.

In 1932, film director Georg Pabst decided to make a film about Don Quixote starring the great Russian bass Chaliapin. He had commissioned five composers including Jacques Ibert and Maurice Ravel. Ibert's four settings, one of a Ronsard poem and three of Alexandre Arnoux, were chosen; he dedicated them to Chaliapin.

The vocal melismas and guitar-like accompaniment of "Chanson du départ" (Song of Parting) immediately impart the Spanish flavor of Don Quixote's country—Spanish impressions were immensely popular with French composers of the time. "Chanson à Dulcinée" (Song to Dulcinea) alternates a quick refrain with two slower verses, the second a variant of the first. Its sustained, quiet ending in fairly high register was meant to show off Chaliapin's great control. "Chanson du duc" (The Duke's Song) consists of three short energetic verses, each slowing to a crawl; the modal style suggests times of old. In "Chanson de la mort de Don Quichotte" (Song of Don Quixote's Death) the dying Don bids farewell to Sancho Panza to a simple accompaniment. His sustained dying note is set yet a half step higher than the ending of "Dulcinea's Song."

Jacques Ibert

Alexandre Arnoux

Pierre de Ronsard

English Translation by

Richard Stokes

Quatre chansons de Don Quichotte

Four Songs of Don Quixote

1. Chanson du départ

1. The song of Don Quixote's parting

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre,
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire,
Où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,

This new castle, this new edifice,
Enriched with marble and porphyry
That Love built to guard his empire,
To which all Heaven has lent its skill,

Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,
Où la vertu maîtresse se retire,
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit admire,
Forçant les cœurs à lui faire service.

Is a rampart, a stronghold against evil,
Where Mistress Virtue can take refuge,
Whom the eye observes and the spirit admires,
Compelling hearts to pay her homage.

C'est un château, fait de telle sorte,
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé sa race,
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
Nul Chevalier tant soit aventureux
Sans être tel, ne peut gagner la place.

This castle is fashioned in such a way
That no one can approach its gate,
If he is not descended from great kings,
Victorious, brave and amorous.
No knight, however bold,
Without such merit, can enter here.

2. Chanson à Dulcinée

2. Song to Dulcinea

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Mais, amour a peint son visage,
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.

But to sweeten my languishing,
Love has painted her face
In fountains and clouds,
In every dawn and every flower.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,
Etoile de mes longs chemins.
Le vent m'apporte son haleine
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

Ever near and ever far,
Star of my weary journeying,
Her breath is brought me on the breeze,
As it passes over jasmine flowers.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

3. Chanson du Duc

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de mes songes

Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle de boue
Son cœur de diamant est vierge
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue

Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes aventures
Mon bras a délivré la Princesse en servage
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu les parjures
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre l'hommage.

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier téméraire
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

3. The Duke's Song

I wish to sing here of the lady of my dreams,

Who exalts me above this age of mud;
Her diamond heart is free of lies,
The rose grows pale beside her cheek.

For her I have sought high adventures,
My arm delivered the princess from bondage;
I have conquered the Enchanter
And bent the universe to do her homage.

Lady, for whom I go alone upon this earth,
Who am no prisoner of false appearance,
I maintain against every rash knight
Your radiance and your pre-eminence.

4. Chanson de la mort

Ne pleure pas Sancho, ne pleure pas, mon bon.
Ton maître n'est pas mort.
Il n'est pas loin de toi.
Il vit dans une île heureuse
Ou tout est pur et sans mensonges.

Dans l'île enfin trouvée où tu viendras un jour.
Dans l'île désirée, O mon ami Sancho!

Les livres sont brulés et font un tas de cendres.
Si tous les livres m'ont tué
Il suffit d'un pour que je vive
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel dans la mort.
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte.

4. Song of Death

Do not weep, Sancho, my good fellow.
Your master is not dead.
He is not far from you.
He lives on a happy island
Where all is pure and without lies.

On the island found, you will come one day.
On the desired island, O my friend Sancho!

The books are burnt and make heap of ashes.
If all those books have killed me,
One is enough to make me live:
A ghost in life, and real in death.
Such is the strange fate of poor Don Quixote.

Robert Schumann



German romantic composer Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was renowned particularly for his piano music, songs (lieder) and orchestral music.

Composed in 1840, Liederkreis, Op. 39 is widely regarded as one of the most quintessential song cycles of the Romantic era. Based on the poetry of Joseph von Eichendorff, these twelve songs do not follow a linear narrative. Instead, they explore the internal landscapes of the human soul through the imagery of nature.

The cycle is deeply rooted in the German Romantic concepts of “Waldeinsamkeit”, the sublime feeling of solitude in the forest and the bittersweet yearning known as “Sehnsucht”. Schumann’s setting enables the piano and voice to act as equal partners to evoke atmospheres ranging from the haunting isolation of “In der Fremde” to the ethereal stillness of “Mondnacht”.

Throughout the cycle, Eichendorff’s recurring motifs of mysterious forests, twilight shadows, and supernatural encounters create a sense of psychological depth. The journey culminates in “Frühlingsnacht”, where the initial darkness and melancholy of the cycle are finally liberated by an ecstatic outburst of joy. Ultimately, Op. 39 stands as a profound meditation on the duality of nature: its power to mirror both our deepest fears and our most radiant hopes.

Robert Schumann

Joseph von Eichendorff

English Translation by

Richard Stokes

Liederkreis, Op.39

Song Cycle

1. In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

2. Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes, schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

3. Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!“

1. In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother have long been dead,
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,
Forgotten here as well.

2. Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness
Deep within my heart,
It gazes at me every hour
So freshly and happily.

My heart sings softly to itself
An old and beautiful song
That soars into the sky
And swiftly wings its way to you.

3. A Forest Dialogue

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

'Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
My heart is broken with grief,
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am.'

So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you—may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

'You know me well—from its towering rock
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already late, already cold,
You shall never leave this forest again!'

4. Die Stille

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach, wüßt' es nur Einer, nur Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!

So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen sind
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär'!

5. Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

6. Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem großen Glück!

4. Silence

No one knows and no one can guess
How happy I am, how happy!
If only one, just one person knew,
No one else ever should!

The snow outside is not so silent,
Nor are the stars on high
So still and taciturn
As my own thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird,
And could fly across the sea,
Across the sea and further,
Until I were in heaven!

5. Moonlit Night

It was as though Heaven
Had softly kissed the Earth,
So that she in a gleam of blossom
Had only to dream of him.

The breeze passed through the fields,
The corn swayed gently to and fro,
The forests murmured softly,
The night was so clear with stars.

And my soul spread
Her wings out wide,
Flew across the silent land,
As though flying home.

6. A beautiful foreign land

The tree-tops rustle and shudder
As if at this very hour
The ancient gods
Were pacing these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle trees
In secret twilit splendour,
What are you saying, fantastic night,
Obscurely, as in a dream?

The glittering stars gaze down on me,
Fierily and full of love,
The distant horizon speaks with rapture
Of some great happiness to come!

7. Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüben gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.

Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klausen.

Draußen ist es still und friedlich,
Alle sind in's Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbögen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf dem Rhein im Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

8. In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin,
Im Walde, in dem Rauschen
Ich weiß nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondschimmer fliegen,
Als sah' ich unter mir
Das Schloß im Tale liegen,
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müßte in dem Garten
Voll Rosen weiß und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot.

9. Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draußen Frühlingsluft,
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

7. In a Castle

Up there at his look-out
The old knight has fallen asleep;
Rain-storms pass overhead,
And the wood stirs through the portcullis.

Beard and hair matted together,
Ruff and breast turned to stone,
For centuries he's sat up there
In his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and peaceful,
All have gone down to the valley,
Forest birds sing lonely songs
In the empty window-arches.

Down there on the sunlit Rhine
A wedding-party's sailing by,
Musicians strike up merrily,
And the lovely bride—weeps.

8. In a Foreign Land

I hear the brooklets murmuring
Through the forest, here and there,
In the forest, in the murmuring
I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing
Here in the solitude,
As though they wished to tell
Of lovely days now past.

The moonlight flickers,
As though I saw below me
The castle in the valley,
Yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden,
Full of roses, white and red,
My love were waiting for me,
Yet she died so long ago.

9. Sadness

True, I can sometimes sing
As though I were content;
But secretly tears well up,
And my heart is set free.

Nightingales, when spring breezes
Play outside, sing
Their song of longing
From their dungeon cell.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

Then all hearts listen
And everyone rejoices,
Yet no one feels the pain,
The deep sorrow in the song.

10. Zwielight

10. Twilight

Dämmlung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume—
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?

Dusk is about to spread its wings,
The trees now shudder and stir,
Clouds drift by like oppressive dreams—
What can this dusk and dread imply?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.

If you have a fawn you favour,
Do not let her graze alone,
Hunters sound their horns through the forest,
Voices wander to and fro.

Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen Frieden.

If here on earth you have a friend,
Do not trust him at this hour,
Though his eyes and lips be smiling,
In treacherous peace he's scheming war.

Was heut gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren—
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

That which wearily sets today,
Will rise tomorrow, newly born.
Much can go lost in the night—
Be wary, watchful, on your guard!

11. Im Walde

11. In the Forest

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

A wedding procession over the mountain,
I heard the warbling of birds,
Riders flashed by, hunting horns peeled,
That was a merry chase!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde;
Nur von den Bergen noch rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde.

And before I knew, all had faded,
Darkness covers the land,
Only the forest sighs from the mountain,
And deep in my heart I quiver with fear.

12. Frühlingsnacht

12. Spring Night

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühen.

Over the garden, through the air
I heard birds of passage fly,
A sign that spring is in the air,
Flowers already bloom below.

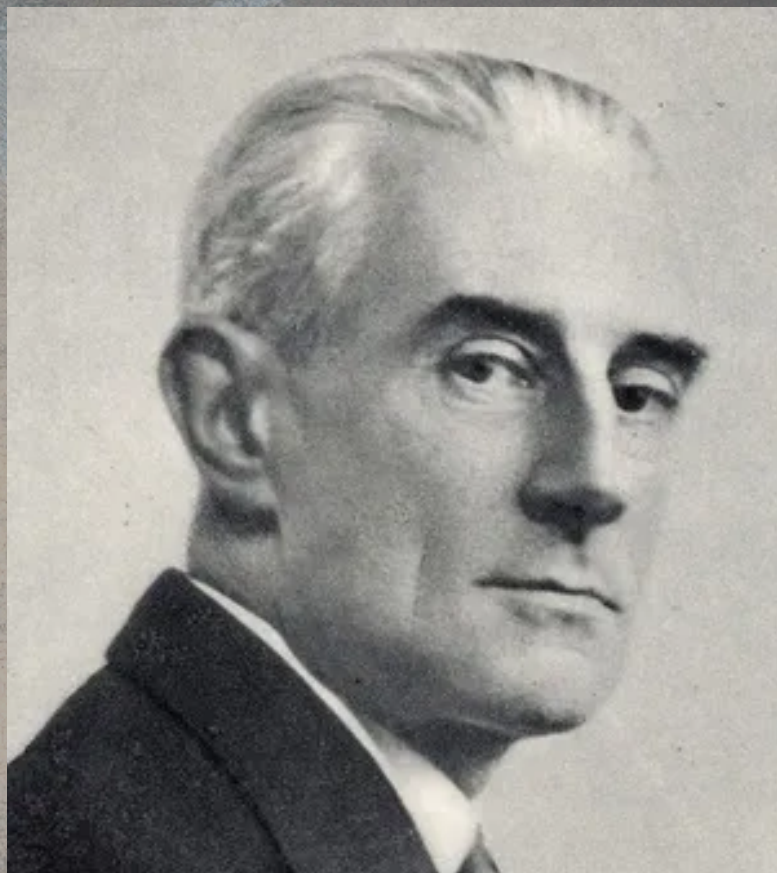
Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.

I could shout for joy, could weep,
For it seems to me it cannot be!
All the old wonders come flooding back,
Gleaming in the moonlight.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

And the moon and stars say it,
And the dreaming forest whispers it,
And the nightingales sing it:
'She is yours, is yours!'

Maurice Ravel



French composer of Swiss-Basque descent, Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) was noted for his musical craftsmanship and perfection of form and style.

Originally commissioned for the same 1932 Georg Pabst film as Ibert's settings, Maurice Ravel's *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* was to be his final completed work. Although his declining health prevented him from finishing the full project, these three songs remain a pinnacle of the French *mélodie*, showcasing Ravel's trademark precision and his lifelong fascination with Spanish culture. Unlike the more descriptive settings by his contemporaries, Ravel's songs delve into the internal character of Don Quixote through distinct Spanish dance rhythms.

The first song, "Chanson romanesque" (Romantic Song), is a fervent declaration of love set to the irregular, swaying rhythm of the *quintoa* (a 5/4 or 5/8 Basque meter). The knight's devotion is portrayed through elegant, sweeping vocal lines that demand both grace and intensity. In "Chanson épique" (Epic Song), Don Quixote turns to prayer. Set as a solemn invocation to Saint Michael and Saint George, the music utilizes the *zortziko* (a stately 5/4 rhythm) and a choral-like accompaniment to evoke a sense of noble, medieval piety.

The cycle concludes with the boisterous "Chanson à boire" (Drinking Song). Utilizing the spirited 6/8 and 3/4 alternating rhythms of the *jota*, it captures the "clumsy and bold" side of the knight. The song is marked by aggressive accents and a sense of reckless joy, ending in a defiant, virtuoso outburst that celebrates the knight's indomitable spirit. While Ibert's cycle concludes with the knight's death, Ravel's choice to end with a drinking song portrays a vibrant image of Don Quixote's eternal, "noble madness."

Maurice Ravel

Paul Morand

English Translation by

Richard Stokes

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

1. Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

2. Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Don Quixote to Dulcinea

1. Romantic song

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.

Were you to tell me that you are wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.

Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.

O Dulcinea.

2. Epic Song

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
To please her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray,
With Saint George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.

3. Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme !

Je bois
À la joie !
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ... lorsque j'ai bu !

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse !

Je bois
À la joie !
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit ...
Lorsque j'ai bu !

3. Drinking Song

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky
mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows
Always to be this lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!



Biography

Oh Yushin Baritone



Oh Yushin is a baritone from South Korea currently pursuing his Bachelor of Music Degree in Voice Performance at YST, under the guidance of Professor Alan Bennett. He has developed a strong passion for vocal pedagogy as well as art song and operatic repertoire.

Yushin has had the privilege of refining his craft through masterclasses and coachings with esteemed musicians including Deborah York, Stephen Robertson, Wei En Chan, and Thomas Michael Allen. His stage experience is diverse, spanning operatic roles such as Dr. Malatesta in *Don Pasquale* (scenes), Ben in *The Telephone*, King Balthazar in *Amahl and the Night Visitors* and Hucklebee in *The Fantasticks*. On the oratorio stage, Yushin has appeared as Pontius Pilate in Bach's *St. John Passion* and also performed as a soloist in YST's *Bach Cantata Series*.

Beyond his musical achievements, Yushin has served in the South Korean Army's 3rd Infantry Division and was recognized for his outstanding performance and leadership with a Certificate of Achievement from the US Major General Frederick L. Crist. He was also awarded an Honorable Mention at the 50th National Student Music Competition in South Korea.

Following his graduation from YST in June 2026, Yushin will move to the United States to pursue a Master of Music in Voice Performance and Pedagogy at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro (UNCG).

Thank you for coming to my recital!

I would like to express my deepest gratitude to my teacher, Prof. Alan Bennett for his unwavering guidance and for shaping me into the artist I am today. My sincere thanks also go to Dr. Choi for providing such profound musical wisdom and insight throughout my studies.

To my dear friends and colleagues: thank you for being my strength through every challenge and for the countless memories we've shared. To my family, thank you for your unconditional love and for standing by my side since day one.

Above all, I offer my praise to God, who has led every step of this journey.

Soli Deo Gloria!