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Guest Recital: Jaekook Kim, tenor

Jaekook Kim

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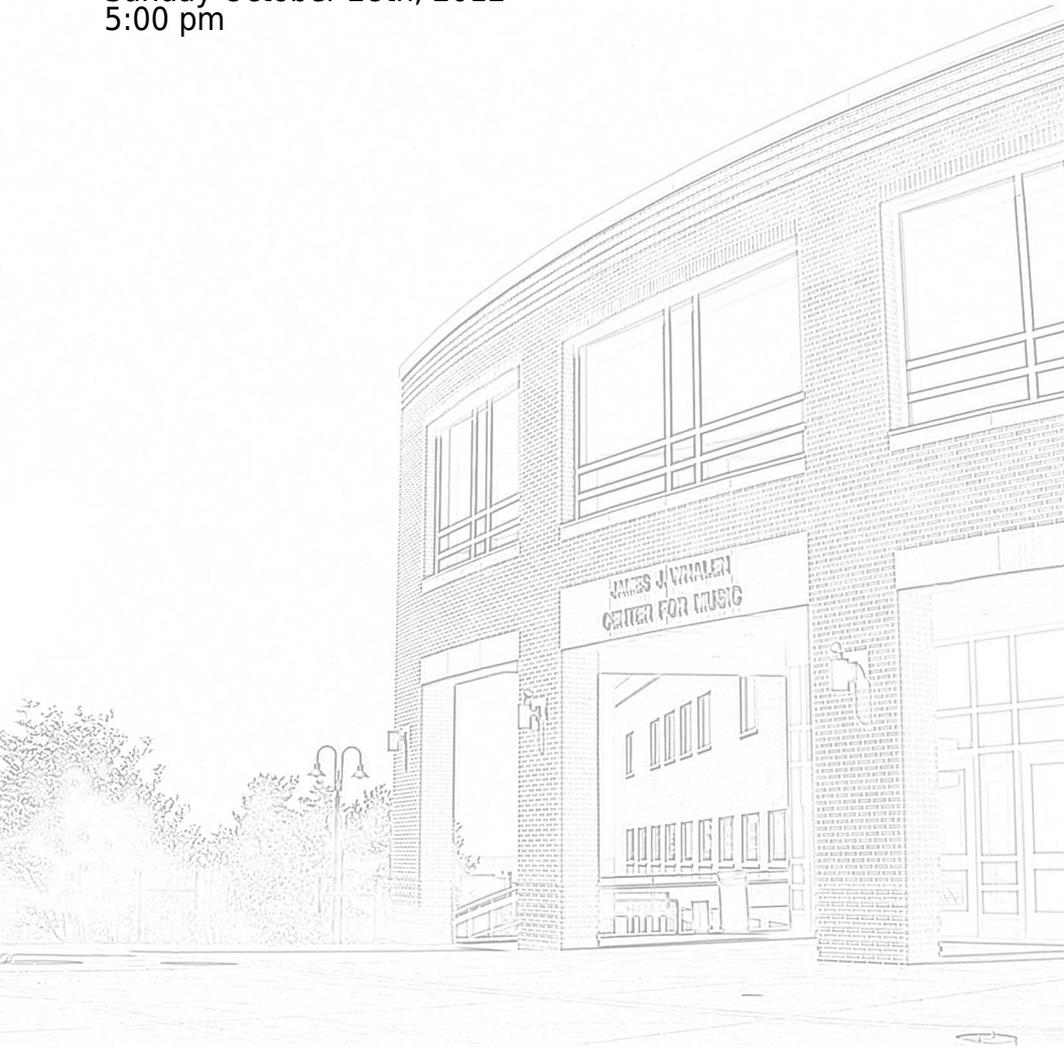
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Guest Recital:
Jaekook Kim, tenor

Diane Birr, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday October 28th, 2012
5:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| Tu lo sai | Giuseppe Torelli (1650-1703) |
| Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile | Francesco Durante (1684-1755) |
| O del mio dolce ardor | Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787) |
| “Fronti tenere e belle... Ombra mai fu” from <i>Serse</i> | George Frederic Handel (1685-1759) |
| “Where'er you walk” from <i>Semele</i> | |
| “Alma mia” from <i>Floridante</i> | |
| “O sleep, why dost thou leave me” from <i>Semele</i> | |

Intermission

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Wohin? Die Krähe Die Forelle | Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828) |
| Come away, death op. 6 No. 1 O mistress mine No. 2 Blow, blow, thou winter wind No. 3 | Roger Quilter (1877-1953) |
| Gagopa (Wishing to return) | Kim, Dongjin (1913-2009) |
| Sanchon (Mountain Village) | Cho, Dunam (1912-1984) |

Translations

Tu lo sai

| | |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
| Tu lo sai quanto t'amai, | You know how much I loved you |
| Tu lo sai, lo sai crudel! Io non bramo altra mercè, | You know how cruel it is I am not longing for other mercy |
| Ma ricordati di me, E poi sprezza un infedel. | but please remember me and then disdain me unfaithfully |

Danza, danza fanciulla gentile

| | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Danza, danza, fanciulla, al mio cantar; danza, danza fanciulla gentile, al mio cantar. Gira leggera, sottile al suono, al suono dell'onde del mar. | Dance, dance, young girl to my song; Dance, dance, gentle young girl to my song; Twirl lightly and softly to the sound, to the sound of the waves of the sea. |
| Senti il vago rumore dell'aura scherzosa che parla al core con languido suon, e che invita a danzar senza posa, senza posa, che invita a danzar. Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile, al mio cantar. | Hear the vague rustle of the playful breeze that speaks to the heart with its languid sound, and invites you to dance without stopping, without stopping that invites you to dance. Dance, dance, gentle young girl to my song. |

O del mio dolce ardor

O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.

Oh, desired object
Of my sweet ardor,
The air which you breathe,
At last I breathe.

O vunque il guardo io giro,
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge:
Il mio pensier si finge
Le più liete speranze;
E nel desio che così
M'empie il petto
Cerco te, chiamo te, spero e
sospiro.

Wherever I turn my glance
Your lovely features
Paint love for me:
My thoughts imagine
The most happy hopes,
And in the longing which
Fills my bosom
I seek you, I call you, I hope,
and I sigh.

Frondi tenere e belle...Ombra mai fu

Frondi tenere e belle
Del mio Platano amato,
Per voi risplenda il Fato
Tuoni, Lampi, e Procelle

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved plane tree,
Let Fate smile upon you.
May thunder, lightning, and
storms

Non vi oltraggino mai la cara
pace
Ne giunga a profanarvi
Austro rapace.

never bother your dear
peace,
Nor may you by blowing
winds be profaned.

Ombra mai fu
Di Vegetabile,
Care ed amaile
Soave piu.

Never was made
A vegetable (a plant)
more dear and loving
or gentle.

Alma mia

| | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Alma mia, si, soul tu sei | My beloved, you alone |
| La mia Gloria, il mio diletto, | Are my glory and my joy. |
| Dal poter de'sommi Dei | From the generosity of the mighty gods |
| Piu bel dono io non aspetto. | I do not expect a more beautiful gift. |

O sleep, why dost thou leave me

Oh sleep
Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why dost thou leave me?

why thy visionary joys remove?
Oh sleep, oh sleep
oh sleep, again deceive me
oh sleep, again deceive me
to my arms restore my wand'ring love
my wand'ring love, restore my wand'ring love!
Again deceive me, oh sleep!
to my arms, to my arms restore
my wand'ring love!

Where'er you walk

Where'er you walk
Cool gales shall fan the glade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade
Where'er you tread
The blushing flowers shall rise
and all things flourish
and all things flourish
Where'er you turn your eyes
Where'er you walk
Cool gales shall fan the glade
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade

Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein
rauschen
wohl aus dem Felsenquell,

Hinab zum Tale rauschen
so frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir
wurde,
nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,
Ich musste gleich hinunter,
mit meinem Wanderstab,
Ich musste gleich hinunter
mit meinem Wanderstab

Hinunter und immer weiter

und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
und immer heller der Bach,
Und immer frischer rauschte
und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein sprich, wohin?

Wohin? Sag, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem
Rauschen
mir ganz berauscht den Sinn,
Du has mit deinem Rauschen
mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag' ich denn vom
Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen
sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen

dort unten ihren Reih'n,

Where to?

I heard a brooklet rushing,

down from its mountain
source,
It was rushing to the valley,
so fresh and bright its
course.

I know not how I came here,

nor who has been my guide,
I had to walk on downward
with wand'rer's staff beside,
I had to walk on downward,
with wand'rer's staff beside.

Yes downward and always
onward,
with ever the brook ahead;
The brook ran ever fresher,
and brighter as it sped,
The brook ran ever fresher,
and brighter as it sped.

Is this the road I'm taking?
Oh Brook, please speak, to
where?

To where? Say, to where?
Your tumult and your rushing
my senses overbear,
Your tumult and your rushing
my senses overbear.

What say I then of rushing?

That can not rushing be:

Deep down, perhaps the
mermaids
are singing songs for me,

Es singen wohl die Nixen
dort unten ihren Reih'n.

Deep down perhaps the
mermaids
are singing songs for me.

Lass singen Gesell, lass
rauschen,
und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
in jedem klaren Bach,
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
in jedem klaren Bach.

Keep singing, My Friend,
keep rushing,
and wander merrily,
In each clear stream I follow,
there millers wheels will be,
In each clear stream I follow,
there millers wheels will be.

Lass singen, Gesell, lass
rauschen
und wandre fröhlich nach,
Fröhlich nach, fröhlich nach.

Keep singing, My Friend,
keep rushing,
and wander merrily,
Merrily, merrily.

Die Krähe

Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

A crow was with me
From out of the town,
Even up to this moment
It circles above my head.

Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl, bald als Beute
hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

Crow, strange creature,
Will you not forsake me?
Do you intend, very soon,
To take my corpse as food?

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr
geh'n
An dem Wanderstabe.

Well, it is not much farther
That I wander with my staff
in hand.

Krähe, laß mich endlich seh'n
Treue bis zum Grabe!

Crow, let me see at last
A fidelity that lasts to the
grave!

Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil
Die launige Forelle
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süßer Ruh
Des muntern Fisches Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

In a bright little brook
there shot in merry haste
a capricious trout:
past it shot like an arrow.
I stood upon the shore
and watched in sweet peace
the cheery fish's bath
in the clear little brook.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,

A fisher with his rod
stood at the water-side,
and watched with cold blood
as the fish swam about.
So long as the clearness of
the water

So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle

remained intact, I thought,
he would not be able to
capture the trout

Mit seiner Angel nicht.

with his fishing rod.

Doch plötzlich ward dem
Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,

But finally the thief grew
weary
of waiting. He stirred up
the brook and made it
muddy,

Und eh ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Rute,
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrogene an.

and before I realized it,
his fishing rod was twitching:
the fish was squirming there,
and with raging blood I
gazed at the betrayed fish.

Die ihr am goldenen Quelle
Der sicheren Jugend weilt,
Denkt doch an die Forelle,
Seht ihr Gefahr, so eilt!
Meist fehlt ihr nur aus
Mangel
der Klugheit, Mädchen, seht
Verführer mit der Angel!
Sonst blutet ihr zu spät!

Come away, death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad sypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
my part of death, no one so true Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where sad true lover
never find my grave, To weep there!

O mistress mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.
[Trip] no further, pretty sweeting;
[Journeys] end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
[In] delay there lies no plenty;
Then [come kiss] me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As [man's] ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
[Because] thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
[Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.]

Freeze, freeze thou [bitter] sky,
Thou dost not bite so [nigh]
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
[Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.]

Gagopa (Wishing to return)

My hometown, the blue South sea, comes into view as scenes from the past.
How can I forget the calm blue sea, no never, never, even in my dream
Sea gulls there now still might be flying, how I wish.... to... return to home.
Missing all those buddies of mine, old play mates whom I long for...
How could I forget my dear old buddies, who I'd used to run around with?
I do wonder what they might do now, wishing to see them, I do sure want.
Those seagulls, 'n my playmates, they all must be still at my hometown
Why on earth I am here all alone, far far away from my hometown?
Shouldn't I leave all behind here to fly back home there, shouldn't I?
There, there, I could live as were those days when we all were together.
Dressed in colorful coat of festivity, laughing 'n leaping, shouldn't I return?
To those days when there weren't tears at all, wishing to return, I do sure want.

Sanchon (Mountain village)

Go carts sound sanryeongeuldoneunde
This flower product're lifting your look mulgitneum
Pushed open fields look saripmun
Five in the morning and got lots of glaring sunlight
Wow, the aroma flowing bakkkot enjoyed this village of a thousand years, a million years
Whose had do not want to harya

Colts whine to crossing the hill
Stream flowing through the clouds maleopne
Nongjuneun properly looked ripe for a good harvest
Ttambaein got lots of laughs for Facial
Wow, a thousand years, a million years the town enjoyed the flow of bakkkothyangne
Whose hand do not want to harya

Biographies

Jaekook Kim, tenor

Since 1990, Jaekook Kim has been a professor of the music department at Gang-Won National University. After graduating with a degree in vocal performance from the music department at Seoul National University, he served as an officer in the R.O.T.C., and was the captain of the army choir. After completing his army service, Professor Kim worked as a teacher for four years at a high school in Seoul. He also did his Masters of Music in opera at Temple University in Philadelphia. He was performed in the Aspen Music Festival. He performed the Opera Impresario in the C.W. Post Festival. When he returned to Korea, he performed in about 200 concerts, which included Don Giovanni, Cosi Fan Tutte, Tosca, La Londine, Oratorio, the Creation, Messiah, Elijah, etc. In 2001, he studied and researched as a visiting scholar at the Indiana Bloomington University for one year and studied with Professor James King. At present, he is at Ithaca College as a visiting scholar.

Diane Birr, piano

Pianist Diane Birr has collaborated with numerous vocalists and instrumentalists in recitals and master classes throughout the United States, and in Russia, Australia, Canada, France, Scotland, Austria, England and Norway. Dr. Birr has served as an official accompanist for the Music Teachers National Association's (MTNA) national competitions, the International Double Reed Society Conference, the International Horn Society Conference and the International Trombone Festival. She is frequently featured as pianist on the Cayuga Chamber Orchestra Chamber Music Series in Ithaca, NY and is a member on the troika Trio, which was invited to perform at the 2010 ITG Conference in Sydney, Australia. The trio's first CD, Troica - music for trumpet, saxophone and piano, is available on CD baby. For sixteen years Birr served on the faculty and staff of International Workshops, a two-week music and arts festival held in various locations around the world, where she performed in recitals and mater classes, as well as coached chamber music. Birr holds the Doctor of Musical Arts in Accompanying and Chamber Music from the Eastman School of Music, where she studied with Jean Barr. She maintains an active role in professional music organizations currently serving as MTNA Eastern Division Director and as a member of the MTNA Board of Directions.