

TENOR

KIM OHYEON

PIANIST DARRELL LIM

R. SCHUMANN

G. FAURÉ

C. DEBUSSY

F. POULENC

S. BARBER

A portrait of tenor Kim Ohyeon, a young man with dark hair, wearing a black suit jacket over a white collared shirt. He is looking slightly to the right with a neutral expression.

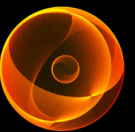
Dream and Love

YST Concert Hall

27 November 7PM

Yong Siew Toh
Conservatory
of Music

YST





Program

Robert Schumann

From Dichterliebe (A poet's Love)

No.1 Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

No.2 Aus meinen Tränen sprühen

No.3 Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

No.4 Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

No.5 Ich will meine Seele tauchen

No.6 Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

No.7 Ich grolle nicht

Gabriel Fauré

Après un Rêve

Francis Poulenc

Nous avons fait la nuit

Claude Debussy

Aimons-nous et Dormons





Programme

.....
Samuel Barber


.....
From Three Songs Op.45

..... No.1 Now have I fed and eaten up the rose

..... No.2 A Green Lowland of Pianos

..... No.3 O boundless, boundless evening

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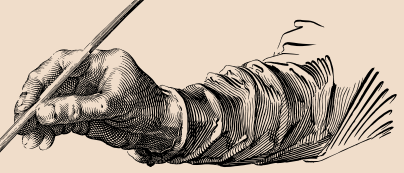
Robert Schumann



Robert Schumann (1810-1856) was a German composer contributed greatly in - Piano music and lieder. His composition, known for their lyrical and expressive qualities, he includes “Dichterliebe” a song cycle in 1840. He set the poems by Heinrich Heine into music, convey themes of love, longing, “Dichterliebe” to his personal life and expressed his own feelings and experiences in it.



Dichterliebe



Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen sprühen

Aus meinen Tränen sprühen
Viel blüende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor
Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk'ich dir die Blumen all,
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.


In the lovely month of May

In the lovely month of May
when all the buds were bursting
then within my heart
love broke forth

In the lovely month of May
when all the birds were singing,
Then i confessed to her
My longing and my desire

From my tears sprout forth

From my tears spring up
many blooming flowers,
and my sighs become
a chorus of nightingales.
And if you love me, dear child
I give you all the flowers,
and before your window should sound
the song of the nightingale.





Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne The Rose, the Lily, the Dove, the Sun

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne
Ich liebe alleine die Kleine, die Feine,
die Reine, die Eine, die Eine.


The Rose, the Lily, the Dove, the Sun
I loved them all once in love's bliss.
I love them no more, I love only
the Small, the Fine, the Pure , the One
She herself the source of all love
is the Rose, Lily, Dove and Sun
I love only the Small, the Fine,
the Pure, the One, the One.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muß ich weinen bitterlich.

When I gaze into your eyes

When I look into your eyes,
all my sorrow and pain disappear;
but when I kiss your lips,
then I become wholly well.
When I lie upon your breast
a heavenly happiness comes over me;
but when you say: I love you!
then I must cry so bitterly.



Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.
Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süßer Stund'.

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome

Im Rhein, im schönen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem großen Dome,
Das große, heil'ge Cöln.
Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hinein gestrahlt.
Es schweben Blumen und Englein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

I want to plunge my soul

I will dip my soul
into the cup of the Lily;
the Lily should give resoundingly
a song about my beloved.
The Song should shudder and tremble,
like the Kiss from her Lips
that she once gave me
in a wonderfully sweet Hour.

In the Rhine, in the holy stream

In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
is it mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
the great, holy city Cologne.
In the Cathedral stands an image,
painted on golden leather;
into the wildness of my life
has it shone, friendly.
Flowers and little cherubs hover
around our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks
are exactly like those of my Love.



Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,

Ewig verlornes Lieb, ich grolle nicht,

Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht

Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,

Ich sah dich ja im Traume,

Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,

Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frißt,

Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

ich grolle nicht, ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge

I bear no grudge, even when my heart is breaking,

Love lost forever, I bear no grudge.

Although you shine in diamond splendor,

No beam falls into the night of your heart.

I will know that for a long time.

I bear no grudge, and when my heart is breaking

I saw you in my dreams

and saw the night in the room of your heart,

and saw the serpent that bites your heart,

I saw, my dear, how truly miserable you are.

I bear no grudge, I bear no grudge.

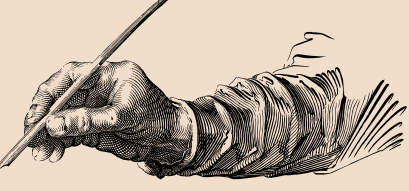


Gabriel Fauré



Gabriel Urbain Fauré (1845-1924) was known for his contributions to many well known works for piano and songs.

“Après un rêve” (After a Dream), a poem in titled “Dans un sommeil” by Romain Bussine, clearly demonstrates the feeling of waking up from a beautiful dream and longing to return to it.



Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore ;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines
entrevues.


Hélas ! Hélas ! triste réveil des songes
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse !

After a dream

In a sleep charmed by your image,
I dreamed of happiness, burning mirage.
Your eyes were milder, your voice pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky lit by the aurora;

You called to me and I left the earth
To flee with you toward the light.
The heavens opened their clouds for us,
Unknown splendors, divine glimmers met us,

Alas! Alas! Sad awakening from dreams...
I demand of you, night, give back to me your lies,
Return, return in radiance,
Return, mysterious night!



Francis Poulenc



Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) composed piano works, choral pieces, operas, orchestral concert music, and numerous songs.

“Nous avons fait la nuit”, from the song cycle “La Fraîcheur et le Feu” (Freshness and Fire), is a setting of poem by Paul Éluard. This song describes love, passion, and the intimate connection between two lovers.




Nous avons fait la nuit

Nous avons fait la nuit
Je tiens ta main je veille
Je te soutiens de toutes mes forces
Je grave sur un roc l'étoile de mes forces.

Sillons profonds où la bonté de ton corps germera
Je me répète ta voix cachée ta voix publique

Je ris encore de l'orgueilleuse
Que tu traites comme une mendicante
Des fous que tu respectes
Des simples où tu te baignes.

Et dans ma tête qui se met doucement d'accord
Avec la tienne avec la nuit
Je m'émerveille de l'inconnue que tu deviens
Une inconnue semblable à toi
Semblable à tout ce que j'aime
Qui est toujours nouveau.






We have made night

We have made night
I hold your hand I watch over you
I sustain you with all my strength
I engrave on a rock the star of your strength

deep furrows where the goodness of your body will germinate
I repeat to myself your secret voice your public voice

I laugh still at the haughty woman
whom you treat like a beggar
at the fools whom you respect the simple folk in whom you
immerse yourself

and in my head which gently begins to harmonize
with yours with the night
I marvel at the stranger that you become
a stranger resembling you resembling all that I love
which is ever new.



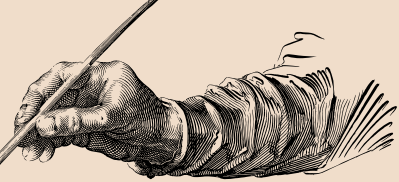
Claude Debussy



Claude Debussy (1862-1918) is well known as the most influential musician of the impressionist movement. His music is characterized by its ethereal, evocative and dreamlike moods, as we find in “Clair de Lune” (Moonlight).

“Aimons-nous et Dormons”, from Debussy’s “Trois Chansons de Bilitis”, is based on a poem written by a poet Pierre Louÿs, and expresses an intense perspective on love and intimacy.

Aimons nous et dormons




Aimons-nous et dormons
Sans songer au reste du monde!
Ni le flot de la mer, ni l'ouragan des monts
Tant que nous nous aimons
Ne courbera ta tête blonde,
Car l'amour est plus fort
Que les Dieux et la Mort!

Le soleil s'éteindrait
Pour laisser ta blancheur plus pure,
Le vent qui jusqu'à terre incline la forêt,
En passant n'oserait
Jouer avec ta chevelure,
Tant que tu cacheras
Ta tête entre mes bras!

Et lorsque nos deux coeurs
S'en iront aux sphères heureuses
Où les célestes lys écloront sous nos pleurs,
Alors, comme deux fleurs,
Joignons nos lèvres amoureuses,
Et tâchons d'épuiser
La mort dans un baiser!






Let us love

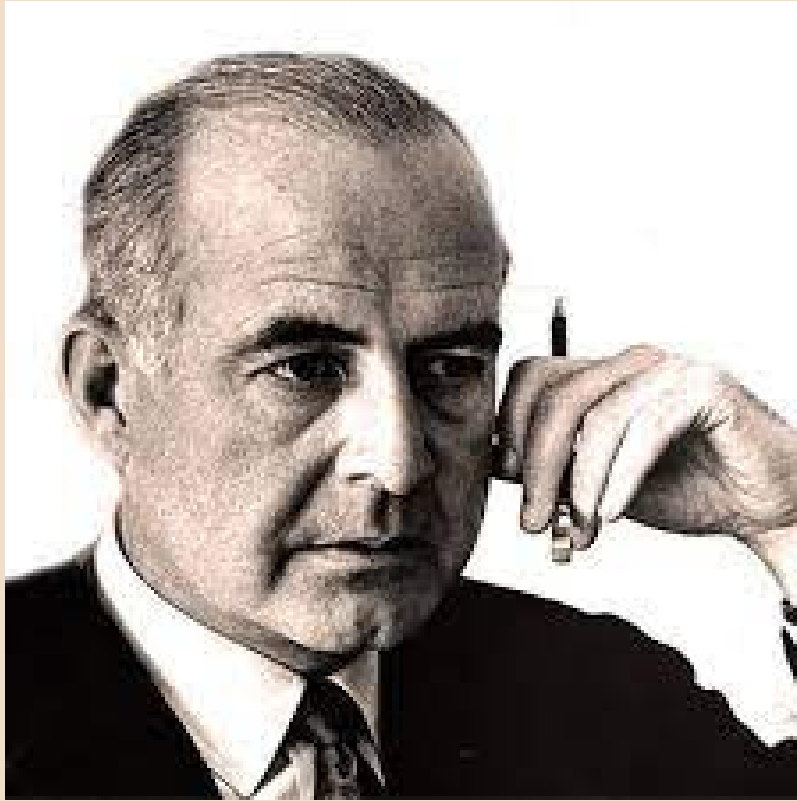
Let us love, let us sleep,
Without thinking of the rest of the world!
Neither the waves of the sea,
nor the storms in the mountains,
As soon as we're in love
Can harm the blond crown of your head,
For love is much stronger
Than gods and than death!

The sun extinguishes
Just to leave thy fair skin pure.
The wind, blowing through earth's forests,
passes and does not dare
play with your hair.
All this! If you rest
Your head in my arms.

And when our two hearts
Pass to blissful spheres,
Where celestial lilies blossom from our tears,
Then, like two flowers,
We'll lock our lips in love,
Seeking to deflect
Death in a kiss!



Samuel Barber



Samuel Barber (1910-1981) was one of the most important and influential American composers. He composed many piano work, Orchestra piece, operas, and songs.

Barber's "Three songs Op.45" are later works dedicated to a baritone he admired, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau who sang them at their first performance.



Three songs Op. 45

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose.

Now have I fed and eaten up the rose
Which then she laid within my stiffcold hand.
That I should ever feed upon a rose
I never had believed in liveman's land.

Only I wonder was it white or red
That flower that in the darkness my food has been.
Give us, and if Thou give, thy daily bread,
Deliver us from evil, Lord, amen.

A Green Lowland of Pianos

In the evening as far as the eye can see herds of black pianos
Up to their knees in the mire they listen to the frogs.
They gurgle in water with chords of raputre
They are entranced by froggish, moonish spontaneity.
After the vacation they cause scandals in a concert hall
during the artistic milking
Suddenly they lie down like cows.
Looking with indifference at the white flowers of the audience
at the gesticulating of the ushers
Black pianos, Black pianos

O boundless, boundless evening

O boundless, boundless evening.

Soon the glow of long hills on the skyline will be gone,
Like clear dream country now, richhued by sun.

O boundless evening where the cornfields throw
The scattered daylight back in an aureole.

Swallows high up are singing, very small.

On every meadow glitters their swift flight,
In woods of rushes and where tall masts stand
In brilliant bays.

Yet in ravines beyond

Between the hills already nests the night.





Kim Ohyeon

Kim Ohyeon is a third-year Tenor from South Korea. Ohyeon was born into a family of musicians and, thanks to his father who is a Baritone in Korea, he had easy access to classical music in his youth, discovering his passion for classical singing. From there, he began his musical journey in 2020 at the age of 17 where he received classical voice training at Donghwa High School in his home country.

During his time at YSTCM, Kim has joined in various solo and choral singing performances such as Bach's St. John Passion (2022) and A Gala for Creation (2023), performing in "Die Schöpfung" by Franz Joseph Haydn. He also sang the roles of "The Narrator" and "El Gallo" in "The Fantasticks" by Harvey Schmidt(2023) . He was also honored to have the opportunity to attend a masterclass by Stephen Robertson, a world renowned Classical Voice professor at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland.

Darrell Lim

Darrell Lim is a 2nd year piano student studying at the Yong Siew Toh (YST) Conservatory of Music under full scholarship. He currently studies with Lim Yan and receives vocal accompaniment coaching from Dr Choi Hye-Seon. Prior to his studies at YST, he studied with Dr Khoo Hui Ling and Sylvia Ng.

His other musical endeavours include being a saxophonist during his schooling years as part of his school's symphonic wind band. Most notably, he served his national service in the Singapore Armed Forces ceremonial band.