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Concert recording 2013-10-11

Moon-Sook Park

Kathleen Maurer

Johan Botes

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MUSIC
UNIVERSITY
OF ARKANSAS

The University of Arkansas
Fulbright College of Arts & Sciences
Department of Music presents

Duo Faculty Recital (*Belle Nuit...a beautiful night*)

Moon Sook Park, *soprano*
Kathleen Maurer, *mezzo-soprano*
Johan Botes, *piano*

Friday, October 11, 2013
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

Duets Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809-1847)

Gruss Op. 63 No. 3
Abschiedslied der Zugvogel Op. 63 No. 2
Herbstlied Op. 63 No. 4

From *Zigeunermelodien Op. 55* Anton Dvorak (1841-1904)

Mein Lied ertont, ein Liebespsalm
Ei, ei wie mein Triangle wunderherrlich lautet
Als die Mutter mich noch lehrte singen
Darf des Falken Schwinge

- Moon-Sook Park-

Spirituals

Weepin' Mary Arr. H.T. Burleigh (1866-1949)
Ev'ry Time I Feel de Spirit Arr. H.T. Burleigh
I Want Jesus to Walk With Me Edward Boatner (1898-1981)

- Kathleen Maurer -

From *Siete Canciones populares Espanolas*; Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

El pano moruno
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Polo

- Moon-Sook Park -

- Intermission -

Folklore

Danny Boy Fred Weatherly (1848-1929)
There's Nae Lark Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
The Last rose of Summer Arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Oliver Cromwell Arr. Benjamin Britten

- Kathleen Maurer -

Opera Duets

Abendsegen from *Hänsel und Gretel* Engelbert Humperdinck (1854-1921)
Barcarole from *Des Les contes d'Hoffmann* Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)
Flower duet from *Lakme* Leo Delibes (1836-1891)

We hope you enjoy tonight's performance.

If you would like information on future Music Department performances,
Please visit our calendar of events online – www.music.uark.edu
Ushering and stage management for this concert are provided
by Sigma Alpha Iota and Phi Mu Alpha.

BIOGRAPHY

Moon-Sook Park, soprano, a native of Korea, began her professional career in Europe with over 200 performances as a soloist to her credit. Along with her theatrical performances she has also performed world-premieres at prominent music festivals such as the Darmstadt Neu-Musik-Festival, Victor Ulmann Memorial Concert, and Rossini Memorial Music Festival. Park holds degrees in vocal performance from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music (D.M.A.), Freiburg, Saarbrücken, and Stuttgart Musik Hochschule in Germany (M.M.), the Accademia di Canto Studio of Floriana Cavalli of Milan (*a private diploma*) and Seoul National University (B. Mus.). She studied voice with renowned singers including Siegmund Nimsgern, Barbara Honn, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and others. She also was a stipend recipient of K.A.A.D. in Germany and won the coveted Bayreuth Stipend Award for extraordinary young artists. Park's U. S. debut solo recital was at Carnegie Hall in 2001, and she has been active as a performer and scholar nationally and internationally in lecture recitals, solo concerts, chamber music, operatic works, avant-garde music, and master classes. Dr. Park joined the faculty at the University of Arkansas in 2012, having previously taught at Palm Beach Atlantic University, Long Island University and Seoul National University in Korea. Her former students sing professionally in Europe, Korea, and the United States, and hold professorships in voice throughout those countries. In 2013, Dr. Park has been acclaimed for her debut solo recitals in Mexico, England, and Spain. Since 2010 she has been active as a voice faculty member at the Saarbürg Summer International Music Festival in Germany.

Kathleen Maurer, mezzo-soprano has performed extensively in Germany and throughout the United States. In Germany she sang for over fourteen years as a member of the opera companies at the Stadtische Bühne in Hagen and the National theater in Mannheim. During this time she sang in approximately 2,800 performances of over 100 operas, operettas, and musicals. Since her return from Germany she has performed in operas, oratorios, recitals, orchestral concerts, and chamber music concerts throughout the United States. She is also an invited lecturer and master clinician. Her recent performances include: Alto Soloist with the Dayton Philharmonic Orchestra in Handel's *Messiah* and Schubert's *Mass in A-flat*; solo recitals at the Euromusic Centre for Music Studies in Toronto, Canada, the University of South Carolina, DePauw University, Indiana Wesleyan University, Butler University, Ball State University, and the Dayton Art Institute; and guest artist performances for New Music Festivals at Palm Beach Atlantic University and Ball State University. Dr. Maurer has commissioned and premiered several chamber works, and has also published two book chapters on German and French Diction. She is Associate Professor of Voice Performance at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, where she teaches applied voice lessons, diction classes, and opera workshop. Prior to her current position she taught at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio. Dr. Maurer holds degrees in vocal performance from the University of Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music (D.M.A.), Bowling Green State University (M.M.) and Butler University (B.Mus.).

Johan Botes, piano

Dr. Johan Botes is known for his extraordinary versatility as a soloist, collaborative musician, and teacher; a career which has brought him recognition in concerts around the world. A native of South Africa, Botes showed musical promise from an early age. Among many notable awards in his native country, he was the 2007 First Prize Winner of the Third UNISA/Vodacom National Piano Competition playing Rachmaninoff's technically demanding Third Piano Concerto to a standing ovation; a performance for which he also won the Desmond Willson Memorial Prize for best concerto in the final round. As a soloist, Botes has performed in venues worldwide. He has appeared as soloist with the Chamber Orchestra of South Africa, the KwaZulu-Natal Philharmonic Orchestra in Durban as well as the University of Pretoria Symphony Orchestra. He has also performed in Prague with the Hadrec Kralove Orchestra in 2003 and in 2005 he toured to Bulgaria where he played with the Varna Philharmonic Orchestra in Varna. Dr. Botes holds a D.M.A in Piano Performance from the University of Texas at Austin and a M.M from the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. He received another M.M. as well as his B.M. from the University of Pretoria in South Africa. He is currently lecturing in Piano, Group and Collaborative Piano as well as Organ at The University of Arkansas in Fayetteville.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

From Duets Op. 63 by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

Gruss (Greeting)

Wohin ich geh' und schaue, in Feld und Wald und Tal,
Vom Hügel hin auf die Aue,
Vom Berg aufwärts weit ins Blaue
Grüß ich dich tausendmal.

Wherever I go and look, in field and forest and plain,
down the hill to the mead;
down the mountain to the blue ocean
I greet you a thousand times.

In meinem Garten find' ich viel Blümchen schon und fein,
Viel Kranze wohl draus wind' ich
Und tausend Gedanken bind' ich
Und Grüße mit darein.

In my garden I find many flowers, pretty and nice,
many garlands I bind from them
and a thousand thoughts
and greetings I weave into them.

Dir darf ich keinen reichen, du bist zu hoch und schon,
Die müssen zu bald verbleichen,
Die Liebe nur ohne gleichen bleibt ewig im Herzen stehn.

Her I must not give one, you are so noble and beautiful,
They all have to fade soon
Only unequalled love stays in the heart forever

Abschiedlied der Zugvogel (The migrants' farewell song)

Wie war so schön doch Wald und Feld!
Wie ist so traurig jetzt die Welt!
Hin ist die schöne Sommerzeit,
Und nach der Freude kam das Leid.

Oh how lovely were the woods and fields!
How sad the world is now!
The beautiful summertime is gone,
And after joy came sorrow.

Wir wußten nichts von Ungemach,
Wir saßen unterm Laubdach
Vergnügt und froh beim Sonnenschein,
Und sangen in die Welt hinein.

We knew nothing of pain,
We sat under the leafy canopy
Content and joyful in the sunshine,
And sang out into the world.

Wir armen Voglein trauern sehr:
Wir haben keine Heimat mehr,
Wir müssen jetzt von hinnen fliehn
Und in die weite Fremde ziehn.

We poor birds mourn so,
We no longer have a home,
We must now flee from here,
into the wide unknown.

Herbstlied (Autumn song)

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
Wandelt sich Frühling in Winterzeit!
Ach, wie so bald in trauerndes Schweigen
Wandelt sich alle der Frohlichkeit!

Oh, how soon the cycle ends,
Spring turns into wintertime!
Oh how soon all happiness turns to sad silence!

Bald sind die letzten Klänge verflogen!
Bald sind die letzten Sanger gezogen!
Bald ist das letzte Grün dahin!
Alle sie wollen heimwärts ziehn!

The last sounds soon fade!
The last songbirds are soon flown!
The last green is soon gone!
They all want to return home!

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,
Wandelt sich Lust in sehndes Leid.
Wart ihr ein Traum, ihr Liebesgedanken?
Süß wie der Lenz und schnell verweht?
Eines, nur eines will nimmer wanken:
Es ist das Sehnen, das nimmer vergeht.

Oh, how soon the cycle ends,
Merriness turns to longing sorrow.
Were you a dream, you thoughts of love?
Sweet as spring and fast disappearing?
Only one thing will never wane:
The longing that never goes.

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen!
Ach, wie so bald in trauerndes Schweigen
Wandelt sich alle die Frohlichkeit!

Ah, how soon the cycle ends!
Oh how soon all happiness turns to sad silence!

From *Zigeunermelodien Op. 55 (Gypsy Melody)* by Anton Dvorak

Mein Lied ertont, ein Liebespsalm (My song sounds of love)

Mein Lied ertont, ein Liebespsalm,
Beginnt der Tag zu sinken
Und wenn das Moos der welke Halm
Tauperlen Heimlich trinken

Mein Lied ertont voll Wanderlust,
In grünen Waldeshallen,
Und auf der Puszta weitem Plan
Lass' froh mein Sang erschallen.

Mein Lied ertont voll Liebe auch,
wenn Heidestürme toben;
wenn sich befreit zum letzten Hauch
des Bruders Brust gehoben!

My song sounds of love
When the old day is dying;
It is sowing its shadows
And reaping a collection of pearls.

My song resonates with longing
Thro' leafy forest hall.
And on the Puszta wide plan,
Let my joyful song sound.

My song also resounds full of love
While unplanned storms hasten.
When to yield his latest breath
A brother's breast is heaving!

Ei, ei wie mein Triangel wunderherrlich lautet (Ah! Why is my three-cornered bell ringing?)

Ei! Ei, wie mein Triangel wunderherrlich lautet!
Leicht bei solchen Klängen in den Tod man schreitet!
In den Tod man schreitet beim Triangelschallen!
Lieder, Reigen, Liebe, lebewohl dem allen!

Ah! How my triangle ringing so passionately?
As a gypsy song when death is imminent -
The death of a gypsy brings an end to song, dance, love
And all concerns!

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen (When my old mother taught me to sing)

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen,
Tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft hir hingen.

Jetzt wo ich die Kleinen selber üb' im Sange,
Riesel't's mir vom Auge,
rieselt's oft mir auf die braune Wange!

When my old mother taught me to sing,
She often had tears in her eyes.

And now I also weep down on my brown cheek
When I teach gypsy children to play and sing!

Darf des Falken Schwinge Tatrahoh'n...(Given a cage to live in made of pure gold)

Darf des Falken Schwinge Tatrahoh'n umrauschen,
wird das Felsenest er mit dem Kafig tauschen.

Kann das wilde Fohlen jagen durch die Heide,
wird's am Zaum und Zügel finden seine Freude.

Hat Natur Zigeuner etwas dir gegeben,
Jah! zur Freiheit schuf sie mir das ganze Leben!

Given a cage to live in made of pure gold,
The Gypsy would exchange it for the freedom of a nest of
thorns.

Just as a wild horse rushes to the wasteland,
Seldom bridled and reined in...

So too the gypsy nature has been given eternal freedom.

-Translation from Czech to German and English from the N. Simrock Edition and by Gayle Royko Heuser-

From *Siete Canciones populares Espanolas (Seven Popular Spanish Songs)* by Manuel de Falla

El Pano Moruno (The moorish cloth)

Al pano fino, en la tienda, una mancha le cayo;
Por menos precio se vende, porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

On the fine cloth in the store a stain has fallen;
It sells at a lesser price, because it has lost its value.
Alas!

Asturiana (Asturian)

Por ver si me consolaba, arrime a un pino verde,
Por ver si me consolaba.
Por verme llorar, lloraba. Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

To see whether it would console me, I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.
To see whether it would console me.
Seeing me weep, wept.

-Translated by Claudia Landivar Cody-

Jota (Jota); a folk dance from northern Spain, danced in couples in fast triple time

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazon y al mio se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de ti,
De tu casa y tu ventana,
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adios, nina, hasta manana.
Aunque no quiera tu madre...

They say we don't love each other
Because they never see us talking
But they only have to ask both your heart and mine.

Now I bid you farewell your house
And your window too
And even ... your mother
Farewell, my sweetheart until tomorrow.
Although not want to your mother..

- Translated by Anne Evans -

Nana (Nana)

Duermete, nino, duerme, duerme, mi alma,
Duermete, lucerito de la manana.
Nanita, nana, nanita, nana.
Duermete, lucerito de la manana.

Go to sleep, child, sleep, sleep
My soul, go to sleep,
Lulla-lullaby, lulla-lullaby,
Go to sleep, little star of the morning.

- Translated by Claudia Landivar Cody -

Polo (Polo)

¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Ay! Que a nadie se la dire!
Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
¡Ay! ¡Y quien me lo dio a entender!
¡Ay!

Ay!
I keep an "Ay!"
I keep a pain in my breast,
Ay! Which I will not tell anyone!
Cursed be love, cursed;
Ay! And the one that brought me to know it!
Ay!

-Translated by Laura Claycomb -

‘Abendsegen’ from *Hansel und Gretel* (Evening Blessing, from *Hansel and Gretel*) by Engelbert Humperdinck

In this charming scene from Act II, Hansel and Gretel, who have lost their way in the woods, are visited by the Sandman and become very sleepy. They sing their bedtime prayers in this duet, about fourteen angels who will guard them in their sleep.

Hansel: Sandmann war da!
Gretel: Lass uns den Abendsegen beten.

Abends will ich schlafen gehn,
Vierzehn engle um mich stehn,
Zwei zu meinen Haupten,
Zwei zu meinen Fussen,
Zwei zu meiner Rechten,
Zwei zu meiner Linken,
Zweie, die mich decken,
Zweie, die mich wecken,
Zweie, die zum Himmel weisen!

Sandman was here!
Let us say our evening prayers.

Evenings when I wish to go to sleep,
Fourteen angels stand around me,
Two at my head,
Two at my feet,
Two on my right side,
Two on my left side,
Two who cover me up,
Two who wake me,
Two who show me the way to Heaven!

-Translated by Kathleen Maurer-

“Barcarolle” from *Les Contes d’Hoffmann* (The Tales of Hoffmann) by Jacques Offenbach

This duet at the beginning of Act II is sung by Giuletta, a courtesan, and Niklausse, Hoffmann’s companion. The rocking motion of the music summons a picture of a gondola floating past, as the two singers describe the raptures of a beautiful night of love.

Belle nuit, o nuit d’amour,
Souris a nos ivresses!
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
O belle nuit d’amour!
Le temps fuir et sans retour
Empport nos tendresses,
Loin de cet heureux sejour
Le temps fuit sans retour.
Zephirs embrases,
Versez-nous vos caresses.
Zephirs embrases,
Donnez-nous vos baisers!
Belle nuit, o nuit d’amour,
Souris a nos ivresses!
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
O belle nuit d’amour!

Beautiful night, oh night of love,
Smile upon our raptures!
Night far sweeter than the day,
Oh beautiful night of love!
Time is fleeing and without return
It carries our tendernesses,
Far from this happy sojourn
Time flees without return.
Gentle illuminating breezes,
Pour out your caresses.
Gentle breezes that inflame,
Give us your kisses!
Beautiful night, oh night of love,
Smile upon our raptures!
Night far sweeter than the day,
Oh beautiful night of love!

-Translated by Kathleen Maurer-

“Sous le dome epais” (Beneath the wooded canopy) from *Lakme* by Leo Delibes

This duet sung by Lakme, the daughter of a Brahman priest, and Mallika, her slave, takes place in Act I in a sacred garden full of flowers near the temple. The two young women sing of the beginning of the day, the white jasmine and the roses, and that they will go down to the pond and gather the blue lotuses.

Lakme

Viens, Mallika, les lianes en fleurs
Jettent déjà leur ombre
Sur le ruisseau sacre
Qui coule, calme et sombre,
Eveille par le chant des oiseaux tapageurs!

Mallika

Oh! Maîtresse.
C’est l’heure où je puis lire
L’heure benie où je puis lire
Dans le coeur toujours ferme
Sous le dome epais
Où le blanc jasmine a la rose s’assemble...
Sur la rive en fleurs, riant au matin
Viens, descendons ensemble.
Doucelement glissons;
De son flot charmant
Suivons le courant fuyant.
Dans l’onde fremissante,
D’une main nonchalante,
Viens, gagnons le bord
Où la source dort

Lakme

Come, Mallika, the flowering vines
are already casting their shadows
over the sacred stream
which flows, calm and deep,
Awakened by the song of noisy birds.

Mallika

Oh, mistress,
it’s the hour when I may see you smile—
the blessed hour when I can read
into the ever locked heart of Lakme!
Beneath the wooded canopy
where the white jasmine entwines with the rose...
upon the flowering bank, greeting the morning...
Come, let us go down together.
Let us glide gently;
upon its delightful billows
Let us follow the running current.
Upon the shimmering water,
with a languid hand,
come, we’ll reach the shore
where the spring is still

Et l'oiseau chante.

Sous le dome epais,
Sous le blanc jasmin,
Ah! Descendons ensemble!

Lakme

Dome epais,
Le jasmine a la rose s'assemble...
Rive en fleurs, frais matin,
Nous appellent ensemble.
Ah! Glissons
En suivant le courant fuyant.
Dans l'onde fremissante,
D'une main nonchalante,
Gagnons le bord ou l'oiseau chante.
Dome epais, blanc jasmin,
Nous appellent ensemble!

Mais, je ne sais quelle crainte subite
S'empare de moi;
Quand mon pere va seul
A leur ville maudite,
Je tremble d'effroi!

Mallika

Pour que le Dieu Ganeça le protege
Jusqu'a l'etang ou s'ebattent joyeux
Les cygnes aux ailes de neige,
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.
Ah!

Lakme

Oui, pres des cygnes aux ailes de neige
Allons cueillir les lotus bleus.
Ah!

And the birds sing.

Beneath the wooded canopy,
beneath the white jasmine,
Ah, we will go down together!

Lakme

Wooded canopy...
jasmine entwines with the rose...
flowering river bank, fresh morning—
Together, they call to us.
Ah, let us glide,
Following the running current.
Upon the shimmering water,
with a languid hand,
we'll reach the shore where the birds sing.
Wooded canopy, white jasmine—
Together, they call to us!

But, I know not what sudden fear
possesses me;
when my father goes alone
to their cursed village,
I tremble with fear!

Mallika

That the god Ganesha may protect him,
as far as to the pond where joyfully frolic
the swans with snowy white wings
Let us go and gather the blue lotuses.
Ah!

Lakme

Yes, near the swans with snowy white wings
Let us go and gather the blue lotuses.
Ah!

-Translation by Martha Gerhart-