

U P C O M I N G P E R F O R M A N C E S

MUSIC PERFORMANCES

Guest Artist Concert / Vincent Warnier, Organ	April 21, 7:30 p.m.	ORH
All Choral Concert	April 24, 7:30 p.m.	GCH
Trombone Studio Recital / FREE	April 24, 7:30 p.m.	ORH
Woodwind Area Recital / FREE	April 25, 7:30 p.m.	ORH
Graduate String Quartet Recital	April 26, 7:30 p.m.	ORH
New Music Ensemble Concert	April 28, 7:30 p.m.	GCH
Freshman Voice Studio Recital / FREE	April 29, 2 p.m.	ORH
World Percussion Concert	April 29, 4 p.m.	GCH
Concert Orchestra and Concert Band Concert / FREE	April 29, 7:30 p.m.	GCH

DANCE PERFORMANCES

Spring Dance Concert	April 20, 21, 7:30 p.m.	UDT
Spring Dance Concert	April 21, 2 p.m.	UDT
Spring Dance Capstone Concert	May 4, 5, 7:30 p.m.	UDT
Spring Dance Capstone Concert	May 5, 2 p.m.	UDT

THEATRE PERFORMANCES

<i>Urinetown, The Musical</i> by Greg Kotis	April 27, 28, May 3, 4, 5, 7:30 p.m.	UT
<i>Urinetown, The Musical</i> by Greg Kotis	April 29, May 6, 2 p.m.	UT
Rockband Project Concert / FREE	May 10, 6:30 p.m.	UT

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ORGAN RECITAL HALL / UNIVERSITY CENTER FOR THE ARTS

APRIL 19, 2018 / 7:30 P.M.

GUEST ARTIST SERIES

YOU-SEONG KIM
VOICE



Colorado State University

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE AND DANCE

TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

Il mio ben quando verrà from *Nina* / **GIOVANNI PAISIELLO (1740-1816)**

Nel cor più non mi sento from *L'amor contrastato*

Sex digte af Henrik Ibsen, *Op. 25 (Six Poems by Henrik Ibsen)* / **EDVARD GRIEG (1843-1907)**

Spillemaend
En svane
Stambogsrin
Med en vandlilje
Borte
En fuglewise

Sanyuhwa (Wild Flowers of the Mountain) / **SUN NAM KIM (1917-1983)**

Kkotkku-reum ssoge (In Flowery Clouds) / **HEUNG LYEOL LEE (1909-1980)**

Ihwau (Pear Blossom Rain) / **WON-JU LEE (b. 1979)**

INTERMISSION

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D. 965 / **FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)**

Copper Ferreira, clarinet

Amor from Cabaret Songs / **WILLIAM BOLCOM (b. 1938)**

Content to Be Behind Me / **BEN MOORE (b. 1960)**

In Christ Alone / **KEITH GETTY (b. 1974)** arr. You-Seong Kim

VI. Keith Getty's modern hymn "In Christ Alone" inspired many people with its powerful lyric and the simple but appealing music. About the memorable aspect of the song, the lyricist Stuart Townend said as follows:

I believe the lyrics of "In Christ Alone" succinctly express theological truths about the life, death, and saving power of Christ through his sacrificial death on the cross. Yet the song is more than didactic theology. As we've shared the hymn in churches, we've witnessed the passion and emotion it evokes.

It was only last year, though, that the current singer became to know this wellknown hymn through a friend named Kevin Garrett who died of acute Leukemia in November, 2016. Earlier than that, when I asked him if he wanted to hear any song in my voice, he chose this song. After looking at the songs, I arranged it for my voice. As Kevin wished, my singing of this song was played during his funeral. I am very thankful to Kevin for having introduced me this powerful song. I will cherish and share it with others for my life.

In Christ Alone (Stuart Townend)

In Christ alone my hope is found
He is my light, my strength, my song
This Cornerstone, this solid ground
firm through the fiercest drought and storm
What heights of love, what depths of peace,
when fears are stilled, when strivings
cease
My Comforter, my All in All,
here in the love of Christ I stand.

In Christ alone, who took on flesh
fullness of God in helpless babe
This gift of love and righteousness
scorned by the ones He came to save
'Til on that cross as Jesus died
the wrath of God was satisfied
For every sin on Him was laid
here in the death of Christ I live.

There in the ground His body lay,
light of the world by darkness slain
Then bursting forth in glorious Day,
up from the grave He rose again
And as He stands in victory,
sin's curse has lost its grip on me
For I am His and He is mine,
bought with the precious blood of Christ.

No guilt in life, no fear in death,
this is the power of Christ in me
From life's first cry to final breath
Jesus commands my destiny
No power of hell, no scheme of man
can ever pluck me from His hand
Till He returns or calls me home,
here in the power of Christ I'll stand.

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PROGRAM NOTES (cont.)

So sehrend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehrend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig
Zum Wandern bereit.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
je heller sie mir wieder klingt.

So longingly did sound the song,
so longingly through wood and night,
towards heaven it draws all hearts
With amazing strength.

The springtime will come,
the springtime, my happiness,
now must I make ready
to wander forth.

The farther that my voice resounds,
so much the brighter it echos.

V. Arnold Weinstein, who died in 2005, was a friend to many artists of all stripes in New York of the 1950s and later, and through him composer William Bolcom met and knew many great painters, poets, playwrights and musicians of the period. Over the thirty years they collaborated to produce many cabaret songs as well as three full length operas. Cabaret songs, in Weinstein's words, are "western balads sung in saloons of the Pecos, not in cabarets." Bolcom orchestrated total eight songs from his Cabaret collection including this song "Amor."

Amor (Arnold Weinstein)

It wasn't the policeman's fault in all the traffic roar
instead of shouting halt when he saw me he shouted Amor Amor Amor Amor.
Even this ice cream man (free ice cream by the score) instead of shouting Butt
Pecan
one look at me he shouted Amor Amor Amor.

All over town it went that way everybody took off the day
even philosophers understood how good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less, the rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no and yes, both looking at me shouted Amor.

My stay in town was cut short I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace and the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand and instead of Desist and Cease
Judge came to the stand took my hand and whispered Amor Amor Amor Amor.

Night was turning into day I walked alone away.
Never see that town again.

But as I passed the churchhouse door instead of singing Amen
the choir was singing Amor. Amor. Amor. Amor. Amor.

Regarding his composition of **Content to Be Behind Me**, composer Ben Moore wrote as follows in September 2009:

Deborah Voigt premiered this comedy song as an encore on a vocal recital at Carnegie Hall in the spring of 2007. I wrote it to honor the longtime collaboration of Ms. Voigt and the wonderful pianist, Brian Zeger. Sending up the neglect many accompanists feel, the song culminates with the pianist trying to interrupt a performance of Schubert's "Trout" with Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto.

The text was also written by the composer himself.

YOU-SEONG KIM is the head of the voice area and director of the Master of Music in Vocal Performance program at North Park University, where she teaches applied voice and vocal pedagogy. Before her appointment at North Park, she served for eight years on the voice faculty at Ohio University. Dr. Kim has performed in operas, concerts, and recitals throughout the United States, Canada, Austria, Germany, Portugal, Belgium and her native Korea. She has appeared in various roles with the Florentine Opera, Cincinnati Opera, Bloomington Early Music Festival, Korean National Opera Studio, University of Cincinnati Opera, Indiana University Opera theatre, WDR-Rundfunkorchester Köln, and the Kentucky Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Kim has been a top prize winner at the prestigious German art song competition, Internationaler Wettbewerb für Liedkunst (International Competition of German Arts Songs) in Stuttgart, 2004, and at Concours Chimay Chant Baroque (Chimay Baroque Singing Competition) in Belgium, in 2000. She was also a finalist at several singing competitions including the International Singing Competition in Cologne, Germany, and the International Opera Competition sponsored by the Center for Contemporary Opera in New York. She holds bachelors and masters degrees in voice from the Seoul National University, and a doctorate of musical arts in voice from College-Conservatory of Music at the University of Cincinnati, where she received the top prize at the Corbett Opera Scholarship Award Competition.



Pianist Terree Shofner-Emrich, a musician of unusual diversity and talent, made her Chicago Symphony Center debut in 1995 in George Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. Since then she has established herself as one of Chicago's premier pianists as a soloist, ensemble player and collaborative musician. She is pianist for the Chicago Symphony Orchestra & Symphony Chorus, where she has worked with many of the world's leading conductors, including Barenboim, Mehta, Solti, Ozawa, Levine, Chailly, Boulez, Eschenbach and Rostropovich.

During summer stints with the Chicago Symphony at Ravinia, she has played with violinists Miriam Fried, Gil Shaham, and world-renown bass-baritone Bryn Terfel. As a soloist and ensemble player, Ms. Shofner-Emrich has appeared in-concert on piano and harpsichord throughout the Midwest, South, Southeast and, recently, in St Martin-in-the-Fields in London, England and in Perouges, France. In Chicago in 1998 Ms. Shofner-Emrich made her operatic conducting debut conducting Ralph Vaughan Williams' Riders to the Sea and the world-premiere of Philip Seward's Spreading the News. In June 2013, she traveled to Orvieto, Italy to collaborate with Opera Tascabile in Mozart's Le Nozze di Figaro as rehearsal pianist and continuo player in the orchestra. Holding a Doctorate in Piano Performance from the University of Wisconsin, she joined the faculty of North Park University in Chicago in 1989. Prior to then she taught piano at Louisiana State University, Columbia College, and the University of Wisconsin. She served as Director of the School of Music at North Park University from 1999-2005.

PROGRAM NOTES WITH TEXT TRANSLATION

- I. Italian composer Giovanni Paisiello (1740– 1816) is best known by his 96 operas mostly comic ones with beautiful melodies. “Il mio ben quando verrà” is sung by the character Nina in the “sentimental comic” opera with the same title which was premiered in 1790. Nina is in love with Lindoro, but Lindoro gets mortally wounded in a duel with a rival. This results in a traumatic effect on Nina. In this scene, Nina clings to the expectation that Lindoro will return to her, and waits daily for him at the garden gate, although she lost her reason and no longer recognizes people including her family. The opera eventually ends happily.

Il mio ben quando verrà (Giambattista Lorenzi) When My Beloved Comes

Il mio ben quando verrà
a veder la mesta amica,
di bei fior s’ammanterà
la spiaggia aprica.
Ma nol vedo, e il mio ben,
ahimè! Non vien?

Mentre all’aure spiegherà
la sua fiamma, i suoi lamenti,
miti augei v’insegnerà
più dolci accenti.
Ma non l’odo. E chi l’udì?
Ah! il mio bene ammutolì.

Tu cui stanca omai già fe’
Il mio pianto, eco pietosa,
sorrows,
Ei ritorna e dolce a te
Chiede, chiede la sposa.
Pian, mi chiama; piano ahimè!
No, non mi chiama, oh Dio, non c’è!

“Nel cor più non mi sento” comes from L’amor contrastato(or La molinara) which was premiered in Naples in 1789. This little aria, originally a duet of man and woman in the opera, became very well known by Beethoven’s piano variations on the theme as well as many ornate solo versions of coloratura singers including Cecilia Bartoli.

Nel cor piu non mi sento (Giuseppe Palomba)

Nel cor più non mi sento
brillar la gioventù.
Cagion del mio tormento,
Amor, ci hai colpa tu(sei colpa tu).

Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi,
mi pungichi, mi mastichi;
che cosa è questa, ohimè?
Pietà, pietà, pietà!
Amore è un certo che,
Che disperar mi fa!
(che delilar mi fa!)

When my beloved comes
To see his sad friend,
he will clothe the sunny shore
In beautiful flowers.
But I do not see him, and my beloved,
alas, he does not come?

While he tells the breeze
of his love and sorrow,
he will teach you, gentle birds,
a more beautiful song.
But I do not hear him. Do you?
My beloved has fallen silent.

Pitying echo, to you whom
I have made wearily with my

he will return and sweetly
ask you to call his bride.
Quiet now, he calls me, quiet!
Oh Lord, he does not come.

In My Heart I Longer Feel

In my heart I no longer feel
the sparkle of youth.
The cause of my torment,
Love, you are guilty.
(there you have the guilt)

You pinch me, you stick me,
you prick me, you bite me;
What is this thing, alas?
Have pity, pity, pity!
Love is the certain thing,
which causes me to despair!
(which makes me delirious!)

PROGRAM NOTES (cont.)

i-peul bomyeo geu-dae nal
saeng-gakalkka?
Meol-li jeo meol-li oe-roun
geu-dae-mani
Kkume, kkumen-deul boilkkka?
Biga nunmuri doe-go hansum
kkotpparam doe-eo,
ah! Nae-mame geu-dae-ga jine
Kkotppi ssoge-seo
uri dasi mannalkka, kkumel!

Jeo-jeun baekko-cheun bidoe-eo
heun-nalligo
baramssoge heu-teo-jinda
geu-dae kkochi doe-eo

- IV. Der Hirt auf dem Felsen for voice, clarinet, and piano was composed in 1828 “at the request of the opera singer Anna Milder.” A few years earlier this celebrated soprano, then resident in Berlin, had told the composer what she expected from a lied (letters of 12 December 1828 and 8 March 1825). The composition should be intended “for a large audience,” and it should be “brilliant” and “capable of being sung in different tempi” so that the singer “can express a number of emotions.” At first Schubert hesitated to agree to Mme Milder’s requests as they did not conform to his own idea of what a lied should be. Actually, he did not write a lied but rather—within the context of his style—a “brilliant” three-section aria with stretta. For this reason, this lied is a literary “pastiche” put together from three different poems: Milhelm Müller’s Der Berghirt, unknown poem(presumably Varnhagen or Helmina von Chézy) for the middle section, and the concluding section with another poem of Müller, Liebesgedanken. - (Note by Walther Dürr)

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
in's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
und singe, und singe.

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
schwingt sich empor der Widerhall

der Widerhall der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
je heller sie mir wieder klingt
von unten, von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
hinüber, hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

You, would you also think of me?

Far, so far over there, lonely, only you,

Can I see you in a dream, in a dream?
Rain becomes tears,
sighs become flowery wind,
ah, you fall in my heart.
In the rain of flowers
will we be able to be meet again? In a
dream!

While wet pear blossoms flutter
as raindrops,
and scattered in the wind...
are you, as a flower.

The Shepherd on the Rock

When, from the highest rock up here,
I look deep down into the valley,
and sing, sing.

Far from the valley dark and deep
echoes rush through, upward and back
to me,
echoes from the valley.

The farther that my voice resounds,
so much the brighter it echos
from under, from under.

My sweetheart dwells so far from me,
I eagerly long to be with her
over there, over there.

I am consumed in misery,
happiness is far from me,
hope has one earth eluded me,
I am so lonesome here.

PROGRAM NOTES (cont.)

Kkotkku-reum ssoge (Dujin Bak)

Kkotpparam kkotpparam
ma-eul-mada hunhunhi bureo-ora
Boksakkot salgukkot hwanhan ssoge
gu-reum-cheo-reom kkotkku-reum
kkot-kkureum hwanhan ssoge

Kkotkkaru heut-ppuri-eo

ma-eul-mada jinhan
kkotyang-gi pung-gi-eo-ra

Chuwuwa jurime sidal-li-eo

han gyeo-u-nae umchigo tteol-myeo
saraon saram-deul
seo-reo-un yae-gi seo-reo-un yae-gi
A kkamake itkko
Kko-tyang-e kkot-tyang-e chwihayeo
adeu-kani kkotkku-reum ssoge

sseo-reo-jige ha-yeo-ra
nabi-cheo-reom
sseo-reo-jige ha-yeo-ra.

Maechang (1573 – 1610) was one of the most famous Gisaeng (female entertainer specifically trained in music, poetry, and art as Japanese Geisha) in Joseon dynasty (1392 – 1910) of Korea. Until she died at 37, Maechang had so much loved poetry and music that she asked others to bury herself with her favorite Geomungo (traditional Korean plucked string instrument). The poem was written when she was away from her lover for several years.

Young Korean female composer Won-ju Lee (b. 1979) fell in love with the poem and re-wrote it in modern Korean language. Upon composition of this song, Lee also borrowed a theme from Korean traditional instrumental court music called “Soojecheon.” In this composition, Lee aimed at combining elements of Korean traditional music and Western music. The song was originally written for a soprano voice and Korean string instrument “Ajeng,” but the composer also made a version for cello and baritone when she published the song in 2013.

Ihwau(Won-ju Lee)

Jeon-jeun baekkochi heun-nallilije
nunmul bidoe-eo tteo-reo-jine.
Bae-kkochi tteo-reo-jinda
bae-kkochi tteo-reo-jinda biga doe-eo
geu-dae-ga meo-reo-jinda,
geu-dae-ga meo-reo-jinda
sarang-e nuni meo-reo-jinda
geu-rium ttae-muniikka?
Ga-eul pparam heu-teo-jineun

In Flowery Clouds

Blow, blow the flowering wind
nicely for each village
the peach, apricot blossom in the light
like clouds, flowery clouds
flowery clouds, in the shining light.

may you spread the fragrance of the
flowers
with beautiful pollen everywhere

The people who suffered from the
cold and
hunger through the winter

sad stories sad stories
Ah, let us forget all of it
in the flower's fragrance, intoxicated,
with an ecstasy of happiness in
flowery clouds
let us fall into them,
like an ecstatic butterfly
falling into the flowery clouds.

Pear Blossom Rain

When wet pear blossoms flutter,
tears, becoming raindrops, fall.
Blossoms fall...
blossoms fall...becoming rain,
you drift apart,
you drift apart
my eyes become blind by love
Is it because of longing?
Seeing the falling leaves in the
autumn wind,

PROGRAM NOTES (cont.)

II. After the success of the Peer Gynt, Grieg looked at Ibsen's poetry for song texts. The six Ibsen settings Op. 25 were published in 1876 and were dedicated to Julius Steenberg (Dutch singer). Ibsen's poetry shows a wide diversity, from the purely elegiac imagery and expression to songs from his plays. It is interesting to note that Ibsen himself appreciated this setting of his poems by Grieg as shown in Grieg's letter to his friend:

Nina [singer and Grieg's wife] sang a great deal, including all my songs to Ibsen's poetry and, imagine, after lille Håkon and especially after Jeg kaldte Dig [Op. 25-3] and Svanen [Op. 25-2]! The ice-berg melted and with tears in his eyes he [Ibsen] came over to the piano, where we were, shook our hands, almost without being able to say anything...

Spillemaend

Til hende stod mine tanker
hver en sommerlys nat,
men vejen den bar til elven
i det duggede orekrat.
Hej, kjender du gru og sange,
kan du kogle den deliges sind,

så i store kirker og sale
hun mener at følge dig ind!
Jeg maned den våde af dybet;

Han spilled mig bent fra gud,
men da jeg var bleven hans mester,
I store kirker of sale
mig selv jeg spilled ind,
og fossens gru of sange

veg aldrig fra mit sind,
veg aldrig fra mit sind.

En Svane

Min hvide svane
du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille
lod sangrøst ane.
Angst beskyttende alfen, som sover,
altid lyttende gled hu henover.
Men sidste mødet, da eder og øjne

var lönlige lögne,
ja da, da löd det!
I toners föden
du sluttet din bane.
Du sang i döden;
du var dog en svane! En svane!

Fiddler

All my thoughts were with her
of a light summer evening,
but my path was to the river,
by the alder thicket, covered in dew.
Hey, you know of horror and of singing?
can you bewitch this beautiful creature's
mind;

So that in great churches and halls,
She will have to follow you in!
I called the water-sprite up from his
depths;
he played me away from God;
She had become my brother's bride.
In great churches and halls,
I played in myself,
but the horror and the singing of the
rushing
water never left my mind,
never left my mind.

A Swan

My white swan,
you mute, you quiet,
neither warble nor trill
let a singing voice be heard.
Fearfully protecting the elf who sleeps,
always listening, you glided away.
But the last meeting when oaths and
eyes
were secret lies,
Yes, then, then it sounded!
In music's birth
You ended your life.
You sang in death;
You were indeed a swan! A swan!

PROGRAM NOTES (cont.)

Stambogsrim

Jeg kaldte dig mit lykkebud;
Jeg kaldte dig min stjerne.
Du blev da også, sandt for Gud,
et lykkebud, der gik gik ud;
en stjerne, ja, et stjernesud,
der slukned i det fjerne.

Med en vandlilje

Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;
blomsten med de hvide vinger.
på de stille strømme båren
svam den drømmetung i våren.

Vill du den til hjemmet vie,
fæst den pådit bryst Marie;
bag dens blade da sig dølge
vil en dyb og stille bølge.

Vogt dig, barn, for tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme!
Nökken lader som han sover
Liljer leger oven over.

Barn, din barm er tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme;
liljer leger oven over;
nökken lader som han sover.

Borte!

De sidste gæster
Vi fulgte til grinden;
farvellets rester
tog nattevinden.
I tifold öde låhaven og huset,

hvor toner söde
mig nys berused.
Det var en fest kun
för natten den sorte;
hun var en gaest kun,
og nu er hun borte.

En fuglevise

Vi gik en dejlig vårdag
alléen op og ned;
lokkende som en gåde
var det forbudne sted.
Og vesten vinden vifted,
og himlen var så blå;
i linden sad en fuglemor
og sang for sine små.

An Album Page

I called you my happiness offerings;
I called you my star.
You also became true to God,
a bliss of happiness that went, went out;
a star, yes, a shooting star,
there drifted in the distance.

With a water lily.

Look, Marie, what I bring you;
a flower with white wings.
Born on quite currents,
bathed in dreams of springtime.

Will you cherish it,
place it at your bosom, Marie;
and hidden behind its petals,
Feel its deep still wave?

Beware, child, of the current.
It is dangerous to dream here!
water-sprite feigns sleep,
amongst the lilies.

Child, the current is your bosom.
It is dangerous to sleep here;
amongst the lilies,
water-sprite feigns sleep.

Gone!

The last guest
we accompanied to the gate;
Our goodbyes
died away in the night wind.
Completely quiet were garden and
house,
where sweet sounds
had earlier entranced me.
It was only a party
and now it is night;
She was just a guest,
and now she is gone.

Bird-Chirp

One spring day we wandered
up and down an avenue;
and intriguing as a riddle
Was that forbidden place,
and the west wind, it blew gentle,
and the sky was so blue;
in the linden tree sat a mother bird
And sang for her young.

PROGRAM NOTES (cont.)

Jeg malte digterbilleder med
legend farvesil;
to brune öjne lyste og lo og lytted til.

Over os kan vi höre
hvor det tisker og ler;
men vi, vi tog et smukt farvel,
og mödtes aldrig mer.

Og när jeg ensom driver
alléen op og ned,
Så har för de fjaerede småfolk
jeg aldrig ro og fred.

Fru spruv har siddet og lyttet,
mens vi troskyldigt gik,
og gjort om os en vise
og sat den i musik.

Den er i fuglemunde;
thi under lövets tag
hver næbbet sanger nynner om
hin lyse förårsdag.

III. *Sanyuhwa* written by the poet Kim Sowol, who is remarkable for his contributions to early modern Korean poetry, is one of the most beloved poems in Korea. It portrays a reflective but delicate atmosphere of one's affection through the contemplative scenery of nature - blooming and withering flowers and singing birds in the mountain.

Sanyuhwa (So Wol Kim)

Sane-neun kkot pine
kkochi pine kkochi pine.
Gal bom nyeo-reum eop-ssi
kkochi pine kkochi pine.
Sane sane pi-neun kko-cheun
jeo-manchi honja-seo pi-eo inne.
Sane-seo u-neun ja-geun sae-yeo
Kkochi joa sane-seo sanorane.

Sane-neun kkot jjine
kkochi jine kkochi jine.
Gal bom nyeo-reum eop-ssi
kkochi jine kkochi jine.

Although Kkotkku-reum ssoge was composed during the Japanese occupation, it exemplifies the composer's effort of overcoming the dark, difficult period of Korean history by giving a hopeful, cheerful message through his songs. In this song, the word "kkot (flower)" represents the spring as a hopeful season contrasting with the cold winter. The word is also emphasized by being combined with other words like "Flowery wind," "Flowery Cloud," "Flower Powder" (which means pollen), and "Flower Fragrance."

I painted images in the play of colors,
Two brown eyes, alive and laughing,
listened.

Above us we could hear them
chattering and chortling;
but we said goodbye to each other,
never to meet again.

And when I get a chance to wander
lonely along that avenue,
those feathery folk
Never let me in peace.

Mother sparrow had sat and listened
as we wandered innocent,
and wrote us into verse,
And turned us into song.

That is what the birds
sing under their leafy roof,
every beaked singer chirping
About that fair spring day.

Wild Flowers of the Mountain

Flowers bloom in the mountain
flowers bloom, flowers bloom.
spring, summer, and autumn through
flowers bloom, flowers bloom.
In the mountains far and near
Flowers bloom; way up in solitude.
Little birds singing in the mountains
they live in the hills for the love
of flowers.
Flowers wilt in the mountain.
Flowers wither, flowers wither.
Spring, summer, and autumn through
Flowers wilt.