

ONE VOICE OF SPRING



PIANO KI-SANG LEVI LEE 피아노 이기상

TENOR JINHO HWANG 테너 황진호

Friday. March 10 2023 7:00 pm Leonia United Methodist Church







Ki-sang Levi Lee, Pianist

Italian songs V. Bellini	Vaga luna che inargenti Malinconia, Ninfa gentile	Jinho Hwang,tenor
German lieder L.V.Beethoven	Adelaide, Op. 46	Joo Won Kang, baritone
Korean songs P. park H. Yoon	Mountain sunset(산노을) On the way to you(마중)	Jinho Hwang,tenor
Unknown H. Kim	- Song of Hope(희망가) First Love(첫사랑)	Joo Won Kang, baritone
Italian songs F. P. Tosti	Aprile (April-1882) Ideale (1882)	Jinho Hwang,tenor
French songs H. Duparc	Chanson triste Phidyle	Joo Won Kang, baritone
		Jinho Hwang,tenor Joo Won Kang, baritone
Opera aria & Zarazuela G. Donizetti	Una frutiva lagrima from L'elisir d'amore	Jinho Hwang,tenor
Soutullo & Vert	Ya Mis Horas Felices from La del Soto del Parral	Joo Won Kang, baritone
G. PucciniIn-un		orni Jinho Hwang,tenor Joo Won Kang, baritone









Joo Won Kang Baritone

Joo Won Kang, South Korean baritone, made his Metropolitan Opera debut last season as Marcello in La Boheme. He also appeared in the company's new production of Don Carlos. Mr Kang has appeared in leading roles, such as

Figaro in The Barber of Seville, Germont in La Traviata, Papageno in The Magic Flute, Dandini in La Cenerentola, Sharpless in Madama Butterfly, the title role in Eugene Onegin and Ping in Turandot in opera companies throughout the US, including San Francisco Opera, Seattle Opera, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, Arizona Opera, Wolf Trap Opera and Utah Opera. He sang the role of Chou En-lai in John Adams' Nixon in China with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, conducted by the composer, and he made his New York City Opera debut as Manfredo in L'Amore dei Tre Re. At the Wexford Festival, he sang the leading baritone roles in 2 rare operas, Donizetti's Maria de Rudenz and Leoni's L'Oracolo, as well as appearing there in recital. Mr. Kang is a Top Prize winner in such important Vocal Competitions as Gerda Lissner Foundation, Opera Index, McCammon Competition and Giulio Gari International Competition.

This season, he returns to the Metropolitan Opera to cover Germont in La Traviata, a role he sings with Seattle opera in the spring of 2024.















Jinho Hwang, tenor

Jinho Hwang is rapidly establishing himself as an international contender in the Italian bel canto and operatic repertoire. Mr. Hwang has appeared in leading roles, such as Cavaradossi in Tosca, Rodolfo in La Boheme, Romeo in

Romeo et Juliete, Calaf in Turandot, Edgardo in Lucia di Lammermoor, and Ismaele in Nabucco, in opera companies throughout the US, including Detroit Opera, Opera Carolina, Utah Festival Opera, Opera St. Louis, Boston Lyric Opera, Tolido Opera, Dayton Opera, Opera North, Taconic Opera, El Paso Opera. He sang as soloist in Rossini's Stabat Mater with Choral Society of the Hamptons, in Mendelssohn Elijah, in Handel's Messiah, in Verdi's Requiem, etc. He has performed as soloist at Yeosu International EXPO Celebrating Concert and Wine & Food Festival Celebrating Open Concert in Daejeon City. Mr. Hwang is a winner in such important Vocal Competitions as Irene Dalis International Vocal Competition, Bel Canto Foundation Voice Competition, C. William Byrd Young Artist Competition, Annapolis Opera Vocal Competition, Vera Scammon S.O.S. International Vocal Competition.

Jinho Hwang has recently consulted and directed the various performances as Ulsan Philharmonic Orchestra Concert with Soprano Sumi Jo, the world famous organist, Dian Bish Organ Concert, Korea fantasy, World Choral Festival, etc. Currently Mr. Hwang is a president of GWB International Foundation, and CEO of JH Arts Corp.















Ki-Sang Levi Lee, pianist

Pianist Ki-Sang Levi Lee, was born at Seoul, South-Korea. He started his first Musical Education at Korean age 10, as a Classical Composition major with Korean composer YoungJo Lee in Gifted Academy of Korea

National Institute for Gifted in Arts. After he started Piano Performance, he studied in Kaywon High- School of Arts and Chung Ang University, where he received his Bachelor of Music's degree as a full-scholarship award. During his study in South-Korea, he was selected as the only collaborative pianist for the Chung Ang University Orchestra Concert, which was scheduled at Lotte Concert Hall, and won the prize from Chunchu Music Competition.

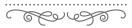
He is currently studying his Master of Music's degree in Manhattan School of Music in New York City with MSM Scholarship Awards,

under Pianist Jeffrey Cohen. Also, he is working at the Precollege division of MSM as a collaborative pianist various hall of New York and New Jersey. Most recent, he performed at Semi-Finalist Gala Concert of George Gershwin International Piano Competition, which is the one of the most authoritative competition in United States.





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LYRICS TRANSLATION

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Vaga luna, che inargenti queste rive e questi fiori ed inspiri agli elementi il linguaggio dell'amor;

testimonio or sei tu sola del mio fervido desir, ed a lei che m'innamora conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza il mio duol non può lenire, che se nutro una speranza, ella è sol nell'avvenir.

Dille pur che giorno e sera conto l'ore del dolor, che una speme lusinghiera mi conforta nell'amor. Lovely moon, you who shed silver light On these shores and on these flowers And breathe the language Of love to the elements,

You are now the sole witness Of my ardent longing, And can recount my throbs and sighs To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance Cannot assuage my grief, That if I cherish a hope, It is only for the future.

Tell her that, day and night, I count the hours of sorrow, That a flattering hope Comforts me in my love.

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile, la vita mia consacro a te; i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile, ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei; m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò, né mai quel fonte co' desir miei, né mai quel monte trapasserò Melancholy, gentle nymph,
I devote my life to you.
One who despises your pleasures
Is not born to true pleasures.
I asked the gods for fountains and hills;

They heard me at last; I live satisfied Even though, with my desires, I never Go beyond that fountain and that mountain



Einsam wandelt dein Freund im Frühlingsgarten, Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht umflossen, Das durch wankende Blütenzweige zittert, Adelaide!

In der spiegelnden Flut, im Schnee der Alpen, In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken, Im Gefilde der Sterne strahlt dein Bildnis, Adelaide!

Abendlüfte im zarten Laube flüstern, Silberglöcken des Mais im Grase säuseln, Wellen rauschen und Nachtigallen flöten: Adelaide!

Einst, o Wunder! entblüht auf meinem Grabe Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens; Deutlich schimmert auf jedem Purpurblättchen: Adelaide! Your friend wanders lonely in the spring garden, Gently bathed in the magical sweet light. That shimmers through swaying boughs in bloom, Adelaide!

In the mirroring waves, in the Alpine snows, In the golden clouds of the dying day, In the fields of stars your image shines, Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves, The silvery bells of May rustle in the grass, Waves murmur and nightingales sing: Adelaide!

One day, O miracle! there shall bloom on my grave A flower from the ashes of my heart; On every purple leaf shall clearly shimmer: Adelaide!



Mountain Sunset (心上雲)

M

면 산을 호젓이 바라보면 누군가 부르네 산넘어 노을에 젖는 내 눈썹에 잊었던 목소린가 산울림 외로이 산 넘고 행여나 또 들리는 한마음 아--아 산 울림이 내 마음 울리네 다가왔던 봉우리 물러가면 산그림자 슬며시 지나가네

나무에 가만히 기대보면 누군가 숨었네 언젠가 꿈속에 와서 내 마음에 던져진 그림잔가 돌아서며 수줍게 눈감고 가지에 또 숨어버린 모습 아--아 산 울림이 그 모습 더듬네 다가섰던 그리운 바람되어 긴 가지만 어둠에 흔들리네 When I stare at the distant mountains, someone calls

Is it the forgotten voice in my eyebrows drenched in the sunset across the mountain?

Crossing the mountain alone, I can hear the unison again and again Ah--ah, the sound of the mountain echoes in my heart When the approaching peak retreats, the shadow of the mountain passes by

If you lean against a tree, someone is hiding

A picture that came to my dream one day and was thrown into my heart Turning around, shyly closing my eyes and hiding in a branch again Ah--ah, the sound of the mountain follows that figure It has become the longing wind that has approached, but its long branches are swaying in the darkness





사랑이 너무 멀어 올 수 없다면 내가 갈게 말 한마디 그리운 저녁 얼굴 마주하고 앉아 그대 꿈 가만가만 들어주고 내 사랑 들려주며 그립다는 것은 오래전 잃어버린 향기가 아닐까 사는 게 무언지 하무뭇하니 그리워지는 날에는 그대여 내가 먼저 달려가 꽃으로 서 있을게 꽃으로 서 있을게 love is too far
If you can't come, I'll go
Evening longing for a word
sit face to face
Just listen to your dream
let me hear my love
Missing you was a long time ago
Could it be the lost scent?
I wonder what it is to live
On days I miss you
My dear, I run first
I will stand as a flower
I will stand as a flower

Song of Hope (설마,가)

M

이 풍진 세상을 만났으니 너의 희망이 무엇이냐 부귀와 영화를 누렸으면 희망이 족할까 푸른 하늘 밝은 달 아래 곰곰이 생각하니 세상만사가 춘몽 중에 또다시 꿈같도다

이 풍진 세상을 만났으니 너의 희망이 무엇이냐 부귀와 영화를 누렸으면 희망이 족할까 담소화락에 엄벙덤벙

주색잡기에 침몰하랴 세상만사를 잊었으면 희망이 족할까 꿈같구나 세상만사 꿈이로다

이 풍진 세상을 만났으니 너의 희망이 무엇이냐 푸른 하늘 밝은 달 아래 곰곰이 생각하니 세상만사가 춘몽 중에 또다시 꿈같구나 또다시 꿈같구나 또다시 꿈같구나 또다시 꿈같구나 이 풍진 세상을 만났으니 희망이 무엇이냐 Since I met this rubella world what is your hope
If you enjoyed riches and glory Will I have enough hope
blue sky under the bright moon
Do you think about it?
Everything in the world is in the spring dream It's like a dream again

Since I met this rubella world what is your hope If you enjoyed riches and glory Will I have enough hope

In the midst of chatting, dumbfounded Shall we sink into the orange trap? If you forget everything in the world Will I have enough hope It's like a dream

The whole world is a dream
Since I met this rubella world
what is your hope
blue sky under the bright moon
Do you think about it?
Everything in the world is in the
spring dream It's like a dream again
It's like a dream again It's like a
dream again
Again
It's like a dream
Now that I have met this rubella
world what is hope



Aprile

Non senti tu ne l'aria il profumo che spande Primavera? Non senti tu ne l'anima il suon de nova voce lusinghiera? È l'April! È la stagion d'amore! Deh! vieni, o mia gentil su' prati'n fiore!

Il piè trarrai fra mammole, avrai su'l petto rose e cilestrine, e le farfalle candide t'aleggeranno intorno al nero crine. È l'April! È la stagion d'amore! Deh! vieni, o mia gentil su' prati'n fiore! Do you not smell in the air
the perfume that Spring breathes out?
Do you not hear in your soul
the sound of a new, enticing voice?
It's April! It's the season of love!
Come, lovely one,
to the flowery meadow!
Your foot will tread among violets,
you will wear roses and bluebells,
and the white butterflies
will flutter around your black hair. It's
April! It's the season of love! Please
come, my lovely one,
to the flowery meadow!

Ideale

Io ti seguii come iride di pace Lungo le vie del cielo:

Io ti seguii come un'amica face De la notte nel velo.

E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria, Nel profumo dei fiori;

E fu piena la stanza solitaria Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce, Lungamente sognai;

E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce, In quel [sogno]1 scordai.

Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante A sorridermi ancora,

E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante, Una novella aurora. I followed you like a rainbow of peace along the paths of heaven; I followed you like a friendly torch in the veil of darkness, and I sensed you in the light, in the air, in the perfume of flowers, and the solitary room was full of you and of your radiance.

Absorbed by you, I dreamed a long time of the sound of your voice, and earth's every anxiety, every torment I forgot in that dream.

Come back, dear ideal, for an instant to smile at me again, and in your face will shine for me a new dawn.



Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune, Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté. J'oublierai les douleurs passées, Mon amour,
quand tu berceras Mon triste cœur et mes pensées Dans le calme aimant de tes bras. Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses Que peut-être je guérirai.

Moonlight slumbers in your heart, A gentle summer moonlight, And to escape the cares of life I shall drown myself in your light. I shall forget past sorrows, My sweet, when you cradle My sad heart and my thoughts In the loving calm of your arms. You will rest my poor head, Ah! sometimes on your lap, And recite to it a ballad That will seem to speak of us: And from your eyes full of sorrow, From your eyes I shall then drink So many kisses and so much love That perhaps I shall be healed.



L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers, Aux pentes des sources moussues,

Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues, Se perdent sous les noirs halliers

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages

Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil. Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil, Chantent les abeilles volages. Un chaud parfum circule au détour des

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,

La rouge fleur des blés s'incline, Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,

Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers. Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante, Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,

Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser Me récompensent de l'attente! The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool poplars

On the banks of the mossy springs That flow in flowering meadows from a thousand sources, And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep. By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright sunlight, The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding paths,

The red flowers of the cornfield droop;

And the birds, skimming the hillside with their wings, Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,

Sees its brilliance wane,

Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss

Reward me to for my waiting!

The year's at the spring

The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morning's at seven; The hill-side's dew-pearl'd; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn; God's in His heaven – All's right with the world!



The things I used to like, I don't like any more, I want a lot of other things I've never had before, It's just like my mamma says, I sit around and mourn Pretending that I am so wonderful and knowing I'm adored

I'm as restless as a willow in a windstorm, I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string, I'd say that I had spring fever, But I know it isn't spring.

I'm as starry eyed and gravely discontented, Like a nightingale without a song to sing. Oh, why should I have spring fever, When it isn't even spring?

I keep wishing I were somewhere else, Walking down a strange new street, Hearing words I have never never heard, From a man I've yet to meet.

I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams, I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing, I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud, Or a robin or a bluebird on the wing, But I feel so gay in a melancholy way, That it might as well be spring, It might as well be, might as well be, It might as well be spring.



Beautiful Dreamer, wake unto me, Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee; Sounds of the rude world heard in the day, Lull'd by the moonlight have all passed away!

Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song, List while I woo thee with soft melody; Gone are the cares of life's busy throng

Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me! Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Beautiful dreamer, out on the sea, Mermaids are chanting the wild Lorelei; Over the stream let vapors are borne, Waiting to fade at the bright coming morn.

Beautiful dreamer, beam on my heart, E'en as the morn on the stream let and sea; Then will all clouds of sorrow depart,

Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me! Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me!

Una furtiva lagrima

Una furtiva lagrima Negli occhi suoi spuntò Quelle festose giovani Invidiar sembrò Che più cercando io vò? Che più cercando io vò?

M'ama! Sì m'ama, lo vedo, lo vedo

Un solo instante i palpiti Del suo bel cor sentir I miei sospir, confondere Pe-per poco a' suoi sospir

I palpiti, i palpiti sentir Confondere i miei co' suoi sospir Cielo, si può morir Di più non chiedo, non chiedo

Ah! Cielo, si può, si può morir Di più non chiedo Non chiedo Si può morire Si può morir d'amor one secret drop of tear spilled out from her eyes. She seemed to envy those younger women5 who were so joyous. What am I more seeking for? What am I more seeking for?

She loves me, yes, she loves me, I notice now.

I hope, even merely for second, I could feel the beating of her lovely heart!

I hope, even merely for short time, the sighs of mine and those of hers could be harmonized!

If I could feel the beating of her heart, If I could have my sighs with hers harmonized,

Heaven, I could die (if the above hope would be granted)*, and I never ask You anymore, anymore. Ah, Heaven, I could die,





Ya mis horas felices, mi alegre vivir, todo, luz, risa y esperanzas, no volveréis a mí.

Sí, con fuerza en mi pecho prendió la llama del pesar; desamor, llanto y amargura solo podré alcanzar. Eres mi mujer, la que yo quiero, y a ti sola dí mi corazón.

Yo no sé fingirte ni pensé en la traición, ni sabré mentirte nunca con mi pasión. Si sufro callando,

¡respeta el silencio! Hablar no es posible, pues debo callar. Ya véis si es tormento sufrir sin hablar.

Quiero desterrar de tu pecho el temor, quiero que tu fé vuelva a mí. Deja que me miren tus ojos: sueño con tu amor ser feliz. Dame como el sol a la mies tu calor. dame tus caricias, mi bien; besos calmarán mi amargura. besos de tus labios, mujer. Mi alegre vivir no puedo olvidar ni aquella paz que gocé. ¡Ay! Tiempo feliz, ya no ha de volver el bienestar que perdí, pá siempre se fué la luz de mi ilusión, la vida toda que alienta mi pasión. Vivo dominando mi pena, siento la esperanza perder; lloraré mi amargura en tus brazos, mujer.

Oh my happy hours, my carefree life, everything, light, laughter and hopes, will not return to me.

Yes, powerfully in my breast

Yes, powerfully in my breast the flame of grief was lit; separation, tears and bitterness is all I can expect.
You are my wife, the one I love, and to you alone I gave my heart. I could not deceive you nor think of treachery, nor could I ever lie to you in my passion.
If I suffer in silence, respect that silence!
It is impossible to speak,

It is impossible to speak, so I must remain mute.

I see what torture it is to suffer without speaking.

I want to banish fear from your heart, I want you to have faith in me again. Let your eyes look at me; I dream of being made happy in your love. Give me your warmth, like sun on wheat, give me your caresses, my love;

kisses will calm my sadness, kisses from your lips, my wife. I cannot forget my happy life nor the peace I enjoyed. Ah, happy days, the happiness I lost will never return; gone for ever the light of my hopes, the life that inspires all my passion. I live, repressing my pain, I feel I am losing hope; I want to cry for grief in your arms, my wife.







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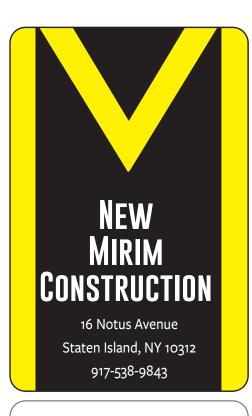
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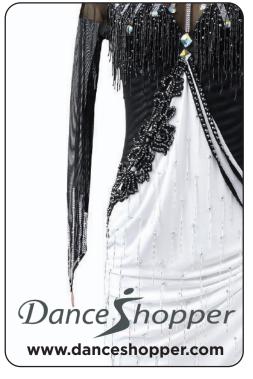




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