Concert recording 2013-11-15

Savannah Bequeaith
Moon-Sook Park
Tori Rudolph
Nathan Olson
Alexis Rizzolo

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Performer(s)
Savannah Bequeaith, Moon-Sook Park, Tori Rudolph, Nathan Olson, Alexis Rizzolo, Charles Robinson, Jennifer Garrison, Christopher Senty, Mallory Bennett, Kailey Miller, Janelle Hollister, Amanda Brooks, Judd Burns, Helena Aung, Hannah Mindeman Shuman, Yeo Hun Chun, Yulia Orlova, Kristine Mezines, and Robert Schumann

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Park’ Studio Recital
Department of Music, University of Arkansas
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, November 15, 2013 Friday at 7:30 PM

Tori Rudolph***
(Sop., Freshman – Music Ed.)
Amarilli, mia bella
Guilio Caccini (1546-1618)

Savannah Bequeaith**
(Sop., Freshman - Voice performance)
Dein blaues Auge
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Nathan Olson******
(Tenor, Sophomore – Music Ed.)
Come raggio di sol
Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)
Come ready and see me
Richard Hundley (1931-)

Alexis Rizzolo***
(Sop., Freshman - Voice performance)
La promessa
Giacchino Rossini (1792 – 1868)

Charles Robinson*****
(Bar., Sophomore - Music Ed.)
Se tu m’amì
Giovanni Pergolesi (1710-1736)
Sonntag
Johannes Brahms

Jennifer Garrison***
(Sop., Junior - Voice performance)
Le Colibri
Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Jerusalem!
Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
- Soprano aria from oratorio Paulus

Christopher Senty*
(Bar., Freshman - Music-Ed.)
Già il sole dal Gange
Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
go, lovely Rose
Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Mallory Bennet***
(Sop., Senior - Music-Ed.)
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Raynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
I'm a person too
Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
- From a cycle of Five Kid Songs

Kailey Miller***
(Mezzo-sop., Senior – Music Ed.)
Hexenlied
Felix Mendelssohn
Seguidilla
Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
- Carmen’s aria from Carmen

Amanda Brooks***
(Sop., Grad., - Voice performance)
Les chemins de l’amour
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Donde lieta usci al tuo...
Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
- Mimi’s aria from La Bohème

Judd Burns***
(Ten., Senior – Voice performance) Queues de Boeuf
Leonard Bernstein
Tavouk Gueunksis
Civet a Toute Vitesse

Janelle Hollister****
(Sop., Senior – Voice performance)
When I have sung my songs to you
Ernest Charles (1895-1984)
Ah! Tardai troppo...
Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
- Linda’s aria from Linda Di Chamounix

Collaborative Pianists:
Helena Aung* Yeohun Chun** Kristine Mezines***
Hanna Mindeman**** Yulia Orlova***** Sehumann Robert*****
Amarilli, mia bella,
Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur; e se timor t'assale,
Dubitar non ti vale.
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
è il mio amore.

Dein blaues Auge
Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich seh mich gesund.
Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl;
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühß.

Come Raggio di sol
Come raggio di sol mite e sereno,
Sover placidi flutti si riposa,
Mentre del mare nel profondo seno
Sta la tempesta ascola:
Così riso talor gaio e pacato
Di contento, di gioia un [labbro]¹ infiora,
Mentre nel suo segreto il cor piagato
S'angoscia e si martora.

Come ready and see me
Come ready and see me no matter how late, come before the years run out,
I'm waiting with a candle no wind will blow out.
But you must haste on foot or by sky, for no one can wait forever, under the bluest sky.
I can't wait forever, for the years are running out.

La promessa
Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,
No, nol credate pupille ccare,
Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.

(Amaryllis, my lovely one)
Amaryllis, my lovely one,
Do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire,
That you are my love?
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,
Doubt not its truth.
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
Is my beloved.

(Your blue eyes)
Your blue eyes keep so still,
That I can gaze upon their very depths.
You ask me, what do I want to see?
I see my own well-being.
A glowing pair burned me once;
The scar still hurts, still hurts.
Yet your eyes are like the sea so clear,
And like the sea, so cool and detached.

(As ray of sunshine)
As a ray of peaceful sunshine
gleams on the tranquil wave,
while deep in the sea's bosom
the tempest lies hidden:
so it may happen that a smile
of contentment blooms upon the lips,
while the heart is writhing
in secret anguish.

(The promise)
That I will ever be able to stop loving you
No, don't believe it, dear eyes!
Not even to joke would I deceive you about this.
You alone are my sparks,  
And you will be, dear eyes,  
My beautiful fire as long as I live, ah!  

Translated by Christie Turnage Turner

Charles Robinson / Baritone, Sophomore - Music Ed.

(If you love me)

If you love me, if you sigh  
Only for me, dear shepherd,  
I am sorrowful for your sufferings;  
Yet I delight in your love.  
But if you think that  
I must in return love only you,  
Little shepherd, you are subject  
To deceiving yourself easily.

The beautiful purple rose will Silvia choose today;  
With the excuse of its thorns,  
Tomorrow, then, will she despise it.  
But the advice of the men I will not follow -  
Just because the lily pleases me,  
I do not have to despise the other flowers.

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Jennifer Garrison / Sop., Junior - Voice performance major

(The Hummingbird)

The hummingbird, the green prince of the heights,  
Feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light  
Shining into his nest of woven grass,  
Shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.  
Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh  
Where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,  
And the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent  
Opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

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Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

Down to the flower he flies, alights from above,
And from the rosy cup drinks so much love
That he dies, not knowing if he could drink it dry.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips
My soul and senses would have wished to die
On contact with that first full-fragrant kiss.

Translated by Nicolas Gauvin

Jerusalem, die du tödstest die Propheten
Jerusalem! Die du tödstest die Propheten!
Die du steinigest, die zu dir gesandt.

Wie oft hab'ich nicht deine Kinder versammeln!
Und ihr habt nicht gewollt!

Jerusalem! You kill the prophets,
And stone those who are sent to you.

How often have I wanted to gather your children,
And you would not!

Translated by Dr. Andrew Smith

Già il sole dal Gange
Già il sole dal Gange più chiaro sfuova,
E terge ogni stalla dell'alba che piange.

Col raggio dorato ingemma ogni stello,
E gli astri del cielo dipinge nel prato.

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun sparkles more brightly
And dries every drop of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray it adorns each blade of grass;
And the stars of the sky it paints in the field.

Already the sun over the Ganges
(Already the sun over the Ganges)

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Go, lovely Rose
Go, lovely Rose! Tell her, that wastes her time and me, that now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee, how sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young, and shuns to have her graces spied that hadst thou sprang
In deserts, where no men abide, thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth, suffer herself to be desired, and not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! -- that she the common fate of all things rare may read in thee:
How small a part of time they share that are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Yet though thou fade, from thy dead leaves let fragrence rise;
And teach the maid that goodness time's rude hand defies; that virtue lives when beauty dies.

Christopher Senty / Bar., Freshman - Music-Ed.

Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Mes vers fuitaient, doux et frères,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'oiseau.

Ils voieraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Des ailes comme l'esprit.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,

(If my poems had wings)
My poems would run away, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my poems had wings,
Like the wings of a bird.

They would fly, sparkling,
To your happy home,
If my poems had wings,
Like the wings of wit.

To be close to you, pure and loyal,
They’d speed, night and day,

Mallory Bennet / Sop., Senior - Music-Ed.
Si mes vers avaient des ailes, If my poems had wings,  
Des ailes comme l'amour! like the wings of love!

Translated by Richard Stokes

I'm a person too
I just found out today that I'm a person too, like you:  
I like balloons; lots of people like balloons:  
But ev'ryone says, "Isn't she cute? She likes balloons!"  
I'm a person too, like you!

I like things that ev'ryone likes:  
I like soft things and movies and horses and warm things and red things: Don't you?  
I have lots of thoughts; like what's behind the sky;  
And what's behind what's behind the sky:  
But ev'ryone says, "Isn't she sweet? She wants to know ev'rything!" Don't you?

Of course I'm very young to be saying all these things in front of so many people like you;  
But I'm a person too!  
Though I'm only ten years old; I'm a person too, like you!

Hexenlied
Die Schwale fliegt, der Frühling siegt,  
Und spendet uns Blumen zum Kranze!  
Bald huschen wir leis' aus der Tür,  
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanz!

Ein schwarzer Bock, ein Besenstock,  
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,  
Reißt uns geschwind, wie Blitz und Wind,  
Durch sausende Lüfte zum Brocken!

Um Beelzebub tanzt unser Trupp  
Und küßt ihm die kralligen Hände!  
Ein Geisterschwarm faßt uns beim Arm  
Und schwinget im Tanzen die Brände!

Und Beelzebub verheißt dem Trupp  
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:  
Sie sollen schön in Seide geh'n  
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich graben!

Ein Feuerdrach' umflieget das Dach,  
Und bringet uns Butter und Bier.  
Die Nachbarn sehen die Funken weh'n,  
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem Feuer.

(Witch's song)
The swallow soars, the spring outpours  
Her flowers for garlands entrancing;  
Soon shall we glide away and ride,  
Hey-day, to the spirited dancing!

A buck that's black, a broomstick o' back,  
The prangs of a poker will pitch us;  
We'll ride a steed with light'nig speed  
Direct to the mountain of witches.

The dancing bands all kiss the hands  
Like claws that belong to the devil,  
While other swarms have grabbed our arms  
And brandish their torches in revel!

Old Satan swears to make repairs  
With promise of marvellous pleasure;  
All spirits glad in silk are clad,  
Unearthing great chestfuls of treasure.

A dragon flies now down from the skies  
With presents of food for the table.  
The neighbours sight the sparks in flight  
And cross themselves as fast as they're able.

Translated by Sharon Krebs

Seguebella - Carmen's aria from Carmen  
Près des remparts de Séville,  
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia  
J'irai danser la Seguedilla  
Et boire du Manzanilla.  
J'irai chez mon ami Lillas Pastia.  
Oui, mais toute seule on s'ennuie,

Near the ramparts of Seville  
At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia  
I will go to dance the Seguedilla  
And to drink Manzanilla.  
I will go to the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia.  
Yes, but all alone, one gets bored,
Et les vrais plaisirs sont à deux;
Donc, pour me tenir compagnie,
J'emmènerai mon amoureux!
Mon amoureux, il est au diable,
Je l'ai mis à la porte hier!
Mon pauvre cœur très consolable,
Mon cœur est libre comme l'air!
J'ai les galants à la douzaine,
Mais ils ne sont pas à mon gré.
Voici la fin de la semaine;
Qui veut m'aider? Je l'aiderai!
Qui veut mon âme? Elle est à prendre.
Vous arrivez au bon moment!
J'ai guère le temps d'attendre,
Car avec mon nouvel amant,
Près des remparts de Séville,
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia!

And the real pleasures are for two;
so, to keep me company,
I will take away my lover.
My lover, he has gone to the devil,
I put him out yesterday!
My poor heart, very consolable,
My heart is free, like the air!
I have suitors by the dozen,
But, they are not to my taste.
Here it is the weekend;
Who wants to love me? I will love him!
Who wants my soul? It’s for the taking.
You're arriving at the right time!
I have hardly the time to wait,
For with my new lover,
Near the ramparts of Seville
At the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia!

Translated by Lea F. Frey

Les chemins de l'amour
Les chemins qui vont à la mer
Ont gardé de notre passage,
Des fleurs éfueuilées
Et l'écho sous leurs arbres
De nos deux rires clairs.
Hélas! des jours de bonheur,
Radiæus joyes envoilées,
Je vais sans retrouver traces dans mon cœur.

Chemins de mon amour, je vous cherche toujours,
Chemins perdus, vous n'êtes plus
Et vos échos sont sourds.
Chemins du désespoir, chemins du souvenir,
Chemins du premier jour, divins chemins d'amour.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour,
La vie effaçant toute chose,
Je veut, dans mon cœur, qu'un souvenir repose,
Plus fort que l'autre amour.
Le souvenir du chemin,
Où tremblante et toute éperdue,
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi brûler tes mains.

Amanda Brooks / Sop., Grad., - Voice performance major
(The path way of love)
The paths that lead to the sea
Have kept, of our passing-by,
Flowers with fallen petals
And the echo, beneath their trees,
Of both our bright laughter.
Alas! of the days of happiness,
Radiant joys now flown,
I wander without finding their trace again in my heart.

Paths of my love, I still seek you,
Lost paths, you are no more
And your echo are hollow.
Paths of despair, paths of memory,
Paths of the first day, divine paths of love.

If one day I have to forget him,
Life effacing everything,
I wish, in my heart, that one memory should remain,
Stronger than the other love.
The memory of the path,
Where trembling and utterly bewildered
One day, upon me, I felt your hands burning.

Translated by Christopher Goldsack

Donde lieta usci al tuo...
Donde lieta usci al tuo grido d'amore,
torna sola Mimi al solitario nido.
Ritorna un'altra volta a intesser finti fior.
Addio, senza rancor.

Ascolta, ascolta.
Le poche robe aduna che lasciag sparse.
Nel mio cassette stan chiusi quel cerchietto d'or
e il libro di preghiere.

Whence happy leaving to your cry of love,
Returns alone Mimi to solitary nest.
Returns another time to weave together false flowers.
Goodbye, without resentment.

Listen, listen.
The little things gather that I have left scattered about
In my drawer are enclosed that gold band
And a book of prayers.
Involgi tutto quanto in un grembiale
e manderò il portiere...

Bada, sotto il guanciale c'è la cuffietta rosa.
Se vuoi serbarla a ricordo d'amor!
Addio, senza rancor.

Wrap everything much in a smock
And I will send the concierge...
Pay attention, on the pillow there is a pink bonnet
If you want, keep a memory of love!
Goodbye, without resentment.

Translated by Terri Eickel

Plum Pudding
Deux cents cinquante grammes de raisins de Malaga,
Deux cents cinquante grammes de raisins de Corinthe;
Deux cents cinquante gramm'de graisse de rognon de boeuf,
Et cent vingt cinq gramm'de miel de pain émietée:
Soixante gramm'de sucre en poudre ou de cassonade;
Un verr' de lait; un demi verr' de rhum ou d'eau de vie;
Trois œufs; un citron!
Muscade, gingembre, cannelle en poudre,
mélangez (en tout la moitié d'une cuillère à café;
Sel fin la moitié d'une cuillère à café.

Queue de Boeuf
La queue de boeuf
N'est pas un mets à dédaigner.
D'abord avec assez de queues de boeuf
On peut faire un pot au feu passable
Les queues qui ont servi
À faire le pot au feu
Peu'nt être mangées, panées, et grillées,
Et servies avec une sauce piquante ou tomate.

Tavouk Gueunksis
Tavouk Gueunksis, poitrine de poule;
Fait' bouillir une poule',
Dont vous prendrez les blancs;
Vous les pilerez de façon à ce qu'ils se mettent en charpie.
Puis mêlez-lez, mêlez-lez avec une bouillie,
Comme celle cides-sus du Mahalebi.

Civet a Toute Vitesse
Lorsqu'on sera très pressé,
Voici un' manière de confectionner un civet de lièvre
Que je recommande!
Dépezsez le lièvre comme pour le civet ordinaire:
Mettez-le dans une casserole ou un chaudron
Avec son sang et son foie écrasé!
Un' demi livre de poitrine de porc (coupée en morceaux);
Une vingtaine de petits oignons (un peu de sel et poivre);
Un litre et demi de vin rouge.
Fait' bouillir à tout'vitesse.
Au bout de quinze minutes environ,
Lorsque la sauce est réduite de moitié,
Approchez un papier enflammé,

(Plum Pudding)
250 grams of Malaga grapes,
250 grams of Corinthe grapes;
250 grams of beef kidney fat,
And 125 grams of bread crumbs.
60 grams of powered or brown sugar;
A glass of milk, a half glass of rum or brandy;
3 eggs; a lemon!
Nutmeg, ginger, cinnamon,
Powered and mixed (all together about half a teaspoon)
Half a teaspoon of finely ground salt.

(Ox-Tail Stew)
Ox-stail stew
Is not a dish to be sneezed at.
Firstly, with enough ox-tails
You can make a passable stew
The tails which are used
To make the stew
Can be eaten, breaded and grilled,
And served with a hot or tomato sauce.

(Tavouk Gueunksis)
Tavouk Gueunksis, breast of hen;
Boil a chicken,
Take the white meat;
Tear it so it is shredded
Then mix, mix! with a boiled slurry (broth),
Like the one for Mahellebi.

(Rabbit at Top Speed)
When you are in a hurry,
Here's a way for cooking a rabbit stew
That I recommend!
Cut up the hare as for an ordinary stew:
Put it in a pan or pot
With its blood and liver crushed!
A half-pound of pork belly (chopped);
Twenty or so small onions (a little salt and pepper);
A liter and a half of red wine.
Boil at top speed.
After about fifteen minutes,
When the sauce is reduced by half,
Approach with a flaming paper
De manière à mettre le feu au ragout.
Lorsqu’il sera étaint,
Liez la sauce avec un demi-livre de beurre
Manié de farine... Servez.

To set fire to the stew.
When the fire goes out,
Combine the sauce with half a pound of butter,
Handled with flour... Serve.

Translation courtesy of http://foodandwineinovens.blogspot.com/2013/03/emerich-levon-barnstein-la-bonne-cuisine-francaise-manuel-economique.html

Janelle Hollister / Sop., Senior – Voice performance major

When I have sung my songs to you
When I have sung my songs to you I’ll sing no more
T’would be a sacrilege to sing at another door
We’ve worked so hard to hold our dreams just you and I
I could not share them all again I’d rather die
With just the thought that I had loved so well so true
That I could never sing again
That I could never sing again except to you!

Ah! Tardai troppo... o luce di quest’anima
Ah! tardai troppo,
e al nostro favorito convegno
io non trovai il mio delitto Carlo,
e chi sa mai quant’egli avrà sofferto!
Ma non al par di me.
Pego d’amore questi fior mi lasciò!
Tenero core!
E per quel core io l’amo, unico di lui bene.
Poveri entrambi siamo, viviam d’amor, di speme:
pittore ignoto ancora
egli s’innalzerà co’ suoi talenti!
Sarò sua sposa allora. Oh noi contenti!

O luce di quest’anima, delizia, amore e vita,
la nostra sorte unità in terra, in ciel sarà.
Deh vieni a me, riposati su questo cor che t’ama,
che te sospira e brama, che per te sol vivrà.

Ah! I delayed too long,
And at our favourite meeting-place
I did not find my beloved Carlo;
who knows how much he will have suffered!
But not as much as I.
He left me this flower as a token of love.
Such a tender heart!
And I love him for his heart, his only fortune.
We are both poor, we live on love and hope;
He is an unknown painter as yet,
But with his talents he will rise to greatness.
Then I shall be his wife. Oh, how happy we shall be!

Light of my soul, my delight, my love, my life,
Our destinies will be united on earth and in heaven.
Come to me, rest on my heart, which loves you,
Which sighs and longs for you, which lives for you alone.

Translation by Jonathan Burton