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## Concert recording 2013-11-15

Savannah Bequeaith

Moon-Sook Park

Tori Rudolph

Nathan Olson

Alexis Rizzolo

*See next page for additional authors*

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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

# 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 Come ready and see me	Antonio Caldara (1670-1736) Richard Hundley (1931-)
Alexis Rizzolo*** (Sop., Freshman - Voice performance)	La promessa	Giacchino Rossini (1792 - 1868)
Charles Robinson***** (Bar., Sophomore - Music Ed.)	Se tu m'ami Sonntag	Giovanni Pergolesi (1710-1736) Johannes Brahms
Jennifer Garrison*** (Sop., Junior - Voice performance)	Le Colibri Jerusalem! - Soprano aria from oratorio <i>Paulus</i>	Ernest Chausson (1855-1899) Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
Christopher Senty* (Bar., Freshman - Music-Ed.)	Già il sole dal Gange Go, lovely Rose	Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725) Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Mallory Bennet*** (Sop., Senior - Music-Ed.)	Si mes vers avaient des ailes I'm a person too - From a cycle of <i>Five Kid Songs</i>	Raynaldo Hahn (1874-1947) Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Kailey Miller*** (Mezzo-sop., Senior - Music Ed.)	Hexenlied Seguidilla - Carmen's aria from <i>Carmen</i>	Felix Mendelssohn Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Amanda Brooks*** (Sop., Grad., - Voice performance)	Les chemins de l'amour Donde lieta uscì al tuo... - Mimi's aria from <i>La Bohème</i>	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
Judd Burns*** (Ten., Senior - Voice performance)	Plum Pudding Queues de Boeuf Tavouk Gueunksis Civet a Toute Vitesse	Leonard Bernstein
Janelle Hollister**** (Sop., Senior - Voice performance)	When I have sung my songs to you Ah! Tardai troppo... - Linda's aria from <i>Linda Di Chamounix</i>	Ernest Charles (1895-1984) Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

## Collaborative Pianists:

Helena Aung*	Yeohun Chun**	Kristine Mezines***
Hanna Mindeman****	Yulia Orlova*****	Schumann Robert*****

## Text and translation]

### 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, Amarailli  
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 sehe mich gesund.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,  
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl;  
Das deine ist wie See so klar  
Und wie ein See so kühl.

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### Come Raggio di sol

Come raggio di sol mite e sereno,  
Sovre 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]<sup>1</sup> 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, nole credete pupille ccare,  
Ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.

### Tori Rudolph / Sop., Freshman – Music Ed.

#### (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.

*Translated by Katherine McGuire*

### Savannah Bequeaith / Sop., Freshman - Voice performance major

#### (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.

### Nathan Olson / Tenor, Sophomore – Music Ed.

#### (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.

*Translated by Lynn Steele*

### Alexis Rizzolo / Sop., Freshman - Voice performance major

#### (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.

Voi foste e siete le mie faville,  
E voi sarete, care pupille,  
Il mio bel foco finch'io vivrò.

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*

### Se tu m'ami

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri  
Sol per me, gentil pastor,  
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,  
Ho diletto del tuo amor,  
Ma se pensi che soletto  
Io ti debba riamar,  
Pastorello, sei soggetto  
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

Bella rosa porporina Oggi Silvia sceglierà,  
Con la scusa della spina  
Doman poi la sprezzerà.  
Ma degli uomini il consiglio io per me non seguirò.  
Non perché mi piace il giglio  
Gli altri fiori sprezzerrò.

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### Sonntag

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche  
Mein feines Liebchen nicht geseh'n,  
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag  
Wohl vor der Türe steh'n:  
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,  
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,  
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche  
Das Lachen nicht vergeh'n,  
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag  
Wohl in die Kirche geh'n:  
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,  
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,  
Wollte Gott, wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

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### Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,  
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,  
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,  
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,  
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,  
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines  
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.

### 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.

#### (Sunday)

This whole week,  
I have not seen my delicate sweetheart.  
I saw her on Sunday,  
Standing in front of the door:  
That thousand-times beautiful girl,  
That thousand-times beautiful heart,  
Would, God, I were with her today!

This whole week,  
My laughing has not ceased;  
I saw her on Sunday,  
Going to church:  
That thousand-times beautiful girl,  
That thousand-times beautiful heart,  
Would, God, I were with her today!

### 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.

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 Gounin*

### **Jerusalem, die du tödtest die Propheten**

Jerusalem! Die du tödtest 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*

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

#### **Già il sole dal Gange**

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

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

#### **(Already the sun over the Ganges)**

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.

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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 sprung  
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 fragrance rise;  
And teach the maid that goodness time's rude hand defies; that virtue lives when beauty dies.

### **Mallory Bennet / Sop., Senior - Music-Ed.**

#### **Si mes vers avaient des ailes**

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

Ils voleraient, 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,

Si mes vers avaient des ailes,  
Des ailes comme l'amour!

If my poems had wings,  
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!

**Kailey Miller / Mezzo-sop., Senior – Music Ed.**

### **Hexenlied**

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

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 Eier.  
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'ning 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*

### **Seguedilla - Carmen's aria from Carmen**

Près des remparts de Séville,  
Chez mon ami, Lillas Pastia  
J'irai danser la Séguédille  
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'em mènerai mon amoureux!  
 Mon amoureux, il est au diable,  
 Je l'ai mis à la porte hier!  
 Mon pauvre coeur très consolable,  
 Mon coeur 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'aimer? Je l'aimerai!  
 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 suiters 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 effeuillées  
 Et l'écho sous leurs arbres  
 De nos deux rires clairs.  
 Hélas! des jours de bonheur,  
 Radieuses joies envolées,  
 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 laughs.  
 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 echos 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 uscì al tuo...**

Donde lieta uscì al tuo grido d'amore,  
 torna sola Mimì al solitario nido.  
 Ritorna un'altra volta a intesser finti fior.  
 Addio, senza rancor.  
  
 Ascolta, ascolta.  
 Le poche robe aduna che lasciai 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 guanciaie c'è la cuffietta rosa.  
Se vuoi serbarla a ricordo d'amor!  
Addio, senza rancor.

### 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 vingte cinq gramm' de mie de pain émietée:  
Soixante gramm' de sucr' en poudre ou de cassonade;  
Un verr' de lait; un demi verr' de rhum ou d'eau de vie;  
Trois oeufs; un citron!  
Muscade, gingembre, cannell' en poudre,  
mélanges (en tout la moitié d'une cuillère à café);  
Sel fin la moitié d'une cuillère à café.

### Queues de Boeuf

La queue de boeuf  
N'est pas un mets à dédaigner.  
D'abord avec assez de queues de boeuf  
On peut fair' un pot au feu passable  
Les queues qui ont servi  
À faire le pot au feu  
Peuvn't être mangées, panées, et grillées,  
Et servies avec une sauce piquante ou tomate.

### Tavouk Gueunksis

Tavouk Gueunksis, poitrine de poule;  
Fait' bouillir une poul',  
Dont vous prendrez les blancs;  
Vous les pilerez de façon à ce qu'ils se mett' en charpie.  
Puis mêles-lez, mêles-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!  
Dépecez 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,

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*

### Judd Burns / Ten., Senior – Voice performance major

#### (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://foodandwinemavens.blogspot.com/2013/03/emile.dumont-leonard.bernstein-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.  
Pegno 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 unita 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*

Dr. Moon-Sook Park' Voice Studio  
Department of Music, University of Arkansas  
[mspark@uark.edu](mailto:mspark@uark.edu)  
Office) 479-575-4199