

2017

Concert recording 2017-11-07

Anna Wood

Lisa Auten

Garrett Vogel

Ashley Trotter

Yoko Fukuda

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Performer(s)

Anna Wood, Lisa Auten, Garrett Vogel, Ashley Trotter, Yoko Fukuda, Emily Auten, Alex Franco, Ann Rye, Ryan Martin, Hannah Rodriguez, Laura Frederickson, Corey Swann, Siyu Lou, Dennese Adkins, Christopher Senty, and Ismaelena Serrano

UPCOMING EVENTS

NOVEMBER

- Fri 10 Guest Artist Recital: Eugene Osadchy, cello
Anastasia Markina, piano**
4:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Tue 14 Arkansas Beethoven Performance Series**
7:30 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Tue 14 Guest Artist: Gregorio Uribe, accordion**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Wed 15 UA Horn Choir**
7:30 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Wed 15 UA Jazz Lab Ensemble**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Thu 16 Guest Artist: Boston Brass**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff

NOVEMBER, CONT.

- Sun 19 UA Wind Ensemble**
3:00 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Mon 20 UA Wind Symphony**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Tue 21 UA Latin American Music Ensemble**
7:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Mon 27 Pierce Tuba/Euphonium Studio Recital**
6:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Tue 28 Tuba Euphonium Quartets and Ensemble**
7:30 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Thu 30 UA Women's Chorus and Men's Chorus**
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff

Ushering and stage management for this concert provided by
Sigma Alpha Iota and Phi Mu Alpha.

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With the completion of the 600-seat Faulkner Performing Arts Center, the University of Arkansas added a world class performance venue. The Department recital hall, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, is located in the Fine Arts Building, adjacent to the Music Building. The 200-seat Concert Hall offers an intimate setting for chamber and solo recitals. The Department produces more than 300 concerts annually, on and off campus.

For more information on the Department or our events, contact us at (479) 575-4701, email us at music@uark.edu, or visit music.uark.edu.



UNIVERSITY OF
ARKANSAS

J. William Fulbright College of Arts & Sciences

Voice Studio Recital

students of Dr. Moon-Sook Park

UAMusic

November 7, 2017 | 7:30 PM
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

Concert Program

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso Giovanni Pergolesi (1710-1736)

Anna Wood, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Widmung Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
The Roadside Fire Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872-1958)

Garrett Vogel, *baritone*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Amarilli, mia bella Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)
Do no go my love Richard Hageman (1881-1966)

Ashley Trotter, *soprano*
Yoko Fukuda, *piano*

La promessa Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)
Non é ver Tito Mattei (1841-1914)

Emily Auten, *soprano*
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Les Chemins d'amour Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Una donna a quindici anni Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
from *Così fan tutte*

Alexandria Franco, *soprano*
Ann Rye, *piano*

Non più andrai Mozart
from *The Marriage of Figaro*

Botschaft Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Ryan Martin, *baritone*
Yoko Fukuda, *piano*

Du bist die Ruh Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Gualtier Maldè... Caro Nome Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
from *Reigoletto*

Hannah Rodriguez, *soprano*
Ann Rye, *piano*

How happy I would be If he could look at me!
Now if I were to meet him, smilingly I would
greet him,
Now I'll try all the other jewels!
All I have to do is put on the pretty bracelet
and the pearls.
Ah! It is like a hand heavily
weighing upon me!

translation by Barbier Jules and Carré Michel

Claire de lune (Moonlight)

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!
Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe
in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight,
the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains
among the marble statues!

translation by Peter Low, Lieder.net

Kling!

Kling! My soul utters a pure sound, while I
imagined the poor one
To be torn by the sorrows of those turbulent
times.
Sing, my soul the song of confession of
regained fulfillment!
Lift the veil from your heart!
Hail to thee, resounding, innermost tone!
Sing my soul, sing of your life,
sing, arising new image.
New bloom has appeared on the dry plain,
Sing my soul, sing,

*translation by Waldo Lyman and Kathleen
Maunsbach, Theodore Presser Distributors*

Erstarrung (Freezing)

I seek in the snow in vain for her step's trace,
where she at my arm, roves
(through) the green plain
I will the ground kiss,
pierce ice and snow with my hot tears,
Till I the earth see.
Where find I a blossom?

Where find I green grass?
The flowers have perished, the turf looks so pale.
Shall then no souvenir I take with (me) from here?
When my pains (become silent),
who tells me then of her?
My heart is almost dead,
cold stares her image in it;
Thaws ever the heart me again,
flows also her image away!

*Berton Coffin and others, Word-by-Word translations of
Song and Arias, Part 1 - German and French, (n.p.: The
Scarecrow Press, Inc., 1996)*

Nun beut die Flur (Now is the corridor)

Now the corridor is the fresh green of
the eye to the delight.
The graceful look
Increases the flowers soft jewelry.
Here herbal balsam smell,
Here the wounds salvage.
The branches curl the golden fruit load;
Here the grove arbours itself to a cool shade,
The steep mountain crowns a dense forest.

translation by Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source, LLC

Apparition (Appearance)

The moon was saddened.
Seraphims in tears dreaming,
bows at their fingers, in the calm of filmy flowers
Threw dying violas of white sobs
sliding over the blue of corollas.
It was the blessed day of your first kiss;
My reverie, loving to torture me,
wisely imbibed its perfume of sadness
That even without regret and without setback leaves
the gathering of a dream within
the heart that gathered it.
I wandered then, my eye riveted
on the aged cobblestones.
When, with light in your hair,
in the street and in the evening, you
appeared to me smiling
and I thought I had seen the fairy with a hat of light
who passed in my sweet dreams as a spoiled child,
always dropping from her carelessly closed hand
a snow of white bouquets of perfumed stars.

translation by Laura Claycomb and Peter Grunberg

Mondnacht

It was as if heaven had silently kissed the earth,
so that the earth in the
shimmer of blossoms
Could only dream of heaven.
The breeze went through the fields,
the ears of corn waved gently,
the forests rustled softly,
the night and stars were so clear.
And my soul spread wide its wings out,
Flew through the still areas
as if it were flying home.

translation by Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source, LLC

Les Roses D'Ispahan (The roses of Ispahan)

The roses of Ispahan in their mossy sheaths,
the jasmines of Mosul, the orange blossoms,
have a fragrance less fresh,
have a scent less sweet,
Oh pale Leilah, than your light breath!
Your lips are of coral and your light laughter
Is lovelier and sweeter than the sound of
running water.
lovelier than the joyful breeze that rocks the
orange trees,
lovelier than the singing bird
by its mossy nest.
Oh Leilah! Ever since in their light flight
all the kisses have fled from your sweet lips,
there is not more fragrance in
the pale orange tree,
No heavenly aroma from
the moss covered roses.
Oh! may your young love,
this light butterfly,
return to my heart on a quick and gentle wing,
and may it again perfume
the orange blossoms,
And the Roses of Ispahan in their mossy sheaths.

translation by Bard Suverkrop, IPASource.com

An Chloe (For Chloe)

When love shines from your blue, bright,
open eyes,
and with the pleasure of gazing into them
my heart pounds and glows;
and I hold you and kiss
your rosy, warm cheeks,
lovely maiden, and I clasp you
trembling in my arms,
maiden, maiden, and I press you
firmly to my breast,

which at the last moment, only at death, will
let you go;
then my intoxicated gaze is shadowed by a
gloomy cloud,
and I sit then, exhausted, but blissful, next to you.

translation by Emily Ezust, lieder.net

Sogno (Dream)

I've dreamed of you on your knees
like a saint who prays to the Lord,
you gazed at me and in your eyes,
sparkled your gaze with love.
You spoke and your soft voice
asked me sweetly for mercy...
Only a glance that is promised
did you implore bended at my foot.
I was silent and with my strong soul
struggled to resist temptation
I have felt martyrdom and death,
yet you conquered me and said no.
But your lips touched my face
and the force of your heart betrayed me.
You closed your eyes, stretched out your arms,
I was dreaming.. the beautiful dream vanished.

translation by Anne Evans, lieder.net

Er ist's (It's Spring)

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter once again in the breeze;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Pervade the land with promise.
Violets are already budding,
They will soon appear.
Hear in the distance
the soft sound of a harp!
Spring, indeed it is you!
I have sensed you!

translation by Emily Ezust, lieder.net

Ah! Je ris de me voir (I laugh at seeing myself)

Ah! To be suddenly so beautiful to see!
Ah, To be suddenly so beautiful to see!
Is it you, Marguerite, it is true?
Answer me, answer me, Is it true? Is it true?
Is it really true Margarita?
No No! This is not you!
No, I see a princess of story sweetly smiling
back at me,
This is not you, it's a princess or queen
passing by in her glory!

Mondnacht Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Les Roses d'Ispahan Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Laura Frederickson, *soprano*
Yoko Fukuda, *piano*

An Chloe Mozart
Sogno Francesco Tosti (1846–1916)

Corey Swann, *tenor*
Ann Rye, *piano*

Er ist's Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)
Ah, je ris de me voir Charles Gounod (1818–1893)
from *Faust*

Siyu Lou, *soprano*
Hannah Mindeman Shuman, *piano*

Claire du lune Claude Debussy (1862–1918)
Kling! Richard Strauss (1864–1949)

Dennese Adkins, *soprano*
Ann Rye, *piano*

Erstarrung Schubert
I'm glad, I'm not a tenor Ben Moore (b. 1960)

Christopher Senty, *baritone*
Yoko Fukuda, *piano*

Nun beut die Flur Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)
from *The Creation*

Apparition Debussy

Ismaelena Serrano, *soprano*
Ann Rye, *piano*

Translations

Stizzoso, mio stizzoso (Irrascibile, my irascible)

Irrascibile, my irascible
You behave with arrogance.
But no! It won't help your position.
You must stay to my prohibitions
And keep silent,
And not talk!
Shh... Shh... These are Serpina's commands.
Shh... Shh... These are Serpina's commands.
Now, I think you have understood
Yes, you have captured the message.
Because it's already been a long time
That I made acquaintance with you.

*translation by Mario Giuseppe Genesi,
aria-database.com*

Widmung (Dedication)

You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, O you my pain,
you my world in which I live,
my heaven you, to which I float,
O you my grave, into which
my grief forever I've consigned.

You are repose, you are peace,
you are bestowed on me from Heaven.
Your love for me gives me my worth,
your eyes transfigure me in mine,
lovingly you raise me above myself,
my good spirit, my better self!

translation by Emily Ezust, lieder.net

Amarilli, mia bella (Amarilli, my beautiful one)

Amarilli, my beautiful one
do you not believe, o sweet desire of my heart,
that you are my love?
Do believe it, and if fear assails you,
doubting will not avail you.
Open my breast and you will
see written on my heart,
"Amarilli is my love."

translation by Martha Gerhart, G. Schirmer, Inc.

La promessa

That I could ever cease to love you,
No, do not believe it, dear eyes,
Not even as a joke would I deceive you.
You were and are my spark,

And you will be, dear eyes,
My beautiful passion as long as I live, ah!

translation by Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source, LLC

Non é ver (It isn't true)

It isn't true!
When seated close to you,
I spoke to you, my beloved, of love,
Do you remember, angel divine,
How our hearts throbbed?
Ah! No, it isn't true!
You said, do you remember?
That you would love me all your life!
But you were not completely honest.
You didn't say it with your heart.
Ah! No, it isn't true!

translation by Bard Suverkrop, IPA Source, LLC

Les Chemins d'amour (The paths 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 laughers.
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 echoes 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 will 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.

*translation by Christopher Goldsack,
melodytreasure.com*

Una donna a quindici anni (A woman of fifteen years)

A woman of fifteen years
Must know all the good methods,
Where the devil keeps his tail,
What's good and what's bad.
She must know the little malices
That enamor lovers:
To feign laughter, to feign tears,
And invent good reasons.

She must pay attention to a hundred at a time,
Speak through her eyes with a thousand,
Give hope to all, be they handsome or ugly,
Know how to obfuscate
without getting confused
And to know how to lie without blushing.
And this queen from her high throne
Can make them obey with,
"I can" and, "I want."
(It seems they like this doctrine,
Long live Despina who knows how to serve!)

translation by Naomi Gurt Lind, aria-database.com

Non più andrai (You will no longer go)

No more, you amorous butterfly,
Will you go fluttering round by night and day,
Disturbing the peace of every maid,
You pocket Narcissus, you Adonis of love.
No more will you have those fine feathers,
That light and dashing cap,
Those curls, those airs and graces,
That roseate womanish colour.
You'll be among warriors, by Bacchus!
Long moustaches, knapsack tightly on,
Musket on your shoulder, sabre at your side,
Head erect and bold of visage,
A great helmet or a head, dress,
Lots of honour, little money,
And instead of the fandango,
Marching through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
In snow and days of listless heat,
To the sound of blunderbusses,
Shells and cannons,
Whose shots make your ears sing
On every note.
Cherubino, on to victory,
On to military glory!

translation by Jane Bishop, aria-database.com

Botschaft (Embassy)

Blow, Breeze, gently and lovingly
about the cheeks of my beloved;
play tenderly in her locks,
do not hasten to flee far away!
If perhaps she is then to ask,
how it stands with poor wretched me,
tell her: "Unending was his woe,
highly dubious was his condition;
However, now he can hope
magnificently to come to life again.
For you, lovely one, are thinking of him!

translation by Leonard Lehrman, lieder.net

Du bist die Ruh (You are the peace)

You are peace, the mild peace,
You are longing and what stills it.
I consecrate to you full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here my eyes and heart.
Come live with me, and close quietly behind
you the gates.
Drive other pain out of this breast
May my heart be full with your pleasure.
The tabernacle of my eyes by your radiance
Alone is illumined, o fill it completely!

translation by Lynn Thompson, lieder.net

Gualtier Maldè...Caro Nome (Gualtier Maldè...name of my beloved)

Gualtier Maldè...name of my beloved,
Brand this loving heart!
Sweet name, you who made my heart
Throb for the first time,
You must always remind me
The pleasures of love!
My desire will fly to you
On the wings of thought
And my last breath
Will be yours, my beloved.

translation by Guia K. Monti, aria-database.com