

2018

## Concert recording 2018-04-16

Anna Wood

Lisa Auten

Max Hinojosa

Ashley Trotter

Hannah Mindeman Shuman

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**Performer(s)**

Anna Wood, Lisa Auten, Max Hinojosa, Ashley Trotter, Hannah Mindeman Shuman, Garrett Vogel, Emily Auten, Hannah Rodriguez, Ann Rye, Ismaelena Serrano, Dennese Adkins, Lisa Kulczak, Cheri Headrick, and Siyu Lou

## UPCOMING EVENTS

- APRIL**
- Wed 18 Guest Artist Recital:**  
Jose Leon, bass trombone  
6:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Thu 19 Hertzog Guitar Studio Recital**  
6:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Thu 19 UA New Music Ensemble**  
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center  
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Fri 20 MacRae Voice Studio Recital**  
8:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Sun 22 UA Symphonic and Concert Band**  
3:00 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center  
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Mon 23 UA Wind Ensemble**  
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center  
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- APRIL CONT.**
- Tue 24 UA Wind Symphony**  
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center  
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Wed 25 Pierce Tuba/Euph. Studio Recital**  
7:30 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Thu 26 Mixdorf Trombone Studio Recital**  
6:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- The 26 UA Schola Cantorum**  
7:30 pm, Faulkner Performing Arts Center  
\$10 general admission; \$5 student/faculty/staff
- Sun 29 Guest Artist Recital: Leigh Muñoz, bassoon**  
2:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free
- Sun 29 UA Tuba & Euphonium Ensemble**  
5:00 pm, Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall, free

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

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UNIVERSITY OF  
ARKANSAS

J. William Fulbright  
College of Arts & Sciences

# Park Voice Studio Recital

*students of*  
Dr. Moon-Sook Park

UAMusic

April 16, 2018 | 7:00 PM  
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

## Concert Program

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Music for a While ..... Henry Purcell (1659–1695)  
Lachen und Weinen..... Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

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

Sebben crudele..... Antonio Caldara (1670–1736)  
Money, O! ..... Michael Head (1900–1976)

Max Hinojosa, *baritone*  
Lisa Auten, *piano*

Les Berceaux ..... Gabriele Faurè (1845–1924)  
Music I heard with you..... Richard Hageman (1881–1966)

Ashley Trotter, *soprano*  
Hannah Mindeman, *piano*

Die Forelle..... Schubert  
Take, o take those lips away..... Roger Quilter (1877–1953)

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

La pastorella delle Alpi ..... Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)  
Pastorale..... Georges Bizet (1838–1875)

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

Laudamus te ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)  
from *Mass in C minor*, K. 427

Winter..... Dominick Argento (b. 1927)

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

### Air grave

Ah! Fuyez à présent,  
Malheureuses pensées!  
O! colère, o! remords!  
Souvenirs qui m'avez  
Les deux tempes pressées,  
De l'étreinte des morts.  
Sentiers de mousse pleins,  
Vaporeuses fontaines,  
Grottes profondes, voix  
Des oiseaux et du vent  
Lumières incertaines  
Des sauvages sous-bois,  
Insectes animaux,  
Beauté future,  
Ne me repousse pas,  
Ô divine nature  
Je suis ton suppliant.  
Ah! Fuyez à présent,  
Malheureuses pensées!  
O! colère, o! remords!

### Air vif

Le trésor du verger  
Et le jardin en fête,  
Les fleurs des champs,  
Des bois, éclatent de plaisir,  
Hélas! Hélas!  
Et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix.  
Mais toi noble ocean  
Que l'assaut des tourmentes  
Ne saurait ravager  
Certes plus dignement,  
Lorsque tut e lamentes,  
Tut e prends à songer.

### Serious air

Ah! Flee now  
Miserable thoughts!  
Oh! Rage, oh! Scruples!  
Memories which have  
Pressed both my temples  
In the grip of the dead.  
Paths of thick moss,  
Vaporous fountains,  
Deep grottos, voices  
Of birds and the wind,  
Uncertain lights  
Of wild primeval forests,  
Insects, animals,  
Future beauty,  
Do not turn me away,  
O divine nature,  
I am your suppliant.  
Ah! Flee now  
Miserable thoughts!  
Oh! Rage, oh! Scruples!

### Lively air

The treasure of the orchard  
And the festive garden,  
The flowers of the fields  
And woodlands burst with pleasure,  
Alas! Alas!  
And above them the wind raises his voice.  
But you, noble ocean  
That the assault of storms  
Could not ravage,  
Certainly, with more dignity,  
Once you lament,  
You lose yourself in dreams.

translation by Bertram Kottmann

Empia! dovevi allora  
porgermi un fil d'aita,  
quando tra'èa la vita  
in grembo dei (nell'ansia e nei)\* sospir.  
A che d'inutil pianto  
assordi la foresta?  
Rispetta un ombra mesta  
e lasciala dormir.

\*text set by Verdi

Wicked one! You should then  
have offered me a thread of help,  
when my life was pulled  
into the womb of (into anxiety and) sighing.  
For what with useless crying?  
Why do you deafen the forest?  
Respect a ghost, sad,  
and let it sleep.

translation by Bard Suverkrop

### Плач об умершем младенце

Солнце и дождик,  
Сиянье и мгла.  
Туман опустился,  
Померкла луна.  
Кого родила она?  
Мальчика, мальчика.  
А как назвали?  
Мойшелэ, Мойшелэ.  
А в чём качали Мойшелэ?  
В люльке.  
А чем кормили?  
Хлебом да луком.  
А где схоронили?  
В могиле.

Ой, мальчик в могиле, в могиле!  
Мойшелэ, в могиле, ой!  
Ой, мальчик в могиле, в могиле!  
Мойшелэ, в могиле, ой!

text from a collection of Jewish folk songs

### Lament for a Dead Child

Sun and rain,  
Light and darkness.  
The fog has descended,  
Darkening the moon.  
To whom have you given birth?  
To a boy, to a boy.  
How he was named?  
Moishele, Moishele.  
In what did you rock him?  
In the cradle.  
With what did we feed him?  
Bread and onions.  
Where did we bury him?  
In the grave.

Oy! the boy is in a grave  
Moishele is in the grave, ой!  
Oy! the boy is in the grave!  
Moishele is in the grave, ой!

translation by Anton Belov

### Air Champêtre

Belle source, belle source,  
Je veux me rappeler sans cesse,  
Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié  
Ravi, j'ai contemplé  
Ton visage, ô dèesse,  
Perdu sous la mou,  
Sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré,  
Cet ami que je pleure,  
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,  
Au souffle qui t'effleure,  
Et répondre à ton  
flot cache?

### Pastoral air

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,  
I wish to remember forever,  
That one day, guided by affection,  
Enchanted, I looked at  
Your face, o Goddess,  
Half concealed underneath the moss.  
Underneath the moss.

Has he but remained,  
This friend for whom I mourn.  
O nymph, adhering to your cult,  
To mingle at least  
With the breeze that touches you  
And to respond to your hidden waters?

From *Canciones clásicas españolas* ..... Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)  
I. La mi sola, Laureola  
II. Al amor  
III. ¿Corazón porqué pasáis  
IV. Chiquitita la novia

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

From *Lieder und Gesänge* ..... Robert Schumann (1810-1856)  
aus 'Wilhelm Meister,' Op. 98a

Kennst du das Land  
Nur Wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Heiss mich nict reden, heiss mich schweigen

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

Non t'accostar all'urna ..... Schubert  
Non t'accostar all'urna ..... Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)  
Плач об умершем младенце ..... Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)

Lisa Kulczak, *mezzo-soprano*  
Cheri Headrick, *soprano*  
Ann Rye, *piano*

*Airs Chantés* ..... Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

I. Air Romantique  
II. Air Champêtre  
III. Air Grave  
IV. Air Vif

Siyu Lou, *soprano*  
Ann Rye, *piano*

## Text and Translations

### Music for a While

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.  
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd  
And disdain'g to be pleas'd  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.

### Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde  
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.  
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust;  
Und warum ich nun weine  
Bei des Abendes Scheine,  
Ist mir selb' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde  
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so mancherlei Grunde.  
Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;  
Und warum du erwachen  
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,  
Muß ich dich fragen, o Herz.

### Sebben crudele

Sebben, crudele,  
Mi fai languir,  
Sempre fedele  
Ti voglio amar.

Con la lunghezza  
Del mio servir  
La tua fierezza  
Saprò stancar.

### Money, O!

When I had money, money, O!  
I knew no joy till I went poor;  
For many a false man as a friend  
Came knocking all day at my door.  
Then felt I like a child that holds

### Laughter and Tears

Laughter and tears at any hour  
rest on Love in so many ways.  
In the morning I laugh for joy,  
and why I now weep  
in the evening glow,  
is something unknown to me.

Tears and laughter at any hour  
rest on Love in so many ways.  
In the evening I weep for sorrow;  
and why you can awake  
in the morning with laughter,  
I must ask you, o my heart!

translation by Emily Ezust

### Although cruel love

Although, cruel love,  
you make me languish,  
I will always  
love you true.

With the patience  
of my serving  
I will be able to tire out  
your pride.

translation by Bertram Kottmann

### Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!  
Allein und abgetrennt  
Von aller Freude,  
Seh ich ans Firmament  
Nach jener Seite.  
Ach, der mich liebt und kennt,  
Ist in der Weite.  
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
Mein Eingeweide.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
Weiß, was ich leide!

### Heiß mich nicht reden, heiß mich schweigen,

Heiß mich nicht reden,  
heiß mich schweigen,  
Denn mein Geheimniß ist mir Pflicht;  
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,  
Allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zur rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf  
Die finstre Nacht, und sie muß sich erhellen;  
Der harte Fels schließt seinen Busen auf,  
Mißgönnt der Erde nicht  
die tiefverborgnen Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,  
Dort kann die Brust in Klagen  
sich ergießen;  
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu  
Und nur ein Gott vermag sie  
aufzuschließen.

### Non t'accostar all'urna

Non t'accostar all'urna  
che l'ossa (il cener)\* mie rinserra.  
Questa pietosa terra  
è sacra al mio dolor.  
(Odio gli affanni tuoi)\*  
Ricuso i tuoi giacinti;  
non voglio i pianti tuoi  
che giovano agli estinti  
due lagrime (lacrime)\* o due fior?

### Only one who knows longing

Only one who knows longing  
Knows what I suffer!  
Alone and cut off  
From all the joy,  
I look into the firmament  
In that direction.  
Ah! The one who knows and loves me  
Is far away.  
I am dizzy, they burn  
My insides.  
Only one who knows longing  
Knows what I suffer!

translation by Bard Suverkrop

### Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be silent

Don't ask me to speak -  
ask me to be silent,  
For my secret is a solemn duty to me.  
I wish I could bare my soul to you,  
But Fate does not will it.

At the right time, the sun's course will dispel  
The dark night, and it must be illuminated.  
The hard rock will open its bosom; and  
Ungrudgingly, the earth will release  
deep hidden springs.

Others may seek calm in the arms of a friend;  
There one can pour out one's  
heart in lament.  
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,  
And only a god has the power  
to open them.

translation by Emily Ezust

### Do not approach the urn

Do not approach the urn  
that encloses my bones.  
This holy ground  
is sacred to my sorrow.  
(I hate your anguish)  
I refuse your hyacinths;  
I do not want your tears;  
What use are they to the dead,  
two tears or two flowers?

Y... contemos al revés.

### ¿Corazón, porqué pasáis...

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis  
Las noches de amor despierto  
Si vuestro dueño  
En los brazos de otro dueño? Ah!

### Chiquitita la Novia

Chiquitita la novia,  
Chiquitito el novio,  
Chiquitita la sala,  
Y el dormitorio,  
Pore so yo quiero  
Chiquitita la cama  
Y el mosquitero.

### Kennst du das Land

Kennst du das Land? wo die Zitronen blühen,  
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,  
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,  
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht,  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,  
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,  
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:  
Was hat man Dir, du armes Kind, gethan?  
Kennst du es wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.

Kennst du den Berg  
und seinen Wolkensteg?  
Das Maulthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;  
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;  
Es stürzt der Fels und  
über ihn die Flut.  
Kennst du ihn wohl?  
Dahin! Dahin  
Geht unser Weg! o Vater,  
laß uns ziehn!

And... let's count backwards.

### Heart, why...

Heart, why do you spend  
The nights of love awake  
When your owner rests  
In the arms of another? Ah!

### Tiny Bride

Tiny is the bride,  
Tiny is the groom,  
Tiny is the living room,  
Tiny is the bedroom.  
That is why I want  
A tiny bed with a  
Mosquito net.

translation by IPA Source

### Do you know the land

Do you know the land where citrons bloom,  
Golden oranges glow among dark leaves,  
A gentle wind blows from the blue sky,  
The myrtle is still, and the laurel stands tall?  
Do you know it well?  
It is there! - there  
That I would go with you, my beloved.

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars.  
Its hall is resplendent, its chambers shine;  
And marble statues stand and watch me:  
What have they done to you, poor child?  
Do you know it well?  
It is there! - there  
That I would go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain  
and its cloud-covered ridge?  
The mule searches for its path in the mist;  
In caverns dwell the ancient spawn of dragons;  
Rocks tumble down, and over them,  
a rush of water!  
Do you know it well?  
It is there! - there  
That our path leads us! Oh Father,  
let us depart.

translation by Emily Ezust

A trumpet that he must not blow  
Because a man is dead; I dared  
Not speak to let this false world know.

Much have I thought of life, and seen  
How poor men's hearts are ever light;  
And how their wives do hum like bees  
About their work from morn till night.

So, when I hear these poor ones laugh,  
And see the rich ones coldly frown  
Poor men, think I, need not go up  
So much as rich men should come down.

When I had money, money, O!  
My many friends proved all untrue;  
But now I have no money, O!  
My friends are real, though very few.

### Les Berceaux

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde au berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux;  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là, les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

### Music I heard with you

Music I heard with you was  
more than music,  
And bread I broke with you  
was more than bread;  
Now that I am without you,  
all is desolate;  
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched  
this table and this silver,  
And I have seen your fingers  
hold this glass.  
These things do not remember  
you, beloved,

### The cradles

Along the quay the great vessels  
which the swell sways in silence  
take no notice of the cradles  
which the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come;  
for women must to weep,  
and curious men must  
strive for the alluring horizons!

And on that, day the great vessels,  
fleeing from the diminishing port  
feel their bulk held back  
by the soul of the distant cradles.

translation by Christopher Goldsack

And yet your touch upon them  
will not pass.

For it was in my heart that you  
moved among them,  
And blessed them with your  
hands and with your eyes;  
And in my heart they will  
remember always, -  
They knew you once,  
O beautiful and wise.

### Die Forelle

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoss in froher Eil'  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorueber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süsser Ruh'  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser helle  
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang.  
Er macht das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh' ich es gedacht  
So zuckte seine Rute  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrog'ne an.

### Take, O take those lips away

Take, O take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, but sealed,  
but sealed in vain!

### The Trout

In a clear little brook,  
There darted, about in happy haste,  
The moody trout  
Dashing everywhere like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank  
And watched, in sweet peace,  
The fish's bath  
In the clear little brook.

A fisherman with his gear  
Came to stand on the bank  
And watched with cold blood  
As the little fish weaved here and there.  
But as long as the water remains clear,  
I thought, no worry,  
He'll never catch the trout  
With his hook.

But finally, for the thief,  
Time seemed to pass too slowly.  
He made the little brook murky,  
And before I thought it could be,  
So his line twitched.  
There thrashed the fish,  
And I, with raging blood,  
Gazed on the betrayed one.

translations by Betsy Schwarm

### Laudamus te

Laudámus te,  
Benedícimus te,  
Adorámus te,  
Glorificámus te.

### Winter

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
Tu-who!  
Tu-whit! Tu-who! — A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl  
Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
Tu-who!  
Tu-whit! Tu-who! — A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

translation by Ross Klattle

### La mi sola, Laureola

La mi sola, Laureola  
La mi sola, sola, sola.  
Yo el cautivo Leriano,  
Anque mucho estoy ufano,  
Herido de aquella mano  
Que en el mundo es una sola.  
La mi sola, Laureola,  
La mi sola, sola, sola.

### Al amor

Dame, Amore, besos sin cuento  
Asido de mis cabellos,  
Y mil y ciento tras ellos  
Y tras ellos mil y ciento.  
Y después... de muchos millares, tres!  
Y porque nadie lo sienta,  
Desbaratemos la cuenta

### We praise you

We praise You,  
We bless You,  
We worship You,  
We glorify You.

translation by Barb Suverkrop

### She, my only Laureola

She, my only Laureola,  
My only one.  
I, Leriano, am charmed by her beauty,  
Although I am very proud,  
Wounded by her hand  
That in the world is unique.  
She, my only Laureola,  
My only one.

### To love

Give me, love, kisses without count  
Grasped by my hair,  
And eleven hundred after that  
And after that, eleven hundred more.  
And then, three thousand more!  
And so that no one may regret it,  
Let us spoil the count