

2018

Concert recording 2018-09-18

Ismaelena Serrano

Ann Rye

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Graduate Solo Recital
Ismaelena Serrano, *soprano*
Dr. Ann Rye, *piano*

Wednesday, September 18, 2018 | 7:30pm
Holla Boyle Smith Concert Hall

Program

Je t'en dirai-je, maman

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756 – 1791)
arr. A. Adam – Schmidt

Maggie Matheny, *flute*

“Mein gläubiges Herze” from *Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt*, BWV 68

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685 – 1750)

Charles Hartman, *cello*

Canciones Clasicas Espanolas

Fernando J. Obradors
(1897 – 1945)

- I. La mi sola, Laureola
- II. Al amor
- III. Corazón, porqué pasáis
- IV. El Majo Celoso
- V. Con amores, la mi madre
- VI. Del Cabello más sutil
- VII. Chiquitita la novia

Verborgenheit
Nimmersatte liebe
Begegnung

Hugo Wolf
(1860 – 1903)

Intermission

“Nehmt meinen Dank”, K.383

W. A. Mozart

Vignettes: Letters from George to Evelyn

Alan Louis Smith
(b. 1955)

Prologue

I. Stationed in Europe

Dec. '42 England

Mar. 18, '45 Germany

Mar. 21st, '45

II. Crossing the English Channel – Recitativo

March 10, '44

III. France, having survived the Normandy Invasion, D-Day

France July 2nd '44

France Nov. 22 '44

Telegram – Schism

Epilogue

“Qui la voce sua soave... Vien diletto” from *I Puritani*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801 – 1835)

Ismaelena is a student of Dr. Moon-Sook Park. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the M.M. Degree in Vocal Performance.

We hope you enjoy tonight's performance.

For more information on the Department of Music and other events, please visit our calendar of events online at <http://music.uark.edu>
Ushering and stage management for this concert provided by Sigma Alpha Iota and Phi Mu Alpha.

Solo Graduate Recital
Ismaelena Serrano, *soprano*
Dr. Ann Rye, *piano*

Tuesday, September 18, 2018 | 7:30pm
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

Program Notes

“Ah! Vous dirai-je, maman” Bravour – Variationen

The melody of *Ah! Vous Dirai-Je, Maman*, associated today with *Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star* and *A, B, C's*, was first composed anonymously without words in 1761.¹ It was paired with text just a few years later in 1764 titled *La Confidence Naïve*. These lyrics were a story of love's unscrupulous nature, quite different from the nursery rhymes' poetry familiarized with this melody in the 21st century.² This melody was made famous by Mozart's "Twelve Variations on 'Ah! Vous dirai-je, Maman'" in 1781. Thirteen arrangements have been made of these variations for widely varying instrumentations. Adolphe Charles Adam, French composer and music critic, composed this arrangement for soprano, flute, and piano in 1849 for his comic opera, *Le toréador*.

Ah! vous dirai-je, maman
Ce qui cause mon tourment
Depuis que j'ai vu Clitandre
Me regarder d'un air si tendre
Mon Coeur dit à chaque instant
Péuton vivre sans amant?

Cet air me semble charmant,
Je veux le dire souvent
Oui cet air est charmant,
Son motif entraînant
produit le sentiment
Le plus tendre,
J'aime son mouvement
Vous bercant mollement.

Il est également
Expressif, elegant,
Le coeur bat seulement
À l'entendre.

Ah! Shall I tell you, Mama,
What causes my torment?
Since I saw Silvanore,
Look at me tenderly;
My heart says every moment:
“Can one live without a lover?”

The air seems charming to me,
I want to say it often
Yes, the air is charming,
His moving melody
Produces a feeling
Most tender,
I love his movement
You rock softly.

He is also
Expressive, elegant,
The heart beats only
Tenderly.

¹ George List, *The Distribution of a Melodic Formula: Diffusion or Polygenesis?*
(International Council for Traditional Music, 1978), 36.

² James Fuld, *The Book of World Famous Music: Classical, Popular, and Folk* (New
York, Dover Publications, Inc., 2000), 593.

Mein gläubiges Herze

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685 – 1750) was born as the eighth child to Johann Ambrosius and Elisabeth Bach whom both he lost at the young age of 9 in 1695. He was in the care of his eldest brother until the age 15 when he moved to Lüneburg to attend a Latin school where children of poor parents could support themselves by singing in the church choir. This was a school of reputable musical tradition and music library, laying the foundation for Bach's interest and understanding of 17th century German choir traditions.³ He spent his life composing cantatas, motets, Latin liturgical works, passions and oratorios, four-part chorales, arias, orchestral works, and chamber music. Although his music was not highly valued by many for the next half-century after his death, his works have now become some of the most respected and explored compositions of all time. "Mein gläubiges Herze" is the second of five movements from his church cantata *Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt, BWV 68*, written for the second day of Pentecost. This aria is described by John Eliot Gardiner, and avid performer of Bach's works, as "surely one of Bach's most refreshing and unbuttoned expressions of melodic joy and high spirits."⁴

Mein gläubiges Herze

Mein gläubiges Herze,
Frohlocke, sing, scherze,
Dein Jesus ist da!

Weg Jammer, weg Klagen,
Ich will euch nur sagen:
Mein Jesus ist nah.

My faithful heart

My faithful heart,
Rejoice, sing, be merry,
Your Jesus is here!

Away with sorrow, away with lamentation,
I shall just say to you:
My Jesus is close.

Canciones Clasicas Espanolas

Fernando Jaumandreu Obradors (1896 – 1945) was a pianist and composer, born in Barcelona. As a child, he began piano studies with his mother, Julia Obradors. He began his collegiate studies in Barcelona and completed them in Paris. In his late 30's, after the Spanish Civil War, he helped create and conduct Barcelona's Orquesta Sinfónica. Just one year before his death, he moved to the Canary Islands to serve as director of the Conservatory and conductor of the Orquesta de la Sociedad Filarmónica. Despite his success, he returned home due to poor health and died that same year. UME published his pending compositions 20 years after his passing. Obradors later became known more for his art songs than his orchestral compositions. *Canciones Clasicas Españolas* is his most popular work, overflowing with Spanish flavor and charming vocal melodies.⁵

La mi sola, Laureola

La mi sola, Laureola
La mi sola, sola, sola...

Yo el cautivo Leriano
Aunque mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.

My Only Laureola

She's my only Laureola,
My only one and only!

I'm but her captive, Leriano;
And though I'm very proud and grand
I've yet been wounded at her hand
In this world she is the one and only!

³ Hanford, Jan and Koster, Jan. "Johann Sebastian Bach's Life." J.S. Bach. Accessed August 3, 2018.

<http://www.jsbach.org/>

⁴ Gardiner, John E. "Cantatas for Whit Monday / Holy Trinity, Long Melford." Bach Cantatas. Accessed August 3, 2018. <http://www.bach-cantatas.com/Pic-Rec-BIG/Koopman-C14c%5BAM-3CD%5D.pdf>

⁵ Draayer, Suzanne R. *Art Song Composers of Spain: An Encyclopedia*. Lanham: Scarecrow Press, Inc., 2009. Accessed April 1, 2018.

Al Amor

Dame, Amor, 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
Y... contemos al revés.

Corazón, porqué pasáis

Corazón, porqué pasáis
Las noches de amore despierto
Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño?

El Majo celoso

Del majo que me enamora
He aprendido la queja
Que una y mil veces suspira
Noche tras noche en mi reja:
Lindezas, me muero
De amor loco y fiero
Quisiera olvidarte
Mas quiero y no puedo!
Le han dicho que en la Pradera
Me han visto con un chispero
Desos de mala de seda
Y chupa de terciopelo.
Majezas, te quiero,
No creas que muero
De amores perdida
Por ese chispero.

Con amores, la mi madre

Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormi;
Asi dormida sonaba
Lo que el Corazon velaba,
Que el amor me consolaba
Con mas bien que mereci.
Adormeciome el favor
Que amor me dio con amor;
Dio descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le servi

To the beloved

Give me, Love, kisses without number
As the number of hairs on my head
And give me a thousand and a hundred after that
And a hundred and a thousand after that...
And after those...
Many thousands... give me three more!

And so that no one feels bad...
Let us tear up the tally
And begin counting backwards!

Heart, why do you..?

My heart, why do you keep awake?
During the nights of love,
If your master rests
In the arms of another master?

The jealous cutie

From the cutie that I am in love with
I have learned the complaint
That one and a thousand times he sighs
Night after night at my window:
Beauties, I die
Of love crazy and fierce
I wish I could forget you
But I want to and cannot!
They have told him that in the meadow
They have seen me with some nobody
The kind that wears a silk shirt
And a jacket of velvet.
Cutie, I love you,
Don't think that I am dying
Of lost love
For that lowlife.

With loves, my mother

With loves, my mother,
With loves I fell asleep;
That way asleep I dreamt
That which the heart safeguarded
That love consoled me
With more goodness than I deserved.
I was lulled to sleep with the kindness
That love gave me with love;
It gave rest to my pain
The faith with which I served it



UNIVERSITY OF
ARKANSAS

J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT
College of Arts & Sciences

UAMusic

Del cabello mas sutil

Del cabello mas sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzada
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

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.

Of the Softest Hair

Of the softest hair
That you have in your braid
I should make a chain
To bring you to my side.
A jug in your house
Little one, I would like to be,
To kiss you on the mouth,
When you go to drink.

The tiny girlfriend

Tiny the girlfriend,
Tiny the boyfriend,
Tiny the living room,
And the bedroom,
For that reason I want
For the bed to be tiny
As well as the mosquito net.

Hugo Wolf

Hugo Wolf (1860 – 1903) was known for having an abrasive temper as a young musician, earning him expulsion from the Vienna Conservatory at the age of 17. His colorful personality shows through in his unique compositional style that made him the face of 19th century German art song. Wolf compositions were always accompanied by highly emotional text, whether of suffering or sarcasm or love. His melodic lines intricately paint the poetic text accompanied by unique and unexpected harmonies in the piano accompaniment. Wolf's musical mentors included Richard Wagner, Gustav Mahler, and Johannes Brahms. He composed nearly 300 works before his death to syphilis at the young age of 43. Although Wolf did not consider *Verborgeneheit* to be one of his finest compositions, it is now known as one of his most beloved and performed pieces.⁶ *Nimmersatte Liebe* was one of Wolf's most gratifying works. There is record of a letter from Wolf to his friend, Edmund Lang, proclaiming himself to be "happy as a king" after completing this composition and that the Devil would seize his friend with pleasure upon hearing it.⁷ Wolf accomplishes an exciting and equally balanced alliance between the melody and piano accompaniment to paint this unorthodox text. *Begegnung* showcases the exceptional story-telling partnership between Wolf and Eduard Mörike. Wolf composed 53 pieces of music to Mörike's poetry in less than one year. Mörike was not only a German poet, but a preacher. He had both a sense of humor and a keen, watchful interest in people.⁸ Mörike and Wolf's eager collaboration made them to be two of the most acute and animated story-tellers in art song.

Verborgeneheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket,
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Seclusion

Leave, oh world, oh leave me be!
Tempt me not with the gifts of love,
Leave this heart alone to have
It's joy, it's pain!

Why I grieve, I know not,
It is an unknown pain;
At all time I look through tears
At the sun's lovely light.
Often, suddenly when I least expect it,
Pure joy flashes
Through the difficulties that oppress me
Blissfully in my heart.

⁶ Eriksson, Erik. "Hugo Wolf *Verborgeneheit*." ALLMUSIC. August 5, 2018. <https://www.allmusic.com/composition/verborgeneheit-lass-o-welt-o-lass-mich-sein-song-for-voice-piano-m%C3%B6rike-lieder-mc0002355990>

⁷ Eriksson, Erik. "Hugo Wolf *Nimmersatte Liebe*." ALLMUSIC. August 5, 2018. <https://www.allmusic.com/composition/nimmersatte-liebe-so-ist-die-lieb%21-song-for-voice-piano-m%C3%B6rike-lieder-mc0002514645>

⁸ Campbell, T.M. "Eduard Mörike: A Neglected German Classic." *The Swanee Review* Vol. 25, No. 2 (1917): Accessed August 5, 2018.

Nimmersatte Liebe

So ist die Lieb'!

Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:

Wer ist der Tor und will ein Seib

Mit eitel Wasser füllen?

Und schöpfst du an die tausent Jahr',

Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,

Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund'

Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;

Wir bißen uns die Lippen wund,

Da wir uns heute küssten.

Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh',

Wie's Lämlein unter'm Messer;

Ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu,

Je weher desto beßer!

So ist die Lieb', und war auch so,

Wie lang es Liebe giebt,

Und anders war Herr Salomo,

Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Begegnung

Was doch eut Nacht ein Sturm gewesen,

Bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!

Wie hat der ungebet'ne besen

Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!

Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die Straßen,

Das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;

Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,

So unstet ihr Gesichtchen glüht.

Ein schooner Bursch tritt ihr entgegen,

Er will ihr voll Entzücken nahn:

Wie seh'n sich freudig und verlegen

Die ungewohnten Schelme an!

Er scheint zu fragen, ob das Liebchen

Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,

Die heute Nacht im offenen Stübchen

Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.

Der Bursche träumt noch von den Küssen,

Die ihm das süße Kind getauscht,

Er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,

Derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.

Insatiable Love

So is love!

It cannot be stilled with kisses:

What fool would try

To fill a strainer with water?

You could pour in water for a thousand years,

and kiss forever and ever,

You will never satisfy love.

The love, the love has at all times

Strange new desires;

We bit each other's lip sore,

When we kissed today.

The girl remained quite still,

Like a little lamb under the knife;

Her eyes pleaded: don't stop,

The more it hurts the better!

Love is like that and always was,

And will be as long as there is love,

And no different was King Solomon,

The wise, when he was in love.

Encounter

What a storm there was last night,

It raged until morning!

How the uninvited broom had the

Chimneys and streets swept-out!

There comes a girl already down the street

Who half frightened about her looks;

Like roses blown about by the wind,

Ever changing is her face glows.

A handsome lad steps toward her,

He wants to approach her filled with delight:

How they look at each other with joy and embarrassment

The two novice rascals!

He appears to ask, whether the sweetheart

Has already put her braids in order,

Which last night in the open room

A storm had brought in disorder.

The lad dreams still of the kisses,

That with him the sweet child exchanged,

He stands, by her charm spellbound,

While she around the corner rushes.

Nehmt meinen Dank, K383

“Nehmt meinen Dank” has a mysterious history. Not much is known about the text aside from it being one of Mozart’s first vocal works to be written in German. There is much speculation in regards to subliminal meanings in the text and whom it may have been written for. Some argue that it was written for a benefit concert for his adored pupil, Aloysia Weber Lange, who became his sister-in-law the year this composition premiered.⁹ It was originally arranged for a small chamber orchestra. The aria is a female narration of thanks to patrons for their gracious support.

Nehmt meinen Dank, ihr holden Gönner!
So feurig, als mein Herz ihn spricht,
Euch laut zu sagen, können Männer,
Ich nu rein Weib, vermag es nicht.

Receive my thanks, dear patrons!
As passionately, as my heart it speaks,
Men could speak them aloud to you,
I, a mere woman, cannot do so.

Doch glaubt, ich werd’ in meinem Leben
Niemals vergessen eure Huld;
Blieb’ ich, so ware mein Bestreben,
Sie zu verdienen, doch Geduld!

But believe me, never in my life will I
Forget your kindness;
If I were to remain, I would endeavor
To earn your kindness, but have patience and listen!

Von Anbeginn war stetes Wandern
Der Musen und der Künstler Los;
Mir geht es so wie alen Andern,
Fort aus des Vaterlandes Schoß
Seh’ ich mich von dem Schicksal leiten.

Since the beginning wandering has been
The lot of the Muses and the artist;
It is the same with me as with all the others,
Forth from the bosom of my homeland
I see myself being led by fate.

Doch glaubt es mir, in jedem Reich,
Wohin ich geh’, zu allen Zeiten
Bleibt immerdar mein Herz bei Euch.

But believe me, in every place,
Where I go, at all times
My heart will remain forever with you.

⁹ Sadie, Stanley, and George Grove. The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Chicago, 1980.

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If I were to remain, I would endeavor
To earn your kindness, but have patience and listen!

Von Anbeginn war stetes Wandern
Der Musen und der Künstler Los;
Mir geht es so wie alen Andern,
Fort aus des Vaterlandes Schoß
Seh’ ich mich von dem Schicksal leiten.

Since the beginning wandering has been
The lot of the Muses and the artist;
It is the same with me as with all the others,
Forth from the bosom of my homeland
I see myself being led by fate.

Doch glaubt es mir, in jedem Reich,
Wohin ich geh’, zu allen Zeiten
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But believe me, in every place,
Where I go, at all times
My heart will remain forever with you.

⁹ Sadie, Stanley, and George Grove. The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Chicago, 1980.

Vignettes: Letters from George to Evelyn

Alan Louis Smith (b. 1955) is Chair of Keyboard Studies and Director of the Keyboard Collaborative Arts program at the University of Southern California Thornton School of Music. He has both his Bachelor's and Master's Degree from Baylor University in Piano Performance and a Doctorate of Musical Arts from the University of Michigan.¹⁰ His performance collaborations include names such as bass-baritone Thomas Stewart, soprano Barbara Bonney, mezzo-soprano Stephanie Blythe, and violinists Donald McInnes and Eudice Shapiro, along with the Los Angeles Chamber Virtuosi.¹¹ Smith says his most prioritized musical effort "is to be honest. Musically honest, textually honest, emotionally honest..."¹² In 2003, Smith was struggling with inspiration to compose a song cycle for the Tanglewood Music Center in Massachusetts for the celebration of the famous soprano, Phyllis Curtin's, 80th birthday. Evelyn, a 1936 USC alumna, mentioned that she still had in her possession all of the letters she received from her late husband, George W. Honts, who was killed in World War II. Smith was moved beyond measure by these nearly 60-year-old letters. Flooded with inspiration, Smith wrote this music quickly, debuting it later that year at USC's Newman Recital Hall.¹³

Prologue

Dearest...

Darling...

I. Stationed in Europe

Dec. '42 England

I had seen fire go through the young pines in drought season.
But it was no more swift than passions blaze through us.
Our hearts were rejoined and we were in each other's arms.
We were pitiful in the bliss and pain of it -- So lavish were our loves
So strong our need and right for each other
And so vigorous and sentient our years.

You will remember, wont' you?

Mar. 18, '44 England

I am still the busiest guy in the seven armies
And the days and nights run together and melt away with alarming speed.
Still, each one that passes brings closer that time
When my purgatory on earth shall be ended
And I can enter into my heaven
Through the portals of your two lovely arms.

¹⁰ Tamara Brooke Regensburger, "Alan Louis Smith's Vignettes: Ellis Island: the History, Evolution and Performance of a Modern American Song Cycle" (dissertation, The Ohio State University, 2009), 16-21.

¹¹ Smith, Alan L. "Faculty Alan L. Smith" USC Thornton School of Music, accessed May 24, 2018, <https://music.usc.edu/alan-l-smith/>

¹² Hough, Jennifer W. C., "America at War: Song Composers' Settings of Letters Inspired by Wartime." PhD dissertation, University of North Carolina, 2014.

¹³ Trent, John. "Evenings of Great Songs & the Stories Behind Them." *Arte Lyrica*. April 2014. Accessed June, 20, 2018. http://www.artelyrica.org/TheHero_narration.htm

Mar. 21st, '45

...the build up for the big push rapidly being completed.

II. Crossing the English Channel – Recitativo

March 10 '44

I am the only officer aboard from my outfit –
The boys are at a high pitch and primed for action.
I am not the big chap that you may have imagined...
Right now I feel very small and unfit,
Unequal to the job that is awaiting for me just beyond the horizon
And I am guilty of hiding a great loneliness
And not a little fear behind a demeanor of official bravado
And I confess feeling very smug in your love.
Shouldn't I feel more proud of attaining you
Than if I were the big brave invincible knight of your dreams?

III. France, having survived the Normandy Invasion, D-Day

July 2nd, '44

Downpour of rain --
Bombers -- Fighters -- Mud --
Shattered dwellings --
Dead livestock --
Uprooted trees --
Etc.

Nov. 22, '44

It is still inconceivable to me
That you have chosen to share your life with me...
A love that has given me new life,
A new goal,
And a new approach to heaven.

IV. Telegram – Schism

WESTERN UNION 1945 APR 2 PM 6 24

..TA84

T.WA291 31 GOVT=WASHINGTON DC 2 753P

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR HUSBAND 1LT
HONTS GEORGE W WAS KILLED IN ACTION IN GERMANY 25 MAR 45
CONFIRMING LETTER FOLLOWS=

A J ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL 2545.

Mar. 21st, '45

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CONFIRMING LETTER FOLLOWS=

A J ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL 2545.

Epilogue

My heart, my mind, my soul is yours,
Love me,
Love me,
I adore you,
Love me, too.
My best to everyone...
Must run now, my sweet,
Gotta run now baby,
Love, Geroge

Qui la voce sua soave... Vien diletto

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) was an Italian operatic composer known especially for his bel canto melodies, both simple in style and rich in expression. He greatly respected the work of Haydn and Mozart, and “strove for clarity, elegance of form and melody, and a close union of words and music.”¹⁴ His compositional style had crucial influence over Wagner’s early works and also the instrumental music of Liszt and Chopin. Bellini managed to make a name for himself as an operatic luminary despite his short life of 33 years. *I puritani* is a three act opera that premiered the year of his death. At the end of Act I, Elvira sees her fiancé, Arturo, flee the castle with another woman. Act II opens with “Qui la voce sua soave...” as she reaches a state of insanity, overcome with sadness and heartbreak. She then sees her former fiancé Riccardo. Clearly still deranged, she mistakes him for Arturo and sings to him “Vien diletto.”

Qui la voce sua soave

Qui la voce sua soave
Mi chiamava... e poi spari.
Qui guirava esser fedele,
Qui il giurava,
E poi crudele, mi fuggi!
Ah, mai più qui assorti insieme
Nella gioia dei sospir.
Ah, rendetemi la speme,
O lasciate, lasciatemi morir.

Vien, diletto, è in ciel la luna!
Tutto tace intorno intorno;
Finchè spunti in cielo il giorno,
Vien, ti posa sul mio cor!
Deh!, t'affretta, O Arturo mio,
Riedi, O caro, alla tua Elvira:
Essa piange e ti sospira,
Vien, O caro, all'amore.

Here his soft voice

Here his soft voice
Called me... and then vanished.
Here he swore to be faithful,
This he was vowing,
And then cruelly fled from me!
Oh! No longer to be joined together
In the joy of sighing.
Oh, return my hope
Or let me die.

Come, beloved, the moon is in the sky!
Everything is quiet around us;
Until day breaks in the sky,
Come and alight upon my heart!
Hurry up, oh, my Arthur,
Return, my dear, to your Elvira:
She cries and sighs for you,
Come, my dear, to love.

¹⁴ “Vincenzo Bellini.” In *Encyclopedia Britannica*. 1998. Accessed June 20, 2018.
<https://www.britannica.com/biography/Vincenzo-Bellini>

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Performer(s)

Date of Performance 09/18/18

Signature Yasminara Jimenez Jimenez imserran@mark.edu

Date 9-18-18 Witness Errol Beckner

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