

UArkMusic

2025-2026 Season

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ABOUT MUSIC

The University of Arkansas is accredited by the National Association of Schools of Music and the Department of Music is housed within the Fulbright College of Arts & Sciences.

Home to over 300 music students and fifty faculty members, we offer a variety of degree programs at the undergraduate and graduate levels.

Department faculty and students perform over 400 concerts per year, on and off campus. Large concerts are performed at the 600-seat Faulkner Performing Arts Center that opened in 2015. Chamber and solo recitals are primarily presented at the 200-seat Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall.

For more information, find us on social media or contact us at (479) 575-4701, email us at **music@uark.edu**, or visit **music.uark.edu**.

UArkMusic

2025-2026 Season

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SENIOR RECITAL

Talina Madonna Woods, soprano

WITH:

Desmond Henderson, piano

Regina Elizabeth Woods, soprano

Nicole Patrao, cello

7:30 p.m., Sunday, April 19, 2026

Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

University of Arkansas

PROGRAM

Duet from *Stabat mater dolorosa*

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736)

Regina Elizabeth Woods, soprano

Nicole Patrao, cello

Chi sa, chi sa, qual sia, K. 582

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

Sie liebten sich beide

Er ist gekommen

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Gretchen's Bitte

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Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

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- II. Là-bas, vers l'église
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INTERMISSION

Night

Resignation

Florence Price (1887-1953)

To be Baptized

Love Let the Wind Cry

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

Ah! Je ris de me voir “The Jewel Song” - from *Faust*

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Moon River from *Breakfast at Tiffany's*

Henry Mancini (1924-1994)

Miss Celie's Blues “Sister” from *The Color Purple*

Quincy Jones (1933-2024)

Talina Madonna Woods is a student of Dr. Moon-Sook Park.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree.

PROGRAM NOTES

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710–1736) studied as a violinist and worked as a court and church musician, writing operas and masses. He is known for the opera, *La Serva Padrona* and *The Stabat Mater*, which he wrote just before his death while convalescing in a monastery. He was only 27 when he died and his fame was acquired posthumously. From a traditional Franciscan prayer, *The Stabat Mater* is a hymn to the suffering mother, who is asked to look upon our earthly suffering with the same sorrow and compassion She felt at the crucifixion of her Son. In the Roman Catholic Church it is still prayed today and is often observed on Good Friday and Easter.

Stabat mater Dolorosa	The grieving mother stood
Stabat mater dolorosa	The grieving mother stood
luxta crucem lacrimosa	Weeping beside the cross
Dum pendebat Filius	Where her son was hanging

(Translation by Hans van der Velden)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1755–1791) was an Austrian composer born to a family of musicians. His father was a court musician and raised him to follow in his footsteps. He is considered to be one of the most influential musicians of the classical era and of all time, setting a standard of melodic genius that musicians and composers for generations would strive to live up to. At a young age Mozart was considered a prodigy, writing his first composition at the age of 5 and appointed court musician of Salzburg at age 17. He would move to Vienna, where he continued to compose his most infamous operatic, choral and orchestral works, which he gained little recognition and compensation for during his life. Mozart died at the age of 35 having composed over 800 musical works.

Chi sa, chi sa, qual sia?

Chi sa, chi sa, qual sia?
l'affanno del mio bene,
se sdegno, gelosia,
timor, sospetto, amor.
Voi che sapete, o Dei,
I puri affetti miei,
Voi questo dubbio amaro
Toglietemi dal cor.

Who knows, who knows, what it is?

Who knows, who knows, what it is?
My beloved's affliction.
Is it jealousy, indifference,
suspicion, fear, doubt, or love?
Gods who afford protection,
You know my pure affection.
Look downward from above.
Release my aching heart.

Clara Wieck Schumann (1819–1896) Born in Leipzig, Germany to a prominent musical family, Clara was a piano prodigy who performed and toured as a child and teen. Championed by Schubert, Liszt and Mendelssohn, she received recognition and success as a concert pianist and composer. Her marriage to Robert Schumann would result in using her talent and prestige to champion his compositions and promote his works in her performances. The life of a woman musician was never easy and never meant to be a serious pursuit after marriage. For women, they were expected to raise children and tend to their domestic duties first and foremost, then to devote their time and attention to their husbands' ambitions. Only then could they pursue music as a hobby. Somehow along with the romance, love and beauty that filled her life, the stasis of womanhood can be heard reflected in Clara's music.

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.
Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.
Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen er hab
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

Poem by Heinrich Heine

I stood there darkly dreaming

I stood there darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.
About her lips
A wondrous smile played
And as with sad tears her eyes
Her eyes gleamed.
And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.
Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
Sie waren längst gestorben
Und wussten es selber kaum

Poem by Heinrich Heine

They loved one another

They loved one another, but neither
Wished to tell the other;
They gave each other such hostile looks
Yet nearly died of love.
In the end they parted and saw
Each other but rarely in dreams;
They died so long ago
And hardly knew it themselves.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

He came in storm and rain

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz ent-
gegen.

Wie konnt' ich ahnen, dass seine
Bahnen

Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? nahm ich das
seine?

Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es
heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

He came in storm and rain;
My anxious heart beat against his

How could I have known that his path

Should unite itself with mine?

He came in storm and rain
Audaciously he took my heart
Did he take mine? Did I take his?

Both drew near to each other.

He came in storm and rain
Now Spring's blessing has come.
My friend journeys on, I watch with
good cheer
For he shall be mine wherever he goes.

Poem by Friedrich Rückert

(Translations © Richard Stokes)

Gretchen's Prayer by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Goethe was a German writer and philosopher whose play, *Faust*, would become a muse for countless composers of opera and art songs. "Gretchen's prayer" is the same song from different settings and musical eras. First Schubert's Lied from the classical era is an incomplete work published posthumously. One of his last songs to be written, the tragedy of Schubert's own untimely death is reflected in the haunting and somber phrasing of the piece, with a hint of madness. Comparatively, Verdi's Italian art song is full of the operatic drama of his Romantic era style, which godfathered in the Verismo style that would come to define opera. Both composers lend compassion to the young woman's plight and her pleas of mercy to the Holy Mother as she loses everything, her own life coming to a tragic end after being caught in the spell of Faust's greed and ambition.

Franz Schubert (1797–1898) was an Austrian composer who is credited as one of the originators of the German Lied or art song. He wrote an astounding 600 plus vocal, piano, choral, and orchestral compositions. At a young age Schubert was taught music by his father, whom he quickly surpassed in skill, thus leading him to study voice and composition with the famous Salieri. Schubert was supported as a musician by a community of artists and friends known as the Schubertiads, where they gathered in each other's homes to display their talents and inspire each other's creativity.

Gretchen's Bitte

Ach neige,
Du Schmerzenreiche,
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!
Das Schwert im Herzen,
Mit tausend Schmerzen
Blickst auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.
Zum Vater blickst du,
Und Seufzer schickst du
Hinauf um sein' und deine Not.
Wer fühlet,
Wie wühlet
Der Schmerz mir im Gebein?
Was mein armes Herz hier banget,
Was es zittert, was verlanget,
Weißt nur du, nur du allein!
Wohin ich immer gehe,
Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe
Wird mir im Busen hier!
Ich bin ach kaum alleine,
Ich wein', ich wein', ich weine,
Das Herz zerbricht in mir.

Gretchen's Prayer

Ah, incline your countenance,
You who are full of sorrow,
To my distress!
With the sword in your heart
And a thousand griefs
You look up at your dying son.
You gaze up to the father
And utter sighs for
For His affliction and your own.
Who can feel
How the pain
Churns in my bones
What my poor heart dreads,
Why it quakes, what it craves,
Only you can know!
Wherever I go
How it throbs, it throbs, it throbs
Here in my breast!
Alas, as soon as I'm along,
I weep, I weep, I weep,
My heart breaks.

(English translation © Richard Stokes)

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901) was born in the province of Parma, Italy to a family of musicians. Well-known for his operas and widely regarded as a national treasure of Italy, Verdi is considered one of the most beloved composers of Italian opera. He began his early musical education as an altar boy and at 8 years old had the paid position of church organist. Throughout his life, he experienced great success with his operas being performed to great acclaim and are still among the most performed and beloved today. He is well-known for themes of nationalism and unification of Italy as a country in his music.

Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata

Deh, pietoso, oh addolorata,
china il guardo al mio dolore;
tu, una spada fitta in core,
volgi gl'occhi desolata
al morente tuo figliuol.

Quelle occhiate, i sospir vanno
lassù al padre e son preghiera
che il suo tempri ed il tuo affanno.
Come a me squarcin le viscere
gl'insoffribili miei guai
e dell'ansio petto i palpiti
chi comprendere può mai?
Di che trema il cor? Che vuol?
Ah! tu sola il sai, tu sol!

Sempre, ovunque il passo io giro,
sual martiro, qual martiro
qui nel sen porto con me!
Solitaria appena, oh, quanto
verso allora, oh, quanto pianto
e di dentro scoppia il cor.

Sul vassel del finestrino
la mia la crima scendea.
Quando all'alba del mattino
questi fior per te cogliea,
ché del sole il primo raggio
la mia stanza rischiarava
a dal letto mi cacciava
agitandomi il dolor.

Ah, per te dal disonore,
dalla morte io sia salvata.
Deh, pietoso al mio dololre
china il guardo, oh Addolorata!

Oh, with mercy, Oh Woman of Griefs

Oh, with mercy, oh woman of griefs
lower your glance towards my pains;
thou, heart-crossed by a sword
address your eyes, oh desolate
to a son of yours that dies.

All those glances, all that sighing
turn to God and become prayers
that will temper his and your pity.
Why do my unbearable troubles
keep on breaking my bowels
and who will be able to understand
the anxieties of my breast?
What is shaking my heart? What's going on?
Ah! You alone know it, you alone!

Always, wherever I walk or go,
so huge a torment and martyrdom
I bear here in my breast!
Alone then, Oh, how long
I keep on crying, Oh, so many tears
and inside my heart is bursting.

On the vase there near the window
my sole tear began to fall.
When inside the morning dawn
I just picked for you their flowers,
when the first new morning sun ray
lit up my room clearly,
and out of bed it always threw me
whippering all my pains.

Ah, with your graceful intervention
may I be saved from dishonor and death.
Oh with mercy towards my pains
Lower your glance, Oh Woman of Griefs!

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

Awarded the greatest living composer of France during his lifetime, Ravel was an accomplished Impressionist composer. Much like its visual art counterpart, Impressionism in music is characterized by the use of musical elements to convey mood and atmosphere through tone, timbre, light and color. His style experiments with form and blending musical styles such as modernism, baroque, neo-classicism and jazz. Ravel was one of the earliest composers to record his works. He wrote operas, ballets, orchestral and vocal works.

Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques

I. Chanson de la mariée
Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté,
mon cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour te nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

II. Là-bas, vers l'église
Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

III. Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

Five Greek Folk Songs

I. Awakening of the Bride
Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge
Spread your wings to the morning,
Three beauty spots
and my heart's ablaze!
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families all are related.

II. Down there by the church
Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together,
buried in infinite numbers,
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

III. What gallant can compare

What gallant can compare with me,
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it's you I love!

IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux
Comme un bel ange blond
Soules clair soleil Heilas! Tu nous pauvre
cour soupire

V. Tout gai!
Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la

IV. Song of the lentisk gatherers
O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel
Oh when you appear, angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun -
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh.

V. So Merry!
So merry! Ah, so merry!
Lovely leg, the tireli dances;
Lovely leg, the crockery that dances,
Tra la la

(Translations © Richard Stokes)

Florence Price (1887–1953)

Born in Little Rock Arkansas to a family of mixed-race heritage, Price is the first African-American Woman to be recognized as a symphonic composer. With over 300 compositions her music is a sophisticated reflection of a woman and musician who bridged the worlds of culture and race in America, including symphonies, concertos, chamber music, choral music and art songs. The sounds and rhythms of her African-American roots can be heard in her compositions as well as her choral settings of spirituals. She was a leading musician, minister, and leader in the “Chicago Black Renaissance”, working alongside fellow musicians and poets such as Margaret Bonds and Langston Hughes.

Night

Night comes, a Madonna clad in scented blue.
Rose red her mouth and deep her eyes, she lights her stars,
and turns to where, beneath her silver lamp, the moon.
Upon a couch of shadow lies a dreamy child, The wearied Day.

Resignation

My life is a pathway of sorrow;
I've struggled and toiled in the sun
with hope that the dawn of tomorrow
would break on a work that is done.

My Master has pointed the way,
he taught me in prayer to say:
"Lord, give us this day and our daily bread."
I hunger, yet I shall be fed.

My feet, they are wounded and dragging;
My body is tortured with pain;
My heart, it is shattered and flagging,
What matter, if Heaven I gain.

Of happiness once I have tasted;
'Twas only an instant it paused
tho' brief was the hour that I wasted
For ever the woe that it caused

I'm tired and want to go home.
My mother and sister are there;
They're waiting for me to come
Where mansions are bright and fair.

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

Pulitzer Prize winning composer Undine Smith-Moore was an accomplished professor and composer whose works continue to have a significant influence in the composition of vocal music, traditional spirituals and choral music. Receiving recognition for her talents during her lifetime, Smith-Moore was a pioneer in Black music, whose works reflect the influences of the musicians of the Harlem Renaissance and the Spirituals inherited from her family. She earned multiple awards, including honorary doctorates from Virginia State College and Indiana University. Although she received praise and recognition for her compositions, she humbly referred to herself as “a teacher who composes, rather than a composer who teaches”. Dr. Smith-Moore was the music teacher of the first African-American opera singer, Camilla Williams.

To be Baptized

Take me to the water; take me to the water; take me to the water to be baptized.
Jesus saved me; Jesus saved me; Jesus saved me; bless His name
Here comes another one to be baptized, Amen.
Oh! Here comes another one all dressed in white, Amen.
Take me to the water; take me to the water; take me to the water to be baptized.
To be baptized; to be baptized; to be baptized; to be baptized!
Go under the water, and be baptized!

Love, let the wind cry...how I adore thee

(poem by Sappho, English translation by William Bliss Carman)

Love let the wind cry on the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees and the tall hemlocks
With the great voice of thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent in the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily out of the gray mist
of primal chaos cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm of crunching rollers,

Breaking and bursting on the white seaboard
Titan and tireless, tell, while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

Love, let the clear call of the tree cricket,
Frailest of creatures, green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds, surer, serener,
Fuller of passion and exultation,
Let the hushed whisper in thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

The Romantic Era French composer Charles Gounod is noted for his operas, of which the most famous is *Faust*. Premiered in 1859, the play by Goethe, is a story of a man who is dissatisfied with his choices in life and makes a deal with the devil by befriending the demon, Mephistophiles. The deal grants him youth, riches and love, which brings us to Marguerite, the young, beautiful, spinning woman who is allured by his riches and gets caught in the web of Faust's deception. The moment in the opera when this aria takes place she has been gifted with flowers and jewels. Is she caught in the spell of some evil magic or is she seeing a glimpse of truth? Although her reality is tragic compared to the fantasy, Gounod captures the giddiness of a woman in love and showered with attention. It is not the jewels that make the woman, but the reflection of her hopes and dreams she sees in the mirror.

Ah! Je ris de me voir

Ah! Je ris de me voir
si belle en ce miroir.
Est-ce toi, Marguerite, est-ce toi?
Réponds-moi, réponds-moi,
Réponds, réponds, réponds vite!
Non! Non! Ce n'est plus toi!
Non...non, ce n'est plus ton visage;
C'est la fille d'un roi; c'est la fille d'un roi!
Ce n'est plus toi.
Qu'on salue au passage!
Ah s'il était ici!
S'il me voyait ainsi!
Il me trouverait belle.

Ah! I laugh to see myself

Ah! I laugh to see myself
So beautiful in the mirror.
Is it you, Marguerite, is it you?
Answer me, answer me,
Respond, respond quickly!
No! No! It's no longer you!
No...it is no longer your face;
It's the daughter of a king!
It's no longer you,
One must bow to her as she passes!
Ah, if only he were here!
If he should see me thus! Like a lady!
Ah! He would find me so beautiful.

Henry Mancini (1924–1994) Considered one of the foremost composers of film music, Mancini was a conductor, composer, pianist and flutist, with 100 film scores, 20 Grammy Awards, and 18 Academy Awards to his name. “Moon River” was a #1 hit on the Billboard charts in 1961 and has become a Jazz Standard since. Sung by Audrey Hepburn, it won the 1961 Academy Award for Best Original Song and has been performed by countless artists over the years, including Frank Sinatra, Jacob Collier and even an indie rock cover by The Killers.

Moon River

(Lyrics by Johnny Mercer)

Moon River, wider than a mile
I'm crossing you in style some day
Oh dream maker, you heart breaker
Wherever your going, I'm going your way
Two drifters off to see the world
There's such a lot of world to see
We're after the same Rainbow's end
Waiting 'round the bend, my huckleberry friend
Moon River and me

Quincy Jones (1951–2024)

An American composer and producer, Quincy Jones is known for his many Grammy Award winning hits as well as Oscar and Tony nominations for multiple film scores and musicals. With a career spanning 70 years, Jones' musical influence cannot be overstated and includes collaborations with notable musicians such as Frank Sinatra and Michael Jackson. "Miss Celie's Blues" from the 1985 film *The Color Purple* was originally sung by Tata Vega, and is performed in the movie by the character, Shug. She sings the song to Celie, the main character, who has been through some very hard times. The song became an instant classic and has since been sung by a range of artists, including Emiliana Torrini and Chaka Khan. "Sister" is a women's anthem proclaiming the solidarity and support we have for each other.

Miss Celie's Blues ("Sister")

(Lyrics by Quincy Jones, Rod Temperton, Lionel Richie)

Sister, you've been on my mind
Sister, we're two of a kind
Sister, I'm keepin' my eye on you.
I betcha think I don't know nothin'
But singin' the blues, oh sister,
Have I got news for you; I'm something.
I hope you think that you're something, too.
Scufflin' I been up that lonesome road
And I seen a lot of suns goin' down.
Oh but trust me, no low life's gonna run me around.
So let me tell you somethin',
Sister, remember your name.
No twister gonna steal your stuff away;
My sister, we sho' ain't got a whole lot of time.
So shake yo shimmy, sister,
'Cause honey the Shug is feelin' fine.

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