

# 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](mailto:music@uark.edu)**, or visit **[music.uark.edu](http://music.uark.edu)**.

# UArkMusic

2025-2026 Season

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## SENIOR RECITAL

Nathan P. Edwards, voice

WITH:

Calista Maurer, piano

7:30 p.m., Tuesday, April 21, 2026

Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

University of Arkansas

## PROGRAM

**Come Paride Vezzoso** from *L'elisir d'amore*

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

### Quatre Poems

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

- I. L'Anguille
- II. Carte postale
- III. Avant le cinema
- IV. 1904

## Die Mainacht

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

## O kuhler Wald

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

## Verzagen

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

## Three Shakespeare Songs Op. 6

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

- I. Come Away, Death
- II. O Mistress Mine
- III. Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind

## This Is The Moment from *Jekyll & Hyde*

Frank Wildhorn (b. 1958)

## The Last Goodbye

Billy Boyd (b. 1968)

*Nathan Edwards is a student of Dr. Jonathan Stinson.*

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music Education degree.*

*All lyrics and their translations were collected and used from IPA source.*

# Translations

## Come Paride Vezzoso from L'elisir d'amore

Italian:

Come Paride vezzoso  
Porse il pomo alla più bella,  
Mia diletta villanella,  
Io ti porgo questi fior.  
Ma di lui più glorioso,  
Più di lui felice io sono,  
Poiché in premio del mio dono  
Ne riporto il tuo bel cor.  
Veggio chiaro in quel visino  
Ch'io fo breccia nel tuo petto.  
Non è cosa sorprendente;  
Son galante, son sergente.  
Non v'ha bella che resista  
Alla vista d'un cimiero;  
Cede a Marte, Dio guerriero,  
Fin la madre dell'Amor.

English:

Like Paris handsome gave the apple to-  
the most beautiful-one,  
My delightful village-girl, I to-you give  
this flower.  
But then he more glorious, more than  
he happier I am,  
Since as reward for my gift I-take-away  
your lovely heart.  
I see clearly in that little-face that-I  
made a-breach in your heart.  
Not is-it anything surprising.  
I am gallant, I am a Sergeant. Not there-  
is a-beauty who can-resist the sight of-a  
helmet; will-yield to Mars, the-God of-  
war, in-the-end the mother of-love

## Quatre Poems

### L'Anguille

French:

Jeanne Houhou la très gentille  
Est morte entre des draps très blancs  
Pas seule Bébert dit l'Anguille  
Narcisse et Hubert le merlan  
Près d'elle faisaient leur manille  
Et la crâneuse de Clichy  
Aux rouges yeux de dégueulade  
Répète "Mon eau de Vichy"  
Va dans le panier à salade  
Haha sans faire de chichi  
Les yeux dansant comme des anges  
Elle riait, elle riait  
Les yeux très bleus les dents très  
blanches  
Si vous saviez, si vous saviez  
Tout ce que nous ferons dimanche.

English:

Jeanne Houhou the very nice  
Is dead between the sheets very white  
Not only Bébert, known as the eel  
Narcisse and Hubert the whiting  
Close to her played their manille  
And the pretentiousness of Clichy  
With the red eyes of vomit  
Repeats "My Vincy water"  
Go in the paddy wagon  
Haha without making a fuss  
The eyes dancing like some angels  
She laughed and she laughed  
The eyes very blue the teeth are very  
white  
If you knew if you knew  
Everything that we shall do on Sunday

### Carte postale

L'ombre de la très douce est évoquée  
ici,  
Indolente, et jouant un air dolent aussi:  
Nocturne ou lied mineur qui fait pâmer  
son âme  
Dans l'ombre où ses longs doigts font-  
mourir une gamme  
Au piano qui geint comme une pauvre  
femme.

The shadowy image of a very sweet  
woman is evoked here  
Lazy and also playing a sad melody  
A nocturne or Lied in a minor key  
which makes her soul swoon  
In the shadow where under her long  
fingers a scale dies away  
On the piano which moans like a poor  
woman.

## Avant le cinema

French:

Et puis ce soir on s'en ira

Au cinéma

Les Artistes que sont-ce donc

Ce ne sont plus ceux qui cultivent les  
Beaux-Arts

Ce ne sont pas ceux qui s'occupent de  
l'Art

Art poétique ou bien musique

Les Artistes ce sont les acteurs et les  
actrices

Si nous étions des Artistes

Nous ne dirions pas le cinéma

Nous dirions le ciné

Mais si nous étions de vieux professeurs  
de province

Nous ne dirions ni ciné ni cinéma Mais  
cinématographe

Aussi mon Dieu faut-il avoir du goût

English:

And then this evening we will go to the  
cinema

What are these "Artists" then?

They are no longer those who cultivated  
the "Fine Arts"

They are not those who occupy them-  
selves with Art

Poetic art or even music

The artists they are the actors and the  
actresses

If we were the artists

We wouldn't say "cinema"

We would say the "ciné"

But if we were some old professors from  
the provinces

We would say neither "ciné" nor cinema,  
but cinematograph

Good Lord, one must have good taste

1904

French:

À Strasbourg en 1904

J'arrivai pour le lundi gras

À l'hôtel m'assis devant l'âtre

Près d'un chanteur de l'Opéra

Qui ne parlait que de théâtre

La Kellnerine rousse avait

Mis sur sa tête un chapeau rose

Comme Hébé qui les dieux servait

N'en eut jamais ô belles choses

Carnaval chapeau rose Ave!

À Rome à Nice et à Cologne

Dans les fleurs et les confetti

Carnaval j'ai revu ta trogne

Ô roi plus riche et plus gentil

Que Crésus Rothschild et Torlogne

Je soupai d'un peu de foie gras

De chevreuil tendre à la compote

De tartes flans etc.

Un peu de kirsch me ravigote

Que ne t'avais-je entre mes bras

English:

In Strasbourg in 1904

I arrived on Fat Monday

At the hotel, I sat by the fireplace

Close to a singer from the opera

Who spoke of nothing but the theatre

The waitress red headed had

Put a pink hat on her head

Such as Hebe, who served the gods,

Never had oh lovely things,

Carnival and a pink hat! Hail!

To Rome to Nice and to Cologne

In the flowers and the confetti

Carnival, I have seen your ugly mug

Oh, king more rich and more kind

That Croesus Rothschild and torlogne

I dined on a bit of *foie gras*

On tender venison with compote

On custard tarts, etc.

A little kirsch perked me up

If you had only been in my arms

## Die Mainacht

German:

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Ge-  
sträuche blinkt,

Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den  
Rasen streut,

Und die Nachtigall flötet,

Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

English:

When the silver moon gleams through  
the shrubs

And it scatters its slumbering light  
across the grass

And the nightingale sings

Roam I sadly from bush to bush

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Tauben-  
paar

Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende  
mich,

Suche dunklere Schatten,

Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Hidden in the foliage a pair of doves  
coo

Their delight to me; but I turn away,  
Seeking darker shadows,

and a single tear runs down my face

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie  
Morgenrot

Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich  
auf Erden dich?

Und die einsame Träne

Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

When, oh smiling image, that like the  
dawn

Shines through my soul, when shall I  
find you on earth?

And the single tear trembles

Ever more hotly down my cheek.



## O kühler Wald

German:

O kühler Wald,  
Wo rauschest du,  
In dem mein Liebchen geht?  
O Widerhall,  
Wo lauschest du,  
Der gern mein Lied versteht?

Im Herzen tief,  
Da rauscht der Wald,  
In dem mein Liebchen geht,  
In Schmerzen schlief Der Widerhall,  
Die Lieder sind verweht.

English:

Oh cool forest,  
where rustle you,  
In which my beloved walks?  
Oh echo,  
where listens you,  
That gladly my song understands?

In the heart deep,  
there rustles the forest  
In which my beloved walks;  
In sorrows sleeps the echo:  
The songs have died away

## Verzagen

German:

Ich sitz' am Strande der rauschenden  
See  
Und suche dort nach Ruh',  
Ich schaue dem Treiben der Wogen  
Mit dumpfer Ergebung zu.  
Die Wogen rauschen zum Strande hin,  
Sie schäumen und vergehn,  
Die Wolken, die Winde darüber,  
Die kommen und verwehn.  
Du ungestümes Herz sei still  
Und gib dich doch zur Ruh',  
Du sollst mit Winden und Wogen  
Dich trösten, - was weinst du?

English:

I sit on the shore of the rushing sea  
And search there for peace;  
I look the bustle of the waves,  
With dull resignation at.  
The waves are rushing the shore to-  
wards  
They foam and dissipate;  
The clouds, the winds above,  
They come and blow away  
You impetuous heart be still  
And give yourself but to peace,  
You should console yourself with the  
winds and waves,  
Yourself console, why do you weep?