

# 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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## PARK VOICE STUDIO RECITAL

WITH:

Sungkun Jung, piano

Traci Hall, piano

Katie Ethington, piano

6:00 p.m., Tuesday, April 21, 2026

Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall

University of Arkansas

## PROGRAM

### **Sebben, crudele**

Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)

Michael Busbee, baritone

Sungkun Jung, piano

### **Gia il sole dal Gange**

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)

Jacob Scaggs, tenor  
Sungkun Jung, piano

## **Pur dicesti, o bocca bella**

Antonio Lotti (1661-1740)

## **The black dress**

Jacob Niles (1892-1980)

DeeDee Lannutti, soprano

Sungkun Jung, piano

## **Caro mio ben**

Giuseppe Giordani (1751-1798)

## **Come away, death**

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Danny Miller, tenor

Sungkun Jung, piano

## **Widmung**

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

## **Money O!**

Michael Head (1900-1976)

Donovan Smith, baritone

Traci Hall, piano

## **O del mio dolce ardor**

Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-1787)

## **Sonntag**

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Nolan Bryant, tenor

Sungkun Jung, piano

## **Les Berceaux**

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

## **Batti, batti o bell Masetto**

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Ashlyn Hodge, soprano  
Katie Ethington, piano

## **L'heure exquisite**

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

## **Verborgtheit**

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Kevin Willis, tenor

Traci Hall, piano

## **Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata**

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

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

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

Talina Woods, soprano

Katie Ethington, piano

# PROGRAM NOTES

## *Song Text and Text Translations*

### **Sebben, crudele (Tho' not deserving)**

Tho' not deserving thy cruel scorn,  
ever unswerving, thee only I love.

When to thee kneeling all I have borne,  
Thy pride unfeeling, I then shall move.

Translation provided by Dr. TH Baker

### **Gia il sole dal Gange (Already, from over the Ganges, the sun)**

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun sparkles more brightly  
And dries every drop of the dawn, which weeps.

With the gilded ray, it adorns each blade of grass;

And the stars of the sky

It paints in the field.

Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust from the LiederNet Archive

### **Pur dicesti, o bocca bella (Mouth so charming)**

Mouth so charming, o tell me now, why thy sweetness lures me so,  
That in thee all bliss is mine.

E'en thy charms to vow compel me cupid ope'd thee with a kiss,  
though sweet fount of joy divine. Ah! Ah! Ah! Fount of joy divine.

Translation by Dr. Theodore Baker

### **The black dress**

For she is forsaken and only nineteen. Fa la la...

For she is forsaken and only nineteen.

Oh, he courted her and he kissed her and he made her heart warm.

And then when he left her he laughed her to scorn. Fa la la...

And then when he left her he laughed her to scorn.  
Forsaken, forsaken her heart is forlorn,  
But he is mistaken if he thinks she will mourn. Fa la la...  
But he is mistaken if he thinks she will mourn.  
For we'll build her a cabin on yon mountain high  
Where the wild birds can't find her nor hear her heart cry. Fa la la...  
Where the wild birds can't find her nor hear her heart cry.  
Take warning, take warning, young ladies pray do,  
For you are quite lucky that this is not you. Fa la la...  
For you are quite lucky that this is not you.

### **Caro mio ben (Thou, all my bliss)**

Thou, all my bliss, believe but this  
When thou art far, my heart is lorn  
Thy lover true ever doth sigh  
Do but forgo such cruel scorn  
Thou, all my bliss, believe but this  
When thou art far my heart is lorn  
Translation provided by Dr. Theodore Baker

### **Come away, death**

Come away, come away, death and in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath; I am slain by a fair cruel maid  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true did share it  
Not a flower, not a flower sweet on my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet my poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand, thousand sighs to save  
Lay me, o where sad true lover never find my grave to weep there!

### **Widmung (Dedication)**

You my soul, you my heart, you my rapture, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live  
My heaven you, to which I aspire  
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,  
You raise me lovingly above myself,  
My guardian angel, my better self!  
Translation © Richard Stokes

### **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 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.

### **O del mio dolce ardor (Oh, of my sweet passion)**

Oh, of my sweet passion craved object  
The aura that you're breathing, at last I breathe it too  
Everywhere I look your vague aspect gives birth to love in me:  
My thought imagines the most joyous hopes  
And in the desire which, so, fills my chest

I look for you, I call you, I hope and sigh  
Translation provided by LyricsTranslate.com

### **Sonntag (Sunday)**

Since May, all in flowers in the meadows, claims us,  
Come! Do not tire of mixing with your soul  
The countryside, the woods, the delightful shade,  
The broad moonlight at the edge of the sleeping waters,  
The path that ends where the road begins,  
And the air, the spring, and the immense horizon,  
The horizon that this world attaches, humble and joyful,  
Like a lip to the hem of Heaven's robe!  
Come! and let the gaze of the modest stars  
That falls on the earth through so many veils,  
Let the tree soaked in perfumes and songs,  
Let the scorching breath of midday in the fields,  
And the shade and the sun and the wave and the greenery,  
And the splendour of all of nature --  
[Let] them make blossom, like a double flower,  
Beauty on your brow and love in your heart!  
Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust,

### **Les Berceaux (The cradles)**

Along the quay the great ships,  
Listing silently with the surge,  
Pay no heed to the cradles  
Rocked by women's hands.  
But the day of parting will come,  
For it is decreed that women shall weep,  
And that men with questing spirits  
Shall seek enticing horizons.  
And on that day the great ships,

Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,  
Shall feel their hulls held back  
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Translations by Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion

### **Batti, batti o bell Masetto (Beat, beat, o handsome Masetto)**

Masetto, hit your poor Zerlina, and  
I shall stay here like a lamb to await your blows.  
Pull out my hair and pluck out my eyes!  
I shall let you do these things and happily kiss your hands afterwards.  
I see it now! You haven't the heart!  
Peace now, my dearest!  
Let us rather pass night and day in happiness.

Translation by Andrew Schneider on [www.lieder.net](http://www.lieder.net)

### **L'heure exquisite (Exquisite hour)**

The white moon gleams in the woods;  
From every branch there comes a voice beneath the boughs...  
O my beloved.  
The pool reflects, deep mirror, the silhouette of the black willow  
Where the wind is weeping... let us dream, it is the hour.  
A vast and tender consolation seems to fall from the sky  
The moon illumines... Exquisite hour.

Translation © Richard Stokes, from A French Song Companion

### **Verborgenheit (Seclusion)**

Let, O world, O let me be! Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself its rapture, its pain!  
I do not know why I grieve; it is unknown sorrow.  
Always through a veil of tears I see the sun's beloved light.  
Often, I am lost in thought, and bright joy flashes  
Through the oppressive gloom, bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be! Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
Let this heart keep to itself its rapture, its pain!  
Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder

**Deh, pietoso, 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 just like bursting.

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

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

English translation © Mario Giuseppe Genesi

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

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 sea-board

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.