

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

Campbell Leiterman, soprano

WITH:

Traci Hall, piano

3:30 p.m., Sunday, April 26, 2026
Stella Boyle Smith Concert Hall
University of Arkansas

PROGRAM

Un moto di gioia, K. 579

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

“Non so piu Cosa Son” from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Warum Sind denn die Rosen so Blass

Fanny Mendelssohn (1805-1847)

Die Mainacht

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Heart, We Will Forget Him

Aaron Copeland (1900-1990)

Night

Florence Price (1887-1953)

Out of the South Blew A Wind

Florence Price (1887-1953)

“Pretty Funny” from *Dogfight*

Benji Pasek & Justin Paul (2012)

“There’s a Fine, Fine Line” from *Avenue Q*

Robert Lopez & Jeff Marx (2003)

“What I Did For Love” from *A Chorus Line*

Marvin Hamlisch & Edward Kleban (1975)

Campbell Leiterman is a student of Dr. Sarah Cain.

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

PROGRAM NOTES

Text Translations

Un moto di gioia

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto,
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor!
Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.
Di pianti di pene
Ognor non si pasce,
Talvolta poi nasce
Il ben dal dolor:
E quando si crede
Più grave il periglio,
Brillare si vede
La calma maggior.

An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart
that says happiness is coming
in spite of my fears.
Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment.
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.
From weeping, from pain
one cannot always live
Sometimes then is born
a good thing out of sorrow.
And when one believes
the danger is greatest,
one sees shining
a greater calm.

Translated by John Glenn Paton

Non so piu Cosa Son

Non so più cosa son, cosa
faccio,
or di foco, ora sono di
ghiaccio,
ogni donna cangiar di
colore
ogni donna mi fa palpar.

Solo ai nomi d'amor, di
diletto,
mi si turba, mi s'altera il
petto
e a parlare mi sforza
d'amore
un desio ch'io non posso
spiegar.

Parlo d'amor vegliando,
parlo d'amor sognando,
all'acque, all'ombre, ai
monti,
ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,,
all'eco, all'aria, ai venti,
che il suon de' vani accenti
portano via con sé.
E se non ho chi mi oda,
parlo d'amor con me.

I no longer know what I am,
what I do;
now I'm all fire, now all ice;
every
woman changes my
temperature,
everywoman makes my heart
beat faster.,
The very mention of love, of
delight,
disturbs me, changes my
heart,
and speaking of love, forces
on me
a desire I cannot restrain!

I speak of love while I'm awake,
I speak of love while I'm sleeping,
to rivers, to shadows, to mountains,
to flowers, to grass, to fountains,
to echoes, to air, to winds,
until they carry away
the sound of my useless words.

And if no one is near to hear me
I speak of love to myself.

Warum sind denn die Rosen so Blass

Warum sind denn die Rosen
so blass,
O sprich, mein Lieb, warum?
Warum sind denn im grünen
Gras
Die blauen Veilchen so stumm?
Warum singt denn mit so
kläglichem Laut
Die Lerche in der Luft?
Warum steigt denn aus dem
Balsamkraut
Hervor ein Leichenduft?
Warum scheint denn die
Sonn auf die Au
So kalt und verdrießlich herab?
Warum ist denn die Erde so grau
Und öde wie ein Grab?
Warum bin ich selbst so
krank und so trüb,
Mein liebes Liebchen, sprich!
O sprich, mein
herzallerliebstes Lieb,
Warum verließest du mich?

Then why are all the roses
so pale,
Oh speak, my love, oh why?
Then why in the verdant
grass
Are the blue violets so mute?
Then why does the lark in the
air
Sing such a song of gloom?
Why does a corpse-like
odour rise
From the balsam plants?
Then why does the sun shine
on the fields
So cold and peevishly?
Then why is the earth so grey
And desolate as a grave?
Why am I myself so sick and
sad,
Oh tell me, my dearest love!
Tell me my sweetheart, tell
me my love,
Why did you abandon me?

Translated by Richard Stokes

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond
durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes
Licht über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.
Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Tauben-
paar
Sein Entzücken mir vor;
aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt

Translated by Richard Stokes

When the silvery moon
gleams through the bushes,
And sheds its slumbering
light on the grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush
Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy;
but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.