



Hugh Hodgson School of Music

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

presents an
Undergraduate Recital

Hope Unger, *soprano*
Greg Hankins, *piano*

September 11, 2026

7:30 pm, Edge Recital Hall

I Am Cherry Alive (1995) Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

I Hate Music! — A Cycle of Five Kid Songs Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)
I. My Name is Barbara
II. Jupiter Has Seven Moons
III. I Hate Music!
V. I'm a Person Too

Laurie's Song (from *The Tender Land*) Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Là ci darem la mano (from *Don Giovanni*, K. 527) Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
Jeff Unger, *baritone*

O mio babbino caro (from *Gianni Schicchi*) Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

Art is Calling For Me (from *The Enchantress*) Victor Herbert
(1859-1924)

Intermission

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück, Op. 63, No. 8 Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Once I Was (1990) Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

Als die alte Mutter Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

Wiegenlied, D. 498, Op. 98, No. 2 Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Goodnight Moon (2012) Eric Whitacre
(b. 1970)

Children Will Listen (from *Into the Woods*) Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance.
Hope Unger is a student of Dr. Gregory Broughton.*

*** Out of respect for the performer, please silence all electronic devices throughout the performance.
Thank you for your cooperation.*

*** For information on upcoming concerts, please see our website: music.uga.edu/events/calendar-view*

Program Notes

I Am Cherry Alive

This is a setting of the Delmore Schwartz (1913-1966) poem, “I Am Cherry Alive, the Little Girl Sang”. The text explores a young girl who imagines herself as a cherry, an apple, a plum, a tree, a cat, and a blossom. The song expresses the idea that one may imagine themselves to be anything while still maintaining identity. Gordon’s penchant for musical theater is evident in the playful juxtaposition of the voice to the accompaniment. Both function separately, and together, to create a sonic palette of whimsical atmosphere through the eyes of a child.

I Hate Music! — A Cycle of Five Kid Songs

This song cycle is narrated by ten-year old Barbara, who loves to sing, but says that she hates music! In fact, the text reveals that she actually loves music but hates the societal accoutrements which often surround the artform. While Barbara seeks the world of music to be taken less seriously, she wants the world to take her views to be important — even though she is young. This sentiment is evident in the last movement, “I’m a Person Too”. While the cycle is witty and coy, Bernstein cautioned the listener to receive the words of the child with dignity and respect, honoring children as individuals with unique viewpoints to share. Four of the five movements of the cycle will be performed this evening.

Laurie’s Song (from *The Tender Land*)

This beautifully simple aria is from *The Tender Land* (1954) by Aaron Copland. Copland’s compositional style is reflected in the declamatory melody, open harmonies, and dynamic contrasts. The song expresses the cognitive dissonance between the security in things that are familiar and the desire to seek new paths. There is a depth of character present in Laurie that the composer deftly pursues without maudlin sentimentality. In typical Copland fashion, he draws us in and allows us to see beneath the surface in order to grasp the essence.

“Là ci darem la mano” (from *Don Giovanni*, K. 527)

This familiar duet is from Act I of Mozart’s famous opera. It outlines Don Giovanni’s attempt to woo Zerlina’s affections away from Masetto, to whom she is betrothed. After arranging for Masetto to leave them alone, Giovanni tries to persuade Zerlina to accompany him to his nearby home. Zerlina is cautious at first, attracted to Giovanni but committed to Masetto. The duet shows her resistance fading as she eventually joins Giovanni’s melody. Though tempted, Zerlina is delivered by the appearance of Donna Elvira, who warns her about Giovanni’s true intentions. The role of Don Giovanni will be sung this evening by Jeff Unger, who is happily married to Hope.

“O mio babbino caro” (from *Gianni Schicchi*)

This aria from 1918 is a staple in the soprano repertoire. Lauretta is in love with Rinuccio, but her father, Gianni Schicchi, has reservations and seeks to prevent their marriage. This song is Lauretta’s appeal to her father to soften his heart towards the union. Through kindness (“Oh my dear father”) and melodrama (threatening to jump into the river Arno if she cannot have Rinuccio), she makes her case. Her persuasion is effective as Gianni Schicchi relents and offers his support to the two young lovers.

“Art Is Calling for Me” (from *The Enchantress*)

This aria from *The Enchantress* has remained as the best-known song from the 1911 comic opera. It is the declaration of Princess Stellina, who longs for a career on the operatic stage like the famous sopranos of the day, Luisa Tetrazzini and Nellie Melba. Her desire finds expression in vocal flourishes that she is certain will lead her to fame and adulation. A wonderful expression of humor and wit, sopranos have continued to perform this piece in a demonstration of comedy and virtuosity.

“O wüsst’ ich doch den Weg zurück,” Op. 63, No. 8

This 1874 setting of the poem by Klaus Groth is a nostalgic look at childhood and the thought of returning to innocence and serenity. The poet wonders why he ever chose to leave his mother to pursue happiness away from home. As he seeks to return home, he realizes that the return is not possible and that memories will have to suffice. Brahms establishes the feeling of a gentle lullaby in the accompaniment and moves towards dissonance and chromaticism as the tension of the text unfolds. As the memory of childhood begins to provide comfort, he brings the return of serenity in the previously stated gentleness.

Once I Was

The text of this poem, also by the composer, is a reflection on memory, time, and loss. Gordon utilizes the rhythm of speech to make the textual expression more conversational. The song encourages the listener to consider the many versions of oneself that may lie in memory: who we were, who we are, and what remains when memories fade. The emphasis is placed on remembering for its own sake rather than in finding resolution.

Als die alte Mutter

“Songs My Mother Taught Me” is from Dvořák’s *Gypsy Songs* (1880) and it is a setting of poetry by Adolf Heyduk. This poem tells the story of a mother who taught her daughter to sing, frequently with tears in her eyes. After the daughter is grown, she passes on the songs to her own daughter with tears of her own. This simple setting reflects the power of music throughout generations and the blessing of familial cultural inheritance.

***Wiegenlied*, D. 498, Op. 98, No. 2 (1816)**

This “Cradle Song” was composed by Schubert at the age of nineteen. A mother tenderly comforts her child at bedtime calling him “her dear, sweet boy” as she encourages sleep and rest. Schubert utilizes a melody that imitates the rocking of a cradle with an unassuming accompaniment. This simplicity enhances the emotional depth of the connection between parent and child. This setting is representative of the impact Schubert’s Lieder has made on music history.

Goodnight Moon

This piece was originally set by Whitacre for soprano (originally his wife, Hila Plitmann), harp, and string orchestra. The version presented this evening was the subsequent arrangement for soprano and piano. This is a setting of the popular children’s book, *Goodnight Moon* (1947) by Margaret Wise Brown. Whitacre’s simple approach to harmony, texture, and the preeminence of melody pay homage to the love shared by parents and children at bedtime.

Children Will Listen (from *Into the Woods*)

This piece is taken from Sondheim’s *Into The Woods* (1987), where it represented final thoughts about parenting and the responsibilities that lie in the processes of raising children. He cautions adults to realize that children are watching, listening, and learning from what we say and do. The hope is that adults can help the next generation to thrive through the examples set and the lessons taught. “Careful the things you say. Children will listen.”

Translations

La ci darem la mano

Italian source: Lorenzo Da Ponte

Là ci darem la mano,
Là mi dirai di sì:
Vedi, non è lontano,
Partiam, ben mio, da qui.

Vorrei e non vorrei,
Mi trema un poco il cor,
Felice, è ver, sarei,
Ma può burlarmi ancor!

Vieni, mio bel diletto!
Mi fa pietà Masetto.
Io cangierò tua sorte.
Presto... non son più forte.
Andiam!
Andiam!
Andiam, andiam, mio bene,
a ristorar le pene
D'un innocente amor.

O mio babbino caro

Italian source: Giacomo Puccini

O mio babbino caro,
mi piace, è bello, bello.
Vo'andare in Porta Rossa
a comperar l'anello!

Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
e se l'amassi indarno,
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
ma per buttarmi in Arno!

Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

There we will hold hands

English translation © Jennifer Rushworth

There we will hold hands,
There you will say yes to me:
You see, it's not far,
Let's go, my dear, from here.

I would like to and I would not like to,
My heart trembles a little,
It's true that I would be happy,
But he can mock me still!

Come, my lovely delight!
Masetto takes pity on me.
I will change your fate.
Quickly... I cannot resist any longer.
Let's go!
Let's go!
Let's go, let's go, my love,
To redeem the sufferings
Of an innocent love.

Oh My Dear Papa

English translation: Evfokas

Oh my dear papa,
I love him, he is handsome, handsome.
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!

Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if my love were in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio
and throw myself in the Arno!

I am anguished and tormented!
Oh God, I'd like to die!
Papa, have pity, have pity!
Papa, have pity, have pity!

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück**German source: Klaus Groth**

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?

O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!

Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind,
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!

O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück –
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Als die alte Mutter**German source: Adolf Heyduk**

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen,
sonderbar, daß Tränen ihr am Auge hingen.
Jetzt die braunen Wangen netzen mir die Zähnen,
wenn ich will die Kinder Sang und Spielen lehren!

Wiegenlied, D. 498, Op. 98, No. 2 (1816)**German source: Franz Schubert**

Schlafe, schlafe, holder, süßer Knabe,
Leise wiegt dich deiner Mutter Hand;
Sanfte Ruhe, milde Labe
Bringt dir schwebend dieses Wiegenband.

Schlafe, schlafe in dem süßen Grabe,
Noch beschützt dich deiner Mutter Arm.
Alle Wünsche, alle Habe
Faßt sie liebend, alle liebwarm.

Schlafe, schlafe in der Flaumen Schoße,
Noch umtönt dich lauter Liebeston;
Eine Lilie, eine Rose,
Nach dem Schlafe werd' sie dir zum Lohn.

Ah! If I but knew the way back**English translation © Richard Stokes**

Ah! if I but knew the way back,
The sweet way back to childhood's land!
Ah! why did I seek my fortune
And let go my mother's hand?

Ah! how I long for utter rest,
Immune from any striving,
Long to close my weary eyes,
Gently shrouded by love!

And search for nothing, watch for nothing,
Dream only light and gentle dreams,
Not to see the times change,
To be a child a second time!

Ah! show me that way back,
The sweet way back to childhoods' land!
I seek happiness in vain –
Ringed round by barren shores!

When my old mother**English translation © Richard Stokes**

When my old mother taught me songs to sing,
Tears would well strangely in her eyes.
Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears,
When I teach the children how to sing and play!

Lullaby**English translation: Malcolm Wren**

Sleep, sleep, dear sweet lad,
Your mother's hand is rocking you gently;
Peaceful rest, gentle refreshment
Is offered to you by this cradle strap as you rock.

Sleep, sleep in that sweet grave,
Your mother's arm is still protecting you.
All desires, all possessions,
She holds them all in her love, everything lovingly warm.

Sleep, sleep in your womb of down,
A loud note of love is still echoing around you;
A lily, a rose,
They will be your reward after your sleep.