

IOWA

School of Music



FACULTY RECITAL

LONGING

Stella Dayrit Roden, *soprano*

Amanda Arrington, *piano*

Sunday, March 1, 2026, 3:30 p.m.

Recital Hall, Voxman Music Building

PROGRAM

LONGING

Stella Dayrit Roden, *soprano*

Amanda Arrington, *piano*

RECANÇA

Eduard Toldrà (1895-1962)

FESTEIG

Eduard Toldrà

CANÇÓ DE VELA

Eduard Toldrà

CANÇÓ DE L'AMOR QUE PASSA

Eduard Toldrà

**CANÇÓ DE GRUMET FROM
A L'OMBRA DEL LLEDONER**

Eduard Toldrà

**FROM THE HEARTS OF
WOMEN**

William Grant Still (1985-1978)

Little Mother

Midtide

Coquette

Bereft

HEATHER

Elinor Remick Warren (1900-1991)

SUMMER STARS

Elinor Remick Warren

INTERMISSION

LOVE LET THE WIND CRY

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

LYRIC FOR TRUE LOVE

Undine Smith Moore

WOMEN HAVE LOVED BEFORE

Margaret Bonds (1913-1972)

HYACINTH

Margaret Bonds

FROM *FOUR ROMANTICS* SONGS

Adolphus Hailstork (b. 1941)

My Heart To Thy Heart

Longing

SERENADE

John Alden Carpenter (1876-1951)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Recança (Regret)

Qui sentís, renovellat,
per la bruixa entesa,
aquell gust precipitat
de la juvenesa;
pluja i vent arremorat,
i l'acàcia en tot esclat
i deixant per l'empedrat
florida estesa!

Ah, l'anar sota l'aiguat
com fent-li escomesa,
d'un sonet mig començat
en l'embrieguesa,
i amb paraigua foradat,
i la lluna pel forat,
i rient a mon costat
una noia encesa!

Qui sentís, renovellat,
per la bruixa entesa,

aquell gust precipitat
de la jovenesa!...

*Who could feel, renewed,
by the skilled witch,
that hasty zest
of the youth;
rain and roughening wind,
and the acacia in full bloom,
leaving on the pavement
a spread of flowers!*

*Ah, to walk under the rainstorm
as trying to defy it,
of a half-started sonnet
in the rapture,
and with a pierced umbrella,
and the moon through the hole,
and laughing at my side
a passionate girl!*

*Who could feel, renewed,
by the skilled witch,
that hasty zest
of the youth!...*

Translation by Salvador Pila

Festeig (Courtship)

Sota les estrelles,
d'espatlles al mar,
una galta humida,
fresca de serena,
una galta suau i plena
és ben dolça de besar.

Entre dos silencis,
bes silenciós,
com vares deixar-nos tremolant tots
dos
dins la nit quieta,
amb deixos ardents
de la migdiada i dels terrals vents.

El reberes silenciosa.
Mos llavis, dolços encar,
te van preguntâ una cosa
i tu no vas contestar.

Què vaig preguntar-te?...
Sols recordo el bes
i que se sentia
la plena mar alta.
Tu, tota caiguda,
semblaves malalta...
Oh, no hi tornaré mai més!

Prô la flonja galta
ruixada amb serena,
sota de ma boca,
d'espatlles al mar;
prô la xafegosa
nit d'agost serena,
ai, com la podré oblidar?

*Under the stars,
the sea behind,
a mist cheek,
cool of the night dew,
a soft and rounded cheek
is really sweet to kiss.*

Between two silences,

*silent kiss,
how you left us shaking*

*in the quiet night,
with an ardent aftertaste
of the afternoon and the land
breeze.*

*You silently accepted
my lips, sweet still,
they asked you something
and you did not answer.*

*What did I ask you?...
I only remember the kiss
and that the high,
open sea could be heard.
You, lying down entirely,
seemed to be sick...
Oh, I will not do this ever again!*

*Yet, the soft cheek,
moistened by the night dew
under my mouth,
the sea behind;
yet, the calm,*

*sultry, August night,
oh, how could I forget it?*

Translation by Salvador Pila

Cançó de vela (Sailing Song)

Avança el gep flexible de l'onada,
canta la bela, xiula el bufarut,
ens esquitxa un riuxim
d'aigua salada
i grinyolen els dintres del llagut.

Ai, qui pensa en l'amor,
oh, mar sonor!
ai, qui pensa en l'amor!

Enllà tenim les costes oblidades,
enllà hi ha el poble blanquinós, suau,
i el llagut, vinga salts i patacades,
enmig del gran
deliri verd i blau.

A terra hi hem deixat coses marcides

dels nostres sentiments i voluntats i
ara es van aclarint les nostres vides
com els serrells
d'escuma platejats.

Allà hi ha el neguiteig del nostre
viure,
les punxes a l'aguait de nostra pell,
ara els neguits són coses de perriure,
dintre el llagut que va tot de gairell.

Au... canta, mariner, xiscla, ventada!
no perdi prou el teu delit valent;

infla't, vela; remunta, aigua salada;
sacseja'ns brutalment.
Sacseja'ns brutalment, o mar sonor!
Esmicola les penes de l'amor.

*The supple hump of the wave springs
up, the mist sings, whistles the gust,
we are splashed by a surge
of salty water
and the belly of the catboat squeaks.*

*Oh, who thinks of love,
oh, sonorous sea!
oh, who thinks of love!*

*Farther away, the forgotten shores,
the whitish village, subdued,
and the catboat keeps jumping and
bumping in the midst
of the green and blue frenzy.*

*On land, we have left things withered
from our feelings and desires
and now our lives are becoming clearer
like the fringes
of silvery foam.*

*Over there, the restlessness of our
living,
thorns awaiting our skin,
now our concerns are laughing matter,
inside the catboat that sails aslant.
Come on... sing sailor, wind howl!
so that your brave stamina does not
diminish;
swell out sails; salty water rise;*

*shake us mercilessly.
Shake us mercilessly, oh sonorous sea!
Smash our sorrows of love.*

Translation by Salvador Pila

Cançó de l'amor que passa (Song of the Fleeting Love)

A l'ombra d'un taronger
tres minyonetes cantaven;
l'una té la trena d'or,
l'altra és bruna i soleiada,
la més xica duu la llum
dels estels a la mirada.
Amor passava de llarg,
amor,
rialles i fressa d'ales.

La primavera ha arribat

i el cel és color de plata.
Els crits dels ocells són curts
i espessos com la pinassa.
La veu de les noies és

ondulant com una flama.
Amor passava de llarg,
amor,
rialles i fressa d'ales.

Si un sospir sembla l'oreig,
el cant fa remor d'onada
i l'aire és més fresc i fi
que l'arena de la platja.
Rera el taronger hi ha la mar
i el cant fa remor d'onada.

Amor passava de llarg,
amor,
rialles i fressa d'ales.

Les donzelles van cantant
amb una veu prima i clara,
la riera s'ha aturat
per escoltar la tonada.
Les noies criden l'amor
mentre la tarda s'escapa.
Amor passava de llarg,
amor,
rialles i fressa d'ales.

La trena, el llavi, l'esguard,
s'encenen sota les branques.
Primavera va dictant
la musica i les paraules.
A l'ombra d'un taronger
tres minyonetes cantaven:
amor, no passis de llarg,
amor,
posa un bes a cada galta.

*In the shade of an orange tree
three young girls were singing;
one wears a golden braid,
the other is swarthy, suntanned,
the youngest bears the light
of the stars in her eyes.
Love was passing by,
love,
laughter and flutter of wings.*

*Spring has arrived
and the sky has a silvery colour.
The cries of the birds are short
and dense as pine needles.
The voice of the girls*

waves as a flame.

Love was passing by,

love,

laughter and flutter of wings.

If a sigh is like the breeze,

the singing seems the murmur of waves,

and the air is fresher and softer

than the sand of the beach.

The sea is behind the orange tree,

and the singing seems the murmur of

waves.

Love was passing by,

love,

laughter and flutter of wings.

The girls keep singing

with a voice, fine and clear,

the brook has come to rest

just to listen to the tune.

The girls ask love to come

while the evening fades away.

Love was passing by,

love,

laughter and flutter of wings.

*The braid, the lips, the eyes,
light up under the branches.
Spring dictates
music and words.
In the shade of an orange tree
three young girls were singing:
love, don't pass by,
love,
put a kiss on each cheek.*

Translation by Salvador Pila

Cançó de grumet (Cabin Boys' Song)

Adéu, turons de Marsella,
ja se'n van els mariners.
Tot just hem hissats la vela
es gira un oratge fresc.

Aquell pinar de la costa
deu ser ple de cants d'ocell ;
si no sentim l'ocellada
ens duu romaní l'oreig.

Quin goig, de bon dematí,
seguir la darrera estrella :
no hi ha lliri sense flor,
ni barco sense bandera.

Infla't, vela, llisca, vela!
Com s'allunya la ciutat!
Guaita l'or clar de la platja
i a dalt de tot el cel clar.

Timoner, potser sospires?
l'enyorança t'ha punxat?
El gallaret llengoteja
i enjoia tota la nau.

Farewell, hills of Marseilles,
the sailors are leaving now.
Just when we have hoisted the sail
a cool wind is blowing.

That pinewood at the shore
must be filled with the song of birds;
and, although we don't hear the flock,
the wind brings the scent of rosemary.

What a joy, early in the morning
to follow the latest star:
“There is no lily without flower,
nor ship without flag”.

Swell out sail, glide sail!
How the city is getting distant!
See the bright gilt of the beach
and above the clear sky.

Helmsman, you sigh perhaps?
Has homesickness stung you?
The pennant sticks out its tongue
and enlivens the whole ship.

Translation by Salvador Pila

Little Mother

Baby sweetheart, baby darling, baby on
my knee!

My sweetheart, little angel, by my side
the night long.

Little playmate, dear companion, with me
through the day!

‘Cause I love you, you will listen to the

things I tell you.

Baby, please don't be naughty now.
You'll get a spanking if you're bad!
Mommy tells you, "Be good.
Stop your crying, and you'll get a reward."

Baby sweetheart, baby darling, baby on
my knee!
My sweetheart, little angel, by my side
the night long.
Little playmate, dear companion, with me
through the day!
'Cause I love you, you will listen to the
things I tell you.

Daddy says you're only a rag doll,
But I know better.
Now, go to sleep, and when you wake up,
We'll have more fun together.
under my mouth,
the sea behind;
yet, the calm,
sultry, August night,
oh, how could I forget it?

Midtide

Gone are the years of my youth,
Gone the fire in my soul.
Empty my heart, empty my life,
Now only the waiting!

I can remember the days full of sunlight,
Of joy, of laughter.
I can remember blessed moments,
Time shared, lives joined!

Gone are the things that I cherished,
Gone all my dreams!
Empty my thoughts, and the hours they
used to fill,
Now only a blank wall!

I can remember vows made in faith,
In warmth, in passion!
I can remember each word of our pledge,
Our trust, our promise! Now lost.

Each tender moment I spent,
Waiting the sound of your voice!
For gone is my love,

Gone my only love!

Coquette

By the sea, in the streets, at the ball,
I go forth wanting romance, wanting fun.
With a word, with a glance, with a gesture,
I'm seeking someone to adore me.

When I find him I'll greet him with pleasure,
When I greet him I'll wait for his smile.
For in the game we'll be partners,
In this gay game of flirtation.

In the spring, in the fall, in the summer,
I go forth wanting romance, wanting fun.
In the light, in the dark, 'neath the moon,
I'm seeking someone to adore me.

When I find him I'll join him in banter,
In that moment I'll look far afield.
For in this game I seek new partners,
Since the game is worth more than the prize.

Bereft

By his bedside I sat with love in my heart,
As had sat long ago.

In childhood to bring sleep to his eyes,
But now, to hold back the last sleep.

My son, departing for isles uncharted!
My Boy! His life an unvoiced thought,
His future lost in the mist!

I hoped, though there was no hope,
Too soon his last breath came,
And part (of me) died too!

Heather

All my life long I had longed to see
heather

In the land of my kinsmen, far over the
sea;

Now here is heather like a wide purple
ocean

Rolling its tides toward me.

Dark, dipping waves of it, deeper than
amethyst

When the gold day was begun;
Long, curving swells of it, dusky and
lovely,
Here on the downs in the sun!

Now I am shaken by great storms of
beauty
Wetting my eyelids with joy of my eyes;
Now is my soul like a wind-stricken
seabird
Troubling the deep with her cries!

Summer Stars

Bend low again, night of summer stars.
So near you are, sky of summer stars,
So near, a long arm man can pick off
stars,
Pick off what he wants in the sky bowl,
So near you are, summer stars,
So near, strumming, strumming,
So lazy and hum-strumming.

Love Let the Wind Cry

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.

Lyric For Truelove

True love...

true love, arise for our trysting...

a young scented wind hastens by to re-
mind us

the season is on us;

the hour is right.

Oh, do you remember an April behind us,
when dogwood twined gentle and white?

Your voice was a singing bird,
caught in the branches.

Your hair, a bright river that curved as it
fell,
and silky your eyelids were... cool as the
blossoms.
Your mouth for my thirst was a well.

True love...
true love, arise for our trysting.
Leave your throat bare....
and your long hair undone.
We will lean to each other,
where wild boughs are misting,
and shake out our dreams in the sun!

Women Have Loved Before As I Love Now

Women have loved before as I love now;
At least, in lively chronicles of the past --
Of Irish waters by a Cornish prow
Or Trojan waters by a Spartan mast
Much to their cost invaded -- here and
there,
Hunting the amorous line, skimming the
rest,

I find some woman bearing as I bear
Love like a burning city in the breast.
I think however that of all alive
I only in such utter, ancient way
Do suffer love; in me alone survive
The unregenerate passions of a day
When treacherous queens, with death
upon the tread,
Heedless and willful, took their knights to
bed

Hyacinth

I am in love with him to whom a hyacinth
is dearer
Than I shall ever be dear.
On nights when the field-mice are abroad
he cannot sleep:
He hears their narrow teeth at the bulbs
of his hyacinths.
But the gnawing at my heart he does not
hear.

My Heart to Thy Heart

My heart to thy heart,

My hand to thine;
My lip to thy lips,
Kisses are wine
Brewed for the lover in sunshine and
shade;
Let me drink deep, then, my African maid.
Lily to lily,
Rose unto rose;
My love to thy love
Tenderly grows.
Rend not the oak and the ivy in twain,
Nor the swart maid from her swarthier
swain.

Longing

If you could sit with me beside the sea
to-day,
And whisper with me sweetest dream-
ings o'er and o'er;
I think I should not find the clouds so dim
and gray,
And not so loud the waves complaining
at the shore.

If you could sit with me upon the shore

to-day,
And hold my hand in yours as in the days
of old,
I think I should not mind the chill baptis-
mal spray,
Nor find my hand and heart and all the
world so cold.

If you could walk with me upon the
strand to-day,
And tell me that my longing love had won
your own,
I think all my sad thoughts would then be
put away,
And I could give back laughter for the
Ocean's moan!

Serenade

You were glad tonight: And now you've
gone away.
Flushed in the dark, you put your dreams
to bed;
But as you fall asleep I hear you say
those tired, sweet, drowsy words we left
unsaid.

I am alone (all alone): but in the windless
night
I listen to the gurgling of the rain that
veils
the gloom with peace: and whispering of
your white
limbs, and your mouth that stormed my
throat with bliss,
the rain becomes your voice, and tells me
tales
That crowd my heart with memories of
your kiss.

Sleep well! for I can follow you, to bless
And lull your distant beauty where you
roam;
And with wild songs of hoarded loveli-
ness
Recall you to these arms that were your
home.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

STELLA DAYRIT RODEN

Dr. Roden brings decades of pedagogical experience and is recognized for her performance and recordings of art song repertoire. She champions American composers through her albums *Lyric for Truelove* (2025) and *Serenade* (2023), released by Radium Recordings. As an Ambassador of the Barcelona Festival of Song, she advances the study and performance of Latin American, Spanish, and Catalan art songs. Dr. Roden received second place in The American Prize, Friedrich and Virginia Schorr Memorial Award, Women in Art Song, Professional Division in 2023, as well as in 2016 for her recorded works. Most recently, she was awarded the prestigious Phi Kappa Phi Artist Award for 2024-2026 in recognition of her exceptional contributions to both teaching and performance. Dr. Roden has performed internationally in

Italy, Spain, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. Dr. Roden holds a D.M.A. in Vocal Performance from the University of Connecticut, M.M. in Vocal Performance from New England Conservatory, a B.M.E. from James Madison University, and a M.S. in Educational Technology from the University of Central Missouri. Before joining the University of Iowa music faculty, she taught Applied Voice, Diction for Singers, Vocal Pedagogy, and Vocal Literature at the University of Central Missouri. Her students have been named winners or finalists in various competitions, including the NATS Kansas City Chapter and Central Region Student Auditions, the Missouri State and West Central Divisions of the Music Teachers National Association (MTNA), the Philharmonia of Greater Kansas City Collegiate Concerto Competition, and Naftzger Young Artists Auditions. Her students have gone on to pursue advanced vocal studies at institutions such as Boston Conservatory, Florida State University, The Hartt School,

Manhattan School of Music, University of Connecticut, and the University of Kansas, among others.

AMANDA ARRINGTON

Amanda Arrington is Senior Professor of Practice and Faculty Collaborative Pianist at Kansas State University, where she performs in numerous performances each year with students, faculty, and guest artists. An advocate for new music, she has premiered works at the International Double Reed Society Conference, National Flute Association Conference, World Saxophone Congress, International Trumpet Guild Conference, ClarinetFest, and the Canadian Flute Convention. Her performances with tenor Bryan Pinkall have taken her to renowned venues including the Sydney Opera House, the Kennedy Center, and the National WWI and WWII Museums. She also tours extensively as a member of Aglow Trio, performing and giving masterclasses at prestigious universities and venues

across the country with flutist Karen Large and oboist Alyssa Morris. As a recording artist and collaborator, Amanda's discography includes *Lyric for Truelove*, *The Light Is the Same*, *Serenade*, *Ruminations*, *Wanderlust: The Flute Music of David Amram*, *String to Silver: Flute Transcriptions of Works in the Romantic Tradition*, and more—all available on major streaming platforms. She is co-founder of Radium Recordings, a classical music label she runs with her husband and recording engineer, Owen Taylor. Amanda holds a Master of Arts in Piano Pedagogy from the University of Central Missouri and a Bachelor of Music Education from Kansas State University. In 2024, she received the MTD Excellence Award from K-State's School of Music, Theatre, and Dance in recognition of her service and artistry.

amandaarrington.com

radiumrecordings.com

aglowtrio.co

UPCOMING EVENTS

For the most current listing of concerts, recitals, and other School of Music events, visit the events calendar.

EVENTS CALENDAR 