SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

Senior Recital

Camden Corley, tenor
Dr. Huan Yang, piano

October 29, 2026 | 8:30 | PepsiCo Recital Hall

Program

American Selections

"Tonight, at Eight" From *She Loves Me*	Jerry Bock (1928-2010)
My Neighbor	Florence Price (1887-1953)
Mi sueño	Edward Kilenyi (1884-1968)
"Del cabello más sutil" From *Canciones Clásicas Españolas, vol. 1*	Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

Loving Abroad

"Voyage á Paris" From *Banalités*	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Infidelité	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Spirate pur, spirate	Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
"Die taubenpost" From *Schwanengesang*	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
"Waldesgespräch" From *Liederkreis*	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
연(Longing)	이원주(Wonju Lee) (b. 1997)

Sophia Yang, Soprano

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the BME in Vocal Music Education. Mr. Corley is a student of Dr. Gwendolyn Alfred. The use of recording equipment or taking photographs is prohibited. Please silence all electronic devices, including watches, pagers, and phones.

Program Notes

Tonight at Eight" from *She Loves Me* — Jerry Bock

Jerry Bock was a musical composer and lyricist during "one of the most interesting and fraught periods in musical theatre Historiography."[1] Bock began composing musicals in high school. In 1958, he began working with Sheldon Harnick. Harnick, an army veteran and violinist, made his Broadway debut in *New Faces of 1952*.[2] The duo wrote seven musicals, including *She Loves Me* (1963), during their 12-year collaboration. After experiencing personal conflicts while producing *The Rothschilds* (1970), Bock and Harnick dissolved their partnership. Bock's legacy, however, remained with Harnick through *She Loves Me* and *Fiddler on the Roof* (1964).[3]

She Loves Me is a romantic comedy revolving around Amalia and Georg, two coworkers who have always disliked each other. After work, they both write to a romantic pen pal with whom they are falling in love. Georg sings "Tonight, at Eight" when telling his friend, Sipos, that he has a date that night with his mysterious pen pal. The date in question is what leads Georg to realize Amalia was his pen pal all along, and she loves him.[4]

I'm nervous and upset because this girl I've never met I get to meet tonight at eight.
I'm taking her to dinner at a charming old café, but who can eat tonight at eight?
It's early in the morning and our date is not 'til Eight o'clock tonight, and yet, already I can see:
What a nightmare this whole day will be.

I haven't slept a wink; I only think of our approaching tete-a-tete tonight at Eight
I feel a combination of depression and elation; What a state to wait 'til eight.
Three more minutes, two more seconds. Ten more hours to go!
In spite of what I've written, she may not be very smitten and my hopes, perhaps, may all collapse:
Kaput! Tonight at eight.

I wish I knew exactly how I'll act or what will happen when we dine. Tonight at Eight.
I know I'll drop the silverware, but will I spill the water or the wine? Tonight at Eight
Tonight, I'll walk right up and sit right down beside the smartest girl in town and then it's anybody's guess. More and more, I'm breathing less and less!

In my imagination, I can hear our conversation taking shape, Tonight at Eight
I'll sit there saying absolutely nothing, or I'll jabber like an ape. Tonight at Eight
Two more minutes, three more seconds. Ten more hours to go! I'll know when this is done if something's ended or begun and if it goes alright.
Who knows? I might propose tonight at eight!

Sheldon Harnick

My Neighbor — Florence Price

Florence Price was an American 20th-century composer. She was the first black woman to be recognized as a symphonic composer. Price grew up in Little Rock, Arkansas in the late 1800's. After studying at the New England Conservatory of Music, she returned to Arkansas to teach until 1927, when she decided to move due to racial tensions.[5] Other than art songs, Price wrote pieces for Orchestra, choir, piano, organ, and arranged spirituals. Price often set the texts of Black poets, such as Paul Laurence Dunbar and other actives during the

[1] Wells, "Musical Theatre of Bock and Harnick," 330-332.
[2] Hillman, "Harnick, Sheldon," https://doi.org/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.article.A2283099.
[3] Block, "Bock, Jerry," https://doi.org/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.article.03343.
[4] McCleary, "She Loves Me," https://stageagent.com/shows/musical/1432/she-loves-me.
[5] Berg, "Songs and Spirituals by Price," 385 -386.

Harlem Renaissance. She is most well known for her "Symphony in E minor" (1932), which earned her the Wannamaker Foundation Award.[6]
"My Neighbor" is a generally lesser-known piece compared to Price's other art songs. Price sets the text of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the first black writer to widely gain acceptance from the white community in America.[7] Dunbar's text highlights the simplicity of life when one chooses to enjoy it. The "neighbor" seems concerned with comparing himself to others, going as far as to call the speaker a fool for being blissful. The speaker, conversely, lives unbothered by the happenings of other people or what he does or, perhaps more often, does not have. This text speaks to me because it is so common to compare yourself to others while surrounded by capable singers and musicians at TCU. The most important thing I have learned at TCU is how to enjoy my own growth independently.

My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell,
My neighbor must look down on me,
must I look up?--ah well.
My neighbor lives on the hill,
And I in the valley dwell.

My neighbor reads, and prays,
and I--I laugh, God wot,
And sing like a bird when the grass is green
in my small garden plot;
But ah, he reads and prays,
And I--I laugh, God wot,

His face is a book of woe,
And mine is a song of glee;
A slave he is to the great "they say,"
But I--I am bold and free;
No wonder he smacks of woe,
And I have the tang of glee.

My neighbor thinks me a fool,
"The same to yourself," say I;
"Why, take your books and take your prayer,
Give me the open sky."
My neighbor thinks I am a fool
"The same to yourself," say I!

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Mi sueño — Edward Kilenyi

Edward Kilenyi was a Hungarian-born American composer and teacher during the 20th Century. He is most well-known for his instruction of George Gershwin, another prominent American composer. In addition to teaching, Kilenyi set many Mexican and South American folk songs and worked as a music director for early sound films, such as *Abie's Irish* (1928) and *Tillie's Punctured Romance* (1939). The vocal score of his opera, *The Cry of the Wolf*, is one of his few original works available in print and can be found at the Library of Congress. [8] Kilenyi set *Mi sue*ño to music with the text of a Mexican folk song. The text features the speaker pleading for a person's love. By the end of the text, the speaker has accepted that they may never receive the love they wish for and, therefore, will die.

Ay! ¡Sin tu amor moriré, sí, mujer!
Porque tú eres ilusión
Tú le das al corazón,
La ventura que soñé.

Ay! Without your love, I will die, yes, woman!
Because you are a delusion.
You give my heart
The contentment that I dreamed of

[6] Brown, "Florence Price," https://doi.org/10.1093/omo/9781561592630.013.90000367402.
[7] Robinson, "Dunbar: Credit to His Race?" 215-225.
[8] Ho, "Kilenyi, Edward," 590.

No me mires así
Porque voy a morir
Pues no puedo vivir
Con desprecio de ti

¡Ay! Vuelve tú a mirar
Que es mi adoración
Tener tú con pasión
¡Angel de amor!

Que aquí vengo a pedir,
E implorar el perdón,
Por si fuese a morir,
¡Adiós, adiós!

Don't look at me like that
Because I will die
Since I can no longer live
With your contempt.

Ay! Return to look at
That which is my adoration,
To have you with passion,
Angel of love!

That, here, I come to request
Your forgiveness
For if I die,
Goodbye, goodbye!
Translated by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer

"Del cabello más sutil" from *Canciones Clásicas Españolas* Fernando Obradors

Fernando Obradors, born in Barcelona, Spain, is an early 20th-century composer known for his four volumes of song arrangements: *Canciones clásicas españolas*. Obradors was taught piano first by his mother, then later by Lamonte de Grignon and Antonio Nicoau. Obradors was mostly self-taught in harmony, counterpoint and composition. Throughout his career, he directed multiple orchestras, including the Orquesta Filarmónica of the Grand Canaries and the orchestral group of Radio Barcelona. Although he is known for his settings of traditional Spanish songs, he also composed zarzuelas and symphonic works, such as the *Réplica a la Farándula de Bizet.* Unfortunately, these instrumental works contributed little to Obradors' eventual popularity.[9] I really appreciate the delicacy of this piece. The piano sets the scene for a quiet love by creating a gentle, moving atmosphere. This song makes me think of the quiet moment when you look at a person and realize that you are completely in love with them. The narrator would do anything to be around that person and become a part of each other's daily routine. "Del cabello más sutil" is, to me, a simple, almost unnoticed moment of realization.

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

Of the softest hair,
Which you have in your braid,
I would make a chain
So that I may bring you to my side.

A jug in your home,
little one, I would like to be…
so that I may kiss you
each time you take a drink..
Translated by Alice Rogers-Mendoza

[9] Seyssel, "Fernando Obradors," https://ameliaseyssel.com/ProgramNotes.html#Obr.

“Voyage à Paris” from *Banalités* — Francis Poulenc

Francis Poulenc was a French composer and pianist during the late Romantic era and early 20th century. Poulenc attributed his artistic personality to his mother’s family, who were artist-craftsmen. This artistry combined with his Catholic faith, which Poulenc attributes to his father’s Aveyronais roots, in his *Chansons gaillardes* (1925-6) and *Stabat mater* (1950-51). Poulenc began piano at age five, but agreed to get a formal education, as his father suggested. After losing both his parents, Poulenc, under the mentorship of Ricardo Viñes, met composers and poets, including Erik Satie, Paul Claudel, and Guillaume Apollinaire. In adulthood, he continued to compose cycles, often setting texts by the poets he met in youth. He was considered by Henri Collet, along with Milhaud, Auric, Honegger, Taillefer, and Durey, to be part of the “Groupe des Six,” a title given to the collection of composers whose works were often performed in concerts at the painter Emile Lejeune’s studio. Rather than being similar in their musical creations, the group was united by friendship.[10]
“Voyage à Paris” is one of the shortest texts in *Banalités* by Apollinaire, a poet and art critic whose text is featured in 5 songs throughout *Banalités*. The text is about leaving a boring province of France to return to the capital, Paris. Poulenc found the text “deliciously stupid,” which led him to compose a hectic accompaniment and include a moment of prescribed falsetto. Poulenc’s amusement with the poem may have been inspired by a defiant patriotism.[11] I find this text appropriate as a transition as we “travel” from the Americas to the rest of the world.

Ah! La charmante chose
Quitter un pays morose
Pour Paris!
Paris Joli!
Qu’un jour dût créer l’amour.
Guillaume Apollinaire

Ah! ‘Tis such a charming thing
To head out from a dreary setting
For Paris!
Paris fairest
Which one day Love had to create.
Translated by Edward Lein

Infidélité — Reynaldo Hahn

Reynaldo Hahn was a prolific French composer during the Romantic Era. Hahn made his first musical appearance when he was six years old at a “musical soirée.” In 1885, an 11-year-old Hahn went to study at the Paris Conservatoire. He had a successful career as a conductor and critic, but his composing career was generally unreliable. In 1914, Hahn volunteered for the French army, where he eventually served as a corporal. While on the front lines, he composed a song cycle on poems by Robert Louis Stevenson and began sketching an opera. After returning from the war, Hahn continued composing, but he was met with hesitancy due to his “mixture of light, operetta-like music” and “dramatic declamatory style.” It was not until the 1970s that Hahn’s music posthumously became more attractive to the public. [12]
Infidélité is Hahn’s setting of a text by Théophile Gautier, a French poet, novelist, and critic. Gautier, although lacking formal musical training, had a love for music, especially Wagner, and a talent for interdisciplinary comparisons when criticizing music. [13] The text takes the perspective of someone who has been abandoned and betrayed romantically. I envision this piece to take place in a park as the speaker remembers a happy life with their partner. Although all the speaker’s memories are the same, the partner’s image has been permanently ruined.

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[10] Chimènes, “Poulenc, Francis,” https://doi.org/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.article.22202.
[11] Low, “Poulenc’s Banalités,” 289-295.
[12] O’Connor, “Hahn, Reynaldo,” 663-4.
[13] Ellis, “Gautier, Théophile,” https://doi.org/10.1093/gmo/9781561592630.article.10760.

Voici l'orme qui balance
Son ombre sur le sentier;
Voici le jeune églantier,
Le bois où dort le silence.
Le banc de pierre où le soir
Nous aimons à nous asseoir.

Voice la voûte embaumée
D'ébéniers et de lilas,
Où, lorsque nous étions las,
Ensemble, ma bien aimée !
Sous des guirlandes de fleurs,
Nous laissions fuir les chaleurs.

L'air est pur, le gazon doux…
Rien n'a donc changé que vous.
Théophile Gautier

Here is the elm that sways
Its shadow on the path;
Here is the young wild rose,
The wood where silence sleeps;
The stone bench where, at evening,
We would love to sit.

Here is the fragrant canopy
Of ebony and lilac trees,
Where, when we were tired,
Together, my beloved,
Beneath garlands of flowers,
We would let the heat waft by.

The air is pure, sweet the grass…
Nothing has changed but you.
Translated by Richard Stokes

Spirate pur, spirate — Stefano Donaudy

Stefano Donaudy was a minor Italian composer in the early 20th Century. He wrote his first opera, *Folchetto*, and one of his most popular songs, *Vaghissima sembianza,* at 13. Donaudy's brother, Alberto, supplied virtually all his texts for songs and libretti. Donaudy's primary claim to fame is his *36 Arie di Stile Antico* (1918), which featured "Spirate pur, spirate" and other titles which have persisted in standard vocal repertoire. Everything else Donaudy wrote is forgotten. His final opera, *La Fiamminga* (1922), was such a disaster that Donaudy abandoned composition altogether.[14]
"Spirate pur, spirate" is still a standard vocal piece for all ages. I enjoy singing music like this because it gives me a head start when I inevitably assign this piece to one or many of my students in the future. Similar to most repertoire for tenors, it is an artsy, feel-good love song. The vocal line reflects the nimble breezes that the speaker is sending out to their love.

Spirate pur, spirate attorno a lo mio bene,
Aurette, e v'accertate
S'ella nel cor mi tiene.
Spirate, spirate pur, aurette!
Se nel suo cor mi tiene, v'accertate,
Aure beate, aure lievi e beate!
Alberto Donaudy

Blow then, blow bout my beloved,
Breezes, and ascertain
If she holds me dear in her heart.
Blow, blow then breezes!
If in her heart me she-holds, ascertain,
Breezes, blessed, breezes light and blessed!
Translated by Bard Suverkrop

"Die taubenpost" from *Schwanengesang* — Franz Schubert

Franz Schubert was a prolific early Romantic, Viennese composer. As a boy, he began to study violin from his father as well as figured bass, singing, and counterpoint. At seven years old, Schubert auditioned for Antonio Salieri and became a mezzo-soprano for his choir. This connection would later grant him entrance to the

[14] Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, "Stefano Donaudy." https://www.pcmsconcerts.org/composer/stefano-donaudy/.

Kaiserlichkönigliches Stadtkonvikt (Imperial and Royal City College). After encountering Goethe's *Faust*, he began to set his poems to songs, which produced *Gretchen am Spinnrade* (1814) and *Erlkönig* (1815).[15]
It was peculiar in Schubert's time to set as many songs as he did to the text of only one poet. In 1817, he wrote 60 songs, nearly a third of which were texts by Mayrhofer, who he would eventually live with. The 60 songs include famous pieces such as *An Die Musik* and *Die Forelle*.[8] Schubert's setting of Johann Seidl's "Die taubenpost" is Schubert's last solo lied. Seidl, known for his "conventional sentiment and arch humor," was a Viennese composer and personal acquaintance of Schubert.[16] "Die taubenpost" serves as the final song in *Schwanengesang (Swan Song)*, a song cycle the publisher Haslinger released posthumously. Unlike his other, more historically popular cycles, Schubert's *Swan Song* is themed rather than narrative. In fact, Schubert's original draft of the cycle did not include "Die taubenpost" at all.[17] Seidl's poem of a quiet, unreciprocated love fit the theme well and acts as a capstone to both Schubert's song cycle and life. The text suggests a much darker hopelessness that I believe he deeply related to. Despite his pain and inevitable ending at only 31 years old, he continued to compose.

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kudschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bis zu der Liebsten Haus

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Brifchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb' ich ihr:
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:
Wenn sie nur wander, wander kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Sie wird nicht müd', sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht lockung, braucht nicht lohn
Die taub' ist so mir treu!

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
Devoted true;
She never stops short of her goal
And never flies too far.

Each day I send her out
A thousand times On reconnaissance,
Past many a beloved spot,
To my sweetheart's house.

There she peeps furtively in at the window,
Observing her every look and step,
Conveys my greeting breezily,
and bringer hers back to me.

I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very tears;
She will certainly not deliver them wrongly,
So eagerly does she serve me.

Day or night, awake or dreaming,
It is all the same to her;
As long as she can roam,
She is richly contented.

She never grows tired or faint,
the route is always fresh to her;
She needs no enticement or reward,
So true is this pigeon to me.

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[15] Winter, Brown, and Sams, "Schubert, Franz (Peter)," 655-677.
[16] Chusid, "Poets of Schwanengesang," *14-50.*
[17] Abbot, "Schubert's Swansong," https://www.grahamsmusic.net/post/schubert-s-swansong.

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
Versichert des schönsten gewinns;
Sie heist – die sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
Die botin treuen Sinns.
Johann Gabriel Seidl

I cherish her as truly in my heart,
Certain of the fairest prize;
Her name is – Longing! Do you know her?
The messenger of constancy.
Translated by: Richard Wigmore

"Waldesgespräch" from *Liederkreis* — Robert Schumann

Robert Schumann is a celebrated German composer from the Romantic era, whose music had a significant impact on generations of European musicians. Schumann had a very dense musical background, making his debut appearance as a pianist at only 11 years old. He began composing in his teenage years and created a respectable catalogue of pieces that displayed an advanced technical mastery. Once in Leipzig to study law, Schumann used his time to study the writing of Jean Paul rather than go to lectures. His love of Paul's writing and poetry led Schumann to view composition as a poetic activity.[18] I would venture to say this explains Schumann's attention to text when composing both the vocal line and accompaniment of his art songs. Although Schumann already considered himself to be "excellent in music and poetry," he did not decide to pursue a career in music until 1930, when he outlined a plan for himself to continue studying music under Friedrich Wieck, father of Clara Schuman (née Wieck).[17]
Schumann composed two song cycles named *Liederkreis* in 1840, which he called his *Liederjahr* (Year of Song). The first *Liederkreis* uses the poetry of Heinrich Heine; the second, of which "Waldesgespräch" is part, uses Joseph von Eichendorff's poems. Eichendorff (1788-1857) was a popular German Romantic poet. He served as Councilor on Roman Catholic affairs in the Prussian government. He sent his lyrical poems to many composers, including Schumann and Mendelssohn.[19] Schumann said the Eichendorff *Liederkreis* is imbued with his love for Clara, who chose most of the texts herself. Schumann was eventually diagnosed with dementia, which led to hallucinations, delusional ideas, and eventually auditory disturbances. One such disturbance led to his final keyboard work, *Geistervariationen* (1854), his variations based on an "angelic" theme he heard during a lucid dream. Despite his love, Schumann, afraid his psychosis may bring harm to his wife, removed himself to an asylum in 1854. He remained in the asylum with minimal contact until the end of his life.[17]

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

"Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

It is already late, already cold,
Why ride lonely through the forest?
The forest is long, you are alone
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

"Great is the deceit and cunning of men
My heart is broken with grief
The hunting horn echoes here and there,
Oh, flee! You do not know who I am."

So richly adorned are steed and lady,
So wondrous fair her youthful form,
Now I know you --- may God protect me!
You are the enchantress Lorelei.

[18] Daverio, "Schumann, Robert," 760-792.
[19] World Almanac Group, "Eichendorff, Joseph."

“Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein. Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt, Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!” **Joseph von Eichendorff**	“You know me well --- from its towering rock My castle looks silently into the Rhine. It is already late, already cold, You shall never leave this forest again!” *Translation by Richard Stokes*

연 (Longing) 이원주 (Wonju Lee)

Wonju Lee (b. 1979) is a leading South Korean contemporary art song composer. She holds a master’s degree in composition from Hanyang University. Lee has won first place in the Hwacheon Bimok Competition and the Composition category at the SEIL Korean Art Song Competition. Many of her compositions have become staple repertoire for prominent vocalists worldwide, including renowned soprano Sumi Jo. Lee is continually praised for incorporating han (한), an untranslatable feeling of resentment and longing, into her contemporary compositions.[20]
Dong-hyun Kim (b. 1966) is a South Korean poet, essayist, and Korean language teacher. He was a Korean language teacher at Yangsan Girls’ High School and an editor and publisher for the Gyeongnam Writers’ Association and Korean Writers’ Association. Kim’s poem “Yeon” captures the longing that remains after losing someone and the desperate wish not to be forgotten.[21] I believe this song’s text truly makes the piece and justifies every choice the composer made. There is raw emotion throughout the piece, and it finishes with a quiet, devastating acceptance.

시리게 푸르른 그대 고운 날개 내 맘 가까이 날아오지 않네	Cool blue, your beautiful wings Do not fly close to my heart.
이슬된 서러움에 실어 나를 데려가 주오 닿을 듯한 그대의 품으로	Carried on the sorrow of dew, Please take me away to your close embrace
여리게 남은 듯 그대 고운 향기 내 맘 가까이 돌아오지 않네	As if lingering faintly, your lovely scent Does not return near my heart
그대의 내가 멀지 않아 나를 사랑해 주오 기억 속의 나라면	I am yours, and not too far; please love me, If it’s me in your memories
아 영원한 그리움 나 차가운 눈물에 지워도	Oh! Eternal longing. Even if erased with my cold tears,
기다리네 기나긴 내 사랑 미련을 버리고 편히 잠들라	I will wait forever for you, my love. Discard your regrets and sleep gently.
그 무엇도 남지 않을 듯 꼭 나를 기억해주오	As though nothing remains, Please always remember me.

[20] Aladin Communication, “Lee, Won-ju,” https://www.aladin.co.kr/author/wauthor_overview.aspx?AuthorSearch=@2783963&srsltid=AU7gw4UwLWnbLXPh4gv6RUddbZ-6M-cAOiKHLxzWJt804lPo9IOk4Y8K.
[21] 쏘냥이, “이원주의‘연 (緣),’” https://blog.naver.com/tschiny/222104829388.

숨결까지 눈물까지
내 모든 것 그대에게로
Dong-hyeon Kim (김동현)

Until my breath, until my tears
Until everything I have, I've given to you.
Translated by Camden Corley

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