

Loyola University New Orleans  
School of Music and Theatre Arts  
Presents

**Graduate Recital:**  
***Margaret Branyon-Goodman,***  
***mezzo-soprano***

*from the studio of*  
Professor Luretta Bybee

*with*  
Claire Bigley, piano



Saturday, October 30, 2021, 7:30 p.m.  
Nunemaker Auditorium

## Program

“Dove sei” George Frederick Händel  
From *Rodelinda* (1685-1759)

*La Regata Veneziana* Gioachino Rossini  
1. Anzoleta avanti la regata (1792-1868)  
2. Anzoleta co passa la regatta  
3. Anzoleta dopo la regatta

*Selections from Zigeunerlieder* Johannes Brahms  
1. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten Ein (1833-1897)  
2. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut  
3. Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen

“Wie Melodien”  
“Dein blaues Auge”  
“Von Ewiger Liebe”

## INTERMISSION

*Banalités* Francis Poulenc  
1. Chanson d’Orksenise (1899-1963)  
2. Hôtel  
3. Fagnes de Wallonie  
4. Voyage à Paris  
5. Sanglots

“Lullaby” Gian Carlo Menotti  
From *The Consul* (1911-2007)

“Ah, Michele, don’t you know”  
From *The Saint of Bleecker Street*

# Notes and Translations

## ***Dove Sei:***

The opera *Rodelinda* by George Frederick Händel, libretto by Nicola Haym, is an opera in three acts. It premiered at the King's Theater in 1725, and it's considered to be one of Händel's greatest works.

Prior to the opening of Act I, Grimoaldo usurped the throne of Bertarido, the king of Lombardy. Bertarido flees, leaving his wife Rodelinda to be a prisoner. Bertarido later fakes his death in order to later rescue his wife and son.

Act I begins in Rodelinda's apartments in the palace, where we find her grieving. Grimoaldo enters, declaring his love for her. He proposes to her, offering a path back to her throne. She rejects his advances. In a change of scenery, the audience is transported to a cypress grove, where we find Bertarido in hiding. After reading the inscription on his own grave, he longs for the arms of his beloved Rodelinda in this aria.

### *Dove Sei*

Dove sei, amato bene?  
Vieni l'alma a consolar!  
Vieni, vieni amato bene!

Son oppresso da tormenti,  
Ed i crudi miei lamenti  
Sol con te posso bear.

### *Where are you, Beloved?*

Where are you, beloved?  
Come to console my heart!  
Come, come, beloved!

I am beset by sorrow,  
And my harsh pains  
I can only bear with you

## ***La Regata Veneziana:***

While known for his extensive list of operatic compositions, Gioacchino Rossini also wrote songs for solo voice and piano. *La Regata Veneziana*, written in 1858, is made up of three songs in a Venetian dialect. These three songs tell a story from the viewpoint of Anzoleta, a young woman attending the Venetian Regatta. Although this song set was written at a point in Rossini's career that was more elaborate and mature, the music maintains a folk-song-like simplicity.

### *Anzoleta avanti la regatta*

La su la machina xe la bandiera  
varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.  
Co que la tornime in qua sta sera,  
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar  
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.  
Va voga d'anema la gondoleta  
el primo premio te pol mancar.

### *Anzoleta Before the Race*

Over there by the machine is the flag  
you can see it, now go and get it.  
Bring it back to me this evening,  
or run away and hide.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't  
hesitate,  
Row the gondola with heart and soul,

Va lla, recordite la to Anzoleta  
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.  
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.  
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, i xe qua, vardeli, vardeli  
povereti i gehe da drento  
ah contrario tira el vento,  
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?  
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo  
Ah! che smania! me confondo,  
a tremar me sento el cuor

Su, coragio, voga, voga,  
prima d'esser al paletto  
se ti voghi, gehe scometo,  
tutti indrio lassarià.

Caro, par che el svola,  
el li magna tuti quanti  
meza barca l'è anda avanti,  
ah capisso, el m'a varda.

Anzoleta dopo la regata

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,  
caro Momolo, de cuor;  
qua destrachite che xe ora  
de sugarte sto sudor

Ah t'o visto co passando  
su mi l'ocio ti a butà  
e go dito respirando:  
un bel premio el ciaparà,

and then you cannot help being first.

Go on; think of your Anoleta watching  
from the harbor. Once in the boat,  
Momolo don't hesitate. Once in the  
boat,  
Momolo go with the wind.

Anzoleta During the Race

They're coming, they're coming,  
look at them, look at them, the poor  
things,  
they're nearly all in; the wind is  
against  
them, but the tide is running their  
way.

My Momolo, where is he?  
Ah, I see him, in second place.  
Ah! What a rage! I'm confused,  
ah, I feel my heart trembling.

Come on, keep it up, row, row,  
you will be first to the finish line,  
if you keep on rowing,  
I bet you will leave all others behind.

Dear boy, seems like you're flying,  
he is beating all the others,  
and he is half a length ahead,  
ah now I understand, he's seen me.

Anzoleta After the Race

Catch a kiss, and now another,  
dear Momolo, from my heart;  
now relax, that is time for me.  
to dry your sweat.

Ah, I saw you, as you passed,  
throwing a glance at me: and I said,  
breathing again:  
he is going to win a good prize.

si, un bel premio in sta bandiera,  
che xe rossa de color;  
gha parlà Venezia intiera,  
la t'a dito vincitor.

Indeed, the prize of this flag, the red  
one;  
all Venice is talking about you,  
they have declared you the victor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,  
a vogar nissun te pol,  
de casada de traghetto  
ti xe el megio barcarol.

Here is a kiss, God bless you,  
no one rows better than you,  
of all the breed of gondoliers,  
you are the best.

### ***Selections from the Zigeunerlieder & Three Other Pieces:***

Brahms' Zigeunerlieder is made up of eleven songs, all based on Hungarian folk songs translated into German by Hugo Conrat. Some view this song cycle as the vocal equivalent of the Hungarian Dances, while others view it as a more exotic iteration of the Liebesliederwalzer. The premiere of this song cycle in 1888 in Berlin was well received, and inspired Brahms to compose solo arrangements. While most performances of this song cycle are by choirs, the majority of recordings available are done by soloists.

Wie Melodien is taken from the song set Fünf Lieder (Five Songs), which Brahms wrote between 1886 and 1888. Wie Melodien was composed during Brahms' time in Thun utilizing the poetry of Klaus Groth. Fünf Lieder is described as a "song bouquet", as the poetry of each song originates from a different source and are then combined into a whole. Each song was premiered individually, with Wie Melodien premiering in 1887 in Vienna. Also, its melody appears as the second subject of the first movement of Brahms' Violin Sonata No. 2.

Dein blaues Auge also utilizes poetry by Klaus Groth. Dein blaues Auge is part of a collection of songs but is often excerpted for performances. Brahms wrote the whole set in 1873.

Von ewiger Liebe, written in 1857, also is from a collection of songs. With poetry by August Fallersleben, this piece stands apart from the others presented; the song is composed of three distinct sections, each with its own character. The first section represents the narrator, the second represents a young man, and the third, a young woman. A young man is venturing from his village to see the girl that he loves as twilight becomes night. He confesses that he feels that he brings her shame, urging her to leave him for someone better. The young woman responds calmly, stating that their love cannot be parted.

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten  
ein!

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten  
ein!

Hey, gypsy, sound your strings!

Hey, gypsy, sound your strings!  
Play the song of the faithless girl!

Spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen  
Mägdelein!  
Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen,  
traurig bange,  
Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese  
Wange!

Hochgetürmte Rimafluth, wie bist  
du so trüb

Hochgetürmte Rimaflut, wie bist  
du so trüb;  
An dem Ufer klag ich laut nach dir,  
mein Lieb!  
Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,  
Rauschen an dem Strand heran zu  
mir;  
An dem Rimaufer laßt mich ewig  
weinen nach ihr!

Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen

Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen  
Am allerschönsten ist?  
Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen  
Scherzt und lacht und küßt.  
Schätzelein  
Du bist mein,  
Inniglich  
Küß ich dich,  
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel  
Einzig nur für mich!  
Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster  
Am besten mir gefällt?  
Wenn in seinen Armen  
Er mich umschlungen hält.  
Schätzelein,  
Du bist mein,  
Inniglich  
Küß ich dich,  
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel  
Einzig nur für mich!

Wie Melodien

Wie Melodien zieht es

Make the strings weep and moan  
in sad despair  
Till hot tears moisten these cheeks!

Rima, how troubled your towering  
waters are

Rima, how troubled your towering  
waters are;  
I'll lament for you loudly on its  
banks, my love!  
Waters rush by, waves stream past,  
Roaring towards me on the shore;  
On the banks of the Rima let me  
weep for her eternally!

Do you know when my little girl

Do you know when my little girl is  
at her loveliest?  
When her sweet little mouth  
Jokes and laughs and kisses.  
Sweetheart,  
You are mine,  
Tenderly  
I kiss you,  
Dear heaven made you  
For me alone!  
Do you know when my beloved  
Pleases me most?  
When he holds me  
In his arms' embrace.  
Sweetheart,  
You are mine,  
Tenderly  
I kiss you,  
Dear heaven made you  
For me alone!

Like Melodies

Thoughts, like melodies,

Mir leise durch den Sinn,  
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es  
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.  
Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es  
Und führt es vor das Aug',  
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es  
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.  
Und dennoch ruht im Reime  
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,  
Den mild aus stillem Keime  
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Dein blaues Auge

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,  
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.  
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?  
Ich sehe mich gesund.  
Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,  
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:  
Das deine ist wie See so klar  
Und wie ein See so kühl.

Von ewiger Liebe

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in  
Feld!  
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget  
die Welt.  
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend  
noch Rauch,  
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget  
nun auch.  
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche  
heraus,  
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach  
Haus,  
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche  
vorbei,  
Redet so viel und so mancherlei:  
„Leidest du Schmach und  
betrübtest du dich,  
Leidest du Schmach von andern  
um mich,

Steal softly through my mind,  
Like spring flowers they blossom  
And drift away like fragrance.  
Yet when words come and capture  
them  
And bring them before my eyes,  
They turn pale like grey mist  
And vanish like a breath.  
Yet surely in rhyme  
A fragrance lies hidden,  
Summoned by moist eyes  
From the silent seed.

Your Blue Eyes

Your blue eyes stay so still,  
I look into their depths.  
You ask me what I seek to see?  
Myself restored to health.  
A pair of ardent eyes have burnt  
me,  
The pain of it still throbs:  
Your eyes are limpid as a lake,  
And like a lake as cool.

Eternal Love

Dark, how dark in forest and field!  
Evening already, and the world is  
silent.  
Nowhere a light and nowhere  
smoke,  
And even the lark is silent now too.  
Out of the village there comes a  
lad,  
Escorting his sweetheart home,  
He leads her past the willow-copse,  
Talking so much and of so many  
things:  
'If you suffer sorrow and suffer  
shame,  
Shame for what others think of me,  
Then let our love be severed as  
swiftly,  
As swiftly as once we two were  
plighted.

Werde die Liebe getrennt so  
 geschwind,  
 Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt  
 sind.  
 Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit  
 Wind,  
 Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt  
 sind.“  
 Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein  
 spricht:  
 „Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich  
 nicht!  
 Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen gar  
 sehr,  
 Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.  
 Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie  
 um,  
 Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?  
 Eisen und Stahl, sie können  
 zergehn,  
 Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!“

Let us depart in rain and depart in  
 wind,  
 As swiftly as once we two were  
 plighted.'  
 The girl speaks, the girl says:  
 'Our love cannot be severed!  
 Steel is strong, and so is iron,  
 Our love is even stronger still:  
 Iron and steel can both be  
 reforged,  
 But our love, who shall change it?  
 Iron and steel can be melted down,  
 Our love must endure forever!

### ***Banalités***

*Banalités* is a set of five songs by Francis Poulenc with poems by  
 Guillaume Appolinaire. It was written and premiered in 1840. Each song  
 is like a little vignette, but musically, each song is linked together to form  
 a whole.

#### *Chanson d'Orkenise*

Par les portes d'Orkenise  
 Veut entrer un charretier.  
 Par les portes d'Orkenise  
 Veut sortir un va-nu-pieds.  
 Et les gardes de la ville  
 Courant sus au va-nu-pieds:  
 'Qu' emportes-tu de la ville?'  
 'J'y laisse mon coeur entier.'  
 Et les gardes de la ville  
 Courant sus au charretier:  
 'Qu' apportes-tu dans la ville?'  
 'Mon coeur pour me marier!'  
 Que de coeurs, dans Orkenise!  
 Les gardes riaient, riaient.  
 Va-nu-pieds la route est grise,

#### *Song of Orkenise*

Through the gates of Orkenise  
 A waggoner wants to enter.  
 Through the gates of Orkenise  
 A vagabond wants to leave.  
 And the sentries guarding the town  
 Rush up to the vagabond:  
 'What are you taking from the  
 town?'  
 'I'm leaving my whole heart  
 behind.'  
 And the sentries guarding the town  
 Rush up to the waggoner:  
 'What are you carrying into the  
 town?'  
 'My heart in order to marry.'



L'amour grise, ô charretier.  
Les beaux gardes de la ville  
Tricotèrent superbement;  
Puis les portes de la ville  
Se fermèrent lentement.

Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage  
Le soleil passe son bras par la  
fenêtre  
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire  
des mirages  
J'allume au feu du jour ma  
cigarette  
Je ne veux pas travailler je veux  
fumer

Fagnes de Wallonie

Tant de tristesses plénières  
Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes  
désolées  
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les  
sapinières  
Le poids des kilomètres pendant  
que râlait  
le vent d'ouest  
J'avais quitté le joli bois  
Les écureuils y sont restés  
Ma pipe essayait de faire des  
nuages  
Au ciel  
Qui restait pur obstinément  
Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon  
une chanson énigmatique  
Aux tourbières humides  
Les bruyères fleurant le miel  
Attiraient les abeilles  
Et mes pieds endoloris  
Foulaient les myrtilles et les

So many hearts in Orkenise!  
The sentries laughed and laughed:  
Vagabond, the road's not merry,  
Love makes you merry, O  
waggoner!  
The handsome sentries guarding  
the town  
Knitted vaingloriously;  
The gates of the town then  
Slowly closed.

Hotel

My room is shaped like a cage  
The sun slips its arm through the  
window  
But I who want to smoke to make  
mirages  
I light my cigarette on daylight's  
fire  
I do not want to work I want to  
smoke

Walloon moss-hags

So much utter sadness  
Seized my heart in the desolate  
upland moss-hags  
When weary I set down in the fir  
plantation  
The weight of kilometres to the  
roar  
Of the west wind  
I had left the pretty wood  
The squirrels stayed there  
My pipe tried to make clouds  
In the sky  
Which stubbornly stayed clear  
I confided no secret but an  
enigmatic song  
To the dank peat-bogs  
The honey-fragrant heather  
Attracted the bees  
And my sore feet  
Crushed bilberries and  
whortleberries

airelles  
Tendrement mariée  
Nord  
Nord  
La vie s'y tord  
En arbres forts  
Et tors  
La vie y mord  
La mort  
À belles dents  
Quand bruit le vent

Voyage à Paris

Ah! la charmante chose  
Quitter un pays morose  
Pour Paris  
Paris joli  
Qu'un jour  
du créer l'Amour

Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les  
calmes étoiles  
Or nous savons qu'en nous  
beaucoup d'hommes respirent  
Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un  
sous nos fronts  
C'est la chanson des rêveurs  
Qui s'étaient arraché le coeur  
Et le portaient dans la main droite  
Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous  
ces souvenirs

Des marins qui chantaient comme  
des conquérants  
Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres  
cieux d'Ophir  
Des malades maudits de ceux qui  
fuiet leur ombre  
Et du retour joyeux des heureux  
émigrants  
De ce coeur il coulait du sang  
Et le rêveur allait pensant  
A sa blessure délicate

Tenderly united  
North  
North  
Life is gnarled there  
In strong trees  
And twisted  
Life there bites  
Death  
Voraciously  
When the wind howls

Trip to Paris

Oh! how delightful  
To leave a dismal place  
For Paris  
Charming Paris  
That one day  
Love must have made

Sobs

Our love is governed by the calm  
stars  
Now we know that in us many men  
have their being  
Who came from afar and are one  
beneath our brows  
It is the song of the dreamers  
Who tore out their hearts  
And carried them in their right  
hands  
Remember dear pride all these  
memories

The sailors who sang like  
conquerors  
The chasms of Thule the gentle  
Ophir skies  
The accursed sick those who flee  
their shadows  
And the joyous return of happy  
emigrants  
This heart ran with blood

Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes  
Et douloureuse et nous disait  
Qui sont les effets d'autres causes  
Mon pauvre coeur mon coeur brisé  
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes  
Voici voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves  
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme  
Est mort d'amour et le voici Ainsi vont toutes choses,  
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi  
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps  
Laissons tout aux morts  
Et cachons nos sanglots

And the dreamer kept thinking  
Of his delicate wound  
You shall not break the chain of these causes  
Of his painful wound and said to us  
Which are the effects of other causes  
My poor heart my broken heart  
Like the hearts of all men  
Here here are our hands that life enslaved  
Has died of love or so it seems  
Has died of love and here it is Such is the fate of all things  
So tear out yours too  
And nothing will be free till the end of time  
Let us leave all to the dead  
And conceal our sobs

### ***Lullaby***

*The Consul*, written by Gian Carlo Menotti, premiered in 1950 in Philadelphia. *The Consul* follows a family's struggle to leave an European country under totalitarian rule. Act I opens with a political separatist, John Sorel, on the run from the secret police. His wife, Magda, and his mother hide him in his home. The police come and search for him but cannot find him. John plans to escape to the border and asks his wife to go to the consul to apply for visas to leave the country. He will wait to cross the border until his family is all safe. In the consul's office, many people are waiting to get visas. Magda goes in to apply and joins the crowd. Act 2 is where this aria appears. John's mother is playing with the child, who is sick, and she sings to him, trying to ease his suffering.

### ***Ah, Michele, don't you know***

*The Saint of Bleecker Street*, also by Gian Carlo Menotti, premiered in 1954 in New York City. The opera is set in the Catholic Little Italy neighborhood of New York City. The story follows Annina, a simple young woman who one day finds herself blessed with stigmata. Michele, her brother, is an atheist who is overprotective of his sister. This aria appears in Act 2. Annina and Michele are attending a wedding reception. Desideria, Michele's secret girlfriend, shows up without an invitation, announces that her mother has kicked her out, and wants Michele to live with her. They argue, and Desideria lays bare how she really feels.

# Upcoming Events

## **OctUBAfest**

Tuesday, Nov. 2, 7 p.m.

Dixon Court | Free admission

## **Opera Scenes**

Thursday, Nov. 4, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Junior Recital: Zahria Sims, saxophone**

Saturday, Nov. 6, 3 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Jazz Ensemble**

Tuesday, Nov. 9, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

## **Concert Band**

Thursday, Nov. 11, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

## **All In A Day's Work**

Nov. 11-13 & 17-20, 7:30 p.m.

Marquette | Ticket required

## **Jazz Underground:**

### **Ellis Marsalis Tribute with Jason Marsalis**

Thursday, Nov. 18, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Ticket required

### **Senior Recital: Caroline Boudreaux, soprano**

Monday, Nov. 29, 5:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

### **Graduate Recital: Julia Tuneberg, soprano**

Monday, Dec. 6, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

All events are free and virtual unless otherwise stated.  
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