

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Junior Recital
Elizabeth DeVoto,
soprano

with
Olga Ljungholm, Accompanist



Saturday, November 16, 2019, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium

Program

Come and Trip It
from *L'Allegro* George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Hark! The Echoing Air Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Se tu m'ami, se tu sospiri attributed to Giovanni Pergolesi
(1710-1736)

La Pastorella delle Alpi Giachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Deh vieni non tardar Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1756-1791)

Clair de Lune József Szulc
(1875-1956)

Hébé Ernest Amédée Chausson
(1855-1899)

Guitare Georges Bizet
(1838-1875)

Intermission

<i>Come Ready and See Me</i>	Richard Hundley (1931-2018)
<i>Do not go, my love</i>	Richard Hageman (1881-1966)
<i>Kiss Me Not Goodbye</i> from <i>The Mighty Casey</i>	William Schumann (1910-1992)
<i>Frühlingsmorgen</i>	Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
<i>Liebst du um Schönheit</i>	Clara Wieck Schumann (1819-1896)
<i>Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht?</i>	Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
<i>Saper Vorreste</i> from <i>Un Ballo in Maschera</i>	Giusseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Translations

Se tu m'ami, se tu sospiro

If you love me, if you sigh only for me gentle shepherd: I am saddened by your suffering, I am made happy by your love. But if you think that I must only love you alone, little shepherd, you are easily subject to self deception. Beautiful red rose today Silvia will choose. With the excuse of the thorn tomorrow she will despise it. But the advice of men I will not follow. Just because I like lillies doesn't mean I hate the other flowers.

La Pastorella delle Alpi

I am the pretty shepherdess that descends every morning and offers a little basket of fresh fruit and flowers. Whoever comes at the first dawn will have pretty roses and apples dew sprinkled. Come to my garden! Whoever in the night's terror loses the safe path, will again find their way at the little hut of mine. Come, oh traveler, the shepherdess is here, but the flower of her thought to one alone she will give!

Deh vieni non tardar

Has arrived at last the moment, that I will enjoy without worry, in the arm of the beloved mine. Timid worries, get out of my heart, do not come to disturb my delight. Oh, how it seems that to the amorous fires, the comfort of the place, how the earth, the sky, this comfortable place, seem to echo my passion, just as the night is good for my deception. Ah, come, do not delay my handsome lover, come where love to enjoyment you calls, before the moon (the torch of the night sky) rises, while the air is still dark and the world is quiet. Here murmurs the stream, here plays the breeze, with which sweet whispering the heart restores. Here laughs the little flowers and the grass is cool, to pleasures of love here everything entices you. Come dearest mine, among these trees sheltering. Come, come! I want to crown your brow with roses.

Clair de Lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape charmed by masques and bergamasques, sad beneath their fanciful disguises. While singing in a minor mode, of love the conqueror and of the life favorable, they do not seem to believe in their happiness and their song mingles with the light of the moon. With the calm light of the moon, sad and beautiful, which makes the birds dream in the trees, and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy - the tall, slim fountains among the marble statues.

Hébé

When Hébé, blushing and innocent, with eyes lowered approached their feast, the gods, enchanted, held out their empty cups, which the child replenished with nectar. We also, when youth passes, offer repeatedly our cup to her. What is the wine the goddess pours? We do not know; it intoxicates and delights. Having smiled with her immortal grace, Hébé passes on, one calls for her return in vain. For a long time on the eternal road, our weeping eyes follow the divine cup bearer

Guitare

“How,” said the men, “in our boat can we flee from the alguazil?” “Row,” said the women. “How,” said the men, “can we forget quarrels, poverty, and danger?” “Sleep” said the women. “How,” said the men “can we enchant beauties without rare potions?” “Love,” said the women.

Frühlingsmorgen

There taps at the linden tree with branches full of blossoms: Get up! Get up! Why do you lie in a dream? The sun has arisen! Get up! Get up! The lark is awake, the bushes flutter! The bees are humming, and the beetles! Get up! Get Up! And I've also seen your merry sweetheart already. Late-sleeper, get up! Get up! Get up!

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty, then do not love me. Love the sun, with its golden hair. If you love for youth, then do not love me. Love the spring, which is young every year. If you love for treasure, then do not love me. Love the mermaid, who has many shining pearls. If you love for love, oh then love me! Love me always, as I will always love you!

Wer hat das Liedlein erdacht?

Up there on the mountain, in the tall house, a dear, pretty girl looks out. She does not live there; she is the innkeeper's daughter and lives on the green meadow. "My little heart is sore! Come sweetheart, make it well! Your dark brown eyes have wounded me! Your rosy mouth makes hearts healthy, makes youth wise, makes the dead live, makes the sick healthy! Yes, the sick healthy!" Who devised this pretty little song? Three geese brought it over the water! Two grey and one white! And if you can't sing this little song, they'll whistle it for you! Yes!

Saper Vorreste

You would like to know how he is dressed, when that is the thing he would like kept secret. Oscar knows, but will not tell, tra la la. . . My heart beats full of love, but yet discreetly it keeps the secret. Neither rank nor beauty will steal it from me, tra la la. . . Oscar knows, but will not tell.

Acknowledgements

Elizabeth is very excited to be performing her first solo classical recital. She is very grateful to everyone who came to support her, especially her family, friends, and former SAI sisters. Elizabeth would like to say a special thank you to her mother, Kathryn, for the immense support she has given throughout the past 20 years, her voice instructor, Mrs. Frohnmayr, for inspiring, empowering, and teaching her something new every lesson, her accompanist, Olga, for her hard work and commitment, as well as her hamster, Igor, for his emotional support.

Upcoming Events

Woodwind Quintet Masterclass & Recital

Sunday, Nov. 17, 11 a.m. | Nunemaker

Free admission

Junior Recital: Joshua Sierra-Delgado, cello

Sunday, Nov. 17, 3 p.m. | Nunemaker

Free admission

Loyola Choirs

Sunday, Nov. 17, 3 p.m. | Roussel Hall

Free admission

Senior Recital: Esau Jones, composition

Sunday, Nov. 17, 7:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall

Free admission

Saxtravaganza

Monday, Nov. 18, 7:30 p.m. | Nunemaker Auditorium

Free admission

Music Education Series: Dr. Michele Paynter-Paise

Kodály Methods in the Music Classroom

Tuesday, Nov. 19, 5:30 p.m. | Whitney Presentation Room

Free admission

Senior Recital: Erika Torres, saxophone

Tuesday, Nov. 19, 7:30 p.m. | Nunemaker Auditorium

Free admission

Senior Recital: Karl Tietze, jazz drumset

Wednesday, Nov. 20, 7:30 p.m. | Nunemaker Auditorium

Free admission

Student Chamber Ensembles

Wednesday, Nov. 20, 7:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall

Free admission

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