

Loyola University New Orleans  
School of Music and Theatre Arts  
Presents

**Senior Recital:**  
***Madeline Ringwald,***  
***mezzo-soprano***

*with*

Jonathan Szymanski, Accompanist

*and Guest Artists*

Kris Bradley, Soprano

Max DoVale, piano

Raine Faulk, Mezzo-Soprano

Analia Giral, Mezzo-Soprano

Amanda Rivers, Soprano

Marta Salazar, Soprano



Saturday, November 16, 2019, 3 p.m.  
Nunemaker Auditorium

# Program

<i>Per la Gloria</i>	Giovani Bonocini (1672-1750)
<i>Deh vieni, non tardar</i> from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
<i>Frauenliebe und Leben</i> Seit ich ihn gesehen Du Ring an meinem Finger An meinem Herzen, an meinem Brust	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
<i>Spring Sorrow</i>	John Ireland (1879-1962)
<i>Laurie's Song</i> from <i>The Tender Land</i>	Aaron Copeland (1900-1990)
<i>One Kiss</i> from <i>The New Moon</i>	Sigmund Romberg (1887-1951)
<i>Bill</i> from <i>Show Boat</i>	Jerome Kern (1895-1960)
<i>I Hate Men</i> from <i>Kiss Me Kate</i>	Cole Porter (1891-1964)

*I Have Confidence* Rodgers & Hammerstein  
from *The Sound of Music* (1902-1979) (1895-1960)

*Stars and the Moon* Jason Robert Brown  
from *Songs for a New World* b. 1970

*It's Amazing The Things That Float* Peter Mills  
from *The Flood*

*Setting Your Sights* David Kirshenbaum  
from *Vanities, A New Musical*

Kris Bradley, soprano  
Amanda Rivers, soprano  
Marta Salazar, soprano  
Raine Faulk, mezzo-soprano  
Analia Giralia, mezzo-soprano  
Max DoVale, piano

# Translations

## *Per la Gloria*

Per la gloria d'adorarvi  
voglio amarvi o luci care  
Amando pernerò, ma sempre v'amerò  
Sì, nel mio penare.  
Penerò, v'amerò, luci care!  
Senza speme di diletto  
vano affetto è sospirare  
Ma i vostri dolci rai  
chi vagheggiar può mai,  
E non v'amare?  
Penerò, v'amerò, luci care!

For the glory of adoring you  
I want to love you, oh eyes dear.  
loving I will suffer, but I will always love  
Yes, in my suffering  
I will suffer, I will love you, eyes dear!  
Without hope of delight  
vain effection is but longing  
But your sweet eyes  
who admire them could never  
and not love you?  
I will suffer, I will love you, eyes dear!

## *Deh vieni, non tardar*

Giunse alfin il momento  
Che godro senz'affanno  
In braccio all'idol mio  
Timide cure uscite dal mio petto!  
A turbar non venite il mio diletto.  
O come par che all'amoroso foco  
L'amenita del loco,  
La terra e il ciel risponda.  
Come la notte i furti miei risponda

The moment finally arrives  
When I'll experience joy without haste  
In the arms of my beloved  
Fearful anxieties get out of my heart!  
Do not come to disturb my delight.  
Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires  
The comfort of the place,  
Earth and heaven respond,  
As the night responds to my ruses.

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioja bella  
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella  
Finche non splende in ciel notturna face  
Finche l'aria e ancor bruna,  
E il mondo tace.  
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura  
Che col dolce susurro il cor ristaura  
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba e fresca  
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescas.  
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante ascose.  
Vieni, vieni!  
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Oh, come, don't be late, my beautiful joy  
Come where love calls you to enjoyment  
Until night's torches no longer shine in the sky  
As long as the air is still dark  
And the world quiet.  
Here the river murmurs and the light plays  
That restores the heart with sweet ripples  
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass is fresh  
Here, everything entices one to love's pleasures  
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.  
Come, come!  
I want to crown you with roses.

*Seit ich ihn gesehen*

Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub ich blind zu sein;  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Seh ich ihn allein;  
Wie im wachen Traume  
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,  
Heller nur empor.

Seeing first seeing him,  
I think I am blind,  
Wherever I look,  
Him only I see;  
As in a waking dream  
His image hovers before me,  
Rising out of deepest darkness  
Ever more brightly

Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
Alles um mich her,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
Nicht begehrt ich mehr,  
Möchte lieber weinen,  
Still im Kämmerlein;  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

All else is dark and pale  
Around me,  
My sister's games  
I no more long to share,  
I would rather weep  
Quietly in my room,  
Since first seeing him,  
I think I am blind.

*Du Ring an meinem Finger*

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein,  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.  
Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,  
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,  
Ich fand allein mich, verloren  
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

You ring on my finger,  
My golden little ring,  
I press you devoutly to my lips,  
To my heart  
I had finished dreaming  
Childhood's peaceful dream,  
I found myself alone, forlorn  
In boundless desolation.

Du Ring an meinem Finger  
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,  
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen  
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.  
Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,  
Ihm angehören ganz,  
Hin selber mich geben und finden  
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

You ring on my finger,  
You first taught me,  
Opened my eyes  
To life's deep eternal worth  
I shall serve him, live for him,  
Belong to him wholly,  
Yield to him and find  
Myself transfigured in high light

Du Ring an meinem Finger,  
Mein goldenes Ringelein  
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,  
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

You ring on my finger,  
My gold little ring,  
I press you devoutly to my lips,  
To my heart

*An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust*

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!  
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das  
Glück,

Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.  
Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,  
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.  
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,  
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.  
O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!  
Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du  
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

On my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy!  
Happiness is love, love is happiness

I've always said and say so still.  
I thought myself rapturous,  
But now am delirious with joy  
Only she who suckles, only she who loves  
The child that she nourishes

Only a mother knows  
What it means to love and be happy  
Ah, how I pity the man  
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!  
You dear, dear angel, you,  
You look at me and you smile!  
On my heart, at my breast,  
You my delight, my joy!

# Acknowledgements

If someone had told me 5 years ago that I would end up right where I am today, I would've told them they were crazy. But so many people have walked along side of me, nurtured me, and carried me this far. I first want to thank my parents. For the constant support and for always walking along side of me even when my ideas and dreams were so out of the box. To Linda and Larry Schexnaydre and the Center Stage family who set my foundation for where I am. To my NOCCA friends and family, specifically Jefferson Turner for always pushing me to do my best. To the faculty and staff of Loyola in and out of the School of Music. I have grown more in the last three and a half years than I ever thought possible. Words cannot express my gratitude for the mentorship you all have given me. My gifts and talents never would have blossomed to their full potential had I not had the love and support of each and every ministry I have had the privilege to be a part of. To my CLC, my FaithActs family, my Ignacio Volunteers family, and especially to the Awakening community and pro staff. Thank you. To my home church of First UMC in Gonzales, and to the church beyond this, the guidance and love I have been given for so many years. Thank you. Lastly, none of this would've been possible had I not had such wonderful voice teachers over the last several years. To Phyllis Horridge for taking me in on the road to college, to my high school choir teacher Janine Carline for always supporting me even at my most stubborn times. To Melissa Marshall for finding that spark in me again. A special thank you to Kori Jennings for laying the crucial groundwork in me. And of course to Mrs. Shackleton for the last three and a half years of walking with me hand and hand through this journey. Your guidance and support musical and non-musical will always be with me. Thank you to my wonderful and loving Music Therapy senior girls who helped make Setting Your Sights happen, as well as Max! My partner in crime always! Let's try not to cry too much tonight! Thank YOU! For being here today and supporting me in whichever way we may know each other. My biggest thanks.

Much love and happiness! Enjoy the show!

Madeline Ringwald

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praises! -Psalms 98:4

# Upcoming Events

**Junior Recital: Elizabeth DeVoto, soprano**

Saturday, Nov. 16, 7:30 p.m. | Nunemaker Auditorium

Free admission

**Wind Ensemble & Bourgeois Honor Band**

Saturday, Nov. 16, 7:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall

Free admission

**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

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