

Loyola University New Orleans  
School of Music and Theatre Arts  
Presents

**Graduate Recital**  
***Julianna Espinosa,***  
***soprano***

*from the studio of*  
Professor Loretta Bybee

*with*  
Jesse Reeks, piano



Thursday, December 9, 2021, 7:30 p.m.  
Nunemaker Auditorium

## Program

### I.

*Mädchenblumen*, Op. 22

I. Kornblumen

II. Mohnblumen

III. Epheu

IV. Wasserrose

Richard Strauss

(1864-1949)

### II.

*Ariettes oubliées*

I. C'est l'extase langoureuse

II. Il pleure dans mon cœur

III. L'ombre des arbres

IV. Chevaux de bois

V. Green

VI. Spleen

Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

*This set is dedicated to my late friend, Sam Henline, with whom I performed two songs from this set for the first time. I miss you, Sam!*

## INTERMISSION

### III.

“Have Peace, Jo”

from *Little Women*

Mark Adamo

(b. 1962)

“Take me back”

Emily's aria from *Our Town*

Ned Rorem

(b. 1923)

### IV.

“Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh! Quante volte”

from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Vincenzo Bellini

(1801-1835)

### V.

*Animal Passion*

Jake Heggie

(b. 1961)

# Translations

## *Kornblumen* Cornflowers

Cornflowers are what I call  
those girls,  
Those gentle girls with blue  
eyes,  
Who simply and serenely impart  
The dew of peace, which they  
draw  
From their own pure souls,  
To all those they approach,  
Unaware of the jewels of feeling  
They receive from the hand of  
Heaven:  
You feel so at ease in their  
company,  
As though you were walking  
through a cornfield,  
Rippled by the breath of  
evening,  
Full of devout peace and  
gentleness.

English Translation © Richard  
Stokes 2011

## *Mohnblumen* Poppies

Poppies are the round,  
Red-blooded, healthy girls,  
The brown and freckled ones,  
The always good-humored ones,  
Honest and merry as the day is  
long,  
Who never tire of dancing,  
Who laugh and cry  
simultaneously  
And only seem to be born  
To tease the cornflowers,  
And yet often conceal  
The gentlest and kindest hearts  
As they entwine and play their  
pranks,  
Those whom, God knows,  
You would have to stifle with  
kisses,  
Were you not so timid,  
For if you embrace the minx,  
She will burst, like smoldering  
timber,  
Into flames!

English Translation © Richard  
Stokes 2011

Epheu

Ivy

But ivy is my name for those  
Girls with gentle words,  
With sleek fair hair  
And slightly arched brows,  
With brown soulful  
Fawn-like eyes that well up  
So often with tears—which are  
Simply irresistible;  
Without strength and self-  
confidence,  
Unadorned with hidden flowers,  
But with inexhaustibly deep,  
True and ardent feeling,  
They cannot, through their own  
strength,  
Rise from their roots,  
But are born to twine themselves  
Lovingly round another's life:—  
Their whole life's destiny  
Depends on their first love-  
entwining,  
For they belong to that rare breed of  
flower  
That blossoms only once.

English Translation © Richard  
Stokes

Wasserrose

Water-lily

Do you know this flower, the fairy-like  
Water-lily, celebrated in legend?  
On her ethereal, slender stem  
She sways her colorless transparent  
head;  
It blossoms on a reedy and sylvan pond,  
Protected by the solitary swan that  
swims round it,  
Opening only to the moonlight,  
Whose silver gleam it shares.  
Thus it blossoms, the magical sister of  
the stars,  
As the dreamy dark moth, fluttering  
round it,  
Yearns for it from afar at the edge of the  
pond,  
And never reaches it for all its  
yearning.—  
Water-lily is my name for the slender  
Maiden with night-black locks and  
alabaster cheeks  
With deep foreboding thoughts in her  
eyes,  
As though she were a spirit imprisoned  
on earth.  
Her speech resembles the silver rippling  
of waves,  
Her silence the foreboding stillness of a  
moonlit night,  
She seems to exchange glances with the  
stars,  
Whose language—their natures being  
the same—she shares.  
You can never tire of gazing into her  
eyes,  
Framed by her silken long lashes,  
And you believe, bewitched by their  
blissful grey,  
All that Romantics have ever dreamt  
about elves.

English Translation © Richard Stokes  
2011

*C'est l'extase langoureuse*

It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,  
It is amorous fatigue,  
It is all the tremors of the forest  
In the breezes' embrace,  
It is, around the grey branches,  
The choir of tiny voices.  
O the delicate, fresh murmuring!  
The warbling and whispering,  
It is like the soft cry  
The ruffled grass gives out ...  
You might take it for the muffled  
sound  
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.  
This soul which grieves  
In this subdued lament,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Mine, and yours too,  
Breathing out our humble hymn  
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Translation © Richard Stokes, from  
A French Song Companion (Oxford,  
2000)

*Il pleure dans mon cœur*

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart  
As rain falls on the town;  
What is this torpor  
Pervading my heart?  
Ah, the soft sound of rain  
On the ground and roofs!  
For a listless heart,  
Ah, the sound of the rain!  
Tears fall without reason  
In this disheartened heart.  
What! Was there no treason? ...  
This grief's without reason.  
And the worst pain of all  
Must be not to know why  
Without love and without hate  
My heart feels such pain.

Translation © Richard Stokes, from A  
French Song Companion (Oxford,  
2000)

*L'ombres des arbres*

The shadow of trees

The shadow of trees in the misty  
stream  
Dies like smoke,  
While up above, in the real branches,  
The turtle-doves lament.  
How this faded landscape, O traveller,  
Watched you yourself fade,  
And how sadly in the lofty leaves  
Your drowned hopes were weeping!

Translation © Richard Stokes, from  
A French Song Companion (Oxford,  
2000)

*Chevaux de bois*  
*Merry-go-round*

Turn, turn, you fine wooden  
horses,  
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand  
times,  
Turn often and turn for evermore  
Turn and turn to the oboe's  
sound.  
The red-faced child and the pale  
mother,  
The lad in black and the girl in  
pink,  
One down-to-earth, the other  
showing off,  
Each buying a treat with his  
Sunday sou.  
Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,  
While the furtive pickpocket's eye  
is flashing  
As you whirl about and whirl  
around,  
Turn to the sound of the  
conquering cornet!  
Astonishing how drunk it makes  
you,  
Riding like this in this foolish fair:  
With an empty stomach and an  
aching head,  
Discomfort in plenty and masses  
of fun!  
Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need  
The help of any spur  
To make your horses gallop  
round:  
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.  
And hurry on, horses of their  
souls:  
Nightfall already calls them to  
supper  
And disperses the crowd of happy  
revelers,  
Ravenous with thirst.  
Turn, turn! The velvet sky

Turn, turn! The velvet sky  
Is slowly decked with golden stars.  
The church bell tolls a mournful  
knell—  
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Translation © Richard Stokes,  
from *A French Song Companion*  
(Oxford, 2000)

*Green*

Here are flowers, branches, fruit,  
and fronds,  
And here too is my heart that  
beats just for you.  
Do not tear it with your two white  
hands  
And may the humble gift please  
your lovely eyes.  
I come all covered still with the  
dew  
Frozen to my brow by the  
morning breeze.  
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your  
feet,  
Dream of dear moments that will  
soothe it.  
On your young breast let me  
cradle my head  
Still ringing with your recent  
kisses;  
After love's sweet tumult grant it  
peace,  
And let me sleep a while, since you  
rest.

Translation © Richard Stokes,  
from *A French Song Companion*  
(Oxford, 2000)

Spleen

All the roses were red  
And the ivy was all black.  
Dear, at your slightest move,  
All my despair revives.  
The sky was too blue, too tender,  
The sea too green, the air too mild.  
I always fear—oh to wait and  
wonder!—  
One of your agonizing departures.  
I am weary of the glossy holly,  
Of the gleaming box-tree too,  
And the boundless countryside  
And everything, alas, but you!

Translation © Richard Stokes,  
author of *A French Song*  
Companion (Oxford, 2000)

Eccomi in lieta vesta...Oh! Quante  
volte

Behold me decked out like a victim  
on the altar.  
Oh if only I could fall like a victim  
at the foot of the altar!  
Oh nuptial torches, so hated, so  
fateful,  
Ah! That you would be so feral to  
me.

I burn, like a blaze, a fire in all my  
torment.  
In vain I call on the winds to cool  
me.  
Where are you Romeo?  
In what lands do you wander?  
Where, where shall I send them,  
my sighs?

Oh! How much time, oh how much  
I ask you, the sky weeps with the  
passion of my waiting  
and deludes my desires!  
To me the light of day is like the  
flash of your presence  
the air that winds around is my  
longings.

# Acknowledgments

I would like to thank my friends, family, and voice teacher Luretta Bybee for their help in making this recital possible. Thank you to the composers, dead and alive, for the beautiful music to perform. Infinite thanks should also go to Jesse Reeks, who picked up this daunting task with me with little time to prepare.

Thank you, Jesse!

I am so happy each and every one of you are here, this recital is for YOU. Thank you!

---

## Upcoming Events

**Student Recital: Alyssa Hughes, jazz voice**

Friday, Dec. 10, 7 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

For more information and to subscribe to our mailing list, visit [presents.loyno.edu](http://presents.loyno.edu) or email [music@loyno.edu](mailto:music@loyno.edu).