

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Junior Recital
Allie Waguespack,
Soprano

with
Andrew Fath, Accompanist



Friday, February 14, 2020, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium

Program

Liebst du um Schönheit

Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

La vie antérieure

Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Clair de Lune

Claude Debussy
(1862-1925)

L'Invitation au voyage

Henri Duparc

Adieu, notre petite table
from *Manon*

Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Where the Music Comes From

Lee Hoiby
(1926-2011)

The Salley Gardens

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Musetta's Waltz
from *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1829)

Translations

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty,
Oh, do not love me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair
If you love youth,
Oh, do not me love!
Love the spring;
Who is young every year!

If you love for riches
Oh, do not love me
Love the mermaid;
she has many shining pearls
Love you for love,
Oh yes, love me!
Love me always
I shall love you forever!

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In the shadow of my tresses
my lover has fallen asleep
Shall I wake him up now? Ah, no!
Carefully I comb my curly
Locks daily in the early morning,
but my effort is in vain
because the winds dishevels them
Curl's shadows, winds' rushing,
put my beloved to sleep.

Shall I wake him up now? Ah, no!
I must listen to how it grieves him,
that he has languished so long already
that life gives to him and take
this my brown cheek
and he calls me a snake
and yet he has fallen asleep with me
Shall I wake him up now? Ah, no!

La vie antérieure

For a long time I have lived
under bast porticoes
that the suns of the sea
have tinged with a thousand fires,
and whose great pillars,
straight and majestic,
at night it seems to resemble
the caves of basalt.
The waves, while rolling
the mirrored image of the sky,
mingle in a way
solemn and mystic
The most powerful harmonies
of their rich music

With the colors of the sunset
Reflected in my eyes
it is the that I have lived
in sensuous repose
in the midst of the azure,
the waves, the splendor,
and the slaves all
drenched in perfume
who called my brow
with the palm leaves
and whose only reason
for being was to understand
the secret sadness
That made me languish

Clair de Lune

Your world is a chosen landscape charmed by
masques and bergamasques
playing on the lute and dancing, almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
While signing in a minor mode
of love the conqueror and of 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

L'invitation au voyage

My child, my sister dream of the sweetness
to journey there and live together
To love as we please, to love and to die
in a land that is like you!
The misty sunlights of those hazy skies
has charms for my spirit
as mysterious as your treacherous eyes,
Shining through their tears
There, all is order and beauty
indulgence, peace, and pleasure.
See on these canals, those sleeping vessels
whose nature is adventurous;
it is to fulfill your slightest desire
That they come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns clothe the fields,
the canals, the whole town,
with hyacinth and with gold;
the world falls-asleep in a warm light.
There, all is order and beauty Indulgence, peace, and pleasure.

Adieu, notre petite table

Come! It must be done! For his sake!
My poor Chevalier!
Oh, yes, it is he whom I love!
And yet, I hesitate today
No! I am no longer worthy of him!
I hear that voice which entices me against my will
“Manon, you shall be queen, queen by your beauty”
I am nothing but weakness and fragility!
Ah! In spite of myself, I feel my tears flowing,
before these dreams that fade!
Will the future have the charms
Of these beautiful days already passed?
Farewell our little table,
That brought us together so often!
Farewell our little table,
which seemed so large to us!
It is unimaginable, how we took up
so small a space when we embraced...
Farewell, our little table!
We used the same glass,
each of us, when we drank from it,
there we searched for the lips of the other...
Ah! Poor friend, how he loved me!
Farewell, our little table, Farewell!

Where the Music Comes From

I want to be where the music comes from, where the clock stops, where it's now.
I want to be with the friends around me, who have found me, who show me how.
I want to sing to the early morning, see the sunlight melt the snow. And Oh! I
want to know.

I want to wake with the living spirit, here inside me where it lies.
I want to listen 'til I can hear it, let it guide me and realize,
That I can go with the flow unending, that is blending, that is real! And Oh! I
want to feel.

I want to walk in the Earthly garden, far from cities, far from fear.
I want to talk to the growing garden, to the devas, to the deer.
And to be one with the river flowing, breezes blowing skies above, and Oh! I want
to love.

The Salley Gardens

Down by the Salley Gardens, my love and I, did meet.
She passed the Salley Gardens, with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, and the leaves grow on the trees.
But I being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field by the river, my love and I did stand.
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs.
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Musetta's Waltz

When I walk alone along the street
The people stop and stare at my beauty
All search, from my head to my feet.
And I savor the subtle desire,
which emanates from their eyes
and can understand the hidden beauties
of my obvious charms
Thus the scent of desire surrounds me
It makes me happy!
and you who know, who remember,
and you who suffer
shun from me?
I know well your anguish
you don't want to admit
but you feel as if you're dying.

Acknowledgements

There are many things I need to say on this very short page, so I'll just jump right in!

First and foremost, thank you all for being here. I know you could be out having an incredible Galentine's day or dinner with the person you love, and instead you're here. This means the world to me.

I must begin by thanking my parents, without whom I would not be the woman I am today. You have pushed me to be my best, and never let me give up on my dream, even when I feel inadequate. Your prayers, love, sacrifice, and support mean the world to me and I am forever grateful, even though I don't say it nearly enough. I love you both so much.

Mims and Pops, you two have done so much for me throughout my life, and there are absolutely no words to describe my gratitude and love. All I can say is, Thank you.

To my best friends, (you know who you are), thank you so much for supporting me, not only musically, but emotionally. Thank you for all the pasta nights, endless amounts of mac and cheese and ice cream, and the unconditional love. You all have brought me through some tough nights here, and I love you all dearly. To Rich, my oldest man, thank you for sniffing too many candles with me, putting up with my craziness, and loving me, flaws and all.

I'm blessed to say that the list of teachers and professors I have to thank is quite long: Mr. Jude and Ms. Hershie, you both helped me learn to love singing since I was little, and without the two of you I would not have the love of music I do today. To Carol, Betsy, Dr. Frazier, and Dr. Marcus I am so thankful for your patient teaching and support. I have grown astronomically as a musician over the past two and a half years, and I have y'all to thank. Dr. Smith, your teaching skills, life advice, and ability to call me out when I don't believe enough in my ability has pushed me to be my best. Though I may whine about you knit-picking me in my lessons, I truly appreciate it. I have learned so much from your abilities as a teacher, and I hope to carry these lessons with me on through life. I can't wait to see how far we go over the next year and a half. Thank you.

And last but certainly not least, I want to thank Andrew, who is gracious enough to make beautiful music with me tonight. Without his countless hours of practice with me, even outside of studio time, this concert would never have come together. Thank you so much for all you've done, I am so grateful to call you friend.

I hope you all enjoy!

Upcoming Events

Father James Carter String Quartet

Monday, Feb. 17, 7:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall

Free admission

Jazz Underground: All Star Jam

Thursday, Mar. 5, 7:30 p.m. | Nunemaker Auditorium

Ticket required

50th Annual Loyola Jazz Fest: Faculty Concert

Friday, Mar. 6, 4:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall

Free admission

50th Annual Loyola Jazz Fest:

Jazz Ensemble & Matt Wilson

Saturday, Mar. 7, 4:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall

Ticket required

American Songbook

Sunday, Mar. 8, 3 p.m. | Roussel Hall

Ticket required

Junior Recital: Stephanie Guevara, mezzo

Thursday, Mar. 12, 7:30 p.m. | Nunemaker Auditorium

Free admission

Loyola Opera Workshop:

Little Women by Mark Adamo

March 20 & 22 | Jefferson Performing Arts Center

Ticket required

Choir Fest with Chanticleer

Mar. 29-31

For more information and to **subscribe** to our mailing list,
visit presents.loyno.edu or call (504) 865-2074.