Loyola University New Orleans School of Music
Presents

Christina Hera, Mezzo Soprano
Junior Recital

with
Jonathan Szymanski, Accompanist

and Guest Artists
Danley Romero, Cello
Diego Rios, Flute
Jay Laws, Flute
Isabella Vanderhoof, Soprano
Kyle Grubbs, Baritone

Saturday, September 22, 2018, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker Hall
Program

_Buß und Reu_  
from _Matthäus Passion_  
Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685–1750)

Danley Romero, cello  
Diego Rios, flute  
Jay Laws, flute

_O Rest in the Lord_  
from _Elijah_  
Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809–1847)

3 Ariette  
Il fervido desiderio  
Vaga luna, che inargenti  
Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801–1835)

_Wandrers Nachtlied_  
Franz Schubert  
(1797–1828)

_Der Nussbaum_  
Robert Schumann  
(1810–1856)

_Die Schwestern_  
Johannes Brahms  
(1833–1897)

Isabella Vanderhoof, soprano

Intermission

_À Chloris_  
Reynaldo Hahn  
(1875–1947)

_Au bord de l'eau_  
Gabriel Fauré  
(1845–1924)

_Tois, le coeur de la rose_  
from _L'enfant et les sortilèges_  
Maurice Ravel  
(1875–1937)

_Villanelle des petits canards_  
Emmanuel Chabrier  
(1841–1894)

_People Will Say We're in Love_  
from _Oklahoma!_  
Richard Rogers  
(1902–1979)

Kyle Grubbs, baritone

_God Help the Outcasts_  
from _The Hunchback of Notre Dame_  
Alan Menken  
(1949–)

_If I Were a Bell_  
from _Guys and Dolls_  
Frank Loesser  
(1910–1969)
Acknowledgements

It is with great gratitude and joy that I give this recital. To my Mama and Papa - you are the two most sacrificial individuals I’m proud to call my parents. I couldn’t ask for better examples. Thank you for teaching me humility and for working tirelessly these past 21 years so that I am able to receive an education. Thank you for constantly encouraging me and giving me sage advice. You two are my safe haven. I am indebted to you both. Thank you, Madrina and Tiogumbo, my aunt and uncle - you are the two most generous people I know. You have believed in me and my passion for singing since I was a little girl. I thank you for the endless support. I love you both very much. Lola, my grandma, thank you for your love and support. I have learned a lot from you. I hope I make you proud. Caroline, my sissey, thank you for being the realist and for always putting a smile on my face. I am thankful for your comforting presence. Blakey, my little bro, I am thankful for your smiles and lighthearted nature. Zarik, I love you. You are the sweetest in all the land and I couldn’t ask for a better boyfriend. Thank you to all involved in making this program come to life! Jonathan, I’m honored to make music with you. It warms my heart to know that you were my high school choir accompanist and we’re out here collaborating. Thank you, thank you for your time and energy! Danley, Jay, Diego, Isabella, and Kyle, it is an honor to have you all on my program. I appreciate each of you talented musicians and I am very grateful for the time and energy you’ve put into helping me bring these pieces to life. Mrs. Froehmayer, I have so much respect for you as a human being, teacher, artist, and woman in Christ. You have seen me at my worst and at my best and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for never giving up on me. I was a very frustrating student at times, I must admit, but you were always patient, understanding, and loving. You know well when to push me and when I should put things in God’s hands. It has been an honor to work with you and am so glad that I get to study with you for another year. Thank you Professor Montegut, Dr. Frazier, Dr. Smith, Professor Shackleton, Professor Bybee, Professor Rausch, Dr. Marcus, Dr. Uschkrat. Gosh, it is truly a blessing and privilege to know that I have this wealth of knowledge accessible to me at all times on this campus. I have great respect for each of you and am grateful for the heart and personal wisdom each of you exhibit in your teaching and day to day interactions. I would like to thank you, who are reading this, for sharing this night with me. It means more than you know.
Translations

Buß und Reu
Penitence and Remorse

Recitativo:
You dear Savior, You,
while your disciples foolishly quarrel,
that this pious woman
with ointment your body
would prepare for the grave
Allow me in the meantime,
from my eye’s flood of tears
to pour water upon your head.

Aria:
Penitence and remorse
grinds the sinning heart in two,
May the drops of my tears
Pleasureable spices
Bear pleasureable spices for you, my dear Jesus

Il fervido desiderio
The Fervent Desire

When will that day come
When I may see again
That which the loving heart so desires?
When will that day come
When I will gather you to my bosom.
Ah! Beautiful flame of love, my soul?

Vaga luna, che inargenti
Lovely Moon, that Covers with Silver

Lovely moon, that covers with silver
The shores and flowers
and inspire everything
To speak of love;
You are the sole witness
of my fervent desire,
and can to her who I love
tell of my pains and sighs.
tell her that being so far away
will not ease my grief,
and that if I nourish any hope,
it is only in the future.
Tell her that day and night
I count the sorrowful hours
that the one enticing hope
of her love comforts me
Wandrers Nachtlied
Wanderer’s Night Song

Over all the peaks
it is peaceful;
in all the treetops
Feel you
Hardly a breath of wind;
the little birds are silent in the forest,
Only wait;
soon you will rest, too.

Der Nussbaum
The Walnut Tree

A nut tree grows in front of the house.
Fragrant and airy
it spreads out its leafy branches.
Many lovely blossoms grow on it.
Gentle breezes
come to caress them lovingly.
They whisper together in pairs,
bowing, bending
gracefully their tender little heads for a kiss.
They whisper about a girl who
thinks all night
and all day of, alas, she herself knows not what.
They whisper. Who is able to
discern such a quiet gesture?
They whisper of a bridegroom and of next year.
The girl listens, the tree rustles.
Longing, imagining
she sinks, smiling, into sleep and dreams.

Die Schwestern
The Sisters

We two sisters, we beauties
Our faces so similar,
no two eggs are as similar
No two stars as similar
We two sisters, we beauties,
we have not brown hair;
And if you braid them together,
You truly cannot tell them apart
We two sisters, we beauties,
We wear similar clothes,
walk upon the meadow-plain
and sing hand in hand
We sisters two, we beauties,
We compete when we spin
And sleep in one bed
Oh two sisters, you beauties!
How the tables have turned
You love the same sweetheart;
And now this ditty is over!
À Chloris
To Chloris

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,
and I have heard that you love me well,
I do not believe that kings themselves
can match such happiness as mine
Even death would be powerless
to come and change my fortune
for all the joys of heaven!
All that is said of ambrosia
does not touch my imagination
like the grace of your eyes

Au bord de l'eau
At the Water's Edge

To sit, the two together, at the edge of the stream that passes,
To see it pass
Together, when a cloud floats in space,
To see it float
On the horizon, if smoke rises from a thatched roof,
To watch it smoke
Nearby, if there is a fragrant flower,
We are imbued with its fragrance,
To hear, at the foot of the willow where the water murmurs,
The water murmuring
To not feel, as long as this dream lasts,
The time passing by
But not feeling any great passion
Except to adore each other
Without any care for the world's worries;
To ignore them all
And alone, happy among all the tiring things,
Not to weary of each other,
To feel the love, amidst all that is passing by,
Love that will never fade!

Tois, le coeur de la rose
You, the Heart of the Rose

You, the heart of the rose,
You, the perfume of the lily,
You, your hands and your crown,
Your blue eyes and your bright jewels,
You have only left me, like a ray of light,
A golden hair upon my shoulder,
A golden hair... and fragments of a dream...
Villanelle des petits canards
Villanelle of the Little Ducks

They go, the little ducks,
All along the river bank,
Like good countryfolk!
Paddling and waggling their tails,
Happy to muddy the clear water
They go, the little ducks,
They look a little foolish
But they take good care of their business,
Like good countryfolk!
In the water full of tadpoles,
Where delicate reeds tremble,
They go, the little ducks,
Marching in scattered groups
At a well-regulated pace,
Like good countryfolk!

In the beautiful spinach-green
Of the moist watercress bed
They go, the little ducks,
And though a little roguish
They are really good-natured
Like good countryfolk!
Making, in chattering circles,
a really terrible racket,
They go, the little ducks,
Plump, glossy, and merry
They are gay in their own way,
Like good countryfolk!
Amorous and nasal,
Each one with its crony,
They go, the little ducks,
Like good countryfolk!
Upcoming Events

These Shining Lives
Sept. 23 & 27-29 | Lower Depths Theatre
Ticket required

Piano Alumni Weekend: Student Showcase
Saturday, Sept. 29, 4:00 p.m. | Roussel Hall
Free admission

PRISM
Saturday, Sept. 29, 7:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall
Free admission

Piano Alumni Weekend: Sean Duggan, piano
Sunday, Sept. 30, 3:00 p.m. | Roussel Hall
Free admission

Father James Carter String Quartet
Monday, Oct. 1, 7:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall
Free admission

Music Under the Oaks: Faculty Chamber Ensembles
Sunday, Oct. 14, 5:00 p.m. | Audubon Park
Free admission

Patrick Sheridan, tuba, and Harry Watters, trombone
Monday, Oct. 15, 7:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall
Free admission

Wind & Jazz Ensembles with Patrick Sheridan, tuba, and Harry Watters, trombone
Wednesday, Oct. 17, 7:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall
Ticket required

For more information, visit presents.loyno.edu or call (504) 865-2074.