Loyola University New Orleans School of Music
Presents

David Murray, Bass-Baritone

Senior Recital

with

Jonathan Szymanski, Accompanist

Saturday, March 9, 2019, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium
Program

**Songs of Travel**
- Ralph Vaughan Williams (1812-1958)
  - III. The Roadside Fire
  - VIII. Bright is the ring of words

**Schwanengesang**
- Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
  - IV. Ständchen
  - VIII. Der Atlas

**Verborgenheit**
- Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

**King David**
- Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

**Luke Havergal**
- John Duke (1899-1984)

**Intermission**
Si, tra i ceppi
from Berenice
Georg Friedrich Händel
(1865-1759)

Chanson triste
Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Le Manoir de Rosamonde
Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Soupir
Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

Phidylé
Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)

C'est Moi
from Camelot
Frederick Loewe
(1901-1988)

If Ever I Would Leave You
from Camelot
Frederick Loewe
(1901-1988)

*Please hold applause until the end of set breaks
Translations

Ständchen
Serenade

My songs softly plead through the night to you; to the quiet grove, sweetheart, come down to me! Whispering, slender tree-tops rustle in the moon’s light; of any betrayer’s hostel listening do not fear, lovely one. Do you hear the nightingales’ call? Ah, they are imploring you, with the tones of sweet lamentation they plead to you for me.

Der Atlas
Atlas

I, unhappy Atlas! A world, the whole world of sorrows must I bear. I bear the unbearable, and my heart will break in my body. Proud heart, you have what you wished for! You wanted to be happy, eternally happy, or eternally miserable, proud heart, and now you are miserable.

Verborgenheit
Seclusion

Leave me alone, oh world! Tempt me not with the gifts of love. Leave this heart alone to have its joy, its pain! Why I grieve, I do now know, It is an unknown pain; At all time I look through tears at the sun’s lovely light.

They understand the bosom’s longing, they know love’s pain, they touch with their silver-tones every soft heart. Allow also in you the breast be moved, sweetheart, hear me! Trembling, I await you hear! Come, make me happy!
Si tra i ceppi
Yes, at the block

Yes, at the block and on the rack,
my faithfulness will shine.
No, not even death itself
my passion will extinguish.

Chanson triste
Sad Song

In your heart moonlight slumbers
the gentle moonlight of summer,
and to escape this troublesome life,
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget past sorrows,
my love, when you cradle
my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving stillness of your arms.
You will place my weary head,
oh! sometimes, on your lap,
and recite to it a ballad
that will seem to speak of us;
and from your eyes full of sorrow,
from your eyes then I shall drink
so many kisses and so much tenderness
that, perhaps, I shall be healed.

Le Manoir de Rosamonde
Rosamonde’s Manor House

With his tooth suddenly and voracious,
like a dog, love has bitten me...
by following my blood shed,
come, you can follow my tracks...
Take a horse of good breeding,
set off, and follow my route arduous,
quagmires or paths hidden,
if the chase does not exhaust you!
In passing by where I have passed,
you will see that alone and wounded
I have traveled this sad world,
and that thus I went off to die
far away, far away, without ever finding
the blue manor house of Rosamonde.
**Soupir**

Sigh

Never to see or hear her,
Never to say her name aloud,
But, faithfully, always to wait for her,
Always to love her!
To open my arms, and, weary of waiting,
To close them on nothing,
And yet, always to offer them to her
Always to love her.
Ah! only to be able to offer them to her,
And to be consumed by tears,
Yet always to shed those tears,
Always to love her.
Never to see or hear her,
Never to say her name aloud,
But with a love always more tender
Always to love her... Always!

**Phidylé**

The grass is soft for slumbering under the cool poplars,
on the banks of the mossy springs,
which flow from a thousand sources in the flowering meadow,
and disappear beneath the dark thickets.
Rest, oh Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
shines and invites you to sleep.
In the clover and the thyme, alone, in the full sun,
hum the flighty bees;
A warm fragrance circulates about the winding paths,
the red flower of the grain droops,
and the birds, skimming the hillside with their wings,
they seek the shade of the wild rose.
Rest, oh Phidylé!
But when the sun, descending in its dazzling arch,
sees its ardor subside,
let your loveliest smile and your most tender kiss
reward me for waiting!
Acknowledgements

Wow... I can’t believe my time at Loyola is coming to an end already. My time here has been such an amazing experience. I have learned so much, made so many friends, and I won’t forget a single moment.

First, I want to thank my loving parents and family for their endless support. Mom, my number one fan, and John, there isn’t enough thanks in the world to give for everything you’ve done for me, and the immense amount of love and support has helped motivate me each and every day. Ashley, my other number one fan, you are my best friend and I thank you for being there for me when I’ve needed you most. Dad, Kim, and Madelyn, I love you all dearly, and thank you for pushing me to always work harder.

To Christina, Mary, Isabella, Rebecca, Brittany, and ALL of my amazing friends at Loyola, this journey has felt so short, yet I’m glad all of you have been a part of it. I know that after I graduate, no matter where I end up, we will always be in touch. To Jarrett, Anthony, and my fellow choristers at Christ Church Cathedral, thank you all for making me a part of your family.

Mrs. Cyprienne Stierwald, Mrs. Stacy Taliancich Randall, Ms. Claire Conti, Ms. Phyllis Treigle, Dr. Rendell James, and to all who have taught me everything about music before my time at Loyola, I’m so thankful for everything you’ve taught me to help me get to this point. Dr. Frazier, due to your infinite wisdom, I’ve learned how to become a better chorister, musician, and person. Carol Rausch, for all of the support and opportunities you’ve given me, I sincerely thank you. Mrs. Shackleton, thank you for believing in me as a performer and for pushing me to do more performing in the future.

Jonathan, thank you for making music with me, and thank you for all of your hard work!

Dr. Smith, thank you for welcoming me into your studio with open arms. As the “Voice Detective,” you always knew exactly what to say to help me get to where I am today. You’ve helped me stay on track and remain focused on my musical journey; you’ve helped me grow as a musician and as a person. There hasn’t been a single lesson where I left unhappy or disappointed in myself. Thank you for supporting me and believing in me as both a performer and as a composer.

To everyone who took time to come out to my recital, I thank you for being here to support me. I hope you all enjoy the program as much as I do!
Upcoming Events

Keller String Repair Clinic
Tuesday, Mar. 12, 5:00 p.m. | Nunemaker Auditorium
Free admission

Loyola Chorale & NOVA VOCE with the LPO:
Auerbach’s The Infant Minstrel and His Peculiar Menagerie
Friday, Mar. 15, 7:30 p.m. | Orpheum Theater
Ticket required

49th Annual Loyola Jazz Festival with Scott Wendholt, trumpet
Mar. 15 & 16 | Roussel Hall
Tribute to the American Songbook
Sunday, Mar. 17, 3:00 p.m. | Roussel Hall
Ticket required

Mostly Mondays: Dr. Edward McClellan
Monday, Mar. 18, 7:00 p.m. | Nunemaker Auditorium
Free admission

Faculty Recital: Kevin Winter, horn
Thursday, Mar. 21, 7:30 p.m. | Roussel Hall
Free admission

Loyola Chambers & NOVA VOCE with the LPO:
Bach, St. John Passion
Thursday, Mar. 28, 7:30 p.m. | Orpheum Theater
Ticket required

Senior Recital: David Murray, composition
Saturday, Mar. 30, 7:30 p.m. | Nunemaker Auditorium
Free admission

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