

LOYOLA
UNIVERSITY
NEW ORLEANS

PRESENTS



Metamorphosis

the Senior Recital of:
Julia Ernst



In collaboration with Carol Rausch, Piano
Featuring Amy Thiaville, Violin

Friday, 4/19/24 | 7:30 PM
St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church

Program



“Signore, ascolta!” from *Turandot* Giacomo Puccini

Chanson triste Henri Duparc

Apparition Claude Debussy

Die Lotosblume Robert Schumann

Song to the moon from *Rusalka* Antonín Dvořák



Morgen Richard Strauss

Amy Thiaville, violin

Zueignung Richard Strauss

Depuis le jour from *Louise* Gustave Charpentier

Le Papillon et La Fleur Gabriel Fauré

A Chloris Reynaldo Hahn

Escuchame from *Florencia en el Amazonas* Daniel Catán

Carol Rausch, piano

Texts & Translations

“Signore, ascolta!”

Libretto by Giuseppe Adami & Renato Simoni

Signore, ascolta! Ah, signore, ascolta! Liù non regge più! Si spezza il cuor! Ahimè, quanto cammino col tuo nome nell'anima, col nome tuo sulle labbra! Ma se il tuo destino, doman, sarà deciso, noi morrem sulla strada dell'esilio! Ei perderà suo figlio... io l'ombra d'un sorriso! Liù non regge più! Ah, pietà!	My lord, listen! Ah, my lord, listen! Liù will bear no more! Her heart is breaking! Alas, what a long road I have traveled, with your name in my soul, with your name on my lips! But if your fate will be decided tomorrow, We will die on the path of exile. He will lose his son... I, the trace of a smile! Liù will bear no more! Ah, have pity!
---	--

“Chanson Triste”

Text by Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune, Un doux clair de lune d'été, Et pour fuir la vie importune, Je me noierai dans ta clarté.	Moonlight slumbers in your heart, A gentle summer moonlight, And to escape the cares of life I shall drown myself in your light.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées, Mon amour, quand tu berceras Mon triste cœur et mes pensées Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.	I shall forget past sorrows, My sweet, when you cradle My sad heart and my thoughts In the loving calm of your arms.
Tu prendras ma tête malade, Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux, Et lui diras une ballade Qui semblera parler de nous;	You will rest my poor head, Ah! sometimes on your lap, And recite to it a ballad That will seem to speak of us;
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses, Dans tes yeux alors je boirai Tant de baisers et de tendresses Que peut-être je guérirai.	And from your eyes full of sorrow, From your eyes I shall then drink So many kisses and so much love That perhaps I shall be healed.

“Apparition”

Text by Stéphane Mallarmé

La lune s’attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l’archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l’azur des corolles.
—C’était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S’enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d’un Rêve au cœur qui l’a cueilli.
J’errais donc, l’œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m’es en riant apparue
Et j’ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d’enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d’étoiles parfumées.

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,
dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy
flowers, drew from dying violets
white sobs that glided over the corollas’ blue.
—It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming, glad to torment me,
grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed sadness
that—without regret or bitter after-taste—
the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper’s heart.
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving stones,
when with sun-flecked hair, in the street
and in the evening, you appeared laughing before me
and I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her cap of light
who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child’s slumbers,
always allowing from her half-closed hands
white bouquets of scented flowers to snow.

“Die Lotosblume”

Text by Heinrich Heine

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh’;
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

The lotus-flower fears
The sun’s splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.

“Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém” (Song to the Moon)

Libretto by Jaroslav Kvapil

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,
světlo tvé daleko vidí,
po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí,
po světě bloudíš širokém,
díváš se v příbytky lidí,

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli, řekni mi,
kde je můj milý,
Měsíčku, postůj chvíli, řekni mi, řekni,
kde je můj milý,

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,
mé že jej objímá rámě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mě,
aby si alespoň chvíličku
vzpomenul ve snění na mě.

Zasvět' mu do daleka, zasvět' mu, řekni mu,
řekni, kdo tu naň čeká;
Zasvět' mu do daleka, zasvět' mu, řekni mu,
řekni, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,
at' se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni,
měsíčku, nezhasni!

Moon in the broad sky,
your beams see afar,
around the entire Earth you roam,
you see into the homes of people,
around the entire Earth you roam,
you see into the homes of people.

Moon, pause for a moment, answer me,
where is my love?
moon, pause for a moment, answer me, answer,
where is my love?

Tell him, oh pale moon,
that my arms envelop him,
so that he, for at least a moment,
might see me in his dreams
so that he, for at least a moment,
might see me in his dreams.

Give him your beams afar, give him your beams, tell him,
tell, that I wait for him here;
give him your beams afar, give him your beams, tell him,
tell, that I wait for him here!

Oh, if his human heart dreams of me,
let this vision awaken!
moon, stay with me, stay with me,
oh, moon, stay with me!

“Morgen”

Text by John Henry Mackay

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen ...

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path that I shall take,
It will unite us, happy ones, again,
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us ...

“Zueignung”
Text by Hermann von Gilm

<p style="text-align: center;">Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele, Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht die Herzen krank, Habe dank.</p>	<p>Yes, dear soul, you know that I am tormented far from you, love makes the heart sick, Thanks, dear heart.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher, Hoch den Amethysten-Becher Und du segnestest den Trank, Habe Dank.</p>	<p>Once when I, with ardor glowing, drank from freedom’s chalice flowing and you bless, and joy impart Thanks, dear heart.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Und beschworst darin die Bösen, Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, Heilig, heilig an’s Herz dir sank, Habe dank.</p>	<p>And you banished the evil spirits, until I, as never before, holy, sank holy upon your heart- Thanks, dear heart.</p>

“Depuis le Jour”
Libretto by Gustave Charpentier & Saint-Pol-Roux

<p>Depuis le jour où je me suis donnée, toute fleurie semble ma destinée. Je crois rêver sous un ciel de féerie, l’âme encore grisée de ton premier baiser! Quelle belle vie! Mon rêve n’était pas un rêve! Ah! je suis heureuse! L’amour étend sur moi ses ailes!</p>	<p>Since the day I gave myself, my destiny seems to be flowering. I seem to be slumbering beneath a fairyland, my heart still enchanted By that first kiss! What a beautiful life! My dream was not a dream! Oh! I am so lucky! Love extends its wings over me!</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">Au jardin de mon cœur chante une joie nouvelle! Tout vibre, tout se réjouit de mon triomphe! Autour de moi tout est sourire, lumière et joie! Et je tremble délicieusement au souvenir charmant du premier jour d’amour! Quelle belle vie! Ah! je suis heureuse! trop heureuse... Et je tremble délicieusement au souvenir charmant du premier jour d’amour!</p>	<p>In the garden of my heart sings a new joy! Everything reverberates, everything rejoices in my triumph! All is smiles around me, light and joy! And i tremble deliciously at the rapturous memory of the first day of love! What a beautiful life! Oh, how lucky I am! Too lucky... And I tremble deliciously at the rapturous memory of the first day of love!</p>

“Le Papillon et la Fleur”
Text by Victor Hugo

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste: Ne fuis pas! Vois comme nos destins sont différents. Je reste, Tu t'en vas!	The humble flower said to the heavenly butterfly: Do not flee! See how our destinies differ. Fixed to earth am I, You fly away!
Pourtant nous nous aimons, nous vivons sans les hommes Et loin d'eux, Et nous nous ressemblons, et l'on dit que nous sommes Fleurs tous deux!	Yet we love each other, we live without men And far from them, And we are so alike, it is said that both of us Are flowers!
Mais, hélas! l'air t'emporte et la terre m'enchaîne. Sort cruel! Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine Dans le ciel!	But alas! The breeze bears you away, the earth holds me fast. Cruel fate! I would perfume your flight with my fragrant breath In the sky!
Mais non, tu vas trop loin! – Parmi des fleurs sans nombre Vous fuyez, Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre À mes pieds.	But no, you flit too far! Among countless flowers You fly away, While I remain alone, and watch my shadow circle Round my feet.
Tu fuis, puis tu reviens; puis tu t'en vas encore Luire ailleurs. Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore Toute en pleurs!	You fly away, then return; then take flight again To shimmer elsewhere. And so you always find me at each dawn Bathed in tears!
Oh! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles, Ô mon roi, Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes Comme à toi!	Ah, that our love might flow through faithful days, O my king, Take root like me, or give me wings Like yours!

A Chloris -Text by Théophile de Viau

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes, Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien, Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes Aient un bonheur pareil au mien. Que la mort serait importune À venir changer ma fortune Pour la félicité des cieux! Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie Ne touche point ma fantaisie Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.	If it is true, Chloris, that you love me, And I have heard that you love me well, I do not believe that even kings Can match the happiness I know. Even death would be powerless To alter my fortune With the promise of heavenly bliss! All that they say of ambrosia Does not stir my imagination Like the grace of your eyes!
--	---

“Escuchame”

Libretto by Marcela Fuentes-Berain

Dónde estás, Cristóbal?	Where are you, Cristobal?
Vine hasta aquí para perderte de nuevo?	Did the ravenous jungle take you again?
Te arrebató otra vez la selva voraz?	Did I come here just to lose you again?
¿Por qué te siento cerca?	Why do I feel you close to me?
Cristóbal, te siento cerca?	Cristóbal, why do I feel you near?
Escuchame, escuchame	Hear me, hear me
Mi voz vuela hacia ti como un ave y se cierne sobre el amor del mundo	My voice flies towards you like a bird and shelters all the world's love
De ti nació mi canto	My song was born from you
De entre tus manos que en sueños y despiertas veneran mariposas	From your hands which either asleep or awake are worshiped by the butterflies
Sé que estás escuchándome porque vuela mi canto	Because my song is able to fly, I know you're listening
Si tú no lo escucharas mi voz no volaría	If you weren't listening, my voice would not be able to fly
De tinace mi canto	My song was born from you
por ti puede cruzar el río tumultuoso de los días o el río sereno de las noches	Because of you, it can cross the turbulent river of day, or the serene river of night
Ya llá en la otra ribera detenerse a escuchar su propio rumor de agua e namorada	There on the other river bank, it can stop and listen to its own murmur in the water wrapped in love
Sé que me escuchas en la vida o la muerte	I know you are listening in life or death
Si no lo escucharas no sonaría mi canto	If you weren't listening, my song would never be heard
Te siento palpar en las alas de cada mariposa	I feel you beating in the wings of every butterfly
En cada brillo verde, el viento, el agua, en el fondo de la selva	In every shimmer of green, in the wind, in the water, in the depths of the jungle
En la vida o la muerte, te siento palpar	In life or in death, I feel your pulse
En el vuelo de mi canto en el aire suave	In the flight of my song, in the gentle wind
Te siento en el aire	I feel you in the air
Cristóbal, te siento palpar ‘en el aire suave de mi canción	Cristóbal, I feel your pulse in the gentle wind of my song
Te siento en el aire, te siento	I feel you in the air, I feel you
Cristóbal, te siento	Cristóbal, I feel you
A qué	Here
A qué	Here
A qué, en mi canto	Here, in my song.

Acknowledgments

I first want to say a huge thank you to the audience of this recital. Thank you for your support and for your love. Thank you to Thomas Wright, Fr. Nile, and the staff at St. Francis of Assisi for hosting this recital, and for providing me with wonderful memories the past four years working here. As I reflect on my time here at Loyola, I am overwhelmed with gratitude and thanks. I truly could not have imagined spending my undergraduate years anywhere else. I titled this recital “Metamorphosis” to symbolize my transformation throughout my time at Loyola. I think of this recital as a culmination of my growth but also as a thank you to all of my mentors that have made this growth possible. A butterfly is not able to fly out into the world until the time is right and its wings are able to fully unfurl. Just like a butterfly, it is my time to fly. Although I am sad to make my departure from so many I love here in my home of New Orleans, I cannot wait to embark on this journey and to take everything I have learned along the way with me. As Florencia states in “Escuchame,” “I feel you here, in my song.” Every time I perform, I am reminded of all who have made it possible for my song to sound.

I want to first say a massive thank you to my family. In particular my mom and dad, who have poured endless time and energy into my dreams coming true. Both of my parents have been my rocks and my biggest supporters from the time that I started singing at 12. When I started taking classical voice lessons in high school, my mom would drive me 3 hours every single weekend for lessons. Over the years, this dedication to my future has never waivered and has only become stronger. Throughout this semester, she traveled with me to every grad school audition, and we had the best time together. She has been by my side before every audition, in my most vulnerable moments. Through all of the success and rejection that this career has to offer, she never fails to have exactly the right things to say. I am so lucky to have both a best friend and mom in one. Thank you for everything you have done for me, I don't know how I will ever accurately show my gratitude to you.

To my friends, thank you for being my comfort place. You all have changed my life. I am so lucky to have such supportive, beautiful people like you surrounding me. Thank you for pushing me to become a better artist, person, and friend. I love you all more than words can say. This is only the beginning for us!

I want to say a massive thank you to a pivotal mentor at Loyola and the incredible pianist of my recital, Carol Rausch. Carol, you have forever changed who I am and who I will become as a musician. Carol is one of the most selfless people that I have had the pleasure of working with. She pours countless hours into making sure that every single student has unique opportunities, catered towards their strengths. Carol has dedicated so much time to my betterment. Countless hours of coachings and rehearsals. Carol, you have been one

of the best parts of my time at Loyola. Thank you for all that you have done for me. You are my absolute favorite person to sing with. You breathe life into everything you play, and you serve as a constant musical inspiration for me. Thank you for making such beautiful music with me tonight. I want to also say thank you to Amy Thiaville. Not only is she the most beautiful violinist, but she is one of my favorite teachers at Loyola. I had Music Theory on zoom with Mrs. Thiaville freshman year during Covid. Mrs. Thiaville pushed me to become the technical musician that I am today. Mrs. Thiaville, thank you for collaborating with me on one of my all time favorite pieces. It is a highlight for me, and truly means the world. A massive thank you also to Dreux Montegut and Dr. Meg Frazier. Dreux, thank you for your guidance and for all of the fun times in your classes. I truly admire your love for this art, and the passion that you bring to every student. Dr. Frazier, thank you for helping me to become a better musician in every possible way. When I got to Loyola, I wasn't the most experienced sight reader, and being in your chorale and chambers have taken my musicianship to the next level, and have provided me with a newfound love of choral music. It has been a privilege to learn from you, and to make music with my best friends in the process.

To my mentors before Loyola, in particular Dr. Jennifer Mouledous and Dr. Maryann Kyle, thank you for seeing something in me, fostering my young talent, and pushing me to follow my dreams. Jennifer, at the age of 15, you gave me my first ever art song, "Caro Mio Ben," and you believed that I could do this. You were the catalyst for me discovering my life's purpose and my greatest love. Ever since studying with you, you have motivated me and inspired me as my journey has continued on. Thank you for guiding me to Irini, and for supporting and loving me every step of the way. I truly believe that there was an invisible string connecting all of us together. To Irini Kyriakidou, my voice teacher, I truly do not know what I would do without you. From the moment I had my first zoom lesson with you before coming to Loyola, I knew deep in my soul that I was meant to study with you. I feel as though the universe blessed me with the gift of exactly what I needed, and that was you. You have shaped me into the singer I am now. You are truly the kindest and most supportive mentor. The amount of love and care that you have poured into me and into my voice is immeasurable. You have pushed me to try new things, to get out of my comfort zone, to sing with intention, and to trust myself and my ability. You have also acted as a confidant, a shoulder to cry on, and someone I can always laugh with. I aspire to be half the singer and woman that you are. I am incredibly grateful for all of the memories we have together, and I will take them and everything that I have learned from you with me. Because of you, I am accomplishing my dreams. Thank you for your belief in me, and for your guidance. I am grateful to know and never question that you will always be there for me along this journey, no matter what. You have changed my life for the better. Without you, I could not fly.

Thank you all.

Upcoming Events



Senior Recital: Caura Holiday, bass
Saturday, April 20 | 3 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Joint Recital:
Liam Case, saxophone, and Anton Alvarez, guitar
Saturday, April 20 | 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Loyola Choral: Selections from Handel's Messiah
featuring student soloists and conductors
Sunday, April 21 | 3 PM
Roussel Hall | Free admission

Senior Recital: Lauren Bravo, french horn
Sunday, April 21 | 3 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Student Recital: Jasmine Freile-Ortiz, soprano
Sunday, April 21, 2024, at 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

University Chorus
Monday, April 22 | 7:30 PM
Roussel Hall | Free admission

Senior Recital: Grayson Stephens, tenor
Monday, April 22 | 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Senior Recital: Marcello Gleason, guitar
Saturday, April 22 | 7:30 PM
Studio A - CM Complex Rm 427 | Free admission

Jazz Underground: featuring Bria Skonberg
Tuesday, April 23 | 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Ticket Required

Music Therapy Recital
Friday, April 26 | 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Loyola Symphony Orchestra: feat. the winner of the
2023 Concerto / Aria / Composition Competition
Saturday, April 27, 2024, at 7:30 PM
Roussel Hall | Free admission

Junior Recital: Veronica Weisensee, soprano
Saturday, April 27, 2024, at 3 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Senior Recital: Kieva Banks, soprano
Saturday, April 27, 2024, at 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Junior Recital: Christian King, viola
Wednesday, April 28, 2024, at 3 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Senior Recital: Joseph DeGroot, euphonium
Sunday, April 28, 2024, at 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Senior Recital: Alice Hull, soprano
Monday, April 29, 2024, at 6:30 PM
St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church | Free admission

Music Education Recital: Jazz Seals, saxophone
Monday, April 29, 2024, at 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Master's Recital: Michael Bauer, organ
Monday, April 29, 2024, at 7:30 PM
Temple Sinai | Free admission

Senior Recital: B Schaubhut, baritone
Tuesday, April 30, 2024, at 7:30 PM
Roussel Hall | Free admission

Guitar Night
Tuesday, April 30, 2024, at 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Subscribe to our mailing list!
Visit cmm.loyno.edu/presents or email music@loyno.edu.

LOYOLA
UNIVERSITY
NEW ORLEANS | **SCHOOL OF MUSIC &**
THEATRE PROFESSIONS

