

Loyola University New Orleans  
School of Music and Theatre Arts  
Presents

**Graduate Recital**  
***Taylor Witherspoon,***  
***soprano***

*from the studio of*  
Professor Loretta Bybee

*with*  
Claire Bigley, Accompanist



Saturday, April 30, 2022, 3:00 p.m.  
Nunemaker Auditorium

# Program

- “E Susanna non vien...Dove sono?”      Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
from *Le nozze di Figaro*      (1756-1791)
- “Porgi amor”  
from *Le nozze di Figaro*
- Tre ariette*      Vincenzo Bellini  
i. Il fervido desiderio      (1801-1835)  
ii. Dolente imagine di File mia  
iii. Vaga luna che inargenti
- “Gretchen am spinnrade”      Franz Schubert  
“Nacht und Traume”      (1797-1828)  
“Du bist die Ruh”

## Intermission

- “Donde lieta uscì”      Giacomo Puccini  
from *La Bohème*      (1862-1924)
- “Ebben! Ne andrò lontana”      Alfredo Catalani  
from *La Wally*      (1854-1893)
- “Terre e mare”      Giacomo Puccini  
“E L’Uccellino”      (1862-1924)  
“Casa mia, casa mia”
- “Here’s one”      William Grant Still  
      (1895-1978)
- “This Little Light of Mine”      Margaret Bonds  
“Run, Sinner, Run”      (1913-1972)

# Translations

## ***E Susanna non vien.... Dove sono I bei momenti***

E Susanna non vien!  
Sono ansiosa di saper come il Conte  
accolse la proposta  
Alquanto ardito il progetto mi par,  
e ad uno sposo si vivace e geloso!  
Ma chem ai c'e? cangiano I miei  
vestiti con quelli di Susanna, e I suoi  
co' miei al favor della notte.  
Oh cielo! A qual umil stato fatale  
Io son ridotta da un consorte crudel!  
che dopo avermi con un misto  
inaudito d'infedelta, di felosia, si  
sdegno! prima amata, indi offesa, e  
alfin tradita, fammi or cercar  
da una mia serva aita!

Dove sono I bei momenti  
di dolcezza e di piacer?  
Dove andaro I giuramenti  
Di quell labbro menzognere?  
Perche mai, se in pianti e in pene  
Per me tutto si cangio,  
La memoria di quell bene  
Dal mio sen non trapasso?  
Ah! de almen la mia Costanza  
nel languire amando ognor  
mi portasse una Speranza  
di cangiarl'ingrato cor.

## ***And Susanna doesn't arrive....Where are the beautiful moments***

And Susanna doesn't arrive! I am  
anxious to know how the Count  
reacted to the proposal.  
The plan seems to me rather bold,  
especially with a husband so high-  
strung and jealous! But what  
harm is there in charging my  
clothes with those of Susanna,  
and hers with mine, under the  
cover of night? Oh heaven! To  
what an unfortunate state of  
humility I have been reduced by  
cruel husband, who---with an  
incredible mixture of infidelity,  
jealousy, and disdain— after  
having first loved me, having then  
offended me, and having finally  
betrayed me, causes me now to  
seek help from my servants!

Where are the beautiful moments  
of sweetness and of pleasure?  
Where did the promises of those  
lying lips go? Why ever, if in tears  
and in suffering everything has  
changed for me, has the memory  
of that dear one Not left my  
breast? Ah, if only my constancy  
while languishing, always loving,  
may bring me a hope  
of changing his ungrateful heart.

<p><b>Porgi amor</b>  Porgi, amor,  qualche ristoro  al mio duolo,  a' miei sospir!</p> <p>O mi rendi  Il mio Tesoro,  o mi lascia almen  morir!</p>	<p><b>Grant, Love</b>  Grant, Love,  some relief  to my sorrow  to my sighting!</p> <p>Either give me back  my beloved,  or just let me  die!</p>
<p><b>Il fervido desiderio</b>  Quando verra quel di  Che riveder potro  Quel che l'amante cor tante desia?</p> <p>Quando verra quel di  Che in sen t'accogliero,  Bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?</p> <p>Ah, bella fiamma d'amor, anima  mia!</p>	<p><b>The fervent longing</b>  When will that day come  when I shall be able to see again  the one whom my loving heart so  much desires?</p> <p>When will that day come  when I will gather you to my bosom,  beautiful flame of love, my own  soul?</p> <p>Ah, beautiful flame of love, my soul!</p>
<p><b>Dolente imagine di Fille mia</b>  Dolente imagine di Fille mia,  Perché si squallida mi siedì  accanto?</p> <p>Che piu desideria?  Dirotto pianto  Io sul tuo cenere versai finor.  Temic he immemore se' sacri giuri  Io possa accenderimi ad altra face?  Ombra di fillide, riposa in pace;  E inestinguibile l'antico ardor.</p>	<p><b>Sad image of my Fille</b>  Sad image of my Fille,  why are you so miserable beside  me?</p> <p>What more do you desire?  Copious tears I have poured upon  your ashes up to now. Do you fear  that, forgetful of sacred vows, I  could be ignited to another flame?  Spirit of Fillide, rest in peace;  the old passion is inextinguishable.</p>

**Vaga luna che inargenti**

Vaga luna, che inargenti  
Queste rive e questi Fiori  
Ed ispiri agli elementi  
Il linguaggio dell'amor;  
Testimonio or sei tu sola  
Del mio fervido desir,  
Ed a lei che m'innamora  
Conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontanaza  
Il mio duol non puo lenir,  
Che se nutro una Speranza,  
Ella e sol, si, nell'avvenir.

Dille pur che giorno e sera  
Conto l'ore del dolor,  
Che una speme lusinghiera  
Mi conforta nell'amor.

**Pretty moon, who silvers**

Pretty moon, who silvers  
These brooks and these flowers  
And inspires the elements to  
the language of love,  
You alone are now witness  
To my fervent desire,  
And to her with whom I am in love  
Recount the heartbeats and the  
sighs.

Tell her also that distance  
Cannot assuage my sorrow,  
That if I nourish one hope,  
It is only, yes, for the future.

Tell her also that day and night,  
I count the hours of sorrow;  
That a promising hope  
Comforts me in my love.

**Gretchen am spinnrade**

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.  
Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.  
Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.  
Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.  
Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.  
Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss.  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!  
Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft' ich fassen  
Und halten ihn.  
Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt'  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

**Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel**

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.  
When he's not with me,  
Life's like the grave;  
The whole world  
Is turned to gall.  
My poor head  
Is crazed,  
My poor mind  
Shattered.  
It's only for him  
I gaze from the window,  
It's only for him  
I leave the house.  
His proud bearing  
His noble form,  
The smile on his lips,  
The power of his eyes,  
And the magic flow  
Of his words,  
The touch of his hand,  
And ah, his kiss!  
My bosom  
Yearns for him.  
Ah! if I could clasp  
And hold him,  
And kiss him  
To my heart's content,  
And in his kisses  
Perish!

**Nacht und Traume**

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die  
Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

**Night and Dreams**

Holy night, you sink down;  
dreams, too, float down,  
like your moonlight through space,  
through the silent hearts of men.  
They listen with delight,  
crying out when day awakes:  
come back, holy night!  
Fair dreams, return!

**Du bist die Ruh**

Du bist die Ruh,  
Der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du,  
Und was sie stillt.  
Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug' und Herz.  
Kehr' ein bei mir,  
Und schliesse du  
Still hinter dir  
Die Pforten zu.  
Treib andern Schmerz  
Aus dieser Brust.  
Voll sei dies Herz  
Von deiner Lust.  
Dies Augenzelt  
Von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt,  
O füll' es ganz.

**You are Rest**

You are rest  
and gentle peace.  
You are longing  
and what stills it.  
Full of joy and grief  
I consecrate to you  
my eyes and my heart  
as a dwelling place.  
Come in to me  
and softly close  
the gate  
behind you.  
Drive all other grief  
from my breast.  
Let my heart  
be full of your joy.  
The temple of my eyes  
is lit  
by your radiance alone:  
O, fill it wholly!

**Donde Lieta usci**

Donde lieta usci  
al tuo grido d'amore  
torna sola Mimi  
al solitario nido.  
Ritorna un'altra volta  
a intesser finti fior!  
Addio, senza rancor.  
Ascolta.  
Le poche robe aduna  
Che lasciai sparse,  
Nel mio cassetto stan chiusi  
quel cerchietto d'or,  
e il libro di preghiere.  
Involgi tutto quanto in un  
grembiale  
E manderò il portiere...  
  
Bada...sotto il guanciale  
c'è la cuffietta rosa.  
Se vuoi,  
serbarla a ricordo d'amor!  
  
Addio, senza rancor.

**From the place she left, happy**

From the place she left, happy  
At your declaration of love,  
Mimi returns alone  
To her solitary nest.  
She goes back once again  
To make unreal flowers!  
Farewell, without remorse  
Wait...  
Gather together the few things  
that I left scattered around.  
Shut in my drawer are  
That gold ring  
And the prayer book.  
Wrap them all up in a smock  
And I will send the porter...  
  
Careful... under the pillow  
There is the pink bonnet.  
If you wish,  
Keep it in remembrance of love!  
  
Farewell, without remorse.

# Upcoming Events

## **Loyola Symphony Orchestra & Chorale**

Saturday, Apr. 30, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

## **Senior Recital: Jayne Edwards, voice**

Sunday, May 1, 2 p.m.

St. Francis of Assisi | Free admission

## **Senior Recital: Veronica Samiec, voice**

Sunday, May 1, 3 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Classical Guitar Night**

Sunday, May 1, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

## **Graduate Recital: Erika Torres, saxophone**

Monday, May 2, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Percussion Ensemble**

Monday, May 2, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Graduate Recital: Halle Wood, voice**

Tuesday, May 3, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Senior Recital: Dane Harter, bass**

Wednesday, May 4, 8 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Jazz Vocal Ensemble**

Thursday, May 5, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Graduate Recital: Nicholas Anthony Smith, tenor**

Friday, May 6, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

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