

Loyola University New Orleans  
School of Music and Theatre Arts  
Presents

**Junior Recital**  
***Marina Kotscho,***  
***soprano***

*from the studio of*  
Irina Kyriakidou-Hymel

*with*  
Jesse Reeks, Accompanist

*featuring*  
Charlotte Butler, mezzo-soprano



Thursday, April 7, 2022, 6:30 p.m.  
Holy Name of Jesus Church

# Program

“Dans un Bois Solitaire”	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
“Music for a While”	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
“Allerseelen”	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
“Wie Melodien zieht es mir”	Johannes Brahms (1864-1949)
“Un moto di gioia” from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

## *Intermission*

“Loves Philisophy”	Robert Quilter (1877-1953)
“Ach, ich fühls” from <i>Die Zauberflöte</i>	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)
“Barcarolle” from <i>Les Contes d'Hoffmann</i>	Jaques Offenbach (1819-1880)
Charlotte Butler, mezzo-soprano	
“Come Ready and See Me”	Richard Hundley (1931-2018)
“O mio babbino caro” from <i>Gianni Schicchi</i>	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

# Translations

<p><b>Dans un bois solitaire</b> et sombre Je me promenais l'autre jour, Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre, C'était le redoutable Amour.</p> <p>J'approche, sa beauté me flatte, Mais je devais m'en défier; Il avait les traits d'une ingrante, Que j'avais juré d'oublier.</p> <p>Il avait la bouche vermeille, Le teint aussi frais que le sien, Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille; L'Amour se réveille de rien.</p> <p>Aussitôt déployant ses ailes et saisissant Son arc vengeur, L'une de ses flèches cruelles, en partant Il me blesse au cœur.</p> <p>Va! Va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie, De nouveau languir et brûler! Tu l'aimeras toute ta vie, Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.</p>	<p><b>In a dark and lonely wood</b> I was strolling the other day, A child was sleeping there in the shade, It was redoubtable Cupid.</p> <p>I drew close, his beauty made me tremble, But I should have been wary; He had the features of an ungrateful girl whom I had sworn to forget.</p> <p>He had her crimson lips, a complexion as fair as hers, a sigh escaped me, he woke up; for Cupid wakes at nothing.</p> <p>Swiftly spreading his wings, seizing his vengeful bow and one of his cruel arrows, on leaving he wounded me to the heart.</p> <p>Go! go, said he, to the feet of Sylvie, once more to languish and burn! You will love her for the rest of your life, for having dared rouse me from my slumber.</p>
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<p><b>Allerseelen</b> Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden, Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei, Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden, Wie einst im Mai.</p>	<p><b>All Souls</b> Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes, Bring in the last red asters, And let us talk of love again As once in May.</p>
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<p>Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,  Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  Wie einst im Mai.</p> <p>Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,  Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,  Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,  Wie einst im Mai.</p>	<p>Give me your hand to press in secret,  And if people see, I do not care,  Give me but one of your sweet glances  As once in May.</p> <p>Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,  One day each year is devoted to the dead;  Come to my heart and so be mine again,  As once in May.</p>
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<p><b>Wie Melodien zieht es</b>  <b>Mir</b> leise durch den Sinn,  Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es  Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.</p> <p>Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es  Und führt es vor das Aug',  Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es  Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.</p> <p>Und dennoch ruht im Reime  Verborgен wohl ein Duft,  Den mild aus stillem Keime  Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.</p>	<p><b>Thoughts, like melodies,</b>  Steal softly through my mind,  Like spring flowers they blossom  And drift away like fragrance.</p> <p>Yet when words come and capture them  And bring them before my eyes,  They turn pale like grey mist  And vanish like a breath.</p> <p>Yet surely in rhyme  A fragrance lies hidden,  Summoned by moist eyes  From the silent seed.</p>
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<p><b>Un moto di gioia</b>  Mi sento nel petto,  Che annunzia diletto  In mezzo il timor!</p> <p>Speriam che in contento  Finisca l'affanno  Non sempre è tiranno  Il fato ed amor.</p>	<p><b>An emotion of joy</b>  I feel in my heart  that says happiness is coming  in spite of my fears.</p> <p>Let us hope that the worry  will end in contentment.  Fate and love are  not always tyrants.</p>
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<p><b>V'adoro, pupille,</b>  saette d'amore,  le vostre faville  son grate nel sen.</p> <p>Pietose vi brama  il mesto mio core,  ch'ogn'ora vi chiama  l'amato suo ben.</p>	<p><b>I adore you, eyes,</b>  arrows of love  Your sparkles are pleasing in my  chest.</p> <p>Have pity on my sad heart  That at every hour calls the lover,  beloved.</p>
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<p><b>Ach, ich fühl's,</b> es ist  verschwunden,  Ewig hin der Liebe Glück!  Nimmer kommt ihr Wonnestunde  Meinem Herzen mehr zurück!  Sieh', Tamino, diese Tränen,  Fließen, Trauter, dir allein!  Fühlst du nicht der Liebe Sehnen,  So wird Ruh' im Tode sein!</p>	<p><b>Ah, I can feel it,</b> love's  happiness  Is fled forever!  Nevermore, O hours of bliss,  Will you return to my heart!  See, Tamino, these tears  Flow for you alone, beloved.  If you do not feel love's yearning,  I shall find peace in death!</p>
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**Barcarolle**

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,  
souris à nos ivresses  
Nuit plus douce que le jour,  
ô belle nuit d'amour

Le temps fuit et sans retour  
emporte nos tendresses  
Loin de cet heureux séjour,  
le temps fuit sans retour

Zéphyr embrasés, versez-nous  
vos caresses  
Zéphyr embrasés, versez-nous  
vos baisers  
Donnez nous vos baisers

Belle nuit, ô, nuit d'amour, souris  
à nos ivresses  
Nuit plus douce que le jour ô,  
belle nuit d'amour  
Belle nuit d'amour, souris à nos  
ivresses  
Nuit d'amour, ô, nuit d'amour

**Barcarolle**

Lovely night, oh, night of love  
Smile upon our joys!  
Night much sweeter than the day  
Oh beautiful night of love!

Time flies by and carries away  
Our tender caresses forever!  
Time flies far from this happy  
oasis  
And does not return

Burning zephyrs  
Embrace us with your caresses!  
Burning zephyrs  
Give us your kisses!  
Your kisses! Your kisses! Ah!

Lovely night, oh, night of love  
Smile upon our joys!  
Night much sweeter than the day  
Oh, beautiful night of love!  
Ah! Smile upon our joys!  
Night of love, oh, night of love!

**O mio babbino caro**

Mi piace è bello, bello  
Vo' andare in Porta Rossa  
A comperar l'anello  
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare  
E se l'amassi indarno  
Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio  
Ma per buttarmi in Arno  
Mi struggo e mi tormento  
O Dio, vorrei morir  
Babbo, pietà, pietà  
Babbo, pietà, pietà

**Oh my dear father**

I like him, he is so handsome.  
I want to go to Porta Rossa  
To buy the ring!  
Yes, yes, I want to go there!  
And if my love were in vain,  
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio  
And throw myself in the Arno!  
I am pining, I am tormented!  
Oh God, I would want to die!  
Father, have pity, have pity!  
Father, have pity, have pity!

# **Acknowledgements**

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# Upcoming Events

**Junior Recital: Saskia Walker, voice**

Friday, Apr. 8, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Guest Artist: Alex Handley, trombone**

Saturday, Apr. 9, 1 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Junior Recital: Emma Rader, soprano**

Saturday, Apr. 9, 1 p.m.

Holy Name of Jesus Church | Free admission

**Graduate Recital: Emily Cotten, mezzo-soprano**

Saturday, Apr. 9, 3 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

**Graduate Recital: Jeremiah Tyson, tenor**

Saturday, Apr. 9, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Senior Recital: Jacob Hubbs, jazz bass**

Sunday, Apr. 10, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**American Songbook**

Tuesday, Apr. 12, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Ticket required

**Loyola Choirs**

Tuesday, Apr. 12, 3 p.m.

St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church | Free admission

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