

Loyola University New Orleans  
School of Music and Theatre Arts  
Presents

**Junior Recital**  
***Emma Catherine Rader,***  
***soprano***

*from the studio of*  
Claire Shackleton

*with*  
Andrew Fath, Accompanist

*and Guest Artist*  
Madeline Moore, violinist



Saturday, April 9, 2022, 1:00 p.m.  
Holy Name of Jesus Christ Church

# Program

“Chanson d’avril”	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
“Notre amour”	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1942)
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“Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt” “Gretchen am Spinrade”	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
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<i>Four songs for voice and violin</i>	Gustav Holst (1874-1934)
I. Jesu sweet	
II. My soul has naught but fire and ice	
III. I sing of a maiden	
IV. My Leman is so true	
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“O mio babbino caro” from <i>Gianni Schicchi</i>	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)
“Soon” from <i>A Little Night Music</i>	Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)
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“Where the music comes from”	Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

# Translations

## Chanson d'avril

Lève-toi! lève-toi! le printemps vient de naître. Là-bas, sur les vallons, flotte un réseau vermeil. Tout frissonne au jardin, tout chante, et ta fenêtre, Comme un regard joyeux, est pleine de soleil.

Du côté des lilas aux touffes violettes, Mouches et papillons bruissent à la fois;

Et le muguet sauvage, ébranlant ses clochettes, A réveillé l'amour endormi dans les bois.

Puisque avril a semé ses marguerites blanches, Laisse ta mante lourde et ton manchon frileux; Déjà l'oiseau t'appelle, et tes sœurs les pervenches Te souriront dans l'herbe en voyant tes yeux bleus.

Viens partons! Au matin la source est plus limpide; N'attendons pas du jour les brûlantes chaleurs,

Je veux mouiller mes pieds dans la rosée humide, Et te parler d'amour sous les poiriers en fleurs!

## April Song

Get up! Get up! Spring is just new born.

Yonder above the valleys floats a vermilion space. Everything is quivering in the garden, all is singing, and your window, like a joyful glance, is full of sun.

Over there, by the lilacs with their violet clusters, flies and butterflies buzz together;

and the wild lily-of-the-valley, swaying its little bells, has woken love, asleep in the woods.

Since April has sown its white daisies, leave aside your heavy coat and your cosy muff;

already the bird is calling you, and your sisters

the periwinkles will smile at you in the grass on seeing your blue eyes.

Come, lets go! In the morning the spring is more limpid; let us not wait for the burning heats of daytime, I want to wet my feet in the moist dew,

and to talk to you of love beneath the flowering pear trees!

## Notre amour

Notre amour est chose légère Comme les parfums que le vent Prend aux cimes de la fougère Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant. Notre amour est chose légère.

Notre amour est chose charmante, Comme les chansons du matin Où nul regret ne se lamante,

Où vibre un espoir incertain. Notre amour est chose charmante.

Notre amour est chose sacrée

## Our Love

Our love is a light thing like the scents which the breeze gathers from the tips of the ferns that we might breathe them when dreaming. Our love is a light thing. Our love is an enchanting thing, like the songs of the morning in which no regret is lamented, in which an uncertain hope vibrates. Our love is an enchanting thing. Our love is a sacred thing

<p>Comme le mystère des bois Où tressaille un âme ignorée, Où les silences ont des voix. Notre amour est chose sacrée. Notre amour est chose infinie, Comme les chemins des couchants Où la mer, aux cieus réunie, S'endort sous les soleils penchants. Notre amour est chose infinie. Notre amour est chose éternelle Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu vainqueur A touché du feu de son aile.</p> <p>Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur. Notre amour est chose éternelle.</p>	<p>like the mystery of the woods in which an unknown soul trembles, in which silences have voices. Our love is a sacred thing, Our love is an infinite thing, like the paths of the sunsets where the sea, reunited with the heavens, falls asleep beneath the sinking suns. Our love is an infinite thing. Our love is an eternal thing like all that a victorious God has touched with the flame of his wing. Like all that comes from the heart. Our love is an eternal thing.</p>
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<p><b>Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt</b> Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt Weiss, was ich leide! Allein und abgetrennt Von aller Freude, Seh' ich an's Firmament Nach jener Seite. Ach! der mich liebt und kennt Ist in der Weite. Es schwindelt mir, es brennt Mein Eingeweide. Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt Weiss, was ich leide!</p>	<p><b>Only Those Who know Longing</b> Only those who know longing Know what I suffer! Alone and cut off From every joy, I search the sky In that direction. Ah! he who loves and knows me Is far away. My head reels, My body blazes. Only those who know longing Know what I suffer!</p>
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<p><b>Gretchen am Spinrade</b> 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. Meine Ruh' ist hin, Mein Herz ist schwer, Ich finde sie nimmer Und nimmermehr. Nach ihm nur schau' ich Zum</p>	<p><b>Gretchen at the spinning-wheel</b> 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. My peace is gone My heart is heavy; I shall never Ever find peace again. It's only for him I gaze from the window, It's only for him</p>
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<p>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!  Meine Ruh' ist hin, Mein Herz ist  schwer, Ich finde sie nimmer Und  nimmermehr.  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'!</p>	<p>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 peace is gone  My heart is heavy;  I shall never  Ever find peace again.  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!</p>
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<p><b>O Mio Babbino</b>  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</p> <p>Andrei sul Ponte Vecchio Ma per  buttarmi in Arno! Mi struggo e mi  tormento! O Dio, vorrei morir! Babbo,  pieta!</p>	<p><b>Oh my Dear papa</b>  Oh my dearest daddy,  He pleases me; he is beautiful I want  to go to the Porta Rossa To purchase  the ring.  Yes, we want to go there.  And if I love in vain,  I'd go to Ponte Vecchio  To fling myself into the Arno! I'm  tortured and tormented! Oh God, I  want to die! Daddy, pity me!</p>
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# Acknowledgements

Thank you to my family and friends who have encouraged me to explore my love of music. To Gran and Granddaddy, thank you for always attending performances and encouraging me to do my best. To my sisters; thank you for putting up with my practice sessions, especially in the beginning. Papa, thank you for prioritizing my performances and for being proud of me in every stage of my career. Thank you for showing me the value of hard work. Lastly, thank you to my mother. Since I was a little girl, you have always supported me and encouraged my love of music. Between voice lessons, recitals, and choir, you were always behind me and wanted to see me succeed. Thank you for always believing in me, even when I didn't believe in myself. Without your love and encouragement, I would not have been brave enough to explore or pursue my love of music.

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Each and every person who has been in my life since the beginning of my career in music has impacted me. Thank you for being alongside me as I pursue my gift. I am forever grateful and ambitious to see where music takes me.

# Upcoming Events

## **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, 7:30 p.m.

St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church | Free admission

## **Junior Recital: Stephen Wood & Teddy Tietze**

Wednesday, Apr. 13, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Film Screening: Opera in a Time of COVID**

Thursday, Apr. 21, 4 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Graduate Recital: Stephen Menold, jazz bass**

Thursday, Apr. 21, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

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