

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Senior Recital
Jayne Edwards,
soprano

from the studio of
Dr. Tyler Smith

with
Jesse Reeks, piano



Sunday, May 1, 2022 at 2 p.m.
St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church

Program

Quel guardo, il cavaliere...So anch'io la virtù magica G. Donizetti
from *Don Pasquale* (1797-1848)

Biblické písně, Op. 99 Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

- I. Oblak a mrákota jest vůkol Něho
- II. Skryše má a paveza má Ty jsí
- III. Slyš, ó Bože, slyš modlitbu mou
- IV. Hospodin jest můj pastýř
- V. Bože! Bože! Píseň novou
- VI. Slyš, ó Bože, volání mé
- VII. Při řekách babylonských
- VIII. Popatříž na mne a smiluj se nade mnou
- IX. Pozdvihuji oči svých k horám
- X. Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou

Intermission

Deux Romances

I. Romance

II. Les cloches

Claude Debussy

(1862-1918)

Four Songs, Op. 13

I. A Nun Takes the Veil

II. The Secrets of the Old

III. Sure on this Shining Night

IV. Nocturne

Samuel Barber

(1910-1981)

Translations

Quel guardo, il cavaliere...So anch'io la virtù magica

Quel guardo il cavaliere
in mezzo al for trafisse;
piegò il ginocchio e disse:
son vostro cavalier.

E tanto era in quel guardo
sapor di paradiso,
che il cavalier Riccardo,
tutto d'amor conquiso,
giurò che ad altra mai,
non volgeria il pensier.

So anch'io la virtù magica
d'un guardo a tempo e loco,
so anch'io come is bruciano
i cori a lento foco,
d'un breve sorrisetto conosco
anch'io l'effetto,
di menzognera lagrima,
d'un subito languor.
Conoso i mille modi
dell'amorose frodi,
i vezzi e l'arti facili
per adescare un cor.

So anch'io la virtù magica
per ispirare amor.

Ho testa bizzarra, son pronta vivace,
brillare mi piace,
mi piace scherzar.

Se monto in furore
di rado sto al segno,
ma in riso lo sdegno
fo presto a cangiar.

Ho testa bizzarra ma core
eccellente, ah!

Her gaze pierced the knight
in the middle of his heart;
he knelt before her and said;
I am your knight.
and that gaze tasted
so of paradise,
that the knight Riccardo,
completely by love was conquered
he swore that he would never think
of another woman.

I also know the magical way
of being a woman
of a glance at the right time
in the right place
I also know how to burn the hearts
over a slow fire,
of a quick little smile,
of a false tear, of a sudden faintness.
I know the thousand ways
to fool a lover,
the easy charms and arts of
seducing a heart.

I also know the woman's way to
make one love me.

I have a different sort of mind,
It pleases me to be brilliant,
it pleases me to be playful.

If I go up in a rage no sign of
calmness remains,
but I can quickly change my anger
into laughter.

I have a different mind but an
excellent heart, ah!

Oblak a mrákota jest vůkol Něho

Oblak a mrákota
jest vůkol Něho,
Spravedlnost a soud
základ trůnu Jeho.
Óheň předchází Jej
a zapaluje vůkol nepřátele Jeho.
Zasvěcujít' se po okršku světa
blýskání Jeho;
To vidouc země děsí se.
Hory jako vosk rozplývají
se před obličejem Hospodina,
Panovníka vší země.
A slávu Jeho spatřují všichni
národové.

Clouds and darkness
are round about him
justice and judgment are the
foundation of his throne.
Fire precedes Him,
and burns up His enemies
round about.
His lightnings lights up
corners of the world;
seeing it, the earth is horrified.
The mountains melt away like wax
before the face of the Lord,
ruler of all the earth.
And all nations see His glory.

Psalm 97:2-6

Skrýše má a pavezá má Ty jsí

Skrýše má a pavezá má Ty jsí,
Na slovo Tvé očekávám.
Odstuptež ode mne, nešlechtníci,
Abych ostříhal přikázání
Boha svého.
Posiluj mne, bych zachován byl,
A patřil ku stanoveným
Tvým ustavičně.
Děsí se strachem před
Tebou tělo mé,
Nebo soudů Tvých bojím
se náramně.

You are my refuge and my shield,
for Your word I wait.
Step aside from me, ignoble ones,
so that I might guard the
commandments of my God.
Help me, that I would be saved
and belong to Your laws
unceasingly.
My body is horrified with fear
before You,
for I am tremendously afraid of
Your judgements.

Psalm 119:114-117, 119, 120

Slyš, ó Bože, slyš modlitbu mou

Slyš o Bože! slyš modlitbu mou,
Neskrývej se před
prosbou mou.
Pozoruj a vyslyš mne;
Nebot' naříkám v úpění svém,
A kormoutím se.
Srdce mé tesklí ve mně,
A strachové smrti přišli
na mne,
A hrůza přikvačila mne.
I řekl jsem:
Ó bych měl křídla Jako holubice,
Zaletěl bych a poodpočinul.
Aj, daleko bych se vzdálil,
A přebýval bych na poušti.
Pospíšil bych ujíti větru Prudkému
a vichřici.

Hear, oh God! Hear my prayer,
and do not hide Yourself
before my appeal.
Watch and hear me;
for I lament in wailings,
and I grieve.
My heart is downcast within me,
and fears of death have come
upon me,
and terror has overtaken me.
And I said,
"Oh were I to have wings like a dove!
I would fly away, and take rest.
Ah, far away I would carry myself,
I would dwell in the desert.
I would hurry to escape from the
violent wind and the gales

Psalm 55:1, 2, 4/5, 6, 7, 8

Hospodin jest můj pastýř

Hospodin jest můj pastýř;
Nebudu míti nedostatku.
Na pastvách zelených
pase mne,
K vodám tichým mne přivodí.
Duši mou občerstvuje;
Vodí mne po stezkách
Spravedlnosti pro jméno své.
Byť se mi dostalo jíti
Přes údolí stínu smrti:
Nebudut' se báti zlého,
Nebo Ty se mnou jsi;
A prut Tvůj a hůl Tvá,
Tot' mne potěšuje.

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
In green pastures He
washes over me,
to still waters He leads me.
He refreshes my soul:
He leads me along paths of justice
for the sake of His name.
Though it would befall me to walk
through the valley of the shadow of
death, I will fear no evil;
for You are with me;
and Your rod and Your staff
certainly they comfort me.

Psalm 23:1-4

Bože! Bože! Píseň novou

Bože! Bože!
píseň novou Zpívati budu
Tobě na loutně,
A žalmy
Tobě prozpěvovati.
Na každý den dobrořečiti budu Tobě
A chváliti jméno Tvé na věky věků.
Hospodin jistě veliký jest
A vši chvály hodný,
A velikost Jeho Nemůž
vystižena býti.
O slávě a kráse a velebnosti Tvé,
I o věcech Tvých
předivných mluvíti budu.
A moc přehrozných skutků Tvých
Všichni rozhlášovati budou;
I já důstojnost Tvou Budu
vypravovati.

God! God!
I will sing a new song to
You on the lute,
and I will sing psalms
joyfully to You.
On each day I will bless You,
and praise Your name forever.
The Lord is surely great
and worthy of all praise,
and His greatness
cannot be comprehended.
About Your glory and beauty and
honor, and about Your wondrous
works, I will speak.
And the power of Your terrible deeds
they will proclaim them all;
and I will tell of
Your dignity.

Psalm 144:9 and 145:1-3, 5, 6

Slyš, ó Bože, volání mé

Slyš, o Bože, volání mé,
Pozoruj modlitby mé!
Nebo jsi býval útočiště mé
a pevná věže
před tváří nepřítelé.
Budu bydleti v stánku Tvém na věky,
Schráním se v skrýši křídel Tvých.
Bože! Bůh silný můj Ty jsi,
Tebe t' hned v jitře hledám,
Tebe žízní duše má,
Po Tobě touží tělo mé,
V zemi žíznivé a vyprahlé,
V níž není vody;
A tak, abych Tobě dobrořečil
A s radostným rtů prozpěvováním
Chválila by Tě ústa má.

Hear, O God, my cry
heed my prayers!
For You were often my refuge
and a solid tower
before the face of the enemy.
I will dwell in Your temple forever,
I save myself in the refuge of Your
wings. God! You are my God of
strength, from early in the morning I
look for You, for You my soul thirsts,
for You my body longs,
in a land thirsty and parched,
in which there is no water
And so that I would thank you
and with joyous singing of my lips,
my mouth would praise You.

Psalm 61:1, 3, 4 and 63:1, 4/5

Při řekách babylonských

Při řekách babylonských,
Tam jsme sedávali a plakávali,
Rozpomínajíce se na Sion.
Na vrby v té zemi
Zavěšovali jsme citary své,
A když se tam dotazovali nás ti,
Kteříž nás zajali,
Na slova písničky říkajíce:
Zpívejte nám některou píseň
Sionskou,
Odpovídali jsme:
Kterakž bychom mohli zpívati
Píseň Hospodinovu
V zemi cizozemců?
Jestliže se zapomenu na Tebe,
O Jeruzaléme, O,
zapomeniž i pravice má umění svého.

At the rivers of Babylon,
there we sat and wept,
while remembering Zion.
On the willows of that land
we hung our harps,
and when they who made us captive
asked us there,
about the words of a little song,
saying:
“Sing to us some songs of Zion,”
we answered:
“How could we sing
songs of the Lord
in a land of foreigners?
If I forget you,
oh, Jerusalem, oh, may my right
hand also forget its art!”

Psalm 137:1-5

Popatříž na mne a smiluj se nade mnou

Popatříž na mne
a smiluj se nade mnou;
Nebot' jsem opuštěný a ztrápený.
Soužení srdce mého rozmnožují se,
Z úzkostí mých vyved' mne.
Smiluj se nade mnou!
Viz trápení mé a bídu mou
A odpust' všechny hříchy mé.
Ostříhej duše mé a vytrhni mne
At' nejsem zahanben,
Nebot' v Tebe doufám.

Look toward me
and have mercy on me;
for I am desolate and distressed.
The worries of my heart multiply,
from my anxieties bring me out,
Have mercy on me!
See my affliction and my misery,
and forgive all my sins.
Protect my soul and deliver me, let
me not be put to shame
for in You I hope.

Psalm 25:16-18,20

Pozdvihuji oči svých k horám

Pozdvihuji oči svých k horám,
Odkud by mi přišla pomoc.
Pomoc má jest od Hospodina,
Kterýž učinil nebe i zemi.
Nedopustit',
aby se pohnouti měla noha Tvá,
Nebo nedřímět' strážný Tvůj.
Aj, nedřímět',
ovšem nespí
ten, kterýž ostříhá Izraele.

I lift up my eyes toward the
mountains,
from where help would come to me.
My help is from the Lord,
who made heaven and earth.
He does not allow your foot to slip,
for your guardian does not slumber.
Ah, He does not slumber,
indeed He does not sleep,
He who protects Israel.

Psalm 121:1-4

Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou

Zpívejte Hospodinu píseň novou,
Nebot' jest divné věci učinil;
Zvuk vydejte,
prozpěvujte a žalmy zpívejte!
Zvuč, moře, i to, což v něm jest;
Okršlek světa, i ti,
což na něm bydlí.
Řeky rukama plesejte,
Spolu s nimi i hory prozpěvujte.
Plesej, pole, a vše, což na něm;
Plesej, země, zvuč i moře,
I což v něm jest.

Sing to the Lord a new song,
for he has done wondrous things.
Utter sound,
sing joyfully, and sing psalms!
Resound, sea, and that which is in it;
the corners of the world and those
which dwell in it.
Rivers, clap your hands,
the mountains sing joyfully with
them! Rejoice, field, and everything
which is in it; rejoice, earth, resound
both the sea and whatever is in it!

Psalm 98:1, 4/5, 7, 8 and 96:12/11

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents
l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lis?
N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste
De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

The vanishing and suffering soul,
the gentle soul, the fragrant soul
of divine lilies that I gathered
in the garden of your thought,
where then have the
winds driven them,
this adorable soul of the lilies?
Does no more perform remain
of the celestial sweetness,
of the days when you enveloped me
with a magical vapor,
made of hope, of faithful love,
of bliss and of peace?

Les cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord
des branches,
Délicatement.
Les cloches tintaient,
légères et franches,
Dans le ciel clément.
Rythmique et fervent
comme une antienne,
Ce lointain appel
Me remémorait la blancheur
chrétienne
Des fleurs de l'autel.
Ces cloches parlaient
d'heureuses années,
Et, dans le grand bois,
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles
fanées
Des jours d'autrefois.

The leaves opened upon the edge of
the branches,
Delicately.
The bells chimed,
lightly and candidly,
In the mild sky.
Rhythmic and fervent,
like an antiphon,
this distant call
reminded me of the Christian
whiteness
of altar flowers.
these bells spoke of
happy years,
and, in the great forest,
they seemed to green again in the
withered leaves
of days long past.

Acknowledgements

To everyone at St. Francis of Assisi Catholic Church: Thank you for making this beautiful church feel like a second home! Singing here for weekend masses has been one of the highlights of my undergraduate experience, and has transformed my faith in ways I never anticipated. Special thank yous are due to Dr. Thomas Wright, Fr. Michael Schneller, Dr. Tim Kettenring, and Melisa Rey.

To my family: Mom and Dad, thank you for the countless little and large sacrifices you have made for me. I am so appreciative of your unceasing love, guidance, and wisdom. My beautiful sister, thank you for being my built in best friend and my number one cheerleader. My grandparents, thank you for all of your love and support!

To my best friends: Thank you for being brilliant lights in my life! You make the best of times better and the worst of times bearable. I do not know how I would have survived the past four years without your friendship.

To my first music teachers: Lauren Ford, George Mason, Kate Sawyer, Maria Burkett, and Tammy Turnage. Thank you for instilling in me a love for music. Thank you all for your kind mentorship throughout my most formative years. I am still inspired by all of you daily!

To my teachers at Loyola: Prof. Thiaville, Dr. Frazier, Dr. Montes, Dr. Clark, and Dr. Goertzen, and Dr. Horne, thank you for challenging me to grow. Prof. Frohnmayer and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, thank you for inspiring me with your incredible artistry and attention to detail. Dr. Smith, thank you for your endless supply of patience, enthusiasm, and kindness. From geeking out over music and pedagogy to polishing technique and artistry, I am so grateful for everything you have taught me.

To everyone in attendance: Thank you for supporting me. I hope you enjoy it!

Upcoming Events

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

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