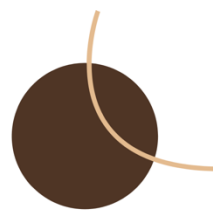


**LOYOLA  
UNIVERSITY  
NEW ORLEANS**



**PRESENTS**

the Junior Recital of:

# ***Emily Jones, soprano***



*from the studio of Dr. Tyler Smith*

**Monday, 9/16/24 | 7:30 PM**

**Nunemaker Auditorium**



# ***Program***

Das Veilchen ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Heidenröslein ..... Franz Peter Schubert  
text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Oh Had I Jubal's Lyre! ..... George Frideric Handel  
*Michael Bauer, trumpet*



Non Posso Disperar ..... Giovanni Bononcini  
attributed to Sergio DeLuca

Amorosi Miei Giorni.....Stefano Donaudy  
text by Alberto Donaudy



Les Cloches ..... Claude Debussy  
text by Paul Bourget

Mandoline..... Gabriel Fauré  
text by Paul Verlaine

Stars and the Moon ..... Jason Robert Brown



Original Medley .....Newley, Bricusse, Bruns, Fain, Willson, Arlen  
(arr. Emily Jones)

*Jesse Reeks, collaborative pianist*

# ***Texts & Translations***

## ***Das Veilchen - The Violet***

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand, Gebückt in sich und unbekannt; Es war ein herzigs Veilchen. Da kam ein' junge Schäferin Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn Daher, daher, Die Wiese her, und sang.	A violet was growing in the meadow, Had droop'd its head and grew unseen It was a charming little violet. There came a young shepherdess, With step so light, With face so bright, Along, along Through the meadow, and sang.
Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur Die schönste Blume der Natur, Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen, Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt! Ach nur, ach nur Ein Viertelstündchen lang!	"Ah!" thinks the violet, "Were I but only The loveliest flower in all Nature, Ah! for only a little while, Till my beloved had picked me And crushed me against her bosom! Ah only, ah only For a single quarter hour!"
Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm, Ertrat das arme Veilchen. Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch: Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch Durch sie, durch sie, Zu ihren Füßen doch. Das arme Veilchen Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!	Ah! But alas, the maiden came And took no notice of the violet, Trampled the poor violet. It sank and died, yet still rejoiced: "And if I die, at least I die Through her, through her And at her feet." The poor violet! It was a dear sweet violet!

### ***Heidenröslein - Little Rose on the Heath***

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehen,  
Röslein auf der Heiden,  
War so jung und morgenschön,  
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,  
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,  
Röslein auf der Heiden!  
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,  
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,  
Und ich will's nicht leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach  
'S Röslein auf der Heiden;  
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
Musst es eben leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

A boy saw a little rose  
A little rose on the heath;  
It was so young, lovely as the morning.  
He ran swiftly to look more closely,  
Looked on it with great joy.  
Little rose, little rose, little rose red,  
A little rose on the heath;

The boy said: I shall pick you,  
Little rose on the heath!  
The rose said: I shall prick you  
So that you will forever think of me  
For I won't put up with it  
Little rose, little rose, little rose red,  
A little rose on the heath;

And the wild boy plucked  
A little rose on the heath;  
The rose defended itself and stuck,  
None of the boy's cries helped him  
He simply had to suffer.  
Little rose, little rose, little rose red,  
A little rose on the heath;

### ***Oh Had I Jubal's Lyre***

Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre, or Miriam's tuneful voice.  
Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre, or Miriam's tuneful voice.  
To sounds like his, I would aspire, to sounds like his I would aspire  
In songs like hers, in songs like hers  
Rejoice,  
In songs, like hers,  
Rejoice,  
In songs like hers, rejoice.

Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre, or Miriam's tuneful voice.  
Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre, or Miriam's tuneful voice.  
To sounds like his I would aspire  
In songs, like hers, in songs like hers,  
Rejoice  
In songs like hers rejoice

My humble strains but faintly, how much to heavn' and thee I owe  
My humble strains but faintly, how much to heavn' and thee I owe  
how much to heavn' and thee I owe

### ***Non Posso Disperar - I Cannot Despair***

Non posso disperar	I cannot despair
Sei troppo cara al cor:	You're too dear to my heart:
Il solo sperare	The solitary hope
D'aver a gioire	I have to rejoice in
M'è un dolce languire,	Is a sweet longing,
M'è un caro dolor	A precious pain.
Non posso disperar	I cannot despair

### ***Amorosi Miei Giorni - Lovers of My Days***

Amorosi miei giorni,	Lovers of my days
Chi vi potrà mai più scordor,	Who could ever forget you,
Or che di tutti i beni adorni	Now that, adorned with all the blessings,
Date pace al mio core	You give peace to my heart
E profumo ai pensieri?	And perfume to my thoughts?
Poter così, finchè la vita avanza,	To be able, so, as life advances,
Non temer più gli affani	To fear no longer the anxieties
D'una vita d'inganni,	Of a life of deceptions,
Sol con questa speranza:	With this hope alone:
Che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor	One look of theirs may be all my splendor
E un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!	And one smile may be all my treasure!
Chi di me più beato,	Who more blessed than I,
Se accanto a sè così non ha	If they do not thus have beside them
Un dolce e caro oggetto amato,	A sweet and dear beloved object,
Sì che ancor non può dire	So that they cannot yet say
Di saper cos'è amore?	They know what love is?
Ah, ch'io così, finchè la vita avanza,	Ah, may I so, as life advances,
Più non tema gli affanni	To fear no longer the anxieties
D'una vita d'inganni,	Of a life of deceptions,
Sol con questa speranza:	With this hope alone:
Che un suo sguardo sia tutto il mio splendor	One look of theirs may be all my splendor
E un suo sorriso sia tutto il mio tesoro!	And one smile may be all my treasure!

### ***Les Cloches - The Bells***

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches, Délicatement. Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches, Dans le ciel clément.	The leaves opened upon the edge of the branches, Delicately. The bells rang, light and free, In the clear sky.
Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne, Ce lointain appel Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne Des fleurs de l'autel.	Rhythmically, fervently, like an antiphon, This distant call Reminded me of the Christian whiteness Of altar flowers.
Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années, Et, dans le grand bois, Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées Des jours d'autrefois.	These bells told of happy years, And, in the great forest, Seemed to revive the withered leaves Of days gone by.

### ***Mandoline***

Les donneurs de sérénades Et les belles écouteuses Échangent des propos fades Sous les ramures chanteuses.	The gallant serenaders And their fair listeners Exchange sweet nothings Beneath singing boughs.
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte, Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre, Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.	Tircis is there, Aminte is there, And tedious Clitandre too, And Damis who for many a cruel maid Writes many a tender song.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie, Leurs longues robes à queues, Leur élégance, leur joie Et leurs molles ombres bleues,	Their short silken doublets, Their long trailing gowns, Their elegance, their joy, And their soft blue shadows
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase D'une lune rose et grise, Et la mandoline jase Parmi les frissons de brise.	Whirl madly in the rapture Of a grey and roseate moon, And the mandolin jangles on In the shivering breeze.

## ***Stars and the Moon***

I met a man without a dollar to his name  
Who had no traits of any value but his smile  
I met a man who had no yearn or claim to fame  
Who was content to let life pass him for a while  
And I was sure that all I ever wanted  
Was a life like the movie stars led  
And he kissed me right here  
And he said

"I'll give you stars and the moon and a soul to guide you  
And a promise I'll never go  
I'll give you hope to bring out all the life inside you  
And the strength that will help you grow  
I'll give you truth and a future that's twenty times better  
Than any Hollywood plot"  
And I thought, "You know  
I'd rather have a yacht"

I met a man who lived his life out on the road  
Who left a wife and kids in Portland on a whim  
I met a man whose fire and passion always showed  
Who asked if I could spare a week to ride with him  
But I was sure that all I ever wanted  
Was a life that was scripted and planned  
And he said, "But you don't understand—"

"I'll give you stars and the moon and the open highway  
And a river beneath your feet  
I'll give you days full of dreams if you travel my way  
And a summer you can't repeat  
I'll give you nights full of passion and days of adventure  
No strings, just warm summer rain"  
And I thought, "You know  
I'd rather have champagne"

I met a man who had a fortune in the bank  
Who had retired at age thirty, set for life

I met a man and didn't know which stars to thank  
And then he asked one day if I would be his wife  
And I looked up, and all I could think of  
Was the life I had dreamt I would live  
And I said to him, "What will you give?"

"I'll give you cars and a townhouse in Turtle Bay  
And a fur and a diamond ring  
And we'll be married in Spain on my yacht today  
And we'll honeymoon in Beijing  
And you'll meet stars at the parties I throw at my villas  
In Nice and Paris in June"

And I thought, "Okay"  
And I took a breath  
And I got my yacht  
And the years went by  
And it never changed  
And it never grew  
And I never dreamed  
And I woke one day  
And I looked around  
And I thought, "My God  
I'll never have the moon"

### ***The First Four - An Original Medley***

Come with me and you'll be in a world of pure imagination  
Take a look and you'll see into your imagination  
We'll begin with a spin, traveling in a world of my creation  
What you see will defy explanation

I know you, I walked with you once upon a dream  
I know you, the gleam in your eyes is so familiar a gleam

I'll say goodnight my someone, goodnight my love  
Sleep tight my someone, sleep tight my love  
Our star is shining its brightest light  
So goodnight my someone, goodnight



I'll find you somewhere over the rainbow  
Way up high  
In that land that I've heard of  
Once in a lullabye

Someday I'll wish upon a star  
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me  
True love can be whispered from heart to heart  
When lovers are parted they say

Where troubles melt like lemon drops  
Away above the chimney tops

As long as my heart  
Doesn't know who you are

For I know it's true, that visions are seldom what they seem  
But if I know you, I know what you'll do  
You'll love me at once, the way you did once  
Upon a dream I had

If you want to view paradise  
Simply look around and view it  
Anything you want to, do it  
Want to change the world  
There's nothing to it

I've spent so long on "once upon's"  
Lullabies  
Starry nights  
What happens should I close my eyes?

There is no life I know to compare to pure imagination  
Living there, you'll be free  
If you truly wish to be.

# *Acknowledgments*

I tend to ramble so I'm locking myself into 200 words or less. If you're reading this, I appreciate you. You've made me the performer I am today in so many ways, big and small.

Of course a special thank you to my mom, dad, and siblings. Regardless of what I wanted to pursue as a career (florist, vet, didn't know, and finally - musician), you've been my biggest support system and I wouldn't be here without you. I love you!

Thank you to Jesse Reeks, both for accompanying me and deciphering my notation for the medley. You have worked with an insane schedule and I am so grateful to have worked with you! Thank you to Michael Bauer for accompanying me on trumpet and for being such an encouraging presence for rehearsals in previous semesters.

Finally, my voice teachers - Tyler Smith and Megan Dearie. Both of you have made a profound impact on my life. You remind me all the time that music is what we do because it's made us who we are.

Thank you again, to everyone! I love all of you!

*(184 words)*

# Upcoming Events



**Tennessee Williams Theatre Company:  
Penny Dreadfuls**

Sep. 18-22, 26-29 | 7:30 PM  
Lower Depths Theater | Ticket required

**Guest Recital: Gustavo Romero, piano  
Chopin Ballades and Scherzos**

Wednesday, September 18 | 7 PM  
Roussel Hall | Free admission

**Jazz Underground: Loyola Jazz Faculty**

Thursday, September 19 | 7:30 PM  
Nunemaker Auditorium | Ticket required

**Loyola Symphony Orchestra**

Saturday, September 28 | 7:30 PM  
Roussel Hall | Free admission

**Loyola Wind Ensemble**

Friday, October 4 | 7:30 PM  
Roussel Hall | Free admission

**Opera Scenes**

Thursday, October 10 | 7:30 PM  
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

**American Piano Miniatures**

Sunday, October 20 | 3 PM  
Roussel Hall | Free admission

**Music Education Lecture Series:**

**Dr. Robert Archin**

**Orff Schulwerk Teaching Pedagogy**

Tuesday, October 22 | 5:30 PM  
Roussel Hall | Free admission

**Theatre: For Colored Girls...**

Oct. 24-27 & Oct. 30-Nov. 2  
7:30 PM | 2 PM Sunday Matinee Oct. 27  
Marquette Theater | Ticket required

**Jazz Underground: feat. Joel Frahm**

Thursday, October 24 | 7:30 PM  
Nunemaker Auditorium | Ticket required

**Loyola Chorale & Chamber Singers**

Sunday, November 3 | 3 PM  
Roussel Hall | Free admission

**Theatre: Everybody**

Nov. 14-17, 20-23  
7:30 PM | 2 PM Sunday Matinee Nov. 17  
Lower Depths Theater | Ticket required

**Jazz Ensemble**

Thursday, November 14 | 7:30 PM  
Roussel Hall | Free admission

**Loyola Jazz Workshop Band  
@ Maple Leaf Bar**

Friday, November 15 | 8 PM  
Maple Leaf Bar | Ticket required

**Opera Connects**

Sunday, November 17 | 3 PM  
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

**Jazz Workshop & Training Bands**

Tuesday, November 19 | 7:30 PM  
Roussel Hall | Free admission

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