

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Graduate Recital
Claire Putnam,
mezzo-soprano

from the studio of
Professor Luretta Bybee

with
Yui Asano, Accompanist



Sunday, May 2, 2021, 3:00 p.m.
Louis J. Roussel Performance Hall

Program

“Furibondo spira il vento”
from *Partenope*

Georg Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

“Sposa, son disprezzata”
from *Bajazet*

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Frauenlieben-und leben

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

Seit ich ihn gesehen
Er, der Herrlichste von Allen
Ich kann’s nicht fassen, nicht glauben
Du Ring an meinem Finger
Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Süßer Freund, du blickest
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Intermission

Deux mélodies hébraïques
I. Kaddisch
II. L’enigme éternelle

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas
El paño moruno
Seguidilla murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

(continued below)

The Cowboy Songs

Bucking Bronco

Lift Me into Heaven Slowly

Billy the Kid

Libby Larson

(b. 1950)

Translations

“Furibondo spira il vento” from *Partenope*

Furibondo spira il vento
e sconvolge il cielo e il suol
Tal adesso l'alma io sento
Agitata dal mio duol

“Furiously blows the wind”

Furiously blows the wind
and stirs the heavens and the earth.
That is what I feel now in my soul
agitated by my grief

“Sposa, son disprezzata” from *Bajazet*

Sposa son disprezzata
fida, son oltraggiata,
cieli, che feci mai?
E pur eglìè il mio cor,
il mio sposo, il mio amor,
la mia Speranza.

“I am a scorned wife”

I am a scorned wife,
faithful, yet insulted.
Heavens, what did I do?
Yet he is my love,
my husband, my beloved,
my hope.

Frauenliebe und -leben Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.
Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehr ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub ich blind zu sein.

A Woman’s Life and Love Since first seeing him

Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind,
Wherever I look,
Him only I see;
As in a waking dream
His image hovers before me,
Rising out of deepest darkness
Ever more brightly.
All else is dark and pale
Around me,
My sisters’ games
I no more long to share,
I would rather weep
Quietly in my room;
Since first seeing him,
I think I am blind

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holle Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

He, the most wonderful of all

He, the most wonderful of all,
How gentle and loving he is!
Sweet lips, bright eyes,
A clear mind and firm resolve.

Just as there in the deep-blue distance
That star gleams bright and brilliant,
So does he shine in my sky,
Bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.

Wander, wander on your way,
Just to gaze on your radiance,
Just to gaze on in humility,
To be but blissful and sad!

Do not heed my silent prayer,
Uttered for your happiness alone,
You shall never know me, lowly as I am
You noble star of splendour!

Only the worthiest woman of all
May your choice elate,
And I shall bless that exalted one
Many thousands of times.

Then shall I rejoice and weep,
Blissful, blissful shall I be,
Even if my heart should break,
Break, O heart, what does it matter?

I cannot grasp it, believe it

I cannot grasp it, believe it,
A dream has beguiled me;
How, from all women, could he
Have exalted and favoured poor me?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
„Ich bin auf ewig dein“—
Mir war's—ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O lass im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Tränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

He said, I thought,
‘I am yours forever’,
I was, I thought, still dreaming,
After all, it can never be.

O let me, dreaming, die,
Cradled on his breast;
Let me savour blissful death
In tears of endless joy.

You ring on my finger

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

I had finished dreaming
Childhood's peaceful dream,
I found myself alone, forlorn
In boundless desolation.

You ring on my finger,
You first taught me,
Opened my eyes
To life's deep eternal worth.

I shall serve him, live for him,
Belong to him wholly,
Yield to him and find
Myself transfigured in his light.

You ring on my finger,
My golden little ring,
I press you devoutly to my lips,
To my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit,
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfange,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Süsser Freund, du blickest

Help me, my sisters

Help me, my sisters,
With my bridal attire,
Serve me today in my joy,
Busily braid
About my brow
The wreath of blossoming myrtle.

When with contentment
And joy in my heart
I lay in my beloved's arms,
He still called,
With longing heart,
Impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,
Help me banish
A foolish fearfulness;
So that I with bright eyes
May receive him,
The source of all my joy.

Have you, my love,
Really entered my life,
Do you, O sun, give me your glow?
Let me in reverence,
Let me in humility
Bow before my lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
Scatter flowers before him,
Bring him budding roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
As I joyfully take leave of you.

Sweet friend, you look
Sweet friend, you look

Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weisst du nun die Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,

At me in wonder,
You cannot understand
How I can weep;
Let the unfamiliar beauty
Of these moist pearls
Tremble joyfully bright
In my eyes!

How anxious my heart is,
How full of bliss!
If only I knew
How to say it in words;
Come and hide your face
Here against my breast,
For me to whisper you
All my joy.

Do you now understand the tears
That I can weep,
Should you not see them,
Beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
Feel how it beats,
That I may press you
Closer and closer.

Here by my bed
There is room for the cradle,
Silently hiding
My blissful dream;
The morning shall come
When the dream awakens,
And your likeness
Laughs up at me.

On my heart, at my breast

On my heart, at my breast,

Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das
Glück,
Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiss allein,
Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schlafst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger
Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,

You my delight, my joy!

Happiness is love, love is happiness,
I've always said and say so still.

I thought myself rapturous,
But now am delirious with joy.

Only she who suckles, only she who lov
The child that she nourishes;

Only a mother knows
What it means to love and be happy.

Ah, how I pity the man
Who cannot feel a mother's bliss!

You dear, dear angel, you,
You look at me and you smile!

On my heart, at my breast,
You my delight, my joy!

Now you have caused me my first pain

Now you have caused me my first pain,
But it struck hard,
You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man,
The sleep of death.

The deserted one stares ahead,
The world is void.
I have loved and I have lived,
And now my life is done.

Silently I withdraw into myself,
The veil falls,

Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlorne Glück,
Du meine Welt!

Deux mélodies hébraïques

I. Kaddisch

Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh rabba
be'olmà diverà 'khire'outhé
veyamli'kl mal'khouté'khôn,
ouvezome'khôn
ouve'hayyé de'khol beth yisraël
ba'agálâ ouvizman qariw
weimrou, Amen.

Yithbara'kh Weyischtaba'h
weyithpaêr weyithroman,
weyithnassé weyithhaddar,
weyith'allé weyithhallal
scheméh dequoudschâ beri'kh hou,
l'ela ule'ela mikkol bir'khatha
weschi'ratha touschbehata wene'hamathâ
daamirân ah! Be' olma ah! Ah! Ah!
We imrou. Amen

There I have you and my lost happiness
You, my world!

Two Hebrew Songs

I. Holy

May his [God's] great name be exalted
and sanctified
in the world which He created according
to His will
may He establish his kingdom,
during your days
and during the lifetimes of all the Hous-
of Israel
speedily and very soon,
And say, So be it.
Blessed and praised,
glorified and exalted,
extolled and honored,
adored and lauded,
be the name of the Holy One, blessed be
He,
above and beyond all the blessings,
hymns, praises, and consolations
that are uttered in the world.
We say, So be it.

II. L'éénigme éternelle

Frägt die Velt die alte Kashe
Tra la la la ...
Entfernt men
Tra la la la ...
Un as men will kenne sagen
Tra la la la ...
Frägt die Velt die alte Kashe
Tra la la la ..

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

El paño moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.

Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros somos;
ipuede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre

II. The eternal enigma

If the world asks the old question
Tra la tra la la la la ...
One answers:
Tra la la la la la la ...
And if one wishes, [one] can say
Tra la la la tra la la la
If the world asks the old question
Tra la la la la la la...

Seven popular Spanish songs

The Moorish cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.

It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!

For your many infidelities
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing

de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y créyendola falsa
nadie la toma!

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
dúérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
dúérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
»del aire«.
Niña, el mirarlos

from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it

Asturian song

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Jota

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine!

I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapprove,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Song

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
'del aire',
dearest, to gaze into them.

»Madre, a la orilla«.

Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
»del aire«.
Por lo perdido,
»Madre, a la orilla«

Polo

¡Ay!

Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.

¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quién me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

'Mother, a la orilla.'

They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
'del aire',
and cut your losses,
'Mother, a la orilla.'

Polo

Ay!

I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

Acknowledgements

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Upcoming Events

Keys2Inclusion: Piano Masterclass

Tuesday, May 4, 12:30 p.m.

Senior Recital: Piper Hillerich, jazz guitar

Tuesday, May 4, 7:30 p.m.

Graduate Recital: Michelle Lane, soprano

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

For more information, visit presents.loyno.edu or call (504) 865-2074.