

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Professions
Presents

Junior Recital
Garrin Mesa,
voice

from the studio of
Dr. Tyler Smith

with
JT Hassel, piano

and Guest Artist
Julia Ernst, voice



Sunday, November 6, 2022 at 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium

Program

Come Paride Vezzoso
from *L'elisir d'amore*

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

A Chloris

Reynaldo Hahn
(1873-1947)

Mandoline

Gabriel Urbain Fauré
(1845-1924)

Le Charme

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)

Loveliest of Trees

George Butterworth
(1885-1916)

When I Was One and Twenty

George Butterworth
(1885-1916)

Look Not Into My Eyes

George Butterworth
(1885-1916)

Ständchen

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Wohin?

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Der Müller und der Bach

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Too Many Mornings

Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021)

Julia Ernst

Translations

Come Paride Vezzoso

Like charming Paris
gave the apple to the most beautiful,
my delightful peasant-girl
I offer you these flowers.
But more glorious than he
I am happier than he
Because as a reward for my gift
I carry off your lovely heart

I see clearly in your face
That I have breached your heart.
It's not a surprising thing.
I am gallant, and I am a sergeant.
There is no beauty who can resist
The sight of my uniform
To Mars, the god of war,
Even the mother of love yielded herself.

A Chloris

If it's true, Chloris, that you love me,
and I know that you love me well,
I do not believe that even kings
can have a happiness that matches mine.
Even death would be powerless
to change my fortune
that is the promise of heavenly bliss.
All that they say of ambrosia
does not stir my imagination
like the grace of your eyes.

Mandoline

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath the singing boughs.
There's Tirsis, and there's Aminte,

And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis, who for many a cruel maid,
Writes many a tender song.
Their short silken doublets,
Their long trailing gowns,
Their elegance, their joy,
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the rapture
Of a gray and rose-colored moon,
And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

Le Charme

When your smile
caught me unawares,
I felt my whole being shiver;
but what was taming my spirit,
I did not at first know.

That which conquered me forever
was a more sorrowful charm,
and I only knew that I loved you
upon seeing your first tear!

When your gaze fell on me,
I felt my soul melt;
but what this emotion was
I could not at first tell.

Standchen

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!
Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.
Do you not hear the nightingales call?

Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.
They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.
Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Wohin

I heard a little brook babbling
from its rocky source,
babbling down to the valley,
so bright, so wondrously clear.
I know not what came over me,
nor who prompted me,
but I too had to go down
with my wanderer's staff.
Down and ever onwards,
always following the brook
as it babbled ever brighter
and ever clearer.
Is this, then, my path?

O brook, say where it leads.
With your babbling
you have quite befuddled my mind.
Why do I speak of babbling?
That is no babbling.
It is the water nymphs singing
as they dance their round
far below.
Let them sing, my friend; let the
brook babble
and follow it cheerfully.
For mill-wheels turn
in every clear brook.

Der Muller und Der Bach

THE MILLER:

Where a true heart
dies of love,
the lilies wilt
in their beds.
There the full moon
must disappear behind clouds
so that mankind
does not see its tears.
There angels
cover their eyes
and, sobbing, sing
the soul to rest.

THE BROOK:

And when love
struggles free of sorrow,
a new star
shines in the sky.
Three roses,
half-red, half-white,
spring from thorny stems
and will never wither.
And the angels
cut off their wings,
and every morning
descend to earth.

THE MILLER:

Ah, brook, beloved brook,
you mean so well:
ah, brook, but do you know
what love can do?
Ah, below, down below,
is cool rest!
Brook, beloved brook,
sing on.

Upcoming Events

Jazz Underground: Brad Walker

Tuesday, Nov. 8, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker | Ticket required

Concert Band

Thursday, Nov. 10, 7:30 p.m.
Roussel | Free admission

The Mad Ones

Nov. 10-12 & 16-19, 7:30 p.m.
Lower Depths | Ticket required

Jerry Tolson: Jazz Pedagogy Workshop

Friday, Nov. 11, 8:30 a.m.
Nunemaker | Free admission

Junior Recital: Kathren Kraus, clarinet

Friday, Nov. 11, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker | Free admission

Wind Ensemble & Honor Band

Saturday, Nov. 12, 4 p.m.
Roussel | Free admission

Navy Commodores Jazz Ensemble

Sunday, Nov. 13, 3 p.m.
Roussel | Free admission

Junior Recital: Samuel Tyree, trombone

Sunday, Nov. 13, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker | Free admission

Junior Recital: Amy Donald, oboe

Monday, Nov. 14, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker | Free admission

Jazz Ensemble

Tuesday, Nov. 15, 7:30 p.m.
Roussel | Free admission

Christmas at Loyola

Sunday, Dec. 4, 3 p.m.
Holy Name of Jesus | Free admission

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