

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Senior Recital
KC Nichoalds,
mezzo-soprano

from the studio of
Professor Dreux Montegut

with
JT Hassel, piano

and Guest Artists
Nora Cullinan, soprano



Friday, March 25, 2022, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium

Program

- “Sweeter Than Roses” Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)
- “Quia Respexit” Johann Sebastian Bach
from *Magnificat, BWV 243* (1685-1750)
- “Neue Liebe” Felix Mendelssohn
“Die Blumenstrauss” (1809-1847)
- “Sull’aria” Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (1720-1778)

Nora Cullinan, soprano

- “Clair de Lune” Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
- “Mandoline” Claude Debussy
“Apparition” (1862-1918)

Intermission

- “Quando m’en vo” Giacomo Puccini
from *La bohème* (1858-1924)
- “Come Ready and See Me” Richard Hundley
“The Astronomers” (1931-2018)
“The Secrets of Old” Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)
- “Clusters of Crocus/Come to My Garden” Lucy Simon
from *The Secret Garden* (b. 1940)
- “Still Hurting” Jason Robert Brown
from *The Last Five Years* (b. 1970)
- “Laurie’s Song” Aaron Copland
from *The Tender Land* (1900-1990)

Notes

Quia Respexit

Quia respexit humilitatem,
Humilitatem ancillae suae. Quira
respexit humilitatem, Humilitatem
ancillae suae.
Ecce, ecce Ecce, ecce
Ecce enim ex hoc beatam Ecce enim
ex hoc beatam Beatam me dicent
Beatam, beatam
Me dicent

Neue Libe

In dem Mondenschein im Walde Sah
ich jüngst die Elfen reiten, Ihre
Hörner hört' ich klingen,
Ihre Glöcklein hört' ich läuten.
Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen Gold'nes
Hirschgeweih' und flogen
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne Kam
es durch die Luft gezogen. Lächelnd
nickte mir die Kön'gin, Lächelnd, im
Vorüberreiten.
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe? Oder
soll es Tod bedeuten?

Der blumenstrauß

Sie wandelt im Blumengarten
Und mustert den bunten Flor,
Und alle die Kleinen warten
Und schauen zu ihr empor.
»Und seid ihr denn
Frühlingsboten,
Verkündend was stets so neu,
So werdet auch meine Boten
An ihn, der mich liebt so treu.«
So überschaut sie die Habe
Und ordnet den lieblichen
Strauß,
Und reicht dem Freunde die
Gabe,

Because He has looked

Because he has looked upon the
lowliness The lowliness of his
servant
Behold, behold Behold, behold
Behold, for from now on [they'll
deem me] blessed Behold, for from
now on [they'll deem me] blessed
They'll deem me blessed
Blessed, blessed
They'll seem me

New Love

In the moonlight of the forest
I saw the late the elves riding,
I heard their horns resounding,
I heard their little bells ring.
Their little white horses
Had golden antlers and flew
Quickly past; like wild swans
They came through the air
With a smile the queen nodded to
me, With a smile she rode quickly
be, Was it to herald a new love?
Or does it signify death?

The bouquet

She strolls in the flower-garden
And admires the colorful blossom,
And all the little blooms are there
waiting And looking upwards toward
her.
"So you are spring's messengers,
Announcing what is always so new-
Then be also my messengers
To the man who loves me faithfully."
So she surveys what she has available
And arranges a delightful bouquet;
And she gives the gift to her friend
And evades his gaze
What flowers and colors mean,

Und weicht seinem Blicke aus.
Was Blumen und Farben
meinen,
O deutet, o fragt das nicht,
Wenn aus den Augen der Einen
Der süßeste Frühling spricht.

Oh do not explain, do not ask
Not when out of one woman's eyes
The sweetest springtime is speaking.

Sull'aria

Sull'aria
Che soave zeffiretto...
Zeffiretto,,,
Questra sera spirera... Questra
sera spirera... Sotto i pini del
boschetto Sotto i pini...
Sotto i pini del boschetto.
Sotto i pini del boschetto Ei gia
il resto capira Certo certo il
capira

On the Breeze

On the breeze
What a gentle little zephir
A little zephir
This evening will sigh
This evening will sigh
Under the pines in the little grove. Under
the pines...
Under the pines in the little grove Under
the pines in te little grove And the rest
he'll understand Certainly, Certainly,
he'll understand

Clair de Lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisie
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques Jouant du luth et
dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques.
Tout en chantant sur le mode
mineur L'amour vainqueur et la vie
opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur Et leur chanson se mêle au
clair de lune.
Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau, Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans
les arbres
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi
les marbres.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Bewitched by masquers and
bergamaskers, Playing the lute and
dancing and almost Sad beneath
their fanciful disguises
Singing as they go in a minor key
Of conquering love and life's
favours,
They do not seem to believe in their
fortune
And their song mingles with the
light of the moon.
The calm light of the moon, sad and
fair, That sets the birds dreaming in
the trees And the fountains sobbing
in their rapture, Tall and sveltes
amid the marble statues

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades Et les belles
écoutteuses Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses. 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. Leurs courtes
vestes de soie, Leurs longues robes à
queues, Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase D'une
lune rose et grise,

Et la mandoline jase Parmi les frissons
de brise

Mandoline

The gallant serenaders
And their fair listeners
Exchange sweet nothings
Beneath singing boughs
Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
And tedious Clitandre too,
And Damis who for many a cruel
maid Writes many a tender song
Their short silken jackets, Their
long trailing gowns, Their
elegance, their joy, And their
soft blue shadows Whirl madly
in the rapture Of a grey and
roseate moon,

And the mandolin jangles on
In the shivering breeze.

Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.
C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli. J'errais donc,
l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

Quando M'en Vo'

Quando m'en vo' soletta per la via
La gente sosta e mira
E la bellezza mis tutta recercain me
Da capo a pie'
Ed assaporo allor la bramosia
Sotttil, che eda gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi intender sa
Alle occulte belta.
Cosi l'effluvio del desio
Tuttta m'aggira,
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben:

Le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

Apparition

The moon grew sad, Weeping seraphim
Dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy
Flowers, drew from dying violets
White sobs that glided over the corollas'
blue It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My dreaming, glad to torment me, grew skilfully
drunk on the Perfumed sadness
That without regret or bitter after taste
The harvest of a dream leaves in the reaper's heart
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving
stones, When with sun-flecked hair, in the street
And in the evening, you appeared laughing before me
And I though I glimpsed the fairy with her cap of light
Who long ago crossed my lonely spoiled child's slumbers,
Always allowing from her half-closed hands
White bouquets of scented flowers to snow

When I Walk

When I walk all alone in the street
People stop and stare at me
And look for my whole beauty
From head to feet
And then I taste the slight yearning
Which transpires from their eyes
And which is able to perceive from manifest charms
To most hidden beauties
So the scent of desire is all around me
It makes me happy!
And you, while knowing, reminding and longing,
you shrink from me? I know it very well:
You don't want to express your anguish,
But you feel as if you're dying!

Acknowledgements

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Besides my teacher, I would like to thank the rest of the Loyola vocal department staff for their encouragement, insightful comments, and optimistic perspectives. As well as the wonderful accompanists I've had the pleasure of working with in the past four years. Especially JT Hassel for his beautiful and skillful musicianship in accompanying me in this performance.

My sincere thanks also goes to my parents as well, Katy and Todd Nichoalds. The countless times you helped me throughout my journey in college; all your efforts will gain me something great in the future. Your encouragement when times got rough are much appreciated and duly noted. It was a great comfort and relief to know you were willing to provide everything through the struggles and hardships. You're the reason why I keep pushing!

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Upcoming Events

Graduate Recital: Taylor White, soprano

Sunday, Mar. 27, 3 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Junior Recital: Nora Cullinan, voice

Sunday, Mar. 27, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Loyola Brass Faculty

Monday, Mar. 28, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Senior Recital: Isabel Zweig, string bass

Thursday, Mar. 31, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Head Over Heels

March 31-April 2 & April 6-9

Marquette | Ticket required

Loyola Band Festival & Wind Ensemble

Saturday, Apr. 2, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Senior Recital:

Sarah Marsh & Haley Caffey, voice

Sunday, Apr. 3, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Senior Recital: Madeline Moore, violin

Monday, Apr. 4, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Film Screening: Opera in a Time of COVID

Thursday, Apr. 21, 4 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Loyola Opera:

Suor Angelica & Gianni Schicchi

Apr. 22 & 24

Roussel | Ticket required

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