

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Junior Recital
Nora Cullinan,
soprano

from the studio of
Dreux Montegut

with
JT Hassel, piano

and Guest Artist
Emma Kay Staunton, mezzo-soprano



Sunday, March 27, 2022, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium

Program

Nature, the gentlest mother Aaron Copland
from *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson, No. 1* (1900-1990)

Too Few the Mornings Be Ricky Ian Gordon
VIII. I'm nobody! Who are you? (1956-)
VI. Bee! I'm expecting you

I Remember Stephen Sondheim
from *Evening Primrose* (1930-2021)

Agony Stephen Sondheim
from *Into the Woods* (1930-2021)
Emma Kay Staunton, mezzo-soprano

Trois Chansons de Bilitis Claude Debussy
I. La Flûte de Pan (1862-1918)
II. La Chevelure
III. Le Tombeau des Nâïades

Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base...Trübe Augen C.M. von Weber
from *Der Freischütz* (1786-1826)

Acknowledgements

Thank you to Dreux Montegut for always pushing me beyond where I think my limits are and for your constant encouragement. Thanks to my friends and family for their continued support of my musical pursuits, and a huge thank you to JT for tackling this crazy repertoire with me!

Text & Translations

Nature, the gentlest mother

Nature, the gentlest mother	Her voice among the aisles
Impatient of no child,	Incites the timid prayer
The feeblest or the waywardest,—	Of the minutest cricket,
Her admonition mild	The most unworthy flower.
In forest and the hill	When all the children sleep
By traveller is heard,	She turns as long away
Restraining rampant squirrel	As will suffice to light her lamps;
Or too impetuous bird.	Then, bending from the sky,
How fair her conversation,	With infinite affection
A summer afternoon,—	And infiniter care,
Her household, her assembly;	Her golden finger on her lip,
And when the sun goes down	Wills silence everywhere.

I'm Nobody! Who Are You?

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you – Nobody – too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody!
How public – like a Frog –
To tell one's name – the livelong June –
To an admiring Bog!

Bee! I'm Expecting You!

Bee! I'm expecting you!
Was saying Yesterday
To Somebody you know
That you were due—

The Frogs got Home last Week—
Are settled, and at work—
Birds, mostly back—
The Clover warm and thick—

You'll get my Letter by
The seventeenth; Reply
Or better, be with me—
Yours, Fly.

La Flûte de Pan
Pan's Flute

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,
il m'a donné une syrinx
faite de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec la blanche cire
qui est douce à mes lèvres
comme le miel.
Il m'apprend à jouer, assise
sur ses genoux; mais je
suis un peu tremblante.
Il en joue après moi, si
doucement que je l'entends à peine.
Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,
tant nous sommes près
l'un de l'autre;
mais nos chansons veulent se
répondre, et tour à tour nos bouches
s'unissent sur la flûte.
Il est tard; voici le chant des
grenouilles vertes qui
commence avec la nuit.
Ma mère ne croira jamais que
je suis restée si longtemps à chercher
ma ceinture perdue.

For Hyacinthus day
he gave me a syrinx made of
carefully cut reeds,
bonded with white wax which tastes
sweet to my lips
like honey.
He teaches me to play,
as I sit on his lap;
but I am a little fearful.
He plays it after me,
so gently that I scarcely hear him.
We have nothing to say,
so close are we
one to another,
but our songs try to answer each
other, and our mouths join
in turn on the flute.
It is late; here is the song of the
green frogs that
begins with the night.
My mother will never believe
I stayed out so long
to look for my lost sash.

La Chevelure
The Tresses of Hair

Il m'a dit: «Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.
J'avais ta chevelure
autour de mon cou.
J'avais tes cheveux comme un
collier noir autour de ma
nuque et sur ma poitrine.
«Je les caressais,
et c'étaient les miens;
et nous étions liés pour
toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure
la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont
souvent qu'une racine.
«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,
tant nos membres étaient confondus,
que je devenais toi-même ou que
tu entras en moi
comme mon songe.»
Quand il eut achevé,
il mit doucement ses mains sur
mes épaules, et il me regarda
d'un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux
avec un frisson.

He said to me: "Last night I dreamed.
I had your tresses
around my neck.
I had your hair like a black
necklace all round my nape
and over my breast.
"I caressed it
and it was mine;
and we were united thus
forever
by the same tresses,
mouth on mouth,
just as two laurels
often share one root.
"And gradually it seemed to me,
so intertwined were our limbs,
that I was becoming you,
or you were entering into me
like a dream."
When he had finished,
he gently set his hands on
my shoulders and gazed at me
so tenderly
that I lowered my eyes
with a shiver.

Le Tombeau des Naiïades
The Tomb of the Naiads

Le long du bois couvert de givre,
je marchais; mes cheveux
devant ma bouche se fleurissaient
de petits glaçons,
et mes sandales étaient lourdes
de neige fangeuse et tassée.
Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?»
—«Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent
comme des trous dans
un manteau blanc.»
Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.
«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.
Depuis trente ans il
n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible.
La trace que tu vois est
celle d'un bouc. Mais restons ici,
où est leur tombeau.»
Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa
la glace de la source
où jadis riaient les naiïades.
Il prenait de grands
morceaux froids,
et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle,
il regardait au travers.

Along the frost-bound wood I
walked; my hair
across my mouth, blossomed
with tiny icicles,
and my sandals were heavy with
muddy, packed snow.
He said to me: 'What do you seek?'
'I follow the satyr's track.
His little cloven hoof-marks alternate
like holes in
a white cloak.'
He said to me: 'The satyrs are dead.
'The satyrs and the nymphs too.
For thirty years there
has not been so harsh a winter.
The tracks you see are those
of a goat. But let us stay here,
where their tomb is.'
And with the iron head of his hoe
he broke the ice of the spring,
where the naiads used to laugh.
He picked up some huge
cold fragments,
and, raising them to the pale sky,
gazed through them.

Trübe Augen, Liebchen, taugen
Sad eyes, dear, do not suit

Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base
die Kammertür eröffne sich
Und kreideweiß ward ihre Nase
denn näher, fürchtbar,
näher schlich ein Ungeheuer
mit Augen wie Feuer,
mit klirrinder Kette.
Es nahte dem Bette,
in welchem sie schlief—
ich meine die Base
mit kreidiger Nase—
und stöhnte, ach! so hohl, und
ächzte, ach! so tief! Sie kreuzte sich,
rief, nach manchem
Angst und Stoßgebet:
Susanne! Margarethe!
Susanne! Margarethe!
Und sie kamen mit Licht, und—
denke nur— und
(erschrick mir nur nicht!)
und (graust mir doch!)
und der Geist war:
Nero, der Kettenhund!

Du zürnest mir?
Doch kannst du wöhnen,
Ich fühle nicht mit dir?
Nur ziemen einer Braut nicht
Tränen!

Trübe Augen,
Liebchen, taugen
Einem holden Bräutchen nicht.
Dass durch Blicke
Sie erquicke
Und beglücke, Und bestricke,
Alles um sich her entzücke,
Das ist ihre schönste Pflicht.
Lass in öden Mauern
Büsserinnen trauern,
Dir winkt ros'ger Hoffnung Licht!
Schon entzündet sind die Kerzen
Zum Verein getreuer Herzen!
Holde Freundin zage nicht!

My late cousin once dreamed
That her bedroom door opened,
And her nose turned as white as chalk
because there crept nearer, and
terribly nearer, a monster
With eyes like fire,
With clanking chains,
It came up to the bed
She was sleeping in –
I'm talking about cousin
With her chalky nose –
And moaned oh, so hollowly and
groaned oh, so deep!
She crossed herself,
called out,
Susanna, Margaret,
Susanna, Margaret!
And they came with lights –
And - just imagine - and –
Now don't be terrified! –
And - though it appalls me - and –
the ghost was:
Nero, the watchdog!

Are you cross with me?
But can you say
I don't feel for you?
Only tears don't become a bride!

Sad eyes,
Darling one, don't suit
A blessed bride.
With her glances
She should refresh
And delight and captivate,
And enchant everyone about her –
That is her most lovely duty.
Within their bare walls let
Penitents mourn;
To you the light of hope is beckoning!
Already the candles are lit up
For the union of true hearts!
Dearest friend, do not be
downhearted.

Upcoming Events

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

Junior Recital:

Giulia Barreto, jazz voice & Antony Bianchini, jazz bass

Tuesday, Apr. 5, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Senior Recital: Shannon Paine-Jesam, jazz drumset

Wednesday, Apr. 6, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Junior Recital: Marina Kotscho, voice

Thursday, Apr. 7, 6:30 p.m.

Holy Name of Jesus Church | Free admission

Loyola Choirs

Tuesday, Apr. 12, 3 p.m.

St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church | 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

For more information and to **subscribe** to our mailing list,
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