

Loyola University New Orleans  
School of Music and Theatre Arts  
Presents

**Junior Recital**  
***Kai Buie, voice***

*from the studio of*  
Dreux Montegut

*with*  
Andrew Fath, Accompanist



Friday, April 29, 2022 at 7:30 p.m.  
Nunemaker Auditorium

# Program

*Die Forelle*  
Der Musensohn

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

*Bella Siccome un Angelo*  
from *Don Pasquale*

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

*Lydia*

Gabriel Faure  
(1845-1924)

*Noël des Enfants qui n'ont plus de maison*

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

*Sure on this Shining night*  
*The Monk and His Cat*

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

*When the Air sings of Summer*  
from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

Gian Carlo Menotti  
(1911-2007)

*C'est Moi*  
from *Camelot*

Frederick Loewe  
(1901-1988)

# Translations

## *Die Forelle*

In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoß in froher Eil'  
Die launische Forelle  
Vorüber wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade  
Und sah in süßer Ruh  
Des muntern Fischleins Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
Und eh ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Rute,  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
Und ich mit regem Blute  
Sah die Betrogene an.

In a limpid brook  
the capricious trout  
in jousjous haste  
Darted like an arrow.  
I stood on the bank  
in blissful peace, watching  
the lively fish swim  
In the clear brook.

An angler with his rod  
stood on the bank  
cold-bloodedly watching  
The fish's contortions.  
As long as the water  
is clear, I thought,  
he won't catch the trout  
With his rod.

But at length the thief  
grew impatient. Cunningly  
he made the brook cloudy,  
and in an instant  
his rod quivered,  
and the fish struggled on it.  
And I, my blood boiling,  
Looked on at the cheated creature.

*Der Musensohn*

Durch Feld und Wald zu schweifen,   Roaming through field and wood,  
Mein Liedchen weg zu pfeifen,                   whistling my song,  
So geht's von Ort zu Ort!                   Thus I go from place to place!  
Und nach dem Takte reget,                   And all keep time with me,  
Und nach dem Mass beweget                   and all move  
Sich alles an mir fort.                   In measure with me.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten,                   I can scarcely wait for them,  
Die erste Blum' im Garten,                   the first flower in the garden,  
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.                   the first blossom on the tree.  
Sie grüssen meine Lieder,                   They greet my songs,  
Und kommt der Winter wieder,                   and when winter returns  
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.                   I am still singing my dream of them.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,                   I sing it far and wide,  
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,                   the length and breadth of the ice.  
Da blüht der Winter schön!                   Then winter blooms in beauty!  
Auch diese Blüte schwindet,                   This blossom, too, vanishes,  
Und neue Freude findet                   and new joys are found  
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.                   on the cultivated hillsides.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde                   For when, by the linden tree,  
Das junge Völkchen finde,                   I come upon young folk,  
Sogleich erreg' ich sie.                   I at once stir them.  
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht sich,                   The dull lad puffs himself up,  
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich                   the demure girl whirls  
Nach meiner Melodie.                   In time to my tune.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel                   You give my feet wings,  
Und treibt, durch Tal und Hügel,                   and drive your favorite over hill,  
Den Liebling weit von Haus.                   far from home.  
Ihr lieben, holden Musen,                   Dear, gracious Muses,  
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen                   when shall I at last find rest again  
Auch endlich wieder aus?                   On her bosom.

*Bella Siccome un Angelo*

Bella siccome un angelo	Beautiful as an angel
In terra pellegrino.	On earth as a pilgrim.
Fresca siccome un giglio	Fresh as a lily
Che s'apre sul mattino.	That opens upon morning.
Occhio che parla e ride,	Eyes that speak and laugh,
Sguardo che i cor conquide,	Glances that conquer the heart,
Chioma che vince l'ebano,	Hair that surpasses ebony,
Sorriso incantator!	Enchanting smile!
Alma innocente, ingenua,	A soul innocent and ingenuous
Che se medesima ignora.	That ignores itself.
Modestia impareggiabile	Modesty incomparable
Bontá che v'innamora.	Goodness that makes one fall in love.
Ai miseri pietoso,	To the poor piteous,
Gentil, dolce, amoroso!	Gentle, sweet, loving!
Il ciel l'ha fatta nascere	Heaven made her be born
Per far beato un cor!	To make a heart beat!

*Lydia*

Lydia sur tes roses joues,	Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,	And on your neck, so fresh and White,
Roule étincelant	Flow sparkingly
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.	The fluid golden tresses which you loosen.
Le jour qui luit est le meilleur:	This shining day is the best of all:
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.	Let us forget the eternal grave,
Laisse tes baisers de colombe	Let your kisses, your kisses of a dove,
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.	Sing on your blossoming lips.
Un lys caché répand sans cesse	A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
Une odeur divine en ton sein:	A divine fragrance on your Breast;
Les délices, comme un essaim,	Numberless delights
Sortent de toi, jeune Déesse!	Emanate from you, young goddess,
Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours!	I love you and die, oh my love;
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie.	Kisses have carried away my soul!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,	Oh Lydia, give me back my life,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!	That I may die, forever die!

*Noël des Enfants*

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!	We have no houses any more!
Les ennemis ont tout pris,	The enemy has taken everything,
Tout pris, tout pris,	everything, everything,
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!	Even our little beds!
Ils ont brûlé l'école	They've burned the school
et notre maître aussi.	and our teacher too.
Ils ont brûlé l'église	They've burned the church
et monsieur Jésus-Christ	and Mister Jesus
Et le vieux pauvre qui	And the poor old man
n'a pas pu s'en aller!	who couldn't escape!

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!	We have no houses any more!
Les ennemis ont tout pris,	The enemy has taken everything,
Tout pris, tout pris,	everything, everything,
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!	Even our little beds!
Bien sûr! papa est à la guerre,	Of course! Daddy's at the war,
Pauvre maman est morte!	Poor mother died!

Avant d'avoir vu tout ça.	Before seeing all this.
Qu'est-ce que l'on va faire?	What are we to do?
Noël! petit Noël!	Noël, little Noël,
n'allez pas chez eux,	don't visit them,
N'allez plus jamais chez eux,	don't visit them every again,
Punissez-les!	Punish them!

Vengez les enfants de France!	Avenge the children of France!
Les petits Belges, les petits Serbes,	The little Belgians, the little Serbs,
Et les petits Polonais aussi!	And also the little Poles!
Si nous en oublions,	If we've forgotten any,
pardonnez-nous.	forgive us,
Noël! Noël!	Noël! Noël!
surtout, pas de joujoux,	And above all, no toys,
Tâchez de nous redonner	Try to give us back
le pain quotidien.	our daily bread.

Nous n'avons plus de maisons!  
Les ennemis ont tout pris,  
Tout pris, tout pris,  
Jusqu'à notre petit lit!  
Ils ont brûlé l'école  
et notre maître aussi.  
Ils ont brûlé l'église  
et monsieur Jésus-Christ  
Et le vieux pauvre  
qui n'a pas pu s'en aller!

We have no houses any more!  
The enemy has taken everything,  
everything, everything,  
Even our little beds!  
They've burned the school  
and our teacher too.  
They've burned the church  
and Mister Jesus  
And the poor old man  
who couldn't escape!

Noël! écoutez-nous,  
nous n'avons plus de petits sabots:  
Mais donnez la victoire  
aux enfants de France!

Noël! Hear us,  
we no longer have our little clogs:  
But give victory  
to the children of France!

## **Acknowledgements**

To my Friends and Family  
for supporting me every step of the way!

# Upcoming Events

**Duo Cintemani: Flute & Guitar Masterclass**

Saturday, Apr. 30, 2 p.m.

CMM 230 & 240 | Free admission

**Graduate Recital: Taylor Witherspoon, voice**

Saturday, Apr. 30, 3 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Loyola Symphony Orchestra & Chorale**

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

Roussel | Free admission

**Senior Recital: Jayne Edwards, voice**

Sunday, May 1, 2 p.m.

St. Francis of Assisi | Free admission

**Senior Recital: Veronica Samiec, voice**

Sunday, May 1, 3 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Classical Guitar Night**

Sunday, May 1, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

**Graduate Recital: Erika Torres, saxophone**

Monday, May 2, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Percussion Ensemble**

Monday, May 2, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Graduate Recital: Halle Wood, voice**

Tuesday, May 3, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Senior Recital: Dane Harter, bass**

Wednesday, May 4, 8 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Jazz Vocal Ensemble**

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

Nunemaker | Free admission

**Graduate Recital: Nicholas Anthony Smith, tenor**

Friday, May 6, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

For more information and to **subscribe** to our mailing list,  
visit [presents.loyno.edu](http://presents.loyno.edu) or call (504) 865-2074.