

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

“Seize the Moment”

Graduate Recital, *Samantha Resser, Mezzo-soprano*

from the studio of
Professor Loretta Bybee

with
Yui Asano, Piano



Friday, April 30, 2021, 7:30 p.m.
Louis J. Roussel Performance Hall

Program

“Se Romeo t’uccise un figlio... La tremenda ultrice spada” from <i>I Capuleti e i Montecchi</i>	Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
“Der Engel” from <i>Wesendonck Lieder</i>	Richard Wagner (1813-1883)
“Liebst du um Schönheit” from <i>Fünf Rückert-Lieder</i>	Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
<i>Des Knaben Wunderhorn</i> v. “Das irdische Leben” viii. “Rheinlegendchen”	
“Le Printemps” “D’une prison” “L’Heure exquise” “Paysage”	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Intermission

“Voi lo sapete” from <i>Cavalleria rusticana</i>	Pietro Mascagni (1863-1945)
“O Mistress Mine” from <i>Songs of the Clown</i> (Op. 29)	Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

In loving memory of Teddy Raymond Draftz

<i>Four Shakespeare Songs</i> (Op. 31) i. Desdamera’s Song ii. Under the Greenwood Tree iii. Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind iv. When Birds Do Sing	Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)
<i>Canciones clásicas españolas, Vol. 1</i> v. Con amores, la mi madre vi. Del cabello más sutil	Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
“El Vito” from <i>Canciones clásicas españolas, Vol .3</i>	

Translations

“Se Romeo t’uccise un figlio...

La tremenda ultrice spada”

from *I Capuleti e i Montecchi*

Ascolta!

Se Romeo t'uccise un figlio
In battaglia a lui diè morte;
Incolpar ne dêi la sorte;
Ei ne pianse e piange ancor.
Deh! ti placa, e un altro figlio
Troverai nel mio signor.

La tremenda ultrice spada
A brandir Romeo s'appresta:
E qual folgore funesta
Mille morti porterà.

Ma v'accusi al cielo irato
Tanto sangue invan versato;
Ma su voi ricada il sangue
Che alla patria costerà.

“Der Engel”

In der Kindheit frühen Tagen,
Hört ich oft von Engeln sagen,
Die des Himmels hehre Wonne
Tauschen mit der Erdensonne,

Daß, wo bang ein Herz in Sorgen,
Schmachtet vor der Welt verborgen,
Daß, wo still es will verbluten,
Und vergehen in Tränenfluten,
Daß, wo brünstig sein Gebet
Einzig um Erlösung fleht,
Da der Engel niederschwebt,
Und es sanft gen Himmel hebt.

Ja, es stieg auch mir ein Engel nieder
Und auf leuchtendem Gefieder
Führt er, ferne jedem Schmerz,
Meinen Geist nun himmelwärts!

“If Romeo killed your son...”

The terrible avenging sword”

Listen!

If Romeo killed your son
he was given death in battle;
you must blame fate for it;
he wept for it then and he weeps still.
Ah! Calm yourself, and another son
you will find in my lord.

The terrible avenging sword
Romeo readies himself to brandish
and that terrible lightning bolt
will cause a thousand deaths.

But by an angry heaven you will be accused
if too much blood is shed in vain;
But on you falls again the blood
that will cost you your homeland.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
IPA Source, LLC

“The Angel”

In the early day's of childhood,
I often heard talk of angels,
who would heaven's sublime bliss
exchange for the earth's sun.

So that, wherever a heart, anxious with worry,
languishes hidden from the world,
so that, wherever a heart wishes to silently bleed
and melt away in a flood of tears,
so that, wherever a heart's fervent prayer
is only pleading for release,
there an angel floats down,
and gently lifts it to heaven.

Yes, an angel has also come down to me,
and on shining wings it leads,
far from every pain,
my spirit now heavenward.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
IPA Source, LLC

“Liebst du um Schönheit”

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich liebe ich immerdar.

“Das irdische Leben”

Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich.
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!

Warte nur, mein liebes Kind!
Morgen wollen wir ernten geschwind.
Und als das Korn geerntet war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:

Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich.
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!

Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir dreschen geschwind.
Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:

Mutter, ach Mutter, es hungert mich.
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich!

Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir backen geschwind.
Und als das Brot gebacken war,
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahr!

“If You Love For Beauty”

If you love for beauty,
oh don't love me!
Love the Sun,
she has golden hair.

If you love for youth,
oh don't love me!
Love the Spring,
who is young every year.

If you love for treasures,
oh don't love me!
Love the mermaid,
she has many shining pearls.

If you love for love,
O yes, love me!
Love me always,
I love you evermore.

Translations by Richard Stokes
Oxford Lieder

“The Earthly Life”

Mother, ah Mother, I am hungry.
Give me bread, or I will die!

Just wait, my darling child!
Tomorrow, we will harvest quickly.
And when the grain was harvested,
the child still called again:

Mother, ah Mother, I am hungry.
Give me bread, or I will die!

Just wait, my darling child!
Tomorrow, we will thresh quickly.
And when the grain was threshed,
the child still called again:

Mother, ah Mother, I am hungry.
Give me bread, or I will die!

Just wait, my darling child!
Tomorrow, we will bake quickly.
And when the bread was baked,
lay the child on the funeral-bier!

Translations by Richard Stokes
Oxford Lieder

Rheinlegendchen”

Bald gras ich am Neckar,
Bald gras ich am Rhein,
Bald hab ich ein Schätzel,
Bald bin ich allein.

Was hilft mir das Grasen,
Wenn d’Sichel nicht schneidt,
Was hilft mir ein Schätzel,
Wenn’s bei mir nicht bleibt?

So soll ich denn grasen
Am Neckar, am Rhein,
So werf ich mein goldenes
Ringlein hinein.

Es fließet im Neckar
Und fließet im Rhein,
Soll schwimmen hinunter
Ins Meer tief hinein.

Und schwimmt, es das Ringlein,
So frißt es ein Fisch,
Das Fischlein soll kommen
Aufs Königs sein Tisch!

Der König tät fragen,
Wems Ringlein sollt sein?
Da tät mein Schatz sagen,
Das Ringlein g’hört mein.

Mein Schätzlein tät springen,
Berg auf und Berg ein,
Tät mir wiedrum bringen
Das Goldringlein fein.

Kannst grasen am Neckar,
Kannst grasen am Rhein,
Wirf du mir nur immer
Dein Ringlein hinein.

“Little Rhein Legend”

Now I graze by the Neckar*,
now I graze by the Rhein**,
now I have a sweetheart,
now I am alone.

What use is my grazing,
if the sickle does not cut,
what use is a sweetheart,
if she’ll not stay with me?

So if I am then to graze,
by the Neckar, by the Rhein,
so then I throw my golden
little ring in.

It will flow in the Neckar
and flow in the Rhein,
shall swim underneath
in the deep sea.

And as it swims, the little ring,
then a fish eats it,
the little fish shall come
on the Kings table!

The king will ask,
“Whose ring could this be?”
And then my sweetheart will say,
“The little ring belongs to me.”

My sweetheart will spring,
uphill and downhill,
and will bring back to me
the fine little gold ring.

You can graze by the Neckar,
you can graze by the Rhein,
if you always throw for me
your little ring in.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
IPA Source, LLC

*The Neckar is a river in Germany that connects to the Rhine river

**The Rhine is a major river in Europe

“Le Printemps”

Te voilà, rire du Printemps!
Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent.
Les amantes, qui te chérissent
Délivrent leurs cheveux flottants.

Sous les rayons d'or éclatants
Les anciens lierres se flétrissent.
Te voilà, rire du Printemps!
Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent.

Couchons-nous au bord des étangs,
Que nos maux amers se guérissent!
Mille espoirs fabuleux nourrissent
Nos cœurs émus et palpitants.
Te voilà, rire du Printemps!

“D'une prison”

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.
La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

– Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

“The Spring”

You are here, laughter of Spring!
The sprays of lilacs are blooming.
The lovers, who you cherish
loosen their floating hair.

Beneath the beams of glistening gold
the ancient ivy withers.
You are here, laughter of Spring!
The sprays of lilacs are blooming.

Let us lie beside the ponds,
that our bitter wounds may heal!
A thousand mythical hopes nourish
our hearts touched and beating.
You are here, laughter of Spring!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
IPA Source, LLC

“A Prison”

The sky is, above the roof,
so blue, so calm!
A tree, above the roof,
rocks it's crown.
The bell, that one sees in the sky,
sweetly rings.
A dove on the tree that you see
plaintively sings.

My God, my God, the life is there,
simple and tranquille.
This peaceful murmur there
comes from the town.

What have you done, you there,
weeping without end,
Speak, you there, what have you done,
with your youth?

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
IPA Source, LLC

“L’Heure exquise”

La lune blanche luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète, profond miroir,
La silhouette du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons! C'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble descendre du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

“Paysage”

À deux pas de la mer
qu'on entend bourdonner,
Je sais un coin perdu de la terre bretonne
Où j'aurais tant aimé,
pendant les jours d'automne,
Chère, à vous emmener !

Des chênes faisant cercle autour d'une fontaine,
Quelques hêtres épars, un vieux moulin désert,
Une source dont l'eau claire a le reflet vert
De vos yeux de sirène ;

La mésange, au matin,
sous la feuille jaunie,
Viendrait chanter pour nous,
et la mer, nuit et jour,
Viendrait accompagner nos caresses d'amour
De sa basse infinie!

“The Exquisite Hour”

The white moon shines in the woods;
from each branch comes a voice
beneath the boughs....

O my beloved.

The pool reflects, deep mirror,
the silhouette of the black willow
where the wind weeps...
Let us dream! This is the hour.

A vast and tender calming
seems to descend from the sky
that the moon illuminates...

This is the exquisite hour.

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
IPA Source, LLC

“Landscape”

Within two steps of the sea
that one hears humming,
I know of an isolated spot of land in Brittany*
where I would have liked,
during the autumn days,
to take you, my darling!

The oaks make a circle around a fountain,
some hedges scattered, an old mill deserted,
A well, whose waters show a clear green reflection
of your siren eyes;

The chickadee, in the morning,
under the yellow leaves,
would come to sing for us,
and the sea, night and day,
would accompany our caresses of love
with it's infinite bass voice!

Translation by Bard Suverkrop
IPA Source, LLC

*Brittany is a region on the coast of France, near the Celtic Sea and the Atlantic Ocean

“Voi lo sapete”

from *Cavalleria rusticana*

Voi lo sapete, o mamma,`
Prima d'andar soldato
Turiddu aveva a Lola eterna fè giurato.
Tornò la seppe sposa;
E con un nuovo amore
Volle spegner la fiamma
che gli bruciava il core.
M'amò, l'amai!

Quelle invida d'ogni delizia mia,
Del suo sposo dimentica.
Arse di gelosia...
Me l'ha rapito!
Priva dell'onor mio rimango:
Lola e Turiddu s'amano;
Io piano, io piango!

“Con amores, la mi madre”

Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí;
Así dormida soñaba
Lo que el corazón velaba,
Que el amor me consolaba
Con más bien que merecí.
Adormecióme el favor
Que amor me dió con amor;
Dió descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le serví
Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí!

“You know it”

You know it, o Mamma,
before going away as a soldier
Turiddu had sworn eternal fidelity to Lola.
He returned to find her married;
and with a new love
he wanted to extinguish the flame
that burned in his heart.
He loved me, I loved him!

That woman, envious of my every happiness,
and forgetting her husband.
Burning with jealousy...
She stole him from me!
I was abandoned and deprived of honor:
Lola and Turiddu love each other;
I weep, I weep!

Translations by Martha Gerhart and Bard Suverkrop
IPA Source, LLC

“With Love, My Mother”

With love, my mother,
with love, I slept;
Thus asleep I dreamed
of what my heart concealed,
That love consoled me
with more good than I deserved.
I fell asleep with the kindness
that love gave to me, with love;
It gave rest to my pain
the faith to which I served you
With love, my mother,
With love, I slept;

Translations by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer
IPA Source, LLC

“Del cabello más sutil”

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

“El Vito”

Una vieja vale un real,
y una muchacha dos cuartos,
pero como soy tan pobre
me voy a lo más barato.

Con el vito, vito, vito,
con el vito, vito, va.
No me haga usted cosquillas,
que me ponga colorá.

*A fast Andalusian dance in triple meter

*A real is a unit of currency

“From The Finest Hair”

From the finest hair
that you have in your braid
I have to make a chain
in order to bring you to my side.

A pitcher in your house,
Little girl, I want to be,
in order to kiss you on the mouth,
when you go to drink.

Translations by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer
IPA Source, LLC

“The Vito”*

An old woman is worth a real**,
and a little girl is two cuartos***,
but since I am so poor
I go for the most cheap.

With the vito, vito, vito,
with the vito, vito, I go.
Don't you tickle me,
or I will blush.

Translations by Suzanne Rhodes Draayer
IPA Source, LLC

***Two cuartos is half of a real

Acknowledgements

I would first like to thank my voice teacher, Ms. Luretta Bybee for her kindness, her never-ending patience, and for encouraging my growth as a performer and as a person. Thank you for nurturing my desire to learn, and for providing me a safe singing environment to explore and to dream. I was able to find beauty in my voice, because of you.

Thank you so much to my accompanist, Ms. Yui Asano. Listening to you play is an extraordinary experience. I always feel inspired when I work with you, and I am very blessed to share the stage with you today.

My sincerest gratitude toward Dr. Margaret Frazier, Emily Cotten, and Kelly Cuppett, for making the School of Music a safe learning environment to practice and perform during the COVID-19 pandemic. I would not have been able to safely practice or perform in Roussel, were it not for the safety protocols you created and implemented.

Thank you to Mr. Jeff Zelinski and the rest of the tech department for running lights, audio, and live-streaming during this performance. Your efforts allow my friends and family to enjoy this performance safely, and I truly appreciate it.

My deepest gratitude to my friends and family, both in New Orleans and all over the country. My time at Loyola University has been an amazing and humbling experience. This experience has been everything I wanted and so much more. I appreciate your support and words of encouragement, both personally and professionally. Your support is heard, seen, and felt, and I will forever be grateful. I would especially like to thank Peter Strummer, for setting me on this path many years ago. Thank you for not allowing me to settle, and I will always remember that you saw the best in me.

Finally, to my mother, father and my brother, Adam. I can't believe that we've made it to this moment. Thank you all very much for your steadiness, for your strength, and for your love. Thank you for encouraging me to follow my dream. This means so much to me to be able to share these musical moments with you, and I'm truly grateful for your support. I love you all dearly, and I want to say thank you.

Upcoming Events

Graduate Recital: Andrew Burgmayer, voice

Saturday, May 1, 12 p.m.

Senior Recital: Allison Waguespack, voice

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

Graduate Recital: Claire Putnam, voice

Sunday, May 2, 3 p.m.

Keys2Inclusion: Piano Masterclass

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

Graduate Recital: Michelle Lane, soprano

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

All events are free and virtual unless otherwise stated.
For more information and to **subscribe** to our mailing list,
visit presents.loyno.edu or call (504) 865-2074.