

Loyola University New Orleans  
School of Music and Theatre Arts  
Presents

**Graduate Recital**  
***Jeremiah Tyson,***  
***tenor***

*from the studio of*  
Dreux Montegut

*with*  
JT Hassell, piano



April 9, 2022, 7:30 p.m.  
Nunemaker Auditorium

# Program

|  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| <i>Adelaide</i>  | Ludwig van Beethoven<br>(1770-1827) |
| <i>Ständchen</i>   | Richard Strauss<br>(1864-1949)      |
| <i>Le manoir de rosemonde</i>  | Henri Duparc<br>(1848-1933)         |
| <i>Beau Soir</i>   | Claude Debussy<br>(1862-1918)       |
| <i>La spectre de la rose</i>   | Hector Berlioz<br>(1803-1869)       |
| <i>Ne poj krasavitsa</i><br><i>Zdes' khoroscho</i><br><i>Spring Waters</i> | Sergei Rachmaninoff<br>(1873-1943)  |

## ***Intermission***

|  |                               |
|--|-------------------------------|
| <i>Ingemisco</i><br>from <i>Messa da Requiem</i>                                       | Giuseppe Verdi<br>(1813-1901) |
| <i>Non t'amo piu</i><br><i>L'ultima canzone</i><br><i>L'alba separa</i>                | Paolo Tosti<br>(1846-1916)    |
| <i>Night Songs</i><br>Prayer<br>Sence you went away<br>Heart of a Woman<br>Creole Girl | H. Leslie Adams<br>(1932- )   |

# Translations

## *Adelaide*

Einsam wandelt dein Freund im  
Frühlingsgarten,  
Mild vom lieblichen  
Zauberlicht umflossen,  
Das durch wankende  
Blütenzweige zittert,  
Adelaide!  
In der spiegelnden Flut,  
im Schnee der Alpen,  
In des sinkenden Tages Goldgewölken,  
Im Gefilde der Sterne  
strahlt dein Bildnis,  
Adelaide!  
Abendlüfte im zarten Laube flüstern,  
Silberglöckchen des Mais  
im Grase säuseln,  
Wellen rauschen und  
Nachtigallen flöten:  
Adelaide!  
Einst, o Wunder!  
entblüht auf meinem Grabe  
Eine Blume der Asche meines Herzens;  
Deutlich schimmert  
auf jedem Purpurblättchen:  
Adelaide!

Your friend wanders  
lonely in the spring garden,  
Gently bathed in the magical  
sweet light  
That shimmers through swaying  
boughs in bloom,  
Adelaide!  
In the mirroring waves,  
in the Alpine snows,  
In the golden clouds of the dying day,  
In the fields of stars  
your image shines,  
Adelaide!  
Evening breezes whisper in the tender  
leaves,  
The silvery bells of May rustle in the  
grass,  
Waves murmur and nightingales sing:  
Adelaide!  
One day, O miracle!  
there shall bloom on my grave  
A flower from the ashes of my heart;  
On every purple leaf  
shall clearly shimmer:  
Adelaide!

### *Ständchen*

Mach auf, mach auf!  
doch leise, mein Kind,  
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu  
wecken!  
Kaum murmelt der Bach,  
kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen,  
daß nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke  
gelegt!  
Mit Tritten,  
wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die  
Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!  
Rings schlummern die Blüten  
am rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf,  
nur die Liebe ist wach. Sitz nieder!  
Hier dämmerts geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen.  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen  
Und die Rose,  
wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den  
Wonneschauern der Nacht.

Open up, open up!  
but softly, my child,  
So that no one's roused from  
slumber!  
The brook hardly murmurs,  
the breeze hardly moves  
A leaf on the bushes and hedges;  
Gently, my love,  
so nothing shall stir,  
Gently with your hand as you lift the  
latch!  
With steps  
as light as the steps of elves,  
As they hop their way over flowers,  
Flit out into the  
moonlit night,  
Slip out to me in the garden!  
The flowers are  
fragrant in sleep  
By the rippling brook,  
only love is awake. Sit down!  
Dusk falls mysteriously here  
Beneath the linden trees.  
The nightingale above us  
Shall dream of our kisses  
And the rose,  
when it wakes at dawn,  
Shall glow from our  
night's rapture

### *Le manoir de Rosemonde*

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,  
Comme un chien l'Amour m'a mordu;  
En suivant mon sang répandu,  
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace.  
Prends un cheval de bonne race,  
Pars et suis mon chemin ardu,  
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,  
Si la course ne te harasse.  
En passant par où j'ai passé,  
Tu verras que, seul et blessé,  
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde,  
Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir  
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir  
Le bleu manoir de Rosemonde.

With sudden and ravenous tooth,  
Love like a dog has bitten me.  
By following the blood I've shed -  
Come, you'll be able to follow my trail.  
Take a horse of fine breeding,  
Set out, and follow my arduous course  
By quagmire or by hidden path,  
If the chase does not weary you.  
Passing by where I have passed,  
You will see, solitary and wounded,  
I have traversed this sorry world,  
And that thus I went off to die  
Far, far away, without ever finding  
The blue manor of Rosamonde.

Lorsque au soleil couchant  
les rivières sont roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court  
sur les champs de blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble  
sortir des choses  
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;  
Un conseil de goûter le charme  
d'être au monde  
Pendant qu'on est jeune  
et que le soir est beau,  
Car nous nous en allons,  
comme s'en va cette onde:  
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

*Beau Soir*

When at sunset  
the rivers are pink  
And a warm breeze ripples  
the fields of wheat,  
All things seem  
to advise content -  
And rise toward the troubled heart;  
Advise us to savour  
the gift of life,  
While we are young  
and the evening fair,  
For our life slips by,  
as that river does:  
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

Soulève ta paupière close  
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;  
Je suis le spectre d'une rose  
Que tu portais hier au bal.  
Tu me pris encore emperlée  
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,  
Et parmi le fête étoilée  
Tu me promenais tout le soir.  
Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,  
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,  
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose  
À ton chevet viendra danser.  
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame  
Ni messe ni De profundis;  
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,  
Et j'arrive du paradis.  
Mon destin fut digne d'envie:  
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,  
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,  
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,  
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose  
Un poète avec un baiser  
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose  
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

*Le spectre de la rose*

Open your eyelids,  
Brushed by a virginal dream;  
I am the spectre of a rose  
That yesterday you wore at the dance.  
You plucked me still sprinkled  
With silver tears of dew,  
And amid the glittering feast  
You wore me all evening long.  
O you who brought about my death,  
You shall be powerless to banish me:  
The rosy spectre which every night  
Will come to dance at your bedside.  
But be not afraid - I demand  
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;  
This faint perfume is my soul,  
And I come from Paradise.  
My destiny was worthy of envy;  
And for such a beautiful fate,  
Many would have given their lives -  
For my tomb is on your breast,  
And on the alabaster where I lie,  
A poet with a kiss  
Has written: Here lies a rose  
Which every king will envy.

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne  
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi;  
Napominayut mne one  
Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnyi.  
Uvy, napominayut mne  
Tvoi zhestokie napevy  
I step, i noch – i pri lune  
Cherty dalyokoy, miloi devi.

*Ne poj krasavitsa*

Oh do not sing for me, fair maiden,  
Those Georgian songs so sad;  
They remind me  
Of another life and a distant shore.  
Alas, your cruel strains remind me  
Of the steppe and the night,  
And the moonlit face of my distant  
beloved.

Zdes' khorosho...  
Vzgljani, vdali  
Ognjom gorit reka;  
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,  
Belejut oblaka.  
Zdes' net ljudej...  
Zdes' tishina...  
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.  
Cvety, da staraja sosna,  
Da ty, mechta moja!

*Zdes' Khorosho*

All is well here...  
Look, in the distance  
The river glows like a fire;  
The meadows are like a colourful  
carpet,  
And there is the whiteness of clouds.  
There is nobody here.  
All is quiet...  
Here I am alone with God.  
And the flowers, and the old pine,  
And you, my dream...

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg,  
A vody uzh vesnoj shumjat --  
Begut i budjat sonnyj breg,  
Begut, i bleshchut, i glasjat...  
Oni glasjat vo vse koncy:  
"Vesna idjot, vesna idjot!  
My molodoj vesny goncy,  
Ona nas vyslala vperjod.  
Vesna idjot, vesna idjot,  
I tikhikh, teplykh majskikh dnei  
Rumjanyj, svetlyj khorovod  
Tolpitsja veselo za nej!..."

*Spring Waters*

The fields are still white with snow,  
But already there is the sound of spring  
in the waters –  
They run along and wake the sleepy  
banks,  
They run, and glitter, and proclaim...  
They proclaim in every direction:  
'Spring is coming, spring is coming!  
We are the heralds of youthful spring,  
Who sends us on ahead.  
Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
And the quiet, warm days of May,  
Like some rosy, radiant round-dance,  
Hurry along in its wake.

*Ingemisco*

Ingemisco tamquam reus,  
Culpa rubet vultus meus,  
Supplicanti, supplicanti parce, deus.  
Qui mariam absolvisti  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.  
Preces meae non sunt dignae;  
Sed tu bonus fac benigne  
Ne perenni cremer igne.  
Inter oves locum praesta,  
Et ab haedis me sequestra,  
Inter oves locum praesta,  
Et ab haedis me sequestra,  
Statuens, statuens in parte dextra.  
Et ab haedis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextra.

I groan as a guilty one,  
and my face blushes with guilt;  
spare the supplicant, O God.  
You, who absolved Mary Magdalen,  
and heard the prayer of the thief,  
have given me hope, as well.  
My prayers are not worthy,  
but show mercy, O benevolent one,  
lest I burn forever in fire.  
Give me a place among the sheep,  
and separate me from the goats,  
placing me on your right hand.

*Non t'amo più*

Ricordi ancora il  
dì che c'incontrammo,  
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor...?  
Folle d'amore io ti seguì ..  
.ci amammo,  
E accanto a te sognai,  
folle d'amor.  
Sognai felice,  
di carezze a baci  
Una catena dileguante in ciel;  
Ma le parole tue... furon mendaci...  
Perchè l'anima tua è fatta di gel.  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso  
Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei più tu:  
I tuoi baci non cerco,  
a te non penso...  
Sogno un altro ideal;  
non t'amo più.  
Nei cari giorni che pasamo inieime  
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier  
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica speme  
Tu della mente l'unico pensier  
Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire,  
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te  
Io sol per appagare un tuo desire  
Avrei dato il mio sangue a la mia fè...  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso  
Il mio sogno d'amor...non sei più tu:  
I tuoi baci non cerco,  
a te non penso...  
Sogno un altro ideal;  
non t'amo più.

Do you still remember the  
day that we met;  
Do you still remember your promises?  
Crazy from love I followed you,  
we were enamored with each other  
And I dreamed next to you,  
crazy from love.  
I dreamed, happily,  
of caresses and kisses  
A chain fading away into the sky:  
But your words were misleading,  
Because your soul is made of ice.  
Do you still remember?  
Do you still remember?  
Now my faith, my immense desire;  
My dream of love isn't you anymore:  
I don't search for your kisses,  
I don't think of you.  
I dream of another ideal;  
I don't love you anymore.  
In the dear days that we spent together  
I scattered flowers at your feet  
You were the only hope of my heart  
You were the only thought in my mind  
You watched me beg, turning pale  
You watched me cry before you  
Only to satisfy your desire, I  
Had given my blood and my faith.  
Do you still remember?  
Do you still remember?  
Now my faith, my immense desire;  
My dream of love isn't you anymore:  
I don't search for your kisses,  
I don't think of you.  
I dream of another ideal;  
I don't love you anymore.



*L'ultima canzone*

M'han detto che domani  
Nina vi fate sposa,  
Ed io vi canto ancor la serenata.  
Là nei deserti piani  
Là, ne la valle ombrosa,  
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho ricantata!  
Foglia di rosa  
O fiore d'amaranto  
Se ti fai sposa  
Io ti sto sempre accanto.  
Domani avrete intorno  
Feste sorrisi e fiori  
Nè penserete ai  
nostri vecchi amori.  
Ma sempre notte e giorno  
Piena di passione  
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia canzone.  
Foglia di menta  
O fiore di granato,  
Nina, rammenta  
I baci che t'ho dato!  
Ah! ... Ah! ...

They told me that tomorrow  
Nina, you will be a bride.  
yet still I sing my serenade to you!  
Up on the barren plateau,  
down in the shady valley,  
Oh, how often I have sung it to you!  
Rose-petal  
O flower of amaranth,  
though you marry,  
I shall be always near.  
Tomorrow you'll be surrounded  
by celebration, smiles and flowers,  
and will not spare a thought  
for our past love;  
yet always, by day and by night,  
with passionate moan  
my song will sigh to you.  
Mint-flower,  
O flower of pomegranate,  
Nina, remember  
the kisses I gave you!  
Ah! ... Ah! ...

*L'alba separa*

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,  
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.  
O dolce stelle,  
è l'ora di morire.  
Un più divino amor  
dal ciel vi sgombra.  
  
Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno  
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!  
Morir debbo.  
Veder non voglio il giorno,  
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.  
  
Chiudimi, O Notte,  
nel tuo sen materno,  
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.  
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora  
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

The dawn divides darkness from light,  
And my sensual pleasure from desire,  
O sweet stars,  
the hour of death is now at hand:  
A love more holy sweeps you from the  
skies.

Gleaming eyes,  
O you who'll ne'er return, sad stars,  
snuff out your uncorrupted light!  
I must die, I do not want to see the day,  
For love of my dream and of the night.

Envelop me,  
O Night in your maternal breast,  
While the pale earth bathes itself in dew;  
But let the dawn rise from my blood  
And from my brief dream, eternal sun

*Prayer*

Text by Langston Hughes

I ask you this:  
Which way to go?  
I ask you this:  
Which sin to bear?  
Which crown to put  
Upon my hair?  
I do not know,  
Lord God,  
I do not know.

*Sence you went away*

Text by James Weldon Johnson

Seems lak to me de stars don't shine so bright,  
Seems lak to me de sun done loss his light,  
Seems lak to me der's nothin' goin' right,  
Sence you went away.  
Seems lak to me de sky ain't half so blue,  
Seems lak to me dat ev'rything wants you,  
Seems lak to me I don't know what to do,  
Sence you went away.  
Oh ev'rything is wrong,  
De day's jes twice as long,  
De bird's forgot his song  
Sence you went away.  
Seems lak to me I jes can't he'p but sigh,  
Seems lak to me ma th'roat keeps gittin dry,  
Seems lak to me a tear stays in my eye  
Sence you went away.

*The Heart of a Woman*

Text by Georgia Douglas Johnson

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn,  
As a lone bird, soft winging, so restlessly on,  
Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam  
In the wake of those echoes the heart calls home.  
The heart of a woman falls back with the night,  
And enters some alien cage in its plight,  
And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars  
While it breaks, breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

*Creole Girl*

Text by Leslie Morgan Collins

When you dance, do you think of Spain,  
Purple skirts and clipping castanets,  
Creole Girl?  
When you laugh, do you think of France,  
Golden wine and mincing minuets,  
Creole Girl?  
When you sing, do you think of young America,  
Grey guns and battling bayonets?  
When you cry, do you think of Africa,  
Blue nights and casual canzonets?  
When you dance, do you think of Spain,  
Purple skirts and clipping castanets,  
Creole Girl?

# Upcoming Events

## **Senior Recital: Jacob Hubbs, jazz bass**

Sunday, Apr. 10, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **American Songbook**

Tuesday, Apr. 12, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Ticket required

## **Loyola Choirs**

Tuesday, Apr. 12, 7:30 p.m.

St. Charles Avenue Presbyterian Church | Free admission

## **Junior Recital:**

### **Stephen Wood & Teddy Tietze**

Wednesday, Apr. 13, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Film Screening:**

### **Opera in a Time of COVID**

Thursday, Apr. 21, 4 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **Graduate Recital: Stephen Menold, jazz bass**

Thursday, Apr. 21, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

## **We Have Something For You; or, Everyone and Everything**

April 21-23 & 28-30

Lower Depths | Ticket required

## **Loyola Opera:**

### **Suor Angelica & Gianni Schicchi**

Apr. 22 & 24

Roussel | Ticket required

## **Graduate Recital: Kelly Cuppett, piano**

Saturday, Apr. 23, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

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