

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Senior Recital
Veronica Samiec,
soprano

from the studio of
Irina Kyriakidou-Hymel

with
Maggie Probst, piano



Sunday, May 1, 2022 at 3 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium

Program

Porgi, amor

from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

Mon Pauvre Coeur

Edmond Dédé

(1827-1903)

Automne

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

Le Bestiaire

Francis Poulenc

I. Le dromadaire

(1899-1963)

II. La chèvre du Tibet

III. La sauterelle

IV. Le dauphin

V. L'écrevisse

VI. La carpe

Wiosna

Frédéric Chopin

(1810-1849)

Dedicated to my Dad

Night

Florence Price

(1887-1953)

Goodnight Moon

Eric Whitacre

b. 1970

Dedicated to my Mom

Intermission

Zueignung

Richard Strauss

(1864-1949)

Senza mamma

Giacomo Puccini

from *Suor Angelica*

(1858-1924)

There Are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden

Liza Lehmann

(1862-1918)

Translations

Porgi, amor

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro
al mio duolo, a' miei sospir.
O mi rendi il mio tesoro,
o mi lascia almen morir.

Oh, Love give me some remedy
For my sorrow, for my sighs
Either give me back my darling
Or at least let me die.

Mon Pauvre Coeur

Quand je te vois oh!
Ma blonde Creole
Sur ton balcon,
Oh! je crois voir une vive aureole
Orner ton front
Divine enfant chaque jour je
t'implore, Avec ardeur
De partager la flame qui dévore
Mon pauvre coeur.

When I see you, oh!
my blond creole!
On your balcony
Oh! I believe I see a lively halo
adorning your face
Holy child each day I implore you
with ardor
To share the flame that consumes
my poor heart.

Si tu voulais malgré ton Opulence,
N'aimer que moi:
Tu me dirais pour calmer ma
souffrance
Je suis à toi
Ecoute moi
charmante et chère idole,
écoute moi
Quand je te dis que
mon âme s'envole
Toujours vers toi!
Toujours vers toi!

If you would like, notwithstanding
your opulence, to love only me:
You should tell me so, in order to
relieve my suffering
I am here for you...
listen to me
cherished idol
listen to me
When I tell you that
my soul takes wing
always towards you
always towards you!

J'ai trop souffert,
je n'ai plus d'espérance
Dans l'avenir
J'ai trop souffert,
dan ma courte existence
Je veux mourir
Après ma mort viens ma douce
colombe
Sur me malheurs
Viens quelques fois sur
ma fosse ou ma tombe
Verser des pleurs!
Verser des pleurs!

I have suffered too much.
I have no more hope
for the future.
I have suffered too much
in my short existence.
I want to die.
After my death,
come sweet dove
For my unhappiness,
come to my grave or
my tomb sometime
to pour out your tears!
To pour out your tears!

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeux,
aux horizons navrants,
Aux rapides couchants,
aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler,
comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets
mes esprits emportés,
Come s'il se pouvait
que notre âge renaisse!
Parcourent en rêvant
les coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis, sourit ma jeunesse!

Je sens au clair soleil
du souvenir vainquer,
Refleurir en bouquets
les roses déliées,
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes,
Qu'en mon cœur
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Autumn of misty skies and
heartbreaking horizons,
Of fleeting sunsets,
of pale dawns
I watch flowing by,
like the waters of a torrent,
Your days tinged with melancholy.

My thoughts,
carried away on the wings of regret,
As though it were possible
for our age to be reborn!
Travel in dreams over
the enchanted hillsides,
Where once my youth had smiled!

In the bright sunlight
of the victorious memory
I smell the fallen roses blooming
again in bouquets
And tears rise to my eyes
That in my heart
At twenty had been forgotten!

Le Bestiaire

I. Le dromadaire

Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde
et l'admira.
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires

With his four camels
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Travelled the world over
and admired it.
He did what I would like to do
If I had four camels

II. La chèvre du Thibet

Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui
prit tant de peine
Jason ne valent rien aux prix
Des cheveux don't je suis épris

The hair of this goat and even
The golden hair for which such
pains were taken
By Jason are worth nothing
compared
To the hair of the one I love.

III. La sauterelle

Voici la fine sauterelle,	Here is the delicate grasshopper,
La nourriture de Saint Jean,	The nourishment of Saint John,
Puissent mes vers être comme elle	May my verses likewise be
Le régal des meilleures gens	A feast for superior people

IV. Le dauphin

Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,	Dolphins, you play in the sea,
Mais le flot est toujours amer.	But the waves are always briny.
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?	Does my joy burst forth at times?
La vie est encore cruelle.	Life is still cruel.

V. L'écrevisse

Incertitude, ô mes délices	Uncertainty, Oh! My delights,
Vous et moi nous nous en allons	You and I, we progress
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,	As crayfish do,
À reculons, à reculons.	Backwards, backwards.

VI. La carpe

Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,	In your pools, in your ponds,
Carpes,	Carps,
que vous vivez longtemps!	you live such a long time?
Est-ce que la mort vous-oublie,	Is it that death has passed you by,
Poissons de la mélancolie?	Fish of melancholy?

Wiosna

Błyszczą, krople rosy,
Mruczy zdrój po błoni,
Ukryta we wrzosey
Gdzieś jałowka dzwoni.

Piękną, miłą błonią
Leci wzrok wesoło;
W koło kwiaty wonia,
Kwitną gaje w koło.

Paś się, błakaj, trzódko,
Ja pod skałą siedę,
Piosnkę lubą, słodką
Śpiewać sobie będę.

Ustroń miła, cicha!
Jakiś żal w pamięci,
Czegoś serce wzdycha,
W oku łza się kręci.

Łza wybiegła z oka,
Ze mną strumyk śpiewa,
Do mnie się z wysoka
Skowronek odzywa.

Jakże ładny, chyży...
Ledwo widny oku...
Coraz wyżej, wyżej,
Już zginął w obłoku.

Uleciał szczęśliwy!
Tam swą piosnkę głosi...
I ziemi śpiew tkliwy
Do niebios zanosi!

Droplets of dew sparkle,
A spring whispers in the open field;
Hidden in heather,
Somewhere a heifer's bell rings.

Pretty gentle open field
Picture views form happily,
All around, flowers release
fragrance, And bushes bloom.

Graze and wander, my little herd,
I sit by a rock,
A sweet song that I like
I'll sing for myself.

A pleasant quiet abandoned place!
Yet some regrets wander in my
mind, my heart mourns,
and a tear forms in my eye.

The tear escapes my eye,
Within me sings a stream,
To me from above,
A skylark responds.

His wings he spreads,
Barely visible to the eye,
Higher, higher...
Lost already among the clouds.

Above prairies and fields he flies,
Still singing his song;
And the song from the ground
He takes up into the sky!

Night

Night comes, a Madonna Clad in scented blue
Rose red her mouth, and deep her eyes
She lights her stars,
and turns to where beneath her sliver lamp, the moon.
Upon a couch of shadow lies,
A dreamy child.
The wearied day.

Goodnight Moon

In the great green room, there was a telephone and a red balloon,
And a picture of the cow jumping over the moon.
And there were three little bears sitting on chairs,
And two little kittens and a pair of mittens,
And a little toy house, and a young mouse.
And a comb and brush, and a bowl full of mush,
And a quiet old lady who was whispering Hush.
Goodnight room, goodnight moon,
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon,
Goodnight light, and the red balloon, good night bears, good night chairs.
Goodnight kittens, goodnight mittens, goodnight clocks and goodnight
socks,
Goodnight little house, good night mouse,
Goodnight comb and goodnight brush.
Goodnight nobody, goodnight mush, and good night to the old lady
whispering hush.
Goodnight stars, goodnight air,
Goodnight noises everywhere.

Zueignung

Ja, du weisst es teure Seele, Dass ich fern von dir mich quale, Liebe macht die Herzen krank, Habe Dank.	Yes, you know it, beloved soul, That I am tormented far from you, Love makes the heart suffer, Thanks to you.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher, Hoch den Amethysten-Becher Und du segnetest den Trank, Habe Dank.	Once I held, the one who delighted in freedom, High the amethyst cup And you blessed the drink, Thanks to you.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen, Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank, Habe Dank.	And exorcised the evil ones therein, Until I, as I had never been, Holy, holy onto your heart I sank, Thanks to you.

Senza mamma

Senza mamma,
o bimbo tu sei morto!
Le tue labra, senza I baci miei,
Scoloriron fredde, fredde!
E chiudesti o bimbo, gli occhi belli!
Non potendo carezzarmi,
Le manine componesti in croce!
E tu sei morto senza sapere
Quanto t'amava questa tua mamma!

Ora che sei un angelo del cielo,
Ora tu puoi vederla la tua mamma!
Tu puoi scendere giù pel firmament
Ed a leggiare intorno a me ti sento.
Sei qui, sei qui mi baci e m'accarezzi.

Ah! Dimmi,
quando in ciel po trò vederti?
Quando potrò baciarti?

O dolce fine d'ogni mio dolore,
Quando in cielo con te po trò salire?
Quando po trò morire?
Quando potrò morire.
Dillo alla mamma, creatura bella,
Con un leggero scintillar di stella...
Parlami, amore!

Without your mother,
oh child you die!
Your lips, without my kisses
Grow pale and cold!
And close your eyes, my pretty child!
I cannot caress you,
Your hands composed in a cross!
And you are dead without knowing
How loved you were by your mother!

Now you are an angel in heaven,
Now you can see your mother
You can descend from heaven,
And let your essence linger around
me. You are here! Feel my kisses.

Ah! Tell me,
when will I see you in Heaven?
When will I be able to kiss you?

Oh! Sweet end to all of my sorrows,
When I will get to greet you in
Heaven?
When will I meet death?
Tell your mother, beautiful creature,
With a sparkle of the stars,
Speak to me, my love!

There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden,
It's not so very, very far away
You pass the gardeners shed and you just keep straight ahead;
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood with moss in it and beetles,
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merry making there,
Well, they do—yes the do!

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze
And the rabbit stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams
And dance away up there In the middle of the air?
Well they can—yes they can!

Oh those fairies at the bottom of our garden,
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King
Come lightly floating down upon their car.
Oh, the King is very proud and very handsome,
And the Queen – now can you guess who that could be?
She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away
Well, it's Me—yes, it's Me!

Acknowledgements

I would first like to thank my teacher and rock throughout my time at Loyola, Irini Kyriakidou. Thank you for helping grow into the musician I am today, and also thank you for supporting me endlessly in my career and personal life. You have changed my life for the better and I will forever look back fondly on our time spent together. I would not be who I am today without your love and guidance. I also would like to thank Carol Rausch for her unwavering support and excitement in my career. Thank you for believing in me, and helping me grow. I feel very lucky to have a team of such supportive, talented, and lovely people who have been in my corner since freshman year. I am filled with so much gratitude towards these two women, and am so proud to have gotten to know them.

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Upcoming Events

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

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