

**LOYOLA
UNIVERSITY
NEW ORLEANS**

PRESENTS

The Junior Recital of:



Nathaniel Richard, baritone

*from the studio of
Dr. Tyler Smith*

*with Jesse F. Reeks,
piano/accordion*

Thursday, 11/30/23 | 7:30 PM

Nunemaker Auditorium

Program



“Long Time Ago”
from *Old American Songs, Set 1*

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

“Let Beauty Awake”
from *The Songs of Travel*

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

“Warm as the Autumn Light”
from *The Ballad of Baby Doe*

Douglas Moore
(1893-1969)



“Le Bachelier de Salamanque”
from *Deux Mélodies, Op. 20*

Albert Roussel
(1869-1937)

“Clair de Lune”
from *10 Mélodies*, Op. 83

Josef Szulc
(1875-1956)



Tre Ariette from *Composizioni da Camera*

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

- I. “Il fervido desiderio”
- II. “Dolente immagine di Fille mia”
- III. “Vaga luna, che inargenti”



“Requiem”
from *Sechs Gedichte von Nikolaus
Lenau und Requiem*, Op. 90

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

“Im Herbst”
from *Sechs Gesänge*, Op. 17

Robert Franz
(1815-1892)

Notes & Translations

“Long Time Ago”

The composer Benjamin Britten asked Copland to arrange a set of American folk tunes for his Music and Art Festival in Aldeburgh, England. Copland wrote five songs for a male soloist and piano for the occasion: “The Boatmen’s Dance,” “The Dodger,” “Long Time Ago,” “Simple Gifts” and “I Bought Me a Cat.” The first set of Old American Songs was written in 1950 and premiered in June of that year by the famous tenor Peter Pears, with Britten at the piano. In 1951 the work premiered in America with Copland himself playing the piano and baritone William Warfield singing. Warfield would go on to become the singer most identified with the songs and spoke often on his collaborations with the composer. “Long Time Ago” is the third song in this set and is a setting of a lyrical nostalgic ballad discovered by the composer in the Harris Collection at Brown University.

On the lake where droop’d the willow
Long time ago,
Where the rock threw back the billow
Brighter than snow.
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish’d
By high and low,
But with autumn leaf she perished
Long time ago.
Rock and tree and flowing water
Long time ago,
Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love’s spell to know.
While to my fond words she listen’d
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten’d
Long time ago.

“Let Beauty Awake”

Ralph Vaughan Williams was an English composer of symphonies, chamber music, opera, choral music, film scores, and song. He was an avid collector of English folk music and song. Along with Cecil Sharp and others, Vaughan Williams helped reignite an appreciation for English folk music. He also helped develop a style of rugged and exalted composition, whose style and sound quality is thought of as distinctly British. The two

stanzas of “Let Beauty Awake” describe the amazement of the wayfarer when gazing at the beauty of nature; at dawn in the first verse, at dusk in the second one. The song is somehow romantic, the poet’s emotions are reflected in the wide phrases of the singer, who seems to flow over the piano’s arpeggios.

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty’s sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day’s dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

“Warm as the Autumn Light”

The Ballad of Baby Doe is an opera by the American composer Douglas Moore that uses an English-language libretto by John Latouche. It is Moore’s most famous opera and one of the few American operas to be in the standard repertory. Based on the lives of historical figures Horace Tabor, a wealthy mine owner; his wife Augusta Tabor, and Elizabeth “Baby” Doe Tabor, the opera explores their lives from Horace and Baby Doe’s meeting to the death of Horace. In this aria, Tabor has just overheard Baby Doe singing. He introduces himself and tells her that her beautiful singing made him think of his own youth and what he left behind when he came out to Colorado from New Hampshire. He implies tenderly that he could find some of these lost things again in her.

Warm the autumn light, soft as a pool at night,
the sound of your singing, the sound of your singing Baby Doe.
And while I was listening, I was recalling
things that once I had wanted so much and forgotten as years slipped
away.
A girl I knew back home in Vermont.
The sea in New Hampshire, the first sight of the mountains.
They say I’ve been lucky, there’s nothing my money won’t buy.
It couldn’t be I was unhappy, or was missing the good things of life.

But only tonight came again in your singing,
That feeling of wonder, of longing and pain.
Deep in your lovely eyes, all of enchantment lies,
and tenderly beckons, and tenderly beckons.
Baby Doe! Dearest Baby Doe!

“Le bachelier de Salamanque”

Composed in 1919, “Le Bachelier de Salamanque” provides a comic contrast to “Sarabande,” the other *mélodie* of Opus 20. Chalupt’s poem describes quite a different serenader from those found in Verlaine’s elegant manicured gardens. This hero is a university student, determined to deliver his musical offering after curfew has rung. His furtive journey through the streets of Salamanca is accompanied by a lively pastiche of Spanish music.

Roussel trained as a naval officer until 1894, when he left his maritime career to devote himself entirely to music. He studied and eventually taught at the Schola Cantorum, established by César Franck’s disciple Vincent d’Indy. Satie and Varèse were among Roussel’s students. He always retained his love for the sea, describing his musical works as attempts to “evoke all the feelings which lie hidden in the sea—the sense of power and infinity, of charm, anger and gentleness...” One of the most well-traveled of composers, Roussel was always drawn to exotic destinations.

Où vas-tu, toi qui passes si tard Dans les rues désertes de Salamanque Avec ta toque noire et ta guitare Que tu dissimules sous ta mante? Le couvre-feu est déjà sonné Et depuis longtemps, dans leurs paisibles maisons, Les bourgeois dorment à poings fermés.	Where are you going, you who pass so late In the deserted streets of Salamanca, With your black cap and your guitar Hidden beneath your coat? The curfew has already sounded And for hours, in their peaceful houses, The burghers have been sound asleep.
Ne sais-tu pas qu'un édit de l'alcade Ordonne de jeter en prison Tous les donneurs de sérénade, Que les malandrins couperont ta chaîne d'or	Do you not know the alcade has decreed Prison as punishment for those Who sing their serenades, That brigands will cut your golden chain,
Et que la fille de l'Almirante Pour qui vainement tu te tourmentes Se moque de toi derrière son mirador?	And that the Admiral's daughter For whom you sigh in vain Mocks you from her mirador?

“Clair de lune”

“Clair de lune” (“Moonlight”) is a poem written by French poet Paul Verlaine in 1869. While most would be familiar with the musical setting of this text by Debussy or Faure, another setting was published just a decade or two after its more well-known counterparts. Josef Szulc composed his own set of songs in 1907 based on the full set of poems by Paul Verlaine (“Fêtes galantes”) which, while not as frequently performed as earlier settings, is an often overlooked gem of the early 20th century. Szulc’s delicate writing invokes that mysticism that Verlaine’s writing is bursting with: painting the image of a waning moon reflecting on a calm lake in the still of night.

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques
et bergamasques
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi
Tristes sous leurs
déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L’amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n’ont pas l’air de croire
à leur bonheur
Et leur chanson se mêle
au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres
Et sangloter d’extase les jets d’eau,
Les grands jets d’eau sveltes
parmi les marbres.

Your soul is a chosen landscape
bewitched by masquers
and bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their
fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key
of conquering love and life’s favours,
they do not seem to believe
in their fortune
and their song mingles
with the light of the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in the trees
and the fountains sobbing in their rapture,
tall and svelte
amid marble statues.

Tre Ariette

The *Composizioni da Camera* is a set of fifteen collected compositions for voice and piano by the Italian opera composer, Vincenzo Bellini. They were likely composed in the 1820s while Bellini was in the Italian cities of Naples and Milan, before his departure for Paris. First published under the title *Composizioni da Camera* by the Milan publisher Ricordi in 1935 on the centenary of Bellini’s death, it is unlikely that Bellini ever considered these works as a whole. The collection consists of three main sections. The first is a group of six compositions of varying genres, while the second and third sections contain three and six compositions, respectively, called *ariette*. The three pieces being performed tonight make up the second section of pieces in this collection, often referred to as *Tre Ariette*.

“Il fervido desiderio”

Quando verrà quel dì che riveder potrò quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?	When will that day come when I may see again that which the loving heart so desires?
Quando verrà quel dì che in sen t'accoglierò, bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?	When will that day come when I welcome you to my bosom, beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

“Dolente immagine di Fille mia”

Dolente immagine di Fille mia, perché sì squallida mi siedì accanto? Che più desideri? Dritto pianto io sul tuo cenere versai finor.	Sorrowful image of my Phillis, why do you sit so desolate beside me? What more do you wish for? Streams of tears have I poured on your ashes.
Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri io possa accendermi ad altra face?	Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows, I could turn to another [lit.: that I might burn by another flame]?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace; è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.	Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully; the old flame cannot be extinguished.

“Vaga luna, che inargenti”

Vaga luna, che inargenti queste rive e questi fiori ed ispiri agli elementi il linguaggio dell'amor;	Lovely moon, you who shed silver light On these shores and on these flowers And breathe the language Of love to the elements,
testimonio or sei tu sola del mio fervido desir, ed a lei che m'innamora conta i palpiti e i sospir.	You are now the sole witness Of my ardent longing, And can recount my throbs and sighs To her who fills me with love.
Dille pur che lontananza il mio duol non può lenir, che se nutro una speranza, ella è sol nell'avvenir.	Tell her too that distance Cannot assuage my grief, That if I cherish a hope, It is only for the future.
Dille pur che giorno e sera conto l'ore del dolor, che una speme lusinghiera mi conforta nell'amor.	Tell her that, day and night, I count the hours of sorrow, That a flattering hope Comforts me in my love.

“Requiem”

Sechs Gedichte und Requiem, Op. 90, (English: *Six Poems and Requiem*) also called the *Lenau-Lieder*, is a song cycle by Robert Schumann. It was composed in 1850, shortly before the Schumanns moved to Düsseldorf. The cycle consists of seven songs. The first six are settings of poems by Nikolaus Lenau. The final song, "Requiem", is a setting of a translation by Lebrecht Blücher Dreyes of an anonymous medieval poem in Latin.

Ruh' von schmerzenreichen Mühen
Aus und heißem Liebesglühen;
 der nach seligem Verein
 trug Verlangen,
 ist gegangen
zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.

Rest from painful effort
and from love's hot glow!
He who longed
to unite with Bliss
has left
for the dwelling of the Savior.

 Dem Gerechten leuchten helle
 Sterne in des Grabes Zelle,
 ihm, der selbst als
 Stern der Nacht
 wird erscheinen,
 wenn er seinen
Herrn erschaut im Himmelspracht.

For him who is just, shine bright
stars in the cell of the grave;
for him, who is himself like a
star in the night,
will they shine,
when he observes
the Lord in heaven's splendour.

 Seid Fürsprecher, heil'ge Seelen,
Heil'ger Geist, laß Trost nicht fehlen;
 hörst du? Jubelsang erklingt,
 Feiertöne,
 darein die schöne
 Engelsharfe singt:

Intercede, holy souls!
Holy Ghost, let solace not be lacking.
Do you hear? A joyous song resounds,
with festive tones,
in which the beautiful
angel's harp sings out:

Ruh' von schmerzenreichen Mühen
aus und heißem Liebesglühen;
 der nach seligem Verein
 trug Verlangen,
 ist gegangen
zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.

Rest from painful effort
and from love's hot glow!
He who longed
to unite with Bliss
has left
for the dwelling of the Savior.

“Im Herbst”:

Franz favored strophic settings of texts, a form which cannot allow for the most meaningful emphasis on unique words. “I compose feelings, not words,” he wrote. “In Schumann, the declamation is too much in the foreground.” In this song we see elements of the strophic ideal, but also declamatory setting of the words, “O weh, o weh!” and melodic divergence for the sake of text expression. The piece was published in Leipzig by Siegal ca. 1860 as part of Op. 17 *Sechs Gesänge*. The piece tells a story of a lover lamenting their lost love. Even the sight of nature, which was once so beautiful to this woeful lover, now only reminds them of the regrets they have left behind and those they still carry with them.

Die Heide ist braun, einst blühte sie rot, Die Birke ist kahl, grün war einst ihr Kleid; Einst ging ich zu zwei'n, jetzt geh' ich allein, Weh' über den Herbst und die gramvolle Zeit! O weh, o weh, Weh' über den Herbst und die gramvolle Zeit! Einst blühten die Rosen, jetzt welkten sie all', Voll Duft war die Blume, nun zog er heraus; Einst pflückt' ich zu zwei'n, jetzt pflück' ich allein, Das wird ein dürrer, ein duftloser Strauß! O weh, o weh, Das wird ein dürrer, ein duftloser Strauß! Die Welt ist so öd', sie war einst so schön, Ich war einst so reich, jetzt bin ich voll Not; Einst ging ich zu zwei'n, jetzt geh' ich allein! Mein Lieb ist falsch, o wäre ich tot! Mein Lieb ist falsch, o wäre ich tot!	The heather is brown, once it bloomed red, The birch is bare, green was once its garment; Once walked I in a pair, now I walk alone, Woe to Autumn and the sorrowful times! Oh woe, oh woe, Woe to autumn and the sorrowful times! Once blossomed the roses, now withered are they all, Full of fragrance was the flower, now it has faded away, Once I plucked in a pair, now I pluck alone; It will be a withered, a scentless bouquet! Oh woe, oh woe, It will be a withered, a scentless bouquet. The world is so bleak, it was once so beautiful, I was once so rich, so rich, now I am needy! Once I walked in a pair, now I go alone! My love is false, oh, were I dead! My love is false, oh, were I dead!
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Upcoming Events



Crescent Collective - Vocal Jazz Ensemble

Friday, December 1, 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Loyola Symphony Orchestra

Saturday, December 2, 7:30 PM
Roussel Hall | Free admission

Vocal Jazz Recital: Giulia Barreto & Jamil Sharif

Sunday, December 3, 7:30 PM
Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Christmas at Loyola

Sunday, December 3, 3 PM
Holy Name of Jesus Church | Free admission

University Chorus

Monday, December 4, 7:30 PM
Roussel Hall | Free admission

All Loyola String Orchestra and Cello Studio

Wednesday, December 6, 7 PM
Roussel Hall | Free admission

Opera: Amahl & The Night Visitors

Saturday, December 9, 2023, at 7:30 PM
Sunday, December 10, 2023, at 2 PM
Holy Name of Jesus Church | Ticket Required

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