

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Graduate Recital:
Sofia Riggio,
soprano

from the studio of
Loretta Bybee

with
Claire Bigley, piano
Josh Sierra, cello



Sunday, February 20, 2022, 3 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium

Program

Lucrezia

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Josh Sierra, cello

Try Me Good King

Libby Larsen

Katherine of Aragon

(1950-)

Anne Boleyn

Jane Seymour

Anne of Cleves

Katherine Howard

How to Get Heat Without Fire

Tom Cipullo

Why I Wear My Hair Long

(1956-)

Saying Goodbye

poetry by Marilyn Kallet

The Pocketbook

How to Get Heat Without Fire

Acknowledgements

Thank you to the guiding light of my vocal journey, Loretta Bybee, for helping me shape my sound and performance into something I can be proud of. And thank you to my mother, father, and friends for encouraging me to refine my craft in pursuit of artistic expression. Your continued support means the world to me.

Translations

Lucrezia

O Numi eterni! O stelle,
che fulminate empìi tirani,
impugnatè a miei voti orridi strali.
Voi con fochi tonanti
incenerite il reo Tarquinio e Roma;
dalla superba chioma
omai trabocchi il vacillante alloro;
s'apra il suolo in voragini;
si celi, con memorando esempio,
nelle viscere sue l'indegno e l'empio.

Già, superbo del mio affanno,
traditor del'onor mio parte l'empio lo
sleal.
Tu punisci il fiero inganno del felon,
del mostro rio,
giusto Ciel, Parca fatal.

Ma voi forse del Cielo
per castigo maggior del mio delitto,
state oziosi, o provocati Numi.
Se son sorde le stelle,
se non mi odon le sfere,
a voi, tremende Dieta,
Dieta del'Abisso, mi volgo:
A voi, s'aspetta del tradito onor mio
farla vendetta.

Il suol che preme, l'aura che spira
l'empio Romano, s'apra, l'infetti.
Se il passo muove, se il guardo gira,
incontri larve, ruine aspetti.

Oh eternal Gods! Oh stars
Who strike down impious tyrants,
Answer my prayers with arrows.
You, with thundering flame
Incinerate the guilty Tarquin and Rome;
From the proud head
now falls the unsteady laurel,
may abysses open in the earth,
and swallow up as a memorable example,
in its bowels, the unworthy and wicked
one.

Already proud of my anguish,
the wicked, disloyal betrayer of my honor
departs.
You must punish the cruel deception of
the criminal,
of the evil monster,
just heaven, punish him with fate.

But you, perhaps in heaven,
for greater punishment of my sin,
remain idle, oh provoked gods;
if the stars are deaf,
if the spheres do not listen to me,
to you, tremendous god,
god of the abyss I turn:
From you my betrayed honour
awaits its vengeance.

The ground which he walks,
the air which he breathes,
the evil Roman, poison him.
If he walks, if he glances about,
may he meet spectres and see ruins.

Ah, che ancor nell'Abisso dormon le furie,
i sdegni e le vendette!

Giove dunque per me non ha saette,
è pietoso l'Inferno?

Ah! Ch'io chia sono in odio
al Cielo, a Dite!

E se la pena non piomba sul mio capo,
a miei rimorsi è rimesso il poter di
castigar mi.

Questi la disperata anima mia
Puniscan, si.

Ma il ferro che già intrepida io stringo
Alla salma infedel porga la pena.

A voi, Padre, consorte, a Roma,
al mondo presento il mio morir;
mi si perdoni il delitto essecrando,
ond'io macchiai in volontaria il nostro
onor.

Un'altra più detestabil colpa,
di non m'aver uccisa pria del misfatto,
mi si perdoni.

Già nel seno comincia a compir
questo ferro i duri uffizii.
Sento ch'il cor si scuote piu dal dolor
di questa caduta invendicata
che dal furor della vicina morta.
Ma se qui non m'è dato castigar il
tiranno,
opprimer l'empio
Con più barbaro essemplio,
per ch'ei sen cada estinto;
stringerò a' danni suoi mortal saetta,
e furibonda e cruda, nell'inferno
farò la mia vendetta.

Ah, in the abyss still sleep the furies,
the wraths and the vengeance.

Has Jupiter no arrows for me,
and hell no pity?

Ah! am I now hated
by heaven, tell me:

If punishment does not fall upon my head
Their power to punish me shall be my
remorse.

This my desperate soul,
they punish, yes.

May the sword I now fearlessly clasp
Bring punishment to my disloyal body.

To you, father, husband, to Rome,
to the world I offer my death;
may I be forgiven for the abominable
crime by which I unintentionally
stained our honor,

and for the more detestable sin
of not having killed myself before the
crime,
may I be forgiven.

Already in my breast begins to complete
this sword's harsh duties;
I feel my heart is shaken more from
sorrow
of this unavenged downfall,
than from the fury of my approaching
death.

But if I am not allowed to punish the
tyrant here,
to crush the wicked one
with more barbaric example,
so that he may fall dead; to cause his ruin,
I will take up the fatal arrow,
and, raging and cruel, in Hell
I will take my vengeance.

*Try Me Good King
Katherine of Aragon*

My most dear lord, king and husband,
the hour of my death now drawing on,
the tender love I owe you forces me to commend myself unto you
And to put you in remembrance of the health and welfare of your soul.
My most dear lord, king and husband,
You have cast me into many calamities
And yourself into many troubles.
For my part, I pardon you everything
And I wish to devoutly pray God that he will pardon you also.
For the rest I commend unto you our daughter Mar,
Beseeching you to be a good father unto her.
Lastly, I take this vow,
That my eyes desire you above all things,
Above all things.

Anne Boleyn

Try me good king, let me have a lawful trial
and let not my enemies sit as my accusers and judges.
Try me, good king.
Let me receive an open trial
For my truth shall fear no open shame.
Never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal in all duty -
than you have found in Ann Boleyn.
You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion.
Do you not remember the words of your own true hand?
'My own darling, I would were you in my arms. For I think it long since I kissed you,
my mistress, and my friend.'
Do you not remember the words of your own true hand?
If ever I have found favor in your site, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn has been
pleasing to your ears,
let me obtain this request and my innocence shall be known.
Let me obtain this request and my innocence shall be cleared.
Try me good king
Good Christian people, I come hither to die.
And by the law I am judged to die.
I pray God, I pray God save the king.
I hear the executioner is good,
and my neck is so...little.

Jane Seymour

Right, trusty and Well Beloved, we greet you well,
for as much as be the inestimable goodness of Almighty God,
We be delivered of a prince.
I love the rose both red and white, to hear of them is my delight.
Joyed may we be, our prince to see, as roses three.

Anne of Cleves

I have been informed by certain lords
Of the doubt and questions which have been found in our marriage.
It may please you majesty to know that though this case be most hard and sorrowful
I have and do accept the clergy for my judges.
So now the clergy hath given their sentence.
I approve.
I neither can nor will repute myself for your grace's wife,
yet it may please your highness to take me for your sister,
for which I most humbly thank you.
Your majesty's most humble sister,
Anne, Daughter of Cleves.

Katherine Howard

God have mercy on my soul.
Good people, I beg you pray for me.
By the journey upon which, I am bound,
I have not wronged the King.
Brothers, I have not wrong the King.
But it is true that long before the King took me,
I loved Thomas Culpepper.
I wish to God I had done as Culpepper wished me,
For at the time the King wanted me,
Culpepper urged me to say that I was pledged to him.
If I had done as we wished me,
I should not die this death,
nor would he.
God, have mercy on my soul.
Good people, I beg you pray for me.
I die a queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpepper.

How to Get Heat Without Fire

Why I Wear My Hair Long

I want to wrap it	until we ride
around you	strong silken horses
like a silk shirt	glued on
button it slowly, carefully, facing you	and my flag unfurls
let the fringes tickle your hips	a few strands
	sticking to your lips.

Saying Goodbye

We embraced, there in the parking lot
of the ordinary.
How could I know your arms were arguing last things?
Your cheek in my hair.
For a moment I pressed against you. Goodbyes can be vast.
In a breath, we traded lives. I didn't know you

were a cliff I had reached the edge of.
Your touch echoed.
I simply followed it like song.

The Pocketbook

“Fluid Italian suede in garnet,” the copy croons.
I memorize the Bergdorf Goodman catalogue, the blonde with garnet lips carrying my pocketbook against her slim hip. 570 dollars.
One chunk of my daughter’s college. After weeks of foreplay, I sell out my family, dial the toll-free number. It’s miraculously easy,
just ten “working days” and here it is, nestled in a silk carrying case.
For days I hide it behind the recliner, playing peekaboo,
trying it out when my husband’s not at home.
Nothing else in my life’s this beautiful.
To keep it I would have to buy silk suits, tweed coats, a silver Porsche, a house on Park Avenue.
My shoulders are unworthy of the strap in wine-red suede.
I would have to have inches surgically added to my height.
“American women carry their souls in their pocketbooks,” Edgar Allen Poe said. Not just my soul, my money, my identity, my credit cards.”
This pocketbook soft and red like a womb, room where I could carry myself in comfort,
be my own mother, be drunk with color. 570 dollars.
I could sell my wedding ring, break into neighbors’ houses.
After two years in the women’s correctional facility there it would be waiting for me,
fluid Italian suede in garnet, big enough to carry the collected works of Poe,
O my fair sister, O my soul.

How to Get Heat Without Fire

Beneath the dark floor
There has always been love
But the trick is how to get down to it?
Shall I tear my way down
Like a tiger clawing
The floorboards, when this
Tearing down is what scarred you?
Whose mother is there
In the dark trying hard
To hide you from the memory
Of the floorboards in flame?
How to get heat without fire?
To coax light open?
To ease you new into
The world if I am not
A mother, or a beloved?
Pull back! Peel back dead
Bark, pull back the boards

We trample, throw each other
Down on and through some days?
Turn the floor into a pool
We can dive deep into
Cradle the mothers
Let the animals swim their ways?
Has music ever saved anyone?
Then I will reenter my life
As sound
As notes strung like pearls
That you have yearned
To enter
I will be sound
I will be sound
And silence
Listening.

Upcoming Events

Senior Recital: Peter James, jazz piano

Tuesday, Mar. 8, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Jazz Underground:

Loyola Jazz Faculty

Thursday, Mar. 10, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Ticket required

Loyola Jazz Festival

March 11-12

Roussel | Registration required

Loyola Jazz Faculty

Friday, Mar. 11, 4:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Jazz Ensemble feat. Camille Thurman

Saturday, Mar. 12, 4:30 p.m.

Roussel | Ticket required

Junior Recital: Sam Ater, voice

Sunday, Mar. 13, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Mostly Mondays: Dr. Janna Saslaw

Monday, Mar. 14, 7 p.m.

Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Music & Arts Instrument Repair Clinic

Tuesday, Mar. 15, 5:30 p.m.

Zoom | Free admission

Junior Recital: Ben Dietch, percussion

Thursday, Mar. 17, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker Auditorium | Free admission

Senior Recital: Zahria Sims, saxophone

Friday, Mar. 18, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

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