

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Junior Recital
Samuel Ater, bass-baritone

from the studio of
Professor Dreux Montegut

with
Maggie Probst, Accompanist

and Guest Artist
Nora Cullinan, soprano



Sunday, March 13, 2022, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium

Program

“For Behold, Darkness &
The People That Walked in Darkness”
from *Messiah*

George Fredric Handel
(1685-1759)

“Arise, Ye Subterranean Winds”
from *The Tempest*

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

“La Vendetta”
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Psyche

Emile Paladilhe
(1844-1926)

Le réveil de la mariée

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Widmung
Ich Grolle Nicht

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

“Therapy”
from *Tick, Tick, BOOM!*

Jonathan Larson
(1960-1996)

Nora Cullinan, soprano

Translation

“La Vendetta”

La vendetta, oh, la vendetta,
È un piacer serbato ai saggi.
L'obliar l'onte, gli oltraggi,
è bassezza, è ognor viltà.

Coll'astuzia... coll'arguzia,
col giudizio, col criterio
si potrebbe...
il fatto è serio,
ma credete si farà.

Se tutto il codice dovessi
volgere,
se tutto l'indice dovessi leggere,
con un equivoco, con un
sinonimo,
qualche garbuglio si troverà.
Tutta Siviglia conosce Bartolo,
il birbo Figaro vinto sarà!

“Psyché”

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute
la nature!

Les rayons du soleil vous
baisent trop souvent,
Vos cheveux souffrent trop les
caresses du vent,

Quand il les
flatte, j'en murmure!
L'air même que vous respirez

“La Vendetta”

Vengeance, oh vengeance
is a pleasure for the wise
Forgetting shames and insults
is a sign of lowness and
cowardice

With cunning, with wit
with wisdom, with common
sense,
It could be done...
The issue is serious
But believe me, it will be done

Even if I had to turn all the
codex
Even if I had to read all the
index
By using a misunderstanding,
by using a synonymous
We will find a tangle
All Seville knows Bartolo
Figaro the rascal will be
defeated!

“Psyché”

I am jealous, Psyche, of all
nature!

The sun's rays kiss you too
often,
your hair suffers too much from
the wind's caresses.

As it strokes them, I grumble!
Even the air that you breathe
passes over your mouth with

Avec trop de plaisir passe sur
votre bouche.
Votre habit de trop près vous
touche!
Et sitôt que vous soupirez
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche
Craint, parmi vos soupirs, des
soupirs égarés!

“Le réveil de la mariée”

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix
mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon
cœur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je
t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes
cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous
marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous
sont alliés!

too much pleasure.
Your dress touches you too
closely!
And as soon as you sigh
I know not what it is that
startles me so
and fears, amidst your sighs,
some sighs for another!

“Le réveil de la mariée”

Wake up, wake up, pretty
partridge,
Spread your wings to the
morning,
Three beauty spots - and my
heart's ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I bring
you
To tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let us
marry!
In our two families all are
related.

“Widmung”

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein
Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich
schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der
Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir
beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht
mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir
verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über
mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res
Ich!

“Widmung”

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I
aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!
You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on me from
heaven.
Your love for me gives me my
worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in
mine,
You raise me lovingly above
myself,
My guardian angel, my better
self!

“Ich Grolle Nicht”

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das
Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlор’nes Lieb! ich grolle
nicht.

Wie du auch strahlst in
Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines
Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah
dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines
Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang’, die dir am
Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du
elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.
heart,

“Ich Grolle Nicht”

I bear no grudge, though my
heart is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no
grudge.

However you gleam in diamond
splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your
heart.

I’ve known that long. For I saw
you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your
heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at
your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you
are.
I bear no grudge.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Mr. Montegut for helping me prepare for this event as well as Maggie for offering her talents to enhance this performance

Upcoming Events

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

Loyola Concerto Competition Finals

Saturday, Mar. 19, 3 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

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