

Loyola University New Orleans
School of Music and Theatre Arts
Presents

Junior Recital
Riley Vagis,
mezzo-soprano

from the studio of
Professor Luretta Bybee

with
Claire Bigley, piano

and Guest Artist
Emily Cotten, mezzo-soprano



Wednesday, March 23, 2022, 7:30 p.m.
Nunemaker Auditorium

Program

La Regata Veneziana

i.

(1792-1868)

ii. "Anzoleta co passa la regata"

iii. "Anzoleta dopo la regata"

Giacomo Rossini

"Anzoleta avanti la regata"

Selections from *Sechs Duette, Op. 63*

i. "Ich wollt', meine Lieb' ergösse"

ii. "Abschiedslied der Zugvögel"

v. "Volkslied"

Felix Mendelssohn

(1809-1847)

Emily Cotten, mezzo-soprano

"Automne"

Gabriel Fauré

(1845-1924)

"La Statue de Bronze"

Erik Satie

(1866-1925)

"Ouvre ton Coeur"

Georges Bizet

(1838-1875)

"The Masochism Tango"

Tom Lehrer

"We all go together when we go"

b. 1928

with added text by Steve Hansen Smythe

Translations

Anzoleta avanti la regata

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
varda, la vedistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
Va, voga d'anema la gondoleta,
né el primo premio te pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.
In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svoler.

There on the machine is the flag,
There, yes there, you can see it now,
Go out there and bring it back to
me,
Or else go and hide.
Once in the boat, Momolo, do not
linger.
When in the boat, row with your
whole being,
Row until you come in first,
Go now and think of me,
Watching you from the sidelines.
Once in the boat, Momolo. do not
linger.
Once in the boat, Momolo, make
haste!

Anzoleta co passa la regata

I xe qua, i xe qua, vardeli, vardeli,
povereti i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.
El mio Momolo dov'elo?
ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! me confondo,
Su, coraggio, voga, voga,
prima d'esser al paletto
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.
Caro, caro, par che el svola,
el li magna tuti quanti
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'a vardà.

Here they come! Here they come!
Can't you see them, right over
there? Oh, the goal is still so far
away! The wind and tides work
against them! Oh these poor men!
Can you see my Momolo?
Yes! I can see him!
He is in second place!
Oh the excitement is getting to me!
I can feel my heart racing!
Come on now, you must be first!
Should you keep rowing, I'll place a
bet, That you will beat all the
others!
My heart, my heart, it's as if you fly,
And you are beating them all!
He grows closer! Closer! Closer- ah!
He looks at me,
And I know he has won.

Anzoleta dopo la regatta Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora, caro Momolo, de cuor; qua destrachite che xe ora de sugarte sto sudor. Ah t'o visto co passando su mi l'ocio ti a butà e go dito respirando: un bel premio el ciaparà, sì, un bel premio in sta bandiera, che xe rossa de color; gha parlà Venezia intiera, la t'a dito vincitor. Ciapa un baso, benedeto, a vogar nissun te pol, de casada, de traghetto ti xe el megio barcarol.	Here, a kiss, Here is one from my heart, My beloved Momolo Come, have a seat beside me, Let me dry your brow, Oh, how I saw you! You looked at me as you passed the bell, As I whispered: He will catch a beautiful prize. And yes, this flag is a nice prize: It is red! All of Venice will remember, For you are the winner! So take my kiss, for you are the most blessed rower! For you are the best rower Among all the ferryboaters.
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Ich wollt', meine Lieb' ergösse sich all in ein einzig Wort. Das gäb ich den luft'gen Winden, Die trügen es lustig fort. Sie tragen zu dir, Geliebte, Das lieberfüllte Wort; Do hörst es zu jeder Stunde, Du hörst es an jedem Ort. Und hast du zum nächtlichen Schlummer, Geschlossen die Augen kaum, So wird mein Bild dich verfolgen Bis in den teifsten Traum	I want, to pour my love Into one word, I would give it to the merry wind, Who'd carry it away. They would bear it to you, beloved, The word, so full of love, You hear it every hour, You hear it at every place. And during your nightly slumbers, When you barely close your eyes. May my image pursue you Into your deepest and wildest dreams.
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Abschiedslied der Zugvögel Wie war so schön doch Wald und Feld! Wie ist so traurig jetzt die Welt! Hin ist die schöne Sommerzeit, Und nach der Freude kam das Leid. Wir wußten nichts von Ungemach, Wir saßen unterm Laubedach Vergnügt und froh beim Sonnenschein, Und sangen in die Welt hinein. Wir armen Vöglein trauern sehr; Wir	Farewell Song of the Migratory Birds How pretty were the forest and field. How sad is the world, It is a beautiful summer time. And joy came from suffering. We knew nothing of adversity. We sat under the canopy, Happy and joyful in the sunshine. And sang in the world. We now mourn a lot,
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haben keine Heimat mehr, Wir müssen jetzt von hinnen fliehn Und in die weite Fremde ziehn.	We do not have a home anymore, We must now flee, And leave into the wide foreign land.
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Volkslied O, sah ich auf der Heide dort Im Sturme dich, im Sturme dich! Mit meinem Mantel vor dem Sturm Beschützt' ich dich, beschützt' ich dich! O, kommt mit seinen Stürmen je Dir Unglück nah, dir Unglück nah, Dann ist dies Herz dein Zufluchtsort, Gern teilt' ich's ja, gern teilt' ich's ja! O, wär ich in der Wüste, die So öd und dürr, so öd und dürr, Zum Paradiese würde sie, Wärest du bei mir, wärest du bei mir. Und wär ein König ich, und wär Die Erde mein, die Erde mein, Du wärest in meiner Krone doch Der schönste Stein, der schönste Stein.	Folk song O I see on the heath there In the storm, in the storm! With my coat before the storm. I protect you, I protect you! Oh come with its storm, Close to your misfortunes, close to your misfortunes, Then this heart is your rescue, I like to share it, I like to share it! Oh, if I was in the desert, So desolate and dry, so desolate and dry, It would be a paradise, You would be with me, you would be with me. And if I were king, The earth would be mine, the earth would be mine, You would be in my crown, The beautiful stone, the beautiful stone.
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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 mélancolie. Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés, Comme 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 vainqueur, Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées, Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon cœur, Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées !	Autumn with a misty sky, with heart- breaking horizons, With rapid sunsets, with pale dawns, I watch the flow, like the water of a torrent, Of your days made of melancholy. My thoughts, carried off on wings of regret, As if it were possible for our life to start over, Travel while dreaming through the enchanted slopes Where in former days my youth smiled! I feel in the bright sunlight of a victorious memory The slender rises blooming again in a bouquet And I feel rising to my eyes tears that in my heart I at age twenty had forgotten.
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La Statue de Bronze

La grenouille
Du jeu de tonneau
S'ennuie, le soir, sous la tonnelle...
Elle en a assez!
D'être la statue
Qui va prononcer un grand mot: Le
Mot!
Elle aimerait mieux être avec les
autres Qui font des bulles de musique
Avec le savon de la lune
Au bord du lavoir mordoré
Qu'on voit, là-bas, luire entre les
branches...
On lui lance à coeur de journée Une
pâtüre de pistoles
Qui la traversent sans lui profiter
Et s'en vont sonner
Dans les cabinets
De son piédestal numéroté!
Et le soir, les insectes couchent Dans
sa bouche...

The Bronze Statue

The frog
Of the barrel game
Grows weary at evening, beneath the
arbor...
She has had enough!
Of being the statue
Who is about to [hurl into the
silence]1 a great word: The Word!
She would love to be with the others
Who make music bubbles
With the soap of the moon
Beside the lustrous bronze tub
That one sees there, shining between
the branches...
At midday one hurls at her
A feast of discs
That pass through without benefit to
her
And will resound
In the chambers
Of her numbered pedestal!
And at night, the insects go to sleep In
her mouth...

Ouvre ton Cœur

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole? Ouvre
ton cœur à mon amour.
Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à ma
flamme, Qu'un rêve charme ton
sommeil.
Je veux reprendre mon âme,
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

Open Your Heart

The daisy has closed its petals,
darkness has closed the eyes of day,
will you, fair one, be true to your
word? Open your heart to my love.
Open your heart to my ardour,
young angel, that a dream may charm
your sleep – I wish to recover my
soul,
as a flower unfolds to the sun!

Acknowledgements

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Thank you to my mom and dad for always having my back in this career path no matter how difficult it has been. And especially thank you to Ms. Bybee, who has taught me what it means to be a great singer and who allowed me to love my voice for what it is.

Upcoming Events

Junior Recital: Dakota Wilburn, trombone

Thursday, Mar. 24, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Senior Recital: KC Nichoalds, voice

Friday, Mar. 25, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Graduate Recital: Taylor J. White, soprano

Sunday, Mar. 27, 3 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Junior Recital: Nora Cullinan, voice

Sunday, Mar. 27, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Loyola Brass Faculty

Monday, Mar. 28, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Senior Recital: Isabel Zweig, string bass

Thursday, Mar. 31, 7:30 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Head Over Heels

March 31-April 2 & April 6-9

Marquette | Ticket required

Loyola Band Festival & Wind Ensemble

Saturday, Apr. 2, 7:30 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Graduate Recital: Emily Cotten, mezzo-soprano

Saturday, Apr. 9, 3 p.m.

Roussel | Free admission

Film Screening: Opera in a Time of COVID

Thursday, Apr. 21, 4 p.m.

Nunemaker | Free admission

Loyola Opera:

Suor Angelica & Gianni Schicchi

Apr. 22 & 24

Roussel | Ticket required

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