



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Sophia Silvers, soprano
John Cozza, piano

From *Myrthen*, Op. 25
Der Nussbaum
Die Lotosblume
Du bist wie eine Blume
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Presto, presto io m'innamoro
No, no, non si spera
Or ch'io non seguo piu
Ah! Quanto e vero (from *Il Pomo d'Oro*)
Amor dormiglione
Giovanni Battista Mazzaferata (16..-1691)
Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)
Raffaello Rontani (15..-1622)
Antonio Cesti (1623-1669)
Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

Villanelle
Voici que le printemps
Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Élégie
with Veniamin Caltacci, cello
Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

INTERMISSION

From *Try Me, Good King: Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII*
Anne Boleyn
Anne of Cleves
Katherine Howard
Libby Larsen (b. 1950)

Joy
The Green Dog
The Serpent
Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)
Herbert Kingsley (1882-1961)
Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

Bester Jüngling (from *Der Schauspieldirektor*)
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Sophia Silvers is a student of Julie Miller.*



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 10, 2023
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Sophia Silvers, soprano
Senior Recital — October 10, 2023
Texts & Translations

Robert Schumann (1810–1856) was a German composer, pianist, and music critic. He is widely regarded as one of the greatest composers of the Romantic era. *Myrthen* (Myrtles), Op. 25 is a song cycle composed by Schumann in the spring of 1840, during his “year of song.” The 26 lieder were presented as a gift to his fiancée, Clara Wieck, on their wedding night. “Der Nussbaum,” “Die Lotosblume,” and “Du bist wie eine Blume” are three out of four flower-themed songs.

Der Nussbaum

Es grünet ein Nußbaum vor dem Haus,
Duftig,
Luftig
Breitet er blättrig die Äste aus.

Viel liebliche Blüten stehen dran;
Linde
Winde
Kommen, sie herzlich zu umfahn.

Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend,
Beugend
Zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.

Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein, das
Dächte
Nächte,
Tagelang, wüsste, ach! selber nicht was.

Sie flüstern - wer mag verstehn so gar
Leise
Weise? -
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr.

Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum;
Sehnend,
Wähnend
Sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

– *Julius Mosen*

The Walnut Tree

A walnut tree stands greenly in front of the house,
fragrantly
and airy
spreading out its leafy branches.

Many lovely blossoms does it bear;
gentle
winds
come to caress them.

They whisper, paired two by two,
gracefully
inclining
their tender heads to kiss.

They whisper of a maiden
who thinks
day and night long
of... but alas! she does not herself know!

They whisper - who can understand
such a soft
song? -
of a bridegroom and of the coming year.

The maiden listens, the tree rustles;
yearning,
hoping,
she sinks smiling into sleep and dream.

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

The Lotus Flower

The lotus-flower fears
The sun's splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

– *Heinrich Heine*

Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.

– *Heinrich Heine*

Presto, presto io m'innamoro

Presto, presto io m'innamoro,
Ma più presto il cor n'è sciolto!
Riverisco oggi un bel volto,
Ma diman più non l'adoro!

È un effimero e cadente,
Quell'amor che m'ha piagato,
Oggi sono egro e languente,
Ma diman son risanato!

No, no, non si sperì

No, no, non si sperì!
È morta la speme!
Piangete, pensieri!
A bruno vestiti, nel vostro dolore
Desiri traditi lasciate il mio core!

Le gioie d'amore son lampi fugaci,
mendaci, leggieri!

The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.

You are Like a Flower

You are like a flower,
So lovely, fair and pure;
I gaze at you and wistful
Melancholy slips into my heart.

It's as though I ought to place
My hands upon your head
And pray God to ever keep you
So pure, fair, and lovely.

Quickly, Quickly I Fall in Love

Quickly, quickly I fall in love,
but more quickly my heart falls out of it!
Today I revere a beautiful face,
but tomorrow I will no longer adore it!

It is a short-lived thing and goes to ruin,
this love that has wounded me.
Today I am sick and languishing,
but tomorrow I am healed again!

No, No, Hope No Longer!

No, no, hope no longer!
And hope has perished!
But weep ye, thoughts cherished!
Dressed in mourning, in your sorrow,
betrayed desires, leave my heart!

The joys of love are lightning flashes,
lying, soon vanishing!

Or ch'io non seguo più

Or ch'io non seguo più il dispietato amore,
non sento più dolor.
E il cor, che in doglia fu,
allegro, allegro sta,
che vive in libertà!

Or ch'io non veggio più quel viso lusinghier,
non vivo prigionier.
E il cor, che in doglia fu,
allegro, allegro sta,
che vive in libertà!

Or ch'io non seguo più i finti suoi sospir,
non posso più morir.
E il cor, che in doglia fu,
allegro, allegro sta,
che vive in libertà!

"Ah! Quanto e vero" from *Il Pomo d'Oro*

Ah! quanto è vero
che il nudo arciero forza non ha!
Il nostro core ogni vigore solo gli da!
L'accesa face per cui
se sface misero sen,
è sol del senso l'ardore intenso,
che non ha fren!

– *Francesco Sbarra*

Amor dormiglione

Amor, non dormir più!
Su, su, svegliati omai,
che mentre dormi tu
dormon le gioie mie, vegliano i guai.
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco,
strali, strali, su, su,
foco, foco, su, su!

O pigro o tardo
tu non hai senso,
Amor melenso
Amor codardo!
Ahi quale io resto
che nel mio ardore
tu dorma Amore:
mancava questo!

Now that I no Longer Seek

Now that I no longer seek cruel love,
I feel pain no more.
And my heart, which was in wretched pain,
is now happy, happy,
and lives in freedom!

Now that I no longer see that flattering face,
I live as a prisoner no more.
And my heart, which was in wretched pain,
is now happy, happy,
and lives in freedom!

Now that I no longer seek their false sighs,
I can die no more.
And my heart, which was in wretched pain,
is now happy, happy,
and lives in freedom!

Ah! How it is True

Ah! How it is true
that the naked archer [Cupid] has no power!
Our hearts give every single vigor to him!
The burning torch by which
the miserable heart is undone
is only the intense fire of the senses
that has no restraint!

Sleepyhead Cupid

Cupid, no more sleeping!
Up, up, wake up right now,
for while you sleep
my joys sleep, troubles are wakeful.
Don't be useless, Cupid!
Arrows, arrows, fire,
arrows, arrows, get up, get up,
fire, fire, get up, get up!

Oh you idle laggard,
you've got no sense!
Foolish Cupid,
cowardly Cupid,
ah, what can I do?
In spite of all my ardor
you slumber:
that's all I need!

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois!

– *Théophile Gautier*

Voici que le printemps

Voici que le printemps, ce fils léger d'Avril,
Beau page en pourpoint vert brodé de roses
blanches.
Paraît, leste, fringant, et les poings sur les
hanches,
Comme un prince acclamé revient d'un long exil.

Les branches des buissons verdissent rendent étroite
La route qu'il poursuit en dansant comme un fol;
Sur son épaule gauche il porte un rossignol,
Un merle s'est posé sur son épaule droite.

Et les fleurs qui dormaient sous les mousses des
bois
Ouvrent leurs yeux où flotte une ombre vague et
tendre,
Et sur leurs petits pieds se dressent, pour entendre
Les deux oiseaux siffler et chanter à la fois.

Villanelle

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies of the valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds
Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice:
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild
Strawberries!

Behold How Spring

Behold, how Spring, the nimble son of April,
handsome page in a green vest embroidered
with white roses,
appears light, dashing, with hands on
hips,
like an acclaimed prince returned from long exile.

The branches of green bushes make narrow
the road that he follows, dancing like a clown;
on his left shoulder is a nightingale,
and a blackbird on his right.

And flowers that slept under the forest moss
open their vaguely, tenderly shadowed eyes,
and they stand on their little feet, to hear
the two birds whistle and sing at once.

Car le merle siffle et le rossignol chante:
Le merle siffle ceux qui ne sont pas aimés,
Et pour les amoureux languissants et charmés,
Le rossignol prolonge une chanson touchante.

– Paul Bourget

Élégie

Ô, doux printemps d'autre fois, vertes saisons
Vous avez fui pour toujours!
Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu; Je n'entends plus
les chants joyeux des oiseaux!
En emportant mon bonheur, mon bonheur...
Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé!
Et c'est en vain que revient le printemps!
Oui, sans retour
Avec toi, le gai soleil
Les jours riants sont partis!
Comme en mon cœur tout est sombre et glacé!
Tout est flétri
Pour toujours!

– Louis Gallet

The blackbird pipes and the nightingale sings:
the blackbird whistles at non-lovers,
and for the lovers, languishing and enchanted,
the nightingale draws out a touching song.

Elegy

O sweet springtimes of old, verdant seasons
You have fled forever!
I no longer see the blue sky; I no longer hear
the bird's joyful singing!
And, taking my happiness with you...
You have gone on your way my love!
In vain Spring returns!
Yes, never to return
The bright sun has gone with you
The days of happiness have fled!
How gloomy and cold is my heart!
All is withered
Forever!

Try Me, Good King: The Last Words of the Wives of Henry VIII is a song cycle composed by Libby Larsen (b. 1950). King Henry pursued Anne Boleyn for a year before she returned his affections, and they were married in secret while he was still married to Katherine of Aragon. Henry became tired of Boleyn's strong will and her inability to grant him a son, and after three years ordered her execution. Four years and one wife later, Henry fell in love with a portrait of Anne of Cleves, but found her unappealing in person. Cleves was not impressed with his looks, either. After six months of marriage, they had an annulment, but remained friends; Cleves was known as the "King's Beloved Sister." Nineteen days after the annulment, Katherine Howard was appointed Queen of England. During her time as a lady-in-waiting to Anne of Cleves, Howard considered marrying Thomas Culpeper, Henry's favorite male courtier. Howard and Culpeper continued their relationship in secret, but were caught after one year. Henry imprisoned Howard for three weeks before having her beheaded.

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.
Never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal in all true affection.
Never a prince had a wife more loyal, than you have found in Anne 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 you were 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?

Try me, good king.
If ever I have found favor in your sight,
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.

Good Christian people, I come hither to die,
And by the law, I am judged to die.
I pray God save the King.
I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little.

Anne of Cleves

I have been informed by certain lords of the doubts
and questions which have been found in our marriage.
It may please Your 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 wronged the King.
But it is true, that long before the King took me,
I loved Thomas Culpeper.

I wish to God I had done as Culpeper wished me,
For at the time the King wanted me,
Culpeper urged me to say that I was pledged to him.
If I had done as he 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 Culpeper.

Joy

I went to look for joy, slim dancing joy
Gay, laughing joy, bright-eyed joy
And I found her driving the butcher's cart
In the arms of the butcher boy
Such company as keeps this young nymph joy!

– *Langston Hughes*

The Green Dog

If my dog were green
I never would be seen without a sea green bonnet
With an enormous feather upon it.
Shoes of leaf-green, hose of tea green,

Coat of apple green, gloves of bottle green.
In fact, I never would be seen except in green,
If my dog were green.

But, alas! No matter what you've heard,
The facts are consistently absurd,
For my dog isn't green,
And what sets the matter even more agog,
I haven't any dog!

– *Herbert Kingsley*

The Serpent

There was a Serpent who had to sing
There was. There was
He simply gave up Serpentine
Because. Because
He didn't like his Kind of Life;

He couldn't find a proper Wife;
He was a Serpent with a soul;
He got no Pleasure down his Hole
And so, of course, he had to Sing
And Sing he did, like Anything!

The Birds, they were, they were Astounded;
And various Measures Propounded
To stop the Serpent's Awful Racket:
They bought a Drum. He wouldn't Whack it
They sent, —you always send, —to Cuba
And got a Most Commodious Tuba;
They got a Horn, they got a Flute
But Nothing would suit.

He said, "Look, Birds, all this is futile:
I do not like to Bang or Tootle."
And then he cut loose with a Horrible Note
That practically split the Top of his Throat
"You see," he said, with a Serpent's Leer
"I'm Serious about my Singing Career!"
And the Woods Resounded with many a Shriek
As the Birds flew off to the end of Next Week.

– *Theodore Roethke*

Der Schauspieldirektor is a singspiel comic opera written by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791) in 1786. It is regarded as a "parody of the vanity of singers." Taking place in Vienna, an impresario auditions two actresses to be part of his theatrical company. Once he hires both, the actresses argue over who should be the prima donna. The two proceed to sing arias to show off their strengths and prove their worthiness, all the while trying to outdo each other with higher notes. "Bester Jüngling" is sung by the younger Mademoiselle Silberklang.

"Bester Jüngling" from *Der Schauspieldirektor*

Bester Jüngling! Mit Entzücken,
nehm' ich deine Liebe an,
da in deinen holden Blicken
ich mein Glück entdecken kann.

Aber ach!
wenn düstres Leiden unsrer Liebe folgen soll,
lohnen dies der Liebe Freunden?
Jüngling, das bedenke wohl!

Nichts ist mir so wert und teuer
als dein Herz und deine Hand;
voll vom reinsten Liebesfeuer
geb' ich dir mein Herz zum Pfand.

Dearest Youth from *The Impresario*

Dearest youth! With delight,
I accept your love for me,
For in your held gaze,
I can discover my happiness.

But ah!
If our love should follow dark sorrow,
Is it worth love's joy?
Youth, consider it well!

Nothing is so worthy and dear to me,
As your heart and your hand.
Full of pure love's fire,
I give you my heart as a pledge.