



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Ashleigh Ortiz, soprano
with John Cozza, piano

Come l'allodoletta
E'luccellino

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

"S'altro che lacrime" (from *La clemenza di Tito*)

W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Jüngling an der Quelle, D. 196
Liebe Schwärmt auf allen Wegen, D. 239

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

L'absent, Op. 5/11
Beau soir, L. 6

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Venetianisches Wiegenlied
Waldseligkeit

Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

The Jungle Flower (from *Five Songs of Laurence Hope*)

H.T. Burleigh (1866-1949)

"Give Me No Body without Your Soul" (from *Blue Steel*)

William Grant Still (1895-1978)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Ashleigh Ortiz is a student of Dr. Robin Fisher.*



FRIDAY, 4:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 16, 2020
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Ashleigh Ortiz, Junior Recital
Text and Translations

Come l'allodoletta

Come l'allodoletta per li prati,
così fugge la pace e l'allegrezza
da un cor gentile in cui sol regna amore!

Passa ogni gioia, passa ogni dolzore
da un cor gentile in cui sol regna amore;
e l'anima che ne sente la gravanza,
sen' muore di gelo come un fior!

-Alberto Dounady

E l'uccellino

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda:
Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore:
Piegalà giù quella testina bionda,
Della tua mamma posala sul cuore.

E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo:
Tante cosine belle imparerai,
Ma se vorrai conoscer quant'io t'amo,
Nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo mai!

E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno:
Dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio seno.

-Renato Fucini

Like the little skylark

Like the little skylark through the meadows,
So flee peace and happiness
from a gentle heart in which love rules alone!

Every joy, every sweetness passes
from a gentle heart in which love rules alone;
And the soul which feels the weight of it
dies of cold like a flower!

And the little bird

And the little bird sings on the branch:
Sleep calmly, Boccuccia, my love:
Rest your little, blond head
on your mother's heart.

And the little bird sings on that branch:
You will learn so many beautiful things,
but if you want to know how much I love you,
No one in the world can ever tell you!

And the bird sings to the serene sky:
Sleep, my treasure, here on my breast.

“S'altro che lacrime” from *La Clemenza di Tito*

La Clemenza di Tito (*The Clemency of Tito*), one of Mozart's last operas set to a libretto by Metastasio, is set in Rome during the early days of the reign of Tito, an emperor known for his merciful compassion and love for his people. Vitellia, daughter of Tito's predecessor has no love for Tito and plots to usurp his throne. When she discovers that Tito wishes to marry her younger sister, Servilla, Vitellia employs Tito's close friend, Sesto, who is in love with her, to assassinate him, but fails and is sentenced to death. As Vitellia weeps from guilt, Servilla sings this aria to convince Vitellia that her tears cannot help him.

S'altro che lagrime
per lui non tenti,
tutto il tuo piangere
non gioverà.

A questa inutile
pietà che senti
oh, quanto è simile
la crudeltà.

- Pietro Metastasio

If you do nothing for him
but shed tears,
all your weeping
will not help.

O, this useless
pity you feel
is similar to
cruelty.

Der Jüngling an der Quelle

Leise, rieselnder Quell!
Ihr wallenden, flispernden Pappeln!

Euer Schlummergeräusch
Wecket die Liebe nur auf.

Linderung sucht' ich bei euch,
Und sie zu vergessen, die Spröde;
Ach, und Blätter und Bach
Seufzen, Luise, dir nach!

- *Freiherr Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis*

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen;
Treue wohnt für sich allein.

Liebe kommt euch rasch entgegen;
Aufgesucht will Treue sein.

- *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

L'absent

Ô silence des nuits dont la voix seule est douce,
Quand je n'ai plus sa voix,
Mystérieux rayons, qui glissez sur la mousse
Dans l'ombre de ses bois,

Dites-moi si ses yeux, à l'heure où tout sommeille
Se rouvrent doucement
Et si ma bien-aimée, alors quemoi je veille,
Se souvient de l'absent.

Quand la lune est aux cieus, baignant de sa lumière
Les grands bois et l'azur;
Quand des cloches du soir qui tintent la prière
Vibre l'écho si pur,

Dites-moi si son âme, un instant recueillie,
S'élève avec leur chant,
Et si de leurs accords la paisible harmonie
Lui rappelle l'absent.

- *Charles Gounod*

Beau Soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau!

- *Paul Bourget*

The Youth by the Spring

Softly rippling brook,
swaying, whispering poplars,

your sleepy murmurings
awaken only love.

I sought comfort with you,
to forget the who is so cruel;
But alas, the leaves and the brook
sigh for you, Louise!

Love roams freely

Love roams freely on every path;
True fidelity lives by itself alone.

Love flies frantically at you
Fidelity must be sought out.

The absent one

O silence of the night, whose voice alone is sweet,
when I no longer hear her voice,
mysterious rays, gliding over the moss
in the shadow of the woods,

Tell me if her eyes, when all else sleeps,
open gently
and if my beloved, while I watch,
remembers the absent one.

When the moon is in the heavens, bathing with her
light the great forest and the blue sky;
when the evening bells' call to prayer
vibrates the pure echo,

Tell me if her soul, withdrawn a moment,
rises up with their song,
and whether their chords of peaceful harmony
remind her of the absent one!

Beautiful evening

When rivers are pink in the setting sun,
and a slight shiver runs through fields of wheat,
A suggestion to be happy seems to rise up from all
things and ascends toward the troubled heart;

A suggestion to taste the charms of the world
while one is young and the evening is fair,
For we are on our way just as this wave is:
It is going to the sea, — and we, to the tomb!

Joseph Marx is an Austrian composer, teacher, and critic. Marx focused most of his career on music education and on tonality, and music philosophy. Marx' music stood in opposition to his contemporaries who pursued more avant-garde techniques to compose in more traditional harmonies. Marx was greatly influenced by the works of Debussy and Alexander Scriabin. Debussy's influence is reflected in Marx' use of Impressionist harmony in his *Autumn Symphony*. Scriabin's influence can be seen in Marx' use of harmony and tonal color is evident in these two pieces I have chosen for my program.

Venetianisches Wiegenlied

Ni nana nina na will ich dir singen.
Um Mitternacht hörst du ein Glöckchen klingen
Nicht mein ist diese Glocke, die wir hören.

Santa Lucia wird sie wohl gehören.
Santa Lucia gab dir ihre Augen, Die Magdalena
ihre blonden Flechten, die Engel schenkten ihre
Farben, Kindchen, die heil'ge Martha ihr
holdsel'ges Mündchen, ihr Mündchen süß von
Florentiner Schnitte;

O sag; wie fängt die Liebe an, ich bitte!
Sie fängt mit Musik und Geigen an,
und endigt mit den kleinen Kindern dann;
Sie fängt wohl an mit Singen und mit Sehnen,
und hört dann auf mit Jammern und mit Tränen.

-Paul Heyse

Waldseligkeit

Der Wald beginnt zu rauschen,
den Bäumen naht die Nacht,
als ob sie selig lauschen,
berühren sie sich sacht.

Und unter ihren Zweigen,
da bin ich ganz allein,
da bin ich ganz mein eigen:
ganz nur dein!

-Richard Dehmel

The Jungle Flower

Thou art one of the jungle flowers, strange and fierce and fair,
Palest amber, perfect lines, and scented with Champa flower.

Lie back and frame thy face in the gloom of thy loosened hair;
Sweet thou art and loved – ay, loved – for an hour.

But thought flies far, ah, far, to another breast,
whose whiteness breaks to the rose of a twin pink flower;
Where wind the azure veins that my lips caressed —
When Fate was gentle to me for a too-brief hour.

-Laurence Hope

Venetian lullaby

“Ni nana nina na,” I shall sing to you.
At midnight you shall hear a little bell ringing;
This bell that we hear is not mine,

It likely belongs to Santa Lucia.
Santa Lucia gave you her eyes, Mary Magdalen
gave you her blonde tresses, the angels gave you
their colors, child, Saint Martha gave you her
lovely little mouth, her mouth sweet from the
Florentine pastries;

Oh tell me, please, how love begins!
It begins with music and violins,
and ends with little children;
It begins with singing and longing,
and ends then with lamenting and with tears.

Woodland rapture

The forest begins to rustle,
Night draws near;
As if blissfully listening,
They gently touch each other.

And beneath their branches
I am utterly alone,
Utterly by myself:
Utterly and only yours!

William Grant Still is a significant African American composer of the second half of the 20th century because he was the first to conduct a major symphony orchestra in the United States (the Los Angeles Philharmonic) and a major symphony orchestra in the South. He was also the first African-American composer to have an opera produced in the United States, and the first African American musician to have a symphonic work (*The Afro-Symphony*) performed by a major symphony orchestra. There is very little information about the opera aria.

Give Me No Body without Your Soul

from the opera *Blue Steel*

Give me no body without your soul.
You cannot love me unless I possess you whole.
Give me your heart, and with it cause a gleam
on the flowering fountain of my deep love —
darkly now glistening, weeping and dim.

Your eyes blaze with steel and bright fire
and give to shame of my old gods and shame
to my fear.

The pain in my breast is sweeter than fear.
The voice of a new and strange desire is clear.
Hold my hand, smooth my hair,
lest the gods melt our love in the air.

Gladly now would I pay the score that would the gods ask
if of your love I were sure, if I were sure.
If of your love I could be sure, of your love could be sure!

- *Bruce Forsythe*