



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Aryan Singh, bass
John Cozza, piano

I'll Sail Upon the Dog Star (*Noble Gentlemen*)
Sea Moods
The Sussex Sailor (*The Elfin Artist and Other Poems*)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Mildred Lund Tyson (1895-1989)
Ernest Charles (1895-1894)

Non Vogl'io Se Non Vederti
Amarilli, mia bella
Ah, mai non cessate (*36 Arie di Stile Antico*, No. 7)

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)
Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Ho Capito (*Don Giovanni*)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Le secret (*Trois Mélodies*, Op. 23)
Lydia (*Études latines*, No. 17)
Seule

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

In der Fremde (*Liederkreis*, Op. 39)
Der Doppelgänger (*Schwanengesang*, D. 957)
Verborgenheit (*Mörike-Lieder*)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

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



FRIDAY, 7:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 2, 2026
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Aryan Singh - October 2, 2026

I'll Sail Upon the Dog Star

I'll sail upon the Dog Star,
And then pursue the morning,
I'll chase the moon 'till it be noon,
But I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs, too,
And crowd them in my budget!
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let all the nations judge it.

The Sussex Sailor

O, once, by Cuckmere Haven,
I heard a sailor sing
Of shores beyond the sunset,
And lands of lasting spring,
Of blue lagoons and palm trees
And isles where all was young;
But this was ever the burden
of ev'ry note he sung:

"O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land?
Or have you seen her footprints
Upon that shining sand?
Beneath the happy palmtrees,
By Eden whispers fanned...
O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land?"

And, once in San Diego,
I heard him sing again,
Of Amberley, Rye, and Bramber,
And Brede and Fairlight Glen:
The nestling hills of Sussex,
The russet-roofed elfin towns,
And the skylark up in a high wind
Caroling over the downs.

Sea Moods

Thou slumbering sea below me,
O soft night wind around,
Give me relief, comfort my grief.
Oh, where may peace be found?

White wavelets playing in sunshine,
Your laughter rings in my ears,
Tumbling along, rippling with song,
As tho' to mock my tears.

O storm, you may rage your fiercest,
My soul you cannot kill.
Great rocks at sea
Help me to be Like you, triumphant still!

"From Warbleton to Wild Brook,
When May is white as foam,
O, have you seen my dearling
on any hills of home?
Or have you seen her shining,
Or only touch'd her hand.
O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land?"

And, once again, by Cowfold,
I heard him singing low,
'Tis not the leagues of ocean
That hide the hills I know.
The May that shines before me
Has made a ghost of May.
The valleys that I would walk in
Are twenty years away.

"Ah, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land...
On hills that I remember,
In valleys I understand,
So far beyond the sunset,
So very close at hand,
O have you seen my true love
In that immortal land?"

Non Vogl'io Se Non Vederti

Non voglio se non vederti
 Men crudel, mio Ben con me
 Ti prometto compiacerti
 E donarmi tutti a te!
 Bramo sol di rimirarti,
 Bella Mia, con men rigor
 Mi contents d'adorarti
 Anco a costo del mio core

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella,
 Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
 D'esser tu l'amor mio?
 Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
 Dubitar non ti vale.
 Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
 Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
 è il mio amore.

Ah, mai non cessate

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro parlar,
 o labbra desiate ond'io folle vo'
 col miel delle vostre parole vo' far
 un dolce guanciaie su cui dormirò.

O sonni beati da niun mai sognati
 che su quel guanciaie dormendo farò,
 dormendo e sognando, vicino al tuo cor,
 il dolce, desiato mio sogno d'amor.
 Ah! dormendo, sognando, sognando d'amor!

Ho Capito!

Ho capito, signor sì!
 Chino il capo e me ne vo.
 Giacch' piace a voi così,
 Altre repliche non fo.
 Cavalier voi siete già.
 Dubitar non posso affé;
 Me lo dice la bontà
 Che volete aver per me.
a Zerlina, a parte
 Bricconaccia, malandrina!
 Fosti ognor la mia ruina!
a Leporello, che lo vuol condur seco
 Vengo, vengo!
a Zerlina
 Resta, resta.
 È una cosa molto onesta!
 Faccia il nostro cavaliere
 cavaliera ancora te.

I Only Want to See You

I only want to see you
 less cruel to me, my beloved.
 I promise to please you
 And to give myself completely to you!
 I long to only see you again
 My beauty, to be less harsh
 I am content to adore you
 Even at the cost of my heart

Amaryllis, my lovely one,

Amaryllis, my lovely one,
 do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire,
 That you are my love?
 Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,
 Doubt not its truth.
 Open my breast and see written on my heart:
 Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,
 Is my beloved.

- Translated by Katherine McGuire

Ah, Never Cease From Your Talking

Ah, never cease from your talking,
 oh desired lips which I madly want;
 with your words I want to make
 a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.

Oh blessed dreams that no one ever dreamed,
 that, sleeping on that pillow, I will make;
 sleeping and dreaming, close to your heart,
 the sweet, desired dream of love.
 Ah! Sleeping, dreaming of love!

I Understand!

Oh of course, Sir, I perceive, I perceive,
 At your wish I'm deaf and dumb,
 I will humbly take my leave,
 Ne'er to common sense succumb.
 No, no, no, nevermore.
 You're a gentleman, I know,
 That to doubt were wrong indeed,
 What do you expect from me.
aside to Zerlina
 By the Powers, I will shun thee,
 Oh, thou flirt, thou hast undone me,
to Leporello, who wants to lead him off
 Yes, directly.
to Zerlina
 Stay behind here!
 'Tis not what I thought to find here!
 Always trust a noble's honour,
 This should be the vassal's creed.

In "Ho capito," Masetto expresses his frustration and hurt after discovering that Zerlina has been deceived by Don Giovanni. Angry and determined to confront the situation, he laments his treatment while reluctantly accepting Zerlina's attempts to reconcile with him. The aria combines comic frustration with genuine jealousy and affection, revealing Masetto's more vulnerable side.

Le Secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme une larme il s'évapore.
Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour
Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et [plus blanc,
Que le lait, coule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe
Chanter sur [tes lèvres] en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein ;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie !
Ô Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours !

Seule

Dans un baiser, l'onde au rivage
Dit ses douleurs:
Pour consoler la fleur sauvage,
L'aube a des pleurs;
Le vent du soir conte sa plainte
Aux vieux cyprès,
La tourterelle au térébinthe
Ses longs regrets.

The Secret

Would that the morn were unaware
Of the name I told to the night,
And that in the dawn breeze, silently,
It would vanish like a tear.
Would that the day might proclaim it,
The love I hid from the morn,
And poised above my open heart,
Like a grain of incense kindle it.

Would that the sunset might forget,
The secret I told to the day,
And would carry it and my love away
In the folds of its faded robe!

- Translated by Richard Stokes

Lydia

Lydia, over your rosy cheeks,
and over your neck, so fresh and white,
sparkling, rolls
the fluid gold that you untie.

The day which is gleaming is the best:
let us forget the eternal tomb.
Let your dove's kisses
sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily ceaselessly diffuses
a divine scent in your breast:
like a swarm, delights
escape from you, young Goddess!

I love you and am dying, o my loves!
My soul is ravished by kisses.
O Lydia, give me back my life,
that I might die eternally

- Translated by Christopher Goldsack

Alone

In a kiss, the wave tells the shore
Of its sorrows:
To comfort the wild flower,
Dawn sheds tears;
The evening wind whispers its plaint
To the ancient cypresses,
The turtledove confides to the terebinth
Its lingering regrets.

Aux flots dormants, quand tout repose,
Hors la douleur,
La lune parle, et dit la cause
De sa pâleur.
Ton dôme blanc, Sainte-Sophie,
Parle au ciel bleu,
Et, tout rêveur, le ciel confie
Son rêve à Dieu.

Arbre ou tombeau, colombe ou rose,
Onde ou rocher,
Tout, ici-bas, a quelque chose
Pour s'épancher...
Moi, je suis seul, et rien au monde
Ne me répond,
Rien que ta voix morne et profonde,
Sombre Hellespont!

In Der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

Der Doppelgänger

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf demselben Platz.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor Schmerzens Gewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne Gestalt.

Du Doppelgänger! du bleicher Geselle!
Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle,
So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?

Verborgeneheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

To the slumbering waters, when all is at rest—
Save for sorrow—
The moon speaks, and reveals the cause
Of its pallor.
Your white dome, Hagia Sophia,
Speaks to the blue sky,
And, lost in reverie, the sky entrusts
Its dream to God.

Tree or tomb, dove or rose,
Wave or rock—
Everything here below has something
Through which to pour out its heart...
Yet I am alone, and nothing in the world
Answers me,
Save for your voice, mournful and deep,
O dark Hellespont!

In A Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red lightning,
The clouds come drifting in,
But father and mother have long been dead,
Now no one knows me there.

How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet time
When I too shall rest
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely woods,
Forgotten here as well.

- Translated by Richard Stokes

The Doppelgänger

The night is still, the streets are at rest;
in this house lived my sweetheart.
She has long since left the town,
but the house still stands on the selfsame spot.

A man stands there too, staring up,
and wringing his hands in anguish;
I shudder when I see his face –
the moon shows me my own form!

You wraith, pallid companion,
why do you ape the pain of my love
which tormented me on this very spot,
so many a night, in days long past?

- Translated by Richard Wigmore

Seclusion

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drückt
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

- Translated Richard Stokes