



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
JUNIOR RECITAL

**Amanda Britt, soprano**  
**with Ryan Enright, piano**

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Les Cloches, L.66  
Beau Soir, CD84, L6

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

"Porgi amor qualche ristoro" from *Le nozze di Figaro*, K. 492

W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Quattro canzoni d'Amaranta  
No. 1 Lasciami! Lascia ch'io respiri  
No. 2 L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra

Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Do Not Go, My Love, IRH 7  
"Lady of the Harbor" from *Three Women* (No. 2)

Richard Hageman (1881-1966)  
Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

"Lippen Schweigen" from *Die lustige Witwe (The Merry Widow)*  
with Mc Jefferson Agloro

Franz Lehár (1870-1948)

Ah, mai non cessate  
Perduta ho la speranza

Donaudy (1879-1925)

Du meines Herzens Krönelein, Op. 21 No. 2  
Allerseelen, Op. 10 No. 8

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

"Mimi and Marcello Act 3 Duet" from *La Bohème*  
with Mc Jefferson Agloro

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

"Donde lieta" from *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini

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

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FRIDAY, 6:00 P.M.  
OCTOBER 21, 2022  
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### **Les cloches (The Bells)** - Music by Claude Debussy / Text by Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Les feuilles s'ouvrant sur le bord des branches,  
Délicatement.  
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,  
Dans le ciel clément.

The leaves opened along the length of the branches.  
Delicately.  
The bells chimed, lightly and freely,  
In the mild sky.

Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,  
Ce lointain appel,  
Me remémorer la blancheur chrétienne  
Des fleurs de l'autel.

Rhythmic and fervent, like a refrain,  
This distant call,  
Reminded me of the Christian whiteness  
Of altar flowers.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années  
Et, dans le grand bois,  
Semblaient reverdir, les feuilles fanées.  
Des ours d'autrefois.

These bells spoke of happy years,  
And in the grand forest,  
they healed the withered leaves,  
From the days of another time.

### **Beau Soir (Beautiful Evening)** - Music by Claude Debussy / Text by Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

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 coeur troublé

When the sun sets the streams are pink,  
And a warm ripple crosses over the fields of wheat,  
The advice of happiness emanates from things,  
And rises to the troubled heart

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,  
Cependant qu'un 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

The advice to savor the joy of being on earth,  
while one is young and while the evening is beautiful,  
For we ourselves travel like this stream.  
It to the ocean, we to the tomb

### **"Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro" from *Le nozze di Figaro*** - W.A. Mozart / Libretto by: Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838)

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro  
Al mio duolo, a' miei sospir!  
O mi rendi, il mio tesoro,  
O mi lascia men morir.

Give, love, some refreshing comfort  
To my sorrow, to my sighs!  
Either give me back my beloved  
Or allow me, at least, to die.

### **Lasciami! Lascia ch'io respire** - Francesco Paolo Tosti

Lasciami! Lascia ch'io respiri, lascia  
ch'io mi sollevi! Ho il gelo nelle vene.  
Ho tremato. Ho nel cor non so che ambascia...  
Ahimè, Signore, è il giorno! Il giorno viene!

Leave me! Let me breathe, let me lift!  
I have frost in my veins. I trembled.  
I have in my heart I do not know which Embassy...  
Alas, Lord, it is the day! The day is coming!

Ch'io non lo veda! Premi la tua bocca  
su' miei cigli, il tuo cuore sul mio cuore!  
Tutta l'erba s'insanguina d'amore.  
La vita se ne va, quando trabocca.

Don't let me see him! Press your mouth  
on my eyelashes, your heart on my heart!  
All the grass gets dirty with love.  
Life leaves when it overflows.

Trafitta muoio, e non dalla tua spada.  
Mi si vuota il mio petto, e senza schianto.  
Non è sangue? Ahi, Signore, è la rugiada!  
L'alba piange su me tutto il suo pianto.

Pierced I die, and not by your sword.  
My chest empties, and without crashing.  
Isn't that blood? Ah, Sir, it's dew!  
Dawn Weeps on me all her weeping.

**L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra** - Francesco Paolo Tosti

L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra,  
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.  
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.  
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

Pupille ardenti, o voi senza ritorno  
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!  
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,  
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi, o Notte, nel tuo sen materno,  
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.  
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora  
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

The dawn will separate the shadow from the light,  
and my lust from my desire.  
O sweet star, it's time to die.  
A more divine Love From Heaven clears you.

Fiery pupils, or you without return sad stars,  
turn off incorruptible!  
I must die. I do not want to see the day,  
for the sake of my dream and the night.

Shut Me, O Night, In Thy motherly mind,  
while the pale earth doth burst forth.  
But out of my blood let the dawn arise,  
and out of my short Dream the eternal sun!

**Do Not Go, My Love** - Music by: Richard Hageman  
Text by: Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)  
*The Gardener XXXIV*

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.  
I have watched all night, and now  
my eyes are heavy with sleep.  
I fear lest I lose you when I'm sleeping.

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.  
I start up and stretch my hands to  
touch you. I ask myself, "Is it a  
dream?"

Could I but entangle your feet with  
my heart and hold them fast to my breast!

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

**Lady of the Harbor** - Lee Hoiby  
Text by: Emma Lazarus' (1849-1887) 1883  
sonnet, "The New Colossus,"

Give me your tired, your poor,  
your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me.  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

**Lippen Schweigen** - Franz Lehár  
*Die lustige Witwe - The Merry Widow* - Text by Viktor Hirschfeld (1858-1940)

Lippen schweigen, 's flüstern Geigen:  
Hab' mich lieb!  
All' die Schritte sagen bitte,  
hab' mich lieb!  
Jeder Druck der Hände deutlich mir's beschrieb,  
er sagt klar: 's ist wahr, 's ist wahr,  
du hast mich lieb!  
Bei jedem Walzerschritt  
Tanzt auch die Seele mit,  
da hüpf't das Herzchen klein,  
es klopft und pocht:  
Sei mein! Sei mein!  
Und der Mund er spricht kein Wort,  
doch tönt es fort und immerfort:  
ich hab' dich ja so lieb,  
ich hab' dich lieb!

Though lips are sealed, violins whisper:  
Care for me!  
All our dance steps do keep asking,  
Care for me!  
Our fingers clasping feel so right to me  
clearly telling me: it's true,  
you care for me!  
With ev'ry waltzing step  
Our souls do fall in step,  
Even our foolish hearts,  
They pound and sound:  
Be mine, be mine!  
And though the mouth, it still is sealed,  
And yet it couldn't be more plain:  
I care so much for you.  
I care for you!

Jeder Druck der Hände deutlich mir's beschrieb,  
er sagt klar: 's ist wahr, 's ist wahr,  
du hast mich lieb!

Our fingers clasping feel so right to me  
clearly telling me: it's true,  
you care for me!

**Ah, mai non cessate** - Stefano Donaudy

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.

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.

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!

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!

**Perduta ho la speranza** - Stefano Donaudy

Perduta ho la speranza in voi mirare,  
e di speranza sola nuttivo il core!  
Ahimè! Ah! come farò, se per amare,  
la fede ho già smarrita,  
la fede nell'amore?  
Perduta ho la speranza in voi mirare,  
e di speranza sola nuttivo il core!

I have lost hope in looking at you,  
And by hope alone did I nourish my heart!  
Ah me! Ah me! Oh, what shall I do if through loving  
I have really lost faith,  
faith in love?  
I have lost hope in looking at you,  
And by hope alone did I nourish my heart!

**Du meines Herzens Krönelein, Op.21 No.2** - Richard Strauss

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,  
du bist von lautrem Golde:

You, my heart's coronet,  
you are of pure gold,

Wenn andere daneben sein,  
dann bist du [erst]1 viel holde.

When others stand beside you,  
you are more lovely still.

Die andern tun so gern gescheit,  
du bist gar sanft und stille;

Others love to appear clever,  
you are so gentle and quiet;

Daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,  
dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.

That every heart delights in you,  
is your fortune not your will.

Die andern suchen Lieb'  
und Gunst mit tausend falschen Worten,

Others seek love and favours  
with a thousand false words,

Du ohne Mund- und Augen-Kunst,  
bist wert an allen Orten.

You, without artifice of mind or eye,  
are esteemed in every place.

Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald:  
sie weiß nichts von ihrer Blüte,

You are like the rose in the forest,  
knowing nothing of its flowers,

Doch jedem, der vorüberwallt, erfreut sie das Gemüte.

Yet rejoicing the heart of every passer-by.

**Allerseelen, Op.10 No. 8 - Richard Strauss**

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,  
Die letzten roten Asten trag herbei,  
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,  
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,  
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,  
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
Bring in the last red asters,  
And let us talk of love again  
As once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,  
And if people see, I do not care,  
Give me but one of your sweet glances  
As once in May.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,  
One day each year is devoted to the dead;  
Come to my heart and so be mine again,  
As once in May.

**"Donde lieta" (La Bohème) - Giacomo Puccini**

Donde lieta uscì  
al tuo grido d'amore,  
torna sola Mimi  
al solitario nido.  
Ritorna un'altra volta  
a intesser finti fior.

Addio, senza rancor.

Ascolta, ascolta  
Le poche robe aduna  
che lasciai sparse.

Nel mio cassetto  
stan chiusi quel cerchietto d'oro e  
il libro di preghiere.

Involgi tutto quanto in un grembiale  
e manderò il portiere...

Bada, sotto il guanciaie  
c'è la cuffietta rosa.  
Se vuoi serbarla a ricordo d'amor!  
Addio, senza rancor.

Once happily leaving  
to your cry of love,  
Mimi returns only  
to the solitary nest.  
I return again  
to make flowers and bouquets.

Goodbye, no hard feelings.

Listen, listen..  
The few things I've accumulated  
I've left behind.

In my drawer  
is a small band of gold  
and the prayer book.

Wrap them in an apron  
and I will send the concierge...

Look, under the pillow  
there is a pink bonnet.  
If you want to keep it in memory of our love, you may.  
Goodbye, no hard feelings.

**"Mimi and Marcello Act 3 Duet" (La Bohème)**

*La Bohème* has been rightly called a true work of genius and its composer's masterpiece. A tender, tragic story of love among the artists and their residents of the Latin Quarter, in Paris in the 1890s. Act 3 finds us on the outskirts of Paris, outside of a tavern. Mimi comes searching for Rodolfo and briefly discusses her situation with his friend Marcello, a painter. Marcello comforts Mimi as she reveals her troubled relationship with Rodolfo. Mimi and Rodolfo's affair has ended due to Rodolfo's constant jealousy, she explains and begs Marcello to send Rodolfo to her for a final farewell. Marcello agrees, but as Rodolfo suddenly appears, Mimi conceals herself.