



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
GRADUATE RECITAL

Taylor Graham, coloratura soprano
with John Cozza, piano

Selections from *Semele*

G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

Endless pleasure, endless love
Thus let my thanks be paid

The Gipsy and the Bird

Julius Benedict (1804-1885)

with Kristen Hogan, flute

The Spring is at The Door
Song of the Blackbird
Under the Greenwood Tree
Love's Philosophy

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

INTERMISSION

Frühlingsmorgen
Die Lotosblume, Op. 25/7
Die Nacht, Op. 10/3
Ständchen, Op. 106/1

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Green, L. 63/60
Fleur des blés, L. 16/7
Je te veux

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Portrait

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

with Kristen Hogan, flute

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the Graduate Performer's Certificate.
Taylor Graham is a student of Dr. Robin Fisher.*



SATURDAY, 6:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 26, 2019
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Texts and Translations

Selections from *Semele*

"Endless pleasure, endless love"

Endless pleasure, endless love,
Semele enjoys above!
On her bosom Jove reclining,
Useless now his thunder lies;
To her arms his bolts resigning,
And his lightning to her eyes.

"Thus let my thanks be paid"

Thus let my thanks be paid,
Thus let my arms embrace thee;
And when I'm a goddess made,
With charms like mine I'll grace thee.

The Gipsy and the Bird

A Gipsy roaming thro' the meadows Spied a linnet, a linnet on a tree; Ah! tho' thy lay she said "is pretty, Listen songster. Listen to me. Tra la la la... That is what thy song should be. A carol then the linnet warbled. Ringing out each joyous note, sweeter music every moment issued from its tiny throat till the Gipsy's heart. The Gipsy's heart it smote. Oh birdie cried the Gipsy maiden "I alas! Was very, very vain. For my song is poor and very humble. Near thy sweet and tender strain." Tra la la la...

The Spring is at the door

The Spring is at the door: She bears a golden store. Her maund with yellow daffodils runneth o'er. Her rosy feet are bare. The wind is in her hair. And O her eyes are April eyes, very fair. After her footsteps follow. The mullein and the mallow; She scatters golden powder on the sallow. She brings the crocus white. And golden aconite. She brings desire and doubting and delight.

Song of the Blackbird

The Nightingale has a lyre of gold.
The Lark's is a clarion call.
And the Blackbird plays but a boxwood flute.
But I love him, I love him best of all...
For his song is all of the joys of life.
And we in the mad spring weather.
We two have listened 'till he sang
our hearts and lips together.

Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree
who loves to lie with me.
and turn his merry note,
unto the sweet bird's throat.
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
but winter and rough weather.
Who doth ambition shun,
and loves to live in the sun.
Seeking the food he eats,
and pleased with what he gets.
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river and the
rivers with the ocean.
The winds of Heav'n mix forever with a
sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single;
all things by a law divine, in one another's
beings mingle,
why not I with thine, not I with thine?
See, the mountains kiss high heav'n,
and the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiv'n if it
disdained its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
What are all these kissing worth,
If thou, if thou kiss not me?

Frühlingsmorgen (Spring Morning)

Es klopft an das Fenster der Lindenbaum.
Mit zweigen blütenbehangen:
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Was liegst du im Traum?
Die Sonn' ist aufgegangen!
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Die Lerche ist wach, die Büsche weh'n
Die Bienen summen und Käfer!
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!
Und dein munteres Lieb' hab ich auch schon geseh'n.
Steh' auf, Langschläfer!
Langschläfer, steh' auf!
Steh' auf! Steh' auf!

The linden tree taps at the window.
With flower-laden boughs:
Get up! Get up!
Why do you lie dreaming?
The sun has risen!
Get up! Get up!
The lark is awake, the bushes are stirring!!
The bees hum and beetles too!
Get up! Get up!
And I've already seen your cheery lover.
Get up, sleepy-head!
Sleepy-head, get up!
Get up! Get up!

Die Lotosblume, Op. 25/7 (The Lotus-flower)

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

The Lotus-flower is afraid
of the sun's radiance,
and with bowed head
she dreamily awaits the night.
The moon he is her lover;
She wakes in his beams' embrace,
To her lover alone unveiling
The innocent flower of her face.
She beams and gleams and glistens
And gazes mutely above;
She weeps scented tears and trembles
With love and the pain of love

Die Nacht, Op. 10/3 (The Night)

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!
Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.
Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.
Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Out of the woods steps the night,
out of the trees steals it softly,
gazes about her in a wide circle,
Now beware!
All the lights of this earth,
all flowers, all colors,
puts it out and steals the sheaves away
from the field.
She takes all that is lovely,
takes the silver from the stream,
takes from the cathedral's copper roof,
away the gold.
Plundered stands the shrub,
draw closer, soul to soul,
oh the night, I fear, it will-steal
you from-me also.

Ständchen, Op. 106/1 (Serenade)

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut.
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen;

The moon shines over the mountain,
just right for the people in love.
A fountain purls in the garden;

Sonst Stille weit und breit.
Neben der Mauer, im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,
Und singen und spielen dabei.
Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: "Vergiß nicht mein"

Aquarelles, L. 63/30 (Green)

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles
et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.

Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.
Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Fleur des blés L. 16/7 (Flowers of Wheat)

Le long des blés que la brise
Fait onduler puis défrise
En un désordre coquet,
J'ai trouvé de bonne prise
De t'y cueillir un bouquet.
Mets-le vite à ton corsage,
Il est fait à ton image
En même temps que pour toi.
Ton petit doigt, je le gage,
T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:
Ces épis dorés, c'est l'onde
De ta chevelure blonde
Toute d'or et de soleil;
Ce coquelicot qui fronde,
C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.
Et ces bluets, beau mystère!
Points d'azur que rien n'altère,
Ces bluets ce sont tes yeux
Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur terre,
Deux éclats tombés des cieux.

otherwise, silence far and wide.
By the wall, in the shadows,
three students stand:
with flute and fiddle and zither,
and sing and play there.
The sound steals softly into dreams
of the loveliest of girls,
she sees her fair-headed love
and whispers "Remember me"

Here are some fruit, some flowers, some leaves
and some branches,
And then here is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not rip it up with your two white hands,
And may the humble present be sweet in your
beautiful eyes!

I arrive all covered in dew,
Which the wind of morning comes to freeze on my
forehead.

Suffer my fatigue as I repose at your feet,
Dreaming of dear instants that will refresh me.
On your young breast allow my head to rest,
Still ringing with your last kisses;
Let it calm itself after the pleasant tempest,
And let me sleep a little, since you are resting.

From the tall corn that ripples
And undulates under the breeze
In coquettish disarray
I have found the good idea
To gather a nosegay for you.
Place it on your bosom, quickly;
It was not only gathered for you,
But also created in your image,
And I'll warrant your little finger
Has already told you why.
These golden ears are waves of corn
Of your own fair tresses,
Spun from gold and sunlight;
This insolent poppy,
Is the red blood of your lips.
And these cornflowers, beautiful mystery!
Specks of azure that nothing can alter,
these cornflowers they are your eyes,
so blue that one would say to earth,
two slivers have fallen from the sky.

Je te veux (I Want You)

J'ai compris ta détresse
Cher amoureux
Et je cède à tes vœux
Fais de moi ta maîtresse
Loin de nous la sagesse
Plus de tristesse
J'aspire à l'instant précieux
Où nous serons heureux
Je te veux
Je n'ai pas de regrets
Et je n'ai qu'une envie
Près de toi là tout près
Vivre toute ma vie
Que mon corps soit le tien
e ta lèvre la mienne
Que ton corps soit le mien
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne

I understand your catastrophe
dear lover.
And I yield to your desires:
You will be my lover.
Far from us wisdom,
no more sadness,
I want a precious moment.
When we will be happy:
I want you.
I have no regrets
and I only have one desire:
to be close to you, very close,
to live all my life.
Let my heart be yours
and your lips mine,
May your body be mine
and that all my flesh be yours.

Portrait (A Sung Waltz)

Son nom m'est doux comme le miel,
Elle est blonde comme une fée,
Ses yeux sont faits d'un coin de ciel;
L'ai-je vue ou l'ai-je rêvée?
Elle semble un lys frêle et doux,
Elle en a la mélancolie
Et la grace; connaissez-vous
Celle-là qui fait ma folie?
Sa voix contient le miel des fleurs,
Elle est irréelle et profonde,
Et je bois toutes les douleurs,
Dans sa voix de sirène blonde.
Son regard me frôle souvent,
Mais cependant elle m'ignore.
Elle passe et mon cœur fervent
Vole sur sa trace et l'adore.

Her name is as sweet as honey to me,
She is as fair-haired as a fairy,
Her eyes are made of the sky;
Have I seen her or I am dreaming?
She is like a fragile, sweet lily,
She is melancholic
and graceful; do you know
the one who I am mad about?
Her voice is nectar,
unreal and deep,
And I drink all the suffering
in this fair-haired, mermaid's voice.
Her gaze often brushes lightly over me,
Nevertheless she is unaware of me.
She goes past me and my ardent heart flies
after her and I adore her.