



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Ryan Antillon, baritone

John Cozza, piano

I feel the deity within . . . Arm, arm, ye brave!
(recitative and aria from *Judas Maccabeus*) G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Morir voglio
lo so che pria mi moro
Toglietemi la vita ancor Emanuele D'Astorga (1680-1757)
Pancrazio Aniello (18th c.)
Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)

Klage an den Mond
Pause (*Die Schöne Müllerin*) Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Bei dir sind meine Gedanken Franz Schubert
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

INTERMISSION

Please hold your applause until the end of each section.

Psyché
Madrigal
Si tu veux, Mignonne Emile Paladilhe (1844-1926)
Vincent D'Indy (1851-1931)
Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Bacio di lama (*I Gioielli della Madonna*) Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari (1876-1948)

Three Shakespeare Songs, Op.6 Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Come away, death
O mistress mine
Blow, blow, thou winter wind

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Performance.
Ryan Antillon is a student of Professor Claudia Kitka.*



FRIDAY, 7:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 28, 2022
CAPISTRANO ROOM 151

Ryan Antillon, baritone
Bachelor of Music in Performance
Friday, October 28, 2022, 7:00 pm
Translations and Notes

I feel the deity within . . . Arm, arm, ye brave! (recitative and aria from *Judas Maccabeus*)

Handel was bound to the British royal family both by pension and loyalty and during the time of the Scottish rebellion (1745-46) composed numerous songs and oratorios such as this one that contained not-so-veiled references to the conflict.

I feel, I feel the deity within,
Who, the bright cherubim between,
His radiant glory erst display'd;
To Israel's distressful pray'r
He hath vouchsafe'd a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabaeus to their aid:
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

Arm, arm, ye brave! A noble cause,
The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands.
In defence of your nation, religion, and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

Morir voglio

That I might die!
If heaven in pity grant me
No respite from great sorrow.
At last was ended my bitter sorrow,
My grief and anguish.
If death delay not, but welcome me.

Io so che pria mi moro

I vow my heart so troubled
Would glow with peace
Knowing for certain that
After death, the Love my spirit
Cherished would still survive
Unaltered, unfaltering
Behind the curtain.

Toglietemi la vita ancor

Take away my life, cruel heavens,
If you wish to steal my heart.
Deny me the light of day, ruthless stars,
If you are happy with my sorrow.

Klage an den Mond
(Complaint to the Moon)

Your silver shone down on me
through the green oaks
that gave cool shade, O moon,
on me, a happy youth.

When now your light
breaks through the window,
no peace smiles on me,
now a young man;
it sees my cheeks pale,
my eyes moist with tears.

Soon, dear friend, soon
your silver light will shine
on the tombstone
that hides my ashes,
the young man's ashes.

Pause (Interlude) from the song
cycle *Die Schöne Müllerin*

I have hung my lute on the wall,
and tied a green ribbon around it.
I can sing no more, my heart is too full;
I do not know how to force it into rhyme.
The most ardent pangs of my longing
I could express in playful song,
and as I lamented, so sweetly and tenderly,
I believed my sorrows were not trifling.
Ah, how great can my burden of joy be
that no song on earth will contain it?
Rest now, dear lute, here on this nail,
and if a breath of air wafts over your
strings, or a bee touches you with its
wings, I shall feel afraid, and shudder.
Why have I let this ribbon hang down so
far? Often it flutters across the strings
with a sighing sound.
Is this the echo of my love's sorrow,
or could it be the prelude to new songs?

Bei dir sind meine Gedanken

My thoughts are with you
And flutter around you;
They say they are homesick,
They are no longer wanted here.
My thoughts are with you
And do not wish to leave you;
They say that this is the loveliest
Place on earth.
They say that your magic
Holds them inescapably in thrall;
That they have scorched their wings
On your glances.

INTERMISSION

Psyché

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!
The sun's rays kiss you too often,
your hair suffers too much from the wind's
caresses. As it strokes them, I grumble!

Even the air that you breathe passes over
your mouth with too much pleasure.
Your dress touches you too closely!
And as soon as you sigh I know not what it
is that startles me so and fears, amidst your
sighs, some sighs for another!

Madrigal

No one had ever lovelier features,
A whiter neck, more silken hair;
No one had ever a nicer waist,
No one besides my Lady of the gentle eyes!
No one had ever lips more smiling,
Which smiling make the heart more glad,
A chaster bosom under filmy bodice,
No one besides my lady of the gentle eyes!
No one had ever voice of sweeter meaning,
White little teeth like shining pearls;
No one was ever lovelier to the sight,
No one besides my Lady of the gentle eyes,
My Lady of the gentle eyes!

Si tu veux, Mignonne

If you wish, Mignonne, in the spring
We will see the hawthorn flower,
Scattering in the fresh meadows
The snow from its delicate head,
If you like, Mignonne, in the spring . . .
If you like, when the summer comes
We will listen amidst the branches
To the joyous love songs
Of the little white doves,
If you like, when the summer comes . . .
We will walk the yellowed woods,
If you want, when autumn comes
So the birds will be warm in their nests
We will take them sprigs of anemones
If you wish, Mignonne, We will walk . . .

And then, when winter comes
We will recall again the roses
Of spring, and the green path
Where you promised so many things to
me! If you Wish, Mignonne!

Bacio di lama (aria from the opera
I Gioielli della Madonna, The Jewels of the
Madonna)

*The blacksmith Gennaro and the gangster
Rafaele are rivals. Rafaele is passionately
attracted to Maliella, Gennaro's foster
sister, but she repels Rafaele's advances.
After he dares her to stab him, she jams a
hairpin into his hand. Initially irritated, he
then insists that she will belong to him.*

Kiss of a blade, bite of love, a woman who
loves with all her heart. Powerfully have
you struck, the omen is powerful; you have
wounded me in life and in death. Lovely
girl, I like you very much, a mouth made for
kissing, you're mad for me. Joyous flame
from an open vein, the flames seal, living
seal that unites us. Thus, I render to you,
dear, the missed shot, and I place my faith
at your feet.

Three Shakespeare Songs, Op.6

Come away, death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown. A thousand thousand sighs to
save, Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

O mistress mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Blow, blow thou winter wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Although thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
Most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
most loving mere folly
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.