



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Isabelle Ceballos, Soprano
Ryan Enright, piano

L'Allegro - Selections G.F. Handel (1685-1759)
Let me wander not unseen
Or let the merry bells
Và godendo (Serse)

Liebst du um Schönheit Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)
Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Der Schmied Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

L'altra notte in fondo al mare (*Mefistofele*) Arrigo Boito (1842-1918)
Quando men vo (*La Bohème*) Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

INTERMISSION

Fino cristal Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)
Con amores, la mí madre Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
Al amor Fernando Obradors

The Merchant's Aria (*Hero's Awakening*) Sierra Wojtczack (b.1999)

Will there really be a morning? Richard Hundley (1931-2018)
Strings in the earth and air Richard Hundley
Songs of Perfect Propriety - Selections Music: Seymour Barab (1921-2014)
Ultimatum Lyrics: Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)
Song of Perfect Propriety

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Isabelle Ceballos is a student of Professor Claudia Kitka.*



FRIDAY, 4:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 4, 2024
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Isabelle Ceballos, Soprano

Bachelor of Music in Voice

Friday, October 4, 2024, 4:00 pm

Texts, Translations, and Notes

***L'Allegro* - Selections**

Let me wander not unseen

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms on hillocks green.
There the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles over the furrow'd land.
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or let the merry bells

Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

Và godendo (*Serse*)

Joyously and graciously ripples
That free-flowing brooklet,
And with clear waves
It runs through the grass,
Gaily toward the sea.

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty, oh do not love me!
Love the sun, adorned by golden hair!
If you love for youth, oh do not love me!
Love the Spring, it is young every year!

If you love for treasures, oh do not love me!
Love the mermaid, she has many
shimmering pearls!
If you love for love, oh yes, then love me!
Love me always, I love you forever!

Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden

Ah, Love, I must leave,
To wander over hill and dale;
The alder trees and willows
Are weeping, every one,
They have so often seen us strolling
Together on the banks of the stream,
They cannot conceive
The one without the other.
The alder trees and willows
Are weeping sorrowfully.
Imagine then, how we two
Feel in our hearts.

Der Schmied (The Blacksmith)

I hear my sweetheart,
He wields his hammer,
There's a roaring, a banging,
It is heard far away
Like the ringing of bells,
Through the streets and through the square.

By the black chimney,
There sits my beloved,
But when I pass by,
The bellows then howl,
The flames flare up,
And blaze around him.

L'altra notte in fondo al mare (Mefistofele)

Boito's 1868 opera Mefistofele is based on the famous story Faust by Goethe. In Act III, the peasant girl Margherita is in prison for poisoning her mother and killing her illegitimate baby. As insanity sets in, she sings of her impending execution.

Night before last, they threw my child to the
bottom of the sea; now, to drive me insane,
they claim I drowned him.
The air is cold, the prison dark,
and my sorrowful soul, like the sparrow of the
woods, flies, flies, flies away . . .
Ah! Have pity on me!

Into lethargic sleep has my mother fallen,
and as the height of horror
they accuse me of poisoning her.
The air is cold, the prison dark,
and my sorrowful soul, like the sparrow of the
woods, flies, flies, flies away . . .
Ah! Have pity on me!

Quando men vo (La Bohème)

La Bohème (The Bohemian Life), one of Puccini's most popular operas, premiered in 1896 in Turin, Italy. Set in Paris around 1830, the story is centered around the relationships of five struggling artist friends. Act II takes place at the Café Momus on Christmas Eve where Musetta, the coquettish café singer, spots her erstwhile lover, Marcello. To draw attention to herself, she begins singing a waltz-song.

When I stroll all alone down the lane,
people stop and admire, and they study my beauty
thoroughly from head to toe!

And then I delight in the desire so subtle,
that gleams through their eyes, as from my
manifest beauty they deduce my hidden charms.
Thus an aura of desire surrounds me,
and delights me!

And you who knows, who remembers and suffers,
why do you avoid me so?
I know well: you do not wish to show your anguish,
but you feel you will nearly die!

INTERMISSION

Fino cristal

Fine crystal is my child, oh, fine crystal.
Little doves flying briskly to and fro.
The round sun shines brightly through the pines,
A fine breeze comes in dark pursuit behind.
Oh, there is my child, there on the sea,
There among white clouds. Oh fine crystal!

Con amores, la mí madre

With love, my mother, I fall asleep;
thus asleep, I was dreaming
that which my heart was hiding,
that love was consoling me
with more good than I deserved.
The aid lulled me to sleep.
What love gave me, with love, put to bed
my pain by the faith with which I served you.
With love, my mother, I fell asleep.

Al amor (To love)

Give me, love, kisses without content,
seizing my hair.
And one thousand one hundred after them
and after them eleven hundred more
and after . . .
of many thousands, three!
And so that nobody knows it,
let's not forget the count,
and . . . count backwards.

The Merchant's Aria (Hero's Awakening)

*Welcome to the video game "Hero's Awakening!"
Join Rowan (a human player) and their in-game
NPC (non-player character) sidekick Kay on their quest to
save the world. Along the way, they meet the Merchant,
another NPC who is much more than they seem...*

*Dramatic Context: In this particular scene the Merchant
has just met the hero Rowan who treated them terribly.
The Merchant expresses their discontent at only being a
Non Player Character (NPC) and plots their way to finally
be the hero.*

Skip! Good grief. Skip! Good grief.
Good grief, good grief, GOOD GRIEF!

Look at me. I am treated no more than a fool. I am
nothing in this world, my only purpose is to greet
and to sell. When I first woke up, when I saw all of
you, I knew there was more to being me. But in
this world, I'm not a player, I'm an NPC.
Just a non-player character!

This world is built against me; I deserve to be at the
top. I have a way to prove I am more than a keeper
of shops. Look around me, the means to my end
are right here. I carry everything the player could
ever need.

What if I turned on their greed? A weapon I've
cursed, a tool I've tainted, a Sword of Mystery. After
all, who are they to question an innocent NPC?

I must talk to Kay, I can make them see the truth.
Together we could bring down Rowan and once
the battle's won, the player undone, we can
remake this world again. And I will be the hero!

Will there really be a morning?

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?
Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?
Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where that place called Morning lies!
Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?

Strings in the earth and air

Strings in the earth and air make music sweet;
Strings by the river where the willows meet.

There's music along the river for love wanders
there, pale flowers on his mantel, dark leaves
on his hair.

All softly playing, with head to the music bent,
and fingers straying upon an instrument.

Strings in the earth and air make music sweet;
Strings by the river where the willows meet.

Songs of Perfect Propriety- Selections

Ultimatum

I'm wearied of wearying love, my friend,
Of worry and strain and doubt;
Before we begin, let us view the end,
And maybe I'll do without.
There's never the pang that was worth the tear,
And toss in the night I won't.
So either you do or you don't, my dear,
Either you do or you don't!

The table is ready, so lay your cards,
And if they should augur pain,
I'll tender you ever my kind regards
And run for the fastest train.
I haven't the will to be spent and sad;
My heart's to be gay and true.
Then either you don't or you do, my lad,
Either you don't or you do!

Song of Perfect Propriety

Oh, I should like to ride the seas,
A roaring buccaneer;
A cutlass banging at my knees,
A dirk behind my ear.
And when my captives' chains would clank
I'd howl with glee and drink,
And then fling out the quiv'ring plank
And watch the beggars sink.

I'd like to straddle gory decks,
And dig in laden sands,
And know the feel of throbbing necks
Between my knotted hands.
My slaves I'd like to bind with thongs
That cut and burn and chill . .
But! I am singing little songs,
As little ladies will.