



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Jacob Burke, baritone
with John Cozza, piano

"Vieni, vieni, o mia Ninetta" (from *La Finta Semplice*) W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
"Con un vezzo all'Italiana" (from *La Finta Giardiniera*)

"My Boy, You May take It From Me" (from *Ruddigore*) Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)
Five Eyes C. Armstrong Gibbs (1889-1960)
Give A Man A Horse He Can Ride Geoffrey O'Hara (1882-1967)

La mi sola, Laureola Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
Del cabello más sutil
Chiquitita la novia

INTERMISSION

Selections from *Liederkreis*, Op. 39 Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
In der Fremde
Intermezzo
Die Nacht Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
An Silvia, D. 891 Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Three Gothic Ballads John Duke (1899-1984)
The Old King
The Mad Knight's Song
The Coward's Lament

Mexican Folk Songs
Marinela José Serrano (1873-1941)
Clavelitos Joaquin Valverde (1846-1910)
Estrellita Manuel Ponce (1882-1948)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Jacob Burke is a student of Dr. Robin Fisher.*



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 6, 2020
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Jacob Burke
Senior Recital
Text and Translations

“Vieni, vieni, o mia Ninetta” from *La Finta Semplice*

Simone is an orderly for the captain of his unit. Stationed near Cremona, they have been lodging together in the home of Don Cassandro. Fracasso, the captain, falls in love with Don Cassandro’s daughter, Giacinta. Meanwhile Simone falls in love with Ninetta, the witty maid of Giacinta. While the two pairs of lovers cannot marry without the consent of Giacinta’s brothers, they devise a dubious plan to force the brothers’ hands. This aria takes place as the opening for Act III as Simone and Ninetta celebrate the success of their scheme, and await their marriage. The softer accompaniment and delicate, separated phrasing give way to the love and excitement that Simone feels, now that they are to be married.

Vieni, vieni, o mia Ninetta

From *La Finta Semplice*

Vieni, vieni, o mia Ninetta
Che ho gran fretta di sposar.
L’han giurato,
Si, l’han promesso,
Son soldato e non e adesso
troppo tempo di tremar.

-*Marco Coliellini*

Come, come oh my Ninetta

Come, come, oh my Ninetta,
For I am in great haste to marry.
They have pledged her to me,
Yes, they have promised her,
I am a soldier and now there is not
Too much time to hesitate.

“Con un vezzo all’Italiana” from *La Finta Giardiniera*

A testament to the early stylings of Mozart, *La Finta Giardiniera* is a complex game of disguises, love, and murder. The story begins as Violante and Roberto, the Marchioness and her servant, are disguised as two gardeners named Sandrina and Nardo. The duo overhears that Count Belfiore, who was once Violante’s lover, is now engaged to Arminda. Sandrina faints at the sound of the news, and Arminda leaves for help. Count Belfiore watches over the young gardener and is shocked as he realizes she is none-other than his old love, Violante. As the intrigue of Act I comes to a close, Nardo has discovered a love of his own. In juxtaposition to the seriousness of Violante and her old lover, Nardo has fallen for a young servant named Serpetta. As this new love blooms for Nardo, he desperately tries to woo Serpetta, who will only agree to love Nardo if he serenades her. Nardo’s fervor and desperation are truly revealed as the aria breaks into three different languages, as he tries to entice Serpetta, again and again.

Con un vezzo all’Italiana

From *La Finta Giardiniera*

Con un vezzo all’ Italiana
Vi dirò che quell visetto
M’ha infiammato il core in petto
Che languire ognor mi fà.
Non vi piace, non va bene?

With an Italian style

With an Italian style
I will tell you that your little face
Has inflamed my heart,
Has made me languish endlessly.
You do not like it, am I not okay?

Via proviamo alla Francese:
Ah, Madame, votre serviteur
De tout mon Coeur votre serviteur!
Oh neppur va ben cosi?
Su vediamo un po' all'Inglese:
Ah, my life, pray you say yes!
Maledetta indifferenza
Mi fa perder la pazienza:
Qui non serve alla Francese,
Non capacita Inglese,
Non gli piace all'Italiana.
Oh, che umor, che Donna strana,
Io mi perdo in verità!

-Raniero da Calzabigi

Let us try French:
Ah, Madam, I am your servant,
With all my heart, your servant!
Oh, not even that will do?
Then let us see how English goes:
Ah, my life, pray you say yes!
This damned indifference,
Makes me lose my patience:
Here French will not serve,
I cannot convince you in English:
Nor please you in Italian...
Oh, what disposition, what a strange
Woman, truly I am at a loss!

“My Boy, You May Take it From Me” from *Ruddigore*

The comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan are known well for the absurdity of their respective worlds. *Ruddigore* is no exception to that rule, where in the town of Rederring, Cornwall, a terrible curse has been placed. All Baronets of Rederring must commit a crime every day, or die in terrible anguish. Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd relinquishes his title as baron and lives in secret under the name Robin Oakapple, hoping to avoid the curse. Ruthven's beloved foster brother Richard, knowing this secret, visits Ruthven after ten years at sea. Ruthven confides to Richard that he is in love with a woman, but is far too shy to say anything to her. The aria begins here, as Ruthven attempts to convince his brother that his diffidence is the worst affliction to man, and he desperately needs Richard's help. The aria reveals Ruthven's tragically low self-opinion, and the frantic patter helps to illustrate just how much this shyness is affecting Ruthven.

My boy, you may take it from me

From *Ruddigore*

My boy you may take it from me, that of all the afflictions accursed, with which a man's saddled and hampered and addled, a diffident nature's the worst.

Though clever as clever can be,
a Crichton of early romance, you must stir it and stump it, and blow your own trumpet, or trust me you haven't a chance.

If you wish in the world to advance, Your merits your bound to enhance, You must stir it and stump it, and blow your own trumpet, or trust me you haven't a chance.

Now take for example my case;
I've a bright intellectual brain.
In all London city there's no-one so witty—I've thought so again and again.

I've a highly intelligent face
my features cannot be denied.
But, whatever I try, sir, I fail in—and why sir?
I'm modesty personified!

As a poet I'm tender and quaint --
I've passion and fervor and grace—From Ovid
and Horace to Swinburne and Morris, they all of
them take a back place.

Then I sing and I play and I paint;
Though none are accomplished as I.
To say so were treason: You ask me the reason?
I'm different, modest and shy

-W.S. Gilbert

Five Eyes

In Hans' old mill the three black cats
Watch the bins for the thieving rats
Whisker and claw they crouch in the night,
Their five eyes smould'ring green and bright.

Squeaks from the flower-sack, squeaks from
where the cold wind stirs on the empty stair,
Squeaking and scamp'ring everywhere.

Then down they pounce, now in now out, At
whisking tail, and snuffing snout.
While lean old Hans he snores away
Till peep of light at break of day;

Then up he climbs to his creaking mill
Out comes his cats all grey with meal.
Jekkel, and Jessup, and one-eyed Jill.
-Walter de la Mare

La mi sola, Laureola

La mi sola, Laureola.

Yo el cautivo Leriano
Anque mucho estoy ufano
Herido de aquella mano
Que en el mundo es una sola.

La mi sola, Laureola.
-Juan Ponce

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello mas sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado.
He de hacer una cadena
para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
cuando fueras a beber
-Anonymous

Give a man a horse he can ride

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat he can sail.
And his rank and wealth, strength and
Health, on sea nor shore shall fail!

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read
And his home is bright with a calm
Delight, Tho' the rom be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, oh my love, love thee.
And his heart is great with the pulse of fate,
At home, on land, on sea!
-James Thomson

My one and only, Laureola

My one and only, Laureola

I'm the captive Leriano,
Even though I'm very proud,
Wounded by that hand,
Of which in the world, there is only one.

My one and only, Laureola.

Of the most delicate hair

Of the most delicate hair
that you have in your braids,
I have to make a chain
to bring you to my side.

A jug in your house,
darling, I would like to be
to kiss you on the lips
when you went to drink.

Chiquitita la novia

Chiquitita la novia ¡Ah!
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala
Y el dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero ¡Ah!
-Folk song

Die Nacht

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,
nimt vom Kupferdach des Doms
weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
rücke näher, Seele an Seele;
o die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
dich mir auch.

-Hermann von Gilm

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimath hinter den Blitzen roth
da kommen die Wolken her,
aber Vater und Mutter sind lange todt, es kennt
mich dort Keiner mehr.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit. Da
Ruhe ich auch, da Ruhe ich auch,
und über mir rauscht die schöne
Waldeinsamkeit, und Keiner kennt mich mehr
heir.

Tiny bride

Tiny bride, Ah!
The tiny groom,
the tiny living room,
and the bedroom.
That's what I want
the tiny bed
and the tiny mosquito net. Ah!

The Night

Night steps out of the woods,
And sneaks softly out of the trees,
Looks about in a wide circle,
Now beware.

All the lights of this earth,
All flowers, all colors it extinguishes,
and steals the sheaves from the field.

It takes everything that is dear,
takes the silver from the stream,
taking from the cathedral's copper roof,
the gold.

The shrubs stand plundered,
Draw nearer, soul to soul;
Oh, I fear the night will also steal
you from me.

In a foreign land

From home, behind the red lightning flashes
Come the clouds,
But father and mother are long dead;
No one there knows me now.

How soon, how soon will the quiet time come.
When I shall also rest,
and above me will rustle the beautiful solitude of
the forest. And none will know me anymore.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund‘

Mein Herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

-Joseph v. Eichendorff

An Silvia

Was ist Silvia, saget an.
Dass sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh ich sie nahn,
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,
Dass ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug‘ eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.

Darum Silvia, tön, o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

-Eduard von Bauernfeld

The Old King

I am so old a king that I remember
How three oak forests have sprouted,
and grown, and died, Around this hall
And the generations of strong young men,
drinking ale, under the shade of them.
But now, I am content to sleep.

My beard is grown long and fine like cobwebs;
The soft dust has fallen upon my shoulders; The
mice playing round me do not heed me at all;
It's little warmth I find in these embers.

Intermezzo

Your blissful, wonderful image
I have in the depths of my heart;
It looks at me so fresh and happy
At me every hour.

My heart sings to itself quietly
An old, beautiful song
That soars into the air
And hurries to your side.

To Silvia

What is Silvia, announce it,
why the whole world praises her?
Fair and tender I see her approach, by heaven's
grace and sign is shown,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring!

There were proud queens with yellow hair,
white breasts, walking the earth when I was
young; I had a long straight sword and their
castles to storm; their faces are fallen in and
their beauty gone, And no-one remembers, no-
one remembers...

I could be sorrowful thinking of what I have
lost. But now I am content to sleep.
I am content to sleep.

-John Heath-Stubbs

The Mad Knight's Song

Over windy heath and through still forests
From country to country I take my way,
For my skull is so full of crazed caged
songbirds. That keep me waking
both night and day.

My horse is so lean and gawky that he starts at
his own reflection, on the moons round face.
And love has made my body so thin, and so
pale, that it's little I need to eat,
these days.

I took the naked skin from my back,
and my breast, to make her a pair of gloves to
her mind. And there's nothing now, keeps the
wind from my heart.

O my love, my love.
Why were you unkind?

-John Heath-Stubbs

Marinela

Marinela, Marinela, con su triste cantinela, se
consuela de un olvido maldecido,
Mari, Marinela...

Campechina, como errante golondrina cantarina,
vas en busca del amor. Pobre golondrina que al
azar camina tras un sueño engañoso.

El aire murmura en mi oído dulces cantares que
en nuestros labios ha sorprendido en noches
lejanas de amor.

Cantares de tiempos mejores, cantares risueños,
que huelen a flores y alientan ensueños de
amores.

Marinela, con su cantinela busca olvido a su
dolor; pobre Marinela, ese bien que anhela
no lo da ese amor.

-F. Romero & G Fernandes Shaw

The Cowards Lament

The raven's black wings, bright with morning
rain are beating about my friend's head. Where
low he lies, on the field where I turned back, and
he remains.

Last night I lay under an old thorn tree and I saw
in a dream, my friend, stripped of his arms. And
the dry blood, marring his naked body.

And he stood beside me, and never spoke in my
dream, in the darkness, the long night though.
'Till I woke like Peter, to the crowing of the
cock.

-John Heath-Stubbs

Marinela

Marinela, Marinela, with her sad tune, consoles
herself with a cursed forgetfulness,
Mari, Marinela ...

A peasant girl, like a wandering singing
swallow, you go in search of love.
Poor swallow that randomly walks after a
deceiving dream.

The air murmurs in my ear sweet songs that
have surprised our lips in distant nights of love.

Songs of better times, laughing songs, smell of
flowers and encourage dreams of love.

Marinela, with her song seek an end to your
pain; poor Marinela, that good she longs for
that love does not give.

Clavelitos

¡Clavelitos! ¿ ¿A quien le doy claveles?
¡Clavelitos! Para los churumbeles!
¡Clavelitos! Que los doy con los ojos cerraos ¡y
los traigo en el cesto a precio modesto rojos y
pintaos!

¡Clavelitos! De la tierra adorada! ¡Clavelitos!
Que vienen de Granada! ¡Clavelitos! Que los
traigo yo aquí para ti
¡y que tienen la esencia, presencia y potencia
que usted verá en mí!

¡Clavelitos! Que los traigo bonitos pa' mi novia
los traigo reventones
¡chipé! ¡Por que tiene muchismo quinqué, pa'
robar corazones
¡olé! ¡Y enseñarles la esencia, presencia y
potencia que ya sabé usted!

Si tu me quieres, mi niña, cariña, yo te daré un
clavelito bonito y verás que bien marchamos si
estamos juntos en un rincón.
Si tu me quieres serrano del alma,
Yo te quiero más a ti mi cañí, y todos los
clavelitos bonitos, todos serán para ti!
-Folk Song

Estrellita

Estrellita del lejano cielo,
que miras mi dolor, que sabes mi sufrir.
Baja y dime si me quiere un poco,
porque yo no puedo sin su amor vivir

¡Tu eres estrella mi faro de amor!
Tu sabes que pronto he de morir.
Baja y dime si me quiere un poco,
porque yo no puedo sin su amor vivir.
-Anonymous

Carnations

Little carnations! Who do I give them to?
Little carnations! For the little children!
Little carnations! I give them with my eyes
closed, and I bring them in the basket at a
modest price; red and painted!

Carnations! From the beloved land! Carnations!
They come from Granada!
Little carnations! I bring them here for you.
And that they have the essence, presence, and
power that you will see in me!

Little carnations! I bring flowers for my lover,
and I bring them a blowout!
Terrific! It takes about five, to steal hearts!
Olé! And teach them the essence, presence and
power that I already knew of you!

If you love me, my girl, darling, I will give you
a pretty carnation, and you will see how well we
are going, if we are together in a little corner.

Sure, you love me as much as the mountain,
I love you more my gypsy, and all the pretty
little carnations, they will all be for you!

Little Star

Little star from the far heaven
that you look at my pain, that you know my
suffering. Come down and tell me if you love
me a little, because I cannot live without that
love.

You are a star my beacon of love! You know
that soon I will die. Come down and tell me if
you love me a little, because I cannot live
without his love.