



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Merrissa Brambila, soprano
John Cozza, piano

"Alleluia" from Exultate, jubilate, K. 165

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Le violette
E l'uccellino

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)
Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Les papillons, Op. 2 No. 3
Les berceaux, Op. 23 No. 1

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Gretchen am Spinnrade, D. 188
Frühlingsglaube, D. 550
Die Forelle, D. 686

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

"Sul fil del soffio etesio" from Falstaff

Giuseppe (1813-1901)

Mermaid Song
"The Daffodils" from Three Simple Songs
Clouds
Will There Really Be a Morning?
There are Fairies at the Bottom of Our Garden

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
Adolphus Hailstork (b. 1941)
Ned Rorem (1923-2022)
Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)
Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

Where the Music Comes From

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)

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



MONDAY, 6:00 P.M.
NOVEMBER 10, 2025
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Merrissa Brambila – November 10

Alleluia

Praise the Lord

Le Violette - The Violets

-Poem by Adriano Morselli -Translation by Piertro Sirena

Rugiadose, odorose Violette graziose,
Voi vi state Vergognose,
Mezzo ascose Fra le foglie,
E sgridate le mie voglie,
Che son troppo ambiziose.

Dewy, scented, Pretty violets,
You are standing shy,
Half hidden among the leaves,
And you scold my desires,
That are too ambitious.

E l'uccellino – The little bird

-Poem by Renato Fucini -Translation by Bard Suverkrop

E l'uccellino canta sulla fronda:
Dormi tranquillo, boccuccia d'amore:
Piegala giù quella testina bionda,
Della tua mamma posala sul cuore.

And the bird sings on the leafy branch
Sleep peacefully, you dear little rascal of love
Lower your little blond head
To rest it upon your mama's heart

E l'uccellino canta su quel ramo:
Tante cosine belle imparerai,
Ma se vorrai conoscer quant'io t'amo,
Nessuno al mondo potrà dirlo mai!

And the little bird singing on the branch
You will learn so many beautiful things
But if you want to know how much I love you
No one in the world will ever be able to tell you!

E l'uccellino canta al ciel sereno:
Dormi, tesoro mio, qui sul mio seno

And the little bird sings in the serene sky
Sleep peacefully, my dearest, on my chest

Le Papillons - The Butterflies

-Poem by Théophile Gautier -Translation by Peter Low

Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer ;
Beaux papillons blancs, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air ?

The snow-white butterflies
fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
travel the blue path of the air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me [pouvaient]1 prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous où j'irais ?

Tell me, oh fairest of the fair,
my dancing-girl with the jet-black eyes -
if they were to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would fly?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres mi-closes,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

Not taking one kiss from the roses,
I'd fly across valleys and forests
to alight on your half-closed lips (oh my soul's
chosen flower!) - and there I'd die.

Les Berceaux - The Cradles

-Poem by Sully Prudhomme -Translation by Emily Ezust

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent !

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Along the quay, the great ships
that the sea-swells tilt in silence,
take no notice of the cradles
rocked by the hands of women.

But the day of parting will come,
because women must weep
and curious men must be tempted
toward horizons that will delude them!

And that day, the great ships,
fleeing from the port that grows small,
will feel their mass restrained
by the soul of distant cradles.

Gretchen am Spinnrade - Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

-Poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe -Translation by Will Crutchfield

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr

Nach ihm nur schau' ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

I have lost all peace;
my heart is full of cares;
I can never hope
to find that peace again.

Wherever I don't see him
is the darkness of the tomb.
Without him, the world
is a desert for me.

My poor head is
confused and distorted
All reason has been
torn from me!

I have lost all peace;
my heart is full of cares
I can never hope
to find that peace again.

If I go to the window,
it is only to look for him
If I leave the house,
it is only to search for him.

Oh, his noble bearing,
his fair face!
What strength in his gaze,
what sweetness in his smile!

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn!

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

And his words that flowed
like a magical river...
...and the grasp of his hand,
and, oh God, his kiss...

I have lost all peace;
my heart is full of cares
I can never hope
to find that peace again.

I want only to press
my breast against his,
to embrace him,
to hold him close...

If only I could kiss him
as I long to do!
To kiss him, and then
to die on that kiss!

Frühlingsglaube - Hope in Spring

-Poem by Johann Ludwig Uhland -Translation by David Gordon

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!
Nun armes Herze, sey nicht bang!
Nun muß sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,
Man weiß nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Thal.
Nun armes Herz, vergiß der Qual!
Nun muß sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Balmy breezes are awakened,
They whisper and move day and night,
And everywhere creative.
O fresh scent, o new sound!
Now, poor heart, don't be afraid.
Now all, all must change.

With each day the world grows fairer,
One cannot know what is still to come,
The flowering refuses to cease.
Even the deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all, all must change.

Die Forelle - The Trout

-Translation by Walt Meyer

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoß in froher Eil
Die launische Forelle
Vorüber, wie ein Pfeil:
Ich stand an dem Gestade,
Und sah' in süßser Ruh
Des muntern Fisches Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Across a clear brook gentle,
There shot in eager haste
The trout, so tempramental;
Quite arrow-like it raced.
I on the shore was gazing
And watched the brook disclose
The merry fish's bathing
To me in sweet repose.

Ein Fischer mit der Ruthe
Wol an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser Helle,
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang; er macht
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe:
Und eh' ich es gedacht,
So zuckte seine Ruthe;
Das Fischlein zappelt dran;
Und ich, mit regem Blute,
Sah die Betrogne an.

An angler's reel unrolled
From where he stood below.
He watched with blood most cold
The fish swim to and fro.
So long no stone or sod
Stirred up the water pure
The trout from line and rod
Would stay, I thought, secure.

At length the thief lost patience
And made the brook obscure
With crafty agitations,
And ere I could be sure
The rod had started curving;
The squirming fish was hooked.
With pounding blood observing,
At the betrayed, I looked.

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio - On the edge of the Esteian breeze

-Libretto by Arrigo Boito -Translation by Jennifer Silberberg

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio
scorrete, agili larve;
fra i rami un baglior cesio
d'alba lunare apparve.

Danzate! E il passo blando
misuri un blando suon,
la magiche accoppiando carole
alla canzon.

Erriam sotto la luna
scegliendo fior da fiore;
ogni corolla in core
porta la sua fortuna.

Coi gigli e le viole
scriviam de' nomi arcani;
dalle fatate mani
germogolino parole...

parole alluminate di puro argento
e d'or...
Carmi e malie.
Le fate hanno, per cifre, i fior.

On the breath of an etesian breeze
scurry, agile shadows
among the branches a bluish-grey glow
of the rising moon has appeared.

Dance! And may the gentle steps
measure a gentle sound,
combining the magical dances
with the song.

Let us wander beneath the moon,
choosing flower by flower;
each crown of petals, in its heart,
brings its good fortune.

With the lilies and the violets,
let us write secret names;
from our enchanted hands
may words blossom...

words illuminated by pure silver
and gold...
Magic incantations and charms.
The Faries have, for alphabet letters, the flowers

The Mermaid Song

Now the dancing sunbeams play
On the green and glassy sea,
Come, and I will lead the way
Where the pearly treasures be.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far below the rolling waves,
Riches, hid from human eye,
Dimly shine in ocean's caves.
Ebbing tides bear no delay,
Stormy winds are far away.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

The Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed -- and gazed -- but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.