California State University, Sacramento
School of Music

Voice Studio Recital

with Aida Elkhanzade, piano

Early in the Morning — Ned Rorem (1923-2022)
Sleep little darling — Amy Beach (1867-1944)
Thea de Sa Campos, mezzo

Water parted from the sea — Thomas Arne (1710-1778)
The water is wide — arr. by Jay Althouse (b. 1951)
Allisen Fong, soprano

Sing on there in the swamp — Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)
Final Monologue (*Master Class*) — Jake Heggie (b. 1961)
Sky Carlos, soprano

Linden Lea — Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Love in the Dictionary — Celius Dougherty (1902-1986)
Ryan Fong, baritone

Strike the Viol — Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Little Elegy — Ned Rorem
Dennis Saenz, counter-tenor

In a Gondola (*Six Songs for High Voice*) — Ned Rorem
Pippa's Song (*Six Songs for High Voice*)
Annie Wu, coloratura

Go lovely rose — Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Who is Sylvia — Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
Marcus Teixeira, bass-baritone

continued on reverse

Friday, 4:00 P.M.
November 13, 2026
Capistrano Hall 151

with John Cozza, piano

I carry your heart — John Duke (1899-1984)
Joy — Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

Lilly Crain, soprano

Infant Joy (*Songs of Innocence*) — Masatoshi Mitumoto (b. 1974)
The School Boy (*Songs of Innocence*)
The Little Boy Found (*Songs of Innocence*)

Alissa Prince, soprano

I'll sail upon the Dogstar — Henry Purcell
Sussex Sailor — Ernest Charles (1895-1984)

Aryan Singh, bass-baritone

The Cherry Tree — Armstron Gibbs (1889-1960)
The year's at the spring (*3 Browning Songs*) — Amy Beach

Ellie D'Elia, mezzo

The Lamb — Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)
Goodnight moon — Eric Whitacre (b. 1970)

Merrissa Brambila, soprano

The Sunflowers (*Sunflowers*) — Lori Laitman (b. 1955)

Sophia Silvers, coloratura

Orpheus with his Lute — Ralph Vaughan Williams
We will always walk together — Ricky Ian Gordon

Jake Michael, tenor

All vocalists are students of Julie Miller.

Texts and Translations

Voice Studio Recital - 11/13/26

Early in the morning
Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery
Rue François Premier
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away
Under greenery like scenery
Rue François Premier
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day
—Robert Hillyer

Water Parted from the Sea
Water parted from the sea
may increase the river's tide.
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile vallies glide.
Though in search of lost repose,
Through the land 'tis free to roam.
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.
—Anonymous

Sleep, Little Darling
Soft sleeps the earth in moonlight blest;
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest;
O'er lonely depths the whippoorwill
Breathes one faint note and all is still.
Sleep, little darling; night is long–
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.
Above thy dream the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour,
And white the great moon spreads her wings,
While low, while far, the dear earth swings.
Sleep, little darling; all night long
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.
Powers of the earth and of the air
Shall have thee in their mother-care,
And hosts of heaven, together prest,
Bend over thee, their last, their best.
Hush, little darling; from the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.
—Harriet Elizabeth Prescott Spofford

The Water is Wide
The water is wide, I cannot cross o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly;
Build me a boat that can carry two,
And both shall row, my true love and I.
I leaned my back up against an oak,
Thinking it was a trusty tree;
But first it bent and then it broke,
So did my love prove false to me.
O, love is handsome and love is kind,
And love is a jewel when it is new;
But love grows old and waxes cold,
And fades away like morning dew.
—Traditional

Sing on, there in the swamp!
Sing on there in the swamp!
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your call.
I hear. I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
The star, my departing comrade, holds and detains me.
The star, my departing comrade, holds and detains me.
—Walt Whitman

Final Monologue from Master Class

If I have seemed harsh, it is because I have been harsh with myself. I'm not good with words, but I have tried to reach you. To communicate something of what I feel about what we do as artists, as musicians, and as human beings.

The sun will not fall down from the sky if there are no more Traviatas. The world can and will go on without us but I have to think that we have made this world a better place. That we have left it richer, wiser than had we not chosen the way of art.

The older I get, the less I know, but I am certain that what we do matters. If I didn't believe that…

You must know what you want to do in life, you must decide, for we cannot do everything. Do not think singing is an easy career. It is a lifetime's work; it does not stop here. Whether I continue singing doesn't matter. Besides, it's all there in the recordings.

What matters is that you use whatever you have learned wisely. Think of the expression of the words, of good diction, and of your own deep feelings. The only thanks I ask is that you sing properly and honestly. If you do this, I will feel repaid.

Well, that's that.

—Terrence McNally

Linden Lea

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
By the oak trees' mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
Now do quiver underfoot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

—William Barnes

Love in the Dictionary

Love: A strong, complex emotion or feeling of personal attachment,
causing one to appreciate, delight in, or crave the presence
or possession of the object, and to please and promote the welfare
of that object;
devoted affection or attachment;
specifically, the feeling between husband and wife;
brother and sister;
or lover and sweetheart;
One who is beloved;
a sweetheart;
animal passion;
the personification of the love-passion;
Cupid;
in some games, as tennis, nothing.

—Funk and Wagnall's Student Standard Dictionary

Strike the Viol
Strike the viol, touch the lute,
Wake the harp, inspire the flute.
Sing your patroness's praise,
In cheerful and harmonious lays.
—Nahum Tate

In a Gondola
The moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made me believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide ope I burst.
The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you enter'd gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is render'd up,
And passively its shatter'd cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.
—Robert Browning

Go, lovely Rose!
Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!
—Edmund Waller

Little Elegy
Without you
No rose can grow;
No leaf be green
If never seen
Your sweetest face;
No bird have grace
Or power to sing;
Or anything
Be kind, or fair,
And you nowhere.
—Elinor Wylie

Pippa's Song
The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven–
All's right with the world!
—Robert Browning

Who is Sylvia
Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd 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.
—William Shakespeare

I carry your heart
i carry your heart with me (i carry it in
my heart) i am never without it (anywhere
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)
i fear no fate (for you are my fate,my sweet) i want
no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always
meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you
here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which
grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars
apart
i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)
—E.E. Cummings

Infant Joy
I have no name
I am but two days old.—
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name,—
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old,
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.
—William Blake

The Little Boy Found
The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,
Appeared like his father, in white.
He kissed the child, and by the hand led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, through the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought.
—William Blake

Joy
I went to look for Joy,
Slim, dancing Joy,
Gay, laughing Joy,
Bright-eyed Joy–
And I found her
Driving the butcher's cart
In the arms of the butcher boy!
Such company, such company,
As keeps this young nymph, Joy!
—Langston Hughes

The School Boy
I love to rise in a summer morn
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.
But to go to school in a summer morn,
O! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.
Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour,
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.
How can the bird that is born for joy
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?
O! father and mother, if buds are nipp'd
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are stripp'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,
How shall the summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?
—William Blake

I'll sail upon the Dog Star

I'll sail upon the Dog Star,
And then pursue the morning,
I'll chase the moon 'till it be noon,
But I'll make her leave her horning.

I'll climb the frosty mountain,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the sky,
And tie both ends together.

The stars pluck from their orbs, too,
And crowd them in my budget!
And whether I'm a roaring boy,
Let all the nations judge it.

—Thomas d'Urfe

Sussex Sailor

O, once, by Cuckmere Haven,
I heard a sailor sing
Of shores beyond the sunset,
And lands of lasting spring,
Of blue lagoons and palm trees
And isles where all was young;
But this was ever the burden
of ev'ry note he sung:

"O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land?
Or have you seen her footprints
Upon that shining sand?
Beneath the happy palmtrees,
By Eden whispers fanned...
O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land?"

And, once in San Diego,
I heard him sing again,
Of Amberley, Rye, and Bramber,
And Brede and Fairlight Glen:
The nestling hills of Sussex,
The russet-roofed elfin towns,
And the skylark up in a high wind
Carolling over the downs.

"From Warbleton to Wild Brook,
When May is white as foam,
O, have you seen my dearling
on any hills of home?
Or have you seen her shining,
Or only touch'd her hand.
O, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land?"

And, once again, by Cowfold,
I heard him singing low,
'Tis not the leagues of ocean
That hide the hills I know.
The May that shines before me
Has made a ghost of May.
The valleys that I would walk in
Are twenty years away.

"Ah, have you seen my true love
A-walking in that land...
On hills that I remember,
In valleys I understand,
So far beyond the sunset,
So very close at hand,
O have you seen my true love
In that immortal land?"

—Alfred Noyes

The Cherry Tree

The cherry's abloom in the Northland,
The wild, lone cherry tree.
The sad, sweet birds of the Springtime are
singing again to me.

They sing of the frozen rivers,
Piping soft and low
Till I think I hear your footsteps dancing
across the snow.

Sing birds!
Sing songs of the Springtime,
Sing high on the cherry tree.
Sing of my love in the Northland
As my love once sang to me.

Hush, birds! the cherry in silence
Is letting her petals fall
For one whose dancing footsteps
Will never come at all.

—Margaret Rose

The Year's at the Spring
The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven–
All's right with the world!
—Robert Browning

The Lamb
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild:
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee
—William Blake

Goodnight Moon
In the great green room
There was a telephone
And a red balloon
And a picture of –
The cow jumping over the moon

And there were three little bears
sitting on chairs
And two little kittens
And a pair of mittens
And a little toyhouse
And a young mouse
And a comb and a brush and
a bowl full of mush
And a quiet old lady who
was whispering "hush"
Goodnight room
Goodnight moon
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon
Goodnight light
And the red balloon

Goodnight bears
Goodnight chairs
Goodnight kittens
And goodnight mittens

Goodnight clocks
And goodnight socks
Goodnight little house
And goodnight mouse

Goodnight comb
And goodnight brush
Goodnight nobody
Goodnight mush
And goodnight to the old lady
whispering "hush"

Goodnight stars
Goodnight air
Goodnight noises everywhere
—Margaret Wise Brown

The Sunflowers

Come with me
into the field of sunflowers.
Their faces are burnished disks,
their dry spines
creak like ship masts,
their green leaves,
so heavy and many,
fill all day with the sticky
sugars of the sun.

Come with me
to visit the sunflowers,
they are shy
but want to be friends;
they have wonderful stories
of when they were young –
the important weather,
the wandering crows.

Don't be afraid
to ask them questions!

Their bright faces,
which follow the sun,
will listen, and all
those rows of seeds –
each one a new life!
hope for a deeper acquaintance;
each of them, though it stands
in a crowd of many,
like a separate universe,
is lonely, the long work
of turning their lives
into a celebration
is not easy.

Come and let us talk
with those modest faces,
the simple garments of leaves,
the coarse roots in the earth
so uprightly burning.

—Mary Oliver

Orpheus with His Lute

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:

To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

—William Shakespeare

We will always walk together

No matter how the day may start,
No matter how the night might end,
You will always be inside my heart,
You will always be my friend.

No matter where the spirits lead you,
No matter where in dreams you go,
You will always be inside my heart
Love that I will always know is you.

And if we make it through
this darkness together or apart,
There will always be another place,
another time, another life,
another heart inside which
we may start where we left off,
journeying together as we have done before,
countless times I'm sure.

I knew it when I first beheld you,
I knew it from the start.
There will never be an end,
You have always been inside my heart,
You have always been my friend.

No matter how the sea may part,
No matter how the world might end,
No matter how the pulse may
race and skip and dart,
No matter if our bodies mend,
No matter any other storms they
send us out to weather,
You will always be inside my heart,
You will always be my friend.

We will always walk together.