



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Amanda Britt, soprano
Ryan Enright, piano

Frühlingsglaube, D. 868 Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Nacht und Träume, D. 827
Heidenröslein, D. 257

Chanson Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)
Cantique
A Chloris Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Eccomi...O quante volte (*I Capuleti e I Montecchi*) Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

From *Quattro canzoni d'Amaranta* Francesco Tosti (1846-1916)
3. In van preghi
4. Che dici, o parola del Saggio

Linden Lea Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
Silent Noon

Klänge der Heimat (*Die Fledermaus*) Johann Strauss II (1825-1899)

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



MONDAY, 5:00 P.M.
NOVEMBER 27, 2023
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

NOTES/TRANSLATIONS

AMANDA BRITT - NOVEMBER 27, 2023

Franz Schubert is one of the most popular composers from the late Classical and early Romantic period. As a transitional era composer who wrote over 600 lieder, he is notable for completing some of the most popular works for voice in such a short time frame of 30 years. Not only did he write lieder, Schubert also completed seven symphonies, numerous chamber and piano pieces, a three act opera titled Fierrabras, and grand song cycles, notably, Die Schöne Müllerin, Winterreise, and Schwanengesang. As he became progressively ill towards the end of his short life, Schubert requested to be buried at the same cemetery as Beethoven, whom he admired the most as a musical colleague.

Frühlingsglaube

Poetry: Johann Ludwig Uhland

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, sei 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 Tal:
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Nacht und Träume

Poetry: Matthäus Casimir von Collin

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Heidenröslein

Poetry: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehen,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Faith In Spring

English poetic translation

Balmy breezes are awakened;
they stir and whisper day and night,
everywhere creative.
O fresh scents, O new sounds!
Now, poor heart, do not be afraid.
Now all must change.

The world grows fairer each day;
we cannot know what is still to come;
the flowering knows no end.
The deepest, most distant valley is in flower.
Now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now all must change.

Night and Dreams

English poetic translation

Holy night, you sink down;
dreams, too, float down,
like your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.
They listen with delight,
crying out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

Wild Rose

English poetic translation

A boy saw a wild rose
growing in the heather;
it was so young, and lovely as the morning.
He ran swiftly to look more closely,
looked on it with great joy.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
'S Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Said the boy: I shall pluck you,
wild rose in the heather!
Said the rose: I shall prick you
so that you will always remember me.
And I will not suffer it.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

And the impetuous boy plucked
the wild rose from the heather;
the rose defended herself and pricked him,
but her cries of pain were to no avail;
she simply had to suffer.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose in the heather.

Recognized as one of the most famous female composers, teacher, conductor, performer, and a music theorist, Nadia Boulanger was one of the leading French musicians of the 20th century. She was a primary student of Gabriel Fauré as a young girl and was an active performer, talented pianist and organist, and had a passion for writing for the voice. During her lifetime, she taught and mentored more than 1200 students globally, and shared her musical strengths across the world.

Reynaldo Hahn was a Venezuelan-French composer, singer, conductor, and music critic. Hahn is best known for his French songs – *mélodies* – writing more than 100 works for piano and voice. Not only was his talent for writing for voice evident, he also wrote numerous operas, chamber music, orchestral pieces, choral pieces, piano solos, film score, incidental music, and music for ballets.

Chanson 'Les lilas sont en folie'
French source: Georges Delaquys

Les lilas sont en folie,
Cache cache
Et les roses sont jolies,
Cachez-vous.

Tirez les rideaux, tirez les rideaux !
Et sous les vertes feuilles
Cachez-vous !

Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!

Lilas et rosiers
la belle,
la plus belle, c'est toi !

Beaux seigneurs et dames belles,
aime, aime,
dans vos atours de dentelles,
Aimez-vous.

Tirez les rideaux !
Qui voudra de mon âme?
Aimez-vous !

Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!

Song 'The lilacs are inflamed'
English translation

The lilacs are inflamed,
Hide-and-peek,
And the roses are pretty,
Hide yourself.

Draw the curtains, draw the curtains!
And beneath the green leaves
Hide yourself!

Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!

Lilacs and rose-bushes Ah ah!
The fair one, Ah ah! Ah ah!
The fairest one is you!

Handsome lords and beautiful ladies,
Love, love,
In your silken finery,
Love.

Draw the curtains, draw the curtains!
Who would like my soul?
Love!

Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!

Amours et baisers, la belle
Ah ah! Ah ah!
la plus belle c'est toi !

Cantique

French source: Maurice Maeterlinck

A toute âme qui pleure,
A tout péché qui passe,
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles
Mes mains pleines de grâces.

Il n'est péché qui vive,
Quand l'amour a parlé,
Il n'est âme qui meure,
Quand l'amour a pleuré.

Et si l'amour s'égaré
Aux sentiers d'ici-bas,
Ses larmes me retrouvent
Et ne s'égareront pas.

A Chloris

French source: Théophile de Viau

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

Love and kisses, ah the fair one,
Ah ah! Ah ah!
Ah ah! the fairest one is you!

Canticle (Hymn)

English translation

To all weeping souls,
To all fleeting sins,
I open, cradled by stars,
My hands full of grace.

No sin can live
When Love has spoken,
No soul can die
When Love has wept.

And if Love goes astray
On terrestrial paths,
Its tears will find me
And not go astray.

To Chloris

English translation

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.
Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favour of your eyes!

One of the greats from the Bel Canto era, Vincenzo Bellini sets this aria from *I Capuletti e i Montechi* perfectly to showcase Guilietta's (Juliet's) despair. She is in love with Romeo however is set to be wed to another, Count Tebaldo, per her family's arrangements. Guilietta cries over her situation, between following her heart to marry Romeo which is sure to end terribly for them and their families, or to betray Romeo and follow her family's wishes to marry Tebaldo.

Eccomi... O Quante Volte *Libretto: Felice Romani*

Eccomi in lieta vèsta...eccomi adorna...
Come vittima all'ara. Oh! almen potessi
Qual vittima cader dell'ara al piede!
O nuziali tede, Abborrite così, così fatali,
Siate, ah! siate per me faci ferali.
Ardo...una vampa, un foco
Tutta mi strugge.
Un refrigerio ai venti io chiedo invano.
Ove se'tu, Romeo?
In qual terra t'aggiri?
Dove, dove inviarti i miei sospiri?

Here I am...Oh! How often

Here I am, in joyous garments...Here I am,
adorned like a victim at the altar.
Oh, if only I could fall victim at the foot of the altar!
Oh nuptial torches so abhorrent, so dire,
you are fateful flames for me.
I am burning up... a flame,
a fire consumes me.
A soothing coolness of the winds I ask in vain.
Where are you Romeo?
In what land are you wandering?
Where shall I send you my sighs?

Oh! quante volte,
Oh! quante ti chiedo
Al ciel piangendo
Con quale ardor t'attendo,
E inganno il mio desir!
Raggio del tuo sembiante
Parmi il brillar del giorno :
L'aura che spira intorno
Mi sembra un tuo sospir.

Oh, how often,
Oh! How often I beg you
The sky weeps
With the passion of my waiting,
And delude my desires!
To me the light of day
Is like a flash of your presence
The air that winds around
Is my longings.

Francesco Paolo Tosti was an Italian composer and music teacher. He was talented at writing for the voice and often operatic singers would learn his repertoire, even though he never wrote an opera. In 1894 he moved to Brittain and became a professor at Royal Academy of Music and received citizenship. He moved to Rome towards the end of his life. Tosti's music has a unique style which became very popular during the Belle Époque era and for salon music across Europe.

In van preghi, in vano aneli

*#3 from Quattro Canzoni d'amaranta
Libretto: Gabriele D'Annunzio*

In van preghi, in vano aneli,
in van mostri il cuore infranto.
Sono forse umidi i cieli
perché noi abbiamo pianto?

Il dolor nostro è senz'ala.
Non ha volo il grido imbelle.
Piangi e prega! Qual dio cala
pel cammino delle stelle?

Abbandónati alla polve
e su lei prono ti giaci.
La supina madre assolve
d'ogni colpa chi la baci.

In un Ade senza dio
dormi quanto puoi profondo.
Tutto è sogno, tutto è oblio:
l'asfodèlo è il fior del Mondo.

Che dici, o parola del Saggio?

*#4 from Quattro Canzoni d'amaranta
Libretto: Gabriele D'Annunzio*

Che dici, o parola del Saggio?
"Convieni che l'anima lieve,
sorella del vento selvaggio,
trascorra le fonti ove beve."

Io so che il van pianto mi guasta
le ciglia dall'ombra sì lunga...
O Vita, e una lacrima basta
a spegner la face consunta!

In vain you beg, in vain you yearn

In vain [you] beg, in vain [you] yearn,
in vain [you] show a broken heart.
Are perhaps the heaven dip
because of our tears?

Our pain is without wings.
Faint-hearted cries cannot fly.
Weep and pray! What god drops down
from the path of the stars?

Abandon yourself to the dust
and lie prone on it.
The supine mother absolves
the sin of each one who kisses her.

In a Hades without God,
sleep as deeply as possible.
Tutto is dream, all is oblivion:
the asphodel is the flower of the world.

What Sayest thou, O word of the Sage?

What sayest thou, O word of the Sage?
"It behooves the light soul,
Sister of the wild wind,
let him pass the springs where he drinks."

I know that tears hurt me
the eyelashes with such a long shadow...
O Life, and one tear is enough
To extinguish the worn-out face!

Ben so che nell'ansia mortale
si sfa la mia bocca riarsa...
E un alito, o Vita, mi vale
a sperder la cenere scarsa!

Tu dici: "Alza il capo; raccogli
con grazia i capelli in un nodo;
e sopra le rose che sfogli
ridendo va incontro all'Ignoto.

L'amante dagli occhi di sfinge
mutevole, a cui sei promessa,
ha nome Domani; e ti cinge
con una ghirlanda più fresca."

M'attende: lo so. Ma il datore
di gioia non ha più ghirlande:
ha dato il cipresso all'Amore
e il mirto a Colei ch'è più grande,

il mirto alla Morte che odo
rombar sul mio capo sconvolto.
Non tremo. I capelli in un nodo
segreto per sempre ho raccolto.

Ho terso con ambe le mani
l'estreme tue lacrime, o Vita.
L'amante che ha nome Domani
m'attende nell'ombra infinita.

I know that in mortal anxiety
my parched mouth melts...
And a breath, O Life, is worth me
to scatter the scarce ashes!

You say, "Lift up your head; Get
gracefully the hair in a knot;
And on top of the roses you leaf through
laughing, he goes towards the Unknown.

The Sphinx-eyed Lover
changeable, to whom you are promised,
it is called Tomorrow; And encircles you
with a cooler wreath."

It's waiting for me: I know. But the employer
Of joy he has no more garlands:
He gave the cypress to Love
and the myrtle to her who is greater,

the myrtle to Death that I hear
rumbling on my distraught head.
I don't tremble. Hair in a knot
Secret forever I gathered.

I wiped with both hands
your last tears, O Life.
The Lover Named Tomorrow
It waits for me in the infinite shadow.

Ralph Vaughan Williams was an English composer from 1872-1958, was considered a late bloomer to musical studies, was a student of Maurice Ravel, and also served as a private for the English during World War One. He wrote numerous orchestral and vocal works, secular and religious, over a span of 60 years. *Linden Lea* is a Dorset song, a simple tune about the simple and humbling life found in Dorchester. The speaker recounts how their simple country life brings true happiness. *Silent Noon* is a popular piece performed by Vaughan Williams by both bass and treble voices. There are many ways to interpret this magical text, and one way might be envisioning a newfound peace near one's ending hour in the comforting presence of a loved one.

Linden Lea *English source: William Barnes*

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.

Silent Noon *English source: Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Johann Strauss II, also known as The Waltz King, was an Austrian composer from 1825-1899, and is famous for his operettas and Viennese waltzes. Because his father wanted him to follow a nonmusical profession, he worked as a bank clerk but also studied violin without his father's knowledge. After his father's death, he went on tour around Europe and Russia. In this scene from *Die Fledermaus* (libretto by Karl Haffner & Richard Genée), Rosalinde has come to Prince Orlovsky's party, undercover as a Hungarian Countess, in search of her husband who should not be there. Right at her entrance to the mansion, she is called out for not truly being Hungarian or a countess. Rosalinde takes advantage of this moment, and shows off to the party goers, describing her beautiful homeland in Hungary and ends with an exciting flare of a Czardas (a duple time Hungarian dance).

Klänge der Heimat (Czardas)

Klänge der Heimat, ihr weckt mir das Sehnen,
rufet die Tränen ins Auge mir!
Wenn ich euch höre, ihr heimischen Lieder,
zieht mich's wieder, mein Ungarland, zu dir!
O Heimat so wunderbar,
wie strahlt dort die Sonne so klar,
wie grün deine Wälder, wie lachend die Felder,
O Land wo so glücklich ich war!
Ja, dein geliebtes Bild
Meine Seele so ganz erfüllt,
dein geliebtes Bild!
Und bin ich auch von dir weit, ach weit,
ach, dir bleibt in Ewigkeit
doch mein Sinn immerdar ganz allein geweiht!
O Heimat so wunderbar,
wie strahlt dort die Sonne so klar,
wie grün deine Wälder, wie lachend die Felder,
O Land, wo so glücklich ich war!
Feuer, Lebenslust, schwellt echte Ungarbrust,
hei! Zum Tanze schnell! Czárdás tönt so hell!
Braunes Mägdelein, musst meine Tänz'rin sein;
Reich den Arm geschwind, dunkeläugig Kind!
senkt zur Erde den Blick, das verkündet Glück!
Durst'ge Zecher greift zum Becher,
lasst ihn kreisen, lasst ihn kreisen
schnell von Hand zu Hand!
Schlürft das Feuer im Tokayer!
Bringt ein Hoch aus dem Vaterland! Ha!
Feuer, Lebenslust schwellt echte Ungarbrust,
hei! Zum Tanze schnell! Czárdás tönt so hell!

Sounds of the Homeland

Sounds of my home country, you revive the
yearning, let the tears brim in my eyes!
Hearing the old-time songs,
Draws me back, my Hungary, to you!
Oh homeland so beautiful,
With the sun gleaming so bright,
How green are your forests, how lush your fields,
Oh countryside, where I once was happily at home!
Yes, those cherished memories
Fill my heart to bursting,
Those cherished memories!
But though I am far from you now, so far,
ah, eternally consecrated to you
is the yearning of my heart!
Oh homeland so beautiful,
With the sun gleaming so bright,
How green are your forests, how lush your fields,
Oh my country, where once I was happily at home!
Fire, zest for life, fills the real Hungarians chest,
Hay! Hurry to the dancefloor! Czárdás can be heard!
Suntanned maiden, come and dance with me;
Take my arm, you dark eyed child!
Lower your gaze to earth and proclaim happiness!
Thirsty customers reach for tankards,
Let them go round faster and faster
From hand to hand!
Relish the fire in the Tokay wine!
A toast to our nation! Hay!
Fire, zest for life, fills the real Hungarians chest,
Hay! Hurry to the dancefloor! Czárdás can be heard!