



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Alissa Prince, soprano
John Cozza, piano

Per pietà, bell'idol mio
Certo un po' di cielo close

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)
Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Das Veilchen
An ein Veilchen
Der Blumenstrauss

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Bonjour mon cœur
"Chanson de la pluie" from *Le dernier sorcier*
Chanson de mer

Pauline Viardot Garcia (1821-1910)

I can't be talkin' of love
Stars
Amor

John Duke (1899-1984)
Ricky Ian-Gordon (b. 1956)
William Bolcom (b. 1938)

Papageno/Papagena Duet from *Die Zauberflöte*
with Mc Jefferson Agloro, baritone

W.A. Mozart

"Piangero, la sorte mia" from *Giulio Cesare*

George Frideric Händel (1685-1759)

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



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.
NOVEMBER 7, 2023
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

TEXTS/TRANSLATIONS
ALISSA PRINCE - NOVEMBER 7, 2023

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
Non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
Infelice e sventurato
Abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se Fedele a te son io,
Se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,
Sallo amor, lo sonno i Numi
Il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

- *Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)*

Certo un po' di cielo colse

Certo un po'di cielo colse
Chi ti fe' quegli occhi belli,
Ed al sole un raggio tolse
Per far Biondi quei capelli.

Ma, compiuta l'opra esterna,
Fu poi preso da torpore, e
Per farti un po' di cuore,
Nulla agli angeli levò

Benedeto, ad ogni modo,
Chi al mondo ti donò!

Ero ben felice e pago
Della sorte mia primiera.
Pastorello, m'era svago zufolar
Mattina e sera.

Ma, dal giorno che t'ho vista,
Cambìò tutto per incanto;
Più non rido, più non canto:
Sol compagno m'è il dolor!

Benedetto, ad ogni modo,
Qual tal giorno sia per me!

- *Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)*

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem

For Pity's Sake

For Pity's sake, my beautiful idol
Do not tell me that I am ungrateful:
Unhappy and unfortunate enough
Has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,
That I languish under your bright gaze,
Love knows, the gods know,
My heart [knows], and yours knows.

- *Camille Bugge*

Surely he gathered a little of the sky

Surely he gathered a little of the sky,
He who made those beautiful eyes of yours
And he took ray from the sun
To make that hair blond.

But, having completed the external work,
He was then seized with sluggishness
And, to make you a little bit of heart,
He took nothing from the angels.

May he be blessed in any case,
Who gave you to the world!

I was quite happy and satisfied
With my earlier lot.
A shepherd, it was amusement to me
To whistle morning and evening.

But, from the day that I saw you,
Everything changed by enchantment;
I no longer laugh, I no longer sing:
My only companion is sorrow.

May it be blessed in any case
That very day for me!

- *Gretchen Armacost*

The violet

A violet was growing in the meadow
Unnoticed and with bowed head;
It was a dear sweet violet.
Daher, daher,
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! Denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgeflückt
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! Aber ach! Das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
Und sterb' ich den, so sterb' ich dock
Durch sie, durch sie,
Zu ihren Füßen doch.
Das arme Veilchen
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

An ein Veilchen

Birg, o Veilchen, in deinem blauen Kelche, Birg
die Tränen der Wehmut,
bis mein Liebchen
Diese Quelle besucht! Entpflückt sie lächelnd
Dich dem Rasen, die Brust mit dir zu schmücken.
O dann schmiege dich ihr ans Herz, und sag ihr,
Daß die Tropfen in deinem blauen Kelche
Aus der Seele des treu'ste Jünglings flossen,
Der sein Leben verweinet, und den Tod wünscht.

- Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty (1748-1776)

Der Blumenstrauß

Sie wandelt im Blumengarten
Und mustert den bunten Flor,
Und alle die Kleinen warten
Und schauen zu ihr empor.

Und seid ihr denn Frühlingsboten,
Verkündend was stets so neu,
So werdet auch meine Boten
An ihn, der mich liebt so treu.

So überschaut sie die Habe
Und ordnet den lieblichen Strauß,
Und reicht dem Freunde die Gabe,
Und weicht seinem Blicke aus.

Was Blumen und Farben meinen,
O deutet, o fragt das nicht,
Wenn aus den Augen der Einen
Der süßeste Frühling spricht.

- Karl Klingemann (1798-1862)

Ah! thinks the violet, if I were only
The loveliest flower in all Nature,
Ah! for only a little while,
Till my darling had picked me
And crushed me against her bosom!
Ah only, ah only, ah only
For a single quarter hour!

But alas, alas, the girl drew near
And took no heed of the violet,
Trampled the poor violet.
It sank and died, yet still rejoiced:
And if I die, at least I die
Through her, through her
And at her feet.
The poor violet!
It was a dear sweet violet!

- Richard Strokes

To a violet

Hide, o violet, in your blue calyx - Hide my
melancholy tears,
until my darling
Visits this spring! If she smilingly picks
You from the grass to adorn her bosom with you,
Oh then nestle yourself to her heart, and tell her
That those drops in your blue calyx
Flowed from the soul of the truest youth,
Who is weeping away his life and wishes for death.

- Emily Ezust

The Flower Garland

She strolls in the flower-garden
and admires the colourful blossom,
and all the little blooms are there waiting
and looking upwards towards her.

"So you are spring's messengers,
announcing what is always so new -
then be also my messengers
to the man who loves me faithfully."

So she surveys what she has available
and arranges a delightful garland;
and she gives this gift to her man friend,
and evades his gaze.

What flowers and colours mean,
oh do not explain, do not ask -
not when out of one woman's eyes
the sweetest springtime is speaking.

- Peter Low

Pauline Viardot Garcia

Pauline Viardot Garcia was an influential figure in France who helped start the careers of Camille Saint Saëns, Jules Massenet, Gabriel Fauré, and Charles Gounod. Viardot was a famous mezzo-soprano who spent over twenty years performing. After her years performing, she started composing and teaching. She was known for her salons, held on Thursday evenings, that she featured her own compositions in. Salons, musical gatherings that was popularized in the nineteenth century, were very influential places in France for musicians to perform and composers to advertise their compositions.

Bonjour mon cœur, Pauline Viardot

Bonjour mon cœur,
Bonjour ma douce vie,
Bonjour mon œil
Bonjour ma chère amie!
Hé! Bonjour, ma toute belle,
Ma mignardise, Bonjour,
me délices, Mon amour,
Mon doux printemps,
Ma douce fleur nouvelle,
Mon doux plaisir,
Ma douce colobelle,
Mon passereau, ma gente tourterelle! Bonjour ma
douce rebelle.

- Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585)

Good-day my heart

Good-day my heart,
Good-day my sweet life,
Good-day my eye
Good-day my dear friend!
Hey! Good-day, my all beauty,
My sweetheart, Good-day,
my delicious-one, My love,
My sweet spring,
My sweet flower new,
My sweet pleasure,
My sweet little-dove,
My sparrow, my pretty turtledove!
Good-day my sweet rebel.

- Bard Suverkrop

Chanson de la pluie

Coulez, gouttez fines,
Le long des collines,
En petits ruisseaux.
Coulez, sur la mousse
Verdoyante et douce,
Baignez le rameaux.

Le vent vous entraîne
Jusque dans la plaine,
Qui répand au loin
Une odeur de foin.
Sous l'eau qui ruiselle
En ruisseau mouvant
La fleur étincelle
Comme un diamant.

Coulez, gouttez fines,
Le long des collines,
En petits ruisseaux.
Coulez, sur la mousse
Verdoyante et douce,
Baignez le rameaux.

- Ivan Sergejevich Turgenev (1818-1883)

Song of the Rain

Pour, drops fine,
A – long the hills,
In small streams.
Pour, upon the moss
Verdant and soft,
Bathe the branches.

The wind you carries-away
As-far-as on the plain,
Which spreads far away
A smell of hay.
Under the-water
that flows In-the stream moving
The flower sparkles
Like a diamond.

Pour, drops fine,
A – long the hills,
In small streams.
Pour, upon the moss
Verdant and soft,
Bathe the branches.

- Bard Suverkrop

Chanson de mer, Viardot

Ton sourire infini m'est cher
Comme le divin pli des ondes,
Et je t'attends quand tu me grondes,
Comme la mer.

L'azur de tes grands yeux m'est cher :
C'est un lointain que je regarde
Sans cesse et sans y prendre garde,
Un ciel de mer.

Ton courage léger m'est cher :
C'est un souffle vif où ma vie
S'emplît d'aise et se fortifie,
L'air de la mer.

Enfin ton être attend m'est cher,
Toujours nouveau, toujours le même ;
O ma Néréide, je t'aime
Comme la mer !

- René-François Sully-Prudhomme (1839-1907)

Songs of the Sea

Your infinite smile is dear to me
Like the divine fold of the waves,
And I fear you when you scold me,
Like the sea.

The azure-blue of your great eyes is precious to me:
I am looking at a distance
Without ceasing and without caution,
A sky of the sea.

Your light courage is dear to me:
It's an intense breath where my life
Fills with pleasure and it strengthens,
The air of the sea.

Finally your whole being is dear to me,
Always new, always the same;
O my néréide, I love you
Like the sea!

- Amy Pfriimmer

I can't be talkin' of love

I can't be talkin' of love, dear,
I can't be talkin' of love.
If there be one thing I can't talk of,
That one thing do be love.

But that's not sayin' that I'm not lovin',
Still water, you know, runs deep,
And I do be lovin' so deep, dear,
I be lovin' you in my sleep.

But I can't be talkin' of love, dear,
I can't be talkin' of love.
If there be one thing I can't talk of,
That one thing do be love.

- Esther Matthews

Stars

O, sweep of stars over Harlem streets,
O, little breath of oblivion that is night.
A city building
To a mother's song.
A city dreaming
To a lullaby.
Reach up your hand, dark boy, and
take a star.
Out of the little breath of oblivion
That is night,
Take just
One star.

- Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Amor

It wasn't the policeman's fault
in all the traffic roar
Instead of shouting halt when he saw me
he shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man
(free ice-creams by the score)
Instead of shouting Butter Pecan one look at me
he shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way
Ev'rybody took off the day
Even philosophers understood
How good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!

The poor stopped taking less
The rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no and yes
Both looking at me shouted Amor.

My stay in town was cut short
I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
And the jury gave him what for!

The judge raised his hand
And instead of Desist and Cease
Judgie came to the stand, took my hand
And whispered Amor.

Night was turning into day
I walked alone away.
Never see that town again.
But as I passed the churchhouse door
Instead of singing Amen
The choir was singing Amor.

- Arnold Weinstein (1927-2005)

Papageno/Papagena Duet

Pa-pa-pa-gena!
Pa-pa-pa-geno!

Bist du mir nun ganz gegeben?
Nun, bin ich dir ganz gegeben!
Nun, so sei mein liebes Weibchen!
Nun, so sie mein Herzenstäubchen!

Welche Freude wird das sein,
Wenn die Götter uns bedenken,
Unsrer Liebe Kinder schenken,
So liebe, kleine Kinderlein!

Erst einen kleinen Papageno-
Dann eine kleine Papagena-
Dann wieder einen Papageno-
Dann wieder eine Papagena-
Papageno!
Papagena!

Es ist das höchste der Gefühle,
Wenn viele, veile Papagena (*Papageno*),
Der Eltern Segen warden sein.

- Emanuel Schikaneder (1751-1812)

Pa-pa-pa-gena!
Pa-pa-pa-geno!

Have you now been given completely to me?
Now, I have been given completely to you!
Now, so be my dear little wife?
Now, be my the little dove of my heart!

What joy that will be,
When the gods shower with gifts,
And bestow our love with children.
So dear, small little-children!

First a small Papageno-
Then a little Papagena-
Then again a Papageno-
Then again a Papagena-
Papageno!
Papagena!

It is the loftiest of-the feelings,
When many, many Papagenas (*Papagenos*)
The blessing of the parents will be.

- Bard Suverkrop

Piangerò la sorte mia

E pur così in un giorno
perdo fasti, e grandezze? Ahi fato rio!
Cesare il mio bel nume è forse estinto;
Cornelia, e Sesto inermi son, né sanno
darmi soccorso. O dio!
Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.

Piangerò la sorte mia
sì crudele e tanto ria
finché vita in petto avrò.

Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spettro agiterò.

- Nicola Francesco Haym (1679- 1730)

So it is that in one day I lose

So it is that in one day I lose
both splendor and grandeur? Ah cruel fate!
Caesar, my beautiful god, may be dead;
Cornelia and Sesto are powerless and
do not know how to help me. O god!
No hope remains in my life.

I shall weep over my cruel fate
so long as there remains
life in my breast.

But once I have perished,
I shall become a ghost and torment that tyrant
from all directions, day and night.

- Andrew Schneider