



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

John Iosefa, baritone
with Ryan Enright, piano

Love

"Bella siccome un angelo" from *Don Pasquale*
Soupir
Wie Melodien, Op. 105 No. 1

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Death

Selections from *Songs of Travel*

1. "The Vagabond"
2. "Let Beauty Awake"
3. "The Roadside Fire"
5. "In Dreams"
7. "Whither Must I Wander"
8. "Bright is the Ring of Words"

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Fish

La Pescatrice
Das Fischermädchen, D. 957
Die Forelle, op. 32, D. 550
Liebhaber in allen Gestalten, D. 558

Alfredo Catalani (1854-1893)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Education.
John Iosefa is a student of Julie Miller.*



THURSDAY, 7:00 P.M.
FEBRUARY 23, 2023
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

John Iosefa, baritone
Thursday, February 23, 2023, 7:00 pm

"Bella siccome un angelo" from *Don Pasquale*

In Act I, Dr. Malatesta conspires to convince his patient, Don Pasquale, a person he should marry in his old age should have various virtues such as modesty, honesty, and be sweet. However, Malatesta aims to reveal Pasquale's foolishness for disinherit his nephew who was to wed a poor person by having said poor person pretending to be Malatesta's sister who has all the described virtues.

Bella siccome un angelo
in terra pellegrino,
fresca siccome il giglio
che s'apre sul mattino,
occhio che parla e ride,
sguardo che i cor conquide,
chioma che vince l'ebano,
sorriso incantator.

Beautiful as an angel
walking on earth,
fresh as the lily
that opens in the morning,
eyes that speaks and laughs,
looks that conquers the heart,
crown of winsome ebony (hair),
enchancing smile.

Alma innocente, ingenua,
che sè medesima ignora;
modestia impareggiabile,
bontà che v'innamora.
Ai miseri pietosa,
gentil, dolce, amorosa,
il ciel l'ha fatta nascere
per far beato un cor.

Soul innocent, naive,
that thinks not of themself;
unparalleled modesty,
goodness that falls in love with you.
Compassionate,
gentle, sweet, loving,
Heaven gave birth to her
to make a heart happy.

Soupir (Sigh)

text by Armand (Sully) Prudhomme

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Never to see her nor hear her,
Never to speak her name out loud,
But faithful, always to wait for her,
Always to love her.

Ouvrir les bras et, las d'attendre,
Sur le néant les refermer,
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

To open my arms and, weary of waiting,
To close them again on a void,
Yet always to hold them,
Always to love her.

Ah! Ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,
Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre
Toujours l'aimer.

Ah, unable to hold them,
And in tears consumes me,
Yet those tears always shed,
Always to love her.

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre,
Toujours l'aimer!

Never to see or hear her,
Never to utter her name aloud,
But with a love always more tender,
Always to love her

Wie Melodien (Like Melodies)

text by Klaus Groth

Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Like melodies, it pulls
Me softly through my mind,
Like spring flowers they blossom
And floats away like a scent.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es
Und führt es vor das Aug',
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Yet when words come and grasps them
And places them before my eyes,
They turn pale like grey mist
And vanish like a breath.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,
Den mild aus stillem Keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Yet rests in rhyme
A fragrance lies hidden,
From the silent seeds
Summoned by moist eyes,

Songs of Travel

In 1889, towards the end of his life, Scottish poet Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) and his family settled in Vailima, Samoa where his activism and advocacy for the Samoan people against English and American colonizing abuses earned him the title "Tusitala" (Teller of Tales). Stevenson sent back to England a collection of poetry named *Songs of Travel and Other Verses*, published posthumously in 1896, which recalled many aspects of his life and experience through the lens of his deathbed.

In 1904, Ralph Vaughan Williams set 9 of the poems into the song cycle *Songs of Travel*, where Stevenson's poetry is weaved into a stages-of-grief narrative of a deceased person who is, at first, unwilling to accept his fate ("The Vagabond"). This untethered spirit thinks he can accompany his still living wife ("Let Beauty Awake") and delusions a relationship between a spirit and a living person ("The Roadside Fire"). However, the narrator realizes that their presence is preventing the living from healing ("In Dreams") and finally understands that they no longer have a place among the living without a home for their spirit: a living body ("Whither Must I Wander"). The spirit finally moves on, comforted by the legacy of love and righteous deeds left behind ("Bright is the Ring of Words").

The Vagabond

text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

In dreams

text by Robert Louis Stevenson

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremember'd tokens in your hand
Avail no more.
No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears
He came and went.
Perchance you wept
awhile
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with
a smile
Forgets you not.

Let Beauty Awake

text by Robert Louis Stevenson

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!
Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

text by Robert Louis Stevenson

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Whither must I wander?*text by Robert Louis Stevenson*

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
 Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
 Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
 Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
 Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
 The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
 Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
 Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
 Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
 Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
 Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
 Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
 Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
 Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
 The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
 Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
 Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
 Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.
 Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—
 Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
 Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—
 But I go for ever and come again no more.

La Pescatrice (The Fisher Maiden)

O giovanetta pescatrice bella,
 Guida il canotto a prora e vieni qua!
 A me vieni, t'assidi e mi favella
 E la tua man mi da'.

Mettimi qui sul core la testina,
 La mia bambina, e tanto non tremar!
 Non t'affidi sicura ogni mattina
 Al mare, all'aspro mar?

Anche il mio core è un mar: ha le sue onde,
 Le sue tempeste, le sue onde egli ha,
 E molte belle perle anche nasconde
 La sua profondità.

Bright is the ring of words*text by Robert Louis Stevenson*

Bright is the ring of words
 When the right man rings them,
 Fair the fall of songs
 When the singer sings them,
 Still they are caroled and said—
 On wings they are carried—
 After the singer is dead
 And the maker buried.
 Low as the singer lies
 In the field of heather,
 Songs of his fashion bring
 The swains together.
 And when the west is red
 With the sunset embers,
 The lover lingers and sings
 And the maid remembers.

Lovely fisher maiden,
 guide your boat to shore;
 come to me and sit beside me,
 we'll converse hand in hand.

Lay on my heart your little head
 and do not be too afraid;
 for each day you trust yourself
 without fear to the turbulent sea.

My heart is just like the sea.
 It has its storms, its ebbs and its flows;
 and many a lovely pearl
 rests in its depths.

Das Fischermädchen (The Fisher Maiden)*text by Heinrich Heine*

Du schönes Fischermädchen,
 Treibe den Kahn ans Land;
 Komm zu mir und setze dich nieder,
 Wir kosen Hand in Hand.

Leg an mein Herz dein Köpfchen,
 Und fürchte dich nicht zu sehr;
 Vertraust du dich doch sorglos
 Täglich dem wilden Meer.

Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
 Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Flut,
 Und manche schöne Perle
 In seiner Tiefe ruht.

Lovely fisher maiden,
 guide your boat to shore;
 come to me and sit beside me,
 we'll converse hand in hand.

Lay on my heart your little head
 and do not be too afraid;
 for each day you trust yourself
 without fear to the turbulent sea.

My heart is just like the sea.
 It has its storms, its ebbs and its flows;
 and many a lovely pearl
 rests in its depths.

Die Forelle (The Trout)*text by Christian Schubart*

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

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
 Wohl 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 Rute,
 Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
 Und ich mit regem Blute
 Sah die Betrogene an.

In a bright brook
 Shot by in happy haste
 the capricious trout
 darted by like an arrow.
 I stood on the bank
 And saw in sweet peace,
 the lively fish swim
 in the clear brook.

An angler with his rod
 Who on the riverbank stood,
 And watched with cold-blood,
 How the fish contorts.
 As long as the water is clear
 So I thought, not broken,
 he won't catch the trout
 with his fishing rod.

But finally to the thief
 The time passed for too long. He made
 the brook treacherously cloudy,
 and in an instant
 his rod quivered,
 and the fish struggled on it.
 And I, my blood boiling,
 looked on at the betrayed creature.

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten (Love in all Forms)

text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Fisch,
So hurtig und frisch;
Und kämst Du zu angeln,
Ich würde nicht mangeln.
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Fisch,
So hurtig und frisch.

Ich wollt', ich wär' ein Pferd,
Da wär' ich dir wert.
Oh, wär' ich ein Wagen,
Bequem dich zu tragen.
Ich wollt', ich wär' ein Pferd,
Da wär' ich dir wert.

Ich wollt' ich wäre Gold!
Dir immer im Sold;
Und tätst Du was kaufen,
Käm' ich gelaufen.
Ich wollt' ich wäre Gold!
Dir immer im Sold.

Doch bin ich wie ich bin,
Und nimm mich nur hin!
Willst bess're besitzen,
So lass Dir sie schnitzen.
Ich bin nun wie ich bin;
So nimm mich nur hin!

I would, were I a fish,
so agile and fresh;
and if you came to catch me,
I would not fail you.
I would, were I a fish,
so agile and fresh.

I would, were I a horse
that you cherished
O were I only a cart
to carry you comfortably!
I would, were I a horse
that you cherished.

I would, were I gold,
always at your service.
And if you bought something,
To you I would come back running.
I would, were I gold,
always at your service!

But I am as I am;
And just accept me as I am.
If you want a better man,
then have one made for you.
I am as I am;
just accept me like this.