



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Dillon Nelson, voice
with John Cozza, piano

Non piu andrai (from *Le Nozze di Figaro*)

W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Sonntag

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Die Nacht

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ich trage meine minne

Ho capito, Signor Si! (from *Don Giovanni*)

W. A. Mozart

Le Colibri

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Psyché

Emile Paladilhe (1844-1926)

Il lacerato spirito (from *Simon Boccanegra*)

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Selections from *Let Us Garlands Bring, Op. 18*

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

- I. Come away, come away, death
- II. Who is Sylvia
- III. Fear no more the heat o' the sun
- V. It was a lover and his lass

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



FRIDAY, 7:00 P.M.
FEBRUARY 25, 2022
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Dillon Nelson, Senior Degree Recital Program Notes and Translations

"Non piu andrai" from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Le nozze di Figaro is a comic opera that follows the story of Figaro and Susanna, a pair of lovers who work for Count Almaviva and are about to get married. Count Almaviva is a lecherous, skirt-chasing nobleman who uses the power of his station to try and take Susanna on the day before her wedding night using his supposed right of "jus prima noctis." In the end he is thwarted, and Figaro and Susanna expose his scheming and can get married. In this scene the Count's page Cherubino has been caught expressing his infatuation with the countess, and in his anger Count Almaviva punishes him by sending him into the army. Figaro then chides Cherubino for his flirtatious ways and chides him about his upcoming military service and life.

Non piu andrai farfallone amoroso,
notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
delle belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.

No more will you go, amorous butterfly,
fluttering around day and night,
disturbing the sleep of pretty girls
little Narcissus, Adonis of love.

Non piu avrai questi bei pennacchini
quel cappello leggiere e galante,
quella chioma quell'aria brillante,
quel vermiglio donnesco color.

No more will you have fine feathers
that light gallant hat,
that hair, that looks brilliant,
that womanish red color.

Tra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco.
Schioppo in spalla, sciabla al fianco,
collo dritto, muso franco,
un gran casco, un gran turbante,
molto onor, poco contante!

Among warriors, oh my!
Great mustaches and little knapsack,
Gun on your back, sword at your side,
Neck straight, nose bold,
A great helmet or a great turban,
Much honor, little pay.

Ed invece del fandango,
una marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni,
con le nevi e i sollioni.
Al concerto di tromboni,
di bombarde, di cannoni,
che le palle in tutti i tuoni
all'orecchio fan fischiar.

And instead of the fandango,
A march through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
With the snow and the heat,
A concert of trumpets,
Of shells, and of cannons,
Which the bullets in all the thunder
Will make your ears whistle.

Cherubino alla vittoria:
alla gloria militar!

Cherubino, on to victory:
On to military glory!

Sonntag

So hab ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht gesehn
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe stehn:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche
Das Lachen nicht vergehn,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl in die Kirche gehn:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, ich wär heute bei ihr!

Die Nacht

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löschst sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms,
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch;
Rücke näher, Seel'an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Ich trage meine Minne

Ich trage meine Minne
Vor Wonne stumm,
Im Herzen und im Sinne
Mit mir herum.
Ja, dass ich dich gefunden,

Sunday

For an entire week
I have not seen my dear sweetheart,
I saw her on a Sunday
Standing before her door;
The thousandfold beautiful maiden,
The thousandfold beautiful little-heart
Would to God I were with her today!

So, for the whole week long,
My joy will not cease;
I saw her on a Sunday
Going into the church
The thousandfold beautiful maiden,
The thousandfold beautiful little-heart
Would to God I were with her today!

The Night

From the forest emerges the night,
From the trees she sneaks quietly,
She looks around in a wide circle
Now beware

All the lights of this world,
All flowers, all colors
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field

She takes everything that is lovely,
Takes the silver off the stream
Takes the cathedral's copper room,
Away the gold.

Plundered is the bush:
Move closer, soul to soul
Oh the night, I fear, she steals
You from me too.

I carry my love

I carry my love
Mute with delight
In my heart and in my mind
with me wherever.
Yes, that I have found you

Du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage,
Die mir beschieden sind.
Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,
Hohenschwarz die Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe
Goldsonnige Pracht.
Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden,
So tut mir's weh,
Die arge muss erblinden
Vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

You beloved child,
That makes me joyful every day,
That is granted to me.
And no matter if the sky is gloomy,
Coal-black the night,
Brightly shines my love's
Gold-shining splendor.
And even as the world lies through its sinfulness
And I am heavy-hearted
The evil must become blind
From your snowy innocence.

"Ho capito, Signor, sí" from *Don Giovanni*

Don Giovanni is an opera surrounding the lecherous and conniving Don Giovanni and his exploits and eventual downfall. In this scene the marriage procession of Masetto and Zerlina arrives, and Don Giovanni means to seduce Zerlina.

Ho capito, Signor, sí!
Chino il capo, e me ne vo.
Giacché piache a voi cosí,
Altre repliche non fo.
Cavalier voi siete già,
Dubitar non posso affé;
Me lo dice la bontá
Che volete aver per me.
Bricconaccia, malandrina,
Fosti ongor la mia ruina!
Vengo, vengo! Resta, resta!
E una cosa molto onesta!
Faccia il nostro cavaliere
Cavaliera ancora te!

I understand, Sir, yes,
I will bow my head, and be off.
Since this is your pleasure,
I will not refuse.
You are a Knight already,
Of that there is no doubt;
It is for you to condescend
To give me orders.
Cheating tramp,
You are each my ruin!
I come, I come! Stay then, stay!
It is a most honorable situation!
Let our knight
Knight you again!

Le Colibri

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbe fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

The green hummingbird, the king of the hills,
Seeing the dew and the bright sunlight
Shining on his nest woven from fine grasses
Like a fresh ray, escapes into the air.

Il se hâte et vole aus sources voisines,
Oú les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Oú l'açoka rouge, aux odeurs divines,
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.

He hurries and flies to nearby springs,
Where the bamboo makes the sound of the sea
Where the red hibiscus with divine smells,
Unfolds the dewy brilliance of its heart.

Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir.

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée!

Psyché

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature:
Le rayons du soleil vous baisent trop souvent
Vos cheveux souffrent trop le caresses du
vent:

Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure;
L'air même que vous respirez

Avec trop de plaisir passe syr votre bouche;
Votre habit de trop près vous touche;
Et sitôt que vous soupirez,
Je ne sais quoi qui m'effarouche
Craint parmi vos soupirs des soupirs égarés.

To the gilded flower he descends and hovers
And drinks so much love from the red cup
That he dies, not knowing if he could dry it up.

On your pure lips, o my beloved
My soul would also have wished to die
Of the first kiss which perfumed it!

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature:
The sun's rays kiss you far too often;
Your hair suffers the winds caress too
often:

When he blows your hair, I am jealous;
Even the air you breathe

Passes your lips with too much pleasure;
Your dress touches you too close
And whenever you sigh,
I do not know what frightens me
Perhaps that your sighs are not all meant for me.

"Il lacerato spirito" from *Simon Boccanegra*

Simon Boccanegra is an opera that centers around the political and personal life of its titular character Simon Boccanegra, the plebeian Doge of Genoa. Boccanegra and Maria Fiesco have been having a love affair that has produced a child and Maria's father, Jacobo, has locked her away in their palace for their transgressions. This aria and recitative takes place during the prologue of the opera when Jacobo Fiesco emerges from his palace to say that his daughter has died and swears revenge on Boccanegra for destroying his family.

A te l'estremo addio,
Palagio altero,
Freddo sepolcro dell'angiolo mio!
Né a proteggerti valse!
Oh maledetto! Oh vile seduttore!
E tu, Vergin, sofristi
Rapita a lei la virginal corona?
Ah! che dissi? Deliro!
Ah, mi perdona!

To you the final farewell,
Haughty palace,
Cold tomb of my little angel!
Nor was I worth protecting you!
Oh damned! Oh vile seductor!
And you, Virgin Mary, stood by
The virginal crown stolen from her?
Ah! What did I say? Dilusion!
Ah, forgive me!

Il lacerato spirito del mesto genitore
Era serbato a strazio d'infamia e di dolore.
Il serto a lei de' martiri pietoso il cielo dié.
Resa al fulgor degli angeli,
Prega, Maria, per me.

The lacerated spirit of the sad parent
It was preserved in the agony of infamy and pain.
Give to her, o heaven, a martyr's wreath.
Surrender to the radiance of the angels,
Pray, Maria, for me.

Let Us Garlands Bring, Op. 18

Let Us Garlands Bring is a song cycle composed by Gerald Finzi and dedicated to Ralph Vaughan Williams. It consists of five settings of songs from plays by William Shakespeare. All of the selections center around the themes of the duality of life and death. "Come away, come away death" is about a man whose love is unrequited and is dying without ever realized his love. He dies alone with no friends who mourn him. "Who is Sylvia" talks about an ideal person who is perfect in every way. So much so that she is able to help Cupid with his blindness and she excels at all mortal things. "Fear no more the heat o' the sun" is a funeral prayer to help ease someone who is passing into the next life, and praying that their spirit can rest. And "It was a lover and his lass" is a text that speaks to the joy of young love and life as two lovers frolick about in a pastoral setting.

Come away, come away, death
 And in sad cypress let me be laid
Fly away, fly away breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let it be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall
 be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd 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.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renown'd be thy grave!

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,
*In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Those pretty country folks would lie,
*In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
Those pretty country folks would lie,
*In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love it crown'd with the prime
*In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*