



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Ellie d'Elia, voice
John Cozza, piano

"Per la gloria d'adorarvi" from *Griselda*
"Lasciatemi morire!" from *Arianna*
O del mio amato ben

Giovanni Battista Bonocini (1672-1750)
Claudio Moteverdi (1567-1643)
Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Du bist wie eine Blume
Die Mainacht
Ständchen, Op. 106, No.1

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Johannes Brahms

Selections from *La courte paille*
I. Le sommeil
II. Quelle aventure!
VII. Lune d'Avril

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Take, O Take those lips away
I carry your heart
I can't be talkin of love

Amy Beach (1867-1944)
John Duke (1899-1984)
John Duke

"Quando men vo" from *La bohème*

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Ellie d'Elia is a student of Julie Miller.*



FRIDAY, 7:00 P.M.
FEBRUARY 27, 2026
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ellen d'Elia – February 27

Per la gloria d'adorarvi

Per la gloria d'adorarvi
Voglio amar vio luci care
Amando penero
Ma sempre v'amero
Sì sì nel mio penare
Penerò v'amero luci care
Senza speme di diletto
Vano affettoè sospirare
Ma i vostri dolci rai
Vano affettoè so spirare
Chi vagheggiar può mai
E non, e non vàmare?
Penerò v'amero luci care

- *Giovanni Battista Bonocini*

Lasciatemi morire!

Lasciatemi morire
E che volete
che mi conforte
in così dura sorte,
in così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire!

- *Claudio Monteverdi*

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben
Perduto incato!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or pe le mute stanze
Sempre lo cerco e chiamo
Con pieno il cor di speranze
Ma cerco invan chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor
Mi sembra, senza lui,
triste ogni loco
Notte mi sembra il giorno
Mi sembra gelo il foco
Se pur talvolta spero
Di darmi ad altra cura
Sol mi tormenta un pensiero
Ma, senza lui, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
Senza il mio ben.

- *Alberto Donaudy*

For the love my heart doth prize

For the love my heart doth prize
O charming eyes, I would adore ye
For me, my love is pain
I know 'tis all in vain
Vain, vain, yet kneel before ye
Love is pain, all in vain I implore ye,
Hopeless 'tis to look for kindness,
Foolish fond-ness with sighs implore ye,
But who-e'er might woo your gaze,
Chi vagheggiar può mai
Bask in your sunny rays
And not, and not adore ye?
Love is pain, all in vain I implore ye

- *Dr. Theodore Baker*

Leave me to die!

Leave me to die
and what you want that me it should Oh! My that
me it should comfort
In such hard fate
In such great suffering
Leave me to die!

- *trans. by Alessandro Parisotti*

Oh, of my beloved dear

Oh, of my beloved dear
Lost enchantment!
Far is from-the eyes mine
who to-me-was glory and pride!
Now through the silent rooms
always him I-see and I-call
With full [the] heart of hopes.
But I-see in-vain, I-call invain!
And the weeping to-me-is so dear,
that with weeping alone I-nourish the heart
To-me it seems, without him,
Sad-is every place
Night to-me seems the day
To-me seems ice-cold the fire.
If, however, sometimes I-hope
To give-myself to another interest
Alone me torments one thought
But, without him, what shall-I-do?
To-me seems thus life a-vain thing
Without [the] my beloved.

- *trans. by Bard Suverkrop*

Du bist wie eine Blume

Du bist wie eine Blume
 so hold und schön und rein
 ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
 schleicht mir ins Herz hinein
 Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
 Auf's Haupt dir legen solt'
 Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
 so rein und schön und hold.

- *Heinrich Heine*

Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond
 Durch die Gesträuche blinkt,
 Und sein schlummerndes
 Licht über den Rasen streut
 und die Nachtigall flötet,
 wandl' ich traurig von
 Busch zu Busch.
 Überhüllet vom Laub
 girret ein Taubenpaar
 sein Entzücken mir vor
 aber ich wende mich,
 suche dunklere Schatten,
 und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild,
 welches wie Morgenrot
 durch die Seele mir strahlt,
 find ich auf Erden dich?
 Und die einsame Träne bebt mir
 Heißer, heißer die Wang herab

- *Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty*

LE SOMMEIL

Le sommeil est en voyage,
 Mon Dieu! Où est-il parti?
 J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
 Il pleure dans son lit-cage,
 Il pleure depuis midi.

Où le sommeil a-t'il mis
 Son sable et ses rêves sages?
 J'ai beau bercer mon petit
 il se tourne tout en nage,
 Il sanglote dans son lit.

Ah! Reviens, reviens, sommeil,
 Sur ton beau cheval de course!

You are like a flower

You are like a flower
 So sweet and beautiful and pure
 I look you at, and melancholy
 Steals to-me in-the heart into
 To-me it-is, as if I (my) hands
 On-the head to-you lay should
 Praying that God you preserve
 So pure and beautiful and sweet.

- *trans. by Bard Suverkrop*

The May night

When the silver moon
 Through the shrubs gleams,
 And-its slumbering
 light over the grass scatters
 And the nightingale sings,
 Roam I sadly from
 Bush to bush.
 Covered-over with foliage
 Coos a pair-of-doves
 Their delight to-me before;
 But I turn-away myself,
 Seek darker shadows,
 And the lonely tear runs,

When, oh smiling image,
 That like the-dawn
 Through my soul of-me shines,
 Find I on earth you?
 And the lonely tear trembles for-me
 Hotter, hotter the cheek down.

- *trans. by Bard Suverkrop*

SLEEP

Sleep has gone off on a journey,
 Gracious me! Where can it have got to?
 I have rocked my little one in vain,
 He is crying in his cot,
 He has been crying ever since noon.

Where has sleep put
 Its sand and its gentle deams?
 I have rocked my little one in vain,
 He tosses and turns perspiring,
 He sobs in his bed.

Ah! Come back, come back, sleep,
 On your fine race-horse!

Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse
A enterré le soleil
Et rallumé ses abeilles.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
Il ne dira pas bonjour,
Il ne dira rien demain
A ses doigts, au lait, au pain
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.
- Francis Poulenc

QUELLE AVENTURE!

Une puce, dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit éléphant
En regardant les devantures
Où sointillaient les diamants.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!
Quelle aventure!
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?
L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent
Suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,
Elle tirait en souriant.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!
Que cela dure
Et je vais me croire dément!
Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
La puce fondit dans le vent
Et je vis le jeune éléphant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.

Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!
La chose est sûre,
Mais comment la dire à maman?
- Francis Poulenc

LUNE D'AVRIL

Lune,
Belle lune, lune d'Avril
Faites-moi voir en mor dormant
Le pêcher au cœur de safran,
Le poisson qui rit du grésil,
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor
Doucement réveille les morts
Et surtout, surtout le pays
Où il fait joie, où il fait clair,
Où soleilleuz de primevères,

In the dark sky, the Great Bear
Has buried the sun
And rekindled his bees.

If baby does not sleep well
He will not say good day,
He will have nothing to say
To his fingers, to the milk, the bread
That greet him in the morning.
- trans. by Maurice Carême

WHAT GOINGS-ON!

A flea, in its carriage,
Was pulling a little elephant along
Gazing at the shop windows
Where diamonds were sparkling,

Good Gracious! Good Gracious!
What goings-on!
Who will believe me if I tell them?
The little elephant was absent mindedly sucking
a pot of jam.
But the flea took no notice,
And went on pulling with a smile.

Good Gracious! Good Gracious!
If this goes on
I shall really think I am mad!
Suddenly, along by a fence
The flea disappeared in the wind
And I saw the young elephant
Make off, breaking through the walls

Good Gracious! Good Gracious!
It is perfectly true,
But how shall I Mummy?
- trans. by Maurice Carême

APRIL MOON

Moon
Beautiful moon, April moon,
Let me sleep in my sleep
The peach tree with the saffron heart,
The fish who laughs at the sleet,
The bird who, distant as a hunting horn,
Gently awakens the dead
And above all, above all, the land
Where there is joy, where there is light,
Where sunny with primroses,

On a brisé tous les fusils.
Lune
Belle lune, lune d'Avril
Lune.

- *Francis Poulenc*

All the guns have been destroyed.
Moon
Beautiful moon, April moon,
Moon.

- *trans. by Maurice Carême*

Take, O Take Those Lips Away

Take, o take those lips away.
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love but sealed in vain
But my kisses bring again
Seals of love,
But sealed in vain

- *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 its 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 starts apart.
I carry your heart.
I carry it, in my heart.

- *E.E. Cummings*

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,
That one thing do be love.

But that's not say-in 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 cant 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 Mathews*

Quando men vo

Quando m'en vo'
Soletta per la via,
La gente sosta e mira,
E la bellezza mia
Tutta ricerca in me,
Ricerca in me da capo a pie'.
Ed assaporo allor
la bramosia sottile,
Che da gli occhi traspira
E dai palesi vezzi
intender sa
Alle occulte beltà.
Così l'effluvio del desio
Tutta m'aggira
Felice mi fa!
E tu che sai,
Che memori e ti struggi
Da me tanto rifuggi?
So ben le angoscie tue
Non le vuoi dir,
Ma ti senti morir!

- *Luigi Illica*

When I-go walking

When I-go walking
Alone along the street,
The people stop and stare,
And the beauty mine
All search-for in me,
from head to feet.
And I-savor then
The desire subtle,
Which from (their) eyes emanates
And of-(my) obvious charms
understands knows-how-to
the hidden beauties.
Thus the-scent of desire
Surrounds all of me
Makes me happy!
And you know,
Who remember, and you who-suffer
From me totally flee?
I know well that you
Do not want to admit your torment
But you feel as if you're dying!

- *trans. by Bard Suverkrop*

In this sparkling, flirtatious aria, Musetta describes how all eyes turn to her when she walks by. She playfully boasts about the effect her beauty and charm have on men, while secretly hoping to make her former lover, Marcello, jealous.

Thank you for coming

