



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Monica Serrano, mezzo-soprano
with Dr. John Cozza, piano

"Sta nell'Ircana" (*Alcina*)

Georg Friedrich Händel (1685-1759)

Selections from *Combat del Somni*
Sólo las flores sobre ti
Esta noche un mismo viento
Te presentia como el mar

Federico Mompou (1893-1987)

Lachen und Weinen, D. 777
Meine Liebe ist grün, Op. 63/5
Bedeckt mich mit Blumen, Op. 138/4
Zueignung, Op. 10/1

Franz Schubert (1791-1828)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Sure on this shining night, Op. 13/3
A Slumber Song of the Madonna
i carry your heart
Love in the Dictionary

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

John Duke (1899-1984)
Celius Dougherty (1902-1986)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Monica Serrano is a student of Dr. Robin Fisher.*



MONDAY, 7:00 P.M.
MARCH 11, 2019
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Monica Soledad Serrano, Junior Recital

Texts and Translations - March 11, 2019

Sta nell'Ircana

Sta nell'Ircana pietrosa tana
Tigre sdegnosa, e incerta pende,
Se parte, o attende il cacciator?
Dal teso strale guardar si vuole;
Ma poi la prole lascia in periglio,
Freme e l'assale desio di sangue,
Pietà del figlio; poi vince amor.

Solo las flores sobre ti

Solo las flores sobre ti
Eran como una ofrenda blanca.
Sobre te cuerpo aquella luz,
Jamás sería de la rama.
Con eso beso se te dio,
Todo su olor como una vida,
Resplandecias de la luz,
bajo tus parpados vencida.
Oh si pudiera ser afán de flor!
Y como un lirio marchitar
mi ser en ti.
Y no saber la noche mas,
Que junto a ti se apagaria.

Esta noche un mismo viento

El pensamiento de los dos,
A un mismo viento y vela ardiendo.
Debí esta noche de partir
Por mares donde nuestro tierno amor
Se Vuelve música y cristal.
Nos era el beso transparencia..
Si el agua tu Espejo yo.
El sueño nuestro era quizá,
soñar de besos convertidos en melodía y un no ser.
De cuerpos y ojos encendidos.
En blanco arder un anhelar,
Sedas de lirio acariciar.

Te presentia como el mar

Te presentia como el mar
Y como el viento inmensa, libre.
Alta mas alta que el destino, y que el azar.
Y en mi existencia un alentar.
Y veo en ti como te limitaba el sueño
Tu no eres nombre, ni ademan.
No voy a ti como a la azul imagen de un
Sueño humano.
Tu no eres mar aprisionado entre las playas,
Ni viento preso en el azar.
No tienes límites no hay voz,
Para expresarte ni paisajes. Para tu luz.

There near Hrykania

Near Hrykania, there is a stony burrow
Where a disdainful tiger lies there in uncertainty,
Should she leave or wait for the hunter?
She tensely keeps her guard,
But then there is the offspring she leaves in danger,
She trembles and is filled with the desire for blood,
and pity for her cub, and so love wins.

Only flowers covered you

Only flowers covered you,
They were like a white offering.
The light that shone over your body,
Would never come from them again.
The kiss the petals gave you,
Filled you with a lifetime of fragrance.
You shone resplendently in the light,
The light your defeated eyes could no longer see.
Oh, how I long to be a flower!
And like a lily spread over your chest, and wither away
my petals over your being.
And now I know the night more deeply
I had no idea it would vanish along with you.

On this night the same wind

Thoughts of the two of us
Are like the same wind blowing the same candle.
The very wind that took flight tonight
And traversed oceans where our tender love
Becomes music and crystal.
Our kiss was that of transparency...
Like the water, your reflection I am.
Our heaven perhaps,
Was dreaming of kisses turning into melodies.
And bodies and eyes aflame.
In the white heat of yearning,
A caress as soft as the petals of the lily.

I had a premonition of you as the sea

I had a premonition of you as the sea
And like the wind immense and free
With a tide more powerful than destiny
And for me, a breath of existence.
I see how your exhaustion limited you
You are neither a name, nor expression.
I don't go to you like the blue image of a
human-like dream.
You are not an ocean trapped between shores,
Nor trapped winds in the coves
You have no limits, there is no voice
To express you, nor images to express your light.

Ni lo seran!

Lachen und Weinen

Lachen und weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor Lust:
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muss ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Meine Liebe ist grün

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der Fliederbusch.
Und mein Leib ist schön wie die Sonne;
Die glänzt wohl herab auf den Fliederbusch
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen der Nachtigall
Und wiegt sich in blühendem Flieder,
Und jauchzet und singet vom Duft berauscht
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen, ich sterbe vor Liebe!
Daß die Luft mit leisem Wehen
Nicht den süßen Duft mir entführe, bedeckt mich!
Ist ja alles doch dasselbe,
Liebesodem oder Dufte von Blumen.
Von Jasmin und weißen Lilien sollt ihr
hier mein Grab bereiten, ich sterbe!
Und befragt ihr mich: Woran?
Sag ich: unter süßen Qualen vor Liebe!

Zuiegnung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quale,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe dank.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe dank!

And there will never be!

Laughing and Weeping

Laughing and weeping at every hour
In the case of love happens for so many reasons
Mornings spent laughing with joy:
And why do I now weep
In the glow of the evening light?
I myself just don't know!

Weeping and laughing at every hour
In the case of love happens for so many reasons
Evenings spent weeping with grief;
But tell me why you awaken
In the morning with laughter?
This I must ask you, dear heart.

My love is green

My love is green like the lilac bush
And my love is beautiful like the sun;
Which gleams right down on the lilac bush
And fills it with fragrance and with bliss.

My soul has wings like the nightingale
Which cradles itself in the blooming bush,
It rejoices and sings in the fragrance-heavy bush,
Many songs saturated with love.

Cover me with flowers

Cover me with flowers, I am dying from love!
So that the breeze with its gentle wafting,
Does not take away the sweet fragrance. Cover me!
It is surely all the same,
Love's breath or the fragrance of the flowers.
With jasmine and white lilies you shall prepare
my grave, I die!
But you ask me: Why?
I say: from the sweet torments of love!

Devotion

Yes, you know most precious soul,
Distance from you causes my heart pain,
Love makes the heart ill
I thank you.

Once, I thought of life as a free spirit,
Holding high the cup of immense power,
And you came to bless the cup,
I thank you.
Until I fell - as I had never before -

Holy upon your breasts.
I thank you!