



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
JUNIOR RECITAL

**Sophia Silvers, coloratura soprano**  
**with Ryan Enright, piano**

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Poor Wand'ring One! (The Pirates of Penzance)

Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

Stornello

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)

Perduta ho la pace (6 Romanze of 1838, No. 5)

Brindisi (6 Romanze of 1845, No. 6)

À une fontaine, Op. 223 No. 1

Darius Milhaud (1892-1974)

Romance: Silence ineffable (Recueil Vasnier)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Le petit serin en cage (Chansons pour les oiseaux, No. 4)

Louis Beydts (1895-1953)

Das erste Veilchen, Op. 19 No. 2

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Gott im Frühlinge, D. 448

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Nachtviolen, D. 752

Franz Schubert

Neue Liebe, Op 19 No. 4

Felix Mendelssohn

Let the Bright Seraphim (Samson)

George Fredric Handel (1685-1759)

with Mason Rogers, trumpet

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



FRIDAY, 4:00 P.M.  
MARCH 17, 2023  
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Sophia Silvers, coloratura soprano - March 17, 2023, 4:00 pm

### **Poor Wand'ring One!** *by William Schwenck Gilbert*

Poor wand'ring one!  
Though thou hast surely strayed,  
Take heart of grace,  
Thy steps retrace,  
Poor wand'ring one!  
Poor wand'ring one!  
If such poor love as mine  
Can help thee find  
True peace of mind-  
Why, take it, it is thine!  
Take heart, fair days will shine;  
Take any heart—take mine!  
Take heart, fair days will shine;  
Take any heart—take mine!  
Poor wand'ring one!,...

### **Stornello** *by Anonymous*

Tu dici che non m'ami... anch'io non t'amo...  
Dici non vi vuoi ben, non te ne voglio.  
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.  
Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.

Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:  
Tu fai quel che ti pare, io quel che voglio.  
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.  
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

Costanza nell'amor è una follia;  
Volubile io sono e me ne vanto.  
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,  
Né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in pianto.  
Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia  
Tutta la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.

### **Perduta ho la pace** *by Goethe, trans. Luigi Balestra*

Perduta ho la pace,  
ho in cor mille guai;  
Ah, no, più non spero  
trovarla più mai.

M'è buio di tomba  
ov'egli non è;  
Senz'esso un deserto  
è il mondo per me.

### **Rhyme** *trans. Mario Giuseppe Genesi*

You say that you don't love me, so I don't love you...  
You say that you reject me, so I reject you.  
You'll have your fish-hook set for other fishes  
So I will pick new roses in other gardens.

Let us agree about it, now, together:  
You behave as you like an' I'll do as you do.  
I'll devote to myself, each one commands me,  
Servant to everyone, but I won't serve for anyone.

A constant love affair is only madness  
Inconstantly I live with pride and boldness  
I won't be scared of you if I will meet you  
I won't cry anymore if you shall leave me,  
just like a nightingale out of his cage  
All night and day long I'll rejoice and twitter.

### **My peace is gone** *trans. Richard Stokes*

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,  
Life's like the grave;  
The whole world  
Is turned to gall.

Mio povero capo  
confuso travolto;  
Oh misera, il senno,  
il senno m'è tolto!

Perduta ho la pace,  
ho in cor mille guai;  
Ah, no, più non spero  
trovarla più mai.

S'io sto al finestrello,  
ho gl'occhi a lui solo;  
S'io sfuggo di casa,  
sol dietro a lui volo.

Oh, il bel portamento;  
oh, il vago suo viso!  
Qual forza è nei sguardi,  
che dolce sorriso!

E son le parole  
un magico rio;  
Qual stringer di mano,  
qual bacio, mio Dio!

Perduta ho la pace,  
ho in cor mille guai;  
Ah, no, più non spero  
trovarla più mai.

Anela congiungersi  
al suo il mio petto;  
Potessi abbracciarlo,  
tenerlo a me stretto!

Baciarlo potessi,  
far pago il desir!  
Baciarlo! e potessi baciata morir.

**Brindisi** by *Andrea Maffei*

Mescetemi il vino! Tu solo, o bicchiere,  
Fra gaudi terreni non sei menzognero,  
Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.  
Amai; m'infiammare due sguardi fatali;  
Credei l'amicizia fanciulla senz'ali,  
Follia de' prim'anni, fantasma illusor.

Mescetemi il vino, letizia del cor.

L'amico, l'amante col tempo ne fugge,  
Ma tu non paventi chi tutto distrugge:  
L'età non t'offende, t'accresce virtù.

My poor head  
Is crazed,  
My poor mind  
Shattered.

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

It's only for him  
I gaze from the window,  
It's only for him  
I leave the house.

His proud bearing  
His noble form,  
The smile on his lips,  
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow  
Of his words,  
The touch of his hand,  
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy;  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

My bosom  
Yearns for him.  
Ah! if I could clasp  
And hold him,

And kiss him  
To my heart's content,  
And in his kisses perish!

**A toast** *trans. Teatro Nuovo*

Pour me some wine! Only you, oh wineglass...  
among earthly pleasures, are not deceitful.  
You, life of the senses and joy of the heart!  
I have loved: two fatal eyes inflamed me.  
I believed that friendship would never fly away.  
Youthful folly, illusory phantom!

Pour me some wine, joy of the heart.

Friends and lovers flee with time,  
but you do not fear that destroyer of all.  
Age only increases your virtues.

Sfiorito l'aprile, cadute le rose,  
Tu sei che n'allegri le cure noiose:  
Sei tu che ne torni la gioia che fu.

Mescetemi il vino, letizia del cor.

Chi meglio risana del cor le ferite?  
Se te non ci desse la provvida vite,  
Sarebbe immortale l'umano dolor.  
Mescetemi il vino! Tu sol, o bicchiero,  
Fra gaudi terreni non sei menzognero,  
Tu, vita de' sensi, letizia del cor.

**A une Fontaine** *by Pierre de Ronsard*

Écoute moi, Fontaine vive,  
En qui j'ai rebus si souvent,  
Couché tout plat dessus ta rive,  
Oisif à la fraîcheur du vent,  
Quand l'été ménager moissonne  
Le sein de Cérès dévêtu,  
Et l'aire par compas résonne  
Gémissant sous le blé battu.  
Ainsi toujours puisses-tu être.  
[En dévote religion  
Au boeuf et au bouvier champêtre  
De ta voisine région!]<sup>2</sup>  
Ainsi toujours la lune claire  
Voie à minuit au fond d'un val  
Les Nymphes près de ton repaire  
A mille bonds mener le ball!

**Romance: Silence ineffable** *by Paul Bourget*

Silence ineffable de l'heure  
Où le coeur aimant sur un coeur  
Se laisse en aller et s'endort,  
—Sur un coeur aimant qui l'adore! ...  
Musique tendre des paroles,  
Comme un sanglot de rossignols,  
Si tendre qu'on voudrait mourir,  
—Sur la bouche qui les soupire! ...  
L'ivresse ardente de la vie  
Fait défaillir l'amant ravi,  
Et l'on n'entend battre qu'un coeur,  
—Musique et silence de l'heure! ...

**Le petit serin en cage** *by Paul Fort*

Il était un p'tit jaune tout habillé de gris, canari,  
Qui demandait l'aumône aux chats et aux souris,  
canari, toto canaro, canari.

When April's flowers are gone, when roses fade,  
It's you who lightens our tiresome cares.  
It's you who restores the joy of the past.

Pour me some wine, joy of the heart.

Who better cures a wounded heart?  
If the generous vine did not give you to us,  
human sorrow would be immortal!  
Pour me some wine! Only you, oh wineglass,  
Among earthly pleasures, are not deceitful.  
You, life of the senses and joy of the heart!

**To a fountain** *trans. Faith J. Cormier*

Listen to me, living fountain,  
from whom I oft have drunk,  
flat on my belly overlooking your bank,  
lazy in the cool breeze  
while the summer harvests  
Ceres' unclad breast  
and the air whimpers  
beneath the beaten wheat.  
So may you always be  
in religion to all those  
who drink from you or who pasture  
their cattle on your green banks.  
So may nymphs  
forever dance  
around you  
in the moonlit midnights.

**Romance: Ineffable silence** *trans. Richard Stokes*

Ineffable silence of the hour  
When the loving heart abandons itself  
And sleeps on a loving heart  
—Which adores it! ...  
Tender music of the words,  
Like a sobbing nightingale,  
So tender one would wish to die  
—On the mouth that sighs them! ...  
Ardent intoxication of life  
Makes the enraptured lover swoon,  
And one hears the beating of a single heart,  
—Music, and the silence of the hour! ...

**The Little Canary in a Cage** *trans. Michelle Girardot*

He was a little yellow one all dressed in grey, canari,  
Who asked the cats and mice for alms,  
Canari, toto canaro, canari.

Compère, Mistigri, le lairras-tu, le lairras-tu souffri ?

Le chat d'la Mèr' Michel, canari,  
ses moustach's comme un gril, canari,  
A fait la courte échelle aux rats et aux souris, canari,  
toto canaro, canari!  
Ah! Père Mistigri, me lairras-tu mourir?

Tu t'en iras au ciel, canari,  
croqué par les souris, canari,  
les rats, (c'est rationnel) te croqu'ront bien aussi,  
canari, toto canaro, canari.

Et Mistigri chéri croqu'ra le tout, miaou!

Le chaton, qui l'eut cru?  
C'est le père Lustucru,  
ce vieux monstre malotru,  
qui l'a croqué tout cru.

**Das erste Veilchen** *by Karl Egon Ebert*

Als ich das erste Veilchen erblickt,  
Wie war ich von Farben und Duft entzückt!  
Die Botin des Lenzes drückt' ich voll Lust  
An meine schwellende, hoffende Brust.

Der Lenz ist vorüber, das Veilchen ist tot;  
Rings steh'n viel Blumen blau und rot,  
Ich stehe inmitten, und sehe sie kaum,  
Das Veilchen erscheint mir im Frühlingstraum.

**Gott im Frühlinge** *by Johann Uz*

In seinem schimmernden Gewand  
Hast du den Frühling uns gesandt,  
Und Rosen um sein Haupt gewunden.  
Holdlächelnd kömmt er schon!  
Es führen ihn die Stunden,  
O Gott, auf seinen Blumenthron.

Er geht in Büschen, und sie blühen;  
Den Fluren kömmt ihr frisches Grün,  
Und Wäldern wächst ihr Schatten wieder,  
Der West, liebkosend, schwingt  
Sein tauendes Gefieder,  
Und jeder frohe Vogel singt.

Mit eurer Lieder süßem Klang,  
Ihr Vögel, soll auch mein Gesang  
Zum Vater der Natur sich schwingen.  
Entzückung reisst mich hin!  
Ich will dem Herrn lobsingeln,  
Durch den ich wurde, was ich bin!

Comrade, Mistigri, will you leave him to suffer?

Mother Michel's cat, canari  
his whiskers like a grill, canari,  
Climbed the short ladder to the rats and mice, canari,  
toto canaro, canari!  
Ah! Father Mistigri, will you leave me to die?

You will leave off to heaven, canari,  
nibbled by the mice, canari,  
the rats, (it's rational) will nibble you also,  
canari, toto canaro, canari.

And dear Mistigri will eat the rest, meow!

The kitten, who would have believed it?  
He's the father Lustucru,  
this old deformed monster,  
who ate (the canary) completely raw.

**The first violet** *trans. Bertram Kottmann*

When I caught sight of the first violet,  
how delighted was I at its colors and fragrance!  
It was Spring's herald I enthusiastically clasped  
to my swelling, hoping breast.

Springtime is over, the violet is dead;  
around me there are many red and blue flowers  
I stand amongst them and hardly notice them,  
it's the violet that appears in my springdream.

**God in springtime** *trans. Richard Wigmore*

You have sent us spring  
in his shimmering robes  
and entwined roses about his head.  
Already he comes, sweetly smiling;  
the hours lead him  
to his throne of flowers, O Lord.

He walks among bushes, and they bloom;  
the meadows acquire their fresh green,  
and shade returns to the woods;  
caressingly the west wind  
waves its dewy wings  
and every happy bird sings.

Birds, with the sweet notes of your songs  
let my song also  
soar up to the Father of Nature.  
I am filled with rapture!  
I will sing praises to the Lord  
who made me what I am.

**Nachtviolen** *by Johann Mayrhofer*

Nachtviolen, Nachtviolen,  
Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,  
Selig ist es, sich versenken  
In dem samtne[n] Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig,  
Euch zu hellen, euch zu schmücken;  
Doch ihr blicket ernst und schweigend  
In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen  
Trafet ihr mein treues Herz,  
Und nun blüht in stummen Nächten,  
Fort die heilige Verbindung.

**Neue Liebe** *by Heinrich Heine*

In dem Mondenschein im Walde  
Sah ich jüngst die Elfen reiten,  
Ihre Hörner hört' ich klingen,  
Ihre Glöcklein hört' ich läuten.

Ihre weißen Rößlein trugen  
Gold'nes Hirschgeweih' und flogen  
Rasch dahin; wie wilde Schwäne  
Kam es durch die Luft gezogen.

Lächelnd nickte mir die Kön'gin,  
Lächelnd, im Vorüberreiten.  
Galt das meiner neuen Liebe?  
Oder soll es Tod bedeuten?

**Let the Bright Seraphim** *from Samson*

Let the bright Seraphim in  
burning row their loud uplifted  
angel-trumpets blow.

Let the cherubic host, in tuneful  
choir, touch their immortal  
harps with golden wire.

Let the bright Seraphim in  
burning row their loud uplifted  
angel-trumpets blow.

**Dame's violets** *trans. Richard Wigmore*

Dame's violets,  
dark, soulful eyes,  
it is blissful to immerse myself  
in your velvety blue.

Green leaves strive joyously  
to brighten you, to adorn you;  
but you gaze, solemn and silent,  
into the mild spring air.

With sublime shafts of melancholy  
you have pierced my faithful heart,  
and now, in silent nights,  
our sacred union blossoms.

**New Love** *trans. Richard Stokes*

In the moonlight of the forest  
I saw of late the elves riding,  
I heard their horns resounding,  
I heard their little bells ring.

Their little white horses  
Had golden antlers and flew  
Quickly past; like wild swans  
They came through the air.

With a smile the queen nodded to me,  
With a smile she rode quickly by,  
Was it to herald a new love?  
Or does it signify death?