



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Justin Ramm-Damron, bass
with Dr. John Cozza, piano

"Per questa bella mano," K. 612

W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Tre Ariette

Il fervido desiderio
Dolente imagine di Fille mia
Vaga luna che inargente

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Der Wanderer, D. 489
Die Taubenpost, D. 957/14
Erkönig, D. 328

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

INTERMISSION

Amid the Din of the Ball, Op. 38, No. 3
Don Juan's Serenade, Op. 38, No. 1

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Madrigal, Op. 4
Chanson triste

Vincent d'Indy (1851-1931)
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

In the Fields
Money, O!
Selections from *Recent Rulings*
2. Girl Students
5. A Man Is Entitled To Punch
6. Candy Manufacturers

John Duke (1899-1984)
Michael Head (1900-1976)
Arthur Frackenpohl (b. 1924)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Justin Ramm-Damron is a student of Dr. Robin Fisher.*



MONDAY, 6:00 P.M.
MARCH 25, 2019
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Texts and Translations

Per questa bella mano

Per questa bella mano,
per questi vaghi rai,
giuro, mio ben, che mai
non amerò che te.

L'aure, le piante, i sassi,
che i miei sospir ben sanno,
a te qual sia diranno
la mia costante fè.

Volgi lieti o fieri sguardi,
dimmi pur che m'odi o m'ami,
sempre acceso ai dolci dardi,
sempre tuo vo' che mi chiami,
nè cangiar può terra o cielo
Quel desio che vive in me.

-Anonymous

Il fervido desiderio

Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

-Anonymous

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedì accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

-Giulio Genoino (1773-1856)

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.
Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.

By this fair hand

By this fair hand,
by these lovely eyes,
I swear, my dearest, that never
will I love anyone but you.

The breezes, the plants, the stones,
which know my sighs full well,
will tell you how constant
is my fidelity.

Grant me either happy or cruel glances,
and say whether you hate or love me,
ever inflamed by your tender glances,
I want you to call me yours forever;
neither earth nor heaven can change
that desire which dwells within me.

My Fervent wish

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,
why do you sit so desolate beside me?
What more do you desire? Uncontrollable tears
have I poured on your ashes.

Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows,
I could be enflamed for another?
Shade of Phillis, rest in peace;
the old flame cannot be extinguished.

Lovely moon, you who sheds silver light

Lovely moon, you who sheds silver light
on these shores and on these flowers
and breathes into the elements
the language of love;
you are now the sole witness
of my fervent desire,
and to her who fills me with love
recount my throbs and sighs.
Tell her too that distance
cannot assuage my grief,
that if I cherish a hope,
it is only for the future.

Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

-Anonymous

Der Wanderer

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer,
Ich wandle still bin wenig froh,
und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
und was sie reden, leerer Schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land,
Gesucht, geahnt und nie gekannt!
Das Land, das Land so hoffnungsgrün,
das Land, wo meine Rosen blühn,
wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehn,
wo meine Toten auferstehn;
das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O land, wo bist du?

Ich wandle still bin wenig froh,
und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's nir zurück:
"Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!"

-Georg Phillip Schmidt von Lübeck (1766-1849)

Die Taubenpost

Ich hab' eine Brieftaub' in meinem Sold,
die ist gar ergeben und treu,
sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

Ich sende sie viel tausendmal
auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
bis zu der Liebsten Haus.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
gibt meine Grüße scherzend ab
und nimmt die ihren mit.

Kein Briefchen brauch' ich zu schreiben mehr;
die Thräne selbst geb' ich ihr,
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
gar eifrig dient sie mir.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
ihr gilt das alles gleich:
wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
dann ist sie überreich!

Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
that a flattering hope
comforts me in my love.

The Wanderer

I come down from the mountains,
the valley dims, the sea roars.
I wander silently and am somewhat happy,
and my sighs always ask "Where?"

The sun seems so cold to me here,
the flowers faded, the life old,
and what they say has an empty sound;
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my dear land?
Sought, imagined, and never known!
That land, so hopefully green,
that land, where my roses bloom,
where my friends wander,
where my dead ones rise from the dead,
that land where they speak my language,
Oh land, where are you?

I wander silently and am somewhat happy,
and my sighs always ask "Where?"
In a ghostly breath it calls back to me,
"There, where you are not, there is happiness!"

The Pigeon Post

I have a carrier-pigeon in my pay,
who is utterly loyal and true.
It never stops too short of its goal,
nor ever flies too far.

A thousand times I send it out
daily out on business,
past many of my favorite places
to my beloved's house.

There it looks in secretly at the window,
eavesdropping on every look and step;
jokingly it conveys my greetings
and brings my beloved's back to me.

I don't even need to write a note any longer;
tears alone I give it,
Oh, she hardly tolerates those,
so fervently does it serve me.

By day, by night, awake, or in a dream,
it is all the same to it:
only when it is in flight, and can be in flight,
then it is happy!

Sie wird nicht müd, sie wird nicht matt,
der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn, die
Taub' ist so mir treu!

Drum heg' ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,
versichert des schönsten Gewinns;
sie heißt - die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie? -
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

-Johann Gabriel Seidl (1804-1875)

Erlkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron und Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,
meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
in dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht
dort, Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau
es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not;
in seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

-Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Amidst the din of the ball

Amidst the din of the ball, by chance,
In the commotion of worldly vanity,
I glimpsed you, but mystery
Covered your features.

It never grows tired, it never feels weak,
the way always feels new to it;
it needs no enticement, needs no reward,
so true to me is this pigeon!

And so I cherish it so truly in my heart,
assured of the fairest prize;
its name is - Longing! Do you know it? -
The messenger of a devoted heart.

Erlking

Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child;
he has the little one well in the arm
he holds him secure, he holds him warm.

"My son, why hide your face in fear?"
"See you not, Father, the Erlking?
The Erlking with crown and flowing cloak?"
"My son, it is a wisp of fog."

"You sweet child, come along with me!
Such wonderful games I'll play with you;
many lovely flowers are at the shore,
my mother has many golden garments."

"My father, my father, and do you not hear,
what the Erlking quietly promises to me?"
"Be calm, stay calm, my child;
the wind is rustling the dry leaves."

"Won't you come along with me, fine boy?
My daughters shall wait on you well;
my daughters do their nightly dance,
and they will rock, dance, and sing you to sleep."

"My father, my father, do you not see
there, Erlking's daughters in that dark place?"
"My son, my son, I see it definitely
it is the willow trees looking so grey."

"I love you; I'm charmed by your beautiful form;
and if you are not willing, then I will use force."
"My father, my father, now he has taken hold of me!
Erlking has hurt me!"

The father is horrified, he rides swiftly,
he holds in arm the groaning child,
he reaches the courtyard with effort and urgency;
in his arms, the child was dead.

Don Juan's Serenade

Darkness is enfolding distant Alpujarra's
golden lands,
come out, my darling,
to the call of my guitar!

Only your eyes looked sad,
But the divine sound of your voice
Was like the of far-off pipes,
Or the dancing waves of the sea.

I fell for your delicate form,
And all of your pensiveness,
And your laughter, both sad and sonorous,
Still rings in my heart.

In the lonely hours of night,
I love to lie down, tired;
I see your sad eyes,
I hear your joyful words.

And wistful, so wistfully falling asleep,
I drift into mysterious dreams...
I don't know whether I love you,
But I think I probably do!

Madrigal

Qui jamais fut de plus charmant visage,
De col plus blanc, de cheveux plus soyeux;
Qui jamais fut de plus gentil corsage,
Qui jamais fut que ma Dame aux doux yeux!

Qui jamais eut lèvres plus souriantes,
Qui souriant rendit coeur plus joyeux,
Plus chaste sein sous guimpos transparentes,
Qui jamais eut que ma Dame aux doux yeux!

Qui jamais eut voix d'un plus doux entendre,
Mignonnes dents qui bouche emperlent mieux;
Qui jamais fut de regarder si tendre,
Qui jamais fut que ma Dame aux doux yeux!

-Robert de Bonnières (1850-1905)

Chanson triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses,
Que peut-être je guérirai.

-Jean Lahor (1840-1909)

All those who claim that
another is your rival here,
inflamed with love. I challenge them all, all,
everyone, to fight to the death!

Moonlight has brought a glow to the sky,
oh, come out, Nisetta, oh, come out, Nisetta,
come quickly onto the balcony.

From Seville to Granada
in the shadowy stillness of the night
come the sound of serenades,
and the ringing of swords.

Much blood and many songs
are dedicated to charming ladies,
and to the one who is the most charming,
I will give all, everything, my blood and my song!

Who ever had a more charming face,
With neck more white, with hair more silken;
Who ever had a more lovely figure,
Who but my lady of the lovely eyes!

Who ever had lips more smiling,
Whose smile made the heart more joyful,
Had a more chaste bosom in a filmy bodice,
Who but my lady of the lovely eyes!

Who ever had a voice more sweet to hear,
Dainty teeth shining like pearls;
Who ever had a look so tender,
Who but my lady of the lovely eyes!

Sad Song

In your heart sleeps a moonlight,
a soft summer's moonlight,
and, to flee from this relentless life,
I shall drown myself in your brightness.

I shall forget past sufferings,
my beloved, when you cradle
my sad heart and my thoughts
in the loving peace of your arms.

You will place my weary head
Oh! Sometimes upon your knees,
and will tell it a ballad
which will seem to speak of us;

and in your eyes full of sorrows,
in your eyes then I shall drink
so many kisses and so much tenderness,
that perhaps I shall recover.

In the Fields

Lord, when I look at lovely things which pass,
Under old trees the shadow of young leaves
Dancing to please the wind along the grass,
Or the gold stillness of the August sun on the August
sheaves;

Can I believe there is a heavenlier world than this?

And if there is

Will the strange heart of any everlasting thing
Bring me these dreams that take my breath away?
They come at evening with the home-flying rooks
and the scent of hay,

Over the fields. They come in spring.

-Charlotte Mew (1869-1928)

Money, O!

When I had money, money, O!
I knew no joy till I went poor;
For many a false man as a friend
Came knocking all day at my door.
Then felt I like a child that holds
A trumpet that he must not blow
Because a man is dead; I dared
Not speak to let this false world know.

Much have I thought of life, and seen
How poor men's hearts are ever light;
And how their wives do hum like bees
About their work from morn till night.
So, when I hear these poor ones laugh,
And see the rich ones coldly frown
Poor men, think I, need not go up
So much as rich men should come down.

-William Henry Davies (1871-1940)

Selections from *Recent Rulings*:

Recent Rulings is a song cycle set to court rulings and policies published in various states. "Girl Students" is from a policy published by a junior high school principal in Redondo Beach, California. "A Man is Entitled to Punch" is from a judge's ruling in San Antonio, Texas. And "Candy Manufacturers" is from a Federal District Court ruling published in Providence, Rhode Island.