



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
SENIOR RECITAL

**Jake Michael, tenor**  
**with John Cozza, piano**

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"Ecco ridente in cielo" from *Il barbiere di Siviglia* Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Der Musikant Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)  
Verborgenheit

Morgen, Op. 27/4 Richard Strauss (1864-1949)  
Zueignung, Op. 10/1

Chanson triste Henri Duparc (1848-1933)  
Extase  
Sérénade

INTERMISSION

Selections from *To Julia* Roger Quilter (1877-1953)  
I. The Bracelet  
II. The Maiden Blush  
III. To Daisies  
VI. Cherry Ripe

"I accept their verdict" from *Billy Budd* Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Breath of A Rose William Grant Still (1895-1978)  
Far, far away Ned Rorem (b. 1928)  
Early in the morning  
Alleluia

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



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.  
MARCH 29, 2022  
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

## Jake Michael, tenor Texts & Translations

“Ecco ridente in cielo” from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

*A group of professional musicians is gathered under the direction of Fiorello to provide the accompaniment for Count Almaviva's serenade of the lovely Rosina, ward of Don Bartolo. The Count, disguised as a student, sings that soon the dawn will drive away the gloom of night, and so too then Rosina must appear to bring joy to his life.*

*Almaviva*

Ecco, ridente in cielo  
spunta la bella aurora,  
e tu non sorgi ancora  
e puoi dormir così?  
Sorgi, mia dolce speme,  
vieni, bell'idol mio;  
rendi men crudo, oh Dio,  
lo stral che mi feri.  
Oh sorte! già veggo  
quel caro sembiante;  
quest'anima amante  
ottenne pietà.  
Oh istante d'amore!  
Oh dolce contento!  
Felice momento  
che eguale non ha!

**Der Musikant**

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,  
lebe eben wie ich kann,  
wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,  
passt es mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Lieder Weiss ich;  
in der Kälte ohne Schuh,  
draussen in die Saiten reiss ich,  
weiss nicht, wo ich abends ruh'.

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,  
meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,  
wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,  
so ein armer Lump nicht wär.

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,  
wohl mit Haus und Hof versehn!  
wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,  
möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

*Almaviva*

Here, smiling in the sky,  
appears the beautiful dawn;  
and you don't arise yet,  
and can sleep like that?  
Arise, my sweet hope.  
Come, my beautiful idol.  
Make less painful, oh God,  
the arrow that wounded me.  
Oh fortune!  
Already I see that dear face;  
this loving soul  
has won pity!  
Oh instant of love!  
Happy moment!  
Oh sweet contentment  
which has no equal, no!

**The Minstrel**

I simply love to wander,  
and live as best I can,  
and were I to exert myself,  
it wouldn't suit at all.

Beautiful old songs I know,  
barefoot out in the cold  
I pluck my strings,  
not knowing where I'll rest at night.

Many a beauty gives me looks,  
says she'd fancy me,  
if I'd make something of myself,  
were not such a beggar wretch.

May God give you a husband,  
well provided with house and hime!  
If we two were together,  
my singing might fade away.

### **Verborgtheit**

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,  
es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,  
und die helle Freude zücket  
durch die Schwere, so mich drücket  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!  
locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
lasst dies Herz alleine haben  
seine Wonne, seine Pein!

### **Morgen!**

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen  
und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes  
Schweigen...

### **Zueignung**

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 segnest den Trank,  
habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,  
habe Dank!

### **Seclusion**

Let, O world, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
let this heart keep to itself  
its rapture, its pain!

I do not know why I grieve,  
it is unknown sorrow;  
always through a veil of tears  
I see the sun's beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,  
and bright joy flashes  
through the oppressive gloom,  
bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O World, O let me be!  
Do not tempt with gifts of love,  
let this heart keep to itself  
its rapture, its pain!

### **Tomorrow!**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again  
and on the path that I shall take,  
it will unite us, happy ones, again,  
amid this same sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,  
we shall quietly and slowly descend,  
speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,  
and the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on  
us...

### **Dedication**

Yes, dear soul, you know  
that I'm in torment far from you,  
love makes hearts sick –  
be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom,  
I held the amethyst cup aloft  
and you blessed that draught –  
be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,  
till I, as never before,  
holy, sank holy upon your heart –  
be thanked!

### 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.

### Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort  
d'un sommeil doux comme la mort...  
mort exquise, mort parfumée  
du souffle de la bien-aimée...  
sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort  
d'un sommeil doux comme la mort...

### Sérénade

Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse  
la brise au souffle parfumé,  
pour frôler ta bouche rieuse,  
je viendrais craintif et charmé.

Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,  
ou le papillon séducteur,  
tu ne me verrais pas, frivole,  
te quitter pour une autre fleur.

Si j'étais la rose charmante  
que ta main place sur ton cœur  
si près de toi toute tremblante  
je me fanerais de bonheur.

Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire,  
j'ai beau gémir et soupirer.  
Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire? ...  
T'aimer ... Te le dire ... Et pleurer!

### Song of Sadness

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,  
a gentle summer moonlight,  
and to escape the cares of life  
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,  
my sweet, when you cradle  
my sad heart and my thoughts  
in the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,  
Ah! sometimes on your lap,  
and recite to it a ballad  
that will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,  
from your eyes I shall then drink  
so many kisses and so much love  
that perhaps I shall be healed.

### Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart sleeps  
in a sleep as sweet as death...  
Exquisite death, death scented  
with the breath of the beloved...  
On your pale breast my heart sleeps  
in a sleep as sweet as death...

### Serenade

If, my beloved, I were  
the scented breeze,  
I would come, timid and rapt,  
to brush your laughing lips.

If I were a bee in flight,  
or a beguiling butterfly,  
you would not see me skittishly  
leave you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose  
your hand placed on your heart,  
I would, quivering so close to you,  
wither with happiness.

But I seek in vain to please you,  
in vain I moan and sigh.  
I am a man, and what can I do?  
Love you... Confess my love... And cry!

## II. The Bracelet

Why I tie about thy wrist,  
Julia, this my silken twist,  
for what other reason is't,  
but to shew thee how, in part,  
thou my pretty captive art?  
But thy bondslave is my heart;

'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,  
knap the thread and thou art free:  
but 'tis otherwise with me;  
I am bound, and fast bound, so  
that from thee I cannot go;  
if I could, I would not so.

## IV. To Daisies

Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night  
has not as yet begun  
to make a seizure on the light,  
or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closed are;  
no shadows great appear;  
nor doth the early shepherds' star  
shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close  
her life-begetting eye,  
and let the whole world then dispose  
itself to live or die.

## III. The Maiden Blush

So look the mornings when the sun  
paints them with fresh vermillion.  
So cherries blush, and Kathern pears,  
and apricocks in youthful years;  
so corals look more lovely red,  
and rubies lately polished.

So purest diaper doth shine,  
stain'd by the beams of claret wine.  
As Julia looks when she doth dress  
her either cheek with bashfulness.

## VIII. Cherry Ripe

Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,  
full and fair ones; come and buy.  
If so be you ask me where  
they do grow, I answer: there,  
where my Julia's lips do smile;  
there's the land, or cherry-isle,  
whose plantations fully show  
all the year where cherries grow.

“I accept their verdict” from *Billy Budd*

The opera is preceded by a prologue in which the retired Captain Vere, an old man, ponders the significance of events that took place long ago. The main action is set on board the British naval vessel HMS *Indomitable* in 1797. The crew goes about its tasks driven by the brutality of the ship's Master-at-arms, John Claggart, who rules by physical and mental domination. Three new sailors, press-ganged from a passing merchant ship, are brought on board. Two of them are reluctant and unpromising specimens, but the third, Billy Budd, is eager, young, strong and handsome. His goodness wins the hearts of all except Claggart, whose dark world is turned upside down by Billy's beauty and grace, and who determines to destroy him. To this end, Claggart manipulates Squeak to rifle amongst Billy's belongings, and when the young sailor catches him the old sea dog Dansker warns Billy that Claggart has it in for him. Claggart then has the Novice—cowed into submission by an earlier beating—try to bribe Billy into supporting mutiny, but to no avail. Nevertheless, Claggart takes the unsubstantiated complaint to Vere, though is interrupted in his accusation by a brief skirmish with a French frigate that ends with the enemy escaping. Claggart then accuses Billy, who is called in by Vere to defend himself. Billy's shock and stammer silences him. In anger at the outrageous, trumped-up charge, the innocent Billy knocks Claggart

down with a single blow that strikes him dead. The law of the sea dictates that striking an officer requires death as punishment. The conflicted Vere decides he cannot save Billy, who is condemned. He goes to his death a loyal seaman, saying from the plank, "Starry Vere, God bless you!" In the Epilogue, we return to the aged Vere, who again ruminates over the moral conflict in his role in these events.

### **The Breath of a Rose**

Love is like dew  
On lilacs at dawn:  
Comes the swift sun  
And the dew is gone.

Love is like star-light  
In the sky at morn:  
Star-light that dies  
When day is born.

Love is like perfume  
In the heart of a rose:  
The flower withers,  
The perfume goes.

Love is no more  
Than the breath of a rose,  
No more  
Than the breath of a rose.  
*-Langston Hughes*

### **Early in the morning**

Early in the morning  
Of a lovely summer day,  
As they lowered the bright awning  
At the outdoor café,

I was breakfasting on croissants  
And café au lait  
Under greenery like scenery,  
Rue François Premier.

They were hosing the hot pavement  
With a dash of flashing spray  
And a smell of summer showers  
When the dust is drenched away,  
Under greenery like scenery,  
Rue François Premier.

### **Far-Far-Away**

What sight so lured him thro' the fields he knew  
as where earth's green stole into heaven's own  
hue,  
Far-far-away?

What sound was dearest in his native dells?  
the mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells  
Far-far-away.

What vague world-whisper, mystic pain or joy,  
thro' those three words would haunt him when a  
boy,  
Far-far-away?

A whisper from his dawn of life? a breath  
from some fair dawn beyond the doors of death  
Far-far-away?

Far, far, how far? from o'er the gates of birth,  
the faint horizons, all the bounds of earth,  
Far-far-away?

What charm in words, a charm no words could  
give?

O dying words, can Music make you live  
Far-far-away?  
*-Alfred Lord Tennyson*

I was twenty and a lover  
And in Paradise to stay,  
Very early in the morning  
Of a lovely summer day.  
*-Robert Hillyer*