



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Brianna Brock, soprano
John Cozza, piano

Ah, fuggi il traditor (*Don Giovanni*)

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

O leggiadri Occhi belli
Non posso vivere
Dolente immagine di Fille mia (*Tre Ariette*)

Anonymous
Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)
Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Intermezzo (*Leiderkeis*), Op. 39
Auch Kleine Dinge (*Italienisches Liederbuch*)
Hexenlied, Op. 8, No. 8

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Guitare (*Feuilles d'album*)
Sérénade, Op. 13, No. 2

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Soliloquy
I dream a world

John W. Work III (1901-1967)
Uzee Brown Jr. (b. 1950)

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante (*Carmen*)

Georges Bizet

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



MONDAY, 7:00 P.M.
MARCH 3, 2025
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Brianna Brock – March 3, 2025

Ah, fuggi il traditor! from Don Giovanni

Ah, fuggi li traditor!
non lo lasciar più dir;
il labbro è mentitor,
fallace il ciglio.
Da' miei tormenti impara
a creder a quel cor,
e nasca il tuo timor
dal mio periglio.

O Leggiardri occhi belli

O Leggiardri occhi belli
Occhi miei cari,
Vivi raggi del ciel sereni e chiari
Poiché tanto bramate
Di vedermi Languire,
Di vedermi morire,
Occhi belli che adoro,
Mirate ch'io moro.
O serene mi luci, o luci amate,
Tanto crude al mio amor quanto spietate.
Poiché tanto godete
della fiamma ch'io sento
del mio grave tormento
deh miratemi un poco,
E gioite al mio foco.

Non posso vivere

Non posso vivere, senza il mio ben
Amor pietoso, dammi le piume
del mio bel nume;
Guidami in sen

Dolente Immagine di Fille mia

Dolente immagine di Fille mia
perché si
squallida mi sides accanto?
che piu desideri? Diritto pianto
lo sul tuo cenere versai finor. Temi Che
immemore de' sacri giuri
lo possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di fillide, riposa in pace;
É inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

"Ah, flee the deceiver!"

Ah, flee the deceiver!
Do not let him utter another word!
His lips lie,
his eyes are untrustworthy.
Let my torments teach you
not to trust that heart,
and let your wariness be spawned
from my distress.

Oh Lovely, Beautiful Eyes

Oh lovely eyes beautiful eyes,
eyes so dear to me
bright eyes of a sky serene and clear,
since you desire so much
to see me languish,
to see me die
beautiful eyes that I adore
watch while I die
Oh serene my eyes,
oh eyes beloved,
as cruel to my love as you are pitiless
since you enjoy so much
the passion I feel
in my deep torment. ah, then watch
and take pleasure as it (consumes me).

I can't live alone

I can't live alone without my beloved, no!
merciful love give me the wings
of the beautiful deity (Cupid)
guide me to their heart.

Sad Image of my Phyllis

Sad image of my Phyllis
why do you sit next to me in such misery ?
what more do you desire?
Uncontrollable tears, I have poured upon
your ashes til now.
do you fear that forgetting my sacred vows
i could become enflamed for another?
Ghost of Phyllis rest in peace;
my ardor of old is inextinguishable.

Auch kleine dinge können uns entzücken

text by Paul Heyse (1930-1904)

Auch kleine dinge Können uns entzücken.
auch Kleine dinge können teuer sein
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit perlen
schmücken;
Sie werden schwer bezahlt und Sind nur klein.
Bedenkt wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,
Und wird un ihre Güte doch gesucht.
Denkt an die Rose nur wie klein sie ist,
Und duftet doch so Lieblich wie ihr wisst.

Intermezzo

text by Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Dein bildnis wunderselig
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so Frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder stund'
Mein herz still in sich singet
Ein altes schönes lied Das in die luft sich
schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht.

Hexenlied

text by Ludwig Christoph Hölty (1748-1776)

Die Schwab be fliegt
der frühling siegt
und spendet uns blumen zum Kranze
bald huschen wir
leis' aus der tür
und fliegen zum prächtigen tanze!

Ein schwarzer bock,
Ein besenstock,
Die ofengabel, der wocken
Reißt uns geschwind,
wie Blitz und wind
Durch sausende lüfte zum Brocken!

Um beelzebub
tanzt Unser trupp
und küßt ihm die krälligan Hände!
Ein geisterschwarm faßt uns beim arm
faßt uns beim arm
Und Schwinget im tanzen die brände

Und Beelzebub
verheißt dem trupp
Der tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben;
sie sollen schön in seide geh'n
und Töpfe voll goldes sich graben!

Even small things can delight us

Even small things can delight us
even small things can be precious.
consider how gladly we ourselves with
pearls adorn;
They are very expensive and yet so small.
Consider how small is the Olive-fruit,
and yet it is still sought for its excellence,
Just think about the rose, how small it is,
and yet it smells so lovely, as you know.

Intermezzo

Your image wonderfully blessed
have I in my hearts-depths.
it looks so fresh and joyfully
at me at every hour.
my heart silently within itself sings
an old beautiful song
that soars into the sky
and quickly flies to you.

Witches Song

The swallow flies
The spring has come
And gives us flowers for our wreaths.
Soon we dart
quietly out the door and fly to the
splendid dance!

A black billy goat , A broomstick
The oven-fork, the distaff,
Brings us quickly
Like lightning and wind,
Through roaring winds to
Brocken-Mountain

And beelzebub
Dances our group
And kiss his clawed hands!
A swarm of ghosts grasps us
by the arm
And swings in the dances of the torches.

And beelzebub promises the group of
dancers gifts upon gifts
They shall beautifully In silk walk
And pots filled with gold for themselves
are dug up!

Ein feuerdrach' umflieget das dach
Und bringet uns butter und Eier!
Die nachbarn dann sehn Die funken wehn
und schlagen ein kreuz vor dem feuer!

Die Schwab be fliegt, der frühling siegt
Die blumen erblühen zum kranze
bald huschen wir leis' aus der tür
Juchheissa zum prächtigen tanze.

Guitare

text by Victor Hugo (1802-1855)

Comment disaient-ils
Avec nos nacelles
Fuir le alguazils?
Ramez, disaient-elles
Comment disaient ils
Oublier querelles
Misère et périls?
Dormez, disaient-ils
Comment disaient-ils
Enchanter les belles
Sans philtres subtrils?
aimez , disaient-tils

Sérénade

text by Jean Lahor (1840-1909)

Tes grands yeux doux semblent des îles
qui nagent dans un lac d'azur;
aux fraîcheurs de tes yeux tranquilles,
fais-moi tranquilles et fais-moi pur.
ton corps a l'adorable enfance
des clairs paradis de Jadis;
Enveloppe-moi in silence;
du silence argenté des lys.
alanguie par les yeux tranquilles
des étoiles caressant l'air
j'ai tant rêvé la paix des îles
sous un soir frissonnant et clair!

Soliloquy

text by Myrtle Vorst Sheppard (1907-1972)

If death be only half as sweet as life,
I will not fear, I'll shed no tears.
Nor will I -ask my friends to weep but
quietly go
like melting snow upon the mountains steep
grey height
or wafted gently on a breeze

A dragon flies around the roof
And brings us butter and eggs .
The neighbors then see the sparks blowing,
And make the sign of the cross at the fire.

The swallow flies, the spring has come
The flowers blossom on the wreath
Soon we dart quietly out the door
Hooray to the splendid dance!

Guitars

Tell us said the men
With our small skiffs
can we flee the alguazils?
Row said the fair ones
How? said the men
Can we forget the quarrels,
poverty and danger?
Sleep, said the fair ones
How said the men
can we enchant beauties
Without rare potions?
Love, said the fair ones.

Serenade

Your large gentle eyes seem like some islands
that swim in the lake of azure blue;
with the coolness of your peaceful eyes,
give me calm and make me pure.
your body has the adorable youth
of the bright paradise of the past;
envelope me in silence,
in the silver silence of lilies.
made languid by your peaceful eyes
of the stars caressing the sky,
I have dreamed of the peace of islands,
on an evening shimmering and bright!

ill drift amount the trees like lovers laughter
echoing down the lane
or follow willingly the soft spring rain
around the rivers bend
if death be only half as sweet as life i will
not fear to go
I love life so.

I dream a world

text by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

I dream a world where man no longer will scorn
where love will bless the earth
and peace its path adorn,
I dream a world where all,
will know sweet freedoms way.
where greed no longer saps the soul,
nor avarice blights our day.
a world I dream where black or white,

whatever race you'll be
will share the bounties of the earth
and every man is free.
where wretchedness will hang its head,
and joy like a pearl,
attend the needs of all mankind.
Of such I dream a world.

In the opera *Carmen*, by George Bizet (1838-1875), Micäela, a young woman in love with Don Jose, has been sent to rescue him from the hands of Carmen who she is afraid has won his heart. During this aria, sung outside of the hideout of criminals, Micäela pleads with herself and prays to God that she will have the courage to complete the task given to her by Don José's mother of bringing him home. Fueled by love, she must denounce her fears and with courage stand up to the beautiful boisterous Carmen.

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante

C'est des contrebandiers le refuge ordinaire
Il est ici; je le verrai
et le devoir que m'imposa sa mère
sans trembler je l'accomplirai.

Je dis que rien ne m'épouvante
je dis, hélas, que je répons de moi;
Mais j'ai beau faire la vaillante,
Au fond du cœur je meurs d'effroi!
seule, en ce lieu sauvage toute seule j'ai peur,
Mais j'ai tort d'avoir peur;
Vous me donnerez du courage;
Vous me protégerez, Seigneur!
Je vais voir de près cette femme,
Dont les artifices maudits
Ont fini par faire un infâme
De celui que j'aimais jadis!
Elle est dangereuse, elle est belle,
Mais je ne veux pas avoir peur!
Je parlerai haut devant elle... ah!
Seigneur, vous me protégerez. Donnez-moi
du courage!

I say Nothing can frighten me

This is the smugglers unusual hideout
He is here, I will see him
And the duty his mother imposed on me
Without trembling I will carry out

I say that nothing can ever frighten me
I say alas, I have only myself on which to rely
But although I have pretended to be
courageous
At the bottom of my heart I die of fear!
Alone all alone in this savage place I am afraid,
But I am wrong to fear;
You will give me courage
You will protect me Lord!
I will see this woman up close
Whose evil tricks have ended by making a
criminal of him that I once loved!
She is dangerous, she is beautiful,
But I do not want to ever have fear!
I will raise my voice to her... Ah!
Lord, you will protect me, Give me
the courage!