



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Voice Studio Recital with Ryan Enright, piano

Per la più vaga e bella (La liberazione di Ruggiero dall'isola d'Alcina) Francesca Caccini (1587-1640)
La speranza al cor mi dice Isabella Colbran (1785-1845)

Kenneth Dulay, counter-tenor

Selections from *Four Songs for Voice and Piano*, Op 29 Amy Beach (1867-1944)

Within thy heart
Sleep little darling
Haste, O Beloved

Layla Dean, mezzo-soprano

Die stille Lotosblume, Op. 13 No. 6 Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Liebst du um Schönheit, Op. 12 No. 2

Leah Woods, soprano

Selections from *Four Dickinson Songs* Lori Laitman (b. 1955)

Will there really be a morning?
I'm Nobody! Who are you?

Nicole Young, soprano

Bonjour mon coeur!, VVV 1072 Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Chanson de la pluie

Alissa Prince, soprano

Love, if you only knew the light Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

Evensong

Kelly Zurita, mezzo-soprano

Bei dir ist es traut, No. 4 (Fünf Lieder) Alma Schindler-Mahler (1879-1964)

Ekstase, No. 2 (Fünf Gesänge)

Brent Montalbo, tenor

continued on reverse



MONDAY, 5:00 P.M.
MARCH 6, 2023
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Katherine Howard, No. 5 (Try me, good king: Last words of the Wives
Of Henry VIII)

Libby Larsen (b. 1950)

Sophia Silvers, soprano

Chanson 'Les lilas sont en folie'
Cantique

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Amanda Britt, soprano

All vocalists are students of Julie Miller.

Voice Studio Recital: Texts & Translations

Per la più vaga e bella

by Ferdinando Saracinelli

Per la più vaga e bella
terrena stella,
che oggi oscuri di Febo i raggi d'oro,
mio core ardeva; Amor rideva,
vago di rimirare il mio martoro.

Ma d'avermi schernito, tosto pentito,
con la pietà di lei mi sana il petto.
Ond'io fo fede,
a chi nol crede,
che Amore è solo il dio d'ogni diletto.

La speranza al cor mi dice

by Pietro Antonio Trapassi

La speranza al cor mi dice
che sarò felice ancor
ma la speme ingannatrice
poi mi dice il mio timor.

Within Thy Heart

by Amy Beach

My love to thee I give,
For thou my love hast won,
Deep in my heart to live,
Thy glance a sunbeam shone.

My life to thee I give,
For thou art life to me,
Within thy heart to live
Forever, heaven would be!

For the most charming and beautiful

Translation by Anne Graf and Selene Mills

For the most charming and beautiful
earthly star,
that today hides Phoebus' golden rays,
my heart once burned; Love laughed,
longing to tell of my anguish.

But having been scoffed at, deeply repentant,
your devotion healed my heart.
therefore I keep the faith,
with whoever does not believe,
that Love is the only god of all delights.

Hope tells my heart

Translation by C. Kimball

Hope tells my heart
that I will have joy again,
but love's deceit appears, and with it, fears
Yet hope comes again and foretells joy to
come.

Sleep, Little Darling

by Harriet Prescott Spofford

Soft sleeps the earth in moonlight blest,
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest,
O'er lonely depths the whippoorwill breathes
one faint note,
And all is still.
Sleep, little darling, night is long,
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.
About thy dream, the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour,
And white the great moon spreads her wings,
while low, while far the dear earth swings.
Sleep, little darling, all night long,
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.
Powers of the Earth and of the air
Shall have thee in thy mother care,
And hosts of heaven, together prest,
Bend over thee, their last, their best.
Hush, little darling, from the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.

Haste, O Beloved

by William A. Sparrow

Haste, O beloved, haste!
The truant hours steal by,
In thy dear presence lives surcease of pain,
On tireless wings I conjure thee to fly,
Then all the world will blossom sweet again.

Haste, O beloved haste!
In my heart's sunny clime,
I'll crown thee monarch of a realm secure,
Together we'll transform both tide and time,
Long as the Silvern Cord or Golden Bowl
endure.

Haste, O beloved, haste!
Earth links thy soul with mine,
Life's sands drift ever to that Fateful shore,
But Love's fixed Star eternal there will shine,
And we be parted ne'er forevermore!

Die stille Lotosblume

by Emanuel Geibel

Die stille Lotosblume
Steigt aus dem blauen See,
Die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.
Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
All seinen gold'nen Schein,

Gießt alle seine Strahlen
In ihren Schoß hinein.
Im Wasser um die Blume
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und schaut die Blume an.
Er singt so süß, so leise
Und will im Singen vergehn.
O Blume, weiße Blume,
Kannst du das Lied verstehn?

The Silent Lotus Flower

translation by Richard Stokes

The silent lotus flower
Rises out of the blue lake,
Its leaves glitter and glow,
Its cup is as white as snow.
The moon then pours from heaven
All its golden light,

Pours all its rays
Into the lotus flower's bosom.
In the water, round the flower,
A white swan circles,
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And gazes on the flower.
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And wishes to die as it sings.
O flower, white flower,
Can you fathom the song?

Liebst du um Schönheit*Friedrich Rückert*

Liebst du um Schönheit,
 O nicht mich liebe!
 Liebe die Sonne,
 Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
 Liebst du um Jugend,
 O nicht mich liebe!
 Liebe den Frühling,
 Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
 Liebst du um Schätze,
 O nicht mich liebe!
 Liebe die Meerfrau,
 Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
 Liebst du um Liebe,
 O ja, mich liebe!
 Liebe mich immer,
 Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty*Translation by Richard Stokes*

If you love for beauty,
 O love not me!
 Love the sun,
 She has golden hair!
 If you love for youth,
 O love not me!
 Love the spring
 Who is young each year!
 If you love for riches,
 O love not me!
 Love the mermaid
 Who has many shining pearls!
 If you love for love,
 Oh yes, love me!
 Love me always;
 I shall love you forever!

Will there really be a "Morning"?*by Emily Dickinson*

Will there really be a "Morning"?
 Is there such a thing as "Day"?
 Could I see it from the mountains
 If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
 Has it feathers like a Bird
 Is it brought from famous countries
 Of which I have never heard?
 Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
 Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
 Please to tell a little Pilgrim
 Where the place called "Morning" lies!

I'm Nobody! Who are you?*by Emily Dickinson*

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
 Are you -- Nobody -- too?
 Then there's a pair of us!
 Don't tell! they'd advertise -- you know!

How dreary -- to be -- Somebody!
 How public -- like a Frog --
 To tell one's name -- the livelong June --
 To an admiring Bog!

Bonjour mon cœur*by Pierre de Ronsard*

Bonjour mon cœur,
Bonjour ma douce vie,
Bonjour mon œil
Bonjour ma chère amie!
Hé! Bonjour, ma toute belle,
Ma mignardise,
Bonjour, me délices,
Mon amour,
Mon doux printemps,
Ma douce fleur nouvelle,
Mon doux plaisir,
Ma douce colobelle,
Mon passereau, ma gentille tourterelle!
Bonjour ma douce rebelle.

Chanson de la pluie*by Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev*

Coulez, gouttez fines,
Le long des collines,
En petits ruisseaux.
Coulez, sur la mousse
Verdoyante et douce,
Baignez le rameaux.
Le vent vous entraîne
Jusque dans la plaine,
Qui répand au loin
Une odeur de foin.
Sous l'eau qui ruiselle
En ruisseau mouvant
La fleur étincelle
Comme un diamant.

Love, if you knew the light*by Robert Browning*

Love, if you knew the light
That your soul casts in my sight,
How I look to you
For the pure and true
And the beautiful and the right,---

Good-day my heart*translation by Christopher Shaw*

Good-day my heart,
Good-day my sweet life,
Good-day my eye
Good-day my dear friend!
Hey! Good-day, my all beauty,
My sweetheart,
Good-day, my delicious-one,
My love,
My sweet spring,
My sweet flower new,
My sweet pleasure,
My sweet little-dove,
My sparrow, my pretty turtledove!
Good-day my sweet rebel.

Song of the Rain*translation by Bard Suverkrop*

Pour, drops fine,
A – long the hills,
In small streams.
Pour, upon the moss
Verdant and soft,
Bathe the branches.
The wind you carries-away
As-far-as on the plain,
Which spreads far away
A smell of hay.
Under the-water that flows
In-the stream moving
The flower sparkles
Like a diamond.

Evensong*by Constance Morgan*

Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
Fold your white wings;
Dew falls and nightingale softly now sings.
Across the lawn lie shadows, so still, so deep,
Dear loving Angels, pass not by,
Hush me to sleep.
Night falls, and whisp'ring goes the wind
Along the sea;
Fold your white wings, dear Angels,
Fold them, dear Angels,
Fold them round me.

Bei dir ist es traut

by Rainer Maria Rilke

Bei dir ist es traut,
zage Uhren schlagen wie aus alten Tagen,
komm mir ein Liebes sagen,
aber nur nicht laut!

Ein Tor geht irgendwo
draußen im Blütentreiben,
der Abend horcht an den Scheiben,
laß uns leise bleiben,
keiner weiß uns so!

Ekstase

by Otto Julius Bierbaum

Gott, in deine Himmel sind mir aufgetan,
und deine Wunder liegen vor mir da
Wie Maienwiesen, drauf die Sonne scheint.

Du bist die Sonne, Gott, ich bin bei dir,
Ich seh mich selber in den Himmel gehn.
Es braust das Licht in mir wie ein Choral.

Da breit' ich Wanderer meine Arme aus
und in das Licht verweh ich wie die Nacht,
die in die Morgenrötenblust vergeht.

Katherine Howard

by Katherine Howard, Queen of England

Brothers, by the journey upon which I am
bound, I have not wronged the King. But it is
true that long before the King took me, I loved
Culpeper, and I wish to God I had done as he
wished me for at the time the King wanted to
take me he urged me to say that I was
pledged to him. If I had done as he advised
me I should not die this death, nor would he. I
die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife of
Culpeper. God have mercy on my soul. Good
people, I beg you pray for me.

I am at ease with you

Translation by Knut W. Barde

I am at ease with you,
faint clocks strike as from olden days,
Come, tell your love to me,
But not too loud!

Somewhere a gate moves
Outside in the drifting blossoms,
Evening listens in at the windowpanes,
Let us stay quiet,
So no one knows of us!

Ecstasy

Translation by Michael J. Rosewall

God, in your heaven I was formed
And your wonders, lying before me like
May meadows, on which the sun shines.

You are the sun, God, I am with you,
I see myself being drawn into the heavens.
Light reverberates within me like a hymn.

There I, a wanderer, spread my arms wide
And dissolve into the light, as nighttime
Vanishes into the rosy blaze of morning.

Chanson 'Les lilas sont en folie'

by Georges Delaquys

Les lilas sont en folie,
Cache cache
Et les roses sont jolies,
Cachez-vous.

Tirez les rideaux, tirez les rideaux!
Et sous les vertes feuilles
Cachez-vous!

Lilas et rosiers
la belle,
la plus belle, c'est toi!

Beaux seigneurs et dames belles,
aime, aime, dans vos atours de dentelles,
Aimez-vous.

Tirez les rideaux!
Qui voudra de mon âme?

Aimez-vous!
Amours et baisers, la belle
la plus belle c'est toi!

Cantique

by Maurice Maeterlinck

À toute âme qui pleure
À tout péché qui passe
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles
Mes mains pleines de grâces

Il n'est péché qui vive
Quand l'amour a parlé;
Il n'est d'âme qui meure
Quand l'amour a pleuré...

Et si l'amour s'égare
Aux sentiers d'ici-bas
Ses larmes me retrouvent
Et ne se perdent pas...

Song 'Lilacs are folly'

Translation by Stephen Jackson

Lilacs are folly
Hide and Seek
And the roses are pretty,
Hide yourself.

Draw the curtains, draw the curtains!
And under the green leaves
Hide yourself!

Lilac and roses
beautiful,
the most beautiful, it's you!

Fine lords and ladies,
love, love, In your lace finery
Do you like it.

Draw the curtains, draw the curtains!
Who will want my soul?

Do you like it!
Love and kisses, oh beautiful
the most beautiful is you!

Hymn

Translation by David Fetter

To every soul that weeps
To every sin inflicted
I extend in the stars
My hands full of grace.

No one lives who has not sinned
When love spoke
No one with a soul has not died
When love wept.

And if love strays
On the paths here below
Its tears find me
And do not stray.