



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
SENIOR RECITAL

**Sariah Bryce, soprano**  
**John Cozza, piano**

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"O sleep, why dost thou leave me" from *Semele*

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Vaga luna, che inargenti  
Dormendo stai

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)  
Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Beau Soir, L. 6  
Nuit d'Etoiles, L. 4

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Fünf Lieder: No. 3, Laue Sommernacht  
Vier Lieder: No. 1, Licht in der Nacht  
Kennst du meine Nächte

Alma Mahler (1879-1964)

秋夜 (Autumn Night)  
冬夜夢金陵 (Winter Night in Jinling)

林聲翕 (Lin ShengXi) (1914-1991)  
沈炳光 (Shen BingGuang) (b. 1922)

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

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TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.  
APRIL 14, 2026  
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Sariah Bryce Senior Recital:  
Texts and Translations

**O sleep, why dost thou leave me**

Oh sleep  
Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me?  
Why dost thou leave me?  
Why thy visionary joys remove

Oh sleep  
Oh sleep  
Oh sleep, again deceive me  
Oh sleep, again deceive me  
To my arms  
Restore my wand'ring love  
My wand'ring love  
Restore my wand'ring love

Again deceive me, oh sleep!  
To my arms  
To my arms  
Restore my wand'ring love  
- Henry Purcell

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

**Lovely moon, you who shed silver light**

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light  
On these shores and on these flowers  
And breathe the language  
Of love to the elements,  
You are now the sole witness  
Of my ardent longing,  
And can recount my throbs and sighs  
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance  
Cannot assuage my grief,  
That if I cherish a hope,  
It is only for the future.  
Tell her that, day and night,  
I count the hours of sorrow,  
That a flattering hope  
Comforts me in my love.

- Translation by Antonio Giuliani

### **Dormendo stai**

Dormendo stai con le braccia inarcate,  
quasi una rosa in desio de sbocciar;  
e non ascolti le liete brigate  
che van cantando le lor maggiolate..  
Niuna parola ti dice questo sospirar  
di mia viola?  
Tempo è venuto di goder maggio!  
Questo è il messaggio d'ogni liuto...  
Ah! Odi il mio canto?  
Che fai dunque lì ancor ascosa?  
Fresca e odorosa, t'aspetta amor!

Se vieni meco per esta contrada,  
  
diran che accanto sbocciato m'è un fior  
  
e ch'io l'adduco così per istrada  
a bere un sorso di fresca rugiada,  
mentre i garzoni ci seguiranno  
sospirando lor canzoni.  
Tempo è venuto di goder maggio!  
Questo è il messaggio d'ogni liuto...  
Ah! Odi il mio canto?  
Che fai dunque lì ancor ascosa?  
Fresca e odorosa, t'aspetta amor!  
- Alberto Donaudy

### **Beau Soir**

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont  
roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de  
blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des  
choses  
Et monter vers le cœur troublé ;  
  
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au  
monde,  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est  
beau,  
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette  
onde :  
Elle à la mer, -- nous au tombeau !  
- Paul Borget

### **You are sleeping**

You are sleeping with your arms bent,  
Like a rose in desire to bloom;  
And you do not hear the merry companies  
Who go singing their May songs.  
Doesn't this breath from my violet (sigh from  
my viola) Say any word to you?  
The time has come to enjoy May!  
This is the message of every lute...  
Ah! Do you hear my song?  
What are you doing there then, still hidden?  
Fresh and fragrant, love is waiting for you!

If you come with me through this  
countryside,  
They will say that next to me is a blooming  
flower  
And that I am leading it thus along the way  
To drink a drop of fresh dew,  
While the lads follow us  
Sighing their songs.  
The time has come to enjoy May!  
This is the message of every lute...  
Ah! Do you hear my song?  
What are you doing there then, still hidden?  
Fresh and fragrant, love is waiting for you!  
- Translation by Gretchen Armacost

### **Beautiful Song**

When rivers are pink in the setting sun,  
  
And a slight shiver runs through fields of  
wheat,  
A suggestion to be happy seems to rise up  
from all things  
And ascends toward the troubled heart ;  
  
A suggestion to taste the charms of the world  
  
While one is young and the evening is fair,  
  
For we are on our way just as this wave is:  
  
It is going to the sea, -- and we, to the grave!  
- Translation by Emily Ezust

### **Nuit d'Étoiles**

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,  
sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre qui soupire,  
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore  
au fond de mon coeur,  
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie  
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Je revois à notre fontaine  
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;  
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,  
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.  
- Theodore Faullin de Banville

### **Laue Sommernacht**

Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel  
[Stand]<sup>1</sup> kein Stern, im weiten Walde  
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,  
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde  
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,  
Hielten staunend uns im Arme

In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben  
[So ein Tappen, so ein Suchen?]<sup>2</sup>  
Da: In seine Finsternisse  
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.  
- Otto Julius Bierbaum

### **Licht in der Nacht**

Ringsum dunkle Nacht, hüllt in Schwarz mich  
ein,  
zage flimmert gelb fern her ein Stern!  
Ist mir wie ein Trost, eine Stimme still,  
die dein Herz aufruft, das verzagen will.

### **Night of Stars**

Night of stars, beneath your veils,  
Beneath your breezes and your scents,  
A sad lyre that sighs,  
I dream of dead loves.

The serene melancholy comes bursting  
In the depth of my heart,  
And I hear the soul of my love  
Tremble in the dreaming woods.

I see again at our fountain  
Your gaze, blue as the sky;  
This rose, it is your breath,  
And these stars are your eyes.  
- Translation by Melissa Malde

### **Mild Summer Night**

Mild summer night, in the sky  
There are no stars; in the wide woods  
We searched deep in the darkness  
And we found ourselves.

We found ourselves in the wide woods,  
In the night, the starless night;  
We held ourselves in wonder in each other's  
arms  
In the dark night.

Was not our entire life  
Simply groping, simply searching?  
There, into its darkness  
Love, fell your light.  
- Translation by Emily Ezust

### **Light in the Night**

Dark night all around, enveloping me in  
black,  
Timidly a star flickers yellow from afar!  
It's to me like a comfort, a quiet voice,  
Which calls on your heart that wants to give  
up.

Kleines gelbes Licht, bist mir wie der Stern  
überm Hause einst Jesu Christ, des Herrn

und da löscht es aus. Und die Nacht wird  
schwer!

Schlafe Herz. Schlafe Herz. Du hörst keine  
Stimme mehr.

- Otto Julius Bierbaum

### **Kennst du meine Nächte**

Kennst du meine Nächte?

An dem See? Die geheimsten Abendschauer  
Stillen Blumensehnsucht in tiefsten Gärten  
Und es gehn wie schlanke goldne Barken  
Spiegellichter aus den weißen Villen  
Durch den See.

Kennst du meine Nächte?

Traumesmüd Mädchen zieh'n  
In schimmernden Gewändern  
Zu des Parks gründunkelnen Zypressen.  
Gräser schauern, ihrer selbst vergessen,  
Sitzen sie an hohen Brunnenrändern,  
Traumesmüd.

Kennst du meine Nächte?

Sommerklar leuchten mir  
Die schönen Sehnsuchtsträume,  
Durch die lichten Marmorräume.  
Dunkel wachsen dort die Bäume  
Atmen dort die fremden, heißen Büsten  
Sommerklar.

Kennst du meine Nächte?

Tief der See zwischen mir und fernem  
Sommerorte.  
Fluten schlafen und die Wüsten trauern.  
Drüben leuchten noch die weißen Mauern.  
Aber nimmer klirrt die Gitterpforte,  
Überm See.

- Leo Greiner

Little yellow light, you are like a star to me  
Above the house of Jesus Christ the Lord,  
once,

And there it goes out! Und the night turns  
heavy!

Sleep, my heart! You hear no voice any  
more!

- Translation by Elisabeth Siekhaus

### **Do you know my nights?**

Do you know my nights?

by the lake? The most secret evening shower,  
silent flower-yearning in deepest gardens  
going by like slender golden boats,  
reflected lights from the white villas  
across the lake.

Do you know my nights?

dream-weary maidens appear  
in shimmering robes  
near the park's dark-green cypresses.  
Grasses shudder, forgetting themselves,  
Sitting at the mouth of the spring,  
dream-weary.

Do you know my nights?

Clear summer [nights] light my  
beautiful dreams of longing,  
through the bright marble rooms.  
Shadows lengthen through the trees  
The strange, white busts breathe there  
[In the] clear summer [nights].

Do you know my nights?

Deep is the lake between me and distant  
summer places.  
The tide sleeps and the wilderness mourns.  
Over the water the white walls still shine.  
But no more rattle the barred doors,  
beyond the lake.

- Translation by Laura Stanfield  
Prichard

### Qiu Ye

晴空氣爽，明月秋宵，

更看那淡淡的銀河，襯托著星兒多少。

西風陣陣吹過了芭蕉，蕉葉響蕭蕭

吹過了梧桐，桐葉落飄飄。

花容消瘦，柳影苗條，  
露冷欄杆，架上的鸚鵡睡了，

苔荒實徑，堦下的秋蟲在叫。

這般的秋光，我正好撫琴吟嘯，

且聽歌聲琴韻，把情懷傳向水遠山遙。

- 林聲翕

### Dong Ye Meng Jinling

落絮飛花，燈殘被冷，夢中重返金陵。

夢中重返金陵。

滾滾長江水，獨抱孤城；

石馬石人依舊，咸默默、守口如瓶。  
從別離、心頭萬緒，說與誰聽？

聽！聽！

晨鐘已響遍遠近村莊，多少雞鳴。

稚子紛紛鬧，夢再難成。

滿院青松翠柏，都壓得積雪盈盈。

都壓得積雪盈盈。

天晴後，冰消凍解，  
氣爽風輕！

- 王文山(Wang WenShan)

### Autumn Night

The air is clear and fresh, the moon is bright  
and the autumn night,

Look at the faint Milky Way, which sets off  
the stars.

The west wind blew over the bananas, and the  
banana leaves rustled.

Blowing through the sycamore trees, the  
paulownia leaves fell and fluttered.

The flower is thin, and the willow is slender.

The cold railing, the parrot on the shelf is  
asleep,

The moss is wild and the real path, and the  
autumn insects under the ridge are calling.

In such an autumn light, I just stroke the piano  
and whisper,

Listen to the song and the rhythm of the

piano, and pass on your feelings to the distant  
water and mountains.

- Me!

### Winter Night in Jinling

Falling catkins and drifting blossoms, a  
flickering lamp and a cold quilt, I return to  
Jinling in my dreams.

I return to Jinling in my dreams.

The mighty Yangtze River embraces this  
lonely city;

The stone horses and stone figures remain, all  
silent, keeping their mouths shut.

Since parting, a thousand thoughts have  
welled up in my heart, but to whom can I tell  
them?

Listen! Listen!

The morning bell has already tolled  
throughout the villages near and far, and  
countless roosters have crowed.

Children are making a ruckus, and my dream  
is hard to come by again.

The green pines and cypresses in the  
courtyard are all weighed down by snow.

All weighed down by snow.

After the sky clears, the ice melts and the frost  
thaws,

The air is crisp and the wind is gentle!

- Me!

