



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Kenneth Dulay, countertenor
John Cozza, piano

"Vedrò con mio diletto" from *Il Giustino*

Antonio Vivaldi (1678–1741)

Nuit d'Etoiles
Romance
Les cloches

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

"Fammi combattere" from *Orlando*

G.F. Händel (1685–1759)

INTERMISSION

"Erbarme dich, mein Gott" from *St Matthew Passion*

J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

with Oskar Castañeda, piano and Anastasia Sullivan, violin

From *Rückert-Lieder*

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)

1. Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder
2. Ich atmet einen linden Duft
5. Liebste du um Schönheit

"Encountertenor" from *The Faces of Love*

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

1. Countertenor's Conundrum
2. The Trouble with Trebles in Trousers
3. A Gift to Share

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



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.
APRIL 16, 2024
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

KENNETH DULAY, APRIL 16

"Vedrò con mio diletto" from *Il Giustino*

Vedro con mio diletto
L'alma dell'alma mia.
Il core del mio cor
Pien di contento.

E se dal cargo oggetto,
Lungi convien che sia,
convien che sia.
Sospirerò penando
ogni momento.

- Nicolò Beregan

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.

Nuit d'étoiles...

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards blues comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles...

- Théodore de Banville

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lis divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lis?
N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste

What Pleasure it Will Give Me

What pleasure it will give me
to see the soul of my soul.
The heart of my heart
filled with happiness.

And if from the one I love,
I must be parted,
must be parted.
In sighing and suffering
I shall spend every moment.

- Stephen Paul Spears

Night of Stars

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
sad lyre,
that sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy
now blooms deep in my heart,
and I hear the soul of my love
quiver in the dreaming woods.

Night of stars...

Once more at our fountain I see
your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
and these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars...

- Richard Stokes

Romance

The spent and suffering soul,
the gentle soul, the fragrant soul
of the divine lilies which I gathered
in the garden of your thought,
where then have winds driven it,
that adorable soul of the lilies?
Is there no perfume left

De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?

- Paul Bourget

of the celestial sweetness
of the days when you enveloped me
in a transcendent vapour,
of hope, of faithful love,
of beatitude and of peace?

- Richard Stokes

Les cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord
des branches,
Délicatement.
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,
Dans le ciel clément.

Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,
Ce lointain appel
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne
Des fleurs de l'autel.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,
Et, dans le grand bois,
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées
Des jours d'autrefois.

- Paul Bourget

The Bells

The leaves opened upon the edge of the
branches,
Delicately.
The bells rang, light and free,
In the clear sky.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon,
This distant call
Reminded me of the Christian whiteness
Of altar flowers.

These bells told of happy years,
And, in the great forest,
Seemed to revive the withered leaves
Of days gone by.

- Richard Stokes

"Fammi combattere" from *Orlando*

Fammi combattere, mostre e tifei,
novi trofei se vuoi dal mio valor.
Muraglie abbattere, disfare incanti,
se vuoi ch'io vanti darti prove d'amor.

- Carlo Sigismondo Capece

Let Me Fight

Let me fight, monsters and beasts,
new trophies, if you want, of my love.
Battlements to overturn, spells to unbind,
If you want me to prove my love to you.

- Ugo Berardi

"Erbarme dich, mein Gott" from *St Matthew Passion*

"Erbarme dich, mein Gott" which translates to "Have mercy, my God" depicts Peter's plea of forgiveness to God after he denied Christ three times. In the dramatic work *St Matthew Passion*, Bach's portrayal of the first two times Peter denies Christ are done in simple recitative. The musical drama intensifies as Peter becomes more threatened by the accusations that he is a follower of Christ. The third and final time that Peter denies Christ is depicted with the baritone voice singing "ich kenne des Menschen nicht" which translates to "I do not know this man." Following this desperate and declamatory statement of Peter's character is the aria "Erbarme dich, mein Gott." During the Baroque era, a solo violin layered on top of the voice portrays the human soul. In this aria, there are moments where the violin layers a melody on top of what the vocal line is doing, moments where the violin is responding with sighing figures during longer held moments in the vocal line or playing the melody as a solo with continuo. The contrapuntal relationship between the voice, violin, and continuo is meticulously framed by Bach and makes for a soul-shattering depiction of Peter's plea for forgiveness.

Erbarme dich, mein Gott
Um meiner Zähren Willen!

Have mercy, my God,
for the sake of my tears!

Schaue hier, Herz und Auge
Weint vor dir bitterlich.

- *Matthew 26:69-75*

Blicke mir, nicht in die Lieder!

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

- *Friedrich Rückert*

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.

- *Friedrich Rückert*

Liebst du um Schönheit

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.

Look here, heart and eyes
weep bitterly before you.

- *Pamela Dellal*

Do not look into my songs!

Do not look into my songs!
I lower my gaze,
As if caught in the act.
I dare not even trust myself
To watch them growing.
Your curiosity is treason!

Bees, when they build cells,
Let no one watch either,
And do not even watch themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
Have been brought to daylight,
You shall be the first to taste!

- *Richard Stokes*

I Breathed a Gentle Fragrance!

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood
A spray of lime,
A gift
From a dear hand.
How lovely the fragrance of lime was!
How lovely the fragrance of lime is!
The spray of lime
Was gently plucked by you;
Softly I breathe
In the fragrance of lime
The gentle fragrance of love.

- *Richard Stokes*

If You Love for Beauty

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
Which is young each year.

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.
- Friedrich Rückert

If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.
- Richard Stokes

"Encountertenor" from the *Faces of Love*

Jake Heggie is an American composer best known for his operas and art songs. He was born in West Palm Beach, Florida and began studying piano at seven-years-old. Heggie graduated from UCLA in 1984 with a Bachelor of Arts degree where he studied with Roger Bourland, Paul Des Marais, David Raksin, and Paul Reale. He later returned to UCLA for his graduate studies, where he studied with his most significant teacher and later-to-be wife, Johana Harris, whom he toured with upon graduating. During their tour around the country, he was diagnosed with focal dystonia, which left him unable to continue playing the piano. In 1997, Heggie was named the CHASE Composer-in-Residence for the San Francisco Opera, a position especially created for him so that he could write *Dead Man Walking*, the opera that would launch his international career as an opera composer. Other works of his include *Moby-Dick*, *Faces of Love*, and the choral work "He Will Gather Us Around" from *Dead Man Walking*. Heggie's compositions remain strong within the framework of contemporary American music, and he continues to compose and write all of his works by hand, believing that a physical connection to the score is an integral part of composition.

Countertenor's Conundrum

This note from my throat, (Ah!)
conjures imagined memories
of altered males who stood upon a stage,
and with their scales and trills
sang stories of heroic deeds,
which seemed to satisfy the needs
of listeners long dead and gone.
Now we are here to carry on. (Ah!)

This note from my throat, (Ah!)
causes creative fantasies
of times gone by
when pampered neuters sang,
and they would try to move their audience
with grace and art,
still mindful of that missing part
that changed their lives
and made their song.

So precious rare and yet so wrong!

The songs they sang I'll sing again.
A modern echo of those men.
I'll train my voice stylistically correct
and hope these threads of tissue in my
throat connect.
With something of those spirit voices
trilling soft and sweet.
Now here am I
tensed present and complete.

This note, this note (Ah!) from my throat.
You understand the history
that sets my voice apart.
Now let me share the mystery.
This note, (Ah!)
This note, (Ah!)
This note comes from my heart.
- John Hall

The Trouble with Trebles in Trousers

It wasn't long ago
that people laughed
when I would sing.
They weren't uncomfortable
with what I had to say.
But when I tried it to a tune
they would all look away.
The smirt upon their faces
taught me this small thing.
Pitch can be a bitch!

My post-pubescent peer group
in a touring school-boy choir,
would never mention it
but I could clearly see.
Their smug and spotty faces
parts marked "T" or "B"
But when I tried to baritone,
I was a liar.
Pitch can be a bitch!

A Gift to Share

Are my songs numbered
by some accountant, Norn
who keeps a score
of every note I utter,
my every vocal flutter,
'til I can sing no more?

Should I be stingy
and number every note
that you will hear?
A vocal inventory
becomes an allegory
for what I really fear.
Silence.

It is the silence,
that in some future time
will come to me.
Now makes my song right clearer
and your attention dearer.

Even teachers who specialize in voices
believed I had some choices.
When they hear me
they'd shake their heads and wonder.
"How did it get so much like a mezzo?"

I have to smile when I
think back to those days in the past.
For now those very notes
are what I'm paid to sing.
We men who sing these higher notes
are few and far between.
You've heard it said that laughter's best
when it is last.

Pitch can be a bitch...
but so can I!

- John Hall

Let's make a memory.
So look around you.
Remember who you're with
and if you dare
recall how you're feeling.
For music can be healing,
and songs are meant to share.

- John Hall