



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Isabelle Ceballos, soprano
Ryan Enright, piano

Come all ye songsters (*The Fairy Queen*)
Né men con l'ombre (*Serse*)
Bel piacere (*Agrippina*)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
G.F. Handel (1685-1759)
G.F. Handel

Heidenröslein
Klärchens Lied

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Je veux vivre (*Roméo et Juliette*)

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

INTERMISSION

Es corredor

Manuel García (1775-1832)
arr. Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)
Pablo Sorozábal (1897-1988)
Blas de Laserna (1751-1816)

Noche hermosa (*Katiuska*)
Tirana del Tripili

La rosa y el sauce
Por los campos verdes
Madrigal Op.11

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)
Carlos Guastavino
Rodolfo Arizaga (1926-1985)

Manners at a Concert (*Miss Manners on Music*)
Six Elizabethan Songs - Selections
Sleep
Spring

Dominick Argento (1927-2019)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Isabelle Ceballos is a student of Professor Claudia Kitka.*



FRIDAY, 4:00 P.M.
APRIL 18, 2025
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Isabelle Ceballos, Soprano

Bachelor of Music in Voice

Friday, April 18, 2025, 4:00 pm

Texts, Translations, and Notes

Come all ye songsters (*The Fairy Queen*)

Come all ye songsters of the sky
Wake and assemble in this wood;
But no ill-boding bird be nigh,
No, none but the harmless, and the good.

Né men con l'ombre (*Serse*)

Not even with a shadow of infidelity
would I betray my soul;
And if my beloved does himself harm,
he should blame love, not jealousy.

Bel piacere (*Agrippina*)

'Tis great pleasure to enjoy a faithful love!
This brings contentment to the heart.
Splendor is not measured by beauty,
If it does not come from a faithful heart.

Heidenröslein

A boy saw a rose standing on the heath,
so young and beautiful in the morning,
he ran quickly to see it up close,
and saw it with great joy.
Little rose on the heath.

The boy said: "I will break you,
little rose on the heath!"

The little rose said: "I will sting you,
so that you will remember me forever,
and I will not suffer it."
Little rose on the heath.

And the wild boy plucked
the rose on the heath;
The rose fought back and stung,
but no amount of woe or sighing helped,
it just had to suffer.
Little rose on the heath.

Klärchens Lied

Joyful and sorrowful,
pensive to be, to yearn and dread
in lingering pain, to heaven exulting,
cast down unto death –
happy alone is the soul that loves.

Je veux vivre (*Roméo et Juliette*)

Ah! I want to live in this dream that I fear; this day
again, sweet flame, I keep you in my soul like a
treasure! This intoxication of youth will not last,
alas! that one day! Then comes the time when we
cry, the heart gives way to love, and happiness flees
without return.

I want to live . . . Away from the gloomy winter.
Let me sleep and breathe the rose before
stripping it. Ah! Sweet flame, stay again in my soul
like a sweet treasure for a long time!

INTERMISSION

Es corredor

This one is really a runner!
This one, but not the others.
He chases away the stars miraculously.
Finally, he looks so much like the cane plant
that he seems to be made of canes.
Everything follows in his tracks,
and he flies like a hawk.

Noche hermosa (*Katiuska*)

Sorozábal's first zarzuela is set in Russia during the 1917 revolution. Katiuska sings of the beautiful Ukrainian night and her forbidden yearning for a Red Commissar.

Beautiful night, perfumed with jasmine,
give me an echo to repeat my words,
beautiful night that the moon whitens like snow,
carry far away, softly, this sad song.
Tell him to return soon, tell him that my love
waits for him, that his absence is a torment,
a torment that kills me; tell him to return soon,
because I will die if he delays.

Beautiful night . . . carry far away, softly my song of
love, the secret of my soul, of love.

Tirana del Tripili

The tirana of the Tripili is the most amusing one.
Where is that little tune? Silence, everyone!
Tripili, trápala, you can sing and you can dance
this tirana. Dance, girl, with grace! Go ahead! Keep
at it! You are stealing my soul, tirana!

La rosa y el sauce

The rose was awakening in the weeping willow's embrace. The tree god, fondly impassioned, adored her so! But a frivolous maiden has stolen her away; The willow unconsolated is mourning his loved one. Ah!!

Por los campos verdes

Through the emerald meadows of Jerusalem
Strays a child with golden hair toward Bethlehem
and the shepherds bring him cakes of maize,
milk from their goatherds, and bread with aniseed.
And the child has ringlets, ringlets of lights.
Go to sleep, Natasha, dream of Jesus.

Madrigal Op.11

Clear, serene eyes, if you look at me with a sweet,
angry gaze, if when you are most pious, you seem
most beautiful to the one who looks at you.
Do not look at me with anger so that you do not
seem less beautiful to me. Clear, serene eyes,
since you look at me like this, at least look at me.

Manners at a Concert (Miss Manners on Music)

Argento composed seven songs on excerpts from the advice columns of Judith Martin (Miss Manners) at the request of her husband as a surprise for her sixtieth birthday.

Shush!!!

Dear Miss Manners:

I believe in shushing people who talk during
concerts. I didn't pay to hear them blabbering.
Yet a friend who went with me told me
I was being rude in telling people to shut up.
It seems to me that what rudeness is,
is talking during music.

Gentle Reader:

Both are rude.

The polite thing would be to say to the noisy
person, "I beg your pardon, but I can't hear the
music. I wonder if you would mind talking more
softly?"

By the time you have said all this,
a third party will utter a loud shush,
thereby accomplishing your purpose
without sacrificing your manners.
Mmmm.

Six Elizabethan Songs - Selections

Sleep

Care charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night;
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish and restore thy light;
With dark forgetting of my care return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth.
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.

Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring,
is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing,
then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towitta woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towitta woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives asunning sit,
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towitta woo!
Spring, the sweet Spring!