



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Nicole Young, soprano
with John Cozza, piano

Despina's arias from *Così fan tutte*, K. 588
"In uomini, in soldati"
"Una donna a quindici anni"

W. A. Mozart (1756- 1791)

Die stille Lotosblume, Op. 13/6

Clara Schumann (1819- 1896)

Sehnsucht, Op. 9/7

Fanny Mendelssohn (1805- 1847)

Das Veilchen

C. Schumann

Elle est gravement gaie (*Clairières dans le ciel*)

Lili Boulanger (1893- 1918)

Haï luli!

Pauline Viardot (1821- 1910)

Si j'étais jardinier

Cécile Chaminade (1857- 1944)

Selections from *Four Dickinson Songs*

Lori Laitman (b. 1955)

If I can stop one heart from breaking

Will there really be a "Morning"?

I'm Nobody! Who are you?

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Nicole Young is a student of Dr. Robin Fisher.*



FRIDAY, 4:00 P.M.
APRIL 23, 2021
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Nicole Young, Junior Recital
Texts and Translations

“In uomini, in soldati” from *Così fan tutte*

At the conclusion of Act I, Dorabella and Fiordiligi are heartbroken because their lovers, Ferrando and Guglielmo have left them to go to war. Despina, a sassy maid, encourages the two mistresses to enjoy their freedom and stop grieving over their loss. She describes how men, let alone soldiers, are only faithful to themselves and live only for their own pleasure. Along those lines, she goes on to say that women, too, should love for their own convenience, just as men do.

In uomini, in soldati, sperare fedeltà?
Non vi fate sentir, per carità!
Di pasta simile son tutti quanti,
le fronde mobili, l'aure incostanti
han più degli uomini stabilità.

In men, in soldiers, you hope for faithfulness?
Don't let anyone hear you, for pity's sake!
They are all made of the same material,
the swaying branches, the fickle breeze
have more stability than men!

Mentite lagrime, fallaci sguardi,
voci ingannevoli, vezzi bugiardi,
son le primarie lor qualità!

Lying tears, false glances,
voices deceiving, charms lying
are their primary qualities!

In noi non amano che il lor diletto,
poi ci dispreghiano, neganci affetto,
né val da' barbari chieder pietà!

They love us only for their pleasure,
then they do not respect us, denying us affection,
you might as well ask a barbarian to have pity!

Paghiam, o femmine, d'ugual moneta
questa malefica razza indiscreta.
Amiam per comodo, per vanità!
La ra la!

Let us pay, oh women, with the same coin
this evil breed of indiscreet men.
Let us love for convenience, for vanity!
La, ra, la!

-Lorenzo da Ponte

“Una donna a quindici anni” from *Così fan tutte*

At the beginning of Act II after her previous attempts to convince Dorabella and Fiordiligi to love at their own convenience, Despina chastises the two women for not knowing how to flirt and deceive men for their own benefit. She explains how to appear faithful and willing to serve potential suitors on the outside with the actual intent of deceit. Both women end up taking her advice and later run into a bit of trouble.

Una donna a quindici anni
dee saper ogni gran moda:
dove il diavolo ha la coda,
cosa è bene e mal cos'è.

A woman at fifteen
must know the way everything is done:
where the devil hides his tail,
what is good and what is bad.

Dee saper le maliziette
che innamorano gli amanti,
finger riso, finger pianti,
inventar i bei perché.

Dee in un momento dar retta a cento,
colle pupille parlar con mille,
dar speme a tutti, sien belli o brutti,
saper nascondersi senza confondersi,
senz'arrossire saper mentire,
e, qual regina dall'alto soglio
Col "posso e voglio" farsi ubbidir.

Par ch'abbian gusto di tal dottrina;
Viva Despina che sa servir.

-Lorenzo da Ponte

Die stille Lotosblume

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?

-Emanuel Geibel

She must know little tricks
how to charm lovers,
to feign laughter and tears,
and to invent good excuses.

She must be attentive to one hundred-men,
with the eyes flirt with a thousand,
give hope to all, handsome or ugly,
know how to hide one's feelings,
to know how to lie without blushing,
and like a queen from her high throne
with an "I can and I want," be obeyed.

It appears they like my doctrine;
long live Despina who knows how to serve.

The Silent Lotus-flower

The silent lotus-flower
rises from the blue lake,
the leaves shimmer and sparkle,
its calyx is white as snow.

Then pours the moon from heaven
all its golden shine,
pours all its beams
into her womb.

In the water around the flower
a white swan circles,
it sings so sweetly, so softly
and gazes at the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so softly
and wants to die from singing.
Oh flower, white flower,
can you understand my song?

Sehnsucht

Fern und ferner schallt der Reigen.
Wohl mir! um mich her ist Schweigen
auf der Flur.
Zu dem vollen Herzen nur
will nicht Ruh' sich neigen.

Horch! die Nacht schwebt durch die Räume.
Ihr Gewand durchrauscht die Bäume
lispelnd leis.
Ach, so schweifen liebeheiß
meine Wünsch' und Träume.
-Johann Gustav Droysen

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin
mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn
daher, die Wiese her,
und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur
die schönste Blume der Natur,
ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,
bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt,
und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!
Ach nur ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam
und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,
ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:
und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie,
zu ihren Füßen doch.
-Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Longing

Sounds of dance fade farther and farther away.
It is well for me that around me there is silence
on the meadow.
Only to my full heart
peace does not want to come.

Listen! Night soars through the spaces.
Its robe rustles through the trees,
whispering softly.
Ah, that is exactly how my wishes and dreams,
burning with love, roam about.

The Violet

A little violet stood upon the meadow,
bent over, modest and unknown;
it was a dear little violet.
A young shepherdess came along
with light step and happy mood
along the meadow,
and sang.

Ah! Thinks the little violet, were I but
the fairest flower of nature,
ah, just a little while,
until my beloved picked me,
and pressed me firmly on her bosom!
Ah just a short quarter hour long!

Alas! Alas! The maid came
and took no notice of the little violet,
trod the poor little violet down.
It sank and died and rejoiced in itself anyway:
“and if I die, then I die
through her, through her,
at her feet at least.”

Elle est gravement gaie

Elle est gravement gaie. Par moments son regard
se levait comme pour surprendre ma pensée.
Elle était douce alors comme quand il est tard
le velours jaune et bleu d'une allée de pensées.

-Francis Jammes

Haï luli!

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
je ne sais plus que devenir!
Mon bon ami devait venir,
et je l'attends ici seulette.
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Où donc peut être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
le fil se casse dans ma main...
allons, je filerai demain;
aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami.

Si jamais il devient volage,
s'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
Le village n'a qu'à brûler
et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
À quoi bon vivre sans ami?
-Xavier de Maistre

Si j'étais jardinier

Si j'étais jardinier des cieux
je te cueillerais des étoiles!
Quels bijoux raviraient tes yeux
si j'étais jardinier des cieux!

Dans la nuit pâle sous ses voiles
ton éclat serait radieux.
Si j'étais jardinier des cieux,

She is gravely cheerful

She is gravely cheerful. At times her gaze
is lifted as if to catch my thoughts.
She was as sweet and gentle as the evening,
the blue-yellow velvet of pansies on the path.

Haï luli!

I am sad, I worry,
I don't know what will happen!
My lover should come,
and I await him here alone.
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Where then is my lover?

I sit and spin my wool,
the thread breaks in my hand...
Well then, I will spin tomorrow;
today I am in too much pain!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
How sad it is without my lover.

If ever he becomes fickle,
if he should one day abandon me,
I shall burn down the village
and myself with the village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
What is the use to live without a lover?

If I were gardener of the heavens

If I were gardener of the heavens,
I would gather some stars for you!
What jewels might delight your eyes
If I were gardener of the heavens!

In the pale night beneath its veils,
your brightness would shine.
If I were gardener of the heavens,

je te cueillerais des étoiles!

I would gather some stars for you!

Si j'étais jardinier d'amour
je te cueillerais des caresses,
je te fêterais tout le jour
Si j'étais jardinier d'amour!

If I were gardener of love,
I would gather some caresses for you,
I would worship you all the day
if I were gardener of love!

En leurs inédites tendresses
mes bouquets te feraient la cour.
Si j'étais jardinier d'amour
je te cueillerais des caresses!

With their unparalleled affections
my bouquets would woo you.
If I were gardener of love,
I would gather caresses for you!

Mais mon jardin n'est que chansons,
et tu peux y cueillir toi-même,
Dieu pour les nids fit les buissons
et mon jardin n'est que chansons.

But my garden is made only of songs,
and you can gather them yourself,
God made the bushes for nests
and my garden is made only of songs.

Viens-là rêver si ton coeur m'aime
et mon coeur aura des frissons.
Mais mon jardin n'est que chansons,
et tu peux y cueillir toi-même.

Come and dream here if your heart loves me,
and my heart will tremble.
But my garden is made only of songs,
and you can gather them yourself.

-Léon Roger-Milès

If I can stop one heart from breaking,

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

-Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a "Morning"?

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!
-Emily Dickinson

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
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!
-Emily Dickinson