



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Mc Jefferson Agloro, baritone
Ryan Enright, piano

'Hai gia vinta la causa' (From *Le Nozze di Figaro*)

W.A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Don Quichotte a Dulcinèe, M. 84

1. Chanson romanesque
2. Chanson épique
3. Chanson à boire

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges, Op. 34

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

Aus Goethe's Faust, Op. 75 No. 3

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Three Shakespeare Songs, Op. 6

1. Come Away, Death
2. O Mistress Mine
3. Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Loveliest of Trees
Here in this Spot with You
Luke Havergall

John Duke
(1899-1984)

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



FRIDAY, 7:00 P.M.
APRIL 28, 2023
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

“Hai già vinta la causa!”

(Le nozze di Figaro), K. 492

Wolfgang Amdeus Mozart

Count Almaviva believes Susanna will be meeting him in his gardens on the night of her marriage to Figaro, which he also may be able to prevent through legal means. He overhears the two lovers talking confidently about defeating the Count's legal challenge and becomes incensed.

IL CONTE

Hai già vinta la causa!

cosa sento?

In qual laccio cadea?

Perfidi!

io voglio di tal modo punirvi!

a piacer mio la sentenza sarà

Ma s'ei pagasse

La vecchia pretendente?

Pagarla!

In qual maniera?

... e poi v'è Antonio

Che a un incognito Figaro ricusa

Di dare una nipote in matrimonio.

Coltivando l'orgoglio

Di questo mentecatto ...

Tutto giova a un raggio ..

Il colpo è fatto.

Vedrò mentr'io sospiro,

Felice un servo mio?

E un ben, che invan desio,

Ei posseder dovrà?

Vedrò per man d'amore

Unita a un vil oggetto

Chi in me destò un affetto

Che per me poi non ha?

COUNT

We have won the case!

Is that what I hear?

Have I fallen into a trap?

Scoundrels!

I'll punish you! Sentencing you shall be my pleasure.

But wait.

What if he pays off the old plaintiff?

Pay her?

With what money?

And then there's Antonio

Who would never give his daughter's hand in marriage to a fool like Figaro.

I shall nurture that imbecile's pride..

It is all part of my plot.

The die is cast!

Shall I, while sighing,

See one of my servants happy?

And the thing which I in vain desire,

Shall he have it?

Shall I see the woman who lit in me

A flame that she doesn't have also?

United to a beastly object

By the hand of love?

Ah no! I will not leave this be

Ah no! lasciarti in pace
Non vo' questo contento,
Tu non nascesti, audace,
Per dare a me tormento,
E forse ancor per ridere
Di mia infelicità.
Già la speranza sola
Delle vendette mie
Quest'anima consola
E giubilar mi fa.

This happiness in peace,
You were not born vile person,
To torture me,
And perhaps even laugh.
At my misfortune.
Now I hold hope
For my revenge
Which will console my soul
And make me rejoice.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée, M. 84

I. Chanson romanesque

Music by Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Text by Paul Morand (1888-1976)

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir Pour lui
complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre Avec Saint
Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

Good Saint Michael who gives me leave
To behold and hear my Lady,
Good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me To please
her and defend her,
Good Saint Michael, descend, I pray, With Saint
George onto the altar
Of the Madonna robed in blue.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame.

With a heavenly beam bless my blade
And its equal in purity
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity:
My Lady.

(Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

(O great Saint George and great Saint Michael)
Bless the angel watching over my vigil,
My sweet Lady, so like unto Thee,
O Madonna robed in blue!
Amen.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée, M. 84

III. Chanson à boire

Music by Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) by Paul
Morand (1888-1976)

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux Dit que
'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who to discredit me in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul!

Je bois
A la joie! La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit... lorsque j'ai bu!

I drink
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

Foin du jaloux, brune maitresse,
Qui gent, qui pleure et fait serment D'être toujours
ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky mistress,
Who whines and weeps and vows Always to be this
lily-livered lover
Who dilutes his drunkenness!

Je bois
A la joie !
La joie est le seul but Où je vais droit.
Lorsque j'ai bu!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal
To which I go straight... when I'm... drunk!

"Auf Flügeln des Gesanges, Op. 34 Felix

Mendelssohn (1809-1847) Text by Heinrich Heine
(1797-1856)"

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort.

On wings of song, my darling,
I'll carry you off, and we'll go
Where the plains of the Ganges are calling,
To the sweetest place I know.

Dort liegt in rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein;

Red flowers are twining and plaiting
There in the still moonlight:

Die Lotosbunnen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

The lotus flowers are awaiting
Their sister acolyte.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor: Heimlich
erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.

The violets whisper caresses
And gaze to the stars on high;
The rose in secret confesses
Her sweet-scented tales with a sigh.

Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazellen;
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heiligen Stromes Wellen.

Around them, listening and blushing,
Dance gentle, subtle gazelles;
And in the distance rushing
The holy river swells.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum.
Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

Oh, let us lie down by it,
Where the moon on the palm tree beams;
And drink deep of love and quiet
And dream our happy dreams.

Aus Goethe's Faust Op. 75 No.3

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Es war einmal ein König
Der hatt' einen großen Floh
Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig
Als wie seinen eig'nen Sohn.
Da rief er seinen Scheider,
Der Schneider kam heran;
"Da, miß dem Junker Kleider
Und miß ihm Hosen an!"

There once was a king
Who had a large flea
Whom he loved not a little,
Just like his own son.
He summoned his tailor,
The tailor appeared:
'Here - make robes for this knight
And make him breeches too!'

In Sammet und in Seide
War er nun angetan,
Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide,
Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,
Und war sogleich Minister,

In silk and satin
The flea was now attired,
With ribbons on his coat,
And a medal too,
And became a minister straightaway

Und hatt einen großen Stern.
Da wurden seine Geschwister
Bei Hof auch große Herrn.

Und Herrn and Frau'n am Hofe,
Die waren sehr geplagt,
Die Königin und die Zofe
Gestochen und genagt,
Und durften sie nicht knicken,
Und weg sie jucken nicht,
Wir knicken und ersticken
Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.

Three Shakespeare Songs Op. 6

I. Come away, death

Music by: Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Text by: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown,
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there!

And wore an enormous star.
His brothers and his sisters
Became grand at court as well.

And courtly lords and ladies
Were most grievously plagued,
Queen and maid-in-waiting
Were bitten and stung,
Yet they were not allowed
To squash or scratch them away
We bow and scrape and suffocate,
As soon as any bite.

Three Shakespeare Songs Op. 6

II. O mistress mine

Music by: Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Text by: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Three Shakespeare Songs Op. 6

III. Blow, blow thou winter wind

Music by: Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Text by: William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Although thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
Most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend rememberd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
most loving mere folly
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Loveliest of Trees

John Duke (1899-1984)

Text by A.E. Housman (1859-1936)

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
 Is hung with bloom along the bough,
 And stands about the woodland ride
 Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
 Twenty will not come again,
 And take from seventy springs a score,
 It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
 Fifty springs are little room,
 About the woodlands I will go
 To see the cherry hung with snow.

Luke Havergal

John Duke (1899-1984)

Text by Edwin Arlington Robinson (1869-1935)

Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,
 There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,
 And in the twilight wait for what will come.
 The leaves will whisper there of her, and some,
 Like flying words, will strike you as they fall;
 But go, and if you listen she will call.
 Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal —
 Luke Havergal.

Out of a grave I come to tell you this,
 Out of a grave I come to quench the kiss
 That flames upon your forehead with a glow
 That blinds you to the way that you must go.

Here in this spot with you

John Duke (1899-1984)

Text by A.E. Housman (1859-1936)

Here in this spot with you my wings are furled.
 I am an eagle bosomed in his nest.
 No other eyrie in the windy world
 Can still the flying feathers of my breast.
 All otherwhere I light but do not rest;
 The cloudy mountains and the sighing foam.
 Find me a lost and momentary guest,
 My mind for flying, and my wings for home.

No bright horizon can delay my flight,
 I am too swift for beauty to ensnare,
 Top high for grief, too urgent for delight,
 Lonely and silent in the paths of air.
 Only with you, wherever you may be,
 Are woods and hills and beauty and the sea.

Yes, there is yet one way to where she is,
 Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.
 Out of a grave I come to tell you this —
 To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
 There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
 Go, for the winds are tearing them away, —
 Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
 (Nor any more to feel them as they fall;) [line
 omitted by Duke]
 But go, and if you trust her she will call.
 There is the western gate, Luke Havergal —