



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
GRADUATE RECITAL

**Annabelle Terry, soprano**  
**John Cozza, piano**

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Il Romeo  
La speranza al cor mi dice  
Povero cor tu palpiti

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)  
Isabelle Colbran (1785-1845)

Bonjour mon coeur!, VWV 1072  
Chanson de la pluie  
Cantique  
Élégie

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)  
Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Liebst du em Schönheit, Op. 12 No. 2  
Sie liebten sich beide, Op.13 No. 2  
Liebeszauber, Op. 13 No. 3  
Lorelei, Op. 53 No. 2

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

INTERMISSION

Four Dickinson Songs  
Will There Really Be a Morning  
I'm nobody  
She Died  
If I...

Lori Laitman (b. 1955)

Bewilderment  
Song of the Dark Virgin  
Feet O Jesus  
We Have Tomorrow  
Hold Fast Dreams

Florence Price (1887-1953)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the degree of Master of Music in Performance.  
Annabelle Terry is a student of Julie Miller.*



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TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.  
APRIL 29, 2025  
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

## NOTES, TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Annabelle Terry – April 29, 2025

Barbara Strozzi was a Venetian trailblazer of the Baroque period. In the seventeenth century, Venetian women who partook in musical activities were viewed as questionable and shunned. Yet, Barbara's father, Giulio Strozzi, recognized her musical talents at a young age, which included composing, singing, and playing the lute; he encouraged her to pursue her musical goals regardless of the times. Giulio created a group club at his home called the "Academia degli Unisoni," which was a gathering of artists, poets, and philosophers, so that his daughter would be surrounded by like-minded people. Barbara studied privately with Francesco Cavalli (top composer at the time) and composed more than one hundred pieces over time. These compositions were written as "...secular arias, madrigals, and cantatas..." meaning they were created to be performed in small/private spaces. Barbara would end up being one of the few women of her time to publish her works independently under her own name and successfully build a career for herself, despite societal norms.

### **Il Romeo**

Vagò mendico il core  
Tutto il regno d'amore,  
Dimandando pietà  
Nell'infelica sua povera vita.  
Ne per ben salda fede  
Poté trovar mercede,  
Ché di quante egli amò crudeli a torto  
Ch'il fuggì, ch'il tradi, ch'il volle morto.

Tornò dal suo cammino  
Il mio cor pellegrino,  
Ne pietoso favor ha mai trovato  
Per il mendico suo miser stato.  
Femminil corstesia  
Forz'è che spenta sia,  
Ch'ogni ricca beltà resa tenace  
Non l'udì, nol mirò, lo mandò in pace.

- *Unknown*

### **The Wanderer**

My heart wanders begging through the  
dominions of love,  
Seeking kindness, asking for help  
For its wretched unhappy life.  
Not even for steadfast faithfulness  
Could it find mercy,  
For the more it loves wrongfully cruel women,  
The more they flee, betray, wish it dead.

My wandering heart returned  
From its ramble,  
Not having found the least compassion  
For its miserable deprived condition.  
The affection of women  
Is perhaps so wearied  
That all who are rich in beauty remain unfeeling  
not hearing or seeing, they send my heart away

- *Richard Kolb*

Isabelle Colbran was a soprano from Madrid, Spain. In 1801, Colbran moved from Spain to Italy and had her debut at the court of Napoleon. After her performance, Colbran was praised for her ease of singing in the bel canto style: legato, fluid breath control, and coloratura. This sparked her career as the prima donna of the Teatro San Carlos in Naples. While in Naples, she'd meet her husband, the great Italian composer, Gioachino Rossini. Colbran's voice influenced Rossini's compositions as the leading female roles in his operas were often written with her in mind; eighteen of his operas were written solely for her. As Colbran's vocal stamina began to weaken after twenty-five, she began composing. Colbran wrote four collections of songs "...dedicated to the Queen of Spain, Crescenti, the Empress of Russia, and Prince Eugénie de Beauharnais". A collection of three vocal works was released shortly afterwards. Colbran was one of the initial women to demonstrate what the bel canto style should sound like and intel. Bel canto is a style that is still used today, and the technique/style is a goal that many opera singers strive for regularly. "La speranza al cor mi dice" is the first piece in her collection that was written for the Queen of Spain.

### **La speranza al cor mi dice**

La speranza al cor mi dice  
Che sarò felice ancor  
Ma la speme ingannatrice  
Poi mi dice il mio timor.

- *Pietro Metastasio*

### **Hope tells my heart**

Hope tells my heart  
That I will know joy again.  
But love's deceit appears, and with it, fears  
Yet hope comes again and fortells joy to come.

- *Unknown*

**Povero cor tu palpiti**

Povero cor tu palpiti  
 Ne a torto in questo di  
 Tu palpiti così povero core  
 Si tratta o dio di perdere  
 Per sempre il caro ben  
 Che di sua mano  
 In sen m'inpresse amore.

- *Pietro Metastasio*

**My poor heart you flutter**

My poor heart, you palpitate so,  
 How right you are to tremble.  
 You throb so, poor heart  
 For fear of losing forever  
 Of losing forever that beloved image  
 That love's hand  
 Has engraved in my heart.

- *Elimy Ezust*

Michelle Ferdinande Pauline Viradot, better known as "Pauline Viradot", was a singer (mezzo-soprano) and composer from Paris, France. Viradot was born into an operatic musical family; her father was a tenor, her mother was an actress and soprano, her sister, Maria Malibra, sang both as a soprano and contralto, and her brother Manuel II studied vocal pedagogy. By the age of six, Pauline was fluent in French, Spanish, English, Italian, and Russian. Her initial goal growing up was to be a concert pianist; she was able to study the instrument with her father and Franz Liszt, but her mother later encouraged her to take singing more seriously. At sixteen, Pauline had her first concert performance, marking the beginning of her operatic career. Her voice was dramatic and agile with a range spanning over three octaves, and in one year, she performed in Orfeo ed Euridice over 150 times. After twenty-six years of being a singer, Pauline changed her focus to composition due to straining her voice. She'd end up writing 200 songs, seven operas, and fifteen instrumental pieces and even help boost the careers of Gounod and Fauré. Viradot taught at the Paris Conservatory and encouraged women to follow their dreams in the arts, welcoming collaboration. Her versatility and cultural awareness made her pieces stand out from other composers of her time. And Clara Schumann said that Viradot is "...the most gifted woman" she had ever met in her life!

**Bonjour mon Coeur!**

Bonjour mon coeur,  
 Bonjour ma douce vie,  
 Bonjour mon oeil  
 Bonjour ma chere amie!

Hé! Bonjour, ma toute belle,  
 Ma mignardise,  
 Bonjour, mes délices,  
 Mon amour,  
 Mon doux printemps,  
 Ma douce fleur nouvelle,  
 Mon doux plaisir  
 Ma douce colobelle,  
 Mon passereau, me gente tourterelle!  
 Bonjour ma douce rebelle.

- *Pierre de Ronsard*

**Hail, my heart**

Hail, my heart;  
 Hail, my sweet life;  
 Hail, my eye;  
 Hail, my dear friend.

Hail, oh hail, my beauty,  
 my sweetheart;  
 Hail, my sweet one,  
 my love,  
 my sweet spring,  
 my delicate new flower,  
 my sweet pleasure,  
 my gentle little dove,  
 my sparrow, my turtledove!  
 Hail, my sweet rebel.

- *Faith Cormier*

**Chanson de la pluie**

Coulez, gouttes fines,  
 Le long des collines,  
 En petits ruisseaux:  
 Coulez, sur la mousse  
 Verdoyante et douce,  
 Baignez les rameaux.

Le vent vous entraîne  
 Jusque dans la plaine,  
 Qui répand au loin

**Rain Song**

Flow, fine drops,  
 Down the hills,  
 In small streams.  
 Flow over the moss,  
 Green and soft,  
 Bathe the branches.

The wind carries you  
 Out across the plain,  
 Which spreads a scent

Une odeur de foin.  
Sous l'eau qui ruisselle  
En ruisseau mouvant  
La fleur étincelle  
Comme un diamant.  
Coulez, gouttes fines,  
Le long des collines,  
En petits ruisseaux;  
Coulez, sur la mousse  
Verdoyante et douce,  
Baignez les rameaux  
- *Ivan Turgenev*

Of hay far and wide.  
Under the running water,  
Now a moving stream,  
The flower sparkles  
Like a diamond.  
Flow, fine drops,  
Down the hills,  
In small streams.  
Flow over the moss,  
Green and soft,  
Bathe the branches.  
- Oxford Song

On September 16, 1887, composer, conductor, and music teacher Nadia Boulanger was born in Paris, France. She studied at the Paris Conservatory at the age of ten and won every award possible, composing nearly forty pieces. After the passing of her sister Lili Boulanger, Nadia redirected her focus to conducting. Nadia would later become one of the first women to conduct major orchestras in Europe and America, like the Boston Symphony and New York Philharmonic, and she also conducted world premieres. She was considered one of the top composition teachers, having taught prodigies such as Leonard Bernstein, Philip Glass, and Aaron Copland. She encouraged her students to find their unique sound, to be dedicated to their craft, and to be true to themselves as artists. Her music is considered "chromatic and tonally rooted" with a lot of legato. Nadia states, "The essential conditions of everything you do must be choice, love, passion". This "passion" is carried through the text and arrangement of "Cantique" and "Élégie"; listen to it intentionally.

### **Cantique**

A toute âme qui pleure,  
A tout péché qui passe,  
J'ouvre au sein des étoiles  
Mes mains pleines de grâces.

Il n'est péché qui vive,  
Quand l'amour a parlé,  
Il n'est âme qui meure,  
Quand l'amour a pleuré.

Et si l'amour s'égaré  
Aux sentiers d'ici-bas,  
Ses larmes me retrouvent  
Et ne s'égareront pas.

- *Maurice Maeterlinck*

### **Élégie**

Une douceur splendide et sombre  
Flotte sous le ciel étoilé.  
On dirait que, là-haut, dans l'ombre  
Un paradis s'est écroulé.

Et c'est comme l'odeur ardente  
L'odeur fiévreuse dans l'air noir,  
D'une chevelure d'amante  
Dénouée à travers le soir.

Tout l'espace languit de fièvres  
Du fond des cœurs mystérieux  
S'en viennent mourir sur les lèvres  
Des mots qui font fermer les yeux.

### **Canticle**

To all weeping souls,  
To all fleeting sins,  
I open, cradled by stars,  
My hands full of grace.

No sin can live  
When Love has spoken,  
No soul can die  
When Love has wept.

And if Love goes astray  
On terrestrial paths,  
Its tears will find me  
And not go astray.

- *Richard Stokes*

### **Elegy**

A radiant and somber sweetness  
Floats under the starry sky.  
One would say that up there in the shadow  
A paradise has collapsed.

And it is like an ardent fragrance,  
A fevered fragrance in the black air  
of a lover's hair,  
loosened across the evening.

The entire atmosphere burns with fever  
from the depths of mysterious hearts.  
Words that make eyes close end up  
dying on the lips.

Et [dans] ma bouche où s'évapore  
Le parfum des bonheurs derniers  
Et de mon coeur vibrant encore  
S'élèvent de vagues pitiés.

Pour tous ceux-là, qui, sur la terre,  
Par un tel soir tendant les bras,  
N'ont point dans leur coeur solitaire  
Un nom à sangloter tout bas.

- *Albert Victor Samain*

And from my mouth, from which has evaporated  
the perfume of past happiness,  
And from my yet living heart  
arises a vague pity

For all down here who, on earth  
on such a night stretch their arms,  
but do not have in their lonely heart  
a name to sob to themselves.

- *Karen Kanakis*

Clara Schumann was a 19th-century German composer, pianist, and teacher who made significant contributions to the Romantic Era and was also a child prodigy whom Chopin and Mendelssohn admired at eleven years old. She was one of the first women known to have performed a piano recital and a concerto by memory, a standard practice today. Her sensitivity as a pianist enabled her to travel extensively around Europe, showcasing her skills of counterpoint and theory while raising eight children. Traveling and being a famous woman was unheard of during this time. Though she was celebrated for her artistry by some, she was often overlooked and even shunned due to sexism and her husband's (Robert Schumann's) established reputation as a composer, pianist, and music critic. Regardless of society's viewpoint of her, Clara still advocated for herself and other composers, such as Brahms. Clara Schumann's lieder (German art songs) can be characterized as beautiful, expressive, passionate, and sophisticated.

### **Liebst du um Schönheit**

Liebst du um Schönheit,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne,  
Sie trägt ein gold'nes 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!

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

- *Friedrich Rückert*

### **Sie liebten sich beide**

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner  
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;  
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,  
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich  
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;  
Sie waren längst gestorben  
Und wussten es selber kaum.

- *Heinrich Heine*

### **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  
Who is young each year!

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

If you love for love,  
Oh yes, love me!  
Love me always;  
I shall love you forever!

- *Richard Stokes*

### **They loved one another**

They loved one another, but neither  
Wished to tell the other;  
They gave each other such hostile looks,  
Yet nearly died of love.

In the end they parted and saw  
Each other but rarely in dreams.  
They died so long ago  
And hardly knew it themselves.

- *Richard Stokes*

### **Liebeszauber**

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall  
Im Rosenbusch und sang;  
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall  
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis  
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,  
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',  
Und leiser ging die Luft;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum  
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,  
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum  
Und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller floß  
Der Sonne Glanz herein,  
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß  
Sich goldig roter Schein.

Ich aber zog den Wald entlang  
Und hörte auch den Schall.  
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,  
War nur sein Widerhall.

*- Emanuel Feibel*

### **Lorelei**

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Daß ich so traurig bin;  
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,  
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,  
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;  
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet  
Dort oben wunderbar,  
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe  
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;  
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,  
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

### **Love magic**

Love, as a nightingale,  
Perched on a rosebush and sang;  
The wondrous sound floated  
Along the green forest.

And as it sounded, there arose a scent  
from a thousand calyxes,  
And all the treetops rustled softly,  
And the breeze moved softer still;

The brooks fell silent, barely  
Having babbled from the heights,  
The fawns stood as if in a dream  
And listened to the sound.

Brighter, and ever brighter  
The sun shone on the scene,  
And poured its red glow  
Over flowers, forest and glen.

But I made my way along the path  
And also heard the sound.  
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour  
Was merely its echo.

*- Richard Stokes*

### **Lorelei**

I do not know what it means  
That I should feel so sad;  
There is a tale from olden times  
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,  
And the Rhine flows quietly by;  
The summit of the mountains glitters  
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting  
In wondrous beauty up there,  
Her golden jewels are sparkling,  
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb  
And sings a song the while;  
It has an awe-inspiring,  
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff  
With wildly aching pain;  
He does not see the rocky reefs,  
He only looks up to the heights.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen  
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen  
Die Lorelei getan.

- *Heinrich Heine*

I think at last the waves swallow  
The boatman and his boat;  
And that, with her singing,  
The Loreley has done.

- *Richard Stokes*

Living American composer Lori Laitman is a magna cum laude Yale graduate with over 350 art songs. Her compositions often blend classical and contemporary styles, resulting in unique individuality. Some of Laitman's most notable operas include *The Scarlet Letter* (internationally performed), *The Three Feathers*, and *Uncovered* (a memoir based on Leah Lax's memoir). Lori Laitman utilized her platform and creativity to spotlight women, showcasing them from the Holocaust and creating strong female lead roles in her operas that challenge societal norms. She has also set many of her works to poems and texts written by women. *Four Dickinson Songs*, composed by Laitman, is set to the text of Emily Dickinson (1830-1886). From Amherst, Massachusetts, Dickinson is considered one of the top poets of the 19th century. Her poems discussed death, loneliness, and pain with ambiguous punctuation and a mysterious personality. She has around 1,800 poems, but only ten of them were published during her lifetime.

### **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?

- *Emily Dickinson*

### **I'm Nobody**

I'm nobody! Who are you?  
Are you nobody, too?  
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!  
They'd banish us, you know  
How dreary to be somebody!  
How public, like a frog  
To tell your name the livelong day  
To an admiring bog!

- *Emily Dickinson*

### **She Died**

She died — this was the way she died  
And when her breath was done  
Took up her simple wardrobe  
And started for the sun

Her little figure at the gate  
The Angels must have spied  
Since I could never find her  
Upon the mortal side

- *Emily Dickinson*

### **If I...**

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*

Florence Price was an African American composer, pianist, and music teacher from Little Rock, Arkansas. Price has over 300 works, including symphonies, concertos, chamber music, and pieces for piano, organ, and voice. One of her most famous vocal works is "Night," with text by Louise Wallace; it's said that Dvořák and Coleridge-Taylor inspired many of her works. In 1933, Price became the first African American woman to have her symphony performed by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and the first African American woman to be recognized as a symphonic composer. Langston Hughes (1901-1967) wrote the text from the five pieces of this set. Hughes is an African American poet from Joplin, Missouri, who is most known for being an influential figure during the Harlem Renaissance; some even call him the "Father of Jazz Poetry." He wrote novels and plays, and spoke about social justice and the challenges faced by the Black community. A vast amount of his literature remains relevant to the world we live in today. The combination of Hughes's text and Price's compositions creates a passion, resilience, and heightened emotional reality that reflects the world as it was and is now.

**Bewilderment**

I ask you this:  
Which way to go?  
I ask you this:  
Which sin to bear?  
Which crown to put  
Upon my hair?  
I do not know,  
Lord God,  
I do not know.

- *Langston Hughes*

**Songs to the Dark Virgin**

Would that I were a jewel  
A shattered jewel  
That all my shining brilliants  
Might fall at thy feet  
Thou dark one

Would that I were a garment  
A shimmering silken garment  
That all my folds might wrap about thy body  
Absorb thy body  
Hold and hide thy body  
Thou dark one

Would that I were a flame  
But one sharp, leaping flame  
To annihilate thy body  
Thou dark one

- *Langston Hughes*

**Feet O' Jesus**

At the feet o' Jesus  
Sorrow like a sea  
Lordy, let yo' mercy  
Come driftin' down on me

At the feet o' Jesus  
At yo' feet I stand  
O, ma little Jesus  
Please reach out yo' hand

- *Langston Hughes*

**We Have Tomorrow**

We have tomorrow  
Bright before us  
Like a flame.

Yesterday  
A night- gone thing,  
A sun-down name.

And dawn-today  
Broad arch above the road we came.

- *Langston Hughes*

**Hold Fast to Dreams**

Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.

- *Langston Hughes*