



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Layla Dean, mezzo-soprano
with John Cozza, piano

"Di Tanti Palpiti" from *Tancredi*

Giaochino Rossini (1792-1868)

La lune paresseuse
Ma première lettre
Viens, mon bien-aimé

Cécile Chaminade (1857-1944)

From *Zwei Gesänge*, Op. 91
Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

with Emily Svendsen, viola

INTERMISSION

Automne

Zou Hao (b. 1996)

with Elena Bolha, cello

The Little Crocodile
The Mock Turtle's Song

John Duke (1899-1984)

From *Four Songs for Voice and Piano*, Op. 29
Within Thy Heart
Sleep, Little Darling
Haste, O Beloved

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

"Faites-lui mes aveux" from *Faust*

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

"Belle Nuit, Ô Nuit d'Amor" from *Les contes d'Hoffmann*

Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)

with Nicole Young, soprano

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



MONDAY, 6:00 P.M.
APRIL 3, 2023
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Layla Dean, mezzo-soprano
Senior Recital — April 3, 2023
Text & Translations

“Di Tanti Palpiti” from *Tancredi*

In Act 1, Scene 5, Tancredi returns to Syracuse, singing of his love for his homeland and his beloved, Amenaide.

Oh patria! Dolce, e ingrata patria! Alfine
a te ritorno! Io ti saluto, o cara
terra degli avi miei: ti bacio. È questo
per me giorno sereno:
comincia il cor a respirarmi in seno.

Amenaide! O mio pensier soave,
solo de' miei sospir, de' voti miei
celestes oggetto, io venni alfin: io voglio,
sfidando il mio destino, qualunque sia,
meritarti, o perir, anima mia.

Tu che accendi questo core,
tu che desti il valor mio,
alma gloria, dolce amore,
secondate il del desio,
cada un empio traditore,
coronate la mia fé.

Di tanti palpiti,
di tante pene,
da te mio bene,
spero mercé.
Mi rivedrai...
ti rivedro...
ne' tuoi bei rai
mi pascerò.

Deliri, sospiri,
accenti, contenti!
Sarà felice, il cor mel dice,
il mio destino vicino a te.

– *Gaetano Rossi*

La lune paresseuse

Dans un rayon de crépuscule
S'endort la libellule;
Le rossignol s'est endormi
Sure la branche d'une chêne ami,
L'herbage est plein de lucioles,
Le ciel d'étoiles folles,
Et pourtant la lune qui luit
Laisse ses ombres a la nuit.

Oh homeland! Sweet, yet ungrateful homeland! At last
I return to you! I greet you, O beloved
land of my forefathers: I kiss you. This is
a peaceful day for me:
my heart awakens in my breast.

Amenaide! O dear object of my thoughts,
my single source of yearning, of my prayers
their heavenly motive, at last I have come: I want,
notwithstanding my fate, whatever it may be,
to be worthy of you, or to die, my love.

You who rouse this heart,
you who inspire my courage,
proud spirit, sweet love,
sustain my splendid wish:
may a wicked traitor fall;
reward my faith.

Amidst so much anguish,
so much suffering,
from you, my beloved,
I hope to receive mercy.
You will see me again...
I will see you again...
Your radiant gaze
will nourish me.

Ecstasy, yearning,
tender words, contentment!
Happy will be—my heart tells me so—
my destiny beside you.

The Lazy Moon

In a ray of twilight
The dragonfly falls asleep;
The nightingale is already asleep
On the branch of a friendly oak,
The grass is full of fireflies,
The sky with twinkling stars,
And yet the shining moon
allows the night its shadows.

Mollement, Lune, tu reposes
Sous des nuages roses...
Oh! La paresseuse, pourquoi
Te jouer de mon tendre émoi?

Toujours voilée à l'heure douce
Où, glissant sur la mousse,
Les cigales chantent moins fort,
Tu ne te montres pas encor!

Lève-toi! Brillante et sereine,
Viens éclairer la plaine!
Lune d'argent, Lune au front blanc,
Illumine mon bras tremblant!
Frôle de ta lumière pure
L'or de ma chevelure:
Car c'est bientôt que va passer
Sur la route mon fiancé!

– *Charles de Bussy*

Ma première lettre

Hélas! Que nous oublions vite...
J'y songeais hier en trouvant
Une petite lettre écrite
Lorsque je n'étais qu'une enfant.

Je lus jusqu'à la signature
Sans ressentir le moindre émoi,
Sans reconnaître l'écriture,
Et sans voir qu'elle était de moi.

En vain je voulus la relire,
Me rappeler, faire un effort...
J'ai pu penser cela, l'écrire,
Mais le souvenir en est mort!

Ô la pauvre naïve lettre,
Écrite encor si gauchement...
Mais j'y songe, c'était peut-être
Ma première, un événement!

Jadis à ma mère ravie
Je l'ai montrée en triomphant.
Est-il possible qu'on oublie
Sa première lettre d'enfant!

Et puis le temps vient où l'on aime,
Et l'on écrit... et puis un jour,
Un jour on l'oubliera de même,
Sa première lettre d'amour!

– *Rosemonde Gérard*

Softly, Moon, you rest
beneath some pink clouds...
Oh! Lazy one, why
Do you play with my tender emotions?

You are always hidden at the gentle time
when, gliding over the moss,
the crickets sing less strongly,
you still do not rise!

Arise! Brilliant and serene,
Come brighten the plain!
Moon of silver, Moon with the white face,
Illuminate my trembling arms!
Brush with your pure light
the gold of my hair:
for soon will pass
my fiancé upon the road!

My First Letter

Alas! How quickly we forget...
I thought yesterday while finding
A short letter written
When I was not but a little one.

I read as far as the signature
Without feeling the slightest emotion,
Without recognizing the handwriting,
And without seeing that it was written by me.

In vain I tried to reread it,
To remember it, I tried...
I had once been able to think that, and write it,
But the memory of it is dead!

Oh the poor naïve letter,
Written so awkwardly...
But I think it was perhaps
My first—an important event!

Once to my delighted mother,
I showed it triumphantly.
Is it possible to forget
One's first letter as a child?

And then the time comes when one falls in love,
And one writes... and then one day,
One day that that will also be forgotten,
One's first love letter!

Viens, mon bien-aimé!

Les beaux jour vont enfin renaître,
Le voici, l'avril embaumé!
Un frisson d'amour me pénètre,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Ils ont fui, le longs soirs moroses,
Déjà le jardin parfumé
Se remplit d'oiseaux et de roses,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Soleil, de ta brûlante ivresse,
J'ai senti mon cœur enflammé,
Plus enivrante est ta caresse,
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

Tout se tait, de millions d'étoiles
Le ciel profond est parsemé,
Quand sur nous la nuit met ses voiles:
Viens! mon bien-aimé!

– *Armand Lafrique*

Gestillte Sehnsucht

In gold'nen Abendschein getaucht,
Wie feierlich die Wälder steh'n!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Weh'n.

Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?

Beim Lispeln der Winder, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenen Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold'ne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt;

Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

– *Friedrich Rückert*

Come, my beloved!

The beautiful days will return at last,
Fragrant April is here!
A shiver of love passes through me:
Come, my beloved!

They have fled, the long gloomy evenings,
Already the scented garden
Fills itself with birds and with roses:
Come, my beloved!

Sun, with your burning intoxication,
I have felt in my heart inflamed,
More intoxicating is your caress,
Come, my beloved!

Everything falls silent, with millions of stars
the deep sky is dotted,
When the night casts her veil over us:
Come, my beloved!

Stilled Longing

Immersed in golden evening light,
How solemn the forests stand!
Into the soft voices of the little birds
Breathes the gentle breeze of the evening wind.

What does the wind whisper to the little birds?
They whisper the world into slumber.

You desires, that are always stirring
In my heart without rest or peace!
You longings, that move my heart,
When do you rest, when do you slumber?

To the whispering of the wind, the little birds,
You longing desires, when will you fall asleep?

Ah, when no longer into the golden distance
My spirit on dream-wings hurries,
No longer on the eternally distant stars
With longing gaze my eye dwells;

Then whispers the wind, the little birds,
with my longing, my life.

Geistliches Wiegenlied

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heiligen Engel, stillt die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise besänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset herniederk,
Womit nur deck' ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

– *Emanuel von Geibel* (after a text in Spanish by
Lope Felix de Vega Carpio)

Automne

Automne au ciel brumeaux, aux horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées,
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon cœur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

– *Armand Silvestre*

Spiritual Lullaby

You who hover
About these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels, silence the treetops!
Here sleeps my child.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the wind's roaring,
How can you today
So angrily whistle!
Oh roar not so!
Be still, bow down
Yourselves softly and gently;
Silence the treetops!
Here sleeps my child.

The boy of heaven
Endures discomfort,
Ah, how very tired he became
From the pain of the earth.
Ah, now to sleep
Quietly soothed,
The pain melts away.
Silence the treetops!
Here sleeps my child.

Fierce cold
Rushes downwards,
With what do I cover
The little child's limbs?
Oh, all you angels,
You who are winged,
Wandering in the wind,
Silence the treetops!
Here sleeps my child.

Autumn

Autumn of misty skies, of heart-breaking horizons,
with rapid sunsets, with pale dawns,
I watch flow by, like the water of the torrent,
Your melancholy days.

I feel, in the clear sunlight of triumphant memory,
The loose roses flowering again in bouquets,
And tears rise to my eyes, which my heart
In my twenty years had forgotten!

The Little Crocodile

How doth the little crocodile improve his shining tail?
And pour the waters of the Nile on every golden scale?
How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in with gentle, smiling jaws.

– *Lewis Carroll*

The Mock Turtle's Song

Beautiful soup, so rich and green,
Waiting in a hot tureen,
Who for such dainties would not stoop?
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!

Beautiful soup, beautiful soup,
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!

Beautiful soup, who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else
For two pennie's worth only of beautiful soup?

Beautiful soup, beautiful soup,
Soup of the evening, beautiful soup!

– *Lewis Carroll*

Within Thy Heart

My love to thee I give,
For thou my love hast won,
Deep in my heart to live,
Thy glance a sunbeam shone.

My life to thee I give,
For thou art life to me,
Within thy heart to live
Forever, heaven would be!

— *Amy Beach*

Sleep, Little Darling

Soft sleeps the earth in moonlight blest,
Soft sleeps the bough above the nest,
O'er lonely depths,
The whippoorwill breathes one faint note,
And all is still.

Sleep, little darling, night is long,
Sleep while I sing thy cradle song.

About thy dream, the drooping flower
Blows her sweet breath from hour to hour,
And white the great moon spreads her wings,
while low, while far the dear earth swings.

Sleep, little darling, all night long,
The winds shall sing thy slumber song.

Powers of the Earth and of the air
Shall have thee in thy mother care,
And hosts of heaven, together prest,
Bend over thee, their last, their best.

Hush, little darling, from the deep
Some mighty wing shall fan thy sleep.

— *Harriet Prescott Spofford*

Haste, O Beloved

Haste, O beloved, haste!
The truant hours steal by,
In thy dear presence lives surcease of pain,
On tireless wings I conjure thee to fly,
Then all the world will blossom sweet again.

Haste, O beloved haste!
In my heart's sunny clime,
I'll crown thee monarch of a realm secure,
Together we'll transform both tide and time,
Long as the Silvern Cord or Golden Bowl endure.

Haste, O beloved, haste!
Earth links thy soul with mine,
Life's sands drift ever to that Fateful shore,
But Love's fixed Star eternal there will shine,
And we be parted ne'er forevermore!

— *William A. Sparrow*

“Faites-lui mes aveux” from *Faust*

At the beginning of Act III, Siebel sings in Marguerite’s garden, asking the flowers to deliver his message of love.

Faites-lui mes aveux, portez mes vœux!
Fleurs écloses près d’elle,
Dites-lui qu’elle est belle,
Que mon cœur, nuit et jour, languit d’amour!

Confess to her; tell her of my desires,
Flowers that bloom near to her,
Tell her that she is beautiful,
That my heart, night and day, longs for love!

Faites-lui mes aveux, portez mes vœux!
Révélez à son âme le secret de ma flamme!
Qu’il s’exhaule avec vous parfums plus doux!

Confess to her; tell her of my desires,
Reveal to her soul the secret of my passion!
May your perfume be all the more sweet!

Fanée! Hélas!
Ce sorcier que Dieu damne, m’a porté malheur!
Je ne puis, sans qu’elle se fane, toucher une fleur.
Si je trempais mes doigts dans l’eau bénite!
C’est là que chaque soir vient prier Marguerite!
Voyons maintenant! Voyons vite! Elles se fanent?
Non! Satan, je ris de toi!

Wilted! Alas!
That sorcerer who God damns has brought me bad luck!
I cannot touch a flower without it withering.
What if I dipped my fingers into holy water?
It is here that Marguerite comes to pray every evening.
Let’s see now! Let’s see quickly! Are they wilting?
No! Satan, I laugh at you!

C’est en vous que j’ai foi, parlez pour moi!
Qu’elle puisse connaître l’émotion qu’elle a fait naître,
Et dont mon cœur troublé n’a point parlé!

It is in you I have faith, speak for me!
May she know the emotion she has caused to be born,
And of which my troubled heart has not yet spoken!

C’est en vous que j’ai foi, parlez pour moi!
Si l’amour l’effarouche,
Que la fleur sur sa bouche
Sache au moins déposer un doux baiser!

It is in you I have faith, speak for me!
If my love alarms her,
May the flower upon her mouth
Know at least to place a gentle kiss!

– *Jules Barbier & Michel Carré* (after the drama
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

by

Belle nuit, ô nuit d’amour

Belle nuit, ô nuit d’amour,
Souris à nos ivresses.
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô belle nuit d’amour.

Beautiful night, oh night of love

Beautiful night, oh night of love,
Smile at our drunkenness.
Night more sweet than the day,
Oh beautiful night of love.

Le temps fuit, et sans retour.
Emporte nos tendresses!
Loin de cet heureux séjour,
Le temps fuit sans retour.

Time flies and will not return again.
Carries away our tenderness!
Far from this happy place,
Time flies and will not return.

Zéphyr embrasés, versez-nous vos caresses,
Zéphyr embrasés, Donnez-nous vos baisers!

Zephyrs burning, pour on us your caresses,
Zephyrs burning, give us your kisses!

Belle nuit, ô nuit d’amour,
Souris à nos ivresses.
Nuit plus douce que le jour,
Ô belle nuit d’amour.

Beautiful night, oh night of love,
Smile at our drunkenness.
Night more sweet than the day,
Oh beautiful night of love.

– *Jules Barbier* (after three stories by *E. T. A. Hoffman*)