



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Leah Woods, soprano
John Cozza, piano

Ultima rosa
Se tra l'erba

Riccardo Zandonai (1883-1944)
Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Dein blaues Auge, Op. 59 No. 8
Ständchen "Der Mond steht über dem Berg", Op. 106 No. 1
Feldseinkheit
Die Stille Lotosblume

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Domine Deus

Antonio Vivaldi (1669-1741)

INTERMISSION

Chanson d'amour
Aurore
Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Reynaldo Hahn (1875-1947)

Will there really be a morning
Satisfaction
The Red Dress
Bee! I'm expecting you (*Six poems by Emily Dickinson*)

Ricki Ian Gordon (b. 1956)
William Bolcom (b. 1938)
Ricki Ian Gordon
John Duke (1899-1984)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Education.
Leah Woods is a student of Julie Miller.*



FRIDAY, 4:00 P.M.
APRIL 5, 2024
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ultima Rosa

Ultima rosa, a la luna
Tu guardi nivea, morenete
Ebbra di celesti amori.

Dici il mistero a la luna
Perché sie soave olente,
Perché sei splendida e muori.

Attonita ode la luna,
Tace, ti mira dolente,
O folle dama dei Fiori

- Antonio Fogazzaro

Se tra l'erba

Se tra l'erba un rio novello
Balza e corre verso il mare,
Se rinverdì il fraticello,
Primavera è per torbare...

Coi tuoi riccoili vaganti
Scherzo il mite zefritto,
Mentre vai pei verzicanti
Prati stretta sul mio petto;
Bella, bella, m'è la vita allor!

Ma se tutto discolora
E s'oscura l'orizzonte,
Piove a valle, tuona a monte;
Triste il verno torna ancora ..
Io sto solo, e van fugaci
Colle nebbie dicembrine
Tutti i canti, tutti i baci
Delle labra tue divine;
Triste, triste m'è la vita allor!

- Alberto Donaudy

The Last Rose

Last rose, to the moon
You turn your pure white gaze, dying,
Drunk with heavenly love.

You reveal the mystery to the moon
Why you're so sweetly perfumed
Why so splendid, yet you die

The moon listens, shocked,
In silence she looks down on you
O silly flower woman.

If in the grass

If in the grass a new spring
Bursts and runs to the sea,
If the meadow turns green,
Spring is about to come again...

The gentle breeze plays
With your loose curls,
As you walk through the green fields
Held tight to my breast;
Life's beautiful then, so beautiful!

But if all turns brown
And the horizon closes in,
With rain in the valley and thunder in the hills;
The dreary winter's come back...
And I'm alone, and oh so quickly
Into the December mists
Do all those songs and kisses,
From your divine lips, disappear;
Life's sad then, so sad!

Johannes Brahms was a German composer and pianist of the Romantic period. Brahms composed over 200 Lied, and many other genres including symphonies, concertos, choral compositions, piano works and more. Brahms had close ties to Robert and Clara Schumann, both significant composers in the Romantic period, Robert Schumann was largely responsible for Brahms rapid growth in popularity after he wrote positively about his compositions in the periodical "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik". Scholars hallmark this as a turning point in his career, as he went on to become one of the greatest composers of the romantic era. *Dein blaues Auge*, *Ständchen*, and *Feldeinsamkeit* come from different song cycles, each representing multiple poets' text.

Clara Schumann, who also was an influential Romantic era composer, composed mainly solo piano works as well as trios, concertos, and Lieder. Schumann began performing, touring and composing in her childhood. Her first composition, Piano Concerto in A minor, was premiered when she was sixteen featuring herself as the soloist, and Felix Mendelssohn as the conductor. Schumann continued to compose and perform throughout her life, and she also taught piano at the conservatory, Frankfurt am Main, where she was the only women faculty member. *Die Stille Lotosblume* is a part of the song cycle *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 13, which she wrote in her early twenties after being married to the famous composer Robert Schumann.

Dein blaues Auge

Dein blaues Auge hält so still,
Ich blicke bis zum Grund.
Du fragst mich, was ich sehen will?
Ich sehe mich gesund.

Es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:
Das deine ist wie See so klar
Und wie ein See so kühl.

- *Klaus Groth*

Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut':
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der studenten drei,
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither,
Und Spielen und Singen dabei

Die Klänge schleichen der schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: vergiß nicht mein

- *Franz Kugler*

Feldeinsamkeit

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn' Unterlaß,
Von Himmelsbläue wundersam umwoben.

Die schönen weißen Wolken ziehn dahin
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume;
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin,
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

- *Hermann Allmers*

Your Blue Eyes

Your blue eyes stay so still,
I look into their depths.
You ask me what I seek to see?
Myself restored to health.

A pair of ardent eyes have burnt me,
The pain of it still throbs:
Your eyes are limpid as a lake,
And like a lake as cool.

- *Emily Ezust*

Serenade

The moon shines over the mountain,
Just right for the people in love;
A fountain purls in the garden –
Otherwise silence far and wide.

By the wall in the shadows,
Three students stand
With flute and fiddle and zither,
And sing and play.

The sound steals softly into the dreams
Of the loveliest of girls,
She sees her fair-headed lover
And whispers "Remember me."

- *Richard Stokes*

Alone in the Fields

I rest at peace in tall green grass
And gaze steadily aloft,
Surrounded by unceasing crickets,
Wondrously interwoven with blue sky.

The lovely white clouds go drifting by
Through the deep blue, like lovely silent dreams;
I feel as if I have long been dead,
Drifting happily with them through eternal space

- *Richard Stokes*

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

Domine Deus

Domine Deus, rex coelestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.

Chanson d'amour

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.

J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!

J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!
- Armand Silvestre

Aurore

Des jardins de la nuit s'envolent les étoiles,
Abeilles d'or qu'attire un invisible miel,
Et l'aube, au loin tendant la candeur de ses toiles,

The Silent Lotus Flower

The silent lotus flower,
Rises out of the blue lake,
Its leaves glitter and glow,
Its cup is as white as snow.

The moon then pours from heaven
All it's golden light,
Pours all its rays
Into the lotus flower's bosom.

In the water, round the flower,
A white swan circles,
It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And gazes on the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
And wishes to die as it sings.
O flower, white flower,
Can you fathom the song?
- Richard Stokes

Lord God

Lord God, Heavenly king,
God Almighty Father.

Love Song

I love your eyes, I love your brow,
O my rebel, O my wild one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth
Where my kisses shall dissolve.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Charm of all you say,
O my rebel, O my dear angel,
My inferno and my paradise.

I love all that makes you beautiful
From your feet to your hair,
O you the object of all my vows,
O my wild one, O my rebel.
- Richard Stokes

Dawn

From the gardens of night the stars fly away,
Like golden bees which an invisible honey lures,
And the dawn, afar, stretching the innocence of
its cloths,

Trame de fils d'argent le manteau bleu du ciel.

Laces the blue mantle of the sky with threads of silver.

Du jardin de mon cœur qu'un rêve lent enivre

From the garden of my heart that a slow dream intoxicates

S'envolent mes désirs sur les pas du matin,
Comme un essaim léger qu'à l'horizon de cuivre
Appelle un chant plaintif, éternel et lointain.

My desires fly away on the footsteps of morning,
Like a light swarm which, on the copper horizon,
A plaintive song calls, eternal and distant.

Ils volent à tes pieds, astres chassés des nues,
Éxilé du ciel d'or où fleurit ta beauté

They fly to your feet, stars chased by the clouds,
Exiled from the golden sky where your beauty
flowers

Et, cherchant jusqu'à toi des routes inconnues,
Mêlent au jour naissant leur mourante clarté.

and, searching for unknown routes leading to you,
mix their fading brilliance into the dawning day.

- *Armand Silvestre*

- *Christopher Goldsack*

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau.

If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes
Comme l'esprit.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour.

Like the mind.
Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love.

- *Victor Hugo*

- *Richard Stokes*

Ricky Ian Gordon is an American composer most known for composing art songs, operas, cabaret music, and musical theater pieces. He studied composition at Carnegie Mellon University, and he's since won multiple awards for his compositions, including the 2003 Alumni Merit Award for exceptional achievement and leadership from Carnegie Mellon University, and the Stephen Sondheim Award. Gordon composed multiple songbooks, including *A Horse with Wings*, which is a collection of art songs that set some of the greatest American poets, such as Emily Dickinson and Dorothy Parker, text to song.

John Duke was an American composer and pianist, he's most famous for his English art song and wrote over 265 in his time. Duke was a student of the Peabody Conservatory, where he studied theory and composition with Gustav Strube and piano with Harold Randolph. After college, he played in the New York Philharmonic, continued to compose, and later taught Piano at Smith College. Duke is known particularly for setting American poets' text to song, "Bee! I am Expecting You!" is the sixth song from his *Six Poems by Emily Dickinson* for soprano and piano.

William Bolcom is an American composer who was a champion of both classical and popular music and is known for composing in multiple styles of music such as keyboard, chamber, operatic, choral, cabaret,

ragtime, and symphonic music. He also is a performer of his own work and accompanies other artists including his partner mezzo-soprano Joan Morris. Notably, Bolcom has received the National medal of Arts, Pulitzer Prize and a Grammy. Satisfaction is a part of Bolcom's third volume of cabaret songs, which he premiered in 1997 in New York City accompanying Morris.

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 Man from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!
- Emily Dickinson

The Red Dress

I always saw, I always said
If I were grown and free,
I'd have a gown of reddest red
As fine as you could see,

To wear out walking, sleek and slow,
Upon a summer day,
And there'd be one to see me so
And flip the world away.

And he would be a gallant one,
With stars behind his eyes,
And hair like metal in the sun,
And lips too warm for lies.

I always saw us, gay and good,
High honored in the town.
Now I am grown to womanhood...
I have the silly gown.
- Dorothy Parker

Satisfaction

When you look for something grand, and ample
Take a bee, for a sample
Sits a second on a rose,
Sips a bit and goes;
Satisfaction after all
Can be sweet, and small.

- Arnold Weinstein

Bee! I'm expecting you!

Bee! I'm expecting you!
Was saying Yesterday
To somebody you know
That you were due –

The frogs got home last week –
Are settled, and at work –
Birds, mostly back –
The clover warm and thick –

You'll get my letter by
The seventeenth; Reply
Or better, be with me –
Yours, Fly.

- Emily Dickinson