



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
SENIOR RECITAL

**Ryan Antillon, baritone**  
**John Cozza, piano**

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Strike the viol Henry Purcell (1659-1695)  
Riddle 48 (*Riddle Songs*) Scott Perkins (b.1980)  
We sing to Him (*Harmonia Sacra*) Henry Purcell

Si tra i ceppi (*Berenice*) G.F. Handel (1685-1759)

Avant de quitter ces lieux (*Faust*) Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

INTERMISSION

Я помню чудное мгновенье Mikhail Glinka (1804-1857)  
Нет, только тот, кто знал Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)  
О, спой же ту песню Piotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

When the air sings of summer Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)  
(Bob's Aria from *The Old Maid and the Thief*)

Skogen sover Hugo Alfven (1872-1960)  
Så tag mit hjerte Hugo Alfven  
Fylgia Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements  
for the degrees Bachelor of Music in Performance and Music Education.  
Ryan Antillon is a student of Professor Claudia Kitka.*



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FRIDAY, 7:00 P.M.  
MAY 12, 2023  
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

**Ryan Antillon, Baritone**  
**Bachelor of Music in Performance and Music Education**  
**Friday, May 12, 2023, 7:00 pm**  
**Texts, Translations, and Notes**

**Strike the viol**

Strike the viol, touch the lute,  
Wake the harp, inspire the flute.  
Sing your patroness's praise,  
In cheerful and harmonious lays.

**Riddle 48 (Riddle Songs)**

*This text comes from the Exeter Book, one of the very few extant anthologies of Old English literature. Riddle 48 is one of nearly 100 riddles, all of which lack a provided solution. This setting contains a musical riddle that reflects its subject.*

--- Scott Perkins

I beheld a radiant ring intercede for men,  
a treasure with no tongue, though it did not cry out  
with a loud voice or use strong words. It spoke  
silently before men:  
"Save me, Helper of Souls."  
May those who read the red gold's  
secret saying wisely entrust  
their salvation to God, as that ring said.

**We sing to Him (Harmonia Sacra)**

We sing to Him, whose wisdom formed the ear, our  
songs, let Him who gave us voices, hear; we joy in  
God, who is the Spring of mirth, who loves the  
harmony of Heav'n and Earth; our humble sonnets  
shall that praise rehearse, who is the music of the  
Universe.

And whilst we sing, we consecrate our art,  
and offer up with ev'ry tongue a heart.

**Si tra i ceppi (Berenice)**

*Handel brought Italian opera to London in 1711 and his operas were very successful there for more than 20 years. However, by 1737, **Berenice, Queen of Egypt**, one of three Italian operas Handel wrote that season, had only four performances at Covent Garden. In the mid-twentieth century there was a revival of Baroque music and this opera, like many*

*others, is now performed at festivals and opera houses throughout the world. The plot is very complicated both politically and romantically. In Act II, Demetrio is imprisoned by the Queen in part because she has discovered he loves her sister instead of her.*

Yes, even in chains and bonds my faith will be  
resplendent. No, not even Death itself will put out  
my fire.

**Avant de quitter ces lieux (Faust)**

*Gounod's opera **Faust**, based on Goethe's drama, premiered in Paris in 1859. During the following decade it was not well received by the public or the critics. A revival in 1869 began a period of great popularity for the opera, resulting in over a thousand performances over the next forty years. In 1883, it was selected to open the newly-founded Metropolitan Opera in New York. The title character, aging and sick of life, trades his soul to the devil, Mephistopheles, to be youthful so he can have the beautiful Marguerite. In Act II, Marguerite's brother, Valentin, believing he will be protected by a sacred medallion, must join the army. In this aria he asks God to protect his sister in his absence.*

Before I leave this town, my forefathers' native  
place, to you, Lord and King of Heaven, do I entrust  
my sister.

I beg you to defend her from every peril,  
My beloved sister.

Freed from this harrowing thought, I shall seek  
glory in the enemy's ranks, the first, the bravest, in  
the thick of the fray, I shall go and fight for my  
country and if God should call me to his side, I shall  
faithfully watch over you, O Marguerite.

Before I leave . . . O King of Heaven, hear my prayer  
and defend Marguerite,  
O King of Heaven.

**INTERMISSION**

### **Я помню чудное мгновенье**

I recall the wonderful moment:  
You appeared before me,  
Like a fleeting apparition,  
Like a genius of pure beauty.

In anguish of my hopeless sadness,  
In troubles of the noisy bustle of life,  
I often heard your tender voice,  
And dreamt of your heavenly features.

The years went by. Restless gusts of storms  
Dispersed my former dreams,  
And I forgot your tender voice,  
And your heavenly features.

In isolation, in the darkness of captivity  
My days dragged by silently;  
Deprived of a deity and inspiration,  
Deprived of tears and life and love.

My soul awoke,  
And here again you appeared,  
Like a fleeting apparition,  
Like a genius of pure beauty.

And the heart is beating with ecstasy,  
And for it revived again  
The deity and inspiration,  
And life, and tears, and love.

### **Нет, только тот, кто знал**

None but the lonely heart knows what it is  
to long for one's beloveds and can know  
how I have suffered and I suffer still.

I gaze into the distance, but my strength  
fails me, my sight grows dim. Ah, the one  
who loved me and knew me best is far  
away now!

My breast is all aflame; only he who has  
known what it is to long for one's beloved  
knows how I have suffered and suffer still.

### **О, спой же ту песню**

Oh, sing that song, my dear,  
That you sang in the old days,  
In those days when I was a child,  
You suddenly sang a song,  
And I dozed on your knees  
To the sound of that song.

You sang, tormented by longing;  
From dark, pensive eyes  
A tear rolled after a tear . . .  
You sang long and sadly . . .  
I loved the simple melody, though  
I couldn't understand the words . . .

Oh, sing that song, dear,  
As you sang it in the old days;  
It took me a long time to understand its  
meaning! And let the familiar sounds,  
Heartbroken, fall asleep, a sleep that heals  
all the torment.

Oh, sing that song, dear,  
As you sang it in the old days!  
Oh, sing that song!  
Sing that song,  
As she sang it in the old days!

**When the air sings of summer  
(Bob's aria from *The Old Maid & The Thief*)**

*Bob is preparing to leave the spinster Miss Todd's house and make his way back out into the world again. He has been living in luxury (for him) for the first time in his life while staying with Miss Todd and her much-younger maid, Laetitia, but being a vagabond, he cannot resist the allure and freedom of the open road.*

When the air sings of summer, I must wander again. Sweet landlord is the sky, rich house is the plain, and to live is to wander through the sun and the rain. When the air sings of summer, I must wander again.

First you wander in youth and joy, then you'll wander to still the fears in an old heart. First you wander to find your love, then you'll wander to hide your tears, for a wanderer must depart.

When a man owns a house he is a bird in a cage whose captivity pain is sweetened with age. Ah! The sharp joy of freedom is my loss and my gain.

When the air sings of summer, I must wander again.

**Skogen sover**

The forest sleeps, a ray of sunlight flickers in the firmament.  
Day stands guard through the June night.  
Her merry laughter has just fallen silent.  
Already she is asleep.  
I sat down silent at her side.  
Love watches over its treasure,  
Love watches in the June night.

**Så tag mit hjerte**

Then take my heart into your hands  
But take it gently, take it with care  
The red, red heart, it's yours if you dare.

It beats so calmly, it beats so low  
Loved, hurt and lost it still endures  
Now it is quiet, now it is yours.

It can be wounded, and it can sink  
And it can slip, and forget what it knew  
But it never forgets it belongs to you.

It was so strong, so proud, my heart  
It slept and dreamed in pleasure and play.  
Now it can be broken, but only by you.

**Fylgia**

Fylgia, Fylgia, fly not from me,  
when I am drawn by baseness to the mire,  
you shy, noble one, flee not from me  
when I block out your pliant figure  
with despicable thoughts,  
you hover in beauty and starlight  
and dreams of light  
my vision so near to me,  
but as far away as the distant sky,  
you longed-for, unreachable one,  
maiden of longed-for beauty,  
dressed in life's most ethereal clear silver,  
with happy features and the shimmer of  
briar rose on your skin.

Fylgia, Fylgia, fly not from me,  
shy, noble one, flee not from me,  
you, my longed-for beauty,  
you, my comfort and protection  
from the days' sorrows,  
in the vision of night!