



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Nicole Young, soprano
John Cozza, piano

"Chacun le sait" (from *La fille du régiment*) Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Bella porta di rubini Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)
Stornellatrice

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen, D.965 Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
with Janice Calvento, clarinet

INTERMISSION

"Be kind and courteous" (from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Chevaux de bois (from *Ariettes Oubliées*, L. 60) Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Paysage Sentimental, L. 45

Mignon und der Harfner, D.887/1 Franz Schubert
with Jake Michael, tenor

Heiss mich nicht Reden, Op. 98a/5 Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Kennst du das Land (from *Goethe-Lieder*) Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

"Hello! Oh, Margaret, it's you" (from *The Telephone*) Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

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



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.
MAY 2, 2023
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Nicole Young – May 2, 2023

“Chacun le sait” from *La fille du régiment*

Because he saved her life, Marie convinces the soldiers of the 21st French Regiment to spare a Tyrolean peasant, Tonio, from a life of imprisonment. The soldiers toast to Tonio as Marie invigorates the soldiers with a regimental song.

Chacun le sait, chacun le dit,
le régiment par excellence.
Le seul à qui l'on fass' crédit
dans tous les cabarets de France!
Le régiment, en tous pays,
l'effroi des amants des maris.
Mais de la beauté bien suprême!
Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!
Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!
Il est là, il est là, le voilà,
Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

Il a gagné tant de combats,
que notre empereur, on le pense,
fera chacun de ses soldats,
a la paix, maréchal de France!
Car, c'est connu le régiment,
Le plus vainqueur, le plus charmant,
Qu'un sexe craint, et que l'autre aime.
Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!
Le voilà, le voilà, le voilà, corbleu!
Il est là, il est là, le voilà,
Le beau Vingt-et-unième!

Bella porta di rubini

Bella porta di rubini
ch'apri il varco ai dolci accenti,
se nei risi peregrini
scopri perle rilucenti,
su d'amor dolce aura spiri,
refrigerio a miei martiri.

Vezzosetta e fresca rosa,
umidetto e dolce labbro,
ch'hai la manna rugiadosa
sul bellissimo cinabro,
non parlar ma ridi e taci:
sien gli accenti i nostri baci.

Everyone knows it, everyone says it,
the regiment above all.
The only one to which everyone gives credit
in all the taverns of France!
The regiment, in all countries,
the terror of lovers, of husbands.
But definitely superior to those of beauty!
It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
It is there, it is there, it is there,
The handsome Twenty-first!

It has won so many battles,
that our emperor, one thinks,
will make every one of our soldiers,
marshall of France in peace-time!
For, it's known the regiment,
the most victorious, the most charming,
Is feared by one sex and loved by the other.
It is there, it is there, it is there, the devil!
Over there, over there, over there, by Jove!
It is there, it is there, it is there,
The handsome Twenty-first!

Beautiful portal of rubies

Beautiful portal of rubies
that opens the way to sweet words,
that in the wandering laughter
uncovers shining pearls,
you breathe the sweet breeze of love,
refreshment to my sufferings.

Caressing and fresh rose,
moist and sweet lips,
you have the dewy manna
on your very beautiful cinnabar,
do not speak, but laugh and be silent:
may our kisses be the words.

Occhietti amati che m'incendete,
perché spietati omai più siete?
splendan sereni, di gioia pieni,
vostri splendori, fiamme di cori.

Bocca vermiglia ch'hai per confini,
o meraviglia, perle e rubini,
quando ridente, quando clemente,
dirai: "Ben mio ardo anch'io!"?

Stornellatrice

Che mi giova cantar: "Fior di betulla:
vorrei tu fossi il sole ed io la stella,
e andar pel cielo e non pensare a nulla!"
Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: nulla?

Che mi vale cantar: "Fiore dei fiori:
tu sei l'amore mio d'oggi e di ieri,
tu sei l'amore mio che mai non muori!"
Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: muori?

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
in's tiefe Tal hernieder seh', und singe.

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
schwingt sich empor der Widerhall der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
je heller sie mir wieder klingt von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
drum seh'n' ich mich so heiß nach ihr hinüber.
In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
mir ist die Freude hin,

auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
so sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
der Frühling, meine Freud',
nun mach' ich mich fertig zum Wandern bereit.

Beloved eyes that inflame me,
why are you still pitiless?
may then shine, full of joy,
your splendors, flames of hearts.

Vermillion mouth, which has for borders,
o marvels, pearls and rubies,
when laughing, when merciful,
will you say "my beloved, I burn too"?

Balladeer

What use is it to sing: "birch blossom:
I wish you were the sun and I a star,
wandering through heaven, thinking of nothing."
If then the echo replies to me: nothing?

What is it worth to me to sing: "Flower of flowers:
you are my love for both today and yesterday,
you are my love who will never die!"
If the echo replies to me: die?

The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
I look down into the deep valley, and sing.

From far away in the deep dark valley
the echo from the ravines rises up.

The further my voice carries,
the clearer it echoes back to me from below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
therefore I long so to be with her over there.
Deep grief consumes me,
my joy has fled,

all earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out longingly through the wood,
rang out so longingly through the night,
that it draws hearts to heaven
with wondrous power.

The spring will come,
spring, my friend,
I shall now make ready to journey.

“Be kind and Courteous” from *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*

At the end of Act I, Tytania, queen of the fairies, is put under a spell to fall in love with the first person she lays eyes on upon awakening. She wakes up the next morning and falls in love with a donkey named Bottom. In this aria, she summons her four fairy attendants to tend to her new lover.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
feed him with apricots and dewberries,
with purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
and for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
and light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
to have my love to bed and to arise!

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L’enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
l’une à la chose et l’autre à la pose,
chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur coeur,
tandis qu’autour de tous vos tournois
clignote l’oeil du filou sournois,
tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C’est étonnant comme ça vous soûle,
d’aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
du mal en masse et du bien en foule!

Tournez, dadas, sans qu’il soit besoin
d’user jamais de nuls éperons
pour commander à vos galops ronds:
tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
la nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe,
de gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
d’astres en or se vêt lentement.
l’église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

Horses of Wood

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
turn often and turn for evermore,
turn and turn to the oboe’s sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
the lad in black and the girl in pink,
one down-to-earth, the other showing off,
each buying a treat with his Sunday penny.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
while the furtive pickpocket’s eye is flashing
as you whirl about and whirl around,
turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
riding like this in this foolish fair:
with an empty stomach and an aching head,
discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you’ll never need
the help of any spur
to make your horses gallop round:
turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls,
nightfall already calls them to supper
and disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
is slowly decked with golden stars.
the church bell tolls a mournful knell.
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Paysage Sentimental

Le ciel d'hiver, si doux, si triste, si dormant,
où le soleil errait parmi des vapeurs blanches,
était pareil au doux, au profond sentiment
qui nous rendait heureux mélancoliquement,
par cet après-midi de baisers sous les branches.

Branches mortes qu'aucun souffle ne remuait,
branches noires avec quelque feuille fanée.
Ah! que ta bouche s'est à ma bouche donnée
plus tendrement encor dans ce grand bois muet,
et dans cette langueur de la mort de l'année!

La mort de Tout sinon de Toi que j'aime tant,
et sinon du bonheur dont mon Ame est comblée,
bonheur qui dort au fond de cette Ame isolée,
mystérieux, paisible et frais comme l'étang
qui pâlisait au fond de la pâle vallée.

Mignon und der Harfner

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt von aller Freude,
Seh' ich an's Firmament
nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
weiss, was ich leide!

Heiss mich nicht Reden

Heiss mich nicht reden, heiss mich schweigen,
denn mein Geheimnis ist mir Pflicht;
Ich möchte dir mein ganzes Innre zeigen,
allein das Schicksal will es nicht.

Zu rechten Zeit vertreibt der Sonne Lauf
die finstre Nacht, und sie muss sich erhellen;
der harte Fels schliesst seinen Busen auf,
missgönnt der Erde nicht die tiefverborgnen
Quellen.

Ein jeder sucht im Arm des Freundes Ruh,
dort kann die Brust in Klagen sich ergiessen.
Allein ein Schwur drückt mir die Lippen zu:
und nur ein Gott vermag sie aufzuschliessen.

Sentimental Landscape

The winter sky, so soft, so sad, so sleepy,
through which the sun drifted in white mists,
was like the soft, the profound sentiment
which made us melancholically happy,
on that afternoon of kisses beneath the branches.

Lifeless branches which no breath stirred,
black branches with withered leaves.
Ah! How your mouth gave itself up to mine
still more tenderly in that great silent wood,
and in this languor of the year's death!

The death of everything except that I love you,
and except for the happiness filling my soul,
happiness that rests deep in this isolated soul,
mysterious, peaceful and cool, like the pond
that grew pale at the bottom of the pale valley.

Mignon and the Harpist

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.
Alone, cut off from all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
in that direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me is far away.
I feel giddy, my intestines are aflame.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer!

Do not bid me to speak

Do not bid me speak; bid me be silent,
for my duty is to keep my secret;
I long to reveal my whole soul to you,
but fate does not permit it.

At the appointed time the sun in its course
drives away the dark night, and day must break;
the hard rock opens its bosom,
and ungrudgingly bestows on the earth its deep-
hidden springs.

Every man seeks peace in the arms of a friend,
there the heart can pour out its sorrows.
But an oath seals my lips:
and only a god can open them.

Kennst du das Land

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn;
im dunklen Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn?
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht:
kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin!
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn!

Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach,
es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan?
Kennst du es wohl?
Dahin! Dahin!
Möcht' ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn!

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;
in Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;
es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut!
Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! Dahin!
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, lass uns ziehn!

Do you know the Land

Do you know the land where citrus trees blossom;
where golden oranges glow amid dark leaves?
A gentle wind blows from the blue sky,
the myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall:
do you know it?
There! There!
I desire to go with you, my beloved!

Do you know the house? Its roof rests on pillars,
the hall gleams, the chamber shimmers,
and marble statues stand and gaze at me:
what have they done to you, poor child?
Do you know it?
There, There!
I desire to go with you, my protector!

Do you know the mountain and its clouded path?
The mule seeks its way through the mist;
in caves the ancient brood of dragons dwells;
the rock falls steeply, and over it the torrent!
Do you know it?
There! There!
Lies our way! O father, let us go!

"Hello! Oh, Margaret, it's you" from *The Telephone*

Obsessed with making telephone calls, Lucy spends her day chatting with friends while her boyfriend, Ben, makes several unsuccessful attempts to propose to her before he leaves for a trip. At the end of the opera, he tries one last time to propose to her, calling her from a nearby phone booth, successfully reaching her and finally getting the "yes" he had been waiting for all day long. In this aria, Lucy receives a phone call from Margaret. The two gossip for a while and by the end, she desperately wishes to hang up.

Hello! Hello!
Oh, Margaret, it's you.
I am so glad you called,
I was just thinking of you.
It's been a long time since you called me.
Who? I? I cannot come tonight.
No, my dear, I'm not feeling very well.
When? Where? I wish I could be there!
I'm afraid I must not. Hello? Hello?
What did you say, my darling?
What did you say? Hello? Hello?
Please speak louder!
I heard the funniest thing!
Jane and Paul are going to get married next July.
Don't you think it is the funniest thing
you ever heard? I know... of course...

And how are you?
And how is John?
And how is Jean?
You must tell them that I send them my love.
And how is Ursula,
and how is Natalie,
and how is Rosalie?
I hope she's gotten over her cold.
And how is your mother,
and how is your father,
and how is dear little granny?

Ha, ha! Ha, ha!
Oh, dear! Well then, good-bye.
I am so glad you called,
I was just thinking of you.
It's been a long time since you called me.
Yes, you already told me that.
No my darling, of course I won't forget!
Yes, goodbye, my dear, good-bye
Yes my darling, good-bye. Yes!
Ha, ha! Ha, ha!
That's the funniest thing I ever heard!
And how are you,
and Bets, and Bob,
and Sara, and Sam?
You must tell them that I send them my love.
And how is the pussycat, how is the dog?
Oh, I'm so glad! Goodbye!
Yes, Margaret!
All right, all right!, good-bye!
All right, all right!, good-bye!
Now, Margaret, goodbye!
So long.