



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Cammie Harris, soprano
John Cozza, piano

My mother bids me bind my hair
Have you seen but a white lily grow
Preach not me your musty rules (Air from *Comus*)

F.J. Haydn (1732-1809)
Anonymous (17th c.)
Thomas Arne (1710-1778)

Du bist wie eine Blume
Lied der Mignon (Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt)
Ich liebe dich

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Tanto sospirerò
Intorno all'idol mio (*Oronthea*)
La vezzosa pastorella

Pietro Paolo Bencini (1700-1755)
Marco Antonio Cesti (1618-1669)
Domenico Brunni (1758-1821)

INTERMISSION

KOREAN ART SONGS

첫사랑 (First Love)
눈 (Snow)

김효근
Kim Hyo Geun (b.1962)

Little Elegy
A Brown Bird Singing
A Spirit Flower

John Duke (1899-1984)
Haydn Wood (1882-1959)
Louis Campbell-Tipton (1877-1921)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree Bachelor of Music in Music Education.
Cammie Harris is a student of Professor Claudia Kitka.*



MONDAY, 7:00 P.M.
MAY 8, 2023
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Cammie Harris, Soprano
Bachelor of Music in Music Education
Monday, May 8, 2023, 7:00 pm
Texts, Translations, and Notes

My mother bids me bind my hair

My mother bids me bind my hair with
bands of rosy hue, Tie up my sleeves with
ribbands rare, and lace my bodice blue.
For why, she cries, sit still and weep, while
others dance and play? Alas! I scarce can
go or creep, while Lubin is away.

Tis sad to think the days are gone, when
those we love are near! I sit upon this
mossy stone, and sigh when none can
hear. And while I spin my flaxen thread,
and sing my simple lay, The village seems
asleep or dead, now Lubin is away.

Have you seen but a white lily grow

Have you seen but a white lily grow, before
rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
before the earth hath smucht it?
Have you felt the wool of beavor?
Or swan's down ever? Or have smelt of the
bud of the briar? Or the nard of the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, o so soft, o so sweet is she, so
sweet is she.

Preach not me your musty rules

Preach not me your musty rules
Ye drones that mould in idle cell.
The heart is wiser than the schools, the
senses always reason well.
If short my span, I less can spare to pass a
single pleasure by.
An hour is long if lost in care, they only live
who life enjoy.

Du bist wie eine Blume

You are like a flower, so lovely and fair and
pure, I look at you, and sadness steals
down into my heart.
I feel as if my hands I should lay upon your
head, Praying that God may keep you so
pure and lovely and fair.

**Lied Der Mignon
(Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt)**

Only he who knows what yearning is,
knows how I suffer!
Alone and cut off from all happiness.
I look up into the sky towards yonder side.
Alas! He who loves and knows me is far
away.
I grow dizzy. I am inwardly inflamed;
Only he who knows what yearning is,
knows how I suffer!

Ich liebe dich

I love you as you love me, at evening and
at morning,
There was no day when you and I did not
share our sorrows.
And for me and you they were, when
shared, an easy burden;
You comforted me in my distress, I wept
when you lamented.
So God's blessing be on you--- you, my
life's delight.
God protect you, keep you for me, protect
and keep us both.

Tanto sospirerò

I will sigh so much, I will languish so much,
That I will make her to understand that I
die for her!

Even my soul will say: "Dearest, I love you!"
I will sigh so much . . .

Intorno all'idol mio (Orontea)

Blow gently around my idol, warm and
pleasant breezes, And on the chosen
cheeks kiss him for me, kind breezes.

Give pleasant dreams to my love, who rests
on the wings of quietness; And you, O
spirits of love, reveal to him my hidden
ardour.

La vezzosa pastorella

The lovely shepherdess went out one
morning,
To gather the rose and jasmine for her
faithful shepherd.
But what a cruel, sharp pain he brings to
her heart:
For neither does she see her shepherd, nor
can she find him, her beloved!
The lovely shepherdess went out one
morning,
To gather the rose and jasmine for her
faithful shepherd.

INTERMISSION

KOREAN ART SONGS

*I fell in love with Korean music when I was
around 7-8 years old; we had the "Myx
Philippines" channel on, which was a
similar concept to an MTV channel that
played songs with music videos---the main
difference between MTV and Myx was that
it played all kinds of pop music from*

*different countries, which also meant I
constantly heard music in different
languages whenever the channel was on.
One day, I heard a song I really liked from a
group called "Girls Generation" and my
love for Korean media and culture just
grew from there. Upon coming to
Sacramento State, I found that the school
offered Elementary Korean and decided to
take two semesters of it to learn more
about phrasing and sentence structure.
The way Korean artists and composers
evoke specific emotions through their
music, and the way they formulate their
words in poem-like ways is incredibly
beautiful and inspiring. I hope to emote
my love for these---very few---Korean art
songs to others and wish to encourage
others to branch out into music of other
cultures and languages as well. We never
know how beautiful music can be until it is
played and translated.*

---- Cammie Harris

첫사랑 (First Love)

The first moment that I saw you, I treasured
the light in my excited heart.
During the difficult times since I could not
speak, I endured it alone.

The moment that our eyes met, I turned
away lest my heart revealed: The time that
we spent together, my heart was full by
itself.

My soul, sincerely pray; whole world, sing
for me. When do I tell my mind to you,
even today, thinking of you only, I live.

The moment that the heart has opened, I
treasured the dream on my trembling lips
Oh, such a brief moment, let it stop forever.
My soul, sing joyfully; whole world, bless us
My heart turned into light and shines upon
you, even today, thinking of you only, I live,
My first love.

눈 (Snow)

When there is snow beautifully on a small
mountain path,
I wish to leave my little footprints eternally
Until my little heart is colored so white,
I wish to wander the white mountain path.

When there is a sound of a lonely winter
bird from afar,
It leaves so large a ripple in my daydream
that I become lost.
I will carve my lover's pure voice on my
heart.
Is it carried by the wind and comes as
snow?

Far into the forest, my heart runs forward,
Yet there is no winter bird to be seen and
only white imagery lingers.
With eyes closed, I shall listen to your
endless song,
I, as white snow, tread along the mountain
path.

Little Elegy

Withouten you, no rose can grow;
No leaf be green if never seen your
sweetest face;
No bird have grace or pow'r to sing;
Or anything
Be kind, or fair, and you nowhere.

A Brown Bird Singing

All through the night there's a little brown
bird singing,
Singing in the hush of the darkness and
the dew.
Would that his song through the stillness
could go winging,
Could go winging to you, to you.
All through the night-time my lovely heart
is singing
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird
ever knew.
Would that the song of my heart could go
a winging,
Could go a winging to you, to you.
All through the night-time my lonely heart
is singing
Sweeter songs of love than the brown bird
ever knew.

A Spirit Flower

My heart was frozen,
Even as the earth that covered thee forever
from my sight.
All thoughts of happiness expired at birth;
Within me naught but black and starless
night!
Down through the winter sunshine
snowflakes came,
All shimm'ring, like to silver butterflies:
They seemed to whisper softly thy dear
name;
They melted with the teardrops from mine
eyes.
But suddenly there bloomed,
Within that hour,
In my poor heart,
So seeming dead, a flower!
Whose fragrance in my life shall ever be
The tender, sacred memory, of thee.