



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Sofía del Pilar Roca Castro

Mezzo Soprano

Ryan Enright, piano

SONGS FROM SPAIN & PERU

Cesa de atormentarme
Claros y frescos ríos
Llanto del Indio

Fernando Sor (1778-1839)
Alonso Mudarra (1510-1580)
Peruvian Folk Song, Yaraví

Patricio Morales, Guitar
Guillermo Villagomez, Guitar, Quena, Zampoña

Se non piange un infelice
La speranza al cor mi dice

Louise Reichardt (1779-1826)
Isabella Colbran (1795-1845)

Va! laissez couler mes larmes (*Werther*)
Près des remparts de Séville (*Carmen*)

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

INTERMISSION

Mignonne
Fi' Nan Bois (*Haitienesques*)

Cécile Chaminade (1855-1944)
Franz Casséus (1915-1993)

Patricio Morales, Guitar

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden
The Green Dog

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)
Herbert Kingsley (1882-1961)

SONGS FROM PERU & COLOMBIA

Catay-chumay
La Pampa y la Puna
Para vivir
Lima

Rosa Mercedes Ayarza de Morales (1881-1969)
Carlos Valderrama (1887-1950)
Patricia Caicedo (b.1969)
Jorge Huirse Reyes (1920-1992)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree Bachelor of Music in Music Education.
Sofía del Pilar Roca Castro is a student of Professor Claudia Kitka.*



WEDNESDAY, 5:00 P.M.
MAY 8, 2024
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Sofía del Pilar Roca Castro
Bachelor of Music in Music Education
Wednesday, May 8, 2024, 5:00 pm
Texts, Translations, and Notes

Cesa de atormentarme

Cease tormenting me, Cruel memory,
reminding me of a time when I was happy.
Happy would I be still, if I could but forget that
happiness.

Claros y frescos ríos

Clear and cool rivers that are content to
follow your natural path;
Barren hills round me that stand in a state
of sad perpetual solitude;
Birds that have the sense to be always singing;
Trees that live and finally also die,
losing and winning at various times;
Listen to me, all of you listen to my voice
that's bitter, hoarse and so full of pain.

For fortune has willed that I have to separate
from the one I could never imagine leaving,
in this time of misfortune I have to tell myself
that now is not my time to die; my soul has to be
firm, for if it were weak death would be shameful;
if I end up in such a bad way, all will speak of my
desperation; and for one who loved so well
it's not good if they say he had a bad death.

English translation by Paul Archer of the text of "Claros y frescos ríos" by Alonso Mudarra (1510-1580) from Tres Libros de Música en cifra para vihuela, Seville, 1546.

Llanto del Indio (Lament of the Indian)

Yaraví, a musical genre that merges Quechua and Spanish song traditions, uses texts that feature the sadness of humanity.

We are redskinned Indians of Atahualpa,
And in our sadness we are just like Sigalpa.
And when the moon appears in the eastern
heavens, Our souls and our minds light up with
hope eternal. Everyone says the Indian's music is
crying; He sings his heartfelt songs – he can't stop
his sighing.

Se non piange un infelice

I an unhappy woman do not weep
Separated from other living beings
When her bridegroom has abandoned her,
Tell me, oh God, who will weep?
Who can say that I weep for no reason,
If at least I hope for happiness,
This miserable comfort done
To gain the pity of others.
If an unhappy woman does not weep
When her bridegroom has abandoned her,
Tell me, O God who will weep?
Oh God! Oh God!

La speranza al cor mi dice

Hope tells my heart that I will know joy again.
But love's deceit appears, and with it, fears
Yet hope comes again and foretells joy to come.

Va! laissez couler mes larmes (Werther)

Massenet's 1892 opera is based on a story by Goethe in which the moody young man, Werther, falls in love with Charlotte, who is promised to and eventually marries another man. Although she remains faithful to her husband, she loves Werther and in this aria tells her sister of her overwhelming sadness.

No, let all my tears continue. They do so much
good, O my dearest! For tears unshed will surely
fall, In the soul they will sink, retreating,
Persistent drops, a sorrowful heart beats, held in
thrall. And thus resistant with grief unspoken, the
heart is weak, tired out by woe. So deep a well will
not overflow. Too frail a heart is crushed and
broken.

Près des remparts de Séville (*Carmen*)

Georges Bizet did not live to see his opera become one of the most often performed, popular operas of all time. The title character, Carmen, is a fiery gypsy working in a cigarette factory. After being restrained because she was fighting with another woman, she sings this aria to lure the naïve soldier Don Jose to release her and then meet her later at Lillas Pastia's tavern.

Near the ramparts of Seville I will dance the seguidilla and drink manzanilla at my good friend Lillas Pastia's tavern. I'll go to my friend Lillas Pastia's house, yes, but all alone is boring. True joy begins when there are two and so, to keep me company, I'll take my lover with me! My lover! He is a devil; I kicked him out yesterday. My poor heart, so consolable, is as free as the air! I have suitors by the dozen, but there is not one that suits my whims.

The week is gone, and no one is chosen:
Who will love me? I will love him!
Who will have my soul? 'Tis for the taking!
You have arrived at the right moment, I do not have time to wait. For beside my new lover, near the walls of Seville, at my good friend Lillas Pastia's, we will soon dance the seguidilla, and drink manzanilla.
Tra la la . . .

INTERMISSION

Mignonne

Beloved, come let us see if the rose
That had this morning unveiled
Her robe of scarlet to the sun,
has lost, this evening any of the folds
of her scarlet robe and her blush, so like yours.

Alas! See how in so short a time,
Alas! Alas! See how in this place
Its beauties have all faded
Oh truly Nature is a cruel stepmother
When such a flower lives
Only from morning until evening.

So, if you believe me, my darling
While your age still flowers
In its most verdant freshness
Gather, gather your youth
For, just as this flower has faded,
Old age will wither your beauty.

Fi' Nan Bois (*Haitiennesques*)

Frantz Casseus, Haitian-American composer, utilized Haitian folk forms and combined them with Classical and Jazz musical influences.

Ooh . . .
I'm the girl in the wood, A girl of strange moods,
Spirits posses me.
Day has come to an end, As night comes,
I stand alone on the path.
The air is sweet all around me,
Guarding spirits surround me;
With my eyes to the skies, I say to life:
"Oh, how beautiful, Oh, what mystery,
Oh what a thrill to be here!"

I'm the girl in the wood, A girl of strange moods,
I am possessed.
Ooh . . .

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden,
It's not so very, very far away;
You pass the gardner's shed and you just keep
straight ahead;
I do so hope they've really come to stay.
There's a little wood with moss in it and beetles
And a little stream that quietly runs through;
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come
merrymaking there,
Well, they do---yes, they do!

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden,
They often have a dance on summer nights;
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.
Did you know that they could sit upon the
moonbeams And snatch a little star to make a fan,
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?
Well, they can---yes, they can!

Oh, those fairies at the bottom of our garden,
You cannot think how beautiful they are;
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen
and King Come lightly floating down upon their car.
O, the King is very proud and very handsome, And
the Queen - now you can guess who that could be?
She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away
Well, it's Me---yes, it's Me!

The Green Dog

If my dog were green
I never would be seen without a sea green bonnet
with an enormous feather up on it
Shoes of leaf green, Hose of tea green,
Coat of apple green, Gloves of bottle green,
In fact, I never would be seen except in green
If my dog were green.
But, alas! No matter what you've heard,
The facts are consistently absurd,
For my dog isn't green,
And, what sets the matter even more agog,
I haven't any dog!

Catay-chumay (Behold – Escape [fugue])

This marinera and resbalosa song in Quechua and Spanish tells the story of a breakup from three points of view. First, the man who begs for forgiveness after betraying his lover, second the woman whose sadness cannot be consoled, and lastly the friend who advises the woman to forget about the man.

[The Man] Palmer, climb the palm tree, behold,
and tell the little palm tree, escape, they shall peak
through the window, behold, that my love requests
it, escape. Please understand, I wish I had a mother,
behold, a portrait that resembles you, escape.
I look into your face so you may understand,
behold, because eyes work as words, escape,
I look into your face so you may understand,
behold.

[The Woman] I live in sadness, and my heart is in
pain, It hurts so bad, that I can't go on.
There is no one in this world, that can ever console
me, nor diminish my eagerness to love.

[The Friend] Do, that they call him Do.
Re, that they call him Re. Mi, that they call him Mi.
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti.
Fall above, fall below, Fall like a stone in a well.
If at your window, of black soul, arrives the lover
that deceived you, if he asks if you are home,
Tell him no, always no. Forget that love.

La Pampa y la Puna (The Pampa and the Puna)

Originally named "Nocturno Incaico" (Inca Nocturn), the composer from Tujillo, Carlos Valderrama, wrote this piece inspired by the quechua travelers he saw sing with melancholy while they passed his father's lands.

From my beloved pampa she jumps
through the mountain range, beautiful Andean
woman, within your divine voice, the spring sings.

And seeing that you have defeated me,
with the attraction of the quena, I, fully in love,
bring you, my beloved, a song more bitter than
your sorrow. Oh! Virgin of the Sun, beautiful priest
of Peru, you have the virtue to chain my heart to
your feet. In the rhythm of the cadence of the
beloved song you bring a new excitement by
lighting a divine fire.

Para vivir

Colombian composer Patricia Caicedo wrote this pasillo integrating her background on musicology and medicine in her research.

To live, I looked for a dark place. To live.
To live, I practiced mimicry. To live.
I made a thousand faces,
a thousand innocent faces,
a thousand complacent faces. To live.
A thousand different faces, my love, my good love,
my love, you who only have the face of love.
I dug the earth, kept quiet, hid,
I erased all my tracks, I got rid of everything,
my love, to live.
To live, I looked for a pure place. To live,
To live, there was only this abyss, my love, to live.

Lima

This polka song describes and celebrates the story of the beautiful capital of Perú.

A song given to the wind, in a message of faith,
your name is Lima, beautiful, Peru salutes you:
From Piura to the beloved Tacna, and from the
Andes to the sea.
In you lives the history of the noble Incas,
the haughty feat of Pizarro the conquistador,
The glorious fight of May the 2nd,
and even the romance of La Perricholi and Amat.
Oh Lima of enchantment and of love,
a balcony full of flowers with a view to the sea,
and gracious as colonial "tapada."*
Gallant capital of the south,
Full of progress and tradition.
Oh Lima, enchanted spell, you have the passion of
two empires:
The majesty of the noble Inca and the haughty airs
of the Viceroyalty.

**Colonial "Tapada:" refers to the custom of women covering all but one eye with silk shawls for the purpose of socializing anonymously during the conservative rule of the Spanish viceroyalty.*