



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Rachel Ashlin, soprano
John Cozza, piano

Non disperar (*Giulio Cesare*)

Georg Friedrich Händel (1685-1759)

Wiegenlied, Op. 49 No. 4
An die Nachtigall
Liebe und Frühling II

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Selections from *Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios*
Con que la lavare
Vos me matasteis
De dónde venís, amore

Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)

Mandoline
Sanglots (*Banalites*)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Francis Jean Marcel Poulenc (1899-1963)

The Cherry Tree
Amazing Grace
Love let the wind cry... How I adore thee.

Cecil Armstrong Gibbs (1889-1960)
H. Leslie Adams (1932-2024)
Undine Anna Smith Moore (1904-1989)

O mio babbino Caro (*Gianni Schicchi*)

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

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



MONDAY, 6:00 P.M.
SEPTEMBER 15, 2025
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

RACHEL ASHLIN JUNIOR RECITAL TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Non Disperar

Non disperar, chi sa?
se al regno non l'avrai,
avrai sorte in amor.
Mirando una beltà
in essa troverai
a consolar il cor.

- *Unknown*

Do not despair

Do not despair, who knows?
If you will not have it in reigning,
you will have luck in love.
By looking at a beauty
you will find in her,
what consoles the heart.

- *trans. unknown*

Wiegenlied

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Näglein besteckt
Schlupf' unter die Deck'.
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Von Englein bewacht!
Die zeigen im Traum
Dir Christkindleins Baum:
Schlaf' nun selig und süß,
Schau im Traum's Paradies.

- *Georg Scherer*

Lullaby

Good evening, good night,
Canopied with roses,
Bedecked with carnations,
Slip beneath the coverlet.
Tomorrow morning, if God wills,
You shall be woken again.

Good evening, good night,
Watched over by angels!
In your dreams they'll show you
The Christmas Tree:
Sleep sweetly now and blissfully,
Behold Paradise in your dreams.

- *trans. by Richard Stokes*

An die Nachtigall

Geuß nicht so laut der liebentflammten
Lieder Tonreichen Schall
Vom Blütenast des Apfelbaums hernieder,
O Nachtigall!

Du tönest mir mit deiner süßen Kehle
Die Liebe wach;
Denn schon durchbebt die Tiefen meiner Seele
Dein schmelzend Ach.

Dann flieht der Schlaf von neuem dieses Lager,
Ich starre dann
Mit nassem Blick' und totenbleich und hager
Den Himmel an.

Fleuch, Nachtigall, in grüne Finsternisse,
Ins Haingesträuch,
Und spend' im Nest der treuen Gattin Küsse;
Entfleuch, entfleuch!

- *Ludwig Christopher Heinrich Hölty*

To the Nightingale

Do not pour so loudly the full-throated sounds
Of your love-kindled songs
Down from the blossoming boughs of apple-trees,
O nightingale!

The tones of your sweet throat
Awaken love in me;
For the depths of my soul already quiver
With your melting lament.

Sleep once more forsakes this couch,
And I stare
Moist-eyed, haggard and deathly pale
At the heavens.

Fly, nightingale, to the green darkness,
To the bushes of the grove,
And there in the nest kiss your faithful mate;
Fly away, fly away!

- *trans. by Richard Stokes*

Liebe Under Frühling II

Ich muß hinaus, ich muß zu Dir,
Ich muß es selbst Dir sagen:
Du bist mein Frühling, Du nur mir
In diesen lichten Tagen.

Ich will die Rosen nicht mehr sehn,
Nicht mehr die grünen Matten;
Ich will nicht mehr zu Walde gehn
Nach Duft und Klang und Schatten.

Ich will nicht mehr der Lüfte Zug,
Nicht mehr der Wellen Rauschen,
Ich will nicht mehr der Vögel Flug
Und ihrem Liede lauschen. --

Ich will hinaus, ich will zu Dir,
Ich will es selbst Dir sagen:
Du bist mein Frühling, Du nur mir
In diesen lichten Tagen!

*- August Heinrich Hoffmann von
Fallersleben*

¿Con qué la lavaré?

¿Con qué la lavaré
la tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré,
Que vivo mal penada?

Lávanse las casadas
con agua de limones:
lávome yo, cuitada,
con penas y dolores.
¿Con qué la lavaré,
que vivo mal penada?

- Anonymous

Vos me matásteis

Vos me matásteis,
niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.

Riberas de un río
ví moza vírgen
Niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.
Niña en cabello
vos me matásteis,
vos me habéis muerto.

- Anonymous

Love and springtime II

I must go forth, must go to you,
I must tell you myself:
You are my springtime, you alone
In these bright days.

I no longer wish to see the roses,
No longer the green meadows;
I no longer wish to go to the forest
In search of scent and sound and shade.

I no longer wish for currents of air,
No longer wish for murmuring waves,
No longer wish to see the flight of birds
Or listen to their song.

I will go forth, I will go to you,
I will tell you myself:
You are my springtime, you alone
In these bright days!

- trans. by Richard Stokes

With what shall I wash

With what shall I wash
the skin of my face?
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.

Married women wash
with lemon water:
in my grief I wash
in pain and sorrow.
With what shall I wash it?
I live in such sorrow.

- trans. by Richard Stokes

You killed me

You killed me,
girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.

By the river bank
I saw a young maiden.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
you have slain me.
Girl with hair hanging loose,
you have killed me,
you have slain me.

- trans. by Richard Stokes

¿De dónde venís, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore?

Bien sé yo de dónde.

¿De dónde venís, amigo?

Fuere yo testigo! ¡Ah!

Bien sé yo de dónde.

- *Anonymous*

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades

Et les belles écouteuses

Échangent des propos fades

Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,

Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,

Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte

Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,

Leurs longues robes à queues,

Leur élégance, leur joie

Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase

D'une lune rose et grise,

Et la mandoline

jase Parmi les frissons de brise.

- *Paul Verlaine*

Sanglots

Notre amour est réglé par les calmes étoiles

Or nous savons qu'en nous beaucoup

d'hommes respirent

Qui vinrent de très loin et sont un sous

nos fronts

C'est la chanson des rêveurs

Qui s'étaient arraché le cœur

Et le portaient dans la main droite

Souviens-t'en cher orgueil de tous ces souvenirs

Des marins qui chantaient comme des conquérants

Des gouffres de Thulé des tendres cieux d'Ophir

Des malades maudits de ceux qui fuient leur ombre

Et du retour joyeux des heureux émigrants

De ce cœur il coulait du sang

Et le rêveur allait pensant

A sa blessure délicate

Tu ne briseras pas la chaîne de ces causes

Et douloureuse et nous disait

Qui sont les effets d'autres causes

Where hast thou been, my love?

Where hast thou been, my love?

I know well where.

Where hast thou been, my friend?

Were I a witness ah!

I know well where!

- *trans. by Richard Stokes*

Mandolin

The gallant serenaders

And their fair listeners

Exchange sweet nothings

Beneath singing boughs.

Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,

And tedious Clitandre too,

And Damis who for many a cruel maid

Writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,

Their long trailing gowns,

Their elegance, their joy,

And their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture

Of a grey and roseate moon,

And the mandolin jangles on

In the shivering breeze.

- *trans. by Richard Stokes*

Sobs

Our love is governed by the calm stars

Now we know that in us many men have

their being

Who came from afar and are one beneath

our brows

It is the song of the dreamers

Who tore out their hearts

And carried them in their right hands

Remember dear pride all these memories

The sailors who sang like conquerors

The chasms of Thule the gentle Ophir skies

The accursed sick

those who flee their shadows

And the joyous return of happy emigrants

This heart ran with blood

And the dreamer kept thinking

Of his delicate wound

You shall not break the chain of these causes

Of his painful wound and said to us

Mon pauvre coeur
mon coeur brisé
Pareil au coeur de tous les hommes
Voici, voici nos mains que la vie fit esclaves
Est mort d'amour ou c'est tout comme
Est mort d'amour et le voici Ainsi vont toutes
choses,
Arrachez donc le vôtre aussi
Et rien ne sera libre jusqu'à la fin des temps
Laissons tout aux morts
Et cachons nos sanglots
- *Guillaume Apollinaire*

Which are the effects of other causes
My poor heart my broken heart
Like the hearts of all men
Here here are our hands that life enslaved
Has died of love or so it seems
Has died of love and here it is Such is the fate of
all things
So tear out yours too
And nothing will be free till the end of time
Let us leave all to the dead
And conceal our sobs
- *trans. by Richard Stokes*

Sanglots is the final song in *Tel jour, telle nuit* and serves as a culmination of Poulenc's emotional journey. Using Éluard's poetry, Poulenc captures both the tenderness and vulnerability of love. The natural rhythms of speech guide the melody, creating an atmosphere of intimacy. The song expresses longing and quiet anguish, yet also acceptance, leaving the cycle suspended between sorrow and serenity.

The Cherry Tree

The cherry's a bloom in the Northland
The wild, lone cherry tree
The sad, sweet birds Of the Springtime
Are singing again to me
They sing of the frozen rivers,
Piping soft and low
Till I think I hear Your footsteps
dancing across the snow

Sing, birds! Sing songs of the Springtime
Sing high on the cherry tree
Sing of my love in the Northland
As my love once sang to me
Hush, birds! The cherry in silence
Is letting her petals fall
For one whose dancing footsteps
Will never come At all
- *Cecil Armstrong Gibbs*

Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace you fill my heart with song,
A song of love that lasts the whole day long!
Amazing Grace, surround me with the strength of your caress,
Renew my trust that I'm forever blessed!

Amazing Truth speak to me with your voice,
Uniting all within that says, "Rejoice!"
Amazing Truth unfold the joy that only you can bring,
The joy that comes when I begin to sing!
Abiding hope, abiding faith
Abiding strength that comes to me.
Abiding life, abiding love, Abiding song of eternity!

Amazing Grace, surround me with the strength of your caress,
Renew my trust that I'm forever blessed!
Amazing Grace you fill my heart with song,
A song of love that lasts the whole day long!
A song of peace that frees my heart and lifts me high above,
Amazing Grace, you fill me with your love!
- *H. Leslie Adams*

Love Let the Wind Cry.. How I adore thee

Love let the wind cry
On the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees
And the tall hemlocks
With the great voice of
Thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent
In the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily
Out of the gray mist
Of primal chaos
Cease not proclaiming
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm
Of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bursting
On the white seaboard
Titan and tireless,
Tell, while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

O mio babbino

O mio babbino caro,
mi piace è bello bello;
vo'andare in Porta Rosa
a comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
ma per buttarmi in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

- *Giovacchino Forazano*

Love, let the clear call
Of the tree cricket,
Frailest of creatures,
Green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling
Resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds,
Surer, serener,
Fuller of passion
And exultation,
Let the hushed whisper
In thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.

- *Poet - Sappho*

Oh my dear papa

Oh my dear papa I
like him, he is so handsome.
I want to go to Porta Rossa
To buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if my love were in vain,
I would go to the Ponte Vecchio
And throw myself in the Arno!
I am pining, I am tormented!
Oh God, I would want to die!
Father, have pity, have pity!
Father, have pity, have pity!

- *trans. by Richard Stokes*