



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Sariah Bryce, soprano
Ryan Enright, piano

"Hark, the echoing air" from *The Fairy Queen*
"Music for a while" from *Oedipus*

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

"Ah! Mio cor" from *Alcina*

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Geheimes, D. 719
Lied der Mignon, D. 877
Mignon Gesang, D. 321

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

"Les Berceaux" from *3 Melodies*, Op. 23 No. 1
Les Hiboux
"La Villanelle" from *Les nuits d'été*, Op. 7, H81b

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Déodat de Séverac (1872-1921)
Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Where the Music Comes From
Heaven

Lee Hoiby (1926-2011)
Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956)

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



THURSDAY, 7:00 P.M.
SEPTEMBER 18, 2025
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

SARIAH BRYCE JUNIOR RECITAL TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Hark! The echoing air

Hark! hark! the echoing air a triumph sings
Hark! the echoing air a tri...umph sings
A triumph
A triumph, triumph sings
A triumph, triumph sings

Hark! hark! the echoing air a triumph sings
Hark! the echoing air a tri...umph sings
A triumph
A triumph, triumph sings
A triumph, triumph sings

And all around, and all around
Pleased Cupids clap their wings
Clap clap clap
Clap their wings
Pleased Cupids clap their wings
- Henry Purcell

The powerful witch, Alcina, entrances the men who land on her island. Once she grows tired of these "lovers" she uses her magic to turn them into animals. When the knight, Ruggiero, falls under her spell, Alcina thinks she may have found a real love for him. Ruggiero's fiance breaks Alcina's spell and he is able to escape. Alcina mourns his betrayal but is her suffering caused by the loss of her love or the control she had over him?

Ah! mio cor!

Ah! mio cor!
Schernito sei!
Stelle! Dei! Nume d'amore!
Traditore! T'amo tanto;
Puoi lasciarmi sola in pianto,
oh Dei, perché?

Ma, che fa gemendo Alcina?
Son regina, è tempo ancora:
Resti, o mora, peni sempre,
o torni a me
- Anonymous

Geheimes

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln
Stehn verwundert alle Leute,
Ich, der Wissende, dagegen

Music for a while

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile:
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdaining to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.
- John Dryden

Oh! My heart!

Oh! My heart! How scorned you are!
Stars, oh gods!
You spirit of love!
Traitor you are! Yet you I love!
Alone you leave me with all my tears?
Oh my god! Oh why?

But, what makes Alcina weep and sob?
Queen I am! And time is there for us:
Stay or perish, pain on end,
Or again love me!
- Translation by Hilmar H. Werner

Something Secret

My beloved's little eyes cause
Everyone to stand in amazement;
I, the one who is in on the secret, on the other
hand,

Weiß recht gut, was das bedeute.
Denn es heißt: ich liebe diesen,
Und nicht etwa den und jenen,
Lasset nur, ihr guten Leute,
Euer Wundern, euer Sehnen.
Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;
Doch sie sucht nur zu verkünden
Ihm die nächste süße Stunde.

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Lied der Mignon

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!

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Mignons Gesang

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,

Know very well what that signifies.
For it means: I love this one,
And not, as it were, that one or that other one.
So, good people, just forget
Your astonishment, your longing!
Yes, she may well use mighty powers
To look around;
Yet she is just trying to inform
Him about the next sweet hour.

- Translation by Malcolm Wren

Mignon's Song

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 vitals are aflame.
Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer.

- Translation by Richard Wigmore

Mignon's Song

Do you know the land where lemon 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, O 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, O 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.

Kennst du ihn wohl?
Dahin! Dahin
Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lass uns ziehn!
- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Les berceaux

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.
- Sully Prudhomme

Les Hiboux

Sous les ifs noirs qui les abritent
Les hiboux se tiennent rangés
Ainsi que des dieux étrangers
Dardant leur oeil rouge. Ils méditent.

Sans remuer ils se tiendront
Jusqu'à l'heure mélancolique
Où, poussant le soleil oblique,
Les ténèbres s'établiront.

Leur attitude au sage enseigne
Qu'il faut en ce monde qu'il craigne
Le tumulte et le mouvement;

L'homme ivre d'une ombre qui passe
Porte toujours le châtiment
D'avoir voulu changer de place.
- Charles Baudelaire

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler!

Do you know it?
There, O there
lies our way. O father, let us go!
- Translation by Richard Wigram

The cradles

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.
- Translation by Richard Stokes

Owls

Beneath the shelter of black yews,
The owls perch in a row,
Like alien gods, whose
Red eyes flash. They meditate.

Motionless they will perch
Till the melancholy hour
When, pushing aside the slanting sun,
The shadows will settle into place.

From their pose the wise man learns
That in this world he ought to fear
All movement and commotion;

The man drunk on fleeting shadows
Will always pay the penalty
For having wished to roam.
- Translation by Richard Stokes

Villanelle

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds
Sing!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois!

- *Théophile Gautier*

Where the music comes from

I want to be where the music comes from
Where the clock stops, where it's now
I want to be with the friends around me
Who have found me, who show me how
I want to sing to the early morning
See the sunlight melt the snow
And oh, I want to grow
I want to wake to the living spirit
Here inside me where it lies
I want to listen till I can hear it
Let it guide me and realize
That I can go with the flow unending
That is blending, that is real
And oh, I want to feel
I want to walk in the earthly garden
Far from cities, far from fear
I want to talk to the growing garden
To the devas, to the deer
And to be one with the river
Breezes blowing, sky above
And oh, I want to love

- *Lee Hoiby*

Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice:
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild
Strawberries!

- *Translation by Richard Stokes*

Heaven

Heaven is
The place where
Happiness is
Everywhere

Animals
And birds sing --
As does
Everything

To each stone
"How-do-you-do?"
Stone answers back
"Well! And you?"

Heaven is
The place where
Happiness is
Everywhere

Heaven!

- *Langston Hughes*