



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
JUNIOR RECITAL

**Layla Dean, mezzo-soprano**  
**with John Cozza, piano**

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"Voi che sapete" from *Le nozze di Figaro*, K. 492

W. A. Mozart (1756–1791)

D'une Prison  
La lune blanche  
Les Berceaux  
Green

Reynaldo Hahn (1874–1947)  
Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

"Christen müssen" from Cantata, BWV 44

J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

with Erik Moberg, oboe

Grüss  
Herbstlied

Felix Mendelssohn (1809–1847)

with Nicole Young, soprano

Selections from *Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen*

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)

"Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht"

"Ging heut Morgen übers Feld"

Silent Noon  
The Secrets of the Old  
Sure on This Shining Night

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)  
Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

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



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MONDAY, 7:00 P.M.  
SEPTEMBER 19, 2022  
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Layla Dean, Junior Recital  
Text & Translations

**“Voi che sapete” from *Le nozze di Figaro***

During Act II, Figaro sends Cherubino to visit the Countess and her maid Susanna, wearing his new military uniform. Susanna encourages him to sing the love song he has written for the Countess, who he has a hopeless adolescent crush on. He describes his feelings, asking the women if he is in love.

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor,  
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.  
Quello ch'io provo vi ridirò,  
È per me nuovo, capir nol so.  
Sento un affetto pien di desir,  
Ch'ora è diletto, ch'ora è martir.  
Gelo e poi sento, l'alma avvampar,  
E in un momento torno a gelar.  
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,  
Non so chi'l tiene, non so cos'è.

Sospiro e gemo senza voler,  
Palpito e tremo senza saper.  
Non trovo pace notte né dì,  
Ma pur mi piace languir così.

Voi che sapete che cosa è amor,  
Donne, vedete s'io l'ho nel cor.

– *Lorenzo Da Ponte*

**D'une Prison**

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,  
Si bleu, si calme!  
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,  
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,  
Doucement tinte.  
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit  
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,  
Simple et tranquille.  
Cette paisible rumeur-là  
Vient de la ville.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà  
Pleurant sans cesse,  
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,  
De ta jeunesse?

– *Paul Verlaine*

You who know what love is,  
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.  
I'll tell you what I'm feeling;  
It's new to me, I don't understand it.  
I have a feeling full of desire,  
That is now pleasure, then is agony.  
I freeze, then feel my soul go up in flames,  
Then in a moment I turn again to ice.  
I seek affection outside of myself;  
I know not who has it, I don't know what it is.

I sigh and lament without wanting to,  
I throb and tremble without knowing why.  
I find no peace night or day,  
And yet I enjoy languishing this way.

You who know what love is,  
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

**The Prison**

The sky above the roof –  
So blue, so calm!  
A tree, above the roof,  
Waves its crown.

The bell, in the sky that you see,  
Gently rings.  
A bird, on the tree that you see,  
Plaintively sings.

My God, my God, life is there,  
Simple and serene.  
That peaceful murmur there  
Comes from the town.

O you, what have you done,  
Weeping without end,  
Say, what have you done  
With your young life?

### **La lune blanche**

La lune blanche luit dans le bois;  
De chaque branche part une voix,  
Sous la ramée,  
O bien-aimée!

L'étang reflète, profond miroir,  
La silhouette du saule noir  
Où le vent pleure.  
Rêvons, c'est l'heure!

Un vaste et tendre apaisement  
Semble descendre du firmament  
Que l'astre irise;  
C'est l'heure exquise.

– *Paul Verlaine*

### **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 leurs masses retenues  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

– *Sully Prudhomme*

### **Green**

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches,  
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.  
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches,  
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'umble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée,  
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front,  
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée,  
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein, laissez rouler ma tête,  
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;  
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,  
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

– *Paul Verlaine*

### **The White Moon**

The white moon shines in the woods;  
From every branch comes a voice.  
Beneath the boughs,  
Oh beloved!

The pond reflects, deep mirror,  
The silhouette of the dark willow,  
Where the wind weeps.  
Let us dream, this is the hour!

A vast and tender calm  
Seems to descend from the heavens  
Illuminated by the moon;  
This is the exquisite hour.

### **The Cradles**

Along the quay, the great ships,  
Rocked by the swell in silence,  
Do not notice the cradles  
Rocked by the women's hands,

But the day of farewells will come,  
For the women are bound to weep,  
And the curious men  
Tempt the horizons which lure them!

And on that day the great ships,  
Fleeing from the vanishing port,  
Shall feel their hulls held back  
By the soul of distant cradles.

### **Green**

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves, and branches,  
And here is my heart which beats only for you.  
Do not tear it with your two hands,  
And may the humble gift please your beautiful eyes.

I arrive still covered with dew,  
Which the morning wind froze to my brow.  
Allow my fatigue, resting at your feet,  
To dream of dear moments which relax it.

Let me rest my head on your chest,  
Still filled with the sound of your last kisses;  
Let the good storm calm,  
And let me sleep a little while you rest.

## “Christen müssen” from Cantata BWV 44

Christen müssen auf der Erden  
Christi wahre Jünger sein.  
Auf sie warten alle Stunden,  
Bis sie selig überwunden,  
Marter, Bann und schwere Pein.

### Grüss

Wohin ich geh' und schaue,  
In Feld und Wald und Tal,  
Vom Hügel hin auf die Aue,  
Vom Berg aufwärts weit in's Blaue:  
Grüss' ich dich tausend mal.

In meinem Garten find' ich  
Viel Blumen schön und fein;  
Viel Kränze wohl d'raus wind' ich,  
Und tausend Gedanken bind' ich,  
Und Grüsse mit darein.

Dir darf ich keinen reichen,  
Du bist zu hoch und schön,  
Sie müssen zu bald verbleichen,  
Die Liebe ohne Gleichen  
Bleibt ewig im Herzen steh'n.

– *Joseph von Eichendorff*

### Herbstlied

Ach, wie so bald verhallet der Reigen,  
Wandelt sich Frühling in Winterzeit!  
Ach, wie so bald in trauendes Schweigen  
Wandelt sich alle die Fröhlichkeit!

Bald sind die letzten Klänge verflogen!  
Bald sind die letzten Säng'er gezogen!  
Bald ist das letzte Grün dahin!  
Alle sie wollen heimwärts zieh'n!  
Wandelt sich Lust in sehndes Leid!

War't ihr ein Traum, ihr Liebesgedanken?  
Süss wie der Lenz, und schnell verweht?  
Eines, nur eines will nimmer wanken:  
Es ist das Sehnen, das nimmer vergeht.

– *Karl Klingemann*

Christians must be on Earth  
True disciples of Christ  
They wait for Him at all times,  
Until they happily undergo  
Martyrdom, exile, and bitter pain.

### Green

Wherever I walk and gaze,  
Through valley, wood and field,  
From mountaintop to meadow,  
I, lovely gracious lady,  
Greet you a thousand times.

I seek out in my garden  
Many fine and lovely flowers,  
Weaving many garlands,  
Binding a thousand thoughts  
And greetings with them too.

I cannot give a garland  
To her, so high and fine,  
Which means that all must perish,  
Only love without compare  
Stays in the heart forever.

### Autumn Song

Ah, how soon does the seasons' round fade,  
How soon does spring change to winter!  
Ah, how soon into sad silence  
Does all the merriment fade!

The last sounds will soon have vanished!  
The last songsters will soon have gone!  
The last verdure will soon have fled!  
All of them wish to return home!

Pleasure changes to yearning anguish!  
Were you a dream, you thoughts of love?  
Sweet as the spring, and quickly gone?  
One thing alone shall never falter:  
That is the yearning which never fades.

## Selections from *Lieder Eines Fahrenden Gesellen*

### Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,  
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,  
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!  
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,  
Dunkles Kämmerlein!  
Weine! wein'! Um meinen Schatz,  
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!  
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!  
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!  
Du singst auf grüner Heide!  
Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!  
Ziküth! Ziküth!

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!  
Lenz ist ja vorbei!  
Alles Singen ist nun aus!  
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',  
Denk' ich an mein Leid!  
An mein Leide!

– *Gustav Mahler*

### Ging heut Morgen übers Feld

Ging heut' morgen über's Feld,  
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing;  
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:  
Ei du! Gelt?  
Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt? Du!  
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?  
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!  
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld  
Hat mir lustig, guter Ding',  
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,  
Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:  
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?  
Kling! Kling! Schönes Ding!  
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt! Heia!

Und da fing im Sonnenschein  
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;  
Alles, alles, Ton und Farbe gewann!  
Im Sonnenschein!  
Blum' und Vogel, groß und klein!  
Guten Tag! Guten Tag!  
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?  
Ei, du! Gelt? Schöne Welt!

### When my love has her wedding day

When my sweetheart has her wedding day,  
Her joyous wedding day,  
I have my day of mourning!  
I go into my little room,  
My dark little room!  
I weep, weep for my love,  
My dearest love!

Little blue flower! Little blue flower!  
Wither not! Wither not!  
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!  
Singing on the green heath!  
Ah, how beautiful is the world!  
Chirp! Chirp!

Do not sing! Do not bloom!  
Spring is gone!  
All singing is now over!  
At night, when I go to sleep,  
I think of my sorrow!  
My sorrow!

### I walked across the fields this morning

This morning I walked across the fields,  
Dew still hung on the grass,  
The merry finch said to me:  
You there, hey –  
Good morning! Hey, isn't it? You!  
Isn't it a beautiful world?  
Chirp! Chirp! Bright and sweet!  
How I love the world!

And the bluebell in the field,  
Merrily and in good spirits,  
With its little bells,  
Rang out its morning greeting:  
Isn't it a lovely world?  
Ding, ding! Beautiful thing!  
How I love the world! Hooray!

And then in the sunshine  
The world suddenly began to sparkle;  
Everything gained sound and color!  
In the sunshine!  
Flower and bird, large and small.  
Good day! Good day!  
Isn't the world beautiful?  
Hey you, isn't it? A lovely world!

Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?  
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?  
Nein! Nein! Das ich mein',  
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!

– *Gustav Mahler*

Now will my happiness begin?  
Now will my happiness begin?  
No! No! The happiness I seek,  
Can never, never again bloom for me!

### **Silent Noon**

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -  
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

– *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*

### **The Secrets of the Old**

I have old women's secrets now  
That had those of the young;  
Madge tells me what I dared not think  
When my blood was strong,  
And what had drowned a lover once  
Sounds like an old song.

Though Marg'ry is stricken dumb  
If thrown in Madge's way,  
We three make up a solitude;  
For none alive today  
Can know the stories that we know  
Or say the things we say:

How such a man pleased women most  
Of all that are gone,  
How such a pair loved many years  
And such a pair but one,  
Stories of the bed of straw  
Or the bed of down.

– *W. B. Yeats*

## **Sure on this Shining Night**

Sure on this shining night,  
Of starmade shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

– *James Agee*