



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Kenneth Dulay, countertenor
John Cozza, piano

"Virgam virtutis" from *Dixit Dominus*

G.F. Händel (1685–1759)

Strike the Viol
Music for a While
If Music be the Food of Love

Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

"Ombra mai fu" from *Xerxe*

G.F. Händel

Per la più vaga e bella
La speranza al cor mi dice

Francesca Caccini (1587–1641)
Isabella Colbran (1785–1845)

From thee, Eliza, I must go
Invocation to Nature

George Frederick Pinto (1785–1806)

Rêve d'amour
Le Colibri

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)

"Von den Stricken meiner Sünden" from *St John Passion*

J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

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



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.
SEPTEMBER 19, 2023
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Kenneth Dulay, countertenor
Junior Recital — September 19, 2023
Texts & Translations

“Virgam Virtutis” from *Dixit Dominus*

G.F. Handel (1685–1759)

Psalm 109:2

Virgam virtutis emittet Dominus ex Sion:
dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum.

The Lord shall send the rod of thy power out of
Sion: even in the midst among thine enemies.

Henry Purcell (1659–1759)

Henry Purcell was an English composer of the middle Baroque period and was considered to be one of the most important early English composers. He wrote for a variety of settings: the church, the stage, the court, and private shows. Purcell wrote over 100 secular songs, and his opera, *Dido and Aeneas*, was one of the first true English operas ever written. A compositional technique that he used frequently was a ground bass, or a short melodic passage that is repeated over and over in the bass line. His works were considered a landmark in the history of English dramatic music.

Strike the Viol

Text by Nahum Tate (1652–1715)

Strike the viol, touch the lute,
wake the harp, inspire the flute.
Sing your patroness’s praise,
in cheerful and harmonious lays.

Music for a While

Text by John Dryden (1631–1700)

Music for a while,
shall all your cares beguile.

Wond’ring how your pains were eas’d,
and disdain’g to be pleas’d,
till Alecto free the dead,
from their eternal bands,
til the snakes drop from her head,
and the whip from out her hands.

If Music be the Food of Love

Text by William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

If music be the food of love,
sing on till I am fill’d with joy;
for then my list’ning soul you move
to pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
that you are music ev’rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
so fierce the transports are, they wound,
and all my senses feasted are,
tho’ yet the treat is only sound,
sure I must perish by your charms,
unless you save me in your arms.

"Ombra mai fu" from *Xerxes*

G.F. Handel

Text by Giovanni Bononcini (1670–1747)

Frondi tenere e belle
del mio platano amato
per voi risplenda il fato.
Tuoni, lampi, e procelle
non v'oltraggino mai la cara pace,
ne giunga a profanarvi austro rapace.

Ombra mai fu
di vegetabile,
cara ed amabile,
soave più.

Per la più vaga e bella

Francesca Caccini (1598–1641)

Text by Fernando Saracinelli (1583–1640)

Per la più vaga e bella terrena stella,
che oggi oscuri di febo i raggi d'oro,
mio core ardeva; Amor rideva,
vago di rimirare il mio martoro.

Ma d'avermi schernito, tosto pentito,
con la pietà di lei mi sana il petto.
Ond'io fo fede, a chi nol crede,
che amore è solo il dio d'ogni diletto.

La speranza al cor mi dice

Isabella Colbran (1785–1854)

Text by Pietro Metastasio (1698–1782)

La speranza al cor mi dice
che sarò felice ancor,
ma la speme ingannatrice
poi mi dice il mio timor.

Never was a shade

Translation by Alex Burns

Tender and beautiful fronds
of my beloved Plane tree,
let fate smile upon you.
May thunder, lightning, and storms
never disturb your dear peace,
nor may you by blowing winds be profaned.

Never was a shade
of any plant,
dearer and more lovely,
or more sweet.

For the Most Charming and Lovely

Translation by Hal Leonard Corporation

For the most charming and beautiful earthly star,
that today hides Phoebus' golden rays,
My heat once burned; love laughed,
Longing to tell of my anguish.

But having been scoffed at,
Deeply repentant, your devotion healed my heart.
Therefore I keep the faith, with who does not believe,
that cupid alone is the god of every delight.

Hope tells my heart

Translation by Hal Leonard Corporation

Hope tells my heart
that I will be happy again,
but hope is a deceiver
then fear speaks to me.

From thee, Eliza, I must go

George Frederick Pinto (1785–1806)

Text by Robert Burns (1759–1796)

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
and from my native shore;
the cruel fates between us throw
a boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
between my love and me,
they never, never can divide
my heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
the maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
we part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
while death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
and thine that latest sigh!

Rêve d'amour

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Text by Victor Hugo (1802–1885)

S'il est un charmant gazon
que le ciel arrose,
où naît en toute saison
quelque fleur éclos,
où l'on cueille à pleine main
lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,
j'en veux faire le chemin
où ton pied se pose!

S'il est un sein bien almant
dont l'honneur dispose!
dont le tendre dévouement
n'ait rien de morose,
si toujours ce noble sein
bat pour un digne dessein,
j'en veux faire le coussin
ou ton front se pose!

Invocation to Nature

George Frederick Pinto

Nature! Sweet mistress of the pensive mind!
As on a sandy shore I musing stand,
and see around the wonders of thy hand,
I feel each passion soothed,
each sense refined.

The icy plains above the whispering tides,
the dreary woods that bound the extensive view,
the light blue cloud that Sol's pale lustre hides,
vary the tints, and ev'ry charm renew.

Still let me love, still woo thee to my arms,
For peace and virtue bless
the heart that Nature charms.

Hope tells my heart

Translation by Hal Leonard Corporation

Hope tells my heart
that I will be happy again,
but hope is a deceiver
then fear speaks to me.

Dream of love

Translation by Peter Low

If there's a lovely grassy plot
watered by the sky
where in every season
some flower blossoms,
where one can freely gather
lilies, woodbines and jasmynes,
I wish to make it the path
on which you place your feet!

If there is a loving breast
where honor rules,
where tender devotion
is free from all gloominess,
if this noble breast always
beats for a worthy aim,
I wish to make it the pillow
on which you lay your head.

S'il est un rêve d'amour
parfumé de rose,
où l'on trouve chaque jour
quelque douce chose,
un rêve que dieu bénit,
où l'âme à l'âme s'unit,
oh! J'en veux faire le nid
où ton cœur se pose!

If there is a dream of love
scented with roses,
where one finds every day
something gentle and sweet,
a dream blessed by God
where soul is joining to soul,
oh, I wish to make it the nest
in which you rest your heart.

Le colibri

Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)

Text by Leconte de Lisle (1818–1894)

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

The hummingbird

Translation by Peter Low

The green hummingbird, the king of the hills,
seeing the dew and the sun's clear light,
shining on his nest of finely woven grasses,
darts into the air like a ray of light.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
s'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.

In haste he flies to the nearby springs,
where the bamboo makes the sound of the sea,
where the red hibiscus with its heavenly scent
opens and reveals the glistening moisture at its heart.

Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

He descends towards the golden flower and alights,
and drinks so much love from the cup of the rose,
that he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it dry.

Sur ta lèvre pure, o ma bien-aimée,
telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

On your pure lips, oh my beloved,
my soul likewise would have sooner died,
from the first kiss which has perfumed it.

"Von den Stricken meiner Sünden" from *St John Passion*

J.S. Bach (1685–1750)

Text by Barthold Heinrich Brock (1680–1747)

Von den Stricken meiner Sünden
mich zu entbinden,
wird mein Heil gebunden.

From the shackles of my vices,
to liberate me,
they have bound my savior.

Mich von allen Lasterbeulen
Völlig zu heilen,
Läßt er sich verwunden.

From my aching wounds and bruises,
fully to heal me,
He was bruised and wounded.