



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Jake Michael, tenor
with John Cozza, piano

Quelle labbre non son rose
O bei nidi d'amore
Se tra l'erba

Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)

Die stille Lotosblume, Op. 13/6
Sie liebten sich beide, Op. 13/2

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Wir wandelten, Op. 96/2
Botschaft, Op. 47/1

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Hébé, Op. 2/6
Le Colibri, Op. 2/7

Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Three Chinese Love Lyrics
1. Noonday
2. Through Your Window
3. The Shoreless Sea

John Duke (1899-1986)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Jake Michael is a student of Dr. Robin Fisher and Malcolm MacKenzie.*



WEDNESDAY 7:00 P.M.
SEPTEMBER 29, 2021
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

Jake Michael, tenor

Translations

Quelle labbra non son rose

Quelle labbra, mia signora,
non son rose maggioline;
(vi dicevo sempre allora).
Ci son rose senza spine?
Ma le ho bacciate or or ed ho pensato:
non son di rose un paio,
ma sono un gran rosaio!
Sicché persin ne ho insanguinato il cor. Ah!
-Alberto Donaudy

O bei nidi d'amore

O bei nidi d'amore occhi a me sì cari,
che di vostro favore non mi foste avari,
or che privo son io di quel vostro sorriso,
di quel mio Paradiso, senza più alcun desio
vedo i giorni miei fuggire, e in sì cruda mia sorte
ogni giorno ho più morte e non posso ancor...
non posso morir!
Non ha raggi più il sole, stelle il firmamento,
non ha il prato viole, nè sospiri ha il vento,
or che, a crescer l'ambascia del perduto mio bene,
che si affranto mi tiene, persin quella mi lascia,
onde almen nutrivò il core, pietosa speranza che
anche al misero avanza perché gli sia men crudo il
dolor!
-Alberto Donaudy

Se tra l'erba

Se tra l'erba un rio novello
balza e corre verso il mare,
Se rinverda il praticello,
primavera è per tornare...

Col tuoi riccioli vaganti
scherza il mite zefiretto,
mentre vai pei verzicanti prati
stretta sul mio petto;
bella m'è la vita allor!

Ma se tutto discolora
e s'oscura l'orizzonte,
piove a valle, tuona a monte;
triste il verno torna ancora...

Io sto solo, e van fugaci
colle nebbie decembrine tutti i canti,
tutti i baci delle labbra tue divine;
triste m'è la vita allor!
-Alberto Donaudy

Those lips are not a rose

Those lips, my lady,
are not roses of May;
(as I have always told you.)
Are there roses without thorns?
When I kissed them just now, I thought to myself:
they are not a pair of roses,
but an entire rosebush!
So large that they have caused my heart to bleed.
Ah!

Oh beautiful nests of love

Oh, beautiful nests of love, eyes so dear to me,
that were not ungenerous in favoring me,
now that I am deprived of your smile,
of my paradise, devoid of all desires,
I see my days fleeting; and with such a cruel fate
every day I die a little more and yet I cannot,
I cannot die!
The sun has no more rays, the firmament stars,
the meadow has no more violets nor does the
wind have sighs,
now, to increase the pain of having lost my
beloved that keeps me so grief stricken,
even that hope leaves me
by which I at least had nourished my heart,
merciful hope, which comes even to the most
wretched, so that his sorrow may be less cruel.

If in the grass

If in the grass a new stream
emerges and flows toward the sea,
if the little meadow grows green again,
spring is about to return...

With your loose curls
the mild breeze plays,
while you go through the green fields
pressed on my breast;
life is beautiful to me then!

But if everything grows pale
and the horizon grows dark,
it rains in the valley, it thunders on the mountain;
the sad winter is returning again...

I am alone, and all the songs
and kisses from your divine lips
disappear in the December mists;
then life is sad for me!

Die stille lotosblume

Die stille lotosblume
steigt aus dem blauen See,
die Blätter flimmern und blitzen,
der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel
all' seinen gold'nen Schein,
gießt alle seine Strahlen
in ihren Schoß hinein.

Im Wasser um die Blume
kreiset ein weißer Schwan
er singt so süß so leise
und schaut die Blume an.

Er singt so süß so leise
und will im Singen vergeh'n.

O Blume, weiße Blume,
kannst du das Lied versteh'n?
-Emanuel Geibel

Sie liebten sich beide

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keiner
wollt' es dem andern gestehen;
sie sahen sich an so feindlich,
und wollten vor Liebe vergeh'n.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich
nur noch zuweilen im Traum;
sie waren längst gestorben
und wussten es selber kaum.
-Heinrich Heine

Wir wandelten

Wir wandelten, wir zwei zusammen,
ich war so still und du so stille,
ich gäbe viel, um zu erfahren,
was du gedacht in jenem Fall.

Was ich gedacht, unausgesprochen verbleibe das!
Nur Eines sag' ich:
So schön war alles, was ich dachte,
so himmlisch heiter war es all'.

The silent lotus flower

The silent lotus flower
rises from the blue lake,
the leaves shimmer and sparkle,
its calyx is white as snow.

Then the moon pours from heaven
all its golden shine,
pours all its beams
into her womb.

In the water around the flower
circles a white swan
it sings so sweetly, so softly
and gazes at the flower.

It sings so sweetly, so softly
that it would pass away.

Oh flower, white flower,
can you understand the song?

They loved each other

They loved each other, but neither
wanted to confess it to the other;
they looked at each other so angrily,
and yet wanted to die for love.

They parted from each other in the end and saw
each other only sometimes in their dreams;
they had been dead for such a long time
and hardly knew it themselves.

We walked together

We walked together, the two of us,
I was so quiet and you were so quiet,
I would give anything in order to learn
what you thought in that moment.

What I thought shall remain unspoken!
Only this I will say:
All that I thought was so beautiful,
so heavenly and cheerful was it all.

In meinem Haupte die Gedanken,
sie läuteten wie gold'ne Glöckchen:

so wunderschön, so wunderbarlich
ist in der Welt kein and'rer Hall.

-Georg Friedrich Daumer

Botschaft

Wehe Lüftchen, lind und lieblich
Um die Wange der Geliebten,
Spiele zart in ihrer Locke,
Eile nicht hinwegzufliehn!

Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,
Wie es um mich Armen stehe ;
Sprich : "Unendlich war sein Wehe,
Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;

Aber jetzo kann er hoffen
Wieder herrlich aufzuleben,
Denn du, Holde, Denkst an ihn."

-Georg Friedrich Daumer

Hébé

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avancait,
Les Dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide,
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.

Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la Déesse?
Nous l'ignorons; il enivre et ravit.

Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle,
Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain.
Longtemps encore sur la route éternelle,
Notre oeil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.

-Louise Ackermann

In my head my thoughts
rang like little golden bells:

so wonderfully sweet, so wonderfully lovely
is in the entire world no other sound.

Message

Waft, little breeze, gently and lovingly
around the cheeks of my beloved;
play gently in her locks,
hasten not to flee away!

Perhaps she puts the question,
how is it going for the poor one;
say: "Unending was his pain,
very grave his condition;

But now he can hope
again wonderfully to be revived,
for you, lovely one,
are thinking of him!"

Hébé

When Hébé, blushing and innocent,
with eyes lowered approached their feast,
the delighted gods, held forth their empty cups
which the child replenished with nectar.

We too, when youth passes,
offer repeatedly our cup to her.
What is this wine that the goddess pours?
We do not know; it intoxicates and delights.

Having smiled with her immortal grace,
Hébé passes on, one calls for her return in vain.
For a long time on the eternal road,
our weeping eyes follow the divine cup-bearer.

Le colibri

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.
Il se hate 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.
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!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

-Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle

Noonday

I think I never loved her more than now
as she lies asleep
at noonday on her couch
There she is, beautiful to behold
Her fan fallen from her tiny hand
Her great golden pins thrust loosely through her
hair
The yellow lilies and the pines appear to shrink
and turn away
As though fearing to disturb her blessed sleep
While I gently reach out a stealthy hand
To span the length of her tiny silken shoe.

-Henry Hart

The hummingbird

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

And drinks so much love from the cup of the
rose, that he dies, not knowing if he could have
drained it dry.

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

Through Your Window

I watched your red lips move in song
And your jade-like fingers pluck the stringed lute
Love urged me on to enter
Take you in my arms
Make you my own
But I blushed
I trembled
I dared not move
And now it is too late.

-Henry Hart

Shoreless Sea

Oh dragon!
You who rule the shoreless sea
of death
Steal away my loved one
While bending over her in passionate musing
I drink in her breath
Bear her away on your ghostly ship
And take me with her so we may sail together
Always drunk with love!

-Henry Hart