



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Alissa Prince, soprano

John Cozza, piano

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen, BWV 51

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

with Daniel Prince, trumpet

Es rauschen die Winde, S. 294

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

Freudvoll und Leidvoll, S. 280

Die Lorelei, S. 532

Selections from *Tel jour, telle nuit*

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

II. Une ruine coquille vide

VI. Une herbe pauvre

VIII. Figure de force brûlante et farouche

IX. Nous avons fait la nuit

Aria ("Cantilena") from *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

with Daniel Murray, guitar

INTERMISSION

"Zeffiretti lusinghieri" from *Idomeneo*

Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-1791)

"Steal me, sweet thief" from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

Gian Carlo Menotti (1911-2007)

Knoxville: Summer of 1915, Op. 24

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

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



MONDAY, 6:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 14, 2024
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Alissa Prince – October 14, 2024

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!
Was der Himmel und die Welt
An Geschöpfen in sich hält,
Müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen,
Mit den Engeln lasst uns heut
Unserm Gott ein Loblied singen,
Dass er uns in Neid und Leid
Allezeit hat beigestanden.

-Unknown Author

Es rauschen die Winde

Es rauschen die Winde
So herbstlich und kalt;
Verödet die Fluren,
Entblättert der Wald.
Ihr blumigen Auen!
Du sonniges Grün!
So welken die Blüten
Des Lebens dahin.

Es ziehen die Wolken
So finster und grau;
Verschwunden die Sterne
Am himmlischen Blau!
Ach, wie die Gestirne
Am Himmel entfliehn,
So sinket die Hoffnung
Des Lebens dahin!

Ihr Tage des Lenzes
Mit Rosen geschmückt,
Wo ich die Geliebten]1
An's Herze gedrückt!
Kalt über den Hügel
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!
So sterben die Rosen
Der Liebe dahin.

-Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

Freudvoll und Leidvoll

Freudvoll
und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein;

Raise a shout to God in all lands

Raise a shout to God in all lands.
All created things that heaven
And earth contains
Must exalt his glory;
With the angels let us today
Sing a song of acclamation to our God,
Because he has stood with us
In [our] envy and pity at all times.

*-trans. by Michael Marissen
and Daniel R. Melamad*

The winds are sweeping

The winds are sweeping,
so autumnal and cold;
empty are the fields,
leafless the woodland.
You flowery meadows!
You sunny green space!
So do the blossoms
So do the blossoms

The clouds are drifting,
So gloomy and grey;
Vanished are the stars
From the ethereal blue!
Ah, as the stars
Escape from the sky,
So does the hope
of life recede away.

You days of springtime,
decked with roses,
during which I pressed my beloved
to my heart!
Coldly over the hill,
oh winds, rush in!
So do the roses
of love die away.

-trans. by Emily Ezust

Full of joy, and full of sorrow

Full of joy,
and full of sorrow,
full of thoughts;

Hangen
und bängen
in schwebender Pein;
Himmelhoch jauchzend
zum tode betrübt.
Glücklich allein
ist die Seele, die liebt.

-Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Yearning
and trembling
in uncertain anguish;
Exulting to heaven,
cast down unto death.
Happy alone
is the soul that loves.

-trans. By Richard Stokes

Die Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten
das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh,
Er schaut nicht die Felsenrisse,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn.
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

-Heinrich Heine

Lorelei

I do not know the reason why
To sorrow I'm inclined.
A story from the olden days
is preying on my mind.

Light's fading and the air is cool,
And quiet flows the Rhine,
The mountain top's still glowing
As the sun's last rays decline

Seated up there, gorgeous,
A maid beyond compare,
Her golden jewelry glitters
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song betimes,
A song with a strange melody,
With strange and powerful rhymes.

The boatman in his little boat,
Gripped by a savage love,
Does not see the rocky reef,
sees only what's above.

I think the waves consumed them,
Boat and boatman, bye and bye.
And that's what, with her singing,
Was done by Lorelei.

-trans. By Uri Liebrecht

Tel Jour, Telle Nuit is a song cycle written by Francis Poulenc in 1937. He uses poetry from the French surrealist poet, Paul Éluard, to create an ethereal world about the human experience. Poulenc uses the natural rhythms of speech to evoke the emotions created by Éluard. Each song expresses its own emotion: loneliness in *Une ruine coquille vide*, wonder in *Une herbe pauvre*, fiery passion in *Figure de force brûlante farouche*, and peaceful serenity in *Nous avons fait la nuit*. The shifting emotions throughout the song cycle reflect the ever-shifting emotions in our own lives.

Une ruine coquille vide

Une ruine coquille vide
 Pleure dans son tablier.
 Les enfant qui jouent autour d'elle
 font moins de bruit que des mouches.

La ruine s'en va à tâtaons
 Chercher ses vaches dans un pré.
 J'ai vu le jour, je vois cela
 Sans en avoir honte.

Il est minuit comme une fleche
 Dans un Coeur à la portée
 Des folâtres lueurs nocturnes
 Qui contredisent le sommeil.

-Paul Éluard

Une herbe pauvre

Une herbe pauvre
 Sauvage
 Apparut dans la neige.
 C'était la santé.
 Ma bouche fut émerveillé
 Du goût d'air pur qu'elle avait.
 Elle était fanée.

-Paul Éluard

Figure de force brûlante et farouche

Figure de force brûlante et farouche
 Cheveux noire où l'or coule vers le sud
 Aux nuits corrompues
 Or englouti étoile impure
 Dans un lit jamais partagé.

Aux veines des tempes
 Comme aux bouts des seins
 La vie se refuse.
 Les yeux nul ne peut les crever
 Boire leur éclat ni leurs larmes.
 Le sang au-dessus d'eux triomphe pour lui seul.

Intraitable démesurée
 Inutile
 Cette santé bâtit une prison.

-Paul Éluard

Nous avons fait la nuit

Nous avons fait la nuit je tiens ta main
 je veille
 Je te soutiens de toutes mes forces

A ruined empty shell

A ruined empty shell
 weeps in her apron.
 The children who play around her
 make less noise than flies.

she goes groping
 to search for cows in a meadow.
 I saw the day, I see it here
 without shame.

It is midnight like an arrow
 in the heart open
 to the folly of night's gleams
 that deny sleep.

-trans. By Marilyn McCabe

Scanty grass

Scanty grass
 wild
 appeared in the snow
 it was health
 my mouth marvelled
 at the savour of pure air it had
 it was withered.

-trans. by Winifred Radford

Image of fiery wild forcefulness

Image of fiery wild forcefulness
 black hair wherein the gold flows toward the south
 on corrupt nights
 engulfed gold tainted star
 in a bed never shared

to the veins of the temples
 as to the tips of the breasts
 life denies itself
 no one can blind the eyes
 drink their brilliance or their tears
 the blood above them triumphs for itself alone

intractable unbounded
 useless
 the health builds a prison.

-trans. by Winifred Radford

We have made night

We have made night I hold your hand I watch
 over you
 I sustain you with all my strength

Je grave sur un roc l'étoile de tes forces
Sillons profonds où la bonté de ton corps
germera
Je me répète ta voix cachée ta voix publique
Je ris encore de l'orgueilleuse
Que tu suis comme une mendicante
Des fous que tu respectes des simples où tu es
baignes
Et dans ma tête qui se met doucement d'accord
avec la tienne avec la nuit
Je m'émerveille de l'inconnue que tu deviens
Une inconnue semblable à toi semblable à tout
ce que j'aime
Qui est toujours nouveau.

-Paul Éluard

Aria (Cantilena) from *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*

Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente.
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela
Grita ao céu e a terra toda a Natureza!

Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes
E reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!

-Ruth Valadares Corrêa

"Zeffiretti lusinghieri" from *Idomeneo*

Recitative

Solitudini amiche, aure amorose,
Piane fiorite, e Fiori vaghi! Udite
D'una infelice amante
I lamenti, che a voi lassa confide.
Quanto il tacer presso al mio vincitore,
Quanto il finger ti costa afflitto core!

Aria

Zeffiretti lusinghieri,
Deli volate al mio tesoro:
E gli dite, ch'io l'adoro,
Che mi serbi il cor fedel.

E voi piante, e fior sinceri,
Che ora innaffia il pianto amaro,
Dite a lui, che amor più raro
Mai vedeste sotto al ciel.

I engrave on a rock the star of your strength
deep furrows where the goodness of your body
will germinate
I repeat to myself your secret voice your public voice
I laugh still at the haughty woman
whom you treat like a beggar
at the fools whom you respect the simple folk in
whom you immerse yourself
and in my head which gently begins to harmonize
with yours with the night
I marvel at the stranger that you become
A stranger resembling you resembling all
that I love
which is ever new.

-trans. by Winifred Radford

Eventide, a rosy cloud, slow and translucent
over the spot, dreamlike and beautiful!
The moon gently appearing beyond the horizon,
embellishing the eventide, like a sweet maid
preparing herself till she's dreamily gorgeous,
with her soul avid to become beautiful
yelling to heaven and earth, to all of Nature!

Silent are the birds to her sad laments
and reflected on the sea all of her richness...
Soft the light of the moon awakes already
a fierce desire that laughs and cries.

-trans. by Evan Fokas

Friendly solitude, amorous breezes,
blossoming plants and lovely flowers, hearken
To the laments of an unhappy lover who,
Forsaken, confides in you.
How much it costs my afflicted heart to keep silent
And pretend, when close to him who conquered it!

Gently caressing zephyrs,
oh fly to my beloved
and tell him I adore him
and to keep his heart true to me.

And you plants and tender flowers
which my bitter tears water,
tell him that you never saw
a love more rare beneath the sky.

“Steal me, sweet thief” from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!

A week has gone by,

he's had plenty of chances,
but he made no advances.

Miss Todd schemes and labors to get him
some money,

she robs friends and neighbours, the club and
the church.

He takes all the money

with a smile that entrances,
but still makes no advances.

The old woman sighs and makes languid eyes.

All the doors are wide open,
all the drawers are unlocked!

He neither seems pleased or shocked.

He eats and drinks and sleeps,
he talks of baseball and boxing,
but that is all!

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!

Steal me, oh steal me, sweet thief,
For time's flight is stealing my youth.
And the cares of life steal fleeting time.
Steal me, thief, for life is brief and full of
theft and strife.

And then, with furtive step,
death comes and steals time and life.
O sweet thief, I pray make me glow,
before dark death steals her prey.

Steal my lips, before they crumble to dust,
Steal my heart, before death must,
Steal my cheeks, before they're sunk and
decayed,

Steal my breath, before it will fade.

Steal my lips, steal my heart, steal my cheeks,
Steal, oh steal my breath,
And make me die before death will steal
her prey.

Oh steal me!

For time's flight is stealing my youth.

-*Gian Carlo Menotti*

The text of Samuel Barber's *Knoxville: Summer of 1915*, written in 1947, comes from James Agee's autobiographical prose poem named *A Death in the Family*. Within the poem, Agee recalls his childhood of happiness and deep sorrow as Agee lost his father in a car accident at the age of six. After losing his own father, Barber deeply connects with the text of the poem. Barber uses the lilting melody to represent the innocence of childhood, which he breaks up with other melodies that represent how the child is slowly becoming aware of his mortality. The connection that Barber feels to the text comes to life as he takes us on a journey through a child's mind.

Knoxville: Summer of 1915

It has become the time of evening
when people sit on their porches,
rocking gently and talking gently
and watching the street
and the standing up
into their sphere of possession of the trees,
of birds' hung havens, hangers.

People go by; things go by.

A horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt;
a loud auto; a quiet auto;

people in pairs, not in a hurry,
scuffling, switching their weight of aestival body, talking casually,
the taste hovering over them of vanilla, strawberry, pasteboard and starched milk,
the image upon them of lovers and horsemen, squared with clowns in hueless amber.

A streetcar raising its iron moan:
stopping, belling and starting; stertorous; rousing and raising again its iron increasing moan
and swimming its gold windows and straw seats on past and past and past,
the bleak spark crackling and cursing above it like a small malignant spirit set to dog its tracks;
the iron whine rises on rising speed;
still risen, faints; halts; the faint stinging bell;
rises again, still fainter, fainter, lifting, lifts, faints forgone: forgotten.
Now is the night one blue dew.
Now is the night one blue dew,
my father has drained,
now he has coiled the hose.
Low on the length of lawns,
a frailing of fire who breathes ...
Parents on porches: rock and rock.
From damp strings morning glories hang their ancient faces.
The dry and exalted noise of the locusts from all the air at once enchants my eardrums.
On the rough wet grass of the backyard my father and mother have spread quilts.
We all lie there, my mother, my father, my uncle, my aunt, and I too am lying there ...
They are not talking much, and the talk is quiet,
of nothing in particular, of nothing at all in particular, of nothing at all.
The stars are wide and alive, they seem each like a smile of great sweetness, and they seem very near.
All my people are larger bodies than mine, ...
with voices gentle and meaningless like the voice of sleeping birds.
One is an artist, he is living at home.
One is a musician, she is living at home.
One is my mother who is good to me.
One is my father who is good to me.
By some chance, here they are, all on this earth;
and who shall ever tell the sorrow of being on this earth,
lying, on quilts, on the grass, in a summer evening, among the sounds of the night.
May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt, my mother, my good father,
oh, remember them kindly in their time of trouble;
and in the hour of their taking away.
After a little I am taken in and put to bed.
Sleep, soft smiling, draws me unto her:
and those receive me, who quietly treat me,
as one familiar and well-beloved in that home:
but will not, no, will not, not now, not ever;
but will not ever tell me who I am.

-James Agee