



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
JUNIOR RECITAL

Sky Colin Regan, baritone
John Cozza, piano

Mandoline
La dernière feuille
Beau soir

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Claude Debussy

La Stella
Nebbie

Saverio Mercadante (1795-1870)
Ottorino Respighi (1879-1936)

Skogen sover
Den ensamma
Till havs

Hugo Alfven (1872-1960)
Adolf Fredrik Lindblad (1801-1878)
Gustaf Nordqvist (1886-1949)

INTERMISSION

Vorschneller Schwur
Meine Lieder
Liebhaber in allen Gestalten

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Johannes Brahms
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Bright is the ring of words (*Songs of Travel*)
i carry your heart
A Sensitive Soul: A Vocalise for Baritone and Piano
Sure on this shining night

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
John Duke (1899-1984)
Sky Colin Regan (b. 2000)
Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Voice.
Sky Colin Regan is a student of Professor Claudia Kitka.*



MONDAY, 7:00 P.M.
DECEMBER 2, 2024
CAPISTRANO HALL 151

Sky Colin Regan, Baritone
Bachelor of Music in Voice
Monday, December 2, 2024, 7:00 pm
Texts and Translations

Mandoline

The gallant serenaders
and their fair listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.

Tirsis is there, Aminte is there,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis who for many a cruel maid
writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
of a grey and roseate moon,
and the mandolin jangles on
in the shivering breeze.

La dernière feuille

In the bare and blighted forest
Nothing remains on the branches
Except a poor forgotten leaf -
Nothing but a leaf and bird.

Nothing remains in my soul
Except a lone love singing there;
But the howling autumn wind
Will not allow it to be heard.

The bird flies away, the leaf falls,
Love dies, for winter is come.
Little bird, alight on my tomb
And sing when the tree is green again.

Beau soir

When at sunset the rivers are pink
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content -
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savour the gift of life,
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb.

La Stella

The sky is dark;
one single star is queen of the vast heavens.
Gazing at her, my mind says:
"She is not mine, but she shines for me!"

Ah, beautiful star,
your purity brings light into my gloomy life.
The joy of your light makes me happy:
it seems you are not shining for others,
but for me!

The rays you shed bring sweetness,
helping me bear my secret sorrows.
In my heart that ray repeats:
"Yes, I am yours, and I shine only for you!"

Nebbie

I suffer. Far, far away the sleeping mists
rise from the silent plain.

Shrilling cawing, the crows, trusting their black
wings cross the heath grimly.

To the raw weathering of the air the sorrowful tree
trunks offer, praying, their bare branches.

How cold am I! I am alone; driven through the gray
sky a wail of extinction flies;

And repeats to me: come, the valley is dark.
Oh sad, oh unloved one, Come! Come!

Skogen sover

I hear my sweetheart,
He wields his hammer,
There's a roaring, a banging,
It is heard far away
Like the ringing of bells,
Through the streets and through the square.

By the black chimney,
There sits my beloved,
But when I pass by,
The bellows then howl,
The flames flare up,
And blaze around him.

Den ensamma

Year by year comes spring,
comes summer, autumn, and winter.

Day by day, I watch how both
spring and winter come to pass.

But what I carry in my heart,
no one knows, no one sees.

Holy flame, do not show yourself.
Oh, shine in the silence, dim for me!

The years can come and go,
summer, autumn, and winter don't bother me.

When my heart beats, my spring blooms,
blooms in summer, autumn, and winter.

Till havs

Now the sea's fresh wind blows from the southwest
and sweetly caresses the sailor's cheek,
in the wind's full glory!

[Refrain] To sea, to storms, thou bold hunt.
To sea, to storms, one is on guard at sea!

On endless paths life is free, no compulsion thrives,
When the sea sings, green and white,
its loud freedom song!

[Refrain] To sea, to storms, thou bold hunt.
To sea, to storms, one is on guard at sea!

Swell beautifully, beautiful sails,
swell in the wind's dust,
Fly forward with joy towards the wave's crest
in the moment's highest desire!

[Refrain] To sea, to storms, thou bold hunt.
To sea, to storms, one is on guard at sea!

INTERMISSION

Vorschneller Schwur

A young maiden swore: never to wear flowers,
never to drink wine, never to kiss boys.
Yesterday the maiden swore this.
Today she already regrets it:

"If I wore flowers,
I would be so much more lovely!
If I drank red wine,
I'd be so much more cheerful!
If I kissed my beloved,
I would feel so much better!"

Meine Lieder

When my heart begins to sound, and wings
of melody unfold, pale and unforgotten joys
hover to and fro before me and the shadows
of cypress trees. Dark is the sound of my songs!

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten

I wish I were a fish,
so quick and fresh;
and if you came to fish,
I would not stay away.
I wish I were a fish,
so quick and fresh;

I wish I were gold,
always in your pocket,
and if you used me to buy something,
I would come running back.
I wish I were gold,
always in your pocket.

But I am just as I am;
and take me for that!
If you want something better,
then let them carve it out of you.
For I am just as I am; and take me for that.

Bright is the ring of words
(Songs of Travel)

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still they are carolled and said—
On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

i carry your heart

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in
my heart) i am never without it (anywhere
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)

i fear no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want
no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which
grows higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

A Sensitive Soul:
A Vocalise for Baritone and Piano

Sure on this shining night

Sure on this shining night
Of star made 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 wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.