



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC  
GRADUATE RECITAL

**Annabelle Terry, soprano**  
**John Cozza, piano**

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Oh, vieni al mare  
Una lacrima

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848)

Du meines Herzens Krönelein, Op. 21 No. 2  
Morgen!, Op. 27 No. 4  
All mein' Gedanken, Op. 21 No. 1

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

L'absent  
Sérénade  
Notre amour, Op. 3 No. 2  
Après un rêve, Op. 7 No. 1

Charles Gounod (1818-1893)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

INTERMISSION

Hermit Songs, Op. 29  
1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory  
2. Church Bell at Night  
3. St. Ita's Vision  
4. The Heavenly Banquet  
5. The Crucifixion  
6. Sea Snatch  
7. Promiscuity  
8. The Monk and His Cat  
9. The Praises of God  
10. The Desire for Hermitage

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of Master of Music in Voice.  
Annabelle Terry is a student of Julie Miller.*



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FRIDAY, 7:00 P.M.  
SEPTEMBER 20, 2024  
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Annabelle Terry – September 20, 2024

Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848) was a phenomenal composer from Bergamo, Italy who composed over 70 operas, symphonies, chamber music, and choral works. Donizetti is known for his bel canto style music such as the following two selections. *Oh, vieni al mare...* Come along on a journey as we set sail along the seas of Italy. Donizetti creates this piece to be fun and buoyant with a beautifully expressive and flowy melody that embraces the cool air of what it's like to be on the sea. *Una lacrima...* In this piece a tear is shed as a moment is shared alone with God, asking him to reach out and send hope.

### **Oh, Vieni al Mare**

Vieni, la barca è pronta,  
Lieve un'auretta spira,  
Tuto d'amor sospira,  
Il mar, la terra, il ciel.

Vedi, l'argentea luna  
Splende agli amanti amica  
E sembra che ti dica:  
"Corri alla tua fedel"

Deh! vien , garzon gentile,  
Ch'ò nel tuo sen m'infonda  
E rassomglia all'onda  
Che bacia il Cielo e mour.

Deh! Quanti flutti ha il mare  
Io tant baci avessi  
Vorri lasciar con essi  
Sulle tue labbra il cor  
- *anonymous*

### **Una lacrima**

Dio, dio, che col cenno moderi l'ira  
d'un mar che freme  
Dio! Che col cenno agli uomini porgi  
Constanza e speme  
Stendi la man benefica,

Sul lungo mio dolor.  
Non chieggo a te la tenera gioja del cor felice  
Non la speranza provvida d'affannno Incantatrice  
Ti chieggo sol la lagrima, Che scioglie il gelo al cor  
- *anonymous*

### **Come, the Boat is Ready**

Come the boar is ready  
Lightly, a little breeze blows  
Everything sighs from love,  
The sea, the earth, the sky

See the slivery moon  
Shines on the lovers friend,  
And it seems like she says to you  
"Run to your faithful one"

Please! Come, gentle lad,  
So that I may immerse myself in your bosom,  
And resembles the wave  
Which kisses heaven and dies.

Please! As many as the tides of the sea  
[Are the] kisses I would have;  
I'd like to leave with them  
On your lips, [my] heart.  
- *Laura Prichard*

### **A Tear**

God, who with the sign of the hand calms the ire  
Of the raging sea,  
God, who with a nod  
You pour out constancy and hope to men  
Extend your hand on my lasting sorrow

The pain in my lungs.  
I do not ask you for the tender joy of a happy heart  
Not hope for the enchantress of excitement.  
I only ask for a tear that melts the cold of the heart  
- *anonymous*

Passion, love, and longing are at the forefront of these selected pieces by German composer, Richard Strauss. *Du meines Herzens Krönelein...* A poem beautifully written by Felix Dahn who describes a lover metaphorically compares their partner's heart to gold, amongst other remarkably enchanting qualities.

*Morgen!*...one of Strauss's last four songs; full of legato and stillness. Inspired by Strauss' marriage, this is an envisioning of the greatness that awaits. *All Mein Gedanken*... This lover is intrigued by their partner and wants to be let into every aspect of their life.

### **Du meines Herzens Krönelein**

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,  
du bist von lautrem Golde,  
Wenn Andere daneben sein, dann bist du noch  
viel holde.  
Die Andern tun so gern gescheut, du bist gar  
sanft und stille;  
Daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut, dein Glück  
ist's, nicht dein Wille.  
Die Andern suchen Lieb' und Gunst mit  
tausend falschen Worten,  
Du ohne Mund- und Augenkunst bist wert an  
allen Orten,  
Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald, sie weiß  
nichts von ihrer Blüte,  
Doch Jedem, der vorüberwallt, erfreut sie das  
Gemüte.

- Felix Dahn

### **Morgen!**

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen  
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen  
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes  
Schweigen ...

- John Henry Mackay

### **All mein' Gedanken**

All' mein Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn,  
Da wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin.  
Geh'n ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor,  
Da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor,  
Gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,  
Brauchen kein'Brücken über Wasser und Kluft,  
Finden das Städtlein und finden das Haus,  
Finden ihr Fenster aus allen heraus,  
Und klopfen und rufen: mach' auf, laß uns ein,  
Wir kommen vom Liebsten und grüßen Dich fein.

- Felix Dahn

### **You, my Heart's Crown**

You, my heart's crown,  
you are of pure gold,  
When others stand beside you, you are more  
lovely still.  
Others love to appear clever, you are so gentle  
and quiet;  
That every heart delights in you, is your  
fortune not your will.  
Others seek love and favours with a thousand  
false words,  
You, without artifice of mind or eye, are  
esteemed in every place,  
You are like the rose in the forest, knowing  
nothing of its flowers,  
Yet rejoicing the heart of every passer-by.

- Richard Stokes

### **Tomorrow!**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again  
And on the path that I shall take,  
It will unite us, happy ones, again,  
Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,  
We shall quietly and slowly descend,  
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,  
And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall  
on us ...

- Richard Stokes

### **All my Thoughts**

All my thoughts, my heart and my mind,  
Wander to where my beloved is.  
They go on their way despite wall and gate,  
No bolt, no ditch can stop them,  
Go high in the air like little birds,  
Needing no bridge over water or chasm,  
They find the town and they find the house,  
Find her window among all the others,  
And knock and call: 'Open up, let us in,  
We come from your sweetheart who sends his love.'

- Richard Stokes

Faure and Gounod are two prolific romantic French composers. *L'absent*... Yearning for your love to return, Gounod creates this piece with great legato and emotion as an apology letter to his wife. *Sérénade*... comprised of three verses of admiration for one's singing, laughter, and sleep. *Après un rêve*... This is a piece from Fauré's song set titled *Trois mélodies*. When everything you thought was real turns out to be a dream; crying out for the night and dream to reappear. *Notre Amour*... The ultimate love song that speaks of a couple's relationship as being light, charming, sacred, infinite, and eternal.

### **L'absent**

Ô silence des nuits dont la voix seule est douce  
Quand je n'ai plus sa voix  
Mystérieux rayons, qui glissez sur la mousse  
Dans l'ombre de ses bois

Dites-moi si ses yeux, à l'heure où tout sommeille  
Se rouvrent doucement  
Et si ma bien-aimée, alors quemoi je veille  
Se souvient de l'absent

Quand la lune est aux cieus, baignant de sa  
lumière  
Les grands bois et l'azur;  
Quand des cloches du soir qui tintent la prière  
Vibre l'écho si pur

Dites-moi si son âme, un instant recueillie  
S'élève avec leur chant  
Et si de leurs accords la paisible harmonie  
Lui rappelle l'absent!  
- *anonymous*

### **Sérénade**

Quand tu chantes, bercée  
Le soir entre mes bras,  
Entends-tu ma pensée  
Qui te répond tout bas?  
Ton doux chant me rappelle  
Les plus beaux de mes jours ...  
Ah! chantez, chantez, ma belle,  
Chantez toujours!

Quand tu ris, sur ta bouche  
L'amour s'épanouit,  
Et soudain le farouche soupçon  
S'évanouit.  
Ah! le rire fidèle  
Prouve un coeur sans détours ...  
Ah! riez, riez, ma belle,  
Riez toujours!

### **The Absent One**

Silence of the night, whose voice alone it sweet,  
When I no longer hear her voice  
Mysterious rays, gliding over the moss  
In the shadows of the woods

Tell me if her eyes, when all else sleeps, open softly  
And if my beloved,  
while I watch,  
Remembers the absent one,

When the moon is in the heavens, bathing with  
her light  
The woods and the blue,  
When the evening bells' call to prayer  
Vibrates the pure echo

Tell me if her soul, withdrawn a moment  
Rises up with their song  
And whether their chords of peaceful harmonies  
Remind her of the absent one!  
- *Faith J. Cormier*

### **Serenade**

When you sing, cradled  
In my arms at evening,  
Do you hear my thoughts  
Softly answering you?  
Your sweet song recalls  
The loveliest days of my life ...  
Ah! Sing, my fair one,  
Sing on!

When you laugh, your lips  
Blossom with love,  
And instantly, wild  
Suspicion vanishes.  
Ah! that faithful laughter  
Shows a sincere heart ...  
Ah! Laugh, my fair one,  
Laugh on!

Quand tu dors, calme et pure,  
Dans l'ombre, sous mes yeux,  
Ton haleine murmure  
Des mots harmonieux.  
Ton beau corps se revèle  
Sans voile et sans atours ...  
Ah! dormez, dormez, ma belle,  
Dormez toujours!  
- *Victor Hugo*

### **Après un rêve**

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;  
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,  
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!  
- *Romain Bussine*

### **Notre Amour**

Notre amour est chose légère,  
Comme les parfums que le vent  
Prend aux cimes de la fougère  
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.  
Notre amour est chose légère.

Notre amour est chose charmante,  
Comme les chansons du matin  
Où nul regret ne se lamente,  
Où vibre un espoir incertain.  
Notre amour est chose charmante.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,  
Comme le mystère des bois  
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,  
Où les silences ont des voix.  
Notre amour est chose sacrée.

Notre amour est chose infinie,  
Comme les chemins des couchants  
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,  
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

When you sleep, calm and pure,  
In the shade beneath my gaze,  
Your breath murmurs  
Melodious words.  
Your body is revealed in its beauty  
Without veil or finery ...  
Ah! sleep, my fair one,  
Sleep on!  
- *Richard Stokes*

### **After a dream**

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you  
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,  
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,  
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth  
To flee with you toward the light,  
The heavens parted their clouds for us,  
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!  
I summon you, O night, give me back your delusions;  
Return, return in radiance,  
Return, O mysterious night!  
- *Richard Stokes*

### **Our Love**

Our love is light and gentle,  
Like fragrance fetched by the breeze  
From the tips of ferns  
For us to breathe while dreaming.  
Our love is light and gentle.

Our love is enchanting,  
Like morning songs,  
Where no regret is voiced,  
Quivering with uncertain hopes.  
Our love is enchanting.

Our love is sacred,  
Like woodland mysteries,  
Where an unknown soul throbs  
And silences are eloquent.  
Our love is sacred.

Our love is infinite  
Like sunset paths,  
Where the sea, joined with the skies,  
Falls asleep beneath slanting suns.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,  
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu vainqueur  
A touché du feu de son aile,  
Comme tout ce qui vient du coeur,  
Notre amour est chose éternelle.

- *Armand Silvestre*

Our love is eternal,  
Like all that a victorious God  
Has brushed with his fiery wing,  
Like all that comes from the heart,  
Our love is eternal.

- *Richard Stokes*

Samuel Barber's *Hermit Songs* is one of great style, character, uniqueness, and history. The text from each piece in the cycle comes from the writings of Irish monks from the eighth and thirteenth centuries. Barber conveys the contrast of emotions between all ten songs by incorporating dissonance, variations of meter, and exciting melodies. The *Hermit Songs* were first performed by Samuel Barber and soprano, Leontyne Price in 1953.

### **1. At Saint Patrick's Purgatory**

Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg!  
O King of the churches and the bells  
Bewailing your sores and your wounds  
But not a tear can I squeeze from my eyes!  
Not moisten an eye after so much sin!  
Pity me, O King!  
What shall I do with a heart that seeks only its own ease?  
O only begotten Son by whom all men were made,  
Who shunned not the death by three wounds,  
Pity me on my pilgrimage to Loch Derg  
And I with a heart not softer than a stone!

- *Seán Ó Faoláin*

### **3. St Ita's Vision**

I will take nothing from my Lord,' said she,  
unless He gives me His Son from Heaven  
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him.'  
So that Christ came down to her  
in the form of a Baby and then she said:  
'Infant Jesus, at my breast,  
Nothing in this world is true  
Save, O tiny nursling, You.  
Infant Jesus at my breast,  
By my heart every night,  
You I nurse are not a churl  
But were begot on Mary the Jewess  
By Heaven's light.  
Infant Jesus at my breast,  
What King is there but You who could  
Give everlasting good?  
Wherefore I give my food.  
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!  
There is none that has such right  
To your song as Heaven's King  
Who every night Is Infant Jesus at my breast'.

- *Chester Kallman*

### **2. Church Bell at Night**

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,  
I would liefer keep tryst with thee  
Than be with a light and foolish woman.

- *Howard Mumford Jones*

### **4. The Heavenly Banquet**

I would like to have the men of Heaven in my  
own house;  
with vats of good cheer laid out for them.  
I would like to have the three Mary's,  
their fame is so great.  
I would like people from every corner of Heaven.  
I would like them to be cheerful in their drinking.  
I would like to have Jesus sitting here among them.  
I would like a great lake of beer for the King of Kings.  
I would like to be watching Heaven's family  
Drinking it through all eternity.

- *Seán Ó Faoláin*

### **5. The Crucifixion**

At the cry of the first bird  
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!  
Never shall lament cease because of that.  
It was like the parting of day from night.  
Ah, sore was the suffering borne  
By the body of Mary's Son,  
But sorer still to Him was the grief  
Which for His sake  
Came upon His Mother.

*- Howard Mumford Jones*

### **7. Promiscuity**

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,  
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

*- Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson*

### **8. The Monk and His Cat**

Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are  
How happy we are  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.  
Each has his own work to do daily;  
For you it is hunting, for me, study.  
Your shining eye watches the wall;  
My feeble eye is fixed on a book.  
You rejoice when your claws entrap a mouse;  
I rejoice when my mind fathoms a problem.  
Pleased with his own art  
Neither hinders the other;  
Thus we live ever  
Without tedium and envy.  
Pangur, white Pangur,  
How happy we are,  
Alone together, Scholar and cat.

*- anonymous*

### **10. The Desire For Hermitage**

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me;  
beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to Death.  
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;  
feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold spring.  
That will be an end to evil when I am alone  
in a lovely little corner among tombs  
Far from the houses of the great.  
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell, to be alone, all alone:  
Alone I came into the world,  
Alone I shall go from it.

*- Seán Ó Faoláin*

### **6. Sea Snatch**

It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,  
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!  
The wind has consumed us, swallowed us,  
As timber is devoured by crimson fire from Heaven.  
It has broken us, it has crushed us, it has drowned us,  
O King of the starbright Kingdom of Heaven!

*- Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson*

### **9. The Praises of God**

How foolish the man who does not raise  
His voice and praise with joyful words,  
As he alone can, Heaven's High King.  
To whom the light birds with no soul but air,  
All day, everywhere laudations sing.

*- anonymous*