

Sonoma State University  
Department of Music  
Presents

Nora Sarault's Junior Recital  
mezzo-soprano  
Yvonne Wormer, pianist

11, April, 2024

7:30pm

Schroeder Hall

Nora Sarault is from the studio of Jane Erwin. This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music.

## PROGRAM

### I

- Già il sole dal gange *from L'Honestà negli amori* Alessandro Scarlatti  
(1660–1725)
- Freschi luoghi prati aulenti *from 36 Arie di Stile Antico, #13* Stefano Donaudy  
(1879–1925)
- Vaga luna che inargenti Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801–1835)

### II

- Asturiana *from Siete canciones populares Españõlas* Manuel de Falla  
(1876–1946)
- Hilando el copo del viento Juan Bautista Plaza  
(1898–1965)

### III

- L'heure Exquise Reynaldo Hahn  
(1880–1932)

Les hiboux

Déodat de Sévérac  
(1872–1921)

Nocturne

César Franck  
(1822–1890)

**IV**

Die Lotosblume *from Myrthen*

Robert Schumann  
(1810–1856)

Lorelei

Clara Schumann  
(1819–1896)

**V**

Down by the salley gardens

Rebecca Clarke  
(1886–1979)

Spring *from Six Elizabethan Songs*

Dominick Argento  
(1927–2019)

Green Finch and Linnet Bird *from Sweeney Todd*

Stephen Sondheim  
(1930–2021)

## **Text & Translations**

### **Già il sole dal gange**

Già il sole dal Gange  
Più chiaro sfavilla  
E terge ogni stilla  
Dell'alba che piange,  
Col raggio dorato  
Ingemma ogni stelo  
E gli astri del cielo  
Dipinge nel prato.

Already the sun from the Ganges  
more brightly sparkles  
and dries every drop  
of the dawn, which weeps,  
With the ray gilded  
it adorns every blade  
and the stars of the sky  
it paints in the field.

### **Freschi luoghi prati aulenti**

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti,  
rimanete sempre in fior;  
che l'estate non vi sementi,  
che l'autunno non vi travolga,

che la morta stagion non tolga  
tanto magico splendor.

Voglio un dì vagar con lei  
frasi verde soavità,  
quando alfin gli affanni miei  
lei d'intender mostrerà.

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti  
rimanete sempre in fior;  
che nessuna stagion vi tolga  
tanto magico splendor.

E voi pur, ruscelli chiari,  
che di già correte al mar,  
di vostr'acque non siate avari  
nelle tarde stagion dell'anno,  
no unite anche voi l'inganno  
d'un sì breve prosperar.

Vo' specchiarmi un dì con lei  
nelle vostre chiarità,  
quando alfin gli affanni miei  
lei d'intender mostrerà.

Cool places, fragrant meadows,  
Remain always in flower;  
Let not summer sow seed in you,  
Let not autumn carry you away,  
Let not the dead season take away  
So much magical splendor.

I want one day to ramble with her  
Amidst softness so green,  
When at last my pangs  
She will show herself to understand.  
Cool places, fragrant meadows,  
Remain always in flower.  
Let not any season take away  
So much magical splendor.  
And you then, clear streamlets,  
Which already are running to the sea,  
Don't be miserly with your waters  
In the late season of the year,  
Don't you join also the deception  
Of a prosperity so brief.  
I want one day to be reflected with her  
In your clarity,  
When at last my pangs  
She will show herself to understand.

### **Vaga luna che inargenti**

Vaga luna, che inargenti  
queste rive e questi fiori  
Ed ispiri agli elementi  
Il linguaggio dell'amor;  
Testimonio or sei tu sola  
Del mio fervido desir,  
Ed a lei che m'innamora

Conta i palpiti e i sospir.  
Dille pur che lontananza  
Il mio duol non può lenir,  
Che se nutro una speranza,  
Ella è sol nell'avvenir.  
Dille pur che giorno e sera  
Conto l'ore del dolor,  
Che una speme lusinghiera  
Mi conforta nell'amor.

Beautiful moon, dappling with silver  
These banks and flowers,  
Evoking from the elements  
The language of love;  
Only you are witness  
To my ardent desire;  
Go tell her, tell my beloved  
How much I long for her and sigh.  
Tell her that with her so far away,  
My grief can never be allayed,  
That the only hope I cherish  
Is for my future to be spent with her.  
Tell her that day and night  
I count the hours of my yearning,  
That hope, a sweet hope beckons,  
And comforts me in my love.

## **Asturiana**

Por ver si me consolaba  
Arrímeme a un pino verde  
Por ver si me consolaba  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.  
Y el pino como era verde  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

To see if it would console me,  
Tie me up to a green pine  
To see if it would console me  
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.  
The pine tree, because it was green,  
Upon seeing me cry, it cried.

## **Hilando el copo del viento**

Las palmas están hilando,  
Hilando el copo del viento,  
Para hacer su traje lindo  
La novia luna de enero.  
Las palmas están hilando,  
Hilando el copo del viento,  
Para tejer escarpines  
A los nacidos luceros.  
Las palmas están hilando,  
Hilando el copo del viento,  
Para la mortaja blanca



De mis difuntos anhelos.

The palms are spinning,  
Spinning the silk of the wind,  
To make her beautiful suit  
For the bride moon of January.  
The palms are spinning,  
Spinning the silk of the wind,  
To weave stockings  
For the newborn morning stars,  
The palms are spinning,  
Spinning the silk of the wind,  
For the white shroud  
Of my deceased longings.

### **L'heure Exquise**

La lune blanche luit dans les bois.  
De chaque branche part une voix sous la ramée...  
O bien aimée!  
L'étang reflète, profond miroir, la silhouette  
du saule noir où le vent pleure...  
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.  
Un vaste et tendre apaisement semble descendre  
du firmament que l'astre irise...  
C'est l'heure exquise.

The white moon shines through the trees.

From each branch comes a voice under the boughs...

Oh my beloved!

The pond reflects, as a deep mirror, the silhouette

Of a black willow where the wind weeps...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender calm seems to descend

From the heavens with the iridescent star...

It is the exquisite hour.

### **Les hiboux**

Sous les ifs noirs qui les abritent,

Les hiboux se tiennent rangés,

Ainsi que des Dieux étrangers;

Dardant leur œil rouge ils méditent.

Sans remuer ils se tiendront

Jusqu'à l'heure mélancolique

Où, poussant le soleil oblique,

Les ténèbres s'établiront.

Leur attitude au sage enseigne

Qu'il faut en ce monde qu'il craigne

Le tumulte et le mouvement;

L'homme ivre d'une ombre qui passe

Porte toujours le châtiment

D'avoir voulu changer de place!

Beneath the shelter of the black yew-trees

The owls perch in a row

Like strange gods, whose  
Red eyes gleam, they meditate.  
They will remain motionless  
Until the melancholy hour  
When, pushing aside the slanting sun  
The shadows establish themselves.  
From their attitude the wise man learns  
That in the world he should fear  
All movement and disturbance;  
The man intoxicated with passing shadows  
Always pays a penalty  
For choosing to roam.

### **Nocturne**

Ô fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,  
Mystère sans obscurité,  
La vie est noire et dévorante;  
Ô fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,  
Donne-moi ta placidité.  
Ô belle nuit, nuit étoilée,  
Vers moi tes regards sont baissés,  
Éclaire mon âme troublée;  
Ô belle nuit, nuit étoilée,  
Mets ton sourire dans mes pensers.  
Ô sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,  
Pleine de paix et de douceur,  
Mon cœur bouillonne comme une urne;

Ô sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,  
Fais le silence dans mon cœur.  
Ô grande nuit, nuit solennelle,  
En qui tout est délicieux,  
Prends mon être entier sous ton aile;  
Ô grande nuit, nuit solennelle,  
Verse le sommeil en mes yeux.

O cool night, transparent night,  
Mystery without obscurity,  
Life is black and devouring;  
O cool night, transparent night  
Grant me your tranquility.  
O lovely night, starry night,  
As you look down on me,  
Bring light to my troubled soul,  
O lovely night, starry night,  
Let your smile enter my thoughts.  
O holy night, silent night,  
Full of peace and gentleness,  
My heart seethes like a cauldron;  
O holy night, silent night,  
Bring silence to my heart.  
O boundless night, solemn night,  
In which all things give delight,  
Take my whole being under your wing;  
O boundless night, solemn night,

Pour sleep into my eyes.

### **Die Lotosblume**

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.  
Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle,  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.  
Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet,  
Und starret stumm in die Höh;  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert  
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh'.

The lotus flower is afraid  
of the sun's splendor,  
and with bowed head,  
dreaming, she awaits the night.  
The moon, he is her lover;  
he wakes her with his light,  
and to him she happily unveils  
her innocent flower face.  
She blooms and glows and gleams,  
and gazes silently upward;  
she sends forth her fragrance and weeps and trembles

with love and love's pain.

### **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 is 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 Felsenriffe,  
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.

I do not know the reason  
That I feel so sad;  
An old tale from long ago  
Continues to haunt my mind  
The air is cool and it grows dark,  
And quietly flows the Rhine;  
The peak of the mountain glistens  
In the evening sunshine.  
A most beautiful maiden sits  
So wondrously up there,  
Her golden treasure sparkles  
She combs her golden hair.  
She combs it with a comb of gold  
While she sings a song  
That has a wonderfully strange  
And powerful melody.  
The boatman in his little skiff  
Is seized with longings, and violent despair  
He does not look at the rocks ahead,  
He looks only up at the heights.  
I think, in the end that the waves  
Swallow the boatman and his boat  
And that this was done  
By the Lorelei and her singing.

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**Down by the salley gardens**

Down the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.  
In a field by the river my love and I did stand.  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

### **Spring**

Spring, the sweet Spring,  
Is the year's pleasant king:  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towitta woo!  
The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,  
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towitta woo!  
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives asunning sit,  
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towitta woo!  
Spring! The sweet Spring!

### **Green Finch & Linnet Bird**

Green finch and linnet bird Nightingale, blackbird



How is it you sing?  
How can you jubilate sitting in cages never taking wing?  
Outside the sky waits beckoning, beckoning  
Just beyond the bars  
How can you remain staring at the rain  
Maddened by the stars?  
How is it you sing anything? How is it you sing?  
Green finch and linnet bird, Nightingale, blackbird  
How is it you sing?  
Whence comes this melody constantly flowing?  
Is it rejoicing or merely hallooing?  
Are you discussing or fussing  
Or simply dreaming? Are you crowing? Are you screaming?  
Ringdove and robinet is it for wages singing to be sold?  
Have you decided it's safer in cages  
Singing when you're told?  
My cage has many rooms damask and dark  
Nothing there sings not even my lark  
Larks never will, you know when they're captive  
Teach me to be more adaptive.  
Green finch and linnet bird Nightingale, blackbird  
Teach me how to sing.  
If I cannot fly, let me sing.