

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, THEATRE AND DANCE
OAKLAND UNIVERSITY

Angela Tocco, Soprano

Amanda Sabelhaus, Piano

Senior Recital

Tuesday, May 18, 2021 7 p.m.

Varner Outdoor Stage

From *Deidamia*, HWV 42
Se pensi Amor

George Frederic Handel (1685-1759)

From *Giulio Cesare*, HWV 17
Piangerò la sorte mia

From *Rodelinda*, HWV 19
Mio caro bene

Der Stern, Op. 69
Rote Rosen, WoO. 76
Wir beide wollen springen, AV 90
Für fünfzehn Pfennige, Op. 36
Glückes genug, Op. 37
Wasserrose, Op. 22

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Intermission

Les Amoureuses sont des folles, IJM 12
Élégie, IJM 67
Oh! Si les fleurs avaient des yeux, IJM 148
Première danse, IJM 183
C'est l'amour! IJM 33

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

The Swing, ILL 4
If I built a World for You, ILL 15
The Wren, ILL 1
I Send You My Heart, ILL 41
If No One Ever Marries Me, ILL 4
There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden, ILL 32

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

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Se pensi Amor

Se pensi, Amor, tu solo
per vizzo e per beltà
regnare in questo sen,
Amor, t'inganni.

Non perde mai del volo
augel la libertà,
che spesso al caro ben
rivolge i vanni.

Piangerò la sorte mia

E pur così in un giorno, perdo fasti e grandezze?
Ahi fato rio! Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse estinto
Cornelia e Steso inermi son,
Nè sanno darmi soccorso.
Oh Dio! Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio?

Piangerò la sorte mia
sì crudele e tanto ria
finché vita in petto avrò.

Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spettro agiterò.

Mio caro bene!

Non ho più affanni e pene,
Non ho più affanni al cor.
Vedendoti contento,
Nel seno mio già sento.
Che sol vi alberga amor.

If you think, love

*If you think, love, only
By caresses and beauty
To possess this heart,
You are deceiving yourself, love.*

*That bird in flight
Does not lose her freedom,
Which she can turn away
Its wings from the beloved.*

I shall weep over my cruel fate

*Why then, in one day, am I deprived of magnificence and
glory?
Oh, cruel fate! Cesar, my beloved idol, is probably dead,
Cornelia and Steso are defenseless
And cannot give me assistance.
Oh God! Is there no hope left in my life?*

*I shall weep over my cruel fate
so long as there remains
life in my breast.*

*But once I have perished,
I shall become a ghost and
torment that tyrant from all directions,
day and night.*

My beloved!

*I no longer know suffering and pain,
I no longer have grief in my heart,
Seeing you happy,
I feel now in my heart,
That only love abides in it.*

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Der Stern

Ich sehe ihn wieder
Den lieblichen Stern;
Er winket hernieder,
Er nahte mir gern;
Er wärmet und funkelt,
Je näher er kömmt,
Die andern verdunkelt,
Die Herzen beklemmt.

Die Haare im Fliegen
Er eilet mir zu,
Das Volk träumt von Siegen,
Ich träume von Ruh',
Die andern sich deuten
Die Zukunft daraus
Vergangene Zeiten
Mir leuchten ins Haus.

Rote Rosen

Weißt du die Rose, die du mir gegeben?
Der scheuen Veilchen stolze heiße Schwester;
Von deiner Brust trug noch ihr Duft das Leben,
Und an dem Duft sog ich fest mich und fester.

Ich seh' dich vor mir: Stirn und Schläfe glühend,
Den Nacken trotzig, weich und weiß die Hände,
Im Aug' noch Lenz, doch die Gestalt erblühend
Voll, wie das Feld blüht um Sonnenwende.
Um mich webt Nacht, die kühle, wolkenlose,
Doch Tag und Nacht, sie sind in eins zerronnen.

Es träumt mein Sinn von deiner roten Rose
Und von dem Garten, drin ich sie gewonnen.

Wir beide wollen springen

Es ging ein Wind durch's weite Land,
Drang Mund an Mund, blies Hand in Hand
Und war als wie ein Singen.

Hat dich und mich zusamm'geweht;
Und wenn er jetzt auch stille steht:
Wir beide wollen springen.

The Star

*I see it again
The beautiful star;
It beckons to me,
And would like to draw near;
It warns and it glitters,
The closer it comes,
It dims the others,
Oppresses hearts.*

*With flowing mane
It hurries towards me,
The people dream of victory,
I dream of peace,
From it the others
Predict the future,
For me it merely
Illumines the past*

Red Rose

*Do you recall the rose you gave me?
The shy violets' proud, ardent sister,
Its fragrance still drew life from your bosom,
And I imbibed that fragrance with ever greater glee.*

*I see you before me, forehead and temples ablaze,
Your nape defiant, your hands soft and white,
Spring still in your eyes, but your figure in full
Bloom, like the meadow in midsummer.
Night, cool and cloudless, weaves itself around me,
But day and night are blended into one.*

*I dream of your red rose
And of the garden where I won it.*

We're both about to leap with joy

*There went a wind throughout the land,
Pressed mouth to mouth, blew hand on hand,
And sounded like a song.*

*It blew both you and me together;
And now that it is calm again,
We're both about to leap with joy.*

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Für funfzehn Pfennige

Das Mägdlein will ein' Freier habn,
Und sollt' sie'n aus der Erde grabn,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Sie grub wohl ein, sie grub wohl aus,
Und grub nur einen Schreiber heraus,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Der Schreiber hatt' des Gelds zu viel,
Er kauft dem Mädchen, was sie will,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Er kauft ihr einen Gürtel schmal,
Der starrt von Gold wohl überall,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Er kauft ihr einen breiten Hut,
Der wär' wohl für die Sonne gut,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Wohl für die Sonn', wohl für den Wind,
Bleib du bei mir, mein liebes Kind,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Bleibst du bei mir, bleib' ich bei dir,
All meine Güter schenk' ich dir,
Sind funfzehn Pfennige.

Behalt dein Gut, laß mir mein Mut,
Kein' and're doch dich nehmen tut,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Dein' guten Mut, den mag ich nicht,
Hast traun von treuer Liebe nicht,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

Dein Herz ist wie ein Taubenhaus,
Gebt einer 'nein, der and're aus,
Für funfzehn Pfennige.

For fifteen Pence

*The girl wishes to have a lover,
Even if she had to dig him from the ground,
For fifteen pence.*

*She dug down deep, she dug up the earth,
And only dug herself a clerk,
For fifteen pence.*

*The clerk had too much money,
He buys the girl whatever she wants,
For fifteen pence.*

*He buys her a narrow girdle,
Which glistens golden everywhere,
For fifteen pence.*

*He buys her a broad-rimmed hat,
Which would be fine for the sun,
For fifteen pence.*

*Fine for the sun, fine for the wind,
Stay with me, my dear child,
For fifteen pence.*

*If you stay with me, I'll stay with you,
I shall give you all I have—
For fifteen pence.*

*Keep your wealth, let me stay merry—
No one else will have you
For fifteen pence.*

*I do not like your merriness,
You do not feel true love,
For fifteen pence.*

*Your heart is like a birdhouse,
As one enters, another leaves,
For fifteen pence.*

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Glückes genug

Wenn sanft du mir im Arme schliefst,
Ich deinen Atem hören konnte,
Im Traum du meinen Namen riefst,
Um deinen Mund ein Lächeln sonnte –
Glückes genug.

Und wenn nach heißem, ernstem Tag
Du mir verscheuchtest schwere Sorgen,
Wenn ich an deinem Herzen lag
Und nicht mehr dachte an ein Morgen –

Glückes genug.

Abundant happiness

*When softly in my arms you slept,
I could hear you breathing,
In your dreams you called out my name,
A smile shone on your mouth –
Abundant happiness.*

*And when after a hot, exhausting day
You banished my grievous cares,
When I lay on your heart
And thought no more about the morrow –*

Abundant happiness.

Wasserrose

Kennst du die Blume, die märchenhafte,
sagengefeierte Wasserrose?
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem, schlankem Schaft
das durchsicht'ge Haupt, das farbenlose,
sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im Haine,
gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset sie einsam,
sie erschließt sich nur dem Mondenscheine,
mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer gemeinsam:
so blüht sie, die zaub'rische Schwester der Sterne,
umschwärmt von der träumerisch dunklen Phaläne,
die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet von ferne,
und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie sich sehne.
Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die schlanke,
nachtlock'ge Maid, alabastern von Wangen,
in dem Auge der ahnende tiefe Gedanke,
als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden gefangen.
Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie silbernes Wogenrauschen,
wenn sie schweigt, ist's die ahnende Stille der Mondnacht;
sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu tauschen,
deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie gewohnt macht;
du kannst nie ermüden, in's Aug' ihr zu schau'n,
das die seidne, lange Wimper umsäumt hat,
und du glaubst, wie bezaubernd von seligem Grau'n,
was je die Romantik von Elfen geträumt hat

Water-lily

*Do you know this flower, the fairy-like
Water-lily, celebrated in legend?
On her ethereal, slender stem
She sways her colourless transparent head;
It blossoms on a reedy and sylvan pond,
Protected by the solitary swan that swims round it,
Opening only to the moonlight,
Whose silver gleam it shares.
Thus it blossoms, the magical sister of the stars,
As the dreamy dark moth, fluttering round it,
Yearns for it from afar at the edge of the pond,
And never reaches it for all its yearning.—
Water-lily is my name for the slender
Maiden with night-black locks and alabaster cheeks
With deep foreboding thoughts in her eyes,
As though she were a spirit imprisoned on earth.
Her speech resembles the silver rippling of waves,
Her silence the foreboding stillness of a moonlit night,
She seems to exchange glances with the stars,
Whose language—their natures being the same—she shares.
You can never tire of gazing into her eyes,
Framed by her silken long lashes,
And you believe, bewitched by their blissful grey,
All that Romantics have ever dreamt about elves.*

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Les Amoureuses sont des Folles

Les amoureuses sont des folles
Dont l'âme est faite de mystère,
Et le meilleur est de se taire
Sans rien croire de leurs paroles.
Les amoureuses, dans leurs yeux,
Ont des regards faux et cruels;
Et ce sont les regards auxquels
Se prennent les audacieux.
Les amoureuses sont des folles
Dont l'âme est faite de mystère,
Et le meilleur est de se taire
Sans rien croire de leurs paroles,
Les amoureuses bien aimées
Ont raison de tous les courages,
Car l'arrêt de nos esclavages
Rit sur leurs bouches parfumées.
Les amoureuses sont des folles.

Elégie

Ô doux printemps d'autrefois, vertes saisons, vous
avez fui pour toujours!
Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu;
je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des oiseaux!

En emportant mon bonheur,
Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé.
Et c'est en vain que revient le printemps! Oui! Sans
retour, avec toi, le gai soleil, les jours riants sont partis!

Comme en mon cœur tout est sombre et glacé,
tout est flétri pour toujours!

The Lovers are Crazy

*Lovers are crazy
Whose soul is made of mystery,
And the best thing is to keep quiet
Without believing any of their words.
Lovers in their eyes,
Have false and cruel looks;
And these are the looks that take
The bold.
Lovers are crazy
Whose soul is made of mystery,
And the best thing is to keep quiet
Without believing their words,
The lively lovers
Are right of all the courage,
For the end of our slavery
Laughs on their fragrant mouths.
Lovers are crazy.*

Elegy

*O sweet Spring of yesteryear, green seasons, you have
fled forever!
I no longer see the blue sky, I no longer
hear the joyous songs of the birds!*

*You have fled, my love,
and with you has fled my happiness.
And it is in vain that the spring returns!
For along with you, the cheerful sun, the laughing days have gone!
As my heart is dark and frozen, so all is withered for evermore!*

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Oh ! si les fleurs avaient des yeux

Oh ! si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Ils seraient de mélancolie,
Oh ! si les fleurs avaient des yeux,
Que leurs larmes seraient jolies.
Et si les fleurs avaient des ailes,
Elles seraient en pur velour,
Et si les fleurs avaient des ailes,
Elles s'enfuiraient vers l'amour.
Mais si les fleurs avaient une âme
En leurs calices ciselés,
Mais si les fleurs avaient une âme
Leurs parfums seraient des baisers.

Premiere Danse

Des bons vieux airs très connus
Marquant la cadence,
Avec des gestes menus
La fillette danse.

Elle va, vient, en sautant
Toujours avec grâce,
Et ce jeu nouveau pourtant
Point ne l'embarrasse.

Son pied sur le clair parquet
Glisse ou se dérobe,
Et son petit doigt coquet
Relève sa robe.

Cinq ans! et pas de leçons!
Mais c'est rusé, dame!
Et ça vous a des façons
De belle madame.

Ça se cambre avec orgueil,
Ça vous prend des poses,
Et déjà, du coin de l'oeil,
Ça vous dit des choses.

Ça vous dit: "Regardez-moi!
Tourner et sourire;
Je suis charmante et, ma foi!
J'aime qu'on m'admire!

"J'aime qu'on remarque aussi
Mon beau teint d'aurore;
Mon front blanc que nul souci

Oh! If the flowers had eyes

*Oh! If the flowers had eyes,
They would be melancholy,
Oh! If the flowers had eyes,
Their tears would be pretty.
And if the flowers had wings,
They would be pure velvet,
And if the flowers had wings,
They would flee to love.
But if flowers had a soul
In their chiseled chalices,
But if flowers had a soul
Their aroma would be kisses.*

First Dance

*Marking time
to the good old familiar tunes,
the little girl dances,
with slender gestures.*

*Leaping hither and thither,
always graceful,
and yet unembarrassed
by this new game.*

*Her foot slides or flees
over the pale parquet.
Her little finger coyly lifts
the hem of her dress.*

*Five years old! And no lessons!
How clever!
How much
the little lady!*

*Proudly she arches her back
and poses for you,
and says things
from the corner of her eye.*

*"Look at me!" says she.
"Watch me turn and smile.
I'm charming,
and how I love to be admired!*

*"I like it when people notice
my dainty-pink skin,
my white brow,*

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Ne ternit encore;

"Ma chevelure en or fin
Qui mousse et rayonne.
J'aime qu'on admire enfin
Toute ma personne!"

Et ce petit rien de rien,
Veut, du fond de l'âme,
Que chacun "la trouve bien!"
Ô fillette! Ô femme!

C'est l'amour!

Oh oui ! la terre est belle et le ciel est superbe ;

Mais quand ton sein palpite et quand ton oeil reluit,

Quand ton pas gracieux court si léger sur l'herbe,
Que le bruit d'une lyre est moins doux que son bruit
;
Quand brille sous tes cils, comme un feu sous les
branches,

Ton beau regard terni par de longues douleurs ;

Quand sur les maux passés tout-à-coup tu te
penches,
Que tu veux mais sourire,

Et qu'il te vient des pleurs;

Ce qui sort à la fois de tant de douces choses,

Ce qui de ta beauté s'exhale nuit et jour,

Comme un parfum formé du souffle de cent roses,

C'est bien plus que la terre et le ciel,
C'est l'amour!

as yet unclouded by care,

*"My gleaming clouds
of spun-gold hair.
I love it when people
admire all of me!"*

*And this little snip,
from the depths of her soul,
wants everybody "to think she's pretty!"
Oh, little girl! Oh, woman!*

It's love!

Oh yes! The Earth is beautiful and the sky is magnificent;

But when your breast pulsates and your eye shines,

When your graceful step runs so light on the grass,

The sound of a lyre is less soft than its sound.

*When you shine under your lashes, like a fire under your
branches,*

Your beautiful gaze tarnished by long pains,

When you pass by the evils you suddenly lean in,

Whatever you want but smiles,

And it comes from the tears;

What comes out of so many sweet things at once,

What of your beauty is exhaled night and day,

Like a perfume formed of the breath of one hundred roses,

It is much more than the Earth and sky, it's love!

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First and foremost, I would like to thank Kathy Boersma, Terry Herald, Megan Herald, Leah Ruff, and the rest of the Varner Hall staff who made today's performance possible. Thank you for making this in-person recital happen, especially during these unprecedented times.

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Last but certainly not least, I would like to extend a very special shout out to my mom, Janis, and my dad, Tom. I could not have made it this far without you. You have always been my biggest fans and my loudest cheerleaders. I am endlessly grateful for the love and support that you show me, I feel so blessed to have parents that care for me like you do. Thank you for letting me be myself and follow my dreams. Thank you for everything. I love you.

This recital is dedicated to the memory of my legendary grandmothers. I could never describe how wonderfully I was loved, cherished, and supported by them. They would be in the first row, cheering me on, but I'm thankful they are here watching over me.

Carmela Grace Tocco (Chinni) (1929-2020)
Marlene Joy Wallersteadt (1936-2012)

Angela's Recital is presented in fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
Bachelor of Music, Voice Performance.