

California State University, Northridge  
Mike Curb College of Arts, Media, and Communication  
Department of Music

*present*

William Grundler, tenor  
in his Junior Recital

*with*

Carol Roberts, piano

a student of Dr. David Sannerud

and a recipient of the:

2012 Steven M. Williams Memorial Endowment  
2012 Outstanding Student Award: Northridge Singers  
2013 Nancy Hooker Memorial Scholarship

Sunday, October 20, 2013 at 2:30 PM  
Music Recital Hall  
CY 158

\*In partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance

# PROGRAM

Come Again, Sweet Love John Dowland  
(1563–1626)

Total Eclipse George Frideric Handel  
from *Samson* (1685–1759)

Flow, My Tears John Dowland

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Amarilli, mia bella Giulio Caccini  
(1551–1618)

Già il sole dal Gange Alessandro Scarlatti  
from *L'honestà negli amori* (1660–1725)

Il mio bel foco Francesco Conti  
(1681–1732)

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Wandrer's Nachtlid Franz Schubert  
(1797–1826)

from *Die Schöne Müllerin*  
Danksagung an den Bach  
Nacht und Träume

# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

## Come Again, Sweet Love

text by anonymous

Come again, sweet love doth now invite  
thy graces that refrain  
to do me due delight,  
to see, to hear, to touch, to kiss,  
to die with thee again  
in sweetest sympathy.

Come again, that I might cease to mourn  
through thy unkind disdain,  
for now left and forlorn,  
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint,  
to die in deadly pain  
and endless misery.

## Total Eclipse

from *Samson*

libretto by Newburgh Hamilton

Total eclipse! No sun, no moon,  
all dark amidst the blaze of noon!  
Oh glorious light! No cheering ray  
to glad my eyes with welcome day!  
Total eclipse! No sun, no moon,  
all dark amidst the blaze of noon!  
Why thus deprived Thy prime decree?  
Sun, moon and stars are dark to me.

## Flow, My Tears

text by anonymous

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!  
Exiled, forever let me mourn;  
where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,  
there let me live forlorn.

Never may my woes be relieved, since pity is fled;  
and tears and sighs and groans my weary days,  
of all joys have deprived

From the highest spire of contentment  
my fortune is thrown;  
and fear and grief and pain for my deserts  
are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,  
learn to condemn light.  
Happy, happy they that in hell  
feel not the world's despite.

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## Amarilli, mia bella

text by Alessandro Guarini

Amarilli, mia bella,  
non credio del  
mio cor dolce desio,  
d'esser tu l'amor mio?  
Credilo pur:  
e se timor t'assale,  
prendi questo mio strale.  
Aprimi il petto, e vedrai  
scritto in core:  
Amarilli è il mio amore.

Amarilli, my beautiful,  
do you not believe  
of my heart's sweet desire,  
that you are my love?  
Believe it:  
and if fear assails you,  
take this, my arrow.  
Open my breast, and you will see  
written in my heart:  
Amarilli is my love.

## Già il sole dal Gange

from *L'honestà negli amori*

libretto by D. F. Bernini

Già il sole dal Gange  
più chiaro sfavilla,  
e terge ogni stilla  
dell'alba che piange.

Already the sun from the Ganges  
more brightly sprinkles,  
and dries every drop  
of the dawn which weeps.

Col raggio dorato,  
ingemma ogni stelo,  
e gli astri del cielo  
dipinga nel prato.

With the gilded ray  
it adorns every blade,  
and the stars of the sky  
it paints in the meadow.

## Il mio bel foco

text by anonymous

Il mio bel foco,  
o lontano o vicino  
ch'esser poss'io,  
senza cangiar mai tempre  
per voi, care pupille,  
arderà sempre.

Quella fiamma che m'accende,  
piace tanto all'alma mia  
che giammai s'estinguerà.

E se il fato a voi mi rende,  
vaghi rai del mio bel sole,  
altra luce ella non vuole  
nè voler giammai potrà.

My beautiful fire,  
whether far or near  
if only I could be there,  
without change, never tempered  
for you, your dear eyes  
I will desire always.

This flame that inflames me,  
pleases my soul so much  
that never will it be extinguished.

And if fate returns me to you,  
lovely ray of beautiful sun,  
another light it does not want  
and never could.

Gelt, hab' ich's verstand den?  
Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat sie dich geschickt?  
Oder hast mich berückt?  
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,  
ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,  
ich gebe mich d'rein:  
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,  
wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,  
nun hab' ich genug,  
für die Hände, fürs Herze,  
vollauf genug!

So, have I understood?  
To go to the miller!

Have you sent her?  
Or have you charmed me?  
That I would like to know  
whether you sent her.

Now how it may seem,  
I give myself into it:  
What I seek have I found,  
how it always may be.

I asked for work,  
now I have enough,  
for the hands, for the heart,  
completely enough!

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## Wandrer's Nachtlied

text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,  
in allen Wipfeln spürest du  
kaum einen Hauch;  
die Vögelein schweigen  
im Walde,  
warte nur,  
balde ruhest du auch!

## Wanderer's night-song

Over all the peaks it is peaceful,  
in all the treetops you feel  
hardly a breath of wind;  
the little birds are silent  
in the forest,  
just wait,  
soon you will rest also!

## Danksagung an den Bach

from *Die Schöne Müllerin*

text by Wilhelm Müller

War es also gemeint,  
mein rauschender Freund?  
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,  
war es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!  
So lautet der Sinn.

## Giving thanks to the brook

Was it then meant to be,  
my babbling friend?  
Your singing, your ringing,  
was it then mean to be?

To go to the miller!  
So sounded the sense.

## Nacht und Träume

text by Mattäus von Collin

Heil'ge Nacht,  
du sinkest nieder;  
nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
wie dein Mondlicht  
durch die Räume,  
durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;  
rufen wenn der Tag erwacht:  
kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder.

## Night and dreams

Holy night,  
you sink down;  
downward flow also the dreams,  
like your moonlight  
through the space,  
through man's quiet breast.  
They listen to them with delight;  
they call when the day awakens:  
return again, blessed night!  
Dreams return again.

# THANK YOU TO...

Dr. David Sannerud, an amazing teacher, mentor, and friend. You helped me realize my musical dreams and have been such a wonderful guidance along the way.

My wonderful family: my mother, my father, Alea, and Ulysses. Thank you for believing in me before I believed in myself. Your support carried me through the tumultuous times, and made the good times possible.

Tianna Cohen. You augment the highs and pull me out of the lows. I always know you are there to support my dreams and I hope you know I am there as well.

My wonderful friends who go to my concerts and take an interest in my career. In addition I'd like to thank my colleagues who made me feel welcome to the new world of opera.

Professor Smith, Professor Aks, Anne Baltz, Dr. Roscino, Suzanne Recer, Carol Roberts, Professor Judith Scott, Maurice Godin, and Eli Villanueva. You have shown me the nuances that make music worth studying.

Alyssa Brode for creating the program and posters as well as being a guide and friend through the process.

The Lord Jesus Christ for a wonderful life, wonderful people, but most importantly your saving grace.