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4-13-2018

Junior Recital: McKinny Danger-James, mezzo-soprano

McKinny Danger-James

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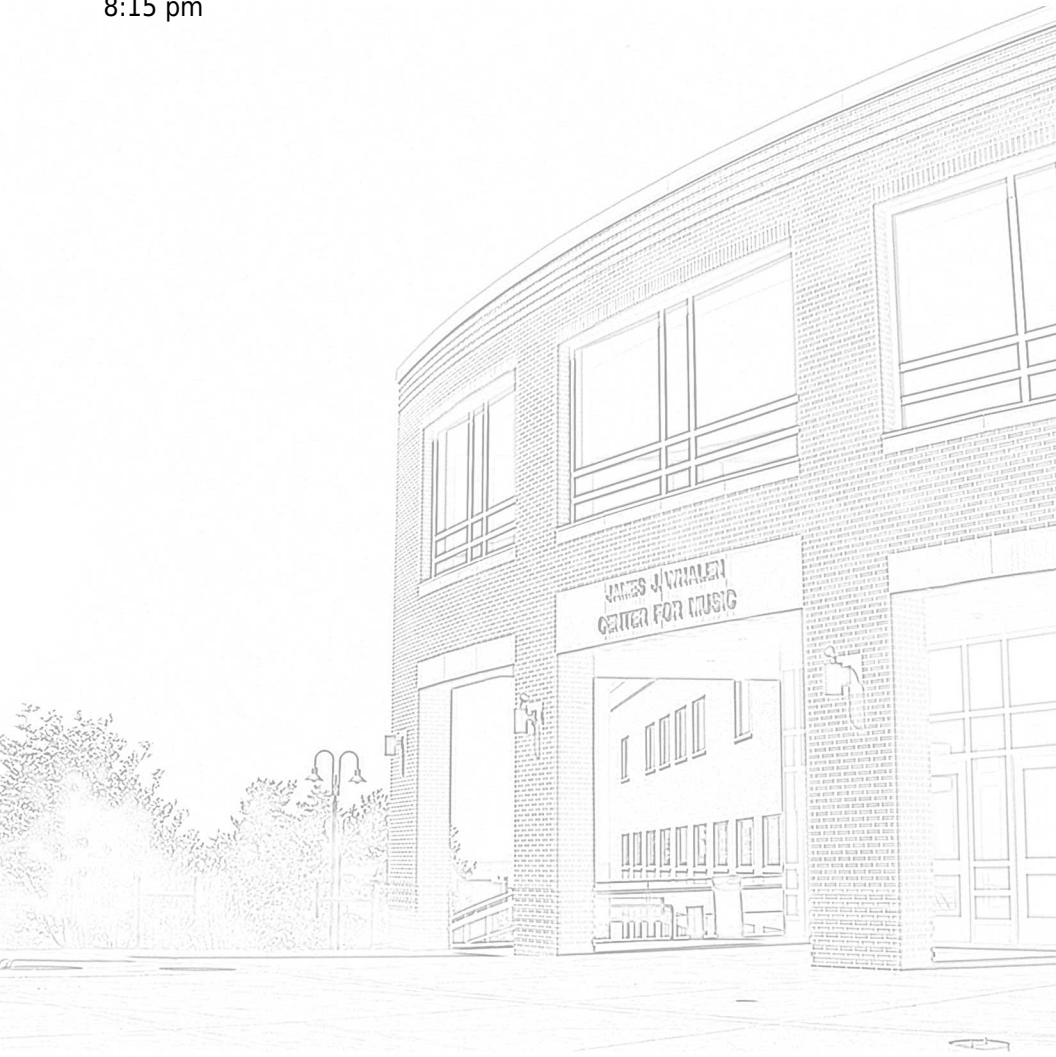
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Junior Recital:
McKinny Danger-James, mezzo-soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, April 13th, 2018
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

"Nobles Seigneurs, Salut!"
from *Les Huguenots*

Giacomo Meyerbeer
(1791-1864)

4 Gesänge, op. 2
I. Schlafen, schlafen
II. Schlafend trägt man mich
III. Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand
IV. Warm die Lüfte

Alban Berg
(1885-1935)

Intermission

"Dopo Notte"
from *Ariodante*

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Terri Landez, cello

Cabaret Songs
Tell Me the Truth About Love
Funeral Blues
Johnny
Calypso

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Translations

Nobles Seigneurs, Salut!

Nobles seigneurs, salut!
Une dame noble et sage,
dont les rois seraient jaloux,
m'a chargé de ce message

chevaliers, pour l'un de vous.
Sans qu'on la nomme, honneur
ici
au gentilhomme qu'elle a choisi!

Vous pouvez croire que neul
seigneur
neut tant de gloire ni de
bonheur.

Non, jamais!
Ne craignez mensonge ou
piège,
chevaliers, dans mes discours.
Or salut, que Dieu protège
vos combats, vos amours!

Noble lords, greetings!
A lady noble and wise,
of whom kings would be jealous,
has charged me with this
message,
gentlemen, for one of you.
Without being named, honor
here
to the gentleman whom she has
chosen!

You can believe that no
gentleman
has had such glory or good
fortune.

No, never!
Do not fear lies or traps,
gentlemen, in my speech.
Now greetings, may God protect
your battles, your loves!

4 Gesänge

I. Schlafen, schlafen, nichts als
schlafen!
Kein Erwachen, keinen Traum!
Jener Wehen, die mich trafen,
leisestes Erinnern kaum.
Das ich, wenn des Lebens Fülle
niederklingt in meine Ruh,
nur noch tiefer mich verhülle,
fester zu die Augen tu!

II. Schlafen trägt man mich in
mein Heimatland!
Ferne komm ich her,
über Gipfel, über Schlünde,
über ein dunkles Meer
in mein Heimatland.

I. Sleep, sleep, nothing but
sleep!
No awakening, no dream!
Of the pains that afflicted me,
scarcely the faintest memory.
That I, when the fullness of life
reverberates into my rest,
cloak myself even more deeply,
and more tightly close my eyes!

II. Asleep I am carried to my
homeland!
I come from far away,
over peaks, over abysses,
over a dark ocean
to my homeland.

III. Nun ich der Riesen
Stärksten überwand,
mich aus dem dunkelsten Land
heimfand
an einer weissen Märchenhand--
Hallen schwer die Glocken.
Und ich wanke
durch die gassen
schlafbefangen.

IV. Warm die Lüfte,
es spriesst Gras auf sonnigen
Wiesen.
Horch, es flötet die Nachtigall.
Ich will singen:
Droben hoch im düstern
Bergforst,
es schmilzt und glitzert kalter
Schnee,
ein Mädchen in grauem Kleide
lehnt an feuchtem Eichstamm
krank sind ihrer zarten Wangen,
die grauen Augen fiebern
durch Dusterriesenstämme,

"Er kommt noch nicht.
Er lässt mich warten..."
Stirb!
Der Eine stirbt, daneben der
Andere lebt:
Das macht die Welt so
tiefschön.

III. Now that I have overcome
the strongest of giants,
I have found my way home from
the darkest land
on a white fairy hand--
Heavily ring the bells.
And I stagger
through the alleys held by
sleep.

IV. Warm the breeze,
grass sprouts on sunny
meadows.
Listen, the nightingale's flute.
I will sing:
High up in the dark mountain
forest,
cold snow melts and glistens,
a girl in a gray dress
leans against a wet oak trunk
her tender cheeks are sick,
her gray eyes are feverish
through the gloomy giant
trunks,

"He does not come yet.
He lets me wait..."
Die!
One dies, next to it the other
lives:
That makes the world so
beautiful.

Dopo Notte

Dopo notte atra e funesta,
splende in ciel più vago il sole,
e di gioia empie la terra.

Mentre in orrida tempesta
il mio legno è quasi assorto,
giunge in porto, e'l lido afferra.

After a black and gloomy night,
the sun shines more beautifully
in the sky,
and fills the earth with joy.

While in a horrid tempest
my boat was almost immersed,
it arrives in port and reaches
shore.