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### Senior Recital: McKinny Danger-James

McKinny Danger-James

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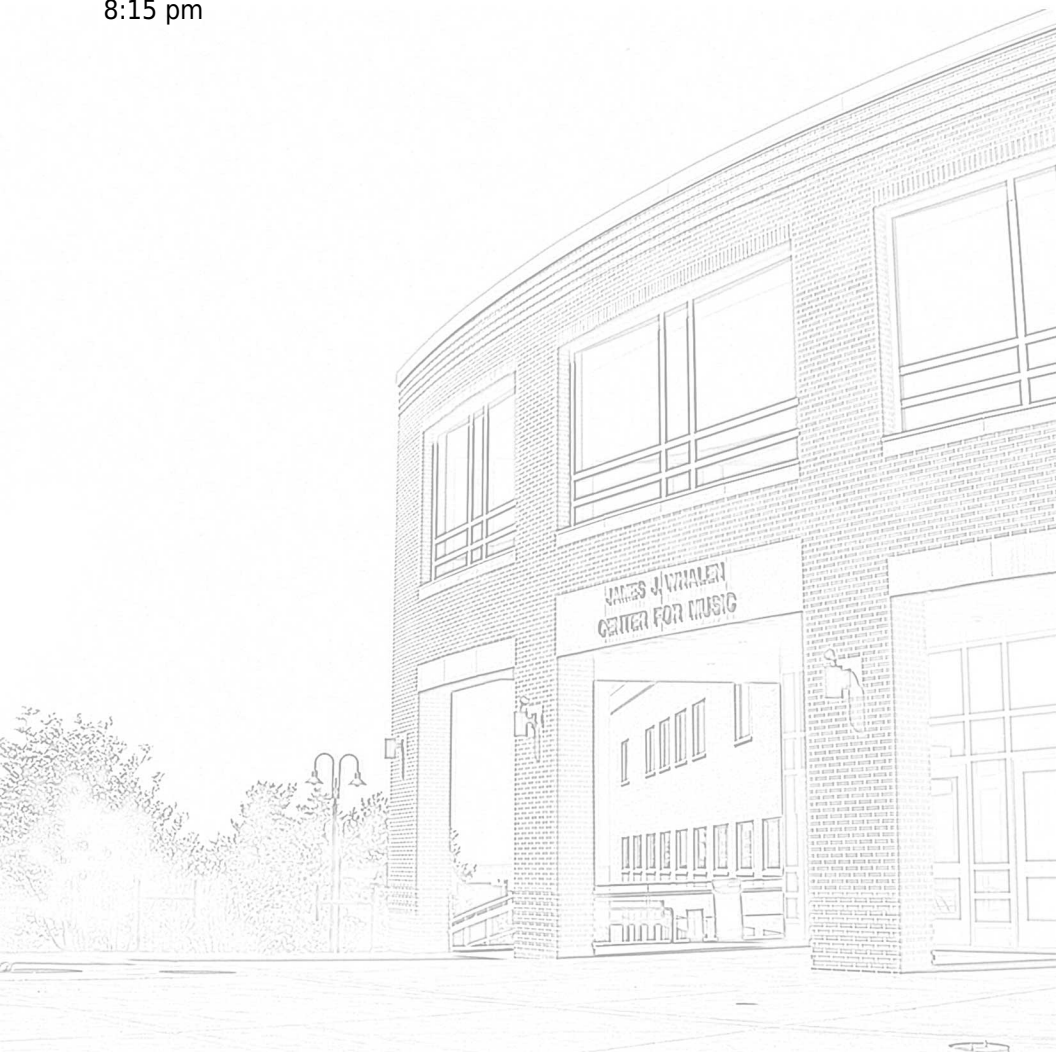
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**Senior Recital:**  
McKinny Danger-James

Maria Rabbia, piano

Ford Hall  
Sunday, April 7th, 2019  
8:15 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

*Brettli-Lieder*  
*Mahnung*  
*Der genügsame Liebhaber*

Arnold Schoenberg  
(1874-1951)

*Miss Manners on Music*  
I. Prologue  
IV. Manners on Contemporary Music  
VI. Manners at the Opera  
VII. Envoi

Dominick Argento  
(1927-2019)

## Intermission

*Ludions*  
*air du rat*  
*spleen*  
*la grenouille américaine*  
*air du poète*  
*chanson du chat*

Erik Satie  
(1866-1925)

Five Satires  
1. To a Critic  
2. Spring Awakening  
4. Misunderstanding

Dmitri Shostakovich  
(1906-1975)

## Translations

### Mahnung (Warning)

Mädel sei kein eit'les Ding, fang dir keinen Schmetterling, such dir einen rechten Mann, der dich tüchtig küssen kann und mit seiner Hände Kraft, dir ein warmes Nestchen schafft.	Girl don't be a vain thing, don't go catching butterflies, seek for yourself a proper man, one who can kiss well, and with his strong hands can build you a warm little nest.
Mädel, Mädel, sei nicht dumm, lauf nicht wie im Traum herum, Augen auf! ob Einer kommt, der dir recht zum Manne taugt. Kommt er, dann nicht lang bedacht! Klapp! die Falle zugemacht.	Girl, girl, don't be dumb, don't run around as if in a dream, keep you eyes open! if one comes who is properly suited for you as a husband. If he comes, don't consider too long! Snap! Close the trap.
Liebes Mädel sei gescheit, nütze deine Rosenzeit! Passe auf und denke dran, dass du, wenn du ohne Plan ziellos durch das Leben schwirrst, eine alte Jungferwirst.	Dear girl be sensible, make use of your youth! Take care and think on it, that you, if you don't have a plan and aimlessly buzz through life, will end up an old maid.

## Der genügsame Liebhaber (The Easily Satisfied Lover)

Meine Freundin hat eine  
schwarze Katze  
mit weichem knistern dem  
Sammetfell,  
und ich, ich hab' eine  
blitzblanke Glatze,  
blitzblank und glatt und  
silberhell.

My girlfriend has a black cat  
with soft, rustling, velvety  
fur,  
and I, I have a shiny bald  
head,  
shiny and bald and silvery.

Meine Freundin gehört zu  
den üppigen Frauen,  
sie liegt auf dem Divan das  
ganze Jahr,  
beschäftigt das Fell ihrer  
Katze zu krauen,  
mein Gott ihr behagt halt das  
sammtweiche Haar.

My girlfriend is one of those  
sensual women,  
she lies on the sofa the  
whole year,  
stroking her cat's fur to  
occupy herself,  
my god, how that velvety  
coat pleases her.

Und komm' ich am Abend die  
Freundin besuchen,  
so liegt die Mietze im  
Schosse bei ihr,  
und nascht mit ihr von dem  
Honigkuchen  
und schauert wenn ich leise  
ihr Haar berühr.

And when I come in the  
evening to visit my  
girlfriend,  
so lies the pussy on her lap,  
and nibbles with her from the  
honey cake  
and shudders when I lightly  
touch her fur.

Und will ich mal zärtlich thun  
mit dem Schatze,  
und dass sie mir auch einmal  
"Eitschi" macht,  
dann stülp' ich die Katze auf  
meine Glatze,  
dann streichelt die Freundin  
die Katze und lacht.

And if I want to be tender  
with my sweetheart,  
so that she will make  
whoopee with me for  
once,  
then I slip the cat over my  
bald head,  
then my girlfriend stokes the  
cat and laughs.

## air du rat

Abi abirounère  
Qui que tu n'étais don?  
Une blanche monère  
Un joli goulifon  
Un oeil a son pépère  
Un joli goulifon.

Abi abirounère  
Who were you then?  
A white monère  
A pretty goulifon  
An eye of his papa  
A pretty goulifon.

## spleen

Dans un vieux square  
où l'océan du mauvais temps  
met son séant

Sur un banc triste aux yeux  
de pluie

C'est d'une blonde  
Rosse et gironde

Qu tu t'ennuies

Dans ce cabaret du Nèant

Qu'est notre vie?

In an old square  
where the ocean of bad  
weather places its  
backside

On a bench sad with eyes of  
rain

There is a blonde  
Catty and buxom

How bored you are

In this cabaret of  
nothingness

What is our life?

## la grenouille américaine

La gouénouille améouicaine  
Me regarde par dessus  
Ses bésicles de futaine.  
Ses yeux son de grogs  
massus

Dépourvus de jolitaine.  
Je pense a Casadesus  
Qui n'a pas fais de musique  
Sur cette scène d'amour  
Dont le parfum nostalgique  
Sort d'une boîte d'Armour.

Argus de table tu gardes  
L'âme du crapaud Vanglor  
Ô bouillon qui me regardes  
Avec tes lunettes d'or.

The Amewican fwog  
Looks at me over  
His corduroy spectacles.  
His eyes are massive grogs

Devoid of prettiness.  
I think of Casadesus  
Who has not made music  
For this love scene  
Whose nostalgic perfume  
Comes from an armored  
bottle.

Argus of the table, you guard  
The soul of the toad Vanglor  
Oh broth that watches me  
With your golden spectacles.

## air du poète

Au pays de Papouasie J'ai caressé la Pouasie...	In the land of Papua I have caressed the Pouasie...
La grâce que je vous souhaite	The mercy that I wish for you
C'est de n'être pas Papouète.	Is that you do not become a Papouète.

## chanson du chat

Il est une bête Tili petit n'enfant Tirelan C'est une byronette La beste à son moman Tirelan Le peu Tinan faon c'est un ti blanc-blanc Un petit Potasson C'est mon goret, c'est mon pourçon Mon petit Potasson	He is a baby beast Tili little baby Tirelan He is a byronette His mommy's best beast Tirelan The little Tinan fawn he is little and white A little Potasson He is my piglet, he is my hog My little Potasson
Il saut' sur la fenêtre Et groume du museau Tirelo Pasqu'il voit sur la crête S'découper les oiseaux Tirelo Le petit n'en faut c'est un ti blo-blo Un petit Potação C'est mon goret, c'est mon pourceau Mon petit Potasseau.	He jumps on the window And grooms his muzzle Tirelo Because he sees on the crest The outlined birds Tirelo The little one in need he is a bit coo-coo A little Potação He is my piglet, he is my hog My little Potasseau.

## To a Critic

Критику.

Когда поэт описывая даму,  
начнёт:

"Я шла по улице. В бока  
впился корсет,"

здесь "я" не понимай,  
конечно, прямо,

что, мол под дамою  
скрывается поэт.

Я истину тебе подружески  
открою:

поэт мужчина и даже с  
бородою.

To a critic.

When the poet, describing a  
lady, begins:

"I walked down the street,  
my corset poking my  
sides,"

here, don't understand the  
"I" literally, of course,  
as if it meant that a lady  
hides behind the poet.

I can reveal the truth to you  
in a friendly way:

the poet is a man, and even  
has a beard.

## Spring Awakening

Пробуждение весны.

Вчера мой кот взглянул на  
календарь

и хвост трубою поднял  
моментально,

потом подрал на лестницу,  
как встарь,

и завопил тепло и  
вакханально:

"Весенний брак!  
Гражданский брак!

Спешите, кошки на  
чердак..."

Spring awakening.

Yesterday my cat glanced at  
the calendar,

and instantly raised his tail  
like a trumpet,

then raced onto the stair, as  
in the old days,

and started yelling loudly  
and lascivously,

"Spring marriages! Civil  
marriages!

Hurry, all cats, to the attic..."

И кактус мой, о, чудо из  
чудес!

Залитый чаем и кофейной  
гушей,

Как новый Лазарь, взял да  
и воскрес

и с каждым днём прёт из  
земли всё пуще.

Зелёный шум... Я поражён:

And my cactus, oh miracle of  
miracles!

Flooded with tea and coffee  
grounds,

Like a new Lazarus, up and  
resurrected itself,

and everyday shoots farther  
out of the soil.

The greenness is palpable...  
I'm struck:



"Как много дум наводит  
он!"  
Уже с панелей смёрзшуюся  
грязь,  
ругаясь, скалывают  
дворники лихие.  
Уже ко мне забрёл сегодня  
"князь,"  
взял тёплый шарф и лыжи  
беговые...  
"Весна, весна! Пою как  
бард,  
несите зимний хлам в  
ломбард."

Сияет солнышко. Ейбогу,  
ничего!  
Весенняя лазурь спугнула  
дым и копоть,  
Мороз уже не щиплет  
никого, но многим  
нечего,  
как и зимою, лопать...

Деревья ждут... Гниёт  
вода, и пьяных больше,  
чем всегда.

Создатель мой! Спасибо за  
весну!  
Я думал, она не  
возвратится,  
Но... дай сбегать в лесную  
тишину  
от злобы дня, холеры и  
столицы!  
Весенний ветер за  
дверьми...  
В кого б влюбиться, чёрт  
возьми?

"How many thoughts it  
brings me!"  
Already the frozen mud from  
the pavements,  
swaring, the intrepid yard  
keepers are chopping.  
The "Prince" even dropped in  
on me today  
to borrow a warm scarf and  
some racing skis...  
"It's spring, it's spring!" I sing  
like the bard,  
"Take all the winter junk to  
the pawnshop."

The sun is shining. By God,  
this is alright!  
Spring's azure has frightened  
off the smoke and soot,  
And the frost isn't nipping  
anyone anymore,

but there are many as in  
winter with nothing to  
eat...

The trees are waiting... the  
water is stagnant, and  
there are more drunks  
than ever.

Creator! Thank you for  
spring!  
I thought it would never  
return,  
But... let me flee to the silent  
woods  
away from the malice of life,  
the cholera, and the city!  
The breath of spring is  
outside my door...  
Who shall I fall in love with?  
Devil take it!

## Misunderstanding

Недоразумение.

Она была поэтесса,  
поэтесса Бальзаковских  
лет.

А он был просто повеса,  
курчавый и пылкий  
брюнет.

Повеса пришёл к поэтессе.

В полумраке дышали духи,

на софе, как в  
торжественной мессе,  
поэтесса гнусила стихи:

"О, сумей огнедышащей  
лаской,

всколыхнуть мою сонную  
страсть,

к пене бёдер за алой  
подвязкой

ты не бойся усами  
припасть.

Я свежа, как дыханье  
левкоя...

о сплетём же истомности  
тел!"

Продолжение было такое,  
что курчавый брюнет  
покраснел.

Покраснел, но оправился  
быстро

и подумал: была не была!

Здесь не думские речи  
министра,

не слова тут нужны, а  
дела...

С несдержанной силой  
Кентавра

Misunderstanding.

She was a poetess,  
a poetess of Balzac's age.

And he was a simple rake,  
a curly-haired and passionate  
brunette.

The rake came to the  
poetess.

In the perfumed  
semi-darkness,  
on a sofa, as if during a  
solemn mass,

the poetess nasally recited  
her verses:

"Oh with your caresses hot  
as flames,

come to me and awaken my  
dormant passion,

to my foamy thighs beyond  
the scarlet garter

do not hesitate to press your  
lips.

I am as fresh as the death of  
a gillyflower..

Oh, let us merge our  
languorous bodies!"

What happened next,  
the curly-haired brunette  
blushed.

He blushed, but recovered  
quickly

and thought: well, whatever!

This is no time for a  
minister's speech in the  
Duma,

no time for words, but  
deeds...

With the unbridled strength  
of a centaur

Поэтессу повеса привлёк,  
Но визгливо вульгарное:  
"Мавра, Мавра Мавра!"  
Охладило кипучий поток.

"Простите..." вскочил он,  
"Вы сами..."  
Но в глазах её холод и  
честь:  
"Вы смели к порядочной  
даме,  
как дворник, собьятями  
лезть!"

Вот чинная Мавра.

И задом уходит  
испуганный гость,  
в передней растерянным  
взглядом  
он долго искал свою  
трость.  
С лицом белее магнезии  
шёл с лестницы пылкий  
брюнет.  
Не понял он новой поэзии  
поэтессы Бальзаковских  
лет.

he pulled the poetess to  
himself,  
But a highly unpoetic squeal:  
"Mavra, Mavra, Mavra!"  
Put a quick chill on his boiling  
ardor.

"Excuse me..." he said,  
jumping up, "But you..."  
But her eyes were cold and  
full of honor.  
"How dare you approach a  
decent lady,  
like some janitor, with  
intimate intentions!"

Here comes the decorous  
Mavra.

And behind her exits the  
frightened guest,  
in the entry hall, with an  
embarrassed look,  
he looked for a long time for  
his walking stick.  
His face whiter than  
magnesium  
the passionate brunette  
walked downstairs.  
He simply hadn't understood  
the new poetry  
of the poetess of Balzac's  
age.