



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Junior Recital

# Eliana McFate

Soprano

**Susie Maddocks**

Piano

**Assisted by:**

Greysen Kemper, Victoria Lang, Daniel Lin,  
Daniel Micsion, Kristin Nolt, Dekenon Pollock,  
and Abigail Weller

Saturday, November 2, 2024 at 4:00 p.m.

**HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL**

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

# Program

Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata (*Don Giovanni*) ..... W. A. Mozart  
(1756–1791)

Cigánské Melodie (*Gypsy Songs, Op. 55*) ..... Antonín Dvořak

I. Má písen zas mi láskou zní (1841–1904)

II. Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerozkošně zvoní

III. A les je tichý kolem kol

IV. Když mne stará matka

V. Struna naladěna

VI. Široké rukavy

VII. Dejte klec jestřábu

Selections from *Clairières dans le ciel* ..... Lili Boulanger

Elle etait descendue au bas de la prairie (1893–1918)

Un poète disait

Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri

## Intermission

A Song of Autumn ..... Edward Elgar

In Moonlight (1857–1934)

Pansies

O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück ..... Johannes Brahms

(1833–1897)

Victoria Lang, soprano; Kristin Nolt, alto

Sehnsucht

How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place (*Ein Deutsches Requiem, Op. 45*)

Victoria Lang, soprano; Kristin Nolt, Abigail Weller, altos;

Greysen Kemper, Daniel Lin, tenors; Daniel Micsion, Dekenon Pollock, basses

*Eliana McFate is a student of Dr. Joy Meade*

# Translations

## **Mi tradi quell'alma ingrata**

Cruel heart, thou hast betrayed me

In what excesses, oh gods,

In what horrible and tremendous crimes is wrapped up in the scoundrel.

Ah, no! The anger of heaven can't be delayed, the justice be delayed.

I already feel it seems the fatal lightning bolt that is falling on his head!

Open I see the fatal abyss!

Miserable Elvira! What contrasting feelings in your breast are born!

Why these sighs and this anguish?

That ungrateful soul betrayed me,

Miserable, oh God, he makes me!

Although betrayed and abandoned,

I still feel pity for him.

When I feel my dreadful anguish,

My heart cries out for vengeance,

But when I see the danger he is in,

My heart still beats with excitement.

## *Cigánské Melodie (Gypsy Songs)*

### **Má písen zas**

My song sounds of love

My song again rings to me with love, when the old day dies,  
and when the poor moss secretly gathers pearls of dew.

My song so longingly rings into the country when I wander through the world;

Only through the vastness of my native puszta

Does my voice flow freely from my bosom,

Does my voice flow freely from my bosom.

My song sounds loudly with love, when the storm hurries through the plains;

When I am glad that my brother is dying free from poverty.

### **Aj! Kterak trojhranec můj přerozkošně zvoní**

Hey! How my triangle passionately rings out

Hey! How my triangle passionately rings out!

Like a gypsy's song, when he draws near to death!

When he draws near to death, the triangle rings to him,

End of song, dance, love, lament.

### **A les je tichý kolem kol**

And the forest is silent all around

And the forest is silent all around,

Only my heart disturbs that peace, only my heart disturbs that peace,  
and black smoke, which hurries into the valley,  
dries up the tears on my cheek, my tears.

However, it does not have to dry them up,

Let it blow on another cheek, let it blow on another cheek.

Whoever in sorrow can sing, that person did not die,  
that person lives, that person lives!

### **Když mne stará matka**

Songs my mother taught me

When my old mother taught me to sing,  
it's strange that often, often she cried.

Now I also torment my face by weeping,  
When I teach gypsy children to play and sing!

### **Struna naladěna**

String tuned

The strings are tuned, come and join the round dance!  
Today, maybe today very high, tomorrow, tomorrow,  
Tomorrow again down, tomorrow again down.

The day after tomorrow at the Nile at the sacred table;  
The strings already, the strings are tuned, boy, spin, boy,  
Spin around, boy, spin around!

The strings are tuned, come and join the round dance!

### **Siroké rukavy**

Wide sleeves

Wide sleeves and wide trousers

Are more free to the gypsy than a gold dolman,  
Are more free to a gypsy than a gold dolman.  
Dolman and that gold constrict an exuberant heart;  
Beneath him a free song violently dies.

And you who feel joy when these songs resound,  
Wish that gold would be extinct in the whole world,  
Wish that gold would be extinct in the whole world!

### **Dejte klec jestřábu**

Give a hawk a cage

Give a hawk a cage made from pure gold;  
He will not exchange it for his thorny nest.

To a wild horse which gallops through a puszta,  
You seldom hitch a bridle and stirrup.

And so also to the gypsy, nature gave something:  
Through an eternal bond with freedom,  
With freedom, it bound him.

### *Clairières dans le ciel (Clearings in the Sky)*

**Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie**

She had gone down to the end of the meadow

She had gone down to the end of the meadow  
And, because the meadow was all flowering  
With plants whose stems like to grow in water,  
I picked these water flowers.

Soon, soaking wet, she reached the top of that blossoming meadow.  
She laughed and shook with the clumsy grace of girls who are too tall.  
Her eyes looked like the flowers of lavender.

### **Un poète disait**

A poet said

A poet said that when he was young,  
He blossomed with the verse, like rose bushes with roses.  
When I think of her, it feels like there is an endless spring in my heart.

As God gave to the lily the fragrance of church,  
And placed coral on the cheeks of the cherry,  
In devotion, I wish to place, devotedly, on her  
The color of a scent that shall have no name.

### **Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme**

You looked at me with all your soul

You looked at me with all your soul.  
You looked at me for a long time, like a blue sky.  
I placed your gaze in the shadow of my eyes...  
How your gaze was both passionate and calm...

**Les lilas qui avaient fleuri**

The lilacs that had bloomed

The lilacs which had flowered last year  
Will flower again in melancholy beds.  
Already the slender peach has strewn the blue sky  
With its pinks, like a child at Corpus Christi.

My heart should have died amid these things,  
For it was amid the orchard's whites and pinks  
That I didn't know what I had hoped for from you.

My soul sleeps soundly in your lap.  
Do not reject it. Do not raise it up,  
For fear that while moving away from you,  
It might see how weak and troubled you are  
In its embrace.

**O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück**

Oh, if only I knew the way back

O that I knew the way back home,  
To joyful days in Childhood-land!  
O tell me why I had to roam,  
And leave my Mother's hand?

O how I long to be at rest,  
Awakened by no striving;  
Then close my tired eyes, and be blessed  
With love and dreams of joy!

And search for nothing, watch for nothing,  
And dream only light and gentle dreams,  
Then turn back time, and try to find  
The child I lost in me!

O show me, now, the road to take,  
The sweet way back to Childhood's door!  
I seek that joy in vain,  
Then find an empty shore!

## **Sehnsucht**

### Longing

Like water, running day and night,  
your longing lies awake.

You think about a vanished time  
that lies so far away.

You look out into the light of morning  
and you are alone.

Like water, running day and night,  
your longing lies awake.

