



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

# 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.

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!

### 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!

### 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!

### 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!

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,

The lilacs that had bloomed

## **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.

