

OLD DOMINION UNIVERSITY

Department of Music

Student Recital

Tracy James, tenor

Rebecca Raydo, piano



Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Friday, April 5, 2019 3:45 PM

Program

Toglietemi la vita ancor from Il Pompeo	Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1752)
Questa, o Quella from Rigoletto	Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Der Mond, Op. 86, No. 5	Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)
Erlkönig, Op. 1	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
He That Keepeth Israel	Adolphe Schlösser (1830-1913)
Every Valley Shall Be Exalted from Messiah	George F. Handel (1685-1759)
Take, O Take Those Lips Away from Five Shakespeare Songs, Op. 23, No. 4	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Hôtel from Banalités	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
Beau Soir	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Glory Hallelujah to de New-Born King	Hall Johnson (1888-1970)

Tracy James is a student of Dr. Kelly Montgomery This recital is given
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music,
Music Education degree.

Toglietemi la vita ancor

Toglietemi la vita ancor,
crudeli cieli,
se mi volete rapir il cor,
toglietemi la vita ancor.

Negatemi i rai del dì,
severe sfere,
se vaghe siete del mio dolor,
toglietemi la vita ancor.

Questa o Quella

Questa o quella per me pari sono
A quant'altre d'intorno mi vedo;
Del mio core l'impero non cedo
Meglio ad una che ad altra beltà.
La costoro avvenenza è qual dono
Di che il fato ne infiora la vita;
S'oggi questa mi torna gradita
Forse un'altra doman lo sarà.

La costanza, tiranna del core,
Detestiamo qual morbo crudele.
Sol chi vuole si serbi fedele;
Non v'è amor se non v'è libertà.
De' mariti il geloso furore,
Degli amanti le smanie derido;
Anco d'Argo i cent'occhi disfido
Se mi punge una qualche beltà!

Der Mond

Mein Herz ist wie die dunkle Nacht,
Wenn alle Wipfel rauschen;
Da steigt der Mond in voller Pracht
Aus Wolken sacht,
Und sieh, der Wald verstummt in tiefem
Lauschen.

Der Mond, der helle Mond bist du:
Aus deiner Liebesfülle
Wirf einen, einen Blick mir zu
Voll Himmelsruh',
Und sieh, dies ungestüme Herz wird stille

Erk König

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher er hält ihn warm.

You can even take away my life

You can even take away my life,
cruel heavens,
if you want to carry off my heart,
Take away my life

Deny me the sun's rays,
Serve spheres,
if you are pleased with my sadness,
Just take away my life.

This or That

Neither is any different
from the rest I see around me;
I never yield my heart
to one beauty more than another.
Feminine charm is a gift bestowed
by fate to brighten our lives.
And if one woman pleases me today,
tomorrow, like as not, another will.

Fidelity? that tyrant of the heart –
we shun like pestilence.
Only those who want to should be faithful;
without freedom there is no love.
I find the ravings of jealous husbands
and the frenzy of lovers ridiculous;
once smitten by a pretty face
I'd not let Argus' hundred eyes deter me!

The Moon

My heart is like the gloomy night,
When all the treetops murmur;
The moon in glorious splendor rises
From the clouds,
Behold, the forest harkens in deep silence.

The moon, the brilliant moon thou art;
From out of your love's abundance
Throw one, just one dear glance to me
With heaven's peace,
Behold, the raging heart will soon be silent.

Erl King

Who's riding so late through night, so wild?
It is the father who's holding his child;
He's tucked the boy secure in his arm,
He holds him tight and keeps him warm

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?
Siehst, Vater, du den Erk König nicht?
Den Erenk König mit Kron' und Schweif?
Mein Sohn es ist ein Nebelstreif

Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand;
Meine Mutter hat manch' gülden Gewand.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, un hörest du nicht,
Was Erenk König mir leise verspricht?
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.

Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir ghen?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erk Königs Töchter am düstern Ort?
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich she' es genau;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.

Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt.
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erk König hat mir ein Leids gethan!

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Noth;
In seinen Armen das Kind war todt.

Hôtel

Ma chambre a la forme d'une cage,
Le soleil passe son bras par la fenêtre.
Mais moi qui veux fumer pour faire des mirages
J'allume au feu du jour ma cigarette.
Je ne veux pas travailler - je veux fumer.

Beau soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer, ~ nous au tombeau!

My son, why hide you your face in fear?
See you not, father, the Erl King near?
The Erl King in his crown and train?
My son, 'tis but a foggy strain.

Sweet lovely child, come, go with me!
What wonderful games I'll play with thee;
Flowers, most colorful, yours to behold.
My mother for you has garments of gold.

My father, my father, and can you not hear
What Erl King is promising into my ear?
Be calm, stay calm, o child of mine;
The wind through dried leaves is rustling so fine.

Wouldst thou, fine lad, go forth with me?
My daughters should royally wait upon thee;
My daughters conduct each night their song fest
To swing and to dance and to sing thee to rest.

My Father, my father, and can you not see
Erl King's daughters, there by the tree?
My son, my son, I see it clear;
The ancient willows so grey do appear.

I love thee, I'm aroused by thy beautiful form;
And be thou not willing, I'll take thee by storm.
My father, my father, he's clutching my arm!
Erl King has done me a painful harm!

The father shudders and onward presses;
The gasping child in his arms he caresses;
He reaches the courtyard, and barely inside,
He holds in his arms the child who has died.

Hotel

My room has the form of a cage.
The sun reaches its arm in through the window.
But I want to smoke and make shapes in the air,
and so, I light my cigarette on the sun's fire.
I don't want to work, I want to smoke.

Beautiful Evening

When rivers are pink in the setting sun,
And a slight shiver runs through fields of wheat,
A suggestion to be happy seems to rise up from all
things and ascends toward the troubled heart;

A suggestion to taste the charms of the world
While one is young and the evening is fair,
For we are on our way just as this wave is:
It is going to the sea, ~ and we, to the grave!