

School of Music
University of Northern Iowa

presents

Athena-Sadé Whiteside, Mezzo-Soprano
In a Graduate Recital

assisted by:
Korey Barrett, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Master of Music degree in Vocal Performance
From the Studio of Dr. Jean McDonald

A Chloris
L'heure exquise
Nocturne
Dans la nuit
Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Reynaldo Hahn
(1874-1947)

Triptych from *Margaret Garner*
Margaret's Lullaby
A Quality Love
Intermezzo

Richard Danielpour
(b. 1956)

Intermission

Schlechtes Wetter
Befreit
All mein Gedanken
Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Cinco Canciones Negras
Cuba dentro de un piano
Punto de Habañera
Chévere
Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito
Canto negro

Xavier Montsalvatge
(1912-2002)

À Chloris

Text by Théophile de Viau

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

L'heure exquise

Text by Paul Verlaine

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
Ô bien aimée.
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.

Nocturne

Text by Jean Lahor

Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Au souffle de la bien aimée
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort ...

To Chloris

Translation by Richard Stokes

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,
(And I'm told you love me dearly),
I do not believe that even kings
Can match the happiness I know.
Even death would be powerless
To alter my fortune
With the promise of heavenly bliss!
All that they say of ambrosia
Does not stir my imagination
Like the favour of your eyes!

Exquisite Hour

Translation by Richard Stokes

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...
O my beloved.
The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...
Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...
Exquisite hour.

Nocturnal

Translation by Emily Ezust

Against your pale breast my heart sleeps
A sleep as sweet as death
An exquisite death, a death perfumed
With the breath of the beloved
Against your pale breast my heart sleeps.

Dans la nuit

Text by Jean Moréas

Quand je viendrai m'asseoir dans le vent,
dans la nuit,
Au bout du rocher solitaire,
Quand je n'entendrai plus, en t'écoutant, le
bruit
Que fait mon coeur sur cette terre,
Ne te contente pas, Océan, de jeter
Sur mon visage un peu d'écume!
D'un coup de lame alors il te faut m'emporter
Pour dormir dans ton amertume!

Si mes vers avaient des ailes!

Text by Victor Hugo

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau.
Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'esprit.
Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour.

Margaret's Lullaby

Text by Toni Morrison

Sad things, far away,
Soft things, come and play.
Lovely baby.
Sleep in the meadow, sleep in the hay,
Baby's got a dreamin' on the way.

Bad things, far away
Pretty things, here to stay.
Sweet baby, smile at me,
Lovely baby, go to sleep.
Sleep in the meadow, sleep in the hay,
Baby's gonna dream the night away.

Lovely baby, pretty baby,
Baby's gonna dream the night away.

In the night

Translation by Laura Pránada

When I come and sit in the wind, in the night,
On the edge of the rocky cliff,
When I no longer hear, listening to you, the
sound
My heart makes on this earth,
Do not be satisfied, Ocean, to toss
On my face a little foam!
With the swipe of a wave you must then carry
me away
To sleep in your bitter depths!

If my verses had wings!

Translation by Richard Stokes

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.
They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the mind.
Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings,
Like love!

A Quality Love

Text by Toni Morrison

Are there many kinds of love?
Show me each and every one.
You can't, can you?
For there is just one kind.

Only unharnessed hearts
can survive a locked down life.
Like a river rushing from the grip of it's banks,
as light escapes the coldest star;
A quality love- the love of all loves will break
away.

When sorrow clouds the mind
the spine grows strong;
no pretty words can soothe or cure
what heavy hands can break.
When sorrow is deep, the secret soul keeps
it's weapon of choice: the love of all loves

No pretty words can ease or cure
what heavy heavy hands can do.
When sorrow is deep,
The secret soul keeps it's quality love.
When sorrow is deep, the secret soul keeps
it's weapon of choice: the love of all loves!

Schlechtes Wetter

Text by Heinrich Heine

Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter,
Es regnet und stürmt und schneit;
Ich sitze am Fenster und schaue
Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.
Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen,
Das wandelt langsam fort;
Ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternchen
Wankt über die Straße dort.
Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier
Und Butter kaufte sie ein;
Sie will einen Kuchen backen
Fürs große Töchterlein.
Die liegt zu Hause im Lehnstuhl,
Und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht;
Die goldenen Locken wallen
Über das süße Gesicht.

Befreit

Text by Richard Dehmel

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise
wirst du lächeln und wie zur Reise
geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände, du hast sie bereitet,
ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet;
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen
und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
ich will es ihnen wieder geben;
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,
wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,
so gab' ich dich der Welt zurück!

Intermezzo

Text by Toni Morrison

Mm, Ah.
Like a river rushing from the grip of it's banks.
Darkness, I salute you.
Reason has no power here,
Over the disconsolate.
Grief is my pleasure;
Thief of life my lover now.
Darkness, I salute you.

Dreadful Weather

Translation by Richard Stokes

This is dreadful weather,
It's raining and blowing and snowing;
I sit at my window and stare
Out into the darkness.
One solitary light flickers out there,
Moving slowly along;
A little old woman with a lantern
Totters across the street.
I fancy it's flour and eggs
And butter she's been buying;
She's going to bake a cake
For her big little daughter.
She lolls at home in the armchair,
Blinking sleepily into the light;
Her golden curls tumble down
Over his sweet face.

Released

Translation by Richard Stokes

You will not weep. Gently, gently
you will smile; and as before a journey
I shall return your gaze and kiss.
You have cared for the room we love!
I have widened these four walls for you into a
world –O happiness!

Then ardently you will seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leave me to care for our children.
You gave your whole life to me,
I shall give it back to them –
O happiness!

It will be very soon, we both know it,
we have released each other from suffering,
so I returned you to the world.

Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum
erscheinen
und mich segnen und mit mir weinen;
O Glück!

All mein Gedanken

Text by Felix Dahn

All' mein Gedanken, mein Herz und mein
Sinn,
Da wo die Liebste ist, wandern sie hin.
Geh'n ihres Weges trotz Mauer und Tor,
Da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben nicht vor,
Gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch die Luft,
Brauchen kein Brücken über Wasser und
Kluft,
Finden das Städtlein und finden das Haus,
Finden ihr Fenster aus allen heraus,
Und klopfen und rufen: „mach' auf, laß uns
ein,
Wir kommen vom Liebsten und grüßen Dich
fein.“

Zueignung

Text by Hermann von Gilm

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht
die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Then you'll appear to me only in dreams,
and you will bless me and weep with me –
O happiness!

All my thoughts

Translation by Richard Stokes

All my thoughts, my heart and my mind,
Wander to where my beloved is.
They go on their way despite wall and gate,
No bolt, no ditch can stop them,
Go high in the air like little birds,
Needing no bridge over water or chasm,
They find the town and they find the house,

Find her window among all the others,
And knock and call: 'Open up, let us in,
We come from your sweetheart who sends
his love.'

Dedication

Translation by Richard Stokes

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom,
I held The amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

Cuba dentro de un piano

Text by Rafael Alberti

Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de fresa
por sombrero
y el humo de los barcos aún era humo de
habanero.

Mulata vueltabajera ...

Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y
habaneras
y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor.
*... dime dónde está la flor que el hombre
tanto venera.*

Mi tío Antonio volvía con su aire de
insurrecto.
La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los
patios del Puerto.
(Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de las
Antillas.
Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.)
Me encontré con la bella Trinidad ...

Cuba se había perdido y ahora era verdad.
Era verdad,
no era mentira.
Un cañonero huido llegó cantándolo en
guajira.
*La Habana ya se perdió.
Tuvo la culpa el dinero ...*
Calló,
cayó el cañonero.
Pero después, pero ¡ah! después
fue cuando al SÍ
lo hicieron YES.

Punto de Habañera

Text by Néstor Luján

La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!
¡Hola! Crespón de tu espuma;
¡Marineros, contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas
que le hacen su piel mulata;
Niña no te quejes,
tan solo por esta tarde.
Quisiera mandar al agua
que no se escape de pronto

Cuba in a piano

Translation by Richard Stokes

When my mother wore a strawberry ice for a
hat
and the smoke from the boats was still
Havana smoke.
Mulata from Vuelta Abajo ...

Cadiz was falling asleep to fandango and
habanera
and a little parrot at the piano tried to sing
tenor.
... tell me, where is the flower that a man can
really respect.

My uncle Anthony would come home in his
rebellious way.
The Cabaña and El Príncipe resounded in
the patios of the port.
(But the blue pearl of the Carribean shines no
more.
Extinguished. For us no more.)
I met beautiful Trinidad ...

Cuba was lost, this time it was true.
True
and not a lie.
A gunner on the run arrived, sang Cuban
songs about it all.
Havana was lost
and money was to blame ...
The gunner went silent,
and fell.
But later, ah, later
they changed SÍ
to YES.

Habanera Rhythm

Translation by Richard Stokes

The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white!
The billowing spray of your crepe skirt!
Sailors, look at her!
She passes gleaming in the moonlight
which darkens her skin.
Young girl, do not complain,
only for tonight
do I wish the water
not to suddenly escape

de la cárcel de tu falda.
Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde
rumor de abrirse de dalia.
Niña no te quejes,
tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocado.
Tu cintura vibra fina
con la nobleza de un látigo,
toda tu piel huele alegre
a limonal y naranjo.
Los marineros te miran
y se te quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!

Chévere

Text by Nicolás Guillén

Chévere del navajazo,
se vuelve él mismo navaja:
pica tajadas de luna,
mas la luna se le acaba;
pica tajadas de sombra,
mas la sombra se le acaba;
pica tajadas de canto,
mas el canto se le acaba;
y entonces pica que pica
carne de su negra mala.

Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito

Text by Ildefonso Pereda Valdés

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
tan chiquitito,
el negrito
que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco,
grano de café,
con lindas motitas,
con ojos grandotes
como dos ventanas
que miran al mar.
Cierra los ojitos,
negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco
te puede comer.
¡Ya no eres esclavo!
Y si duermes mucho,
el señor de casa
promete comprar
traje con botones
para ser un 'groom'.
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,

the prison of your skirt.
In your body this evening
dwells the sound of opening dahlias.
Young girl, do not complain,
your ripe body
sleeps in fresh brocade,
your waist quivers
as proud as a whip,
every inch of you skin is gloriously fragrant
with orange and lemon trees.
The sailors look at you
and feast their eyes on you.
The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white!

The Dandy

Translation by Richard Stokes

The dandy of the knife thrust
himself becomes a knife:
he cuts slices of the moon,
but the moon is fading on him;
he cuts slices of shadow,
but the shadow is fading on him,
he cuts slices of song,
but the song is fading on him;
and then he cuts up, cuts up
the flesh of his evil black woman.

Lullaby for a little black boy

Translation by Richard Stokes

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
tiny little child,
little black boy,
who won't go to sleep.
Head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean,
with pretty freckles
and wide eyes
like two windows
looking out to sea.
Close your tiny eyes,
frightened little boy,
or the white devil
will eat you up.
You're no longer a slave!
And if you sleep soundly,
the master of the house
promises to buy
a suit with buttons
to make you a 'groom'.

duérmete, negrito,
cabeza de coco,
grano de café.

Canto Negro

Text by Nicolás Guillén

¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro.
congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pie.
Mamatomba,
serembé cuserembá,
El negro canta y se ajuma.
el negro se ajuma y canta.
el negro canta y se va.
Acuemem e serembó
aé,
yambó
aé.
Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba,
tamba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba,
¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
sleep, little black boy,
head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean.

Black Song

Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn

Yambambó, yambambé!
The congo solongo is ringing,
the black man, the real black man is ringing;
congo solongo from the Songo
is dancing the yambó on one foot.
Mamatomba,
Serembe cuserembá.
The black man sings and gets drunk,
the black man gets drunk and sings,
the black man sings and goes away.
Acuemem e serembó
aé,
yambó
aé.
Bam, bam, bam, bam,
bam of the black man who tumbles;
drum of the black man, wow,
wow, how the black man's tumbling!
¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!
