

ST. CLOUD STATE UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents a

JUNIOR VOICE RECITAL

Featuring

*DANIEL BRANT,
baritone*

JAMES FLORMAN, pianist

LANSUN ZHONG, pianist

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 4, 2009

6:00 PM

RUTH GANT RECITAL HALL, PERFORMING ARTS CENTER

Program

Translations

What Songs Were Sung John Jacob Niles

Silent NoonRalph Vaughan Williams

MemoryJohn Ireland

Der Lindenbaum Franz Schubert

Gefrorne Tränen

Die Post

Per la gloria d'adorarviGiovanni Bononcini

Se Florinda è fedele Alessandro Scarlatti

Già il sole dal Gange Alessandro Scarlatti

DANIEL BRANT, BARITONE
JAMES FLORMAN, PIANIST
LANSUN ZHONG, PIANIST



*Daniel Brant is voice student of Dr. Hugh Givens and is performing
this recital in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the
Bachelor of Science degree.*

Der Lindenbaum (The Linden Tree)

*By the fountain at the gate stands a linden tree;
In its shade I have dreamt many a sweet dream.
In its bark I have carved many words of love;
I was drawn to it always, in both joy and sorrow.
Now I have had to pass it again, at dead of night;
Even in the darkness I closed my eyes.
And its branches rustled as if they called,
“Come here to me, friend, here you will find rest!”
The cold wind blew straight in to my face;
My hat flew from my head, but I did not turn back.
Now I am many hours’ journey from that place.*

Gefrorne Tränen (Frozen Tears)

*Frozen drops fall from my cheeks. Did I not know that I had wept?
O tears, my tears, are you so cool you can turn to ice like chill morning dew?
And yet you spring from my heart so burning hot, as if you would melt the whole of winter’s ice!*

Die Post (The Mail-coach)

*A posthorn sounds from the highway. What is it that makes you leap so suddenly, my heart?
The mail-coach brings you no letter. Then why do you throb so strangely, my heart?
Well yes, the mail-coach comes from the town where I once had a sweetheart so dear, my heart?
Do you want perhaps once to look back, and ask how everything is, back there, my heart?*

Per la gloria d'adorarvi (For the Glory of Adoring You)

*For the glory of adoring you I want to love you, o dear eyes.
In loving I will suffer; but always I will love you, yes, in my suffering.
I will suffer, I will love you, dear eyes.
Without the hope of pleasure yearning is a futile affection;
But who can ever gaze at your sweet eyes and not love you?
I will suffer, I will love you, dear eyes!*