

4-12-2014

## Senior Recital: Daniel Martinez, viola

Daniel Martinez

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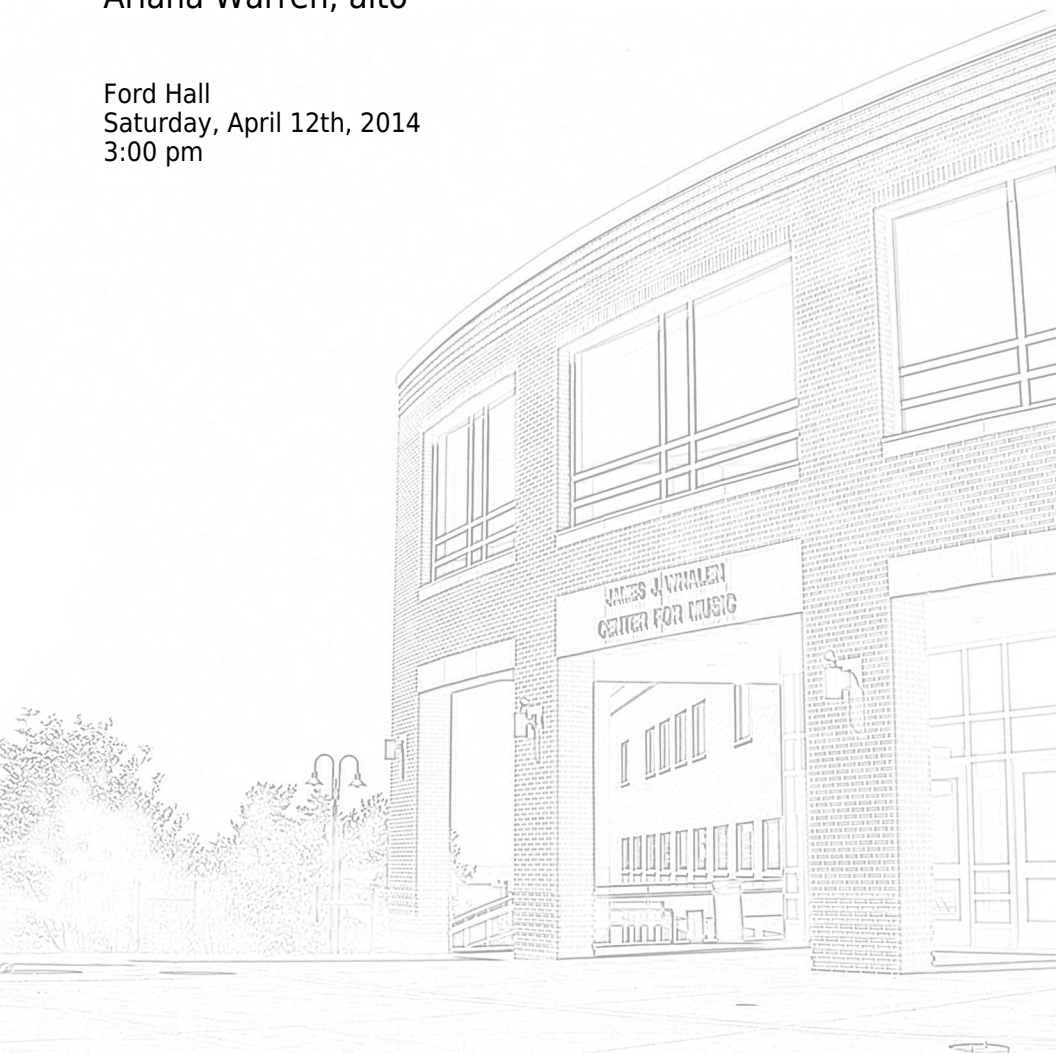
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**Senior Recital:**  
Daniel Martinez, viola

*Revealing Identity Through Music*

Kathy Hansen, piano  
Ariana Warren, alto

Ford Hall  
Saturday, April 12th, 2014  
3:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

'El Paño Moruno' from *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas* (1914)

Manuel de Falla  
(1876-1946)  
arr. Cassandra Sulbarán  
(b. 1983)

*Legend* for viola and piano (1929)

Arnold Bax  
(1883-1953)

'Jota' from *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas* (1914) Manuel de Falla

Two Songs for Alto, Viola and Piano (1885)  
*Gestillte Sehnsucht*

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

*Geistliches Wiegenlied*

Ariana Warren, alto

## Intermission

Sonata, Opus 147 for viola and piano (1975)  
*Moderato*  
*Allegretto*  
*Adagio*

Dmitri Shostakovich  
(1906-1975)

'Polo' from *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas* (1914)

Manuel de Falla  
arr. Cassandra Sulbarán

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This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Viola Performance and Music Education. Daniel Martinez is from the studio of Dr. Cassandra Sulbarán and Debra Moree.

## Translations

### 'El Paño Moruno' ('The Moorish Cloth')

Al paño fino,  
en la tienda, una mancha le cayó;  
Por menos precio se vende,  
Porque perdió su valor. ¡Ay!

Upon the fine cloth,  
in the store, a stain fell;  
It will sell for a lesser price  
Because it lost its value. Ay!

### 'Jota' (Aragonese dance)

Dicen que no nos queremos  
Porque no nos ven hablar;  
A tu corazón y al mío  
Se lo pueden preguntar.  
Ya me despido de tí,  
De tu casa y tu ventana,  
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,  
  
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.  
Aunque no quiera tu madre...

They say we do not love each other  
Because they do not see us speak;  
To your heart and to mine  
They should ask.  
Now I say goodbye to you,  
To your house and your window,  
Even though your mother does not  
approve,  
Goodbye, sweetheart, until tomorrow.  
Even though your mother does not  
approve...

### 'Polo'

Ay! Guardo una, ¡Ay! Guardo una, ¡Ay!  
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,  
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,  
¡Ay! Que a nadie se la diré!  
Malhaya el amor, malhaya,  
Malhaya el amor, malhaya, Ay!  
¡Y quién me lo dió a entender!  
  
¡Ay!

Ay! I keep a, ay! I keep a, ay!  
I keep a sorrow in my chest.  
I keep a sorrow in my chest,  
Ay! Of which I will tell no one!  
Wretched love, wretched,  
Wretched love, wretched, Ay!  
And he who gave it to me will  
understand!  
Ay!

### 'Gestillte Sehnsucht' ('Stilled Longing')

In goldnen Abendschein getaucht,  
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!  
  
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet  
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.  
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?  
  
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.  
  
Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget  
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!  
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,  
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?  
  
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,  
  
Ihr sehnenen Wünsche, wann schläft  
ihr ein?  
  
Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold'ne Fernen  
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,

All golden and all drenched,  
How solemn stands the woods and  
trees!  
  
In softest voices of birds the evening  
Breathes out its song in ecstasies.  
What is all this whisp'ring? What is this  
call?  
  
It calls all the world to rest now, to rest  
now still.  
  
Desires that with your wild temptation  
Disturb my heart and will not stop,  
And longing with your desolation,  
When will you rest? When will you  
sleep?  
  
In all of this whisp'ring, In this sweet  
call,  
Desires and my longings, when are you,  
when are you still?  
  
Ah, when no more to golden distance  
My spirit flies on wings of gold,

Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen  
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weit;  
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein  
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

And when the stars' remote existence  
No more my longing eyes behold,  
Then winds will be whisp'ring, And birds  
will call,  
And all my longings will then be still.

**'Geistliches Wiegenlied' ('Lullaby for the Christ Child')**

Die ihr schwebet um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heil'gen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind,  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

You that hover over the palm trees  
In night so deep,  
O holy angels,  
quiet the branches!  
My child is asleep,  
My child is asleep.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
In Windes brausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also,  
Schweiget, neiget euch leis und lind,  
Stillet die Wipfel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind,  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

O palm trees of Bethlehem,  
The whinds are lashing!  
Why must you toss so  
With angry crashing?  
O hush your raging!  
Come, bow down now and silence keep;  
Quiet the branches,  
Quiet the branches!  
My child is asleep,  
My child is asleep.

Der Himmels knabe  
Duldet Beschwerde;  
Ach, wie so müd er ward  
Vom Leid der Erde,  
Ach, wie, so müd,  
Wie so müd er ward vom Leid,  
Vom Leid der Erde.

The Child of Heaven  
Suffers our passions;  
How tired and worn he is  
From Earth's tribulations,  
How tired and worn,  
Tired and worn he is from earth's,  
From earth's tribulations!

Ach, nun im Schlaf ihm,  
Leise gesänftigt,  
die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind,  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ah, now in sleep, as  
Stillness enfolds him,  
The pain will stop;  
Quiet the branches,  
Quiet the branches!  
My child is asleep,  
My child is asleep.

Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernie der,  
Womit nur deck ich  
Des Kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel,  
Die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind,  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Cold winds and storm winds  
Blow down around him;  
How shall I clothe him?  
What can I lend him?  
O all you angels,  
Since here above us  
Watch you do keep,  
Quiet the branches,  
Quiet the branches!  
My child is asleep,  
My child is asleep.