

3-23-2016

## Elective Recital: Christina Christiansen, soprano

Christina Christiansen

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# **Elective Recital:**

Christina Christiansen, soprano

Emmett Scott, piano

Andrew Hedge, marimba

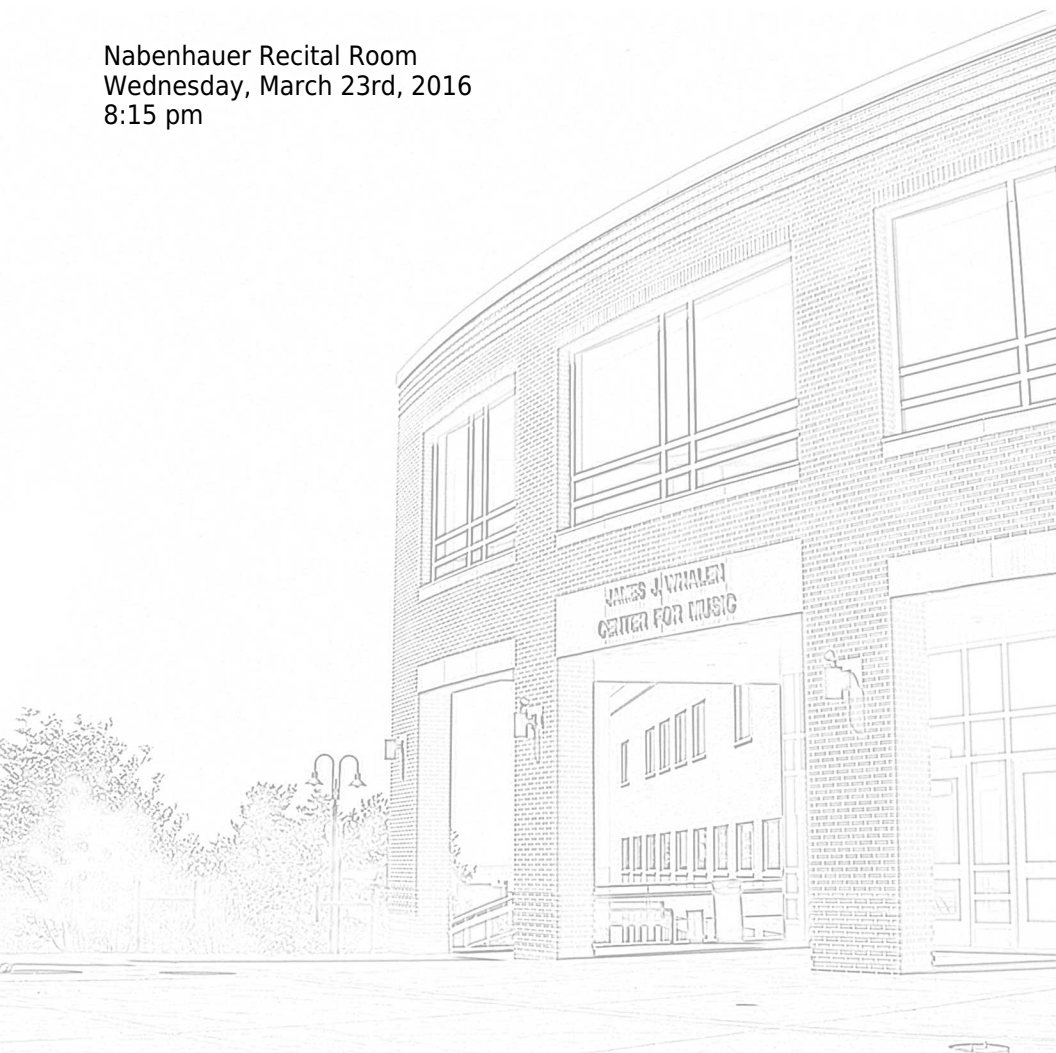
Kengo Ito, marimba

Sandra Dager, soprano

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Wednesday, March 23rd, 2016

8:15 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

Siete Canciones populares Españolas

1. El paño moruno
5. Nana

Manuel de Falla  
(1876-1946)

J'ai frappé

Nadia Boulanger  
(1887-1979)

Reflets

Lili Boulanger  
(1893-1918)

Le Retour

Lili Boulanger

Love Affair

Regina Spektor  
(b.1980)

## Intermission

Songs from Letters

3. A Man Can Love Two Women
4. A Working Woman
5. All I Have

Libby Larsen  
(b.1950)

Love Songs

1. When Angels Will be Free
2. Forever
3. You Know
4. I'll Always be Waiting for You

John Thrower  
(b.1951)

*Andrew Hedge  
Kengo Ito*

I Waited for the Lord

Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809-1847)

*Sandra Dager*

# Translations

## El paño moruno

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

On the fine cloth in the store  
A stain has fallen;  
At a lesser price it sells,  
Because it has lost its value.  
Alas!

## Nana

Duérmete niño, duerme,  
Duerme mi alma,  
Duérmete lucerito,  
De la mañana,  
Nanita, nana, nanita, nana  
Duérmete lucerito,  
De la mañana.

Go to sleep child, sleep,  
Sleep my precious,  
Go to sleep my little light.  
In the morning,  
Nanita, nana, nanita, nana  
Go to sleep little light,  
In the morning.

## J'ai frappé

Ma main a frappé les portes closes  
Et d'autre mains au loin ont répondu.  
Mon front a frappé les portes closes  
Et d'autre fronts au loin ont répondu.  
Mon coeur a frappé les portes closes  
Mais l'écho de mon coeur seul a  
répondu.

My hand knocked on the closed door  
And other hands responded from a  
distance.  
My forehead thumped on the closed  
door  
And other heads responded from a  
distance.  
My heart pounded on the closed door  
But the only response was the echo  
of my heart.

## Reflets

Sous l'eau du songe qui s'élève  
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur.  
Et la lune luit dans mon coeur  
Plongé dans le sources du rêve!

Under the rising water of the dream,  
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.  
And the moon shines in my heart  
Plunged into the well-springs of the  
dream!

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux  
Seul les reflets profonds des choses,  
Des lys, des palmes et des roses,  
Pleurent encore au fond des choses

Under the mournful boredom of the  
reeds,  
Only the profound reflections of things,  
Of lilies, of palms, and of roses,  
Still weep at the bottom of the waters.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à une  
Sur le reflet du firmament.  
Pour descendre, éternellement  
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la lune.

The flowers drop their petals one by one  
On the reflection of the sky  
In order to sink eternally  
Under the water of the dream and into  
the moon.

## Le Retour

Ulysse part la voile au vent,  
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries,  
Avec des bercements la vague roule et  
plie.  
Au large de son coeur la mer aux vastes  
eaux  
Où son oeil suit les blancs oiseaux  
Egrène au loin des pierreries.

Ulysses leaves with wind in his sails,  
Towards the cherished waves of Ithaca,  
The rolling seas rock and fold.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,  
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries!

Ulysses leaves with wind in his sails,  
Towards the cherished waves of Ithaca!

Penché oeil grave et coeur battant  
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère  
Il se rit, quand le flot est noir, de sa  
colère  
Car là-bas son cher fils pieux et fier  
attend  
Après les combats éclatants,  
La victoire aux bras de son père.  
Il songe, oeil grave et coeur battant  
Sur le bec d'or de sa galère.

Leaned over with a solemn eye and  
beating heart  
On the golden bowsprit of his galley  
He laughs, when the surging tide is  
black, at his anger  
Because over there his dear son, pious  
and proud, waits  
After the clamoring battles,  
For victory at the arm of his father.  
He dreams, with a solemn eye and  
beating heart,  
On the golden bowsprit of his galley.

Ulysse part la voile au vent,  
Vers Ithaque aux ondes chéries.

Ulysses leaves with wind in his sails,  
Towards the cherished waves of Ithaca.