4-8-2017

Senior Elective Recital: Dusty Trails, Sophie Israelsohn, mezzo-soprano

Sophie Israelsohn

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Senior Elective Recital: Dusty Trails
Sophie Israelsohn, mezzo-soprano

Junwen Liang, piano
Claire Noonan, soprano and guitar
Ken O’Rourke, percussion

Muller Chapel
Saturday, April 8th, 2017
2:00 pm
Program

Songs of Travel
   II. Let Beauty Awake
   VII. Wither Must I Wander

Ralph Vaughn Williams
   (1872-1958)

Del cabello más sutil

Siete canciones populares españoles
   II. Seguidilla murciana
   IV. Jota

Fernando Obradors
   (1897-1945)
Manuel de Falla
   (1876-1946)

Ye Banks and Braes

Les nuits d'été, op. 7
   I. Villanelle

Roger Quilter
   (1877-1953)
Hector Berlioz
   (1803-1869)

Intermission

Have You Ever
   Brandi Carlile
   (b. 1981)

Claire Noonan, soprano
Ken O'Rourke, percussion

California Open Back

Bridges & Balloons

Gregory Alan Isakov
   (b. 1979)
Joanna Newsom
   (b. 1982)

Dusty Trails

Strangers

Lucius

Claire Noonan, soprano & guitar
Ken O'Rourke, percussion
Translations
Del cabello más sutil
Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado,
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

From your delicate hair
that you have in your braid,
I want to make a chain
in order to bring you to my side.

A pitcher in your house,
little girl, I would like to be,
so that I can kiss you on the mouth,
whenever you took a drink.

Siete canciones populares españoles

II. Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
Y creyéndola falsa
¡Nadie la toma!

Anyone whose roof
is made of glass,
should not throw stones
at the neighbor.
Travelers we may be:
in our travels
we may meet!

Because you are so fickle
I compare you
to a coin that passes
from hand to hand;
that it's image is erased
and believing it false
no one takes it!

IV. Jota

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 queira tu madre...

They say that we aren't in love
because they don't see us
speaking;
our hearts
they should ask.

Now I leave,
your house and window,
and even though your mother may
not like it,
goodbye, girl, until tomorrow.
Even though your mother may not
like it...
Les nuits d'été, op. 7

I. Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle, When comes the season new,
Quand auront disparu les froids, when has vanished the cold,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle, both the two of us will go, my beauty,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois; to gather the lilies of the valley in the woods;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles beneath our feet scattering the pearls (of dew)
Que l'on voit au matin trembler, that we see in the morning trembling,
Nous irons écouter les merles we will go to hear the blackbirds singing.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle; The spring has come, my beauty;
C'est le mois des amants bénis, it is the month by the lovers blessed,
Et L'oiseau, satinant son aile, and the bird, preening its wing
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid. sings his verses on the edge of the nest.

Oh! Viens donc sur ce banc de mousse, Oh! Come to this mossy bank,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours, to speak of our beautiful love,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce: and tell me with your voice so sweet:
Toujours! forever!

Loin, bien loin, égarant no courses, Far, very far, straying from our course
Faisons fuir le lapin caché, we make flee the rabbit hidden,
Et le daim au miroir des sources and the deer, mirrored in the spring,
Admirant son grand bois penché; admires his great (antlers) lowered;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises, then to our home we will return, all happy and content,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts, (like) baskets interwoven are our fingers,
Revenons, rapportant des fraises let us return, bringing some strawberries
De bois.