3-2-2019

Elective Recital: Keilah Figueroa, saxophone and voice

Keilah Figueroa

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Elective Recital:
Keilah Figueroa, saxophone and voice
Tamara Acosta, voice
Nolan Miller, piano
Andrew Nolish, trumpet
Matthew Barnard, violin
Taylor Payne, viola
Malachi Brown, cello
Alec Targett, clarinet

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday, March 2nd, 2019
7:00 pm
Program

Pequeña Czarda (1983)  Pedro Iturralde  
(b. 1929)

Duo Sonata (2009)  
"Wisdom of Our Fathers"  
I. Work Hard and Stay True  
Barbara York  
(b. 1949)

Der Lindenbaum (1827)  
Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)  
arr. Malachi Brown

Gloria in D Major, RV 589 (1715)  
III. Laudamus Te  
Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678-1741)

Duo Sonata (2002)  
II. Elegy  
III. Scherzo  
IV. Arrival (Blues)  
Gregory Wanamaker  
(b. 1968)

Sonate en Ut# (1943)  
I. Très modéré, expressif  
II. Noel  
III. Fileuse  
IV. Nocturne et Rondel  
Fernande Decruck  
(1896-1954)

Fantaisie sur un thème original (1860)  
Jules Demersseman  
(1833-1866)

Keilah Figueroa is from the studio of Steven Mauk.
Translations

Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud' und Leide
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich musst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier findst du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Enfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

By the well, before the gate,
stands a linden tree;
in its shade I dreamt
many a sweet dream.

In its bark I carved
many a word of love;
in joy and sorrow
I was ever drawn to it.

Today, too, I had to walk
past it at dead of night;
even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
as if they were calling to me:
'Come to me, friend,
here you will find rest.'

The cold wind blew
straight into my face,
my hat flew from my head;
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours' journey
from that place;
yet I still hear the rustling:
'There you would find rest.'

Gloria: Laudamus Te

Laudamus te
Benedicimus te
Adoramus te
Glorificamus te

We praise you
We bless you
We worship you
We glorify you