

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

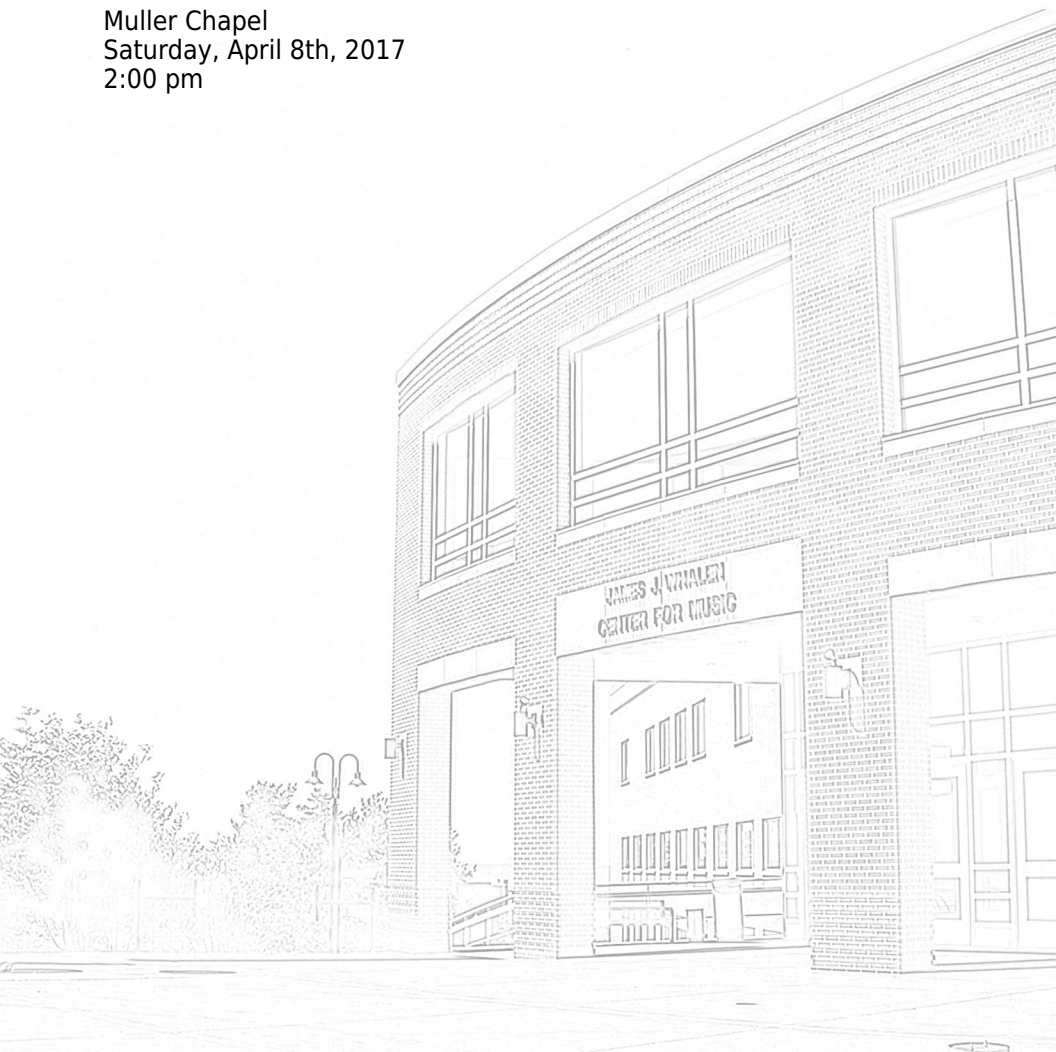
Claire Noonan, soprano and guitar

Ken O'Rourke, percussion

Muller Chapel

Saturday, April 8th, 2017

2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Songs of Travel II. Let Beauty Awake VII. Wither Must I Wander	Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872-1958)
Del cabello más sutil	Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
Siete canciones populares españolas II. Seguidilla murciana IV. Jota	Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)
Ye Banks and Braes	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Les nuits d'été, op. 7 I. Villanelle	Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Intermission

Have You Ever	Brandi Carlile (b. 1981)
<i>Claire Noonan, soprano</i> <i>Ken O'Rourke, percussion</i>	
California Open Back	Gregory Alan Isakov (b. 1979)
Bridges & Balloons	Joanna Newsom (b. 1982)
Dusty Trails Strangers	Lucius
<i>Claire Noonan, soprano & guitar</i> <i>Ken O'Rourke, percussion</i>	

Translations

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado,
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

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

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

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 españolas

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!

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

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!

Because you are so fickle
I compare you
to a coin that passes
from hand to hand;
that its 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.

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

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...

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, Quand auront disparu les froids, Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,	When comes the season new, when has vanished the cold, both the two of us will go, my beauty,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;	to gather the lillies 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 Siffler.	we will go to hear the blackbirds singing.
Le printemps est venu, ma belle; C'est le mois des amants béni,	The spring has come, my beauty; it is the month by the lovers blessed,
Et L'oiseau, satinant son aile, Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.	and the bird, preening its wing 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, Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:	to speak of our beautiful love, and tell me with your voice so sweet:
Toujours!	forever!
Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,	Far, very far, straying from our course
Faisons fuir le lapin caché, Et le daim au miroir des sources	we make flee the rabbit hidden, and the deer, mirrored in the spring,
Admirant son grand bois penché; Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,	admires his great (antlers) lowered; 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.	of the woods.