

presents

THE GUITAR ENSEMBLE
Michael Partington, *director*

May 30, 2014

7:30 PM

Brechemin Auditorium

PROGRAM

Si dices que mis ojos
Mis descuidados ojos
Muchacha y la vergünza
Cesa de atormentarme
De amor en las prisiones } Fernando Sor (1778-1839)

Yoojeong Cho / Joe Marzullo

Danza Española Nr. 2 – Oriental Enrique Granados (1867-1916) (arr. Thorlaksson)
La Cumparsita Gerardo Matos Rodriguez (1897-1948) (arr. Tyers)

Cameron Brow / Peadar Kavanagh / Joe Marzullo

Valse Op. 25, Nr. 2
Pavana-Capricho, Op. 12 } Isaac Albéniz (1860-1909) (arr. Ragossnig)

Stella Kosim / Anya Raj

Recuerdos del Camino Jorge Morel (b. 1931)

Kevin Cueto / Chris Tien

Introduction and Fandango Luigi Boccherini (1743-1805) (arr. Sparks)

Denis Ha / Stella Kosim / Steven Perez / Anya Raj

Coplas del Pastor enamorado
En Jerez de la Frontera
Adela
De Ronda } Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)

Maggie Boeckman / Taro Kobayashi

SONG TRANSLATIONS

Si dices que mis ojos

If you say that my eyes are killing you,
confess and take the sacrament, for I am coming to
see you.
I believe the same may happen to me if I do not
see you.

Mis descuidados ojos

My careless eyes have beheld your face.
Oh! How dear that glance has become for me.
You have held me captive
and I cannot find anyone to rescue me.
My eyes will resolve not seeing you eternally,
not having seen you.
For you hold charms that should only be seen
by he who enjoys them.
As for me, tell your eyes to be silent.
If I respond to them they will slay me.
It is difficult for a man to remain silent
when he is provoked.

Muchacha y la vergünza

Girl, your shame, where has it gone?
"The cockroaches, mother, have eaten it."
Girl, you are lying for cockroaches have no teeth.

Cesa de atormentarme

Stop tormenting me, cruel memory,
reminding me of a time
when I was blissful.
And would I still be happy
If I could forget those blissful moments.

De amor en las prisiones

Happy I dwell in love's prison.
I kiss and bless its sweet chains, ay!
To see myself free would be harder
and more regrettable than death, ay!

Coplas del pastor enamorado

Green, enchanting riverbanks,
Fresh and flowering valleys,
Pure crystalline waters,
Tall mountains where they have their source.
Guide me along your paths
And permit me to find
This jewel that I lost,
And which costs me such a great love.
I wear, stained with blood,
My sandals and my hands
Scratched from parting thorns;
From sleeping on the ground
Of that deserted bank
My hair is tangled.
And when the dawn comes,

Soaked by the dew
That is scattered on my head
By the clouds that are fleeing the sun
Moistening the air.
Green, enchanting riverbanks,
Fresh and flowering valleys,
Pure, crystalline waters,
Tall mountains where they have their source.

En Jerez de la Frontera

In Jerez de la Frontera
Lived a respected miller
Who earned his keep
With a rented mill
But he is married
To a lass
Like a rose
As she is so beautiful
The new magistrate
Fell for her.
In Jerez de la Frontera
The mill wife laughed
And to the magistrate said,
Who was begging for her love,
"Oh you are elegant
Very generous
Very flattering
Also a gentleman
But I love my miller
He is my master".

Adela

A pretty young girl
Called Adela, called Adela
The love of Juan
Made her ill, and she knew
Her friend Dolores would nurse her.
Time passed by
And poor Adela, poor Adela
Became paler and paler
And sicker and she knew
That she would die of her love.

De Ronda

Little coloured apple
How has the earth not got you?
All my life I have been trying
You beautiful thing
To reach you but not being able to!
Within my breast I have
Two ladders of glass:
Desire climbs up the one,
You beautiful thing
Affection descends the other.