

compact disc

H35

2014

5-20

Jane Heinrichs, piano

Brechémin Hall

May 20, 2014

7.30 p.m.

Sonata in E-flat Major for Viola and Piano, op. 120, #2

Johannes Brahms

(1833-1897)

Allegro amabile

Allegro appassionato

Andante con moto

Gwen Franz, viola

Seven Popular Spanish Songs

Manuel de Falla

(1876-1946)

El paño moruno

Nana

Seguidilla murciana

Cancion

Asturiana

Folo

Jota

Dakota Miller, soprano

Intermission

Sonata in D Major for Flute and Piano, op. 94

Sergei Prokofiev

(1891-1953)

Moderato

Allegretto scherzando

Andante

Allegro con brio

Joyce Lee, flute

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the DMA degree. Jane is a student of Dr Robin McCabe.

Seven Popular Spanish Songs

By Manuel de Falla

1. El paño moruno (The Moorish cloth)

On the fine cloth, in the store

A stain set in.

For a lower price it is sold

Because it has lost its value.

Oh!

2. Seguidilla murciana (Murcian seguidilla)

*He whose roof is made of glass should not throw
rocks at his neighbor's.*

Muleteers are we,

perhaps on the road we shall meet.

Because of your great inconsistency,

*I compare you to a coin that passes from hand to
hand that at last is worn off.*

And believing it false, no one will take it!

No one will take it!

3. Asturiana (Asturian-song)

To see if it would console me,

tie me up to a green pine,

to see if it would console me.

Upon seeing me cry, it cried.

The pine tree, because it was green,

Upon seeing me cry, it cried.

4. Jota

They say we don't love each other,

Because they don't see us talk.

Your heart and mine, they can ask them.

They say we don't love each other

Because they don't see us talk.

Now I take my leave of you,

of your house and your window,

And although your mother doesn't approve,

Goodbye, dear, until tomorrow.

Now I take my leave of you,

Although your mother doesn't approve...

5. Nana (Nursemaid)

Go to sleep, child, sleep.

Sleep, my precious,

Go to sleep, little light.

In the morning,

nanita, nana nanita, nana,

Go to sleep, little light,

In the morning...

6. Cancion (Song)

Because they are traitors, your eyes,

I'm going to bury them.

You don't know what it cost, "in the air!"

Dear, to see them,

"Mother, on the edge,"

Dear to see them, "Mother,"

They say you don't love me,

And me you have loved...

Away with what was won, "in the air".

For what was lost,

"Mother, on the edge,"

For what was lost, "Mother."

7. Polo (Andalusian Song)

Oh!

I keep an "oh!"

I keep sorrow in my chest,

"Oh!"

No one will I tell, so be it.

A curse on love, a curse,

And who can make me understand it?

"Oh!"