

Compact
Disc
G-775
2018
2-9

Guitar Studio Recital

Michael Partington, director

7:30 PM
February 9, 2018
Brechemin Auditorium

UW MUSIC
2017-18 SEASON

CD#17,970

PROGRAM

- 1 L'Encouragement, Op 34.....12:58.....Fernando Sor (1778-1839)
Connor Ritchie & Max Shaffer
- 2 Danza Española, Op. 37 No. 3.....4:41.....Isaac Albéniz (1860-1909)
- 3 Capricho Catalan, Op 165 No. 5.....3:38.....arr. Ragossnig
Daniel Crews & Natalie Mayhew
- 4 Homenaje.....2:48.....Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)
- 5 Fandanguillo.....4:49.....Joaquín Turina (1882-1949)
Connor Ritchie
- 6 Turégano.....2:28.....Federico Moreno Torroba (1891-1982)
- 7 Alcázar de Segovia.....2:50.....
Max Shaffer
- 8 Junto al Generalife.....5:36.....Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)
Lucas Victor
- 9 From Siete Canciones Populares Españolas.....11:27.....Manuel de Falla
Asturiana
Nana
El Paño Moruno
Jota
Canción
Carolina Botero, soprano / Lucas Victor, guitar

Song translations:

ASTURIANA

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrímeme a un pino verde,
Por ver si me consolaba.

Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

NANA

Duérmete niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete lucerito
De la mañana
Nanita, nana, nanita, nana
De la mañana

EL PAÑO MORUNO

Al paño fino en la tienda
Al paño fino en la tienda
Una mancha le cayó;
Una mancha le cayó;

Por menos precio se vende,
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor.
Porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

JOTA

Dicen que no nos queremos,
Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío

ASTURIANA

To see if it would console me
I leant against a green pine tree
To see if it would console me

Upon seeing me cry, it cried.
And how green was the pine!
Upon seeing me cry, it cried

LULLABY

Go to sleep child, sleep,
Sleep, my precious,
Go to sleep little light
In the morning
Lulla, lullaby
In the morning

THE MOORISH CLOTH

The fine cloth, in the shop
The fine cloth, in the shop
Became stained
Became stained

For a lower price it is sold
For a lower price it is sold
Because it has lost its value
Because it has lost its value
Oh!

JOTA

They say we do not love each other,
They say we do not love each other,
Because they don't see us speak,
To your heart and mine

Se lo pueden preguntar.
Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar;

Ya me despido de tí,
Ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu ventana
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
Adios, niña, hasta mañana.
Ya me despido de tí,
Aunque no quiera tu madre,

CANCIÓN

Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
Por traidores, tus ojos,
Voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
"Del aire"

Niña, el mirarlos
"Madre, a la orilla"
Niña, el mirarlos
"Madre"

Dicen que no me quieres,
Ya me has querido...
Dicen que no me quieres,
Ya me has querido...

Váyase lo ganado
"Del aire"

Por lo perdido.
"Madre, a la orilla"
Por lo perdido.
"Madre"

They can address that question.
say we do not love each other,
Because they don't see us speak,

And now I bid you farewell,
And now I bid you farewell,
At your window in your house,
And although your mother wishes otherwise,
Goodbye, dear, until tomorrow.
And now I bid you farewell,
And although your mother wishes otherwise...

SONG

Because they are traitors, your eyes,
I'm going to bury them;
Because they are traitors, your eyes,
I'm going to bury them;
You don't know what it costs,
"From the breeze!"

Dear, to look at them,
"Mother, at the shore,"
Dear, to look at them,
"Mother,"

They say you don't love me,
That your love is past...
They say you don't love me,
That your love is past...

Let what is won,
"From the breeze!"

Follow what is lost.
"Mother, at the shore,"
Follow what is lost.
"Mother."