

Mitchell Goodman

Undergraduate Euphonium Recital
Recital Hall | March 23rd, 2016 | 7:30 pm

Program

Suite of Old Spanish Songs

- IV El Paño Moruno
- V Seguidilla Murciana
- VI Asturiana
- VII Jota
- VIII Nana
- IX Canción
- X Polo

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

Mazurka for Baritone

Nicholas Dominic Falcone
(1892-1981)

Sonata in F Minor TWV 41:f1

- I Triste
- II Allegro
- III Andante
- IV Vivace

Georg Philipp Telemann
(1681-1767)

~Intermission~

Six Studies in English Folk-Song

- I Adagio
- II Andante Sostenuto
- III Larghetto
- IV Lento
- V Andante Tranquillo
- VI Allegro Vivace

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Milori Blue

- II Simply
- III Presto

Jonathan Newman
(1972-)

ASU Herberger Institute
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

School of Music

IV. El Paño Moruno

*On the fine cloth in the shop a spot has fallen.
It sells for less now, for it has lost its value.*

V. Seguidilla Murciana

*Whoever has a glass roof should not throw stones at his neighbors.
Mule drivers are we, perhaps on the road we shall meet.
Because of your inconstancy, I compare you.
I compare you because of your inconstancy.
I compare you to a peseta that passes from hand to hand
that finally becomes so rubbed, that believing it false,
no one will take it.*

VI. Asturiana

*Seeking consolation,
I drew near a green pine tree,
Seeking consolation...*

*Seeing me weep, it wept;
The pine, as is as green,
Wept to see me weeping.*

VII. Jota

*They say we don't love each other because they never see us talking;
but let them ask your heart and mine.
Now I bid you farewell, your house and your window too.
Even though your mother may not like it,
farewell, little girl, until tomorrow*

VIII. Nana

*Sleep, little one, sleep,
Sleep my darling.
Sleep, little star of the morning.
Lullaby, lully,
Lullaby, lully,
Sleep, little star of the morning.*

IX. Canción

*Because your eyes are treacherous
I'm going to bury them.
You know not what it costs,
Dearest, to gaze into them!*

*They say you don't love me,
But once you did.
Make the best of it!
Cut your losses.
Mother!*

X. Polo

*Ay! I have a pain in my heart
Which I can tell no one.
A curse on love, curse,
And the one who made me know it.*