Dawn Upshaw & Gilbert Kalish

BAM Harvey Theater | Sep 11, 7:30pm

Please note revised order and additional program details:

Selected Songs by Charles Ives

Songs My Mother Taught Me
- Text by Harmony Twitchell (Mrs. Charles Ives)
- 1876—1923

Memories
- Text by Charles Ives
- 1874—1954

The Cage
- Text by Robert Underwood Johnson
- 1906

Like a Sick Eagle
- Text by Charles Ives
- 1874—1954

B. Rather Sad
- Text by Charles Ives

Songs My Mother Taught Me
- Text by Robert Underwood Johnson
- 1906

Dawn Upshaw has recorded extensively for the Nonesuch label. She may also be heard on Angel/EMI, BMG, Deutsche Grammophon, London, Sony Classical, Telarc, and on Erato and Teldec in the Warner Classics Family of labels.

Colbert Artists Management | 307 Seventh Avenue, Suite 2006 | New York, NY 10001

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Selected Songs by Charles Ives

Songs My Mother Taught Me
- Text by Alfred Heyduk (1835—1923)
- Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished, seldom from her eyelids were the tears dropped banished. Now I teach my children the melodic measure, often tears are flowing from my memory's treasure.

Two Little Flowers
- Text by Harmony Twitchell (Mrs. Charles Ives)
- 1876—1979

Memories
- Text by Charles Ives
- 1874—1954

The Cage
- Text by Robert Underwood Johnson
- 1906

Like a Sick Eagle
- Text by Charles Ives
- 1874—1954

B. Rather Sad
- Text by Charles Ives

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- 1876—1979
"El niño mudo"

I do not want it for speaking with; the little boy was looking for his voice. In a drop of water I will make a ring of it so that he may wear my silence on his little finger. In the courtyard a dog barks, and the fountains leap all around! Let the branches ruffle in the sun from the ridge of hard frost. When your flesh smells of jasmine—the white mountains of your breast. Let the branches ruffle in the sun and the fountains leap all around! I'm going very far... to ask Christ the Lord to give me back my ancient soul of a child.

I. “Gacela de la huida”

Me he perdido muchas veces por el mar con el oído lleno de flores recién cortadas, con la lengua llena de amor y de agonía. Muchas veces me he perdido por el mar, como me pierdo en el corazón de algunos niños.

II. “Gacela del vuelo”

I have lost myself in the sea many times with my ear full of freshly cut flowers, with my tongue full of love and agony. I have lost myself in the sea many times as I lose myself in the heart of certain children.

III. “De dónde vienes, amor, mi niño?”

¿De dónde vienes, amor, mi niño? ¿Qué necesitas, amor, mi niño? La tierra llena de estrellas, más allá de esas sierras, es lleno de luces. mi niño. La tierra llena de estrellas, más allá de esas sierras, es lleno de luces.

IV. “Gacela del niño muerto”

Todas las tardes se muere un niño. Todas las tardes en Granada, todas las tardes se muere un niño. ¿Qué necesitas, amor, mi niño? La tierra llena de estrellas, más allá de esas sierras, es lleno de luces.

V. “Balada de la placeta”

Se ha llenado de luces mi corazón de señales de campanas perdidas, de lirios y de abejas. Y me lo río muy lejos, más allá de esas sierras, más allá de las mañanas, cerca de las estrellas, para pedirle a Cristo Señor que me devuelva mi alma antigua de niño.

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