

CERDDORION

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

KRISTINA BOERGER
Artistic Director

presents

Sospiros



Tuesday, February 18, 2003 - 8:00 p.m.
St. John's Episcopal Church
139 St. John's Place
Brooklyn, New York

Sunday, February 23, 2003 - 8:00 p.m.
Church of St. Luke in the Fields
487 Hudson Street
Manhattan, New York

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CERDDORION

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TENORS

David Deschamps

David Eisenberg

Philip Gallo

Dale Rejtmar

Eddie Rubeiz

BASSES

Peter Cobb

Louis Flaim

Michael Fletcher

Peter Kurz

Jerry Nussenblatt

Alan Reinhardt

Program

Please reserve your applause until the end of each set.

Triste España sin ventura	Juan del Encina (1468-1529)
Vigilate et orate	Cristóbal de Morales (1500-1553)
Una sañosa porfía	Juan del Encina (1468-1529)
Irme Quiero	Traditional Sephardic (arr. Western Wind) <i>David Eisenberg, Philip Gallo; tenors</i>
Tres Morillas m' enamoran en Jaèn	Anonymous villancico
Sanctus from <i>Missa Caza</i>	Cristóbal de Morales



Suite de Lorca	Einojuhani Rautavaara (b. 1928)
Canción de jinete	
El grito	
La luna asoma	
Malagueña	
<i>David Eisenberg, Jerry Nussenblatt, Jeanette Rodriguez, soloists</i>	



The Water Is Wide	Traditional Appalachia, Arr. Yumiko Matsuoka
I Love My Love	Traditional Cornish, Arr. Gustav Holst (1874-1934) <i>Judith Cobb; soloist</i>
Sometimes I Feel	Traditional Spiritual Arr. Alice Parker (b. 1925) & Robert Shaw (1916-1999) <i>Judith Cobb, Kate Kurz, Ellen Schorr; soloists</i>
Black Is the Color	Traditional Appalachian, Arr. Yumiko Matsuoka <i>David Eisenberg; soloist</i>
Ca' the Yowes	Traditional Scottish Arr. Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) <i>Eddie Rubeiz, David Eisenberg; soloists</i>

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Cerddorion

Now in its eighth season, Cerddorion (the name means “musicians” in Welsh) has become one of the most admired ensembles in the thriving New York choral music scene.

As the group’s name suggests, Cerddorion aspires to musicianship in its fullest sense, using the human voice to explore and fulfill the expressive potential of the art. Audiences have quickly come to know Cerddorion for its interpretive depth as well as its technical excellence.

Our repertoire spans the chamber choral literature, from early Renaissance works to new compositions. Past programs have focused on Josquin; Monteverdi; early American hymns and spirituals; double-choir works by Bach and Schütz; Brahms, Schubert, and Rheinberger; Delius, Elgar, and other post-Romantics; Hindemith and his contemporaries; and 21st-century composers including Robert Dennis, Tom Shake, and Giles Swayne.

Since our founding in 1995 by Susanne Peck, we have attracted significant recognition and numerous invitations to collaborate with other prestigious artists. In August 1998 and August 1999, the group served as the resident teaching ensemble for the Dennis Keene Choral Festival in Kent, Connecticut. Cerddorion has performed Bach’s *Cantata 140* and Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas* with the acclaimed early music ensemble Concert Royal. In October 2001, Cerddorion lent its “ethereal sounds” (*Dance Insider*, 10/10/01) to a performance with Christopher Caines Dancers, produced by Dancing in the Streets and Dana Salisbury.

Robert Page, director of the Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh and professor of Music at Carnegie Mellon University, has called Cerddorion “a chamber ensemble where ‘ensemble’ is the key word. The sheen, the matching of sounds is a joy to hear...whether it be Poulenc, Britten, Hindemith, Elgar or Victoria.”

2002-2003

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Three Preludes Manuel M. Ponce (1882-1948)
Chant populaire espagnol
Tranquillo
Vivo

Cantiga from Sonata No. 1 Almeida Prado (b. 1943)

Etude No. 9 Francisco Mignone (1897-1986)

**Romanza en Imitación
al Violoncello** Agustin Barrios Mangore (1885-1944)

Christopher McLeod, guitar



Romancero Gitano Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895-1968)

Baladilla de los tres ríos

La guitarra

Puñal

Procesión

Procesión

Paso

Saeta

Memento

Baile

Crótalo

Christopher McLeod, guitar

*Philip Gallo, Cathy Markoff, Jerry Nussenblatt,
Alan Reinhardt, Eddie Rubeiz, Ellen Schorr; soloists*



The program will be performed without intermission.

Program Notes

The title of this evening's concert comes from a line in our closing work: *Por el agua de Granada solo reman los suspiros*: "Only sighs row on the waters of Granada." Tonight's offerings communicate sighs of love, longing and loss, nostalgia, fear, and desire—in three languages and with musical and poetic sources in eight coastal countries.

We begin in Renaissance Spain during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in a region whose unique artistic richness derives from the combination of Christian, Islamic, Jewish, and Romany ("Gypsy") cultures. Spain was the site of tremendous historic upheaval and tragedy in the time of composer Juan del Encina: the Black Death had struck in the latter decades of the 15th century; in 1492, the last Moorish outpost, at Granada in Andalucía, fell to the Christian Reconquest; emboldened by this victory, the Catholic monarchs ordered Jews to convert or emigrate; the Inquisition was established as the tool of a new ideological hegemony. These events constitute the atmosphere of Juan del Encina's *Triste España sin ventura*: "Sad and unfortunate Spain."

Born in Salamanca to a cobbler, Juan del Encina served the Duke of Alba from 1492 to 1498. His creative output during this period dominates the corpus of extant secular, polyphonic song—or *villancico*—produced under Ferdinand and Isabella, most of which was preserved in the manuscript entitled *Cancionero Musical de Palacio*. Del Encina wrote his own poetry for his villancicos, and these compositions were typically created for insertion into theatrical works also of his own creation. He is further known for his *romances*, songs in the same form but treating the specific theme of the border wars with the Moors. Our selection *Una sañosa porfía* is such an example, told from the point of view of the besieged Caliph.

Cristóbal de Morales, writing in the generation after del Encina, was the first celebrated composer of church polyphony in the Spanish Renaissance. He served in the Papal choir from 1535 to 1545 and became known as the Pope's *maestro de capilla*. We offer his Lenten motet *Vigilate et orate* from the scene in the garden preceding Jesus' arrest. Traditionally, some of the most colorful religious observances in Mediterranean Spain developed around the celebrations of Carnival and Lent, involving the parading of statues of the Saints through village streets and down to the water and the dramatic re-enactment of Christ's Passion during the nighttime services of Tenebrae. We will encounter another reference to these rituals later in the concert.

The charming and well-loved villancico *Tres morillas m'enamoran en Jaén* is a testament to the cross-cultural acceptance and understanding that will ever occur between individuals despite antagonistic governmental policies. The Christian gentleman so taken with the Moorish girls understands that their professed conversion saved their lives but was not a conversion of the heart; hoping to win their affection, he swears to them by the holy book of Islam.

When the Jews of southern Spain—or the *Sephardim*—fled eastward to safer countries all around the Mediterranean, they brought with them a stunning corpus of songs in their Medieval form of Spanish, Ladino, a language that in some close-knit communities has traveled intact to present-day Israel. In *Irme quiero*, a young man come of age announces to his mother that—whether for adventure, religious pilgrimage, or safety—he must venture out into the world.

Kristina Boerger

An accomplished conductor, singer, and choral arranger, Kristina Boerger is now in her third season as Cerddorion's Artistic Director. She comes from Champaign-Urbana, where she earned a D.M.A. in choral conducting and literature from the University of Illinois. She received her formative music training from pianist Annie Sherter.

Currently a professor of music history at Barnard College, Dr. Boerger has also served on the faculties of Lake Forest College and Millikin University. She has been a guest conductor, adjudicator, and ensemble clinician in several U.S. cities, in Quebec City, and in Mar del Plata, Argentina.

As Founding Director of AMASONG, an ensemble for 60 women's voices, Dr. Boerger has conducted and produced two award-winning compact discs, appeared in several national venues, and toured the Czech Republic. Her work with AMASONG is the subject of a documentary currently in production for broadcast on public television. Ensembles throughout the country sing her choral arrangements and compositions. In 2000, her work *Draum om nedsnodde bruer*, for treble chorus and double bass, won the GLAMA for Best Composition.

Christopher McLeod

A native New Yorker, Mr. McLeod began playing the guitar at an early age. His formal instruction in the classical guitar began with Venezuelan guitarist Reuben Riera at the New York Guitar Institute. Subsequent studies were with Anna Maria Rosado, Alida Vazquez, and others. At the Mannes College of Music, Mr. McLeod pursued studies in composition, conducting and the interpretation of 20th century music. He continued guitar studies at Mannes with Frederic Hand and Michael Newman.

Mr. McLeod has performed in master classes with Nicholas Goluses, Manuel Barrueco, and Frederic Hand. A lifelong interest in Brazilian music led him to recent studies with Brazilian pianist Sonia Rubinsky. Mr. McLeod plays a Juan Orozco guitar.

Baile

La Carmen está bailando
por las calles de Sevilla.
Tiene blancos los cabellos
y brillantes las pupilas.

¡Niñas,
corred las cortinas!

En su cabeza
se enrosca una serpiente amarilla
y va soñando en el baile
con galanes de otros días.

¡Niñas,
corred las cortinas!

Las calles están desiertas
y en los fondos se adivinan
corazones andaluces
buscando viejas espinas.

¡Niñas,
corred las cortinas!

Crótalo

CRÓTALO.
Crótalo.
Crótalo.
Escarabajo sonoro.

En la araña
de la mano
rizas
el aire cálido
y te ahogas en tu trino
de palo.

CRÓTALO.
Crótalo.
Crótalo.
Escarabajo sonoro.

Dance

Carmen is dancing
along the streets of Seville.
She has white hair
and sparkling eyes.

Girls,
draw the curtains!

In her head
a yellow serpent coils
and in her dance she goes dreaming
about her beaux of yesteryear.

Girls,
draw the curtains!

The streets are deserted
and in the depths one divines
Andalusian hearts
searching for old doubts.

Girls,
draw the curtains!

Castanet

CASTANET.
Castanet.
Castanet.
Sonorous black beetle.

In the spider
of the hand
you ruffle
the warm air
and drown in your wooden
bird song.

CASTANET.
Castanet.
Castanet.
Sonorous black beetle.

We close our ancient Spanish set on a celebratory piece from the Catholic liturgy. The title of Cristóbal de Morales' *Missa Caza* signifies the pervasive use of close imitation in its construction. In different languages, *caza*, *caccia*, and *chasse* all refer simultaneously to the hunt (“chase”) and to the musical device of *canon*, the technical term for what is popularly known as a “round.” The body of this Sanctus consists of successive entrances of melodies whose contours exactly or approximately mimic one another. A brief eruption of homophony on “Hosanna in excelsis” interrupts the counterpoint like a joyous fanfare.

The mystique of southern Spain, with the allure of her stereotypically passionate Gypsy culture, is vividly reflected in the poems and dramas of the celebrated Federico García Lorca, whose works have been translated into twelve languages. Our first Lorca settings of the evening come from Finnish composer Einojuhani Rautavaara.

Rautavaara, who was born in 1928 in Helsinki, studied musicology at the University of Helsinki and composition at the Sibelius Academy under Aare Merikanto. In 1955 he won the Koussevitsky Scholarship, which enabled him to pursue studies in the United States with Copland, Persichetti, and Sessions. Returning to Finland, he became Professor of Composition at the Sibelius Academy. His early compositions reflect the influence of Stravinsky's neo-classicism and Bartók's use of folk sources. Taking up the challenge of the Second Viennese School, he produced works in total serialism as well as developing a style he terms “non-tonal dodecaphony.” By the late 1960s, he was allowing a kind of tonality to prevail and combining modern and traditional techniques. A few of his operas incorporate jazz idioms, archaic liturgical melodies resurface in choral works, chamber pieces involve aleatoricism (performer choice determined by chance operations in the performance moment), and his *Cantus Articus* uses *musique concrète*, playing the taped songs of Arctic migratory birds against modal music for orchestra. Outstanding for writing many of his own opera libretti, he also turns to the *Kalevala*, the Finnish epic, which is used by every Finnish composer of note as a source for dramatic and choral music.

In his *Suite de Lorca*, Rautavaara unites four sinister, brooding, mysterious poems, centering them all on the pitch “e.” He makes evocative use of the octatonic scale, which is produced by ascending alternately in half and whole steps. The only type of triad that this scale will yield is a diminished one, which the Western ear reflexively associates with uncertainty or danger. Further, one form of the octatonic scale allows for a Phrygian (descending by half-step) progression to the tonic, a cadence particularly typical of Andalusian music with its combined Romany and Semitic influences. The danger and mystery in this set come from Lorca's images of death in the towers and taverns of Andalucía, in a scream that arcs through the night air, and in the movement of waters, hearts, bells, and coins in response to the rising moon.

Like Juan del Encina, Federico García Lorca was celebrated both as a poet and as a playwright. He was born in 1898 in Fuente Vaqueros, near Granada. He entered the University of Granada as a student of philosophy and law, later abandoning these studies for art, literature, and the theater. In 1919 he transferred to the University of Madrid, organizing theater performances and giving readings of his poetry. During this period, he associated with a group of artists known as the *Generación del 27*, which included Dalí and Buñuel. (Both Lorca and Dalí appear in Buñuel's surrealist film *Un chien andalou*.) It was the publication in 1928 of Lorca's book of poems entitled *Romancero Gitano* that made him famous throughout Spain. In the following year he traveled to the United States to study English at Columbia University and explore the New York theatrical scene. Returning to Spain in 1931, he formed his own theater company, whose productions of his *Bodas de Sangre*, *Yerma*, and *La Casa de Bernarda Alba* secured his reputation as a playwright.

Tragically, Lorca lost his life in the Spanish Civil War. Franco’s Nationalists targeted him for his anti-fascism, his intellectualism, and his homosexuality. In 1936 he was dragged into a field, shot, and thrown in an unmarked grave. His writings were outlawed and copies of them burned. He quickly attained martyrdom as an international symbol of the politically oppressed. Today, he is regarded as the greatest Spanish dramatist and poet of the 20th century.

It is an enamored couple that rows in the deep waters of love to open our next set. Not surprisingly, many traditional songs from the mountain ranges of the eastern United States are direct descendants of stores of folk balladry from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Similar poetic conventions, identical modes, and sometimes even shared subject matter or melodies can be found in songs from both sides of the Atlantic. The first three composers in this set apply the harmonic theory of their own stylistic practices to ancient and well-loved English-language folk melodies.

Yumiko Matsuoka, an accomplished arranger, composer, and performer, was born in Tokyo and spent several years in England. She now lives in Boston, where she founded the award-winning *a cappella* jazz quintet Vox One. Also a master educator, she is an associate professor at the Berklee College of Music in Boston. Active in the U.S. and Japan as a coach, adjudicator, and workshop clinician, she is a regular guest facilitator at the Western Wind Ensemble Singing Workshops. Her close and innovative jazz harmonies make a delicious new challenge of the familiar and beloved “The Water Is Wide” and “Black Is the Color.”

Natives of England, Gustav Holst and Ralph Vaughan Williams enjoyed divergent but overlapping compositional careers. Both studied at the Royal College of Music, and both created prolifically in the first generation of important English composers since the seventeenth-century master Henry Purcell. Lifelong friends, they played their works-in-progress for each other’s criticism, studied together the socialist works of William Morris, and discussed the poetry of Walt Whitman, sometimes choosing the same verses for setting. Holst’s works typically met with less immediate success than those of Vaughan Williams; in the face of bad press for Holst’s compositions, Vaughan Williams was often his sole supporter, claiming that the lasting value of his friend’s music lay beyond the capacity of the contemporary public to appreciate. Large works reflecting Holst’s fascination with Indian spirituality or his experiences traveling in Algeria tended to fall on deaf or scandalized ears in the British concert-going elite.

But both composers had a body of work that responded successfully to English nationalism by rejecting both the towering musical force of nineteenth-century German Romanticism and the revolution of Viennese dodecaphony. The mining of indigenous British folk-song materials was part of their winning formula. Both melodies featured tonight are in the Dorian mode, and the language used to harmonize them is a tonal one based solidly in the mode. Holst’s “I Love My Love” opens with a reference to one of his favorite activities. Though he was never in robust health, he was a prodigious hiker, walking daily and covering vast expanses of countryside in several European nations. The narrator in tonight’s ballad begins: “Abroad as I was walking one evening in the spring...” The source tune for Vaughan Williams’s “Ca’ the Yowes” (“Call the ewes to the hills...”) exists in its earliest written form in the 1790 manuscript *Scots Musical Museum*. Two of the verses you will hear tonight were contributed by Robert Burns.

We close this set with a traditional slave melody from the United States, presented in a stirring recomposition and arrangement made by American choral legends Alice Parker and the late Robert Shaw. The mode of the source tune has been shifted from minor to major, though the melodic contour remains intact. Like the Dorian tunes this one—in the original and here—employs the modal seventh degree. Here the similarities end. The repetitions in the poetic form reveal this song’s discontinuity with the ballad traditions and her

Saeta

Cristo moreno
pasa de
lirio de Judea
a clavel de España.

¡Míralo por donde viene!
¡Míralo por donde va!

De España.
Cielo limpio y oscuro,
tierra tostada,
y causes donde corre
muy lento el agua.

Cristo moreno pasa,
con las gueedejas quemadas,
los pómulos salientes
y las pupilas blancas.

¡Míralo por donde viene!
¡Míralo por donde va!

Memento

Cuando yo me muera,
enterradme con mi guitarra
bajo la arena.

Cuando yo me muera,
entre los naranjos
y la yerba buena.

Cuando yo me muera,
enterradme, si queries,
en una veleta.

¡Cuando yo me muera!

Saeta⁴

The brown-haired Christ
goes from being
the lily of Judea
to the carnation of Spain.

Look at him coming down the street!

Spain’s.
Pure and dark sky,
toasted earth,
and river beds where water
flows very slowly.

The brown-haired Christ,
with his scorched long tresses,
high cheekbones
and white pupils.

Look at him coming down the street!

4. Saetas, literally "arrows" of song, are the Flamenco songs sung only during Holy Week (the week before Easter) telling of the life and passion of Christ and the Virgin Mary. They are never danced and never accompanied by the guitar.

Memento

When I die,
bury me with my guitar
beneath the sand.

When I die,
among orange trees
and mint.

When I die,
bury me, if you like,
in a weather vane.

When I die!

El puñal

El puñal
entra en el corazón
como la reja del arado
en el yermo.

No.
No me lo claves.
No.

El puñal
como un rayo de sol
incendia las terribles
hondonadas.

No.
No me lo claves.
No.

La procesión

Por la calle vienen
extraños unicornios.
¿De qué campo,
de qué bosque mitológico?

Más cerca,
ya parecen astrónomos.
Fantásticos Merlins
y el Ecce Homo,
Durandarte encantado,
Orlando furioso.

The Dagger

The dagger
pierces the heart
like the blade of the plow
the fallow field.

No.
Do not stab me.
No.

The dagger
like a ray of sunlight
ignites the terrible
depths of our being.

No.
Do not stab me.
No.

The Procession

Strange unicorns
are coming down the street.
From what field,
from what mythological forest [have they
escaped]?

Closer up,
they look like astronomers.
Fantastic Merlins
and the thorn-crowned Christ,
the enchanted Durandarte,
Orlando furioso.³

3. Durandarte and Orlando (Roland) are knights that are characters in novels of chivalry.

English-speaking forebears across the Atlantic. Parker and Shaw harmonize their tune first with a haunting ostinato, but then with a prolonged “blue” note and with tertian-extension chords. With these latter devices, they seem to be reminding us that the contemporary jazz idiom mastered by artists such as Matsuoka had foundational roots in the music of African America.

Like the poet whose words he set in the piece you will hear tonight, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco found his works the targets of a fascist government. Castelnuovo-Tedesco was born in Florence in 1895 to a Jewish-Italian family. He earned his composition diploma at the Liceo Musicale Bologna, receiving early mentorship from Pizzetti and going on to form the Società Italiana di Musica with Respighi and other contemporary neo-Romantics. In the early 1930s, Heifetz commissioned a concerto of him, and he responded with *I profeti*, a work celebrating the faith and inspiration of the Jewish prophets and expressing his growing concern for Italian Jewry. When the Italian purge began in 1938, he was made an instant example: his compositions were banned from radio broadcast, and concerts featuring his works were cancelled.

In response, Castelnuovo-Tedesco brought his family to the United States. He settled in California, landing film-score contracts with virtually all the major Hollywood Studios. He also produced copious concert works and the award-winning opera, *The Merchant of Venice*. Attaining a position at the Los Angeles Conservatory of Music (later called the California Institute of the Arts), he counted André Previn, Henry Mancini, and John Williams among his students. Castelnuovo-Tedesco cited landscapes he had seen and books he had read as among the strongest inspirations for his composing. His choral *oeuvre* sets texts from many of the greatest English writers, as well as Jewish and Christian sacred verses. Among his varied instrumental repertoire are several works for solo guitar and for guitar with orchestra.

Romancero Gitano (“Gypsy Songbook”) opens with a poem about landscape, its cinematic setting bringing us back to the cities of Andalucía where we began tonight’s program. The figuration in the guitar solos is idiomatically Andalusian, as are the images in the selected texts: olive trees, guitars, daggers, carnations, Holy Week processions, Carmen the Gypsy seductress, and—to bring tonight’s concert to a rousing close—the final flourish of the castanet.

—Kristina Boerger

This short program of music from Mexico, Brazil, and Paraguay is both something of a survey of Latin American music and a good companion set to the *Romancero Gitano* that follows. The music of Spain and the Americas have traded much mutual influence resulting in a rich sensibility and tradition.

Manuel María Ponce (1882-1948) was born in Zacatecas, Mexico. His versatile early career as a composer, conductor, teacher, and music critic was forged in Mexico. He moved to Paris in the 1920s where, after studies with Paul Dukas, he abandoned the genteel salon-music style then prevalent in Mexico and began applying an impressionistic idiom to works of concise structure and sophisticated counterpoint. Eventually, he created a nationalistic style. Ponce composed numerous works for guitar, many in collaboration with Andrés Segovia. The preludes are models of inventive contrast that cleverly presents solutions to questions of design and technical difficulty.

Brazilian composer Almeida Prado (b. 1943) composed his Sonata No. 1 for guitar in 1981. Based on a popular song, the Cantiga provides lyrical pause to a four-movement work containing much that is bold and

experimental. Prado was a student of Nadia Boulanger, Olivier Messiaen, and György Ligeti. His work seamlessly integrates present-day compositional devices and technique with the musical elements of his native Brazil. The Sonata No. 1 is a masterpiece of the guitar repertoire.

Born in São Paulo, Francisco Mignone (1897-1986) was, along with Heitor Villa-Lobos, a leader of the nationalistic style in Brazilian music. The signature of his music is a rich blend of Portuguese, African, and Indian elements—the three cultures that have contributed most to Brazilian culture. The present etude is from the set of 12 etudes that Mignone composed in 1970 for the great Brazilian guitarist Carlos Barbosa-Lima.

Agustín Barrios Mangoré (1885-1944) may be the greatest virtuoso/composer for the guitar. He was born in the small town of San Bautista de las Misiones, in Southern Paraguay, the fifth of seven sons. Both of his parents were educators who placed great value on culture and the arts. Barrios was inspired in by the guitar playing of his mother, Doña Martina. After studies with Gustavo Sosa Escalada, his first teacher, he was recognized as a prodigy and given a scholarship to the Colegio Nacional in Asunción, where, in addition to music, he distinguished himself in mathematics, journalism, and literature. Barrios was also an accomplished calligrapher and graphic artist.

—*Christopher McLeod*

La guitarra

Empieza el llanto de la guitarra.
Se rompen las copas de la madrugada.
Empieza el llanto de la guitarra.
Es inútil callarla,
Es imposible
callarla.
Llora monótona
como llora el agua,
como llora el viento
sobre la nevada.
Es imposible
callarla.
Llora por cosas lejanas.
Arena del sur caliente
que pide camelias blancas.
Llora flecha sin blanco,
la tarde sin mañana,
y el primer pájaro muerto
sobre la rama.
¡O, guitarra!
¡Corazón malherido
por cinco espadas!

The Guitar

The weeping of the guitar begins.
The dawning's vaults are shattered.
The weeping of the guitar begins.
It is useless to still it,
It is impossible
to still it.
It weeps, monotonous
like water weeps,
like the wind weeps
above the snow.
It is impossible
to still it.
It weeps for distant things.
Sands of the hot south
which begs for white camelias.
It weeps, an arrow without its mark,
an afternoon without its morning,
and the first dead bird
on the branch.
Oh, guitar!
Heart lacerated
by five swords!²

² To the Spanish audience this image brings to mind depictions of the Virgin Mary showing her bleeding heart pierced by the swords of her five sorrows.

Romancero Gitano

Poems: Federico García Lorca; Translations: M.-Ana Börger-Greco & K. Boerger

Baladilla de los tres ríos

El río Guadalquivir
va entre naranjos y olivos.
Los dos ríos de Granada
bajan de la nieve al trigo.

¡Ay, Amor
que se fue y no vino!

El río Guadalquivir
tiene las barbas granates.
Los dos ríos de Granada,
uno llanto y otro sangre.

¡Ay, Amor
que se fue por el aire!

Para los barcos de vela
Sevilla tiene un camino;
por el agua de Granada
solo reman los suspiros.

¡Ay, Amor
que se fue y no vino!

Guadalquivir; alta torre
y viento en los naranjales;
Dauro y Genil,
torrecillas muertas
sobre las estanques.

¡Ay, Amor
que se fue por el aire!

¿Quién dirá que el agua lleva
un fuego-fatuo de gritos?

¡Ay, Amor
que se fue y no vino!

Lleva azahar,
lleva olivas
¡Andalucía!, a tus mares.

¡Ay, Amor
que se fue por el aire!

The Little Ballad About the Three Rivers¹

The Guadalquivir river
flows among orange and olive trees.
Granada's two rivers
flow down from the snow to the wheat fields.

Oh, love
that has flown and never came!

The Guadalquivir river
has a garnet-colored beard.
Granada's two rivers,
one of tears, one of blood.

Oh, love
that has flown through the air!

Sevilla has a path
for sail boats;
only sighs row
on the waters of Granada.

Oh, love
that has flown and never came!

Guadalquivir; high tower
and the wind in the orange groves;
Dauro and Genil,
abandoned turrets
above stagnant water.

Oh, love
that has flown through the air!

Who knows that water carries
a Will-o'-the-wisp made of screams?

Oh, love
that has flown and never came!

It carries orange blossoms,
it carries olives
to your seas, oh Andalusia!

Oh, love
that has flown through the air!

1. The Guadalquivir flows through the city of Seville; the Dauro and Genil rivers flow through Granada.

Texts & Translations

Translations: K. Boerger

Triste España sin ventura

Triste España sin ventura,
todos te deven llorar;
Despoblada d'alegría
para nunca en tí tornar.

Vigilate et orate

Vigilate et orate,
ut non intretis in tentationem.
Spiritus quidem promptus est,
caro autem infirma.

Una sañosa porfía

Una sañosa porfía
Sin ventura va pujando.
Ya nunca tuve alegría,
y ya mi mal se va ordenando.

Ya fortuna disponía
a quitar mi próspero mando,
qu'el bravo león de España
mal me viene amenazando.

Las mesquitas de Mahoma
En iglesias consagrando,
Las moras lleva cautivas,
Con alaridos llorando.

Al cielo dan apellido:
Viva el Rey Fernando.
Viva la muy gran Leona,
alta Reyna prosperando.

Sad and unfortunate Spain

Sad and unfortunate Spain,
everyone should weep for you;
evacuated of all joy
never to return to you.

Keep Watch and Pray

Keep watch and pray,
that you do not succumb to temptation.
The spirit is willing,
but the flesh is weak.

A furious conflict

A furious conflict,
doomed, grinds on.
Joy was never mine,
and now my ruin is ordained.

Now fate is poised
to claim my prosperous reign,
for the brave lion of Spain
comes to menace me.

Converting Mohammed's mosques
into churches,
he takes the Moorish women captive
amid howling and weeping.

To the heavens they cry:
Long live King Fernando.
Long live the great lioness,
High, prosperous queen.

Irme quiero

Irme quiero,
la mi madre.
Por este mundo
me iré.
O, madre,
me iré.

Tres morillas m'enamoran en Jaén

Tres morillas m'enamoran en Jaén:

Axa y Fátima y Marién.
Tres morillas tan garridas
ivan a coger olivas
Y hallavanlas cogidas en Jaén.
Axa y Fátima y Marién.

Díxeles, “¿Quién sois, señoras,
de me vida rrobadoras?”
“Cristianas qu'éramos moras de Jaén:
Axa y Fátima y Marién.

Yo vos juro al Alcorán,
en que, señoras, creéis,
que la una y todas tres
m'avéis puesto en grande afán.
Do mis ojos penerán, pues tal verén:
Axa y Fátima y Marién.

Sanctus

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

I would leave

I would leave,
o, my mother.
Out into the world
I shall go.
O, Mother,
I am leaving.

Three Moorish Girls Have Made Me Fall in Love in Jaén

Three Moorish girls
have made me fall in love in Jaén:
Axa and Fátima and Marién.
Three Moorish girls, so lovely,
went to pick olives
and found them already picked in Jaén.
Axa and Fátima and Marién.

I asked them, “Who are you, ladies,
that have robbed me of my life?”
“Christians, who once were Moors from Jaén:
Axa and Fátima and Marién.

I swear to you by the Koran,
in which you, ladies, believe,
that each of you and all three
have thrown me into great anguish.
Wherever I cast my eyes, there they will see:
Axa and Fátima and Marién.

Holy

Holy, holy, holy
is the Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are filled with Thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is the one who comes in the name of Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Ca' the Yowes

Ca' the yowes tae the knowes¹,
Ca' them whar the heather grows,
Ca' them whar the burnie rows²,
My bonnie dearie.

Hark the mavis³ e'enin' sang,
Sounding Cluden's woods amang;
Then afauldin' let us gang⁴,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die, but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple⁵ to the sea
While day blinks in the lift sae hie⁶
Till death shall blin' my e'e
Y shall be my dearie.

1. Call the ewes to the hills.
2. Call them to the hedge rows.
3. A type of bird.
4. Gathering the sheep to the fold.
5. Wind.
6. The sky so high.

Sometimes I Feel

Sometimes I feel like a moanin' dove,
Wring my hands an' cry, cry, cry.

Sometimes I feel like a motherless chile,
Wring my hands an' cry, cry, cry.

Sometimes I feel like I gotta no home,
Wring my hands an' cry, cry, cry.

Sometimes I feel like a eagle in de air,
Spread my wings an' fly.

Black is the Color

Black is the color of my true love's hair;
Her lips are something wondrous fair;
The purest eyes and the daintiest hands.
I love the ground on which she stands.

I love my love and well she knows,
I love the grass on where she goes.
If she on earth no more I see,
My life shall quickly fade away.

I go to troublesome to mourn and weep,
But satisfied I here could sleep.
I'll write to you in a few little lines.
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

The winter has passed, and the leaves are green;
The time is gone that we have seen.
And yet I hope the time will come
When you and I will be as one.

My own true love, so fare you well;
The time has passed, I wish you well.
But still I hope that the day will come
When you and I will be as one.

Suite de Lorca

Poems: Federico García Lorca; Translations: M.-Ana Bürger-Greco & K. Boerger

Canción de jinete

Córdoba
lejana y sola.
Jaca negra, luna grande,
y aceitunas en mi alforja.
Aunque sepa los caminos
yo nunca llegaré a Córdoba.

Por el llano, por el viento
jaca negra, luna roja.
La muerte me está mirando
desde las torres de Córdoba.

¡Ay, qué camino tan largo!
¡Ay, mi jaca valerosa!
¡Ay, qué la muerte me espera
antes de llegar a Córdoba!

Córdoba
lejana y sola.

El grito

La elipse de un grito
va de monte
a monte.

Desde los olivos
será un arco iris negro
sobre la noche azul.

¡Ay!

Como un arco de viola
el grito ha hecho vibrar
largas cuerdas de viento.

¡Ay!

(Las gentes de las cuevas
asoman sus velones.)

¡Ay!

The Rider's Song

Córdoba
distant and alone.
Black jennet¹, big moon,
and olives in my saddle bag.
Even though I know the roads
I will never reach Córdoba.

Over the plain, through the wind
black jennet, red moon.
Death is looking at me
from the towers of Córdoba.

Oh, what a long road!
Oh, my valiant jennet!
Oh, death awaits me
before I get to Córdoba!

Córdoba
distant and alone.

1. A jaca, the jennet, is a small sturdy horse native to Spain.

The Cry

The ellipse of a cry
goes from mountain
to mountain.

From the olive trees
it will be a black rainbow
over the blue night.

Oh!

Like the bow of a viola
the cry has made
long cords of the wind vibrate.

Oh!

(The people who live in the caves
appear with their oil lamps.)

Oh!

La luna asoma

Cuando sale la luna
se pierden las campanas
y aparecen las sendas
impenetrables.

Cuando sale la luna
el mar cubre la tierra
y el corazón se siente
isla en el infinito.

Nadie come naranjas
bajo la luna llena.
Es preciso comer
fruta verde y helada.

Cuando sale la luna
de cien rostros iguales,
la moneda de plata
solloza en el bolsillo.

Malagueña

La muerte
entra y sale
de la taberna.

Pasan caballos negros
y gente siniestra
por los hondos
de la guitarra.

Y hay un olor a sal
y a sangre de hembra
en los nardos febriles
de la marina.

La muerte
entra y sale
y sale y entra
de la taberna,
la muerte.

The Moon Appears

When the moon rises
the bells lose themselves
and the impenetrable paths
appear.

When the moon rises
the sea covers the earth
and the heart feels itself to be
an island in the infinite.

No one eats oranges
beneath the full moon.
One must eat
ice-cold green fruit.

When the moon rises
from a hundred identical faces,
the silver coin
sobs in the pocket.

Malagueña²

Death
enters and exits
the tavern.

Black horses
and sinister people pass
through the depths
of the guitar.

And there is a smell of salt
and of female blood
in the febrile tuberoses
of the seaside.

Death
enters and exits
and it exits and enters
the tavern,
death.

2. The malagueña is a Flamenco form or rhythm from the Andalusian port city of Málaga.

The Water is Wide

The water is wide. I can't cross over.
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that can carry two,
And both shall row my love and I.

Oh, love is gentle and love is kind,
The sweetest flower when first it's new.
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like morning dew.

There is a ship, she sails the sea.
She's loaded deep as she can be,
But not as deep as the love I'm in.
I know not how I sink or swim.

I Love My Love

Abroad as I was walking one evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for so sing;
Her chains she rattled with her hands, and thus replied she:
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me!

"O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents since they're his, although they've ruined
me:
I love my love, because I know my love loves me!"

"With straw I'll weave a garland, I'll weave it very fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea.
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

Just as she there sat weeping, her love he came on land.
Then hearing she was in Bedlam, he ran straight out of hand;
He flew into her snow-white arms, and thus replied he:
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

She said: "My love, don't frighten me; are you my love or no?"
"O yes, my dearest Nancy, I am your love; also
I am return'd to make amends for all your injury;
I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

So now these two are married, and happy may they be
Like turtledoves together, in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait that have got loves at sea:
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.