

ABSTRACT

Title of Dissertation: CANCIONES ARGENTINAS (SONGS OF ARGENTINA):
A RECORDING PROJECT

Linda Teasley, Doctor of Musical Arts, 2004

Dissertation Directed by: Professor Linda Mabbs
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This Dissertation Project comprises recordings of Argentine art songs. The discs are approximately 40-60 minutes in length and consist of songs from the traditional art-song repertoire for voice and piano. This project is particularly appropriate because of the very limited number of recordings of Argentine songs, which are notable both not only for their high quality but for their accessibility of performance for voice teachers, students, and professional singers alike. Art songs in the Spanish language are a welcome resource, and the poetry included in this project is of an outstanding quality. Some of the poets set to music are Gabriela Mistral (a poet laureate of Chile and the first Latin American woman to win the Nobel Prize for

Literature), Pablo Neruda (also a Nobel laureate), Luis Cernuda, and Leon Benarós. The lyrics of some songs are based on traditional sources, and the melodies and rhythms of all are representative of South American-indigenous and European-immigrant cultures.

The composers represented here will be familiar to some listeners but more than likely unfamiliar to most. Yet Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983) is considered to be the greatest of all Argentine composers. Alberto Williams (1862-1952) is known as the father of the Nationalist School of composition in Argentina, and Carlos Lopez Buchardo (1881-1963) is a most influential composer and pedagogue after whom the national Conservatory of Music in Buenos Aires is named. Two composers who remain relatively unknown outside of South America, Abraham Jurafsky (1906-1993) and Julio Perceval (1903-1963) are also represented in this project. A complete compact disc is devoted to the works of Carlos Guastavino. Known as the “Argentine Schubert”, Guastavino has over 250 songs to his credit. Chiefly a composer for piano and voice, his recent death (October 2000) makes a recording of his works especially appropriate.

This project also includes a written component, a supportive dissertation briefly describing the history of the Argentine art song and the lives and influences of the composers and poets represented in the studio recordings. The CD recordings are held in the Michelle Smith Performing Arts Library at the University of Maryland.

CANCIONES ARGENTINAS (SONGS OF ARGENTINA):

A RECORDING PROJECT

by

Linda Teasley

Dissertation submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of the
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INTRODUCTION

The music of Argentina is a colorful mix of cultures, styles and rhythms. Influences abound including European (especially Spanish and Italian), Amerindian (the indigenous peoples of Argentina), *mestizo* (of mixed Indian and Spanish heritage) and *criollo* (creole or Spanish/American heritage). The composers featured on the compact disc recordings prepared for this dissertation project display all of these influences as colored by their individual voices and compositional styles. Non-European influences can be found in the works of composers Alberto Williams (1862-1952), Carlos López Buchardo (1881-1948) and Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983) recorded here. Stylized native rhythms, dances, harmonies and modes are represented in each composer's style. In the works of Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000), these traits are more subtly featured, while Julio Perceval (1903-1963) and Abraham Jurfasky (1906-1993) add touches of popular song to their works. The marriage of text and music being their ultimate goal, each of these composers wrote in the traditional style of the art song, a song composed for the concert repertory, not a folk or popular song. Art songs use a text of a high literary quality with a specific accompaniment written for that text which is often evocative of textual meaning (Randall 56).

I initially chose to perform a recital program of Argentine art songs several years ago. I am always looking for repertoire that is not often presented, and many of these songs fit that category. Also, I was impressed by the musical language of the

songs in combination with the expression of the texts represented by that language. The melodies, harmonies, and texts appealed to me on both a musical and emotional level. So often, we choose to perform a standard repertoire of songs. Yet in singing works outside of that repertoire we may discover something new with a unique way of expression. Spanish is a language that a great many people, both voice students and the general public, have some knowledge of, and as a voice professional I am always searching for new teaching and performance repertoire. These songs fulfill all of these goals, and with the help of an excellent accompanist, may be performed by most students. The songs' high quality texts seem to encourage students' serious study and performances at higher levels of expertise.

These songs were recorded in a sound studio during a period of five days with several months between sessions. The recordings were then re-mixed in a second studio with the help of an excellent engineer and were completed almost three years after the first session. I learned much in this process. I chose to record the songs in a studio for logistical reasons including the availability of my accompanist. The studio had both the necessary recording equipment and piano and initially seemed most cost effective. One of the things that I learned in this process was that recording in a recital hall or room with excellent acoustics and piano would have been more cost effective in the long run. I also learned that a good sound engineer with excellent "ears" is imperative. I believe that the goals of this project could not have been accomplished without an excellent engineer. A superb accompanist is also necessary for the success of these songs. My having such an accompanist—who also

spoke Spanish and was thus able to coach the language as well as the music—was a priceless asset.

A HISTORY OF ARGENTINE SONG

Argentina's colonial history began with the arrival of Spaniards in 1516. Prior to their arrival, about 20 Amerindian groups consisting of approximately 300,000 people lived in what is now called Argentina (Argentina 10). These groups included the Tehuelche, Guarni, Mya, Yamana and Mapuche. Today, 85 percent of the current population of Argentina consists of people of European descent. Natives and *mestizos* have either been absorbed or pushed aside, but their traditional dances and the music that accompanies them have become a great source of inspiration for composers like Alberto Williams, Carlos Lopéz Buchardo and Alberto Ginastera (Cha 249). Western music of the Colonial Period (1536-1809) was brought to the native peoples of Argentina by Spanish missionaries, mostly Jesuits, and was a very important conversion tool. The church brought many European musicians to work as organists and choirmasters. Native religious practices and music often became absorbed into the mainstream Roman Catholic liturgy wherein European practices were superimposed over indigenous ones. Native dances often were retained as part of the celebration of a Roman Catholic Saint's feast day. From 1810 to 1930 the influx of many Europeans with a preference for their music of the day, expanded musical tastes in Argentina to include theatrical works (operas), piano and salon music, and eventually orchestral music (Behague and Ruiz 873-4).

Toward the late-nineteenth century a nationalistic feeling started to be heard in the music of Argentina. One of the pioneers of this movement was

Alberto Williams. Williams studied at the Paris Conservatory and later founded a school of Argentine national music, the Alberto Williams Conservatory, in 1893. He was the first composer to use Argentine folk materials in a systematic fashion in his compositions (Garmedia 1).

Most of the first half of the twentieth century was dominated by this nationalist movement. Carlos López Buchardo and his student Abraham Jurfasky are also representative of this trend. López Buchardo used national sources directly in his works, while Jurafsky composed in a distinctly popular language (Behague and Ruiz 874). Ginastera became one of the greatest Latin American composers of the twentieth century. His earliest style period (1930-1950) is represented in this project, as is his use of traditional materials.

Perhaps the most prolific song composer of the nationalistic school was Guastavino. In his over 250 art songs, piano pieces, symphonic and chamber works, Guastavino used folk sources in a distinctive yet subtle manner.

COMPACT DISC NUMBER ONE: The Legacy of Alberto Williams

The selections on this first disc explore the colloquial, folk and popular influences upon the classic genre of twentieth-century Argentine art song. Alberto Williams is considered to be the founder of the Argentine Nationalist School. Born in 1862 into a family of musicians, he received a scholarship in 1882 to study at the Paris Conservatory. He returned to Argentina in 1889, founding the Alberto Williams Conservatory in 1893. It was in the 1890's that he began to compose in a distinctly nationalist style as well as conduct and promote concerts in Argentina. His early compositional style reflects his time as a student in Europe and the influence of César Franck ("Alberto Williams," Slonimsky 3935). Williams's second style period, from 1890 to 1910, focuses on themes and rhythms of Argentine folk songs and dances. In his third style period, from 1910 to 1933, Williams remains nationalistic while broadening his exploration to include international trends in composition. Williams's output includes 150 opus numbers with compositions representing every major genre. He was the first composer from the Americas to write nine symphonies (Salgado, "Alberto Williams" 404).

Williams's *Vidalita* (Little Life) from the *Canciones Incaicas op. 45 No. 3* (1909) is heavily influenced by folk traditions. The *vidala* is a folk song from the northwest region of Argentina that was performed at that time at carnivals and

circuses. It begins in a major key, ends in the relative minor of that key, and is composed in triple meter. The melody is in the hexatonic range of six notes influenced by the combination of the tritonic (triadic) and pentatonic (five note scale) scales. The *vidala* melody is harmonized by parallel thirds and is accompanied by the *caja* (a frame drum with a snare attached to the underside of its head). (Behague and Ruiz 876). The *vidalita* can be in either duple (usually 6/8) or triple meter and otherwise shares the same basic characteristics as the *vidala*. In Williams's *Vidalita*, the meter is triple and the melody moves from d minor to a final cadence in D major. The chromatic melodic feature heard in measures 5-8 is characteristic of some Argentine folk music (Garmedia 159). This song is an excellent example of Williams's treatment of folk elements within the framework of European harmonic style.

Alberto Ginastera's *Cancion al árbol del olvido* (Song to the Tree of Oblivion) op. 3 No. 2 (1939) is also a *vidalita* of sorts. It is Ginastera's stylized compilation of some elements found in the *vidala/vidalita* and was composed in 1943 during Ginastera's objective nationalism period. Elements of this *vidala* consist mainly of the repetition of the word "*vidalita*" after the third line of each stanza. The harmonic movement is minor to major, and the meter is duple, with a strong tango rhythm throughout, tying together the melody with its accompaniment (Kimball 429). The song is dedicated to the well-known soprano Brigida Frias de Lopez Buchardo who was married to Carlos Lopez Buchardo.

Born in Argentina in 1881, Carlos Lopéz Buchardo was a member of the nationalistic school, which dominated Argentine composing in the first half of the twentieth century. After studying first in his native country, he studied for a time with Roussel in Paris, returning to Argentina to work as a composer and teacher sometime before 1924. In 1924 he founded the National Conservatory, which he directed until his death in 1948. He was president of the Wagnerian Association, twice director of the Teatro Colón, and director of music and art for the stage for the Ministry of Justice and Public Instruction. In 1920 he married soprano Brigida Frias, and together they began a musical and literary salon frequented by prominent Argentine and European artists. Lopéz Buchardo is most well known for his songs, written for both the theatrical and concert stage (Salgado, “Carlos Lopez-Buchardo” 176). *Cinco Canciones Argentinas al estilo popular* (Five Argentine Songs in Popular Style) (1935) remains one of his most influential and well-known works. These songs used national sources directly and were the model for other composers—most notably Ginastera—writing similar cycles. The fourth song of this cycle, *Oye mi llanto* (Listen to My Cries), is a stylized *Huayno* dance. This dance of the North-West indigenous peoples of Argentina is generally played by bands of *sikuris* (panpipes and two different types of drums) and features traces of the pentatonic system used by the Incas of Peru (Behague and Ruiz 876).

Alberto Ginastera, born in Argentina in 1916, is the most well known of all the composers represented in this recording. His music is original and creative, positioning him at the forefront of twentieth-century composers. Beginning his

formal training at the Alberto Williams Conservatory and the National Conservatory, founded by Lopez Buchardo, Ginastera was wholly trained in Argentina. While still a student, the 1937 performance of an orchestral suite from his ballet *Panambi*, op. 1(1940), established his reputation as one of Argentina's significant composers. Many compositions in all genres ensued. In 1942 he began teaching at the National Conservatory and the National Military Academy until he was removed from his post at the Academy by the regime of dictator Juan Peron. In 1944, Ginastera traveled to the US, teaching and composing there until 1948. Further difficulties with the Peron regime forced the composer to leave Argentina again in 1952. He returned in 1958 to teach at two universities. In 1962 he was asked to assume the leadership of the *Instituto Torcuato di Tella*, a music center which promoted avant-garde techniques of composing. Reflecting his assumption of this position, Ginastera's music of the 1960's and 1970's was experimental in nature. Continually composing, Ginastera received many honors including honorary degrees from Yale and Temple Universities. The great composer died in 1983 (Schwartz-Kates 875).

Ginastera wrote his *Cinco canciones populares argentines* (Five Argentine Popular Songs) op. 10 in 1943, openly modeling his songs after the earlier collection of Lopez Buchardo of 1935. Ginastera used traditional texts, folk songs and dances in his work, fashioning them in his own unique way. Typical of his early style period (1934-1947), Ginastera used in composing these songs, a series of musical patterns that Argentine composers of the nineteenth century had devised to portray their cultural identity. Melodies based on traditional scales, rhythms based upon

that was begun by Lopéz Buchardo. Jurafsky's musical compositions exhibit the influence of popular Argentine song and a more universal musical language as demonstrated by his larger works. His lyric works are strongly influenced by the nationalism of Lopéz Buchardo. Composed in 1954, his *Quatro canciones al estilo popular* (Four Songs in the Popular Style) includes prominent themes of the *gaucho* and his *pampas* (land), nostalgic feelings, and a cowboy-wedding celebration. Three of the four poems set therein convey sadness and loss. The first song expresses the unhappiness of a *gaucha* (cowgirl) whose gaucho has left her and will never return. Songs two and three describe nostalgic, longing thoughts for a beautiful maiden left behind. In contrast, the last song is a joyous serenade celebrating spring and a cowboy wedding—one wonders if the cowgirl in the first poem has reconciled with her cowboy. Three of the four poems speak of the beautiful orange blossoms that appear in the springtime and the first poem takes place in April. All describe the poets' feelings by using comparisons to nature. While much of his music has a popular, *cabaret* flavor, Jurafsky's harmonic language is also contemporary, with many tonal modulations (perhaps the influence of Richard Wagner). Foremost a pedagogue, Jurafsky died in 1993 leaving a limited music output (De Lacourt 630).

COMPACT DISC NUMBER TWO: Songs of Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

The Composer

Born in 1912, Carlos Guastavino (d. 2000), composer and pianist, came of age as an artist in the 1940's during the peak of Latin America's nationalist movement. Known chiefly for his piano works and songs, Guastavino's music is a subtle blend of Argentine folk idioms, tonal harmonies, and traditional forms. His rhythmic figures evoke the traditional rhythms of Latin America while his melodies sing of a tender nostalgia for Argentina's people, land, and wildlife. "His songs are a synthesis of Argentine musical and cultural idioms and the classical art song form," (Kimball 430). Guastavino set to music the poetry of some of Latin America's greatest writers. These include Chile's Gabriela Mistral and Pablo Neruda (both Nobel Laureates), Spain's Luis Cernuda, and Argentine poet and essayist León Benarós. Guastavino set his songs only in Spanish and seemed to concentrate on the works of one poet at a time. His longest and most fruitful collaboration was with Benarós. Beginning in 1963, Guastavino set 60 of Benarós' texts (Kulp 484).

Guastavino was born in Sante Fé and trained there until going to Buenos Aires in 1938 to study at the National Conservatory. Instead of enrolling at the Conservatory, however, he studied both composition and piano privately. In 1948 he went to London, staying for two years supported by a grant from the British Council. He performed his songs and piano music throughout England and

Ireland, Latin America, China and the former Soviet Union. The highlight of his orchestral compositional career came in 1949 with the performance of his *Tres romances argentinos* (Three Argentine Romances) by the British Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra. After 1960, as Guastavino's concert appearances declined, he accepted a teaching post in Buenos Aires at both the National and Municipal Conservatories. Perhaps depressed over the death of his mother and the lack of critical acclaim for his works, Guastavino stopped composing in 1975 beginning again in 1987 at the urging of his colleague Carlos Vilo, whose vocal chamber ensemble performed many of Guastavino's songs (Kulp 484).

The Poets

Gabriela Mistral

Chilean poet Gabriela Mistral (1889-1957) was the first Latin American woman to receive a Nobel Prize—for Literature in 1945. Her works concern love and also many womanly themes such as maternity, childbirth, and children. Central themes include mother's love, pregnancy, sterility, sorrow, nature and recovery. Her poetic language is simple and direct, full of warmth and emotion. Her Nobel Prize award reads, in part: "for her lyric poetry which, inspired by powerful emotions, has made her name a symbol of the idealistic aspirations of the entire Latin American world," (Liukkonen, "Mistral").

Born in Northern Chile, Lucila Godoy Y Alcayaga (Mistral is a pen name) became an educator in several schools throughout Chile, teaching 16-year-old Pablo Neruda, another Nobel Prize winner, and encouraging him to pursue his writing talents. Mistral subsequently taught in Mexico, Europe and the US, notably at Barnard College. Later, she accepted an appointment to the Chilean Foreign Service. Her life had several tragic episodes, beginning with the suicide of her lover in 1909 when Mistral was only 20. Later in her life, an adopted child died as did several of Mistral's close friends. Her poetry focuses on a longing for things that she never had, such as physical maternity. Her texts often focus on spiritual and religious themes as well as death. Mistral died of cancer in 1957 (Statman 207-9).

Pablo Neruda

Pablo Neruda (1904-1973) was born Neftali Eliecer Ricardo Reyes Basalto in southern Chile. His life, a combination of poetry and politics, he received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971. Neruda was a confirmed Marxist, and was exiled to Mexico in 1945 for his political beliefs. Most of his works reflect the political struggles of the left, yet he is perhaps best known for his love poetry. Published in 1924, *Veinte poemas de amor y una canción desesperada* (Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair) was Neruda's first best-selling collection and irrevocably changed the Latin American poetic tradition. Using new rhythmic patterns and a strongly melancholy tone, Neruda's poetic voice expressed intimate human feelings. The most widely read of Spanish-American poets, his works include verse, drama, and translations, as well as poetry. Neruda was appointed to a diplomatic post in 1923

and held many such posts in East Asia and Europe. He returned to Chile in 1953. (Ocasio 247-48). *Esta iglesia no tiene* (This Church has no Votive Lamps), the only collaboration of Guastavino and Neruda recorded here, belongs to Neruda's early poetry. The romance of his early childhood home, Temucoc, with its long, rainy seasons and thick forests, had a strong impact on his personality. Both human and earthly natures are often subjects of his works in this early time. Neruda frequently chose common local figures as the inspiration for his poetry and his love poems have become models for depiction of human tenderness and direct emotions. They remain favorites worldwide through recordings by Latin American singers. In 1995, *Il Postino* (The Postman), a film based upon Neruda's life and work, drew international attention. The great success of this film was no doubt largely due to Neruda's charm and the appeal of his poetry to a contemporary audience.

Luis Cernuda

Spanish born Luis Cernuda (1902-1963) was a major poet of the "Generation of 27", a group of writers representing a new movement in Spanish language literature. This group included major writers such as Federico Garcia-Lorca (1898-1936), Rafael Alberti (1903-1999), and Vicente Aleixandre (1909-1984). Cernuda was the most cosmopolitan of these and the most familiar with European and American literary traditions. He introduced into Spanish poetry the recent major works of European and American poets including Frenchmen Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867), Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891), Stephan Mallarmé (1842-1898), and Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) and the Romantic Germans Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

and Johann Christian Holderlin (1770-1843). While teaching in Scotland, Cernuda's perception of poetry underwent a radical reorganization as a result of his absorption of English-language models and his exposure to the works of T.S. Eliot (1888-1965), Robert Browning (1812-1889), and W.B. Yeats (1915-1939). Cernuda was considered to be the most influential among Spanish poets of his time. Favorite themes in his works include solitude, melancholy, homosexual love, and the desire to achieve an impossible ideal. The poetic forms he used vary from classical to free verse. His poetic manner is introverted and often bitter ("Luis Cernuda," Ward 114; Ponce, "Luis Cernuda").

Two cycles of Guastavino songs set to Cernuda poetry appear on this disc. *Donde habite el olvido* (Where Forgetfulness Lives) from *Tres canciones* (Three Songs), written between 1932 and 1933, shows the influence of surrealism; a lover awakens from a crazy dream, disoriented, not quite sure if this dream was real. Guastavino's setting features a monotonous rhythmic figure, an almost *ostinato*-like accompaniment to the voice, which begins softly, climbing through *crescendo* to a impassioned climax only to fall away at the end with a desolate sigh. *No sabes, no sabes* (You don't know, you don't know) the dreamer moans. The other major collection of Cernuda's poetry set by Guastavino and featured on this recording is *Las Nubes* (The Clouds), written between 1937 and 1938. This collection of three poems concerns the tragic destiny of the Spaniard. Major themes of these poems include the longing for an earlier more beautiful time, desolation, and happiness in solitude. Guastavino's settings evoke these strong feelings seemingly effortlessly.

León Benarós

Poet and essayist León Benarós was born in 1915 in Argentina. He wrote about Argentina's history, art, and the plight of her workers and peasant people. Benarós began writing at a young age. By the time he was eighteen, he had a poem published in a literary journal. This brought him some notoriety, and he began to be associated with the group known as the "Generation of 40". This group of young poets took up the imaginative, figurative mode of the 1920's *avant garde* movement. However, in contrast with this earlier movement, the 1940's poets were more dedicated to refining the art of poetry through study and practice, not relying as much on their youthful and novel perspective as did the *avant garde* poets. The Generation of 40 also lived in a time of major political turmoil, a compelling subject about which they all wrote (Orgambide 82).

Benarós' poetry is characterized by its descriptiveness, realism, impressionistic imagination, lyricism, and documentary nature. His poetry had a significant influence on Guastavino, who set many of the poet's works from the 1960s through 1975, the year Guastavino began a long hiatus in his composing. *Canciones del alba* (Songs of the Dawn), composed in 1973, is a delightful example of this collaboration recorded in this project.

CONCLUSION

It is my hope that by showcasing these wonderful songs I can in a small way introduce them to the rest of the Americas. Some of these songs, Guastavino's *La rose y la sauce* (The Rose and the Willow Tree), *Seis canciones de cuna* (Six Cradle Songs) and Ginastera's *Cinco canciones populares argentinas* (Five Argentine Popular Songs) are among the few works within this repertoire that are performed in the United States. The vast majority of the music in this project is not heard outside of South America. This performance of Abraham Jurfasky's *Cinco canciones al estilo popular* (Four Songs in Popular Style) may be the first in the U.S.

The songs are written in a variety of musical styles and show influences ranging from folk idioms to nineteenth-and twentieth-century European art music. Both Lopez-Buchardo's *Cinco canciones argentinas al estilo popular* (Five Argentine Songs in Popular Style) and Ginastera's homage to them, *Cinco canciones populares argentinas* (Five Argentine Popular Songs), contain a variety of folk idioms and dance rhythms. Yet most remain firmly within the traditional art song repertoire because of the compositional language in which they were created. I feel that some of these works, namely the aforementioned Ginastera set and a few of Guastavino's individual songs, *La rose y la sauce* (The Rose and the Willow) *Pueblito, mi pueblo* (Little town, my town) and Alberto Williams' *Vidalita* (Little Life), could lend themselves to accompaniment by instruments other than piano. I envision a band of guitars, cajón and panpipes accompanying these songs.

In the early years of American Art Music, aspiring composers had to study abroad in order to learn their craft. Both Alberto Williams and Carlos Lopez-Buchardo studied in Paris and brought their knowledge and teaching abilities back to their native lands to train the next generations of composers. Alberto Ginastera, Carlos Guastavino and Abraham Jurfasky all received training in their native land.

Themes in the songs may especially resonate with North American audiences. Much like the United States, most of Argentina's current population emigrated from other countries bringing their popular and art music with them. Music of native people eventually began to be "discovered" and combined with European music and assimilated into the culture. Argentines and Americans are a mix of races and ethnicities. Argentine music, like that of North America, has thus embraced native folk idioms and rhythms together with European styles, creating a unique synthesis.

While the music of Alberto Ginastera has become well known throughout the world, the vast majority of composers represented here remain relatively unknown. Argentine song forms a large contribution to the art song repertoire, and I feel that it must be heard. It deserves to be sung.

APPENDIX I

Contents of Compact Discs

CD Number One

Track number	Song title	Time
1.	“Vidalita” from <i>Canciones Incaicas</i> op. 45 No.3. Music: Alberto Williams. Text: Traditional. Composed in 1909. Recorded December 21, 2001.	1:57
2.	“Cancion al árbol del olvido” from <i>Dos Canciones</i> No.1. Music and text: Alberto Ginastera. Composed in 1943. Recorded December 20, 2001. <i>Cinco Canciones Argentinas</i> Music: Carlos López Buchardo. Text: Miguel Camino. Composed in 1935. Recorded December 21, 2001	2:02
3.	“Prendidos de la mano”	1:45
4.	“ Si lo hallas...”	1:41
5.	“Frescas sombras de sauces”	2:32
6.	“Oye mi llanto”	3:40
7.	Malhaya la suerte mia! <i>Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas</i> Music and text: Alberto Ginastera. Composed in 1943. Recorded December 20, 2001.	2:55
8.	“Chacarera”	:57
9.	“Triste”	2:54
10.	“Zamba”	1:15
11.	“Arrorró”	2:18

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| 12. | “Gato | 1:54 |
| 13. | “Triste me voy a los campos” Music and text: Julio Perceval.
Composed in 1941. Recorded December 21, 2001.
<i>Quatro canciones al estilo popular</i> Music: Abraham Jurafsky.
Text: Gustavo Caraballo. Composed in 1954 . Recorded
December 21, 2001. | 1:42 |
| 14. | “Cancion de la niña gaucha” | 3:12 |
| 15. | “Nostalgia” | 2:17 |
| 16. | “La tapera” | 2:46 |
| 17. | “Se casa el boyero” | 1:45 |

All music recorded at Cafritz Studios, Levine School of Music, Washington, DC On December 19, 20, 21 2001 and August 5, 2002.

Soprano: Linda Fisher Teasley

Piano: Dr. Carlos César Rodríguez

Engineer: Steve Antosca

All music mixed at Bias Recording Studios, Springfield, VA on July 3, 7 and August 18, 2003.

Engineer: James Robeson

Mastering by Air Show Mastering, Charles Pilzer, engineer

Translations by Dr. Carlos César Rodríguez and Aruelio Domínguez

All music and Spanish language coached by Dr. Carlos César Rodríguez and Dr. Kathleen Wilson.

CD Number Two

Track number	Song title	Time
1.	“Pueblito, mi pueblo” Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text: Francisco Silva. Composed in 1941. Recorded December 21, 2001.	2:11
2.	“Se equivocó la paloma” Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text: Rafael Alberti. Composed in 1941. Recorded August 5, 2002	2:13
3.	“La rose y la sauce” Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text Francisco Silva. Composed in 1942. Recorded December 20, 2001	2:09
4.	“Anhelo” Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text: Domingo Zerpa. Composed in 1942. Recorded December 20, 2001.	2:13
5.	“El vaso” Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text: Gabriela Mistral. Composed in 1942. Recorded August 5, 2002. <i>Seis canciones de cuna</i> Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text: Gabriela Mistral. Composed in 1943. Recorded December 19, 2001.	2:44
6.	“Hallazgo”	1:50
7.	“Apegado a mí”	2:19
8.	“Encantamiento”	2:08
9.	“Corderito”	1:46
10.	“Rocio”	2:33
11.	“Meciendo”	2:35
12.	“Esta iglesia no tiene” Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text: Pablo Neruda. Composed in 1948. Recorded August 5, 2002. <i>Las Nubes</i> Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text: Luis Cernuda. Composed in 1944. Recorded August 5, 2002.	2:11
13.	“Jardin antiguo”	2:03
14.	“Deseo”	2:27

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| 15. | “Alegria de la soledad” | 1:43 |
| | <i>Tres canciones</i> Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text Luis Cernuda.
Composed in 1943. Recorded December 2, 2001. | |
| 16. | “Violetas” | 3:02 |
| 17. | “Pajaro muerto” | 5:58 |
| 18. | “Donde habite el olvido” | 2:48 |
| | <i>Tres canciones</i> Music: Carlos Guastavino. Text: José Iglesias
de la Casa. Composed in 1950. Recorded August 5, 2002. | |
| 19. | “La palomita” | 2:51 |
| 20. | “Cantilena” | 2:08 |
| 21. | “Dones sencillos” | 1:54 |
| | <i>Canciones del alba</i> Music: Carlos Guastavino Text: León
Bernarós. Composed in 1973. Recorded December 19, 2001. | |
| 22. | “Los llantos del alba” | 2:26 |
| 23. | “El cerro estaba plateado” | 2:49 |
| 24. | “El paso de las estrellas” | 2:53 |
| 25. | “El albeador” | 1:20 |

All music recorded at Cafritz Studios, Levine School of Music, Washington, DC On December 19, 20, 21 2001 and August 5, 2002.

Soprano: Linda Fisher Teasley

Piano: Dr. Carlos César Rodríguez

Engineer: Steve Antosca

All music mixed at Bias Recording Studios, Springfield, VA on July 3, 7 and August 18, 2003.

Engineer: James Robeson

Mastering by Air show Mastering, Charles Pilzer, engineer

All music and Spanish language coached by Dr. Carlos César Rodríguez and Dr. Kathleen Wilson.

Translations by Dr. Carlos Rodríguez and Aurelio Domínguez

Argentine dances, textures that imitate idiomatic guitar writing, parallel third voicings based upon folk traditions, and bi-modal harmonic relationships all appear in this early period. Many earlier composers, including Lopez Buchardo, composed miniatures based upon folk genres, and Ginastera's early style reflects this tradition:

Yet even within these early works Ginastera exceeded traditional expectation in passages employing bold polytonal juxtapositions, non-functional parallel progressions and dissonant pandiatonic harmonies. (Schwartz-Kates 876)

Song numbers one and five of the *Cinco canciones populares argentinas*, *Chacarera* (The Chatter Song) and *Gato* (Cat), have a driving 6/8 rhythmic pattern modeled on the *malambo*, a competitive dance in which a *gaucho* (cowboy) asserts his strength and dominance over his rival by employing increasingly challenging dance steps. *Chacarera* and *Gato* are partner dances performed by two couples and generally accompanied by song. In Ginastera's *Gato*, the cat dances the *zapateado* (little *zapateo*); the dance's foot-tapping motion characterized by the increasingly intense 6/8 *ostinato* of the piano accompaniment. *Zamba* (Samba), song number three, is also a couples' dance, probably derived from the *zamaculcal* or *zambacueca* of Peru. The *Zamba* has a moderate tempo and is generally performed without singing. Ginastera's version has a rocking melody over a dance-like accompaniment reminiscent of the Spanish *habanera*. *Triste* (Sad), song number two, is a love song with origins in Peru. It is related to the Andean *yaravi*, a slow three-meter song/dance from the Quechua *harawi/haratui*. These songs are pentatonic and bi-modal, with a slow, varied meter. There is often an alternating concluding section in a faster

tempo. Ginastera's *Triste* uses chords derived from the open tuning of guitar strings to introduce the sung verses. The fourth song, *Arrorró* (Lullaby), is a lullaby with emphasis upon double consonants (rr) producing a soothing quality. The accompaniment establishes an unwavering, rocking motion upon which this tender song is rooted (Schwartz-Kates 875-6; Kimball 429).

Julio Miguel Adolfo Perceval, organist and composer, was born in Chile in 1903. He settled in Argentina in 1926, adopting it as his homeland, and died there in 1963. He was educated at the Real Conservatory in Bruselas, Chile and became the organist at a major cathedral in Buenos Aires. As an organist, he performed many recitals and was renowned for his technical expertise and improvisations. As a composer he demonstrated eclectic tastes moving from popular songs, such as *Triste me voy a los campos* (Sadly I Go to the Fields) composed in 1956, to orchestral works, instrumental chamber music, art song cycles and religious compositions. His first works can be classified as neo-romantic and his subsequent works as neo-classical in style while incorporating characteristics of Argentine folk music. Perceval's later works are almost exclusively religious in nature (De Lacourt 606).

Abraham Jurafsky was born in Buenos Aires in 1906. He studied at the National Conservatory of Music Carlos López Buchardo of Buenos Aires where he later was appointed professor of harmony. In 1966 he published a biography of López Buchardo. Other writings include a harmony textbook (1949) and a book about Mozart written for the centenary of his death (1991). Jurafsky became the artistic director of the Wagnerian Association of Buenos Aires, the same association

APPENDIX II: Song Texts and Translations

CD Number One: The Legacy of Alberto Williams

Vidalita

Alberto Williams

*En el alma mía No brilla el sol
Desde que te fuiste.
Desde que te fuiste
No brilla el sol en el alma mía.
Densa noche umbría cubrió mi amor
Con su manto triste.
Con su manto triste
Cubrió mi amor densa noche umbría.
En la vida mía sólo hay dolor
Desde que te fuiste
Desde que te fuiste
Sólo hay dolor
En la vida mía*

Little Life

The sun does not shine in my soul
Since you left.
Since you left
The sun does not shine in my soul.
Dense dark night covered my love
With its sad mantle.
With its sad mantle
Dense dark night covered my love
In my life there is nothing but pain
Since you left.
Since you left
There is nothing but pain
In my life.

Cancion al arbol del olvido

Alberto Ginastera

Poetry: Fernán Silva Valdes

*En mi pago hay un árbol
que del olvido se llama
donde van a consolarse
vidalita, los moribundos del alma.*

*Para no pensar en vos
en el árbol del olvido
me acosté una nohecita
vidalita, y me quedé bien dormido.*

*Al despertar de aquel sueño
pensaba en vos otra vez
pues me olvidé de olvidarte
vidalita, en cuanto me acosté.*

Song of the Tree of Forgetfulness

In my vineyard there is a tree
That of forgetfulness is called
Where those whose souls are dying
Vidalita, go to find consolation.

So I would not think of you
By the tree of forgetfulness
One night I went to sleep
Vidalita, and deeply I slept.

Upon awakening, from that dream
I thought of you once again
Because I forgot to forget you
Vidalita, (I) see you when I sleep.

***Cinco canciones argentinas al
estilo popular***

Carlos Lopez Buchardo

Poetry: Miguel Camino

Prendiditos de la mano

*Vienen bajando el faldeo Felicinda y su
Ciriaco.
Vienen los dos, en silencio, prendiditos
de la mano
¡Qué pudo haber ese día entre los
enamorados,
que vienen tan en silencio, prendiditos de
la mano?
Felicinda, dame un beso, fue el pedido de
Ciriaco... Y
besáronse, en silencio, prendiditos de la
mano.
Y así que un beso se dieron tan confusos
se quedaron,
que, mirándose a los ojos, se volvieron,
en silencio,
prendiditos de la mano.*

Si lo hallas...

*Agüita que vas p'abajo
Llevada por la corriente
Detrás de ti yo me iría
en busca del bien ausente.*

*Si lo hallas en tu camino,
no le causes ningún daño;
por mí, bésalo mil veces
en mí bésalo mil veces
en las manos
si te toca
y si te bebe
en los labios*

Five Popular Argentine Songs

Holding Hands

Felicinda and her Ciriaco are walking
down as if dancing.
Holding hands,
The two of them come down in silence.
What must have happened between the
lovers that day; so silent they are,
So silent they are,
holding hands!
Felicinda, give me a kiss, was Ciriaco's
request...
And so, they kissed, in silence, holding
hands.
They were so confused by the kiss that
they returned
looking into each other's eyes,
in silence,
holding hands.

If You Find Him...

Little water, you who go down
Brought by the current
I'd go after you
To look for my missing beloved.

If on your path you find him,
Cause no harm to him;
For me, kiss him a thousand times
In me kiss him a thousand times
On his hands
If he touches you
And if he drinks you,
kiss him on the lips.

Frescas sombras de sauces...

*Frescas sombras de sauces
me brindan tus miradas.
Airecito 'e la sierra son tus palabras.*

*Verdor de los naranjos, ¡Mi vida!
son tus promesas;
Que cuarteando esperanzas a mi alma
llegan
Frescor de chirimoyos tienen tus labios*

*Cada vez que los veo, ¡Mi vida!
me tienta el diablo
Al parque oloroso tu amor es áspero
como el cederrón que cura males y daños*

*Y como agua que baña, ¡Mi vida!
campos resecos
Y al riego de tus ternuras, ¡Mi vida!*

Florece besos

Oye mi llanto

*Ya que tu amor me deprecia oye lo que
por tí lloro,
lo que por tí voy cantando: ya que por tí
sufro, ya
que por tí canto, despierta y oye mi
llanto.
¡Porqué no vienes, mi cielo, cuando mi
amor te suplica
que acudas a mi llamado?
Si por tu desprecio mi canción es llanto,
no rías,
cuando yo canto
Ya que tu amor es un sueño, ha de llegar
a tu oído lo
que por tí estoy cantando: si porque te
quiero lloro
lo que canto, despierta, y oye mi llanto*

Fresh shadows of the willow trees....

Fresh shadows of willow trees
Your eyes give me
Your words are a little breeze from the
woods.
The green of the orange trees, My life!
Your promises are;
That singing hope poems to my soul
arrives.
Freshness of tropical fruit trees your lips
have,
Every time I see them, My life!
The devil tempts me.
To the quiet park your love is rough
Like the *cedar trees* that soothe illnesses
and losses
And like the water that bathes , My life!
Dry fields.
And to the blossom of your caresses, My
life!
Kisses flourish .

Listen to my Cries

Because your love scorns mine, listen to
that which I cry for you: that which I
sing for you.
Now that I suffer for you, that I sing for
you, wake up and listen to my cries.

Although my love implores you to my
calls,
why don't you come back to me, my
love?
do not laugh
when I sing.
And because your love is only a dream,
to your ears my
song will sing: because I love you, I cry
when I sing:
Awake! Listen to my cries!

¡Malhaya la suerte mía!

*Cuando iba a ver a Rosario
lo hacía tranquito a tranco;
y al llegar a la tranquera
ella me estaba esperando.
Y cuando adrede, a verla no iba,
allí se estaba clavada
hasta que apuntaba el día.*

*Contigo tengo 'e comerme un ciento y
medio 'e duraznos.
pa largarte los carozos contra la puerta
del rancho,
Y ahora me toca, por tus mentiras,
hacer lo que la Rosario
esperarte noche y día.*

Alas my bad luck!

When I went to meet with Rosario
I did it by going to the fence;
Upon arrival to the gate
She was already waiting for me.
And when, in purpose, I met her not,
There she was, rooted
Until the dawn of day.

With you I have to eat a hundred and a
half peaches,
Loosen the pits against the gates of the
ranch.
And now, because of your lies,
I have to do just like Rosario,
Not only wait during the day,
But also during the night.

***Cinco canciones populares
argentinas***

Alberto Ginastera

Chacarera

*A mí me gustan las ñatas y una ñata me
ha tocado
Ñato será el casamiento y más ñato el
resultado
Cuando canto chacareras me dan ganas
de llorar porque
se me representa
Catamarca y Tucumán.*

Triste

*Debajo de un limón verde donde el agua
no corría
entiqué mi corazón a quien no lo
merecía
Triste es el día sin sol
triste es la noche sin luna pero más triste
es querer
sin esperanza ninguna.*

Zamba

*Hasta las piedras del cerro y las arenas
del mar me
dicen que no te quiera y no te puedo
olvidar
Si el corazón me has robado el tuyo me
lo has de dar
el que lleva cosa ajena con lo suyo hade
pagar.*

Five Popular Argentine Songs

The Chatter Song

I love pugged nose girls, and I have
found one for me.
Pugged nose will be the marriage and
more pugged nosed
ones the result
When I sing "chatter songs", it makes me
cry because
it reminds me of the songs of Catamarca
and Tucumán.

Sad

Under a lemon tree where water did not
flow,
I gave my heart to one who didn't
deserve it.
Sad is the day without sun.
Sad is the night without moon.
But sadder still is to love with no hope.

Samba

Even the stones of the mountain and the
sands of the sea
tell me not to love you, but I cannot
forget you.
If you have stolen my heart, yours should
be mine to keep.
Those who steal things not belonging to
them, must pay with their own.

Arroró

*Arroró mi nene, arroró mi sol
 arroró pedazo de mi corazón.
 Este nene lindo se quiere dormir
 y el pícaro sueño no
 quiere venir.*

Gato

*El gato de mi casa es muy gauchito
 pero cuando lo bailan zapateadito
 Guitarrita de pino cuerdas de alambre
 Tanto quiero a las chicas, digo, como a
 las grandes
 Esa moza que baila mucho la quiero
 pero no para hermana que hermana
 tengo
 Que hermana tengo, sí ponete al frente
 Aunque no sea tu dueño, digo, me gusta
 verte.*

Triste me voy a los campos

Julio Perceval

*Triste me voy a los campos;
 por momentos y por horas,
 a ver si encuentro la prenda
 que mi corazón adora.*

*Yo le pregunto a los astros
 que me digan dónde habita
 y me responden llorando:
 lejos está de tu vista,
 Si sientes doblar campanas
 no preguntes quién murió;
 que estando ausente de ti
 quién ha de ser, si no yo.*

Lullaby

Sleep my little one, sleep my sun
 Sleep, little piece of my heart.
 This beautiful little baby wants to go to
 sleep, but the little "rascal sleep"
 does not want to come.

Cat

The cat in my house is a little "cow-boy".
 But when he dances, he dances the little
 "zapateado" (Spanish footstep dance)
 Little guitar of pine with wired strings!
 I love the little ones as much as the tall
 ones.
 I like this dancing beauty but not for a
 sister; I have a sister.
 Come near! Although I'm not your
 master, I love to see you!

Sadly I Go to the Fields

Sad, I go to the fields;
 For moments, for hours,
 To see if I find the one
 My heart adores.

I ask the stars
 To tell me where she lives
 But crying they answer me:
 She is far away from your sight,
 If you hear the bells ring
 Ask not who died;
 That being absent from you,
 Who is it, but I?

4 Canciones

Abraham Jurfsky

Poetry: Gustavo Caraballo

Cancion de la niña gaucha

*La niña gaucha solloza junto al borde
del jagüel
Porqué se fué para siempre, la niña llora
por el
Las golondrinas se han ido como
diciéndole adiós
mientras la niña lo llora con todo su
corazón
¡Ingrato! ¡Ingrato murmura el río!
¡Ingrato! ¡Ingrato canta el zorzal!
Y los jilgueros y las calandrias
Por el que nunca, más volverá.
¡Ay paisanita do trenzas negras y dientes
blancos como
el marfil!
¡gime tu pena por los caminos bajo las
tardes tristes
de Abril*

Nostalgia

*Llévame al huerto soñado,
donde liba el picaflor
Y se abre el nardo y la rosa
como en un beso de amor
Mi dulce campesinita
que has llegado a mi ilusión
Como el perfume viajero
de los naranjos en flor
El suelo nativo te da su esplendor
Y el alma del gaucho su viejo dolor
Mi campesinita de la triste vos
Porque está llorando la tierra del sol
Llévame al huerto soñado
donde suspira tu amor
Mientras la vos de la pampa
te cante el último adiós.*

Four Songs

Song of the Cow-girl

The cow-girl was sobbing
near the pool.
Because the rider left her forever, she is
crying for him.
The swallows have left the place as if
saying good-bye
while the girl was crying for him with all
her heart.
Ungrateful!, murmurs the river!
Ungrateful! sing the shrubs!
And the goldfinches and the larks.
For the one who is never coming back,
oh! my little peasant girl, with dark
braids
and ivory teeth,
is lamenting throughout the field, under
the sad afternoons
of April.

Nostalgia

Bring me to that dream garden,
Where the humming bird flies
And the orange and the rose blossom
Like a kiss of love
My sweet little maiden,
Who has arrived to my illusion
Like the traveling perfume
Of the orange trees in blossom
The native fields give you their splendor
And the soul of the gaucho its old pain
My little maiden of sad voice
For the earth cries to the sun
Bring me to the dream garden
Where your love sighs
While the voice of the pampas
Sings to you the last goodbye.

La Tapera

*Entre las lomas del campo verde
donde es más blanca la luz del sol
surge la imagen de la tapera
como un lamento de la extensión
Y cuando el cielo se pone triste
bajo el silencio de la oración
Se escucha apenas en las cuchillas,
el eco vago de esta canción.*

*Mi cumbre caída vive penado
Sobre un lecho de abrojos será hasta
cuando
¡Ay soledad!
Van cien lunas: ¡mi vida! Que yo te
espero
Mientras lloran los sauces junto a mi
alero
¡Campera Camperita me voy quedando
Como un árbol desnudo no se hasta
cuando:
¡Ay soledad!
Y entre las lomas del campo verde
donde se apaga la luz del sol
Cierran las sombras en la tapera
como las alas de una canción.*

Se casa el boyero

*La ronda, la ronda de la primavera
que se llena el aire de trinos y abejas
La ronda, la ronda se casa el boyero con
la morochita
más linda del pueblo
Ya tiene claveles prendidos del pecho ya
huelen sus
faldas a flor de azarero.
Y en los ojos negros le brilla el deseo
Desata tus bueyes
Pascual el boyero que viene la ronda
detrás del sendero
Que se llena el aire de lenguas de fuego.*

The Old Ruins

Among the hills of the green field
Where the sunlight is whiter
The image of the "old ruins" emerges
Like a lament of the extension
And when the sky becomes sad
Under the silence of the prayer
It is barely heard through the mountain
ridge, the vague echo of this song.

My falling hill lives in pain
Over a layer of thorns will be until then
Oh solitude!
One hundred moons have passed: my
life!
While I wait for you
While the willow trees cry near
my eaves
Maiden, little maiden I am becoming
Like a naked tree I do not know until
when:
Oh solitude!
And among the hills of the green field
Where the sunlight disappears
The shadows of the old ruins
Close up like the wings of a song.

The Cowboy is Getting Married

The serenade, the Spring serenade that
fills the air with trills and bees.
It is a celebration because the cowboy is
getting married with the most beautiful
little twin of the village.
Already with fiery carnations in her
breast, the aroma of her skirt reminds one
of orange tree flowers.
Desire shines in her dark eyes. Untie
your horses!
The serenade is coming behind the
cowherd's footsteps,
That fills the air with tongues of fire.

CD Number Two: The Songs of Carlos Guastavino

Pueblito, Mi Pueblo...

Poetry: Francisco Silva

*Pueblito, mi pueblo
Extraño tus tardes
Querido pueblito
No puedo olvidarte
Quanta nostalgia ceñida tengo
en el alma esta tarde.
¡Ay! si pudiera otra vez,
Bajo tus sauces soñar
Viendo las nubes que pasan
¡Ah! y cuando el sol ya se va sentir
la brisa al pasar fragante
por los azahares.*

Little town, my town...

Little town, my town
I miss your afternoons
Dear little town
I cannot forget you
So much nostalgia
This afternoon in my soul I have.
Oh! If I only could once again
Under your willow trees dream
Seeing the clouds go by.
Oh! And when the sun is about to caress
The passing fragrant breeze
Over the orange blossoms.

Se Equivocó La Paloma..

Poetry: Rafael Alberti

*Se Equivocó la paloma.
Se equivocaba.
Por ir al norte, fue al sur.
Creyó que el trigo era agua.
Se equivocaba.*

*Creyó que el mar era el cielo;
Que la noche, la mañana.
Se equivocaba.*

*Que las estrellas rocío; que el calor, la
nevada.
Se equivocaba*

*Que tu falda era tu blusa; que tu
corazón, su casa.
Se equivocaba,*

*Ella se durmió en la orilla.
Tu, en la cumbre de una rama.*

The Dove was mistaken

The dove was mistaken.
She was mistaken.
By going north, she went south.
She thought that wheat was water.
She was mistaken.

She thought that the sea was the sky;
That the night was morning.
She was mistaken.

She thought that stars were dew
That heat was snow.
She was mistaken.

She thought your skirt was your blouse;
And your heart her house.
She was mistaken.

She fell asleep on the shore,
You in the cradle of a branch.

La rosa y el sauce

Poetry: Francisco Silva

*La rosa se iba abriendo
 Abrazada al sauce
 El árbol apasionado, apasionado,
 la amaba tanto
 Pero una niña, una niña coqueta
 se la ha robado,
 y el sauce desconsolado
 la está llorando
 la está llorando*

The Rose and the Willow Tree

The rose was blossoming
 Embraced by the willow tree
 The passionate tree, passionately,
 Loved her so much.
 But a coquettish girl, a coquettish girl
 Stole her from him,
 And the heartbroken tree, disconsolate,
 Is crying for her,
 Is crying for her.

Anhelo

Poetry: Domingo Zerpa

*Quisiera hacer de mi vida
 un farolcito de aldea
 ser en ella labrador
 o ser maestro de escuela
 si labrador que
 me alumbren las estrellas de mi huerta
 si maestro las
 sonrisas de unas caritas morenas
 Que mi huerta este en el valle
 Que esté en el valle mi escuela
 Aunque mi casa en la cumbre
 no tenga techo ni tenga puertas
 quisiera hacer de mi vida
 un farolcito de aldea
 de día no alumbrar nada
 de noche ser una estrella.*

Yearning

I'd like to make of my life
 A little lighthouse in a village,
 Being a farmer
 Or a schoolteacher.
 If a farmer,
 I'd like the stars of my orchard to give
 me light.
 If a teacher,
 I'd like to see the smiles of little dark
 faces.
 I'd like my orchard to be in this valley
 And in this valley my school.
 Even though, at the summit,
 My house has no roof or doors
 I'd like to make of my life
 A little lighthouse in a village,
 During the day gives no light,
 But at night be a star.

El Vaso

Poetry: Gabriela Mistral

*Yo sueño con un vaso
de humilde y simple arcilla
Que guarde tus cenizas
cerca de mis miradas
y la pared del vaso
te será mi mejilla
y quedarán mi alma y tu alma
apaciguadas*

*No quiero espolvorearlas
en vaso de oro ardiente
ni en la ánfora pagana
que carnal línea ensaya
sólo un vaso de arcilla
te ciña simplemente
humildemente
como un pliegue de mi saya*

*En una tarde de estas
recogeré la arcilla por el río
y lo haré con pulso tembloroso
Pasarán las mujeres
cargadas de gavillas
y no sabrán que amaso
el lecho de un esposo.*

*El puñado de polvo
que cabe entre mis manos
se verterá sin ruido
como una hebra de llanto
Yo sellaré este vaso
con beso sobre humano
y mi mirada inmensa
será tu único manto.*

The Vase

I dream of a vase
Of humble and simple clay
That keeps your ashes
Near my sight.
And the walls of the vase
Will for you be my cheeks.
And my soul and your soul will rest in
peace.

I do not want to pour your ashes
In a vase of ardent gold
Nor in a pagan amphora
That fleshy line rehearsals.
Only a clay vase
Will simply fit you
Humbly
As a fold of my smock.

One of these afternoons
I will find the clay by the river
And with my trembling hand
I will make this vase.
Women will walk by
Carrying sheaves
They will not know that I will knead
The resting place of a husband.

The dust that fits into my hand
Will pour silently
Like a thread of tears.
This vase I will seal
with a formidable kiss,
And my immense look
Will be your only shroud.

Seis Canciones De Cuna

Poetry: Gabriela Mistral

Hallazgo

*Me encontré este niño cuando al campo
iba: dormido lo
he hallado sobre unas gavillas.
O tal vez ha sido crusando la viña: al
buscar un
pámpano toqué su mejilla.
Y por eso temo al quedar dormido se
evapore como rocío
en las viñas.*

Apegado a mí

*Velloncito de mi carne que en mi entraña
yo jí
velloncito friolento duérmete a pegado a
mí!
La perdiz duerme en el trébol
escuchandole latir: no
te turbes por mi aliento duérmete
apegado a mí!
Hierbe cita temblorosa asombrada de
vivir, no te
sueltes de mi brazo, duérmete apegado a
mí!
Yo que todo lo he perdido a hora tiemblo
hasta al
dormir.
No resbales de mi brazo: duérmete
apegado a mí!*

Six Cradle Songs**Finding**

I found a child as I was going through the
field: he was asleep
on top of some sheaves.
Perhaps he was crossing the vineyard: as
I searched in
the pampa, I touched his cheek.
But I am afraid that if I fall asleep, he
would evaporate like dewdrops
in the vineyard.

Close to Me

Little one, little part of myself! Seeing
you feeling
cold, come and fall asleep, close to me!
Listening to the heart beat, the clover tree
serves as
bed for the partridge as it sleeps:
Don't be disturbed by my heart beat!
Sleep close to
me!
Little trembling herb, astonished to live:
Don't let
go of my arm! Sleep close to me!
Now that I have lost everything, I shiver
as I fall to
sleep.
Don't slide off my arm! Sleep close to
me!

Encantamiento

*Este niño es un encanto parecido al fino viento;
si dormida lo amamanto que me bebe yo no siento.
Es más dulce éste al que río que el contorno de la loma: es más lindo el hijo mío que este mundo al que se asoma.
Es más rico este mi niño que la tierra y que los cielos en mi pecho tiene armino y en mi canto terciopelo
Y es su cuerpo tan pequeño cual el grano de mi trigo:
menos pesa que el ensueño; no lo ven y está conmigo,
está conmigo.*

Corderito.

*Corderito mío suavidad callada: mi pecho es tu gruta
de musgo afelpada.
Carne blanca como manchita de luna; lo he olvidado
todo para hacerme cuna.
Me olvidé del mundo y de mí no siento más que el pecho henchido con que te sustento.
Tu fiesta hijo mío me apagó las fiestas y sé de mí
sólo que en mí te recuestas.*

Enchanted and Charming like a Spell

This little child is enchanting like the spell of thin breeze: if I feed him while I sleep, I don't even notice him!
Much sweeter is his smile than the horizon of the hill: my little child is much more beautiful than the world which he can barely reach.
Richer is my child than the earth and the heavens of my breast and my velvet song.
His little body is like a grain of wheat, and his weight is less than a daydream of hope: they can't see him, but he is with me, he is with me.

Little Lamb

Little lamb of mine, soft and quiet: my breast is your little plush cavern of moss.
White skin like a little stain of moonlight, I forgot everything to be your cradle.
I forgot about the world, and I don't feel anything except for my full breasts that fed you.
Your joy has diminished all the other joys of mine, and the only thing that I am aware of is that you are resting in me.

Rocio

*Esta era una rosa llena de rocío: Este
era mi pecho
con el hijo mío.
Junta sus hojitas para sostenerlo esquivaba
la brisa por
no desprenderlo.
Descendió una noche desde el cielo
inmenso: y del amor
tiene su aliento suspenso.
De dicha se queda callada, callada: no
hay rosa entre
rosas más maravillada, más maravillada.*

Meciendo

*El mar sus millares de olas mece divino.
Oyendo a los
mares amantes mezo a mi niño.
El viento errabundo en la noche mece los
trigos
Oyendo a los vientos amantes mezo a mi
niño, mezo a mi
nino.
Dios Padre sus miles de mundos mece
sin ruido.
Sintiendo sus mano en la sombra mezo a
mi niño.*

Dew

Like a rose with dewdrops, my breast is
with child.
The petals gather closely to sustain it as
to avoid
the wind to loosen.
It descended at night from the immense
heavens like
suspended breaths of love.
From joy the rose stands still, still: there
is no
other rose among roses so marveled as
this rose.

Rocking

The divine sea rocks its thousand waves.
Listening to the beloved seas, I rock my
baby to sleep.
The traveling wind rocks to sleep the
wheat field.
Listening to the lover's winds, I rock my
baby; I rock
my baby.
God, the Father rocks his thousand
worlds to sleep
without noise.
Feeling His hand in the shadow, I rock
my baby to sleep.

Esta Iglesia No Tiene

Poetry: Pablo Neruda

*Esta iglesia no tiene lampadarios votivos
 no tiene candelabros
 no ceras amarillas
 no necesita el alma de vitrales ojivos
 para besar las hostias,
 y rezar de rodillas.
 El Sermón sin inciensos
 es como una semilla
 de carne y luz
 que cae temblando al surco vivo.
 El padre nuestro
 rezo de la vida sencilla
 tiene un sabor de pan frutal y primitivo
 tiene un sabor de pan oloroso
 pan prieto que allá en la infancia
 blanco entregó su secreto
 a toda alma fragante
 que lo quiso escuchar
 y el padre nuestro
 en medio de la noche se pierde
 corre desnudo sobre las heredades
 verdes
 y todo estremecido se sumerge
 en el mar.*

This Church

This church has no votive lamps,
 No candelabra,
 No yellow wax,
 It doesn't need the souls of pointing
 windows
 To kiss the hosts,
 And pray kneeling.
 The Sermon without incense
 Is like a seed
 Of flesh and light
 That, trembling, falls to the cracks of life.
 The Lord's Prayer,
 The simple life prayer,
 Has a taste of primitive fruit bread.
 It has a taste of fresh smelly bread.
 Black bread that back in its childhood
 While still white gave up its secrets
 To every fragrant soul
 Who wanted to listen,
 And the Lord's Prayer
 In the middle of the night gets lost.
 It runs naked over green heritages
 And, trembling, sinks himself
 In the sea.

Las Nubes

Poetry: Luis Cernuda

Jardín Antiguo

*Ir de nuevo al jardín cerrado
que tras los arcos de la tapia
entre magnolios limoneros
guarde el encanto de las aguas*

*Oír de nuevo en el silencio
vivo de trinos y de hojas
El susurro tibio del aire
donde las almas viejas flotan
ver otra vez el cielo hondo
a lo lejos la torre esbelta
tal flor de luz sobre las palmas
las cosas todas siempre bellas*

*Sentir otra vez como entonces
la espina aguda del deseo
mientras la juventud pasada vuelve
Sueño de un dios sin tiempo!*

Deseo

*Por el campo tranquilo de septiembre
del álamo amarillo
alguna hoja
como una estrella rota
girando al suelo viene
si así el alma inconsciente
Señor de las estrellas y las hojas
fuese encendida
sombra de la vida a la muerte*

The Clouds**The Old Garden**

Going once more to the closed garden
That behind the arches of the fence
Between the magnolia lemon trees
Keeps the enchantment of the waters.

Listening once more in the silence
Life of trills and of leaves
The warm whispering of the air
Where the old souls float.
Seeing once more the deep sky
The svelte tower far away
Like a flower of light above the palm
trees
Everything always so beautiful

Feeling once more, just like then
The sharp thorn of desire
While past youth returns
(I)Dream of a timeless god!

Desire

Through the tranquil fields of September
Of the yellow poplar
Some leaf
Like a broken star
Turning towards the ground comes.
If only that way the innocent soul,
Lord of the stars and the leaves,
Would be burning
Shadow of life to death.

Alegría de la Soledad

*Asolas, asolas, Camino de la aurora,
Bajo las nubes cantan
Blancas, solas las aguas;
Y entre las hojas sueña
Verde y sola la tierra.*

*Rubia, sola también tu alma
Allá en el pecho ama
Mientras las rosas abren,
Mientras pasan los ángeles
Solos en la victoria
serena de la gloria.*

Happiness of Solitude

Alone, alone, towards the dawn,
Under the clouds then sing
White, the waters alone;
And between the leaves
Green and alone the earth dreams.

Blond, also alone your soul
There in the breast loves
While the roses open,
While angels go by
Alone in the serene victory of glory.

Tres Canciones

Poetry: Luis Cernuda

Violetas

*Leves, mojadas melodiosas su obscura
luz morada
insinuándose tal perla vegetal tras
verdes valvas son
un grito de marzo, un sortilegio de alas
nacientes por
el aire tibio frágiles, fieles sonrien
quedamente con
muda excitación tal la sonrisa que brota
desde un
fresco labio humano mas su forma
graciosa nunca engaña
nada prometen que después traicionen al
marchar
victoriosas a la muerte sostienen un
instante ellas
tan frágiles.
El tiempo entre sus pétalos así su
instante alcanza
norma para lo efímero que es bello
A servivo embeleso en la memoria.*

Three Songs

Violets

Violets are like a strong voice in the
month of March;
gentle they are with its' purple,
melodious and liquid light,
insinuating pearls of the floral kingdom
among others.
They are a spell of newborn wings in the
mist of fragile, warm breezes, faithfully
smiling peacefully with a silent
excitement of such happiness
that pours out from lips refreshed and
human. But
But its' graceful form never lies and
never promises that
even after betraying death as they go on
victoriously;
themselves, they create such a fragile
moment.
Time among its' petals reach up from its'
norm to the essence of beautiful,
to remain at the service of memory.

Pajaro muerto

*Sobre la tierra gris de la colina, bajo las
hojas
nuevas del manzano, al pie de la cancela
donde pasan
jóvenes estudiantes con roja toga,
Rota estaba tu ala blanca y negra,
inmovil en la muerte.
Paracías una rosa cortada, o una
estrella desterrada del trono de la noche.
Aquella forma inerte fué un día el vuelo
extasiado en
la luz, el canto ardiente de amanecer,
la paz nocturna del nido allá en la cima.
Inútil ya todo parece, tal parece la pena
del amor
cuando se haído el sufrir por lo bello que
envejece,
el afán del la luz que anegan sombras.*

*¡Si como el mar, que de su muerte nace,
fueras tu!
Una forma espectral de ti adivino que
llora entre los aires los amores breves
y hermosos de tus idos días.
Ahora silencio. Olvida todo. Duerme.
Nutre de ti la
muerte que en ti anida.
Esa quietud del ala, como un sol
poniente, acaso es
una forma más alta de la vida*

Dead Bird

On the gray earth of the hill, under the
new leaves of
the apple tree, at the foot of the hill
where students
go by with their red uniforms, your wing,
white and black, was broken,
immobile in death.
You resemble a plucked rose, or a
fallen star from the throne of night.
Such static form was in other days the
flight throughout light,
the ardent song of dawn and the peaceful
nocturne at the nest on top.
Now everything is hopeless like
resignation when pain of love
ceases to suffer for beauty which
eventually becomes old,
or no longer craves for light that avoids
shadows.
I wished you were like the sea!, from
which its' death is reborn.
A spectral being learned that in the sky,
brief loves are crying,
your days now gone.
Now silence. Forget everything. Sleep.
Death feeds on you as you provide its'
nest.
Maybe that stillness of your wing, like
sun set, is a
higher form of life.

Donde habite el olvido

*Era un sueño aire tranquilo en la nada al
 abrir los
 ojos las ramas perdían
 Exhalaba el tiempo luces vegetales
 amores caídos
 tristezas sin donde volvía la sombra agua
 eran sus
 labios cristal soledades, la frente la
 lámpara pasión
 sin figura pena sin historia como herida
 al pecho un beso el deseo.
 No sabes no sabes.*

Where Forgetfulness Lives

Like a peaceful breeze of nothing, it was
 a dream as I
 opened my eyes: lost branches as time
 exhale static
 light, like sad fallen loves coming from
 shadows which quenched their thirst,
 providing water to their lonely
 crystal lips and at their front,
 they carry the bright passion without
 apparent sorrow nor with any history of
 wounds in the chest like a kiss of desire.
 You don't know, you don't know.

Tres Canciones

Poetry: José Iglesias de la Casa

La Palomita

*Una paloma blanca
como la nieve,
me ha picado en el alma;
mucho me duele.
Dulce paloma,
¿cómo pretendes
herir el alma
de quien te quiere?
Tu pico hermoso
brindó placeres,
pero en mi pecho
picó cual sierpe.
Pues dime, ingrata,
¿por qué pretendes
volverme males
dándote bienes?
¡Ay! Nadie fiede aves alevés;
que a aquel que halagan,
mucho más hieren.*

The Little Dove

A dove,
As white as snow,
Has wounded my soul;
In great pain I am.
Sweet dove,
How dare you
Hurt the soul of
Those who love you?
Your beautiful bill
Once offered pleasures
But my heart
(You've) Bitten like a snake.
Then tell me, ungrateful one,
Why give me pain
While I give you
good things?
Alas! No one trusts gentle birds.
Those you most adore
Greatly will hurt you.

Cantilena

*Por esta selva umbrosa
 busqué anoche a mi amado:
 busquéle congojosa;
 ¡Ay triste! y no le he hallado
 antes que el sol dorado
 con sus rayos brillantes
 alumbre estas campañas,
 despierte los amantes.
 cercaré las cabañas de los demás
 pastores buscando a mis
 amores con un ansia importuna
 por si le esconde alguna
 zagala codiciosa que
 envidie mi fortuna.
 No quedará al fin cosa que mi
 pasión celosa no la haya registrado
 hasta que halle a mi amado;
 que en esta selva umbrosa
 anoche busqué ansiosa
 ¡Ay triste! y no le ha hallado.*

Dones Sencillos

*Dos tórtolas tiernas que Alexi en un nido
 se encontró a la aurora, me regaló fino.
 De miel una orzuela yo en pago le envió,
 y más si tu viera presentes más ricos.
 Que el panal más dulce para el gusto mío
 sólo es ver el rostro del mi pastorcillo.
 Y mas cuando ufano me da un canastillo
 de frescas manzanas llenas de rocío
 Luego que en mis brazos ve que lo he
 cogido
 se ríe; y me dice. Mas no, no lo digo.*

Song

Last night, through dark forests,
 I looked for my beloved one:
 Painfully I looked for him;
 Oh sadness! I found him not.
 Before the golden sun
 With its brilliant rays
 Lights up these fields,
 Wakes up lovers.
 I will look in the fields of the other
 Shepherds.
 I will look for my loved one
 With inopportune yearning in case
 a covetous shepherd girl hides him,
 For she envies my happiness.
 Lastly, there will be no place
 My jealous passion has not gone through
 Until I find my beloved;
 For in these dark forests,
 Last night, I anxiously looked
 Oh sadness! I still have not found him.

Simple Gifts

Two sweet humming birds that Alexi
 found in a nest at dawn,
 were my fine gifts.
 A honeycomb as payment I send him,
 I would send him more if I had richer
 presents.
 That the sweetest honeycomb to my taste
 Is only to see the face of my little
 shepherd.
 And when proudly he gives me a little
 basket with fresh apples dew covered
 After noting that in my arms I have taken
 him,
 He laughs; and he tells me: no more, I
 do not say it.

Canciones del alba

Poetry: León Benarós

Los llantos del alba

*Ya quiere salir el sol y ya el lucero se
apaga. Ya
tiemblan sobre las rosas los llantos del
alba
Los llantos del alba tiemblan a con sus
diamantes
pulidos y mojan con su frescura los
campos amanecidos.
Ay, niña, cuando será que venga a nos la
mañana.
bonita de mirar juntos los llantos del
alba.*

El cerro estaba plateado

*El cerro estaba plateado, después se
puso de rosa.
El alba teadió en el campo sus alas de
mariposa
El día se redondeaba en el cristal de la
esfera.
Azules se respondían con verdes de
primavera.
Dejaba dorado el aire la luz que el monte
ilumina.
Gozabo el zorzal oscuro la vida más
zorzalina
El cerro estaba plateado en gloria se
sonreía.
Palomas viajeras digan dónde quedó mi
alegría.*

Songs of the Dawn

The Dawn's Cry

The sun wants to come out, and the
bright stars are
fading. The dawn's cry is trembling over
the roses.
The cry of dawn trembles with its'
crystal diamonds
and moist with its freshness the
awakening fields.
Oh! child, when would it be the time for
the beautiful
morning to be ours so together we can
see its' cry?

The Silver Mount Hill

The hill was silver, then it became
pink.
Dawn spread across the field its' wings
of butterflies.
The day rounded itself in the crystal
sphere.
Blues responding to the green of
spring.
With golden rays, the light brightens the
mounts.
The dark bushes were enjoying their
hidden life.
The golden hill was gloriously
smiling .
Traveling doves, tell me where my
happiness went.

El paso de las estrellas

*El paso de las estrellas no sé qué pena
me anuncia.
No sé qué destino grave cuando el día se
pronuncia.
No tiene gobierno el aire ni compromisos
el viento.
Quien fía de amor mudable no tiene
contentamiento.
Tal vez vayas mañana mejor será que no
fuera.
Dolor me previene el alba,
si quiera no amaneciera.*

El albeador

*Mocito, que viene el alba..
¡Arriba los abeadores!
Quien sabe llegar primero los frutos
goza mejores.
Ya sube la primavera, los árboles va
pintando, con
lazos de amores nuevos los sentimientos
atando.
Del cerro bajó un muchacho cuidando de
su mahada.
Al silbo que bien conoce responde su
enamorada
Apenas asoma el día ya me levanto y me
llevo, porque
es para e que madruga la gracia del
amor nuevo.*

The Footsteps of the Stars

Each step of the stars announced unknown sorrows.
I did not know what grave destiny was set for them as the day unfolded.
The air has no master nor commitments, the wind.
Those who trust changing loves have no contentment.
Maybe tomorrow it will be better for what today was not.
Dawn prevents me from sorrow as the dawn does not want to be.

The Early Riser

Young Man! Morning is here! Up early risers!
Those who get there early, the fruits they will enjoy.
While trees are drawing, spring is rising, tying up
new sentiments of love.
From the mount, a young man comes down, tending
his flock.
At the familiar sound of his whistle, his beloved joins him.
As soon as the day wakes up, I'll rise and go because
the grace of new loves are for those who are early risers.

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