



Malmgren Concert Series

presents

Isai Jess Muñoz, tenor
Oksana Glouchko, piano

Sunday, October 15, 2023
4 p.m.

We acknowledge with respect the Onondaga Nation,
Firekeepers of the Haudenosaunee,
the Indigenous people on whose ancestral lands
Syracuse University now stands.

Program

Welcome: Rev. Brian Konkol, Dean of Hendricks Chapel

Manuel De Falla
(1876 - 1946)

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas (selections)

- I. El Paño Moruno
- II. Seguidilla Muriciana
- III. Asturiana
- VI. Cancion
- VII. Polo

Frederic Mompou
(1893 - 1987)

Combat del Somni

- I. Damunt De Tu Només Les Flors
- II. Aquesta Nit Un Mateix Vent
- III. Jo Et Pressentia Com La Mar

Eduard Toldra
(1895 - 1962)

La Rosa als Llavis

- I. Si anesis tan lluny...
- II. Mocador d'olor
- III. I el seu esguard...
- IV. El vent deixava dintre la rosella...
- V. Sere a ta cambra amiga
- VI. Visca l'amor

Remarks: Kathleen Roland-Silverstein, Associate Professor of Voice, Setnor School of Music

Carlos Guastavino
(1912 - 2000)

En Los Surcos Del Amor
Pampamapa
Cita
A Volar!

Ernesto Cordero (b. 1946)
Silvestre Revueltas (1899 - 1940)
Jaime León (b. 1921)
Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887 - 1959)

La hija de Viejo Pancho
Canción Tonta from *Cinco Canciones de Niños*
Mas que Nunca
Modinha

Ariel Ramírez (1921 - 2010)

“La Anunciación” from *Navidad Nuestra*

Collaboration with the Hendricks Chapel Choir
José “Peppie” Calvar, director
Joseph Maxwell Ossei-Little, piano

Program Notes

As compared to the vast reference material devoted to the history and analyses of North American and other Central European classical song literature, little scholarly attention has been devoted to Iberian and Latin American Art Song. General public knowledge of this genre of songs stems primarily from the extant recordings of a few internationally revered native singers such as Victoria de los Ángeles and Luigi Alva. Despite the work of these extraordinary artists to champion the music of their homelands, much work remains in order to achieve a deeper understanding of this music internationally. This recital program aims to illuminate the nationalist and transnational scope of a vast musical landscape—with each set of songs representing a distinctive musical voice and heritage.

Since 2010, our concerts of Iberian and Latin American art songs have generated overwhelming responses from audiences eager to hear more of this fascinating repertoire. With the rise of accessibility through virtual networks, historic inaccessibility of music by many of the featured composers (attributed in large part to economic and social dominance) can become a thing of the past as greater exposure and interaction with their works is now more possible.

The composers featured on this program hold great historical significance in the progression of nationalistic movements within their native lands. Unquestionably, the larger picture of their musical contributions rest in their music's communicative power capable of speaking directly to the human spirit.

Isaí Jess Muñoz, tenor

Tenor Isaí Jess Muñoz has collaborated with some of the world's leading ensembles. Highlights have included performing with the Israel Philharmonic, New York Philharmonic, Los Angeles Philharmonic, American Symphony Orchestra, Mostly Mozart Festival (Lincoln Center), Voices of Ascension (New York), Verbier Festival (Switzerland), Bard Music Festival, New York City Opera, and Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre on Broadway.

A champion of contemporary and underrepresented works, Dr. Muñoz has recorded the 2009 Grammy-nominated album *Song of the Stars* with The Voices of Ascension, as well as world premiere releases of Pasatieri's *The Seagull* (Albany), J.D. McClatchy and Francis Thorne's *Mario and the Magician* (Albany), Hafez Nazeri's *Rumi Symphony Project Untold* (Sony Classical), and David Lang's *Prisoner of the State* (Decca Gold). His latest solo album, *Visca L'Amor: Catalan Art Songs of the XX and XXI Centuries*, is a 2021 BBC Music Magazine 5-Star honoree available on Bridge Records with worldwide distribution by Naxos. Mr. Muñoz has performed frequently with New York's Center for Contemporary Opera; premieres included James Dashow's electronic opera *Archimedes* and McClatchy and Thorne's *Mario and the Magician*.

Dr. Muñoz is the recipient of numerous awards, including the National Foundation for Advancement in the Arts Career Grant for contributions to the dissemination of Iberian and Latin American art song. For his ongoing creative activities in interdisciplinary performances, he has been recognized by the National Endowment for the Arts, National Opera Association, National Association of Teachers of Singing, American Prize, Delaware Division of the Arts, and others. From 2015 - 2021, he served as chair and senior editor of the Sacred in Opera Initiative, which explores the interplay between music-drama and the ideologies of world religions through research and performance.

A graduate of the Cincinnati College-Conservatory of Music, Manhattan School of Music, and Stony Brook University, Dr. Muñoz currently serves the leadership of Boston Conservatory at Berklee as Interim Dean of the

Music Division and Artistic Director of the Conservatory's partnership with Boston Lyric Opera. He is President-Elect of the National Opera Association.

Oksana Glouchko, pianist

Persuasive, idiomatic, and commanding, the playing of **pianist Oksana Glouchko** has brought a singular voice to the great classics of piano literature—from Bach and Mozart to Rachmaninov and Ravel. Her virtuosity, scholarship, and stage presence inform her work as a performer and educator.

A Russian-born Israeli, Ms. Glouchko has been a featured soloist at the Bloney Festival (Switzerland), Mozart Fest (Malta), and International Festival and Institute at Round Top (USA). Recent engagements include Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 with the Chile Symphony Orchestra, Brahms' Piano Concerto No. 1 with the Rishon-Lezion Symphony Orchestra, as well as Rachmaninov's Rhapsody and Piano Concerto No. 3 with the Carter Symphony Orchestra of Tel Aviv.

Winner of the Claudio Arrau International Competition in Chile, The National Competition of Russian Composers, and the Glinka National Piano Competition in Smolensk, she holds advanced degrees in piano performance from the Buchman-Mehta School of Music at Tel Aviv University; she also studied at DePaul University and attained the Doctorate in Musical Arts from Stony Brook University. Additional honors include fellowships and grants from the America-Israel Cultural Foundation, the Colton Foundation, and the Buchman-Heyman Foundation. Her teachers have included Larisa Igoshina, Viktor Derevianko, Natasha Tadson, Eteri Andjaparidze, and Gil Kallish.

Dr. Glouchko has formerly served on the piano faculty of the University of Delaware, Stony Brook University, and maintains an active private studio. She's held positions on the piano staff of Israeli Opera, Opera Delaware, Indianapolis Opera, the IVAI International Festival for Opera Singers, Musiktheater Bavaria (Germany), Rollins College, Indiana Wesleyan University and the Boston Wagner Institute.

Hendricks Chapel Choir

The Hendricks Chapel Choir is an auditioned ensemble representing many of the colleges and majors available at Syracuse University and the SUNY College of Environmental Science and Forestry. One of many all-student choirs within the Setnor School of Music, The Hendricks Chapel Choir rehearses once weekly on Thursday evenings, meets for sectional rehearsals for an additional hour per week. The choir performs regularly as part of Hendricks Chapel's Music and Message Series at 4:00 p.m. on Sundays, and regularly services major University events including Remembrance Convocation, the University Service of Commemoration, and the International Thanksgiving Dinner. The choir travels internationally approximately every four years, and has completed tours in China, Prague, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Germany, Poland, and Mexico. The choir plans to have visited every inhabited continent on Earth by the choir's Centennial Jubilee with trips planned to Oceania in 2026 and Africa in 2030. A proud Syracuse area tradition for nearly 100 years, and the oldest extant choir on our campus, past and present members of the Hendricks Chapel Choir embody the best parts of Syracuse University: our students' desire to serve one another, their university, their community, and their world.

Hendricks Chapel Choir

JOSÉ “PEPPIE” CALVAR - ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

BEN O’CONNELL - ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR

ANNE LAVER - UNIVERSITY ORGANIST

JOSEPH MAXWELL OSSEI-LITTLE- HENRICKS CHAPEL ORGAN SCHOLAR

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LAUREN MCCANDLESS	COMM. & RHETORICAL STUDIES	FRESHMAN
ALEXANDRA MILCHOVICH	COMM. & RHETORICAL STUDIES	JUNIOR
JOHN MOSES	PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION	GRADUATE
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JOSEPH MAXWELL OSSEI-LITTLE	ORGAN PERFORMANCE	GRADUATE
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AINSLEE SANTA CROCE**+	MUSIC INDUSTRY	JUNIOR
OLIVIA SCANZERA	MUSIC EDUCATION	JUNIOR
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ABBIE WOOD*	ORGAN PERFORMANCE/ JAZZ STUDIES	JUNIOR
TYLER YOUNGMAN	INFORMATION SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY	GRADUATE
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Texts and Translations

Manuel de Falla and Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946) is considered one of the greatest nationalistic figures of twentieth-century Spanish music. The *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas* (1914), come from various regions of Spain, and had been previously published in folksong collections by different arrangers and editors. Falla recreated these songs by crafting accompaniments that capture the purest forms of these Spanish melodies; all while evoking through harmonic resources the sounds of ancient modes (Phrygian) as heard in Byzantine Chant and Moorish influences. Falla set them in harmonies that evoked the guitar and in themes and figures derived from the songs themselves. It is important to recognize that most of these indigenous songs would have originally been accompanied on the Spanish guitar— an instrument with great percussive capabilities.

El Paño Moruno

*Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!*

The Moorish Cloth

On the fine cloth in the shop
There fell a stain.
It sells for less,
For it has lost its value.
Ay!

Seguidilla Murciana

*Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos!*

Seguidilla Murciana

People who live
In glass houses
Shouldn't throw stones
At their neighbor's.
We are drovers;
It may be
We'll meet on the road!

*Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
Y creyéndola falsa
¡Nadie la toma!*

For your many infidelities,
I shall compare you
to a coin passing
from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down-
and believing it false,
no one will take it.

Asturiana

*Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrime a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba*

Asturian

To see if it might console me,
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
Wept to see me weeping.

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
»Del aire«
Niña, el mirarlos.
»Madre a la orilla«

Dicen que no me quieres,
Y a me has querido...
Váyase lo ganado,
»Del aire«
Por lo perdido,
»Madre a la orilla«

Polo

¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
Que a nadie se la diré!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Song

Since your eyes are treacherous
I'm going to bury them
You know not what it costs
»Del aire«
Girl, to gaze into them.
»Madre a la orilla«

They say you do love me,
But you loved me once.
Make the best of it
»Del aire«
and cut your losses
»Madre a la orilla«

Polo

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart,
that to no one will I tell.

A curse on love, a curse,
On the one who made me understand it!
Ay!

Frederic Mompou Dencause and Combat del Somni

The repressive effects of Franco's fascist regime, which still resonate in Spain, may be one reason why little attention from the general public has been focused on Catalanian composer Frederic Mompou (1893 - 1987). Some would argue that his introverted and enigmatic nature kept him from receiving greater notoriety. However, those well versed in the music of Spain recognize Mompou among the greatest of Catalán twentieth-century composers. His early studies, like Falla, sent him to Paris. Having chosen to make his home there until 1941, his style became an amalgamation of his Catalán roots with French stylistic influences. The construction of his pieces is economical, but rich in abstract harmonies that serve to fulfill Mompou's musical vision—one that is provocative and intimate. Among Mompou's best known vocal works is *Combat del Somni (Struggle in the Dream)*, a cycle of four songs written between 1942 - 1951. They are fine examples of Mompou's austere style that gave way to the most sublime moments of tonal ambiguity and impressionistic tendencies. The text for each song comes from a book of sonnets by Catalán poet and personal friend of Mompou, Josep Janés (1913 - 1959). Having written these works shortly after the death of his lover, the poems are melancholy as they describe the yearning of being reunited with lost love.

Damunt de tu només les flors.

Damunt de tu només les flors.
Eren com una ofrena blanca:
la llum que daven al teu cos
mai més seria de la branca.

Above you naught but flowers

Above you naught but flowers
They were like a white offering:
The light they shed on your body,
Will nevermore belong to the branch.

Tota una vida de perfum
amb el seu bes t'era donada.
Tu resplendies de la llum
per l'esguard clos atresorada.

Si hagués pogut ésser sospir
de flor! Donar-me com un llir
a tu, perquè la meva vida
s'anés marcint sobre el teu pit.
I no saber mai més la nit
que al teu costat fóra esvaïda.

Aquesta nit un mateix vent

Aquesta nit un mateix vent
i una mateixa vela encesa
devien dû el teu pensament
i el meu per mars on la tendresa

es torna música i cristall.
El bes se'ns feia transparència,
si tu eres l'aigua, jo el mirall,
com si abracéssim una absència.

El nostre cel fóra, potser,
un somni etern aixís de besos
fets melodia i un no ser
de cossos junts i d'ulls encesos

amb flames blanques i un sospir
d'acariciar sedes de llir.

An entire life of perfume
Was given you with their kisses
You were resplendent in the light,
Treasured by your closed eyes.

Could I have been the sigh
Of a flower! Given myself as a lily,
That my life might
Wither over your breast
Nevermore to know the night,
Vanished from your side.

Tonight the same wind

Tonight the same wind,
And the same gleaming sail,
Are bearing your thoughts
And mine across seas where tenderness

Turns to music and crystal light.
Our kiss became transparent-
If you were the water, I was the mirror-
It was as though we embraced a void.

Is our heaven, perhaps,
An eternal dream of kisses,
Made melody—an incorporeal
Union, with burning eyes

And white flames and a sigh,
As if caressing silken lilies?

Jo et pressentia com la mar

*Jo et pressentia com la mar
i com el vent, immensa, lliure,
alta damunt de tot atzar
i tot destí. I en el meu viure*

*com el respir. I ara que et tinc
veig com el somni et limitava.
Tu no ets un nom ni un gest.
No vinc a tu com a l'imatge blava*

*d'un somni humà. Tu no ets la mar,
que és presonera dins de platges,
tu no ets el vent pres en l'espai.*

*Tu no tens límits; no hi ha, encar,
mots per a dir-te, ni paisatges
per sê el teu món—ni hi seran mai.*

Eduard Toldra and La Rosa als llavis

Eduard Toldra (1895 - 1962) led over eight hundred concerts in his eighteen years as conductor of the Orquesta Municipal of Barcelona. His compositions stemmed from the active role he played in the everyday musical life of Catalonia. He was greatly influenced by Catalan Modernisme--the historiographic denomination given to an art and literature movement associated with the search of a new entitlement of Catalan culture. His devotion to art song repertoire is evident through his prolific output of seventy-one vocal pieces and one opera. His song cycle, *La Rosa als llavis* (1936), sets love poetry by Catalan poet Joan Salvat-Papasseit. In Toldrà's songs, the harmonic and rhythmic treatment though very elaborate, always serve melodies devised to serve the natural phrasing of the poetic verse and syllabic inflection.

Si anéssis tan lluny

*Si anéssis lluny,
tan lluny que no et sabés,
tampoc ningú sabia el meu destí;
cap altre llavi no em tindria pres,
però amb el teu nom faria el meu camí.*

*Un ram de noies no em fóra conhort,
ni la cançó sota el dring de la copa;
vaixells de guerra vinguessin al port,
prou hi aniria, mariner de popa.*

*Si jo posava la bandera al pal
i era molt alta, t'hi veuria a dalt.*

Mocador d'olor

*Mocador d'olor
que la teva sina*

Make my life transparent

*I sensed you were like the sea
And like the wind, immense, free,
Towering above all hazard
And all destiny, and in my life*

*Like breathing. And now that I have you,
I see how limiting my dream had been.
You are neither name nor gesture
nor do I come To you as to a hazy image*

*Of a human dream. You are not the sea,
which is confined between beaches,
You are not the wind, caught in space.*

*You are boundless; there are as yet
No words to express you, nor landscapes
from your world—nor will there ever be.*

If you would go so far away

*If you would go far away,
so far, that I would no longer know of you,
neither would anyone know my fate;
no other lips would keep me prisoner,
but, with your name, I would go my way.*

*A string of girls could never comfort me,
nor the song under the clink of a glass;
if warships would come to port,
I would sure go aboard, as stern sailor.*

*If I would raise the flag up the mast
and if it were very high,
I would see you again.*

Perfumed handkerchief

*Scented scarf,
that your sin*

acostava al cor:
com que et sap l'enyor
i et sap la pell fina,
tremola d'amor.

Mocador d'olor,
fragant tarongina,
com li bat el cor.

.. i el seu esguard ...

... i el seu esguard damunt el meu
esguard sóc presoner
que la vull presonera;
aquest matí, que una flor m'ha posat,
li deia així,
baix, baixet,
a l'orella:
sota els teus ulls és un bes el que em plau.

... i el vent deixava dintre la rosella ...

... i el vent deixava dintre la rosella
granets de blat com espurnes de sol,
-només per dir com és la boca d'Ella:

com al neu rosa als cims
quan surt el sol.

Seré a ta cambra amiga

... Seré a ta cambra, amiga,
que ningú no ho sabrà.
Cupidell a la porta, m'obrirà
i tancarà.
Entremaliat i destre,
serà Ell qui et prendrà,
i si Tu ets temorosa
no et deixarà cridar.

warms close to the heart:
since you know the past,
and the delicate skin,
tremble of love.

Scented scarf,
fragrant orange,
how to beat the heart.

...and her stare...

...and her gaze over my
gaze I am a prisoner
that wants her imprisoned;
this morning, she pinned me a flower,
so I told her,
in a low voice, a very low voice,
to her ear:
under your eyes, is a kiss that pleases me.

.. and the wind left inside the poppy ...

... and the wind left inside the poppy
wheat granules like sunflowers,
- just to say how her mouth is:

like pink snowpeaks
when the sun rises.

I'll be in your room, my friend

...I'll be in your chamber, my friend,
and nobody will know.
Cupid at the door, will open
and close for me.
Naughty and deft,
it will be He who you take,
and if you are fearful
he will not let you scream.

Visca l'amor

*Visca l'amor que m'ha donat l'amiga
fresca i polida com un maig content.*

Visca l'amor

l'he cridada i venia,

-tota era blanca com un glop de llet.

Visca l'amor que Ella també es delia.

Visca l'amor:

la volia, i l'he pres.

Long live to love

Long the love that the friend has given me
fresh and polished as a contented May.

Live the love

I called her and she came,

- it was all white as a sip of milk.

Live the love that She is also delighted.

Long the love:

I desired it, and I have taken it.

Carlos Guastavino (1922-2002)

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000) is often referred to as "The Argentinian Schubert." Sources estimate that this highly prolific composer wrote between 500 to 600 songs. Guastavino's songs, with settings of poems by mostly Argentine authors, were part of a literary and musical movement known as "Boom del Folklore," that sought to cultivate art reflecting the rich heritage of the land all while maintaining its accessibility to all people.

En los surcos del amor

En los surcos del amor

donde se siembran los cellos.

He recogido pesares nacido de mis desvelos.

En que tribunal has visto mal pagadora,

condenar a un inocente bella traidora.

In the grooves of love

In the grooves of love

where jealousy is planted.

I have collected regrets born of my worries.

In which court have you seen a bad payer condemn an
innocent, beautiful traitor.

Pampamapa

Yo no soy de estos pagos
Pero es lo mismo
He robado la magia
De los caminos

Esta cruz que me mata
Me da la vida
Una copla me sangra
Que canta herida

No me pidas que deje
mis pensamientos
no encontrarás la forma
de atar al viento

Si mi nombre te duele
Echalo al agua,
No quiero que tu boca
Se ponga amarga.

A la huella mi tierra,
Tan trasnochada.
Yo te daré mis sueños,
Dame tu calma.

Como el pájaro antiguo
Conozco el rastro
Sé cuando el trigo es verde
Cuando hay que amarlo.

Por eso es que, mi vida,
No te confundas,
El agua que yo busco
Es más profunda.

Para que fueras cierta
Te alcé en un canto,
Ahora te dejo sola,
Me voy llorando.

Pero nunca, mi cielo,
De pena muero,
Junto a la luz del día,
Nazco de Nuevo.

A la huella mi tierra,
Tan trasnochada.
Yo te daré mis sueños,

Map of the Plains

I'm not of this region
But it's the same,
I've stolen the magic
From the plains.

This cross that kills me
Gives me life,
A verse bleeds from me
That sings wounded.

Don't ask me to leave
My thoughts,
You'll not find a way
To stay the wind.

If my name causes you pain,
Throw it in the water,
I don't want your mouth
To become bitter.

At your threshold my earth
Having watched you all night.
I will give you my dreams,
Give me your calm.

Like the ancient bird
I recognize the trail,
I know when the wheat is green,
When to love it.

For that is why, my life,
Don't be confused,
The water that I seek,
Is more profound.

So that you would be real
I raised you in song,
Now I leave you alone,
I go away weeping.

But never, my heaven,
Of pain do I die,
Together with the light of day,
I am born anew.

At your threshold, my earth,
Having watched all night.
I will give you my dreams,

Dame tu calma.

Give me your calm.

Cita

*Te espero en el mediodía, amiga,
Por el camino del río,
a la sombra de la encina.
Llamame si estoy dormido, amiga.*

The Rendezvous

I'll wait for you at midday, my friend,
along the road by the river.
In the shade of the oak tree
call me if I'm asleep, my friend.

*Que hace mucho que no cierro
los ojos por verte, niña,
y es muy traidora esta sombra
soleada en la encina.*

I haven't closed my eyes
for so long, hoping to see you.
And it is very beguiling, this dappled
Shade of the oak tree.

*Y al otro lado del río
duerme el Ganado entre bisas
de los trigales
y olivos, nina,
y ya sueño tu pañuelo
sobre mi frente dormida
y las cigarras ensayan
sus coros en las encinas.
Te espero en el mediodía amiga.*

Across the river
the cattle are sleeping in the breeze
from the wheat fields
and olives, my girl.
I'm dreaming of your handkerchief
caressing my sleepy brow.
The cicadas are rehearsing
their chorus in the oak trees.
I'll wait for you at midday, my friend.

*Dile a tu madre que vas
a lavarte la camisa
y que el río está impaciente
esperándote en la orilla.*

Tell your mother you are off
to wash your blouse,
for the river is impatient
awaiting you on the bank.

A volar!

*Leñador no tales el pino,
que un hogar hay dormido en su copa.
Señora abubilla, señor gorrión,
hermana mía calandria, sobrina del ruiseñor, ave
sin cola, martín-pescador, parado y triste
alcaraván;
a volar pajaritos, al mar!*

Fly Away

Woodcutter, do not cut down the pine tree,
For there is a home sleeping in its top.
Madam hoopoe, Mister sparrow,
Sister lark, niece of the nightingale.
Bird without a tail, kingfisher,
sad bittern, standing there:
Fly away little birds, towards the sea!

Ernesto Cordero and La Hija del Viejo Pancho

Ernesto Cordero (b. 1946) is a fine composer and guitarist whose compositions capture the Caribbean sounds of his native Puerto Rico. Since 1971 he has served on the music faculty of the University of Puerto Rico. His formal studies began there in 1963 and continued at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Madrid. His works primarily serve to highlight the versatility of the classical guitar and Puerto Rican cuatro as heard in the dances of his native land. *La Hija del Viejo Pancho* was originally written for voice and guitar, and later transcribed by the composer for voice and piano in 1974. The poem is by Luis Llorens Torres (1876 - 1944), a nationalistic poet and lawyer whose "Criollo" works point to the idiosyncrasies and rural customs of the land.

La Hija Del Viejo Pancho

Cuando canta en la enramada
Mi buen gallo canagüey
Y se cuela en el batey
El frío de la madrugada;
Cuando la mansa bueyada
Se despierta en el corral,
Y los becerros berrear
Se oyen debajo del rancho,
Y la hija del viejo Pancho
Va las vacas a ordeñar.

Entonces viene a mi hamaca
Un olor como de selva.
Todo tiene un hondo y ancho
Olor a felicidad;
Y ese olor quien me lo da
Es la hija del viejo Pancho.

The Daughter of Old Man Pancho

When sings in the bower
My fine rooster Canaguey,
And steals into the sugar mill
The cold of the dawn,
When the gentle she-ox lows,
She awakes in the corral,
And the calves bellowing
Can be heard below the ranch,
And the daughter of old Pancho
Goes to milk the cows.

Then comes to my hammock
A scent as of the jungle.
Everything has a profound and wide
Scent of happiness.
And this scent who gives it to me,
It's the daughter of old Pancho.

Silvestre Revueltas and “Cancion Tonta” from Cinco canciones de niños

Silvestre Revueltas (1899-1940), is a significant figure in the history of contemporary Mexican composition. He arrived at a time when Mexican music was entering a phase of nationalist emancipation initiated by the fall of the Porfirio Diaz dictatorship in 1911. Revueltas was at the forefront of musicians who were using popular and folk idioms as a point of departure for the development of a distinctly Mexican style. Revueltas' “Cancion Tonta,” is from a song cycle written between 1938-1939 entitled *Cinco canciones de niños*. The songs reflect the composer's interest in the everyday interactions of the common people—the bustle of the marketplace, gestures, comedic discourse, children and parents playing.

Canción Tonta

Mamá. Yo quiero ser de plata.
Hijo, tendrás mucho frío.
Mamá. Yo quiero ser de agua.
Hijo, tendrás mucho frío.
Mamá. Bórdame en tu almohada.
Eso sí! Ahora mismo!

Silly Song

Mama. I want to be made of silver.
Son, you will be very cold.
Mama. I want to be made of water.
Son, you'll be very cold.
Mama. Embroider me onto your pillow.
Of course! This very moment!

Jaime León and Más que Nunca

Jaime León (1921 - 2015) was born in Colombia and is a graduate of the Juilliard School where he studied piano with Josef Levine and Arthur Friedburg. In 1947, León was appointed director of the National Symphony Orchestra of Colombia. He returned to the United States in 1955 and worked for many years as musical director of various regional orchestras, opera, and musical theater companies. He went on to become chief conductor of the American Ballet Theater Orchestra (1968 - 1972) and the Philharmonic Orchestra of Bogota. He composed his first song in 1951, and went on to write over 35 songs for voice and piano, all of which are now published.

Más que nunca

Porque amarte es así de dulce y hondo
como esta fiel serenidad del agua
que corre por la acequia derramando
su amorosa ternura sobre el campo.

Te amo en este sitio
de campanas y árboles,
en esta brisa, en estos jazmines
y estas dalias.
La vida y su belleza
me llegan claramente
cuando pienso en tus ojos
bajo este cielo pálido.

Sobre la yerba limpia y húmeda
mis pisadas no se oyen,
no interrumpen el canto de los pájaros.
Ya la niebla desciende
con la luz de la tarde
y en tu ausencia y mi angustia
más que nunca te amo.

More than ever

Because loving you is just as sweet and deep as
this faithful serenity of water that runs through the
channel spilling
its lovely tenderness over the countryside.

I love you in this place
of bells and trees,
in this breeze, in those jasmines,
and these dahlias.
Life and its beauty
come to me clearly
When I think of your eyes
Under this pale sky.

Over the clean, humid grass
My footsteps are not heard,
They do not interrupt the song of the birds.
The fog now descends
With the light of the afternoon
And in your absence and my anguish,
I love you more than ever.

Heitor Villa-Lobos and three songs for voice and guitar

As Brazil was undergoing a period of social and governmental reconstruction with the overthrow of the Portuguese government in 1889, Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887 - 1959), was beginning to immerse himself in the music of his native Brazilian culture. Seeing how European and foreign cultural influences were making the nation forget the richness of their own music, Villa-Lobos headed a movement early in his career calling all Brazilians to establish a national musical identity. The compositions of Villa-Lobos are a dynamic synthesis of the classical music of Europe to which he had been exposed, and the indigenous Portuguese, African, and American Indian styles that comprise true Brazilian folklore. "Modinha," comes from a set of fifteen songs entitled *Serestas* (1925).

Modinha

Na solidao da minha vida morerei
Querida do teu disamor
Muito emborra me desprezes
Te amare constante
Sempre a ti distante
Segue a longe e triste vos do trovador

Feliz te querol mas se um dia
Toda esa alegria se mudase em dor
Ouviras do pasado a voz do meu carinho
Repetir baixinho
A meiga triste confisao
Do meu amor

Modinha

Love of my life for whom I die,
My Love, from your unrequited love,
Though you may reject me,
I shall love you constant,
Always in the distance, you shall hear the Longing
and sad voice of your trovador.

Happily I love you but if one day
All of this joy is muted and buried,
You shall forget the past and the voice Affection
repeating
My sad confession
Of love for you.

La anunciación

*Jinete de un rayo rojo
Viene volando el Ángel Gabriel
Con sable punta de estrella
Espuela 'e plata estaba caté.
Que Dios te salve María
La mas bonita cuñataí
La flor esta floreciendo
Crece en la sangre tu cunumí.*

*Soy la esclava del señor
Que él haga su voluntad
Capullo que se hace flor
Y se abrirá en navidad.
El Ángel Gabriel ya vuelve
Al pago donde se encuentra Dios.
¿Mamá parehó angelito
Qué tan contento te vuelves vos?*

*He visto a la reina 'el mundo
La mas hermosa cuñataí;
Sus ojos son dos estrellas
Su voz el canto del yerutí.
Soy la esclava del Señor,
que él haga su voluntad.
Capullo que se hace flor
y se abrirá en Navidad.*

The Annunciation

Riding a red bolt,
the angel Gabriel comes flying.
With a star-pointed saber,
silver spurs, he was elegant.
God Bless you Mary,
the most beautiful maiden
The flower is blooming,
in your blood grows a child.

I am the Lord's servant,
let His will be done.
The bud that becomes a flower
will blossom on Christmas morn.
The angel Gabriel now returns
to where God is awaiting.
Where are you coming from little angel
so happy are you to return?

I have seen the queen of the world,
the most beautiful maiden.
Her eyes are two stars,
her voice the song of the dove.
I am the Lord's servant,
let His will be done.
The bud that becomes a flower
will blossom on Christmas morn.

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Sunday, November 5 at 4:00 p.m. - High School Choral Festival
Sunday, December 3 at 4:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. - Holidays at Hendricks

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