

SUNDAY JANUARY 27TH 7:00 PM

⌘ AOEDE CONSORT ⌘

PRESENTS

MID-WINTER SONGS



Saint Joseph's Church

416 3rd Street, Troy, New York

PROGRAM

Romancero Gitano Opus 152 (1951)

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco (1895–1968)

- I. *Baladilla de los tres rios* (*Song of the Three Rivers*)
- II. *La Guitarra* (*The Guitar*)
- III. *Puñal* (*The Dagger*)
- IV. *Procesión, Paso, Saeta* (*Procession, Passage, Missionaries' Moral Couplet*)
- V. *Memento* (The part of the Mass where the sacrifice is offered for the quick and the dead)
- VI. *Baile* (*Dance*)
- VII. "Crótalo" ("Castanet")

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## **Five Hebrew Love Songs** (2003)

Eric Whitacre (1970–)

- I. "Temuná" (A picture)
- II. "Kalá kallá" (Light bride)
- III. "Lárov" (Mostly)
- IV. "Éyze shéleg!" (What snow!)
- V. *Rakút* (Tenderness)

~Intermission~

## **Mid-Winter Songs** (1980)

Morten Lauridsen (1943–)

- I. *Lament for Pasiphaë*
- II. *Like Snow*
- III. "She tells her love while half asleep"
- IV. *Mid-Winter Waking*
- V. *Intercession in Late October*

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## Romancero Gitano

Poems by Federico García Lorca (1898–1936)

### I. *Song of the Three Rivers*

The Guadalquivir River flows between orange and olive trees,  
The two rivers of Granada descend from the snows to the wheat fields.  
Oh love, you go away, not to return!

The Guadalquivir has a beard of garnet.  
The two rivers of Granada, one of the tears and one of the blood.  
Oh, love, you fly away into the air!

For sailboats, Seville has a passage.  
For the water of Granada, only sighs remain.  
Oh, love, you go away, not to return!

Guadalquivir, high towers and wind of the orange groves.  
Dauro and Genil, little lifeless towers.  
Little towers above dams of water.  
Oh, love, you fly away into the air.

Who will say that the waters carry a fatuous fire of cries?  
Oh love, you go away, not to return!

It carries orange blossoms, it carries olives,  
Andalucia, to your seas.  
Oh, love, you fly away into the air!

### II. *The Guitar*

The weeping of the guitar begins.  
The cups of dawn are broken.  
It's useless to silence it.  
It's impossible to silence it.

It cries, monotonously, as the waters cry,  
as the wind cries over the snowfall.  
It's useless to silence it.  
It's impossible to silence it.

It weeps for things far away.  
The hot southern sand asking for the white camellias.

It cries for the arrow without a target, for the  
afternoon without a morning,  
and for the first bird who dies on the branch.  
Oh guitar! Heart wounded by five swords.

### III. *The Dagger*

The dagger pierces the heart like the  
tilling of the plow in the dry mud.

No, do not stab me, no, no.

The dagger, like a ray of sun, burns the  
terrible ravines.

No, do not stab me, no, no.

### IV. *Procession, Passage, Missionaries' Moral Couplet*

#### *Procession*

Down the road come strange unicorns.  
From what fields?  
From what mythological woods?  
Closer, and astronomers appear.

Fantastic Merlins and the ecce homo,  
Enchanted Durandarte  
Orlando Furioso

#### *Passage*

Virgin with baubles,  
Virgin of solitude,  
Open like an immense tulip.  
In your boat of lights you head towards the  
high tide of the city,  
Among dark insults and crystal stars.

Virgin with baubles  
Virgin of solitude  
You travel on the river of the street of the sea!

#### *Missionaries' Moral Couplet*

The swarthy Christ goes from the lily of Judea to  
to the carnation of Spain.

Look where he's come from!  
Look where he's going!

From Spain, the sky, clean and dark, the earth,  
scorched, and ditches where water runs very slowly.

Swarthy Christ passes, his locks of hair burned,  
his cheekbones protruding and his pupils white.  
Look where he's come from!  
Look where he's going!

V. *Memento*

When I die bury me with my  
guitar under the sand, between the  
orange trees and the peppermint.  
When I die, bury me , if you wish,  
under a thin veil, when I die.

VI. *Dance*

La Carmen is dancing in the streets of Seville.  
He hair is white and her eyes are sparkling.  
Girls close the curtains!

In her hair is entwined a yellow snake.  
And she is dreaming,  
dancing with gentleman from the past.  
Girls, close the curtain!

The streets are deserted and from the shadows are  
foretold Andalusian hearts looking for thorns.  
Ah! Girls, close the curtains!

VII. *Castanet*

Castanet.  
Sonorous black beetle.  
In the spider-like hand you curl the hot air,  
and you drown in its trill of wood.  
Castanet  
Sonorous black beetle.

—Translation of *Romancero Gitano*  
by the Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco Archives

**Five Hebrew Love Songs**  
Poems by Hila Plitmann (1972–)

I. “Temuná” (A picture)

A picture is engraved in my heart;  
Moving between light and darkness:  
A sort of silence envelopes your body,  
And your hair falls upon your face just so.

II. “Kalá kallá” (Light bride)

Light bride  
She is all mine,  
And lightly  
She will kiss me!

III. “Lárov” (Mostly)

“Mostly,” said the roof to the sky,  
“the distance between you and I is endlessness;  
But a while ago two came up here,  
and only one centimeter was left between us.”

IV. “Éyze shéleg!” (What snow!)

What snow!  
Like little dreams  
Falling from the sky.

V. *Rakút* (Tenderness)

He was full of tenderness;  
She was very hard.  
And as much as she tried to stay thus,  
Simply, and with no good reason,  
He took her into himself,  
And set her down  
in the softest, softest place.

**Mid-Winter Songs**  
Poems by Robert Graves (1895–1985)

*I. Lament for Pasiphae*

Dying sun, Shine warm a little longer!  
My eye, dazzled with tears, shall dazzle yours,  
Conjuring you to shine and not to move.  
You, sun, and I all afternoon have laboured  
Beneath a dewless and oppressive cloud—  
a fleece now glided with our common grief  
That this must be a night without a moon.  
Dying sun, shine warm a little longer!

Faithless she was not: she was very woman,  
Smiling with dire impartiality,  
Sovereign, with heart unmatched, adored of men,  
Until Spring's cuckoo with bedraggled plumes  
Tempted her pity and her truth betrayed.  
The she who shone for all resigned her being,  
And this must be a night without a moon.  
Dying sun, shine warm a little longer!

*II. Like Snow*

She, then, like snow in a dark night,  
Fell secretly. And the world waked  
With dazzling of the drowsy eye,  
So that some muttered 'Too much light,'  
And drew the curtains close.  
Like snow, warmer than fingers feared,  
And to soil friendly;  
Holding the histories of the night  
In yet unmelted tracks.

*III. "She Tells Her Love While Half Asleep"*

She tells her love while half asleep,  
    In the dark hours,  
        With half words whispered low:

As Earth stirs in her winter sleep  
    And puts out grade and flowers  
        Despite the snow,  
        Despite the falling snow.

*IV. Mid-Winter Waking*

Stirring suddenly from long hibernation  
I knew myself once more a poet  
Guarded by timeless principalities  
Against the worm of death, this hillside haunting;  
And presently dared open both my eyes.

O gracious lofty, shone against from under,  
Back-of-the-mind-far clouds like towers;  
And you, sudden warm airs that blow  
Before the expected season of new blossom,  
While sheep still gnaw at roots and lambless go—

Be witness that on waking, this mid-winter,  
I found her hand in mine laid closely  
Who shall watch out of the Spring with me.  
We stared silence all around us  
But found no winter anywhere to see.

*V. Intercession in Late October*

How hard the year dies: no frost yet.  
On drifts of yellow sand Midas reclines,  
Fearless of moaning reed or sullen wave.  
Firm and fragrant still the brambleberries.  
On ivy-bloom butterflies wag.

Spare him a little longer Crone,  
For his clean hands and love-submissive heart.

# Aoede Consort

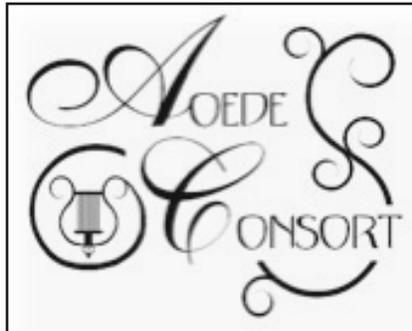
A V o c a l C h a m b e r E n s e m b l e

## Soprano

Sabrina Manna  
Molly Spooner

## Mezzo Soprano

Mary Abba-Gleason  
Ann Marie Grathwol



## Tenor

Stephen Sands  
John Schreiner

## Baritone

Jim Crum  
Alexander Jones

Sten Isachsen, guitar  
Felicity Cashman, percussion

Mark Frederick, violin  
Leslie Boyer, narrator

**Dan Foster, founder/director**

## **ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

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St. Joseph's Church; Congregation Berith Shalom Choir; The Curcio Family;  
Segel Violins & A Place For Art; The Daily Grind; Servico, Inc.

Named after the Greek muse of song, Aoede Consort [ay-uh-dee] is dedicated to the preservation and furtherance of the choral arts. Through the performance of masterpieces from antiquity to the present day, community outreach and education, Aoede Consort seeks to present the highest standards of vocal performance and aims to bring a deeper understanding and appreciation for choral music to the community. Be sure to check our website or email us for information on future performances.

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