

CHANTICLEER

IN TIME OF...

Dylan Hostetter, Michael McNeil, Gregory Peebles – *soprano*
Cortez Mitchell, Alan Reinhardt, Adam Ward – *alto*
Matthew Curtis, Brian Hinman, Ben Jones – *tenor*
Eric Alatorre, Gabriel Lewis-O'Connor, Jace Wittig – *baritone and bass*

Matthew Oltman – *Music Director*

Hosanna to the Son of David
Unser Leben währet siebzig Jahr

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Veni sponsa Christi
from Le Cantique des cantiques
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Program subject to change

** These works have been recorded by Chanticleer, and are available at tonight's performance.*

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Program subject to change.

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"In time of..."

The most profound emotions shared by all of us are evoked by events both singular and seasonal. Each of the magnificent pieces in "In time of..." stops time for a moment to illuminate the human condition.

PROGRAM NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS

Hosanna to the Son of David – Orlando Gibbons (1583 – 1625)

Orlando Gibbons was one of the most important court composers during the golden age of English choral music. Achieving the rank of senior organist for the Chapel Royal, he composed music during the reign of King James I. His full anthems, including **Hosanna to the Son of David**, show his skill at imitative polyphony on a grand scale.

Hosanna to the Son of David.
Blessed be He that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Blessed be the King of Israel, blessed be the Kingdom that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest places.
Hosanna in the highest heavens.

Unser Leben währet siebzig Jahr – Sethus Calvisius (1556 – 1615)

One of the most influential music theorists of his time, Sethus Calvisius was also a composer, teacher, chronologist, and astronomer. After twelve years as Kantor at the Fürstenschule, where he studied music history and chronology as well as teaching, he moved on to Leipzig and the Thomaskirche in 1594. Among his friends were Johannes Kepler and Michael Praetorius. **Unser Leben währet siebzig Jahr**, his last composition, is made up of two four-voice choirs, and was sung at his funeral. The text was inspired by Psalm 90.

Unser Leben währet siebzig Jahr, und wenn es hoch kommt, so sind's achtzig Jahr.	Our life lasts seventy years, and if it is exceptional, then it's eighty years.
Und wenn es Köstlich gewesen ist, so ist es Müh und Arbeit gewesen.	And if it has been valuable, then it has been weariness and work.
Denn es fähret schnell dahin, als flögen wir davon.	For it goes past as fast as if we fled from it.

Veni sponsa Christi – Plainsong

Gregorian Chant, named after Pope Gregory I (d. 604), is the term applied to the vast repertoire of liturgical plainchant assembled over the course of several hundred years, roughly 700-1300 AD. There are almost 3,000 extant chants in the Gregorian repertoire, with texts specific to each day of the Roman Catholic Church's liturgical year.

Veni sponsa Christi – Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525 – 1594)

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was born in the town from which he took his name. He was chapelmaster at St. Peter's in Rome from 1551 to 1554 and from 1571 until his death in 1594. His fame as the outstanding representative of the Roman school has caused his name to be directly associated with the "strict" style of Renaissance counterpoint used as a pedagogical model by students of nearly every succeeding generation. Palestrina achieved a mastery of contrapuntal techniques, meticulous voice leading, and refined dissonance treatment now universally idealized as the "Palestrina style."

Veni sponsa Christi	Come bride of Christ
Accipe coronam	accept the crown
Quam tibi Dominus	which the Lord
Praeparavit in aeternum.	has prepared for you forever.
Alleluia.	Alleluia.

Épithalame – Jean Yves Daniel-Lesur (1908 –2002)

Jean Yves Daniel-Lesur, French composer and teacher, was born in Paris in 1908. His mother was a composer and a student of Tournemire, from whom Daniel-Lesur took early organ and composition lessons. He studied further at the Paris Conservatoire. In 1936, Daniel-Lesur was, with Messiaen, Livet and Baudrier, a founding member of the group *La Jeune France*, dedicated to a "return to the human" and opposed to the neo-classicism then prevailing in Paris. **Épithalame** comes from a collection that sets to music the *Song of Songs*. Daniel-Lesur uses the tune of the *Veni sponsa Christi* chant and layers its text with the following famous passage:

Pose-moi comme un sceau sur ton cœur	Set me like a seal on your heart
Comme un sceau sur ton bras	Like a seal on your arm
Car l'amour est fort comme la mort	For love is as strong as death
La jalousie est dure comme l'enfer	Jealousy is as cruel as the grave
L'amour ses traits sont de feu	Its flashes are flashes of fire
Une flamme de Yahvé!	The very flame of the Lord!
Les grandes eaux n'ont pu éteindre l'amour	Many waters cannot quench love
Les fleuves ne le submergeront pas!	Neither can floods drown it!
Alleluia.	Alleluia.

Agincourt Carol – Anonymous, 15c.

The **Agincourt Carol** is a 15th-century song written in the tradition of English carols of the time. Today, the word "carol" is usually associated with Christmas, but the word can also refer to a song form in which uniform verses alternate with a refrain or "burden." This carol vividly recounts the 1415 Battle of Agincourt, in which the English army, led by Henry V of England, defeated that of the French Charles VI in what is now the Pas-de-Calais region of France.

Deo gratias: Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

Thanks be to God: Thanks be to God, England, for the victory!

Owre Kyng went forth to Normandy
With grace and myght of chivalry;
Ther God for hym wrought mervelusly,
Wherefore Englonde may calle and cry

Deo gratias: Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

Our king went forth to Normandy
With grace and might of chivalry;
There God for him wrought marvelously,
Wherefore England may call and cry

Thanks be to God: Thanks be to God, England, for the victory!

He sette a sege, for sothe to say,
To Harflu toune with ryal array;
That toune he wan and made a fray,
That Fraunce shall rewe tyl Domesday.

Deo gratias: Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

He set a siege, for sooth to say,
To Harfleur town with royal array;
That town he won and made a fray,
That France shall rue till Domesday.

Thanks be to God: Thanks be to God, England, for the victory!

Then went owre kyng with alle hys oste,
Throuwe Fraunce, for all the Freshe boste;
He spared no drede of lest ne moste,
Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.

Deo gratias: Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

Then went our king with all his host,
Through France, for all the French boast;
He spared no dread of least, nor most,
Till he came to Agincourt coast.

Thanks be to God: Thanks be to God, England, for the victory!

Than, for sothe that knyght comely,
In Agincourt feld he faught manly.
Throuwe grace of God most myghty
He had bothe feld and victory.

Deo gratias: Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

Then for sooth that knight comely,
In Agincourt field he fought manly.
Through grace of God most mighty
He had both the field and the victory.

Thanks be to God: Thanks be to God, England, for the victory!

Now gracious God, He save owre kyng,
Hys peple, and alle hys well-wyllynge,
Yef him gode lyfe and gode endynge;
That we with merth mowe savelly syng:

Deo gratias: Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

Now gracious God, He save our king,
His people, and all his well-willing,
Give him good life and good ending;
Then may we with mirth may safely sing:

Thanks be to God: Thanks be to God, England, for the victory!

Lamentatio sanctae matris ecclesiae Constantinopolitanae – Guillaume Dufay (c1400 – 1474)

Lament of the Holy Mother Church of Constantinople

The French-born and Italian-trained composer Guillaume Dufay was acknowledged as the leading musical figure in the mid-15th century, with far-reaching influence among his contemporaries. The tradition (doubted by some scholars) regarding his **Lamentatio sanctae matris ecclesiae Constantinopolitanae** holds that it was performed at an extravagant banquet given in 1454 by the Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good. The Duke hoped to arouse his fellow European nobles into crusading zeal for the recapture of the city of Constantinople from the Turks, to whom it had fallen the previous year.

As in many motets of this period, the rapid-moving upper parts are in French, while the slower-paced tenor part uses a Latin text from the *Lamentations of Jeremiah* to decry the abandonment of Constantinople to the infidel. In typical *cantus firmus* fashion (using a borrowed melody in slow notes as a melodic foundation for a motet), the tenor part employs a version of the liturgical melody used for chanting the Lamentations during Holy Week.

O très piteulx de tout espoir fontaine,
Pere du filz dont suis mere explorée,
Plaindre me viens a ta court souveraine,
De ta puissance et de nature humaine,
Qui ont souffert telle durté villaine
Faire a mon filz, qui tant m'a hounourée.

Source of all hope, most merciful father of my son,
I, his sorrowful mother,
Come before your mighty court to indict both your power
And mankind for allowing my son,
Who was such a credit to me,
To suffer such dire pain.

Dont suis de bien et de joye separée,
Sans qui vivant veulle entendre mes plains.
A toy, seul Dieu, du forfait me complains,
Du gref tourment et douloureux outrage,
Que voy souffrir au plus bel des humains
Sans nul confort de tout humain lignage.

For this reason I am sick at heart and full of care.
Yet none will listen to my pleas.
So I bring to you, one and only God, my complaint
Of the grievous suffering and pain
That the finest man that ever was
Endures without a shred of human comfort.

Cantus Firmus:

Omnes amici ejus spreverunt eam.
Non est qui consoletur eam ex omnibus caris ejus.

Cantus Firmus:

All her friends forsook her.
Not one of all her dear ones consoles her.

La Guerre (La Bataille de Marignan) – Clément Janequin (c1490 – 1562)

The Battle of Marignano

La Guerre, first printed in 1528, commemorates the battle of Marignano of 1515 and was to become the basis for works by many composers, such as its popularity. In telling the story of a battle between the French and the Swiss Confederacy, the *chanson* contains the sounds of cannons, muskets, swords, and trumpets, ending with the Swiss troops vanquished and fleeing.

Escoutez, tous gentilz galloys, La victoire du noble roy François. Et orrez, si bien escoutez, Des coups ruez de tous costez. Phiffres soufflez, frappez tambours, Tournez, virez, faictes vos tours. Soufflez, jouez, frappez tousjours. Avanturiers, bons compaignons Ensemble croisez vos bastons. Bendez soudain, gentilz Gascons. Haquebutiers, faicte voz sons. Nobles, sautez dens les arçons. Armes, bouclez, frisques mignons. La lance au poing, hardiz et promptz, Donnez dedans comme lyons. Frappez, criez alarme. Soyez hardiz en joye mis. Chacun s'asaisonne. La fleur de lys, fleur de hault pris Y est en personne. Alarme! Suyvez le roy François. Suyvez la couronne! Sonnez trompettes et clarons Pour resjouyr les compaignons. Fan fre re le le lan fan fey ne Boutez selle, a l'estandart. Tost avant, gens d'armes à cheval. Fan fre re le le lan fan fey ne Bruyez bombardes et canons, Tonnez gros courtaux et faulcons Pour secourir les compaignons. Von pa ti pa toc von pa ti pa toc von Ta ri ra ri ra rey ne ta ri ra France, courage. Donnez des horions. Chipe chope, torche, lorgne! À mort, à mort. Courage prenez. Frappez, tuez. Gentilz gallans, soyez vaillans. Frappez dessus, ruez dessus. Fers émoluz, choques dessus. Ilz monstrent les talons. Courage compaignons. Bigot escampe toute frelore. Ilz sont confuz, ils sont perduz. Prenez courage, aprez, frapez, tuez. Ilz sont deffaictz. Victoire au noble roy François.	Listen, all you kind compatriots, to victory of the noble King François. And you will hear, if you listen, blows being hurled from all sides. Sound the fifes! Beat the drums! Turn, veer, make your moves! Sound, play, beat always! Adventurers, good countrymen, cross your staves together! Bend your bows, kind comrades-in-arms. Sackbut players, sound your horns! Noblemen, leap into your saddles. Arm yourselves, buckle up, frisky squires! Lance in hand, bold and swift, look sharp as lions! Strike the drum, sound the alarm! Be bold and joyful! Each man make yourself presentable. The Fleur de Lys, flower of high esteem, is here in person! Alarm! Follow King François! Follow the crown! Sound the trumpets and clarions to gladden the hearts of your compatriots! Fan fre re le le lan fan fey ne Give the signal to mount up... show the standard! Cavalry, get in front! Fan fre re le le lan fan fey ne Light the bombs and cannons, thunder the great war machines and cannons to provide cover to your compatriots! Von pa ti pa toc von pa ti pa toc von Ta ri ra ri ra rey ne ta ri ra People of France, courage! Strike some blows! Chipe chope, light the torch, keep your eyes open! To the death! Take courage! Strike! Kind companions, be valiant! Strike and hit underneath. Rattle them with our iron will! They have shown their weaknesses. Courage, countrymen! By God, they run away in total chaos! They are confused, they are lost! Take courage! After them, beat them! They are defeated! Victory to the noble King François!
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Éjszaka (Night) – György Ligeti (1923 – 2007)

Reggel (Morning)

text by Weöres Sándor

György Ligeti was one of the most influential avant garde composers of our time. He was born in Romania to a Hungarian Jewish family and lived in Hungary before later becoming an Austrian citizen. When he was a child, Ligeti's family moved to Cluj (Kolozsvár, Klausenburg), where he was educated, and in 1941 began studying composition with Ferenc Farkas at the city's conservatory. After taking private lessons in Budapest with Pál Kadosa in 1942-43, he was sent into forced labor as a Jew. The Nazi occupation destroyed his family, but Ligeti resumed his studies with Farkas and Sándor Veress at the Franz Liszt Academy in Budapest at the end of World War II. He spent a year conducting field research in Romanian folk music after his graduation in 1949, but returned to the Liszt Academy in 1950 as a teacher of harmony, counterpoint, and formal analysis. He remained there until he fled from Hungary after the revolution in 1956. Ligeti lived in Germany and then Austria, where he became a citizen in 1967. For many years he was a visiting professor of composition at the Stockholm Academy of Music, and from 1973 until 1989 he served as a professor of composition at the Hamburg Music Academy. In 1972 he spent a year as a visiting professor and Composer-in-Residence at Stanford University. Upon leaving Hungary in 1956, Ligeti did not set Hungarian texts until 1983.

Adam Ward

Éjszaka Night

Rengeteg tövis: csönd.	Countless thorns: silence.
Én csöndem: szívem dobogása...	My silence: the beating of my heart...
Éjszaka.	Night.

Reggel Morning

Már üti, üti már, a torony a hajnalban.	The church tower is already tolling, tolling at dawn.
Az időt bemeszeli a korai kikeriki:	This early cock-a-doodle-doo marks the time:
reggel van! Már üti már! Reggel!	It is morning! It is already tolling! Morning!

Spring Dreams – Chen Yi (b. 1953)

text by Meng Hao-ran (AD 689-740)

Chen Yi serves as the Cravens/Millsap/Missouri Distinguished Professor at the Conservatory of the University of Missouri-Kansas City and is the recipient of the prestigious Charles Ives Living Award (2001-04) from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Dr. Chen was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 2005. She holds bachelor's and master's degrees in Music Composition from the Central Conservatory in Beijing and a Doctor of Musical Arts degree from Columbia University. She served as Composer-in-Residence for the Women's Philharmonic, Chanticleer, and Aptos Creative Arts Center (1993-96), and as a member of the composition faculty at Peabody Conservatory of Johns Hopkins University. Chen Yi has received fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Spring Dreams was commissioned by the Ithaca College School of Music, where it premiered in 1997. In the beginning of the piece, several groups of *ostinati* are brought in gradually in various tempos, imitating the vivid pulse of birds singing. There is a turning point in the middle of the poem when the poet clearly wakes up from his sweet dream by hearing a bird singing, and he realizes that many flowers must have been ruined by a night of wind and showers. He sympathizes with the fallen petals as he treasures the beautiful springtime.

Spring dreams not conscious of dawning,
Not awoken till I hear birds singing;
O night long, wind and showers—
Know you how many petals falling?

in time of – Steven Sametz (b. 1954)

text by e.e. cummings

Steven Sametz is director of choral activities at Lehigh University and is active as a conductor, composer, and editor. He has received commissions from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Connecticut Council for the Arts, the Santa Fe Music Festival, the Philadelphia Singers, the Pro Arte Chamber Choir, and Chanticleer. His choral works previously performed and recorded by Chanticleer include *Noel Canon*, *¡Oh llama de amor viva!: A Mystical Vision of St. John on the Cross*, *La villanella*, and *I Have Had Singing*.

In setting this enigmatic text from e.e. cummings's poem, *in time of lilacs*, Sametz has written in a rich chordal style for a main body of singers against what he calls a "layered background sound," seemingly from afar, comprising a small group whose members are constantly changing. In the central section of the work, close repetition of chordal figures gives the impression of multiple choirs.

Discussing his approach to setting this poem, Sametz writes, "I became impressed with cummings's description of the order in which flowers blossom, imagining it as a metaphor for the passage of life. Initially, all that infants ('daffodils') have as a goal is 'to grow,' with no 'why' involved, just the 'how.' The 'lilacs' are adolescents, whose dreams are more real than waking time.

"The 'time of roses' is where we are now: amazed that paradise can occasionally surprise us with flashes that astound the mundane world. Later in life, there is the giving up of goals—remembering the seeking but forgetting the finding—letting our lives be great with the acceptance of what we have in them. Finally, in the last stanza, after the mystery of death, beyond the constraint of time, there is the ultimate letting go of those they loved (for they will), even in grief, there is a sweetness and a gentleness possible in the remembrance."

in time of was originally scored for three orchestras (one off-stage) and five choirs (two off-stage) even though Sametz indicated that this was done "all the while thinking Chanticleer would have the perfect sound for the piece." Composed in 1996 as part of a work-study grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, Sametz dedicates *in time of* to Jay Blake, his brother's lover of five years, who passed away in July 1995.

in time of daffodils (who know
the goal of living is to grow)
forgetting why, remember how

in time of lilacs who proclaim
the aim of waking is to dream,
remember so (forgetting seem)

in time of roses (who amaze
our now and here with paradise)
forgetting if, remember yes

in time of all sweet things beyond
whatever mind may comprehend,
remember seek (forgetting find)

and in a mystery to be
(when time from time shall set us free)
forgetting me, remember me

Agnus Dei – Michael McGlynn (b. 1964)

Dublin-born Michael McGlynn, who cites traditional and medieval music as his chief inspirations, is best known as the composer for and director of the highly successful Irish choir Anúna, which he founded in 1987. His works have been widely recorded by Anúna and performed by hundreds of choirs worldwide, including Chanticleer (his composition *Dúlamán* appears on the Chanticleer albums *A Portrait* and *Wondrous Love*, his arrangement of *Stille Nacht* can be heard on the group's *Christmas with Dawn Upshaw*, and **Agnus Dei** is featured on *And on Earth, Peace: A Chanticleer Mass*).

A Uain Dé	Lamb of God
A thógas peacaí an domhain, Dean trócaire orainn.	Who takest away the sins of the world, Have mercy on us.
A Uain Dé	Lamb of God
A thógas peacaí an domhain, Tabhair dúinn síocháin.	Who takest away the sins of the world, Grant us peace.
Agnus Dei	Lamb of God
Qui tolís peccata mundi, Miserere nobis.	Who takest away the sins of the world, Have mercy on us.
Agnus Dei	Lamb of God
Qui tolís peccata mundi, Dona nobis pacem.	Who takest away the sins of the world, Grant us peace.

Sirens – Mason Bates (b. 1978)

Mason Bates/Masonic, the young San Francisco composer and DJ who recently became the first dual recipient of the Prix de Rome and the Berlin Prize, moves fluidly between the worlds of classical music and electronica. Currently busy with both commissions and performance engagements, he has appeared at venues such as The Kennedy Center, Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, and Berlin's Volksbühne. Spanning from classical concert halls to the clubs and lounges where he DJs electronica, his music was recently described by the *San Francisco Chronicle* as "lovely to hear and ingeniously constructed."

Active as a performer, he has played his concerto for synthesizer with The Atlanta and Phoenix Symphonies, and he also stays busy as a DJ of trip-hop, hip-hop, and electronica at spaces such as 111 Minna and Magnet in San Francisco. Members of The Berlin Philharmonic joined him at Berlin's Roter Salon, the famed club in the former East Side, for a concert of his chamber music and electronica, which he performed live with David Arend (MarsBassMan) on upright bass.

"The sirens, those mythical beings of the island of Circe, occupy a unique place in literature. Perhaps one thinks of lyrical, melodic music coming from sirens, but this song cycle casts a wide net in exploring seduction music. For example, the hypnotic and pulsing can also entrance, and this is the music that floats across the ocean to Odysseus in the work's beginning and end. The shattered Greek words from Book XII of the **Odyssey** weave an intricate, bewitching mosaic. The rhythms soften in a central, lyrical section marked by melting portamento, but the eerie tapestry of rhythms returns in the end, with Odysseus's fractured name floating distantly away.

"But sirens do not always involve danger, and in fact sometimes they are personified as pure, heavenly beings emanating harmonious music. Pietro Aretino's 16th-Century sonnet, a love poem in one breath, pays homage to the stars ("**Stelle, vostra mercè l'ecclse sfere**"), each of which is blessed with a lovely siren atop it. This celestial setting gives way to the earthy and rich world of the indigenous South American people. The Quechua Indians associated sirens ("**Sirinu nuqa rikuni a**") with equal parts mystery, temptation, and magic. Sitting in a rainy hollow, our sleepy narrator tells of the sudden appearance of a beguiling, singing siren of indefinite color. The dreamy music of the opening soon turns into a bluesy, ritualistic dance when the siren begins its song. But even when the siren disappears, the half-asleep narrator still cannot rid his mind of its strange song."

Mason Bates

from "**The Odyssey**"
text from *Book II*

Ὀδυσσεύς...

Odysseus...

Otisef...
 νηα καταστησου, ιυα νωιτερηυ οπ ακουσης.
Nia katastison, ina noiterin op akousis.
 ου γαρ πω τις τηδε παρηλασε υηι μελαιυη,
ou gar po tis tithe parilase nii meleni,
 πριυ γ ημεωυ μελιγηρυν απο
prin yi'meon meligirin apo
 στοματων οπ ακουσαι,
stomaton op akouse,
 αλλ ο γε τερψαμενοσ υειται και
al o ye terpsamenos nite ky
 πλειονα ειδωσ.
e pliona ithos.
 Δεθρ' αγιων, πολυαιυ Οδυσην,
Thevr'ayion polien Otisef,
 μεγα κυδοσ Αχαιωυ!
mega kithos Aheon!

Bring in your ship, listen to our voices.
 For none has ever passed in a black ship
 After hearing from our honey-dripping lips
 this ecstatic song,
 Then went his way rejoicing
 with larger knowledge.
 Come, Odysseus, whom all praise,
 great glory of the Achaians!

“Stelle, vostra mercè l’eccelse sfere”

text by Pietro Aretino

Stelle, vostra mercè l’eccelse sfere
 Dette del Ciel Sirene hanno concesso
 A lei non solo in belle note altere,
 Come titol gradito, il nome istesso,
 Ma de le lor perfette armonie vere
 Con suprema dolcezza il suono impresso
 Ne le sue chiare e nette voci: ond’ella
 Quasi in lingua de gli Angioli favella.

Stars, thanks to you the lofty spheres,
 Called the heavenly Sirens,
 Not only granted their name itself
 As a lovely title, they even imprinted
 The sound of their perfect harmonies
 With sublime sweetness
 On her clear voice, so that she speaks
 Almost in the language of angels.

“Sirinu nuqa rikuni a”

native Quechua text

Sirinu nuqa rikuni a.
 Ajina parapi chuqurkuspa.
 Ajina punuyta chuturqurikasqani.
 Chaymanta wuuu... wu... miiii.
 Waynu junt’ arkurimushasqa, chay mirkata.
 Libristuta!

Yes, I saw the siren.
 Just like that, as I was sitting in the rain
 as though day-dreaming.
 And then: wuuu... wu... miiii,
 it came, completely filling the hollow.
 Honestly!

Challtikujina rikuq kani, challku kay kinray kay,
 kinray challkujina.
 Chay Lurin arqinan, chaypi,
 kuywapi parapi chukusaq kani,
 chaypi jinapi punuyta chutushasqani,
 punuyta chutushaqtirqa... wuu ... wu ... aaaata,
 pinkillus “uj.”

As an indefinite color I saw them,
 on that slope, an indeterminate color.
 There by Lorenzo’s llama in a cave I sat,
 while it was raining,
 as though carried off by sleep,
 day-dreaming... wuu... wu... aaaata,
 the pinkillu flutes sounded ‘uj.’

Chay mirkamantaq sunarqamun kampaq,
 karnawalqa.

From that hollow it sounded
 during Carnival.

Paraíso Soñado – Manuel Sánchez Acosta (1914 – 2006), arr. Juan Tony Guzmán

El Grito – Carmen Cavallaro (b. 1947)

text by Federico García Lorca

El Manisero – Moises Simons (1890-1945), arr. Tania León

The late Dominican musician Manuel Sánchez Acosta was a celebrated composer most recently living in New York City. His *canción* (song) **Paraíso Soñado** is heard here in an arrangement by fellow Dominican composer and conductor Juan Tony Guzmán. Federico García Lorca’s *Poema de la Siguiriya*

Gitana (Poem of the Gypsy Siguriya) comes from a larger work entitled *Poema del Cante Jondo* (1921), a collection of poems inspired by the ancient flamenco tradition of *cante jondo* (deep song) from the region of Andalucía in southern Spain. Lorca explores some of this tradition's fundamental elements, such as the plaintive sounds of the guitar and the cries of the singer ("El Grito"). Moises Simons' **El Manisero** became a hit in the United States in the 1930s and has been widely recorded. This intricate arrangement evokes the flavor of the streets of Havana, with the cries of the peanut vendor looking for love as he peddles his wares.

Paraíso Soñado

Paradise Sounded

Del capullo de una rosa sutil,
Al nacer un claro día de abril,
Ha brotado esta canción para ti,
Plena de inspiración.

From the bud of a subtle rose,
As a crisp April day is born,
This song has blossomed for you,
Full of inspiration.

Paraíso encantador eres tú,
Paraíso embriagador que soñé,
Todo lleno de ternura y amor
Para mi corazón.

You are a charming paradise,
A drunken paradise I dreamt of,
Full of tenderness and love
For my heart.

Eres algo que soñé en mi vida,
Alguna ilusión querida,
Que ha nacido para mí.

You are what I have dreamt in my life,
Some beloved illusion,
That has been born for me.

Sueño, sueño con tus lindos ojos,
Que quiero ver a mi antojo,
Para así poder vivir.

I dream, I dream of your adorable eyes,
Which I wish to see at my desire,
So hence I shall be able to live.

Dame un poquito de tu amor,
Dame un pedacito de miel,
Déjame asirte con fervor,
Para la gloria poseer;

Give me a little bit of your love,
Give me a small piece of your honey,
Allow me to serve you with fervor,
For the glory of possessing;

Nunca, nunca dejaré de amarte,
Nunca, nunca de tenerte,
En mi corazón mujer.

Never, never will I stop loving you,
Never, never stop having you
Within my heart, my lady.

translation by Mauricio Silveyra

El Grito

La elipse de un grito
va de monte
a monte.

Desde los olivos,
será un arco iris negro
sobre la noche azul. ¡Ay!

Como un arco de viola,
el grito ha hecho vibrar
largas cuerdas del viento. ¡Ay!

(Las gentes de las cuevas
asoman sus velones.) ¡Ay!

The Cry

The ellipse of a cry
sighs from hillside
to hillside.

Rising from the olive trees,
it appears as a black rainbow
upon the azure night. Ay!

translation by Carmen Cavallaro

Like the bow of a viol,
the cry causes the long strings
of the wind to vibrate. Ay!

(The folks from the caves
hold out their oil lamps.) Ay!

El Manisero

¡Maní, maní, maní!
Que si te quieres por el pico divertir,
Compra me un cucuruchita de maní.

Maní, maní, maní.
Caserita no te acuestes a dormir,
Sin comer un cucurucho de maní.

Maní, maní, maní.
Que calentico y rico está
Ya no se puede pedir más.

¡Ay! Caserita no me dejes ir
Porque despues te vas arrepentir
Y va ser muy tarde yá.

¡Manisero se vá!
Caserita no te acuestes a dormir,
Sin comer un cucurucho de maní.

Cuando la calle sola está
Casera de mi corazón,
El manisero entona su pregón
Y si la niña escucha mi cantar
Llama desde su balcón.

Dame de tu maní
Que esta noche no voy a poder dormir
Sin comer un cucurucho de maní.

translation by Tania León

The Peanut Vendor

Peanuts, peanuts, peanuts!
So if you want to have fun through your mouth,
buy a little bag of peanuts.

Peanuts, peanuts, peanuts.
Little housewife, don't go to sleep tonight
without eating a little bag of peanuts.

Peanuts, peanuts, peanuts.
They are so warm and delicious
that you can't ask for more.

Ay! Little housewife, don't let me go,
because then you'll be sorry
and it will be too late.

The peanut vendor is leaving!
Little housewife, don't go to sleep tonight
without eating a little bag of peanuts.

When the street is deserted,
little housewife of my heart,
the peanut vendor sings his song,
and if a little girl hears my singing
she beckons from her balcony.

Give me some of your peanuts
so I won't have to go to sleep tonight
without eating a little bag of peanuts.