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# Programme

- Xicochi xicochi conetzintle Gaspar Fernandes (c. 1566-1629)  
*Bronwyn Mitchell, Debra Shearer-Dirié, Nicki Jenkins & Robin Maurer*
- Tristis est anima mea Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla (c. 1590-1664)
- Versa est in luctum Alonso Lobo (c. 1555-1617)
- Hoy comamos y bebamos Juan del Encina (c. 1468-1529)
- Ave, vírgo sanctíssima Francisco Guerrero (1528-1599)
- Deus in adiutorium Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla
- Salga el torillo hosquillo Diego José de Salazar (c. 1660-1709)  
*Nicki Jenkins (alto), Katherine Chan, Cathy Green, Bonnie Pearce & Bronwyn Mitchell (sopranos)*
- Mi Canción (Movements I & III) Guido López Gavilán (b. 1944)  
*Bronwyn Mitchell & Katherine Chan (sopranos)*
- Pomegranate Friends Gerardo Dirié (b. 1958)
- I. Two Hands or Wings  
II. Pomegranate Friends  
*Bronwyn Mitchell, soprano*  
III. Stratagem (world premiere)
- Viento Norte Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)
- Se equivocó la paloma Carlos Guastavino
- Canción de Navidad Carlos Guastavino  
*Nicki Jenkins, alto*
- Duerme Negrito Atahualpa Yupanquí (1908-1992) arr. Emile Solé  
*Cathy Green, soprano*

# Texts & Translations

## Xicochi xicochi conetzintle

*Traditional Nahuatl text, 17th century*

Sleep, O my child,  
Indeed, the angels have come to call you (into the world). Alleluia!

## Tristis est anima mea

*Matthew 26:38-39*

My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: abide ye here, and watch with me.  
And he went forward a little, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, "O my Father,  
If it be possible, let this cup pass away from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

## Versa est in luctum

*Job 30:31, 7:16*

My harp is turned to mourning and my organ into the voice of those that weep.  
Spare me, O Lord, for my days are nothing.

## Hoy comamos y bebamos

*Juan del Encina*

Today let us eat and let us drink, let us sing, and let us rejoice, for tomorrow we will fast.

In honour of St Carnival let us today loosen our belts,  
Let us fill up our stomachs, let us stretch the skin of our bellies:  
It is a local custom that today we should be replete for tomorrow we will fast.

Drink then, Bras, and you more, Beneito. Drink Pedruelo, and you Lloriente.  
And you drink first; let us all agree.

To drink for me is a great delight; give here, let us all drink, for tomorrow we will fast.

Let us honour then a saint so good so that he may assuage our hunger;  
Let us eat and let us gaily gorge, for tomorrow there will be great restraint.  
Let us eat and drink so much that it will finally make us fart, for tomorrow we will fast.

Let us take pleasure today, for tomorrow comes death;  
Let us drink, let us eat heartily, and then let us return to our flock.  
Let us not lose a mouthful, for we will go off eating, and tomorrow we will fast.

## **Ave, virgo sanctissima**

*Anonymous medieval poem*

Hail, most Holy Virgin! Purest Mother of God, brightest Star of the Sea.  
Hail ever-glorious one, precious pearl, as fair as the lily, shining and fragrant as the rose.

## **Deus in adiutorium**

*Office of Vespers*

O God, reach forth to my aid; O Lord, hasten to help me.  
Glory be to the Father and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.  
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Alleluia.

## **Salga el torillo hosquillo**

*Diego José de Salazar*

Let in the little black-faced bull! Ha! Ha!  
Hold him back! Make him wait! Keep him there! While I get myself into cover.  
But, alas, how fierce he is! The swift bull dashed out after my love. But no! After me!  
I saw him, my beloved lord, I saw him; for the boy child is waiting for him,  
I saw him, shí... shí... shí... shivering, not with fear, but with cold. But no!  
Hold him back! Make him wait! Keep him there! While I get myself into cover. Ha! Ha!

It cleared the square of the rabble of clouds,  
Filling the windows of Heaven with stars.

Everyone out! Get out and make way!  
For the bull is the devil as his fury reveals.

A boy child, who is all man, is waiting in the arena,  
And is sure to kill the bull, for he is a dashing toreador.

Though brave, he may perform the proud "half moon,"  
As the bull charges it will become just a strike on the air.

In the cloak of a man, the boy child enters the ring;  
The bull will tear it apart, and thus mankind will win.

In the doorway of the stable, the menacing brute confines him.  
He defends us all, and thinks nothing of himself.

The bullfighter's death has been foretold;  
My good fortune depends on his dying, though he is dying for my misfortune.

## Mi Cancion (My Song)

*Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)*

I. My song is like wings to your dream, and your heart will take until the end of the unknown.  
When the black night comes your way, my song will be in your head like the faithful star.  
When my voice is stopped with death, my song will continue to speak in your living heart.

III. We do what we can Master, said the sun to the ceramic lamp.  
If you cry at night for the sun, you cannot see the stars.

(spoken interludes)

The one that brings the lamp on his back, only casts forward his shadow.  
The axe of the woodcutter asked the tree for a handle, and the tree gave it.  
Not by tearing the petal of the flower, will you be able to take her beauty.  
Don't just stop to pick up flowers to save them, but keep on walking and walking.  
The flowers will take care of themselves and will flower during all of your journey.  
Life is given to us, and we deserve it by giving it.

## Pomegranate Friends

*Gerardo Dirié, inspired by Mateo Ricci's 'On Friendship'*

I. Two Hands or Wings

My looking went on and found you looking for the same gold.  
The light that makes me guides me into the horizon,  
and into the voices of another others who find me.  
If gone I hold their absence as if they would return.

## II. Pomegranate Friends

Pomegranate friends in a dream of numbers and virtue.  
A raven steals my hours and makes a nest in the watchtower.  
Another stole days in a mess of beaks and unrecognizable moments.  
But these, so many seeds in the pomegranate's dream...  
All are good in the dream – a treasure of ruby virtue and constancy.  
“See my faults, see my faults and do protest. (Steal not my time).  
The red in time will sink in.”

## III. Stratagem

With a flip of his hand Plutarch stirs the clouds,  
in the swirl of the storm he stays to withstand.  
A hollow fanfare, the copper blasting, laurels,  
medals banging like hail falling on pagodas,  
the tin roof of abandoned temples.  
He refuses the brutish ploy, the emptiness, a theatre,  
–as Caliban was rejected for same manners by Miranda.  
His eyes are closed, and ears,  
he's sane, smiling he dreams under the light blue rain of a jacaranda.

## Viento Norte

*Isaac Aizenberg*

Ripping through the wooded hills over the dunes,  
the northern wind screams its cry in the ironwood forest.  
A heavy string of reedy sticks of thorny bushes,  
and play the agony of the fire in the red afternoon.  
Air like the forge, winds of fire, burning miles and miles all through February.  
The wind blows, fire in its breath, cracked land, thirsty man.  
The earth is charred, my hope is wounded,  
northern wind, low is the river, dry are its banks. My poor tired land!  
My sweat will not be enough to see you grow again  
with the miracle of the flowering *pampas*.

## Se equivocó la paloma

*Rafael Alberti*

The dove was mistaken.  
To go to the north, it went south,  
It thought that the wheat was water,  
It thought that the sea was sky,  
That the night was morning,  
That the stars, dew, that the heat, snow,  
That your skirt was your blouse,  
That your heart was its house.  
It was mistaken.  
She fell asleep on the shore,  
You, at the top of a branch.

## Canción de Navidad

*Francisco Silva*

Glad Tidings, let us sing to Christmas,  
One year ends, a new one begins,  
Shepherd, make haste to play gentle tunes,  
Wings in the air, like tender hay tanning in the sun.  
Pebbles with spirals in the water,  
Magnolia, turn whiter your flowers,  
That an angel divine comes to us to announce that the King of Heaven is to come.

Prophetic star descended from Heaven,  
The miracle has happened, the Saviour is born,  
The Angels are singing, listen and you will hear  
Glory in Heaven, and on earth peace.

To the wine, to the fruit, it is already Christmas,  
One year ends, a new year begins,  
Dance, let us rejoice in all this light,  
That a child born is named Jesus.

## Duerme Negrito

*Atahualpa Yupanqui*

Sleep, sleep little black one,  
Your mama's in the fields, little one.  
Sleep, sleep little one.

She's going to bring quail for you,  
She's going to bring fresh fruit for you,  
She's going to bring pork for you,  
She's going to bring many things for you.

And if the black one doesn't go to sleep the white devil will come and zap!  
He'll eat your little foot, *chica bú*, hurry, *chica bú*!

Sleep, sleep little black one,  
Your mama's in the fields, little one.

She's working hard, working, yes,  
Working and they don't pay her, working, yes,  
Working and she's coughing, working, yes,  
For her sweet little black one, for her little one, yes.

*Thank you for attending this afternoon's performance.  
You are warmly invited to join us for refreshments following the concert.*