

Ciclo Satélites 15

19 de marzo de 2024

Obras de **Clara Schumann, Lili Boulanger,
Sally Beamish, Judith Weir, Rebecca
Clarke, Florence Price, Andrea Ramsey,
Alice Parker, Jocelyn Hagen y
Christine Donkin**

La Arcadia Vocal

**Orquesta y Coro
Nacionales de España**

La Arcadia Vocal

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Carlos José Martínez

Director

Paloma Friedhoff

Soprano

Delia Agúndez

Soprano

Rosa María Ramón

Alto

Helia Martínez

Alto

Ariel Hernández

Tenor

Federico Teja

Tenor

Alessander Pérez

Bajo

José Antonio Carril

Bajo

Moisés Ruiz de Gauna

Piano

1. Clara Wieck (1819-1896)

Drei gemischte Chöre

I. Abenfeier in Venedig [5'30"]

II. Vorwärts [1'30"]

III. Gondoliera [3'10"]

2. Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Hymne au soleil, para

contralto y coro [3'40"]

3. Sally Frances Beamish (1956)

In the stillness [2'30"]

4. Judith Weir (1954)

Magnificat [4']

Nunc dimittis [3']

5. Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

Ave Maria [2']

6. Andrea Ramsey (1977)

A Hive of Frightened Bees

[5'30"]

7. Alice Parker (1925-2023)

Hollering sun

III. Quiet [3']

On the Common Ground
[2'40"]

Songstream

I. To Kathleen [2']

II. Mariposa [1'50"]

III. The Philosopher [1'30"]

IV. The Spring and the Fall [2'30"]

V. Nuit Blanche [2'05"]

VI. The Merry Maid [1'25"]

VII. Thursday [0'40"]

VIII. Passer mortuus est [2'20"]

IX. Lethe [3'30"]

8. Jocelyn Hagen (1980)

Mother's Song [3'50"]

On My Dreams [3']

9. Christine Donkin (1976)

In Paradisum [3'50"]

Ma 19 MAR 19:30H

Concierto sin descanso

Duraciones aproximadas

Auditorio Nacional de Música

Sala de Cámara

La otra voz

Podemos colegir con el paleontólogo, teólogo controvertido y filósofo francés Pierre Teilhard de Chardin que «dentro de cada ser humano hay un fuego interior que lo impulsa hacia adelante, hacia la evolución». La vida y la muerte como paradigmas ineluctables en un tiempo líquido, sí, pero en sintonía con ese *motum perpetuum* vital acostumbrado que una y otra vez acude a nosotros de manera reiterada, inevitable, causal y plena. La ocasión para hallar un motivo con fondo místico y trascendente a un tiempo: de lo pretérito a lo presente, de lo consciente a lo anhelado y, tal vez, a lo divino. Se impone una mirada continuada y contribuyente a la creación musical femenina en general y en particular a la coral. Un programa que repasa la nómina de algunas de las más significativas y singulares creadoras. Una rápida ojeada al pasado –Wieck, Boulanger– y un alineamiento con un acento renovado desde una estética más próxima a lo orgánico y vital que a la sofisticación y novedad del lenguaje contemporáneo –Donkin, Weir, Parker, Beamish, Hagen, Ramsey– hasta conseguir, rehuyendo de éste, establecer un vínculo con los intérpretes, los directores y sobremanera, las audiencias jóvenes. En buena hora.

Carlos José Martínez Fernández

Presidente Sociedad Torner, PhD

Lili Boulanger

Hymne au Soleil

Textos: Casimir Delavigne

*Du soleil qui renaît [bénissons] la puissance.
Avec tout l'univers célébrons son retour.
Couronné de splendeur, il se lève, il s'élançe.
Le réveil de la terre est un hymne d'amour.
Sept coursiers qu'en partant le Dieu contient à peine,
Enflamment l'horizon de leur brûlante haleine.*

*O soleil fécond, tu parais!
Avec ses champs en fleurs, ses monts, ses bois épais,
[La] vaste mer de tes feux embrasée,
L'univers plus jeune et plus frais,
Des vapeurs [de] matin sont brillants de rosée.*

Sally Frances Beamish

In the stillness

Textos: Katrina Shepherd

*In the stillness of a church where candles glow,
In the softness of a fall of fresh White snow,
In the brightness of the stars that shine this night,
In the calmness of a pool of healing light.*

*In the clearness of a choir that softly sings,
In the oneness of a hush if angels' wings,
In the mildness of a night by stable bare,
In the quietness of a lull near cradle Fair.*

*There's a patience as we wait For a new morn,
And the presence of a child Soon to be born.*

Andrea Ramsey

A Hive of Frightened Bees

Textos: Taylor Huntley

*There is an ache in my chest
from the emotions that swarm
Like a hive of frightened bees.*

*There are tears in my eyes,
As an imitation for the drops
Of blood shed, in hatred.*

*My head is stuffed with cotton,
With thoughts I cannot comprehend
So instead, I try, to ignore.*

*I need to protect my family,
I need to protect my friends,
I need to protect my heart.*

*They say I am safe.
But they cannot guarantee.
They cannot dig the hurt,
The hatred in their souls.
Of those that wish to hurt
For revenge we cannot know.
No matter what we do,
No matter what is said,
They always find a way.
They are blind towards the future,
The past, and the present.
I hope one day, we will change.*

Alice Parker

Hollering Sun

III. Quiet

Textos: Nancy Wood

It is our quiet time.

*We do not speak because the voices are
whitin us...*

We rest with all of nature.

We wake when the Seven sisters wake...

*We greet them in the Sky over the
opening of the Kiva.*

Alice Parker

On the Common Ground

Textos: Alice Parker

*Help me, Lord. Help me find the common
ground, yes, the common ground.*

*Help me find the common ground between the
high and the low, Between the poor and the rich,
Between the old and the young...*

Alice Parker

Songstream

Textos: Edna St. Vincent Millay

I. To Kathleen

*Still must the poet as of old,
In barren attic bleak and cold,
Starve, freeze, and fashion verses to
Such things as flowers and song and you;*

*Still as of old his being give
In Beauty's name, while she may live,
Beauty that may not die as long
As there are flowers and you and song.*

II. Mariposa

*Butterflies are white and blue
In this field we wander through.
Suffer me to take your hand.
Death comes in a day or two.*

*All the things we ever knew
Will be ashes in that hour,
Mark the transient butterfly,
How he hangs upon the flower.*

*Suffer me to take your hand.
Suffer me to cherish you
Till the dawn is in the sky.
Whether I be false or true,
Death comes in a day or two.*

III. The Philosopher

And what are you that, wanting you,

*I should be kept awake
As many nights as there are days
With weeping for your sake?*

*And what are you that, missing you,
As many days as crawl
I should be listening to the wind
And looking at the wall?*

*I know a man that's a braver man
And twenty men as kind,
And what are you, that you should be
The one man in my mind?*

*Yet women's ways are witless ways,
As any sage will tell, —
And what am I, that I should love
So wisely and so well?*

IV. The Spring and the Fall

*The spring and the fall
In the spring of the year, in the spring of the year,
I walked the road beside my dear.
The trees were black where the bark was wet.
I see them yet, in the spring of the year.
He broke me a bough of the blossoming peach
That was out of the way and hard to reach.*

V. Nuit Blanche

*I am a shepherd of those sheep
That climb a wall by night,
One after one, until I sleep,
Or the black pane goes white.
Because of which I cannot see
A flock upon a hill,
But doubts come tittering up to me
That should by day be still.*

*And childish griefs I have outgrown
Into my eyes are thrust,
Till my dull tears go dropping down
Like lead into the dust.*

VI. The Merry Maid

*I am grown so free from care
Since my heart broke!
I set my throat against the air,
I laugh at simple folk!*

*There's little kind and little fair
Is worth its weight in smoke
To me, that's grown so free from care
Since my heart broke!*

*Lass, if to sleep you would repair
As peaceful as you woke,
Best not besiege your lover there
For just the words he spoke
To me, that's grown so free from care
Since my heart broke!*

VII. Thursday

*And if I loved you Wednesday,
Well, what is that to you?
I do not love you Thursday—
So much is true.*

*And why you come complaining
Is more than I can see.
I loved you Wednesday,—yes— but what
Is that to me?*

VIII. Passer mortuus est

*Death devours all lovely things;
Lesbia with her sparrow*

*Shares the darkness,—presently
Every bed is narrow*

*Unremembered as old rain
Dries the sheer libation,
And the little petulant hand
Is an annotation.*

*After all, my erstwhile dear,
My no longer cherished,
Need we say it was not love,
Now that love is perished!*

IX. Lethe

*Drink again
This river that is the taker-away of pain
And the giver-back of beauty!*

*In these cool waves
What can be lost?
Only the sorry cost
Of the lovely thing, ah, never the thing itself!*

*The level flood that laves The hot brow
And the stiff shoulder
Is at our temples now*

*Gone is the fever
But not into the river;
Melted the frozen pride
But the tranquil tide
Runs never the warmer for this
Never the colder*

*Immerse the dream
Drench the kiss
Dip the song in the stream.*

Jocelyn Hagen

Mother's Song

Textos: Anónimo japonés

*If snow falls on the far field
Where travelers
spend the night.
I ask you, cranes,
to warm my child in your wings.*

Jocelyn Hagen

On My Dreams

Textos: William Butler Yeats

*Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.*

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