



# El Rebelde: Gabriela Frank and Dmitri Shostakovich

Andrew Garland, baritone  
 Javier Abreu, tenor  
 Jeremy Reger, piano

Margaret McDonald, producer  
 Kevin Allan Harbison, engineer  
 Eapen Leubner and Andrew Garland, Executive Producers  
 An Art Song Colorado Project

## ***Cantos de Cifar y el Mar Dulce (Songs of Cifar and the Sweet Sea)***

1.	I. El nacimiento de Cifar (The Birth of Cifar)	5:11
2.	XV. Me diste ¡oh Dios! una hija (You gave me, oh God! a daughter)	4:05
3.	XVIII. Primer parte: El rebelde (First part: The Rebel)	3:28
4.	XVIII. Segund parte: Tomasito, el cuque (Second part: Tomas, the cook)	1:49
5.	XVIII. Tercer parte: El niño (Third part: The Child)	2:18
6.	XXII. Primer parte: Eufemia	2:18
7.	XXII: Segund parte: En La Vela del Angelito (At the Wake of the Little Angel)	5:57
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## ***Las Cinco Lunas de Lorca***

9.	Duet with Javier Abreu, tenor	9:59
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## ***Cuatro Canciones Andinas***

10.	Despedida (Farewell)	3:08
11.	Y o Crio una Mosca (I raised a fly)	2:30
12.	Carnaval de Tambobamba (Carnival of Tambobamba)	5:13
13.	Yunca	2:15

## ***Spanish Songs by Dmitri Shostakovich, Op. 100***

14.	Prashai Granada (Farewell, Granada)	2:47
15.	Zvyozochki (Starry Eyes)	1:57
16.	Pyervaya Fstryecha (First Meeting)	3:49
17.	Ronda (Round Dance)	2:02
18.	Chernookaya (Dark Eyes)	3:42
19.	Son (Dream)	2:52

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 Grusin Recital hall

Total Length-  
 68:31

# The Artists of El Rebelde

## Andrew Garland, baritone

Andrew Garland has performed recitals at Carnegie Hall, the New York Festival of Song, the Ravinia festival, Cleveland Art Song Festival, Bard Festival, Vocal Arts DC, college campuses around North America, and venues in Italy, Croatia, Greece, and Turkey. He has premiered works by Heggie, Bolcom, Paulus, Steven Mark Kohn, Hoiby, Cipullo, and Gabriela Frank. He has performed in concert with the Atlanta Symphony, Boston Baroque, Handel and Haydn, the Kennedy Center, Lincoln Center, and leading opera roles at Seattle Opera, New York City Opera, Opera Philadelphia, Cincinnati Opera, Minnesota Opera, and many others. Garland teaches on the voice faculty at the University of Colorado.

## Javier Abreu, tenor

Puerto Rican tenor Javier Abreu has been described as a commanding force on stage, incorporating a rich, sweet and agile voice, with ample dramatic skills. Recent performances include Pittsburgh Opera as Ernesto in *Don Pasquale*, his role debut as Ferrando in *Così fan tutte* with Mill City Summer Opera, the world premiere of *Bless Me Última* with Opera Southwest, Lindoro in *L'italiana in Algeri* with Blackwater Valley Opera in Ireland, and a debut with Chicago Opera Theater as the title role in *Il Pigmaliione*, and Beppe in *Rita* by Donizetti. A lover of contemporary opera, Abreu has premiered roles in *Before Night Falls* with Fort Worth Opera, *The Long Walk* with Opera Saratoga, *The Inspector* with Wolf Trap Opera, and *La cabeza del bautista* with Gran Teatro del Liceu in Barcelona. He has garnered critical acclaim for his portrayals of Rossini's leading men with Central City Opera, Nashville Opera, Israeli Opera, Opera de Oviedo, Theater Basel, Teatro Municipal de Chile, Austin Opera, New York City Opera, Atlanta Opera, Florida Grand Opera and the Stuttgart Staatsoper, to name a few.

## Jeremy Reger, piano

International pianist and educator Jeremy Reger maintains an active performing, teaching, and coaching career. He is currently collaborating on an upcoming album with mezzo soprano Michelle DeYoung. He has served on the music staff of Virginia Opera, Opera Steamboat, Eugene Opera, Hawaii Opera Theater, Mill City Opera, Central City Opera, Minnesota Opera, Skylark Opera, Aspen Opera Theater and in São Paulo, Brazil. He is an associate professor of vocal coaching at CU Boulder. A strong advocate of new opera, Reger has participated in workshops of new opera by composers such as Jake Heggie, Tom Cipullo, Ricky Ian Gordon, Kevin Putz, and Mark Adamo.

## Kevin Allan Harbison, engineer

Kevin Harbison is the recording engineer for the College of Music at the University of Colorado at Boulder, Technical Director of Grusin Music Hall and the owner of Threshold Audio Recording. He received a BM in Audio Recording Technology from the Cleveland Institute of Music where

his teachers included Jack Renner and Thomas Knab of Telarc International and Bruce Egge of Azica Records. He teaches courses at CU on the art of recording and of being recorded. He also provides forensic audio enhancement services to law enforcement and is the Music Director at First United Methodist Church in Lafayette, Colorado.

## Margaret McDonald, producer

Pianist Margaret McDonald, an Associate Professor of Collaborative Piano at the University of Colorado Boulder, joined the faculty in 2004 and helped create the graduate degree program in Collaborative Piano. Praised for her poetic style and versatility, McDonald enjoys an active performing career partnering with many distinguished artists. A passionate teacher, McDonald has given masterclasses at institutions including The Juilliard School, Indiana University, and the New England Conservatory. She has released recordings with Michelle Stanley, flute, Velvet Brown, tuba, Aaron Tindall, tuba, and Erika Eckert, viola. McDonald spends her summers as a member of the collaborative piano faculty at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, CA.

## Gabriela Lena Frank, composer

Having served as Composer-in-Residence with leading American orchestras and having been included in the Washington Post's list of the most significant women composers in history, identity has always been at the center of composer/pianist Gabriela Lena Frank's music. Born in Berkeley, California (September, 1972), to a mother of mixed Peruvian/Chinese ancestry and a father of Lithuanian/Jewish descent, Gabriela explores her multicultural American heritage through her compositions. In 2017, Gabriela founded the award-winning Gabriela Lena Frank Creative Academy of Music, a non-profit training institution held on her two rural properties in Boonville, CA for emerging composers from a vast array of demographics and aesthetics. Civic outreach is an essential part of Gabriela's work. She has volunteered extensively in hospitals and prisons and has developed music programs for the youth of rural America. In 2020, the Heinz Family Foundation named Gabriela Lena Frank, D.M.A., a recipient of the prestigious 25th Heinz Award in the Arts and Humanities category. Gabriela is a member of G. Schirmer's esteemed roster of artists, exclusively managed and published.

## Dmitri Shostakovich, composer

The music of Shostakovich challenged the societal norms of Communist Russia. Throughout his life, Shostakovich's compositions expanded the voice of classical music. His Spanish Songs, Opus 100, blend actual folk song melodies with a distinct Russian piano accompaniment blending disparate cultures into a cohesive whole.

## About the Album

What is a rebel? “El Rebelde” brings together the vocal compositions of Gabriela Frank and Dmitri Shostakovich, two composers who transform Spanish language song through innovative settings.

Gabriela Frank’s compositions honor her mixed heritage by blending western classical music with Nicaraguan marimbas, vocalisms from Miskito storytelling, and vivid imitations of Andean instruments.

Dmitri Shostakovich’s “Spanish Songs”, opus 100, mix Spanish melodies and guitar imitations with Russian dance rhythms and texts.- Andrew Garland, Producer

Both composers take the traditional concert recital and, through their own interpretations, rebel against the constraints of a single culture, bringing a seamless and breathtaking sound that is impeccably interpreted by Andrew Garland, Javier Abreu and Jeremy Reger.- Eapen Leubner, Executive Producer

## *Cantos de Cifar y el Mar Dulce (Songs of Cifar and the Sweet Sea)*

I have been in love with Gabriela’s music since 2006 when I first met her and the Songs of Cifar [a collection of songs by Frank, two of which were premiered by Mr. Garland]. The driving rhythms, the jazz harmonies, the non-classical vocal techniques, the Spanish language, the high F#s and Gs. I feel that all of these are my strengths. And let’s be honest: any performer chooses a piece partly because they can sound good doing it. And besides her innovative music-making, I adore Gabi’s philosophy: when western “classical music” assimilates another culture, it must make both cultures equal: one culture can’t dominate the other. -Andrew Garland

### I. El Nacimiento de Cifar

Hay una isla en el playón  
pequeña  
como la mano de un dios indígena.  
Ofrece frutas rojas  
a los pájaros  
y al náufrago  
la dulce sombra de un árbol.  
Allí nació Cifar, el navegante  
cuando a su madre se le llegó su fecha,  
solitaria remando a Zapatera.  
Metió el bote en el remanso  
mientras giraban en las aguas  
tiburones y sábados  
atraídos por la sangre.

Los dedos en el arpa  
y ya empieza  
el mal de lontananza.

### I. The Birth of Cifar

There is an island in the shallows  
small  
as the hand of an indigenous god.  
It offers red fruit  
to the birds  
and, to the shipwrecked,  
the sweet shade of a tree.  
There, Cifar the sailor was born  
as his mother's time came  
while she was rowing, alone, to Zapatera.  
She steered the boat into a pool  
while there circled in the waters  
sharks and shad,  
attracted to the blood.

Fingers in the harp,  
and at once begins  
a longing, sickness, for the faraway.

Cifar  
calla tu canto.  
Cifar  
no recubras  
de música tu oído:  
Ese ilimitado  
Azul  
te llama.

### XV. Me diste ¡oh Dios! una hija

Doce doncellas de blanco  
En el bote enramado  
cantan y reman.  
Vuelven de misa como guiraldas...

...como flores flotantes  
de colores alegres.  
Y Ubaldina  
mi hija  
va de blanco  
cantando.

¡No permitas, Señor! que el viento  
la arroje como a mi  
a lo insaciable.

Me diste ¡oh Dios! una hija  
con el cielo de mi patria en sus ojos  
no el azul de la indolente calma...

...sino el oscuro fragor  
de la tormenta.  
Y Ubaldina  
mi hija  
va de blanco  
cantando.

¡No permitas, Señor! que el viento  
la arroje como a mi  
a lo insaciable.

Me diste ¡oh Dios! una hija  
con el espíritu  
de la barca en que crucé  
las aguas enfurecidas del tiempo.

Dale una bahía mansa  
donde se refleje su barca  
como empollando otra barca  
una ensenada  
donde el sol  
seque sus redes.

¡No permitas, Señor! que el viento  
la arroje como a mi

Cifar  
quiet your song.  
Cifar  
do not cover  
your ears with music:  
That infinite  
Blue  
calls you.

### XV. You gave me, oh God!, a daughter

Twelve girls in white  
On a boat covered with flowers  
sing and row.  
They return from mass like garlands...

...like floating flowers  
in bright colors.  
And Ubaldina  
my daughter  
goes in white  
singing.

Don't permit, Lord! that the wind  
hurls her as it hurled me  
to the ravenous.

You gave me, oh God! a daughter  
with the sky of my country in her eyes  
not the blue of the indolent calm...

...but the dark tempest  
of the storm.  
And Ubaldina  
my daughter  
goes in white  
singing.

Don't permit, Lord! that the wind  
hurls her as it hurled me  
to the ravenous.

You gave me, oh God! a daughter  
with the spirit  
of the boat I used to cross  
the enraged waters of time.

Give her a soft bay  
where her boat will be reflected  
as if hatching another boat,  
a peaceful inlet  
where the sun  
will dry her nets.

Don't permit, Lord! that the wind  
hurls her as it hurled me

a lo insaciable.

Doce doncellas de blanco  
En el bote enamado  
cantan y reman.  
Vuelven de misa  
como guirnaldas...

...como flores flotantes  
de colores alegres.  
Y Ubaldina  
mi hija  
va de blanco  
cantando.

Ubaldina, Ubaldina...  
Tengo una isla para ella.

Me diste ¡oh Dios!  
Me diste ¡oh Dios!  
Me diste ¡oh Dios! una hija.

Me río de Cifar que está llorando!

#### **XVIII. Primer parte: El Rebelde**

Todavía al aurora  
no despierta el corazón  
de los pájaros y ya Cifar  
tira la red en el agua  
oscura. Sabe que es la hora  
de la sirena y no teme  
el silencio.  
Cifar espera  
la señal en las lejanas  
serranías. Antes del alba  
encenderán sus fogatas  
los rebeldes.  
Les lleva peces  
y armas.

#### **XVIII. Segund parte: Tomasito, el cuque**

"¿En qué lancha las llevaron?  
¡Contesta, Tomás, contesta!

¿Desde cuál isla zarparon?  
¡Jodido, Tomás, contesta!

"¿A quiénes las entregaron?  
¡Hijo de puta, Tomás!

¿Quiénes llevaron las armas?  
¡Cabrón, contesta, Tomás!

to the ravenous.

Twelve girls in white  
On a boat covered with flowers  
sing and row.  
They return from mass  
like garlands...

...like floating flowers  
in bright colors.  
And Ubaldina  
my daughter  
goes in white  
singing.

Ubaldina, Ubaldina...  
I have an island for her.

You gave me, oh God!  
You gave me, oh God!  
You gave me, oh God! a daughter.

I laugh at Cifar who cries!

#### **XVIII. First part: The Rebel**

Dawn has still not  
awakened the heart  
of the birds, and already  
Cifar casts his net into the dark  
water. He knows it is the hour  
of the siren, and he is not afraid  
of the silence.  
Cifar waits  
for a signal from the faraway  
mountains. Before daybreak  
the rebels will fire up  
their bonfires.  
He takes them fish  
and weapons.

#### **XVIII. Second part: Thomas, the cook**

"What boat did they carry them in?  
Answer, Tomás, answer!

"From which island did they sail?  
Damn it, Tomás, answer!

"Who did they deliver them to?  
Son of a whore, Tomás!

"Who carried the weapons?  
You bastard, answer, Tomás!

Pero no habla Tomás.  
¡Qué huevos de hombre. No habla!

¡Ya nunca hablará  
Tomás!

#### **XVIII. Tercer Parte: El Niño**

El niño que yo fui  
no ha muerto  
queda  
en el pecho  
toma el corazón  
como suyo  
y navega dentro  
lo oigo cruzar  
mis noches  
o sus viejos  
mares de llanto  
remolcándome  
al sueño.

#### **XXII. Primer parte: Eufemia**

Rogando el viento...  
Insultando el viento...  
hijueputeando al viento!

Tomé el azar la lancha de Pascasio...  
y ahora reniego de mi suerte!

Miro las olas furiosas  
y los vientos negros de Octubre.  
¡a qué horas preferí éste tiempo implacable  
a la furia de Eufemia?

¿A qué puerto voy, a qué tumba  
me lleva este chubasco perro?  
Cuánto mejor aguantar  
tus gritos, Eufemia.

Rogando el viento...  
Insultando el viento...

Cuánto mejor tu cólera,  
tu desgrefñada ira en la madrugada  
que esta furia de las olas y estos gritos  
bajo los rayos y los vientos!

Ya hubiera dominado tu enojo,  
ya estuviéramos en los besos  
ya dormiría dócil después de la tempestad.

Rogando el viento...

But Tomás won't talk.  
What balls on this guy! He doesn't talk!

Now Tomás  
will never talk again!

#### **XVIII. Third part: The Child**

The child I was  
has not died  
he remains  
in my breast  
taking my heart  
as his own  
and sails inside me  
I hear him cross  
my nights  
or his old  
seas of tears  
towing me along  
to dreams.

#### **XXII. Part one: Eufemia**

Begging the wind...  
Insulting the wind...  
Son of a bitching the wind!

I took it upon myself to borrow Pascasio's  
boat... and now I curse my luck!

I'm looking at the furious waves  
and the black October winds.  
At what point did I prefer this implacable  
weather to Eufemia's fury?

To what port do I go, to what tomb does  
this damned storm take me?  
How much better to withstand your  
screaming, Eufemia.

Begging the wind...  
Insulting the wind...

How much better your anger,  
your disheveled ire at dawn  
than this fury of the waves and the screams  
under lightning and wind!

Already, I would have tamed your wrath,  
already, we would be in kisses,  
already I would be sleeping in peace after  
the tempest.

Begging the wind...

Insultando el viento...  
hijueputeando al viento!

Arsenio, granuloso  
cliente del burdel de Lalita,  
se tira al Lago. Y vemos  
la rápida aleta del tiburón.

Al grito de espanto como un eco  
aflora del fondo  
en silencio  
la mancha roja.

Rogando el viento...  
Insultando el viento...  
hijueputeando al viento!

¡Cuánto mejor aguantar tus gritos,  
Eufemia!  
Y no ahora, clamando a Dios, arrepentido,  
vomitando my cobardía en la borda,

mientras el negro cielo solo me recuerda  
el furor de tus ojos.  
Rogando el viento...  
Insultando el viento...

## XXII. Segund parte: En la Vela XXII.

Cuando se hundió  
"La Esperanza"  
todos perecieron.

Los que fuimos  
al rescate  
solo vimos  
—flotando—  
el ataúd de un niño.

## XXX. Pescador

Hay una isla en el playón  
pequeña  
como la mano de un dios indígena.  
Ofrece frutas rojas  
a los pájaros  
y al náufrago  
la dulce sombra de un árbol.

Hoy vuelve el navegante.  
Sus huesos en una caja de madera.  
¡Su único naufragio en tierra!

Un remo flotante

Insulting the wind...  
Son of a bitching the wind!

Arsenio, pimply,  
client from Lalita's whorehouse,  
throws himself into the Lake. And we see  
the quick fin of the shark.

At the scream of terror, like an echo  
there flowers from the depths,  
silently,  
a crimson stain.

Begging the wind...  
Insulting the wind...  
Son of a bitching the wind!

How much better to withstand your  
screams, Eufemia!  
Instead of now crying to God, repentant,  
vomiting my cowardice over the rail

while the black sky only reminds me of the  
fury of your eyes.  
Begging the wind...  
Insulting the wind...

## XXII. Second part: At the Wake of the little Angel

When "The Hope"  
went under,  
all perished.

We who went  
to the rescue  
saw only  
—floating—  
a child's coffin.

## XXX. Fisherman

There is an island in the shallows  
small  
as the hand of an indigenous god.  
It offers red fruits  
to the birds  
and, to the shipwrecked,  
the sweet shade of a tree.

Today the sailor returns.  
His bones in a wooden box.  
His only shipwreck on land!

An oar floating

sobre las aguas  
fue tu solo epitafio.

on the waters  
was your only epitaph.

## Las Cinco Lunas de Lorca

The duet was an obvious addition to the album. More perfectly placed notes, more ominous and driving musical sections, more unique, unmistakable depictions of magic realism, unmistakably Gabi's writing, and yet distinct from her other songs. And here I had the opportunity to sing with my long time friend and gifted colleague Javier Abreu. Listen to how he leans in to the emotion of the dissonances, wails on the high notes, resounds the low notes (not every tenor can sing this part, y'all) and gives me some expressive, idiomatic Spanish that I have to match. (We decided not to sing this in Castilian Spanish, but in retrospect, maybe we should have. Next time!) This duet is like Beethoven: it grabs you by the collar and shakes you and says "listen to me!"

### Las Cinco Lunas de Lorca

Cerca de Granada  
llevan al poeta.  
Cerca de Granada  
avanza la muerte.  
Y Lorca cuenta  
cinco lunas heridas.  
Con los ojos vendados,  
anda en línea recta.  
Recuerda que la vida  
corre con el fuego...  
y la muerte con la escarcha.  
Y debe mirar  
la muerte  
como un destello:  
Un golbo de rosas desbocadas.  
¡Un disparo!  
¡Otro disparo!  
¡Y otro...!  
En un caballo  
(¡Ay, que noche tan breve!)  
de aguas negras, d  
(¡Ay, que noche tan larga!)  
el poeta se enfrenta  
(¡Ay, que noche sin brazos!)  
con los asesinos.  
(¡Ay, que noche sin Dios!)  
Matar a un hombre  
en conocerlo íntimamente.  
Y cada noche de sus vidas,  
los asesinos deben desvestirse  
el cuerpo de los muertos  
y contemplar  
el infinito hilito

### The Five Moons of Lorca

Near Granada,  
the poet has been taken.  
Near Granada,  
death approaches.  
And Lorca counts  
five wounded moons.  
With his eyes blindfolded,  
he walks in a straight line.  
He recalls that life  
gallops with fire...  
and death with the frost.  
And he must look  
at death  
as a blaze:  
A blast of unruly roses.  
A gunshot!  
Another gunshot!  
And another...!  
On a horse  
(Oh, such a brief night!)  
of black water,  
(Oh, such a long night!)  
the poet confronts  
(Oh, such a night without arms!)  
the killers |  
(Oh, such a night without God!)  
To kill a man  
is to know him intimately.  
And every night of their lives,  
the killers must undress  
the body of the dead  
and contemplate  
the infinite little stream

de sangre:  
El torrente de palabras  
que sigue fluyendo  
con la tinta  
de una pluma verde.  
© Nilo Cruz

of blood:  
The gush of words  
that continues to flow  
from the ink  
of a green pen.

## *Cuatro Canciones Andinas*

“These songs reflect the inspiration of José María Arguedas, a Peruvian folklorist, poet, and Quechua advocate who reminds one in many ways of Bartók. In an attempt to validate the native culture of the Andes, Arguedas collected the tunes, poetry, and folklore of the Quechua Indians, the descendants of the ancient Incas. Of the pro-indigenista writers, he was one of the first to write poetry in Quechua as well as Spanish, and was also a proponent of “mestizaje,” a vision of a world that encompasses many cultures without oppression. Like Bartók, he spoke of a brotherhood of people, and he proclaimed himself a modern Quechua man in spite of his fair skin and Western education. The text for Cuatro canciones andinas draws on Indian poetry collected and translated by Arguedas from Quechua into Spanish. The English translation was done by Ruth Walgreen Stephan and can be found in the *Singing Mounatineers: Songs and Tales of the Quechua People* (University of Texas Press, Austin, TX.)” - Gabriela Frank

In Cuatro Canciones Andinas you can hear Gabriela already speaking her musical language, using ominous harmonies, repeated intervals, trills, unconventional vocal gestures, character voices, seamlessly (there’s that word again) going in and out of spoken word, and perfectly placed high notes that let the singer wail! (I should acknowledge that these and the Shostakovich songs were originally written for mezzo-soprano and thank all mezzo-sopranos everywhere for allowing me to sing them as well.) What sets apart these earlier songs (I think) is the even wider variety of scenes and characters the singer and the pianist get to play. In Cifar we are portraying Cifar’s story as Cifar, the magical narrator, and an interrogator who has captured one of the rebel allies Cifar is aiding. Don’t get me wrong: within these eight someday to be 30(!) – songs we get a wide variety of characters in different states. But in these Four Andean Songs we have (I think) four different characters and it is much more up to the artists’ and audience’s interpretation who those characters are. Who is leaving home? Who is the joven Tambobanbin(bin-bin-bin)jo? And who in the heck is keeping a fly in a ginger ale bottle?!- Andrew Garland

### **Despedida**

Hoy es el día de mi partida  
hoy no me iré, me iré mañana.  
Me veréis salir tocando una flauta de hueso  
de mosca,  
Llevando por bandera una tela de araña;  
Será mi tambor un huevo de hormiga,  
¡y mi montera! mi montera será un nido de  
picaflor.

### **Yo crío una mosca**

### **Leave-Taking**

Today is the day of my departure,  
today I will not go, I will to tomorrow.  
You may see me leave playing a flute of the  
bone of a fly,  
carrying for a banner a spider web,  
my drum will be an egg of an ant,  
and my cap! my cap will be a hummingbird’s  
nest.

### **I am nursing a fly**

Yo crío una mosca  
de alas de oro,  
yo crío una mosca  
de ojos encendidos

Trae la Muerte  
en sus ojos de fuego  
trae la Muerte  
en sus cabellitos de oro  
en sus alas hermosas.

En una botella de gingerale  
yo la crío  
nadie sabe  
si bebe  
nadie sabe  
si come.

Vaga en las noches  
como una Estrella,  
hiere mortalmente  
con u resplandor rojo  
con sus ojos de fuego.

En sus ojos de fuego  
lleva el amor,  
fulgura en la noche  
su sangre  
el amore que trae en el corazón.

Nocturno insecto,  
mosca portadora de la Muerte  
en una botella verde,  
yo la crío,  
amándola tanto.

Pero ¡eso si!  
¡eso si!  
nadie sabe  
si le doy de beber  
nadie sabe  
si le doy de comer!

### **Carnaval de Tambobamba**

Un río de sangre  
ha arrastrado al joven tambobambinjo.

Él ha muerto.

Sólo su quena está flotando  
sólo su poncho está flotando  
sólo su charango está flotando  
sobre la corriente.

I am nursing a fly  
of wings of gold,  
I am nursing a fly  
of inflamed eyes.

It carries death  
in its eyes of fire,  
it carries death  
on its little hairs of gold,  
on its beautiful wings.

In a bottle of ginger ale  
I nurse it,  
nobody knows  
if it drinks,  
nobody knows  
if it eats.

It roams at night  
like a star,  
it wounds mortally  
with its red splendor,  
with its eyes of fire.

In its eyes of fire  
it carries love  
its blood  
flashes in the night  
the love that it carries in its heart.

Nocturnal insect,  
fly bearer of death  
in a green bottle,  
I nurse it,  
loving it very much.

But there!  
there!  
nobody knows if I give it drink  
nobody knows  
if I give it food!

### **Tambobamba Carnival**

A river of blood  
has dragged down the young man of  
Tambobamba.  
He has dies.

Only his flute is floating,  
only his poncho is floating,  
only his small guitar is floating  
along the current.

Y la jovena que él amaba  
está llorando en las orillas.  
Su idolatrada amante  
llora en las orillas.  
Su adorada está llorando.  
¡Huifalıtay, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!áy, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!

#### Él ya no existe.

Un condor mira desde los cielos, dando vueltas.  
Busca al joven tambobambino.  
No lo encontrará jamás.  
Un río de sangre, el río sangriento lo arrastró, lo envolvió.  
Su adorada, está llorando.  
¡Huifalıtay, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!áy, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!

Sólo su quena está flotando  
sólo su poncho está flotando  
sólo su charango está flotando  
sobre la corriente.  
¡Huifalıtay, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!áy, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!

#### Yunca

¿Adónde vas, padre mío?  
Voy a la gran selva, voy caminando.  
¿A qué vas, quién te lleva?  
Cosecharé la dulce coca, voy solo.  
¡Vuelve pronto, Vuelve pronto!

En la montaña por donde pasas  
una bandera Negra flamea.  
¡Qué corazón, que corasón amargo!

Campanita de Paucardambo  
tócame,  
Yo voy a la gran selva,  
no volveré jamás.

And the girl whom he loved  
is weeping along the banks.  
His idolized sweetheart  
weeps along the banks.  
His adored one is weeping.  
¡Huifalıtay, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!áy, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!

#### Now he does not exist.

A condor watches from the skies, wheeling around,  
he looks for the young man of Tambobamba.  
He will never find him.  
A river of blood, a bloody river  
has dragged him down, enveloped him.  
His adored one is weeping.  
¡Huifalıtay, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!áy, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!

Only his flute is floating,  
only his poncho is floating,  
only his small guitar is floating  
along the current.  
¡Huifalıtay, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!áy, huıfala!  
¡Huıfala!

#### Yunca

Where are you going, my father?  
I am going to the great forest, I am going walking.  
To what place do you go, who calls you?  
I will reap the sweet cocoa, I am going alone.  
Come back soon!

In the mountain by the way you pass  
a black flag is fluttering.  
What a bitter heard, what a bitter heart!

Little bell of Paucartambo,  
toll for me,  
I am going to the great forest,  
I will never return.

places to which they feel connected. As we got to know them better, we noticed that the Shostakovich Spanish songs do exactly what the Cifar and Andean songs do: feature two different musics equally and seamlessly. Add to that, the premiere of Gabriela's Conquest Requiem was paired with Shostakovich's 5th Symphony. It was meant to be.- Andrew Garland

"The Spanish Civil War of 1936-1939 was fought between two major groups, the Republicans who were to the left politically, and the Nationals who were to the right politically. The Nationals were led by the fascist Francisco Franco who was aided by Nazi Germany and fascist Italy while the Republicans were aided by communist Russia. The conflict was a very complex political and military situation but in essence it was a battle of ideologies, Fascist versus Communist. In the end, the Nationals and Franco were victorious, and with that came an exodus of orphans of dead Republican fighters. Among the countries that took in these orphans was communist Russia.

These expatriated Spanish children brought with them the traditional songs and music of their native country, and through one of Shostakovich's friends (who was also a singer) he became acquainted with this music after the friend had recorded a Spanish singer and guitarist as he played the songs on a street corner. The text set to the tunes Shostakovich heard were taken from a volume of Spanish poems translated into Russian. Shostakovich wrote simple and quite conventional arrangements for these tunes to ensure that the tunes themselves would be the main focus." By permission from [Musical Musings](#)

#### Прощай, Гренада

Прощай, Гренада, моя Гренада,  
С тобой навеки мне расстаться надо!  
Прощай, любимый край, очей улада,  
Навек прощай! Ах!  
Будет память о тебе моей  
Единственной отрадой  
Мой любимый, мой родимый край!

Навек мне сердце тоска пронзила,  
Погибло всё, что в жизни было мило,  
Моя любовь ушла во мрак могилы,  
И жизнь ушла! Ах!  
И вокруг мне всё постыло,  
Жить как прежде, нет уж силы  
Там где юность так была светла!  
by Samuil Borisovich Bolotin based on a text  
in Spanish by José Rizal "Mi ultimo adios"

#### Звёздочки

Под кипарисами старыми  
Серебрится прибрежная гладь.  
К милой иду я с гитарою,  
Чтобы песням её обучать.  
Но учить бесплатно мне нет охоты:  
Я беру с неё поцелуй за ноту.  
Странно, что она к утру узнаёт  
Всё, кроме нот!

#### Farewell, Granada

Farewell, Granada, my Granada,  
I must part from you for ever!  
Farewell, beloved land, delight of my eyes,  
Farewell for ever! Ah!  
Memories of you will be  
my only joy  
My beloved, my native land!

Forever my heart will be pierced with sorrow  
All is perished, that to my heart was dear  
My love has gone into the gloom of the grave  
And my life is also gone! Ah!  
And around me all is hateful  
I have not the strength to live as before,  
There, where my youth was so bright!  
English translation © Tom Kennedy

#### Little Stars

Under the ancient cypresses  
The glassy surface of the water shines like silver.

I am going to see my beloved with my guitar,  
so I can teach her songs.  
But I'm not inclined to teach without  
recompense:

## Spanish Songs by Dmitri Shostakovich, Op. 100

It was Jeremy's idea to add the Shostakovich Spanish songs. His first thought was that there was a Spanish language connection and that these were composers writing about faraway

Жаль, что начать снова поздно!  
Жаль, что уже светел воздух!  
Жаль, что и днём не дрожат пугливо  
Над заливом звёзды...

В звёздочках небо бескрайнее,  
Ими знойная полночь полна.  
Милой своей называю я  
Всех бесчисленных звёзд имена.  
Я познавьями дорожу своими  
И беру с неё поцелуй за имя.  
Странно, что урок кажется ей прост -  
- всё, кроме звёзд!

Жаль, что начать снова поздно!  
Жаль, что уже светел воздух!  
Жаль, что и днём не дрожат пугливо  
Над заливом звёзды...  
Tatyana Sergejevna Sikorskaya

### Первая встреча

Ты у ручья воды мне дала когда-то,  
Свежей воды, холодной,  
как снег в ущельях синих гор.  
Ночи темней твой взор,  
в косах аромат лепестков дикой мяты...  
Видишь, опять кружит хоровод,  
Бубен гремит, звенит и поёт.  
Каждый танцор подружку ведёт,  
смотрит на них, любясь, народ.  
Бей, мой бубен бей, греми, будто гром!  
С милою моей мы танцуем вдвоём.  
Лента на тебе небес голубей!  
Бей, мой бубен, бей! Бубен, бей! Бубен  
бей!  
Мне не забыть вовек этой первой встречи,  
Ласковых слов и смуглой руки,  
и блеска чёрных глаз...  
Понял я в этот час,  
что тебя люблю и любить буду вечно!  
by Samuil Borisovich Bolotin based on a  
Spanish folk song

For each note I teach her, I collect a kiss.  
How strange that by morning she learns just  
everything – except notes!  
What a pity it's too late to start over!

What a pity that the morning has already  
come!  
What a pity that the stars don't tremble  
fearfully in the daytime, too.  
Above the bay...  
The sky is filled with endless stars.  
The sultry night is full of them, too.  
To my beloved I list the names  
Of all the countless stars.  
I value my knowledge highly,  
And for each star I name I collect a kiss.  
How strange that the lesson seems so  
simple to her –  
Except for the stars.  
English translation ©Lawrence R. Richter

### First meeting

Once, you gave me water from a stream  
Fresh water, cold  
Like snow in ravines of blue mountains  
You gaze was darker than night  
In your plaits the aroma of wild-mint petals  
See, the round-dance turns once more  
The tambourine roars, rings and sings  
Each dancer comes with his partner  
People watch them admiringly  
Beat, my tambourine, beat, roar like thunder  
My sweetheart and I dance together  
Her ribbon is bluer than the sky  
Beat, my tambourine, beat!  
I will never forget that first meeting  
Your tender words and dusky arms  
And gleaming black eyes  
In that hour I knew  
that I would love you and be loved by you  
forever  
English translation © Tom Kennedy

### Ронда

Шумит хоровод у наших дверей,  
веселья пора настала.

Иди танцевать со мною скорей,  
гвоздики цветочек алый!  
В луной тишине слышен звон ручья...  
дай руку мне, девочка моя,  
Гвоздики цветочек алый!

Улица словно ярки сад.  
Шутки звенят, глаза блещат.  
Ронда кружится и поёт,  
Светится звёздным серебром небосвод,  
Мчатся весёлые пары...  
Это родостный праздник первык цветов,  
Это праздник нашей любви!

Играют в луче луны на окне  
Деревьев миндальных тени...  
Когда же сюда ты выйдешь ко мне,  
Мой нежный цветок весенний?  
Ветку миндаля с дерева сорви,  
Её мне дай в знак твоей любви,  
Мой нежный цветок весенний!

Tatyana Sergejevna Sikorskaya based on a  
Spanish folk song

### Черноокая

Мать дала тебе очи звёзды,  
Нежный цвет твоих смуглых щёк,  
Милая моя!  
С болью в сердце ночью поздней  
Без тебя я брожу, одиноко,  
Милая моя!  
Ах за что я наказан был судьбой?  
Ах, зачем повстречался я с тобой?  
Я умру от любви безумной,  
Если ты не полюбишь меня,  
Милая моя!

Мать дала тебе стан высокий,  
Чёрный блеск непокорных кудрей,  
Милая моя!  
Проклинаю рок жестокий,  
Боль и муки души моей.  
Милая моя!  
О, зачем же тебе сумела мать  
Мне назло красоту такую дать?  
Я умру от любви безумной,

### The Round Dance

Outside our doors are the sounds of the  
round dance.  
The time for merriment has come.  
Come dance with me at once,  
My lovely crimson carnation!  
The rustle of the brook can be heard in the  
moonlit quiet.  
Give me your hand, dear girl,  
My lovely crimson carnation!

The street is like a sun-filled garden.  
Jokes peel out, eyes flash.  
The dancers twirl and sing.  
The whole sky is full of shining stars.  
Young couples rush past...  
This is the joyous festival of the first flowers  
of spring,  
This is the festival of our love!

In the moonlight reflected on the window  
The shadows of the almond trees are  
playing...  
When will you come out here to me,  
My lovely spring blossom?  
Take a branch from the almond tree  
And give it to me as a sign of your love,  
My lovely spring blossom!

English translation ©Lawrence R. Richter

### The Dark-Eyed Girl

Your mother gave you eyes like stars,  
And the lovely shade of your dusky cheeks,  
my darling!  
Late at night, with pain in my heart,  
I roam alone, without you, my darling!

Ah, why have I been punished so by fate?  
Ah, why did I ever start meeting with you?  
I will die of this insane love  
If you don't return my love, my darling!

Your mother gave you an imposing stature,  
And your glistening unruly black curls, my  
darling!  
I curse cruel fate  
For the pain and torments that rack my soul,  
my darling!  
Oh, why, why did your mother, to my great  
woe,  
Give you such beauty?



Если ты не полюбишь меня,  
Милая моя!

Tatyana Sergeevna Sikorskaya based on a  
Spanish folk song

## СОН

Не знаю, что это значит...  
Сон чудесный приснился мне,  
Как будто в лодке рыбацкой  
Я плыву по бурной волне  
Чёлн без вёсел, я их бросил...  
Волны пенятся, злятся и топят мой чёлн,

Но отважно мчусь я среди тёмных,  
Средь огромных волн,  
Оттого, что в рыбацкой этой лодке  
По морской непокорной глубине  
Мчишься ты, моя гордая,  
мчишься вместе со мной  
И меня ты будто тоже любишь!  
О моя голубка! Посмотри же,  
Как несётся в своей лодочке крупной по  
морю  
Бедный парень, что так крепко любит  
тебя!

Unidentified author, based on a Spanish folk  
song

English translation © Lawrence R. Richter

## Dream

I don't know what it means...  
I dreamed in a magical sleep  
I was in a fishing boat  
I cruised on the stormy wave  
My boat has no oars – I threw them away...  
The waves foam angrily – try to sink my  
vessel

But, bravely I speed on through the dark  
through the enormous waves  
Because in this fishing boat  
on the sea's unruly depths  
Speed you also, my proud one,  
Speed together with me  
And it seems as if you love me  
O my dove! Look now  
How towards you in his fragile little boat  
Poor fellow that loves you so strongly!

English translation © Tom Kennedy

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## About Art Song Colorado

Founded in 2015 as “Denver Art Song Project”, Art Song Colorado introduces new audiences to the joy of classical song. **Eapen Leubner** founded the group and created “A Single Step... Songs of Beethoven and Donaudy” with pianist Mallory Bernstein and producer Michael Bevers. The album led to early performances in Denver and the group expanded to perform across the Front Range. Through performance and experimentation, the group polished their concept of innovative performances by Colorado artists including visual art, super-titles and storytelling.

In addition to performing, the group creates art song videos for digital media and art song albums on the DASP Productions label. Their recent albums include “Die schoene Muellerin” for voice and guitar and “Our Last Songs”, the final recording as Denver Art Song Project. In 2020, Art Song Colorado incorporated and began producing albums by other artists including John Seesholtz’ “Marginalized Voices” and now “El Rebelde”, the new album by Andrew Garland and Jeremy Reger.

In the 2021-22 season, Art Song Colorado partnered with the Chamber Orchestra of the Springs (Thomas Wilson, conductor) to produce “Enough: Voices against Abuse” which included musical theater selections that explored various aspects of domestic and intimate partner violence alongside Jake Heggie’s one-act opera, “To Hell and Back.” “Voices of the African Diaspora” introduced audiences in Denver and Colorado Springs to rarely heard vocal/orchestral works by Black composers including H. Leslie Adams, George Walker, Undine Smith Moore, Zenobia Powell Perry and more. The concert video has been featured in OperaWire and the concert received acclaim for the vocal artistry and passionate orchestral performances.

In the 2022-23 season, the group will continue to introduce new audiences to the genre with live performances of “Religious Art Songs and Carols” (Dec. 2022) and “True Women of the West” (March, 2023) featuring the music of Denver composer, Cherise Leiter. These concerts will continue to press the boundaries of traditional recital by incorporating song, video, audio and more.