



**Alberto Williams** (1862-1952) is the most important personality in Argentina's musical life during the first half of the 20th century. Educated in Europe under the tutelage of Cesar Franck, Williams became the father of Argentinian musical nationalism: his piano piece "*El rancho abandonado*" ("The Deserted Farm") written in 1890 became the model imitated by other composers when using folk-derived materials. Williams was very active as an educator and was the founder of the Conservatorio de Buenos Aires (now known as Conservatorio Williams). His most famous student was composer Alberto Ginastera.

The *Sonata for Flute and Piano* was completed in 1905. In three movements, the music is built around a chromatic melodic idea introduced at the opening by the the flute. Its musical language is highly romantic, full of lyrical melodies, unusual modulations and virtuosic instrumental writing. Practically unknwn in this country, the work makes a great addition to the flute repertoire.

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Texts -- translations by Siri Rico

### **Arawís -- Four Quechua Songs**

Anonymous texts --- Music by Eduardo Soto-Millán

#### *I. Jaray Arawi -- Song of Absence*

Does misfortune, my queen, bring us apart? Does adversity, my child, keep us away? If you were a flower, my beautiful one, I would wear you on my temple and carry you in the vase of my heart. But you are a mirage, just like the reflection in the water. You vanish before my eyes... Are you leaving beloved, even though our love has not lasted but a day?

#### *II. Qhashawa -- Dance of nature*

Time will come when we will cheer our leader; we will dance with him under the full moon. We will sing the sweetest song ... Time will come when we will dance with our Inca. In the meantime, my golden dove, do not be afraid of the full moon. Let us meet in the blooming meadow and play under the golden star.

#### *III. Wanka -- Elegy (The Wanka did not require music and was simply spoken.)*

You were like the sheltering tree shade; the road to life, the clear crystal of the cascades. In your branches my heart built its nest, and my happiness in your shade flourished. Is it possible that you are leaving all alone? Won't you open your eyes again? Which way are you going? Will I ever hear a word from your lips again?

#### *IV. Taki -- Song*

You are a beautiful flower, I am a piercing thorn; You are fortune come to life, i am a thought that scatters. You are a virginal dove, I am a hateful fly, you are a moon made of snow, I am a night of sadness. You are a fruit giving tree, I am a decaying tree trunk. You are my sun, I am a night of despair. You are the life of my life, you are the love of my love. A rug at your feet forever, eternally I will be.

## Chansons Typiques Brésilennes

Music by Heitor Villa-Lobos

### I. *Xangó -- Invocation to Xangó*

(Xangó was a deity in the African lore, identified with passion, war, thunder and lightning.)

### II. *Viola Quebrada -- Shattered Guitar*

When the night flower, lashed by the wind, curved downward; I went to meet my beloved maroca. My soul was shaken when, looking over the dark fence, my eyes searched for her face and did not find it.

My guitar moaned, my heart trembled, my guitar shattered, your heart left me ...

My Maroca has decided to abandon me because fado singers never work. This is nonsense! From the flower which smells and shines all night comes later the fruit which tastes so good.

My guitar moaned, my heart trembled, my guitar shattered, your heart left me ...

Because of her I am a fellow very capable of working and weeding all day, I have no weeds because my soul has been plowed and cultivated by the sickle of the light of your eyes.

My guitar moaned, my heart trembled, my guitar shattered, your heart left me ...

### III. *Canção do Marinheiro -- Song of the sailor (in the style popular during the 16th century)*

A maiden in love intoned a love song, and she said to herself: "how fortunate I would be if my lover could hear how I hear this song."

Three maidens sang of love, they were shivering shepherdesses who suffered the pains of love. One said of the others: "my friends, join me in singing my lover's song"

### IV. *Nhapôpe -- Ancient Folk Melody*

One night in the yard, when the moon seemed to penetrate the ground; I overheard someone telling the story of how Nhapôpe, when sensing that his wing was wounded, went to search for life in the warmth of a heart.

You are my Nhapôpe! I am your lover. Have faith in me.

### V. *Lundú da Marquiza de Santos -- Homage to the Marquise de Santos*

My beloved one, all around me is darkness and sadness. My soul lives in sorrow since the day you left and can no longer stand this terrible punishment. I have been dying since you left. My dear Titilia, what a terrible punishment!

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