

Gyre Music presents SummerSundays
at the Hillsborough Center Congregational Church
August 16, 2009, 2:00pm

Frank Wallace and Friends

Nancy Knowles, *mezzo soprano*; August Watters, *mandolin*;
Michael Dillon, *guitar*; Tim Dowling, *guitar*; Frank Wallace, *guitar*

Tim Dowling, guitar

Sonata K. 377

Choros #1

Domenico Scarlatti (1685 – 1757)

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887 – 1959)

Michael Dillon, guitar

On the Sol, in Mi

He Flees

Perro

Frank Wallace, b. 1952

Michael Dillon

Frank Wallace, guitar

Song, from *Speak Love*

Preludes 1, 3, 4

Frank Wallace

poem by Henriette de Saussure Blanding, 1911

Heitor Villa-Lobos

Duo LiveOak, Nancy Knowles and Frank Wallace

Mi Jardín de Calla

El Canto

San Juan

El Viaje Definitivo

Frank Wallace, poem by Nancy Knowles

Frank Wallace, poem by Jaime Goded

Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)

Ernesto Cordero, b. 1947, poem by Juan Ramón Jiménez

intermission

August Watters, mandolin

Sonata for Two Mandolins & Bass

Allegro

Sarabande in Dm

Valse

Deer Tracks

Emmanuele Barbella (1718-1777)

solo arrangement by AW

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Silvio Raneiri (1882-1956)

John Goodin, Arr. AW

Frank Wallace, guitar

Sonata No.1 "Las Campanas"

Diálogos, Criollos

Canción

Son

Ernesto García de León, b. 1952

SONG TEXTS

MI JARDIN DE CALLA

(My Garden of Calm)
Spanish poem and translation
by Nancy Knowles
A través de
cuantos siglos
cuantas amenazas
miles de corredores
corregidores
salas e iglesias
cuartos vacíos
donde transcurre el aire
los gritos ya lejanos:
mi jardín de calla.

*Across
how many centuries
how many threats
thousands of corridors
magistrates
halls and churches
empty rooms
where runs the air
the cries now from afar:
my garden of calm.*

SAN JUAN

anonymous, 16th century
Translation by Nancy Knowles
Que no cogeré verbena
en la mañana de San Juan
pues mis amores se van.
Que no cogeré claveles
madreselva ni miraveles,
si no penas tan crueles
más jamás se cogerán,
pues mis amores se van.

*I will not go out early
on the morning of San Juan
because my love is going away.
I will not gather carnations,
honeysuckle nor miravels
if you aren't in cruel pain
and I will never gather them
because my love is leaving.*

EL CANTO (The Song)

by Jaime Goded
Translation by Nancy Knowles
Ocurre la forma del azul
con la mirada
que marca el paso
del crepúsculo
y pretende proseguir y se detiene;
las manos y su fuerza musical
aprietan
escuchando de la boca
el parpadeo.
Inicia el canto.
Empieza la musica.
El dibujo es la poesía dispuesta
y la escultura organiza la danza.
Inicia el canto
que no acaba.

*The shape of blue emerges
with the glance
that marks the approach
of dawn
and it pretends to follow
but it holds back;
its hands
and its musical strength
holding
listening to the mouth's
fluttering.
The singing begins.
The music commences.
Drawing is poetry willing
and sculpture
organizes the dance.
The song begins
that never ends.*

EL VIAJE DEFINITIVO

(The Definitive Journey)
from *Poemas Agrestes* (1910-1911)
by Juan Ramón Jiménez
Translation by Nancy Knowles
Y yo me iré. Y se quedarán los pájaros
cantando;
y se quedará mi huerto, con su verde árbol,
y con su pozo blanco.
Todas las tardes, el cielo será azul y
plácido;
y tocarán, como esta tarde están tocando,
las campanas del campanario.
Se morirán aquellos que me amaron;
y el pueblo se hará nuevo cada año;
y en el rincón aquel de mi huerto florido y
encalado.
mi espíritu errará, nostálgico...
Y yo me iré; y estaré solo, sin hogar,
sin árbol verde, sin pozo blanco,
sin cielo azul y plácido...
Y se quedarán los pájaros cantando.

*...and I will leave. And the birds will keep on
singing,
and my garden will still be here, with its
green tree
and with its white well.
Every afternoon, the sky will be blue and
calm;
and they will ring, just as this afternoon they
are ringing,
the bells of the belltower.
Those who loved me, will die.
and the village will renew itself each year,
and in that corner of my blooming and
whitewashed garden
my spirit will wander, nostalgic...
And I will leave, and I will be alone, without
a home,
without a green tree, without a white well...
without a blue and peaceful sky...
And the birds will still be singing.*