

LINCOLN CENTER PRESENTS



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STARS

ROLANDO VILLAZÓN AND XAVIER DE MAISTRE'S SERENATA LATINA

**PRESENTED IN COLLABORATION
WITH THE METROPOLITAN OPERA**

DECEMBER 18 at 7:30 PM

ALICE TULLY HALL

PROGRAM

Alberto GINASTERA

Zamba

Triste

Arrorro

Chacarera

Carlos GUASTAVINO

Bailecito (Harp solo)

Carlos GUASTAVINO

Violetas

Se equivocó la paloma

La rosa y el sauce

Manuel DE FALLA

Spanish Dance (La Vida Breve) (Harp solo)

Eduardo SANCHEZ DE FUENTES

Deseo

Yvette SOUVIRON

Al banco solitario

Luis Antonio CALVO

Gitana

INTERMISSION

Antonio ESTÉVEZ

Arrunango

Ariel RAMIREZ/ Felix LUNA

Alfonsina y el mar

Alberto NEPOMUCENO

Coração triste

From CUSCO, Peru (Anonymous transc. for harp: Grandjany, Marcel

Georges Lucien)

Spanish Dance (Harp solo)

Silvio RODRIGUEZ

En estos días

Julian AGUIRRE

Caminito

Zequinha de ABREU

Tico-Tico no Fubá (Harp solo)

Mexican Folksong

La Llorona

Rubén FUENTES GASSON

La Bikina

ALBERTO GINASTERA		
5 canciones populares argentinas op. 10	5 Argentinian Folk Songs	
3. Zamba	3. Zamba★	
Hasta las piedras del cerro Y las arenas del mar Me dicen que no te quiera Y no te puedo olvidar. Si el corazón me ha robado El tuyo me lo has de dar El que lleva cosa ajena Con lo suyo ha de pagar. ¡Ay!	Even the stones on the hillside And the grains of sand in the sea Tell me not to fall in love with you But I can't forget you. Since you've stolen my heart You have to give me yours: Those who take what isn't theirs Have to return it in kind. Ah!	
2. Triste	2. Triste★	
¡Ah! Debajo de un limón verde Donde el agua no corría Entregué mi corazón A quien no lo merecía. ¡Ah! Triste es el día sin sol Triste es la noche sin luna Pero más triste es querer Sin esperanza ninguna. ¡Ah!	Ah! Underneath a lime tree, Where the stream ran dry, I gave my heart away To one who didn't deserve it. Ah! Sad is the day with no sun, Sad is the night with no moon, But it's sadder still to love With no hope at all. Ah!	
1. Chacarera	1. Chacarera★	
A mí me gustan las ñatas Y una ñata me ha tocado Ñato será el casamiento Y más ñato el resultado. Cuando canto chacareras Me dan ganas de llorar Porque se me representa Catamarca y Tucumán.	I like snub-nosed girls And I've found the perfect one for me. We'll have a snub-nosed wedding And even more snub-nosed babies. Whenever I sing chacareras They make me want to cry Because they take me back to Catamarca and Tucumán.	
★ The Zamba, Triste and Chacarera are Argentinian folk genres		

CARLOS GUASTAVINO		
Violetas	Violets	
Leves, mojadas, melodiosas, Su oscura luz morada insinuándose Tal perla vegetal tras verdes valvas, Son un grito de marzo, un sortilegio De alas nacientes por el aire tibio.	Delicate, dew-clad, dulcet, Their dark purple light glimpsed Like a botanical pearl amid green sepals, They are a cry of March, a magic spell Of wings unfurling in the warm air.	
Frágiles, fieles, sonríen quedamente Con muda excitación, tal la sonrisa Que brota desde un fresco labio humano. Mas su forma graciosa nunca engaña: Nada prometen que después traicionen.	Fragile, faithful, they smile gently With silent excitement, like the smile That hovers on youthful human lips. But their allure is never deceptive: They make no promises that they then fail to keep.	
Al marchar victoriosas a la muerte Sostienen un instante, ellas tan frágiles, El tiempo entre sus pétalos. Así su instante alcanza, Norma para lo efímero que es bello, A ser vivo embeleso en la memoria.	As they march, victorious, towards death, These flowers, so fragile, briefly suspend Time within their petals. Thus their moment comes – Normal for that ephemeral thing that is beauty – To be a living enchantment in our memory.	

CARLOS GUASTAVINO		
La rosa y el sauce	The Rose and the Willow	
La rosa se iba abriendo abrazada al sauce, ¡El árbol apasionado la amaba tanto! Pero una niña coqueta se la ha robado Y el sauce desconsolado la está llorando. ¡Ah!	Wrapped around the willow, the rose came into bloom. The passionate tree loved it so much! But a pretty young girl stole it for herself. And the heartbroken willow weeps for its loss. Ah!	

EDUARDO SÁNCHEZ DE FUENTES		
Deseo	Desire	
Tierra del sol donde nació mi dulce amor. Oye el cantar que al viento da mi eterno afán. ¡Quién pudiera ser brisa sutil! Para besarla mil veces y mil luego dichoso morir!	Sunlit land where my sweet love was born, Hear the song that gives my eternal love to the wind. If only I could be that gentle breeze! To kiss her a thousand times and a thousand more. And then die happy!	

YVETTE SOUVIRON		
ESP	Al banco solitario del parque En que por vez primera, Yo te besé en la boca, A la luz del alba Anoche regresé a soñar. Soñé que te besaba Tus ojos y tu boca Una vez, otra vez y otra Hasta que tú viniste a mí, Diciéndome: Te quiero. The Lonely Bench Last night I dreamt again Of the lonely park bench Where I kissed your lips For the first time In the early morning light. I dreamt that I was kissing Your eyes and your lips Once, then again and again Until you came to me, Saying: I love you.	EN
LUIS ANTONIO CALVO		
ESP	Gitana Al través de la reja de tu ventana Dirijo a ti mis quejas, bella gitana. Despierta, pues, señora, tal es mi empeño, El ser que por ti llora trunca tu sueño. Para decirte cosas que tú no sabes; Para obsequiarte rosas puras y suaves; Nacidas estas flores en campo yermo, Ellas son los amores de un pobre enfermo. Que sueña con tus ojos abrasadores Y con tus labios rojos torturadores. Pero sigue soñando, gitana hermosa, Mientras estás soñando, duerme, reposa. Gypsy Girl Pretty gypsy girl, the sad song I sing Drifts through the bars on your window. Wake up, my lady, such is my intention, One who weeps for you is interrupting your dreams. To tell you things you don't know; To offer you pure, velvety roses; Flowers that grew on a wasteland, They represent the love of a poor tormented man, One who dreams of your blazing eyes And the red lips that torture him. Keep dreaming, pretty gypsy girl, And as you dream, sleep peacefully.	EN
ANTONIO ESTÉVEZ		
ESP	Arrunango Arrunango, arrunango... Así dice la madre cantando. La palabra de música tiene un sabor indígena De guarura, de agua de jagüey y de pájaro. El niño es un ovillo de lana candorosa; La canción es la rueca que lo hila en la noche. Arrunango, arrunango... Que mi niño se duerme; Sigiloso en la sombra viene a tientas el sueño. Arrunango, arrunango... Arrunango Arrunango, arrunango... Thus sings the mother. The music word possesses an indigenous taste Of snails, of pond water and of birds. The child is a ball of candid wool; The song is the spinning wheel that spins it at night. Arrunango, arrunango... My child is falling asleep; Dreams are stealthily Coming from the shadows. Arrunango, arrunango...	EN

ARIEL RAMÍREZ / FELIX LUNA	
ESP	Alfonsina y el mar Por la blanda arena que lame el mar Su pequeña huella no vuelve más Un sendero solo de pena y silencio llegó Hasta el agua profunda. Un sendero solo de penas mudas llegó Hasta la espuma. Sabe Dios qué angustia te acompañó Qué dolores viejos calló tu voz Para recostarte arrullada en el canto De las caracolas marinas La canción que canta en el fondo oscuro del mar. La caracola. Te vas Alfonsina con tu soledad ¿Qué poemas nuevos fuiste a buscar? Una voz antigua de viento y de sal Te requiebra el alma y te está llevando Y te vas hacia allá como en sueños Dormida, Alfonsina vestida de mar. Cinco sirenitas te llevarán Por caminos de algas y de coral Y fosforescentes caballos marinos harán Una ronda a tu lado Y los habitantes del agua van a jugar Pronto a tu lado. Bájame la lámpara un poco más Déjame que duerma nodriza, en paz Y si llama él no le digas que estoy Dile que Alfonsina no vuelve Y si llama él no le digas nunca que estoy Di que me he ido.
EN	
Alfonsina and the Sea	
Her small footprints lead only one way Across the smooth, sea-washed sand, Tracing a lonely path of pain and silence That ended where it met the deep water, A lonely path of unspoken pain That ended in the foamy waves. God alone knows what anguish went with you, What ancient sorrows your voice never expressed, Leading you to lie down and be lulled by the song Of the conch shells, The song the conch shell sings in the sea's Deep, dark waters. You're leaving, Alfonsina, with your loneliness, In search of what new poems? An age-old voice of wind and salt Brings peace to your soul and bears it away, Taking you to the hereafter as if in a dream, Alfonsina, asleep and cloaked in the waves. Five little mermaids will lead the way Along paths of seaweed and coral And shimmering seahorses will Stand guard beside you. And all the sea's creatures will rush To play by your side. Lower the lamp a little, nurse, Leave me to sleep in peace. And if he calls, don't tell him I'm here, Tell him Alfonsina isn't coming back. And if he calls, don't ever tell him I'm here, Tell him I've gone away	
ALBERTO NEPOMUCENO	
POR	Coração triste No arvoredado sussurra o vendaval do outono, Deita as folhas à terra, onde não há florir, E eu contemplo sem pena esse triste abandono; Só eu as vi nascer, vejo-as só eu cair. Como a escura montanha, esguia e pavorosa Faz, quando o sol descamba, o vale enoitecer Esta montanha da alma, a tristeza amorosa Também de ignota sombra enche todo o meu ser. Transforma o frio inverno a água em pedra dura, Mas torna a pedra em água um raio de verão; Vem, ó sol, vem, assume o trono teu na altura, Vê se podes fundir o meu triste coração.
EN	
Grieving Heart	
The autumn wind whispers in the woodland, Making the leaves fall to the ground where nothing blooms, And without sorrow I watch them sadly drifting; I alone saw them come into bud, I alone see them fall. Just as the dark mountain, lean and grim, Fills the valley with shadow when the sun sets, This mountain of the soul, the sadness of love, Fills my whole being with an unknown darkness. The wintry cold turns water into hard stone, But a ray of summer turns that stone back into water; Come, o sun, come, take your throne in the heavens, And see if you can melt my grieving heart.	

SILVIO RODRÍGUEZ		
ESP	En estos días todo el viento del mundo sopla en tu dirección La osa mayor corrige la punta de su cola Y te corona con la estrella que guía la mía Los mares se han torcido con no poco dolor hacia tus costas La lluvia dibuja en tu cabeza la sed de millones de árboles Las flores te maldicen muriendo celosas En estos días no sale el sol sino tu rostro Y en el silencio sordo del tiempo gritan tus ojos ¡Ay! de estos días terribles ¡Ay! de lo indescriptible En estos días no hay absolución posible para el hombre Para el feroz la fiera que ruge y canta ciega Ese animal remoto que devora y devora primaveras	EN
These days every wind in the world blows in your direction, The Great Bear straightens the tip of its tail And crowns you with the star that guides my own. The seas have painfully twisted themselves towards your shores, In your head the rain depicts the thirst of millions of trees, The flowers curse you, dying of jealousy. These days it's your face that rises in place of the sun And in the dull silence of time your eyes cry out Ah, about these terrible days, Ah, about things words cannot describe. These days there's no possible absolution for mankind, For the monster, the wild beast that blindly sings and roars, That far-off animal that devours spring after spring.		
JULIÁN AGUIRRE		
ESP	Caminito, caminito, Tan parecido a mi pena Cual si lo hubieran escrito Mis lágrimas en la arena. Mísero pía en los cardos Un pajarillo invernall El frío eriza sus dardos Como un cardo de cristal. Y el caminito persiste En la llanura serena Caminito largo y triste Tan parecido a mi pena.	EN
Little path, little path, So much like my sorrow, As if my tears had etched you Upon the sandy ground. A little winter bird Chirrupssadly in the thistles, The cold makes its feathers stand on end Like a thistle made of glass. And the little path runs on Into the peaceful grassland, Little path, so long and sad, So much like my sorrow.		
MEXICAN FOLK SONG		
ESP	La Llorona Salías de un templo un día Llorona Cuando al pasar yo te vi. Hermoso huipil llevabas Llorona Que la virgen te creí. Ay, de mi Llorona, Llorona, Llorona de un campo lirio, El que no sabe de amores Llorona No sabe lo que es martirio. No sé que tienen las flores Llorona Las flores de un camposanto, Que cuando las mueve el viento Llorona Parece que está llorando. Ay de mi Llorona, Llorona, Llorona llévame al río. Tápame con tu rebozo Llorona Porque me muero de frío. ¡Ay!	EN
La Llorona* I saw you leaving church one day, Llorona*, As I went by. You were wearing a pretty dress, Llorona, And I mistook you for the Virgin. Alas, Llorona, Llorona, Llorona of a field of lilies, Anyone who knows nothing of love, Llorona, Knows nothing of pain. I don't know what's wrong with the flowers, Llorona, The flowers that grow in the graveyard, But when they move in the wind, Llorona, It looks as if they're weeping. Alas, Llorona, Llorona, Llorona, take me down to the river, Wrap me in your shawl, Llorona, For I'm dying of cold. Ah!		
* La Llorona = The Wailing Woman		

La Bikina

Solitaria camina la Bikina

La gente se pone a murmurar

Dicen que tiene una pena

Dicen que tiene una pena que la
hace llorar.

Altanera, preciosa y orgullosa,

No permite la quieran consolar

Pasa luciendo su real majestad

Pasa, camina, los mira sin verlos
jamás.

La Bikina tiene pena y dolor

La Bikina no conoce el amor.

Dicen que alguien ya vino y se fue

Dicen que pasa las noches llorando
por él.

La Bikina✱

The girl in the bikini walks alone.

People start whispering about her:

They say she has a hidden sadness,

A sadness that makes her weep.

Indifferent, beautiful and proud,

She won't let anyone comfort her,

She walks by with gleaming majesty,

She goes on her way, looks at people
but never sees them.

She has a hidden sadness and grief,

She knows nothing of love.

They say some man came and went
again,

They say she spends her nights
weeping for him.

✱ La Bikina = a fanciful name for a girl
in a bikini

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