
TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 8:15 P.M.

DON QUICHOTTE À DULCINÉE

Three poems of Paul Morand

1. CHANSON ROMANESQUE

*Si vous me disiez que la terre
à tant tourner vous offensa,
je lui dépêcherais Pança:
vous la verriez fixe et se taire.*

*Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
déchirant les divins cadastres,
je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.*

*Si vous me disiez que l'espace
ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
chevalier dieu, la lance au poing,
j'étoilerais le vent qui passe.*

*Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
je blêmirais dessous le blâme
et je mourrais, vous bénissant.*

O Dulcinée

2. CHANSON EPIQUE

*Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
de voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
pour lui complaire et la défendre,
bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
de la Madone au bleu mantel.*

*D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
et son égale en pureté
et son égale en piété
comme en pudeur et chasteté:
ma Dame.*

*(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
l'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
ma douce Dame si pareille
à vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.*

DON QUIXIOTE TO DULCINEA

1. ROMANESQUE SONG

Were you to tell me that the earth
offended you with so much turning,
speedily would I dispatch Panza:
You should see it motionless and silent.

Were you to tell me that you are weary
of the sky too much adorned with stars,
destroying the divine order,
with one blow I would sweep them from the night.

Were you to tell me that space
thus made empty does not please you,
godlike Knight, lance in hand,
I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But were you to tell me that my blood
belongs more to myself than to you, my lady,
I would pale beneath the reproach
and I would die, blessing you.

O Dulcinea.

2. EPIC SONG

Good Saint Michael who gives me liberty
to see my Lady and to hear her,
good Saint Michael who deigns to elect me
to please her and to defend her,
good Saint Michael, I pray you descend
with Saint George upon the altar
of the Madonna of the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven bless my sword
and its equal in purity
and its equal in piety
as in modesty and chastity:
my Lady.

(O great Saint George and Saint Michael)
the angel who watches over my vigil,
my gentle Lady so much resembling
you, Madonna of the blue mantle!
Amen.

over...

3. CHANSON A BOIRE

*Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux,
dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
mettent en deuil mon coeur, mon âme!*

*Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
où je vais droit...
lorsque j'ai bu! Ah! Ah!*

*Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment
d'être toujours ce pâle amant
qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!*

*Je bois à la joie!
La joie est le seul but
où je vais droit...
lorsque j'ai bu! Ah! Ah!*

3. DRINKING SONG

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,
who, to shame me in your sweet eyes,
says that love and old wine
will bring misery to my heart, my soul!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I go straight...
when I am drunk! Ah! Ah!

A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired mistress,
who whines, who seeps and vows
ever to be this pallid lover
who waters the wine of his intoxication!

I drink to joy!
Joy is the one aim
to which I straight...
when I am drunk!! Ah! Ah!

VANCOUVER CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL

Wednesday, July 28, 1993

BIOGRAPHY

HUGO GUZMAN

Guitar

Hugo Guzman, a native of Santiago, Chile, is a versatile virtuoso on Latin American stringed instruments which include the Spanish guitar, Bolivian charango, Venezuelan cuatro, Columbian tiple; in addition, he is a skilled percussionist. Relocating to Vancouver in 1987, he became the founding member and musical director of the group "Ancient Cultures", and in 1991, in collaboration with percussionist Salvador Ferreras, created the sensational group "Sumalao". Hugo Guzman has worked extensively for CBC radio and television in both the areas of performance and programming. He has composed, arranged and performed the background and theme music for the "Studio 92" production of Pablo Neruda, arranged and performed music for Sesame Street on CBC television, and with "Sumalao" arranged and performed the Andean version of the "Disc Drive" theme on Jurgen Gothe's CBC stereo program. In addition, he has conceived and produced a nationally-aired world music program series "Out of this World" hosted by Salvador Ferreras.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 8:15 P.M.

IL TRAMONTO

Italian text by R. Ascoli translated from the original English poem of Percy B. Shelley

*Già v'ebbe un uomo, nel cui tenue spirto
(Qual luce e vento in delicata nube
Che ardente ciel di mezzogiorno stempri)
La morte e il genio contendeano.
Oh! quanta tenera gioia, che gli fè il respiro
Venir meno (così dell'aura estiva l'ansia talvolta)
Quando la sua dama, che allor solo conobbe
L'abbandono pieno e il concorde palpitar di due
creature che s'amano,
E gli addusse pei sentieri d'un campo,
Ad oriente da una foresta biancheggiante embrato
Ed a ponente scoperto al cielo!
Ora è sommerso il sole; ma linee d'oro
Pendon sovra le cineree nubi,
Sul verde piano, sui tremanti fiori,
Sui grigi globi dell'antico smirnio,
Ei neri boschi avvolgono,
Del vespro mescolandosi alle ombre.
Lenta sorga ad oriente l'infocata luna
Trai folti rami delle piante cupe:
Brillan sul capo languide le stelle.*

*E il giovine sussura: "Non è strano?
Lo mai non vide il sorgere del sole, o Isabella.
Domani a contemplarlo verremo insieme."
Il giovin e la dama giacquer tra il sonno
E il dolce amor congiunti ne la notte:
Al mattin gelido e morto ella trovò l'amante
Oh! nessun creda che, vibrando tal colpo, fu il
Signore misericorde.*

*Non morì la dama, nè folle diventò:
Anno per anno visse ancora. Ma io penso
Che la queta sua pazienza, ei trepidi serisi,
E il non morir ma vivere a custodia
Del vecchio padre (se è follia
Dal mondo dissimigliare) fossero follia.
Era, null'altro che a vederla, comme leggere un
Canto de ingegnoso bardo intessuto a piegar
Gelidi cuori in un dolor pensoso.
Neri gli occhi ma non fulgidi più;
Consumate quasi le ciglia dalle lagrime;
Le labbra e le gote parevan cose morte tanto
eran bianche;*

*Ed esili le mani e per le erranti vene
E le giunture rossa del giorno trasparia
La luce. La nuda tomba, che il tuo fral racchiude,
Cui notte e giorno un'ombra tormentata abita.
E quanto di te resta, o cara creatura perduta!
"Ho tal retaggio, che la terra no dà:
Calma e silenzio, senza peccato e senza passione.
Sia che i morti ritrovino (non mai il sonno!)
Ma il riposo, imperturbati quali appaion,
O vivano, o d'amore nel mar profondo scendano,
Oh! che il moi epitaffio, che il tuo sia – Pace."
Questo dalle sue labbra l'unico lamento.*

THE SUNSET

There late was One within whose subtle being
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and Death contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
When with the Lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being.

He walked along the pathway of a field
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight lay,
On the brown mossy woods: and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.

"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
Tomorrow; thou shalt look on it with me."
That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep – but when the morning came
The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave that stroke.

The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on – in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan;
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead – so pale;

Her hands were thin, and thro' their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!
"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unreprieved,
Whether the dead find, oh not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were – Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever made!