

SONUS INTERNATIONAL
MUSIC FESTIVAL

LONGING FOR HOME
Añoranzas de mi Tierra

In the footsteps of Pueblito, mi pueblo
Trazando la historia de Pueblito, mi pueblo

110 Years with Guastavino



1912 – April 5 – 2022

7:00 PM (New York) / 8:00 PM (Buenos Aires)



Longing for Home

PUEBLITO, MI PUEBLO

In the Footsteps of Pueblito, mi pueblo

Trazando la historia de Pueblito, mi pueblo

Maryland 2021

Gustavo Ahualli, *baritone*

José M. Cueto, *violin* . Jennifer Rende, *viola* . Nancy Roldán, *piano*

Colorado 2022

Poem by Francisco Silva . Read by Gabriella Cavallero, *actor*

Buenos Aires 1947

Clara Oyuela, *soprano* . Carlos Guastavino, *piano*

Historic recording courtesy of Mauricio de Lima

Buenos Aires 1941 - 2022

The source of inspiration - San José del Rincón.

A conversation with Dr. Silvina Luz Mansilla, *Musicologist*

Colorado 2022

LA TARDE EN RINCÓN

Alejandro Cremaschi, *piano*

Buenos Aires 2022

Pueblito travels the world

Dr. Silvina Luz Mansilla



Brazil 2022

Tracing the journey of Guastavino's songs

A Conversation with Prof. Cléber Mauricio de Lima

Beijing, China 1956

Han Dezhang, *tenor*, singing in Mandarin

Note: Guastavino mailed the shown program to his family while touring in China. The handwriting in Spanish is his.

Without a compass, without a home. Sin rumbo, sin hogar

SE EQUIVOCÓ LA PALOMA

The Dove was Mistaken

Poem by Rafael Alberti

Beijing, China 1956

Luo Tianchan, *mezzosoprano*, singing in Mandarin

Bern, Switzerland 2021

Guillermo Anzorena, *baritone* . **Fernando Viani**, *piano*

Córdoba, Argentina 2014

PUEBLITO, MI PUEBLO

Solange Merdinian, *mezzosoprano*

Coro de Niños del Instituto Domingo Zípoli

Milagros Brünner, *conductor*

New Docta Festival Chamber Ensemble

Teatro del Libertador, Córdoba, Argentina

Germany 2021

Ceibo, Ceibo Zuiñandí . From *Flores Argentinas*

Poem by León Benarós

Guillermo Anzorena . **Fernando Viani**





SONUS is eternally grateful for the continuous support and dedication of artists, scholars, students, and music lovers around the world who make our programs possible.

We couldn't do it without you.

Sonus agradece de todo corazón la colaboración de artistas, estudiantes, amantes de la música de Carlos Guastavino, y expertos, los cuales no dudan en compartir su arte desde distintos lugares del mundo. Juntos hacemos de un sueño, realidad.

GRACIAS

To the artists and presenters. A los artistas y conferenciantes

CREDITS

Video Production and Editing

Alejandro Cremaschi

Artistic Direction

Nancy Roldán

Interviews

Dr. Silvina Luz Mansilla, Director of Doctoral Studies
at the University of Buenos Aires and U. Católica Argentina &
Cléber Mauricio de Lima, Professor Federal U. of Rondônia, Arts Department, Brazil
and Doctoral Candidate at UBA

Editing/Translations

Susana Cavallero, Nancy Roldán

Graphic Design/Voice Over

Gabriella Cavallero

Website

Alberto Cavallero

Programs from Buenos Aires 1947 and China 1956

Cléber Mauricio de Lima

Chinese Translation

Boheng Wang

OCTOBER 15, 2022, at 6:30 PM

SONUS GOES TO WASHINGTON

**Celebrating the Winners of the Carlos Guastavino International
Composition Competition 2021**

Presented by The Latin American Center for Graduate Studies , Gustavo Ahualli , Director
in collaboration with Sonus International Music Festival.

Rome School for Drama, Music, and Art at Catholic University of America

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

Pueblito, mi pueblo

Francisco Silva

Pueblito, mi pueblo.
Extraño tus tardes.
Querido pueblito
no puedo olvidarte.

¡Cuánta nostalgia ceñida
tengo en el alma esta tarde!
¡Ay! si pudiera otra vez,
bajo tus sauces soñar,
viendo las nubes que pasan.

¡Ah! y cuando el sol ya se va,
sentir la brisa al pasar
fragante por los azahares.

Pueblito, mi pueblo.
Extraño tus tardes.
Querido pueblito,
no puedo olvidarte.

Se Equivocó la Paloma **Rafael Alberti**

Se equivocó la paloma,
Se equivocaba.
Por ir al norte fue al sur
Creyó que el trigo era agua,
Se equivocaba.

Creyó que el mar era el cielo
Que la noche la mañana
Se equivocaba, se equivocaba.

Que las estrellas eran rocío
Que la calor, la nevada
Se equivocaba, se equivocaba.

Que tu falda era tu blusa
Que tu corazón su casa
Se equivocaba, se equivocaba.
Ella se durmió en la orilla
Tu en la cumbre de una rama.
Se equivocaba, se equivocaba.

Little town, my town

Little town, my town
I miss your sunsets.
Beloved town,
I cannot forget you.

Such deep nostalgia
fills my soul this afternoon!
Oh! If I could once again
dream under your willow trees,
watching the clouds passing by.

Ah! And when the sun sets,
feel the breeze passing through,
fragrant with orange blossoms.

Little town, my town
I miss your sunsets.
Beloved town,
I cannot forget you.



The Dove Was Mistaken

The dove made a mistake,
She was mistaken.
Instead of North she went South,
She thought the wheat was the water
She was mistaken.

She thought the sea was the sky,
That the night was the morning.
She was mistaken, she was mistaken.

That the stars were the dew
The heat, the falling snow
She was mistaken, she was mistaken.

That your skirt was your blouse
That your heart was her home
She was mistaken. she was mistaken.
She fell asleep by the sea
You, at the tip of a tree-branch.
She was mistaken, she was mistaken.

