

# UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

## The Philadelphia String Quartet

Veda Reynolds, *violin*      Alan Iglitzin, *viola*  
Irwin Eisenberg, *violin*      Charles Brennand, *cello*

Quartet in residence at the University of Washington

with

Elizabeth Suderburg, *Soprano*

Friday, November 1, 1974

Meany Theater, 8:00 P.M.

THE COMPLETE QUARTETS OF  
ALBERTO GINASTERA (1916- )

Tape No. 1-7472 PROGRAM

21:00 Quartet No. 1, Op. 20 (1954) CH 10-10-74.  
*Allegro violento ed agitato*  
*Vivacissimo*  
*Calmo e poetico*  
*Allegramente rustico*

26:30 Quartet No. 3, Op. 40 (1973) CH 11-17-74.  
with soprano voice  
*Contemplativo* (poem by Juan Ramón Jiménez)  
*Fantastico*  
*Amoroso* (poem by Federico Garcia Lorca)  
*Drammatico* (poem by Rafael Alberti)  
*Di Nuovo Contemplativo* (poem by J.R. Jiménez)

Tape No. 2-7473 INTERMISSION

27:17 Quartet No. 2 (1959) CH 11-10-74.  
*Allegro rustico*  
*Adagio angoscioso*  
*Presto magico*  
*Liberamente e rapsodico*  
*Furioso*

POEMS FROM THE THIRD QUARTET  
OF ALBERTO GINASTERA

*First Movement - Contemplativo*

"La Música" by Juan Ramón Jiménez

En la noche tranquila,  
eres el agua, melodía pura,  
que tienes frescas - como nardos  
en un vaso insondable - las estrellas.

De pronto, surtidor  
de un pecho que se parte,  
el chorro apasionado rompe  
la sombra - como una mujer  
que abriera los balcones sollozando,  
desnuda, a las estrellas, con afán  
de un morirse sin causa,  
que fuera loca vida inmensa.

¡El pecho de la música!  
¡Cómo vence la sombra monstruosa!

¡El pecho de la música!  
¡Redoma de pureza mágica; sonora,  
grata lágrima; bella luna negra  
-todo, como agua eterna entre  
la sombra humana;  
luz secreta por márgenes de luto-;  
con un misterio  
que nos parece ¡ay! de amor!

¡La música;  
-mujer desnuda,  
corriendo loca por la noche pura!-

In the tranquil night,  
You are the rain, pure melody,  
Keeping the stars alive-  
Like lilies in a fathomless vase.

Suddenly, like the flowing  
from a heart that breaks,  
the passionate outburst  
shatters the darkness -  
like a woman who might sobbingly  
open the balcony wide to the stars  
in her nakedness, with eagerness to  
die without a reason,  
which might be but a mad abundant life.

The strength of music!  
How it vanquishes the  
monstrous darkness!

The strength of music!  
Vial of magic purity; sonorous,  
grateful weeping; lovely blackmoon  
-all, like rain eternal within  
human darkness;  
secret light among margins  
of mourning-;  
with mystery  
which seems, Oh, to be love!

Music;  
-woman unclad,  
crazily running through the  
spotless night!-

*Third Movement - Amoroso*

"Canción de Belisa" by Federico García Lorca

Amor, amor.

Entre mis muslos cerrados,  
nada como un pez el sol.  
Agus tibia entre los juncos,  
amor.

¡Gallo que se va la noche!  
¡Que no se vaya, no!

Love, love

Between my secret thighs  
the sun swims like a fish.  
Calid water through the rushes,  
Love.

Cock crow and the night is fleeing!  
Do not let it go, Oh no!

*Fourth Movement - Drammatico*

"Morir al Sol" by Rafael Alberti

Yace el soldado. El bosque  
baja a llorar por él cada mañana.

Yace el soldado. Vino  
a preguntar por él un arroyuelo.

Morir al sol, morir,  
viéndolo arriba,  
cortado el resplandor  
en los cristales rotos  
de una ventana sola,  
temeroso su marco  
de encuadrar una frente  
abatida, unos ojos  
espantados, un grito...

Morir, morir, morir,  
bello morir cayendo  
el cuerpo en tierra, como  
un durazno ya dulce,  
maduro, necesario...

Yace el soldado. Un perro  
solo ladra por él furiosamente.

The soldier lies supine. The woods  
come down to weep for him each  
morning's dawn.

The soldier lies supine. A little  
brook came down to ask for him.

To die under the sun, to die  
seeing it above,  
its splendor broken  
through the shattered panes  
of a single window  
whose sill is fearful  
of framing a sorrow-stricken  
brow, eyes full of dread, a cry...

To die, to die, to die,  
beautiful dying, the body  
falling to earth,  
like a fully ripe peach,  
sweet, needed...

The soldier lies supine. Only a dog  
barks furiously for him.

*Fifth Movement - Di nuovo contemplativo*

"Ocaso" by Juan Ramón Jiménez

¡Oh, qué sonido de oro que se va,  
de oro que ya se va a la eternidad;  
qué triste nuestro oído, de escuchar  
ese oro que se van a la eternidad,  
este silencio que se va a quedar  
sin su oro que se va a la eternidad!

Oh what a sound of gold will now remain,  
of gold that's going to eternity;  
how sad is our listening as we strain  
to hear the gold that goes to eternity,  
this silence that is going to remain  
without its gold that goes to eternity!

*English translations by Eloise Roach,  
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