



2 March 1978
8:15 p.m.

Caruth Auditorium
Owen Arts Center, SMU

Ritmo Hondo (1952)

Carlos Surinach

Kevin Good, trumpet
Sandra Powell, clarinet
Douglas Howard, percussion

Poema da crianca e sua mamã (1923)

Heitor Villa-Lobos

- I. Bulerias
- II. Saeta
- III. Garrotin

Linda Anderson Baer, soprano
Harvey Boatright, flute

Ross Powell, clarinet
Marion Davies, 'cello

Pampeana no. 2 para violoncello
y piano (1950)

Alberto Ginastera

Marion Davies, 'cello
Jo Boatright, piano

intermission

Poems from "Neue Gidichter" (1971)

Robert Rodriguez

- I. Die Laute
- II. Opfer
- III. Der Schwan
- IV. Das Karussel

Linda Anderson Baer, soprano
Jo Boatright, piano

Aires Sobre un Tema del Siglo XVII (1965)

Eduardo Mata

- I. Variacion
- II. Tres Morillas

David Vornholt, flute Phillip Sargeant, oboe
Karen Dahlman, flute Ronald Neal, viola
Mitta Hybel, viola Marion Davies, 'cello
Janet Friedlander, bassoon Clifford Spohr, bass
Linda Anderson Baer, soprano
Harvey Boatright, conductor

Robert Rodriguez, Four Poems (Rainer Maria Rilke)

Die Laute (The Lute)

I am the lute. If you wish to write of my body with its voluptuous
stripes, you must speak as of a ripe, full fig.
Exaggerate the darkness that you see in me—it was Tullia's darkness.
In her shame was not so much, and her gleaming hair was like a
brightened hall.
At times she took some sound reflected from me in her face
and sang it back to me.
Then I grew taut against her frailty, and at last my being was in her.

Opfer (Offering)

How fragrantly my body blooms from every vein since the time we met.
See how I walk, more straight and tall. Calmly you wait—
Who are you then?
Know that I feel that I have left far behind, leaf by leaf, my old life.
Only your smile now like a bright star remains over you, and
soon over me.
Everything that was nameless and glistening like water through
my childhood years
I will christen after you before the altar which is enflamed by
your hair and crowned lightly by your breasts.

Der Schwan (The Swan)

This misery, through which the yet incomplete still must pass,—
as if bound and heavily bourdened—is like the ungainly walk of the
swan.
And death, where we know no more these grounds upon which we daily stand,
is like his anxious descent into the water,
where he is softly received in a happy wake of waves which now so easily
flow together, wave by wave, behind him; while he, infinitely silent,
self-possessed, and ever more mature, is pleased to move on serenely, in
his own majestic way.

Das Karussell (The Merry-Go-Round)

With a sheltering and shading top the train of painted horses spins
for a while in this bright land that lingers before it perishes.
To be sure, many are hitched to the wagon, but all have courage
in their mein. A wicked, red lion journeys with them.
And now and then a big, white elephant.
Even a stag travels with them, just as in the forest,
Only here he wears a saddle where a little girl in blue, upright, is buckled tight.
And on the lion blankly rides a little boy, who grasps with his
wet little hand, as the lion bares his teeth, and his tongue.
And now and then a big, white elephant.
And on the horses swiftly passing by are beaming girls
who have outgrown this play;
In the middle of their flight they let their eyes glance here and there
and near and far away.
And now and then a big, white elephant.
And all this hurries toward the end so fast, without goal,
always the same.
A flash of red, of green, of grey, passes by; and then a scarcely
begun little profile.
And often a brilliant, happy smile vanishes into a blur
in this blind and breathless game.