



DUO FABULAE



TICKETS



POPULAR SONG & DANCE

CONCERT | MUSIC FROM SPAIN AND LATIN AMERICA
JUNE 1 2024 | 14:00H | OCTOBER GALLERY | LONDON



DUO FABULAE

Our name is Duo Fabulae and we are a London-based viola and piano ensemble. As a duo, we started out in 2020 as a result of the pandemic and launched an online concert series at the “home of Little Dorrit” in Rotherhithe, the Sands Films Studio. Our first concert was composed of song arrangements, which have remained very much at the heart of what we do. Following our studies at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, where we first met, we received funding to work on the Frank Bridge Cello Sonata with filmmaker, Radu Rojas. Our playing has been described as “romantic and kind of private”, which are probably some of the most beautiful words that can be said about the repertoire for viola and piano.

As individual professional musicians, we are prize-winners and perform with prestigious ensembles in the UK and internationally, including the Jubilee String Quartet, United Strings of Europe and the Oxford Philharmonic Orchestra. As a duo, we have won first prizes in competitions from Poland, Switzerland and USA and made appearances on Spain’s and Germany’s National Radios.

INTRODUCTION

Popular Song & Dance

This concert takes inspiration from our Spanish roots and the vibrant music of Argentina and brings together our love for chamber music, literature and art.

It was during the Romantic Period that the song-cycle became a popular musical format. Schubertiades were special events put on by Franz Schubert where small crowds would gather in private salons to hear his new creations. Among these, there were many performances of beautiful songs that were connected not only musically but also through their poetry, creating entire stories about love, longing or loss, told only by a singer and a pianist under gleaming candle light.

It is this magical feeling that we would like to capture with the programme we will offer for you today. Although all the songs belong to different composers, coming from different regions of Spain and Argentina, we have tried to find a narrative that would tie them together. That is why we have divided this programme in two parts. In a battle between day and night, in the first part we hear the sun creep in but then night wins. In the second part, we start from a deep sleep and then the sun gradually gathers its warmth and energy, which is finally transformed into a grand tango.

- PART 1 -

ASTURIANA

Manuel de Falla

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Anonymous poem.

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Translation by Duo Fabulae.

LA MAJA DOLOROSA

Enrique Granados

De aquel majo amante
que fué mi gloria
guardo anhelante
dichosa memoria.
El me adoraba
vehemente y fiel.
Yo mi vida entera
di a él.
Y otras mil diera
si él quisiera,
que en hondos amores
martirios son las flores.

Y al recordar mi majo amado
van resurgiendo ensueños
de un tiempo pasado.

Ni en el Mentidero
ni en la Florida
majo más majo
paseó en la vida.
Bajo el chambergo
sus ojos ví
con toda el alma
puestos en mí
que a quien miraban
enamoraban,
pues no hallé en el mundo
mirar más profundo.

Y al recordar mi majo amado
van resurgiendo ensueños
de un tiempo pasado.

Of that nice lover
who once was my glory
I keep with longing
such fervent memory.
He adored me
eagerly and faithfully.
My entire life
did I give him.
And thousand woud I give
if he wished it,
for in deep loves
martyrdoms are flowers.

And when recalling my nice beloved
slowly daydreams emerge
of a distant past.

Nor in Mentidero
nor in Florida
a nicer man
has ever taken a walk.
Under his slouch hat
I saw his eyes
with all his soul
fixed upon me
and made in love
who they were looking to,
for I did not find in this world
a more profound gaze.

And when recalling my nice beloved
slowly daydreams emerge
of a distant past.

Poem by Fernando Periquet.

Translation by Duo Fabulae.

SE EQUIVOCÓ LA PALOMA

Carlos Guastavino

Se equivocó la paloma,
Se equivocaba.
Por ir al norte fue al sur,
Creyó que el trigo era agua.
Se equivocaba.
Creyó el mar era el cielo,
Que la noche la mañana.
Se equivocaba.
Que las estrellas eran rocío,
Que la calor era nevada.
Se equivocaba.
Que tu falda era tu blusa,
Que tu corazón su casa.
Se equivocaba.
(Ella se durmió en la orilla.
Tú en la cumbre de una rama)

The dove was mistaken,
She was mistaken.
By going north she went south,
Believed that wheat was water.
She was mistaken.
She believed the sea was the sky,
That the night was the morning.
She was mistaken.
That the stars were dew,
That the heat was nevada
She was mistaken.
That your skirt was your blouse,
That your heart was her house.
She was mistaken.
(She fell asleep on the shore.
You on the top of a branch)

Poem by Rafael Alberti.

Translation by Duo Fabulae.

PAÑO MORUNO

Manuel de Falla

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.

To the fine cloth, in the shop,
a stain fell upon it.

Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

It is sold for a lower price,
because it lost its value.
Alas!

Poem by Gregorio Martínez Sierra.

Translation by Duo Fabulae.

AMOR TARDÍO

Matilde Salvador

Amor que llegas tarde,
tráeme al menos la paz:
Amor de atardecer,
¿por qué extraviado
camino llegas a mi soledad?

Amor que me has buscado sin buscarte,
no sé qué vale más:
la palabra que vas a decirme
o la que yo no digo ya...

Amor... ¿No sientes frío? Soy la luna:
Tengo la muerte blanca y la verdad
lejana... -No me des tus rosas frescas;
soy grave para rosas. Dame el mar...

Amor que llegas tarde, no me viste
ayer cuando cantaba en el tragal...
Amor de mi silencio y mi cansancio,
hoy no me hagas llorar.

Love that gets to me so late,
bring me at least peace:
Sunset love,
through which stray
path do you reach my loneliness?

Love that have searched for me without
looking for you,
I don't know what's worth more:
that word you are going say to me
or the one I no longer say...

Love... Don't you feel cold? I am the
moon: I have white death and the truth
distant... -Don't give me your fresh
roses; I'm serious about roses. Give me
the sea...

Love, that gets to me so late, you didn't
see me yesterday as I was singing in the
wheat field...
Love of my silence and my tiredness,
Don't make me cry today.

CANCIÓN A LA LUNA LUNANCA

Alberto Ginastera

Al corral del horizonte
Va entrando la nocecita
Está tan aquerenciada
Porque entra todos los días.

Así estoy aquerenciado,
en el corral de tus brazos
y en el fuego de tus ojos
estoy como encandilado.

Noche de luna lunanca,
Noche de cielo estrellado,
Las horas tienen perfume
Y son los besos más largos.

Ha aparecido la luna
Sobre el gran claro del cielo
Abarcando todo el campo,
Como un perfume un
pañuelo.

Así apareció una moza
En el tropel de mis días,
Ella para mí es la luna
Que abarca toda mi vida.

Into the corral of the horizon
Little night is entering
It's so fond of coming
Because it enters every day.

That's how I'm fond of being,
in the corral of your arms
and in the fire of your eyes
I am as if dazzled.

Night of the moon,
Night of starry sky,
Hours are fragrant
And kisses longer.

The moon has appeared
Over the great clearing of the sky
Covering the whole field,
Like a perfume covers a
handkerchief.

That's how a girl appeared
In the rush of my days,
She for me is the moon
That encompasses my whole life.

Poem by Fernán Silva Valdés.

Translation by Duo Fabulae.

TRISTE

Alberto Ginastera

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!

Poem by Fernán Silva Valdés.

Ah!
Under a green lemon tree
Where the water did not flow
I gave my heart
To one who did not deserve it.

Ah!
Sad is the day without sun
Sad is the night without moon
But sadder is to love
Without any hope.
Ah!

Translation by Duo Fabulae..



- PART 2 -

NANA
Manuel de Falla

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

Sleep, child, sleep,
sleep, my soul,
sleep, little star
of the morning.
Little lullaby,
sleep, little star
of the morning.

Anonymous poem.

Translation by Duo Fabulae..

PUNTO DE HABANERA

Xavier Monsalvatge

La niña criolla pasa con su
miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!
¡Hola! Crespón de tu espuma;
¡Marineros, contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas
que le hacen su piel mulata;
Niña no te quejes,
tan solo por esta tarde.
Quisiera mandar al agua que
no se escape de pronto
de la cárcel de tu falda.
Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde
rumor de abrirse de dalia.
Niña no te quejes,
tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocado.
Tu cintura vibra fina
con la nobleza de un látigo,
toda tu piel huele alegre
a limonal y naranjo.
Los marineros te miran
y se te quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa con su
miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!

The Creole girl goes by in
her white hoop skirt.
How white!
Hello! Crepe of your foam;
Sailors, behold her!
She is soaked with moons
that make her skin mulatto.
Girl, do not complain,
only for afternoon.
I wish to command water
not to suddenly escape
the prison of your skirt.
Your body encloses this afternoon
the whisper of a dahlia opening.
Girl, do not complain,
your fruit-like body is
asleep in fresh brocade.
Your waist quivers finely
with the nobility of a whip,
all your skin smells happily
of lemon grove and orange tree.
Sailors look at you
and keep gazing.
The Creole girl goes by in her
white hoop skirt.
How white!

PAMPAMAPA

Carlos Guastavino

Yo no soy de estos pagos pero es lo mismo He robado la magia de los caminos.	I am not from these parts, but it's the same I have stolen the magic of the roads.
Esta cruz que me mata, me da la vida Una copla me sangra que canta herida.	This cross that kills me, gives me life A couplet bleeds from me that sings wounded.
No me pidas que deje mis pensamientos No encontrarás la forma de atar al viento.	Do not ask me to leave my thoughts You will not find a way to tie the wind.
Si mi nombre te duele, échalo al agua No quiero que tu boca se ponga amarga, Se ponga amarga.	If my name hurts you, throw it to the water I don't want your mouth to turn bitter, to turn bitter.
A la huella, mi tierra, tan trasnochada. Yo te daré mis sueños, dame tu calma.	To the track, my land, so spent. I will give you my dreams, give me your calm.
Como el pájaro antiguo conozco el rastro, Sé cuando el trigo es verde, cuando hay que amarlo.	Like the ancient bird, I know the trail, I know when the wheat is green, when to love it.
Por eso es que, mi vida, no te confundas, El agua que yo busco es más profunda.	That's why, my life, don't be confused, The water I seek is deeper.
Para que fueras cierto te alcé en un canto, Ahora te dejo solo, me voy llorando.	To make you real, I lifted you in a song, Now I leave you alone, I go crying.
Pero nunca, mi cielo, de pena muero Junto a la luz del día nazco de nuevo, Nazco de nuevo.	But never, my heaven, do I die of sorrow Next to the light of day I am born again, I am born again.
A la huella, mi tierra, tan trasnochada. Yo te daré mis sueños, dame tu calma.	To the track, my land, so spent. I will give you my dreams, give me your calm.

EL MIRAR DE LA MAJA

Enrique Granados

¿Por qué es en mis ojos
tan hondo el mirar
que a fin de cortar
desdenes y enojos
los suelo entornar?
¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán
que si acaso con calor
los clavo en mi amor
sonrojo me dan?

Por eso el chispero
a quien mi alma dí
al verse ante mí
me tira el sombrero
y dícame así:
“Mi Maja, no me mires más
que tus ojos rayos son
y ardiendo en pasión
la muerte me dan.”

Poem by Fernando Periquet.

Why is the gaze
so deep in my eyes
that to cut short
disdain and anger
I tend to half-close them?
What fire do they carry within
that if I happen to fix them
with warmth on my love
they make me blush?

That's why the spark-maker
to whom I gave my soul
when he sees himself before me
throws his hat
and says to me:
“My Maja, don't look at me anymore
for your eyes are like rays
and burning with passion
they give me death.”

Translation by Duo Fabulae.

