WATER NIGHT for S.A.T.B. Chorus, a cappella

Original Spanish text by Octavio Paz Translation by Muriel Rukeyser

Music by Eric Whitacre



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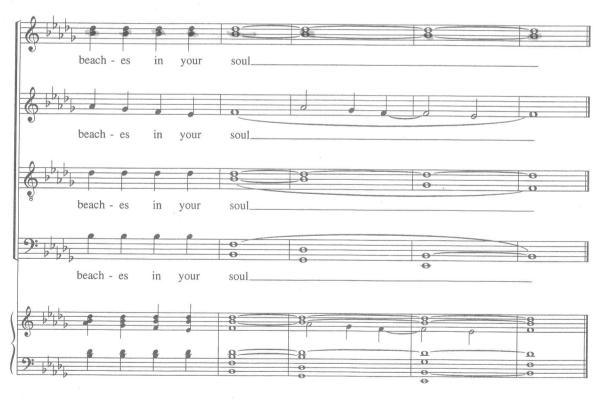












PROGRAM NOTES

The poetry of Octavio Paz is a composer's dream. The music seems to set itself (without the usual struggle that invariably accompanies this task) and the process feels more like cleaning the oils from an ancient canvas to reveal the hidden music than composing. Water Night was no exception, and the tight harmonies and patient unfolding seemed to pour from the poetry from the first reading, singing its magic even after the English translation. Water Night is simply the natural musical expression of this beautiful poem, and is dedicated with my greatest sincerity to my friend and confidant Dr. Bruce Mayhall.

GENERAL PERFORMANCE NOTE

In all three or four-part women's or men's divisi sections, there should be a division of voices resulting in a balanced sound.

ABOUT THE COMPOSER

Born in 1970, Eric Whitacre is an accomplished composer, conductor, and clinician, and has received performances of his choral and instrumental works throughout the United States, Canada and Japan.

AGUA NOCTURNA

Le noche de ojos de caballo que tiemblan en la noche, la noche de ojos de agua en el campo dormido, está en tus ojos de caballo que tiembla, está en tus ojos de agua secreta.

Ojos de agua de sombra, ojos de agua de pozo, ojos de agua de sueño.

El silencio y la soledad, como dos pequeños animales a quienes guía la luna, behen en esos ojos, behen en esas aguas.

Si abres los ojos, se abre la noche de puertas de musgo, se abre el reino secreto del agua que mana del centro de la noche.

Y si los cierras, un ríote inuda por dentro, avanza, te hare oscura: la noche moja riberas en tu alma

Octavio Paz (adapted by Eric Whitacre)

WATER NIGHT

Night with the eyes of a horse that trembles in the night, night with eyes of water in the field asleep is in your eyes, a horse that trembles, is in your eyes of secret water.

Eyes of shadow-water, eyes of well-water, eyes of dream-water.

Silence and solitude, two little animals moon-led, drink in your eyes, drink in those waters.

If you open your eyes, night opens, doors of musk, the secret kingdom of the water opens flowing from the center of night.

And if you close your eyes, a river fills you from within, flows forward, darkens you: night brings its wetness to beaches in your soul.

(translation: Muriel Rukeyser)

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