

SENIOR RECITAL

Valentina Peláez, *soprano*

Aidan Wahlmann, *piano*

also assisting:

Richard Tijerino, *violin*

Justin Kinchen, *violin*

Ana-Sofia Canchola, *viola*

Sam Tripp, *cello*

Alvaro Bermudez, *guitar*

Luz Angela Jimenez, *tiple*

Program Notes

CANTATA: *Preis der Tonkunst* (Praise of
Harmony)

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)
Newburgh Hamilton
(1691–1761)

George Frideric Handel was a German composer who later obtained English citizenship, widely recognized for his orchestral works and oratorios, particularly *Messiah*, which remains a staple of Easter and Christmas performances. While he pioneered the English oratorio, he also composed numerous operas, primarily with Italian librettos, and contributed to nearly every musical genre of his time. One of his key collaborators in English was Newburgh Hamilton (1691–1761), an Irish writer and librettist. Though little is known about Hamilton's life, he was a close friend of Handel and briefly attended Trinity College, Dublin, before leaving without obtaining a degree. He provided Handel with librettos for *Alexander's Feast* (1736), *Samson* (1743), and *The Occasional Oratorio* (1746), playing a crucial role in Handel's transition to English-language music.

In 1736, at Hamilton's suggestion, Handel composed *Alexander's Feast*, a grand choral work based on John Dryden's ode celebrating music's power to shape emotions and actions. Premiering at Covent Garden on February 19, 1736, the work was too short for a full evening's entertainment. To expand the program, Handel added concertos and additional vocal settings from Hamilton's *The Power of Music* (1720), including *Preis der Tonkunst*, originally an accompanied recitative and aria for tenor. Though Handel later removed this interpolation, it remained in circulation as an independent cantata, exemplifying his ability to adapt and repurpose his work.

O blick' herab, harmonische Heilge du,
wie wir, im Preisgesang dich feiern hier,

Look down, harmonious Saint,
whilst we do celebrate thy art and thee!

uns deiner Kunst in Andacht weihn,
des Himmels Teil in unserm Sein.

Tonkunst, in Wunderkraft bewährt!
Sie stillt den Gram
und stimmt zur Lust, die Liebe zeugt
und Wut zerstört und hebt und beugt
die starrste Brust.

Dein Wohllaut schmückt des Dichters Sang,
der Saiten bebend Spiel;
melodisch ist dein Weg und Gang,
und Harmonie dein Ziel.

Sie rührt das Ohr, entzückt das Herz,
zwingt jede Leidenschaft nach ihrer Lust,
sie beut uns Trost, sie bannt den Schmerz,
und herrscht mit Zauberkraft.

of Musick's force the wonders show,
the most of Heav'n we here can know.

Music! That all persuading art,
Which soothes our griefs,
Inspires our joys, soft love creates,
Stern rage destroys, and moulds at
Will each stabborn heart.

Sweet accents all your numbers grace,
touch every trembling string;
each note in justest order place
of Harmony we'll sing.

It charms the soul, delights the ear,
to it all passions bow,
it gives us hope, it conquers fear,
and rules we know not how.

CHANTS D'Auvergne (Series III) by Joseph Canteloube

Lo fiolairé
Lou Boussu
Brezairola
Malurous qu'o uno fenno
Passo pel prat

We can readily believe that the true Auvergnat literature is entirely oral: it belongs to the plowmen at break of day, to the shepherds in the twilight of the evening as they sing in the open air, deep in the country.

- Henri Doniol, *Les patois de la Basse Auvergne*

Marie-Joseph Canteloube de Malaret (1879–1957) was a French composer best known for his dedication to preserving and elevating the folk music of rural France. Born in Annonay, near Lyon, he developed an early appreciation for the traditional songs of the Auvergne region during walks with his father through its mountain villages. While trained in Paris under Vincent d'Indy, Canteloube was heavily influenced by the impressionistic harmonies of Debussy and Ravel. Though he composed operas and orchestral works, his most enduring contribution to music is his *Chants d'Auvergne*, a collection of folk songs that he meticulously transcribed and set to lush, evocative orchestrations, capturing the natural beauty and pastoral charm of the region.

The *Chants d'Auvergne* were published in five volumes between 1924 and 1953, reflecting Canteloube's deep admiration for the musical traditions of the Auvergne countryside. Rather than using a simple accompaniment to support these folk melodies, he gave the piano—and later

the orchestra—an expressive role; crafting vivid soundscapes that evoke the natural beauty and pastoral life of the region. These settings, though stylized, preserve the essence of the original songs, many of which he transcribed directly from shepherds and villagers. Notably, while Auvergne is a province of France, its traditional language, Auvergnat, is not a dialect of French but rather a variant of Occitan, language derived from Vulgar Latin, the administrative tongue of the Roman Empire. This linguistic heritage adds another layer of historical and cultural depth to Canteloube's work, as the *Chants d'Auvergne* serve not only as musical expressions of the region but also as a preservation of its linguistic identity.

Lo Fiolairé (The Spinner)

Joseph Canteloube
(1879–1957)

Playful and flirtatious song depicting a young girl spinning wool while engaging in a teasing exchange with a shepherd. The vocal line dances through the melody with a nimble and lyrical quality, emphasizing the lighthearted nature of the text. The piano accompaniment plays a crucial role in illustrating the spinning motion, using repetitive, swirling figures reminiscent of a spinning wheel, much like Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnrade*. While Schubert's spinning wheel motif serves as a psychological representation of Gretchen's longing, Canteloube's piano line remains grounded in folk tradition, evoking the steady, rhythmic whir of the distaff in a pastoral setting. The interplay between voice and piano enhances the storytelling, creating a vivid soundscape that merges daily labor with youthful romance.

Ton qu'èrè pitchounèlo,
Gordavè loui moutous.
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

When I was a young girl,
it was my job to tend the sheep.
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

Obio 'no counoulhèto
è n'ai près u postrou.
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

I had a little distaff for spinning wool.
So I got a shepherd.
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

Per fa l'obiroudèto
Mè domound' un poutou.
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

To do the rounding up,
says he, I will have to have a kiss.
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

È ièu soui pas ingrato,
Èn lièt d'un n'in fau dous!
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

And I, not ungrateful,
Instead of one of them I gave him two!
Ti lirou lirou... la la diri tou tou la lara!

A lively and theatrical storytelling piece, “Lou Boussu” paints a humorous yet poignant picture of an unlikely suitor’s unfulfilled love. The vocal line and piano work in tandem to distinguish the narrator’s commentary from the characters’ dialogue, making the drama unfold with a sense of immediacy. The hunchback enters the scene full of hope, his melodic line carrying a touch of tenderness, even romance, as he admires Jeannie beneath the apple tree. The piano, essential in shaping the narrative, subtly shifts in character—light and teasing when Jeannie mockingly responds, then turning sharp and agitated as the hunchback’s excitement collapses into dismay upon hearing her cruel condition for love. His final outburst, refusing to part with his hump, is accentuated by the piano’s empathic presence, underscoring his frustration and resignation. Through this interplay of voice and accompaniment, Canteloube masterfully brings the characters to life, allowing the music to guide the listener through the humor, cruelty, and heartbreak woven into this rustic tale.

Dzanètou tsou’l poumiéirou
 Què sé souloumbravo,
 Què sé souloumbravo si,
 Què sé souloumbravo la,
 Què sé souloumbravo.

Jeannie under the little apple tree
 Was resting in the shade,
 Was resting in the shade here,
 Was resting in the shade there,
 Was resting in the shade.

Oqui possèt un boussu
 Què lo mirolhavo,
 Què lo mirolhavo si,
 Què lo mirolhavo la,
 Què lo mirolhavo.

When along came a hunchback
 Who stood there admiring her,
 Admiring her here,
 Admiring her there,
 Admiring her everywhere

Ah ! Poulido Dzanètou!
 Bous sèrès lo mèouno!
 Bous sèrès lo mèouno si,
 Bous sèrès lo mèouno la,
 Bous sèrès lo mèouno!

Ah! Pretty Jeanie!
 You’ll be my girl!
 You’ll be my girl here,
 You’ll be my girl there,
 You’ll be my girl!

Per qué ieu lo bouostro sio
 Cal coupa lo bosso!
 Cal coupa lo bosso si,
 Cal coupa lo bosso la,
 Cal coupa lo bosso!

Before I’ll ever be yours, says she,
 You’ll have to cut off your hump.
 Cut it off here,
 Cut it off there
 Cut it off everywhere!

Oï ! Pècaïré, Dzanètou!
 Gordorai mo bosso!
 Gordorai mo bosso si,
 Gordorai mo bosso la,
 Gordorai mo bosso!

Ah! Damn it, Jeannie!
 I’ll keep my hump!
 I’ll keep my hump here,
 I’ll keep my hump there,
 I’ll keep my hump!

Brezairola (Lullaby)

Joseph Canteloube

A tender yet emotionally complex lullaby, Brezairola is written in 2/4 time, reinforcing the gentle rocking motion of cradling a child. The vocal line is soft and flowing, with long, legato phrases that mirror the soothing rhythm of a lullaby. The repetition of phrases throughout the piece serves a dual purpose: at first, it conveys the warmth and devotion of a parent lovingly rocking their child to sleep. However, as the song unfolds, the emotional tone subtly shifts—what begins as an act of tenderness evolves into quiet desperation, the weary voice of a parent longing for a moment of rest. The final sigh, “ah...,” carries with it a profound sense of relief, as if capturing the fragile serenity of watching the child finally drift into slumber. Through its simplicity, Brezairola captures the deep, universal emotions of parenthood—love, patience, exhaustion, and ultimate solace.

Soun, soun, bèni, bèni, bèni ;
Soun, soun, bèni, bèni doun !
Soun, soun, bèni, bèni, bèni ;
Soun, soun, bèni, d'èn docon !

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;
Sleep, sleep, come, come on now !
Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;
Sleep, sleep, come, from wherever!

Lou soun, soun bouol pas béni, pècairé !
Lou soun, soun bouol pas béni,
Lou néni s'en bouol pas durmi ! Oh !

The sleep, sleep won't come, my dear !
The sleep, sleep won't come,
The babe won't fall asleep ! Oh !

Soun, soun, bèni, bèni, bèni ;
Soun, soun, bèni, bèni doun,
Lou soun, soun bouol pas bèni.
L'èfontou bouol pas durmi !

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;
Sleep, sleep, come, come on now,
The sleep, sleep won't come.
The child won't fall asleep !

Soun, soun, bèni, bèni, bèni ;
Soun, soun, bèni, o l'èfon ! Oh !

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;
Sleep, sleep, come, for the child ! Oh !

Soun, soun, bèni, bèni, bèni ;
Soun, soun, bèni, bèni doun !

Sleep, sleep, come, come, come ;
Sleep, sleep, come, come on now !

Atso lo qu'es por oqui, pècairé !
Atso lo qu'ès por oqui,
lou néni s'en boulio durmi... Ah !

It is now here, my dear !
It is now here,
the babe is falling asleep... Ah !

Malurous qu'o uno fenno
(Unhappy is he who has a wife)

Joseph Canteloube

More than just a playful satire on marriage, “Malurous qu'o uno fenno” feels like a personal declaration from the perspective of a woman who confidently asserts that she is better off alone.

The vocal line, quick and teasing, carries a tone of amused disbelief at men who complain about either having or lacking a wife, as if mocking their never-ending dissatisfaction. However, the extended piano interlude introduces an introspective moment—one that suggests the woman is navigating her own emotions. Is she beginning to entertain the idea of companionship, questioning her own independence? The piano line, fluid and exploratory, creates a space for this fleeting doubt. But as the voice returns, so does her certainty—exuberant and carefree, she reaffirms her stance: life is far better on her own. Canteloube brilliantly captures this playful push-and-pull between independence and longing, making “Malurous qu’o uno fenno” a piece that is both humorous and deeply human.

Malurous qu'o uno fenno,
 Malurous qué n'o cat !
 Qué n'o cat n'en bou uno,
 Qué n'o uno n'en bou pas !

Unhappy the fellow who has a wife;
 unhappy is he who has none!
 The man who doesn't have a wife wants one;
 the one who does, doesn't!

Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro
 ladèra, ladèri dèra.

Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro
 ladèra, ladèri dèra.

Urouzo lo fenno
 Qu'o l'omé qué li cau !
 Urouz' inquèro maito
 O quèlo qué n'o cat !

Happy the wife
 who has the man that suits her!
 But even happier still is the woman
 who doesn't need a man at all!

Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro
 ladèra, ladèri dèra.

Tradèra, ladèri dèrèro
 ladèra, ladèri dèra.

Passo pel prat (Come Through the Meadow)

Joseph Canteloube

“Passo pel prat” unfolds as an intimate conversation between two lovers planning a secret meeting in nature. The vocal line is fluid yet buoyant, capturing both the anticipation and innocence of young love. Repeated melodic motifs enhance the song’s folk-like charm. The piano serves more than an accompanying role—it evokes the gentle swaying of grass, the whisper of a soft afternoon breeze, and the quiet footsteps of the lovers as they draw near. Beyond setting the scene, the accompaniment adds a dreamy, almost wistful quality, mirroring the tenderness of imagining a future with someone for the first time. As emotions swell beyond what words can express, the song breaks into a carefree la la la refrain—a moment of pure, unfiltered joy that transcends language.

Lo lo lo lo lo...

Passo pel prat, bèloto,
Ièu possorai pel bouos ;
Quon li sèras, pouloto,
M'èseroras sé vouos !

Lo lo lo lo lo....

Nous porlorèn, filhoto,
Nous porlorèn toui dous ;
Qu'os toun omour, drouloto,
Què mé foro hurous !

Lo lo lo lo lo, *etc.*

La, la, la, la, la, la...

Come through the meadow my beautiful girl,
and I shall come through the woods.
When you get there, my darling,
wait for me, if that is what you would like.

La, la, la, la, la, la...

We will talk there, little girl,
we will talk, the two of us.
It is your love, little one,
that will make me happy!

La, la, la, la, la, la...

Monica's Waltz
from *The Medium*

Gian Carlo Menotti
(1911–2007)

Menotti, was a remarkably gifted composer and librettist, having written two operas by the age of 13. Born in Italy and later establishing his career in the United States, he became one of the most successful opera composers of the 20th century, known for works such as *The Consul*, *Amahl* and *The Night Visitors*, and *The Saint of Bleeker Street*. His first international success, *The Medium*, was commissioned by the Alice M. Ditson Fund. Scored for a small chamber ensemble, the opera creates an eerie, morbid atmosphere through its dissonant harmonies and psychological intensity. Deeply committed to both the human voice and audience accessibility, Menotti wrote melodies that were often tonal and memorable while incorporating modern techniques to enhance dramatic expression.

“Monica's Waltz,” one of the most striking arias from *The Medium*, captures a fleeting moment of fantasy and emotional revelation. Toby, a mute boy taken in by Madame Flora, finds solace in playtime with Monica, his only escape from their oppressive home. In this aria, Monica playfully gives Toby a voice, imagining his declarations of love while waltzing around the room. What begins as lighthearted teasing shifts as the music swells, and she gradually realizes the depth of his feelings.

Bravo! And after the theater, supper and dance
Music! Ooom pah pah, oom pah pah...

Up in the sky, someone is playing a trombone and a guitar
Red is your tie, and in your velveteen coat, you hide a star

Monica, Monica, dance the waltz
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz
Follow me, moon and sun
Keep time with me, one two three one

If you're not shy, pin up my hair with your star and buckle my shoe
And when you fly, please hold on tight to my waist
I'm flying with you, oh...

Monica, Monica, dance the waltz
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz
Follow me, moon and sun
Follow me, follow follow me
Follow me, follow follow me

What is the matter, Toby?
What is it you want to tell me?
Kneel down before me
And now tell me

Monica, Monica, can't you see
That my heart is bleeding, bleeding for you?
I loved you Monica all my life
With all my breath, with all my blood
You haunt the mirror of my sleep, you are my night
You are my light and the jailer of my day

How dare you, scoundrel, talk to me like that!
Don't you know who I am?
I'm the queen of Aroundel!
I shall have you put in chains!

You are my princess, you are my queen
And I'm only Toby, one of your slaves
And still I love you and always loved you
With all my breath, with all my blood!
I love your laughter, I love your hair
I love your deep and nocturnal eyes
I love your soft hands, so white and winged
I love the slender branch of your throat

Toby! Don't speak to me like that...
You make my head swim
Monica, Monica, fold me in your satin gown
Monica, Monica, give me your mouth
Monica, Monica, fall in my arms!

Why, Toby. You're not crying, are you?
Toby, I want you to know that you have
The most beautiful voice in the world

Jaime León (1921–2015) was one of the most influential Colombian musicians of the 20th century, leaving a lasting impact as a pianist, conductor, pedagogue, and composer. Born in Cartagena, Colombia, he pursued studies at the Juilliard School, where his early ambitions as a pianist shifted toward conducting under the mentorship of Edgar Schenkman. León's education exposed him to a lineage of musical traditions, tracing back to Clara Schumann and Johannes Brahms through his teacher Carl Friedberg. His career took him across Colombia and the United States, where he navigated both artistic success and socio-political turmoil. His experiences—including witnessing the Bogotazo riots and confronting racial discrimination in the U.S.—shaped his artistic voice, leading him to compose works that reflect both personal and collective struggles. Though he never considered himself a composer first, his art songs, which set the works of Colombian and Ecuadorian poets, have become an essential part of Latin American vocal repertoire, gradually gaining recognition for their lyrical beauty and cultural depth.

El Columpio (The Swing Set)

Jaime León
(1921–2015)
Renán De la Torre
(1945–2005)

Renán De la Torre (1945–2005) was an Ecuadorian poet and professor of literature, widely recognized for his contributions to children's storytelling and poetry. His works, rich in lyrical imagery, often explore themes of innocence, wonder, and spirituality. Jaime León's setting of "El Columpio" beautifully captures the delicate nature of De la Torre's poetry, using text painting in the arpeggiation of the piano to evoke the imagery of the swing swaying and child's soul soaring among silver clouds and golden light.

Vuela pequeñito,
vuela dulce amor,
columpia en el cielo
tu fresco candor.

Fly little one,
fly my sweet love,
swingset in the sky
your fresh innocence.

Vuela pequeñito,
pasta tiernas nubes,
ovejas de plata

Fly little one,
soft porcelain clouds,
silver sheep

en prados azules.

Vuela pequeñito,
cuélgate del sol,
ponle en su pechera
este girasol.

Vuela pequeñito,
deja oír su voz
música en cristales
más cerca de Dios.

in blue meadows.

Fly little one,
hang from the sun,
pin this sunflower
on its chest.

Fly little one,
let them hear your voice
music in crystals
closer to God.

Pequeña, Pequeñita (Little, So Very Little)

Jaime León
Francisco Delgado Santos
(1950)

Francisco Delgado Santos (1950) is an Ecuadorian writer, poet, and editor whose work has profoundly shaped children's literature and literacy initiatives in Ecuador. With over 50 published works spanning poetry, short stories, essays, and plays, he has dedicated his career to fostering imagination and intellectual development in young readers. Beyond his literary contributions, Delgado Santos played a pivotal role in expanding access to books, spearheading the creation of Ecuador's National Library System and serving as Vice Minister of Culture. His work as an educator and editor continues to influence critical thinking and literacy programs, including his collaboration with the World Bank's Reading Strengthening Program. León's setting of his poem "Pequeña, Pequeñita" amplifies the poet's intimate portrayal of a child's world—one filled with wonder, affection, and the small but significant moments of growing up.

Soy todavía pequeña,
pequeña, pequeñita,
pero ya puedo andar
como una señorita
y aunque, de vez en cuando
se enreda mi escaarpín,
corro por la cocina,
la sala y el jardín.

Cuando siento llegar
a papi del trabajo,
no corro si no vuelo
escaleras abajo;

I am still a little,
little, very little girl,
but now I can walk
like a young lady
and even though, sometimes
my shoes get tangled,
I run through the kitchen,
The living room and the garden.

When I hear that papa
has arrived from work,
I don't run I fly
down the stairs;

pero como él es alto
sólo abrazo sus piernas
y secundo mi carita
entre sus manos tiernas.

but because he is tall
I can only hug his knees
and bury my little face
in his soft hands.

Ya pinto en la paredes
como una artista
y me muero de miedo
cuando hablan del dentista,
porque a pesar de todo,
-como mi muñequita-
soy todavía pequeña
pequeña, pequeña.

Now I paint the walls
like an artist
and I die of fear
when anyone speaks of the dentist,
because in spite of it all,
-like my doll-
I am still a little,
little, very little girl.

From Antioquia to the World: Bambuco Selections

Ojos de Yo No Sé Que

La Ruana

Muy Antioqueño

The bambuco is one of Colombia's most defining musical genres, blending Amerindian, European, and African influences into a rhythmically rich and expressive form. Traditionally associated with the central Andean regions, it is characterized by a syncopated triple meter, often combining 3/4 and 6/8 time, creating a polyrhythmic complexity that requires an intuitive musical feel. For this recital, Valentina Pelaez whose parents were born in Medellín, Colombia, sought to honor her ancestral musical heritage by commissioning new arrangements that remain as faithful as possible to the traditional instrumental ensemble while adapting the music for a solo soprano voice in a concert setting. This balance between tradition and artistic refinement highlights the richness of the bambuco while allowing it to be presented in a formal performance space.

Leonardo Tamayo Buitrago is a Colombian pianist, cellist, arranger, and conductor, known for his expertise in traditional and classical music. A graduate of Universidad EAFIT, he has collaborated with prominent musicians and ensembles across Colombia and internationally. His deep understanding of Colombian musical traditions made him the ideal choice to create these arrangements, ensuring that the original essence of the bambuco's instrumentation is preserved while adapting it to the demands of a solo soprano recital. Through his work, Tamayo bridges authenticity and concert artistry, ensuring the bambuco maintains its lyrical and rhythmic integrity in this setting.

Ojos de Yo No Sé Que
(Eyes of “I don’t know what”)

Lucho Vergara
(1943)
Leonardo Tamayo B.
(1984)

Lucho Vergara, a Colombian composer, musician, and luthier, has spent over 60 years shaping Colombian music, composing more than 500 works across genres like bambuco, pasillo, danza, and bolero. A self-taught master of the tiple and guitar, he became a celebrated soloist and juror at El Mono Núñez, helping elevate the tiple to a respected concert instrument. His song “Ojos de Yo No Sé Qué,” is a bambuco composed inspired by the captivating eyes of his eldest daughter, Claudia. The song poetically describes her eyes as more beautiful than the sky, resembling the delicate veil of dawn, and compares them to lanterns in a dark night. Musically, the piece exemplifies the traditional bambuco rhythm, characterized by its syncopated triple time.

Ojos de yo no se que
más grandes que el mismo cielo
igual que el tímido velo que forma el amanecer
llanto que pide ternura
cuando no ha de obedecer.
parece niña tal vez
faroles en noche oscura.

Eyes of “I don’t know what”
Bigger than the very sky
Like the timid veil that forms at dawn,
A cry that asks for tenderness
When it does not obey.
They may seem like a child’s eyes,
Lanterns in the dark night.

El fulgor de tus pupilas
no se por muestra de quien
retazos de mar y cielo
que iluminan tu niñez
ojos de yo no se que
que Dios hizo a su manera
sin pensar que lindo fueran
cuando los empezó a hacer.

The brilliance of your pupils
I don’t know from whom they take their charm
Scraps of sea and sky
That illuminate your youth.
Eyes of “I don’t know what”
That God made in His way,
Without thinking how beautiful they would be
When He began to create them.
Eyes of “I don’t know what”...

Ojos de yo no se que...

La Ruana (The Woolen Cloak)

José Macías
(1912-2003)
Luis Carlos Gonzáles
(1908–1985)
Leonardo Tamayo B.

Luis Carlos González, modernized the bambuco, shifting its themes from rural to urban life, reflecting Pereira’s progressive spirit in the 1940s. His lyrics, first set to music by Enrique

Figuerola, helped redefine the genre during the rise of Colombian radio. José Macías, a composer from Caldas, gained international recognition when Muchacha de Risa Loca won first place at the 1954 International Song Festival in Seville, Spain. Their song “La Ruana”, a staple of the bambuco repertoire, was later performed by Paloma San Basilio at the 1991 “Por fin juntos” concert in Miami alongside Plácido Domingo, as part of a tribute to Latin American music. La Ruana” remains a symbol of Colombian identity and cultural pride.

La capa del viejo hidalgo,
Se rompe para hacer ruana
Y cuatro rayas confunden
El castillo y la cabaña,
Es fundadora de pueblos
Con el tiple y con el hacha,
Y con el perro andariego
Que se tragó las montañas.

Abrigo de macho macho,
Cobija de cuna paisa,
Sombra fiel de mis abuelos
Y tesoro de la patria.
Sabor de pecado dulce
Y dulce calor de faltas
Grita con sus cuatro puntas
El abrazo de la ruana.

Porque tengo noble ancestro
De don quijote y quimbaya,
Hice una ruana antioqueña
De una capa castellana
Por eso cuando sus pliegues
Abrazo y ellos me abrazan,
Siento que mi ruana altiva
Me está abrigando es el alma.

Abrigo de macho macho,
Cobija de cuna paisa,
Sombra fiel de mis abuelos
Y tesoro de la patria.
Sabor de pecado dulce
Y dulce calor de faldas
Grita con sus cuatro puntas
El abrazo de la ruana.

The cloak of the old nobleman
Tears to become a ruana,
And four stripes blur
The castle and the hut.
It is the founder of towns
With the tiple and the axe,
And with the wandering dog
That swallowed the mountains.

Garment of a true man,
Blanket of a Paisa cradle,
Loyal shadow of my grandparents
And treasure of the homeland.
Taste of sweet sin
And sweet warmth of skirts,
It shouts with its four corners
The embrace of the ruana.

Because I have a noble ancestry
Of Don Quixote and Quimbaya,
I made an Antioqueño ruana
From a Castilian cloak.
That is why when I embrace its folds
And they embrace me,
I feel that my proud ruana
Is warming my soul.

Garment of a true man,
Blanket of a Paisa cradle,
Loyal shadow of my grandparents
And treasure of the homeland.
Taste of sweet sin
And sweet warmth of skirts,
It shouts with its four corners
The embrace of the ruana

Muy Antioqueño

Hector Ochoa
(1934)
Leonardo Tamayo B.

Héctor Ochoa Cárdenas, is one of the most celebrated composers of Colombian Andean music, known for his deep connection to Antioquian identity. His compositions, including *Muy Antioqueño*, reflect the cultural pride, nostalgia, and traditions of his homeland. From an early age, he immersed himself in music and string instruments, forming his first ensemble at just 15 years old. His catalog includes many iconic works, with “El Camino de la Vida” recognized as Colombian Song of the 20th Century. His contributions have earned him prestigious honors, including entry into the Latin Songwriters Hall of Fame in 2015.

Regálame tiplecito una melodía,
quiero hacer un bambuco para el recuerdo,
yo le pongo los versos y la armonía
y los dos le pondremos el sentimiento.

Apúrate tiplecito que estoy ansioso
de decirle a mi tierra cuánto la adoro,
vamos pues, viejo amigo, cantemos juntos
y que se oigan tus notas por todo el mundo.

Mi tierra, la que ayer me vió nacer,
tiene olor a aguardiente, a trapiche y café,
la quiero si estoy lejos con más ganas,
como quiero a mi ruana y a mi viejo carriel.

Soy paisa, aventurero y soñador,
tengo finca en el cielo y un negocio en el sol,
mi orgullo es mi ancestro montañero,
para todo soy bueno, y en amores mejor.

Antioquia, de mi patria corazón,
cuando digo tu nombre se estremece mi voz,
por toda tu grandeza y hermosura
ya no hay duda ninguna: antioqueño es mi
Dios!

Give me, little tiple, a melody,
I want to create a bambuco for the memories.
I will write the verses and the harmony,
And together we will add the feeling.

Hurry up, little tiple, I am eager
To tell my land how much I adore it.
Come on, old friend, let's sing together,
And may your notes be heard all over the world.

My land, the one that saw me born yesterday,
Smells of aguardiente, sugar mills, and coffee.
I love it even more when I am far away,
Just like I love my ruana and my old leather bag.

I am Paisa, adventurous and a dreamer,
I have a farm in the sky and a business in the sun.
My pride is my mountaineer ancestry,
I am good at everything, and even better in love.

Antioquia, the heart of my country,
When I say your name, my voice trembles.
For all your greatness and beauty,
There is no doubt: my God is Antioqueño!

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