

Notes

The most demanding and crucial musical challenge of this work is the requisite *ensemble rubati*. For example, climax and conclusion of the work as a whole is the extended, relentless *accelerando* in the third movement.

Crotales: 1. Place only those crotales required for the particular section around the edge of an extra 26" tympanum to be used only for this purpose.

2. *Arco* indicates the sound is to be made by means of a double-bass bow. *Ord.* cancels *Arco*.

3. Unless otherwise indicated (by "*steady pitch*" or by "*non pedale*"), pedal underneath tympanum is to be constantly raised and lowered while crotales are sounding, even -- and especially -- while they are not being stroked or struck but while sound is continuing.

Timpani: 1. Play tremolos where indicated and also where long durations are indicated.

2. Unless otherwise indicated, begin *glissandi* on 3rd 16th note of longer valued note.

3. Do not stop heads during rests. Allow to vibrate sympathetically with other parts.

4. In passages with rapidly changing pitch on same head, accuracy of intonation may be compromised in favor of rhythmic and phrasing considerations.

5. Crotale player may be used as assistant timpanist where necessary.

Tuba: 1. Although the unmuted sound is preferable, a mute may be used when and if considerations of balance so dictate.

Cantares de los Perdis is based on three poems collected by Garcia-Lorca early in this century among Andalusian gypsies.

I

Ay de mí, perdí el camino
en esta triste montaña,
ay de mí, perdí el camino.
Déxame meté'l rebañu,
por Dios, en la to cabaña
Entre la espesa nublina
¡Ay de mí, perdí el camino!
Déxame pasar la noche
en la cabañe contigo.
Perdí el camino
entra la niebla del monte,
¡Ay de mí, perdí el camino!

Ah me, I have lost the way
on this sad mountain.
Ah me, I have lost the way.
Let me bring my sheep,
for God's sake, into your cabin.
In the heavy clouds,
On my, I've lost the way.
Let me pass the night
in the cabin with you.
I lose the way
in the mountain's mist.
Ah me, I have lost the way.

II

Córdoba.
Lejana y sola.
Jaca negra, luna grande,
y aceitunas en mi alforja.
Aunque sepa los caminos
yo nunca llegaré a Córdoba.
Por el llano, por el viento,
jaca negra, luna roja.
La muerte me está mirando
desde las torres de Córdoba.
¡Ay qué camino tan largo!
¡Ay mi jaca valerosa!
¡Ay que la muerte me espera,
antes de llegar a Córdoba?
Córdoba.
Lejanay sola.

Cordoba.
Distant and lonely
The black pony, the big moon,
and olives in my saddlebag.
Even though I know the roads,
I will not get to Cordoba.
Over the plain and through the wind,
black pony, red moon,
death is watching me
from the towers of Cordoba.
Ay, how long the road!
Ay, my valiant pony!
Ay, death awaits me
before I get to Cordoba.
Cordoba.
Distant and lonely.

III

Dentro del vergel moriré,
dentro del rosal matar me han.
Yo me iba, mi madre, las rosas coger,
hallara la muerte dentro del vergel.
Yo me iba, madre, las rosas cortar,
hallara la muerte dentro del rosal.
Dentro del vergel moriré,
dentro del rosal matar me han.

In the garden I will die;
in the rosebushes I will be killed.
I was going, Mother, to pick roses,
to find death in the garden.
I was going, Mother, to cut roses,
to find death in the roses.
In the garden I will die;
In the rosebushes I will be killed.