



ORCHID CLASSICS



PABLO ORTIZ
GALLOS Y HUESOS
NOTKER

**ARS NOVA
COPENHAGEN**
Paul Hillier Conductor



GALLOS Y HUESOS

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30	IX	Cum adhuc iuvenulus (quartet)	1:53
31	X	Quid tu virgo	1:30
32	XI	Organ solo	0:32
33	XII	Clare sanctorum	1:07
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35	XIV	Haec igitur	2:57
36	XV	Organ solo	2:02

Total time			71:36
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GALLOS Y HUESOS

Sopranos Else Torp (solo 3, 9, 17)
Signe Asmussen (solo 15, 19)
Hanna Kappelin
Altos Ellen Marie Brink Christensen
Sine Tofte Hannibal
Baritone Jakob Soelberg (solo 6, 11, 13, 16)
Harp Tine Rehling

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Tenor 1 Miles Lallement (solo 24)
Tomas Medici
Tenor 2 Chris Watson (solo 24, 27)
Christian Damsgaard
Bass 1 Asger Lynge Petersen
Jakob Soelberg
Bass 2 Thomas Kiørbye
Jakob Bloch Jespersen (solo 27, 29)
Organ Christopher Bowers-Broadbent

Conductor Paul Hillier

PABLO ORTIZ

Pablo Ortiz was born in Argentina in 1956. His mother was an amateur pianist, and she instilled in him a deep appreciation for the 19th century romantic canon at an early age. In subsequent years he developed a crazy love for early music and tango, this time on his own. He has lived in the US for the last three decades. Vocal works represent a considerable part of his output, but he has also written orchestral, chamber and electroacoustic music, as well as music for films and music for the theatre. His work has been recognized with commissions from the Guggenheim, Koussevitzky, Gerbode, Fromm and Terezin foundations. In 2008 he received an Academy Award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He is now working on a collection of songs setting Thomas Hardy's poems from the turn of the century, interspersed with appropriately anachronistic tango interludes. His long and fruitful interaction with Paul Hillier could be described, in the words of Jorge Luis Borges, as "one of those 'English' friendships that begin by excluding confidences and very soon dispense with dialogue."

GALLOS Y HUESOS, SERGIO CHEJFEC

The poems that constitute *Gallos y Huesos* are by the Argentinean writer Sergio Chejfec, who was born in Buenos Aires in 1956. From 1990 to 2005 he lived in Venezuela, where he published *Nueva Sociedad*, a journal of politics, culture and the social sciences. He currently lives in New York City and teaches in the Creative Writing programme in Spanish at New York University. He is the author of several novels, essays and a book of poetry. The novels usually feature a slow-paced narration that interweaves a minimal plot with reflection. Memory, political violence, and Jewish-Argentine culture and history are some of the recurring themes in his work. His books have been translated into French, German, Portuguese, and English (the latter published by Open Letter Books).

Gallos y Huesos was published in Buenos Aires in 2003. The poet writes: "The scene that the poems describe is marked by repetition: the meal in solitude, chewing the meat and gnawing the bones, to leave the bones in the sink in the kitchen, and permanent allusions to the physical and moral virtues of fighting roosters, and to the scenery and ambiance of the pits, obviously death. One of the points into which the poems delve is the morphology of the rooster. Do they have a back? What is neck and what is head? The text suggests that it has arms and not wings. The poems are organized as variations on leitmotifs."

And the composer adds: “The almost obsessive, repetitive quality of the poems makes me think of the different shades of grey in a barely lighted kitchen, when one stumbles into it in the middle of the night to drink a glass of water. In the music, areas of increased luminescence marked by the precise attacks of the harp or the high voices alternate with darker, less defined zones. Still, the boundaries between them remain somewhat vague throughout the piece.”

NOTKER

“I came across the texts in *Notker* thanks to Paul Hillier, who showed them to me in 1994. I was fascinated by the clarity with which Notker the Stammerer teaches ways to remember ‘extremely long melodies’, and the candid description that he offers of himself as a ‘toothless man of stammering speech’ when he talks about his own accomplishments. Coming from someone who died in 912, Notker’s comment was unexpectedly modern: I had the feeling that we could have been friends. I chose to set texts from the Prologue to the Sequences (In nomine Domini, incipit liber ymnorum Notkeri), from ‘The Life of Charlemagne’ (especially various kinds of musical references and instructions) and quotations from some of Notker’s own sequences (Virgo plorans, Qui to Virgo & Clare sanctorum). Finally, I wrote some organ solos to frame the vocal sections. The piece was written for and is dedicated to the Theatre of Voices and Paul Hillier.”

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1. GALLOS Y HUESOS

Si cuando cae la noche en la cocina
 Alguien se inclina
 A mirar la pileta, verá
 Que los huesos de gallo
 Son mucho menos blancos.
 El motivo es que no quedan limpios
 Marcados para siempre
 Por la carne
 Turbia que los rodeó
 Mientras el animal estuvo en pie
 O hasta más tarde
 Cuando uno
 Servido o no de instrumentos
 Desgarró la carne
 Y puso el hueso
 Del gallo al descubierto.

Comparados con los de vaca o de cordero
 Los huesos de gallo son aves
 De la oscuridad
 Encubiertas y silentes
 De inmóvil astucia
 Inyectada en los ojos que sostienen
 Un brillo escaso, nebuloso y opaco.
 Al ver los huesos en desorden
 Como un amasijo de restos
 Uno piensa en la voracidad
 La misma ferocidad del gallo
 Mientras sus ojos afilados
 No apartan la mirada
 Y juran algo
 Un destino de descanso
 A ser obedecido
 Cuando alguno de los dos
 Al final cumpla
 La promesa de aniquilación.

1. ROOSTERS AND BONES

If when night falls in the kitchen
 Someone leans over
 To look in the sink, he will see
 That the rooster’s bones
 Are much less white.
 The reason is that they don’t remain clean
 Marked forever
 By the dark
 Meat that surrounded them
 While the animal was walking
 Or until later
 When one
 Supplied or not with instruments
 Ripped the meat
 And left the rooster’s
 Bone out in the open.

Compared with those of a cow or a lamb
 The rooster’s bones are birds
 Of darkness
 Uncovered and silent
 They are of an inert shrewdness
 Injected into eyes that hold
 A limited shine, cloudy and opaque.
 Upon seeing the bones in disorder
 Like a jumble of leftovers
 One thinks of the voracity
 The very ferocity of the rooster
 While its sharpened eyes
 Hold their gaze
 And they swear something
 A destiny of rest
 To be obeyed
 When one of the two
 At last fulfils
 The promise of annihilation.

Cuando alguien con menor
 O superior cansancio vierta
 Los platos en la piletta
 Quedarán las sobras
 Del asado, del cordero
 De las costillas o brazos del gallo
 Que cada noche irradian
 Su lustre opaco
 Y apenas fulgurante
 Un poco desaparejo, porque
 Los huesos de gallo tienden
 A oscurecer entre los blancos
 Y más fuertes de vacas
 Y otros animales inmolados.

Ciertas noches de luz en la ventana
 Se ven latir los huesos
 Tornasolando ajenos
 A la circunstancia
 Como almas
 Animadas apenas por un sueño liviano
 Son los restos dejados
 Desde tiempo atrás en la piletta
 Con desgano, sin atención ni fuerza.

Considerando el tamaño del mundo
 Los gallos serán siempre
 Animales pequeños
 Pero cuando el gallo espera
 Sobre el plato
 Con los huesos ocultos
 Antes de entregar su carne turbia
 Que sabe a presa silvestre
 Que raspa las encías
 Ese animal ha perdido el coraje
 E hizo del tamaño, su rastro
 Una cuestión menor, de vana

When someone less
 Or more weary dumps
 The dishes into the sink
 The leftovers will remain
 Of the roast, of the lamb
 Of the ribs or of the rooster's wings
 Which radiate every night
 Their opaque luster
 And just barely brilliant
 A bit inconsistent, because
 The rooster's bones tend
 To become dark among the white
 And stronger ones of cows
 And other sacrificed animals.

On certain bright nights one can see
 Through the windows the bones beating
 Iridescent alien
 To the circumstance
 Like souls
 Faintly inspired by a fickle dream
 They are the leftovers forgotten
 Some time ago in the sink
 Without appetite, without attention or strength.

Considering the size of the world
 Roosters will always be
 Small animals
 But when the rooster waits
 On the plate
 With its bones hidden
 Before handing over its dark meat
 Which tastes like wild prey
 Which scrapes the gums
 The animal has lost courage
 And it made of its size, its trace
 An inferior question, of vain

Trascendencia, un recuerdo afable
 Que ignora
 Si los hechos ocurrieron
 Antes o después
 De aparecer como recuerdo.

2. GALLOS

Quien ha visto la espalda
 Triangular del gallo
 Y el cuello prolongado
 Que se convierte en pecho
 No imagina sus huesos
 Mezclados y en reposo
 A lo largo de años
 A la espera de la luz
 Que por la noche los distinga
 De los otros congregados
 En la piletta
 De vaca o de cordero

3. HUESOS

Quien cada día
 Ha comido su alimento
 Y apartado los huesos
 Probablemente sin saber,
 Quien ha comido el alimento
 Cada día, apartando los huesos
 Sin recuerdo del gallo
 O de otro animal
 Probablemente sin saber
 Recibe, como un golpe repentino
 La sorpresa
 Cuando observa el osario

Transcendence, an affable memory
 That ignores
 If the events happened
 Before or after
 Appearing as a memory.

2. ROOSTERS

Whoever has seen the triangular
 Backside of the rooster
 And the elongated neck
 That turns into the breast
 Doesn't imagine its bones
 Mixed up and resting
 Over the years
 Awaiting the light
 That at night sets them apart
 From the others congregated
 In the sink
 Of the cow or the lamb.

3. BONES

Whoever has eaten
 On a daily basis their food
 And separated the bones
 In all likelihood without realizing it,
 Whoever has eaten their food
 Every day, separating the bones
 Without remembering the rooster
 Or the other animal
 In all likelihood without realizing it
 Receives, like a sudden blow,
 The surprise
 When he observes the ossuary

Que duerme en la cocina, el seno
De la pileta como un pozo
De hondura imprecisa
Y siluetas sin formas
Señalado apenas por la luna

4. GALLOS

Nadie era capaz de imaginar
Los huesos mezclados
En el revoltijo
Tampoco el que ha comido podía ver
Desde la talanquera
El futuro que esperaba al gallo
Aunque los ojos lívidos
Ya estuvieran acostados
Trazando la diagonal, dos puntos
De brillo parejo
Como marcas de un lápiz similar
Sobre la hoja blanca

5. HUESOS

Quien ha visto el cogote
Del gallo devenido en hueso
Después de conocerlo erguido
O palpitante
No va a creer
Cuando lo encuentre roto
Y desarmado
En eslabones sueltos
A medias escondidos
Entre huesos mayores
Y más blancos que duermen
La siesta de los osarios.

That sleeps in the kitchen, the heart
Of the sink like a well
Of indefinite depth
And silhouettes without form
Faintly exposed by the moon

4. ROOSTERS

No one was capable of imagining
The bones mixed up
In the jumble
Neither could the one who ate see
From the edge of the cockpit
The future, which awaited the rooster
Even if its eyes, livid,
Were already accustomed to
Drawing the diagonal, two points
Of equal brilliance
Like marks from similar pencils
On a white sheet of paper

5. BONES

Whoever has seen the rooster's
Neck turn into bone
After knowing it erect
Or palpating
Isn't going to believe
When he finds it broken
And disarmed
In individual links
Half hidden
Among bigger bones
And whiter ones taking
A nap in the bone yard.

A veces, al comer el gallo
Uno cree que algo sólido
Se clava en la encía
Firme como un nuevo diente
Buscando su lugar
Al principio considera
Que es cuello, por ejemplo
Una vértebra hundida
En la boca insaciable
Cuando en realidad es
El recuerdo de la espuela
Que sin estar sigue cortando

6. GALLOS

El vacío del plato
Y la espera de los huesos
Recuerdan el silencio
Del gallo
Cuando piensa y no sufre
Concentrado en sus cosas
En la oscuridad
Sin hambre
Mirando firme
Listo para cumplir el juramento
De supresión
Lanzado desde tiempo atrás.
Sin embargo
Nunca sabremos lo que piensa
El gallo, cuando sumido
En su propia inquietud
El animal prohíbe ser mirado
A los ojos
No hace movimientos
Precisa que salgamos
De su vista, dejándolo
En paz para pensar
O lo que sea

On occasion, when eating rooster
One imagines that something solid
Pierces a gum
Firm like a new tooth
Searching for its place
At first it believes
That it's a neck, for example,
A vertebra sunken
In the insatiable mouth
When in all reality it's
The memory of the spur
That missing, continues to cut

6. ROOSTERS

The emptiness of the plate
And the bones waiting
Reminds one of the silence
Of the rooster
When it thinks and doesn't suffer
Concentrating on its things
In the darkness
Not hungry
Staring firmly
Ready to fulfil the oath
Of suppression
Thrown at it since times past.
Nonetheless
We will never know what it is thinking
The rooster, when deep
In its own anxiety
The animal forbids its eyes
From being seen
It makes no movements
It obliges us to retreat from
Its sight, leaving it
At peace to think
Or whatever

7. HUESOS

Alguien que sostiene el borde
Del plato en la piletta
Y ve los huesos
En uno y otro lado, los angostos
Apenas, o los anchos
Ondulados
Como una planicie
De quieto declive
Recuerda el gusto de esa carne
Y la confusión repentina
Cuando no supo si era gallo
Cuerpo, vaca, en todo caso
La antesala, el hueso blando
Que se convierte en osamenta
Al dejar de comer

8. GALLOS

El gallo es de esos animales
Cuyos cuerpos descubren
La forma cierta de sus huesos.
Cuando vemos su cola
Demasiado emplumada
Como una flor enhiesta
O como un duro chorro líquido
Vemos también la espalda
Inclinada y su vértice
Por donde asoma
Timidamente la prominencia.
Muchas veces se piensa
Que el cansancio del gallo
Se parece
Al cansancio de quien
Siendo de noche

7. BONES

Someone who holds the edge
Of the plate in the sink
And sees the bones
From one side or another, the narrow side
Barely, or the thick one
Rising and falling
Like a plain
Of quiet slope
Remembers the taste of that meat
And the abrupt confusion
When he couldn't figure out if it were rooster
Body, cow, in any case
The threshold, the soft bone
That becomes a skeleton
When it stops eating

8. ROOSTERS

The rooster is one of those animals
Whose body gives away
The true form of its bones.
When we see its tail
Too feathery
Like an erect flower
Or like a stiff stream of liquid
We also see the backbone
Bent over and its vertex
Where the protuberance
Timidly appears.
Many times one thinks
That the weariness of the rooster
Is like
The weariness of someone
Who at night

Llega a la cocina arrastrando los pies
Y vuelca en la piletta
Los huesos tibios y ruidos
Sin indicios de carne
Para que allí se amontonen y descansen

9. HUESOS

Sin embargo
El cansancio del gallo
No se vincula
Con nada evidente
Es previo al juramento y anterior
A la tortura
De no poder ver a nadie
Sin enloquecer.
Si en ese cuerpo hay un resto
Se almacena callado
Es en cada espolón donde
Los gallos guardan la reserva
Moral que sin embargo
Les sirve de tan poco
Al final terminan sin aliento
Esa reserva
Los derrumba mucho antes
De la lucha, aunque algunos
Se enteren siendo tarde
Y otros no se enteren

10. GALLOS

Cuando se tiene la carne
Turbia sobre el plato
Uno sabe
Que el hueso se esconde

Arrives to the kitchen dragging his feet
And dumps into the sink
The warm and gnawed on bones
With no traces of meat
So they can pile up there and rest

9. BONES

Nevertheless
The weariness of the rooster
Isn't linked to
Anything evident
It's prior to the oath and precedes
The torture
Of not being able to see anyone
Without going mad.
If in this body there is a remainder
It stores itself silently
It is in each spur where
The roosters hold
Morals that nevertheless
Are useless to them
In the end they cease breathless
That reserve
Knocks them down much before
The fight, even though some
May realize it too late
And others may not realize it

10. ROOSTERS

When one has the dark
Meat on the plate
One knows
That the bone is hiding

A la espera de algo duro
 Hierro o diente
 Que lo marque e ignore.
 Y cuando se deglute
 La carne correosa
 Uno siente que la boca
 Lucha con un cuerpo pesado
 No el propio, que siempre
 Padece y transporta
 Sino el gallo, todavía
 Mas pequeño
 De lo que ha sido
 Frente al mundo mientras
 Estuvo entero
 Ahora bajo la forma de bocado
 De insólito y creciente peso

11. HUESOS

A veces, cuando el gallo
 Para evolución
 De sus pensamientos
 Precisa la oscuridad más negra
 Que pueda lograrse
 Se distingue en la mitad
 Del aire, erguido
 En la noche
 El luminoso cuello estirado
 Del animal, brillando repentino
 Y a la vez nítido
 Como una mancha sorpresa.
 Si alguien medita
 En los soportes de esa larga
 Espalda, intuye
 Los huesos inertes, las vértebras
 Miniaturas de calaveras

Waiting for something hard
 Metal or tooth
 To mark and ignore it.
 And when one swallows
 The leathery meat
 One feels that one's mouth
 Struggles with a heavy body
 Not one's own, which always
 Suffers and transports
 But the rooster, still
 Smaller
 Than what it has been
 Up against the world while
 It was whole
 Now under the guise of a mouthful
 Of unusual and increasing weight

11. BONES

Often, when the rooster
 In order for its thoughts
 To evolve
 Requires the blackest darkness
 That can be found
 It stands out in the midst
 Of the air, erect
 In the night
 The luminous neck of the animal
 Stretched out, shining suddenly
 And at the same time vivid
 Like a surprise stain.
 If someone meditates
 On the supports of this long
 Back, he intuits
 The inert bones, the miniature
 Vertebra of skeletons

Convertidas en guijas, entre
 Piezas mayores, cuando
 Reposan juntas en el silencio
 Nocturno de la piletta

12. GALLOS

Antes de cerrar los ojos
 El gallo agita la cresta
 Por última vez
 Con un temblor ligero, apenas
 Visible para quienes observan
 Desde la talanquera
 Y que solo descubren
 Los compenetrados con la situación.
 Los ojos del gallo producen
 La famosa diagonal, el pico
 Hacia abajo
 Como un gran colmillo vencido
 Adosado al cráneo, impone
 Con su peso muerto
 La inclinación que tendrán los ojos.
 Comparada con la de vacas
 Y corderos
 La mirada del gallo es mucho
 Más desquiciada
 A veces uno se sorprende
 Mirando fijo a un gallo
 Y piensa en su escaso
 Tamaño, en su manía
 De penumbra y aislamiento
 En su ofuscación, desvelos
 Demasiado grandes
 Para el exiguo peso
 Y la poca
 Densidad de sus huesos

Converted into pebbles, among
 Larger pieces, when
 They rest together in the nocturnal
 Silence of the sink

12. ROOSTERS

Before closing its eyes
 The rooster shakes its comb
 For the last time
 With a slight trembling, hardly
 Visible to those who observe
 From the edge of the cockpit
 And only those who are
 Thoroughly familiar with the situation detect it.
 The rooster's eyes form
 The famous diagonal, the beak
 Turned downward
 Like a long, defeated tusk
 Embedded in the cranium, it imposes
 With its dead weight
 The inclination that its eyes will have.
 Compared with that of cows
 And lambs
 The gaze of the rooster is much
 More chaotic
 On occasion one is surprised
 Staring at a rooster
 And one thinks of its slight
 Size, of its obsession
 With semidarkness and isolation
 Of its blind rage, revelations
 Too big
 For its meagre weight
 And the lightness
 Of its bones

13. HUESOS

Años de acumular en la piletta
Una masa revuelta
De huesos que olvidaron
Excepto los turbios
La carne o animal donde antes
Se escondieron.
Quien contempla la osamenta
Bajo la luz nocturna
Y observa el tornasol que la recorre
Como una mancha en fuga, sabe
Que eso es el futuro
Y supone
Que los animales
Incluidos los gallos
En algún momento de la vida
Habrán pensado
Casi no hay ilusiones
Para nuestros huesos.
El silencio se adueñará de la cocina
El osario abundará en reflejos
Bajo la luz untuosa
De la noche de estrellas
Que se dibuja con un mismo lápiz

14. GALLOS

Hace falta una lengua
Lejana para explicar
La novedad del gallo
Cuando en la arena se mantiene quieto
Sin movimientos
Mientras tan solo su cuello palpita.
Pasará poco tiempo
Hasta que los ojos tracen

13. BONES

Years of accumulating in the sink
A jumbled mass
Of bones forgotten
Except for the dark ones
Which before were hidden
In the meat or the animal.
Whoever contemplates the skeleton
Beneath the nocturnal light
And observes the iridescence that covers it
Like a runaway stain, knows
That that is the future
And he supposes
That the animals
The roosters included
At some point in their lives
Will have thought
That there are hardly any hopes
For our bones.
Silence will take over the kitchen
The ossuary will abound with reflections
Beneath the sticky light
Of the starry night
That draws itself with the same pencil

14. ROOSTERS

A distant tongue is needed
To explain
The novelty of the rooster
When in the sand it remains still
Without moving
While only its neck palpitates.
Little time will go by
Until its eyes can trace

La diagonal, la raya
Más corta e invisible
Que termina en el piso
Señalando el último deseo
Del animal, su merecido
Y débil anhelo
Un capricho sin fuerzas.
Es que la voluntad final
vacila siempre
El empeño es imperfecto
Y confusa la espera: quién
Cómo comprenderá al gallo
En sus instantes postreros
Para que el animal no sienta
Que ha muerto con tiempo
De sobra
Sin que nadie lo espere
Y a la vez con anticipación

15. HUESOS

Quien se detenga en la cocina
A contemplar los huesos
El montón
De piezas blancas, grises
De un color viscoso, u oxidadas
Y de vario peso, tamaño,
Forma y diferente densidad
Verá las partes
De los gallos muertos
Luego comidos
Al igual que las vacas, corderos
Y otros animales inmolados
Cada uno con su color distinto
También, se supone
Con su particular deseo

The diagonal, the shortest
And invisible line
That ends on the ground
Signalling the final desire
Of the animal, it's deserved
And weak longing
A whim with no strength.
It's just that the last wish
Always wavers
The effort is always imperfect
And the wait confusing: who will understand
How to understand the rooster
In its last moments
So that the animal doesn't feel
That it has died with time
To spare
Without anyone waiting for it
And at the same time with anticipation

15. BONES

Whoever lingers in the kitchen
To contemplate the bones
The mound
Of white pieces, gray
A viscose colour, or rusty
And of various weights, sizes,
Forms and different densities
Will see the parts
Of the dead roosters
Later eaten
Just like the cows, the lambs
And other sacrificed animals
Each one with its distinct colour
Also, one supposes
With his own particular desire

Y pensará que los huesos
 Se han divorciado
 Sin dios que los vigile, ampare
 Y reconozca.
 Después vendrá
 El retrogusto de la carne
 Y el recuerdo del hueso
 Embistiendo las encías
 Como un gallo furioso

16. GALLOS

Pero a la larga
 El recuerdo es indistinto
 Lo precisa el gallo
 Es su aliento dirigido a olvidar
 El pozo de huesos
 Donde la espalda desarmada
 Se confunde
 con otras piezas rotas
 Y sus brazos abiertos
 Procuran rodear
 Sin éxito el amasijo
 Y en ese abrazo
 A falta de mejor señal
 Trazo, peso o recuerdo
 Recuperar la vida.
 Cuando es de noche en la cocina
 Y la claridad lunar
 Entra por la ventana
 Uno piensa en su alimento
 Tan antiguo y próximo
 En los restos apenas encendidos
 Por el fósforo
 Mostrando como un símbolo inútil
 La poca vida conservada

And one will think that the bones
 Have divorced
 Without god watching over, sheltering
 Recognizing.
 Later the aftertaste of the meat
 Will arrive
 And the memory of the bone
 Will charge at the gums
 Like a furious rooster

16. ROOSTERS

But in the long run
 Memory is hazy
 The rooster makes that clear
 Its breath edging toward oblivion
 The well of bones
 Where its back, defenceless
 Is confused
 With other broken pieces
 And its arms open
 Attempt to surround
 Unsuccessfully the jumble
 And in that embrace
 Which lacks a stronger sign
 Trace, weight or recollection
 To restore life.
 When it is nighttime in the kitchen
 And the clarity of the moon
 Shines in through the window
 One thinks of his provisions
 So ancient and then
 Of the leftovers just barely illuminated
 By a match
 Revealing like a useless symbol
 The little bit of life conserved

17. HUESOS

El animal se ha ido
 Ni el destello, ni el silencio
 Quedan en la casa
 Ni el pensamiento
 Más o menos desquiciado
 Que alguien intuía
 En la concentración del gallo
 En la dura fijeza
 De los ojos brillosos
 Y el cuerpo tieso.
 Decir que la osamenta
 Es prueba, o decir
 Que es resto devaluado
 Es subrayar lo evidente
 Algo más puede ser dicho
 Pero es poco, apenas
 La hipótesis de sobre vida
 Que precisa el gallo
 Para confiar en el recuerdo
 Como si otro ser
 Desde el fondo del amasijo
 O mezclado con la luz
 Nocturna, lo amparara
 Y le dijera: eres el mismo
 No hay diferencia
 Te reconozco
 Esa es tu marca

18. GALLOS

Cuando se mira al gallo
 Desde la talanquera
 El piso oscuro
 Donde tarde o temprano

17. BONES

The animal has left
 Neither the shine, nor the silence
 Remain in the house
 Not even the thought
 More or less crazy
 That someone perceived
 In the awareness of the rooster
 In the firm stare
 Of its shining eyes
 And its rigid body.
 To say that the skeleton
 Is proof, or to say
 That it's the devalued remainder
 Is to highlight the evident
 Something more can be said
 But it's little, barely
 The hypothesis about life
 That the rooster demands
 In order to trust memory
 As if another being
 From the bottom of the jumble
 Or mixed in with the night-time
 Light, were to shelter it
 And tell it: you are the same
 There is no difference
 I recognize you
 That is your mark

18. ROOSTERS

When one looks at the rooster
 From the edge of the cockpit
 The dark ground
 Which sooner or later

Apoyará la cabeza
 Con el cuello probablemente
 Quebrado, uno piensa
 Que la tierra del suelo
 Aguarda disponible
 Como una alfombra cuyo trazo
 Secreto, también gastado
 Alienta la lucha
 Luego el miedo o la alarma
 Y enseguida
 La caída de brazos
 El final o el abandono.
 Apenas toca el piso
 El gallo advierte
 Que el furor sube
 Se detiene en los espolones
 Y alcanza rápido los ojos
 Donde se concentra en la mirada
 Se hace letal
 Como sin alma
 Así perdura, ni se tolera
 A sí misma
 Hasta que la alfombra
 De nuevo la reciba
 Cuando se apague
 Y los ojos queden
 Dibujando el trazo diagonal

19. HUESOS

Quien ha visto la neblina
 Que sube de los huesos
 Deshacerse en sus colores
 De amarillo y blanco,
 Quien ha visto deshacerse
 El humo que sube de los huesos

Will bear the head
 With the neck most likely
 Broken, one thinks
 That the earthen floor
 Awaits prepared
 Like a carpet whose secret
 Trace, also worn
 Encourages the fight
 Then the fear or the alarm
 And soon after
 The fall of the arms
 The end or the desertion.
 Barely touching the ground
 The rooster notices
 That the uproar rises
 It pauses at the spurs
 And quickly reaches the eyes
 Where it concentrates on the gaze
 It becomes lethal
 As if soulless
 Thus it lives on, it doesn't even tolerate
 Itself
 Until the carpet
 Once again receives the gaze
 When it burns out
 And the eyes linger
 Sketching the diagonal

19. BONES

Whoever has seen the fog
 That arises from the bones
 Disintegrate in its colours
 Of yellow and white,
 Whoever has seen disintegrate
 The smoke that arises from the bones

En sus colores de amarillo y blanco
 Percibe el alabastro
 De la luz nocturna
 Que alumbra
 El vapor antes contenido
 En fisuras y resquicios
 Cuando es liberado.
 En la cocina, la piletta
 Parece un cúmulo mortuario
 La callada pira de huesos
 Humeando sin fuerzas
 También sorda, a la espera
 De la brisa que despeje
 Y anticipe el olvido.
 El adorado cuello
 Del gallo se presenta
 Entonces
 Como una interrupción menor
 Del tiempo inmovible
 Del hueso
 Es pasado remoto
 Prueba sin marca
 Una pausa trivial
 De la mirada o de algún gesto
 Detenido
 Sin mayor consecuencia

20. GALLOS

Si alguien llega
 Cansado a la cocina
 Arrastrando los pies
 Sosteniendo a duras penas
 Las sobras
 Con los pocos huesos que han quedado
 De la última comida

In its colours of yellow and white
 Perceives the albatross
 Of the nocturnal luminosity
 That lights up
 The vapour previously contained
 In fissures and cracks
 When it is liberated.
 In the kitchen, the sink
 Is like a funeral cluster
 The silenced bone pyre
 Smoking effortlessly
 Also mute, waiting
 For the breeze to clear
 Waiting to anticipate oblivion.
 The adored neck
 Of the rooster presents itself
 Then
 Like a small interruption
 Of the relentless time
 Of bones
 It's remote past
 Proof without mark
 A trivial pause
 In the gaze or some gesture
 Arrested
 Without greater consequence

20. ROOSTERS

If someone arrives
 To the kitchen drained
 Dragging their feet
 Bearing with difficulty
 The leftovers
 With the few bones that remain
 From the last meal

Y se asoma a la pileta
 Para volcar el plato
 Ese alguien de encías laceradas
 Por el roce de la carne
 Pensará en los nombres
 Ocultos de los gallos
 Unos nombres que con toda
 Probabilidad ignoraban
 Y sin embargo conocían.
 Porque uno presume
 Que el gallo entiende
 La palabra “yo”
 La palabra “el”
 En todo caso la palabra “no-yo”
 O la palabra “no-él”
 Y que al pronunciar
 El animal no habla, solo piensa
 En el acto que enseguida
 Le dará nombre a su cuerpo
 Un nombre anticipatorio
 Que adelanta la acción
 Ya superada una vez cumplida
 Y por lo tanto urgido
 El animal
 De conseguir otro nombre
 Que lo bautice
 Anuncie y justifique

21. HUESOS

Uno piensa frente a la pileta
 Que ese nombre ahora
 Es solamente “hueso”
 Y al contrario de lo ocurrido
 Durante la verdadera
 Vida pasada

And leans over the sink
 To empty the plate
 This someone with gums lacerated
 From the rubbing of the meat
 Will think of the hidden
 Names of the roosters
 Some names that most probably
 They ignored
 And yet they knew.
 Because one presumes
 That the rooster understands
 The word “I”
 The word “he”
 In any event the word “not-I”
 Or the word “not-he”
 And that upon pronouncing it
 The animal doesn’t speak, it only thinks
 About the act that immediately
 Will give a name to its body
 An anticipated name
 That brings forward the action
 Already exceeded once carried out
 And therefore the animal is
 Driven
 To find another name
 That might baptize it
 Announce it and justify it

21. BONES

One thinks facing the sink
 That the name now
 Is just “bone”
 And contrary to what happened
 During the real
 Past life

Lo seguirá siendo
 Aunque la luz cambie
 La noche termine
 O en algún momento
 Nuevos restos de gallo
 Dejen de acudir
 Al túmulo.
 Los gallos buscan
 Una posición permanente
 Para acechar y pensar
 No toleran su propia respiración
 Sueñan con sus mismos huesos
 Saben que la oscuridad
 Sería algo
 Aproximado a la nada
 Sin una ventana
 Por donde llegue la luna
 Y se entregan
 Al próximo pensamiento
 Como un reloj que avanza

It will continue being
 Even though the light may change
 The night may end
 Or at some point
 New remains of the rooster
 May stop arriving
 To the burial mound.
 The roosters look for
 A permanent position
 To lie in wait and think
 They don’t tolerate their own breath
 They dream of their own bones
 They know that darkness
 Would be something
 Nearing nothing
 Without a window
 For the moon to shine through
 And they give in
 To the next thought
 Like a clock that advances

NOTKER

- 22 I** (*Organ solo*)
23 II In Nomine Domini incipit liber
 Ymnorum Notkeri
24 III Congaudent angelorum chori
 gloriosae Virgini
25 IV (*Organ solo*)
26 V Quos versiculos cum magistro meo
 Marcello praesentarem, ille gaudio
 repletus in rotulas eos conguessit
 et pueris cantando aliis alios insinuavit
- 27 VI** Singulae motus cantilenae singulas
 syllabas debent habere
28 VII (*Organ solo*)
29 VIII Iste libellus habet versus
 modulaminis apti ut ventum teneat
 qui velit esse tenax
- 30 IX** Cum adhuc iuvenulus essem et
 melodiae longissimae saepius
 memoriae commendatae instabile
 corculum aufugerent coepi tacitus
 mecum volvere quonam modo eas
 potuerim colligare
- 31 X** Quid tu virgo Mater ploras,
 Rachel formosa, cuius vultus
 Jacob delectat?
32 XI (*Organ solo*)

NOTKER

- 22 I** (*Organ solo*)
23 II In the name of the Lord, here begins
 the book of the Hymns of Notker
24 III The choruses of angels rejoice
 together in the glorious Virgin
25 IV (*Organ solo*)
26 V When I presented these little verses
 to my master Marcellus, he was full
 of joy and put them into his scrolls,
 and taught them to his pupils by
 getting them to sing them one group
 to another.
- 27 VI** The individual motions of the melody
 should receive separate syllables
28 VII (*Organ solo*)
29 VIII This little book contains verses
 with a suitable melody, so that
 anyone who wishes to hold on to it
 may keep his breath.
- 30 IX** When I was still very young and was
 given melodies to learn, the longest
 of them would often escape my
 unsteady little heart, but I began to
 think them through silently and in
 this way I was able to secure them in
 my mind. [The heart was thought to
 be the seat of memory.]
- 31 X** Why are you weeping, virgin mother,
 comely Rachel, whose countenance
 Jacob delights in?
32 XI (*Organ solo*)

- 33 XII** Clare sanctorum senatus
 apostolorum, princeps orbis
 terrarum rectorque regnorum
 [...] Antiochus et Remus concedunt
 tibi Petre regni solium
- 34 XIII** (*Organ solo*)
35 XIV Haec igitur quae ego Balbulus et
 edentulus non ut debui circuitu
 tardiore diutius explicare temptavi.
- 36 XV** (*Organ solo*)

The Grammy Award-winning vocal ensemble **Ars Nova Copenhagen** is widely recognized as one of the finest vocal groups in Europe. Founded in 1979, today the ensemble is busier than ever, with an annual season of concerts in Copenhagen and throughout Denmark, and frequent tours across Europe, the Americas and Asia. At the heart of Ars Nova Copenhagen's work is its equal dedication to early music and new music. Their extensive recording catalogue includes two CDs devoted to John Taverner and his Tudor contemporaries; Terry Riley's '60s masterpiece 'In C' in a version for voices and percussion; and The 'Christmas Story' told through plainchant, motets and traditional folk carols. There are also many recordings focused on the music of Denmark's most important living composers, such as Pelle Gudmundsen-Holmgreen, Per Nørgård, Ib

- 33 XII** Glorious assembly of holy apostles
 Chief of the world and ruler of
 kingdoms... To you, Peter, Antioch
 and Remus [*i.e. Rome*] grant you the
 seat of your dominion. [*n.b. the first
 two lines refer to all twelve apostles,
 not to Peter alone.*]
- 34 XIII** (*Organ solo*)
35 XIV All this which I, a toothless man with
 stammering speech, have tried to
 describe, not as I ought, but slowly
 and with labyrinthine phrase.
- 36 XV** (*Organ solo*)

Nørholm and Bent Sørensen. In 2010 they received a Grammy for their CD of music by David Lang (Harmonia Mundi USA), and in 2011 completed a series of 4 CDs of the complete narrative works of Heinrich Schütz (Dacapo Records). Their most recent recording is 'The Golden Age of Danish Partsongs.'

ARS NOVA COPENHAGEN



Tine Rehling graduated in 1989 from the Royal Danish Academy of Music . From 1989-1991 she had further studies with distinguished Professor, Susann McDonald at Indiana University, USA. From 1998 to 2001 Tine Rehling held the position of Principal Harpist at the Aalborg Symphony Orchestra, Denmark. She has since focused on her solo and chamber music career, performing as a soloist with most Danish symphony orchestras and touring throughout Europe, Turkey, USA, Brazil, China and Australia. She is continuously working to expand the repertoire for harp, in collaboration with a number of Danish composers. Tine Rehling has also recorded a number of CDs as a soloist and chamber musician, including a recording of Per Nørgård's music for harp (DaCapo, 2006).

Christopher Bowers-Broadbent is an organist and composer whose career has taken him far and wide. His earliest musical education was as a Chorister in the Choir of King's College, Cambridge. He later studied both organ and composition at London's Royal Academy of Music, where he subsequently became Professor of Organ, from 1973 to 1992, and later Fellow. His many recordings can be heard on ECM and Harmonia Mundi USA. He was appointed Organist and Choirmaster of Gray's Inn in 1983 (and Fellow in 2012), and is also Director of Music at the West London Synagogue, where he has held the post of Organist, with rare ecumenical aplomb, since 1973. He also continues to compose prolifically, most recently in the field of opera.

Paul Hillier was founding director of the Hilliard Ensemble and Theatre of Voices. Currently he is chief conductor of Ars Nova Copenhagen, Chamber Choir Ireland, and the Coro Casa da Musica (Porto). In 2006 he was awarded an OBE for services to choral music. In 2007 he received the Order of the White Star of Estonia, and was awarded a Grammy for Best Choral Recording (with the Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir.) In 2010 he was awarded his second Grammy - for best new music recording (with Theatre of Voices). In 2013 he was awarded the Order of Dannebrog (the Danish knighthood). He has taught in the USA at the University of California campuses of Santa Cruz and Davis, and from 1996-2003 was Director of the Early Music Institute at Indiana University, Bloomington. His books about Arvo Pärt and Steve Reich are published by Oxford University Press.

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