

Border
Crossing

San Patricio

A musical journey inspired by the story of the Saint Patrick's Battalion
Un viaje musical inspirado por la historia del Batallón de San Patricio

March 17, 2018, 8:00 PM

Our Lady of Guadalupe Church: 401 Concord Street, Saint Paul



Welcome

Border CrosSing started with an unsatisfied audience member. As a Mexican-Egyptian who absolutely adores choral music, I just wasn't finding much that spoke to my cultural identity in the concerts I attended. A few times, I felt that my culture was being disrespected – one egregious example occurred when I listened to a solemn religious motet from 17th century Mexico performed as an upbeat dance number with added marimba and djembe! Most of the time, the concert programs just didn't say anything that contributed to a better understanding between cultures. Almost all of the time, access was severely limited... I would be the only Mexican – or Egyptian – in the audience. We founded Border CrosSing on the basis of these three concepts: respect, relevance, and access. Ultimately, our mission is to integrate historically-segregated repertoire, audiences, and musicians through the performance of choral music at the highest possible level. We envision a landscape where singers, programs, and audiences more closely reflect the racial and cultural composition of the Twin Cities. Our first season, Puentes, is a year-long series of concerts here at Our Lady of Guadalupe Parish. Puentes focuses on music and stories related to Latin America. We hope that in the long term, Puentes will become an established concert season, a part of the Latinx cultural calendar. The goal is to combat stereotypes (both negative and positive) by telling stories that help create a fuller picture of Latinxs, their concerns, stories, and reality. I am very excited to share these stories with you, and hope that the music speaks to you and contributes in a positive way to our vibrant arts community.

Ahmed Anzaldúa

Artistic Director

Border CrosSing

Bienvenida

Border CrosSing comenzó con un miembro insatisfecho del público. Siendo mexicano-egipcio con un amor absoluto por la música coral, no estaba encontrando mucho con lo que me podía identificar culturalmente en los conciertos a los que iba. Algunas veces, sentía que se le estaba faltando al respeto a mi cultura – un ejemplo atroz fue cuando tuve que escuchar un solemne motete religioso del siglo XVII presentado como una danza alegre, ¡con todo y marimba y djembe! La mayor parte del tiempo, los programas de los conciertos simplemente no decían algo que contribuyese a un mejor entendimiento entre culturas. Casi todo el tiempo, el acceso estaba severamente limitado... yo sería el único mexicano – o egipcio – en el público. Fundamos Border CrosSing sobre la base de estos tres conceptos: respeto, relevancia, y acceso. Básicamente, nuestra misión es integrar repertorio, públicos, y músicos que históricamente no han estado representados, a través de la presentación de música coral con la mejor calidad posible. Nuestra visión es la de un panorama en el que los músicos, los programas, y los públicos reflejan mejor la composición cultural y racial de las Ciudades Gemelas. Nuestra primera temporada, Puentes, es una serie de conciertos de un año aquí en la parroquia de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe. Nos enfocaremos en la música e historias de Latinoamérica. Esperamos que a largo plazo Puentes se convierta en una temporada de conciertos establecida, parte del calendario cultural Latinx. La meta es combatir estereotipos (negativos y positivos) contando historias que ayudan a crear una imagen más rica de lxs Latinxs, lo que les importa, sus historias, y su realidad. Estoy muy emocionado de poder compartir estas historias con ustedes, y espero que la música les conmueva y que contribuya de una manera positiva a nuestra vibrante comunidad artística.


**METROPOLITAN
REGIONAL ARTS COUNCIL**

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**CLEAN
WATER
LAND &
LEGACY
AMENDMENT**

Concert Program

San Patricio

A musical journey inspired by the story of the Saint Patrick's Battalion

Un viaje musical inspirado por la historia del Batallón de San Patricio

Border CrossSing, ¡Ándale Juana!, and Norah Rendell

Conductor: Ahmed Anzaldúa

1. Introduction

El Pájaro Cu.....	Traditional Son
The Brown Maid.....	Traditional Irish
The Soldier in a Foreign Land.....	Ludwig van Beethoven
The Coolin.....	Samuel Barber

2. Desertion and the Flight to Mexico

La Petenera.....	Traditional Son
Corazón disperso.....	Blas Galindo
Paddy o Snap.....	Traditional Irish
Quick! We Have But a Second.....	Charles Villiers Stanford

3. The Battles of Monterrey & Buena Vista

Dos Corazones.....	Blas Galindo
Adieu, Dear Native Land.....	Vincent Wallace
Clarín de campaña Tomorrow the Trumpets.....	Traditional American and Mexican
The Heroes of Monterrey.....	Leonard Marshall
Santa Anna's Retreat.....	Traditional Mexican
It Came Upon a Midnight Clear.....	Daniel Parks
Green Grow the Rashes, O.....	Arranged by Robert Peskin
La Iguana.....	Traditional Son

Intermission

4. The Battle of Churubusco, Execution, and Exile

The Deer's Cry.....	Arvo Pärt
Malagueña Salerosa.....	Traditional Son
La Barca de Oro.....	Abundio Martínez
The Rogue's March.....	Traditional American
Anthony O Daly.....	Samuel Barber
The Brown Maid.....	Traditional Irish
Oh! Breathe Not His Name.....	Charles Villiers Stanford
Virgencita.....	Arvo Pärt

5. Epilogue

The Blue Bird.....	Charles Villiers Stanford
El Caballito.....	Traditional Son (as sung by Los Camperos de Valles)

Program Notes

This Saint Patrick's Day concert is inspired by the story of the Saint Patrick's Battalion, also known as the "San Patricios." This was a group of nearly 200 soldiers, of many nationalities, but mainly of Irish origin, who deserted the American army during the Mexican-American War. This war has been overshadowed by the Civil War, and not much is taught about it in school. The little that is taught about the Mexican-American war tends to center on the idea "brave Texans who fought for their independence." In Mexico, we tell a very different story, that of an invading army that took half of our territory, and Santa Anna, an incompetent president who was unable to stop this from happening. There's an element of truth in both versions of the story, and also a lot of legend. The political discourse of the last year has included a lot of talk about "Mexico taking advantage of the United States." This prompted me to find a way to raise awareness about this part of our shared history. The story of the San Patricios is, in my opinion, perfect for this. The parallels between the people and history of Ireland and Mexico are many, perhaps due to our shared circumstance of having a much more powerful neighbor, both economically and militarily. There are also parallels in the music and poetry of both cultures, as I hope some of the selections in this program will illustrate.

I have a personal connection to this period in history. The Anzaldúa family has lived in the Rio Grande Valley, located in southern Texas and North-eastern Mexico, since the 18th century. They were severely affected by this war. The new border divided the Anzaldúa family, and many Anzaldúas lost their farms after the United States annexed their land. Many in the following generations of Anzaldúas worked as farmhands, generally undocumented, on the same farms that had once belonged to their parents and grandparents!

There were many reasons why the San Patricios deserted the American army. American society, in the midst of the Nativist movement as a backlash to Irish, German, and Chinese immigration, treated Irish immigrants terribly, particularly those who were serving in the American army, many of whom were enlisted by force or because they had no other alternative to make a living. The Mexican government offered incentives of land and money to soldiers willing to join their ranks. Many of these soldiers recognized Mexicans as fellow Catholics at a time when Catholics in the American army were met with derision and interference from their commanding officers. In fact, in an effort to provoke the Mexicans into war, desecration of Catholic churches and sites in Texas was commonplace. In letters from this period, some of the soldiers state a concern of being on the wrong side

of history. Among the Irish there was a strong moral opposition to slavery, which still remained in the United States but had been outlawed in Mexico decades before. In fact, Mexico had already been governed by a black president, Vicente Guerrero, in 1829.

The music in this concert includes five traditional sones. Son is a traditional song form that is popular in the regions where the San Patricios fought, along the Mexican Gulf coast. Sonos of this type have rigid poetic meters and rhyme schemes and skilled soneros are capable of improvising verses to tell stories, often with numerous double meanings or references depending on the audience. Particularly clever or moving verses will be passed down in the oral tradition and taken up by new generations of soneros, with some dating back to the 17th century. We've adapted some of these famous son verses and altered them slightly to relate to the story of the San Patricios. The choral works on this program are meant to highlight emotional aspects of the story. We've included choral music and poetry with interesting connections to the trifecta of Ireland, Mexico, and the United States. To represent these, we've chosen selections from Samuel Barber's *Reincarnations*, based loosely on Irish poetry; music by Mexican composer Blas Galindo, whose music was inspired by the rhythms of son; and three works by Irish composer Charles Villiers Stanford.

This program also includes different songs from this period, the 1840s and 1850s, related in some way to the war. "Adieu, Dear Native Land," originally part of an opera by Irish composer William Vincent Wallace, became a popular tune on its own in the United States, due to the composer's association with the early New York Philharmonic Society. This composer would later become an American citizen in the 1850s. This little trio would probably have been recognized by some of the music lovers in the San Patricios, and perhaps even served as a drinking song. "Clarín de Campaña" and "Tomorrow the Trumpets" was popular with soldiers on both sides of the battle, and had versions in both languages.

The Battle of Monterrey was the first major battle where the San Patricios participated, and the one where the American army suffered the greatest losses. Much music was written to commemorate this battle, often serving as propaganda or as a tool for recruiting new fighters. "Heroes of Monterrey," dedicated to an American officer who perished in the battle, gained significant popularity during this period. "Santa Anna's Retreat" was reportedly transcribed as the tune that Mexican fiddlers and pipers would play to call a

Program Notes

retreat. The Irish elements in this tune are quite obvious! This tune would be compiled by Henry Reed in his collection and has become a part of the old time fiddle repertoire.

The Mexican-American War was not popular among the American public, and was denounced repeatedly. In 1849, Edmund Sears, a Unitarian minister, wrote the poem "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." It was written as a protest against the Mexican-American War. Although now it is popular as a Christmas Carol, that was not its original intent. Daniel Parks has set this piece to include Spanish text to highlight the connection to the Mexican-American War. A curious story related to the San Patricios is connected to the origins of the word "gringo". "Green Grow the Rashes O" was a very popular song among the American soldiers and the San Patricios. One popular theory for the popularization of the word "gringo" in Mexico is the popularity of this tune among the soldiers. Although the word had existed for a long time before as a way to refer to things that were foreign, this is one popular theory for why it became so pervasive as a way of referring to Americans.

We end this section of the concert with a reference to the Battle of Buena Vista, in the song "La Iguana." Rather than a single battle, this was a long, drawn-out, series of small skirmishes where no side was really able to defeat the other, and the idea of the green iguana in this song, popping up unexpectedly and being a constant nuisance connected in my mind to the idea of American soldiers' annoyance with the "green" San Patricios, who'd by then become a thorn in their side, and the Mexican soldiers' annoyance with the American army, who were known as "los verdes" due to the fact that they wore green uniforms.

The Battle of Churubusco was the San Patricios' final battle. Any doubt about their true intentions in enlisting is cleared up by their last stand. Although the Mexican Army was ready to surrender, the San Patricios repeatedly took the white flag down and continued to fight. A few may have been mercenaries, but the overwhelming majority believed passionately that they were doing the right thing. After they were captured, the San Patricios were executed on a hill outside of Mexico City. Those who weren't executed were branded with a "D" for deserter on their cheek and then exiled, marched away from the camp to the tune of the "Rogue's March." To highlight this episode of the story we've chosen two haunting works by Estonian composer Aro Pärt, one based on a prayer to Saint Patrick, and the other on a prayer to the Virgin of Guadalupe.

"The Deer's Cry" is a setting of a section of the Sacred Lorico, a prayer attributed to Saint Patrick in the year 433. Knowing of an ambush to kill him and his followers, St. Patrick inscribed this text on his breastplate and on his men's shields, and led his men chanting it as they passed through a forest. According to legend, they were transformed into a deer and twenty fawns, and thus St. Patrick and his men were saved. The poetry of Samuel Barber's "Anthony O'Daly" and Charles Villiers Stanford's "Oh! Breathe Not His Name" are also applicable to the San Patricio's execution. The character who inspired the poem for Anthony O'Daly was an Irish individual who was unjustly accused and hanged. The text focuses on the sense of grief and finality of his loss. The poetry of "Oh! Breathe Not His Name," by Thomas Moore, was written for Robert Emmett, who headed an unsuccessful uprising in Dublin, was captured, and then hanged for treason.

Today, the San Patricios are remembered as heroes in Mexico, and are celebrated on Saint Patrick's Day. Streets and landmarks are named after them. In the United States, their mere existence was not acknowledged by the government for nearly a century after the war. However, their story remains well known among Irish communities in the United States.

- **Ahmed Anzaldúa**

Notas al Programa

Este concierto para el Día de San Patricio está inspirado por la historia del batallón de San Patricio, también conocidos como los San Patricios. Éste fue un grupo de casi 200 soldados, de muchas nacionalidades, pero principalmente irlandeses, que abandonaron el ejército estadounidense durante la Guerra México-Americana. Esta guerra ha sido opacada por la Guerra Civil, y no se enseña mucho sobre ella en la escuela. Lo poco que se enseña sobre la Guerra México-Americana tiende a centrarse en la idea de “valientes tejanos que pelearon por su independencia”. En México, contamos una historia muy diferente, la historia de un ejército invasor que se adueñó de más de la mitad de nuestro territorio, y de Santa Anna, un presidente incompetente que no pudo detenerlos. Hay un elemento de verdad en ambas versiones de la historia, y también muchas leyendas. El discurso político del último año ha incluido mucho hablar sobre “México aprovechándose de los Estados Unidos.” Esto me motivó a encontrar una manera de dar a conocer más sobre esta parte de nuestra historia compartida. La historia de los San Patricios es, en mi opinión, perfecta para esto. Los paralelos entre la gente y la historia de Irlanda y México son muchos, tal vez debido a nuestra circunstancia similar de compartir una frontera con un vecino mucho más poderoso económicamente y militarmente. También hay paralelos entre la música y la poesía de ambas culturas, y espero que algunas de las selecciones en este programa los muestren.

Yo tengo una conexión personal con este periodo en la historia. La familia Anzaldúa ha vivido en el Valle del Río Grande, localizado en el sur de Texas y el noreste de México, desde el siglo XVIII. Ellos se vieron severamente afectados por la guerra. La nueva frontera dividió a la familia Anzaldúa, y muchos Anzaldúas perdieron sus ranchos después de que los Estados Unidos anexó sus tierras. ¡Muchos en las siguientes generaciones de Anzaldúas trabajaron como peones en los mismos ranchos que alguna vez pertenecieron a sus padres y abuelos!

Hubo muchas razones por las cuales los San Patricios abandonaron el ejército estadounidense. La sociedad estadounidense estaba en medio del movimiento nativista, en respuesta a la inmigración irlandesa, alemana, y china. Los inmigrantes irlandeses eran tratados de manera terrible, especialmente aquellos que servían en el ejército estadounidense. Muchos se habían unido al ejército por la fuerza, o porque no tenían otra alternativa para ganarse la vida. El gobierno mexicano les ofrecía tierras y dinero a aquellos soldados que estuvieran dispuestos a cambiar de bando. Muchos de estos soldados reconocían a los mexicanos como compañeros católicos en un tiempo en el que los católicos en el ejército estadounidense eran tratados

con burlas e interferencia de sus comandantes. De hecho, para provocar a los mexicanos a la guerra, era común el profanar sitios e iglesias católicas en Texas. En cartas de este periodo, algunos soldados relatan una preocupación por estar del lado equivocado de la historia. Entre los irlandeses había una fuerte oposición moral a la esclavitud, que aún seguía siendo legal en los Estados Unidos, pero había sido abolida en México muchas décadas antes. De hecho, México ya había sido gobernado por un presidente negro, Vicente Guerrero, en 1829.

La música de este concierto incluye cinco sones tradicionales. El son es una forma de canción tradicional que es popular en las regiones donde pelearon los San Patricios, por la costa del Golfo de México. Los sones de este tipo tienen métrica y rima poética muy rígida, y los soneros talentosos pueden improvisar versos para contar historias, a menudo con numerosos dobles sentidos o referencias, dependiendo del público. Versos especialmente ingeniosos o emocionales son pasados por la tradición oral a la siguiente generación de soneros, y algunos versos datan al siglo XVII. Hemos adaptado algunos de estos versos de son famosos y los hemos alterado un poco para que se relacionen con la historia de los San Patricios. Las obras corales en este programa están ahí para resaltar los aspectos emocionales de la historia. Hemos incluido música coral y poesía con conexiones interesantes al trío de países de Irlanda, México, y los Estados Unidos. Para representar a éstos, hemos escogido selecciones de las Reincarnations de Samuel Barber, basadas en parte en poesía irlandesa; música del compositor mexicano Blas Galindo, cuya música estaba inspirada por los ritmos del son; y tres obras del compositor irlandés Charles Villiers Stanford.

Este program también incluye diferentes canciones de este periodo, los años 1840 y 1850, relacionadas de alguna manera a la guerra. Adieu, Dear Native Land, originalmente parte de una ópera por el compositor irlandés William Vincent Wallace, se volvió en una melodía popular por sí sola en los Estados Unidos, debido en parte a la asociación del compositor con la temprana sociedad filarmónica de Nueva York. Este compositor más tarde se convertiría en ciudadano americano en los años 1850. Este pequeño trío probablemente habría sido reconocido por algunos de los amantes de la música en los San Patricios, y tal vez hasta habría servido como canción para beber. Clarín de Campaña y Tomorrow the Trumpets era popular con los soldados en ambos lados de la batalla, y tenía versiones en ambos idiomas.

Notas al Programa

La Batalla de Monterrey fue la primera batalla mayor donde participaron los San Patricios, y donde el ejército estadounidense sufrió las mayores bajas. Mucha música fue escrita para conmemorar esta batalla, a menudo sirviendo como propaganda o herramienta para reclutar nuevos soldados. Heroes of Monterrey, dedicada a un oficial estadounidense que falleció en la batalla, ganó popularidad durante este periodo. Santa Anna's Retreat fue transcrita a partir de reportes de que la melodía era tocada por violinistas y flautistas mexicanos cuando tocaban la retirada. Los elementos irlandeses en esta melodía son bastante obvios! Esta melodía más tarde fue recopilada por Henry Reed en su colección y se ha vuelto parte del repertorio de violín estadounidense a la antigua.

La Guerra México-Americana no fue popular con el público estadounidense, y fue denunciada varias veces. En 1849, Edmund Sears, un ministro Unitario, escribió el poema It Came Upon a Midnight Clear. Fue escrito como protesta a la Guerra México-Americana. Aunque hoy en día es popular como canción de Navidad, esa no era su intención original. Daniel Parks ha compuesto esta pieza e incluyó texto en español para resaltar esta conexión con la Guerra México-Americana. Una historia curiosa relacionada con los San Patricios está conectada con los orígenes de la palabra "gringo". Green Grow the Rashers era una canción muy popular entre los soldados estadounidenses y los San Patricios. Una teoría popular de la popularización de la palabra "gringo" en México es la popularidad de esta canción entre los soldados. Aunque la palabra ya existía desde hacía mucho tiempo como una manera de referirse a las cosas que son extranjeras, ésta es una teoría popular del por qué se convirtió en una manera tan común de referirse a los estadounidenses en este periodo.

Finalizamos esta sección del concierto con una referencia a la Batalla de Buena Vista, en la canción La Iguana. Más que una sola batalla, esta fue una larga, interminable serie de pequeños enfrentamientos donde ninguno de los dos bandos realmente podía derrotar al otro, y la idea de la iguana verde en esta canción, apareciendo de pronto y molestando a todos constantemente se conectó en mi mente con la idea de la molestia de los soldados estadounidenses con los San Patricios "verdes", que para entonces se habían convertido en una molestia constante, o la molestia de los soldados mexicanos con el ejército estadounidense, que eran conocidos como "los verdes" debido al hecho de que usaban uniformes verdes.

La Batalla de Churubusco fue la batalla final de los San Patricios. Cualquier duda sobre sus verdaderas intenciones al enlistarse en el ejército

mexicano pueden disiparse en cómo se enfrentaron al final. Aunque el ejército mexicano estaba listo para darse por vencidos, los San Patricios bajaron la bandera blanca varias veces y continuaron peleando hasta el último momento. Aunque algunos podrían haber sido mercenarios, la gran mayoría creía apasionadamente en que estaban haciendo lo correcto. Después de su captura, los San Patricios fueron ejecutados en una colina afuera de la Ciudad de México. Aquellos que no fueron ejecutados fueron marcados con una "D" de desertor en el cachete y fueron exiliados, marchando al son de The Rogue's March. Para resaltar este episodio de la historia hemos escogido dos evocadoras obras del compositor de Estonia Arvo Pärt, una basada en una oración a San Patricio y la otra en una oración a la Virgen de Guadalupe.

The Deer's Cry toma el texto de una sección del Lóricó sagrado, una oración que se le atribuye a San Patricio en el año 433. Sabiendo de una emboscada para matarlo a él y a sus seguidores, San Patricio escribió este texto en su armadura y en los escudos de sus hombres, y guió a sus hombres mientras lo cantaban a medida que pasaban por el bosque. De acuerdo a la leyenda, Dios los convirtió en un venado y veinte faunos, y así fueron salvados San Patricio y sus hombres. La poesía de Anthony O'Daly de Samuel Barber y Oh! Breathe Not His Name de Charles Villiers Stanford también se relaciona con la ejecución de los San Patricios. El personaje que inspiró el poema para Anthony O'Daly fue un individuo irlandés que fue acusado injustamente y colgado. El texto se enfoca en el sentido de pena y lo irremediable de su muerte. La poesía de Oh! Breathe Not His Name, escrita por Thomas Moore, fue escrita para Robert Emmett, quien fue líder de una revolución fallida en Dublín, fue capturado, y luego colgado por traición.

Hoy en día, los San Patricios son recordados como héroes en México, y son celebrados en el Día de San Patricio. Hay calles y monumentos nombrados por ellos. En los Estados Unidos, su existencia no fue reconocida por el gobierno hasta más de un siglo después de la guerra. Sin embargo, su historia es bien conocida en las comunidades irlandesas en los Estados Unidos.

- Ahmed Anzaldúa

Text

El Pájaro Cu

Como pájaro advertido quisiera emprender el vuelo,
quisiera emprender el vuelo como pájaro advertido.

Solo me queda el consuelo de reconstruir el nido,
y luego pisar el suelo donde barre tu vestido.

Me reviento la garganta para decir lo que siento,
para decir lo que siento me reviento la garganta.

El grito se me aquebranta y es que traigo un mal momento,
el pájaro cuando canta no siempre canta contento.

Me voy con el pecho herido, triste sin ningún consuelo,
triste sin ningún consuelo me voy con el pecho herido.

Como un pájaro perdido, que errante emprende su vuelo
por amor desconocido llorando su desconsuelo.

Las flores de maravilla en el campo están floreando,
en el campo están floreando las flores de maravilla

El que reza se arrodilla y el que mata anda pensando este
gavilán no chilla aunque lo estén desplumando.

Ay de los colores
Me gusta el verde
Porque lo irlandés
nunca se pierde

The Cu Bird

Like a startled bird I would like to take flight,
I would like to take flight like a startled bird.

I only take solace in rebuilding the nest,
and then stepping on the ground that is swept by your dress.

I tear my throat apart to say what I feel,
to say what I feel I tear my throat apart.

My voice breaks because I'm going through a bad time,
when the bird sings it doesn't always sing happily.

I leave with my chest wounded, sad without consolation, sad without
consolation I leave with my chest wounded.

Like a wounded bird, that straying takes flight for an
unknown love crying unconsolable.

The marvelous flowers in the field are flowering,
in the field are flowering the marvelous flowers.

He that prays kneels, and he that kills goes thinking,
this sparrow doesn't shriek, even when its feathers are being plucked.

Oh, of all the colors
I like green
Because the Irish
Can never be lost.

The Soldier in a Foreign Land

At night as I keep on the wearisome watch,
The sound of the west wind I greedily catch,
And the shores of dear Ireland then rise to my sight,
And my own native valley, that sport of delight.

Divided so far by a wide stormy main,
Shall I ever return to our valley again?
Ah! To listen at ease by my own cottage door,
To the sound of my own native village once more!

Text

The Coolin

Come with me, under my coat
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Or wine if it be thy will.
And we will talk until talk is a trouble too,

Out on the side of the hill;
And nothing is left to do,
But an eye to look into an eye,
And a hand in a hand to slip;
And a sigh to answer a sigh;
And a lip to find out a lip!

La Petenera

Cuando el marinero mira la borrasca por el cielo
alza la cara y suspira ¡Ay la la la!
alza la cara y suspira y le dice al compañero
si Dios me salva la vida no vuelvo a ser mariner
Las estrellas en el cielo brillan como las espadas,
Yo no le temo al acero ¡Ay, la, la, la!
Yo no le temo al acero ni a pistolas preparadas,
siendo por la que yo quiero, aunque muera a puñaladas.
Me vivo con el reloj dándole vuelta a mi vida,
Que cuenta le dará a Dios ¡Ay, la, la, la!
Que cuenta le dará a Dios cuando Dios cuentas me pida
Cuando Dios cuentas me pida, ¿que cuenta le dará a Dios?
Me voy para Monterrey porque no he podido hallar,
Una que sea como tú ¡Ay, la, la, la!
Una que sea como tú que me de la libertad,
porque ya la esclavitud no la puedo soportar.

Corazón Disperso

¡A salto de mata y siempre buscándote, corazón!
Te escapas de noche y día con la luna o con el sol.

¡Qué afán de huir y perderte, que ansia de correr en pos!
Cuando niño, de la nube, más tarde, de la canción de joven, de seno en
seno, y hoy entre amor y dolor ya sin saber lo que quieres, ¡ni si has de
volver o no!

What if the night be black,
Or the air on the mountain chill,
Where all but the fern is still!
Stay with me, under my coat,
And we will drink our fill
Of the milk of the white goat,
Out on the side of the hill!

The Petenera

When the sailor sees the storm in the sky
He raises his face and sighs, Ay la la la!
He raises his face and sighs and tells his partner
If God saves my life I'll never be a sailor again
The stars in the sky shine like swords,
I'm not afraid of steel, Ay la la la!
I'm not afraid of steel or of the prepared guns,
As long as it's for the one I love, even if I die stabbed.
I live with the clock taking stock of my life,
What will I say to God, Ay la la la!
What will I say to God when He comes asking?
When God comes asking, what will I say to God?
I'm heading to Monterrey because I have not been able to find,
One that is like you, Ay la la la!
One that is like you that will give me freedom,
Because I can no longer stand being enslaved.

Scattered Heart

Living recklessly and always looking for you, my heart!
You escape night and day with the moon or with the sun.

Why do you insist in fleeing and getting lost why yearn to run away
chasing!
As a child, a cloud, later, a song, as a young one, from breast to breast,
and today between love and pain no longer knowing what you want, or
if you'll ever return or not!

Text

Corazón Disperso (continuado)

¡A salto de mata y siempre buscándote, corazón!
Te escapas de noche y día con la luna o con el sol.
Huyes a campo traviesa, sordo al eco de mi voz, como pájaro de fuego
sin rumbo ni dirección.
Tres veces te encontré herido, ¡entraña partida en dos!
Y tres, en sangre juraste nomás dejar la prisión;
pero sigues siendo el mismo embrujado explorador de tierras que tu
soñaste, de mundos que nadie vió.
¡Y yo, corriendo, corriendo a tu zaga, corazón!
Pasaste de mano en mano tu avidez y tu emoción amaste tanto y tan
hondo que hoy eres llama de amor; sufriste y lloraste tanto, que el llanto
se te secó; y amando y sufriendo sigues, ¡entraña partida en dos!
Cuándo volveras de Nuevo ya sin fiebre de evasión;
cuándo dejarás el ansia de correr de todo en pos;
¡cuándo latirás contrito oyendo tu propio son!
¡Cuándo con la mano al pecho habré de sentirte yo
en paz y a solas conmigo, corazón!
¡A salto de mata y siempre buscándote, corazón!
Te escapas de noche y día con la luna o con el sol.

Scattered Heart (continued)

Living recklessly and always looking for you, my heart!
You escape night and day with the moon or with the sun.
You flee through the open country deaf to the echo of my voice like a
bird of fire, without destination or direction.
Three times I found you wounded, your insides split in two!
And three, in blood you swore to only leave the prison;
but you're still the same haunted explorer of lands that you dreamed,
of worlds that no one has seen.
And I, running, running behind you, my heart!
You passed from hand to hand, your excitement and emotion
You loved so much and so deep that today you are a flame of love
You suffered and cried so much, that your tears have dried;
and loving and suffering you continue, insides split in two!
When will you return again no longer with a fever to evade;
when will you leave the yearning to chase behind everything;
when will you beat contrite, listening to your own song!
When will I be able to feel you with my hand on my chest
in peace and alone with me, heart!
Living recklessly and always looking for you, my heart!

Quick! We have but a second

Quick! We have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may
For time, the churl, hath beckoned
And we must away, away!

Grasp the pleasure that's flying
For oh, not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying
Or charm them to life again.

Then, quick! We have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may
For time, the churl, hath beckoned
And we must away, away!

Dos corazones

Dos corazones heridos puestos en una balanza,
el uno pide justicia, el otro pide venganza:
y el corazón más herido sólo con llorar descansa.

See the glass, how it flushes
Like some young hebe's lip
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.

Shame, oh, shame unto thee
If e'er thou seest that day
When a cup or a lip shall woo thee
And turn untouched away.

Then quick! We have but a second,
Fill round the cup while you may
For time, the churl, hath beckoned
And we must away, away!

Two Hearts

Two wounded hearts are placed on a scale,
one asks for justice, the other asks for vengeance:
and the most wounded heart only with weeping can rest.

Text

Adieu, Dear Native Land

Adieu, adieu dear native land!
We leave thy happy shore,
Farewell ye kind and friendly band,
With constant heart and gen'rous hand!
Who ne'er may see us more.
Adieu, adieu dear native land!
We leave thy happy shore.

Tho' rolling oceans may divide,
Tho' endless years may intervene,
Still hearts that grew up side by side
Change not with change of scene.
The trusting heart, the trusting heart so long our own;
The eye whose glance was joy, was joy to see,
Shall ever in our mem'ry live
'Till life shall cease to be.

Adieu, adieu dear native land!
We leave thy happy shore,
Farewell ye kind and friendly band,
With constant heart and gen'rous hand!
Who ne'er may see us more.
Adieu, adieu dear native land!
We leave thy happy shore.
Where'er we roam,
What e'er our lot,
Those loving hearts that falter not,
Shall never be forgot.

Clarín de campaña (Tomorrow the Trumpets)

Mientras tengan licor las botellas hagamos con ellas más dulce el vivir,
Recordando que tal vez mañana clarín de campaña nos llame a morir.
While there's wine in our glass let's be merry, forget pain and worry, forget how we sigh.
For tomorrow the cannon may thunder, tomorrow the trumpets may call us to die.

Mira Muerte, no seas inhumana, no vengas mañana, déjame vivir,
Recordando que tal vez mañana clarín de campaña nos llame a morir.
Listen Death, I have heard all about you, I can do without you, so pass me right by,
For tomorrow the cannon may thunder, tomorrow the trumpets may call us to die.

Mientras tengan perfume las flores, olviden dolores y vengan a amar,
Recordando que tal vez mañana clarín de campaña nos llame a pelear.
People say, though the body is mortal, the soul through its portal to heaven takes flight,
Oh tomorrow the cannon may thunder, tomorrow the trumpets may call us to fight.

The Heroes of Monterrey

What glad notes of joy are loud sounding on high,
As the tidings of triumph re-echo again.
But the tear of true sympathy moistens each eye,
For heroes have perish'd brave heroes are slain.
For heroes have perish'd brave heroes are slain.
They are buried in silence beneath the dark sod,
Far away from their kindred and homes they lov'd dear.

They sleep 'neath the ground they so gallantly trod,
Whence foemen were driven in deadly career.
Where foemen were driven in deadly career.
The din of the battle shall wake them no more,
Undisturb'd by commotions they peacefully rest.
But their fame is resounding from mountain and shore,
Where liberty kindles each patriot breast.
Where liberty kindles each patriot breast.

Text

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth to touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on earth goodwill to men from heav'ns all gracious King"
The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angel sing.
En la tierra paz

Still through cloven skies they come with peaceful wings unfurled
And still their heav'nly music floats o'er all the weary world

Above its sad and lonely plains they bend on hov'ring wing
And ever o'er its babel sounds the blessed angels sing
En la tierra paz

For lo!, the days are hast'ning on, by prophet bards foretold
When with the ever circling years comes round the age of gold
When peace shall over all the earth its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song, which now the angels sing.
Paz.

Green Grow the Rashes O

There's nought but care on ev'ry han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

Green grow the rashes O
Green grow the rashes O
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses O.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;

An' warly cares, an' warly men
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O

For you say douce, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes O...

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes O...

Text

La Iguana

Qué es aquello que verdea en medio de la sabana
Yo creía que era zacate y era la maldita iguana
Dicen que la iguana es verde y que también es muy lista
Yo agarré una por la cola en el cerro de Buena Vista.

*Iguana mía pa donde vas
Que voy al Puerto de Soledad
Si será mentira o será verdad
Lo que anda diciendo la gente allá
Que en ese pueblo no hay novedad
Que tarín tan tea (A la gea, gea)
Que iguana tan fea (A la gea, gea)
Que se sube al palo (A la gea, gea)
Y se zarandea (A la gea, gea)
Se mete al hoyito (A la gea, gea)
Pa que no la vean (A la gea, gea)
Mueve la colita (A la gea, gea)
como la colea (A la gea, gea)
Como la menea (A la gea, gea)
Mueve las patitas (A la gea, gea)
Como zapatea (A la gea, gea)*

Una iguana se cayó de arriba de una escalera
del porrazo que se dio se le zafó la cadera
Dicen que la iguana muerde, pero yo digo que no,
Yo agarré una por la cola y hasta la lengua sacó

Iguana mía pa donde vas ...

Dicen que la iguana muerde, pero yo digo que no!

The Iguana

What's that green thing in the middle of the savanna?
I thought it was grass and it was the darn iguana
They say that the iguana is green and that it's also very smart
I grabbed one by the tail at the Buena Vista mountain.

*My iguana, where are you going
I'm going to the port of Soledad
Whether it's a lie or whether it's the truth
What the people there are saying
That in that town there's nothing new.
What tarin tan tea (hey, hey)
What an ugly iguana (hey, hey)
It climbs up a stick (hey, hey)
And it shakes around (hey, hey)
It goes into the little hole (hey, hey)
So they can't see it (hey, hey)
It waves it's little tail (hey, hey)
Look how it moves its tail (hey, hey)
How it shakes it (hey, hey)
It moves its little legs (hey, hey)
How it dances (hey, hey)*

An iguana fell down from the top of a ladder
from the hit it took its hip came loose.
They say that the iguana bites, but I say that it doesn't,
I grabbed one by the tail and it even stuck out its tongue.

My iguana, where are you going ...

They say that the iguana bites, but I say that it doesn't!

The Deer's Cry

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me,
Christ in me, Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ on my right, Christ on my left,
Christ when I lie down, Christ when I sit down,
Christ in me, Christ when I arise,
Christ in the heart of every man who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who speaks of me,
Christ in the eye that sees me,
Christ in the ear that hears me,
Christ with me

Text

Malagueña Salerosa

Me siento en tierras extrañas, recorriendo el universo,
recorriendo el universo, me siento en tierras extrañas.

Virgencita yo te canto,
yo te canto con mis versos,
yo te canto con mis versos,
de Irlanda y la Gran Bretaña.

Si por pobre me desprecias yo te concedo razón,
yo te concedo razón, si por pobre me desprecias.

Yo no te ofrezco riquezas
te ofrezco mi corazón,
te ofrezco mi corazón
a cambio de mi pobreza.

Si me llevan a enterrar porque se llegó la hora,
porque se llegó la hora si me llevan a enterrar.

No se pongan a llorar,
mis hijos y mi señora,
al batallón de San Patricio,
lo recordará la historia.

La Barca de Oro

Yo ya me voy al puerto donde se haya
la barca de oro que debe conducirme;
yo ya me voy sólo vengo a despedirme,
adiós mujer, adiós para siempre adios.

No volverán tus ojos a mirarme,
ni tus oídos escucharán mi canto;
voy a aumentar los mares con mi llanto,
adiós mujer, adiós para siempre adios.

The Stylish Malagueña

I feel myself in strange lands, traveling the universe,
traveling the universe, I feel myself in strange lands.

My little virgin I sing to you,
I sing to you with my verses,
I sing to you with my verses,
From Ireland and Great Britain.

If you reject me because I'm poor, I concede that you are right,
I concede that you are right, if you reject me because I'm poor.

I don't offer you riches
I offer you my heart,
I offer you my heart
In exchange for my poverty.

If they take me to bury me because the hour has come,
Because the hour has come if they take me to bury me.

Don't start crying,
My children and my lady
The Saint Patrick's battalion
Will be remembered by history.

The Golden Ship

I am leaving now to the port where is
the golden ship that must take me;
I am leaving now, I'm only here to say farewell,
goodbye, woman, goodbye forever goodbye.
Your eyes will not see me again,
nor will your ears hear my song again;
I will increase the seas with my weeping,
goodbye, woman, goodbye forever goodbye.

Anthony O'Daly

Since your limbs were laid out
The stars do not shine!
The fish leap not out in the waves!
On our meadows
The dew does not fall in the morn,
For O Daly is dead!

Not a flow'r can be born!
Not a word can be said!
Not a tree have a leaf!

Anthony! After you there is nothing to do!
There is nothing but grief!

Text

Oh! Breathe Not His Name

Oh! Breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Virgencita

Virgencita de Guadalupe, sálvanos.
Santa María de Guadalupe,
ruega por nosotros.
Virgencita, sálvanos.
Santa María, Madre de Dios, sálvanos,
ruega por nosotros pecadores.
Sálvanos, ahora
y en la hora de nuestra muerte.
Señora de Guadalupe, virgencita,
ruega por nosotros.
Amén.

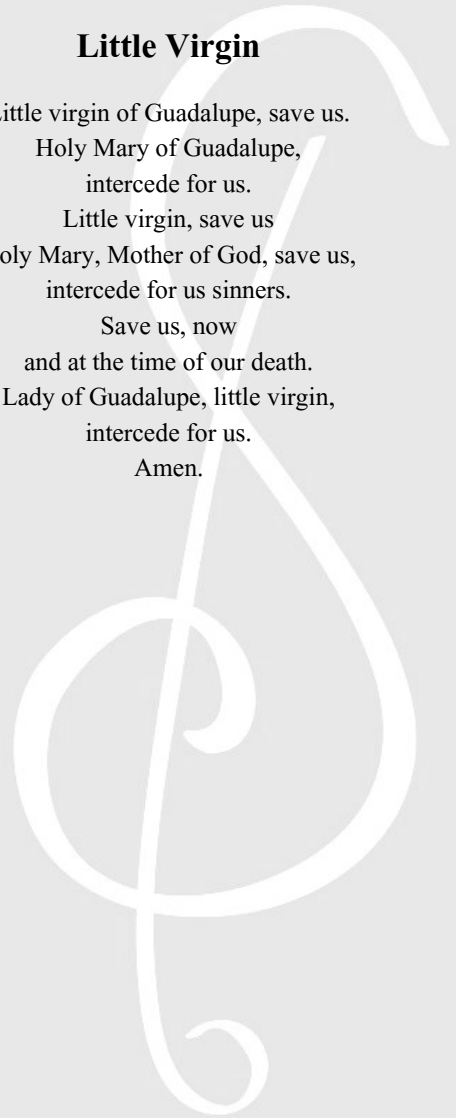
Little Virgin

Little virgin of Guadalupe, save us.
Holy Mary of Guadalupe,
intercede for us.
Little virgin, save us
Holy Mary, Mother of God, save us,
intercede for us sinners.
Save us, now
and at the time of our death.
Lady of Guadalupe, little virgin,
intercede for us.
Amen.

The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill.
O'er it, as I looked, there flew
Across the waters, cold and still,
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,
The sky beneath me blue in blue.
A moment, ere the bird had passed,
It caught his image as he flew.



Text

El Caballito

A Irlanda digo a mi juicio, para que sepan paisanos, para que sepan paisanos, a Irlanda digo a mi juicio.

Mil gracias por el servicio,
de pelear con alma y manos,
al grupo de San Patricio,
ya son héroes mexicanos...

Hay recuerdos bien sabidos que por desertores fue, que por desertores fue, hay recuerdos bien sabidos.

Y por Estados Unidos
los ahorcaron les diré
y a los que quedaron vivos
los marcaron con la "D".

Porque la verdad así es; por esa valiente acción, por esa valiente acción,
por esa valiente acción;
México con honradez,
y de todo corazón,
con el país irlandés
tiene buena relación.

The Little Horse

To Ireland I say to my knowledge, so all my paisanos can know, so all my paisanos can know, to Ireland I say to my knowledge.

A thousand thanks for your service
Of fighting with your soul and hands,
To the Saint Patrick's group,
They are now Mexican heroes...

There are well known memories that because they deserted, that because they deserted there are well known memories.

And because of the United States
They were hanged, I'll tell you,
And those that were left alive
Were marked with the "D".

Because the truth is like that; because of that brave action, because of that brave action, because of that brave action;
Mexico with total honesty,
And with a full heart
With the Irish nation
Will have a good friendship.

Artists

Soprano

Gabriel Doran
Bethany Battafarano
Elizabeth Windnagel

Alto

Susan Ramlet
Kris Kautzman
Laura Krider
Jack Vishneski

Tenor

Nicholas Chalmers
Shahzore Shah
Daniel Parks

Bass

Sullie Ojala-Helmbolt
Robert Peskin
Mark Dietrich

Artistas

¡Ándale Juana!

Yumhali García, Israel Aranda, Milena Petkovic

Flute and Irish whistle

Norah Rendell

Artists

¡Ándale Juana! is a collective of musicians who are passionate about promoting Mexican culture through music. With this goal, the band regularly performs instructional workshops and didactic concerts geared to audiences of all ages. Founded in 2017, Andale Juana has already performed at several distinguished art centers around the Twin Cities such as the Minneapolis Institute of Art and the Landmark Center. Andale Juana's members are deeply intertwined with the Twin Cities Hispanic community as part of organizations like GTCYS' Harmony Program and the Son Jarocho Workshops that take place at El Colegio Charter School. Most recently, the band was featured in the Schubert Club's KidsJam concert series, which brings music to a large group of young audiences.



Norah Rendell is a singer, flute player and whistle player who specializes in the traditional folk songs and dance music of Ireland and Canada. She co-founded the award-winning Celtic band, The Outside Track, with whom she recorded three critically acclaimed albums and toured 70-100 dates a year in North America and Europe. Norah has nine albums to her name including the 2007 duo release with Brian Miller, "Wait There Pretty One" and the Máirtín de Cógáin Project's "From Cork With Love." Norah is the Executive Artistic Director of the Center for Irish Music, a non-profit community music school in Saint Paul dedicated to handing down the tradition of Irish music.



Artistas

¡Ándale Juana! es un grupo de músicos con una pasión por promover la cultura mexicana a través de la música. Con esta meta se reúnen regularmente para presentar talleres y conciertos didácticos para públicos de todas las edades. Fundados en el 2017, ¡Ándale Juana! ya se ha presentado en varios centros importantes artísticos en las Ciudades Gemelas, tales como el Minneapolis Institute of Art y el Landmark Center. Los miembros de ¡Ándale Juana! están muy relacionados con la comunidad hispana de las Ciudades Gemelas, como parte de organizaciones como el Harmony Program de GTCYS y los talleres de son jarocho que toman lugar en El Colegio Charter School. Mas recientemente, el grupo se presentó en la serie de conciertos KidsJam del Schubert Club, que trae música a públicos jóvenes.

Norah Rendell es una cantante y flautista que se especializa en las canciones y música de danza de Irlanda y Canadá. Ella es una de las fundadoras de la banda céltica The Outside Track, ganadora de varios premios y con quienes ha grabado tres discos aclamados por la crítica especializada, y con quien da de 70 a 100 conciertos cada año en Norteamérica y Europa. Norah tiene nueve discos, incluyendo un disco en duo con Brian Miller, "Wait There Pretty One" y "From Cork With Love" de Máirtín de Cógáin Project. Norah es la directora ejecutiva y artística del Centro de Música Irlandesa, una escuela comunitaria sin fines de lucro en Saint Paul dedicada a transmitir la tradición de la música irlandesa.

Thank You

Gracias

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Arturo Steely
Our Lady of Guadalupe Church
Minnesota Chorale
Robert Peskin

\$200 - \$999

Jack Vishneski
Timothy Faatz
Jonathan Guyton
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Charles and Carrie Shaw
Dana Skoglund

Up to \$199

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Development Director: Jack Vishneski

**Thanks to the following people for their advice, talents,
and behind-the-scenes work:**

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Sara Zanussi.

Organizational advisors:

Bob Peskin, Kathy Saltzman Romey, Lisa Sass Zaragoza,
Sara Zanussi

Border
CrosSing

www.bordercrossingmn.org

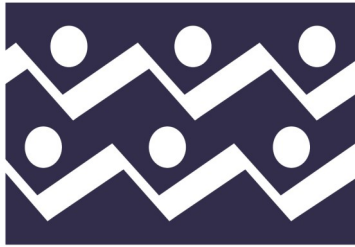


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Upcoming Concerts from our partners in the Minnesota Chorale



**MINNESOTA
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GLOBAL HARMONY: An Intergenerational Journey with Minneapolis Youth Chorus & Voices of Experience

Kathy Saltzman Romey, Patrice Arasim, Jerry Rubino, conductors

Saturday, May 5th @ 7:30pm;

Roseville Lutheran Church, Roseville

WALTON: Belshazzar's Feast & BERNSTEIN: Chichester Psalms with Minnesota Orchestra

Andrew Litton, conductor

Friday, June 1 and Saturday, June 2 @ 8:00pm;

Orchestra Hall, Minneapolis

CELEBRATING MANDELA AT 100 with Minnesota Orchestra

Osmo Vänskä, conductor

Friday, July 20 @ 8:00pm; Orchestra Hall, Minneapolis

United Through Music: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with Minnesota Orchestra

Osmo Vänskä, conductor

Saturday, July 21 @ 8:00pm; Orchestra Hall, Minneapolis



Carolyn Holbrook



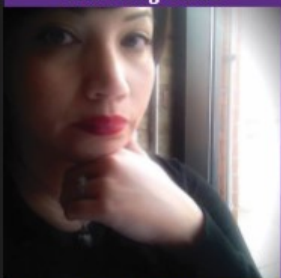
Mary Moore Easter



Mai Neng Moua



Isela Xitlali Gómez R.



Vanessa Ramos



Jna Shelomith

More Than a Single Story:

Rituals and Cultural Stories that Sustain Us

A series of community conversations inspired by Nigerian novelist Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie's powerful TED talk, The Danger of a Single Story.

**Thursday, March 22
7:00 - 9:00 pm**

Register:
651-696-2788 or
www.wisdomwayscenter.org

How do rituals and ancestral stories carry us? How does writing reflect those stories?

Carolyn Holbrook and a panel of writers of color and indigenous writers will probe these questions in a *More Than a Single Story* series conversation.



Wisdom Ways

Center for Spirituality

A ministry of the Sisters of St. Joseph

1890 Randolph Ave., St. Paul 55105
651-696-2788 • info@wisdomwayscenter.org
www.wisdomwayscenter.org

Our Next Events

Sones & San Patricio Sing

Saturday, March 24, 10:30 AM.

University of Minnesota School of Music.
Ferguson Hall, room 280.

Are you interested in learning more about the sones on our "San Patricio" program? Would you like to sing some of these songs with us? Maybe you'd like to know more about the Mexican-American War or the San Patricio battalion and their amazing story. Join our artistic director, singers of Border CrosSing, and members of ¡Ándale Juana! for a conversation about these topics together with community singing.

Everyone welcome. Free admission.

CrosSing Borders

Sunday, May 6, 8:00 PM

Our Lady of Guadalupe Church

The final installment of "Puentes." Crossing Borders features an eclectic program of songs and poetry of love and nature by Latin American authors such as Neruda, Benedetti, and Paz, with multiple layers of meaning that have changed through history. We explore how immigration can change music, stories, and culture over time. Tickets available on our website, bordercrossingmn.org

CrosSing Borders

Saturday, May 12, 7:30 PM

The chapel at the Sisters of St Joseph of Carondelet

Nuestros Próximos Eventos

Canto comunitario de Sones

Sábado 24 de Marzo, 10:30 AM.

University of Minnesota School of Music. Ferguson Hall, salón 280.

¿Estás interesado en aprender más sobre los sonos en nuestro concierto de "San Patricio"? ¿Te gustaría cantar algunas de estas canciones con nosotros? ¿Quieres saber más sobre la guerra Americana-Mexicana o el Batallón de San Patricio y su increíble historia? Ven a este evento con nuestro director artístico, cantantes, y miembros de ¡Ándale Juana! para una conversación sobre estos temas junto con canto en comunidad. Todos bienvenidos. Entrada libre.

Cruzando Fronteras

Domingo 6 de Mayo, 8:00 PM

Parroquia de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe

El último concierto de "Puentes". Cruzando Fronteras incluye un programa ecléctico de canciones y poesía de amor y naturaleza por autores Latinoamericanos tales como Neruda, Benedetti, y Paz, con múltiples niveles de significado que han cambiado a través de la historia. Exploramos como la migración puede cambiar música, historias, y cultura a través del tiempo. Boletos disponibles en nuestros sitio en línea, bordercrossingmn.org

Cruzando Fronteras

Sábado 12 de Mayo, 7:30 PM

La capilla en el convento de Las Hermanas de St Joseph of Carondelet



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