

**Texas New Music Festival 2026:**  
Director, Chad Robinson



**Luisana Rivas, mezzo-soprano**  
**Yan Shen, piano**

**Program**

*\* Pieces are world premieres*

**\* Los hijos infinitos**

Chris Pratorius-Gomez

**Espera**

Manuel Ponce (1882–1948)

**Insomnio**

Manuel Ponce

*Intermission*

**\* Hemingway Songs from *In Our Time***

Music and Libretto by Chad Robinson

**Part I. The Wars**

I. When I Was a Young Man

II. The Rain

III. In the Garden at Mons

IV. Prayer

V. The Six Cabinet Ministers

(brief pause)

**Part II. The Bullfights**

VI. Tight Against the Place

VII. The White Horse

VIII. The Frail Bullfighter

IX. Maera - Part 1

X. Maera - Part 2

## About Conciertos Puentes:

*Conciertos Puentes: tendiendo lazos sonoros* is a project organized by the Texas New Music Ensemble. Our goal is to present multiple concert works by living composers based in Mexico and Texas, with the purpose of strengthening cultural and artistic ties between both communities, as well as creating cultural bridges and professional connections that benefit artists on both sides of the border. Also present is a strong emphasis on the Latino-American experience in Houston. All concerts are presented annually in Houston and Mexico City.

"Concierto Puentes: tendiendo lazos sonoros" es un proyecto organizado por Texas New Music Festival. Su objetivo es presentar obras de compositores vivos radicados en México y Texas, con el propósito de fortalecer los lazos culturales y artísticos entre ambas comunidades, así como crear puentes culturales y conexiones profesionales que beneficien a los artistas de ambos lados de la frontera. Los conciertos se presentarán tanto en la Ciudad de México como en Houston durante 2025 y 2026.



MAYOR'S OFFICE OF  
**CULTURAL  
AFFAIRS**

**KAWAI**  
THE FUTURE OF THE PIANO

## Translations

### Los Hijos Infinitos / Infinite Children by Chris Pratorius-Gomez

Poetry by Andrés Eloy Blanco (1896 –1955)

|                                                      |                                                                   |
|------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>I</b>                                             | <b>I</b>                                                          |
| Cuando se tiene un hijo,                             | When one has a child,                                             |
| se tiene al hijo de la casa y al de la calle entera, | one has the child of the house and the child of the whole street, |
| se tiene al que cabalga en el cuadril de la mendiga  | one has the one riding on the beggar woman's hip                  |
| y al del coche que empuja la institutriz inglesa     | and the one in the stroller pushed by the English governess.      |
| <b>II</b>                                            | <b>II</b>                                                         |
| Cuando se tiene un hijo,                             | When one has a child,                                             |
| se tienen tantos niños                               | one has so many children                                          |
| que la calle se llena                                | that the street fills up                                          |
| y la plaza y el puente                               | and the plaza and the bridge                                      |
| y el mercado y la iglesia                            | and the market and the church                                     |
| y es nuestro cualquier niño cuando cruza la calle    | and any child is ours when they cross the street                  |
| y el coche lo atropella                              | and the car runs them over                                        |
| y cuando un niño grita, no sabemos                   | and when a child screams, we do not know                          |
| si lo nuestro es el grito o es el niño,              | if what is ours is the child or the scream,                       |
| y si le sangran y se queja,                          | and if they bleed and cry out,                                    |
| por el momento no sabríamos                          | for a moment we would not know                                    |
| si el ¡ay! es suyo o si la sangre es nuestra.        | if the "ow!" is theirs or if the blood is ours.                   |
| <b>III</b>                                           | <b>III</b>                                                        |
| Cuando se tiene un hijo,                             | When one has a child, it is ours                                  |
| es nuestro el niño                                   |                                                                   |
| que acompaña a la ciega                              | the one who accompanies the blind woman,                          |
| y el que tiene San Antonio en los brazos             | and the one Saint Anthony holds in his arms,                      |
| y el que tiene la Coromoto en las piernas.           | and the one Our Lady of Coromoto holds on her lap.                |
| Cuando se tiene un hijo, toda risa nos cala,         | When one has a child, every laugh fills us,                       |
| todo llanto nos crispa, venga de donde venga.        | every cry upsets us, wherever it comes from.                      |
| Cuando se tiene un hijo,                             | When one has a child,                                             |
| se tiene el mundo adentro                            | one has the whole world inside                                    |
| y el corazón afuera.                                 | and the heart exposed.                                            |
| <b>IV</b>                                            | <b>IV</b>                                                         |
| Y cuando se tienen dos hijos                         | And when one has two children,                                    |
| se tienen todos los hijos de la tierra,              | one has all the children of the earth,                            |
| los millones de hijos con que las tierras lloran,    | the millions of children for whom the lands weep,                 |
| con que las madres ríen,                             | with whom mothers laugh,                                          |
| con que los mundos sueñan,                           | of whom worlds dream,                                             |
| los que escaparon de Herodes para caer en Hiroshima  | those who escaped Herod and ended up in Hiroshima                 |

|                                                          |                                                                    |
|----------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| entreabiertos los ojos, como los niños de la guerra,     | their eyes half-open, like the children of war,                    |
| los que el Hombre de Estado,<br>que tiene un lindo niño, | those whom the Statesman,<br>who has a beautiful child,            |
| quiere con Dios adentro y las tripas afuera              | wants with God inside and their guts out                           |
| <b>V</b>                                                 | <b>V</b>                                                           |
| Cuando se tienen dos hijos                               | When one has two children,                                         |
| se tiene todo el miedo del planeta,                      | one has all the fear in the world,                                 |
| todo el miedo a los hombres luminosos                    | all the fear of the illuminated men                                |
| que quieren asesinar la luz y arriar las velas           | who want to murder the light and lower the sails                   |
| y ensangrentar las pelotas de goma                       | and stain rubber balls with blood                                  |
| y zambullir en llanto ferrocarriles de cuerda.           | and plunge clockwork trains into weeping.                          |
| Cuando se tienen dos hijos                               | When one has two children,                                         |
| se tiene la alegría y el ¡ay! del mundo en dos cabezas,  | one has the joy and the "ow!" of the world in two heads,           |
| toda la angustia y toda la esperanza,                    | all the anguish and all the hope,                                  |
| la luz y el llanto, a ver cuál es el que nos llega,      | the light and the weeping,<br>not knowing which one will reach us, |
| si el modo de llorar del universo                        | whether it is the universe's way of weeping                        |
| o el modo de alumbrar de las estrellas.                  | or the stars' way of shining.                                      |

### Insomnio / Insomnia – Manuel Ponce

|                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                   |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Silencio nocturnal, guiños de estrellas.                                                                       | Nocturnal silence, winks of stars.                                                                                                |
| Mueca de luna llena de ironía.                                                                                 | The moon's grin, full of irony                                                                                                    |
| El espíritu alerta con las huellas,<br>que le dejara sor melancolía.                                           | The spirit is alert with the footprints<br>left by Lady Melancholy                                                                |
| Serenata de amor en lontananza.                                                                                | Serenade of love in the offing                                                                                                    |
| Alba precoz, ruborizada y fría                                                                                 | Precocious dawn, blushing and cold                                                                                                |
| Y el insomnio tenaz como una lanza,<br>que martiriza la existencia mía.                                        | And the insomnia, tenacious as a spear,<br>which tortures my existence.                                                           |
| Y surge la canción de lo profundo,<br>del alma desolada y sin consuelo,<br>que anhela libertarse de este mundo | And the song from the depth emerges,<br>from the desolated soul without consolation,<br>which craves to be freed from this world, |
| y remontarse en el azul del cielo.                                                                             | And soar into the blue of the sky.                                                                                                |
| Dr. Charbel Yubaile                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                   |

### Espera / The Wait – Manuel Ponce

|                                                                                    |                                                                                            |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Vida llena de encantos y de penas.                                                 | Life, full of charms and of sorrows.                                                       |
| Vida llena de amor y desengaños.                                                   | Life, full of love and disillusion.                                                        |
| Con insidia fatal pasan los años,<br>¡y tú, oh vida, no rompes sus cadenas!        | With fatal insidiousness the years pass by,<br>and you, oh life, do not break its chains!  |
| ¿Qué esperas, corazón, que así palpitas?                                           | What do you hope for, heart, that beats like so?                                           |
| ¿Esperas la ilusión que da la vida?                                                | Do you hope for the illusion that life gives?                                              |
| Las flores del jardín no están marchitas,<br>y hay bálsamo de amor para tu herida. | The flowers in the garden are not withered,<br>and there is a balm of love for your wound. |

**Hemingway Songs.....Music and Libretto by Chad Robinson**  
**from *In Our Time***

**Part I: The Wars**

**I. When I Was a Young Man**

Ev'ryone was drunk, the whole battery going along the road, in the dark.  
The lieutenant kept saying to him, "I'm drunk! I tell you, *mon vieux*."  
But still, he continued all night, "You must put it out! It is dangerous. They will see."  
We were so close to the front, but they worried about the fire in my tent, from my stove.  
War was funny that way, when I was a *juene homme*.

**II. The Rain**

Minarets came through the rain in Adrinople.  
Carts jammed for thirty miles.  
No end and no beginning along the Karaj.  
Old men among the cattle.  
The Martiza running yellow.  
People crouched in carts with all they owned.  
I saw a woman.  
She gave birth near a young girl - scared sick, looking at it.  
The rain came down all night.

**III. In the Garden at Mons**

In the garden at Mons, the patrol came across the river.  
The first German I saw climbed up over the garden wall.

We waited.

He looked awfully surprised as the shots tore through him.  
In the garden he fell. They all fell just like that.  
Officers came next, officers so fine.

In the garden he fell. They all fell just like that.  
In the garden they fell, in the garden at Mons.

#### **IV. Prayer**

Dear, Jesus,  
Please, get me out.  
Christ!  
Please, get me out.

The bombs won't stop falling at Fossalta.  
Save me, I have no desire to die.  
I believe in you. I'll tell them all about you.

The next night, I never told the whore about you.  
I never told anyone.

#### **V. The Six Cabinet Ministers**

They shot the six cabinet ministers in the morning against the wall.

Pools of blood. Wet, dead leaves, paving the way.

Two men carried him out from the door.  
It was no use, too sick to stand.

When they fired the first rounds,  
he sat there with his head atop his knees.

#### **Part II: The Bullfights**

##### **VI. Tight Against the Place**

Swinging, he got the horn through his sword hand.  
Flailing, the matador fell and the bull caught him through his belly.

He held his hand tight against the place.

The bull rammed him against the wall, and the horn came clear out the other side.  
Frightened men carried him away as he yelled for his sword.

A young boy came out trying to finish the beast, too weak to get the sword in.  
The crowd hollered and threw trash down in the ring.

## **VII. The White Horse**

The white horse, the black bull  
snarling, hating,

The white horse, the black bull,  
entrails, inside out,  
roaring blood.

The white horse, the black bull,  
both died in one rush,  
as they became one.

## **VIII. The Frail Bullfighter**

They call me Luis, the poor matador.  
They call me Luis, the frail bullfighter.

I keep my distance until the beast is too tired to attack.  
It's not a righteous kill, but it's my best.  
Although the crowd may hiss and shout,  
I take whatever victories I can.

Once they climbed over the wall and held me down.  
They cursed me as they let a young boy cut my hair.  
After, at the cafe, they all laughed,  
as I drank alone.

## **IX. Maera: Part 1**

The fights were to be at noon,  
but the parade began at dawn.  
Luis was leading the way,  
falling and dancing along.

Too drunk to stand up straight,  
Too drunk to fight his bull,  
Who will fight his bull?

Maera can take his place.  
Maera can fight his bull.

"I will kill the bull."

## **X: Maera: Part 2**

Maera lay still, his face in the sand.  
His head on his arms, the horn in his back.

Warm and sticky from the bleeding.

Finally, the horn went all the way through.  
He felt it passing deep into the ground.

Maera could feel it all.  
The wound pulsing larger and larger  
and smaller and smaller.

Maera could feel it all.  
The horn turning faster and faster  
and larger and larger.

Finally, the bull was gone.  
The pain was fading. The fight was done.

Finally, the light did fade.  
Finally, Maera was dead.