

# FROM WALES TO ARGENTINA

Where Two Worlds Collide



Anna Fitzgerald, Soprano  
Estelle Roux, Piano

St German's Church Metal Street, Cardiff, CF24 0JY  
Saturday 12 March 2022, 12.30pm

# From Wales to Argentina

## *Where two worlds collide*



### Introduction

Y Wladfa, translating to 'the colony' is where a group of Welsh people settled in Patagonia, Argentina in 1865. 'From Wales to Argentina' is a concert exploring the beginnings of Y Wladfa. Soprano Anna Fitzgerald presents a series of Welsh and Argentine songs, accompanied by Estelle Roux on piano. These songs mirror not only the geographical journey, but also the emotional journey that the Welsh community experienced when they moved to Argentina.

The Welsh community moved in order to leave Wales, which seemed to be merging into England due to the industrial revolution, and rural communities were beginning to disappear. Michael Jones, the principal of Bala College and a staunch nationalist, organised with the Argentine government to be able to settle in an area in Patagonia known as Bahia Blanca. An agreement was made for the Welsh settlers to keep Welsh language, culture and traditions whilst in Argentina. The Argentine government were happy to agree to those terms given Bahia Blanca was currently under dispute with their neighbours in Chile.

The eight-week journey to a country that has a land mass over 100 times larger than their country of origin, and an already established indigenous community inhabiting it, must have been a daunting but exciting experience. The Tehuelche native community already in Argentina tried to teach the Welsh to survive on their stark land, but the Welsh eventually travelled further and built a settlement by a river. The native Tehuelche people had farmed the land and spoken their own dialect for generations, and there formed a connection between two distinct cultures both thriving on Argentine land. This recital depicts the challenges that were faced by those Welsh immigrants leaving home and arriving in a new place, and the songs in this programme explore how music can address themes such as nature, integration and patriotism. The programme explores how music can bring us together, and ultimately the themes in both the Welsh and Argentine songs are very similar, showing how at the heart of both the Argentine and Welsh cultures, lies a love of music, nature and home.

### From Wales...

My Little Welsh Home  
Y Cymro  
Gwynfyd  
Bryniau Aur Fy Ngwlad  
Ffarwel iti, Gymru Fâd  
Aros Mae'R Mynyddau Mawr



W. S. Gwynn Williams (1896-1978)  
Meirion Williams (1901-1976)  
Meirion Williams (1901-1976)  
T. Vincent Davies  
Meirion Williams (1901-1976)  
Meirion Williams (1901-1976)

### to Argentina

Canción al árbol del olvido  
Bonita rama de sauce  
Gringa Chaqueña  
Pueblito, mi pueblo



Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)  
Carlos Gustavino (1912-2000)  
Ariel Ramírez (1921-2010)  
Carlos Gustavino (1912-2000)

This concert lasts a total of 45 minutes.

## The Performers

### Anna Fitzgerald, Soprano



Anna's keen interest in both Argentine and Welsh music, given she has lived in both countries, has led her to produce this concert 'From Wales to Argentina'. Anna is currently studying her second year of Masters in Vocal Performance at The Royal Welsh College of Music & Drama under Anne Mason. She is also a graduate of Italian & Spanish from the University of Bristol. Having spent a year abroad for her degree, Anna has performed with the Verdi Opera Company in Buenos Aires and an Il Coro di Mirandola in Italy.

Anna has performed in Masterclasses with Kitty Whately, Gweneth Ann Rand and David Gowland. She has performed roles such as Tatyana in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, Galatea in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, First Lady in Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, The Governess in Britten's *Turn of the Screw* and Marzelline in Beethoven's *Fidelio* (RWCMD scenes). Anna enjoys Oratorio performances and has sung soprano solos in works such as Handel's *Messiah*, Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* and Fauré's *Requiem*.

### Estelle Roux, Piano



Estelle obtained her BMus Classical Piano Performance degree cum laude in 2018, under the tutelage of Albie van Schalkwyk and Francois du Toit at the South African College of Music. At the SACM, she won prizes for obtaining the highest aggregate in her year, accompaniment, chamber music, romantic performance, and concerto playing.

After a gap year teaching, performing, and touring Europe with the Cape Town Youth Choir, she moved to Cardiff to pursue her masters in 2020. She has been lucky to receive masterclasses from many esteemed pianists, including Steven Osbourne, Spencer Myer, Imogen Cooper, and Angela Hewitt. In 2021 she was awarded a bursary to attend Dartington Summer School, and received a week of masterclasses from Ivana Gavric. At the RWCMD, Estelle has studied under the tutelage of Michael Young and Mei Yi Foo, and won the Eric Hodge prize for Beethoven playing. This term Estelle will be performing in the final of the John Ireland chamber music competition, and the Beethoven Piano Society of Europe's Senior Intercollegiate competition.

## Programme Notes

### My Little Welsh Home ..... W. S. Gwynn Williams (1896-1978)

This patriotic and heartfelt song expresses the unfaltering ties the character feels to their homeland. Gwynn Williams was a significant figure in Welsh music, and was the first musical director of the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen in 1947. The folk style of this song gives it a traditional feel, and the repetition of ascending and descending scales in the melody show simplicity, making it easy to pass down through generations, and keeping Welsh patriotism alive.

I am dreaming of the mountains of my home,  
Of the mountains where in childhood I would roam.  
I have dwelt 'neath southern skies,  
Where the summer never dies,  
But my heart is in the mountains of my home.

I can see the little homestead on the hill,  
I can hear the magic music of the Rhyl.  
There is nothing to compare,  
With the love that once was there,  
In the lonely little homestead on the hill.

I can see the quiet churchyard down below,  
Where the mountain breezes wander to and fro.  
And when God my soul will keep,  
It is there I want to sleep,  
With those dear old folks that loved me long ago.

**Y Cymro ..... Meirion Williams (1901-1976)**

*Y Cymro* (The Welshman) is a stirring and nationalistic piece which highlights the importance of the Welsh language and the generosity of the Welsh people. The Welsh community that moved to Argentina brought both the language and music of their country with them to Argentina, and this is still prevalent today with thriving Eisteddfodau (Welsh arts and language festivals) and Welsh language schools running in Patagonia. The uplifting melody and upbeat tempo of this song radiates positivity. Meirion Williams was attracted to the beauty of Wales' nature and its people, and he portrayed these thoughts with a musical style influenced by late romanticism. Williams was primarily known as a pianist and organist, but his contribution to the development of Welsh art song was notable as he used a more romantic style instead of the traditional folk song that came before.

Mae gan y Cymro galon  
I garu Cymru lom,  
Mae'i serch fel anniffoddol fflam  
Yn gylch o amgylch hon.  
Os yw ymhlith estroniaid  
Sy'n gwatwar iaith ei wlad,  
Cynheua fflam ei serch yn fwy  
At iaith ei fam a'i dad.

Mae gan y Cymro galon  
I ganfod y tylawd,  
A chynorthwyol fraich i'w ddwyn  
O bwl annedwydd ffawd.  
Mae deigr yn ei lygaid,  
Elusen yn ei law,  
Pan wyl gardotes fach dylawd  
Yn droednoeth yn y glaw.

Mae gan y Cymro dalent  
A synnwyr yn ei ben

The Welshman has a heart  
To love a bare Wales,  
His love is like an inanimate flame  
Surrounding Wales.  
If foreigners ridicule the language of his country,  
The flame of his love is heightened more  
for the language of his mother and father.

The Welshman has a heart  
To find the poor,  
And a helping arm to raise them  
From the pit of their fated inertia.  
There is a tear in his eyes,  
Charity in his hand,  
When he sees poor little Gardots  
Barefoot in the rain.

The Welshman has talent  
And sense in his head  
To make a paradise soon

I wneud paradwys cyn bo hir  
O'n hannwyl Walia Wen;  
Ac os dyrchefir gwledydd  
Gan rinwedd dysg a dawn,  
Ceir gweld hen Gymru a Chymraeg  
Yn uchel, uchel iawn.

From our dear pure Wales;  
And if countries are promoted  
By virtue of learning and aptitude,  
Old Wales and Welsh can be seen  
High, very high.

*Translation by Meirion Williams*

**Gwynfyd ..... Meirion Williams (1901-1976)**

*Gwynfyd* (Paradise) has a late romantic style that depicts the beautiful 'land of beauty and peace' with a long and sweeping melody. Although Williams most probably wrote this with Wales in his mind as the 'Paradise', in this context, the song could be seen to portray how the Welsh perceived Argentina as they moved hoping for a better life. Argentina was an exciting new land that they hoped would bring them new fortune and happiness.

Ei enw yw Paradwys wen,  
Paradwys wen yw enw'r byd,  
Ac wylo rwyf o'i golli cyd,  
A'i geisio hwnt i sêr y nen.

O blessed realm of Paradise  
O land of beauty and of peace,  
My soul too oft in secret cries,  
And seeks it far beyond the skies.

Nid draw ar bell-bell draeth y mae,  
Nac obry 'ngwely'r perlau chwaith,  
Ond mil-mil nes a ber yw'r daith  
I ddistaw byrth y byd di-wae.

Not found upon some far-off strand,  
Nor yet within the pearly deep,  
But nearer far, in mine own hand  
I hold the key to that fair land.

Tawelach yw na'r dyfnaf hun,  
Agosach yw na throthwy'r drws,  
Fel pêrwelyau'r rhos o dlws,  
Ar allwedd yn fy llaw fy hun.

More peaceful than the deepest sleep,  
Within my heart for e'er to keep,  
Like roses fair before mine eyes,  
O blessed, blessed Paradise.

*Translation by Meirion Williams*

**Bryniau Aur Fy Ngwlad ..... T. Vincent Davies**

The image within the title of *Bryniau Aur Fy Ngwlad* (The Golden Hills of my Country) is clear from the start in the upbeat, joyful nature of the piano introduction to the song. This also suggests an air of mockery with it's slightly glib ascending line and fast flourishes of joyfulness. This mocking tone in combination with the text, suggests that the character in this piece looks down on wealthy people, because they do not have or appreciate the 'hills of gold' that are worth far more than any material possessions. This commentary on society reflects the way the Welsh community felt when leaving wales, as they were disillusioned with the industrial revolution and wanted to be able to live in a thriving rural community.

Ardderchog byramidiau,  
Gogoniant Cymru lân;  
Cyfoethog o drysorau  
Yw bryniau gwlad y gân;  
Mae pennaf olud daear  
Yn griddfan am ryddhad,

Where nature, her strong storehouse  
With ancient treasure fills;  
Let man with toil and patience  
Their groaning wealth unfold:  
They are the boon of nations,  
My country's hills of gold.

O dan glogwyni hawddgar  
Hen fryniau aur fy ngwlad.

Edliwiodd llawer gelyn,  
Bod Cymru fach yn dlawd;  
A thaflwyd llawer poeryn  
I'w gwyneb gyda gwawd;  
Ond ar y gelyn hwnnw,  
Dychwelyd mae'r sarhad;  
A'i ragfarn sydd yn marw  
Ar fryniau aur fy ngwlad.

Mynyddau Cymru lonydd  
Sydd yn cyfodi'n awr,  
I roddi arddurn newydd  
Ar goron Prydain Fawr;  
Ni raid ysbeilio'r estron  
O'i gyfoeth na'i fwynhad,  
Mae yn yr ymyl ddigon  
Ym mryniau aur fy ngwlad.

If once in blind derision  
The stranger nam'd her poor  
Today as in contrition  
He searches rook and moor:  
He comes not to despise her,  
As of the came of old:  
Your wealth has made him wiser  
My country's hills of gold.

My country's staunch defenders,  
Of old held in renown  
Your treasures add new splendours  
To Britain's lustrous crown.  
Unenvied leave each nation  
Its land and wealth to hold:  
At hand lies our possession  
My country's hills of gold,  
My country's hills of gold.

*Translation by Dyfed*

## **Ffarwel iti, Gymru Fâd ..... Meirion Williams (1901-1976)**

This stirring song perfectly describes the situation of the Welsh community who travelled to Argentina with the moving title *Ffarwel iti, Gymru Fâd* (Fairwell, Fair Wales). The sadness of saying goodbye to their homeland is portrayed in the long sweeping statements of the vocal line. At the same time, the repeated and flowing arpeggios in the piano running underneath the vocal line represent the waves of the sea as the Welsh sail away. The final 'ffarwel' lightly touches a higher-register note and slowly grows in volume, as if the singer were weeping. The mention of taking language and song to a foreign country in the text of the song is vital to the theme of this concert, given that the Welsh brought their language and music with them to Argentina, and carried on those traditions in their new home. This is represented in the strong forte final note in the vocal line, which shows that the Welsh remained strong despite leaving Wales.

Ffarwel iti Gymru fâd, ffarwel Gymru fâd.  
Mynd yr ydym dros y tonnau,  
Mynd a gadael ar ein holau,  
Beddau mam a beddau tad,  
O ffarwel ein hanwyl wlad,  
O, ffarwel ein hanwyl wlad.

Tua'r lan fe drodd y bâd,  
Tra cyfeillion ger yr afon  
Godant eu cadachau gwynion,  
Rhaid dy adael, Gymru fâd.  
O ffarwel ein hanwyl wlad,  
O, ffarwel, ein hanwyl wlad.

Farewell fair Wales, farewell fair Wales.  
We are going over the waves,  
We go and leave behind us  
Our mothers' graves and fathers' graves,  
Oh, farewell our dear country,  
Oh, farewell our dear country.

Offshore the boat turned,  
While friends by the river  
raised their white cloaks,  
You must leave, dear Wales.  
Oh, farewell our dear country,  
Oh, farewell, our dear country.

Ffarwel, ffarwel, Gymru fâd,  
O, ffarwel, Gymru fâd.  
Bydd yr heniaith a ddysgasom,  
A'r alawon a ganasom  
gyda ni mewn estron wlad,  
O ffarwel iti Gymru fâd,  
ffarwel, ffarwel, Gymru fâd.

Farewell, farewell, fair Wales,  
Oh, goodbye, fair Wales.  
The old language we learned,  
And the tunes we sang,  
with us in a foreign country,  
Goodbye to you dear Wales,  
goodbye, farewell, fair Wales.

*Translation by Meirion Williams*

### **Aros Mae'R Mynyddau Mawr ..... Meirion Williams (1901-1976)**

Williams composed steady, strong and direct phrases in the vocal and piano line for this piece. The striking nature of this style creates a grandiose image of the mountains which are described in the text. The contrast of the middle section shows a sweet and much softer tone, depicting the daisies. The strong and grand style appears both at the start and the end of the piece, creating a cycle, much like the circle of life that is alluded to in the text. The overall message is highlighted that although people come and go, music and language can live on and be passed from generation to generation, and from country to country. This message is pertinent to the story of the Welsh moving to Argentina.

Aros mae'r mynyddau mawr,  
Rhuo trostynt mae y gwynt;  
Clywir eto gyda'r wawr  
Gân bugeiliaid megis cynt.

The great mountains remain  
The wind roars across them  
The song of shepherds is heard again with  
the dawn, as before

Eto tyf y llygad dydd,  
O gylch traed y graig a'r bryn;  
Ond bugeiliaid newydd sydd  
Ar yr hen fynyddoedd hyn

Also the daisies grow  
Around the feet of rock and hill  
But there are new shepherds  
On these old mountains

Ar arferion Cymru gynt,  
Newid daeth o rod i rod;  
Mae cenhedlaeth wedi mynd  
A chenhedlaeth wedi dod.

Upon the customs of the former Wales  
Change came with the Earth's turn  
A generation has gone  
And a generation has come

Wedi oes dymhestlog hir,  
Alun Mabon mwy nid yw;  
Ond mae'r heniaith yn y tir  
A'r alawon hen yn fyw.

After a tempestuous age  
Alun Mabon is no more  
But the old language is in the land  
And the old tunes live

*Translation by Meirion Williams*

### **Canción al árbol del olvido ..... Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)**

*Canción al árbol del olvido* (Song to the Tree of Forgetfulness) was an early song of Ginastera's, when he was still writing in a lyrical and nationalist style. The theme of memory and its ties with nature highlights the way the Welsh settlers must have felt, trying to move onto a new life, but not being able to forget their homeland, since they are surrounded by nature that reminds them of home. The underlying rhythmic beat

in the bassline of tango in this song is present throughout, and the melodic structure in the vocal line mirrors the strong emotional torment that tango historically portrays. The steady beat in the piano is contrasted by a smooth and sentimental melody from the soprano. The Argentine feel of this music was short-lived in Ginastera's compositions, and musicologist Ana Lucia Frega described Ginastera as a show-off, and as time went on he wrote more dissonant and modern pieces, in order to place himself on the international stage.

En mis pagos hay un arbol  
Que del olvido se llama,  
Al que van a despenarse,  
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,  
Los moribundos del alma.

In my land there is a tree,  
And it's called the tree of forgetfulness,  
To him they go to free themselves from  
pain, my little life,  
Those whose souls are dying.

Para no pensar en vos  
Bajo el arbol del olvido  
Me acosté una nohecita,  
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,  
Y me quedé bien dormido.

So I wouldn't think of you,  
Underneath the forgetfulness tree  
I lay down one little night,  
my little life,  
And I fell into a deep sleep.

Al despertar de aquel sueño  
Pensaba en vos otra vez,  
Pues me olvidé de olvidarte,  
Vidalitay, Vidalitay,  
Encuantito me acosté.

When I woke from that sleep  
I thought of you again,  
Because I forgot to forget you,  
my little life,  
As soon as I lay down.

*Translation by Lorena Paz Nieto*

### **Bonita rama de sauce ..... Carlos Gustavino (1912-2000)**

*Bonita rama de sauce* (beautiful willow branch) tells the story of a willow branch which constantly has to say goodbye to things which pass it by, like the wind and the river, but one thing which remains constant is the music of the people which passes down from generation to generation. This oral tradition is also prevalent in Wales, and highlights how even though Argentina and Wales are miles apart, they share music in common, and that is one aspect that travels across borders and fosters cultural diversity and creativity. Gustavino, unlike his contemporary Ginastera, was known as a private man with little desire to travel or make it to the international stage with his music. Gustavino once said that his idea of success was hearing his music sung or whistled in the streets by ordinary folks—people who would have no idea he had written the tune they loved. This humble aspect of his personality is clear in the simplicity of his writing, shown in this song with lighthearted piano and vocal parts complimenting each other's joviality.

Bonita rama de sauce,  
bonita rama de amor,  
nunca floreció, que siempre  
se quedó diciendo adiós.

Beautiful willow branch,  
Beautiful branch of love,  
That never flourished, that was always  
Left saying goodbye.

El río pasa y la peina,  
el río la jura amar.  
La rama le da sus trenzas.  
El río miente y se va.

The river goes by and it brushes her hair,  
The river swears its love.  
The branch gives him her tresses.  
The river tells lies and is gone.



El viento pasa y la besa,  
el tallo le hace cimir,  
toda la ramita canta,  
el viento miente y se va.

Se va, se va,  
y la ramita se inclina,  
no la vean suspirar.  
y la ramita se inclina,  
no la vean suspirar.

Bonita rama de sauce,  
bonita rama de amor,  
floreceda de alegría  
con el alba amaneció.

Debajo de su caricia  
dormido estaba el cantor,  
de la guitarra y la boca  
le nacía una canción.

Más dulce que viento y río,  
la noche entera cantó,  
coronado por la rama,  
abrazadito quedó.

Cantar, cantar,  
las verdes coplas del sauce,  
altas por el cielo van.  
Cantar, cantar,  
las verdes coplas del sauce,  
altas por el cielo van.

The wind passes by and kisses her,  
And makes her stem tremble,  
The whole of the branch sings,  
The wind tells lies and is gone.

It's gone, it's gone,  
And the little branch bends,  
They won't see her cry.  
And the little branch bends down,  
They won't see her cry.

Beautiful willow branch,  
Beautiful branch of love,  
Blooming with happiness  
It awakened with the sunrise.

Beneath its caress  
The singer was sleeping,  
From his guitar and from his lips  
A song was born.

Sweeter than the wind and than the river,  
All through the night he sang,  
Crowned by the branch,  
He was embraced.

To sing, to sing  
The green coplas\* of the willow,  
High up in the sky they go.  
To sing, to sing  
The green coplas\* of the willow.

\*A Copla is a poetic form of four verses  
found in many popular Spanish songs

*Translation by Lorena Paz Nieto*

## **Gringa Chaqueña ..... Ariel Ramírez (1935-2009)**

*Gringa Chaqueña* is a song about a woman who has immigrated to Argentina. The word 'chaqueña' means from the Chaco, which is an indigenous region in Northern Argentina. The term 'gringa' means a female foreigner, and often has a negative association, but historically it was used to refer to non-Spanish European immigrants who first established agricultural colonies in Argentina. This song allows us to explore the feelings of an immigrant coming into Argentina, much like the Welsh would have felt turning up to start an agricultural colony in Patagonia. The folk-style introductory music in the song represents the indigenous aspects that the protagonist of this song has adopted through living in Argentina. The increase in tempo throughout the sections of the song reflects the lyrics and how the 'gringas' have helped moved

things along in the Chaco, reinforcing the overarching message about how 'gringas' have helped to build what is now a thriving and diverse community.

Ahora eres  
La cuna de la paz  
Y del trabajo  
Cuando yo te habité  
Eras puros tacuruses

Monte sin flor  
Indiada y tolderías  
Campos de espinas  
Amargura  
Cruces

Sangre de mi gente, tu horizonte maduró  
Gringos te abonaron con su piel y su sudor  
Déjame decir lo que yo te di  
Déjame que cuente de este Chaco que hice yo

Yo te trabajé, hice de tu piel  
Una sombra nueva  
Yo te di algodón, hijos te brindé  
Rostros de cosecha

Chaco montaraz, toba redomón  
Fui mujer entera  
Tu tierra vacante fue una cuna grande  
Áspera y maternal

Tu esterilidad yo la fecundé  
Cada luna nueva  
Y dándote vida me he sentido yo  
Bien gringa y también chaqueña.

\*Tolderías are rustic settlements where indigenous people live.

Now you are  
the cradle of peace,  
and before  
when I inhabited you  
You were hard work.

Mountain without flower,  
Indian and tolderías\*,  
fields of thorns,  
Bitterness,  
Crosses.

Blood of my people, your horizon matured.  
Gringos paid you with their skin and their sweat,  
Let me say what I gave you,  
Let me tell you about this Chaco that I made.

I worked for you,  
I made a new shadow from your skin,  
I gave you cotton, and provided you with children  
And harvest support.

Wild Chaco, untamed rock,  
I was a whole woman;  
Your vacant land was a big cradle,  
Rough and motherly.

I fertilized your sterility,  
every new moon,  
And giving you life I have felt myself,  
Both gringa and also chaqueña.

## **Pueblito, mi pueblo ..... Carlos Gustavino (1912-2000)**

*Pueblito, mi pueblo* (Villiage, My Lovely Village) is argued by musicologist Jonathan Kulp to be so popular in Argentina that it has gained the status of Argentine folk music. It represents Argentine patriotism and brings the whole country together despite its size and cultural diversity. The melody's nostalgic yearning is clear from the outset, and it uses a tango style to emphasise the emotion of the text, portraying that even when we are removed from our homeland, we will never forget it. This song brings us full circle back to the start of our programme, to remind us that patriotism is strong amongst both the Argentines and the

Welsh, and that through passing on songs and connecting with nature, people are able to find common ground and create new and exciting lives together.

Pueblito, mi pueblo.  
Extraño tus tardes.  
Querido pueblito  
no puedo olvidarte.

] Little village, my village  
I miss your afternoons.  
My beloved little village  
I cannot forget you.

¡Cuánta nostalgia ceñida  
tengo en el alma esta tarde!  
¡Ay! si pudiera otra vez,  
bajo tus sauces soñar,  
viendo las nubes que pasan.

How much strained nostalgia  
I have in my soul this afternoon!  
Ah! If I could once more  
Under your willow trees dream,  
Seeing the clouds that pass.

¡Ah! y cuando el sol ya se va,  
sentir la brisa al pasar  
fragante por los azahares.

Ah! And when the sun is leaving,  
To feel the breeze passing  
Fragrant from the orange blossoms.

Pueblito, mi pueblo.  
Extraño tus tardes.  
Querido pueblito  
no puedo olvidarte.

Little village, my village  
I miss your afternoons.  
My beloved little village  
I cannot forget you.


*Translation by Lorena Paz Nieto*

## Future Events

Follow Anna and Estelle on social media for updates on their next performances.

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Thank you for coming!

¡Gracias por venir!



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