

REQUIEM

Las Lamentaciones de Rufina Amaya

By Carlos Colón



Calvin Symposium on Worship
Covenant Fine Arts Center Recital Hall
Thursday, January 29, 2014
4:15 P.M.

Opening Remarks – Burt Burluson, Baylor University Chaplain

Requiem – Las Lamentaciones de Rufina Amaya

Preámbulo

O Vos Omnes (Soprano Solo)

Introit – Kyrie

Rufina Lloro Por Sus Hijos

Dies Irae

Confutatis

Hostias

Sanctus

Pie Jesu

Agnus Dei

In Paradisum

Vencerá el Amor (Love Shall Overcome)

Prayer and Benediction, Burt Burluson



The choral requiem Las Lamentaciones de Rufina Amaya was premiered on May 7, 2008 at Baylor University in Waco, Texas.

Even though the work specifically commemorates the Mozote Massacre at the beginning of the civil war in El Salvador, it is the composer's wish for this work to be a lament for all the victims of the war. As a native of El Salvador, it is my hope that it will be received as a song of remembrance for all the Salvadorans that died during such a tragic chapter of our history. The majority of the piece is sung in Latin, with the hope that it may console and inspire other peace-loving dwellers of this world of God.

Carlos Colón

Composer Carlos Colón was born in Chalchuapa, El Salvador. When he was 14, he was forced to leave El Salvador and took refuge in Guatemala City. He studied music at the National Conservatory of Music of Guatemala, and in 1986 came to the United States. He holds a BM from Belmont University, and a MM from Baylor University. His music has been performed at festivals in the United States and abroad. He lives in Waco, Texas, and Santa Ana, El Salvador. He is Coordinator of Worship Initiatives at Baylor University.

Confutatis

Confutatis maledictis,
flammis acribus addictis,
voca me cum benedictus.

Oro supplex et acclinis,
cor contritum quasi cinis,
gere curam mei finis.

Hostias

*Hostias et preces tibi,
Domine, laudis offerimus;
tu suscipe pro animabus illis,
quarum hodie memoriam facimus.
Fac eas, Domine,
de morte transire ad vitam.
Quam olim Abrahæ promissisti et semini
ejus.*

Sanctus

*Santo, Santo, Santo decían los querubines
Santo, Santo, Santo es el Señor Jehová
Santo, Santo, Santo es el Dios que nos
protege
Por ser tres veces Santo los cielos y la
tierra
llenos de su gloria estén.
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua.*

Agnus Dei

*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi
Dona eis pacem.*

Pie Jesu

*Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem
Dona eis Domine, Dona eis requiem.
Sempiternam requiem
Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem*

In Paradisum

*Que en el Paraíso de Dios reciban paz,
Y por siempre moren en la Jerusalén,
Que a sus mártires reciba Cristo
Redentor;
Que en el Paraíso de Dios reciban paz.*

*Mama Rufina, madre de amor
Daba gozo tu canción.*

When the accused are confounded,
and doomed to flames of woe,
call me among the blessed.

I kneel with submissive heart,
my contrition is like ashes,
help me in my final condition.

O Lord, we offer you sacrifices
and prayers in praise;
accept them on behalf of the souls
whom we remember today.
Make them, Lord,
pass over from death to life,
as you promised Abraham and his seed.

Holy, Holy, Holy, said the cherubims
Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord Jehovah.
Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord that protects
us.
Because he is three times Holy may the
Heavens and earth be filled with His
glory.

Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord, God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of thy glory.

Lamb of God who takes away the sins of
the world
Grant them peace.

Blessed Lord Jesus grant them rest
Grant them, Lord, grant them rest.
everlasting rest.
Blessed Lord Jesus, grant them rest.

May they receive, in Paradise, peace from
God
And may they dwell forever in Jerusalem,
May Christ (the) Redeemer, receive His
martyrs;
May they receive, in Paradise, peace from
God.

Mama Rufina, mother of love
your song gave us joy.

O Vos Omnes

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam:
attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor
meus.

O all ye that pass by the way,
attend and see if there be any sorrow like
to my sorrow.

Requiem – Kyrie

*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Kyrie eleison, Señor ten piedad
Christe eleison, Señor danos tu paz
Quebra el rifle y la metralla, Cristo
Redentor
Kyrie Eleison, Señor danos paz!*

Grant them eternal rest, Lord,
And may perpetual light shine upon them.
Lord, have mercy, Lord have mercy.
Christ have mercy, Lord give us thy peace
Break (all) rifles and (all) machine guns,
Christ (our) Redeemer

Rufina Lloro por sus Hijos (Rufina Weeps for Her Children) - Poem by Nora Méndez (b. 1969)

*Ay! Mamá, mamá Rufina
Nos daba gozo tu cantar.
Un cantar de colores planchados
Por campesino amanecer.*

Woe! Mama, mama Rufina
Your singing gave us joy.
A singing of colors ironed by
a country dawn.

*¡Ay, Mamá Rufina!
Los soldados vienen ya
Con sus cuchillos y rostros macabros...
Ay Mamá, ¿Por dónde andás?*

Woe, Mama Rufina
The soldiers are coming
With their knives and macabre faces...
Woe mama, where are you?

*Llamas rojas en cuartos cerrados,
Las paredes de Dios todo ven.
¡Ay! Los soldados sus nombres verán
también
en la sangre de su piel.*

Red flames in a closed bedroom,
God's walls see everything.
Woe! These soldiers will see their names
as well
in the blood on their skin.

*Y la zarza ardiente
a Rufina guardará.*

And the burning bush
will guard Rufina.

*¡Ay! Mamá, Mamá Rufina
Nos daba gozo tu canción.
Mamá Rufina, madre de amor.
Daba gozo tu canción.*

Woe! Mama, Mama Rufina
Your song (once) gave us joy.
Mama Rufina, mother of love.
Your song (once) gave us joy.

Dies irae –

*Dies iræ! dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favilla
Teste David cum Sibylla!*

Day of wrath, day that
will dissolve the world into burning coals,
as David bore witness with the Sibyll.

*Quantus tremor est futurus,
quando iudex est venturus,
cuncta stricte discussurus!*

How great a tremor is to be,
when the judge is to come
briskly shattering every (grave).

Vencerá el Amor

English Text: Greg Scheer

"Love Shall Overcome"

Carlos Colón (ASCAP)



Ven - ce-rá/el a - mor. aun-que/a - ce - chen tem - pes - ta - des;
Love shall o - ver - come ev - en when the storm is rag - ing.



Y/aun-que hay do - lor, pa - sa - rán las mal - da - des.
Though the night is long, still God's power is un - chang - ing.



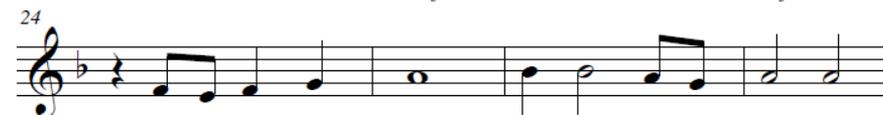
Ven - ce - rá/el a - mor, aun - que tris - tes ex - tra - ñe - mos
Love shall o - ver - come, af - ter nights of bit - ter weep - ing,



a quie-nes hoy no/es - tán, más sin em - bar - go vi - ven.
there comes a brighter dawn for saints of God's own keep - ing.



Ven - ce-rá el bien so - bre tan - tas ve - ja - cio - nes.
Love shall o - ver - come from these chains our God will free us.



Ven - ce - rán tam - bién nues - tras o - ra - cio - nes.
When we pray as one, Je - sus will re - deem us.

28



Y/és-tas lá - gri - mas que jun - tos der - ra - ma - mos
And the tears we cried will be a pre - cious offer - ing.

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un - gi - rán con paz nues-tros co - ra - zo - nes.
And the peace of Christ shall — reign for - ev - er.

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Carlos Colon, Composer and Conductor
Burt Burleson, Chaplain at Baylor University
The Choral Scholars, Kathryn Becksvoort, Tabitha Blanski, Henry Kingma,
Karel de Waal Malefyt, Stephanie Parrott, Jason Reiffer, Carmen Smits,
CarlaJoy Strand, Chris Snyder
Norma de Waal Malefyt, piano
Calvin Community Orchestra members and Grand Rapids area musicians,
Instrumentalists



"If I return, I will hear my children crying." Rufina Amaya Márquez

Rufina Amaya and The Massacre of El Mozote, El Salvador

Rufina Amaya was the sole survivor of the El Mozote massacre. In that tragedy, she lost her 29-year-old husband, Domingo Claros; and her 4 children, all under 9 years-old. At least 800 other people died as well. It is the worst single massacre in Latin American history.

On the afternoon of December 10, 1981, units of a US trained battalion from the Salvadoran army arrived at the remote village of El Mozote ("The Thistle") after battling left-wing guerrillas in the area. Upon arrival, the soldiers ordered everyone out of their houses and into the square. They made them lie face down, searched them, and questioned them for hours about the guerrillas.

Early the next morning, the soldiers reassembled the entire village in the square. They separated the men from the women and children and locked them in separate groups in the church, the convent, and various houses. During the morning, they proceeded to interrogate, torture, and execute the men in several locations. Around noon, they began taking the women and older girls in groups, separating them from their children and machine-gunning them after assaulting them. After killing the entire population, the soldiers set fire to the buildings.

One of the most haunting stories told by Rufina is that of a young evangelical Christian girl who sang praises even after being shot. Her story was corroborated by former soldiers who participated in the massacre.

The main melody used in the Sanctus of this composition is one of those songs young Salvadoran evangelicals, the composer among them, used to sing in those days. Half of the population of El Mozote were evangelical Christians, most of them Pentecostal (compared with less than 10 percent of the general population at that time).

To this day, there is a small monument at where the sacristy once stood. The words "El Mozote, nunca más" are engraven on a monument made up from the rubble of the small church. This musical lament echoes that prayer: never again.