Editor's Notes for CPE-671, "*Paráfrasis de Job*"

This dramatic "paraphrase" of Job, crying out to God in his tortured anguish while still maintaining his faith, draws from Job 13:24-26 and Job 17:1 in the Old Testament. This late composition by Hilarión Eslava, dating from his Madrid years, is scored as a brilliant concert-worthy "*gran recitado y romanza*" for tenor and (in its original version, probably) orchestra.

I have worked from two separate sources to create this edition:

Manuscript 215-5, recently obtained from the Music Archive of the Catedral de Valencia (courtesy of don Vicente Pons Alós), which contained the orchestral parts, but was very sparse in terms of dynamic indicators;

and

Record MP2987-6 from the Biblioteca Nacional de España, which was a printed (and likely, later) score featuring a piano reduction and the tenor part, published by Bonifacio Eslava. (The score, incidentally, is signed by Ramón Rufín y Valdés, my husband's great-grandfather and Hilarión's heir).

In comparing these two versions, I was able to correct errors extant in both sources. Additionally, I developed the orchestral dynamics based on the indications in the printed score, expanding on them as needed to create this edition, which is breathtakingly beautiful (in my opinion).

The audio recording of this piece utilizes MuseScore 4® soundfonts and Synthesizer V Studio 2 Pro® voice, making excellent use of the synthesized voice of Lang Chuan.

SPANISH LYRICS	ENGLISH TRANSLATION
Señor omnipotente, que de tu indignación has derramado el cáliz sin piedad sobre mi frente, ¿Qué quieres? ¿Qué quieres, qué quieres, justo Dios, de un desgraciado? ¡Ay! Tu poder ostentas contra una frágil hoja que arrastra el huracán de las tormentas.	Almighty Lord, who has poured out the cup of Your indignation mercilessly upon my brow, what is it You seek? What is it You seek—what is it You seek, O righteous God— from a wretch like me? Alas! You display Your power against a fragile leaf swept along by the whirlwind of the storms.

Escribes contra mí duelo y congoja, y de mi vida entre el pecado impío, me quieres consumir... ¡Piedad, Dios mío, piedad! Piedad, Dios mío.	You decree sorrow and anguish for me, and my life, among unholy sin, You now seek to burn away... Have mercy, my God, have mercy! Have mercy, my God.
Mis tristes días se abrevian, mi espíritu desfallece. ¡Ah! Sólo el sepulcro me ofrece segura esperanza en vos.	My sorrowful days grow ever shorter, my spirit faints. Ah! Only the grave offers me a sure hope in You.
Libradme de tantos males, vos, Dios mío; y cualquier mano contra mí combata en vano, como no sea mi Dios.	Deliver me from so many evils, O my God; and let any hand that rises against me strive in vain— unless that hand be my God's.
¡Dios mío! ¡Mi espíritu desfallece, ah!	My God! My spirit faints—ah!