

TONADILLAS

Texts: Fernando Periquet

1. Amor y odio

Pense que yo sabia
ocultar la pena mia
Que por estar en lo profundo
no alcanzara á ver el mundo
este amor callado
que un majo malvado
en mi alma encendió.

Y no fué así
porque el vislumbro
el pesar oculto en mi
pero fué en vano
que vislumbra
pues el villano
mostroso ajeno
de que le amara.
Y esta es la pena
que sufro ahora
sentir mi alma llena
de amor por quien me olvida
sin que una luz allentadora
surja en las sombras de mi vida.

2. El majo discreto

Dicen que mi majo es feo
Es posible que si que lo sea
Que amor es deseo
Que ciega y marea
La tiempo que sé
quien á mano vé.

Mas sino es mi majo un hombre
que por lindo descuella ya sombre
En cambio es discreto
Y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en el
sabiendo que es fiel.

Cual es el secreto
que el majo guarda?
Seria indiscreto
contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo
Costara saber
secretos de un majo
con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapies*
Eh! Eh! Es un majo
Un majo es.

*A suburb of Madrid.

3. El majo tímido

Llega á mi reja y me mira
por la noche un majo
que en cuanto me ve y suspira
se vá calle abajo
Ay! que tio mas tardio
Sia si se pasa la vida
Estoy divertida.

4. El mirar de la maja

Porqué es en mis ojos
tan hondo el mirar?
que á fin de cortar
desdenes y enojos
los suelo en tornar
Que fuego dentro llevarán
los clavo en mi amor
sonorojo me dan.

Por eso el chispero
á quien mi alma di
al verse ante mi
me tira el sombrero
y dice me asi
Mi maja! no me miras más
que tus ojos rayos son
y ardiendo en pasion
la muerte me dan.

TONADILLAS

Translations by Eryl Baño © 1975

1. Love and hate

I thought I should know how to hide my pain, that
being so deep, it would not see the light of day; this
silent love that a wicked lover has kindled in my soul.

But it wasn't so; it revealed itself, that pain hidden in
me. But it was in vain that it shone forth, because the
villain refused to let himself be loved. And this is the
pain that I now suffer: feeling my soul full of love for
someone who has forgotten me, without a single
comforting light amidst the shadows of my life.

2. The discreet lover

They say that my suitor is ugly and that may be so, for
love is a desire that makes one dizzy and blind.

And what if my suitor is not remarkably handsome?
For on the other hand, he is discreet; and he keeps the
secret that I have confided in him, knowing him to be
faithful.

What is the secret that he keeps? It would be
indiscreet of me to tell you. It won't be difficult for you
to guess the secret that a young man and a young
woman keep. He was born in Lavapies.*
Well, well; he's a man; he's a man!

3. The timid suitor

At night, a young man comes to my window and looks
at me. But the moment he sees me, he sighs and goes
away. Ay; what a slow-coach! If that's how he's going
to spend his life, I shall be very amused.

4. The young woman's glance

Why is it that I veil my eyes? In order to avoid slights
and annoyances, I usually lower them. They have so
much fire within them that if I looked at my love, I
should have to blush.

For this, the one to whom I have given my soul, when
he finds himself in my presence, he tugs at my hat and
says: "My love, don't look at me - your eyes are like
lightning, and, burning with passion, they destroy
me."

5. El tra la la y el punteado

Es en balde majo mio
que sigas hablando
porque hay cosas que contesto
yo siempre cantando
Tra la la.

Por mes que preguntes tanto
Tra la la
En mi no causas que branto
Ni yo he de salir de mi canto
Tra la la!

6. La maja dolorosa (No. 2)

Ay majo de mi vida
No no tu no has muerto
Aca so yo existiese
si fuera eso cierto?
Quiere loca
besar tu boca!
Quiero segura
Gozar mas de tu ventura
Ay!

Mas Ay! deliro sueño
mi majo no existe
en torno mio el mundo
Lloroso esta y triste
A mi duelo
No hallo consuelo!
Más muerto y frio
Siempre el majo será mio
Ay!

POEMA EN FORMA DE CANCIONES

Texts: Ramon de Campoamor

1. Dedicatoria (Piano solo)

2. Nunca olvida...

Ya que este mundo abandono
antes de dar cuenta a Dios
aquí para entre los dos
mi confesión te diré.

Con toda el alma perdono
hasta a los que siempre he dado
¡A ti que tanto te he amado
nunca te perdonaré!

3. Cantares

Ay!
Mas cerca de mi te siento
cuando más huyo de ti,
Pues tu imagen es en mi
sombra de mi pensamiento

Ay!
Vuéivemelo a decir
pues embelesando ayer
te escuchaba sin oír
y te miraba sin ver.
Ay!

4. Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
ella lejos de mí,
¿Porqué te acercas tanto? me decía
¡Tengo miedo de ti!

Y después que la noche hubo pasado
dijo, cerca de mí:
¿Porqué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin ti!

5. Las locas por amor

Te amaré diosa Venus si prefieres
que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura,
Y respondió la diosa de Citeres
Prefiero como todas las mujeres
que me amen poco tiempo con locura
Te amaré diosa Venus, te amare.

5. The tra-la-la and the guitar solo

It's in vain, my dear, that you continue speaking
because there are certain things which I always
answer with a song. Tra la la!

And for all that you persist in asking, Tra la la, you
won't make me change nor stop my singing. Tra la la.

6. The grief-stricken young woman

Ay; love of my life. No, no, you aren't dead! Could I go
on living if it were true that you have died? I long to
kiss your mouth. I want to share and enjoy the future
with you.

Ay; I am delirious; I am dreaming. My lover no longer
exists. All round me the world is sad and full of tears.
My grief finds no solace. Cold and dead my lover will
always be.

POEM IN THE FORM OF POPULAR SONGS

Translations by Eryl Baño © 1975

1. Dedication (Piano solo)

2. Never forget...

Now that I have to leave this world, before I render my
account to God, here, between the two of us, I will
make my confession.

With all my soul, I forgive even those to whom I have
always given. But you, whom I have loved so much, I
will never forgive.

3. Folk-song

Ah!
The more I flee from you, the more I feel you near to
me, because your image is in me, like the shadow of
my thinking.

Ah!
Say it to me again, because last night, enraptured, I
listened without hearing and looked at you without
seeing.

4. The two fears

When that night began, far from me, she said: "Why
do you draw so close? I'm frightened of you!"

And when the night had passed, close to me, she said:
"Why do you draw away? I'm frightened without you!"

5. The women mad for love

I will love you, goddess Venus, if you so desire; I will
love you wisely, and for a long, long time. But the
Cytherean goddess replied: "Like all women, I would
prefer you to love me madly." For a little while, I will
love you, Goddess Venus, I will love you."

TROIS MELODIES

Texts: Theophile Gautier

1. Les Colombes

Sur le coteau, là bas où sont les tombes,
Un beau palmier, comme un panache vert
Dresse sa tête, où le soir les colombes
Viennent nicher et se mettre à couvert

Mais le matin elles quittent les branches
Comme un collier qui s'égrène, on les voit
S'éparpiller dans l'air bleu, toutes blanches,
Et se poser plus loin sur quelque toit.

Mon âme est l'arbre où tous les soirs, comme elles
De blancs essaims de folles visions
Tombent des cieus, en palpitant des ailes,
Pour s'envoler dès les premiers rayons.

2. Chinoiserie

Ce n'est pas vous, non, madame, que j'aime,
Ni vous non plus, Juliette, ni vous
Ophélie, ni Béatrix, ni même
Laure la blonde, avec ses grands yeux doux.

Celle que j'aime à présent, est en Chine;
Elle demeure avec ses vieux parents,
Dans une tour de porcelaine fine,
Au fleuve Jaune, où sont les cormorans.

Elle a des yeux retroussés vers les tempes,
Un pied petit à tenir dans la main,
Le teint plus clair que le cuivre des lampes,
Les ongles longs et rougis de carmin.

Par son treillis elle passe sa tête,
Que l'hirondelle en volant vient toucher,
Et, chaque soir, aussi bien qu'un poète,
Chante le saule et la fleur du pêcher.

3. Séguidilla

Un jupon serré sur les hanches,
Un peigne énorme à son chignon,
Jambe nerveuse et pied mignon,
Oeil de feu, teint pâle et dents blanches;
Alzà! Olà! Voilà
La véritable manola.

Gestes hardis, libre parole,
Sel et piment à pleine main,
Oubli parfait du lendemain,
Amour fantasque et grâce folle;
Alzà! Olà! Voilà
La véritable manola.

Chanter, danser aux castagnettes,
Et, dans les courses de taureaux,
Juger les coups des toréros
Tout en fumant des cigarettes;
Alzà! Olà! Voilà
La véritable manola.

THREE SONGS

Translations by James Day © 1975

1. The Doves

On the hillside, down below where the tombs lie, a
fine palm tree, like a green plume, raises its crown,
where the doves come to roost and shelter in the
evenings.

But in the mornings, they leave the branches, as if
they were a necklace scattering into beads; one sees
them disperse into the blue air, completely white, and
land on some more distant roof.

My soul is the tree where, every evening, like them,
white swarms of extravagant visions fall from the
skies with fluttering wings, to fly off at the first light.

2. Chinoiserie

No, it is not you, madame, whom I love, nor you
either, Juliet, nor you, Ophelia, nor Beatrice, nor even
the fair Laura, with her huge soft eyes.

My current love is in China; she lives with her old
parents in a fine porcelain tower close to the Yellow
River where the cormorants are.

She has eyes that slant backwards towards her
temples, feet tiny enough to hold in your hand, a
complexion clearer than the copper of a lamp, and
long nails reddened with carmine.

She pushes her head through her trellis that the
swallow skims over in flight; and every evening, the
weeping willow and the peach-blossom sing as well
as any poet.

3. Seguidilla

Her skirt clinging to her hips and an enormous comb
in her chignon, sinewy legs and dainty feet, an eye of
fire, pale complexion and white teeth, Alza! Ola! look
at her - a true Madrid street-girl.

Bold of gesture, free of speech, a real handful of salt
and peppercorn, completely unaware of the morrow;
fantastic love and extravagant grace, Alza! Ola! Look
at her - a true Madrid street-girl.

Singing, dancing to the castanets and assessing the
bullfighters' thrusts as the bulls charge, smoking
cigarettes as she does so, Alza! Ola! Look at her - a
true Madrid street-girl.

SIETE CANCIONES POPULARES ESPAÑOLAS

Texts: Traditional

SEVEN SPANISH POPULAR SONGS

Translations by Eryl Baño © 1975

1. El paño moruno

Al paño moruno fino en la tienda
Una mancha le cayó
Por menos precio se vende
Porque perdió su valor
Ay!

2. Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros somos
Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos.

Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano
Que al fin se borra
Y creyéndola falsa
Nadie le toma.

3. Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba
Arrimé a un pino verde

Por ver me llorar, lloraba,
Y el pino, como era verde

4. Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mío
Se lo pueden preguntar

Ya me despido de tí
De tu casa y tu ventana
Y aunque no quiera tu madre
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

5. Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma.
Duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana
Nanita, nana.

6. Canción

Por tradidores, tus ojos
Voy á enterrar los;
No sabes lo que cuesta
"Del aire" Niña, el mirarlos
"Madre á la orilla."

Dicen que no me quieres
Ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado
"Del aire." Por lo perdido
"Madre á la orilla."

7. Polo

Ay!
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
Que á nadie se la diré.
Malhaya el amor
Y quien me lo dio a entender
Ay!

1. The Moroccan cloth

The fine Moroccan cloth in the shop was stained. They
sold it at a lower price because it had lost its value.
Ah!

2. Murcian Seguidilla

He who has a glass roof on his house shouldn't throw
stones at his neighbour's roof. We are herdsmen;
perhaps we shall meet on the road. Because of your
great fickleness, I compare you to a peseta, which,
passing from hand to hand, becomes worn, and,
believing it to be forged, no-one will accept it.

3. Asturian woman

To see if I could console myself, I leant on a green
pine-tree.

To see myself cry, I cried; and the tree, it was so
green!

4. Jota

They say that we don't love one another, because
they don't see us talking to one another. They should
ask your heart and mine!

Now I say goodbye to you, to your house and to your
window; and, although your mother disapproves,
Goodbye, darling, until tomorrow.

5. Lullaby

Sleep, little boy, sleep. Sleep, my soul's delight.
Sleep, little morning star. Lulla, lullay.

6. Song

For their treachery, I shall bury your eyes. You don't
know how hard it is to look at them, "mother on the
verge of air."

They say that you don't love me. But you have loved
me. What's past is past, "mother on the verge of air."

7. Polo

Ay!
I hide an ache in my heart that I will tell to no-one.
Cursed be love and he that made me understand it.