Poema en Forma de Canciones
Music by Joaquin Turina (1685-1759)
Text by Ramón María de las Mercedes de Campoamor y Campoosorio (1817-1901)

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 odiado.
A ti que tanto te he amado
nunca te perdonaré!

Never Forget

Since I am leaving this world,
And before I give my account to the lord,
I will confess to you,
Here, between the two of us.
With all my soul I forgive those
Whom I have always hated.
You, whom I have deeply loved,
I will never forgive!

Cantares

Más cerca de mí te siento
Cuando más huyo de tí
Pues tu imagen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.

Vuélvemelo a decir
Pues embelesado ayer
Te escuchaba sin oír
Y te miraba sin ver.
Flee as I may your embraces
Flee as I may your embraces,
Closer forever I'm caught;
My ev'ry dream, ev'ry thought
Your haunting vision retraces.

Speak more to me,
For yesterday, as I was enraptured,
I listened to you without bearing,
I looked at you without seeing.

Los dos miedos

Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
Ella lejos de mí,
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? Me decía,
Tengo miedo de ti.

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

The Two Fears

With the onset of that night,
She, remote from me, said:
Why do you come so close to me?
I am afraid of you.

And after the night had passed,
She, close to me, said:
Why do you move away from me?
I am afraid without you!

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 y con locura.
Te amaré diosa Venus, te amaré.

The extremes of love

I will love you, Divine Venus, if you desire
That I love you eternally and with discretion.
The goddess of Cythera replied to me:
I prefer, as all women do,
That you love me for a short time and passionately.

I will love you, Divine Venus, I will love you.

“Cançoneta incerta”
Music by Frederico Mompou (1893-1987)
Text by Josep Carner (1884-1970)

¿Aquest camí tan fi, tan fi,
qui sap on mena?
És a la vila o és al pi
de la carena?

Un lliri blau color de cel
Diu: ‘Vine, vine’;
Però ‘No passis’ diu un vel
De teranyina.

¿Serà drecera del gosat,
Rossola ingrata
O bé un camí d'enamorat
Colgat de mata?

¿És un recer per a adormir
Qui passi pena?
¿Aquest camí tan fi, tan fi,
Qui sap on mena?

¿Qui sap si trist o somrient
Acull son hoste?
Qui sap si mor sobtadament,
Sota la brosta?

¿Qui sabrà mai aquest matí
A què em convida?
I és camí incert cada camí,
N'es cada vida.

**Uncertain Song**

This path so narrow,  
who knows where it leads?  
To the town or to that pine  
on the mountainside?

A sky-blue lily  
says ‘Come, come’;  
But ‘Do not pass’,  
says a spider’s web.

Is this a short cut for the daring,  
a slippery descent,  
or is it a lover’s path,  
covered with brush?

Is it a shelter to sleep  
for one in pain?  
This path so narrow,  
who knows where it leads?

Who knows whether sad or smiling  
it greets the traveler?  
Who knows if it dies of a sudden  
beneath the ticket?

Who would ever know this path,  
now to what it invites me?  
Every morning is an uncertain path,  
And every life is too.

“Pastoral”  
Music by Frederico Mompou (1893-1987)  
Text by Juan Ramón Jiménez Mantecón (1881-1958)

**Pastoral**

Los caminos de la tarde  
Se hacen uno con la noche  
Por en he de ir a ti  
Amor que tanto te escondes
Por el he de ir a ti
Como la luz de los montes
Como la brisa del mar
Como el olor de las flores

Pastoral

The roads of twilight
Unite with the night
For which I must go to you
Love, hiding you from me

For the night I must go to you
Like the light over the hills
Like the breeze of the sea
Like the scent of the flowers

“Llueve sobre el río”
Music by Frederico Mompou (1893-1987)
Text by Juan Ramón Jiménez Mantecón (1881-1958)

Llueve sobre el río

Llueve sobre el río...

El agua estremece
Los fragantes juncos
De la orilla verde...
¡Ay, qué ansioso olor
A pétalo frío!

Llueve sobre el río...

Mi barca parece
Mi sueño, en un vago
Mundo. ¡Orilla verde!
¡Ay, barca sin junco!
¡Ay, corazón frío!

Llueve sobre el río...

It rains on the river

It rains on the river…
The water stirs
The fragrant reeds
On the green shore…
Ah, what an uneasy scent
Of cold petals!

It rains on the river…

My boat seems to be my dream
In a hazy
World. Green shore!
Ah, boat adrift!
Ah, cold heart!

It rains on the river…

Mañanita de San Juan from Seis Canciones
Music by Eduardo Toldra (1895-1962)
Text by Unknown

Mañanita de San Juan

Mañanita de San Juan, mañanita de primor,
Cuando damas y galanes van a oír misa mayor.
Allá va la mi señora, entre todas la mejor;
Viste saya sobre saya, mantellín de tornasol,
Camisa con oro y perlas, bordada en el cabezón.
En la su boca muy linda, leva un poco de dulzor;
En la su cara tan Blanca un poquito de arrebol,

Y en los sus ojuelos garzos lleva un poco de alcohol;
Así entraba por la iglesia relumbrando como el sol.
Las damas mueren de envidia y los galanes de amor.
El que cantaba en el coro en el credo se perdió;
El abad que dice misa ha trocado la lición;
Monacillos que le ayudan, no aciertan responder,
Non; por decir amén, amen Decían amor, amor.

Dawn on St John’s day

Dawn on St. John's Day, dawn of exquisite beauty,
When ladies and gentlemen go to high mass
And among them is my lady, the most beautiful of all
Behold her skirts, her mantilla of sunflowers,
Her blouse of pearls and gold, embroidered on the collar;
On her mouth lovely lies a touch of sweetness,
On her face pallid, a little rouge,
And on her blue eyes, a hint of kohl.
She entered the church so radiant as the sun
The ladies die of envy, the gentlemen of love,
The chorister lost his way in the Credo,
The Abbot saying mass read the wrong lesson,
The acolytes serving him fail to respond
Instead of amen, amen, they say amor, amor.

Al Amor
Music by Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
Text by Cristobal de Castillejo (1491-1556)

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después de muchos millares--tres!

Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y contemos--al revés.
Con Amore la Mi Madre

To the beloved
Give me, Love, kisses without number,
as the number of hairs on my head,
and give me a thousand and a hundred after that,
and a hundred and a thousand after that...
and after those...many thousands... give me three more!
And so that no one feels bad...
Let us tear up the tally
and begin counting backwards!

“En el Pinar”
Music by Fernando J. Obradors (1887-1945)
Text by Unknown
En el Pinar

Yo nunca tuve una corza ni un collar
Ni tendré una barca verde de cristal
Pero sí una pena blanca y un cantar
Y una choza hecha de pino verde

Yo nunca tuve una estrella de coral
Ni tendré más limpio espejo que mi mar
Pero si tendré una alondra y un rosal
Y mi choza verde de luna en el verde pinar

In the Pine Grove

I never had a doe, nor a necklace
Nor will I have a boat of green crystal
But a white sorrow and a song,
And a hut made of pine in the green pine grove.

I never had a star made of coral,
Nor will I have a clearer mirror than my sea
But I will have a lark, a rose and my moonlit
Green hut in the green pine grove

“Con amores, la mi madre”
Music by Fernando Obrados (1887-1945)
Text by Juan de Anchieta (1534-1597)

Con amores, la mi madre

Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí;
Así dormida soñaba
Lo que el corazón velaba,
Que el amor me consolaba
Con más bien que merecí:
Adormeció me el favor
Que amor me dio con amor;
Dio Descanso a mi dolor
La fe con que le serví.
Con amores, la mi madre,
Con amores me dormí.

With love, my mother
With love, my mother,
With love I fell asleep;
Thus asleep, I was dreaming
That which my heart was hiding,
That love was consoling me
With more good than I deserved.
The aid lulled me to sleep.
What love gave me, with love,
Put to bed my pain by
The faith with which I served you.
With love, my mother,
With love I fell asleep.

“Dos cantares populares”
Music by Fernando J. Obradors (1897-1945)
Text by Anonymous

**Del cabello más sutil**

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

**Of the softest hair**

Of the softest hair
which you have in you braid,
I would make a chain
so that I may bring you to my side.

A jug in your home,
little one, I would like to be...
so that I may kiss you
each time you take a drink.

**Chiquitita la Novia**
Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala
Y er dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y er mosquitero.

A Tiny Bride

A tiny bride,
A tiny groom,
A tiny parlor
And a bedroom,
That’s why I want
And a mosquito net

INTERMISSION

“The Daisies”
Music by Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Text by James Stephens (1882-1950)

The Daisies

In the scented bud of the morning O,
When the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daises are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;
As she and I went, hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

“With rue my heart is laden”
Music by Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Text by Alfred Edward Housman (1859-1936)

**With rue my heart is laden**

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfood lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

“Bessie Bobtail”
Music by Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Text by James Stephens (1882-1950)

**Bessie Bobtail**

Met the ghost of Stephen Foster at the Hotel Paradise
This is what I told him as I gazed into his eyes
"Rooms were made for carpets, towers made for spires
Ships were made for cannonade to fire off from inside them"

Gwine to run all night
Gwine to run all day
Camptown ladies never sang
All the doo dah day no, no, no

Gwine to run all night
Gwine to run all day
Camptown ladies never sang
All the doo dah day no, no, no

Met the ghost of Stephen Foster at the Hotel Paradise
This is what I told him as I gazed into his eyes
"Ships were made for sinking, whiskey made for drinking
If we were made of cellophane, we'd all get stinking drunk quite faster"

Gwine to run all night
Gwine to run all day
Camptown ladies never sang
All the doo dah day no, no, no
Gwine to run all night
Gwine to run all day
Camptown ladies never sang
All the doo dah day

“Rain has fallen”
Music by Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Text by James Joyce (1882-1941)

**Rain has fallen**

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of mem'ries.

Staying a little by the way
Of mem'ries shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

“Sure on this shining night”
Music by Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Text by James Agee (1909-1955)

**Sure on this shining night**

Sure on this shining night
Of star-made shadows round
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground

The late year lies down the north,
All is healed, all is health
High summer holds the earth,
Hearts all whole

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandr’ing far alone
Of shadows on the stars

“My heart is in the East”
Music by Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Text by Aaron Schaffer (1894-1957)

**My heart is in the East**

While I in western lands do pine,
My heart is in the East!
How can I taste of food and wine
When thou art sore oppress'd?
How can I vows and oaths repay
While Edom Zion holds,
While Arab's bond my land doth sway,
His chain me tight enfolds?
Th'abundance of this Spanish Ind
It is but nought to me,
If I midst brimming tears
Thy strand, Thy ruined strand could see.

“Alone”
Music by Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Text by E. Powys Mathers (1892-1939)

**Alone**

I shall never see your tired sleep
In the bed that you made beautiful,
Nor hardly ever be a dream
That plays by your dark hair.
Yet I think I know your turning sigh
And your trusting arms' abandonment,
For they are the picture of my night,
My night that does not end.

“Night”
Music by Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Text by Aaron Schaffer (1894-1957)

**Night**

My heart is placid as the lake
Which softly flows 'neath starlit skies.
And, as I walk, faint melodies of night,
Of things but half awake,
Stand soothing to its very deeps;
It thrills and starts while mankind sleeps.
The gentle murmur of the lake
Is silvered by a fountain's play.
A nightbird sings its tuneful lay
Full of the night's vast joy and ache.
A low wind sighs thru ghostly trees
Which shiver in the dancing breeze.

“A Summer Vacation”
Music by Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Text by Aaron Schaffer (1894-1957)

A Summer Vacation

Days of joy, how have ye fled?
Joy immortal, are ye dead?
Is there nothing that can hold you?
Can my limp arms not enfold you?
Days of floating on the stream,
Softly lapped as in a dream,
With the white clouds swimming slowly
In an ether pure and holy!

“Old Poem”
Music by Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Text from the Chinese by Arthur Waley

Old Poem

The bright moon, oh so white it shines
Shines down on the gauze curtains of my bed
Racked by sorrow I toss and cannot sleep
Picking up my clothes, I wander up and down
My absent love
Says that he is happy
But I would rather he said
He was coming back
Out in the courtyard I stand
Hesitating
Alone
To whom can I tell the sad thoughts I think
Staring before me, I enter my room again
Falling tears wet my mantle and robe.
Song of Black Max

He was always dressed in black,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
sometimes a cape,
and as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:
Black Max.

He would raise that big black hat
to the big-shots of the town
who raised their hats right back,
ever knew they were bowing to
Black Max.

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam
when the right night people of all the town
would find what they could
in the night neighborhood of
Black Max.

There were women in the windows
with bodies for sale
dressed in curls like little girls
in little dollhouse jails.
When the women walked the street
with the beds upon their backs,
who was lifting up his brim to them?
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale,
the art of the smile --
(only certain people walked that mystery mile:
artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,
men of mathematics, acrobatics and civilians).
There was knitting-needle music
from a lady organ-grinder
with all her sons behind her,
Marco, Vito, Benno
(Was he strong! Though he walked like a woman)
and Carlo, who was five.
He must be still alive!

Ah, poor Marco had the syph, and if
you didn't take the terrible cure those days
you went crazy and died and he did.
And at the coffin
before they closed the lid,
who raised his lid?
Black Max!

I was climbing on the train
one day going far away
to the good old U.S.A.
when I heard some music
underneath the tracks.
Standing there beneath the bridge,
long black jacket, broad black hat,
playing the harmonica, one hand free
to lift that hat to me:
Black Max, Black Max, Black Max.

“George”
Music By William Bolcom (b.1938)
Text by Arnold Weinstein (1927-2005)

George

My friend George, used to say:
"Oh call me Georgia, 'hon, get yourself a drink."
And sang the best soprano
in our part of town.

In beads, brocade and pins,
he sang if you happened in
through the door he never locked
and said "get yourself a drink."
And sang out loud
till tears fell in the cognac
And the chocolate milk and gin
and all the beads and brocade and pins

When strangers happened through his open door
George said, "Stay, but yuh gotta keep quiet!
While I sing and then a minute after.
And call me Georgia."

One fine day a stranger in a suit of navy blue
Took George's life with a knife George had placed beside an apple pie he'd baked.
And stabbed him in the middle of "Un bel di vedremo".
As he sang for this particular stranger who was in the United States Navy.

The funeral was at the cocktail hour. We knew George would like it like that.
Tears fell on the beads, brocade and pins in the coffin which was white.
Cause George was a virgin.
Oh call him Georgia, 'hon. Get yourself a drink.

You can call me Georgia, 'hon. Get yourself a drink!

“Amor”
Music by William Bolcom (b.1938)
Text by Arnold Weinstein (1927-2005)

Amor

It wasn't the policeman's fault
in all the traffic roar
instead of shouting halt
when he saw me he shouted Amor.

Even the ice-cream man
(free ice creams by the score)
instead of shouting Butter Pecan
one look at me
he shouted Amor.

All over town it went that way
everybody took off the day
even philosophers understood
how good was the good 'cuz I looked so good!
The poor stopped taking less
the rich stopped needing more.
Instead of shouting no or yes
both looking at me shouted Amor.

My stay in town was cut short
I was dragged to court.
The judge said I disturbed the peace
and the jury gave him what for!
The judge raised his hand
instead of Desist and Cease
Judgie came to the stand
took my hand
and whispered Amor Amor Amor.

Night was turning into day
I walked alone away,
ever see that town again.
But as I passed the church-house door
instead of singing Amen
the choir was singing Amor
Amor Amor Amor Amor.