

1 Chanson espagnole: Les filles de Cadix

Music by Léo Delibes (1836-91)

Text by Louis Charles Alfred de Musset (1810-57)

Nous venions de voir le taureau,
Trois garçons, trois fillettes,
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau,
Et nous dansions un boléro
Au son des castagnettes;
Dites-moi, voisin,
Si j'ai bonne mine,
Et si ma basquine
Va bien, ce matin,
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?
Ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela.

Et nous dansions un boléro
Un soir c'était dimanche,
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,
Et la poing sur la hanche:
Si tu veux de moi,
Brune au doux sourire,
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,
Cette or est à toi.
Passez votre chemin, beau sire,
Ah! Ah!
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela.

Et nous dansions un boléro,
Au pied de la colline.
Sur le chemin passait Diégo,
Qui pour tout bien n'a qu'un manteau
Et qu'une mandoline:
La belle aux doux yeux,
Veux-tu qu'à l'église
Demain te conduise
Un amant jaloux?
Jaloux! Jaloux! Quelle sottise!
Ah! ah!
Les filles de Cadix craignent ce défaut-là?

We had just seen the bull,
Three boys, three girls,
On the grass it was fine,
And we danced a bolero
To the sound of the castanets;
Tell me, neighbour,
If I look pretty,
And if my skirt looks good
This morning,
Do you find me slim?
Ah! Ah!
The girls from Cadiz rather like that.

And we were dancing a bolero
One Sunday evening,
A nobleman approached us
Rolling in money, feather in cap,
And hand on hip:
If you want me,
Brunette with the gentle smile,
You have only to say,
This gold is for you.
Go your way, fine sir,
Ah! Ah!
The girls of Cadiz do not understand that.

And we were dancing a bolero
At the foot of the hill.
Diego passed by on the road,
Who has nothing more than a coat
And a mandolin:
Fair one with the sweet eyes
Do you want
A jealous lover
To take you to the church tomorrow?
Jealous! Jealous! What foolishness!
Ah! Ah!
Do the girls of Cadiz fear that failing?

2 Roméo et Juliette: Je veux vivre

Music by Charles-François Gounod (1818-93)

*Text by Jules Barbier (1825-1901) and Michel Carré
(1822-72) after Shakespeare*

Je veux vivre
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre;
Ce jour encore,
Douce flamme,
Je te garde dans mon âme
Comme un trésor!
Cette ivresse
De jeunesse
Ne dure, hélas! Qu'un jour!
Puis vient l'heure
Où l'on pleure,
Le cœur cède à l'amour,
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour.
Je veux vivre, etc
Loin de l'hiver morose
Laisse-moi sommeiller
Et respirer la rose
Avant de l'effeuiller..

I want to live
In his dream that makes me drunk;
This day still,
Sweet flame,
I keep you in my soul
Like a treasure!
This drunkenness
Of youth
Lasts, alas, only a day!
Then comes the hour
When one weeps,
The heart yields to love,
And happiness flies not to return.
I want to live, etc.
Far from gloomy winter
Let me lie asleep
And breathe the scent of the rose
Before plucking its petals.

Ah!
Douce flamme,
Reste dans mon âme
Comme un doux trésor
Longtemps encore!

3 Gianni Schicchi: O mio babbino caro

Music by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Text by Giovacchino Forzano (1884-1970)

O mio babbino caro,
mi piace, è bello, bello;
vo' andare in Porta Rossa
a comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
e se l'amassi indarno
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio,
ma per buttami in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

Ah!
Sweet flame,
Stay in my soul
Like a sweet treasure
Still for a long time!

O my dear father,
he is so handsome, so handsome;
I want to go to Porta Rossa
to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, I want to go there!
And if I loved him in vain
I would go onto the Ponte Vecchio
But to throw myself into the Arno!
I am upset and tormented!
O God, I want to die!
Father, mercy, mercy!
Father, mercy, mercy!

4 Die lustige Witwe (The Merry Widow): Vilja-Lied

Music by Franz Lehár (1870-1948)

Text by Victor Léon (1858-1940)

and Leo Stein (1861-1921)

Nun laßt uns aber wie daheim
Jetzt singen unser'n Ringelreim
Von einer Fee, die wie bekannt
Daheim die Vilja wird genannt!

Es lebt' eine Vilja, ein Waldmägdelein.
Ein Jäger erschaut' sie im Felsengestein.
Dem Burschen, dem wurde so eigen zu Sinn,
Er schaute und schaut' auf das Waldmägdelein hin.
Und ein nie gekannter Schauer
Faßt' den jungen Jägersmann.
Sehnsuchtsvoll fing er still zu seufen an:

'Vilja, oh Vilja, du Waldmägdelein,
Faß mich un laß mich dein Herzliebster sein!
Vilja, oh Vilja, was tust du mir an!
Bang fleht ein liebkranker Mann.

Das Waldmägdelein streckte die Hand nach ihm aus
Und zog ihn hinein in ihr felsiges Haus.
Dem Burschen die Sinne vergangen fast sind:
So liebt und so küßt gar kein irdisches Kind!
Als sie sich sattgeküßt,
Verschwand sie zu derselben Frist.
Hat der Arme sie begrüßt.

'Vilja, oh Vilja, du Waldmägdelein,
Faß mich un laß mich dein Herzliebster sein!
Vilja, oh Vilja, was tust du mir an!
Bang fleht ein liebkranker Mann.

Now let us, though, as at home
Now sing our round-dance rhyme
Of a fairy, who, as is known
At home is called the Vilya!

There lived a Vilya, a forest maiden.
A huntsman saw her on the rocky crag.
To the lad it was so strange
He looked and looked up at the forest maiden.
And a never before known trembling
Held the young huntsman.
Full of longing he began quietly to sigh:

'Vilya, O Vilya, you forest maiden,
Hold me and let me be your heart's beloved!
Vilya, O Vilya, what are you doing to me!
Anxiously pleads the lovesick man.

The forest maiden stretched out her hand to him
And drew him inside into her rocky house.
The lad was almost out of his senses:
No earthly child so loves and so kisses!
When she had kissed her fill,
She disappeared at that very time.
The poor man greeted her.

'Vilya, O Vilya, you forest maiden,
Hold me and let me be your heart's beloved!
Vilya, O Vilya, what are you doing to me!
Anxiously pleads the lovesick man.

5 El Niño Judío: De España vengo

Music by Pablo Luna (1879-1942)

Text by Antonio Paso and Enrique García Álvarez

De España vengo, soy española,
en mis ojos me traigo luz de su cielo
y en mi cuerpo la gracia de la manola!

De España vengo, de España soy
y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo.
He nacido en España por donde voy.

A mí lo madrileño, me vuelve loca
y cuando yo me arranco con una copla
el acento gitano de mi canción
toman vida las flores de mi mantón.

De España vengo, de España soy
y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo.
Yo he nacido en España por donde voy.

Campana de la Torre de Maravillas
si es que tocas a fuego toca de prisa:
mira que ardo por culpa de unos ojos
que estoy mirando. Madre, me muero,
por culpa de unos ojos negros, muy negros,
que los tengo "metfós" dentro del alma
y que son los ojazos de mi gitano.

Muriendo estoy, mi vida, por tu desvío;
te quiero y no me quieres, gitano mío.
Mira que pena verse así, despreciada,
siendo morena!

De España vengo, de España soy
y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo.
Yo he nacido en España, por donde voy!

6 Violetas imperiales

Music by Francis Lopez (1916-95)

Text by Jesús María de Arozamena

From the 1952 film, directed by Richard Pottier (1906-94)

We regret that we are unable to reproduce the original Spanish text. However, we are pleased to provide an English translation.

From Spain I come, I am Spanish,
in my eyes I bear the light of her sky
and in my body the grace of her people!

From Spain I come, from Spain I am,
and my face shows it.
I am born in Spain, that's the way I go.

Anything from Madrid turns me wild,
and when I burst into song
the gypsy style of my song
brings to life the flowers on my shawl.

From Spain, from Spain I am,
and my face shows it.
I am born in Spain, that's the way I go.

Bell of the Tower of Marvels,
if you have to sound the fire alarm, sound it quickly:
see how I burn for a pair of eyes
that I am gazing at. Mother of God, I die
for a pair of dark eyes, very dark,
that I hold in the depth of my soul,
and that are the eyes of my gypsy lad.

I am dying, my life, from your disdain;
I love you and you do not love me, my gypsy lad.
See how sad it is to be despised,
for being dark-haired!

From Spain I come, from Spain I am,
and my face shows it.
I am born in Spain, that's the way I go!

I had a nightingale that used to sigh.
What good is love to me if no one will give me
a posy of violets to adorn my buttonhole?
I am the emperor of the imperial violet.

You know that there will be no spring
if you are not here, violet-seller.
Spring has come
and I know why,
among the flowers that you offer
you are a flower.

Imagine that in this French court
you are more than a gypsy princess.
And violets of Spain,
in a foreign land,
you live for the memory of that love.

Violets, for you I have a song,
the same that I learnt in your old proposal.
you remember in Granada at the foot of the Albaicín,
by the garden that gave us the chance.

There was a spring sky
when the violet-seller said to me:
Buy my violets
that are the first
to bring you luck,
your luck is my flower.

Return to your corner of the Alhambra,
when the moon copies your celebration,
and violets of Spain,
you in a foreign land,
live for the memory of that love.

7 La rondine: Chi il bel sogno di Doretta

Music by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Text by Giuseppe Adami (1878-1946)

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta
Poté indovinar?
Il suo mister come mai finì?

Ahimé! un giorno uno studente
In bocca la baciò
E fu quel bacio
Rivelazione:
Fu la passione!
Folle amore!
Folle ebbrezza!
Chi la sottil carezza
D'un bacio così ardente
Mai ridir potrà?

Ah! mio sogno!
Ah! mia vita!
Che importa la ricchezza
Se infine è rifiorita
La felicità!

O sogno d'or
Poter amar così!

Who could have divined
Doretta's wonderful dream?
How could its secret have been unravelled?

Alas! One day a student
Kissed her on the lips
And that kiss was
A revelation:
It was passion!
Mad love!
Wild intoxication!
Who could ever describe
The subtle caress
Of such a fervent kiss?

Ah! My dream!
Ah! My life!
What use is wealth
If in the end
Happiness blossoms again!

O golden dream
To love like that!

8 Chants d'Auvergne: Baïlèro

Music by Joseph Canteloube (1879-1937)

Text: traditional

Pastré, dè dèlāi l' aïo
a gairé dè boun ten,
dio lou baïlèro lèrô.
È n' ai pas gairé, è dio, tu
baïlèro lèrô.

Pastré, lou prat fai flour,
li cal gorda toun troupèl,
dio lou baïlèro lèrô.
L'èrb ès pu fin' ol prat d'oiçi,
baïlèro lèrô.
Pastré, couçi forai,
èn obal io lou bèl rïou,
dio lou baïlèro lèrô.
Espèromè, tè, baô çirca,
baïlèro lèrô.

Shepherd over the river,
you are not afraid,
sing the baïlèro lèro.
I am not afraid, and you sing
baïlèro lèro.

Shepherd, the field is in flower,
bring your flock over here,
sing the baïlèro lèro.
The grass is finer in the field here,
baïlèro lèro.
Shepherd, the stream is between us,
I cannot cross,
sing the baïlèro lèro.
Wait, I will get you downstream,
baïlèro lèro.

9 Madama Butterfly: Un bel dì vedremo

Music by Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Text by Giuseppe Giacosa (1847-1906)

and Luigi Illica (1857-1919)

Un bel dì vedremo
levarsi un fil di fumo
sull'estremo confin del mare.
E poi la nave appare.
E poi la nave bianca
Entra nel porto, romba il suo saluto.

Vedi? È venuto!
Io non gli scendo incontro.
Io no. Mi metto là
sul ciglio del colle e aspetto,
e aspetto gran tempo
e non mi pesa
la lunga attesa.
E uscito dalla folla cittadina
un uomo, un picciol punto
s'avvia per la collina.
Chi sarà? chi sarà?
E come sarà giunto
che dirà? che dirà?
Chiamerà Butterfly
dalla lontana.
Io senza far risposta
me ne starò nascosta
un po' per celia,
un po' per non morire
al primo incontro
ed egli alquanto in pena
chiamerà, chiamerà:
'Piccina - mogliettina,
olezzo di verbena',
i nomi che mi dava
al suo venire.

Tutto questo avverrà,
te lo prometto.
Tienti la tua paura -
io con sicura fede l'aspetto.

One fine day we shall see
a wisp of smoke
on the far horizon.
And then a ship will appear
And then the white ship
will enter the port and fire her salute.

See? He has arrived!
I shan't go down to meet him.
Not I. I'll stay
on the brow of the hill, and wait, and wait
a long time
and the long wait
does not tire me.
He has left the city crowd,
a man, a tiny speck
is coming up the hill.
Who will it be? Who will it be?
And when he is near
what will he say? What will he say?
He will call out 'Butterfly'
from afar.
I without answering
will hide
partly to tease him,
partly so as not to die
at the first meeting
and he somewhat troubled
will call out, will call out:
'My dear little wife,
orange blossom',
the names he used to give me
when he came.

All this will happen,
I promise you.
Do not be afraid -
I'll wait for him with unshakeable faith.

Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Music by Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

10 I. Aria (Cantilena)

Text by Ruth Valadares Corrêa, 1938

Tarde, uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente,
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e alinda sonhadamente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela.
Grita ao céu e a terra, toda a Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes,
E reflete o mar toda a sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora,
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde, uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente,
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

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11 II. Dança (Martelo)

Text by Manoel Bandeira (1886-1968)

Irerê, meu passarinho do Sertão do Cariri,
Irerê, meu companheiro,
Cadê vióla? Cadê meu bem?
Cadê Maria?
Ai triste sorte a do violeiro cantadô!
Ah! Sem a vióla em que cantava o seu amô,
Ah! Seu assobio é tua flauta de Irerê:
Que tua flauta do sertão quando assobia,
Ah! A gente sofre sem querê!
Ah! Teu canto chega lá do fundo do sertão,
Ah! Como uma brisa amolecendo o coração,
Ah! Ah!
Irerê, solta o teu canto!
Canta mais! Canta mais!
Pra alembra o Cariri!

Canta, cambaxirra! Canta juriti!
Canta, Irerê! Canta, canta sofrê
Patativa! Bemtevi!
Maria acorda que é dia
Cantem todos vocês
Passarinhos do sertão!
Bemtevi! Eh! Sabiá!
La! liá! liá! liá! liá! liá!
Eh! Sabiá da mata cantadô!
Liá! liá! liá! liá!
Lá! liá! liá! liá! liá! liá!
Eh! Sabiá da mata sofredô!
O vosso canto vem do fundo do sertão
Como uma brisa amolecendo o coração

Irerê, meu passarinho so sertão do Cariri ...

Ai!

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Evening, a cloud grows pink, slow and transparent,
Above the space, dreaming and beautiful,
The moon rises, comes softly in the infinite,
Decking out the evening, like a gentle girl
Who makes ready and dreamily beautifies herself
With anxiety of soul to look beautiful.
She cries to the sky and to the earth, to all nature,
The birds are silent at her sad plaints,
And the sea reflects all its wealth . . .
Softly the light of the moon wakes now,
The cruel yearning that laughs and weeps!
Evening, a cloud grows pink, slow and transparent,
Above the space, dreaming and beautiful!

Irere, my little bird from the backwoods of Cariri,
Irere, my companion,
Where is the guitar? Where is my beloved?
Where is Maria?
Oh, the sad lot of the guitarist singing!
Ah, without the guitar with which its master was singing,
Ah, his whistling is your flute, Irere:
When your flute of the backwoods whistles,
Ah, people suffer without wanting to!
Ah, your song comes there from the deep backwoods,
Ah, like a breeze softening the heart,
Ah! Ah!
Irere, set free your song!
Sing more! Sing more!
To recall the Cariri!

Sing, little wren! Sing, dove!
Sing, Irere! Sing, Sing, oriole,
Seedeater! Flycatcher!
Maria, wake up, it is now day.
Sing, all singers,
little birds of the backwoods!
Flycatcher! Eh, thrush!
La! Lia!
Eh, thrush of the woods singing!
Lia!
La! lia!
Oh, thrush of the thicket, suffering!
Oh, your song comes from the deep backwoods
Like a breeze softening the heart.

Irere, my little bird from the backwoods of Cariri ...

Ai!