

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)

Estancia (1941)

18 El amanecer

Aquí me pongo a cantar
al compás de la vigüela,
que el hombre que lo desvela
una pena extraordinaria
como la ave solitaria
con el cantar se consuela.

Yo he conocido esta tierra
en que el paisano vivía,
y su ranchito tenía
y sus hijos y mujer...
era una delicia ver
cómo pasaban los días.

19 Pequeña danza

Entonces... cuando el lucero
brillaba en el cielo santo
y los gaflos con su canto
la madrugada anunciaban,
a la cocina rumbiaba
el gaucho que era un encanto.

Y sentao junto al fogón
a esperar que venga el día
al cimarrón se prendía
hasta ponerse rechoncho,
mientras su china dormía
tapadita con su poncho.

20 La mañana

Y apenas el horizonte
empezaba a coloriar,
los pájaros a cantar
y las gallinas a piarse,
era cosa de largarse
cada cual a trabajar.

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18 Dawn

Here I set myself to sing
to the music of the guitar,
like the man kept awake
by some heartfelt sorrow
like the solitary bird
that consoles itself with its singing.

I have known this land
in which the peasant lived
and held his little ranch
and his sons and wife ...
It was delightful to see
how the days passed.

19 Little dance

Then ... when the morning star
shone in the holt heaven
and the cocks with their song
announced the dawn,
there headed to the kitchen
the gaucho, a fine fellow.

And seated by the stove
to await the coming of day
he took his tea
until he became a sturdy bundle,
while his woman slept
muffled up in her poncho.

20 Morning

And barely had the horizon
begun to colour,
the birds to sing
and the hens to cluck
it was time to move,
each one to work.

24 La tarde

Vamos entrando recién
a la parte más sentida,

aunque es todita mi vida
de males una cadena -
a cada alma dolorida
le gusta cantar sus penas.

Triste suena mi guitarra
y el asunto lo requiere;
ninguno alegrías espere
sino sentidos lamentos

de aquel que en duros tormentos
nace, crece, vive y muere.

27 La noche

Bala el tierno corderito
al lao de la blanca oveja,
y a la vaca que se aleja
llama el ternero amarrao.
Pero el gaucho desgraciao
no tiene a quién dar su queja.

24 Afternoon

We go now newly
to the part most felt,

although all my life
is a chain of ills -
each grieving soul
likes to sing of his pains.

Sad sounds my guitar
and the matter calls for it;
let no-one expect joys
but instead deep-felt laments

of the one who in harsh torment
is born, grows up, lives and dies.

27 Night

The tender little lamb baas
by the side of the white ewe,
and to the cow that moves away
calls the tethered calf.
But the unlucky gaucho
has no-one to whom to impart his complaint.

from *Martín Fierro* by **José Hernández (1834-1866)**