

[4] La nit del mort

Tenor solo

Jo sóc la mort, nineta meva,
mon cor ja tan sol demana foc d'amor, d'amor.
Jo sóc lo teu company, jo sóc ton estimat, nina meva.
Jo sóc la mort.

Coro

Descansi al cel lo ben aimat.

Sopranos y tenores

Ja sona la trompa de guerra.
Ja crida la patria als seus fills del cor sos defensors.
La patria ja crida als seus infants.
Aviat la batalla començarà.
Qui morà defensant la patria gloriós no morirà.

Apel·les Mestres (1854-1936)

[6] Dante: II. Paolo e Francesca

Francesca

Se fosse amico il Re de l'universo,
noi pregheremmo Lui della tua pace,
poiche hai pietà del nostro mal perverso.

Di quel che udire e che parlar ti piace,
noi udiremo e parleremo a voi,
mentre che 'l vento, come fa, si tace.

Siede la terra dove nata fui
sulla marina dove il Po discende
per aver pace co' seguaci suoi.

Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,
prese costui della bella persona
che mi fu tolta; e il modo ancor m'offende.

Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
mi prese del costui piacer sì forte
che, come vedi, ancor non m'abbandona.

Amor condusse noi ad una morte: [...]

Nessun maggior dolore
che ricordarsi del tempo felice
nella miseria; [...]

Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
di Lancillotto come amor lo strinse;
soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.

Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso;
ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.

Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
esser baciato da cotanto amante,
questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,

la bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.
Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse.
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avanti.

*From Canto V, Inferno, Divina Commedia
(Dante Alighieri, c. 1265-1321);
text adapted by Granados*

[4] Night of the dead man

Tenor solo

I am death, my girl,
and all my heart asks for now is the fire of love.
I am your friend, I am your beloved, my girl.
I am death.

Chorus

May your sweetheart rest in heaven.

Sopranos and tenors

The horns of war are sounding.
Your country is calling from its heart on its sons, its defenders.
Your country is calling on its children.
The battle will soon commence.
Those who die defending their country will be glorified and will not die.

[6] Dante: II. Paolo and Francesca

Francesca

Were the King of the universe our friend,
we should entreat Him to give you peace,
since you have shown pity for our unhappy fate.

We shall listen and speak to you
of that about which you wish to hear and talk,
while the wind, as now, falls silent.

The place where I was born stands
upon the shore where the Po runs down
to rest in peace with its followers.

Love, which soon takes possession of a good heart,
filled this man with longing for the fair figure
that was then taken from me; and its method offends me yet.

Love, which absolves no loved one from loving,
filled me with a passion so powerful for this man
that, as you can see, it consumes me yet.

Love led us to a single death: [...]

There is no greater agony
than recalling happy days
when one is in misery; [...]

One day, we were reading for pleasure
about how love took hold of Lancelot;
we were alone, and innocent of mind.

Several times our reading caused
our eyes to meet, and our cheeks to grow pale;
but we were conquered by a single moment.

When we read of the longed-for lips
being kissed by such a lover,
this man, who will never more be parted from me,

kissed my lips, trembling as he did so.
That book and its writer were our Gallehault.
On that day we read no further.

English translations: Susannah Howe