

Naxos 8.555845**Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999): Complete Orchestral Music • 10
Songs and Madrigals for Soprano and Orchestra****Cuatro madrigales amorios***Text from 16th-century anthology of
Juan Vásquez (c. 1510-1560)***[01] I. ¿Con qué la lavaré?**

¿Con qué la lavaré
la tez de la mi cara?
¿Con qué la lavaré
que vivo mal penada?
Lávanse las casadas
con agua de limones.
Lávome yo, cuitada,
con penas y dolores.

[02] II. Vos me matásteis

Vos me matásteis,
niña en cabello,
vos me habéis muerto.
Riberas de un río
ví moza vírgen.
Niña en cabello,
vos me matásteis,
vos me habéis muerto.

[03] III. ¿De dónde venís, amore?

¿De dónde venís, amore?
Bien sé yo de dónde.
¿De dónde venís, amigo?
Fuere yo testigo.
¡Ah!
Bien sé yo de donde.

[04] IV. De los álamos vengo, madre

De los álamos vengo, madre,
de ver cómo los menea el aire.
De los álamos de Sevilla,
de ver a mi linda amiga.

Four Madrigals of Love**I. With What Shall I Bathe?**

With what shall I bathe
the skin of my face?
With what shall I bathe it
as I live in such anguish?
The married women bathe
in lemon water.
In my anguish, I bathe
in pain and sorrow.

II. You Have Slain Me

You have slain me,
girl with beautiful hair,
you have killed me.
By a river bank
I saw a young maiden.
Girl with beautiful hair,
you have slain me,
you have killed me.

III. Where Have You Been, My Love?

Where have you been, my love?
Indeed I know where.
Where have you been, my friend?
If I was a witness,
Ah!
Indeed I know where!

IV. I Come From the Poplars, Mother

I come from the poplars, mother,
from seeing how the breeze sways them.
I come from the poplars of Seville,
from seeing my beautiful love.

Cantos de amor y de guerra*Text adapted by Victoria Kamhi
from 16th century Cancioneros***[05] 1. Paseába el rey moro**

Paseábase el rey moro
por la ciudad de Granada,
cartas le fueron venidas
como Alhama era ganada,
¡Ay! mi Alhama
como Alhama era ganada
jay! mi Alhama.

[06] 2. ¡A las armas, moriscotes!

A las armas, moriscotes,
si lo has en voluntad,
que si te entran los franceses,
los que en romería van.

Songs of Love and War**1. The Moorish King**

The Moorish King passed
through the city of Granada,
letters reached him
telling how the Alhambra was won.
Alas, my Alhambra!
Telling how the Alhambra was won.
Alas, my Alhambra!

2. To Arms, Moors!

To arms, Moors,
if you have the will,
in case the French arrive,
those who go on pilgrimages.

[07] **3. ¡Ay! Luna que reluces**

¡Ay! luna que reluces,
toda la noche me alumbres,
¡Ay! luna tan bella,
alumbres me a la guerra,
por do vaya y venga,
toda la noche me alumbres.

[08] **4. Sobre Baza estaba el Rey**

Sobre Baza estaba el Rey,
lunes, despues de yantar;
miraba las ricas tiendas
que estaban en su Real;
miraba las huertas grandes y
miraba el arrabal,
miraba el adarve fuerte
que tenía la ciudad;
miraba las torres espesas
que no las puede contar.
Un moro tras una almena
comenzóle de hablar:
"¡Vete, el Rey Fernando,
non quieras aquí invernar,
que los fríos de esta tierra
no los podrás comportar!
Pan tenemos por diez años;
mil vacas para salar; veinte mil
moros hay dentro, todos de
armas tomar, ochocientos de
caballos para el escaramuzar;
siete caudillos tenemos,
tan buenos como Roldán,
y juramento tienen fecho
jantes morir que se dar!"

[09] **5. Pastorcico, tú que has vuelto**

Pastorcico, tú que has vuelto
de lo alto de esa montaña,
dime tú buen pastorcico,
si hallaste a mi enamorada.

3. Oh, Shining Moon

Oh, shining moon,
All night you shine on me,
Oh, moon so beautiful,
Light my way to war,
For wherever I come and go,
All night you shine on me.

4. The King was Near Baza

The king was near Baza,
On Monday, after eating,
he looked at the rich tents
that were in his Kingdom;
he looked at the great gardens
and at the outskirts,
he looked at the strong parapet
that kept the city safe;
he looked at the thick towers,
too many to count.
A Moor, behind a rampart
began to speak:
"Depart, King Fernando,
you do not wish to stay here,
for the cold earth of this land
you are unable to withstand.
We have bread sufficient for ten years;
a thousand cattle to salt,
and twenty thousand Moors within,
all ready to take up arms,
eight hundred knights
for the skirmish;
we have seven generals
as great as Roland,
and they have sworn an oath,
'No surrender until death!'"

5. Little Shepherd Boy

Little shepherd boy, you who have returned
from the top of that mountain,
tell me, good shepherd,
if you found my beloved.

Tríptic de Mossèn Cinto

Text: Jacinto Verdaguer (1845-1902)

[10] **I. L'harpa sagrada**

A l'Arbre diví
Penjada n'és l'Harpa.
L'Harpa de David,
En Sion amada.
Son clavier és d'or,
Ses cordes de plata,
Mes, con algun temps,
Ja l'amor no hi canta,
Que hi fat set gemecs
De dol i enyorança.
S'obrien los cels,
L'infern se tancava,
I al cord de son Déu
La terra és lligada.
A l'últim gemec
Lo dia s'apaga,
I es trenquen los rocs
Topant l'un amb l'altre.

Triptych of Monsignor Cinto**I. The Sacred Harp**

On the holy tree
The Harp hangs.
The Harp of David,
Beloved in Zion.
Its frame is gold,
Its strings silver,
But for some time,
It has not sung of love,
For it sings seven laments
Of sorrow and regret.
The skies open,
Hell closes over,
To the heart of its God
The earth is bound.
At the last lament
The day darkens.
And the rocks break
Falling one on another.

També es trenca el cor
 D'una Verge Mare
 Que, escoltant los sons,
 A l'ombra plorava:
 -Angelets del cel,
 Despenjau-me L'Harpa,
 Que de tan amunt
 No pac abastar-la;
 Baixau-la, si us plau,
 Mes de branca en branca,
 No s'esfloreu pas
 Ses cordes ni caixa.
 Posau-la en mon pit,
 Que puga tocar-la;
 Si ha perdut lo so,
 Li tornaré encara;
 Si no l'ha perdut,
 Moriré abraçant-la
 Le meva Harpa d'or
 Que el món alegrava!

Broken too is the heart
 Of the Virgin Mary
 Who, hearing the sounds,
 Weeps in the shadow:
 -Little angels of heaven,
 Take down the Harp for me,
 Since it is so high
 I cannot reach it;
 If you please, fetch it down,
 But from branch to branch,
 Do not break
 Its strings or frame.
 Place it on my breast,
 So that I may play it;
 If it has lost its sound,
 I will give it back again;
 If its sound is not lost,
 I shall die embracing it
 My golden Harp
 In which the world rejoiced!

[11] **II. Lo Violi de Sant Francesc**

De Greccio en lo pessebre,
 Davant l'Infant diví,
 Ronca la cornamusa,
 Sona lo tamborí,
 La flauta hi espigueja,
 La flauta i lo flautí.
 La pastorel, la dolca
 Francesc la vol seguir.
 No té frerrets ni gralla,
 Gralla ni bandolí.
 Cull dos bastons que troba
 Llençats vora el camí,
 Se'n posa un a l'espatlla
 A tall de violí,
 Passant l'altre per sobre
 Com un arquet d'or fi.
 Lo violí és de freixe,
 L'arquet d'un brot de pi,
 Mes en ses mans sagrades
 Gran música en sortí.
 ¿No n'ha d'eixir de música,
 Si else toca un Serafí?

II. The Violin of Saint Francis

In Greccio, at the nativity,
 In the presence of the Holy Child,
 The bagpipes wail,
 The tambours sound,
 The flute flourishes like wheat,
 The flute and the piccolo.
 The little shepherd, sweet
 Francis, wishes to follow them.
 He has neither triangle nor clarinet,
 Neither clarinet nor mandolin.
 He gathers two sticks which he finds
 Thrown down near the path,
 Places one on his shoulder
 Like a violin,
 Passing the other over it
 Like a bow of fine gold.
 The violin is of ash,
 The bow a sliver of pine,
 But from his sacred hands
 Great music comes.
 Surely music flows,
 When an Angel plays?

[12] **III. Sant Francesc i la cigala**

Lo convent és tan petit
 Que una serment l'engarlanda,
 On un dia al pic del sol
 S'ou cantar una cigala.
 Zigaluzet.
 Ja li crida Sant Francesc:
 -Vine, vine, oh ma germana;
 Vine i canta una cançó
 Al bon Déu que t'ha criada.
 Zigaluzet.
 La cigala no fa el sort,
 Sobre sos dits se posava,
 I canta que cantarás
 La cançó de l'estiuada.
 Zigaluzet.
 Cada dia al dematí
 Brunzidora redevalla;
 Quan vuit dies són passats
 Ja li diu tot amoixant-ta:
 Zigaluzet.

Saint Francis and the Cricket

The convent is so small
 That a single vine engarlands it,
 One day in the sun's heat
 A cicada sang.
 Zigaluzet.
 Saint Francis called to it:
 -Come, come, oh my sister;
 Come and sing a song
 To the good Lord who created you.
 Zigaluzet.
 The cicada did not run away,
 But stood on tiptoe,
 And sang as loudly as possible
 The song of summer.
 Zigaluzet.
 Each day in the morning
 The shepherd's horn woke her;
 When a week was passed
 He praised her, saying:
 Zigaluzet.

Cigaló, bon cigaló,
T'hem sentit una vuitada;
On Déu te vulla ara ves
A puntejar la guitarra.
Zigaluzet.

Cicada, good cicada,
For a week you have stayed there;
As the Lord wishes
Now you may play the guitar.
Zigaluzet.

[13] **Romance del Comendador de Ocaña**

Text: Lope de Vega.

Adapted: Joaquín de Entrambasaguas

*Más quiero yo a Peribáñez
con su capa de pardilla
que al Comendador de Ocaña
con la suya guarnecida.*

La mujer de Peribáñez
la más bella es de la villa
y el Comendador de Ocaña
de amores la requería.
La mujer es virtuosa
cuanto hermosa y cuanto linda;
mientras su esposo está ausente
de esta suerte respondía:
Segador que desde lejos
has venido a nuestra villa
convidado del agosto
quién te dió tanta malicia?
Cuando salgan las estrellas
a tu descanso camina,
y no te metas en cosas
de que algún mal se te siga.
Quiero mejor ver mi dueño
en su jaca la tordilla,
llena de escarcha la barba
y de nieve la camisa.
La ballesta atravesada
y amarrados a la silla
dos perdices o conejos
y el podenco de trailla,
que ver al Comendador
con gabán de seda rica,
adornados de diamantes
el jubón y la capilla,
de caza con sus monteros
cabalgando en yegua fina
con el halcón en la mano
y el puñal de oro en la cinta.

*Más quiero yo a Peribáñez
con su capa la pardilla
que al Comendador de Ocaña
con la suya guarnecida.*

El Comendador de Ocaña
servirá a dama de estima
no con sayuelo de grana
ni sarta de argentería.
Le hablará en discretas cartas
de su amor a maravilla,
no campesinos desdeños
envueltos en señoría.
Llegará en gentil carroza
los disantos a la misa,
no vendrá en carro de estacas
de los campos a las viñas.
Olerá a guantes de ámbar,
a perfumes y pastillas,
no a tomillo ni a cantueso,
mentas y zarzas floridas.

Ballad of the Knight Commander of Ocaña

*I love Peribáñez more
with his peasant's cloak
than the Commander of Ocaña
whose cloak is well adorned.*

Peribáñez's wife
Is the most beautiful girl of the village
And the Commander of Ocaña
Desires her.
The woman is virtuous
well as beautiful and lovely;
while her husband is away
the Commander tries his luck.
That harvester from far away
has come to our village,
a dinner guest in August.
Who hated you so much?
When the stars disappear
Find a place to rest
and try to avoid the trouble,
which may follow you.
I wish to see my master
On his dapple-grey pony,
His beard thick with frost,
snow on his shirt.
I wish to see his crossbow
fastened to his chair,
and two partridges or rabbits
and his dog on its leash.
I would rather see him than the Commander
with his coat of rich silk,
decorated with diamonds
on doublet and hood,
for hunting with his men,
riding on a fine mare,
the falcon in his hand,
and the gold dagger in the belt.

*I love Peribáñez more
with his peasant's cloak
than the Commander of Ocaña
whose cloak is well adorned.*

The Commander of Ocaña
desires a lady of Leon
with her humble dress without scarlet,
or gold embroidery.
He should write in discreet letters
Of his marvellous love,
not talk to scornful peasants
who bow to his lordship.
His mistress should arrive in a delightful carriage
To Mass on holy days,
Not come in a cheap cart
From countryside and vineyards.
His mistress's gloves should be fragrant with amber,
perfumes and scents,
not of thyme or lavender,
or peppermint and flowering brambles.

Vete, pues, el segador,
mala fuere la tu dicha,
que si Peribáñez viene,
no verás la luz del día.
Y aún cuando el Comendador
me amare como a su vida
y se diesen fama y honra
por amorosas mentiras.

*Más quiero yo a Peribáñez
con su capa la pardilla
que al Comendador de Ocaña
con la suya guarnecida.*

Harvester, leave then,
Or bad things will happen
for if Peribáñez comes
you will not see the light of day.
And when the Commander
loves me as much as he loves his own life,
he will win fame and honour
for amorous deception.

*I love Peribáñez more
with his peasant's cloak
than the Commander of Ocaña
whose cloak is well adorned.*

Cuatro cançons en llengua catalana

[14] I. Canço del Teuladi

Text: Teodoro Llorente (1836-1911)

Joyos cassador, passa;
Busca mes brava cassa
I deixam quiet a mí,
Jo soch l'amich de casa,
Jo soch lo teuladí.
Jo no tinch la ploma de la cadenera
Que d'or i de grana tiny la primavera;
No tinch la veu dolça que te'l rossinyol;
Ni de l'oroneta joliva i lleugera
Les ales que creuen la mar d'un sol vol.
De parda estamenya, sens flors, sense llistes,
Vestit pobre duch;
Mes penes i glories, alegres o tristes,
Les cante com puch.
Les aligues niuen damunt de la roca
Del gorch qu'entre timbes aizampla la boca;
En branca fullosa lo víu passarell;
La tórtora en l'arbre que ja obrí la soca,
La gralla en els runes d'enfonsat castell.
Jo al home confíe la meua niuada,
I pobre i panruch,
Entre la familia, baix de la teulada,
M'ampare com puch.
Les fruits del bosch busca la torcac; la gríva,
Janglots entre'ls pampols; l'estornell, la oliva;
A serps verinoses, los vistós flamench;
La llántia del temple, la óvila furtiva,
I anyells l'aborrívol condor famolench.
Jo visc de l'almoyna que al humil mai falla;
I em sent benastruch;
Lo grá qu'en les eres se perd entre palla,
Replegue com puch.

[15] II. Canticel

Text: Josep Carner i Puig-Oriol (1884-1970)

Per una vela en el mar blau,
daria un ceptre,
per una vela en el mar blau,
ceptre i palau.
Per l'ala lleu d'una virtut,
mon goig daria,
y el tros que em resta mig romput
de juventut.
Per una flor' de romani,
l'amor daria,
per una flor de romani,
l'amor doni.

Four Songs in the Catalan Language

I. Song of the Sparrow

Joyous hunter, pass by;
Go seek more brave prey
And leave me in peace.
I am the friend of the house,
I am the sparrow.
I do not have the plumage of the goldfinch
Which adorns spring with gold and scarlet;
Nor the sweet voice of the nightingale;
Nor the pretty, nimble swallow,
Whose wings cross the sea in a single flight.
In my grey serge, without colour and lustre,
I am clothed in poor cloth;
My pains and glories, happy or sad,
I sing of them as I am able.
The eagles nest on the rock
In the wide gorge between the cliffs;
Among leafy branches, see one pass;
Turtledove, in the tree with spreading roots,
The jackdaw in the castle ruin.
I trust my nest to man,
Poor and simple,
Among the family, under the roof,
I shelter as best I can.
The wood pigeon seeks fruit from the orchard,
The partridge grapes from the vine, the starling, the olive;
To poisonous snakes, the sparkling flamingo;
In the temple's lamplight the furtive owl,
The voracious condor feasts on lambs.
And I live on a crust of crumbs;
Feeling fortunate;
The grains lost on the floor between the straw,
I gather as I can.

II. Song

For a sail on the blue sea
I would give a sceptre,
for a sail on the blue sea,
sceptre and palace.
To see a virtuous face
my joy I would give,
and the remaining fragment
of youth.
For a flower of rosemary,
My love I would give,
For a flower of rosemary,
My love I gave.

[16] **III. L'Inquietut Primavera de la Donzella**
Text: Josep Masso i Ventos (1891-1931)

Ara voldria submergir-me toda
 Dintre l'aire de mar que el cos perfuma
 I en l'aigua clara d'una platja ignota
 Riallera del sol i flor d'escurna.
 Despues vindria a jenre per la prada
 Xopa i subtil la cabellera boja:
 Cercaria una flor ben aromada
 Per fondrehien un bes ma boca roja.
 Enjoiraria després mon cos de Dea
 Ambramatges florits de les fontanes,
 I arrancaria a córrer pel's camins.
 Embriagada del sol de les clarianes
 Tot oint l'a llunyada melopea
 D'un fluviol de satir boscendins.

[17] **IV. Brollador Gentil**
Text: Joan Guasch (1878-1961)

Nit, perfums i claror dolça
 Raja l'aigue al brolladò
 El bon pare de la molsa
 Va tocant el guitarro.
 En la pica regalada
 Cada nota ès va eixamplant
 Fins que amor empresonada
 Per les pedres del voltant.
 Ell dels trobador ès el cantaire,
 El del riure sanitòs,
 El que tot pujant en laire
 Va tornant-se lluminòs.
 Ell ès tota l'alegria
 D'aquell repòs beneit,
 Si ell callès es moriria
 Lo que es ara mès florit.
 Patriarca de vendara
 Mai se sent el llavi
 Per xocanta avui encara
 Com en plena juventut.

III. The Anxious Springtime of the Maiden

I would like to submerge myself
 Within the breath of the sea which freshens the body
 And in the clear water of an unknown beach;
 Laughing among sun and flowers
 I would come to the meadow,
 My hair soaked and fragrant,
 Looking for a sweet flower
 To seal a kiss on my red lips.
 Like a goddess I would dress my body with jewels
 And amber flowers from the fountains,
 And pursue many a winding path.
 Intoxicated in the Calabrian mountain sun,
 I would listen to the distant melodies,
 The songs sung by the river in the forest.

IV. Gentle Fountain

Night, perfumes and sweet brightness
 As water flows from the fountain.
 The good father of the moss
 Is playing his guitar.
 Into the splendid pool,
 Each note resounding
 Until love is captured
 Among the surrounding stones.
 Like a true troubadour
 With his happy laughter,
 His notes filling the air,
 Turning in the light.
 He is utter happiness
 In that calm repose,
 If he fell silent all would die
 Which now in beauty blooms.
 Patriarch of ancient times,
 He never feels time's sting,
 Even in the present
 He is in the full flower of youth.

Rosaliana

*Texts in the Galician language by
 Rosalía de Castro (1837-1885)*

[18] **1. Cantart'ei Galicia**

Cantart'ei, Galicia,
 teus doçes cantares,
 qu'así mô pediron
 na veira do mare.
 Cantart'ei, Galicia,
 na lingua gallega,
 consuelo dos males,
 alivio das penas.
 Mimosa, soave,
 sentida, queixosa ;
 encanta si ríe,
 conmove si chora.
 Cal ela, ningunha
 tan doçe que cante
 soidades amargas,
 sospiros amantes.
 Misterios da tarde,
 murmuxos da noite :
 cantart'ei, Galicia,
 na veira das fontes.

Rosaliana

1. I Must Sing to You, Galicia

I must sing to you, Galicia,
 your sweet songs,
 the songs they asked me to sing
 on the shores of the sea.
 I must sing to you, Galicia,
 in the Galician language,
 to console my pain,
 to ease my sorrows.
 She sings soft and smooth,
 with feeling, or distraught;
 charming us if she laughs,
 moving us if she cries.
 There is none like her,
 who sings so sweetly
 of bitter solitude,
 or amorous sighs.
 The evening mysteries,
 the murmurs of the night:
 I must sing to you, Galicia,
 near the fountains.

Qu'así mô pediron,
qu'así mô mandaron,
que cant'e que cante
na lingua qu'eu falo.

[19] **2. ¿Por qué?**

¿Por qué, miña almaíña,
por qu' hora non queres
o que antes querías ?
¿Por qué pensamento,
por qu' hora non vives
d'amantes deseyos ?
¿Por qué, meu esprito,
por qu' hora te humildas,
cand'eras altivo ?
¿Por qué, corazón,
por qu' hora non falas
falares d'amor ?
¿Por qué xa non bates
con doce batido
que calma os pesares ?
¿Por qué, en fin, Dios meu,
a un tempo me faltan
á terra y ó ceo ?
¡Ou ti, roxa estrela
que din que comigo
naciche, poideras
por sempre apagarte,
xa que non pudeche
por sempre alumarme!....

[20] **3. Adiós ríos, adiós fontes**

Adiós ríos, adiós fontes,
adiós regatos pequenos
adiós vista dos meus allos,
non sei cándo nos veremos.
Miña terra, miña terra,
terra donde m'eu criei
hortiña que quero tanto,
figueiriñas que pran tey.
Prados, ríos, arboredas,
pinares que move ó vento
paxariños piadores,
casiña de meu contento.
Muhiño d'os castañares,
noites craras de luar,
campaniñas timbradoras
dá igresiña dó lugar.
Amoriñas d'ás silveiras
qu'eu lle dab' ó meu amor,
camiñiños antr' ó millo,
¡adiós para sempr'adiós!
¡Adiós gloria! ¡Adiós contento!
¡Deixo á casa onde nacín
deixo á aldea que conoço,
por un mundo que non vin!
Deixo amigos por extraños,
deixo á veiga pó-lo mar,
deixo, en fin, canto ben quero...
¡Que pudiera non deixar! ...

This is what they asked me,
demanding this from me,
that I sing, that I sing,
in the language that I speak.

2. Why?

Why, my Soul,
why do you not love now
the one you used to love ?
Why, Thought,
why do you not live
and listen to your lovers?
Why, my Spirit,
why do you abase yourself
when once you were so proud?
Why, Heart,
Why do you not now speak
Words of love?
Why do you no longer beat
with sweet rhythm
that soothes your sorrows?
Why, at last, my God,
why do I lack
earth and heaven?
Where are you, bright Star,
that they tell me
I was born under, for your light will
always be dimmed
now that you could not
shine on me!

3. Farewell Rivers, Farewell Fountains

Farewell rivers, farewell fountains,
farewell little streams,
farewell from my sight,
I cannot tell when we will see each other again.
My land, my earth,
the land where I grew up,
the little garden that I love so much,
the tiny fig trees that I planted,
meadows, rivers, groves,
pine trees that sway in the wind,
small birds chirping,
little home of my contentment.
Forest of chestnuts,
nights bright in moonlight,
little bells sounding
from the small church in the town.
Blackberries among the brambles
that I gave to my beloved,
rows between the corn,
farewell for ever, farewell!
Farewell glory, farewell happiness!
I leave the house where I was born,
I leave the village that I know
for a world that I have not seen!
I leave my friends for strangers,
I leave the valley for the sea,
I leave, at last, all that I love...
Oh, that I would never have to leave!

[21] **4. ¡Vamos bebendo!**

Teño tres pitas brancas
 e un galo negro,
 que han de poñer bôs hovos,
 andand' ò tempo.
 Y hei de vendel-os caros
 pol-o Xaneiro,
 y hei de xuntal-os cartos
 para un mantelo,
 y heino de levar posto
 no casamento,
 y hei, pos mira, Marica,
 vai por un neto,
 e antramentas non quitas
 eses cerellos,
 y as pitas van medrando
 c'ò galo negro,
 para poñel-os hovos,
 e todo aquilo
 d'ò Xaneiro, d' os cartos,
 y ò casamento,
 miña prenda da alma,
 ¡vamos bebendo!

4. Let's Go Drinking!

I have three white hens
 (and a black cockerel)
 that will lay many eggs
 in time to come.
 I will sell them at a good price
 in January,
 and have enough money
 for a long veil,
 and I will wear it
 for my wedding,
 and I will, oh look, Marica,
 go for a glass of wine,
 and as long as you don't give up
 these ideas,
 and the chickens are thriving
 (and the black cockerel),
 and laying their eggs,
 and after all that I said
 about January, the money,
 the wedding,
 the love of my life,
 let's go drinking!

[22] **Cántico de la esposa**

Text: San Juan de la Cruz (1542-1591)

¿A dónde te escondiste, Amado,
 Y me dejaste con gemido?
 Como el ciervo huíste,
 Habiéndome ferido;
 Salí, tras tí clamando,
 y ya eras ido.
 Pastores los que fuéredes,
 Allá por las majadas al otero,
 Si por ventura viéredes,
 Aquel que yo más quiero,
 Decidle que adolezco, peno y muero.
 Buscando mis amores,
 Iré por esos montes y riberas;
 Ni cogeré las flores,
 Ni temeré las fieras,
 Y pasaré los fuertes y fronteras.
 ¡Oh, bosques y espesuras
 Plantados por la mano del Amado!
 ¡Oh prado de verduras,
 De flores esmaltado,
 Decid si por vosotros ha pasado!

Song of the Bride

Where are you hiding, Beloved,
 Leaving me to complain?
 You fled like the stag,
 After wounding me;
 I followed you crying out, but you had gone.
 Shepherds, you who go far,
 Looking after your flocks,
 If by chance you should see
 The one I love most,
 Tell him that I suffer, grieve and die.
 Seeking my love,
 I will go through mountains and ravines;
 I will not pick the flowers,
 Nor be in fear of wild beasts.
 And I will pass through forts and frontiers.
 O woods and thickets,
 Planted by my Beloved's hand!
 O fields of green,
 Enamelled with flowers,
 Say if he has passed this way!

English translations by Graham Wade

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