

Naxos 8.559320
Louis Moreau Gottschalk (1829-1869):
Complete Works for Orchestra

Escenas Campestres Cubanas
Manuel Ramírez,
reconstructed by Marcello Piras

- [05] II.
Baritone:
Ven, hija del amor,
Ven a mi lado a gozar,
Que tu eres la flor
Que me mandó el Señor Amor.
Ah ven, hija del amor,
- Tenor:*
Ven, prenda del amor,
Ven a mi lado a gozar,
Que tu eres la flor
Que me mandó [el] Señor Amor.
Ah ven, prenda del amor.
- Baritone:*
Yo te ofrezco primer
De mi jardín con precioso anchar.
Te ofrezco primer
De mi canto el dulzer,
De las aves el tierno trinar.
Sí.
- Soprano:*
Yo no te quiero creer.
No sigas más,
Yo busco otro placer.
No te quiero creer.
No sigas más,
No quiero tu canción, adiós.
- Tenor:*
Ven aquí, corazón.
Ven que te quiero contemplar.
Oigo del tiple el sabroso son.
Ven, astro matutino,
Ven, hija del amor.
- Baritone:*
Ah, ven aquí corazón.
Ah, ven a mi lado a baylar.
- Soprano:*
Ay, nunca, nunca,
No te quiero creer.
No sigas más,
Ay, no te quiero creer.
Oigo el zapateado, yo,
Y vamos a baylar.
- II.
Baritone:
Come, daughter of love,
Come to me for pleasure,
For you are the flower
That the God of Love has sent me.
Oh, come, daughter of love,
- Tenor:*
Come, gift of love.
Come to me for pleasure,
For you are the flower
That the God of Love has sent me.
Oh, come, gift of love.
- Baritone:*
I offer you my garden's
first fragrant bloom.
I offer you the first melody
Of my birds
who sing so sweetly.
Yes.
- Soprano:*
I don't believe a word you say,
Don't waste your breath.
Tell me no more.
I do not hear your song, so good-bye.
I hear a different song, and I'm off to dance.
I hear the *zapateado*, and I'm off to dance.
- Tenor:*
Come here, my heart.
Come see that I desire you
I hear the intoxicating sound of the *tiple*.
Come, morning star,
Come, daughter of love.
- Baritone:*
Oh, come to me, my heart.
Come here, my heart, and dance with me.
- Soprano:*
I don't believe a word you say,
Don't waste your breath.
Tell me no more.
I do not hear your song, so good-bye.
I hear a different song,
and I'm off to dance.

[06] III.

Soprano:

Vivir es gozar, amar es vivir,
Que bello es cantar,
Ay que bello es baylar.
Escucho el canto;
Ay que dulce canto.
Tu, mi ternura,
Tu que calmas el quebranto,
Ven que empieza el bayle.
Ven, mi bien y mi amor,
Ya oyes la Danza.
Ay, que dulce canto.
Ay que dulce el bayle.
Ven aquí mi amor.

III.

Soprano:

To enjoy is to live,
To live is to love.
How beautiful it is to sing,
And, oh, how beautiful to dance.
I hear only the song: tra, la, la, la.
Oh, you song so sweet, la, la, la.
Your tenderness calms my heartaches.
Come and begin the dance.
Come, my pleasure and my love, la, la, la.
Even now you can hear the dance.
How sweet is the song,
Oh, how sweet is the dance.
Come here, my love.

*English translation by Laura Rosenberg,
based on Marcello Piras' reconstruction
of the original Cuban Spanish dialect*