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Quatro cantos do Natal

[1] I. Ó meu menino Jesus

Ó meu menino Jesus,
Meu amor, minha alegria.
Nascestes à meia noite,
Sendo Vós a luz do dia.

[2] II. Vinde pastores

Vinde, pastorinhos,
Vamos a Belém,
V'sitar o menino
Que a Virgem tem.

Meus olhos não viram
Pois tal novidade,
Diz-me, Pastorinho,
Dizei-me a verdade.

Vós dizeis que chora,
Lá em lapa fria,
Quem o céu adora
A noite e o dia.

[3] III. Estando a Virgem

Estando a Virgem
À borda do rio,
Lavando os paninhos
Do seu bento filho,
Lavando os paninhos
Do seu bento filho.

A Virgem lavava,
São José estendia,
Menino chorava
C'o frio que tinha,
Menino chorava
C'o frio que tinha.

Cale-se o Menino,
Cale-se o Amor,
Isto são navalhas
Que cortam sem dor,
Isto são navalhas
Que cortam sem dor.

A Virgem ao peito
O foi conchegar,
Logo o Deus menino
Deixou de chorar,
Logo o Deus menino
Deixou de chorar.

[4] IV. Ó meu menino tão lindo

Ó meu menino tão lindo,
Ó meu menino tão belo!
Vinde, vinde já ao mundo,
Que por vossa vinda espero.

Ó meu menino tão lindo,
Vinde, vinde já ao mundo,
Livrar-nos do cativoiro
Deste abismo tão profundo.

Ó meu menino tão lindo,

Four Christmas Songs

Oh my baby Jesus

Oh my baby Jesus,
My love, my joy.
You were born at midnight
You, the light of day.

Come, you shepherds

Come little shepherds,
Let's go to Bethlehem,
To visit the baby
That the Virgin has born.

My eyes have not seen
This new marvel,
Tell me little shepherd,
Tell me the truth.

You say that he cries,
Down in a cold manger.
Whom heaven worships,
By night and by day.

The Virgin was

The Virgin was
By the side of the river,
Washing the clothes
Of her blessed child,
Washing the clothes
Of her blessed child.

The Virgin washed,
Saint Joseph hung,
The baby cried
From the cold he felt,
The baby cried
From the cold he felt.

Silence the baby,
Silence the love,
These are knives
That cut without pain,
These are knives
That cut without pain.

At her breast she
Cuddled the child,
Soon baby God
Stopped his crying,
Soon baby God
Stopped his crying.

Oh my beautiful baby

Oh my beautiful baby,
Oh my baby so pretty!
Come, come to the world,
For your coming I wait.

Oh my beautiful baby,
Come, come to the world,
Release us from bondage,
From this abyss so deep.

Oh my beautiful baby,

Deus de infinita beleza,
Vinde, vinde já ao mundo,
Abrandar sua dureza.

Ó meu menino tão lindo,
Deus de infinita beleza,
Vinde, vinde já ao mundo,
Abrandar sua maldade.

Três poemas de Adolfo Casais Monteiro

Poetry by Adolfo Casais Monteiro (1908-1972)

[5] I. Música

Dolência, leve inconsciência,
pela música deixada...
É como se se ficasse submerso,
coberto de metros de água...

Um murmúrio permanece,
evocando infantilmente
a melodia escutada.
E entretanto,
a alma desenha sonhos
com seus modos distraídos.

Dolente, inconscientemente,
Deslizo de música em música...

[6] II. Poemas das mãos tombadas

Tombam as minhas mãos,
cansadas de tentar gestos;
tombam silenciosas
na indiferença calma,
da vida que vai seguindo.

Tombam já sem esperança,
minhas mãos...
aniquiladas.

[7] III. Marcha triunfal

Confusão esplêndida de sol e de alegria!
Ao sol que lá fora enche toda a rua,
em mim responde a cantante alegria.

Todo eu sou canto,
Riso que não pensa,
Alma sem rugas,
Num corpo todo força,
Ingénuo senhor dum mundo todo sol.

Tíz Magyar Népdal

[8] I. Kertünk alatt gödröt ásna

Kertünk alatt gödröt ásna.
Szebb szeretőm van, mint másna.
Bárcsak ilyen szép ne volna,
Kevesebb irígyem volna!
Lilionszál a két karja,
Nádmézből van az ajaka;
Képe rózsa, szája cukor,
Szemöldöke selyemfodor.

[9] II. Jeruzsálem kapujában

Jeruzsálem kapujában foly a bor, foly a bor,
Kár annak minden cseppje, ha elfoly, ha elfoly!

God of infinite beauty,
Come, come to the world,
And soften its harshness.

Oh my beautiful baby,
God of infinite kindness,
Come, come to the world,
And soften its wickedness.

Three Poems by Adolfo Casais Monteiro

Music

Numbness, soft unconsciousness,
Left by the music...
As if one is submerged,
covered by meters of water...

A humming remains,
Childishly evoking
The once heard melody.
And in the meanwhile,
The soul draws out dreams
With its distracted ways.

Numb, unconsciously,
I slide from one music to the other...

Hands Fallen Down

My hands fall down,
Tired of trying gestures;
They fall in silence
In the calm indifference
Of life moving on.

They fall with no hope,
My hands...
Annihilated.

Triumphal March

Confusion made splendid by sun and joy!
To the sun that fills the street outside,
In me the singing joy replies.

All of me is song,
Laugh with no reason,
Soul without wrinkles,
In a body that is all strength,
Naïve master of an all sun world.

Ten Hungarian Songs

Under our garden they dig a hole

Under our garden they dig a hole.
The handsomest lover is my own.
If only I weren't so pretty
Less envious they'd all be!
Your arms are lilies
Your lips are honey
Rose face, sweet mouth,
Eyebrows of silky curves.

At Jerusalem's gates

At Jerusalem's gates wine flows, wine flows,
Each tiny drop spilt is a waste, is a waste,

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Gyere pájtás, tartsunk oda poharat, poharat,
Itassuk meg ezt a szomjas madarat, madarat!

Ha bort iszom, jókedvem van őtőle, őtőle,
Szid az asszony, nem gondolok ővéle, ővéle.
Ha haragszik, elfordulok őtőle, őtőle,
Ott a hátam, beszéljessen ővéle, ővéle!

[10] III. Tegnap jártam zabaratni

Tegnap jártam zabaratni, ma menek kötni,
Evesztettem a bátyámat, menek megkeresni.
Uccu pengő sarkantyú,
Térj el tőlem minden bú,
Kedves angyalom!

A királyné a csárdában nem fér a bőrébe;
A királyné azt gondolja, száz aranyat érne.
Uccu pengő sarkantyú,
Térj el tőlem minden bú,
Kedves angyalom!

[11] IV. A gyirmóti magas torony

A gyirmóti magas torony nem látszik,
Köröskörül Rába vize hullámszik.
Rába vize, ne vedd el az utamat,
Hadd szeressem a kedves galambomat!

Ha kimegyek a temető árkába,
Ráülök egy csipkebokor aljára.
Csipkebokor, ereszd el a ruhámat,
Hadd öleljem meg a régi babámat!

[12] V. Ideki a Csengébe

Ideki a Csengébe,
Rózsám termett egy kertbe.
Gyere szivem, szedjük le,
Köss bokrétát belőle.

S'ha kérdik, ki köttetté,
Máris asszony köttetté,
Máris asszony köttetté,
János bírót tisztelte.

Ideki a faluba
Csepüből let egy buba.
Máris asszony az anyja,
János biro az apja.

[13] VI. Estefelé

Estefelé, ha lefekszem kilenckor,
Nem jön álom a szememre ilyenkor.
Álom, álom, mért nem jössz a szememre?
Mindig csak egy kislány jár az eszembe.

Fújja a szél a ló fülén a kendőt,
Hát mi rózsám, mikor tartunk menyegzőt?
Ha az ősszel megforr a bor, szüretkor,
Férjhez viszlek édes rózsám majd akkor.

[14] VII. Látod-e te azt a hegyet

Látod-e te azt a hegyet,
Hegy tetején azt a meggyest?
Én majd rázom, te csak szedjed!
Adok csókot, de csak egyet.

Let's take a glass, my friend, take a glass,
Quench the thirst of this bird, this small bird.

Drinking wine makes me jolly, makes me jolly,
Let my wife nag, I don't care, I don't care.
I'll turn my back on her, I'll turn my back
If she gets mad, and talk with them, with them.

Yesterday I reaped the oats

Yesterday I reaped the oats, today I'll bind them.
I lost my brother. I'm going to search for him.
Hey there, jingling spurs,
Disappear, sad moments,
My dear angel!

So full of herself, the queen at the tavern,
She thinks she's worth a mint of gold.
Hey there, jingling spurs,
Disappear, sad moments,
My dear angel!

The tall tower of Gyirmót

The tall tower of Gyirmót can't be seen,
All around the water of the Rába wavers.
Water of the Rába, don't cloud my way,
Let me love my little dove!

When I go to the graveyard,
I sit at the foot of a lace bush.
Lace bush, let go of my dress,
Let me embrace my old love!

Out here in Csenge

He's in the ring
A rose grew in a garden.
Come, my heart, pick it,
Tie it in a posy.

They ask who made it,
You the woman made it,
You the woman made it,
Jonas the judge honours it.

He's in the village
Csep is the tow doll,
You will be the mother
Jonas the judge is his father.

In the evening

In the evening, when at nine I go to bed,
No dream appears before my eyes.
Dream, dream, why do I not see you?
Only a young girl comes into my mind.

Wind blows the shawl against the horse's ear,
And we, my rose, when will we be married?
If the wine ferments in autumn, at harvest,
Then you will have a sweet rose next to you.

Do you see upon that hill

Do you see upon that hill,
At the top, a cherry tree?
I'll shake it, you'll catch!
I'll kiss you, but only once.

Haj, csillagom, én édesem,
Pillants reám szerelmesen!
Ne fordulj el, ha megfoglak;
Ne pirulj, ha megcsókollak!

Ne haragudj, rózsám azért,
Hogy a szám a tiedhez ért,
Mert akik egymást szeretik,
Azok közt gyakran megesik.

[15] VIII. Jaj de porzik a zilahi

Jaj de porzik a zilahi Molnár utca.
Három honvéd baka masérozik rajta.
Három szóke kislány sírva jár utána
Közte masérozik a kedves babája.

Jaj de nehéz három évet kiszolgálni.
Szár az fügefának zöld levelit várni.
Szár az fügefának lehajlik az ága,
Szép a babám, Diósadon nincs párja.

[16] IX. Tedd be, vedd fő

Tedd be, vedd fő, csapd a földhő,
Daj, daj, daj, daj, da-daj, daj, daj.
Hej, data, daj-daj, daj-daj, daj-daj,
Hej, data, daj-daj, daj-daj, daj-daj!

Vess figurát olyan cifrát,
Hogy a sarkad hányjon szikrát!
Hej, data, daj-daj, daj-daj, daj-daj,
Hej, data, daj-daj, daj-daj, daj-daj!

[17] X. Őszi szél

Őszi szél fúj a hegyekről.
M megbocsáss már mindenekről!
Édes rózsám ablakába
De sokat álltam hiába!

Nem megyek én innen messze;
Fészket rakok, mint a fecske:
M megbélelem két karommal,
Megtapasztom csókjaimmal.

Anyám, anyám, édesanyám,
Édes felnevelő dajkám,
Ha vétettem, megbocsássad,
Könnyeidet ne hullassad!

Dois romances de Armindo Rodrigues
Poetry by Armindo Rodrigues (1904-1993)

[18] I. Romance das três meninas num laranjal

Num laranjal me perdi.
Três meninas encontrei.
Uma tinha o mar nos olhos,
e tranças de oiro de lei.
Nos cabelos da segunda
era branca a noite escura.
Na outra a lua perdia
a timidez e a alvura.
Trazia os olhos tão baixos
que lhe floriam no chão.
Sobre a primeira caíu
um milhafre de asas de aço.

Hey, my star, my honey,
Send me a loving look!
Don't turn away if I catch you,
Don't blush if I kiss you!

Don't be angry, my rose,
My lips touched yours,
When people are in love,
That's no strange thing.

Alas, dust in the street

Alas, dust in Molnár street, in Zilah,
Three soldiers are marching through,
Three blond maidens follow, crying,
The marchers are their loved ones.

Alas, how hard to serve three years,
On the dry fig tree to wait for green.
On the dry fig tree the branch bends,
Dear love, without a peer in Diósad.

Turn on, take the main

Turn on, take the main,
Slam the earth's heat
Dai, dai, dai, dai, da-dai, dai, dai.
Hei, data, dai-dai, dai-dai, dai-dai!
Hei, data, dai-dai, dai-dai, dai-dai!

Let's figure something fancy
So the AC throws up sparks!
Dai, dai, dai, dai, da-dai, dai, dai.
Hei, data, dai-dai, dai-dai, dai-dai,
Hei, data, dai-dai, dai-dai, dai-dai!

Autumn wind

Autumn wind blows from the hills,
Forgive me for everything!
At my sweet rose's window
For a long time I stood in vain.

I will not go far from here,
Like a swallow I'll make a nest,
I will line it with my arms,
I will bind it with my kiss.

Mother, mother, dear mother,
My dear nurturing nurse,
If I've sinned, forgive me,
Do not shed your tears!

Two Romances by Armindo Rodrigues
English translation by Pipa Rodrigues Monjardino

Romance of Three Girls in an Orange Grove

In an orange grove I was lost.
Three girls I came across.
One had the sea in her eyes
And plaits auriferous.
In the hair of the second
White was the dark night
In the other the moon would lose
Timidity and whiteness.
Her eyes lowered so
That they blossomed on the floor.
Over the first there fell
A kite with wings of steel.

A segunda imaginou
que se fundia no espaço.
Tudo à roda escureceu
quando ela os olhos cerrou.
Com o meu terceiro abraço
a terceira desmaiou.
Num laranjal me perdi.
Três meninas encontrei.
Encontrei três malmequeres.
Três malmequeres desfolhei.

[19] II. Romance dos sete cavaleiros

Eram sete
cavaleiros
musculosos
e trigueiros,
aprumados
no selim.

Eram sete
cavaleiros
cavalgando
sem repouso,
de semblante
pedregoso
e palavras
de cetim.

A cigana
era uma só.
E dos sete
cavaleiros
nem a sombra
da lembrança,
de um ficou.

Eram sete
cavaleiros
exaltados
de paixão,
com a morte
no olhar.

Sete são,
mas já verdes,
com os ventres
escancarados
ao luar.

Neuf Chansons populaires russes

[20] I. Moissonneurs

Aiguiser vos faux,
Moissonneurs d'Ukraine,
Voici venir la Saint Jean.
Quitter vos isbas, paysans,
Quitter vos isbas,
Allez par les plaines,
Et faucher dru le froment.

Entasser vos blés
En vos granges pleines,
Porter le blé au moulin.
Le bon grain fera le bon pain;
Le bon grain fera
La farine blanche
Qui donnera le bon pain.

The second she imagined
that she melted in the space.
Everything around grew dark
when her eyes she did close.
With my third embrace
the third did faint.
In an orange grove I was lost.
Three girls I came across.
I came across three daisies.
Three daisies I unpetalled.

Romance of the Seven Horsemen

They were seven
horsemen
muscular
and swarthy,
Sitting upright
In their saddles.

They were seven
horsemen
riding
without respite
countenance
of stone
and words
of satin.

A gypsy girl
There was but one.
And of the seven
horsemen
ne'er the shadow
of the memory
of even one remained.

They were seven
horsemen
exalted
by passion,
with death
in their eyes.

Seven are they,
but now green
with bellies
open wide
in the moonlight.

Nine Russian Folk Songs

Reapers

Sharpen your scythes,
Reapers of Ukraine,
For Saint Jean is near.
Leave your isbas, peasants,
Leave your isbas,
Go to the plains,
And mow that thick wheat.

Pile up your stalks,
In your bursting barns,
Take the stalks to the mill.
The good grain will make good bread;
The good grain will make white flour
That will make good bread.

[21] II. La mal-mariée

Ma chevette blanche,
Je vais m'absenter,
Dans le pré,
pendant ce temps,
Tu vas brouter,
J'irai prestement,
D'un petit pas agile,
Vendre mon panier de poules
A la ville.

Avec l'argent gagné,
J'achète un cadeau,
Qui pèsera bien lourd
Et qui sera beau:
Un très large ceinturon garni de cuivre,
Pour mon gueux d'époux
Brutal et toujours ivre.

Las! Les autres femmes
ont de bons maris,
Le mien est méchant,
Et m'étourdit de cris,
Très prodigue de gros
Mots à mon adresse,
Et de bonnes gifles
En guise de tendresse.

J'ai reçu ma part
De ses coups de bâton,
Et suis lasse
De recoudre ses boutons,
Aussi je combine
Un projet de vengeance,
Car, ma foi,
Je suis à bout de patience.

Je garnis de plomb
Sa ceinture en riant,
Puis le pousse dans le lac en badinant...
Le cœur en émoi,
Je verrai de la rive,
Mon bon homme en luttant
Sombrier dans l'eau vive.

Oh! Le voir se débattre
En diable maudit!
Telle une outre,
Son corps gonflé se raidit...
Souhaitons-lui bon voyage,
Sans malice,
Que la Sainte Vierge
à jamais le bénisse.

[22] III. Je m'en irai

Je m'en irai jeune fille,
Je m'en irai jeune fille,
Seul' dans le bocage,
Seul' dans le bocage.
Je taill'rai une planchette,
Je taill'rai une planchette,
Un' planchett' d'érable,
Un' planchett' d'érable.
Pour faire une belle viole,
Pour faire une bell' viole,
Une belle viole,
Une belle viole.

The Ill-married

My little white goat,
I have to leave,
In the meadows,
While I'm away,
You will graze,
I shall go swiftly,
With an agile foot,
To sell my chickens
In the village.

With the money,
I will buy a gift,
That will weigh heavy
And be beautiful:
A very large belt with leather trims,
For my peasant spouse
Brute and always drunk.

Woe! The other women
All have good husbands,
Mine's mean,
deafens me
With all his yelling,
Always swearing at me,
And with a good slap
Instead of tenderness.

I had my share of
Blows from his stick,
I'm weary of sewing
His buttons back on,
I'm planning a revenge,
Because, by my faith,
My patience is gone.

I'll fill the belt with lead
And laugh, then playfully
I will push him to the lake...
With a pounding heart,
From the bank I'll watch,
My good man struggle and
Sink in the clear waters.

Oh! To see him struggle
Like a damned devil!
His swollen body stiffen...
I wish him fare well,
But without malice,
May the Holy Virgin
Bless him for eternity.

I am leaving

I am leaving, young maiden,
I am leaving, young maiden,
Alone through the farmland,
Alone through the farmland.
I will carve a little bough,
I will carve a little bough,
A bough made of maple,
A bough made of maple.
To make a fine guitar,
To make a fine guitar,
A fine guitar,
A fine guitar.

Qui donc jouera de ma viole?
Qui mèn'ra la danse?

Ce sera sûrement Jacques,
Ce sera sûrement Jacques,
Qui f'ra danser Tania,
Qui f'ra danser Tania.

[23] IV. Sur la Rivière

Sur la rivière
De la Kozanka,
Un canard blanc
Se prélasse.
De son côté
Le gars Grichka,
Sur la berge
Se délasse.
Dans la bruyère,
D'un petit air fier
Lissant ses cheveux d'ébène,
Plein de gaîté,
Moustache en l'air,
En chantant,
Il se promène.

"Belle rosière
Veux-tu démêler
De ton peigne
Blanc d'ivoire,
Mes beaux frissons,
Puis y mêler
Un vermeil ruban de moire?"

Jeunesse altièrre,
Veux-tu de tes mains
Couronner mon front de roses,
De lisérons
Et de jasmins,
En m'embrassant,
Si tu l'oses?

"En m'embrassant,
Si tu l'oses?"

[24] V. Poussière de Neige

Poussière de neige
vole au gré du vent
Cher la voisine
un beau gars frappe à l'auvent.

Et lui dit:
"Permets, ma gente jouvencelle,
De te contempler et de t'aimer,
ma belle."

Elle est si jolie
Avec ses jeux si doux,
Qu'elle met tous les cœurs
Sens dessus dessous!

Et lui dit:
"Permets, ma gente jouvencelle,
De te contempler et de t'aimer,
ma belle."

Son charme divin
Emporte sa raison,
Il-veux l'épouser avant
La fenaison!

Who will play my guitar?
Who lead the dance?

It will surely be Jacques,
It will surely be Jacques,
Who takes Tania to dance,
Who takes Tania to dance.

On the river of Kozanka

On the river of Kozanka,
A white canary
Lies down
By its side the boy Grichka,
On the bank lolls back.
On the heather,
With a little proud look
Smoothing his ebony hair,
Full of joy,
Moustache in the air,
And singing,
He takes a walk.

"Fine maid won't you comb out,
With your white ivory comb,
My beautiful locks,
And then grace my head
With a red silk ribbon?"

Haughty youth,
With your hands will you
Crown my front with roses,
Bindweed and jasmine,
While you kiss me,
If you dare?

"While you kiss me,
If you dare?"

Snowflake

Snowflake flies in the wind
A handsome boy knocks
On the neighbour's porch.

And he says to her:
"May I, my gentle maid,
Look at you and love you,
My fair one?"

She is so fair
With her sweet eyes,
That she turns all hearts
Right upside down!

And he says to her:
"May I, my gentle maid,
Look at you and love you,
My fair one?"

Her lovely charm
Takes over his mind,
He wants to marry her
Before the haymaking.

Et lui dit:
"Permetts, ma gente jeune fille,
De te contempler et de t'aimer,
ma belle."

[25] VI. Pétrouchka

Il était dans ce temps-là
Un bon gars dit Pétrouchka.
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Quel bon gars c'était donc là!
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Quel bon gars c'était donc là!

En se promenant par là,
Il rencontre Marousca.
Tiens, tiens, Marousca,
Quelle mine te voilà,
Tiens, tiens, Marousca,
Quelle mine te voilà!

Marousca lui dit tout bas:
"Demain, c'est ma fête à moi.
Viens, viens, Pétrouchka,
Quel régal il y aura!
Viens, viens, Pétrouchka,
Quel régal il y aura!"

Des beignets lui prépara
Des galettes de blé noir.
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Quel régal c'était donc là,
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Quel régal c'était donc là!

Mais Pétrouchka ne vint pas,
On ne sut jamais pourquoi.
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Quel grand sot ce fut donc là!
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Quel grand sot ce fut donc là!

Ce fut son cousin Grichka,
Par hasard passant par là.
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Qui pour lui se régala,
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Qui pour lui se régala!

[26] VII. Souliko

Où es-tu tombeau de mamie?
Sans me dire adieu, ell'partit.
Je pleurai, disant à l'écho:
"Dis-moi, où es-tu, Souliko?"
Je pleurai, disant à l'écho:
"Dis-moi, où es-tu, Souliko?"

Dans le bois au fond du taillis,
Doucement la rose sourit
Blanche fleur, es-tu son tombeau,
Réponds, où es-tu, Souliko?
Blanche fleur, es-tu son tombeau,
Réponds, où es-tu, Souliko?

L'oiseau qui chantait et volait
A la rose d'amour parlait :
"Rossignol caché tout là-haut:

And he says to her:
"May I, my gentle maid,
Look at you and love you,
My fair one?"

Pétrouchka

So there was in those days,
A fine boy called Pétrouchka.
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
What a fine lad he was!
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
What a fine lad he was!

While taking a stroll
He met Marousca.
Well, well, Marousca,
What a fine sight you are!
Well, well, Marousca,
What a fine sight you are!

Marousca softly whispers
"Tomorrow is my birthday.
Come, come, Pétrouchka,
What a fine treat there'll be!
Come, come, Pétrouchka,
What a fine treat there'll be!"

She baked for him,
Fine sweets and some
Black corn cookies too.
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
What a fine gift for you!
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
What a fine gift for you!

But Pétrouchka didn't come,
And we never knew why.
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
What a big fool you are!
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
What a big fool you are!

It was his cousin Grichka,
Who by chance was passing by
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Who feasted in his place!
Ah! Ah! Pétrouchka,
Who feasted in his place!

Souliko

Where are you
Tomb of my granny?
She left without adieu.
I wept and asked the echo:
"Tell me, where are you, Souliko?"
I wept and asked the echo:
"Tell me, where are you, Souliko?"

In the woods near the bush,
Sweetly smiles the rose.
White flower, are you her tomb,
Answer me, where are you, Souliko?
White flower, are you her tomb,
Answer me, where are you, Souliko?

The bird that sang and flew,
Of love to the flower spoke:
Nightingale, hidden up high,

Réponds, n'est-tu pas son tombeau?"
"Rossignol caché tout là-haut:
Réponds, n'est-tu pas son tombeau?"

L'oiseau gris de moi s'approcha,
Et du bec la rose toucha.
J'entendis alors une voix:
"Ami, Souliko, oui, c'est moi,"
J'entendis alors une voix:
"Ami, Souliko, oui, c'est moi."

[27] VIII. Ma Petite Maisonnette

Ma petite maisonnette,
Je ne t'oublierai jamais,
Ma mignonne maisonnette,
M'est plus chère qu'un palais.
Ma mignonne maisonnette,
M'est plus chère qu'un palais.
Tout' couverte de verdure
Et de fleurs au mois d'Mai.
Tout' couverte de verdure
Et de fleurs au mois d'Mai,
Je voyais à la fenêtre
Mon ami venir tout gai.
Un matin, je me rappelle,
Je sortir sur le balcon,
En ayant sur ma main droite
Jeune et jolie faucon.

Et lors qu'il fut dans les nués
Prêt à fuir vers l'horizon,
Je lui dis: "Écoute-moi, donc,
Mon cher, mon beau faucon."
Je lui dis: "Écoute-moi, donc,
Va vers mon pays natal,
Va vers mon petit village,
Au fond d'un jolival.
Va vers mon petit village,
Au fond d'un ravissant val,
Où habite mon vieux père,
Si sévère, si brutal..."

[28] IX. Sur les flots puissants du Volga

Sur les flots puissants du Volga,
Du Volga,
Sur ses vagues houleuses,
Sur ses larges eaux.
Soudain s'élève la tempête, l'ouragan,
Et le vent, qui creuser l'eau
sous les flancs des bateaux.

On-ne voit-rien dessus les eaux,
Sur les eaux,
Qu'une petit' barque noire
Sur les sombres flots.
Seule une barque noire,
Sur les flots.
Se dessine par son mât,
Par son grand floc blanc.

Les voiles blanches se dessinent,
Les voiles,
Tandis-queles rameurs
montrent leurs bérets noirs.

Le patron sur la carène,
Carène,
Se dresse sous le vent,

Answer me, are you her tomb?
Nightingale, hidden up high,
Answer me, are you her tomb?

The grey bird came to me
With the beak touched the rose.
And then I heard this voice:
Yes, friend, I am Souliko.
And then I heard this voice:
Yes, friend, I am Souliko.

My little cottage

My little cottage,
I shall never forget you,
My pretty little cottage,
Dearer than a palace.
My pretty little cottage,
Dearer than a palace,
Covered with green leaves
And flowers that come in May.
I watched from the window
My friend so gay arriving.
One morning, I recall,
I came onto the balcony,
A falcon in my right hand
Standing so young and fair.

At once he flew into the sky,
Ready to flee to the horizon.
"Listen, my dear," I told him,
My beautiful falcon,
"Listen now," I told him,
"Go to my own country,
Go to my little village
Deep in a beautiful valley,
Go to my little village
Deep in a lovely valley,
Where my old father dwells,
So severe, so brutal..."

On the strong waves of the Volga

On the strong waves of the Volga,
Of the Volga,
On its turbulent waves,
On its wide waters,
Suddenly a storm rises,
The wind, and the tempest
That digs the water
From below the boats.

Nothing is seen on the water,
On the water,
But a little black boat,
On the shadowy waves.
Just a black boat
On the waves,
Shown by its mast,
By its big white sail.

The white sails stand out,
The sails,
And the oarsmen
Show their black berets.

The master on the deck,
The deck,
Stands in the wind

https://www.naxos.com/catalogue/item.asp?item_code=8.579039

Dans son somptueux kaftan.
Il s'adresse ases rameurs,
Ses rameurs:
"Allons, mes gars,
Entonnons notre char vieux chant!"

"Allons, chantons notre vieux chant,
Notre chant,
Sur les flots puissants du Volga,
Ses larges eaux!"

As três canções de Olívia

Poetry by Adriano Vera Jardim (1910-1995)

[29] I. Desalento

Ontem,
Quando passaste juntinho à minha janela,
Estava a bordar.
Olhei ti e os meus olhos ficaram cheios de alegria!
Quando te sumiste para além daquela malvada esquina,
onde acabam as minhas lindas visões,
deixei cair meus olhos no bordado
e os meus dedos já não tiveram mais força...

[30] II. O bordado

O meu bordado é um pássaro azul.
Toda a gente me pergunta
em que país os há assim.
E eu sei responder: "Sei lá!"
Ficará como ele,
Muito longe de mim...

[31] III. Distância

Que tristeza,
teres ido caçar para tão longe.
Que mundo este
onde só há distância.
Bem podias ter vindo caçar
para ao pé do meu castelo.
Sim,
nas muralhas do meu castelo
flutua sempre uma bandeira de esperança.

Quatro novos cantos do Natal

[32] I. Em Belém

Nós somos os pastorinhos
Que aqui vimos a Belém,
Vimos a ver o Menino
Que nossa Senhora tem.

Nós vimos de muito longe,
Temos jornada pra andar,
Deixámos o gado só,
Não nos podemos demorar.

[33] II. Dia de festa

Ah meu menino Jesus,
Meu menino Jesus,
Dizei-me que noite é esta.
Hoje é noite de Natal,
Hoje é noite de Natal,
Amanhã é dia de festa.

In his sumptuous kaftan.
He calls on his oarsmen,
His oarsmen:
"Come on, my lads,
Let's sing our old song!"

"Let us sing our old song,
Our dear song,
On the powerful waves
Of the Volga,
Its wide waters!"

The Three Olivia Songs

Dismay

Yesterday,
When you passed right by my window,
I was embroidering.
I looked at you and my eyes were filled with joy!
When you vanished round that wretched corner,
Where my beautiful visions end,
I dropped my gaze upon the embroidery
And my fingers had no strength left.

The embroidery

My embroidery is a blue bird.
Everybody asks me
In which country these can be found.
And all I can reply is
"What do I know?"
Just like him it will remain
Far away from me.

Distance

How sad that you went hunting
So far away.
What a world this is
Where only distance exists.
You could have very well come hunting
Near my castle.
Yes, above the walls of my castle
A flag of hope always floats.

Four New Christmas Songs

In Bethlehem

We are the little shepherds
Here we come to Bethlehem,
We come to see the baby
That Our Lady has born.

We come from far away,
Still a long way to go,
We left the cattle alone,
We cannot stay for long.

Holiday

Ah my baby Jesus,
My baby Jesus.
Tell me what night this is.
Today is Christmas night,
Today is Christmas night,
Tomorrow is a holiday.

Ah! meu menino Jesus,
 Meu menino Jesus,
 Deixai-me chegar à festa,
 Para comer o que é bom,
 Para comer o que é bom,
 Deitar fora o que não presta.

[34] III. Cantiga à Virgem

Poetry by Gil Vicente (1465-1536)

Blanca estais colorada,
 Virgem sagrada.
 Em Belém vila do amor
 Da rosa nasceu a flor:
 Virgem Sagrada.
 Em Belém vila do amor
 Nasceu a rosa do rosal:
 Virgem Sagrada.
 Da rosa nasceu a flor,
 Pera nosso salvador:
 Virgem Sagrada.
 Nasceu a rosa do rosal,
 Deus e homem natural:
 Virgem Sagrada.

[35] IV. Vós sois Cristo

Deixei o meu gado,
 Deixei-o perder,
 Por ver o menino
 Que estava a nascer,
 Por ver o menino
 Que estava a nascer.

Vós sois Cristo,
 Vós sois nobre.
 Hoje é o dia,
 Bendito, adoremos,
 Bendito, adoremos.

Deixei o meu gado,
 Deixei quanto tinha,
 Por ver o menino
 Na sua lapinha,
 Por ver o menino
 Na sua lapinha.

Vós sois Cristo,
 Vós sois nobre.
 Hoje é o dia,
 Bendito, adoremos,
 Bendito, adoremos.

Deixei o meu gado,
 Deixei o na serra,
 Por ver o menino
 na sua capela,
 Por ver o menino
 Na sua capela.

Vós sois Cristo,
 Vós sois nobre.
 Hoje é o dia,
 Bendito, adoremos,
 Bendito, adoremos.

Ah! My baby Jesus,
 My baby Jesus,
 Pray let me go to the feast,
 To eat all that is good,
 To eat all that is good,
 To throw away what's bad.

Song to the Virgin

You are coloured in white,
 Holy Virgin.
 In Bethlehem, village of love,
 From the rose the flower was born:
 Holy Virgin.
 In Bethlehem, village of love,
 The rose from the rose bush was born:
 Holy Virgin.
 From the rose the flower was born,
 For our Saviour:
 Holy Virgin.
 The rose from the rose bush was born,
 God and natural man:
 Holy Virgin.

You are Christ

I left my cattle,
 I left them stranded,
 To see the baby
 About to be born,
 To see the baby
 About to be born.

You are Christ,
 You are noble.
 Today is the day,
 Blessed, we adore,
 Blessed, we adore.

I left my cattle,
 I left all I had,
 To see the baby
 In his crib,
 To see the baby
 In his crib.

You are Christ,
 You are noble.
 Today is the day,
 Blessed, we adore,
 Blessed, we adore.

I left my cattle,
 Up on the hill,
 To see the baby
 In his chapel,
 To see the baby
 In his chapel.

You are Christ,
 You are noble.
 Today is the day,
 Blessed, we adore,
 Blessed, we adore.

*All the English translations except for
 the Two Romances are by Vitor Moura*