

Fatma Said soprano
Rafael Aguirre guitar

Texts & Translations

Seven Spanish Popular Songs **Manuel de Falla** (1876-1946)

El paño moruno

Text: Gregorio Martínez Sierra

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.
Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

The Moorish Cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.
It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes. Published in *The Spanish Song Companion* (Gollancz, 1992)

Seguidilla murciana

Text: Anonymous

Cualquiera que el tejado tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras al del vecino.
Arrieros semos; ¡puede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!
Por tu mucha inconstancia, yo te comparo
con peseta que corre de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra, y creyéndola falsa
nadie la toma!

Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones at their neighbour's.
We are drovers; it may be
we'll meet on the road!
For your many infidelities I shall compare you
to a peseta passing from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false no one will take it.

Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes; Published in *The Spanish Song Companion* (Gollancz, 1992)

Asturiana

Text: Anonymous

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Asturian Song

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Translation by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes; Published in *The Spanish Song Companion* (Gollancz, 1992)

“Adela” from *Tres canciones españolas*

Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)

Text: Anonymous

Una muchacha guapa,
llamada Adela, llamada Adela,
Los amores de Juan
la lleva enferma, y ella sabía,
Que su amiga Dolores lo entretenía.

El tiempo iba pasando,
Y la pobre Adela, y la pobre Adela,
Más blanca se ponía
Y más enferma; y ella sabía
Que de sus amores se moriría.

Madrigal and Five Sephardic Songs

Lorenzo Palomo (b. 1938)

Penas de amores: Madrigal

Aquel caballero, madre,
que de mi se enamoró ...
Pena él y muero yo.
Madre, aquel caballero
Que va herido de amores ...
También siento sus dolores
Porque dellos mismos muero.

Linda de mi corason

Yo m’enamorí d’un aire, ah,
d’un aire d’una mujer,
d’una mujer muy hermosa ...
linda de mi corasón.

“Adela” from *Three Spanish Songs*

Joaquín Rodrigo (1901-1999)

A pretty girl,
called Adela,
her love for Juan
was making her sick, and she knew,
that her friend Dolores was amusing him.

Time is passing,
and the poor Adela
has turned pale and sick.
She knows
that she would die of love.

The Pain of Love: Madrigal

Translation: G. J. Racz

That nobleman, mother,
who fell in love with me ...
Feels anguish and I am dying.
Mother, that nobleman
Is wounded by love ...
I also feel his pain,
Because I die from it

My Heart’s Beauty

Translation: G. J. Racz

I fell in love with a scent, ah,
with the scent of a woman,
of a very beautiful woman ...
my heart’s beauty.

Nani

Nani, nani quere el hijo,
el hijo de la madre...
de chico se haga grande.
Ay, ay, dúrmite, mi alma, dúrmite, mi vida,
que tu padre viene con mucha alegría.
Ay, avrimex la puerta, avrimex, mi dama,
que vengo muy cansado
de arar las huertas.
Ay, la puerta yo vos avro que
venix cansado
y verex durmiendo al hijo en la cuna.

Pequena serenata sefardi

La soledad, la soledad de la nochada—
Muy dezolada, ah, me vo morir.
Mi alma es triste y dolorosa, ah,
Nunca repona, ah, del mal sufrir.

Romance sefardi

A la una yo nací,
A las dos m'engrandecí,
Alas tres tomí amante,
A las cuatro me cazí
Alma, vida y corasón.
Yéndome para la guerra,
Dos bezos al aire, al aire dí.
El uno es para mi madre
Y el otro es para tí...
Alma, vida y corasón.

Nana Sefardi

Durme, durme, hermosa doncella,
durme, hermosa, sin ansia y dolor.
Heq tu esclavo que tanto desea
ver tu sueño con grande amor.
Durme, durme, hermosa doncella
durme, hermosa, sin ansia y dolor.
Siente, gioia, el son de mi guitarra,
siente, hermosa, mis males cantar.

Lullaby

Translation: G. J. Racz

A lullaby, a lullaby the child wants,
the mother's child ...
the little one who will grow.
Ah, ah, sleep, my soul, sleep, my life,
for your father is coming with great joy.
Ah, open the door, open it for me, my lady,
for I come home weary from
plowing the fields.
Ah, I'll open the door for you, for you,
come home weary
and you will see the child sleeping in his cradle.

Little Sephardic Serenade

Translation: G. J. Racz

The solitude, the night's solitude—
I am very lonely, oh, I will die!
My soul is sad and suffers, oh!
It finds no rest from suffering so.

Sephardic Romance

Translation: G. J. Racz

At one o'clock I was born,
At two I grew up,
At three I fell in love,
At four I married ...
My soul, my life, my heart!
Going off to war,
I blew two kisses into the air, into the air.
The first one for my mother
The second one for you ...
My soul, my life, my heart.

Sephardic Lullaby

Translation: G. J. Racz

Sleep, sleep, my beautiful maiden,
Sleep, my beauty, without worry or sorrow.
I am your slave, who so wishes
To watch with great love as you sleep.
Sleep, sleep, my beautiful maiden,
Sleep, my beauty, in calm and peace.
Hear, oh, joy, the sound of my guitar,
Hear, oh, beauty, the singing of my sorrows.

“Could the River Flow Forever?”
from *Three Poems by Amal Donqul*
Sherif Mohie El Din (b. 1964)

'aydum alnahr

Text: Amal Donqul

'aydum lana bustan alzahr
walbayt alhadi' eind alnahr
'am yasqut khatamna fi alma'
wayudieu.. yadie mae altayaar
watufaraquna al'aydi alsawda'u..
wanasir ealii turuqatalnaari..
la najru taht siat alqahr
'an nulqi alnazrat khalf alzuhr
wayaghib alnahr
'aydum lana albayt almarah
natakhasam fih wanusatlih
daqaat alsaaeat walmajhul
tatabaead eaniy hin arak
wa'aqul lizahr alsayfi.. 'aqul
law yanmu alward bila ashwak
wayazalu albadar tawal aldahr
la yukabir ean muntasaf alshhir
ah ya zahr..
law dumt lina..
'aw dam alnahr.

"Marinela" from *La Canción Del Olvidó*
José Serrano (b. 1943)

Marinela, Marinela,
con su triste cantinela
se consuela
de un olvido maldecido
Mari, Marinela...

Campesina, campesina,
como errante golondrina
cantarina,
vas en busca del amor.
Pobre golondrina
que al azar camina
tras un sueño engañoso.

El aire murmura en mi oído
dulces cantares
que en nuestros labios
ha sorprendido
en noches lejanas de amor.

Could the river flow forever?

Translation: Amira Noweira

Will the flower last forever?
And the quiet house by the river?
Will our ring fall in the water
And loose itself... in the current?
Could the black arms keep us apart?
Will we walk on paths of fire
Not daring, under the lashes of oppression
To look behind at the flowers?
And the river disappears.
Will our happy house exist forever?
Where we fight and then make up?
The chimes of the clock and the unknown
Keep their distance when I see you.
And I say to the summer flowers, I say
If only roses had no thorns
The full moon would remain
Not growing beyond the middle of the month?
Oh flowers
If only you would last for us
Would the river.....?

“Marinela” from *Song of Ovid*
José Serrano (b. 1943)

Marinela, Marinela,
with her sad refrain,
seeks solace
for being cruelly forgotten,
Mari, Marinela...

Country girl, country girl,
like the wandering swallow,
little songbird,
you go in search of love.
Poor swallow,
roaming this way and that,
pursuing an illusive dream!

The breeze murmurs in my ear
the sweet songs
it caught
on our lips
during those far-off nights of love.

Marinela (cont'd)

Cantares de tiempos mejores,
cantares risueños
que huelen a flores
y alientan ensueños de amores.

Marinela, con su cantinela
busca olvido a su dolor;
pobre Marinela
Ese bien que anhela
no la da ese amor.

Selections from
Canciones españolas antiguas
Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)

Anda, jaleo

Yo me alivié a un pino verde
por ver si la divisaba,
y sólo divisé el polvo
del coche que la llevaba.
Anda jaleo, jaleo:
ya se acabó el alboroto
y vamos al tiroteo.

No salgas, paloma, al campo,
mira que soy cazador,
y si te tiro y te mato
para mí será el dolor,
para mí será el quebranto,

En la calle de los Muros
han matado una paloma.
Yo cortaré con mis manos
las flores de su corona.

Nana de Sevilla

Este galapaguito
no tiene mare;
no tiene mare, sí;
no tiene mare, no.
Lo parió una gitana,
lo echó a la calle.
Lo echó a la calle, sí;
lo echó a la calle, no.

Songs of happier times,
joyful songs
with the scent of flowers
that conjure dreams of love.

Marinela, with her refrain,
seeks to forget her sorrow.
Poor Marinela!
What she most craves,
that love fails to grant her.

Selections from
Old Spanish Songs
Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)

Stamp Your Feet, Clap Your Hands

I climbed a green pine
to try and see her,
but I saw only the dust
from the carriage that took her.
Stamp and clap, come on!
That's the end of the fun,
now the shooting goes on.

Don't fly to the fields, dove,
for the hunter am I.
If I shoot you and kill you
the pain will be mine,
the sorrow is all mine.

In the walled street
they have killed a dove.
The flowers for its wreath
with my own hand I cut.

Seville Lullaby

This little babykins
has no mother.
No mother, yes,
no mother, no.
He was born to a gypsy,
she threw him out.
She threw him out, yes,
she threw him out, no.

Este niño chiquito
no tiene cuna;
No tiene cuna, sí;
no tiene cuna, no.
Su padre es carpintero
y le hará una.
Y le hará una, sí;
y le hará una, no.

De los cuatro muleros

De los cuatro muleros,
mamita mía,
que van al agua,
el de la mula torda,
mamita mía,
me roba el alma.

De los cuatro muleros
mamita mía,
que van al río,
el de la mula torda
mamita mía,
es mi marío.

De los cuatro muleros
mamita mía,
que van al campo,
el de la mula torda,
mamita mía,
moreno y alto.

¿A qué buscas la lumbre
mamita mía,
la calle arriba,
si de tu cara sale
mamita mía,
la brasa viva?

Ay, que me equivoco
el de la mula torda,
mamita mía,
Es mi cunao

This little boy
has no cradle,
no cradle, yes,
no cradle, no.
His father's a carpenter,
he'll make him one.
He'll make one, yes,
he'll make one, no.

Of the Four Muleteers

Of the four muleteers,
My little mama,
Who go to the water
He with the dapple gray mule
My little mama,
He steals my soul.

Of the four muleteers,
My little mama,
Who go to the river,
He with the dapple gray mule
My little mama,
He is my husband

Of the four muleteers,
My little mama,
Who go to the countryside
He with the dapple gray mule
My little mama,
He is dark and tall.

Why do you look for the light,
My little mama
From the street above,
If from your face leaves,
My little mama
Vivid embers?

Ay, I am wrong!
He with the dapple gray mule
My little mama,
Is my brother-in-law

Sevillanas del siglo XVIII

¡Viva Sevilla!
Llevan las sevillanas en la mantilla
un letrero que dice:
¡Viva Sevilla!
¡Viva Triana!
¡Vivan los trianeros, los de Triana!
¡Vivan los sevillanos y sevillanas!

Lo traigo andado.
La Macarena y todo
lo traigo andado.
Lo traigo andado;

Tus ojillos negros (Canción andaluza) Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Yo no sé qué tienen tus ojillos negros
Que me dan pesares y
 me gusta verlos,
Que me dan pesares y
 me gusta verlos.
Son tan juguetones y tan zalameros,
Sus miradas prontas llegan tan adentro,
Que hay quien asegura que Dios los ha hecho
Como para muestra de lo que es lo bueno,
De lo que es la gloria, de lo que es el cielo.

Mas, por otra parte, ¡son tan embusteros!
Dicen tantas cosas que
 desdican luego,
Que hay quien asegura que Dios los ha hecho
Como para muestra de lo que es tormento,
De lo que es desdicha,
 de lo que es infierno.

Y es que hay en tus ojos como hay en los cielos,
Noches muy oscuras, días muy serenos.
Y hay en tus miradas
 maridaje eterno
De amorcillos locos y desdenes cuerdos,
Y entre sus penumbras y sus centelleos
Brillantes afanes y tus pensamientos,
Como entre las sombras de la noche oscura
Brillan los relámpagos con su vivo fuego.

18th-century Sevillanas

Viva Seville!
The ladies of Seville in their shawls
wear words that say viva Seville!
Viva Triana!
Long live the people of Triana!
Long live the men of Seville,
and all the women!

I hold it in my heart,
La Macarena and all Seville,
I hold it in my heart,
I carry it in my heart.

Your dark eyes (Andalusian song) Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

I know not what your dark eyes have
That so troubles and thrills me
 when I see them,
That so troubles and thrills me
 when I see them.
They are so playful and so enticing,
Their sharp glances probe so deeply,
That some swear God has made them
In order to show what good is,
To show what glory is, to show what heaven is.

But, on the other hand, they are so deceitful!
Saying so many things that
 they contradict later,
That some swear God has made them
In order to show what torment is,
To show what heartache is,
 to show what hell is.

And within your eyes, as within the heavens,
There are very dark nights, very mild days.
And within your glances,
 there is an eternal pairing
Of wild flirtation and sober disdain,
And between their shadows and their twinkling
Are starry desires and your thoughts.
As though, within the gloom of the dark night,
Lightning sparkles with its living fire.

Luces que parece que se están muriendo
Y que de improviso resucitan luego.
Sombras adorables, llenas de misterio
Como tus amores, como mis deseos.
Algo que da vida,
mucho que da miedo.
Yo no sé qué tienen tus ojillos negros
Que me dan pesares y
¡me gusta verlos!

**“Del cabello más sutil” from
Canciones clásicas españolas
Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)
Text: Anonymous**

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

**Aatini al nay wa ghanni
Zaid Rahbani (b. 1956)**

Give me a flute and sing,
as singing is the secret of eternity,
and the sound of the flute remains
beyond the end of existence.
Have you, as I did, taken to the jungle,
a house without boundaries?
Have you followed the runnels,
and climbed the rocks?
Have you bathed in its fragrance,
and dried yourself in its light?
Have you tried drinking the dawn as your wine
out of divine cups?

Lights that appear to be dying away,
And then, later, suddenly rekindle.
Captivating shadows, full of mystery,
Like your loves, like my desires.
Something that gives life,
and much that gives fear.
I know not what your dark eyes have
That so troubles and
thrills me when I see them!

**“From the Finest Hair” from
Classical Spanish Songs
Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)**

From the finest hair
in your tresses
I wish to make a chain
to draw you to my side.
In your house, young girl,
I'd fain be a pitcher,
to kiss your lips
whenever you went to drink. Ah!

Translation: Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard
Stokes, published in the *The Spanish Song
Companion* (Gollancz, 1992)

**Daughter of the Sultan
Gamal Abdel-Rahim (1924-1988)**

Born in dreams, I was, in folk fairy tales.
Years come and go, and I stay as I am.

Young, pretty and graceful, the smartest
can win my hand.

I am the Sultan's daughter
In most fairy tales I tend to good deeds,
and my suitors queue to compete
under my window.
I throw my scarf and choose,
even a poor shepherd.
I am the Sultan's daughter.

n.b. Please note these last two songs are sung in Arabic, a language that uses an alphabet that Celebrity Series' system was unable to accommodate. We are happy, however, to share the above English translation.