

“De España Vengo”

Pablo Luna

De España vengo, soy española,
En mis ojos me traigo luz de su cielo
Y en mi cuerpo la gracia de la manola

I am coming from Spain, I am Spanish
In my eyes I carry the light of it's sky
And in my body the grace of the royalty

De España vengo, de España soy
Y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo
Y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo
He nacido en España, por donde voy

I am coming from Spain, I am from Spain,
And my rustic face keeps saying it
And my rustic face keeps saying it
I was born in Spain, wherever I go

A mí, lo madrileño me vuelve loca
Y cuando yo me arranco con una copla
El acento gitano de mi canción
Toman vida las flores de mi mantón
Toman vida las flores de mi mantón

For me, what's from Madrid makes me go crazy
And when I tear myself with a verse
the gypsy accent of my song
The flowers of my shawl come alive
The flowers of my shawl come alive

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Campana de la Torre de Maravillas
Si es que tocas a fuego, toca de prisa:
Mira que ardo por culpa de unos ojos
Que estoy mirando
Por culpa de unos ojos, madre, me muero,
Por culpa de unos ojos negros, muy negros
Que los tengo metidos dentro del alma
Y que son los ojazos de mi gitano...

The bell of the Tower of Wonders
If you are going to touch fire, touch it quickly:
See that I am burning because of some eyes
That I am looking at
Because of some eyes, mother, I am dying,
Because of some black eyes, very black,
That I keep deep within my soul,
and that are the tremendous eyes of my gypsy ...

Muriendo estoy, mi vida, por tu desvío;
Te quiero y no me quieres, gitano mío.
Mira que pena verse así, despreciada,
Siendo morena

I am dying, my life, because of your drift
I want you and you don't want me, my gypsy.
Look what a shame looking like this, unappreciated,
Being brunette

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Y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo
He nacido en España, por donde voy

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And my rustic face keeps saying it
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I was born in Spain, wherever I go

Yo he nacido en España, por donde voy
De España vengo, soy española,
De España vengo, de España soy
De España vengo, de España soy
Y mi cara serrana lo va diciendo.
Yo he nacido en España, por donde voy
De España vengo, de España soy.

I was born in Spain, wherever I go
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And my rustic face keeps saying it
I was born in Spain, wherever I go
I am coming from Spain, I am from Spain.

Sì, ritrovarla io giuro” from *La Cenerentola*
Gioachino Rossini

Sì, ritorvarla io giuro.
Amor, amor mi muove :
Se fosse in grembo a Giove
Io la ritroverò.

Pegno adorato e caro
Che mi lusinghi almeno
Ah! come al labbro e al seno
Come ti stringerò!

Noi voleremo, domanderemo,
Ricercheremo, ritroveremo.
Dolce speranza, freddo timore,
Dentro al mio core
Stanno a pugnar;
Amore, amore,
M'ha da guidar.

Yes, I swear I will find her.
Love, love, move me:
If she were in the lap of Jupiter
I would find her.

Beloved, dear proof
That at least gratifies me
Ah! The lip and the breast
How I will cling to you!

We will fly, we will ask,
We will seek, we will find.
Sweet hope, cold fear,
Inside my heart
They are fighting;
Love, love,
Give me guidance.

“Tu che di gel sei cinta” from *Turandot*
Giacomo Puccini

Liù
Tu che di gel sei cinta,
da tanta fiamma vinta,
l'amerai anche tu!
Prima di questa aurora
io chiudo stanca gli occhi,
perché egli vinca ancora...
Per non vederlo più!

Liù
You who are bound by ice,
overcome by so much flame,
you will love him!
Before this dawn,
I close (my) tired eyes,
so that he may win again...
Never to see him anymore!

Translation by: Marc Verzatt

“Stornello”
Gioachino Rossini

Son come chicchi della melograna
Vellutati e vermigli i labbri tuoi
Gareggiar colla fragola montana
Pel profumo dell’alito tu puoi

Come le piante che gemme odorate
Distillano dal tronco e dalla chioma
Tu stilli dale tue labbra rosate
Baci che sono del tuo cor l’aroma.

Fammi nutrir di baci si soavi
Come si nutre di rugiada il fiore
Baciami sempre come mi baciavi
La prima volta che ti strinsi al core!

Se tu fossi rugiada le tue stille
Di vita altrici negheresti al fior?
Baciami dunque e fa nove scintilla
Arder di vita in quest’arido cor!

Son come chicchi della melograna
Vellutati e vermigli i labbri tuoi

Like the seeds of the pomegranate
Are your velvet and vermilion lips
The perfume of your breath can compete with
The wild mountain strawberry.

Like plants that grow sweet-smelling buds
From their stems and from leaves,
You, from your rosy lips exude
Kisses which are the aroma of your heart.

Nourish me with sweet kisses
As the flower is nourished with dew.
Kiss me always like you kissed me
The first time that I pressed you to my heart

If you were dew, would you deny
Your life-giving essence to the flower?
Kiss me then and make new sparks
Flame with life in this arid heart.

Like seeds of the pomegranate
Are your velvet and vermilion lips!

“Vega Luna”

Vincenzo Bellini

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell’amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m’innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell’avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l’ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell’amor.

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

“L’alba sepàra della luce l’ombra”
Paolo Tosti

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,
E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.
Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!
Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi,
O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,
Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

The dawn divides the darkness from light,
And my sensual pleasure from my desire,
O sweet stars, it is the hour of death.
A love more holy clears you from the skies.

Gleaming eyes, O you who'll ne'er return,
Sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!
I must die, I do not want to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.

Envelop me,
O Night, in your maternal breast,
While the pale earth bathes itself in dew;
But let the dawn rise from my blood
And from my brief dream the eternal sun!
And from my brief dream the eternal sun!

“Te Quiero Dijiste”
María Grever

Te quiero, dijiste tomando mis manos
Entre tus manitas de blanco marfil
Y sentí en mi pecho un fuerte latido después un suspiro
Y luego el chasquido de un beso febril

Muñequita linda de cabellos de oro
De dientes de perla, labios de rubí
Dime si me quieres cómo yo te quiero
Si de mí te acuerdas como yo de ti

Y a veces escucho un eco divino
Que envuelto en la brisa parece decir
Sí te quiero mucho, mucho, mucho, mucho
Tanto como entonces siempre hasta morir

I love you, you said putting my hands
between your ivory white hands.
And I felt a strong throb in my chest, then a sigh,
and then the snap of a feverish kiss.

Pretty little doll with golden hair,
pearl teeth, ruby lips,
tell me if you love me the way I adore you,
if you remember me like I do you.

Sometimes I hear a divine echo
that wrapped in the breeze seems to say
If I love you very much, much, much,
as much as then, always until death.

“Liebst du um Schönheit” from *Rückert-Lieder*
Gustav Mahler

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.
If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Which is young each year.
If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.
If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more

“Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen” from *Rückert-Lieder*
Gustav Mahler

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

I am lost to the world
With which I used to waste much time;
It has for so long known nothing of me,
It may well believe that I am dead.
Nor am I at all concerned
If it should think that I am dead.
Nor can I deny it,
For truly I am dead to the world.
I am dead to the world's tumult
And rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song!

“Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft” from *Rückert-Lieder*
Gustav Mahler

Ich atmet’ einen linden Duft!
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand.
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!
Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft

I breathed a gentle fragrance!
In the room stood
A spray of lime,
A gift
From a dear hand.
How lovely the fragrance of lime was!
How lovely the fragrance of lime is!
The spray of lime
Was gently plucked by you;
Softly I breathe
In the fragrance of lime
The gentle fragrance of love.

“Voi che sapete” from *Le nozze di Figaro*
W. A. Mozart

Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s’io l’ho nel cor.
Quello ch’io provo vi ridiro,
E per me nuovo, capir nol so.
Sento un affetto, pien di desir,
Ch’ora e diletto, ch’ora e martir.
Gelo e poi sento l’alma avvampar,
E in un momento torno a gelar.
Ricerco un bene fuori di me,
Non so ch’il tiene, non so cos’e.
Sospiro e gemo senza voler,
Palpito e tremo senza saper,
Non trovo pace notte ne di,
Ma pur mi piace languir cosi.
Voi che sapete che cosa e amor,
Donne, vedete s’io l’ho nel cor.

You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.
I’ll tell you what I’m feeling,
It’s new for me, and I understand nothing.
I have a feeling, full of desire,
Which is by turns delightful and miserable.
I freeze and then feel my soul go up in flames,
Then in a moment I turn to ice.
I’m searching for affection outside of myself,
I don’t know how to hold it, nor even what it is!
I sigh and lament without wanting to,
I twitter and tremble without knowing why,
I find peace neither night nor day,
But still I rather enjoy languishing this way.
You who know what love is,
Ladies, see if I have it in my heart.

“Caro mio ben”
Tommaso Giordani

Caro mio ben,
credimi almen,
senza di te
languisce il cor.

Il tuo fedel
sospira ognor.
Cessa, crudel,
tanto rigor!

My dear beloved,
believe me at least,
without you
my heart languishes.

Your faithful one
always sighs;
cease, cruel one,
so much punishment!

“Se tu m’ami”
Alessandro Parisotti

Se tu m’ami , se tu sospiri
sol per me, gentil pastor,
ho dolore de tuoi martiri,
ho diletto del tuo amor.
Ma se pensi che soletto
io ti debba riamare,
pastorello, sei soggetto
facilmente a t’ingannare.
Bella rosa porporina
oggi Silvia sceglierà,
con la scusa della spina
doman poi la sprezzerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
io per me non seguirò.
Non perchè mi piace il giglio
gli altri fiori sprezzero.

If you love me, if you sigh
Only for me, gentle shepherd,
I am sorry for your sufferings,
But if you think that
I must love only you,
Little shepherd, you are subject
Today Silvia will choose,
The beautiful purple rose
Easily to deceive yourself.
With the excuse of its thorns,
Tomorrow, then, she will despise.
But of mens’ council
I, for myself, will not follow.
Not because it pleases me, the lily,
The other flowers will I throw away.

“Star Vicino”

Salvator Rosa

Star vicino al bell'idol che s'ama,
È il più dolce diletto d'amor,
È un incanto, un'ebbrezza, una brama,
Che due cori congiunge in un cor.

Fortunato chi intende gli accenti
Di un affetto sincero e fedel!
Egli prova vivendo i contenti
Sol concessi ai beato nel ciel!

A che giova l'estate fiorita?
Ogni bene che il cielo ne diè
Non si conti fra i giorni di vita
Quel che scorso in amando non è.

To stay near the beautiful idol that is loved,
Is the sweetest delight of love.
It is an enchantment, an intoxication, a longing,
That joins two hearts into one heart.

Fortunate is he who understands the accents
Of a sincere and faithful affection!
He experiences while he lives the satisfactions
Only granted to those blessed in heaven!

What use is the flowering summer?
Every good that heaven bestows
Not among the days of one's life
Should be counted that day not spent in loving.

“Hallelujah”
Leonard Cohen

Now I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played, and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth
The minor falls, the major lifts
The baffled king composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew her
She tied you to a kitchen chair
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Well, maybe there's a God above
As for me all I've ever learned from love
Is how to shoot somebody who outdrew you
But it's not a crime that you're hear tonight
It's not some pilgrim who claims to have seen the Light
No, it's a cold and it's a very broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Well people I've been here before
I know this room and I've walked this floor
You see I used to live alone before I knew ya
And I've seen your flag on the marble arch
But listen love, love is not some kind of victory march, no
It's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

There was a time you let me know
What's really going on below
But now you never show it to me, do you?
And I remember when I moved in you
And the holy dove she was moving too
And every single breath we drew was Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Now I've done my best, I know it wasn't much
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch
I've told the truth, I didn't come here to London just to
fool you
And even though it all went wrong
I'll stand right here before the Lord of song
With nothing, nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah

