

**DANCES OF LOVE – PROGRAM NOTES**  
by Michael Manning (MM), Pamela Dellal (PD),  
Roy Sansom (RS)

Truth is, there's nothing thematic that actually binds everything on tonight's program, but there are points of meta-commonality that one can observe, if only because of when and where tonight's composers lived and how the milieu of fin-de-siècle Europe infiltrated everything emerging from it. In particular, and apropos our own time, Nationalism was a major political, economic, and aesthetic force in the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. Even Claude Debussy, the most radically independent of the French composers of this period, was given to sign his manuscripts "*Claude Debussy, compositeur français*" during the tumult of the First World War. But the composers who followed, including Francis Poulenc and Albert Roussel, both represented tonight, expressed their national ties, not gesturally, but implicitly as proponents of a French school that, largely because of Debussy, Satie, and their forbears, had evolved into a recognizable style of composition rich enough to sustain generations of adherents and volumes of innovative work (and not just by the French – Igor Stravinsky's Parisian ballets of the early 20th century are heavily indebted to Debussy). As such, Poulenc was a carrier of French tradition, not conscientiously a proponent of it. The Spaniard Enrique Granados (1867-1916) was a nationalist in the more conventional sense.

Spain, at the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century, was embroiled in toxic nationalism of the type we know all too well: conservative politics promoting xenophobia and rejection of foreign influence, defensive self-aggrandizement in the midst of economic and political transition. Spain's defeat in the Spanish-American war in 1898 unambiguously ended the era of the Spanish empire and shocked Spain's national psyche, giving rise to a movement known as *Generación del 98*, a conclave of poets, essayists, and philosophers intent on renewing Spain's cultural identity. But even within the rejectionist frame of Spanish politics and intellectualism, there were mitigating voices like Miguel de Unamuno, one of the *Generación*, who espoused a Spain that could Europeanize without eschewing its Spanish identity. The music we recognize as "Spanish" today is of that character.

The three great voices of Spanish nationalism in music are, in chronological order, Isaac Albeniz, Granados (both contemporaries of Debussy), and Manuel de Falla (a contemporary of Poulenc). They presumed to define a Spanish style of composition that could flourish within the larger context of western classical music – concert music, such as that heard in the great halls of northern Europe, formally complex, technically challenging, rhetorically rich, artistically compelling, and above all, stylistically distinctive. It's in their music that we encounter the tropes and mannerisms that, today, we all recognize as being quintessentially "Spanish" – the copious ornaments on plaintive modal, latently Moorish melodies, the peculiar and particular rhythmic style that invokes images of Flamenco, the textural influence of the guitar. Of the three, Granados was the most Romantic, in the sense that his writing is the most impetuous, florid, virtuosic and improvisational. Indeed, he was one of the great pianist-improvisers of his era, in the great tradition of Chopin and Liszt, and there's a sense of spontaneity that infuses much of his piano music (and his output was primarily for piano), nowhere more so than in his epic masterpiece, *Goyescas, o los majos enamorados*, a collection of six tableaux inspired by the Spanish master painter, Francisco de Goya.

Poulenc's and Roussel's music is, by contrast, quite modern, embracing unconventional notions of melody and harmony extending but also transcending those of Debussy and Satie, the latter of whose iconoclasm was a primary influence on Poulenc's generation. Poulenc was an ardent Catholic, deeply serious at his core but given to puckish expressions of irony and mordant wit. Throughout his music one is often unsure whether he has his tongue in his cheek or his hand on his heart. The truth is that he had so interwoven those two aspects of his outlook that he accomplished both at once, wherein, of course, lies the enduring attractiveness and distinctiveness of his music. His two works on tonight's program are, respectively, among the earliest and latest of his mature works, both unmistakable in their parentage.  
(MM)

## **12 Danzas Españolas**

The Spanish Dances were published in 1890, but were, according to Granados, mostly written in 1883, when he was 16 years old. As the title would suggest, these are short pieces of distinctly Spanish character, each evocative of the folk tradition but packaged in the language and technique of late Romantic pianism. They tend to be repetitive, formally quite square, but immensely appealing in spirit. Several were orchestrated by subsequent aficionados and the dances remain the best known works by Granados. (MM)

## **Ciel, aer, et vens**

Albert Roussel (1869-1937) belongs to the generation of French composers between the Impressionists – Debussy and Ravel the primary figures – and the modernists, foremost among them Poulenc. His penchant was towards classicism. He was drawn to themes from Greek and Asian mythological traditions, adopting a sound world of crisp purity. *Deux Poèmes de Ronsard*, for voice and flute, was composed in 1924, in honor of Pierre de Ronsard's 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary; and the Renaissance poet's cool, evocative language is a perfect foil for Roussel. Tonight we present only the second of the two movements; here the poet regrets a contentious parting from his lady, and begs the trees, winds, and hills to say adieu to her on his behalf. The flute winds around the short, matter-of-fact statements of the voice as a simultaneous ideal of the natural world and of the elusive beloved. (PD)

## **Poèmes de Ronsard**

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) was one of the most important voices in French music in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, forging a transition from the impressionistic art of Debussy and Ravel into a modern language mingling jazz, popular song, Dadaism, and sardonic wit. In his youth he became associated with a group of composers dubbed “Les Six” by critics; these iconoclastic artists, taking the music of Satie as their inspiration, sought to dispel the vestiges of Romanticism and ambiguity of the previous generations through deliberately simple, ironic, and absurdist forms, melodies, and texts. Of these six composers, Poulenc alone emerged as the principal figure whose work mainstreamed, matured, and evolved.

The five-song cycle of Ronsard poems, also composed for the celebration of the poet's 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary, reveals an uncanny sympathy between the radical composer and the poet four centuries his elder; for Ronsard's work is direct, playful, and self-mocking. His favorite themes are death and drinking, and even his most melancholy love poetry is tempered with ironic distance. The first song, “Attributs,” is a laundry list of Greek gods and semi-gods and their earthly domains. Poulenc tosses these off with a sweeping melodic line and witty coloration; a whiff of sentimentality is introduced with the final attribution of sorrows to the goddess of love. The second piece (“Le Tombeau”) is a dreamy elegy; the poet wishes to surround his final resting place with beautiful living, growing plants. Here Poulenc displays his gift for heart-breaking adagios; blending a lyric melody of utter sincerity with unexpected twists of harmony, he achieves a delicate tenderness.

In the third song, “Ballet,” the poet is transported by the vision of a dancer. Her beauty and artistry are described in exhaustive detail while the intricate dance steps are mirrored in the whirling and complex piano writing. In the end, the poet succumbs to his rapture and declares that the dancer, in fact, floated above the ground as a divine being. The fourth song again meditates on death; here the poet considers his own decline and dissolution, watching his body decay and the grief of his friends at his demise. Ronsard clinically inventories his corporal disintegration; Poulenc creates an ideal sonic parallel – fragile, mournful, yet never maudlin. In total opposition to this intimate paean to mortality is the final song (“À son Page”), a wild bacchanale. Here the composer demands reckless abandon from both performers in a giddy presto. (PD)

### **Goyescas, o los majos enamorados**

This is Granados's major work for piano solo, one of the grandest, most ambitious collections in the virtuosic literature. It's a collection of six quintessentially nationalistic tableaux, rich in the mannerisms of Spanish gesture, but thoroughly steeped in the Romantic milieu of the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. Extremely improvisational in character, they force the pianist to extremes of expression that contemporary conventions of style and taste typically frown upon - overt sentimentality, opulence, volubility, gesture for its own sake. But it is these very characteristics and the earnestness with which they're imparted that make the work so appealing both to performers and audiences.

As already noted, *Goyescas* has no less ambition than to capture in music the spirit and epic reach of Spain's greatest Romantic painter, Goya, in particular, his celebration of the *majos* and *majas*, the bohemians of his day, carriers of the principle of *majismo* (forerunner to the modern notion of machismo). They were youth, principally of the lower class, who affected strange, exaggerated dress, mannerisms, and, as we would say today, "attitude." A more contemporary simile might be the hippies of the sixties or today's "goth" and "emo." The subtitle of the suite is "the majos in love," giving us insight into the composer's Romantic imagination more than that of Goya or the actual *majos*. And while the work doesn't depict specific paintings, it draws liberally from the body of work, and cites two sketches in particular: *Tal para cual*, with which the first piece, *Los requiebros* is connected, and *El amor y la muerte*, connected to the eponymous tableau. (See back cover of this packet) Neither of the two pieces selected tonight are so intimately associated with a visual cognate, but both are evocative of the Spain captured in those examples, filtered through the late Romantic imagination.

*Quejos, o la maja y el ruiseñor* (Complaints, or the maid and the nightingale) is one of Granados's loveliest compositions, depicting a lovelorn girl spilling her heart to a nightingale, heard at the end in a kind of manic cadenza. The improvisational character of the piece is heard in the abundant ornamentation and discursive elaboration of the principal tune, itself a well-known folk melody. It's impulsive, furtive, and almost unbearably earnest as befits its subject.

*El fandango de candil* (The fandango by candlelight) invokes the mysterious, vaguely threatening ambience of Goya's lantern scenes, with their ochres and shadows, and depicts the meeting of two lovers in a sensuous and rhythmic dance, alternately coquettish and ardent. Pianistically, it's the busiest piece in the suite, but also the shortest, the rhythms of the dance pervading the texture from beginning to end, an abrupt flourish marking the conclusion of the encounter. (MM)

### **Seis Canciones**

Eduardo Toldrà (1895-1962) was a contemporary of Poulenc, but his output is very different. He, like his compatriot, Federico Mompou, was a beneficiary of the melding of northern European influences into the Spanish vocabulary, but whereas Mompou concentrated on miniatures that drew largely on French Impressionism, Toldrà wrote in a more vernacular style. Although he wrote in many genres, from the large down to the miniature, his primary contribution was as a champion of the Catalan song, of which this set is among the more prominent examples. The six songs are settings of texts by Pablo de Jérico, Lope de Vega, Garcilaso de la Vega, and Francisco de Quevedo, and while not actually folksongs in either style or content, they are more aligned with the folk traditions than with the more formal European song genre. The songs present lyrical, sweet, strophic verses about youthful love and yearning. (MM)

## **Sonate pour Flûte et Piano**

Poulenc finished the Sonata for flute and piano in Cannes in the year 1957. It was commissioned by the Coolidge Foundation, a philanthropic organization started in memory of Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, a patron of chamber music who had commissioned works by Samuel Barber, Benjamin Britten, Roy Harris and Ernest Bloch, to name but a few. The sonata was written for and premiered by flutist Jean Pierre Rampal, who worked with Poulenc to shape the piece.

This delightful sonata was written in three movements: a moderately fast, a slow and a very fast. Each movement is composed in ternary form.

The first movement is marked “Allegretto malinconico” and is, in fact, rather melancholy. The piece starts with a quick four-note pickup, which becomes a motif dominating the first and last sections of the first movement and comes back with a vengeance in the last movement. The middle part of the movement moves a bit faster and makes use of a dotted eighth and two thirty-second note motif (not unlike that in Debussy’s “Syrinx”). The opening material returns in the last section and the piece ends with the same motif that starts the piece at a slower speed. As I stated earlier, the movement has a melancholy feel that is not altogether sad but might be described as breezily pensive.

The second movement is marked “Cantilena,” and begins with a wonderful melody that has been compared to the oboe solo in the “Quia respexit” from Bach’s *Magnificat*. The lovely melodic section is disrupted by a Stravinsky-like primitive scream in the flute part (another motif that comes back in the final movement). After this short distraction the lovely melody returns, but soon gives way to a more excited section lasting a few measures; then returns gently to the opening melody to bring this wonderful movement to a quiet end.

The last movement, “Presto giocoso,” is a pedal-to-the-metal romp. It starts with a bang and moves ahead at breakneck speed, with only a few moments of calm ushered in by another primitive scream in the flute part. The piece ends at high speed with bits from the previous movements wittily tossed in.

This sonata is one of the finest from the 20<sup>th</sup> century, in a galaxy of music written for the flute. I am sure it will remain as one of the most loved by flute players for a long time.

My reasons for taking on this piece for my instrument are that it is a great piece, and it fits on the alto recorder with the exception of two notes in the slow movement which go below my range. I am using an alto recorder onto which I have added a bottom extension which allows for an extra half step on the bottom of the instrument’s normal range. More importantly, the key offers the flexibility to negotiate the highest range without having to cover the bell on every other note. My instrument has another fourth at the top of its practical range as well as the extra note at the bottom. There are a number of modern recorders designed to extend their pitch and volume range. Recorder players are pleased with these developments. **(RS)**

## DANCES OF LOVE— TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### from DEUX POÈMES DE RONSARD – PIERRE DE RONSARD (1524-1585)

Ciel, aer et vens, plains et mons découvers,  
Tertres fourchus et forêts verdoïantes,  
Rivages tors et sources ondoïantes,  
Taillis rasés et vous, bocages verts,  
Antres moussus à demi-front ouvers,  
Prés, boutons, fleurs et herbes rousoïantes,  
Coutaus vineus et plages blondoïantes,  
Gâtine, Loir, et vous, mes tristes vers,  
Puisqu'au partir, rongé de soin et d'ire,  
A ce bel œil l'adieu je n'ai sceu dire,  
Qui près et loin me détient en émoi,  
Je vous suppli, ciel, aer, vens, mons et plaines,  
Taillis, forêts, rivages et fontaines  
Antres, prés, fleurs, dites-le-lui pour moi.

Sky, air and winds, meadows and barren hills,  
rumpled hillocks and verdant forests,  
meandering riverbanks and gushing springs,  
cleared thickets, and you, green groves,  
mossy caves with half-opened mouths,  
fields, buds, flowers, reddening grasses,  
vine-covered slopes and bleached beaches,  
Gâtine, Loire, and you, my melancholy verses,  
since in leaving, gnawed by worry and anger,  
I did not know how to say farewell to that lovely eye,  
which near or far holds me in confusion,  
I beg you – sky, air, winds, hills and meadows,  
thickets, forests, banks and springs,  
caves, fields, flowers – say it to her for me.

### POÈMES DE RONSARD – PIERRE DE RONSARD (1524-1585)

#### ATTRIBUTS

Les épis sont à Cérès,  
Aux dieux bouquins les forêts,  
À Chlore l'herbe nouvelle,  
À Phoebus le vert laurier,  
À Minerve l'olivier,  
Et le beau pin à Cybèle;  
Aux Zéphires le doux bruit,  
À Pomone le doux fruit,  
L'onde aux Nymphes est sacrée,  
À Flore les belles fleurs;  
Mais les soucis et les pleurs  
Sont sacrés à Cythérée.

#### LE TOMBEAU

Quand le ciel et mon heure  
jugeront que je meure,  
ravi du beau séjour  
          du commun jour,  
je défends qu'on ne rompe  
le marbre pour la pompe  
de vouloir mon tombeau  
          bâti plus beau,  
mais bien je veux qu'un arbre  
m'ombrage en lieu d'un marbre,  
arbre qui soit couvert  
          tojours de vert.  
De moi puisse la terre  
engendrer un lierre  
m'embrassant en maint tour  
          tout à l'entour;  
et la vigne tortisse  
mon sépulcre embellisse,  
Faisant de toutes parts  
          un ombre épars.

#### ATTRIBUTES

The corn belongs to Ceres,  
to the woodland satyrs, the forests;  
to Chloris, the new grass,  
to Phoebus, the green laurel;  
the olive tree to Minerva,  
and the lovely pine to Cybele;  
To the Zephyrs, soft rustling,  
the sweet fruit to Pomona,  
the waves are sacred to the Nymphs,  
and pretty flowers to Flora;  
but worries and tears  
are sacred to Cytherea.

#### THE TOMB

When heaven and my hour  
determine that I die,  
torn from the lovely sojourn  
          of daily existence,  
I forbid that anyone quarry  
marble, for the ostentatious  
desire to make my tomb  
          more beautiful;  
but I would rather that a tree  
would shade me, instead of a stone,  
a tree that might be covered  
          forever in green.  
From me may the earth  
produce a vine,  
embracing me with many turns  
          all around:  
and may the twisted vine  
adorn my sepulchre,  
creating all over  
          a scattered shade.

**BALLET**

Le soir qu'Amour vous fit en la salle descendre  
 Pour danser d'artifice un beau ballet d'amour,  
 Vos yeux, bien qu'il fût nuit, ramenèrent le jour,  
 Tant ils surent d'éclairs par la place répandre.

Le ballet fut divin, qui se soulait reprendre,  
 Se rompre, se refaire et, tour dessus retour,  
 Se mêler, s'écarter, se tourner à l'entour,  
 Contre-imitant le cours du fleuve de Méandre.

Ores il était rond, ores long, or' étroit,  
 Or en pointe, en triangle, en la façon qu'on voit  
 L'escadron de la grue évitant la froidure.

Je faux, tu ne dansais, mais ton pied voletait  
 Sur le haut de la terre; aussi ton corps s'était  
 Transformé pour ce soir en divine nature.

**JE N'AI PLUS QUE LES OS**

Je n'ai plus que les os, un squelette je semble,  
 décharné, dénervé, démusclé, dépoulté,  
 que le trait de la mort sans pardon a frappé.  
 Je n'ose voir mes bras que de peur je ne tremble.

Apollon et son fils, deux grands maîtres,  
 ensemble  
 ne me sauraient guérir; leur métier m'a trompé.  
 Adieu plaisant soleil; mon oeil est étoulté,  
 mon corps s'en va descendre où tout se désassemble.

Quel ami me voyant en ce point dépoulté  
 ne remporte au logis un oeil triste et moulté,  
 me consolant au lit et me baisant la face,

en essuyant mes yeux par la mort endormis?  
 Adieu, chers compagnons, adieu mes chers amis,  
 je m'en vais le premier vous préparer la place.

**À SON PAGE**

Fais rafraîchir mon vin de sorte  
 qu'il passe en froideur un glaçon;  
 fais venir Jeanne, qu'elle apporte  
 son luth pour dire une chanson;  
 nous ballerons tous trois au son,  
 et dis à Barbe qu'elle vienne,  
 les cheveux tors à la façon  
 d'une folâtre Italienne.  
 Ne vois-tu que le jour se passe?  
 Je ne vis point au lendemain;  
 Page, reverse dans ma tasse,  
 que ce grand verre soit tout plein.  
 Maudit soit qui languit en vain!  
 Ces vieux médecins je n'approuve;  
 mon cerveau n'est jamais bien sain  
 si beaucoup de vin ne l'abreuve.

**BALLET**

The night when Cupid had you enter the hall  
 to dance artfully a lovely ballet of love,  
 your eyes, although it was night, brought the day,  
 so surely did they spread radiance through the room.

The dance was divine; as it resumed,  
 broke off, reformed, and turn upon turn,  
 gathered, scattered, wound upon itself,  
 imitating the course of Meander's stream.

Now it was round, now long, now narrow,  
 now pointed, triangular; in the way that you see  
 a flock of cranes fleeing the chill.

I err; you were not dancing, instead your foot hovered  
 above the ground; even your body was  
 transformed for the evening into a divine being.

**I AM NOTHING MORE THAN BONES**

I am nothing more than bones, I look like a skeleton,  
 de-fleshed, de-nerved, de-musclé, de-pulped,  
 unmercifully struck by the arrow of death.  
 I don't dare look at my arms for fear of shaking.

Apollo and his son, two great doctors, together  
 would not be able to cure me; their craft has failed me.  
 Farewell, pleasant sun; my eye is clouded,  
 my body descends where everything disintegrates.

What friend, seeing me exposed to this extent,  
 would not return home with a sad and moist eye,  
 consoling me in bed and kissing my face,

drying my eyes, put to sleep by death?  
 Farewell, dear companions, farewell my dear friends,  
 I go on ahead to prepare a place for you.

**TO HIS PAGE**

Chill my wine so that  
 it is colder than an icicle;  
 have Jeanne come, bringing  
 her lute to sing a song:  
 all three of us will dance to the sound,  
 and tell Barbara to come,  
 with her hair curled in the manner  
 of a wild Italian.  
 Can't you see that the day is over?  
 I will never live for tomorrow;  
 Page, pour into my cup again,  
 so that this capacious goblet is full.  
 Cursed be him who mopes over nothing!  
 I do not hold with these old doctors;  
 My brain is never as sound  
 as when it is soaked in plenty of wine.

## SEIS CANCIONES – EDUARD TOLDRÀ

### LA ZAGALA ALEGRE (*Pablo de Jerica*)

A una donosa zagala  
Su vieja madre reñía  
Cuando pasaba las horas  
Alegres, entretenidas;  
Y ella, su amor disculpando,  
Con elocuencia sencilla,  
Cantando al son del pandero,  
Así mil veces decía:

Ahora que soy niña, madre,  
Ahora que soy niña,  
Déjeme gozar ahora,  
Sin que así me riña.

¿Qué mal nos hace Salicio  
Si cuando pasa me mira,  
Y me tira de la saya  
O en el brazo me pellizca?  
No piense, madre, que busca  
Mi deshonra; no lo diga:  
Mi gusto sólo, y su gusto,  
Queriéndome así codicia.

Ahora que soy niña, madre...

Cuando casada me vea, hecha  
Mujer de familia,  
Me sobrarán mil cuidados,  
Me faltará me alegría.  
Por eso quisiera, madre,  
Pasar alegre los días  
Que me restan de soltera  
En bailes, juegos y risas.

Ahora que soy niña, madre...

### MADRE, UNOS OJUELOS VI (*Lope Felix De Vega Carpio*)

Madre, unos ojuelos vi.  
Verdes, alegres y bellos.  
¡Ay, que me muero por ellos,  
Y ellos se burlan de mí!

Las dos niñas de sus cielos  
Han hecho tanta mudanza,  
Que la calor de esperanza  
Se me ha convertido en celos.  
Yo pienso, madre, que vi  
Mi vida y mi muerte en ellos.  
¡Ay, que me muero por ellos,  
Y ellos se burlan de mí!

¡Quién pensara que el color  
De tal suerte me engañara!

### THE MERRY SHEPHERD MAIDEN

A pretty shepherd maiden  
Is scolded by her old mother  
For passing the time away  
Freely and gaily;  
The maiden defended her love  
With a simple eloquence,  
Singing to the sound of her tambourine  
She repeated a thousand times:

Now that I am still young, mother,  
Now that I am still young,  
Let me have my pleasures  
Without quarreling so with me.

What harm does Salicio do to us  
In looking at me in passing  
And tugging at my skirt  
Or pinching me on the arm?  
Do not think, mother, that I  
Intend to shame myself, do not say that:  
My contentment is only your happiness,  
While being so petty with me.

Now that I am still young, mother...

When I am married,  
a wife with a family,  
I will have a thousand worries  
And no joy.  
For that reason, mother,  
I want to happily pass  
My remaining days as a maiden  
With dancing, games, and laughter.

Now that I am still young, mother...

### MOTHER, I SAW A PAIR OF EYES

Mother, I saw a pair of eyes,  
Green, happy and handsome.  
Oh, how I am dying for them,  
But they only scoff at me.

These two heavenly pearls  
Have changed so very much,  
The color of hope  
Has become for me the color of jealousy.  
I feel, mother, that I am equally  
Close to life and death.  
Oh how I am dying for them,  
But they only scoff at me.

Who would have thought that the color  
Of such happiness would deceive me so?

Pero ¿quién no lo pensara,  
Como no tuviera amor?  
Madre en ellos me perdí,  
Y es fuerza buscarme en ellos.  
¡Ay, que me muero por ellos,  
Y ellos se burlan de mí!

**MAÑANITA DE SAN JUAN** (*Anonymous*)

Mañanita de San Juan,  
mañanita de prímor,  
cuando damas y galanes,  
van a oír misa mayor,  
allá va la mi señora,  
entra todas la mejor;  
viste saya sobra saya,  
mantellín de tornasol,  
camisa con oro y perlas,  
bordada en el cabezón;  
en la su boca muy linda  
lleva un poco de dulzor;  
en la su cara tan blanca  
un poquito de arrebol,  
y en los sus ojuelos garzos  
lleva un poco de alcohol;  
así entraba por la iglesia  
relumbrando como el sol.  
Las damas mueren de envidia  
y los galanes de amor;  
el que cantaba en el coro  
en el credo se perdió;  
el abad que dice misa  
ha trocado la lición,  
monacillos que le ayudan  
no aciertan responder,  
non por decir amén, amén,  
decían amor, amor.

**NADIE PUEDE SER DICHOSO**

(*Garcilaso de la Vega*)  
Nadie puede ser dichoso,  
Señora, ni desdichado,  
Sino que os haya mirado.

Porque la gloria de veros  
En ese punto se quita  
Que se piensa mereceros.

Así que, sin conoceros,  
Nadie puede ser dichoso,  
Señora, ni desdichado,  
Sino que os haya mirado.

**CANTARCILLO** (*Lope Felix De Vega Carpio*)

Pues andáis en las palmas,  
Ángeles santos,  
Que se duerme mi niño,  
Tened los ramos.

But who of those who do not  
Know love do not think in such a way?  
Mother I lost myself to them,  
But I do not find myself in them.  
Oh, how I am dying for them,  
But they only scoff at me.

**MORNING IN SAN JUAN**

Morning in San Juan,  
A morning of exquisite beauty,  
The men and the women  
Make their way to the high Mass,  
And my lady is among them,  
And she is the most beautiful of them all;  
Behold her skirts,  
Her splendid coat,  
Her blouse decorated with gold and pearls,  
And the embellishment on her hem;  
On her lovely mouth  
Has such gentleness  
And her pearl-white face  
Shows a hint of rose,  
And in her blue eyes  
There is a hint of alcohol.  
She enters the church so,  
Radiant as the sun.  
The women die of envy  
And the men of love.  
The choir blunders  
In the Credo;  
The abbot who is saying the Mass  
Errs in the reading.  
The acolytes who are serving him  
Are not able to respond;  
Instead of saying Amen, Amen,  
They say Amor, Amor.

**NOBODY CAN BE HAPPY**

Nobody can be happy,  
My lady, or unhappy,  
Unless they have seen you.

For the glory of seeing you  
At that point is removed  
For he who thinks himself deserving.

So, without knowing you,  
Nobody can be happy,  
My lady, or unhappy,  
Unless they have seen you.

**A LITTLE SONG**

Make your way silently,  
Holy angels;  
So that my child may sleep,  
Spread your wings over him.



Palmas de Belén  
Que mueven airados  
Los furioso vientos  
Que suenan tanto:  
No le hagáis ruido,  
Corred más paso,  
Que se duerme mi niño,  
Tened los ramos.

El niño divino,  
Que está cansado  
De llorar en la tierra  
Por su descanso,  
Sosegar quiere un poco  
Del tierno llanto.  
Que se duerme mi niño,  
Tened los ramos.

Rigurosos yelos  
Le están cercando;  
Ya veis que no tengo  
Con qué guardarlo.  
Ángeles divinos  
Que váis volando,  
Que se duerme mi niño,  
Tened los ramos.

**DESPUÉS QUE TE CONOCÍ** (*Francisco Gómez de Quevedo y Santibáñez Villegas*)

Después que te conocí  
Todas las cosas me sobran:  
El sol para tener día,  
Abril para tener rosas.

Por mí, bien pueden tomar  
Otro oficio las auroras,  
Que yo conozco una luz  
Que sabe amanecer sombras.

Bien puede buscar la noche  
Quien sus estrellas conozca.  
Que para mi astrología  
Ya son oscuras y pocas.

Después que te conocí...

Ya no importunan mis ruegos  
A los cielos por la gloria,  
Que mis bienaventuranza  
Tiene jornada más corta.

Bien puede de la margarita,  
Guardar sus perlas en conchas,  
Que búzano de una risa  
Las pescó yo en una boca.

Después que te conocí...

You palms of Bethlehem,  
You who are swaying  
So raucously  
In the blowing wind,  
Be silent,  
Move gently,  
So that my child may sleep,  
Spread your wings over him.

The divine child  
Is weary  
Of the mourning in the world,  
He desires quiet,  
He desires a little rest,  
From the subdued weeping:  
So that my child may sleep,  
Spread your wings over him.

A chill is  
Approaching him,  
Don't you see that I don't have anything  
To cover him.  
Holy angels,  
You who can fly:  
So that my child may sleep,  
Spread your wings over him.

**AFTER I MET YOU**

After I met you  
Everything else appeared superfluous:  
The sun to maintain the day,  
April to maintain the roses.

For me, the sunrise could just  
As well do something else,  
Because I know a light  
The even knows how to brighten shadows.

You may try to search the night  
And the stars that are known,  
But for me astrology points out  
Only the weak and obscure stars.

After I met you...

My pleas no longer burden the heavens  
For promises of eternal glory.  
My happiness lasts much shorter.

Just as the mussels  
Guard their pearls,  
I hope for the appearance  
Of a smile on your mouth.

After I met you...



Francisco de Goya: Tal para cual (two of a kind)

Francisco de Goya: El amor y la muerte (Love and death)

