

**Bellini: *Malinconia, Ninfa gentile***

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,  
la vita mia consacro a te;  
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,  
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;  
m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,  
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,  
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

***Ma rendi pur contento***

Ma rendi pur contento  
della mia bella il core,  
e ti perdono, amore,  
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento  
più degli affanni miei,  
perché più vivo in lei  
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

***Per pietà bell'idol mio***

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,  
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;  
infelice e sventurato  
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se fedele a te son io,  
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,  
sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi  
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

**Brahms: *Wie Melodien***

Wie Melodien zieht es  
Mir leise durch den Sinn,  
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es,  
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es  
Und führt es vor das Aug',  
Wie Nebelgrau erblaßt es  
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime  
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,  
Den mild aus stillem Keime  
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

***Feldeinsamkeit***

Ich ruhe still im hohen grünen Gras  
Und sende lange meinen Blick nach oben,  
Von Grillen rings umschwirrt ohn Unterlaß  
Und schönen weiße Wolken ziehn dahin  
Durchs tiefe Blau, wie schöne stille Träume;  
Mir ist, als ob ich längst gestorben bin  
Und ziehe selig mit durch ew'ge Räume.

***Melancholy, gentle nymph***

Melancholy, gentle nymph,  
I devote my life to you.  
One who despises your pleasures  
Is not born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and hills;  
They heard me at last, I will live satisfied even though,  
with my desires,  
I never go beyond that fountain and that mountain.

***Only make her happy***

Only make happy  
The heart of my beautiful lady,  
And I will pardon you, love  
If my own heart is not glad.

Her troubles I fear  
More than my own troubles,  
Because I live more in her  
Than I live in myself.

***For pity's sake, my beautiful idol***

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol  
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;  
unhappy and unfortunate enough  
has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,  
that I languish under your bright gaze,  
Love knows, the gods know,  
my heart knows, and yours knows.

**Brahms: *It moves like a melody***

It moves like a melody,  
Gently through my mind;  
It blossoms like spring flowers  
And wafts away like fragrance.

But when it is captured in words,  
And placed before my eyes,  
It turns pale like a gray mist  
And disappears like a breath.

And yet, remaining in my rhymes  
There hides still a fragrance,  
Which mildly from the quiet bud  
My moist eyes call forth.

***Field Solitude***

I rest quietly in the tall green grass  
And for a long time send my gaze aloft,  
Surrounded by the unceasing whirl of crickets.  
The lovely white clouds drift by  
Through the deep blue, like beautiful, silent dreams;  
I feel as through I am long dead  
And drift blissfully along through eternal space.

### ***Botschaft***

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich um die Wange der Geliebten,  
spiele Zart in ihrer Locke, eile nicht, hinweg zu flieh'n!  
Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage,  
wie es um mich Armen stehe,  
sprich, sprich, "Unendlich war sein Wehe,  
höchst bedenklich seine Lage;  
aber jetzo kann er hoffen, wieder herrlich auf zu leben,  
Wenn du Holde, denkst an ihn."

### ***Poulenc: Air Romantique***

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent d'orage  
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas;  
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon voyage,  
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient mes pas.  
La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa flamme  
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs gémissements;  
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour mon âme  
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements.  
De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de l'érable  
L'Automne composait son éclatant butin,  
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol inexorable  
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à mon destin.

### ***Air Champêtre***

Belle source, belle source, je veux me rappeler sans cesse,  
Qu'un jour guidé par l'amitié,  
Ravi, j'ai contemplé ton visage, ô deesse,  
Perdu sous la mou, sous la mousse à moitié.  
Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je pleure,  
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,  
Pour se mêler encore au souffle qui t'effleure,  
Et répondre à ton flot caché.

### ***Air Grave***

Ah! fuyez à présent, malheureuses pensées!  
O! colère, o! Remords!  
Souvenirs qui m'avez les deux tempes pressées,  
de l'étreinte des morts.  
Sentiers de mousse pleins,  
vaporeuses fontaines, grottes profondes,  
voix des oiseaux et du vent,  
lumières incertaines des sauvages sousbois,  
insectes, animaux, beauté future,  
ne me repousse pas  
oh divine nature, je suis ton suppliant  
Ah! fuyez à présent, colère, remords!

### ***Air Vif***

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête,  
Les fleurs des champs, des bois, éclatent de plaisir,  
Hélas! Et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix.  
Mais toi noble océan  
que l'assaut des tourmentes ne saurait ravager  
Certes plus dignement,  
lors que tu te lamentes,  
Tu te prends à songer.

### ***Message***

Blow, breeze, gently and lovingly to the cheeks of my beloved,  
Play tenderly in her locks, do not hasten to flee far away!  
If perhaps she is then to ask,  
how it stands with poor, wretched me  
tell her, "Unending was his woe,  
highly dubious was his condition;  
however, now he can hope magnificently to come to life again,  
for you, lovely one, are thinking of him!"

### ***Romantic Air***

I wandered through the countryside with the thunderstorm's  
wind, in the pale morning, under low clouds;  
a gloomy raven escorted me on my journey  
and my steps echoed in the puddles.  
The lightning on the horizon made its' flame run  
and Boreas redoubled his persistent howling;  
Yet the tempest was too flaccid for my soul  
which sounded above the thunder with its' pounding.  
From the ash's and maple's golden garment  
Autumn gathered its' glistening harvest  
and evermore the raven, with an inexorable flight  
followed me without changing my destiny.

### ***Pastoral Air***

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring, I wish to remember forever  
that one day, guided by affection,  
Encanted, I looked at your face, o goddess,  
half concealed underneath the moss.  
Has he but remained, this friend for whom I mourn  
O nymph, adhering to your cult,  
To mingle at least with the breeze that touches you,  
and to respond to your hidden waters.

### ***Somber Air***

Ah! flee now miserable thoughts!  
Oh! Rage, oh, remorse!  
Memories which have pressed both my temples  
in the grips of the dead.  
Paths of thick moss,  
vaporous fountains, deep grottos,  
voices of birds and the wind,  
uncertain lights of wild, primeval forests,  
insects, animals, future beauty,  
do not turn me away  
O divine nature, I am your suppliant.  
Ah! Flee now miserable thoughts, rage, remorse!

### ***Lively Air***

The treasure of the orchard and the festive garden,  
The flowers of the fields and woodlands bust with pleasure,  
And above them the wind raises his voice.  
But you noble ocean  
that the assault of storms could not ravage  
certainly with more dignity  
once you lament  
you lose yourself in dreams.

**de Falla: *El Paño Moruno***

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

***Seguidilla Murciana***

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 cráyendola falsa  
 Nadie la toma! Ah!

***Asturiana***

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

***Jota***

Dicen que no nos queremos  
 Porque no nos ven hablar;  
 A tu corazón y al mio  
 Se lo pueden preguntar.  
 Ya me despido de tí,  
 De tu casa y tu ventana  
 Y aunque no quiera tu madre,  
 Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.  
 Aunque no quiera tu madre....

***Nana***

Duérmete, niño, duerme,  
 Duerme, mi alma,  
 Duérmete, lucerito  
 De la mañana  
 Nanita, nana,  
 Nanita, nana.  
 Duérmete, lucerito.  
 De la mañana.

***The Moorish Cloth***

On the fine cloth in the store  
 a stain has fallen;  
 It sells at a lesser price,  
 Because it has lost its' value.  
 Alas!

***Seguidilla Murciana***

Who has a roof  
 of glass  
 should not throw stones  
 To their neighbor's (roof)  
 Let us be muleteers;  
 It could be that on the road  
 We will meet!  
 For your great inconstancy  
 I compare you  
 to a coin that runs  
 from hand to hand;  
 which finally blurs,  
 and believing it false,  
 no one accepts! Ah!

***Asturian***

To see whether it would console me,  
 I drew near a green pine,  
 To see whether it would console me.  
 Seeing me weep, it wept;  
 And the pine, being green,  
 Seeing me weep, it wept.

***Jota***

They say we don't love each other  
 because they never see us talking  
 But they only have to ask  
 Both your heart and mine.  
 Now I bid you farewell  
 your house and your window too  
 and though your mother doesn't want,  
 Farewell, my sweetheart  
 until tomorrow.

***Nana***

Go to sleep, child, sleep,  
 Sleep, my soul,  
 Go to sleep, little star  
 Of the morning.  
 Lulla-lullaby,  
 Lulla-lullaby.  
 Sleep, little star  
 Of the morning.

**Canción**

Por traidores, tus ojos,  
 voy a enterrarlos;  
 No sabes lo que cuesta,  
 “Del aire”  
 “Madre a la orilla,  
 Madre.”  
 Dicen que no me quieres,  
 Ya me has querido...  
 Váyase lo ganado,  
 “Del aire”  
 Por lo perdido,  
 “Madre a la orilla,  
 Madre.”

**Polo**

Ay! Ay! Guardo una, Ay!  
 Guardo una, Ay!  
 Guardo una pena en mi pecho,  
 Guardo una pena en mi pecho, Ay! Ay!  
 Que a nadie se la diré!  
 Malhaya el amor, malhaya,  
 Malhaya, el amor, malhaya, Ay!  
 Y quien me lo dió a entender! Ay!

**Willis. Fortuna**

Joven de pelo largo  
 Angel con ojos negros  
 Te voy a leer la fortuna.  
 Presta atención a lo que digo.

Serás una mujer fuerte  
 inteligente y bella.  
 Demasiado independiente;  
 Te diran, “callejera!”

La cocina no te interesa!  
 La limpieza tampoco!  
 El hombre con quien te cases  
 sera bueno aunque lo volveras loco!

La felicidad sera tuya!  
 Cantarás con corazon abierto.  
 Sonrie y brillarás  
 como las estrellas en el cielo.

Joven de pelo largo  
 Angel con ojos negros  
 No te sentiras fuerte ahora  
 pero todo te saldrá con exito.  
 Ah!

**Song**

Because your eyes are traitors,  
 I will bury them;  
 You don't know how painful  
 it is to look at them.  
 “Mother to the edge,  
 Mother.”  
 They say that you don't love me,  
 but that you once did.  
 Gone what was won,  
 from the air  
 For the lost  
 “Mother to the edge,  
 Mother.”

**Polo**

I keep a.....(Ay!)  
 I keep a.....(Ay!)  
 I keep a sorrow in my breast,  
 I keep a sorrow in my breast,  
 That to no one will I tell.  
 Wretched be love, wretched,  
 Wretched be love, wretched! Ay!  
 And he who gave me to understand it! Ay!

**Fortune**

Young one with long hair  
 Angel with black eyes  
 I am going to read your fortune.  
 Pay attention to what I tell you.

You will be a strong woman  
 intelligent and beautiful  
 entirely too independent  
 they'll call you “gadabout!”

Cooking doesn't interest you!  
 Cleaning either!  
 The man who you'll marry  
 will be a good one, but you'll drive him crazy!

Happiness will be yours!  
 You'll sing with an open heart.  
 Smile and you'll shine  
 like the stars in the sky.

Young one with long hair  
 Angel with black eyes  
 You may not feel strong now  
 but all will turn out with success.  
 Ah!