



**Somerville Music Society**  
**Recital of Classical Spanish and Latin American Song, 29 January 2011**  
**Ann Liebeck, Soprano; Marcos Madrigal, Piano**

**Joaquin Rodrigo (1901-1999)**  
*Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios*

*¿Con qué la lavaré? - Vos me matásteis - ¿De dónde venís, amore? - De los álamos vengo, madre*

**Enrique Granados (1867-1916)**  
*from Colección de Tonadillas*

*El majo discreto - El majo tímido - La maja dolorosa*

**Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)**  
*from Cinco Canciones Negras*

*Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito - Canto Negro*

**Manuel de Falla (1876 -1946)**  
*Siete Canciones Populares Españolas*

*El Paño Moruno - Seguidilla Murciana – Asturiana – Jota – Nana – Canción - Polo*

**INTERVAL**

**Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)**  
*Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas*

*Chacarera – Triste – Zamba – Arrorro - Gato*

**Alberto Ginastera**  
*Suite de Danzas Argentinas for Solo Piano*

*Danza del viejo boyero - Danza de la moza donosa - Danza del gaucho matrero*

**Heitor Villa Lobos (1887-1959)**  
*Cuatro Canciones Floresta do Amazonas (arr. Alfred Heller 1959 for voice and piano)*

*Veleiros - Canção de Amor - Cair Da Tarde - Melodia Sentimental*

## BIOGRAPHIES

### ANN LIEBECK

Ann Liebeck studied at Oxford University and the University of Surrey, and was a prize winning student at the Royal College of Music Opera School and Salzburg Mozarteum. She was awarded the Hamburg Shakespeare Prize bursary by Dame Gwyneth Jones in 1997 and began her international career at the Vienna State Opera. She made her debut there as Poussette in *Manon* with Adam Fischer, in a production by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle. Other roles for Vienna include Jessie in *Mahagonny* (Kurt Weill), Friederike in *Lenz* (Wolfgang Rihm) and all the high soprano roles in Schoenberg's *Moses and Aaron* (the latter with Horst Stein in a production by the legendary Goetz Friedrich.) She made her US debut in Pittsburg as Queen of the Night, a role repeated at the Vienna Volksoper, National Theatre Prague, Braunschweig State Theatre (directed by Brigitte Fassbaender), and on tour in Paris, Salamanca, Segovia and Madrid. She has guested as Lucia di Lammermoor, Gilda, Konstanze, Violetta, Zerbinetta, Masetta, Liu, and the Countess in *Marriage of Figaro*, at the State Opera Prague, National Theatre Prague, Scottish Opera and Dartington Summer Festival. She has premiered Gilda, Frasquita and Donna Anna at Opernair Gars Summer Festival in Vienna. In 2007/2008 she was engaged as Donna Anna, Violetta, Elettra in *Idomeneo* and Rusalka by the State Opera Brno. In the season 2009/2010 she guested as Rusalka and made her role debut as Salome in Pilzen, and premiered Violetta at Opernair Gars, Austria, in an acclaimed production by Karel Drgač conducted by new BBC Concert Orchestra guest maestro Johannes Wildner.

Concert work in all the major London halls includes the Verdi *Requiem* under Sir Colin Davis, Handel's *Messiah* and Mozart's C Minor Mass under Sir David Willcocks and solo recitals at the Purcell Room and Wigmore Hall. A long association with conductor Ross Pople and the London Festival Orchestra resulted in CDs of *Carmina Burana* and *Messiah* for BMG Arte Nova. Ann has also worked with the BBC Symphony Orchestra and Strasbourg Philharmonic Orchestra, made radio broadcasts for France Musique, Italian Radio, BBC Radio 3 and Classic FM, and appeared on Austrian, Czech and Slovak TV. She has premiered and collaborated in works by many contemporary composers such as John Woolrich, Dan Warburton and John Tavener.

Ann is currently living in Rome, where she is studying the role of Ann Bolena with Maestro Giuseppe Sabbatini and, as the recipient of a Tim Potter Memorial Award at The British School at Rome, and Scatcherd and Erasmus scholarships, researching a DPhil at Oxford University on the influence of eighteenth-century Italian opera composers and sopranos on vocal techniques in works for soprano by Mozart. When in the UK she works with renowned dramatic soprano Rosalind Plowright.

### MARCOS MADRIGAL

This is Marcos Madrigal's first visit to the UK. He was born in Havana and graduated from the Instituto Superior De Arte in 2007, studying with Teresita Junco. Marcos made his concert debut at the age of fifteen, and has since performed as a soloist with all the Cuban and most Latin American symphonic orchestras. He has appeared in all the principal concert halls in Cuba and in the major Latin American capitals, including Mexico City, San Jose and Bogotá, and in Italy, Spain and Germany. In 1998 he won the Gran Premio del Concorso 'Amadeo Roldan', gaining recognition for his interpretation of Cuban and Latin American music. In 1999 he was awarded a prize in the Concorso Iberoamericano de L'Avana, and in 2002 won first prize in the UNEAC competition, as well as the prize for best interpretation of Cuban music. In 2003 he won first prize in the international competition 'Ignacio Cervantes', and in August 2006 a prize in the international piano competition 'Ciudad Panama'. In October of the same year he won first prize, and the special prize for interpretation of Costa Rican music, in the advanced category of the Fourth Concorso Internacional de Piano 'Maria Clara Cullel' in Costa Rica. In June 2008 Marcos won il Primo Premio Europeo di Esecuzione Pianistica in the third Concorso Internazionale di Pianoforte 'Città di Avezzano'.

Marcos has toured in France, Italy, Spain, Germany and Colombia with the prestigious ancient music group 'Ars Longa' and has cut several CDs for the French recording company K617. At the end of 2004 he performed as soloist with 'Ars Longa' in a series of concerts organized by Maestro Claudio Abbado featuring the repertoire of the enigmatic composer Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa. In autumn 2005 he performed as a soloist in the 21<sup>st</sup> international festival 'Jeux des Orgues' in and around Paris, and at the end of 2006 he joined the catalogue of the prestigious institution 'Conciertos Rubinstein' in New York. With COLIBRI he has recorded: 'Homo Ludens' with Leo Brower, 'Concierto a cuatro manos' with his teacher Teresita Junco, a monograph of the composer Roberto Valera with la Camerata Romeu, and 'El Caballero y su destino' with Jose Maria Vitier and others.

Marcos is currently in Rome undertaking master classes with the Accademia Internazionale 'Lago di Como', working especially with William Grant Naboré.

**CUATRO MADRIGALES AMATORIOS INSPIRADOS EN MUSICA ESPAÑOLA  
DEL SIGLO XVI  
FOUR LOVE MADRIGALS INSPIRED BY SPANISH MUSIC OF THE 16TH  
CENTURY**

Joaquin Rodrigo (1901-1999)

*English translations, Lina Nicolli*

**‘¿Con qué la lavaré?’**

¿Con qué lavaré la tez de la mi cara?  
¿Con qué la lavaré?  
Que vivo mal penada.  
Lávanse las casadas con agua de limones,  
Lavome yo cuitada, con penas y dolores.  
Con penas y dolores.

**‘With what shall I bathe my face?’**

*With what shall I bathe my complexion?  
With what shall I bathe it  
When my life is so full of sorrow?  
Married women wash themselves in  
lemon-water.  
As for me, living a life so full of troubles  
and woe,  
I will wash myself in pain and suffering.*

**‘Vos me matásteis’**

Vos me matásteis, niña en cabello  
Vos me habeis muerto.  
Riberas de un río,  
Ví moza virgin, niña en cabello,  
Vos me matásteis, niña en cabello  
Vos me habeis muerto.

**‘You have slain me’**

*You have slain me, girl with flowing hair.  
You have made me die.  
I saw a pure young girl with flowing hair  
On the banks of a river.  
You have slain me, girl with flowing hair.  
You have made me die.*

**‘¿De dónde venís, amore?’**

¿De dónde venís, amore?  
Bien sé yo de dónde.  
¿De dónde venís, amigo?  
Fuere yo testigo, fuere yo testigo.  
Ah! Bien sé yo de dónde.

**‘Where did you come from, my love?’**

*Where did you come from, my love?  
Ah! I know very well where you came  
from.  
Where did you come from, my friend?  
I was a witness.  
Ah! I know very well where you came  
from.*

**‘De los álamos vengo, madre’**

De los álamos vengo, madre,  
De ver como los menea el aire. ¡Ah!  
De los álamos vengo, madre,  
De ver como los menea el aire.  
De los álamos de Sevilla,  
De ver a mi linda amiga.

**‘I have come from the poplar trees,  
mother’**

*I have come from the poplar trees mother,  
From seeing how they stir in the breeze.  
Ah!  
From the poplars in Seville  
And from seeing my beautiful girl.*

**COLECCION DE TONADILLAS ESCRITAS EN ESTILO ANTIGUO**  
**COLLECTION OF TONADILLAS WRITTEN IN AN ANTIQUE STYLE**

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

Text, Fernando Periquet  
*English translations, Lina Nicolli*

**‘El majo discreto’**

Dicen que mi majo es feo,  
Es posible que sí que lo sea  
Que amor es deseo que ciega y marea ha  
tiempo que sé que quien ama no ve

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre,  
Que por lindo descuelle y asombre  
En cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto  
que yo posé en el sabiendo que es fiel.  
¿Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardó?  
Seria indiscreto contarlo yo,  
No poco trabajo costara saber secretos de  
un majo con una mujer.  
Nació en Lavapiés.  
¡Eh! ¡Eh! Es un majo un majo es.

**‘The Discreet Lover’**

*They say my suitor is ugly  
And it may well be true.  
For love is a desire that blinds and  
confuses and I have long known that  
someone who loves does not see clearly.*

*My suitor may not be a handsome man  
But then again, he is discreet  
And he keeps a secret that I confided to  
him because I knew him to be true.*

*What is the secret that my lover kept?  
It would be indiscreet of me to tell you.  
It will take not a little work to find out the  
secrets of a young lover and his woman.  
He was born in Lavapiés.  
Ah yes, he is a man; that he most surely is!*

**‘El majo tímido’**

Llega a mi reja y me mira  
por la noche un majo  
que en cuanto me ve y suspire

Se vá calle abajo  
¡Ay que tío mas tardío  
Si así se pasa la vida estoy divertida  
Si hoy también pasa y me mira  
y no se entusiasma  
Pues después de ese saludo  
Adiós al fantasma  
¡Ay! Que tío más tardío.  
Por estar enamorado  
Las rejas calladas.

**‘The Timid Suitor’**

*At night a young man comes to my window  
and looks at me.  
But the moment he sees me,  
He sighs and runs away down the street.  
Oh, what a backward, bashful boy!  
If that is how he is going to go through  
life, I will not be short of amusement!*

*Today he came past again and looked  
But he didn't show any passion.  
So, goodbye shy ghost.  
Oh what a backward, bashful boy!  
To keep his love silent  
On the other side of the closed window.*

**‘La maja dolorosa’**

¡Ay! majo de mi vida,  
No no, tú no has muerto;  
¿Acaso yo existiese  
si fuera eso cierto?  
¡Quiero loca  
Besar tu boca!  
Quiero segura  
Gozar más de tu ventura  
¡Ay! De tu ventura  
Más ¡Ay! Deliro, sueño,  
Mi majo no existe,  
En torno mío el mundo  
Lloroso está y triste.

¡A mi duelo no hallo consuelo!  
Más muerto y frío  
Siempre el majo será mío  
¡Ay! Siempre mío

**‘The grieving woman’**

*Oh love of my life.  
No, no, you are not dead!  
How could I go on living  
If it were true you had died?*

*How I long to kiss your lips! I so want to  
share, to revel in your destiny.  
But, oh, I am delirious! I am dreaming.  
My lover is no more.  
The world around me  
Is full of sorrow and tears.  
My grief finds no solace.  
My lover is dead and his body is cold, but  
he will always be mine.  
Oh, he will always be mine.*

**CINCO CANCIONES NEGRAS**  
**FIVE BLACK SONGS**

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

*English translations, Lina Nicolli*

**‘Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito’**

*(Text, Idelfonso Pereda Valdés)*

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, tan chiquitito,  
el negrito que no quiere dormir.  
Cabeza de coco, grano de café,  
con lindas motitas, con ojos grandotes  
como dos ventanas que miran al mar.

Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado;  
El mandinga blanco te puede comer.  
¡Ya no eres esclavo! Y si duermes mucho  
el señor de casa promete comprar  
traje con cotones para ser un ‘groom’.  
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, duérmete, negrito,  
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.

**‘Lullaby for a little black boy’**

*Nighe, ninghe, ninghe, my tiny one,  
My little black child who doesn't want to  
sleep.*

*Little coconut, coffee bean,  
With your beautiful tight curls and huge  
wide eyes  
Like two windows looking out to sea.*

*Close your little eyes my frightened little  
black boy;  
The white bogeyman may come and  
swallow you up.  
You're not a slave any more!  
And if you have a long sleep, the master of  
the house promises to buy you  
A suit with buttons so you can be a  
“groom”.  
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, Sleep little black  
one, hmm  
Little coconut, coffee bean.*

**‘Canto Negro’**

*(Text, Nicolás Guillén)*

¡Yambambó, yambambé! Repica el Congo  
solongo,  
Repica el negro bien negro. ¡Aoe!  
Congo solongo del Songo baila yambó  
sobre un pié.

¡Yambambó, yambambé!  
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,  
El negro canta y se ajuma.  
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,  
El negro se ajuma y canta.  
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,  
El negro canta y se va.  
Acuememe serembó aé,  
Yambambó aé yambambé aó.  
Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba del  
negro que tumba,  
Tamba del negro, caramba, caramba,  
Caramba que el negro tumba,  
¡Yambá, yambó! ¡Yambambé, yambambó,  
yambambé!  
¡Baila yambo sobre un pié!

**‘A black song’**

*Yambambo, yambambe! Rings out the  
Congo solongo  
Rings out the rhythm of the coal black  
man. Aoe!  
Congo solongo from Songo dances the  
yambo on one leg.  
Yambambo, Yambambe!  
Mamatomba serembe cuseremba,  
The black man sings and gets drunk.  
Mamatomba serembe cuseremba,  
The black man gets drunk and sings.  
A cuememe serembo ae,  
The black man sings and goes.  
Yambambo ae, yambambe ao.  
Tamba taps the black man who tumbles  
The black man tumbles, caramba,  
Yamba, yambo! Yambambe!  
He dances the yambo on one leg.*

**SIETE CANCIONES POPULARES ESPAÑOLAS**  
**SEVEN SPANISH POPULAR SONGS**

Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

(Texts, traditional)

*English Translations, Lina Nicolli*

**‘El Paño moruno’**

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

**‘The Moroccan cloth’**

*The fine Moroccan cloth in the shop  
Has been stained.  
It is being sold at a lower price  
Because it has lost its value.  
Ah!*

**‘Seguidilla murciana’**

Cualquiera que el tejado  
Tenga de vidrio,  
No debe tirar piedras  
Al de vecino.  
Arrieros somos;  
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!

**‘Murcian Seguidilla’**

*Those who live in houses  
With glass roofs  
Should not throw stones  
At their neighbours.*

*We are mule drivers  
Perhaps our paths  
Will cross along the way.*

*You are so changeable  
That, to me  
You are like peseta coins  
That pass from hand to hand.  
The coins become so worn  
That people think they are fake  
And in the end  
No one will accept them!*

**‘Asturiana’**

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

**‘Asturian woman’**

*I leant on a tender green pine tree  
To see if it would bring me consolation,  
To see if, seeing me weep,  
It too would weep.  
And the pine, so young and green,  
Seeing me weep, wept too.*

**‘Jota’**

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

**‘Jota’**

*They say that we don't love each other,  
Because they don't see us talking together.  
They should ask your heart and mine!  
Now I take my leave of you,  
Your house and your window,  
And, even though your mother  
disapproves,  
I say, goodbye darling, until tomorrow.  
Now I take my leave of you until  
tomorrow,  
Even though your mother disapproves.*

**‘Nana’**

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

Nanita, nana,  
Nanita, nana,  
Duérmete, lucerito  
De la mañana.

**‘Lullaby’**

*Sleep, little boy, sleep.  
Sleep, my soul's delight.  
Sleep, little morning star.  
Lulla, lullaby.*

**‘Canción’**

Por traidores, tus ojos, Voy a enterrarlos;

No sabes lo que cuesta, ‘Del aire’  
Niña, el mirarlos. ‘Madre, a la orilla’  
Niña, el mirarlos. ‘Madre’  
Dicen que no me quieres, Ya me has  
querido  
Vayase lo Ganado ‘Del aire’  
Por lo perdido ‘Madre a la orilla’  
Por lo perdido ‘Madre’

**‘Song’**

*I will turn away from your lying eyes.  
You don't know how hard it is to look into  
them.  
Look how it pushes me to the very edge!  
They say that you don't love me. But you  
loved me once.  
Let all that I have vanish into air  
Look at what I have lost!*

**‘Polo’**

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

**‘Polo’**

*Ay! I keep an ache locked in my heart  
And I will tell no one about it.  
A curse on love! Ay!  
And a curse on the man who taught me to  
understand it!*



**CINCO CANCIONES POPULARES ARGENTINAS SOBRE TEXTOS DEL  
CANCIONERO POPULAR**  
*FIVE POPULAR ARGENTINIAN SONGS TO POPULAR SONG TEXTS*

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)

*English Translations, Lina Nicolli*

**‘Chacarera’**

A mí me gustan las ñatas y una ñata me ha  
tocado  
Ñato será el casamiento y más ñato el  
resultado  
A mí me gustan las ñatas y una ñata me ha  
tocado  
Cuando canto chacareras me dan ganas de  
llorar  
Porque se me representa Catamarca y  
Tucumán

**‘Chacarera (folk dance)’**

*I like girls and the girl that I have is a  
funny-faced girl  
Our wedding will be a funny-faced  
wedding and our children will be funny-  
faced children  
I like girls and the girl that I have is a  
funny-faced girl  
Whenever I sing a chacarera it makes me  
want to cry  
Because it reminds me of Catamarca and  
Tucumán*

**‘Triste’**

Debajo de un limón verde donde el agua  
no corría  
Entregué mi corazón a quien no lo merecía  
Ah! Triste es el día sin sol  
Triste es la noche sin luna  
Pero más triste es querer sin esperanza  
ninguna.

**‘Triste (a song of unrequited love)’**

*Under a lime tree where no water ran  
I gave my heart to someone who did not  
deserve it  
Oh! A day without sun is a sad day*

*And a night with no moon is a sad night  
But sadder still is an unrequited love  
without hope.*

**‘Zamba’**

Hasta las piedras del cerro y las arenas del  
mar  
Me dicen que no te quiera y no te puedo  
olvidar  
Si el corazón me has robado  
El tuyo me lo has de dar  
El que lleva cosa ajena con lo suyo ha de  
pagar ¡Ay!

**‘Zamba (folk dance)’**

*Even the stones of the hillside and the sand  
of the seashore  
Tell me not to love you, but I cannot forget  
you  
If you have stolen my heart then you must  
give your heart to me.  
When you take something from another,  
you must pay them back with your own.  
Oh!*

**‘Arrorró’**

Arrorró mi nene, arrorró mi sol  
Arrorró pedazo de mi corazón.  
Este nene lindo se quiere dormir  
Y el pícaro sueño no quiere venir  
Arrorró pedazo de mi corazón.

**‘Arrorró (a lullaby)’**

*Hushaby baby, hushaby my sunshine  
Hushaby my dearest heart.  
This beautiful baby wants to sleep  
But sleep is capricious and refuses to come  
Hushaby my dearest heart.*

### **‘Gato’**

El gato de mi casa es muy gauchito  
Pero cuando lo bailan zapateadito  
Guitarrita de pino cuerdas de alambre  
Tanto quiero a las chicas, digo, como a las grandes  
Esa moza que baila mucho la quiero  
Pero no para hermana que hermana tengo  
Que hermana tengo, sí, ponte al frente  
Aunque no sea tu dueño, me gusta verte.

### **‘Gato (the ‘cat’, a folk dance)’**

*The “gato” they dance in my house is very boisterous.  
When I hear their feet tapping as they dance the “gato”  
And the pinewood guitar and the wire strings  
I love all the girls, big and small.  
I love that girl who is dancing all the time  
But not as a sister, because I have a sister  
Yes, come to the front.  
Even though I am not your master, I like to watch you.*

**CUATRO CANCIONES FLORESTA DO AMAZONAS**  
**FOUR SONGS FROM FOREST OF THE AMAZON**

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Arr. Alfred Heller 1959

Text, Dora Vasconcellos  
*English translations, Jo-Anne Blanco*

**‘Veleiros’**

Velas no mar vão deixando passar  
A tarde nil  
E outras ondas vem levar.  
(Ah!)  
Sempre existe na magua doce  
murmurio de um triste amor  
Ah!  
Quanta tristeza  
Ondas do mar  
Neste vai e vem sem me levar  
Pois  
Sempre eu fiz muita atenção  
Em não pisar teu coração.  
Ah!  
Longe do ceu vai a onda afogar tudo  
que e meu dentro do mar sem me  
esperar!  
Ah!  
Lua, lua branquinha lua crescente vem  
devagar.  
Ah!

**‘Sailboats’**

*Sails on the sea leaving behind  
The eau de nil afternoon  
And other waves come to take away.  
(Oh!)  
And beforehand in the sorrow there  
was no soft whisper of a sad love  
Oh!  
So much sadness  
Waves of the sea  
In this they come and go without taking  
me away  
Since  
I have always taken great care  
not to crush your heart.  
Oh!*

*Far from the sky goes the wave to  
drown everything that is mine in the  
sea without waiting for me!  
Oh!  
Moon, moon, white moon, crescent  
moon rises slowly.  
Oh!*

**‘Cair Da Tarde’**

A garça voou, a sombra ficou, a noite  
desceu levando o brancor.  
Ah! Ah! Ah!  
A mata dormiu, o vento acabou  
A folha caiu,  
Fazendo rumor ao tocar!  
Ah! Ah!  
O ramo gemeu  
O ninho vibrou,  
O rio bebeu  
As nuvens do ceu.  
Ah! Ah! Ah!  
O eco passou bem perto da qui  
As vozes levou, rompendo manhãs ao  
morrer  
Ah! Ah!

**‘Evening Falls’**

*The heron took flight, the shadow  
remained, night fell taking the light.  
Oh! Oh! Oh!  
The wood slept, the wind stopped  
The leaf fell,  
Making a sound as it touched the  
ground!  
Oh! Oh!  
The branch groaned  
The nest shook,  
The river drank  
The clouds in the sky.*

*Oh! Oh! Oh!*

*The echo passed very close to here  
It carried away the voices, breaking  
mornings as it died away  
Oh! Oh!*

### **‘Canção de Amor’**

Sonhar na tarde azul do teu amor  
ausente  
Suportar a dor cruel com esta m’agua  
crescente  
O tempo em mim agrava o meu  
tormento amor!  
Tão longe assim de ti  
Vencida pela dor na triste solidão  
Procuro ainda te encontrar.  
Amor, meu amor.  
Tão bom é saber calar  
E deixar se vencer  
Pela realidade.  
Vivo triste a soluçar quando, quando  
viras enfim  
Sinto o ardor dos beijos teus em mim.  
Ah!  
Qualquer pequeno sinal e fremente  
surpreza  
Ve me amargurar.  
Tão doce aquela hora  
Em que de amor sonhei infeliz a sos  
agora apaixonada fiquei  
Sentindo aqui fremente o meu reclamo  
amor!  
Tão longe assim de ti  
Ausente ao calor meu pobre coração  
anceia sempre suplicar.  
Amor, meu amor.

### **‘Sentimental Melody’**

*Wake up, come and see the moon  
That sleeps in the dark night  
It shines so beautiful and white  
Pouring sweetness  
Clear silent call  
Burning my dream.  
The wings of the night that flees  
Run across the deep space*

*The sweet awakened loved one  
Come give your warmth to the moon.  
I want to know that you are mine  
In the serene and calm hour  
The shadow confides to the wind  
The limit of expectation  
When in the night  
I claim your love.  
Wake up to come and behold the moon  
That shines in the dark night  
It is still beloved and gentle  
In you my love is to dream.  
Oh!*