

Trio Barrera- Redwine- Casarotti
SNC- February, 26, 2023

Translations

Two Songs from Three Browning Songs Op. 44

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

The Years at the Spring
The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Ah, Love, but a Day
Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!
The sun's away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky's deranged;
Summer has stopped.
Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?

Five Songs for Soprano, Piano and Clarinet

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)
Arr. Mauricio De Bonis

(b.1979)

Modinha

In solitude of my days I die, my love, of your disaffection.
A lot you despise of me, I keep loving you, even though distant,
never comes the sad song of a troubadour.

Happiness, I wish you! Yet if some day all that happiness turns into pain,
remember a voice of the past, my love repeating again the gentle
and sad confessions of my love!

Saudades da Minha Vida

Longing for a time, a time of the past, a time of happiness that never returns again.
God wants that one day I shall find it again: that innocence, a happiness without knowing.

But now I know of all the truth. No longer can I take credit for my happiness
and when I die then, once again perhaps I may be happy without knowing. Ah!

Cancão de Amor

Dreaming on the afternoon, blue of your absent love.
Dealing with cruel pain, this pain growing,
the time in me aggravated by my tormented love.

Seems so far away from you, I am won over by pain in sad solitude,
still looking for you love, my love!

So good it is to know quiet and allow myself to be won over by reality.
I live sad, sobbing when, when do you come back?
I feel the ardor of your two kisses on me! Ah!
What small sign and quivering surprise comes to me these feelings of bitterness.

So sweet that moment at which love I dreamt unhappy, alone now,
in love I become feeling here trembling of your yearning love.
So far away, it seems from you, absence of your warmth,
my poor heart, longing always to plead love! My love!

Melodia Sentimental

Wake up! Come see the moon that sleeps in the dark night,
it gleams so beautifully and white,
spilling sweetness, a clear flame stinging in my dreams.

The wings of the night that flee, they run in deep space.
Sweet love awake, give your warmth to the moonlight.

I would like to know you are mine in the moment, serene and calm.
The shadow trusts the wind, the limit of waiting when inside the night yearning for your love.
Awaken, come see the moon that shines in the night.
My darling you are beautiful and sweet, to feel my love is to dream! Ah!

Ária das Bachianas Brasileiras No.5

Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
Over the space dreamy and beautiful
The Moon sweetly appears in the horizon,
Decorating the afternoon like a nice damsel
Who rushes and dreamy adorns herself
With an anxious soul to become beautiful
Shout all Nature to the Sky and to the Earth!
All birds become silent to the Moon's complains
And the Sea reflects its great splendor.
Softly, the shining Moon just awakes
The cruel missing that laughs and cries.
Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
Over the space dreamy and beautiful...

Azulão

Fly, bluebird, bluebird, my friend,
fly! Go to my ungrateful lover.
Tell her that without her the countryside
is no longer the same!
Ah, fly, bluebird fly and tell her,
my friend, fly!

Jaime Ovalle (1894-1955)

Modinha

Over the loneliness of the seas the moon floats.
It is a single tenderness throbbing in every heart.
Only you don't come and bring relief to the troubadour.
It goes on in love, the strings of the sad lure who sighs fainting,
being for your love.

I beg, I implore you, I kneel at your feet with fervor.
Your smile of innocence! See!
I am moaning and hoping for a better day together with you,
you are all the faith that I have lost.

Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas

Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)

Chacarera

I love girls with little snub noses
and a snub-nose girl is what I've got.
Ours will be a snub-nose wedding
and snub-nosed children will be our lot.
Whenever I sing a chacarera
it makes me want to cry,
because it takes me back to
Catamarca and Tuumán.

Triste

Ah!
Beneath a lime tree
where no water flowed
I gave up my heart
to one who did not deserve it.

Ah!

Sad is the sunless day.
Sad is the moonless night.
But sadder still is to love
with no hope at all.
Ah!

Zamba

Even the stones on the hillside
and the sand in the sea
tell me not to love you.
But I cannot forget you.

If you have stolen my heart
then you must give me yours.

He who takes what is not his
must return it in kind. Ay!

Arrorró

Lullaby my baby; lullaby my sunshine;
lullaby part of my heart. This pretty baby wants to sleep
and that fickle sleep won't come.

Gato

The cat of the house
is most mischievous,
but when they dance,
they stamp their feet.

With pine guitars
and wire strings.
I like the small girls
as much as the big ones.
That girl dancing
is the one for me.
Not as a sister
I have one already.
I have a sister.
Yes, come to the front.
I may not be your master
but I like to see you.

English Translations by © Jacqueline Cockburn