

BAROQUE AT THE EDGE

Cubaroque – Texts and Translations

Evening Hymn - Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?

Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.

Hallelujah!

Ojos, pues, me desdeñáis - José Marín (c1619-1699)

*Ojos, pues me desdeñáis,
No, me miréis,
pues no quiero que logréis,
el ver como me matáis.*

*Çese el çeño y el rigor,
ojos, mirad que es locura
arriesgar buestra hermosura
por hazerme un disfavor,
si no os corrige el temor
de la gala que os quitais,
No me miréis
pues no quiero que logréis,
el ver como me matáis.*

*Y si el mostraros severos,
es no más que por matarme
podéis la pena escusarme,
pues moriré de no veros;
pero si no é de veros
que de mí os compadezcáis.
No me miréis
pues no quiero que logréis,
el ver como me matáis.*

Ojos, pues me desdeñáis.

Eyes that despise me,
do not look at me,
for I do not want you
to see how you kill me.

Let the frowns and severity end;
eyes, look what folly it is
to risk your beauty
to displease me;
if fear does not keep you
from losing your loveliness,
do not look at me,
for I do not want you
to see how you kill me.

And if your show of severity
is just to kill me,
you can spare yourself the trouble,
for I shall die of not seeing you;
but if I may not see you,
have pity on me.
Do not look at me,
for I do not want you
to see how you kill me.

Eyes that despise me.

Tempo la Cetra - Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

*Tempo la cetra, e per cantar gli onori de Marte
Alzo valor lo stil e i carmi
Ma in van la tento ed impossibil parmi
Ch'ella giammai risoni altro ch'amori.*

*Così pur tra l'arene e pur tra fiori
Note amorose amor torna a dettarmi.
Ne vol ch'io prenda ancor a cantar d'armi
Se non di quelle onde ella impiaga i cori.*

*Hor l'umil plettro e i rozzi accenti indegni
Musa qual dianzi accorda, in fin ch'al canto
De la tromba sublime il Ciel ti degni.*

*Riedi ai teneri scherzi e dolce intanto lo Dio guerriero
Temprando i ferì sdegni
In grembo a Citherea dorm'il tuo canto.*

text: Giambattista Marino (1569-1625)

I tune my lyre, and to sing the honours
of Mars I thus uplift my style and songs;
but in vain I pluck it, and it seems impossible that it will ever resound with anything but love-songs.
Thus, now in the arena and now amidst flowers,
Love again dictates amorous notes to me;
nor does he desire that I should sing again of weapons,
unless of those with which he wounds hearts.
Now the lowly plectrum and coarse, undignified inflections,
O Muse, refine them as you did before, until, to the song
of the sublime trumpet, Heaven honours you.
Now to sweet and tender play returns
the God of war, tempering his harsh anger;
may he sleep in the arms of Cytherea to your song.

Sepan Todos que Muero - José Marín

Sepan todos que muero
de un desdén que quiero.
Quiero un desdén apacible, y si hay ángeles acá,
un ángel que quiero está más allá de lo imposible.
Quiero sufrir lo insufrible
de amar y no perecer, de sembrar y no coger
pues he de morir primero.

Let everybody know that I die
Of a disdain that I love.
I love for a gentle disdain, and if there are angels here
An angel that I love is beyond the impossible.
I want to suffer the insufferable
Loving and not perishing, sowing and not harvesting
For I am to die first.

Cucurrucú Paloma - Tomás Méndez (1927-1995)

*Dicen que por las noches
Nomás se le iba en puro llorar
Dicen que no dormía
Nomás se le iba en puro tomar
Juran que el mismo cielo
Se estremecía al oír su llanto
Cómo sufría por ella
Que hasta en su muerte la fue llamando
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay gemía
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba
De pasión mortal moría
Que una paloma triste
Muy de mañana le va a cantar
A la casita sola
Con sus puertitas de par en par
Juran que esa paloma
No es otra cosa más que su alma
Que todavía la espera
A que regrese la desdichada
Cucurrucucú, paloma
Cucurrucucú, no llores
Las piedras jamás, paloma
¿Qué van a saber de amores?*

They say that at night
All he would do is cry
They say that he couldn't sleep
He would just turn to drink
They swear that heaven itself
Would shudder on hearing his tears.
How he would suffer for her
That even in death he called her.
Ay ay ay ay he sang
Ay ay ay ay he groaned
Ay ay ay ay he sang
He died of incurable passion

When a sad dove
Very early in the morning would sing to him
Alone in his little house
With its little paired doors
They swear that dove
Is none other than his soul
Which is still waiting
For the unhappy one to return.
Coo coo, my dove
Coo coo, don't cry
Dove, what will these stones
Ever know of love?

O! fair Cedaria (Henry Purcell)

O! fair Cedaria, hide those eyes
That hearts enough have won;
For whosoever sees them dies,
And cannot ruin shun.

Such beauty and charms are seen
United in your face,
The proudest can't but own you queen
Of beauty, wit and grace.

Then pity me, who am your slave,
And grant me a reprieve;
Unless I may your favour have,
I can't one moment live.

Amor Dormiglione - Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

*Amor, non dormir più!
Su, su, svegliati omai
Che mentre dormi tu
Dormon le gioie mie, vegliano i guai
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco
Strali, strali, su, su
Foco, foco, su, su!
O pigro o tardo
Tu non hai senso
Amor melenso
Amor codardo!
Ahi quale io resto
Che nel mio ardore
Tu dorma Amore:
Mancava questo!*

Love sleep no more!
Up, up now you must wake
For while you sleep
My joys sleep also, and troubles are awoken
Love do not, do not fail me!

Arrows, arrows, fire
Arrows, arrows, arise, arise
Fire, fire, arise, arise!
Oh, lazy, sluggish Love
You are nonsensical
Lumpish
Cowardly!
Ah, while I languish
In burning passion
You, Love, are sleeping:
And what good is that!

Esperar, Sentir, Morir - Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

*¿Por qué más iras buscas que mi tormento,
si en su primer callado
dolor, atento,
yo propio me castigo lo que me quejo?*

*Esperar, sentir,
morir, adorar,
porque en el pesar
de mi eterno amor
caber puede, en su dolor,
Adorar, morir, sentir, esperar.*

*Vive tú, muera solo quien tanto siente
Que sus eternos males la vida crecen
Y solamente vive porque padece.*

Esperar, sentir....

Why do you seek more anger than my torment
If in its first silent
Sorrow, attentive,
I punish myself for my complaints?

To hope, to feel,
To die, to adore,
For in spite
Of my eternal love
There is room, in the pain,
To adore, to die, to feel, to hope.

You live, only he dies who feels so much
And in whose eternal pains grows more life
And only lives because he suffers.

To hope, to feel...

Te Recuerdo, Amanda - Víctor Jara (1932-1973)

Te recuerdo Amanda
La calle mojada
Corriendo a la fábrica
Donde trabajaba Manuel
La sonrisa ancha
La lluvia en el pelo
No importaba nada
Ibas a encontrarte con él
Con él, con él, con él, con él, con él
Son cinco minutos
La vida es eterna en cinco minutos
Suena la sirena
De vuelta al trabajo
Y tu caminando
Lo iluminas todo
Los cinco minutos
Te hacen florecer

Te recuerdo Amanda
La calle mojada
Corriendo a la fábrica
Donde trabajaba Manuel
La sonrisa ancha
La lluvia en el pelo
No importaba nada
Ibas a encontrarte con él
Con él, con él, con él, con él, con él
Que partió a la sierra
Que nunca hizo daño
Que partió a la sierra
Y en cinco minutos quedó destrozado
Suena la sirena
De vuelta al trabajo
Muchos no volvieron
Tampoco Manuel
Te recuerdo Amanda
La calle mojada
Corriendo a la fábrica
Donde trabajaba Manuel

I remember you Amanda
The wet street
Running to the factory
Where Manuel worked.
Your wide smile,
Rain in your hair,
Nothing mattered:
You were going to meet with him
With him, with him
It's five minutes
Life is eternal in those five minutes
The alarm sounds
Back to work
And you, walking
Illuminate everything

Those five minutes
Make you blossom.

I remember you Amanda
The wet street
Running to the factory
Where Manuel worked.
Your wide smile,
The rain in your hair
You were going to meet with him
With him, with him
Who left for the mountains,
Who never did any harm,
Who left for the mountains
And in five minutes everything was destroyed.
The alarm sounds
Back to work
Many didn't come back,
Nor did Manuel

I remember you Amanda
The wet street
Running to the factory
Where Manuel worked.

Unicornio - Silvio Rodríguez (1946-)

*Mi unicornio azul ayer se me perdió,
Pastando lo deje y desapareció.
Cualquier información bien la voy a pagar.
Las flores que dejó
No me han querido hablar.
Mi unicornio azul
Ayer se me perdió,
No sé si se me fue,
No sé si extravió,
Y yo no tengo más
Que un unicornio azul.
Si alguien sabe de él,
Le ruego información,
Cien mil o un millón
Yo pagaré.
Mi unicornio azul
Se me ha perdido ayer,
Se fue.
Mi unicornio y yo
Hicimos amistad,
Un poco con amor,
Un poco con verdad.
Con su cuerno de añil
Pescaba una canción,
Saberla compartir
Era su vocación.
Mi unicornio azul
Ayer se me perdió,
Y puede parecer*

*Acaso una obsesión,
Pero no tengo más
Que un unicornio azul
Y aunque tuviera dos
Yo solo quiero aquel.
Cualquier información
La pagaré.
Mi unicornio azul
Se me ha perdido ayer,
Se fue*

Yesterday I lost my blue unicorn
I left him grazing and he disappeared.
Any information I'll gratefully pay for.
The flowers he left
Haven't spoken to me.
My blue unicorn
Got lost yesterday
I don't know if he left me
I don't know if he got lost
And I have nothing more
Than a blue unicorn
If anyone knows of him
I'm seeking information
One hundred thousand or a million
I will pay
My blue unicorn
Which I lost yesterday
Went away.

My unicorn and I
Became friends
A little with love,
A little with truth
With his horn of indigo
He fished a song
Knowing how to share it
Was his vocation
My blue unicorn
Got lost yesterday
And it might seem
Perhaps an obsession
But I have no more
Than a blue unicorn
And even if I had two
I only want that one.
Whatever information
I will pay
My blue unicorn
Got lost yesterday
And went away.

Si Dolce E' il Tormento - Claudio Monteverdi

*Si dolce è' il tormento
Ch' in seno mi sta,
Ch' io vivo contento
Per cruda beltà.
Nel ciel di bellezza
S'accreschi fierezza
Et manchi pietà:
Che sempre qual scoglio
All'onda d'orgoglio
Mia fede sarà.*

*La speme fallace
Rivolgam' il piè,
Diletto ne pace
Non scendano a me,
E l'empia ch' adoro
Mi nieghi ristoro
Di buona mercè:
Tra doglia infinita,
Tra speme tradita
Vivrà la mia fè.*

*Per foco e per gelo
riposo non ho
nel porto del Cielo
riposo haverò...
se colpo mortale
con rigido strale
il cor m'impiegò
cangiando mia sorte
col dardo di morte
il cor sanerò...*

*Se fiamma d'amore
Già mai non senti
Quel rigido core
Ch' il cor mi rapì,
Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghi:
Ben fia che dolente,
Pentita e languente
Sospirimi un dì.*

Text: Carlo Milanuzzi (c 1590-c 1647)

So sweet is the torment that lies in my heart,
that I live happily because of its cruel beauty.
May beauty's fury grow wide in the sky without compassion; for my devotion shall hold like a rock
against pride's unrelenting wave.

False hope, keep me wandering!
Let no peace nor pleasure befall me! Evil woman, whom I adore, deny me the rest that
compassion would give;
amidst infinite pain,
amidst broken hopes
shall survive my devotion.

There is no rest for me in the warmth or the cold.
Only in heaven shall I find rest.
If the deadly strike of an arrow injured my heart,
I shall heal still, and change my destiny, death's very heart
with the same arrow.

If the frigid heart that stole mine
never has felt love's ardour;
if the cruel beauty that charmed my soul
denies me compassion, may she die one day
hurt by me.

In the Black, Dismal Dungeon of Despair - Henry Purcell

In the black dismal dungeon of despair,
Pined with tormenting care,
Wracked with my fears,
Drowned in my tears,
With dreadful expectation of my doom
And certain horrid judgement soon to come:
Lord, here I lie,
Lost to all hope of Liberty,
Hence never to remove,
But by a miracle of love,
Which I scarce hope for or expect,
Being guilty of so long, so great neglect.
Fool that I was, worthy a sharper rod,
To slight thy courting, O my God.
For thou didst woo, entreat and grieve,
Didst beg me to be happy and to live;
But I would not; I chose to dwell
With death, far from thee, too near to hell:
But is there no redemption, no relief?
Thou savedst a Magdalen, a thief -
O Jesu! Thy mercy, Lord, once more advance;
O give me such a glance
As Peter had! Thy sweet, kind, chiding look
Will change my heart, as it did melt that Rock.
Look on me, sweet Jesu, as thou didst on him!
'Tis more than to create, thus to redeem.

La Gaviota - Silvio Rodríguez

*Corrían los días de fines de guerra
Y había un soldado regresando intacto:
Intacto del frío mortal de la tierra,
Intacto de flores de horror en su cuarto.
Elevó los ojos, respiró profundo,
La palabra cielo se hizo en su boca
Y como si no hubiera más en el mundo
Por el firmamento pasó una gaviota.
Gaviota, gaviota, vals del equilibrio,
Cadencia increíble, llamada en el hombro.
Gaviota, gaviota, blancura del lirio,
Aire y bailarina, gaviota de asombro.
¿A dónde te marchas, canción de la brisa,
Tan rápida, tan detenida,
Disparo en la sien y metralla en la risa,
Gaviota que pasa y se lleva la vida?
Corrían los días de fines de guerra,
Pasó una gaviota volando, volando
Lento, como un tiempo de amor que se cierra,
Imperio de ala, de cielo y de cuando.
Gaviota, gaviota, vals del equilibrio,
Cadencia increíble, llamada en el hombro.
Gaviota, gaviota, blancura del lirio,
Aire y bailarina, gaviota de asombro.
Corrían los días de fines de guerra,
Pasó una gaviota volando
Y el que anduvo intacto rodó por la tierra:
Huérfano, desnudo, herido, sangrando.*

It was the days at the end of the war
And there was a soldier returning intact
Intact from the deadly cold of the earth
Intact from the flowers of horror in his room.
He lifted his eyes, breathed deeply,
The word "heaven" formed in his mouth.
And, as if there were nothing else in the world,
Through the sky passed a seagull.
Seagull, waltz of balance,
Incredible cadence, called on the shoulder
Seagull, whiteness of a lily
Air and dancer, seagull of amazement.
Where are you going, song of the breeze
So quick, so restrained,
A shot in the head and shrapnel in your smile,
Seagull who passes and takes away life.
It was the days at the end of the war
A seagull passed, flying, flying
Slow, like a time of love that is closing,
Empire of wing, of sky and of time
Seagull, waltz of balance,
Incredible cadence called on the shoulder.
Seagull, whiteness of a lily,
Air and dancer, seagull of amazement.
Those were the days at the end of the war,
A seagull passed by flying

And the one who was intact rolled in the earth,
Orphaned, naked, wounded, bleeding.

Mediterráneo - Joan Manuel Serrat (1943-)

*Quizás porque mi niñez
Sigue jugando en tu playa
Y escondido tras las cañas
Duerme mi primer amor,
Llevo tu luz Y tu olor
Por dondequiera que vaya,
Y amontonado en tu arena
Guardo amor, juegos Y penas.
Yo, que en la piel tengo el sabor
Amargo del llanto eterno
Que han vertido en ti cien pueblos
De Algeciras a Estambul
Para que pintes de azul
Sus largas noches de invierno.
A fuerza de desventuras,
Tu alma es profunda Y oscura.
A tus atardeceres rojos
Se acostumbraron mis ojos
Como el recodo al camino.
Soy cantor, soy embustero,
Me gusta el juego Y el vino,
Tengo alma de marinero.
Qué le voy a hacer, si yo
Nací en el Mediterráneo.
Y te acercas, Y te vas
Después de besar mi aldea.
Jugando con la marea
Te vas, pensando en volver.
Eres como una mujer
Perfumadita de brea
Que se añora Y que se quiere
Que se conoce Y se teme.
Ay, si un día para mi mal
Viene a buscarme la parca.
Empujad al mar mi barca
Con un levante otoñal
Y dejad que el temporal
Desguace sus alas blancas.
Y a mí enterradme sin duelo
Entre la playa Y el cielo...
En la ladera de un monte,
Más alto que el horizonte.
Quiero tener buena vista.
Mi cuerpo será camino,
Le daré verde a los pinos
Y amarillo a la genista.
Cerca del mar. Porque yo
Nací en el Mediterráneo.*

Perhaps because my childhood
Still plays on your beach
And hidden behind the canes,
Sleeps my first love
I carry your light and your fragrance
Wherever I go.
And piled on your sand
I keep love, games and sorrows.
I, who on my skin have the bitter
Taste of eternal tears
Which have shed in you a hundred peoples
From Algeciras to Istanbul
So you might paint in blue
Their long nights of winter
Because of misadventures
Your soul is deep and dark

To your red dusks
My eyes grew accustomed
Like the bend in the road
I'm a singer, I am a liar,
I like the game and wine,
I have the soul of a sailor.
And what am I to do if
I was born in the Mediterranean?

And you approach and leave
After kissing my village
Playing with the tide
You go away, thinking of returning
You are like a woman scented with tar
Who is missed and loved
Who is known and is feared.

Ay, if fate comes in search of me
On an unhappy day
Push my boat to the sea
With an autumnal east wind
And allow the storm
To strip its white wings.
And bury me without mourning
Between the beach and the sky

On the hillside of a mountain
Higher than the horizon
I want a good view
My body will be the way
I'll give green to the pines
And yellow to the broom
Near the sea.
Because I was born
In the Mediterranean...