

**Madrid** (text by Alfred de Musset)

Madrid, princesse des Espagnes,  
Il court par tes mille campagnes  
Bien des yeux bleus, bien des yeux noirs.  
La blanche ville aux sérénades,  
Il passe par tes promenades  
Bien des petits pieds tous les soirs.  
Par tes belles nuits étoilées,  
Bien des señoras long voilées  
Descendent tes escaliers bleus.

Madrid, Madrid, moi, je me raille  
De tes dames à fine taille  
Qui chaussent l'escarpin étroit;  
Car j'en sais une, par le monde,  
Que jamais ni brune ni blonde  
N'ont valu le bout de son doigt!

Car c'est ma princesse Andalouse!  
Mon amoureuse, ma jalouse,  
Ma belle veuve au long réseau!  
C'est un vrai démon, c'est un ange!  
Elle est jaune comme une orange,  
Elle est vive comme l'oiseau!

Or, si d'aventure on s'enquête  
Qui m'a valu telle conquête,  
C'est l'allure de mon cheval,  
Un compliment sur sa mantilla  
des bonbons à la vanille  
Par un beau soir de carnaval.

**Les filles de Cadix** (text by Alfred de Musset)

Nous venions de voir le taureau,  
Trois garçons, trois fillettes,  
Sur la pelouse il faisait beau  
Et nous dansions un boléro  
Au son des castagnettes.  
"Dites-moi, voisin,  
Si j'ai bonne mine,  
Et si ma basquine  
Va bien, ce matin.  
Vous me trouvez la taille fine?...Ah! ah!  
Les filles de Cadix aiment assez cela."

Et nous dansions un boléro  
Un soir, c'était Dimanche.  
Vers nous s'en vint un hidalgo  
Cousu d'or, la plume au chapeau,  
Et le poing sur la hanche:  
"Si tu veux de moi,  
Brune au doux sourire,  
Tu n'as qu'à le dire,  
Cet or est à toi."  
"Passez votre chemin, beau sire... Ah! Ah!  
Les filles de Cadix n'entendent pas cela."

Madrid, princess of Spains,  
It runs by your thousand fields  
Many blue eyes, many black eyes.  
The white city of serenades,  
It passes by your promenades  
Many small feet every evening.  
By your beautiful starry nights,  
Many long-veiled señoras  
Go down your blue stairs.

Madrid, Madrid, I mock  
Your ladies with thin waists  
who put on narrow pumps;  
For I know one, who in this world,  
Neither brunette nor blonde  
Has ever been worth the tip of her finger!

For she is my Andalusian princess  
My lover, my jealous  
My beautiful widow with the long hairnet  
She is a true demon, she is an angel  
She is yellow like an orange  
She is sharp as a bird!

Now, if by any chance one inquires  
What won me such a conquest,  
It is the allure of my horse,  
A compliment on her mantilla  
and some vanilla candies  
On a beautiful carnival evening

We had just seen the bull,  
Three boys, three girls,  
On the lawn it was a beautiful day  
And we were dancing a bolero  
At the sound of castanets.  
"Tell me, neighbor,  
If I look good,  
And if my blouse  
suits me this morning.  
Do you think my waist is fine?...Ah! ah!  
The girls of Cadiz quite like it."

And we were dancing a bolero  
One evening, it was Sunday.  
And there came to us a hidalgo  
Stitched in gold, a feather in his hat,  
And his fist on his hip:  
"If you want me,  
Brune with the sweet smile,  
You only have to say it,  
This gold is yours."  
"Pass your way, beautiful sire... Ah! Ah!  
The girls of Cadiz do not like that."

**Bolero** (text by J. Barbier)

Ah! que je plains ta flamme,  
Cher trésor de mon âme  
Si par le froid du soir  
Tu viens sous ma fenêtre  
Chanter ton doux espoir!  
Mal t'en prendra peut-être,  
Si par le froid du soir  
Tu viens ici t'asseoir!  
Garde-toi du ciel noir!  
Que ta voix qui soupire  
Accuse ma rigueur Moi,  
je ne fais qu'en rire!  
Tu peux garder ton cœur!  
Qui vous aime est esclave  
De ses folles amours!  
Moi, je veux sans entrave  
Jouir de mes beaux jours!

Ah, how I pity your flame,  
Dear treasure of my soul!  
If in the cold of the evening  
You come under my window  
To sing your sweet hope!  
Perhaps you will be hurt,  
If in the cold of the evening  
You come here to sit!  
Beware of the black sky!  
Let your voice that sighs  
accuse my rigor  
Me, I only laugh at it!  
You can keep your heart!  
Who loves you  
is slave of his passions!  
Me, I want without hindrance  
To enjoy my beautiful days!

**Plainte d'amour** (text by Louis Pomey)

Chère âme, sans toi j'expire,  
Pourquoi taire ma douleur?  
Mes lèvres veulent sourire  
Mes yeux disent mon malheur.  
  
Hélas ! Loin de toi j'expire,  
Que ma cruelle peine,  
De ton âme hautaine  
Désarme la rigueur.  
  
Cette nuit dans un rêve,  
Je croyais te voir ;  
Ah, soudain la nuit s'achève,  
Et s'enfuit l'espoir.  
Je veux sourire.  
Hélas! La mort est  
Dans mon cœur.

Dear soul, without you I expire,  
Why keep silent my pain?  
My lips want to smile  
My eyes say my misfortune.  
  
Alas! Far from you I expire,  
O that my cruel sorrow,  
Of your haughty soul  
Disarm the rigor.  
  
This night in a dream,  
I thought I saw you;  
Ah, suddenly the night ends,  
And hope flees.  
I want to smile  
Alas! Death is  
In my heart.

**Faible cœur** (text by Louis Pomey)

Prépare-toi, faible cœur,  
À l'angoisse, à la douleur,  
Puisqu'il te plaît de rêver  
Ce qui ne peut arriver, faible cœur!  
Prépare-toi, faible cœur!  
De mon mal dois-je parler?

Ou dois-je en faire un mystère?  
Je crains de le révéler,  
Mais je meurs, je meurs de me taire!  
Ah! Je meurs de me taire,  
Mais je tremble, mais je tremble d'en parler.

Jamais cœur plein de tendresse  
N'éprouva tant de tristesse!  
Que l'espoir me berce une heure,  
Et pendant des mois je pleure,  
Tout un siècle de tourments  
Suit les courts et doux moments!

Prends pitié mon Dieu, j'expire,  
Vivre passe mon pouvoir.  
C'est souffrir trop long martyr,  
Que, de vivre sans espoir!  
Dieu, fais grâce car j'expire . . .  
Ah! Tais-toi, tais-toi, mon cœur,  
Ah! Souffre et meurs de douleur!

Prepare yourself, weak heart,  
For anguish, for pain,  
Since it pleases you to dream  
That which cannot happen, weak heart!  
Prepare yourself, weak heart!  
Shall I speak of my misfortune?

Or shall I make a mystery of it?  
I fear to reveal it,  
But I am dying, I am dying to keep silent;  
Ah, I am dying to keep silent,  
But I tremble, but I tremble to speak of it.

Never was a heart full of tenderness  
with so much sadness!  
Let hope lull me for an hour,  
And for months I weep,  
A whole century of torment  
Follow the short and sweet moments!

Have mercy my God, I expire,  
To live passes my power.  
It is to suffer too long a martyrdom  
That, to live without hope!  
God, have mercy because I expire...  
Ah! be quiet, my heart,  
Ah! Suffer and die of pain!

**En la playa** (text by M.R. Carrion)

Triste en la extensa playa la mar contemplo perdiéndose mi vista sobre su espejo.

En vaivén continuado bullen sus olas unas con el se alejan y vuelven otras.

Ellas gimen muriendo sobre la playa, yo suspiro por ellas al contemplarlas, que veo en las azules ondas del mar mentidas ilusiones en las que vienen y esperanzas perdidas en las que van.

Golondrinas errantes parten veloces para buscar el nido de sus amores. Ligeras gaviotas a tierra vuelven en vuelo apresurado cruzando el éter. Porque yo que las miro desde la playa esta pena profunda siento al mirarlas porque veo en esas aves del mar mentidas ilusiones en las que vienen, esperanzas perdidas en las que van.

Hincha el viento la lona, muevese el remo, ya se aleja la nave, ya no la veo.

Allá en el horizonte sobre la bruma, de otra vela el contorno la luz dibuja. Suspiro por la nave que se ha alejado y suspiro por esa que va que va arribando porque son en mis ojos hendiendo el mar mentidas ilusiones mentidas ilusiones las que se vienen y esperanzas perdidas las que se van.

**On the beach**

Sad on the extensive beach I contemplate the sea losing my sight on its mirror.

In continuous swaying, its waves boil, some with it, some move away and others return.

They moan dying on the beach, I sigh for them as I contemplate them, I see in the blue waves of the sea lying illusions in those that come and lost hopes in those that go.

Wandering swallows depart swiftly to seek the nest of their loves. Light seagulls return to land in hasty flight crossing the ether. Why as I look at them from the beach, do I feel this deep sorrow when I look at them? because I see in those sea birds lying illusions in those who come, lost hopes in those who go.

The wind swells the canvas, the oar moves, the ship moves away, I no longer see it.

There on the horizon above the mist, the outline of another sail draws the light. I sigh for the ship that has sailed away and I sigh for the one that is arriving because in my eyes the sea is splitting, lying illusions, lying illusions, lying illusions that are coming and lost hopes that are leaving.

### **En Toledo** (text by M.R. Carrion)

La noche está serena murmura manso el rio y duerme la ciudad. El aura vaga llena de embriagador aroma ¡escucha el canto mio o tímida paloma por piedad! Si en el mullido lecho cual tú descansa inerte tu frio corazón, si duerme en ese pecho donde el amor se acaba ¡ay! Dile que despierte latir a caso le haga mi canción. Si oculta tras las rejas de tu elevada ojiva mi canto oyendo estás Porqué penar me dejas? No tienes alma a caso? Con ser menos altiva la sed en que me abraso calmarás. Un alto crucifijo en hueco no lejano vislumbró desde aquí en él mi vista fijo y eterno amor te juro ¡Mas ay! Espero en vano que un eco mi amor puro no halla en ti, un eco no halla en ti. La noche está serena murmura manso el rio y duerme la ciudad. El aura vaga llena de embriagador aroma ¡Adios ¡El canto mio no mueve en ti paloma la piedad.

### **In Toledo**

The night is serene, the river murmurs softly and the city sleeps. The vague air full of intoxicating aroma Listen to my song, oh shy dove for pity! If in the soft bed where your cold heart rests inert, if it sleeps in that chest where love finished, alas! Tell it to wake up and beat if my song can achieve it. If hidden behind the bars of your lofty arches you are listening to my song, why do you leave me in sorrow? Have you no soul at all? With being less haughty the thirst in which I burn would calm. A high crucifix in a hollow lies not far glimpsed from here in it I fixed my sights and eternal love I swear to you. But alas! I hope in vain that an echo my pure love does not find in you, an echo does not find in you. The night is serene, the river murmurs softly and the city sleeps. The vague air is full of intoxicating aroma Farewell! My song does not elicit pity from you, o dove.

### **Canti Popolari Toscani:** (texts by Louis Pomey)

#### **Serenata**

Vado di notte e vado a passeggiare,  
vado sull'ora dell tuo bel dormire  
E se ti sveglio faccio un gran peccato  
perchè non dormo e non lasso dormire.  
Dormine bella, dormine sicura  
ch'io ne saró guardian di queste mura (bis)  
Se vuoi veder chi t'ama chi t'adora,  
vi prego bella farvi alla finestra!  
Non dico amica che n'uscite fuora,  
perchè la notte non è cosa onesta.  
Se bella alla finestra vi farete,  
chi v'ama, chi v'adora lo vedrete!  
Se bella alla finestra ti farai,  
chi t'ama chi t'adora lo vedrai!

I go at night and go for a walk,  
I go on the hour of your beautiful sleep  
And if I wake you I'll commit a great sin  
because I don't sleep and I don't let you sleep.  
Sleep, beautiful, sleep safely,  
as I am the guardian of these walls (encore)  
If you want to see who loves you, who adores you,  
I pray you come yourself, beauty, at the window!  
I don't say my friend that you ought to go out,  
because the night is not honest.  
If you come yourself beauty at the window,  
who loves you, who adores you you will see!  
If you come at the window,  
who loves you, who adores you you will see!

#### **C'era una volta**

C'era una volta che con voi parlava  
Ora non son più degna di vedervi  
Allor se per la via v'incontrava  
Bassava gl'occhi e il cor si rallegrava  
Adesso che son priva del' amore  
Abbasso gli occhi e convien ch'io mora!  
Adesso che son priva dal mio bene  
Abbasso gl'occhi E morir mi conviene!  
Prendi colle tue mani un coltel' d'oro  
Ferisci l'alma tua con tuo diletto  
Cosi vedrai se t'amo se t'adoro,  
cosi vedrai s'è ver quel che t'ho detto  
S'egli è la verità o caro amor mio  
Per un che s'apre il petto e dice addio  
S'egli è la verità, mio dolce amore  
Per lei che spira e chi ti dona il core.

Once upon a time I spoke with you  
Now I am no longer worthy to see you  
Then if on the road I met you  
I lowered my eyes and my heart rejoiced  
Now that I am deprived of love  
Deprived of love I lower my eyes, and must die!  
Now that I am deprived of my good  
I lower my eyes And it behooves me to die!  
Take with your hands a golden knife  
Wound my soul with your delight  
So you'll see if I love you, if I adore you,  
So you'll see if it's true what I've told you  
This is the truth, my dear love  
For one who opens her breast and says farewell  
This is the truth, my sweet love  
For her who breathes and who gives you her heart.

### **La canzone contadina**

Non vi meravigliate giovinotti,  
se non sapessi troppo ben cantare  
In casa mia non c'è nato maestro  
Ne manco a scuola son ita a imparare  
Se voi volete intender la mia scuola  
Su questi poggi all'acqua e alla gragnola  
Volete intender lo mio imparare  
Andar per legna o starmen a zappare!  
Uccellino che canti per il presso  
Il giorno non ti sento mai cantare  
Se potessi chiapparti all'archetto  
Il tuo bel canto lo vorrei imparare  
Il tuo bel canto le tue belle rime  
Mandi la voce tua sopra le cime! Ah!

Don't be alarmed, youngsters,  
if I don't know how to sing too well  
In my house there was no teacher  
Nor even at school I went to learn  
If you want to understand my school  
On these hills of water and grain  
You want to understand my learning  
then go to the woods and use your hoe!  
Little bird that sings in the well  
The day I never hear you sing  
If I could catch you with the bow  
Your beautiful singing I would like to learn  
Your beautiful singing your beautiful rhymes  
Send your voice over the peaks! Ah!

### **Lamento et Chanson du Pêcheur** (text by Théophile Gautier)

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours;  
Sous la tombe elle emporte  
Mon âme et mes amours.  
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
Elle s'en retourna;  
L'ange qui l'emmena  
Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!  
(La blanche créature  
Est couchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature  
Tout me paraît en deuil!  
La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à l'absent;)  
Sur moi la nuit immense  
Plane comme un linceul.  
Je chante ma romance  
Que le ciel entend seul!  
Ah comme elle était belle  
Et combien je l'aimais.  
Je n'aimerai jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle!  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

My beautiful friend is dead:  
I will always cry;  
Under the grave she carries  
My soul and my loves.  
In the sky, without waiting for me,  
She returned;  
The angel who took her away  
did not want to take me away.  
How bitter is my fate  
Ah! without love, to go to the sea!  
(The white creature  
Lies in the coffin.  
As in nature  
All seems to me in mourning!  
The forgotten dove  
Pleads and thinks of the absent one;)  
Over me the immense night  
lies like a shroud.  
I sing my romance  
Which the sky hears alone!  
Oh how beautiful she was  
And how much I loved her.  
I will never love  
A woman as much as her!  
How bitter is my fate  
Ah! without love, to go to the sea!

**La Japonaise** (text by A. de Montferrier)

La Japonaise aux yeux d'ébène,  
La délicate Fleur-de-Thé,  
Noble comme une déité,  
Sort de sa tour de porcelaine.

Tous les poètes ont vanté  
Sa grâce exquise et souveraine,  
Et le parfum de son haleine  
L'a fait nommer Fleur de Beauté.

D'un pas léger, rythmique et doux,  
Elle se va parmi ses bambous  
Et les arrose avec tendresse ...  
Sans entendre son jeune cœur  
Vibrer au coup d'aile vainqueur  
De l'oiseau bleu qui la caresse.

**La Brise** (text by A. Renaud)

Comme des chevreaux piqués par un taon,  
Dansent les beautés du Zaboulistan.  
D'un rose léger sont teintés leurs ongles,  
Nul ne peut les voir, hormis leur sultan.

Aux mains de chacune un sistre résonne;  
Sabre au poing, se tient l'eunuque en turban  
Mais du fleuve pâle où le lys sommeille,  
Sort le vent nocturne, ainsi qu'un forban.

Il s'en va charmer leurs cœurs et leurs lèvres,  
Sous l'œil du jaloux, malgré le firman.  
Ô Rêveur, sois fier. Elle a, cette brise,  
Pris tes vers d'amour pour son talisman.

**Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix** (text by F. Lemaire)

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix, comme s'ouvrent les fleurs  
aux baisers de l'aurore! Mais, ô mon bienaimé, pour  
mieux sécher mes pleurs, que ta voix parle encore!  
Dis-moi qu'à Dalila tu reviens pour jamais. Redis à ma  
tendresse les serments d'autrefois,  
ces serments que j'aimais! Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!  
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

Ainsi qu'on voit des blésles épis onduler sous la brise  
légère, ainsi frémit mon cœur, prêt à se consoler,  
à ta voix qui m'est chère!  
La flèche est moins rapide à porter le trépas, que ne l'est  
ton amante à voler dans tes bras! Ah! réponds à ma  
tendresse! Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!  
Samson, je t'aime!

The Japanese girl with ebony eyes,  
The delicate tea flower,  
Noble as a deity,  
Steps out of her porcelain tower.

All the poets have praised  
Her exquisite and sovereign grace,  
And the perfume of her breath  
Made her be named Flower of Beauty.

With a light, rhythmic and soft step,  
She goes among her bamboos  
And waters them with tenderness...  
Without hearing her young heart  
Vibrate at the winning wing stroke  
Of the blue bird that caresses her.

Like goats bitten by a horsefly,  
Dance the beauties of Zabulistan.  
Of a light pink are tinted their nails,  
No one can see them, except for their sultan.

In the hands of each one a sistrum resounds;  
Saber in the fist, The eunuch in turban stands  
But from the pale river where the lily slumbers,  
The night wind comes out, like a thief.

He goes to charm their hearts and their lips,  
Under the eye of the jealous, in spite of the law.  
O Dreamer, be proud. It has, this breeze,  
Taken your verses of love for its talisman.

My heart opens to your voice, as the flowers open to the  
kisses of the dawn! But, oh my beloved, to better dry  
my tears, let your voice speak again!  
Tell me that to Delilah you you are coming back for ever.  
Repeat to my tenderness the oaths of old,  
those oaths that I loved! Ah! answer my tenderness!  
Pour me, pour me drunkenness!

As one sees the ears of wheat undulate under the light  
breeze, so shudders my heart, ready to be comforted,  
at your voice which is dear to me!  
The arrow is less quick to bring death than your lover is  
to fly in your arms! Ah, respond to my tenderness!  
Pour me, pour me drunkenness!  
Samson, I love you!