

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 17 May 2025
3.00pm

James Baillieu piano
Elena Villalón soprano

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Soluppgång Op. 37 No. 3 (1902)

Sommarnatten Op. 90 No. 5 (1917)

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Before my window Op. 26 No. 10 (1906)

Jean Sibelius

Törnet Op. 88 No. 5 (1917)

En slända Op. 17 No. 5 (1904)

Illalle Op. 17 No. 6 (1898)

Vårtagen Op. 61 No. 8 (1910)

Sergey Rachmaninov

A-u! Op. 38 No. 6 (1916)

Sleep Op. 38 No. 5 (1916)

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

Jardín antiguo (?1954)

Pampamapa (1968)

Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

From *Canciones clásicas españolas* (pub. 1921)

El molondrón • Al Amor • Del cabello más sutil

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

Elegia eterna (1914)

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito from *5 canciones negras* (1945-6)

Ernesto Lecuona (1896-1963)

Siboney (1927)

María Grever (1885-1951)

Te quiero dijiste (1930)

Ruperto Chapí (1851-1909)

Carceleras from *Las hijas del Zebedeo* (1897)



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From frozen North to tropical South, we travel to different climates on tonight's recital, beginning with **Sibelius**. In a letter of 21 May 1902, the composer wrote, 'I am just setting *Soluppgång* by Tor Hedberg. A small but powerfully atmospheric song'. As the sun rises, war is at hand, and a knight's beloved 'changes his resolve'; after crystalline wintry sounds at the beginning, we hear the martial horns blowing. Runeberg is a giant of Finnish literature: 'I think his poems are more *real* than any others I have read so far', Sibelius declared in 1890. In *Sommarnatten*, a singing thrush impels the singer to contemplate love and Nature.

Sergey Rachmaninov wrote over 80 songs between 1890 and his departure from revolution-torn Russia in 1917. The poet bids cherry blossoms sing of love in *U moevo okna*; Rachmaninov bids the right-hand melody and the singer's line duet with one another, quite like lovers.

Sibelius's Op. 88 songs are 'flower pieces', ending with *Törnet*, in which Runeberg invokes a thorn in winter, detested until it bursts into leaf and flower in spring. 'My sister plant', the poet sings; the thorn symbolises those who only need love's sunshine to become someone's joy. The *fin-de-siècle* poet Levertin conjures a beautiful dragonfly, loved by the singer, if only briefly, in *En slända*. *Illalle* is one of Sibelius's rare songs in Finnish; Forsman-Koskimies's sonnet is a hymn both to evening's and Ilta's (his fiancée) beauty. Against pulsating treble chords, the singer varies the same melody, as if hypnotised. Wave after wave of colourful broken chords tell of spring soaring through the air in *Vårtagen*, enchanting the singer who oscillates between inner polarities: martial fervour and solitude in Nature, sensuality and chaste love, etc.

The Op. 38 songs are Rachmaninov's last before he went into exile and abandoned the genre altogether. Here, he turns away from Russia's Romantic poets to the 'Silver Age' Symbolists, among them Konstantin Balmont. *A-u!* is an opulent, sweeping work, with Rachmaninov's harmonic richness on ample display. His music for Fyodor Sologub's (another Symbolist) meditation in *Sleep* begins with diaphanous layers of rhythmically complex melodies and figures. When the poet invokes the dream's 'two wide wings ... as light as midnight darkness', the pianistic wing-span expands hugely in both directions.

The Argentine **Carlos Guastavino**, often dubbed 'the Schubert of the pampas', composed more songs than anything else. That massive oeuvre can be divided into an early, richer, more experimental vein (but within a conservative idiom), represented here by *Jardín antiguo*, and the more folkloric style of *Pampamapa*. The poet of *Jardín antiguo*, Luis Cernuda, was a Surrealist and member of the Generation of 1927, a band of writers that included Lorca; in this poem, the singer remembers a garden setting of youthful love and concludes that this is the dream of 'a god without time'. A beautifully lyrical melody is accompanied by, first, delicate staccato chords (the birds' chirping), then gently swaying quintuplets in the inner voices (the 'warm whisper of the wind'), with the final phrase an arresting cadence. If *Pampamapa* fits the characteristics of a *huello*, or gaucho dance, alternating between 6/8 (or triplets mimicking 6/8) and 3/4 meters, with *rasgueado* guitar strumming in the accompaniment, it features harmonies more radical than many of Guastavino's second-period songs.

Between 1921 and 1941, the Catalan composer **Fernando Obradors** created four volumes of settings of classic Spanish poetry entitled *Canciones clásicas españolas*, as well as his 2 *cantares populares* and other songs. 'El molondrón' traffics in racy innuendos about millers (long associated with sex in Chaucer, Schubert and more) and a girl who loses her skirts and 'something else' at the miller's house. Obradors's setting mimics a music box at the start (a hint of the singer's original virginity?) and then swerves to minor mode when the skirt and more is lost. In 'Al amor', the Renaissance poet Cristóbel de Castillejo shows his skill at erotic verse, with insatiate kisses multiplying throughout a brief poem. For the deservedly popular 'Del caballo más sutil', Obradors converts the piano into a harp whose waves of arpeggiated harmonies surround a consummately lyrical melody for the singer.

Enrique Granados created a song repertory for Spain on a par with the German Lied and the French *mélodie*. A skilled pianist, he was tragically killed trying to save his wife when their boat was torpedoed in World War I (both drowned). We think of his sad fate when we hear *Elegia eterna*, which tells of the butterfly and the rose, the river and the mist, in love; the mist follows the frolicsome river, and the flower dies, leaving the butterfly bereft. For this gorgeousness in a modal-inflected D minor with passages in F major, each verse culminates in a mournful melisma on 'Ah'. One of Catalonia's foremost 20th-century composers, **Xavier Montsalvatge**, opened up a new path for Spanish music called *antillanismo*, bringing together the musics of Spain and Cuba. From his 5 *canciones negras*, the 'Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito' is a lullaby to a child unwilling to go to sleep. The rocking motion in the cradle-bass line, the bell-tones vanishing into the treble, the crooning melody, the dissonant chords in the right hand that slide upwards and then back down, and the dying-away ending are all entrancing.

Ernesto Lecuona was a Cuban composer (he fled into exile at the start of Castro's regime) of more than 600 works in Latin, Jazz, and classical idioms. Often called 'the Gershwin of Cuba', he was friends with Maurice Ravel (with whom he studied) and Gershwin (with whom he shared a publisher for a time). Of Lecuona's 400 songs, we hear *Siboney*; the title designates the beloved for whom the singer yearns in irresistibly catchy rhythms. **María Grever**, who has been called the first woman composer from Mexico to achieve international acclaim, wrote over 1,000 songs, in addition to movie music and more. *Te quiero dijiste* in 1930 and appears (to the text 'Magic is the moonlight') in the 1944 film *Bathing Beauty* that introduced Esther Williams to the world. **Ruperto Chapí**, the composer of 'Carceleras', began at age nine (!) as a band music composer, arranger and performer, but switched to composition when he went to Paris to study music; 'I become ever more inclined not to return to dress uniform', he wrote. He is best-known as a zarzuela composer, including *Las hijas del Zebedeo*, where Zebedee is not the father of the apostles James and John, but a bar owner. Luisa, a tailor shop worker, falls in love with his son Arturo; her song of passionate love could only have been composed by a Spaniard.

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Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Soluppgång Op. 37
No. 3 (1902)

Tor Hedberg

Under himlens purpurbrand
Ligga tysta sjö och land,
Det är gryningsstunden.
Snöig gren och frostvit
kvit
Tecka dig så segervist
Mot den röda grunden.

Sunrise
Beneath heaven's purple fire
silently lie lake and land;
it is the time of dawn.
Snow-covered branch
and frost-white twig
stand out prominently
from the red backdrop.

Riddarn står vid
fönsterkärm,
Lyssnar efter stridens
larm,
Trampar golvets tilja.
Men en smal och snövit
hand
Kyler milt hans pannas brand,
Böjer mjukt hans
vilja.

The knight stands by the
window
listening for the sound of
battle,
pacing the floor.
But a small, snow-white
hand
gently cools his hot brow,
tenderly changing his
resolve.

Riddarn sätter horn till
mun,
Bläser vilt I
gryningsstund,
Over nejd som tiger.
Tonen klingar, klar och
spröd,
Branden slockner,
gyllenröd,
Solen sakta stiger.

The knight puts his horn
to his mouth,
and blows fiercely at the
dawn,
over the silent land.
The note rings clear and
fragile;
the fire slowly dies,
golden red,
as the sun slowly rises.

Sommarnatten Op. 90
No. 5 (1917)

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

På den lugna skogssjöns
vatten
Satt jag hela
sommarnatten,
Och för böljans tropp, ur
båten,
Slängde tanklös ut
försåten.
Men en talltrast sjöng på
stranden,
Att han kunnat mista anden,
Tills jag halvt förtörnad
sade:
"Bättre, om din näbb du lade
Under vingen, och till
dagen
Sparde tonerna och
slagen."
Men den djärve hördes
svara:

Summer night
Upon the calm forest-
lake's surface
I floated the whole
summer night,
And over the troop of
waves, from the boat,
I dangled my bait, devoid
of thought.
But a thrush sang from
the shore,
As if he could lose himself,
Until I, half-despondent,
said:
"Better to hide your beak
Under your wing, and
until morning
Save your tones and
rhythms."
But the bold voice was
heard in answer:

"Gosse, låt ditt metspö vara.
Såg du opp kring land och
vatten,
Kanske sjöng du själv om
natten."
Och jag lyfte opp mitt öga,
Ljus var jorden, ljust det
höga,
Och från himlen, stranden,
vågen
Kom min flicka mig i
hågen.
Och, som fågeln spått i
lunden,
Sjöng jag denna sång på
stunden.

"Boy, let your fishing rod be.
If you really looked at the
land and water,
You'd probably sing at
night too."
And I lifted up my eyes,
Earth was full of light, the
heavens were bright,
And from the sky, the
shore, the waves,
My girl appeared in my
mind.
And, as the bird in the
grove had foretold,
I burst into song at that
moment.

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Before my window
Op. 26 No. 10 (1906)

Glafira Galina

U moevo okna cheryomukha
tsvetyot,
Tsvetyot zadumchivo pod
rizoi serebristoi..
I vetkoi svezhoi i
dushystoi
Sklonilas i
zovyot...

The cherry tree's in flower
outside my window,
in silver robe it blossoms
pensively...
and with a fresh and
fragrant bough
it bends to me and
beckons...

Yeyo trepeshchushchikh
vozduzhnykh lepestkoy
Ya radostsno lovlyu
vesyoloye dykhanye,
Ikh sladkii aromat tumanit
mne soznanye,
I pesni o lyubvi oni poyut bez
slov...

Lovely are its trembling
airy blossoms,
in rapture I inhale their
happy breath,
their sweet aroma clouds
my senses,
they are singing love
songs without words ...

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Jean Sibelius

Törnet Op 88 No. 5
(1917)
Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Törne, du min syskonplanta,
Svept i vinterns is, försmås
du,
Höljd af taggar, hatas du.
Men jag tänker: kommer
våren,
Slår du ut i blad och
rosor,
Och en växt fins ej på
jorden,
Ljuf och älskad såsom
du.
O, hur mången törnestängel
Står ej naken i naturen,
Som behöfde kärlek blott,
Blott en solblick af ett
hjerter,
För att kläda sig i rosor
Och hvart väsens glädje bli!

En slända Op. 17 No. 5
(1904)
Oscar Levertin

Du vackra slända, som till
mig flög in,
när tyngst min längtan
öfver boken
drömde,
du kom med hela sommarn
till mitt sinn.
Du kom och jag allt gammalt
svärmod glömde.
Blott dig jag såg, min dag
jag lycklig dömde,
du vackra slända.

Men bäst jag jublade, att du
var min
och lifvets skänk i sång på
knä berömde,
du flög den samma väg som
du kom in,
du trolska slända.

All afskedsgråt i
välgångsord förrinn!
Ej beska fauns i bägarn, som
vi tömde.
Att du var sol, jag skugga
blott vi glömde.
Flyg ljus, flyg blå, än
sommarmycka finn,

The thorn

The thorn, my sister plant,
concealed by the winter's
ice, disdained,
encased in thorns, despised.
But I think: when the
spring comes,
you break forth leaves
and roses,
and no finer beauty exists
upon earth
that is more greatly
admired than you.
Oh, how many thorns
stand naked in nature,
which simply need love,
simply a glance of
sunlight from a heart,
to become clothed in roses
and gladden all!

A Dragonfly

You, beautiful dragonfly
that flew in to me
When my longing was
deepest, reading my
book,
You came to my soul with
all of summer.
You came and I forgot all
my old sorrow.
Just from seeing you, I
judged my day as happy,
O beautiful dragonfly.

But when I was most jubilant
that you were mine
And praised life's gift on
my knees,
You flew out the same
way you had come in,
O bewitching dragonfly.

Tears of parting ran into
words of farewell,
No bitterness was in the
cup we drank clean.
We forgot you were sun
and I was only shadow.
Fly light one, blue one, may
summer's joys you find,

välsignade, som en gång
varit min,
min vackra slända.

You blessed one, who
once were mine,
My beautiful dragonfly.

Illalle Op. 17 No. 6 (1898)
AV Koskimies

Oi, terve! tumma, vieno
tähti-ilta,
Sun haaveellista hartauttas
lemmin
Ja suortuvaissi yötä sorjaa
hemmin,
Mi hulmuaapi kulmais
kuulamilta.

Kun oisit, ilta, oi, se
tenhosilta,
Mi sielun multa siirtäis
lentoisammin
Pois aatteen maille itse kun
ma emmin,
Ja siip' ei kannaa aineen
kahlehilta!

Ja itse oisin miekkoinen se
päivä,
Mi uupuneena saisin luokses
liittää,
Kun tauonnut on työ ja
puuha räivä,

Kun mustasiipi yö jo silmään
siittää
Ja laaksot, vuoret verhoo
harmaa häivä –
Oi, ilta armas, silloin luokses
kiittää!

To evening

Welcome, dark, mild and
starry evening!
Your gentle fervour I
adore
and caress the dark
tresses
that flutter round your
brow.

If only you were the
magic bridge
that would carry my soul
away,
no longer
burdened
by the cares of
life!

And if it were the happy
day
when, overcome with
weariness, I might join you
when work is over and
duty done,

When night unfolds its
black wings
and a grey curtain falls
over hill and dale,
O evening, how I would
hurry to you!

Vårtagen Op. 61 No. 8 (1910)
Bertel Gripenberg

Nu susar vår genom solblå
luft,
och kådiga barrträn
ånga,
och skymningens tystnad
blir gåtfullt varm
i trånande kvällar
långa.

Jag är förtrollad, jag är
förbytt,
jag blivit mig själv en gåta,
jag ville leva, jag ville dö,
jag ville skratta och gråta.

Now spring is soaring
through sunfilled air,
The scent of resin wafts
from the pines,
The twilight silence is
strangely warm
In yearning evenings that
lengthen.

I am bewitched, I am
transformed,
I am to myself an enigma;
I would live, I would die,
I would laugh and cry.

Jag ville rida till strid, till slag, där susande svärdshugg ljunga – jag ville ensam på skogssjöns strand om längtan och saknad sjunga.	I would ride to battle, to war Where blazing swords are branded, I would alone by the forest lake Of mourning and yearning sing.
--	--

Jag ville kyssa till blods en mun i darrande vällustvala, jag ville trycka en helgonkyss på händer vita och smala.	I would devour a mouth in trembling, lustful languor; I would press a chaste kiss On hands so white and slender.
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Och solen sjunker och allt blir tyst. Blått vårliga bäckar brusa – min själ blir sorgsen, min själ blir glad i trånande kvällar ljusa.	And the sun sets, the silence falls. The springtide brooks alone are heard. My soul grows sad, my soul grows glad In yearning evenings that lengthen.
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Sergey Rachmaninov

A-u! Op. 38 No. 6 (1916) A-u! (The quest)

Konstantin Balmont

Tvoy nezhnyy smekh byl skazkoyu izmenchivoyu, On zval kak v son zovyot svirelnyy zvon. I vot venkom, stikhom tebya uvenchivayu. Udydom, bezhim vdvoyom na gornyy sklon.	Your gentle laughter was a fairy tale of changing mood, calling like a flute that summons me to dream. And so with a wreath of verse I crown you. Let's go, let's run together to the mountainous slope.
---	--

No gde zhe ty? Lish zvon vershin pozvanivayet. Tsvetku tsvetok sred dnya zazhyog svechu. I chey-to smekh vsyo v glub menya zamanivayet. Poyu, ishchu, 'A-u! A-u!' krichu.	But where are you? I only hear the ringing sound of the heights. A flower for a flower in daylight lit a candle. And someone's laughter deep inside allures me. I sing, I search. 'A-u', 'A-u!' I shout.
---	--

Sleep Op. 38 No. 5 Sleep

(1916)

Fyodor Sologub

V mire net nichego Dozhdelenneye sna, Chary yest u nego, U nego tishina. U nego na ustakh	Nothing in the world is more wished for than sleep, he has powers to charm, he has stillness. On his lips there is
--	---

Ni pechal i ni smekh, I v bezdonnykh ochakh Mnogo tainykh utekh. U nego shiroki, Shiroki dva kryla, I legki, tak legki, Kak polnochnaya mgla. Ne ponyat, kak nesyot, I kuda i na chyom On krylom ne vzmakhnet I ne dvinet plechom.	neither sorrow nor laughter, and in his fathomless eyes are many secret pleasures. He has wide, two wide wings, and they're light, as light as midnight darkness. How you're borne is unknown, and whence, and on what, he won't flap his wing, and he won't move his shoulder.
---	---

Carlos Guastavino (1912-2000)

Jardín antiguo (?1954) Old Garden

Luis Cernuda Bidón

Ir de nuevo al jardín cerrado, Que tras los arcos de la tapia, Entre magnolios, limoneros Guarda el encanto de las aguas.	To go again to the closed garden that behind the arches of the wall, among the magnolias, the lemon trees, holds the enchantment of the waters.
--	--

Oír de nuevo en el silencio Vivo de trinos y de hojas, El susurro tibio del aire Donde las almas viejas flotan.	To hear again in the silence alive with chirping and the leaves, the warm whisper of the wind on which old souls are floating.
---	--

Ver otra vez el cielo hondo A lo lejos, la torre esbelta Tal flor de luz sobre las palmas: Las cosas todas siempre bellas.	To see again the deep sky, far away, the slender tower like a flower of light over the palm trees: everything always beautiful.
---	--

Sentir otra vez, como entonces, La espina aguda del deseo, Mientras la juventud pasada Vuelve. Sueño de un dios sin tiempo.	To feel again, like then, the sharp thorn of desire, as past youthfulness returns. A dream of a god without time.
---	---

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Pampamapa (1968)

Hamlet Lima Quintana

Yo no soy de estos pagos
pero es lo mismo
He robado la magia de los
caminos.

Esta cruz que me mata, me
da la vida
Una copla me sangra que
canta herida.

No me pidas que deje mis
pensamientos
No encontrarás la forma de
atar al viento.

Si mi nombre te duele,
échalo al agua
No quiero que tu boca se
ponga amarga,
Se ponga amarga.

A la huella, mi tierra, tan
trasnochada.
Yo te daré mis sueños, dame
tu calma.

Como el pájaro antiguo
conozco el rastro,
Sé cuando el trigo es
verde, cuando hay que
amarlo.

Por eso es que, mi vida, no
te confundas,
El agua que yo busco es más
profunda.

Para que fueras cierto te
alcé en un canto,
Ahora te dejo solo, me voy
llorando.

Pero nunca, mi cielo, de
pena muero
Junto a la luz del día nazco
de nuevo,
Nazco de nuevo.

A la huella, mi tierra, tan
trasnochada.
Yo te daré mis sueños, dame
tu calma.

Pampamapa

I am not from here but it
doesn't matter
I have stolen the magic of
the paths.

This cross that kills me,
gives me life
A copla bleeds from me
and sings in pain.

Do not ask me to leave
my thoughts behind
You won't find a way to tie
down the wind.

If my name hurts you,
throw it in the water
I don't want your mouth
to become bitter,
To become bitter.

On the trail, my land, so
sleepless.
I will give you my dreams,
give me your calmness.

Like the old bird I know
the trail,
I know when the corn is
green, when it must be
loved.

That is why, my life, do
not be mistaken,
The water I am looking for
is deeper.

For you to be real I lifted
you up in song,
Now I leave you alone, I
go away crying.

But never, my heaven, will
I die of sadness
By the light of day I am
born again,
I am born again.

On the trail, my land, so
sleepless.
I will give you my dreams,
give me your calmness.

Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

From Canciones clásicas españolas (pub. 1921)

El molondrón

Traditional

Desde que vino la moda
Que sí, que no, que
¡ay!
De los pañuelitos blancos,
Me parecen los mocitos
Palomitas en el campo.
Molinero, a la hora de maquilar
Ten cuidado que la rueda
No se te vaya a escapar
Y te vaya a tí a coger
Molinero al moier.
¡Molondrón, molondrón,
molondrero!
Fui a pedir las
marzas
En cá del molinero,
Y perdí las sayas,
Y perdí el pañuelo,
Y perdí otra cosa
Que ahora no recuerdo.
¡Molondrón, molondrón,
molondrero!

The lout

Since the fashion began -
with a hey, and a ho, and
a hey nonino -
of white kerchiefs,
youngster seem to me
like little doves in the field.
Miller - at weighing time,
take care that your wheel
doesn't get out of control
and seize you, miller,
while you mill.
Lout, lout,
boor!
I asked the young men to
sing
at the miller's house;
and I lost my skirts,
and I lost my kerchief,
and I lost something else
that I can't now recall.
Lout, lout,
boor!

Al Amor

Cristóbal de Castillejo

Dame, Amor, besos sin
cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento tras
ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después ...
De muchos millares,
tres!
Y porque nadie lo
sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y ... contemos al revés.

To Love

Give me, Love, kisses
without number,
your hands seizing my hair,
give me eleven hundred
of them,
and eleven hundred more,
and then ...
many more thousands,
and three more!
And so that no one may
know,
let's forget the tally
and ... count backwards.

Del cabello más sutil

Traditional

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado
He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.

From the finest hair

From the finest hair
in your tresses
I wish to make a chain
to draw you to my side.

Una alcarraza en tu casa, Chiquilla, quisiera ser, Para besarte en la boca, Cuando fueras a beber. ¡Ay!	In your house, young girl, I'd fain be a pitcher, to kiss your lips whenever you went to drink! Ah!
---	---

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

Elegia eterna (1914)

Apel Les Mestres

La mariposa siente amor Por la más linda rosa del rosal ... Inquieta está la flor, Apasionada enamorada de la brisa matinal. La brisa fascinada por la niebla, Desdeñó su pasión, Y la niebla como una sombra errante Busca el río con la obsesión amante De un corazón. ¡Ah!	The butterfly is smitten with the fairest rose on the rose-bush, but that bloom, restless and passionate, is in love with the morning breeze; the breeze, fascinated by the mist, spurns the rose's passion, while the mist, like a wandering shadow, seeks the river with the steadfastness of an amorous heart. Ah!
--	--

Mas ¡ay! que ciegamente el río sigué Corriendo al mar su destino fatal; La niebla, enamorada le persigue, Seguida por la brisa matinal. En el rosal no alienta ya la rosa Que al fin se deshojó, Ni aletea la frágil mariposa Porque sus alas plegó de amor se murió. ¡Ah!	But, alas, blindly the river follows its fatal destiny and hastens to the sea; the mist follows lovingly, followed by the morning breeze. Already on the rose-bush the rose is losing its petals, and the frail butterfly, with folded wings, has died of love. Ah!
---	--

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito from 5 canciones negras

(1945-6)

Ildefonso Pereda Valdés

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, tan chiquito, el negrito que no quiere dormir.	Lullay, lullay, lullay, tiny little child, little Black boy who won't go to sleep.
---	---

Cabeza de coco, grano de café, con lindas motitas, con ojos grandotes como dos ventanas que miran al mar.	Head like a coconut, head like a coffee bean, with pretty freckles and wide eyes like two windows looking out to sea.
--	--

Cierra esos ojitos, negrito asustado; el mandinga blanco te puede comer. ¡Ya no eres esclavo!	Close your tiny eyes, frightened little boy, or the white devil will eat you up. You're no longer a slave!
---	--

Y si duermes mucho, el señor de casa promete comprar traje con botones para ser un 'groom'.	And if you sleep soundly, the master of the house promises to buy a suit with buttons to make you a 'groom'.
---	--

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, duérmete, negrito, cabeza de coco, grano de café.	Lullay, lullay, lullay, sleep, little Black boy, head like a coconut, head like a coffee bean.
--	---

Ernesto Lecuona (1896-1963)

Siboney (1927)

?Ernesto Lecuona

Siboney, yo te quiero,
Yo me muero por tu amor.
Siboney, en tu boca
La miel puso su dulzor.
Ven a mí, que te quiero
Y que todo tesoro eres tú
para mí.
Siboney, al arrullo
De la palma pienso en tí.

Siboney de mi sueños,
¿si no oyes la queja de mi
voz?
Siboney, si no vienes
Me moriré de amor;
Siboney de mi sueños,
Te espero con ansia en mi
caney,

Porque tú eres el dueño
De mi amor,
Siboney.
Siboney, si no vienes
Me moriré de amor.
Oye, el eco de mi canto de
cristal,
No se pierda por entre el
rudo manigual.

Siboney

Siboney, I love you,
I'll die of love for you.
Siboney, the sweet taste
of honey is on your lips.
Come to me, for I love you,
you're my every
treasure.
Siboney, at the lulling
of the palm I think of you.

Siboney of my dreams,
do you not hear my
lament?
Siboney, if you don't come
I'll die of love.
Siboney of my dreams,
in my cabin I eagerly
await you.

You alone are the person
who owns all my love,
Siboney.
Siboney, if you don't come
I'll die of love.
Listen, the echo of my
heartfelt song
still lingers deep within
the forest.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

María Grever (1885-1951)

Te quiero dijiste (1930) “I love you,” you said

Maria Grever

“Te quiero”, dijiste,
tomando mis manos entre
tus manitas
de blanco marfil,
y sentí en mi pecho un
fuerte latido,
después un suspiro y luego
el chasquido
de un beso febril.

Muñequita linda,
de cabellos de oro,
de dientes de perlas,
labios de rubí.
Dime si me quieres,
como yo te adoro,
si de mí te acuerdas,
como yo de ti.

Y a veces escucho
un eco divino,
que envuelto en la brisa
parece decir:
“Sí, te quiero mucho,
mucho, mucho, mucho,
tanto como entonces,
siempre hasta el morir.”

“I love you,” you said,
clasping your little hands,
white as marble,
around mine,
and I felt my heart race in
my chest,
then came a sigh and the
sound
of a feverish kiss.

My beautiful girl,
with hair of gold,
teeth like pearls,
lips red as rubies,
tell me if you love me
as much as I adore you,
whether you think of me
as often as I think of you.

And sometimes I hear
a divine echo,
carried by the breeze,
which seems to say:
“Yes, I love you truly,
truly, truly, truly,
as much as I did back then,
for I’ll love you till I die.”

Ruperto Chapí (1851-1909)

Carceleras from Las hijas del Zebedeo (1897)

José Estremera

Al pensar en el dueño
de mis amores,
siento yo unos mareos
encantadores.
Bendito sea
aquel picaronazo
que me marea.

A mi novio yo le quiero
porque roba corazones
con su gracia y su
salero.
El me tiene muy ufana
porque hay muchas que le
quieren
y se quedan con las
ganas.

When my thoughts turn
to the man I love,
I feel my head start to spin
in the most delightful way.
Bless that
handsome rascal
who makes my heart flutter.

I love my man because
with his charm and wit
he can make any heart his
own.
I’m proud to be his girl,
for many others want him
too
and he’s left them all
disappointed.

Caprichosa yo nací,
y le quiero solamente,
solamente para mí ¡ay!
Que quitarme a mí su amor
es lo mismo que quitarle
las hojitas a una flor ¡ay!

Yo me muero de gozo
cuando me mira,
y me vuelvo jalea
cuando suspira.
Si me echa flores
siento el corazoncito
morir de amores.

Porque tiene unos
ojillos
que me miran entornados,
muy gachones y muy pillos,
y me dicen ¡ay!
lucero,
que por esa personita
me derrito yo y me muero.

I was born impulsive
and I want him all to myself,
all to myself!
For depriving me of his love
would be like depriving
a flower of its petals.

I die of happiness
when he looks at me,
and start to quiver
at his sigh.
If he gives me flowers
this heart of mine
just dies of love.

For when he narrows his
eyes
and looks at me,
so dashing and so bold,
as if to say, “Ah, light of
my life”,
I surrender and die
for the man I love.

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