

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 26 February 2024
7.30pm

Katharina Konradi soprano
Ammiel Bushakevitz piano, guitar

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die untergehende Sonne D457 (1816-7)
An den Mond D296 (c.1816)
Lied der Anne Lyle D830 (1825)
Die Sterne D939 (1828)
Die Nacht (c.1816-1821)
Im Abendrot D799 (1824-5)
Meeres Stille D216 (1815)
Nacht und Träume D827 (1823)
Ständchen from *Schwanengesang* D957 (1828)

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

5 canciones negras (1945-6)
Cuba dentro de un piano • *Punto de habanera* •
Chévere • *Canción de cuna para dormir un negro* •
Canto negro

Interval

Franz Schubert

Bertas Lied in der Nacht D653 (1819)
An die Nachtigall D196 (1815)
Guarda, che bianca luna D688 No. 2 (1820)
Des Fischers Liebesglück D933 (1827)
Romanze zum Drama *Rosamunde* D797 (1823)

Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

From *Canciones clásicas españolas* (pub. 1921)
Coplas de curro dulce • *El molondrón* •
Polo del contrabandista • *Del cabello más sutil* • *El vito*

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Schubert set 21 of Ludwig Kosegarten's poems, the last of which was *An die untergehende Sonne*. A feature of this wonderful song of sunset is the way in which the music seems to move in a downward spiral: the little prelude sinks lower bar by bar and breathes an air of profound repose. Goethe's *An den Mond* occupied Schubert for several years and this evening we hear the second setting in A flat which has a searing melody that pierces the heart. The ostinato accompaniment which throbs throughout 'Lied der Anne Lyle' is Schubert's way of conveying Annot's dilemma: the 'harte Schicksalsmacht' ('harsh power of fate'), mentioned in verse one of Scott's poem, refers to her moral duty to remain loyal to Allan M'Aulay who rescued her from a savage tribe that had abducted her when she was still an infant. Though she has been raised as one of the M'Aulay clan, she is in love with Earl Menteith, who is apostrophised in every line of the poem. The frequent shifts from major to minor are an eloquent testimony to Annot's troubled state of mind. Leitner's dactylic rhythm in *Die Sterne* is translated by Schubert into a crotchet-quaver-quaver configuration that seems to mirror the starlit heavens – an image that leaps from the page when the poem is printed as eight short-lined, sparkling stanzas, instead of the inauthentic sprawling four that most anthologies publish. The poet Karl Lappe died in Stralsund across the water from the Island of Rügen, familiar to lovers of art from Caspar David Friedrich's painting 'Chalk cliffs on Rügen', in which three sightseers look out onto a sun-drenched sea. I like to think that this was the scene Lappe had in mind when he wrote *Im Abendrot*. Schubert's song dates from 1824-5, six years after Friedrich's picture was painted.

Rediscovered in the late 1980s in a volume of songs for voice and guitar collected by Schubert's schoolfriend Franz von Schlechta, 'Die Nacht' sets a poem by Karoline Pichler that Schubert had composed for voice and piano as 'Der Unglückliche' D713 in 1821. The poem appears in Pichler's novel *Olivier* (1821), where it is sung by Adeline to her own harp accompaniment. The incessant trochees (long/short) of Goethe's *Meeres Stille* reflect the stillness of the ocean, as the sailor is becalmed – miraculously conveyed by the 32 semibreve chords of Schubert's song. Matthäus von Collin inspired four of Schubert's greatest masterpieces, 'Der Zwerg', 'Wehmut', the duet 'Licht und Liebe' and, of course, 'Nacht und Träume' which, with its dark semiquavers, looks like night on the page and bears the sole dynamic *pp*. The second verse brings with it an intensification of rapture: B modulates to G, and the singer cries out with swelling tone for night to remain.

Schubert's 'Ständchen' from *Schwanengesang* boasts an irresistible tune that has led some singers and pianists to perform the song as euphorically as possible – the key, however, is D minor and all four verses are touched with a sense of vulnerability. There's an abrupt change of mood and rhythm at 'Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen', but the singer's macho confidence is a sham; and though the thrice repeated 'Komm, beglücke mich!' suggests sexual union (especially when voice and piano combine in triplet thirds during the first repeat of the phrase), it loses all sense of conviction in the final repetition and peters away in a heartbreaking *decrescendo*, as the singer realizes how unattainable his beloved has become.

Xavier Montsalvatge's *5 canciones negras* (1945-6) opens with 'Cuba dentro de un piano' – a bittersweet evocation of Havana at the turn of the century; the dance rhythms of 'Punto de habanera', which alternate between 6/8 and 3/4 time, successfully convey the alluring gait of the Creole girl as she saunters down the street to the delight of gawping sailors. Nicolás Guillén's 'Chévere' introduces us to an underprivileged young Black man who wreaks revenge on society by wielding a knife – the cue for a series of violent chords in the accompaniment; 'Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito', with its syncopations and rocking *habanera* bass line, is one of the most beguiling lullabies in the entire art song repertoire; and the set ends with the brilliant 'Canto negro' which brims with Yoruba words and African rhythms.

'Bertas Lied in der Nacht' sets a poem by Franz Grillparzer – one of Schubert's finest night pieces in which the sequence of syncopated quaver Cs produces an intensely hypnotic effect. His setting of Höltz's *An die Nactigall* is much more urgent than Brahms's more plangent version from over 50 years later, and the vocal line has an unusually wide range. 'Guarda, che bianca luna' from *4 Canzonen* is a Rossinian essay in *bel canto* which, though marked *andante*, has a ubiquitous dotted rhythm. The dreamy barcarolle of 'Des Fischers Liebesglück' helps to convey the fantasies of a lovelorn fisherman who longs for his inaccessible beloved. The key is A minor – a tonality Schubert often associates with loneliness, as in 'Abendstern', 'Ins stille Land' and 'Du liebst mich nicht' among many others. The 'Romanze zum Drama *Rosamunde*' is sung in the play by Axa, Princess Rosamunde's 'old protectress'. The unforgettable melody that seems to suggest the glint of the moon on the heath made a great impression on Wilhelmine von Chézy who, in a letter printed in the *Wiener Zeitschrift für Kunst, Literatur, Theater und Mode* on 13 January 1824, called Schubert's incidental music to *Rosamunde* 'glorious', 'sublimely melodious' and 'indescribably moving and profound'.

Fernando Obradors was born in Barcelona in 1897, received piano tuition from his mother, and taught himself harmony, counterpoint and composition. For many years he was the conductor of the Liceo and Radio Barcelona Orchestras, as well as the Philharmonic Orchestra of Gran Canaria. He composed several zarzuelas and symphonic works, but it is as a composer of songs, in particular the *Canciones clásicas españolas*, of which we hear five this evening, that he is best remembered today.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die untergehende Sonne D457 (1816-7) To the setting sun

Ludwig Gotthard

Kosegarten

Sonne du sinkst!
Sonne du sinkst!
Sink' in Frieden, o Sonne!

Sun, you are setting!
Sun, you are setting!
Set in peace, O sun!

Still und ruhig ist deines
Scheidens Gang,
Rührend und feierlich deines
Scheidens Schweigen.
Wehmut lächelt dein
freundliches Auge,
Tränen entträufeln den
goldenen Wimpern;
Segnungen strömt du der
duftenden Erde.
Immer tiefer,
Immer leiser,
Immer ernster,
feierlicher
Sinkest du den Äther hinab.

Your parting is calm and
tranquil,
your silent parting
touching and solemn.
Your smiling eyes radiate
sadness,
tears fall from your
golden lashes,
you rain down blessings
on the fragrant earth.
Ever deeper,
ever softer,
ever more serious and
solemn
you slip down the sky.

Sonne du sinkst!
Sonne du sinkst!
Sink' in Frieden, o Sonne!

Sun, you are setting!
Sun, you are setting!
Set in peace, O sun!

Es segnen die Völker,
Es säuseln die Lüfte,
Es räuchern die dampfenden
Wiesen dir nach;
Winde durchrieseln dein
lockiges Haar;
Wogen kühlen die
brennende Wange;
Weit auf tut sich dein
Wasserbett –
Ruh' in Frieden!
Ruh' in Wonne!
Die Nachtigall flötet dir
Schlummergefang.

Nations bless you,
breezes murmur,
steaming meadows
follow in your wake,
winds ripple through your
curly hair;
waves cool your burning
cheeks;
your watery bed opens
wide –
rest in peace!
Rest in joy!
The nightingale's song
sings you to sleep.

Sonne du sinkst!
Sonne du sinkst!
Sink' in Frieden, o Sonne!

Sun, you are setting!
Sun, you are setting!
Set in peace, O sun!

An den Mond D296 To the moon

(c.1816)

Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe

Füllest wieder Busch und
Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz;

Once more you fill wood
and vale
silently with radiant mist,
and at last
set my soul quite free;

Breitest über mein
Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge mild
Über mein Geschick.

Soothingly you spread
your gaze
over my domain,
like a gentle friend
watching over my fate.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein
Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud' und
Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit.

My heart feels every
echo
of happy times and sad,
I drift between joy and
pain
in my loneliness.

Fliesse, fliesse, lieber Fluss!
Nimmer werd' ich froh,
So verrauschte Scherz und
Kuss,
Und die Treue
so.

Flow, flow on, beloved river!
Never shall I be happy,
this was how they
streamed away,
kisses, laughter,
faithfulness.

Ich besass es doch einmal,
Was so köstlich ist!
Dass man doch zu seiner Qual
Nimmer es vergisst!

Yet I once possessed
what is so precious!
Ah, the torment
of never forgetting it!

Rausche, Fluss, das Tal
entlang,
Ohne Rast und ohne Ruh,
Rausche, flüstre meinem
Sang
Melodien zu,

Murmur, river, along the
valley,
ever onward without cease,
murmur, whisper for my
songs
your melodies,

Wenn du in der Winternacht
Wütend
überschwillst,
Oder um die
Frühlingspracht
Junger Knospen quillst.

As when on winter nights
you rage and break your
banks,
or when you bathe the
springtime splendour
of burgeoning young buds.

Selig, wer sich vor der
Welt
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
Einen Freund am Busen
hält
Und mit dem genießt,

Happy are they who,
without hate,
withdraw from the world,
holding to their heart one
friend
and with him enjoy.

Was von Menschen nicht
gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.

What, unknown to human
kind,
or not even pondered,
drifts through the heart's
labyrinth at night.

Lied der Anne Lyle

D830 (1825)

Andrew MacDonald, trans.

Wilhelm Adolf Lindau

Wärst du bei mir im
Lebenstal,
Gern wollt' ich alles mit dir
teilen;
Mit dir zu flieh'n wär' leichte
Wahl,
Bei mildem Wind, bei
Sturmes Heulen.
Doch trennt uns harte
Schicksalsmacht
Uns ist nicht gleiches Loos
geschrieben.
Mein Glück ist, wenn dir
Freude lacht
Ich wein' und bete für den
Lieben.

Annot Lyle's song

If you were with me in
life's valley,
I would gladly share
everything with you;
it would be an easy
choice to fly with you
in gentle breezes, or in
the howling storm.
But the harsh power of
fate separates us;
we are not granted the
same destiny.
Happiness is mine when
joy smiles upon you;
I weep and pray for my
beloved.

Es wird mein töricht' Herz
vergeh'n
Wenn's alle Hoffnung sieht
verschwinden
Doch soll's nie seinen Gram
gesteh'n,
Nie mürrisch klagend ihn
verkünden.
Und drückt des Lebens Last
das Herz,
Soll nie den matten Blick sie
trüben,
So lange mein geheimer
Schmerz
Ein Kummer wäre für den
Lieben.

My foolish heart will beat
no more
if it sees all hope vanish.
But it shall never admit its
grief,
nor proclaim it with sullen
lament.
And if life's burden
oppresses my heart,
it shall never cloud my
weary eyes
while my secret
sorrow
may distress my
beloved.

Die Sterne D939 (1828)

Karl Gottfried von Leitner

Wie blitzen
Die Sterne
So hell durch die Nacht!
Bin oft schon
Darüber
Vom Schlummer erwacht.

The stars

How brightly
the stars
shine through the night!
They've often
roused me
from slumber.

Doch schelt' ich
Die lichten
Gebilde d'rum nicht,
Sie üben
Im Stillen
Manch heilsame Pflicht.

But I don't blame
those shining
folk for that,
they secretly
perform
many a healing task.

Sie wallen
Hoch oben
In Engelgestalt,
Sie leuchten

They wander
like angels
high above,
and light

Dem Pilger
Durch Heiden und Wald.

the pilgrim
through heath and wood.

Sie schweben
Als Boten
Der Liebe umher,
Und tragen
Oft Küsse
Weit über das Meer.

Like harbingers
of love
they hover above,
and often
carry kisses
across the sea.

Sie blicken
Dem Dulder
Recht mild in's Gesicht,
Und säumen
Die Tränen
Mit silbernem Licht.

Tenderly
they gaze
on the sufferer's face,
and fringe
his tears
with silver light.

Und weisen
Von Gräbern
Gar tröstlich und hold
Uns hinter
Das Blaue
Mit Fingern von Gold.

Kind and consoling,
they direct
us away
from the grave
to beyond the blue
with fingers of gold.

So sei denn
Gesegnet
Du strahlige Schar!
Und leuchte
Mir lange
Noch freundlich und klar.

Blessings, then,
upon you,
O shining throng!
And long
may you shine on me,
kind and clear.

Und wenn ich
Einst liebe,
Seid hold dem Verein,
Und euer
Geflimmer
Lasst Segen uns sein.

And if one day
I fall in love,
smile on the union,
and let your
twinkling
be a blessing on us.

Die Nacht (c.1816-1821)

Karoline Pichler

Die Nacht bricht an, mit
leisen Lüften sinket
Sie auf den müden
Sterblichen herab;
Der sanfte Schlaf, des Todes
Bruder, winket
Und legt die Menschen in ihr
tätlich Grab.

The night

Night falls, descending
with light breezes
on weary mortals
below;
gentle sleep, Death's
brother, beckons,
and lays them in their
daily graves.

Jetzt wachet auf der
lichtberaubten Erde
Vielleicht nur die Arglist und
der Schmerz,
Und jetzt, da ich durch nichts
gestöret werde,
Lass deine Wunden bluten,
armes Herz.

Now perhaps over the earth,
robbed of its light,
malice alone and pain
keep watch;
and now, since nothing
disturbs me,
let your wounds bleed,
poor heart.

<p>Du hast geliebt, du hast das Glück empfunden, Dem jede Seligkeit auf Erden weicht. Du hast ein Herz, das dich verstand, gefunden, Des schönsten Glückes höchstes Ziel erreicht.</p>	<p>You have loved, you have experienced happiness, which eclipses all earthly rapture, you have found a heart that understands you, reached the highest goal of fairest fortune.</p>
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<p>Da stürzte dich ein trostlos Machtwort nieder, Aus deinem Himmel, und dein stilles Glück, Das allzu schöne Traumbild kehrte wieder Zur besser'n Welt, aus der es kam, zurück.</p>	<p>Authority's cruel decree then dashed you down from your heaven and from your silent happiness, your dream vision, all too fair, returned to the better world from which it came.</p>
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<p>Zerrissen sind nun all die süßen Bande, Mich hält kein Herz mehr auf der weiten Welt. Was ist's, das mich in diesem wüsten Lande, In dieser öden Einsamkeit noch hält!</p>	<p>All sweet bonds are now torn asunder, no heart now beats for me in the wide world. What is it that still detains me in this wasteland, in this barren solitude?</p>
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<p>Nur einen Strahl seh ich von ferne blinken, Im Götterglanz erscheint die heil'ge Pflicht. Und wenn des müden Geistes Kräfte sinken, So sinkt der Mut, den sie mir einflösst, nicht.</p>	<p>Just one ray of light I see shining from afar, my sacred duty appears in divine radiance, and if the strength of my weary spirit fails, courage shall not fail that duty inspires in me.</p>
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Im Abendrot D799

(1824-5)

Karl Gottlieb Lappe

<p>O wie schön ist deine Welt, Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet! Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt, Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet; Wenn das Rot, das in der Wolke blinkt, In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!</p>	<p>Ah, how lovely is your world, Father, when it gleams with gold! When your radiance descends, and paints the dust with glitter; when the red that glows from the clouds sinks into my quiet window!</p>
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<p>Könnst' ich klagen, könnt' ich zagen? Irre sein an dir und mir? Nein, ich will im Busen tragen Deinen Himmel schon allhier. Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht, Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.</p>	<p>Could I complain, could I lose heart? Despair of you and me? No, I shall bear your heaven here within this breast. And this heart, before it breaks, shall still drink fire and savour light.</p>
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Meeres Stille D216

(1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

<p>Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser, Ohne Regung ruht das Meer, Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer Glatte Fläche rings umher. Keine Luft von keiner Seite! Todesstille fürchterlich! In der ungeheuern Weite Reget keine Welle sich.</p>	<p>Deep silence weighs on the water, motionless the sea rests, and the fearful boatman sees a glassy surface all around. No breeze from any quarter! Fearful, deadly silence! In all that vast expanse not a single ripple stirs.</p>
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Nacht und Träume

D827 (1823)

Matthäus von Collin

<p>Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder; Nieder wallen auch die Träume, Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume, Durch der Menschen stille Brust.</p>	<p>Holy night, you float down; dreams too drift down, like your moonlight through space, through the silent hearts of men.</p>
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<p>Die belauschen sie mit Lust, Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht: Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht! Holde Träume, kehret wieder!</p>	<p>They listen to them with delight, cry out when day awakes: come back, holy night! Sweet dreams, come back again!</p>
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Ständchen from Schwanengesang D957

(1828)

Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel
rauschen
In des Mondes
Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich
Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen
schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süssen
Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens
Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den
Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch *Dir* die Brust
bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend har' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Serenade

Softly my songs implore you
through the night;
come down to me, my love,
into the silent grove!

Slender tree-tops
whisper
and murmur in the
moonlight;
do not fear, my
sweetest,
any eavesdropping enemy.

Can you hear the
nightingales call?
Ah! they are imploring you,
with their sweet and
plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

They understand the
heart's longing,
they know the pain of love,
they touch with their
silver notes
every tender heart.

Let *your* heart too be
moved,
listen to me, my love!
Quivering, I wait for you!
Come – make me happy!

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)

5 canciones negras (1945-6)

Cuba dentro de un piano

Rafael Alberti

Cuando mi madre llevaba un
sorbete de fresa por
sombrero
Y el humo de los barcos
aún era humo de
habanero.

Mulata vueltabajera ...
Cádiz se adormecía entre
fandangos y habaneras
Y un lorito al piano quería
hacer de tenor.

Cuba in a piano

When my mother wore a
strawberry ice for a
hat
and the smoke from the
boats was still Havana
smoke.

Mulata from Vuelta Abajo ...
Cadiz was falling asleep to
fandango and habanera
and a little parrot at the
piano tried to sing tenor.

... *dime dónde está la flor*
que el hombre tanto
venera.

Mi tío Antonio volvía
con aire de
insurrecto.

La Cabaña y el Príncipe
sonaban por los patios de
El Puerto.

(Ya no brilla la Perla azul
del mar de las
Antillas.

Ya se apagó, se nos ha
muerto.)

Me encontré con la bella
Trinidad ...

Cuba se había perdido y
ahora era de verdad.

Era verdad,

No era mentira.

Un cañonero huído
llegó cantándolo en
guajira.

La Habana ya se perdió.

Tuvo la culpa el dinero ...
Calló,

Cayó el cañonero.

Pero después, pero ¡ah!
después

Fué cuando al Sí

Lo hicieron YES.

... *tell me, where is the flower*
that a man can really
respect.

My uncle Anthony would
come home in his
rebellious way.

The Cabaña and El
Príncipe resounded in
the patios of the port.

(But the blue pearl of the
Caribbean shines no
more.

Extinguished. For us no
more.)

I met beautiful
Trinidad ...

Cuba was lost, this time it
was true.

True,

and not a lie.

A gunner on the run
arrived, sang Cuban
songs about it all.

Havana was lost

and money was to blame ...
The gunner went silent,

fell.

But later, ah,
later,

they changed Sí
to YES.

Punto de habanera

Néstor Luján

La niña criolla pasa con su
miriñaque blanco

¡Qué blanco!

Hola crespón de tu
espuma;

¡Marineros contempladla!

Va mojadita de
lunas

Que le hacen su piel mulata.

Niña, no te quejes,

Tan solo por esta tarde.

Quisiera mandar al agua

Que no se escape de pronto

De la cárcel de tu falda,

Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde

Rumor de abrirse de
dalia.

Niña, no te quejes,

Tu cuerpo de fruta está

Dormido en fresco brocado.

Tu cintura vibra fina

Con la nobleza de un látigo,

Toda tu piel

huele

Habanera Rhythm

The Creole girl goes by in
her white crinoline.

How white!

The billowing spray of
your crepe skirt!

Sailors, look at her!

She passes gleaming in
the moonlight

which darkens her skin.

Young girl, do not complain,

only for tonight

do I wish the water

not to suddenly escape

the prison of your skirt.

In your body this evening

dwells the sound of
opening dahlias.

Young girl, do not complain,

your ripe body

sleeps in fresh brocade,

your waist quivers

as proud as a whip,

every inch of your skin is

gloriously fragrant

A limonal y a
naranjo.
Los marineros te miran
Y se te quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa
Con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!

Chévere

Nicolas Guillén

Chévure del
navajazo
Se vuelve él mismo navaja:
Pica tajadas de luna
Más la luna se le
acaba,
Pica tajadas de canto
Mas la sombra se le
acaba,
Pica tajadas de sombre,
Más el canto se le
acaba,
Y entonces, pica que pica
Carne de su negra
mala!

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito

Ildfonso Pereda Valdés

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
tan chiquito,
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 esos 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 botones
para ser un 'groom'.

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
duérmete, negrito,
cabeza de coco,
grano de café.

with orange and lemon-
trees.
The sailors look at you
and feast their eyes on you.
The Creole girl goes by
in her white crinoline.
How white!

The dandy

The dandy of the knife
thrust
himself becomes a knife:
He cuts slices of the moon,
but the moon is fading on
him;
he cuts slices of song,
but the song is fading on
him;
he cuts slices of shadow,
but the shadow is fading
on him,
and then he cuts up, cuts up
the flesh of his evil Black
woman!

Lullaby for a little Black boy

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
tiny little child,
little Black boy
who won't go to sleep.

Head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean,
with pretty freckles
and wide eyes
like two windows
looking out to sea.

Close your tiny eyes,
frightened little boy,
or the white devil
will eat you up.
You're no longer a slave!

And if you sleep soundly,
the master of the house
promises to buy
a suit with buttons
to make you a 'groom'.

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
sleep, little Black boy,
head like a coconut,
head like a coffee bean.

Canto negro

Nicolás Guillén

¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo
solongo,
Repica el negro bien
negro;
Congo solongo del
Songo
Baila yambó sobre un
pie.

Mamatomba,
Serembe cuserembá.

El negro canta y se
ajuma,
El negro se ajuma y
canta,
El negro canta y se
va.

Acuememe serembó,
Aé;
Yambó,
Aé.

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
Tamba del negro que
tumba;
Tumba del negro,
caramba,
Caramba, que el negro
tumba:
¡Yamba, yambó, yambambé!

Negro Song

Yambambó, yambambé!
The congo solongo is
ringing,
the Black man, the real
Black man is ringing;
congo salongo from the
Songo
is dancing the yambó on
one foot.

Mamatomba,
serembe cuserembá.

The Black man sings and
gets drunk,
the Black man gets drunk
and sings,
the Black man sings and
goes away.

Acuememe serembó
aé;
yambó,
aé.

Bam, bam, bam, bam,
bam of the Black man
who tumbles;
drum of the Black man,
wow,
wow, how the Black man's
tumbling!
Yamba, yambó, yambambé!

Interval

Franz Schubert

Bertas Lied in der Nacht D653 (1819)

Franz Grillparzer

Nacht umhüllt
Mit wehendem Flügel
Täler und Hügel
Ladend zur Ruh'.

Und dem Schlummer,
Dem lieblichen Kinde,
Leise und linde
Flüstert sie zu:

„Weisst du ein Auge,
Wachend im Kummer,
Lieblicher Schlummer,
Drücke mir's zu!“

Fühlst du sein Nahen?
Ahnest du
Ruh?
Alles deckt der Schlummer,
Schlummre auch du.

An die Nachtigall D196 (1815)

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Geuss nicht so laut der
liebentflammten Lieder
Tonreichen Schall
Vom Blütenast des
Apfelbaums hernieder,
O Nachtigall!
Du tönest mir mit deiner
süssen Kehle
Die Liebe wach;
Denn schon durchbebt die
Tiefen meiner Seele
Dein schmelzend Ach.

Dann flieht der Schlaf von
neuem dieses Lager,
Ich starre dann
Mit nassem Blick' und
totenbleich und hager
Den Himmel an.
Fleuch, Nachtigall, in grüne
Finsternisse,
Ins Haingesträuch,
Und spend' im Nest der
treuen Gattin Küsse,
Entfleuch, entfleuch!

Bertha's nocturnal song

With fluttering wings
night envelops
valley and hill,
bidding them rest.

And to Sleep,
that sweet child,
she whispers
softly and gently:

'If you know of an eye
that stays awake, grieving,
sweet Sleep,
close it for me!'

Do you feel him draw near?
Do you have a presentiment
of peace?
Sleep makes all things well;
then sleep also.

To the nightingale

Do not pour so loudly the
full-throated sounds
of your love-kindled songs
down from the blossoming
boughs of the apple-tree,
O nightingale!
The tones of your sweet
throat
awaken love in me;
for the depths of my soul
already quiver
with your melting lament.

Sleep once more forsakes
this couch,
and I stare
moist-eyed, haggard and
deathly pale
at the heavens.
Fly, nightingale, to the
green darkness,
to the bushes of the grove,
and there in the nest kiss
your faithful mate;
fly away, fly away!

Guarda, che bianca luna D688 No. 2 (1820)

Jacopo Vittorelli

Guarda che bianca
luna,
Guarda che notte azzurra!
Un'aura non susurra,
Nò, non tremola uno stel.

L'usignuoletto solo
Va dalla siepe
all'orno,
E sospirando intorno
Chiama la sua fedel.

Ella, ch'esente
oppena,
Vien di fronda in fronda,
E par che gli dica,
Nò, non piangere: son qui.

Che gemiti son questi!
Che dolci pianti Irene,
Tu mai non me sapesti
Rispondere così!

Des Fischers Liebesglück D933

(1827)

Karl Gottfried von Leitner

Dort blinket
Durch Weiden,
Und winket
Ein Schimmer
Blassstrahlig
Vom Zimmer
Der Holden mir zu.

Es gaukelt
Wie Irrlicht,
Und schaukelt
Sich leise
Sein Abglanz
Im Kreise
Des schwankenden Sees.

Ich schaue
Mit Sehnen
In's Blaue
Der Wellen,
Und grüsse
Den hellen,
Gespiegelten Strahl.

Look how bright the moon is

Look how bright the
moon is,
and how blue the night!
Not a breeze whispers,
not a twig quivers.

A lone nightingale
flies from the hedge to
the elm-tree,
and sighing all the while,
calls to his faithful love.

She, who scarcely hears
him,
flies from leaf to leaf,
and seems to say to him:
'No, do not weep. I am here!'

What tears,
what sweet laments, Irene!
You could never
answer me thus.

The fisherman's luck in love

Yonder light gleams
through the willows,
and a pale
glimmer
beckons to me
from the bedroom
of my sweetheart.

It flickers
like a will-o'-the-wisp,
and its reflection
sways
gently
in the circle
of the undulating lake.

I gaze
longingly
into the blue
of the waves,
and greet
the bright
reflected beam.

Und springe
Zum Ruder,
Und schwinge
Den Nachen
Dahin auf
Den flachen,
Krystallinen Weg.

And spring
to the oar,
and swing
the boat
away on
its smooth
crystal course.

Fein-Liebchen
Schleicht traulich
Vom Stübchen
Herunter,
Und sputet
Sich munter
Zu mir in das Boot.

My sweetheart
slips lovingly
down
from her little room,
and joyfully
hastens to me
in the boat.

Gelinde
Dann treiben
Die Winde
Uns wieder
See-einwärts
Vom Flieder
Des Ufers hindann.

Then the breezes
gently
blow us
again
out into the lake
from the elder tree
on the shore.

Die blassen
Nachtnebel
Umfassen
Mit Hüllen
Vor Spähern
Den stillen,
Unschuldigen Scherz.

The pale
evening mists
envelop
and veil
our silent,
innocent dallying
from prying onlookers.

Und tauschen
Wir Küsse,
So rauschen
Die Wellen
Im Sinken
Und Schwellen,
Den Horchern zum Trotz.

And as we exchange
kisses,
the waves
lap,
rising
and falling,
to foil eavesdroppers.

Nur Sterne
Belauschen
Uns ferne,
Und baden
Tief unter
Den Pfaden
Des gleitenden Kahns.

Only stars
in the far distance
overhear us,
and bathe
deep down
below the course
of the gliding boat.

So schweben
Wir selig,
Umgeben
Vom Dunkel,
Hoch überm
Gefunkel
Der Sterne einher.

So we drift on
blissfully,
in the midst
of darkness,
high above
the twinkling
stars.

Und weinen
Und lächeln,
Und meinen,
Enthoben
Der Erde,
Schon oben,
Schon d'rüben zu sein.

Weeping,
smiling,
we think
we have soared free
of the earth,
and are already up above,
on another shore.

Romanze zum Drama **Romance from**
Rosamunde D797* (1823)** ***Rosamunde
Helmina von Chézy

Der Vollmond strahlt auf
Bergeshöhn –
Wie hab ich dich vermisst!
Du süßes Herz! Es ist so
schön,
Wenn treu die Treue küsst.

The full moon beams on
the mountain tops –
how I have missed you!
Sweetheart, it is so
beautiful
when true love truly kisses.

Was frommt des Maien holde
Zier?
Du warst mein
Frühlingsstrahl!
Licht meiner Nacht, o lächle
mir
Im Tode noch einmal!

What are May's fair
adornments to me?
You were my ray of
spring!
Light of my night, O smile
upon me
once more in death.

Sie trat hinein beim
Vollmondschein,
Sie blickte himmelwärts:
„Im Leben fern, im Tode
dein!“
Und sanft brach Herz an
Herz.

She entered in the light of
the full moon,
she gazed heavenwards.
'In life far away, yet in
death, yours!'
And gently heart broke
upon heart.

Fernando Obradors (1897-1945)

From *Canciones clásicas españolas* (pub. 1921)

Coplas de curro dulce **Couplets to the**
Anonymous **sweet life**

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala
Y er dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y er mosquitero.

A tiny bride,
a tiny groom,
a tiny room
and a bedroom,
that's why I want
a tiny bed
and a mosquito net.

El molondrón

Desde que vino la moda
Que sí, que no, que
 iay!
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!

Polo del contrabandista

Yo soy el contrabandista,
Y campo por mi respeto.
A todos los desafío,
Pues a nadie tengo miedo.
¡Ay! ¡Jaleo muchacha!

¡Quién me compra
Algún hilo negro!
Mi caballo esta cansado.
¡Ay!
Y yo me marcho corriendo.

¡Ay! Que viene la
 ronda
Y se movió el
 tiroteo.
¡Ay! Caballito mío,
Caballo mío ligero.

¡Ay! ¡Jaleo que nos
 cogen!
¡Ay! ¡Sácame de este aprieto!
¡Ah! ¡Ay!
¡Ay! ¡Jaleo muchacha! ¡Ay!
¡Quién me merca
Algún hilo nego!

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!

Song of the smuggler

I am the smuggler
and do as I please.
I challenge everyone
and fear no one.
Ay! Jeleo! My girl!

Who will buy from me
some black thread!
My horse is tired.
Ay!
And I run beside it.

Ay! The night patrol
 approaches
and they're starting to
 shoot.
Ay! My little horse,
my sprightly horse!

Ay! Jeleo! They're
 catching up with us!
Ay! Get me out of this mess!
Ay! Ay!
Ay! Jeleo! My girl!
Who will buy from me
some black thread!

Del cabello más sutil

Traditional

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

Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.
 ¡Ay!

El vito

Anonymous

Una vieja vale un
 real
Y una muchacha dos
 cuartos,
Pero como soy tan pobre
Me voy a lo más barato.
Con el vito, vito, vito,
Con el vito, vito, va.
No me haga 'usté' cosquillas
Que me pongo 'colorá'.
Ay!

From the finest hair

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

In your house, young girl,
I'd fain be a pitcher,
to kiss your lips
whenever you went to
 drink! Ah!

El vito

An old woman is worth a
 real
and a young girl two
 cuartos,
but as I am so poor
I go for the cheapest.
On with the dancing,
on with the dancing, olé!
Stop your teasing, sir,
else I'll blush!
Ay!

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