

Of Love and Longing

Sharon Isbin, guitar *Jessica Rivera, soprano*

Spanish guitar solos inspired by voice :

Isaac Albéniz - Asturias,
 - Mallorca

Francisco Tárrega - Capricho arabe
 - Recuerdos de la Alhambra

Songs for voice and guitar :

Richard Danielpour: - "...Of Love and Longing"

Oswaldo Golijov: - Lua Descolorida

Heitor Villa-Lobos - Aria from Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5

Xavier Montsalvatge/Sharon Isbin - Canciones Negras

Manuel de Falla - Siete Canciones populares Espanoles

Song lyrics

Richard Danielpour – *Of Love and Longing*

Rumi Poetry

Listen oh listen to my plaintive cry
Listen to my longing of else I die.
From the sweet home of my bed I was torn
So my pain and crucial longing was born.

With so many secrets I sing aloud
But none sees nor hears in this crowd.
Oh for a friend to know my burning state
That our souls may mingle and contemplate.

The flame of Long discourses in me
The wine of Love so enforces me.
Do you wish to know the fire, the flow
Listen my listener then you shall know.

Mathnavi 1, 1

This night of Love
So filled with longing
It contracts my heart
Makes a glass thirsty
For the ruby of your
Wine, then more, then
More from your chastity
Pouring itself into the
Form of this night
Of single pointed joy.
You tease me with
The golden feathers
Of your trembling hands
So intensely light,
I rise up and drink
Your wine, confuse
Myself and emerge
In you, fusing mine
With your own and now
You host yourself.

Ruba'iyat 1878

Your beauty is glory in nakedness, the melt
Of smooth skin unsullied with petulant jewels
And the spoiling touch of silk. Your delicate face
Is as pure as the milk of the full moon.
I entangle my limbs with the satin of yours;
Souls without sin, our unspeckled bodies
Are young with the spring of innocence
As we join together to journey
From place through time to eternity.
Mathnavi VI, 4618

Oswaldo Golijov – *“Lúa Descolorida (Colorless Moon)”*
Text by Rosalia de Castro, Translation by Oswaldo Golijov

Lúa descolorida
Como cor de ouro pálido
Vesme i eu non quixera
Me vises de tan alto
Ó espazo que recorres
Lévame, caladiña, nun teu raio

Astro das almas orfas
Lúa descolorida
Eu ben sei que n'alumas
Tristeza cal a miña
Vai contalo ó teu dono
E dille que me leve adonde habita

Mais non lle contes nada
Descolorida lúa
Pois nin neste nin noutros
Mundos teréis fortuna

Se sabe onde a morte
Ten a morada escura
Dille que corpo e alma xuntamente
Me leve adonde non recorden nunca
Nin no mundo en que estou
nin nas alturas

Moon, colorless
Like the color of pale gold:
You see me here, and I wouldn't like you
To see me from the heights above.
To the space of your journey,
Take me, silently, in your ray.

Star of the orphan souls,
Moon, colorless:
I know that you don't illuminate
Sadness as sad as mine.
Go and tell it to your master
And tell him to take me to his place.

But don't tell him anything,
Moon, colorless,
Because neither in this world, nor in others
Will I have good fortune.

If you know where Death
Has her dark mansion,
Tell her to take my body and soul together
To a place where I won't be remembered,
Neither in this world,
Nor in the heights above

Heitor Villa-Lobos – “Aria” from *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*

Translation by Laura Claycomb copyright © 2011

Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente.
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela
Grita ao céu e a terra toda a Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes
E reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
in the air, dreamy and beautiful!
The Moon sweetly emerges into infinity,
Decorating the afternoon like a gentle maiden
Who dreamily prepares herself to be gorgeous
With an anxious soul to keep herself beautiful.
All of nature shouts to the Sky and to the Earth!
Flocks of birds hush to its complaints
And the Sea reflects its great splendor..
Softly in the light of the moon now awakes
Cruel longing that laughs and cries.
Afternoon, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
in the air, dreamy and beautiful...

Xavier Montsalvatge/Sharon Isbin – from *Canciones Negras (Negro Songs)*

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito
Text by Ildefonso Pereda Valdés

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
tan chiquitito,
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 los 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.

Lullaby for a little black boy
English Translation © Richard Stokes

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.

¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

Negro Song

English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Canto negro

Text by Nicolás Guillén

¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro.
congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pie.
Mamatomba,
serembé cuserembá,
El negro canta y se ajuma.
el negro se ajuma y canta.
el negro canta y se va.
Acuemem e serembó
aé,
yambó
aé.
Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba,
tamba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba,

Yambambó, yambambé!

The congo solongo is ringing,
the black man, the real black man is ringing;
congo solongo 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.
Acuemem e 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!
¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

Manuel de Falla – *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas (Seven Spanish Folksongs)*

El paño moruno

Text by Gregorio Martínez Sierra

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.
Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

The Moorish cloth

English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

On the delicate fabric in the shop
there fell a stain.
It sells for less
for it has lost its value
Ay!

Seguidilla murciana
Text by Anonymous

Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡puede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!
Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y cráyendola falsa
nadie la toma!

Asturiana
Text by Anonymous

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Seguidilla from Murcia
English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's.
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!
For your many infidelities
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing
from hand to hand,
till finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it!

Asturian song
English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping!

Jota

Text by Anonymous

Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.
Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Nana

Text by Anonymous

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.
Naninta, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

Canción

Text by Anonymous

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
»del aire«.
Niña, el mirarlos
»Madre, a la orilla«.
Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
»del aire«.
Por lo perdido,
»Madre, a la orilla«.

Jota

English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk;
let them ask
your heart and mine!
I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapprove,
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

Lullaby

English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Song

English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them;
you know not what it costs,
'del aire',
dearest, to gaze into them.
'Mother, a la orilla.'
They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once.
Make the best of it
'del aire',
and cut your losses,
'Mother, a la orilla.'

Polo

Text by Anonymous

¡Ay!

Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.

¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!

¡Ay!

Polo

English Translation © Jacqueline Cockburn

Ay!

I have an ache in my heart
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!

Ay!