

From Al-Andalus to the Americas – An Odyssey of Spanish Song

SONG TRANSLATIONS

Lamma bada yatathanna

*Lamma bada Yatathanna, aman
Hebbi jamalu fatanna, aman
Awma bi LaHzu asana aman
Ghusnun saba Hinama,
Waadi wa ya Hirati
Manli raHim shakwaty
fil Houbbi min lawaaty
Illa maleekul jamal, aman*

Paseabase el Rey moro

*Paseabase el Rey moro
Por la ciudad de Granada
Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era tomada
¡Ay de mi Alhama!*

*Las cartas echo en el fuego
- y el mensajero matara,
Mandó tocar sus trompetas
- sus añafiles de plata. ¡Ay ...!*

*Habéis de saber, amigos -
una nueva desdichada;
que cristianos de braveza
- ya nos han ganado Alhama. ¡Ay ...!*

*Allí fabló un alfaquí –
de barba crecida y cana;
"Bien se te emplea, buen rey –
buen rey, bien se te empleara." ¡Ay...!*

*"Mataste los Bencerrajes –
que eran la flor de Granada,
Cogiste los tornadizos –
de Córdoba la nombrada." ¡Ay...!*

*"Por eso mereces, rey –
una pena muy doblada;
Que te pierdas tú y el reino –
y aquí se pierda Granada" ---¡Ay...!*

Canciones Sefarditas

La rosa enflorece

*La rosa enflorece
En el mes de mayo
Mi alma se escurece
Sufriendo del amor.*

Ven querida, ven amada

*Ven querida, ven amada
Ven al bodre de la mar amada.*

Adio, querida

*Tu madre cuando te parió
Y te quitó al mundo
Corazón ella no te dió*

When she begins to sway

*When she begins to sway
My love, the beautiful one, attracts me
I have become prisoner of her eyes
Her stem folded as she bent
My promise, and my confusion
Will she respond mercifully to my complaint?
Who can understand my complaint of love
Except the king of beauty*

The Moorish king was strolling

*The Moorish king was strolling
Through the city of Granada
Letters came saying
That Alhama had been taken.
¡Ay de mi Alhama!*

*He cast the letters into the fire
And killed the messenger
He ordered the trumpets to be played
His trumpets of silver. ¡Ay ...!*

*Friends, you must know
Of a new misfortune
Ferocious Christians
Have seized Alhama. ¡Ay ...!*

*A wise man of law spoke
A man with a long, white beard
"You got what you were due, good king
Good king, you got what you were due." ¡Ay ...!*

*You killed the Bencerrajes
Who were the best of Granada
You chose the turncoats
Of famed Córdoba. ¡Ay ...!*

*For that, king,
You deserve a double-edged sorrow
You lose, and you lose your kingdom
And here is lost Granada ¡Ay ...!*

Sephardic Songs

The rose blooms

*The rose blooms
In the month of may
My soul darkens
Suffering from love.*

Come, darling, come beloved

*Come darling, come beloved
Come to the border of the beloved sea.*

Farewell, darling

*When your mother delivered you
and brought you into the world.
She did not give you a heart*

*Para amar segundo
Adio querido
No quero la vida
Me l'amargastes tú.*

Durme, durme
*Durme, durme hermoso hijico
Durme, durme con sabor
Cerratu luz los ojicos,
Durme, durme con sabor.
A la scuola tú te iras
Y la ley t'ambezarás.*

Paxaro d'Hermozura
*Por una caza chica
Vidi una hijica
De años era chica
Le declaré l'amor.*

Abrix, mi galanica
*Abrix, mi galanica
Que ya vá amanecer
La noche yo no durmé
Pensando en tí.*

Irme quiero, la mi madre
*Irme quiero, la mi madre
Por estos mundos me iré
Aman! Me iré*

Ya viene el cativo
*Ya viene el cativo
Con todas las cativas
Dentro de ellas está la blanca niña.*

Yo m'enamori d'un aire
*Yo m'enamori d'un aire
D'un aire d'una mujer
D'una mujer muy hermoza
Linda de mi corazón. Tra la la!*

Ausente de mis ojos (Baba al-Din Zuhayr c. 520-609, Arabia)

*Ausente de mis ojos, solo tú
Me vienes a las mientes, solo tú.
Y se lo solitario que te encuentras
Pero yo estoy igual, o mas aún.
Mi corazón de tí no se desvía,
Ni mi lengua se cansa de llamarte.
Siempre que sopla el viento Boreal
Le pido que me de noticias tuyas – solo tuyas!
Ausente de mis ojos, solo tú
Me vienes a las mientes, solo tú.*

Los dos amores (Rabia Al-Adawiyya, c 717–801, Basra)

*Te amo con dos amores:
Un amor de pasión,
Y de este otro que verdaderamente tu mereces; Ay!
El amor de pasión consiste en recordarte
A tí y a nadie más, Ay!
El otro que verdaderamente tu mereces
Es quitarte los velos para verte.
Ni por uno ni otro hay que alabarme.
Que la alabanza es tuya por los dos.*

To love another person.
Farewell, beloved
I don't want life,
you make me bitter about it.

Sleep, Sleep
*Sleep, sleep beautiful little boy
Sleep, sleep with relish
Close, my light, your little eyes
Sleep, sleep with relish
To school you will go
And law you will learn.*

Bird of Beauty
*By a small house
I saw a young daughter
She was young in years
I declared my love to her.*

Open up, my lovely girl
*Open up, my lovely girl
The sun is already rising
All night I didn't sleep
Thinking about you.*

I want to go, mother
*I want to go, mother
Out into the world I will go
Aman! I will go.*

Here comes the captive
*Here comes the captive
With all the captive women
Among them is the fair-skinned girl.*

I fell in love with the charms
*I fell in love with the charms,
With the charms of a woman
Of a woman very beautiful
The beauty of my heart, tra la la!*

Absent from my eyes

*Absent from my eyes, only you
Come to my thoughts, only you.
And I know the solitariness that you feel
But I am the same, or even more.
Mi heart does not derail from you
Nor does my tongue tire from calling you.
Whenever the Boreal winds blow
I ask them to give me news of you, only of you!
Absent from my eyes, only you
Come to my thoughts, only you.*

The two loves

*I love you with two loves:
A love of passion,
And of this other one that you truly deserve.
The love from passion consists of thinking of you
And of nobody else.
The other, that you truly deserve
Is to lift off your veils in order to see you.
Not for one or the other should I be praised.
That the praise is all yours, for us both.*

Elegía a la perdida de la Alhambra (attrib. Boabdil, last Moorish king of Spain, Granada 1492; in Arab-Andalusian dialect)

AlHamra hanina, w'al qusur tabquí
Aala majara li, ya mulay bu-Abdillah (Boabdil)
Aatini farasi, wa darqati al baida
Bash namshi nuqatil w'anakhoth Alhamra
Aatini farasi wa darqati i didi
Bash namshi nuqatil w'anakhoth auladi
Auladi fi Guadix (Wadi Ash) wa ma'rati fi Jibl Al-Fatah
Akhtaytu din nwaya ya sitti, umm Al-Fatah
Auladi fi Guadix (Wadi Ash) w'ana fi Jibl Al-Fatah
Akhtaytu din nwaya ya sitti, umm Al-Fatah
Alhamra hanina, etc.

Te seguiré llorando (Al Farazdaq, c. 728-730, Basra)

Te seguiré llorando hasta que los ojos
Se me queden sin agua.
Y de este dolor, las lagrimas me curen

El Jardín de Al Andalus (Ben Jafacha, 1058-1139, Spain)

¡Nada más bello, Andaluces
Que vuestras huertas frondosas
Jardines, bosques y ríos
Y claras fuentes sonoras!
Edén de los elegidos
Es vuestra tierra dichosa
Si a mi arbitrio lo dejases
No viviría yo en otra.
El infierno no temais;
ni sus penas espantosas;
¡Que no es posible el infierno,
cuando se vive en la gloria!

Las Morillas de Jaén

Tres morillas me enamoren en Jaen
Axa, Fatima y Marién
Tres morillas tan garridas
Iban a coger olivas
Y hallaban las cogidas en Jaen
Axa, Fatima y Marién
Y hallaban las cogidas
Y tornaban desmaides
Y las colores perdidas en Jaen
Axa, y Fatima y Marién

Tres morillas me enamoren en Jaen
Axa, Fatima y Marién
Tres morillas tan lozanas
Iban a coger manzanas
Dijeles, "¿quien sois señoras
De mi vida robadores?"
"Cristianas que eramos moras en Jaen"
Axa, y Fatima y Marién

Nana de Sevilla

Este galapaguito no tiene mare
Ah, no tiene mare si, no tiene mare, no.
No tiene mare, ah.

Se parió una gitana, lo echò a la calle.
Ah, lo echò a la calle si, lo echò a la calle, no.
Lo echò a la calle, ah.

Elegy on the loss of the Alhambra

Longed-after Alhambra, your castles are weeping
About what happened to me, Lord Abu-Abdullah
Give me my stallion, and my white blade
And let us go and take back the Alhambra
Give me my stallion and my blue shield
And let us walk and take my sons.
My sons are in Guadix, and my wife in Gibraltar
I have sinned, oh mother of Gibraltar
My sons are in Guadix, and I in Gibraltar
I have sinned, oh mother of Gibraltar
Longed-after Alhambra, etc.

I will follow you, weeping

I will follow you, weeping, until my eyes
Leave me without water;
And from this pain, my tears will cure me.

The garden of Al Andalus

Nothing more lovely, Andalucians,
Than your lush fields
Gardens, woods and rivers
And clear, sonorous streams!
Eden of the chosen ones
In your said land
If they left me with a choice
I would not live with another.
Do not fear hell
Nor its horrible tortures
It's impossible that there be hell
When one lives in glory!

The Moorish girls of Jaén

Three Moorish girls I fell in love with in Jaen
Aisha, Fatima and Marién
Three Moorish girls so pretty
Went to pick olives
And found them picked in Jaen
Aisha, Fatima and Marien
And found them picked
And returned faint
And the colors were lost in Jaen
Aisha, and Fatima and Marien

Three Moorish women I fell in love with in Jaen
Axa, Fatima and Marien
Three Moorish women very lively

I said to them, "who are you ladies
who are robbing my life"
"Christians who were moors in Jaen"
Axa, and Fatima and Marien

Seville lullaby

This little tortoise has no mother, ah....
Has no mother, yes, has no mother, no...
Has no mother, ah...

A gypsy woman appeared, she tossed him to the street
Tossed him to the street, yes, tossed him..., no
Tossed him to the street, ah...

*Este niño chiquito no tiene cuna
Ah, no tiene cuna, si, no tiene cuna, no..
No tiene cuna, ah.*

*Su padre es carpintero, y le hará una
Ah, y le hará una, si, y le hará una, no
Y le hará una, ah.*

Sevillanas del Siglo XVIII

*¡Viva Sevilla!
Llevan las sevillanas en la mantilla
Un letrado que dice
¡Viva Sevilla!
¡Viva Triana!
¡Vivan los trianeros, los de Triana!
¡Vivan los sevillanos y sevillanas!*

*¡Qué bien pareces!
Ay, río de Sevilla, ¡qué bien pareces!
Ay río de Sevilla, ¡qué bien pareces!
¡Qué bien pareces!
llo de velas blancas y ramas verdes,
Ay, río de Sevilla
¡Qué bien pareces!*

La Maja Dolorosa (Periquet)

*¡Oh muerte cruel!
¿Por qué tú, a traición,
mi majo arrebataste a mi pasión?
¡No quiero vivir sin él,
porque es morir, porque es morir así vivir!
No es posible ya
sentir más dolor:
en lágrimas desecha ya mi alma está.
¡Oh Dios, torna mi amor,
porque es morir, porque es morir así vivir!*

*¡Ay majo de mi vida,
no, no, tú no has muerto!
¿Acaso yo existiese si fuera eso cierto?
¡Quiero, loca, besar tu boca!
Quiero, segura, gozar más de tu ventura,
¡ay!, de tu ventura.
Mas, ¡ay!, deliro, sueño..
Mi majo no existe.
En torno mío el mundo lloroso está y triste.
¡A mi duelo no hallo consuelo!
Mas muerto y frío siempre el majo será mío.
¡Ay! Siempre mío.*

***De aquel majo amante** que fue mi gloria
guardo anhelante dichosa memoria.
El me adoraba vehemente y fiel.
Yo mi vida entera di a él.
Y otras mil diera si él quisiera,
que en hondos amores martirios son las flores.
Y al recordar mi majo amado
van resurgiendo ensueños de un tiempo pasado.
Ni en el Mentidero ni en la Florida
majo más majo paseó en la vida.
Bajo el chambergó sus ojos ví
con toda el alma puestos en mí.
Que a quien miraban enamoraban,
pues no hallé en el mundo mirar más profundo.*

This little boy has no crib
Ah, has no crib, yes, has no crib, no...
Has no crib....

His father is a carpenter, and will make him one
Ah, and will make him one, yes, will make him one, no
And will make him one.

Seville Songs of the 18th Century

Long live Seville!
The women of Seville wear on their mantillas
A sign that says
Long live Seville!
Long live Triana!
Long live the people of Triana, those of Triana
Long live the men and women of Seville!

How good you look!
Ah, river of Seville, how good you look!
Ah, river of Seville, how good you look!
How good you look!
Full of white sails and green branches
Ah, river of Seville
How good you look!

The Sad Maiden

Oh, cruel death!
Why have you so traitorously
stolen my beloved?
I cannot bear to live without him,
for life as such is nothing more than death.
It is not possible:
to feel a greater pain
my soul is drowning in my tears.
Oh, God! Return my beloved to me,
for life as such is nothing more than death.

Oh, man of my life,
No, no, you have not died!
Perhaps I could exist if this were certain?
I want to passionately kiss your mouth!
I want, surely, to enjoy more of your happiness.
Ah, of your happiness!
But, alas, I am raving, fantasizing,
my beau no longer exists,
All around me the world is sorrowful and sad,
There is no consolation for my pain!
But, dead and cold my beau will forever be mine
Ah, forever mine!

Of that loving majo who was my glory
I longingly hold on to happy memories
He adored me, vehemently and faithfully
I gave him all of my life,
and would do so a thousand times, if he wished it,
for in the depths of love anguish is only a blossom.
When I think of my gallant love,
I am engulfed by the dreams of a time gone by.
Neither in Mentidero, nor in Florida,
was I to know others.
Under the rim of his hat I saw his eyes
directed on me with all of their soul,
they loved the one on which they gazed.
And I've never found in this world a more profound gaze

*Y al recordar mi majo amado
van resurgiendo ensueños de un tiempo pasado.*

Poema en Forma de Canciones (Ramón de Campoamor)

Nunca Olvida

*Ya que este mundo abandono
Antes de dar cuenta a Diós,
Aquí, para entre los dos,
Mi confesión te diré.
Con toda el alma perdono
Hasta a los que he siempre odiado
¡A tí, que siempre te he amado
Nunca te perdonaré!*

Cantares

*Más cerca de mí te siento
Quando mas huyo de tí.
Pues tu imagen es en mí
Sombra de mi pensamiento.
Vuélvemelo a decir,
Pues embelesado ayer,
te escuchaba sin oír
Y te miraba sin ver*

Los Dos Miedos

*Al comenzar la noche de aquel día
Ella lejos de mí
¿Por qué te acercas tanto? me decía,
Tengo miedo de tí.
Y después que la noche hubo pasado
Dijò, cerca de mí
¿Por qué te alejas tanto de mi lado?
¡Tengo miedo sin tí!*

Las Locas Por Amor

*Te amaré diosa Venus
si prefieres que te ame mucho tiempo y con cordura.
Y respondió la diosa de Citeres:
Prefiero como todas las mujeres
que me amen poco tiempo y con locura.
¡Te amaré diosa Venus, te amaré!*

Cinco canciones populares Argentinas

Chacarera

*A mí me gustan las ñatas
Y una ñata me ha tocado
Ñato será el casamiento
Y más ñato el resultado.
Cuando canto chacareras
Me dan ganas de llorar
Porque se me representa
Catamarca y Tuoumán.*

Triste

*Ah! Debajo de un limón verde
Donde el agua no corría
Entregué mi corazón
A quien no lo merecía.
Ah! Triste es el día sin sol
Triste es la noche sin luna
Pero más triste es querer
Sin esperanza ninguna. Ah!*

And when I think of my gallant love,
I am engulfed by the dreams of a time gone by.

Never forget

Since I am leaving this world,
and before I give my account to the lord,
here, between the two of us.
I will give you my confession.
With all my soul I forgive those
whom I have always hated.
You, whom I have deeply loved,
I will never forgive!

Songs

I feel you closer to me
The farther I am from you;
Therefore, your image is in me
A shadow of my thought.
Speak more to me,
Therefore yesterday, as I was enraptured,
I listened to you without hearing,
And I looked at you without seeing.

The Two Fears

With the onset of that night,
she, far from me, said:
Why do you come so close to me?, she said
I am afraid of you.
And after the night had passed,
she, close to me, said:
Why do you move away from me?
I am afraid without you!

The madnesses for love

I will love you, Divine Venus
if you prefer that I love you eternally and with discretion.
And the goddess of Cythera replied to me:
I prefer, as all women do,
that you love me for a short time and passionately.
I will love you, Divine Venus, I will love you.

Five popular Argentinian songs

I like little snub-nosed girls
And one of them is with me
Snub-nosed our wedding will be
And even more so our children
When I sing chacareras
I feel like crying
Because it brings me back to
Catamarca and Tuouman!

Ah! Underneath a lemon tree
Where the stream doesn't flow
I gave my heart
To someone who didn't deserve it.
Ah! Sad is the daytime without sun
Sad is the nighttime without the moon
But sadder yet is to love
With no hope whatsoever. Ah.

Zamba

Hasta las piedras del cerro
Y las arenas del mar
Me dicen que no te quiera
Y no te puedo olvidar.
Si el corazón me has robado
El tuyo me lo has de dar
El que lleva cosa ajena
Con lo suyo ha de pagar Ay!

Arrorró

Arrorró mi nene,
Arrorró mi sol,
Arrorró pedazo
De mi corazón.
Este nene lindo
Se quiere dormir
Y el pícaro sueño
No quiere venir.

Gato

El gato de mi casa
Es muy gauchito
Pero cuando lo bailan
Zapateadito.
Guitarrita de pino
Cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas,
Digo, como a las grandes.
Esa moza que baila
Mucho la quiero
Pero no para hermana
Que hermana tengo.
Que hermana tengo
Sí, pónete al frente
Aunque no sea tu dueño,
Digo, me gusta verte.

Even the stones of the hill
And the sands of the sea
Tell me not to love you
And yet I can't forget you
If you have stolen my heart
You must give me yours in return
He who wears something
Must pay with his his own. Ah!

Sleep my baby
Sleep my light
Sleep, oh piece
Of my heart
This sweet baby
Wants to sleep
And that rascal dream
Doesn't want to come

The gato in my house
Is very Argentinian
But when people dance it
Zapateadito
Little guitar of pine
Cords of steel
I like the short girls so much
Just like the tall ones.
That lass who is dancing
I want her so much
But not as a sister
Because I already have one
I already have a sister
Yes, come to the front!
Even if I'm not your master
I say, I enjoy seeing you!