

<p>Yo me levanti un lunes, un lunes antes de albar; cogi mi bacio en mano y a la mar me fui a lavar. Y al sol, y al sol de la hierba yo me ire a dormir. Yo me encontrí a un morenito que de mi quiso burlar, yo le di un entrepecho y a la mar lo echi a nadar. Y al sol, y al sol de la hierba yo me ire a dormir. Mi corazón se amanzia de ver a un hombre ahogar, le tire los mis trenzados y lo saque de la mar. Y al sol, y al sol de la hierba yo me ire a dormir.</p>	<p>I awoke one Monday, one Monday before dawn; I took my basin in my hand and went to the sea to bathe. Then in the sun, in the sun on the grass I fell asleep. I met a dark young man who wanted to trick me, I gave him a good push, and made him a swim in the sea. Then in the sun, in the sun on the grass I fell asleep. My soul was struck with pity to see a man drown, I cast him my braids and took him out of the sea. Then in the sun, in the sun on the grass I fell asleep. -translation by David Wacks</p>
<p>A la una yo nasi, a las dos m'engrandesi, a las tres tomi amante, a las cuatro me casi. Dime, nina, donde vienes, que te quiero conocer. Dime si tienes amante, que yo te lo he de prender. Yendome para la guerra dos besos al aire di; el uno es para mi madre y el otro es para ti.</p>	<p>At one o'clock I was born at two I grew up at three I look a lover at four I got married Tell me, girl, where you come from because I want to get to know you Tell me if you have a lover And I will steal you away from him On my way to the war I sent two kisses into the air; the first is for my mother, and the other is for you. -translation by David Wacks</p>
<p>Avrolicos d'almendra que yo planti Por los tus ojos vedrulis. Dame la mano, nina, que yo por ti, que yo por ti me va a morir. La puerta de mi querida ya se avrio. De labrimas ya se incho. Como la primavera, qu'ansi salio la bella nina que amo yo. Hermosa sos, querida, en quantida.</p>	<p>Little almond trees that I planted for your green eyes Give me your hand, girl because of you because of you I am going to die The door of my sweetheart Has already opened It is swollen with tears Like the springtime that has likewise come forth the beautiful girl that I love You are beautiful, my beloved Ever so beautiful</p>

<p>A ti deseo alcanzar. Se yo no te alcansi, mi querida, la vida vo a'empresentar.</p>	<p>I desire to be with you If I cannot be with you, my beloved, I will lose my life. -translation by David Wacks</p>
<p>Pregon ¡Vendo nubes de colores: las redondas coloradas, para endulzar los calores! ¡Vendo los cirros morados y rosas, las alboradas, los crepúsculos dolorados! ¡El Amarillo lucero, cogido a la verde rama del celeste duraznero! ¡Vendo la nieve, la llama y el canto del pregonero!</p>	<p>Announcement I sell multi-colored clouds: the red circles to sweeten the heat! I sell wispy clouds of purple and pink, and golden dawns and twilights! The yellow star of the celestial peach caught in the green branches! I sell the snow, the flame, and the song of the speaker!</p>
<p>Ninette Tienes, nina, dos ojos como dos ascuas, que alborotan y queman, pinchan y abrasan. Con tu mirada, las flores se deshojan en la enramada. Yo sembré una mirada, nació un deseo, floreció una esperanza, cogí un afecto. Feliz quien siembra, si al fin de sus trabajos, ¡tiene cosecha!</p>	<p>Cute Girl Girl, you have two eyes like embers that enflame and quicken, wound and burn. With your look the flowers lose their petals in the branches. I planted a glance that grew into desire, then hope and then love. Happy is he who can sow and reap a harvest!</p>
<p>Noche serena de primavera, blanca paloma del alba luz noche serena de primavera; blanca azucena, esa eres tu Y al haber yo llegado aquí, todo lleno de embeleso recibe ese tierno beso que te mando para ti Campo en invierno, flor marchitada noche sin luna, negro turbión; Flor sin aroma, marchitada arbol tronchado - eso soy yo.</p>	<p>Peaceful night in springtime, white dove of the light of dawn peaceful night in springtime, white lily - that is what you are And since I have arrived here, so full of delight receive this tender kiss that I send to you Field in winter, withered flower night without moon, black storm; flower without aroma, withered; chopped-down tree - that is what I am.</p>
<p>El Paño Moruno Al paño fino, en la tienda, una mancha le cayó; Por menos precio se vende, Porque perdió su valor. ¡Ay!</p>	<p>The Moorish cloth On the fine cloth in the store a stain has fallen; It sells at a lesser price, because it has lost its value. Alas!</p>
<p>Nana Duérmete, niño, duerme,</p>	<p>Nana Sleep, child, sleep,</p>

<p>Duerme, mi alma, Duérmete, lucerito De la mañana. Naninta, nana, Naninta, nana. Duérmete, lucerito De la mañana.</p>	<p>Sleep, my soul; Sleep, little light Of the morning. Lullaby, Lullaby, Sleep, little light of the morning.</p>
<p>Asturiana Por ver si me consolaba, Arrime a un pino verde, Por ver si me consolaba.</p> <p>Por verme llorar, lloraba. Y el pino como era verde, Por verme llorar, lloraba.</p>	<p>Asturiana To see whether it would console me, I drew near a green pine, To see whether it would console me.</p> <p>Seeing me weep, it wept; And the pine, being green, seeing me weep, wept.</p>
<p>Cancion Por traidores, tus ojos, voy a enterrarlos; No sabes lo que cuesta, »Del aire« Niña, el mirarlos. »Madre a la orilla Madre«</p> <p>Dicen que no me quieres, Y a me has querido... Váyase lo ganado, »Del aire« Por lo perdido, »Madre a la orilla Madre«</p>	<p>Cancion Because your eyes are traitors I will bury them away; You don't know what it costs me, "of that look" Little girl, to look at them. "Mother, on the brink!" "Mother!"</p> <p>They say that you don't love me any more But you've already loved me. Go away, all that was gained, "of that look" In exchange for all that which is lost, "Mother, on the brink!" "Mother!"</p>
<p style="text-align: right;">Fernando Obradors</p> <p>¿Corazón, por qué pasáis Las noches de amor despierto Si vuestro dueño descansa En los brazos de otro dueño?</p>	<p>My heart, why do you keep awake during the nights of love, if your master rests in the arms of another master?</p>
<p>Con amores, la mi madre, Con amores me dormí; Así dormida soñaba Lo que el corazón velaba, Que el amor me consolaba Con más bien que merecí. Adormecióme el favor Que amor me dió con amor; Dió descanso a mi dolor La fe con que le serví Con amores, la mi madre,</p>	<p>With love, my mother, with love I fell asleep; thus asleep, I was dreaming that which my heart was hiding, that love was consoling me with more good than I deserved. The aid lulled me to sleep. What love gave me, with love put to bed my pain by the faith with which I served you. With love, my mother,</p>

Con amores me dormí!	with love I fell asleep.
Chiquitita la novia, Chiquitita el novio, Chiquitita la sala, Y er dormitorio, Por eso yo quiero Chiquitita la cama Y er mosquitero.	Tiny is the bride, Tiny is the groom, Tiny is the living room, Tiny is the bedroom. That is why I want a tiny bed with a mosquito net.
Dos horas ha que callejeo pero no veo, nerviosa ya, sin calma, al que le di confiada el alma. No vi hombre jamás que mintiera más que el majo que hoy me engaña; mas no le ha de valer pues siempre fui mujer de maña y, si es menester, correré sin parar, tras él, entera España.	Two hours that I wander But I don't see, now agitated, without peace, the man to whom I trustingly gave my soul. Never before saw a man that lied more than him who now deceives me; but, it'll be of no use to him for I've always been a stubborn woman and, if necessary, I'll run without stopping after him, (through) the whole Spain.
Llega a mi reja y me mira por la noche un majo que, en cuanto me ve y suspira, se va calle abajo. ¡Ay qué tío más tardío! ¡Si así se pasa la vida estoy divertida! Otra vez pasa y se alejo y no se entusiasma y bajito yo le digo ¡Adiós Don Fantasma! ¡Ay que tío más tardío! Si así se pasa la vida estoy divertida.	In the night a youth comes to my window lattice and looks at me. As soon as he sees me, he sighs and he runs away. Oh! What a frightened youth. If life should pass so I will be very amused. Once again he comes and runs away, showing no ardor, and gently I say to him: Good-bye, Sir Phantom! Oh! What a frightened youth. If life should pass so I will be very amused.
Dicen que mi majo es feo. Es posible que sí que lo sea, que amor es deseo que ciega y marea. Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no ve. Mas si no es mi majo un hombre	People say that my beloved is homely, and that may be true, for love is the longing which masks and conceals. There are even times when love blinds. But if my beloved is not a man

<p>que por lindo descuelle y asombre, en cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto que yo posé en él sabiendo que es fiel.</p> <p>¿Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardó? Sería indiscreto contarlo yo. No poco trabajo costara saber secretos de un majo con una mujer. Nació en Lavapiés. ¡Eh, ¡eh! ¡Es un majo, un majo es!</p>	<p>whose beauty shines and astonishes, then he is a man who is discreet and able to keep the secret that I entrust to him, knowing that he is faithful.</p> <p>What could this secret be that he is guarding? It would be indiscreet for me to reveal it. To expose the secret binding of a man and a woman requires no insignificant efforts. He was born in Lavapies. Uh-huh! He is a man, a man is he.</p>
<p>Pensé que yo sabría ocultar la pena mía que por estar en lo profundo no alcanzara a ver el mundo: este amor callado que un majo malvado en mi alma encendió.</p> <p>Y no fue así porque él vislumbró el pesar oculto en mí. Pero fue en vano que vislumbrara pues el villano no mostrose ajeno de que le amara.</p> <p>Y esta es la pena que sufro ahora: sentir mi alma llena de amor por quien me olvida, sin que una luz alentadora surja en las sombras de mi vida.</p>	<p>I thought that I could hide my sorrow, this quiet love that an evil “majo” set alight in my soul, although it is so deep, it cannot manage to see the world. And it was not so because he glimpsed the torment hidden within me. But it was to no avail that he saw my grief for the villain appeared indifferent to my love. And this is the torment that I suffer now: to feel my soul filled with love for someone who forgets me with no encouraging light to loom up in the shadows of my life.</p>
<p>¿Por qué es en mis ojos tan hondo el mirar que a fin de cortar desdenes y enojos los suelo entornar? ¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán que si acaso con calor</p>	<p>Because my eyes hold such an intense gaze in order to avoid disdain and fighting I tend to look away What fire do they carry inside, that with only a little passion,</p>

<p>los clavo en mi amor sonrojo me dan?</p> <p>Por eso el chispero a quien mi alma dí al verse ante mí me tira el sombrero y dícame así: "Mi Maja, no me mires más que tus ojos rayos son y ardiendo en pasión la muerte me dan."</p>	<p>when I look at my lover, they cause me to blush?</p> <p>That's why this fiery man to whom I gave my soul when standing in front of me tosses a hat my way and says to me: "my love, do not look at me anymore for your eyes are lightning and burning in desire they give me death."</p>
<p>Cuando recuerdes los días pasados, piensa en mí, en mí. Cuando de flores se llene tu reja, piensa en mí, piensa en mí.</p> <p>Cuando en las noches serenas, cante el ruiseñor, piensa en el majo olvidado que muere de amor.</p> <p>¡Pobre del majo olvidado! ¡Qué duro sufrir, sufrir, sufrir! Pues que la ingrata le dejó, no quiere vivir.</p>	<p>When recalling the days passed by, Think of me, of me. When the flowers fill your lattice, Think of me, think of me.</p> <p>When, in the serene night, The nightingale sings, Think of the forgotten lad who is dying of love.</p> <p>Poor forgotten lad! How hard it is to suffer, suffer, suffer! Because the ungrateful lass left him, He does not want to live.</p>
<p>¡Ay majo de mi vida, no, no, tú no has muerto! ¿Acaso yo existiese si fuera eso cierto?</p> <p>¡Quiero, loca, besar tu boca! Quiero, segura, gozar más de tu ventura, ¡ay!, de tu ventura.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>Oh, love of my life, no, no, you have not died! Perhaps I could continue on if this were not true?</p> <p>I want to passionately kiss you, I want to share in your happiness. Oh, to share in your happiness.</p> <p>But, alas, I am raving, phantasizing, my beloved no longer exists, the world around me is nothing more than despair, there is no consolation for me, only the chill of death, so will he forever be mine.</p>
<p>¡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</p>	<p>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</p>

<p>así vivir!</p> <p>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!</p>	<p>than death.</p> <p>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.</p>
<p>El Tra la la y el punteado Es en balde, majo mío, que sigas hablando porque hay cosas que contesto yo siempre cantando: Tra la la... Por más que preguntes tanto: tra la la... En mí no causas quebranto ni yo he de salir de mi canto: tra la la...</p>	<p>Soon the young man you are speaking about will be mine, for there are some things to which I always answer singing. tra la la... No matter how much you question, tra la la... it does not excite any doubts in me. just as little as it deters me from my song. tra la la...</p>
<p>Chanson Espagnole Adieu, va, mon homme, adieu, Puis-qu'ils t'ont pris pour la guerre; Il n'est désormais sur terre, Las! pour moi ni ris ni jeu! La la la la ...</p> <p>Castille prends nos garçons Pour faire triompher sa cause. S'en vont aussi doux que roses, Reviennent durs comme chardons. La la la la ...</p>	<p>Farewell, go, my husband, farewell; Since they have taken you for the war There is no longer on earth Alas! for me, neither laughter, nor fun!</p> <p>Castille takes our boys To make her cause triumphant, They go off as soft as rose petals, They return hard as thistles.</p>
<p>Chanson de la Foire El seus tresors mostra la fira perquè els agafis amb la mà. Jo sóc cansat de tant mirar i la meva anima sospira. Cotó de sucre, cavallets, càntirs de vidre i arracades lluen i salten fent ballades entre el brogit dels platerets. El teu esguard ple d'avidesa un immortal design el mou. ¿Cerques un spectacle nou més amunt de la fira encesa? Els estels punxen tot el cel. L'oreig escampa espurnes. Mira: cam poc a poc es mor la fira sota la llum d'aquell estel. Glateixes per copsar l'estrella?</p>	<p>The fair displays its wonders for you to grasp in either hand. I am weary with so much gazing and my soul sighs. Candy-floss, merry-go-round, jugs of glass and earrings gleam and dance as they quiver amid the clamour of cymbals. Your gaze, brimming with eagerness, craves an immortal wish. Are you seeking a new spectacle beyond the glowing fair? The stars pierce the whole expanse of sky. The breeze scatters the sparks. Look: How gradually the fire dies beneath the light of that star. Do you yearn to catch the star? Ah, desire clutches your heart!</p>

<p>Ai, que el design t'estreny el cor!</p>	
<p>Damunt de tu només les flors Eren com una ofrena blanda: la llum qu daven al teu cos mai més seria de la branca;</p> <p>tota una vida de perfun amb el seu bes t'era donada. Tu resplendies de la llum per l'esguard clos atresorada.</p> <p>¡Si hagués pogut ésser sospir de flor! Donar-me, com un lliur, a tu, perquè la meua vida s'anés marcint sobre el teu pit. I no saber mai més la nit, que al teu costat fóra esvaïda.</p>	<p>Above you naught but flowers</p> <p>Above you naught but flowers. They were like a white offering: The light they shed on your body will nevermore belong to the branch.</p> <p>An entire life of perfume was given you with their kiss. You were resplendent in the light, treasured by your closed eyes.</p> <p>Could I have been the sigh of a flower! Given myself as a lily to you, that my life might wither over your breast, nevermore to know the night, vanished from your side.</p>
<p>Aquesta nit un mateix vent ¡una mateixa vela encesa devein dur el tue pensament ¡el meu per mars on la tendresa</p> <p>es torna música I cristall. El bes se'ns a feia transparència – Si tu eres l'aigua, jo el mirall – Com si abracéssim una absència.</p> <p>¿El nostre cel fóra, poster, un somni etern, així, de besos fets melodia, I un no ser de cossos junts I d'ulls encesos amb flames blanques, I un sospir d'acariciar sedes de lliur?</p>	<p>Tonight the same wind</p> <p>Tonight the same wind And the same gleaming sail Are bearing your thoughts And mine across seas where tenderness</p> <p>Turns to music and crystal light. Our kiss became transparent – if you were the the water, I was the mirror it was as though we embraced a void.</p> <p>Is our heaven, perhaps, an eternal dream of kisses made melody, an incorporeal union with burning eyes and white flames and a sigh as if caressing silken lilies?</p>
<p>Jo et pressentia com la mar i com el vent, immense, lliure, alta, damunt de tot atzar i tot destí.</p> <p>I en el meu viure, com el respire. I ara que et tinc veig com el somni et limitava. Tu no ets un nom, ni un gest. No vinc a tu com a la imatge blava d'un somni humà.</p>	<p>I sensed you were like the sea</p> <p>I sensed you were like the sea, and like the wind, immense free, towering above all hazard and all destiny.</p> <p>And in my life like breathing. And now that I have you, I see how limiting my dream had been. You are neither name or gesture.</p>

Tu no ets la mar,
que és presonera dins de platges,
tu no ets el vent, pres en l'espai.

Tu no tens limits;
No hi ha, encara, mots per a dir-te,
Ni paisatges per ser el tu món –
ni hi seran mai.

Nor do I come to you as a hazy image of a
human dream.

You are not the sea,
which is confined between beaches,
you are not the wind, caught in space.

You are boundless;
there are as yet no words to express you,
nor landscapes to form your world –
nor will there ever be.