

Laura Cifuentes

SENIOR RECITAL

Translations

La Farfalletta -The little butterfly

Little butterfly, wait, o, wait, don't fly away so quickly.
I don't mean to harm you, stop and fulfill my wish.
I want to kiss you and to feed you, to save you from danger.
You shall have a crystal room and will always live in peace.

I know that April gemmed your golden, variegated wings,
I know you're pretty, lively and graceful, among your equals the most beautiful.
But my beloved has golden hair, the lad I love and adore.
And as you, he's lively and graceful, among his equals the most beautiful.

I want to snatch and offer you to him; dearer than roses, lilies and myrtles,
my lad will be to you and you will be his plaything.
In his looks, in his pure bosom, my darling has roses and lilies.
Come, escape from danger, seek roses and lilies no more.

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Sogno d'infanzia - Childhood dream

Sweet dreams of my first years my heart intoxicates me with your memory;
in my torment, I hope in you only.
Nothing can banish you from my mind, unknown object of my desires;
as you were for me then, I remember you with your smile, with your languor.

A quick flash swept your weak life away and took it where one dies,
and I still call you.
I curse the moment when I saw you as pure as a lily at dawn:
you flew to your shores, and without you my heart dies.

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Vaga luna, che inargenti - Lovely moon, you who shed silver light

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light on these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs to her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope, it is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night, I count the hours of sorrow,
That flattering hope comforts me in my love.

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English copyright © by Antonio Giuliano,

Ma rendi pur contento - Only make her happy

Only make happy the heart of my beautiful [lady],
And I will pardon you, love if my own [heart] is not glad.

Her troubles I fear more than my own troubles,
Because I live more in her than I live in myself.

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English copyright © 2003 by Barbara Miller.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen - He, the most glorious of all

He, the most glorious of all, O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes, bright mind and steadfast courage.
Just as yonder in the blue depths, bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens, bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Meander, meander thy paths, but to observe thy gleam,
but to observe in meekness, but to be blissful and sad!
Hear not my silent prayer, consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid, lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one, many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep, blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break, break, O heart, what of it?

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © by Daniel Platt.

Du Ring an meinem Finger - Thou ring on my finger

Thou ring on my finger, my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips piously upon my heart.
I had dreamt it, the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger, thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto the endless, deep value of life.
I want to serve him, live for him, belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger, my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips, piously upon my heart.

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © by Daniel Platt.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern - Help me, ye sisters

Help me, ye sisters, friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one, busily wind
about my brow the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified, of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved, so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart, impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters, help me to banish
a foolish anxiety, so that I may with clear
eyes receive him, him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved, thou appear to me,
Givest thou, sun, thy shine to me? Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness, let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters, strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses, but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy, joyfully departing from your midst.

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Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz...- Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain...

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain, how it struck me.
Thou sleepst, thou hard, merciless man, the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead, the world is void.
I have loved and lived, I am no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself, the veil falls,
there I have thee and my lost happiness, O thou my world!

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La statue de bronze - The bronze statue

The frog
Of the barrel game
Grows weary at evening, beneath the arbor...
She has had enough!
Of being the statue
Who is about to [hurl into the silence]1 a great word: The Word!

She would love to be with the others
Who make music bubbles
With the soap of the moon
Beside the lustrous bronze tub
That one sees there, shining between the branches...

At midday one hurls at her
A feast of discs
That pass through without benefit to her

And will resound
In the chambers

Of her numbered pedestal!

And at night, the insects go to sleep
In her mouth...

Translation from French to English by Léon-Paul Fargue.

Daphénéo - Dapheneo

Tell me, Dapheneo, what is that tree
The fruit of which is weeping birds?

That tree, Chrysaline, is a bird-tree.

Ah! I believe that trees
Produce hazelnuts, Dapheneo.

Yes, Chrysaline, trees give hazelnuts,
But bird-trees give weeping birds.

Ah!...

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Le Chapelier - The Hatmaker.

The hatmaker is surprised to note
That his watch is three days slow,
Though he has taken care to grease it,
Always with first-quality butter.
But he allowed crumbs of bread
To fall into its gears,
And though he plunged his watch in tea,
This will not advance it any further.
Authorship:

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El Paño Moruno - 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!

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Seguidilla Murciana - Murcian Seguidilla

He who has a house of glass
should not throw stones at the neighbor's.
We are like muleteers;
It could be that on the road we will meet!

For your great inconstancy I compare you
to a peseta that runs from hand to hand;
which finally blurs, and, believing it false,
no one will accept it!

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Asturiana - Asturian

To see whether it would console me,
I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.

Seeing me weep, it wept;
And the pine, being green,
seeing me weep, wept.

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Jota - Jota

They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking
But they only have to ask
both your heart and mine.

Now I bid you farewell
your house and your window too
and even ... your mother
Farewell, my sweetheart
until tomorrow.

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Nana - Nana

Go to sleep, Child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep, little star
Of the morning.
Lulla-lullaby,
Lulla-lullaby,
Sleep, little star
of the morning.

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Canción - Song

Because your eyes are traitors I will hide from them
You don't know how painful it is to look at them.
"Mother, I feel worthless, Mother."

They say they don't love me
and yet once they did love me
"Love has been lost in the air
Mother, all is lost. It is lost, Mother."

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Polo - Pole

Ay!
I keep an "Ay!"
I keep an "Ay!"

I keep a pain in my breast,
I keep a pain in my breast,
AY!
Which I will not tell anyone!

Cursed be love, cursed;
Cursed be love, cursed;
AY!
And the one that brought me to know it!
AY!

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