

Texts and Translations

NOUMI NOUMI YALDATI

Hebrew Lullaby (Israel)

*Hush now, go to sleep,
hush now, sleep, my little baby girl.*

Your daddy's gone to work,
your daddy has gone, has gone.
When the moon has risen he'll come back home,
bringing a gift for his little one.
Hush now, go to sleep . . .

Your daddy's gone to the vineyard,
Your daddy has gone, has gone.
When the stars have risen he'll come back home,
bringing some grapes for his little one.
Hush now, go to sleep . . .

MARINERO SOY DE AMOR

Música: Anónimo sefardí

Texto: Miguel de Cervantes

Marinero soy de amor y en su piélagó profundo
navego sin esperanza de llegar a puerto alguno.

Siguiendo voy a una estrella que desde lejos
descubro, más bella y resplandeciente que cuantas
vio Palinuro.

Yo no sé adónde me guía y, así, navego confuso,
el alma a mirarla atenta, cuidadosa y con
descuido.

LOVE'S MARINER

Music: Anonymous Sephardic

Text: Miguel de Cervantes

Love's mariner, I sail the seas and the fathomless depths I plough,
with never a glimpse of port as I watch from the vessel's prow.

I steer my course by a distant star that shines bright in the sky;
More beautiful she is by far than any Palinurus at his helm did
spy.

Where she leads I cannot tell, I follow to all else blind;
My soul, intent on watching her, casts care and caution to the
wind.

MIREU EL NOSTRE MAR

Tradicional catalana: El cant dels ocells

Text: Manuel Forcano

Mireu el nostre mar, escuma als peus del far:
vol arrelar-se a terra. Les serres ancorades
somniaen el seu blau i el gest brau de les onades.

Mireu el nostre mar enamorat del cel que sap dolç
com la mel. Alça amunt les onades,
només el vol besar i abraçar ses nuvolades.

BEHOLD OUR SEA

Traditional Catalan: The carol of the birds

Text: Manuel Forcano

Behold our sea, foaming at the foot of the lighthouse:
as it strives to take root on land. The anchored mountains
dream of its blue and the untamed motion of the waves.

Behold our sea in love with the sky,
that tastes as sweet as honey. It hurls up its waves,
wishing only to kiss and embrace its billowing clouds.

EL MARINER

Tradicional catalana

A la vora de la mar hi ha una donzella
qu'en bordava un mocador qu'és per la reina.

Quan en fou a mig bodar li manca seda
veu venir un mariner qu'una nau mena.

Mariner, bon mariner que en porteu seda?
Pugeu a dalt de la nau triareu d'ella.

Mariner es posa a cantar cançons novelles,
amb el cant de mariner s'és dormideta.

No son marinera, no que en sereu reina
que jo so el fill del Rei de l'Inglaterra.

THE SAILOR

Traditional Catalan

There sat a maid beside the sea,
embroidering a handkerchief for the queen.

With half the work done, she ran out of silk.
Then she spied a sailor a-sailing his ship.

Good sailor, sir, do you have any silk?
Come on board, and take your pick.

The latest songs the sailor then did sing, and
the sound of the sailor singing, fair lulled the maid to sleep.

Dream not of being a sailor's wife, for you shall be a queen.
For I am none other than the son of the realm of England's king.

LA CANÇÓ DEL LLADRE

Tradicional catalana

Quan jo era petitet festejava i presumia,
espartenya blanca al peu mocador a la falsa.

Adéu, clavell morenet! Adéu, estrella del dia!

I ara que en sóc grandet, m'he posat en mala vida.
Me só posat a robar, ofici de cada dia.

Adéu, clavell morenet! Adéu, estrella del dia!

Quan he tingut prou diners, he robat a una nina
l'he robada en falsetat, dient que m'hi casaria.

Adéu, clavell morenet! Adéu, estrella del dia!

La justícia me l'ha pres i en presó fosca m'envia
la justícia me l'ha pres i em farà pagar amb ma vida.

Adéu, clavell morenet! Adéu, estrella del dia!

THE THIEF'S SONG

Traditional Catalan

When I was just a lad, I'd go a-courting and cut a dash
in my white canvas shoes and a kerchief in my pocket.

Farewell, my red carnation! Farewell, my morning star!

But now I am a man, I've turned to wicked ways.
Now I go a-thieving, and that's my only trade.

Farewell, my red carnation! Farewell, my morning star!

When I had stolen money enough, I stole a young girl, too.
with trickery I stole her heart by saying we would wed.

Farewell, my red carnation! Farewell, my morning star!

Now justice has caught me and locked me in a gloomy cell;
Now justice has caught me and will make me pay with my life.

Farewell, my red carnation! Farewell, my morning star

FROM A STRANGE AND FAR-OFF LAND

Traditional from Greece

From a strange and far-off land
there came a twenty-year-old maid.

Her eyes were black and fair her hair,
and a mole upon her cheek she had.

DURME, DURME, HERMOSA DONZELLA

Nana - Anónimo sefardí (Rodas)

¡Durme, durme, hermosa donzella, durme hermosa, sin
ansia y dolor! Heq tu esclavo, que tanto desea ver tu
sueño con grande amor.

El dia vo llorando, la noche sin dormir
pasando y preguntando fin hasta cuándo vo sufrir.

SLEEP, SLEEP, FAIR MAIDEN

Lullaby - Anonymous Sephardic (Rhodes)

Sleep, sleep, fair maiden, sleep, my beauty,
without worry or care. Here is your slave, whose only
desire is tenderly to guard your sleep.

By day I weep, at night I cannot sleep
for wondering how long I'll go on suffering.

ÜSKÜDAR'A GIDER IKEN

Traditional from Turkey

Üsküdar'a gider iken aldi da bir yañmur
Katibimin setiresi uzun eteñi çamur
Kâtib uykudan uyanmñ gözleri mahmur

Kâtip benim, ben kâtibin el ne kariñir
Kâtibime kolali da gömlek ne güzel Yarañir

FOLIAS CRIOLLAS / JARABE LOCO:

AHORA SI YA ESTÁN UNIDOS

Letra de Enrique Barona, basado en un verso tradicional
del *Jarabe Loco* jarocho

Ahora si ya están unidos el nuevo y el viejo mundo
y sólo están divididos por un viejo mar profundo.

FOLIAS CRIOLLAS / JARABE LOCO:

AT LAST THEY ARE UNITED

Lyrics by Enrique Barona, inspired in a traditional verse
from the *jarocho* "Jarabe Loco"

At last they are united, the old and the new world,
and now they only stand divided by a sea as deep as it is old.