

*CONFIADO JILGUERILLO . . . Literes*

Trusting little linnet look how troubling it is from the way you were, how fortune and love have conquered you and the air that you once so proudly assumed so lost as never to be found. Once you went from bough to bough and flower to flower hopping, lively, singing, lucky is the one who longs for love. Beware that quickly laughter becomes weeping and pleasure sorrow...ay, ay.

*SEGUIDILLAS RELIGIOSAS . . . Pla*

At the beginning of the 18th century, Spanish music underwent considerable Italian influence, but before long Spanish taste reacted vigorously against this subordination. This is exemplified by the Seguidillas Religiosas of Manuel Pla. These seguidillas belong to a religious play of the mid-18th century entitled *La Lepra de Constantino*. This type of religious play was much in vogue during the 17th century, and the tradition was continued until 1765, when these plays were banned.

*CANCION DE CUNA . . . . . Anonymous*

This "cradle song" comes from a tonadilla entitled *El Gurrumino* (The Henpecked Husband). The tonadilla escénica (stage musical interlude) which flourished in the second half of the 18th century, dealt with an extensive variety of subjects, but the majority of these were of a satirical or picaresque nature. The favorite types of people were those taken from the lower strata of society; workmen, artisans, street vendors and, above all, those majos and majas (gallants and their womenfolk) immortalized by Goya in his paintings.

*EL TRIPILI . . . . . Laserna*

I am like that cobblestone found in the middle of the street. Everyone meddles with her but she heeds no one. With this old air one sings and dances; go my little winsome one for you are stealing my soul away. Three thousand times a day I remember that you loved me, and three thousand times I remember that what was no longer exists...etc.

*OH! MUERTE CRUEL . . . . Granados*

O cruel death! Why by treachery did you take my majo, my passion? I don't want to live without him for it is death to live thus. It is impossible now to feel more pain: My soul is dissolved in tears. O God! Return my love, for it is death to live thus.

*AY, MAJO DE MI VIDA . . . . Granados*

Oh, majo of my life, no, you have not died! Would I still be alive if that were true? Wildly I wish to kiss your lips! I want to faithfully share your destiny.

But oh! I am delirious, dreaming, my majo no longer exists, around me the world is weeping and sad. I find no consolation in my sorrow, but even dead and cold my majo will always be mine! Oh, always mine!

*DE AQUEL MAJO AMANTE . . . . Granados*

Of that beloved majo who was my glory I cherish a happy memory. He loved me ardently and faithfully, and I gave my whole life to him, and I would give it again a thousand times, if he wanted it, for when feelings are deep, torments are sweet. And as I think of my beloved majo, dreams come back of a time gone by.

*CALLEJEJO . . . . . Granados*

I have walked the streets for two hours, nervous and restless, but I did not see him to whom I trustingly gave my soul. I have never met a man who lied more than the majo who betrays me now. But he will find it of no avail, for I was always a clever woman, and if necessary, I will follow him carelessly all over Spain.

*AMOR Y ODIO . . . . . Granados*

I thought I would know how to hide my sorrow, to hide it so well that the world would not be able to see this silent love that a wicked majo fired in my soul. But it was not so, because he perceived my hidden suffering.

But it was in vain that he noticed it, for the villain proved indifferent to my love, and this is the pain which I suffer now; To feel my soul full of love for one who forgets me, without one hopeful ray of light to brighten the shadows of my life.

*LAS CURRATACAS MODESTAS . . Granados*

What girls are there, tell me please, living hereabouts that look as pretty as this! When they see the two of us everyone calls out "God bless you!" It is quite something to see the irresistible power which women have when they're born in Madrid, in Moncloa, or La Florida. Just you tell me if anywhere you've seen a foot that's half as fair and small as this one. Olé! And since our granny's long since dead, what's the point of modesty? Ha! Ha!

LA MAJA DE GOYA . . . . . Granados

As long as I live I will never forget the gallant and beloved image of Goya. There is not a woman, or maja, or lady who does not miss Goya. If I found one who would not love me as he loved me, I would not desire, no, nor crave greater fortune or happiness.

EL MAJO TIMIDO . . . . . Granados

There is a majo who comes to my window in the evening and looks at me. As soon as he sees me and sighs, he goes off down the street -- Oh! What a dullard of a man. If this is the way it will be, a fine time I shall have.

If today he goes by and looks at me but does not get his courage up, and after that greeting he disappears like a ghost -- Oh! What a dullard of a man. He is so in love, but my gates remain silent.

EL MIRAR DE LA MAJA . . . Granados

Why do my eyes have this deep look? I must lower my lids to hide scorn and hatred. Such fire they gave forth that if by chance with passion I fix them on my love, they make me blush. Therefore, the chispero to whom I have given my soul, pulls down his hat when meeting me and says: My maja! Do not look at me for your eyes are like lightning and burning with passion, they destroy me.

EL TRA-LA-LA Y EL PUNTEADO . . . Granados

It is useless, my majo, for you to persist, because there are things which I always answer with a song. Tra la la...

No matter how much you question, you will not distress me, nor will I cease my song.

EL MAJO OLVIDADO . . . . . Granados

When you recall the bygone days, think of me, think of me. When your window fills with flowers, think of me, think of me. Poor deserted majo! What deep suffering has befallen him! Since the ungrateful maja left him, he does not wish to live. When in the evenings the nightingale sings, think of the forgotten majo who is dying of love.

EL MAJO DISCRETO . . . . . Granados

They say that my majo is homely; maybe it is so, for love is but a desire that blinds and dazzles. I have long known that he who loves is blind.

But if my majo is not a man noted for being handsome, he is discreet and keeps a secret which I, knowing he is trustworthy, confided to him.

What is the secret that the majo kept? It would be indiscreet for me to tell. No little effort is required to discover the secrets a majo has with a woman. He was born in Lavapies. Oh! Oh! He's a majo, a majo he is.

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SIETE CANCIONES POPULARES ESPAÑOLAS . . Falla

EL PAÑO MORUNO

On the fine cloth in the shop there fell a stain; it sells at a cheaper price, for it has lost its worth. Ay!

SEGUIDILLA MURCIANA

Whoever has a roof that is made of glass ought not to throw stones at that of his neighbor.

Let us be muleteers; perhaps in the street we shall meet each other!

For your great inconstancy I would compare you to a peseta that passes from hand to hand; when it gets smeared and looks counterfeit no one will take it!

ASTURIANA

Seeking consolation I lay under a green pine; it wept to see me weeping. And the pine, because it was green, wept to see me weeping!

JOTA

They say we don't love each other because they don't see us speak; they ought to question instead both your heart and mine.

I take my leave of you, of your house and your window; and though your mother forbids it, farewell, sweetheart, till tomorrow. Though your mother forbids it....

NANA

Go to sleep, child, to sleep, to sleep, my dearest, go to sleep, little star of the morning. Lullaby, lullaby, go to sleep, little star of the morning.

CANCION

I shall put away as traitors those eyes of yours; you know not how I pay ("Del aire..."), my child, for looking at them. ("Madre, a la orilla...")

They say you don't love me, but you loved me once...you came off the winner for having lost me.

POLO -- Ay! I nourish a pain in my breast, and can tell no one of it!  
Accursed by love, ay! and the one who professed it to me!