



**EDINBURGH
INTERNATIONAL
FESTIVAL**

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

**FATMA SAID
& MALCOLM MARTINEAU**

27 Aug 12pm & 2.30pm

OLD COLLEGE QUAD

The performance lasts approx. 1hr with no interval.

Supported by

The Peter Diamand Trust

Please ensure all mobile phones and electronic devices are turned off or put on silent.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–91)

Der Zauberer

Das Veilchen

Abendempfindung

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Warnung

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Le réveil de la mariée

Là-bas, vers l'église

Quel galant m'est comparable?

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Tout gai!

Shéhérazade

Asie

La flûte enchantée

L'indifférent

Manuel de Falla (1876–1946)

Siete canciones populares españolas

El paño moruno

Seguidilla murciana

Asturiana

Jota

Nana

Canción

Polo

Federico García Lorca (1898–1936)

Three songs from
Canciones españolas antiguas

Anda, jaleo

Nana de Sevilla

Sevillanas del siglo XVIII

Der Zauberer

Ihr Mädchen, flieht Damöten ja!
Als ich zum erstenmal ihn sah,
Da fühlt' ich, so was fühlt' ich nie;
Mir ward, mir ward, ich weiss nicht wie:
Ich seufzte, zitterte, und schien mich doch zu freun;
Glaubt mir, er muss ein Zaub'rer sein!

Sah ich ihn an, so ward mir heiss,
Bald ward ich rot, bald ward ich weiss;
Zuletzt nahm er mich bei der Hand;
Wer sagt mir, was ich da empfand?
Ich sah, ich hörte nichts, sprach nichts als ja und nein;
Glaubt mir, er muss ein Zaub'rer sein!

Er führte mich in dies Gesträuch;
Ich wollt' ihm flieh'n und folgt' ihm gleich;
Er setzte sich, ich setzte mich;
Er sprach, nur Sylben stammelt' ich;
Die Augen starrten ihm, die meinen wurden klein;
Glaubt mir, er muss ein Zaub'rer sein!

Entbrannt drückt' er mich an sein Herz,
Was fühlt' ich Welch ein süsser Schmerz!
Ich schluchzt', ich atmete sehr schwer!
Da kam zum Glück die Mutter her;
Was würd', o Götter, sonst nach so viel Zauberei'n,
Aus mir zuletzt geworden sein!

Christian Felix Weisse (1726–1804)

The sorcerer

Girls, run away from Damötas!
The first time I saw him,
I sensed something I had never felt before;
I was, I was, I cannot describe it:
I sighed, trembled and seemed overjoyed;
Believe me, he must be a sorcerer!

When I set eyes on him, I grew warm,
Soon I was flushed, then turned pale;
Finally he took me by the hand;
Who can say what I experienced?
I saw nothing, heard nothing, said only yes and no;
Believe me, he must be a sorcerer!

He led me into the thicket;
I wanted to flee, yet simply followed;
He sat down, I sat down;
He spoke, but I stammered in syllables;
He stared, my eyes shrank;
Believe me, he must be a sorcerer!

He pressed me passionately to his breast,
What a sensation! What sweet pain!
I gulped, I could barely breathe!
Luckily my mother appeared;
But for that, O gods, after so much sorcery,
What would have become of me!

Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.
Da kam eine junge Schäferin
Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn,
Daher, daher
Die Wiese her und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär' ich nur
Die schönste Blume der Natur,
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt
Und an dem Busen mattgedrückt!
Ach nur, ach nur,
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach, das Mädchen kam
Und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.
Es sank und starb und freut sich noch:
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch
Durch sie, durch sie
Zu ihren Füßen doch.
Das arme Veilchen!
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

The violet

A violet was growing in the meadow,
Unnoticed and with bowed head;
It was a dear sweet violet.
Along came a young shepherdess
Light of step and happy of heart,
Along, along
Through the meadow, and sang.

Ah! thinks the violet, if I were only
The loveliest flower in all Nature,
Ah! for only a little while,
Until my darling had picked me
And crushed me against her bosom!
Ah only, ah only,
For a single quarter hour!

But alas! alas, the girl drew near
And took no heed of the violet,
Trampled the poor violet.
It sank and died and yet still rejoiced:
And if I die, at least I die
Through her, through her
And at her feet.
The poor violet!
It was a dear sweet violet!

Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden,
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne
Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu
Schliess' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab;
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.

Weih' mir eine Träne und ach!
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n;
O sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

Joachim Heinrich Campe (1746–1818)

Evening thoughts

It is evening, the sun has vanished,
And the moon sheds its silver light;
So life's sweetest hours speed by,
Flit by as in a dance!

Soon life's pageant will be over,
And the curtain will fall.
Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend
Flow already on our grave.

Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr,
A silent presentiment will reach me,
And I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
Fly to the land of rest.

If you then weep by my grave,
And gaze mourning on my ashes,
Then, dear friends, I shall appear to you
And waft you up to heaven.

May you too shed a tear for me
And pluck a violet for my grave;
And let your compassionate gaze
Look tenderly down on me.

Consecrate a tear to me and ah!
Be not ashamed to do so;
In my diadem it shall become
The fairest pearl of all.

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte

Erzeugt von heisser Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte – Geht zu Grunde!
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein,
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,
Und all die schwärmerischen Lieder;
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier.
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir.

Gabriele von Baumberg (1768–1839)

Warnung

Männer suchen stets zu naschen,
Lässt man sie allein;
Leicht sind Mädchen zu erhaschen,
Weiss man sie zu überraschen.
Soll das zu verwundern sein?
Mädchen haben frisches Blut,
Und das Naschen schmeckt so gut.

Doch das Naschen vor dem Essen
Nimmt den Appetit.
Manche kam, die das vergessen,
Um den Schatz, den sie besessen,
Und um ihren Liebsten mit.
Väter, lässt' euch Warnung sein:
Sperrt die Zuckerplätzchen ein!
Sperrt die jungen Mädchen ein!

Anonymous

When Luise burnt her unfaithful lover's letters

Begotten by ardent fantasy,
Born in
An emotional moment – perish!
Ye children of melancholy!

You owe your existence to flames,
To flames I now return you,
And all those passionate songs;
For ah! he did not sing for me alone.

Now you are burning, and soon, my dears,
Not a trace of you will remain.
But ah! the man who wrote you
May smoulder yet a long time in my heart.

Warning

Men always try to nibble,
If they're left alone;
Girls can easily be caught,
If you take them by surprise.
Is that to be wondered at?
Girls have fresh young blood,
And nibbling is so pleasant.

But nibbling before meals
Takes away the appetite.
Many a girl, who's forgotten that,
Has lost the treasure she possessed,
And with it her beloved.
Fathers, let this be a warning:
Lock your sugar-drops away!
Lock young girls away!

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Le réveil de la mariée

Réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté
Mon coeur en est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Quel galant m'est comparable?

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme, joie de mon coeur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du coeur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
O lorsque tu parais, Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres coeurs soupirent!

The bride's awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
Spread your wings to the morning.
Three beauty spots
Set my heart aflame!
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie round your hair.
If you wish, my beauty, come let us marry!
In our two families, everyone is related!

Down there by the church

Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sidero,
The church, O blessed Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together,
Buried in infinite numbers,
The world's, O blessed Virgin,
The world's bravest people!

What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can compare with me,
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, mistress Vassiliki?
Look, hanging on my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it is you I love!

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
Treasure so precious to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
O when you appear, angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel,
Under the bright sun,
Alas! all our poor hearts sigh!

Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la...

Traditional, translated by

Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877–1944)

So merry!

So merry! Ah, so merry!
Lovely leg, tra la, that dances;
Lovely leg, the dishes dance,
Tra la la...

Shéhérazade

Asie

Asie, Asie, Asie,
Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice,
Où dort la fantaisie
Comme une impératrice
En sa forêt tout emplie de mystères.
Asie,
Je voudrais m'en aller avec la goélette
Qui se berce ce soir dans le port
Mystérieuse et solitaire
Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes
Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel d'or.

Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs
En écoutant chanter la mer perverse
Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur;
Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse
Avec les minarets légers dans l'air;
Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie
Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;
Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour
Et des prunelles brillantes de joie
En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges;
Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours
Et des habits à longues franges;

Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches
Tout entourées de barbe blanche;
Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux regards louches,
Et des cadis et des vizirs
Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se penche
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.

Asia

Asia, Asia, Asia,
Ancient wonderland of fairy tales,
Where fantasy sleeps
Like an empress
In her mystery-filled forest.
Asia,
I long to set sail with the schooner
Which rocks this evening in the harbour
Mysterious and solitary
And which spreads at last its violet sails
Like a huge night-bird in the golden sky.

I long to set sail for isles of flowers
As I listen to the song of the wayward sea
With its old bewitching rhythm;
I long to see Damascus and the cities of Persia
With their airy minarets;
I long to see beautiful silken turbans
Above black faces with white teeth;
I long to see eyes dark with love
And pupils sparkling with joy
Sunk in skins as yellow as oranges;
I long to see velvet raiments
And long-fringed robes;

I long to see pipes in mouths
Fringed about with white beards;
I long to see grasping merchants with shifty looks,
And cadis [judges] and viziers
Who with a single crook of the finger
Dispense life or death on a whim.

Je voudrais voir la Perse et l'Inde et puis la Chine,
Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,
Et les princesses aux mains fines,
Et les lettrés qui se querellent
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;

Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté
Et comme un voyageur étranger
Contempler à loisir des paysages peints
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger;

Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient.
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines;
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine,
Et puis, m'en revenir plus tard
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves,
En élevant comme Sindbad
Ma vieille tasse arabe
De temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres,
Pour interrompre le conte avec art...

La flûte enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort,
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie,
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.
Mais moi, je suis éveillée encore,
Et j'écoute au dehors
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie,
Un air tour à tour languoureux ou frivole
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
De la flûte vers ma joue
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

I long to see Persia, and India, and then China,
Portly mandarins beneath their sunshades,
And princesses with delicate hands,
And learned men disputing
About poetry and beauty;

I long to linger in enchanted palaces
And like a foreign traveller
Gaze at leisure on landscapes painted
On fabrics in pinewood frames,
With a figure in the middle of an orchard;

I long to see assassins smiling
As the executioner cuts off an innocent head
With his great curved oriental scimitar.
I long to see beggars and queens;
I long to see roses and blood;
I long to see death for love or else for hate,
And then to return later
And recount my adventures to those intrigued by dreams,
While raising like Sinbad
My old Arabian cup
To my lips from time to time,
Artfully to interrupt the tale...

The enchanted flute

The shade is soft and my master sleeps,
A cone-shaped silken cap on his head,
And his long yellow nose in his white beard.
But I am still awake,
Listening to the song
On a flute outside that pours forth
Sadness and joy in turn,
A tune now languorous now lively,
Which my dear lover plays,
And when I draw near the casement
Each note seems to fly
From the flute to my cheek
Like a mysterious kiss.

L'indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,
Jeune étranger,
Et la courbe fine
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé
Est plus séduisante encor de ligne.

Ta lèvre chante
Sur le pas de ma porte
Une langue inconnue et charmante
Comme une musique fausse;
Entre! et que mon vin te reconforte...

Mais non, tu passes
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner,
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grace,
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse.

Tristan Klingsor (1874-1966)

The indifferent one

Your eyes are soft like a girl's,
Young stranger,
And the delicate curve
Of your handsome down-shaded face
Is still more attractively shaped.

Your lips sing
At my door
An unknown charming tongue
Like music off-pitch;
Enter! and let my wine refresh you...

But no, you pass by
And I see you leaving my threshold,
Gracefully waving farewell,
Your hips lightly swaying
In your languid feminine way.

Siete canciones populares españolas

El paño moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.

Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor.
¡Ay!

Seguidilla murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡puede que en el camino
nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano.
Que al fin se borra,
y creyéndola falsa
¡nadie la toma!

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrimeme a un pino verde.
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba.

The Moorish cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop,
there fell a stain.

It sells for less,
for it has lost its value.
Alas!

Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbour's [roof].
We are drovers;
it may be
we'll meet on the road!

For your many infidelities,
I shall compare you
to a peseta passing
from hand to hand.
Finally it's worn down,
and believing it fake
no one will take it!

Asturian song

To see if it might console me,
I drew near a green pine.
To see me weep, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept to see me weeping.

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre,
adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.
Nanita, nana,
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
'del aire'.
Niña, el mirarlos.
'Madre, a la orilla.'

Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido...
Váyase lo ganado,
'del aire'.
Por lo perdido.
'Madre, a la orilla.'

Polo

¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
que a nadie se la diré.

¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Jota

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk.
Let them ask
your heart and mine.

I must leave you now,
your house and your window.
And though your mother disapproves,
goodbye, sweet love, until tomorrow.

Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my darling,
sleep, my little
morning star.
Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Song

Since your eyes are treacherous,
I'm going to bury them.
You know not what it costs,
'del aire'.
Dearest, to gaze into them
'Mother, a la orilla.'

They say you do not love me,
but you loved me once...
Make the best of it,
'del aire'.
And cut your losses.
'Mother, a la orilla.'

Polo

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart,
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse
on the one who made me feel it!
Ay!

Three songs from *Canciones españolas antiguas*

Anda, jaleo

Yo me subí a un pino verde
por ver si la divisaba,
y sólo divisé el polvo
del coche que la llevaba.
Anda, jaleo, jaleo:
ya se acabó el alboroto
y vamos al tiroteo.

No salgas, paloma, al campo,
mira que soy cazador,
y si te tiro y te mato
para mi será el dolor,
para mi será el quebranto.
Anda, jaleo, jaleo:
ya se acabó el alboroto
y vamos al tiroteo.

En la calle de los Muros
mataron una paloma.
Yo cortaré con mis manos
las flores de su corona.
Anda, jaleo, jaleo:
ya se acabó el alboroto
y vamos al tiroteo.

Nana de Sevilla

Este galapaguito
no tiene mare...
sí, no...
Lo parió una gitana,
lo echó a la calle...
sí, no...
Este niño chiquito
no tiene cuna...
sí, no...
su padre es carpintero
y le hará una...
sí, no...

Come, clap hands

I hurried to a green pine tree
to see if I could spot her,
and all I saw was the dust
of the carriage taking her away.
Come, clap hands, clap hands:
the fuss is over now
and we shall go hunting.

Little dove, do not go to the field,
for I am a huntsman,
and if I shoot and kill you
it will be bring me great sorrow,
and my heart will break.
Come, clap hands, clap hands:
the fuss is over now
and we shall go hunting.

In the street by the walls
they have killed a dove.
With my own hands I will cut
the blossoms from its crown.
Come, clap hands, clap hands:
the fuss is over now
and we shall go hunting.

Lullaby of Seville

This little baby
has no mother...
yes he has, no he hasn't...
A Gypsy girl gave birth to him
and threw him into the street
yes she did, no she didn't...
This little boy
has no cradle...
yes he has, no he hasn't...
But his father is a carpenter
and he will make him one...
yes he will, no he won't...

Sevillanas del siglo XVIII

¡Viva Sevilla!
Llevan las sevillanas
en la mantilla
un letrero que dice:
¡Viva Sevilla!

¡Viva Triana!
¡Vivan los trianeros,
los de Triana!
¡Vivan los sevillanos
y sevillanas!

Lo traigo andado,
la Macarena y todo,
cara como la ruya
no la he encontrado.

¡Qué bien pareces!
Ay río de Sevilla,
lleno de velas blancas
y ramas verdes.

¡Viva Sevilla!

Federico García Lorca (1898–1936)

18th-century Sevillanas

Long live Seville!
In their mantillas
the ladies of Seville
wear a motto that reads:
Long live Seville!

Long live Triana!
Long live the people
of Triana!
Long live the men
and women of Seville!

I dance the Macarena
every step of the way,
but never have I seen
a face lovelier than yours.

How beautiful you look!
O, river of Seville,
with your white sails
and green branches.

Long live Seville!



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