



Hugh Hodgson School of Music

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

presents a
Doctoral Recital

Amanda Ferreira, *mezzo-soprano*
Elena Minko, *piano*
Hoberdan Peno, *guitar*

from *Canciones Españolas Antiguas (para canto y guitarra)*

Las morillas de Jaén

Nana de Sevilla

Los reyes de la baraja

La Tarara

Federico Garcia Lorca
(1898-1936)

Cantilena (*Modinhas e Canções*)

Abril (*Serestas*)

Melodia sentimental (*Floresta do Amazônas*)

Heitor Villa-Lobos
(1887-1959)

—Pause—

Lendas Amazônicas

Foi Bôto, Sinhá!

Cobra Grande

Tamba-tajá

Matintaperêra

Uirapuru

Curupira

Manha-Nungára

Nayá

Japiim

Waldemar Henrique
(1905-1995)

Cinco canciones negras

Cuba dentro de um piano

Punto de habanera

Chévere

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito

Canto negro

Xavier Montsalvate
(1912-2002)

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Doctor of Music in Performance.
Amanda Ferreira is a student of Elizabeth Johnson Knight.*

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Program Notes

Selections from *Canciones Españolas Antiguas (para canto y guitarra)*

Federico García Lorca was a well-known poet, playwright, theater director, and musician who collected and arranged many traditional Spanish folk songs. His music preserves the rich cultural heritage of his homeland and reflects the warm, passionate spirit of his people.

This selection was originally passed down orally, meaning that the poetry and melodies were created by the people, and their exact authors are unknown. As a result, it reflects the diversity of regional styles and the true essence of Spanish folk music.

Las morillas de Jaén

Tres morillas me enamoran en Jaén:
Axa y Fátima y Marién.
Tres morillas tan garridas
Iban a coger olivas,
Y hallábanlas cogidas en Jaén:
Axa y Fátima y Marién.
Y hallábanlas cogidas
Y tornaban desmaídas
Y las colores perdidas en Jaén:
Axa y Fátima y Marién.
Tres morillas tan lozanas
Tres morillas tan lozanas
Iban a coger manzanas a Jaén:
Axa y Fátima y Marién.
Díjeles: ¿Quién sois, señoras,
De mi vida robadoras?
Cristianas que éramos moras en Jaén:
Axa y Fátima y Marién.

Nana de Sevilla

Este galapaguito no tiene mare.
No tiene mare, sí;
No tiene mare, no.
Lo parió una gitana, lo echó a la calle.
Lo echó a la calle, sí;
Lo echó a la calle, no.
Este niño chiquito no tiene cuna.
No tiene cuna, sí;
No tiene cuna, no.
Su padre es Carpintero y le hará una.
Y le hará una, sí;
Y le hará una, no.

Los reyes de la baraja

Si tu madre quiere un rey
La baraja tiene cuatro:
Rey do oros, rey de copas
Rey de espadas, rey de bastos
Corre que te pillo,
Corre que te agarro,
Mira que te lleno
La cara de barro
De olivo me retiro
Del esparto yo me aparto
Del sarmiento me arrepiento

The Little Moorish Girls of Jaén

Three little Moorish girls make me fall in love in Jaén:
Axa, Fátima, and Marién.
Three Moorish girls so graceful
Went out to pick olives,
And found them already picked in Jaén:
Axa, Fátima, and Marién.
They found them already picked,
And came back downhearted,
Their color lost and faded in Jaén:
Axa, Fátima, and Marién.
Three Moorish girls so lovely,
Three Moorish girls so lovely,
Went out to pick apples in Jaén:
Axa, Fátima, and Marién.
I said to them: "Who are you, ladies,
You who have stolen my life?"
"We are Christians who once were Moors, in Jaén:"
Axa, Fátima, and Marién.

Lullaby of Sevilla

This little baby tortoise has no mother.
He has no mother, yes;
He has no mother, no.
A gypsy woman gave birth to him and threw him out on the street.
She threw him out on the street, yes;
She threw him out on the street, no.
This little baby boy has no cradle.
He has no cradle, yes;
He has no cradle, no.
His father is a carpenter and will make him one.
He will make him one, yes.
He will make him one, no.

The Kings of the Deck

If your mother wants a king,
The deck has four:
King of diamonds, king of hearts,
King of spades, king of clubs.
Run or I'll catch you,
Run or I'll grab you,
Watch out or I'll smear
Your face with mud!
From the olive tree, I withdraw.
From the esparto grass, I step away.
From the vine shoot,

De haberte querdio tanto.

La Tarara

Lleva mi Tarara un vestido verde
Lleno de volantes y de cascabeles.
La Tarara, sí;
La Tarara, no;
La Tarara, niña, que la he visto yo.
Luce mi Tarara sus colas de seda
sobre las retamas y la hierbabuena.
La Tarara, sí;
La tarara, no;
La Tarara, niña, que la he visto yo.
Ay, Tarara loca mueve la cintura
Para los muchachos de las aceitunas.
La Tarara, sí;
La tarara, no;
La Tarara, niña, que la he visto yo.

I repent of having loved you so much.

The Tarara

Tarara wears a green dress
full of ruffles and little bells.
La Tarara, yes;
La Tarara, no;
La Tarara, girl, I've seen her, I know!
My Tarara shows off her silk train
Over the broom flowers
And mint leaves.
Oh, crazy Tarara!
La Tarara, yes;
La Tarara, no;
La Tarara, girl, I've seen her, I know!
Oh! Crazy Tarara swings her waist for the boys
from the olive groves.
La Tarara, yes;
La Tarara, no;
La Tarara, girl, I've seen her, I know!¹

Tarara is usually a woman who is always happy, extravagant, free and eccentric.

Selections from *Modinhas e Canções*, *Serestas*, and *Floresta do Amazonas*

Heitor Villa-Lobos is one of the greatest representatives of Brazilian classical music. He was born in Rio de Janeiro into a wealthy family, surrounded by classical music. His father, who was also his first music teacher, was intensely strict about his music studies. However, it was after his father's death that Villa-Lobos fully devoted his life to music—specifically, Brazilian popular music. He was a tireless researcher who traveled to several regions of Brazil in search of melodies, rhythms, and poetry from different peoples and tribes. Heitor Villa-Lobos brought to important stages in Europe and the USA a mix of classical music and the truly Brazilian music he had heard during his travels around Brazil and in the bars of Rio de Janeiro.

Cantilena

Sodré Viana

O Rei mandou me chamá
O Rei mandou me chamá
Pra casar com sua fia
Só de dóte ele me dava
Só de dóte ele me dava
Oropa, França, Baía
Me alembrei do meu ranchinho
Da roça do meu feijão
O Rei mandou me chamá
Ai! Seu Rei não quero não.

Cantilena

The king summoned me
The king summoned me
To marry his daughter
So he would give me as a dowry,
So he would give me as a dowry
Europe, France, and Bahia
I remembered my little ranch,
My plantation and my beans
The king summoned me,
Ah! My king I do not want anything.²

¹ All songs translated by Amanda Ferreira.

² Translated by © Lorena Paz Nieto.

Abril

Ribeiro Couto

Depois da chuvarada súbita
Que inundou os campos e os morros
O céu azula, fogem nuvens
Vem das verdes matas molhadas
Uma frescura acariciante
A frescura das bocas húmidas
E docemente, sobre a vila
A tarde cai em tons de rosa
Como um anúncio de bom tempo.

Melodia Sentimental

Dora Vasconcellos

Acorda, vem ver a lua
Que dorme na noite escura
Que fulge tão bela e branca,
Derramando doçura.
Clara chama silente,
Ardendo meu sonhar.
As asas da noite que surgem
E correm no espaço profundo.
Oh, doce amada, desperta,
Vem dar teu calor ao luar.
Quisera saber-te minha
Na hora serena e calma,
A sombra confia ao vento
O limite da espera,
Quando dentro da noite
Reclama o teu amor.
Acorda, vem olhar a lua
Que brilha na noite escura.
Querida, és linda e meiga,
Sentir meu amor e sonhar.

April

After a heavy sudden rain
That flood the fields and the hills
The sky turns blue, and clouds scatter
Comes from the green wet forests
A caressing freshness
The freshness of moistened lips
And sweetly, over the village
The evening falls in shades of pink
As an announcement of good weather.

Sentimental Melody

Wake up, come see the moon
That sleeps in the dark night
Shining so fair and white,
Spreading sweetness around.
A clear, silent flame,
Burning within my dreams.
The wings of the night that arise
Travel through the deep expanse.
Oh, sweet beloved, awaken,
Come give your warmth to the moonlight.
I wish I could call you mine
In this serene and gentle hour.
The shadow entrusts to the wind
The bounds of waiting,
When within the night
It calls for your love.
Wake up, come gaze at the moon
That shines in the dark night.
My darling, you are lovely and tender,
Feel my love and dream.³

Lendas Amazônicas

Waldemar Henrique, born in the Amazon region, always valued the culture and traditions of his people, incorporating myths and legends, rhythms, and melodies from northern Brazil in his works. The song cycle *Lendas Amazônicas* (Amazonian Legends) is frequently performed by Brazilian singers — it represents the meeting point between classical music and Amazonian popular music. Through this work, Waldemar Henrique helped establish an Amazonian musical identity within Brazilian art song.

³ Translated by Amanda Ferreira.

Foi Bôto, sinhá!

Antônio Tavernard

Tajá-Panema chorou no terreiro
Tajá-Panema chorou no terreiro
E a virgem morena fugiu pro costeiro
Foi Bôto, Sinhá...
Foi Bôto, Sinhô!
Que veio tentá
E a moça levou
No tar dansará,
Aquele doutô,
Foi Bôto, Sinhá...
Foi Bôto, Sinhô!
Tajá-Panema se pôs a chorá.
Tajá-Panema se pôs a chorá.
Quem tem filha moça é bom vigiá!
O Bôto não dorme
No fundo do rio
Seu dom é enorme!
Quem quer que o viu
Que diga, que informe
Se lhe resistiu
O Bôto não dorme
No fundo do rio...

Cobra Grande

Waldemar Henrique

Credo! Cruz!
Lá vem a cobra-grande,
Lá vem a boiuna de prata.
A danada vem rente à beira do rio,
E o vento grita alto no meio da mata.
Credo! Cruz!
Cunhantã, te esconde
Lá vem a cobra grande á, á!
Faz depressa uma oração
Pra ela não te levar á, á!
A floresta tremeu quando ela saiu,
Quem estava lá perto de medo fugiu
E a boiuna passou logo tão depressa,
Que somente um clarão foi que se viu.
Cunhantã, te esconde
Lá vem a cobra grande á, á!
Faz depressa uma oração
Pra ela não te levar á, á!
A noiva cunhantã está dormindo a medrosa
Agarrada com força no punho da rede,
E o luar faz mortalha em cima dela
Pela fresta quebrada da Janela.
É cobra-grande
Lá vai ela!

It Was the Boto, Miss!

Tajá-Panema cried in the yard
Tajá-Panema cried in the yard
And the dark-skinned virgin ran to the riverbank
It was the Boto, Miss...
It was the Boto, Sir!
Who came to tempt her
And took the girl away
That “doctor” who dances,
That gentleman,
It was the Boto, Miss...
It was the Boto, Sir!
Tajá-Panema began to cry.
Tajá-Panema began to cry.
Who has a young daughter should keep watch!
The Boto doesn’t sleep
At the bottom of the river
His gift is huge!
Whoever has seen him
Let us know, keep us informed
If they could resist it
The Boto doesn’t sleep
At the bottom of the river...

Boto is the pink Amazon River dolphin. According to the legend, the *boto* transforms into a handsome man who seduces young women by the riverside. He pretends to be a doctor, an educated gentleman, and then disappear with the ladies into the water, or mysteriously impregnates them.

Great Serpent

Good Lord! Cross yourself!
Here comes the great serpent,
Here comes the silver boiuna.
The cursed one slides close to the riverbank,
And the wind screams loudly through the forest.
Good Lord! Cross yourself!
Cunhantã, hide yourself
Here comes the great serpent, ah, ah!
Say a prayer quickly,
So, it won’t take you away, ah, ah!
The forest trembled when it emerged,
Whoever was nearby fled in fear.
And the boiuna passed by so quickly,
That only a flash of light was seen.
Cunhantã, hide yourself
Here comes the great serpent, ah, ah!
Say a prayer quickly,
So, it won’t take you away, ah, ah!
The young bride, cunhantã, sleeps in fear,
Clutching tightly the edge of her hammock,
And the moonlight forms a shroud over her
Through the broken crack in the window.
It’s the great serpent
There it goes!

Cunhantã is a *Tupi* (an ingenious language) word meaning “young girl” or “maiden”; *boiuna* refers to the mythical Amazonian serpent, often a spirit or supernatural being. This huge snake leaves in the

Tamba-tajá

Waldemar Henrique

Tamba-tajá me faz feliz
Que meu amor me queira bem,
Que seu amor seja só meu de mais ninguém,
Que seja meu, todinho meu, de mais ninguém...
Tamba-tajá me faz feliz...
Assim o índio carregou sua macuxy
Para o roçado, para a guerra, para a morte,
Assim carregue o nosso amor a boa sorte...
Tamba-tajá
Tamba-tajá-a
Tamba-tajá me faz feliz
Que meu amor me queira bem,
Que seu amor seja só meu de mais ninguém,
Que seja meu, todinho meu, de mais ninguém...
Tamba-tajá me faz feliz...
Que mais ninguém possa beijar o que beijei,
Que mais ninguém escute aquilo que escutei,
Nem possa olhar dentro dos olhos que olhei.
Tamba-tajá
Tamba-tajá-a

Matintaperêra

Antônio Tavernard

Matintaperêra chegou na clareira
E logo silvou...
No fundo do quarto, Manduca Torquato de medo gelou.
Matinta quer fumo,
Quer fumo migado, meloso
Melado que dê muito sumo
Torquato não pita,
Não masca nem cheira.
Matintaperêra vai tê-la bonita...
Matintaperêra de tardinha bem buscar
O tabaco que ontem à noite eu prometi:
Queira Deus ela não venha me agoirar...
Ah! Matinta Preta Velha,
Mãe Maluca, Pé-de-pato,
Queira Deus ela não venha me agoirar...
Matintaperêra chegou na clareira
E logo silvou...
No fundo do quarto Manduca Torquato de medo gelou
Que noite infernal!
Soaram gemidos, resmungos
Bulidos do gênio do mal
E até de manhã,
Bem perto da choça,
A fúnebre troça
Dum vesgo Acauã...
Acauã, Acauã!

waters, and it might transform itself in a bout to attract people and then attack them.

Tamba-tajá

Tamba-tajá, make me happy
Let my love truly care for me,
Let their love be only mine, and no one else's,
Let it be mine, all mine, and no one else's...
Tamba-tajá, make me happy...
Just as the indigenous one carried his macuxy
To the fields, to war, to death,
May good fortune carries our love in the same way...
Tamba-tajá
Tamba-tajá-a
Tamba-tajá, make me happy
Let my love truly care for me,
Let their love be only mine, and no one else's,
Let it be mine, all mine, and no one else's...
Tamba-tajá, make me happy...
Let no one else kiss what I have kissed,
Let no one else hear what I have heard,
Nor look into the eyes I once looked into.
Tamba-tajá
Tamba-tajá-a

Macuxy refers to a woman of the *Macuxi* people, an Indigenous group from northern Brazil and Guyana. The Legend says that an extraordinarily strong and intelligent *Macuxy* Indian carried his beloved, paralyzed wife in a sling on his back everywhere he went. One day, she died. He was so sad that he asked to be buried with her. After a while, a beautiful plant grew in that place: the *tamba-tajá*, a plant with triangular, dark green leaves, bearing a smaller leaf on its underside.

Matintaperêra

She came to the clearing
And hissed right away...
In the back of the room, Manduca Torquato froze in fear.
Matinta wants tobacco,
She wants it ground, sweet and sticky,
Syrupy enough to give lots of juice.
Torquato doesn't smoke,
Doesn't chew or sniff.
Matintaperêra will come for him anyway...
Matintaperêra will come by in the evening
For the tobacco I promised her last night.
God willing, may she not come to curse me...
Ah! Matinta, Crazy Old Woman,
Duck-footed Mother,
God willing, may she not come to curse me...
Matintaperêra came to the clearing
And hissed right away...
In the back of the room, Manduca Torquato froze in fear.
What a hellish night!
Groans, muttering,
The stirrings of a wicked spirit
And until morning,
Right by the hut,
The eerie mockery
Of a cross-eyed Acauã...
Acauã, Acauã!

Uirapuru

Mara Henrique Ferraz

Certa vez de montaria
Eu descia um paran
E o caboclo que remava
No parava de falar,
Que caboclo falador!
Me contou do lobisomem,
Da me d'gua e do taj,
Disse do Jurut
Que se ri pro luar,
Que caboclo falador!
Que mangava de visagem,
Que matou surucucu,
E jurou por pavulagem
Que pegou o uirapuru.
Que caboclo tentador!
Caboclinho, meu amor,
Arranja um pra mim,
Ando roxo pra pegar
"unzinho" assim...
O diabo foi-se embora
No quis me dar!
Vou juntar meu dinheirinho
Pra poder comprar.
Mas no da que eu comprar
Esse danado vai sofrer,
Eu vou desassossegar
O seu bem querer...
Ora, deixa ele pra l!

Curupira

Waldemar Henrique

J andei trs dias e trs noites pelo mato sem parar,
E no meu caminho no encontrei nenhuma caa pra matar.
So escuto pela frente, pelo lado, o Curupira me chamar
Ora aqui, ora ali,
Se escondendo sem parar num s lugar.
Por esse danado muitas vezes me perdi na caminhada
E nem padre nosso me livrou desse danado da estrada.
Curupira feiticeiro!
Sai de trs do castanheiro
Pula pra frente
De frente com a gente
Negrinho covarde matreiro
Deixa o caboclo passar!

Matintaperra is an old woman who transforms herself into a bird at night. She haunts people with her whistle and obtain gifts such as tobacco or coffee. If the person makes a promise and does not keep it, something bad can happen, but the agreement can be avoided by saying, "Come back another time and I'll give you a piece of tobacco." The *Acau* is a nocturnal bird whose cry is considered an omen.

Uirapuru

One time, on a river trip
I was going down a paran
And the caboclo who was rowing
Wouldn't stop talking,
What a talkative guy!
He told me about the werewolf,
The water spirit, and the taj,
Spoke of the Jurut
Who laughs at the moonlight
What a talkative guy!
He mocked ghosts,
Said he killed a surucucu,
And swore, just for show,
That he caught a uirapuru
What a boastful guy!
Little caboclo, my love,
Get me one too,
I'm dying to catch
Just one like that...
The devil went away,
Wouldn't give it to me!
I'll save my money
So I can buy one.
But the day I buy it,
That man will pay
I'll shake up
His peace of mind...
Oh well, forget him!

Caboclo refers to a person of mixed Indigenous and European descent; *Uirapuru* is a mythical bird in Amazonian legend, whose rare song brings luck and love; *Paran* is an arm of a mighty river. *Taj* is a plant; *Jurut* is a nocturnal bird; and the *Surucucu* refers to a species of venomous snake, the largest in the Americas and the second largest in the world.

Curupira

I've walked three days and three nights
through the forest without stopping,
And along the way I didn't find a single animal to hunt.
All I hear, ahead and to the side,
Is the Curupira calling me
Now here, now there,
Hiding and never staying in one place.
Because of that trickster, I've lost my way more than once,
And not even a Lord's Prayer
Could save me from that devil of the trail.
Curupira, little forest sorcerer!
Jump out from behind the chestnut tree,
Leap out front, face us head-on,
You sneaky, cowardly black imp
Let the caboclo pass!

Manha-Nungára

Waldemar Henrique

Do alto palmar d'uma juçara
Vem o triste piar da iumara.
Os tajás pelos terreiro estão chorando,
E no rio, resfolegando,
O boto-branco boiou.
Sentada na rede, cunhã está rezando
A reza que Manha-Nungára ensinou...
Tupã, quem foi que me enfeitiçou?
Manha-Nungára!
O grito rolou pela caiçara
Mãe-Velha se espantou.
Embaixo, na treva do rio,
Dois corpos em cio
Lutando, enxergou...
E pelo barranco,
De novo soou
O grito de angústia
Que a cria soltou:
Manha-Nungára!

Nayá

Waldemar Henrique

E o pajé passou cantando
Lá nas margens do grande rio,
De saudade ia chorando
Pelo amor que lhe fugiu.
Nayá era linda, índia querida
Lembro-me ainda, quando ferida,
Veio contar-me seu grande amor!
Nayá sabia que a Lua seu amor queria,
E desde então, sofreu imensa nostalgia
Apaixonada, o horizonte quis transpor
E correu ao grande rio,
Dentro dele logo viu
Refletir-se o seu amor.
E Nayá, sem mais conter
A paixão que lhe crescia
Atirou-se pra reter
A imagem que estremecia
E na água corrente do rio mergulhou
A imagem da Lua fremente abraçou
E nessa ilusão feliz, morreu
A noite quente
Onde o luar inda brilhava
Cobriu ardente
O lindo corpo que boiava.
Enternecida, a Lua feiticeira egrégia
Foi buscar aquela alma,

Curupira is a legendary forest guardian in Brazilian folklore, known for his backward feet that confuse hunters by disguising his tracks. He protects the forest and its creatures from harm.

Manha-Nungára

From the top of a juçara palm
Comes the sad cry of the iumara.
The tajás are weeping in the yard,
And in the river, snorting,
The white boto floated up.
Sitting in her hammock, the girl prays
The prayer that Manha-Nungára taught her...
Tupã, who cast this spell on me?
Manha-Nungára!
The cry echoed through the village.
Old Mother was startled.
Below, in the darkness of the river,
She saw two bodies in passion,
Struggling...
And from the riverbank,
Once again echoed
The anguished cry
That the child let out:
Manha-Nungára!

This is the *boto* legend again, but this time from a different perspective. Here, the young girl prays and cries out for her mother (Manha-Nungára) as she is bewitched and seduced by the *boto* on the riverbank.

Juçara is a kind of a palm tree; *Iumara* may refer to a mythical bird or spirit, exact meaning may vary locally. *Tupã* is a god in *Tupi-Guarani* mythology. *Tajá* often refers to a sacred or magical plant, but in these songs, it may also be symbolic of spirits or ancestors. *Manha-Nungára* is an adoptive mother.

Nayá

The shaman passed by, singing
Along the banks of the great river,
Crying with longing
For the love that escaped him.
Nayá was beautiful, beloved indigenous girl
I still remember when, wounded,
She came to tell me of her great love!
Nayá knew that the Moon desired her love,
And from that moment, she suffered immense longing.
In love, she longed to cross the horizon,
And ran to the great river,
In its waters, she soon saw
The reflection of her beloved.
And Nayá, no longer able to contain
The passion that grew inside her,
Threw herself in to grasp
The image that made her tremble.
And in the river's flowing water she dove,
Embracing the trembling image of the Moon
And in that happy illusion, she died.
The warm night,
Where the moonlight still shone,
Burning covered
The beautiful body that floated.
Moved, the Moon, noble sorceress
Came to claim that soul,
Laid it upon a palm leaf,

Debruçou-a numa palma,
E fez a vitória régia.

And made her the vitória-régia.

Nayá is a girl who fell in love with the Moon. Upon trying to embrace its reflection in the river, she drowned. The Moon, moved by her love, transformed her into the *victória-régia*, the giant water lily of the Amazon.

Japiim

Waldemar Henrique

Meu branco não chama desgraça
Tupã do céu pode ver
Japiim é alma penada,
Por isso não deve morrer.
Japiim foi a flauta Tupã,
Só cantava de manhã
Para o sol se levantar.
Por seu canto era a terra despertada,
E na selva a passarada encantada
Se calava para escutar.
Por isso meu branco,
Eu lhe aviso:
Não mate mais Japiim.
Anhangá que zela por ele,
Persegue a quem lhe der fim.

Japiim

My white man, don't bring misfortune
Tupã in the sky can see
The Japiim is a haunted soul,
That's why it must not die.
Japiim was Tupã's flute,
It only sang in the morning
To help the sun rise.
By its song, the earth awakened,
And in the jungle, the enchanted birds
Would go silent just to listen.
So, my white man,
I'm warning you:
Don't kill the Japiim again.
Anhangá, who watches over it,
Will haunt whoever brings it to an end.⁴

Japiim is a black-and-yellow songbird native to the Amazon, often linked to spiritual or mythic meaning in folklore. *Anhangá* is a spirit or guardian, often seen as a protector of nature or souls.

Cinco canciones negras

In *Cinco canciones negras*, Catalan composer Xavier Montsalvatge explores the Afro-Caribbean world through the lens of Spanish song. The cycle reflects the culture, rhythms, colors, and complex history of the Caribbean, particularly Cuba. Montsalvatge's interest in Black culture, Negro spirituals, and poetry on the subject of Black people, as well as his passion for Afro-Cuban rhythms, Spanish folksong, twentieth-century compositional techniques, and American jazz, all influenced his compositional style. *Cinco canciones negras* is the most representative work in which he showcases a bit of all these interests.

Cuba dentro de un piano

Rafael Alberti

Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de fresa por sombrero
y el humo de los barcos aún era humo de habanero.
Mulata vueltabajera...
Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y habaneras
y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor.
Dime dónde está la flor que el hombre tanto venera.
Mi tío Antonio volvía con su aire de insurrecto.
La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los patios del Puerto.
(Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de las Antillas.
Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.)
Me encontré con la bella Trinidad...
Cuba se había perdido y ahora era verdad.

Cuba in a piano

When my mother wore a strawberry ice for a hat
and the smoke from the boats was still Havana smoke.
Mulata from Vuelta Abajo...
Cadiz was falling asleep to fandango and habanera
and a little parrot at the piano tried to sing tenor.
Tell me, where is the flower that a man can really respect.
My uncle Anthony would come home in his rebellious way.
The Cabaña and El Príncipe resounded in the patios of the port.
(But the blue pearl of the Caribbean shines no more.
Extinguished. For us no more.)
I met beautiful Trinidad...

⁴ All songs translated by Amanda Ferreira.

Era verdad,
no era mentira.
Un cañonero huido llegó cantándolo en guajira.
La Habana ya se perdió.
Tuvo la culpa el dinero...
Calló, cayó el cañonero.
Pero después, pero ¡ah! después fue cuando al sí
lo hicieron yes.

Punto de Habañera

Néstor Luján

La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!
¡Hola! Crespón de tu espuma;
¡Marineros, contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas que le hacen su piel mulata;
Niña no te quejes, tan solo por esta tarde.
Quisiera mandar al agua
Que no se escape de pronto de la cárcel de tu falda.
Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde rumor de abrirse de dalia.
Niña no te quejes, tu cuerpo de fruta está dormido en fresco
brocado.
Tu cintura vibra fina con la nobleza de un látigo,
toda tu piel huele alegre a limonal y naranjo.
Los marineros te miran y se te quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!

Chévere

Nicolas Guillén

Chévere del navajazo,
Se vuelve él mismo navaja:
Pica tajadas de luna,
Mas la luna se le acaba;
Pica tajadas de sombra,
mas la sombra se le acaba;
Pica tajadas de canto,
mas el canto se le acaba;
y entonces pica que pica
Carne de su negra mala.

Canción de cuna para dormir un negrito

Ildefonso Pereda Valdés

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
Tan chiquitito, el negrito que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco, grano de café,
con lindas motitas, con ojos grandotes
Como dos ventanas que miran al mar.
Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado;
El mandinga blanco te puede comer.

Cuba was lost, this time it was true.
True and not a lie.
A gunner on the run arrived, sang Cuban songs about it all.
Havana was lost
and money was to blame...
The gunner went silent, and fell.
But later, ah, later they changed sí to yes.

Habanera Rhythm

The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white!
The billowing spray of your crepe skirt!
Sailors, look at her!
She passes gleaming in the moonlight
which darkens her skin.
Young girl, do not complain, only for tonight
do I wish the water not to suddenly escape
the prison of your skirt.
In your body this evening
dwells the sound of opening dahlias.
Young girl, do not complain, your ripe body
sleeps in fresh brocade,
Your waist quivers as proud as a whip,
every inch of you skin is gloriously fragrant
with orange and lemon trees.
The sailors look at you and feast their eyes on you.
The Creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white!

The Dandy

The dandy of the knife thrust
himself becomes a knife:
He cuts slices of the moon,
but the moon is fading on him;
He cuts slices of shadow,
but the shadow is fading on him,
He cuts slices of song,
but the song is fading on him;
and then he cuts up, cuts up
the flesh of his evil black woman.

Lullaby for a little black boy

Lullay, lullay, lullay,
Tiny little child, little black boy, who won't go to sleep.
Head like a coconut, head like a coffee bean,
with pretty freckles and wide eyes
Like two windows looking out to sea.
Close your tiny eyes, frightened little boy,
or the white devil will eat you up.

¡Ya no eres esclavo!
Y si duermes mucho,
El señor de casa promete comprar traje con botones
para ser un ‘groom’.
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, duérmete, negrito,
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.

Canto negro

Nicolás Guillén

¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
Repica el negro bien negro.
Congo solongo del Songo
Baila yambó sobre un pie.
Mamatomba, serembé cuserembá,
El negro canta y se ajuma.
El negro se ajuma y canta.
El negro canta y se va.
Acuemem e serembo aé, yambó, aé.
Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba,
tamba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba,
¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!

You’re no longer a slave!
And if you sleep soundly,
The master of the house promises to buy
a suit with buttons to make you a ‘groom’.
Lullay, lullay, lullay, sleep, little black boy,
Head like a coconut, head like a coffee bean.

Black Song

Yambambó, yambambé!
The congo solongo is ringing,
The black man, the real black man is ringing;
Congo solongo from the Songo
is dancing the yambó on one foot.
Mamatomba, serembe cuserembá.
The black man sings and gets drunk,
The black man gets drunk and sings,
The black man sings and goes away.
Acuemem e serembo aé, yambó, aé.
Bam, bam, bam, bam,
bam of the black man who tumbles;
drum of the black man, wow,
wow, how the black man's tumbling!
¡Yambá, yambó, yambambé!⁵

⁵ Translations by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes published in the *The Spanish Song Companion* (Gollancz, 1992).