

HESPÈRION XXI

Montserrat Figueras
soprano
Arianna Savall
arpa triple & soprano*
Xavier Díaz-Latorre
guitarra & tiorba
Pedro Estevan
percussion
Adela González-Campa
castanets

Jordi Savall
viola da gamba & Direction

FOLIAS & PASACALLES

Tonos Humanos & Variaciones instrumentales

Folias & Romanescas (instr.)	Diego Ortiz
La Spagna - Folia - Passamezzo antico	
Ruggiero - Romanesca - Pasamezzo moderno	
Folia "Rodrigo Martinez"	(improvisation)
Caprichos de amor	
Folia: Yo soy la locura	Du Bailly

YO SOY LA LOCURA
Henri de Bailly

Yo soy la locura,
la que sola infundo
placer y dulzura
y contento al mundo.

Sirven a mi nombre
todos mucho o poco,
y no, no hay hombre
que piense ser loco.

Yo soy la locura
I am the mad-woman,
the only one on this earth
who brings pleasure and sweetness
and happiness to the world.

These pleasures add,
more or less, to my fame,
but they are useless to the man
who thinks himself to be mad.

Ojos pues me desdeñais

José Marín

OJOS PUES ME DESDEÑAIS

Estríbillo:
Ojos pues me desdeñais
No me mireis
pues no quiero que logreis
el ver como me matais

Coplas:
Cese el ceño y el rigor
ojos mirad que es locura
arriesgar buestra hermosura
por hazerme un disfavor
si no os corrige el temor
de la gala que os quitais.

Y si el mostraros severos
es no más que por matarme

podeis la pena escusarme
pues moriré de no veros
pero si no e de veros
que de mí os compadezcáis

no me mireis
pues no quiero que logréis
el ver como me matáis.

OJOS PUES ME DESDEÑAIS
DISDAINFUL EYES

Disdainful eyes,
look not on me
for I am loath that thou shouldst see
how thou killest me.

Frown not nor look so stern,
but see what folly
'tis thy beauty to impede
by hoping me to spurn.
If by the loss of this fair grace
thou art not yet deterred

And if thy severity
purposes only to kill me,
that execution thou mayst stay
for I shall die for want of seeing thee.
But if I may not look on thee
then pity me I pray.

Look not on me
for I am loath that thou shouldst see
how thou killest me

Jácaras: No hay que decirle el primor Anonyme (17 Jh)

JÁCARAS. NO HAY QUE DECIRLE EL PRIMOR

No hay que decirle el primor
ni con el valor que sale,
que yo se que es la zagala
de las que rompen el aire.

Tan bizarra y presumida
tan valiente es y arrogante
que ha jurado que ella sola
ha de vencer al Dios Marte.

Si sale, que la festejan
las florecidas y aves,
juzgara que son temores
lo que haceis por agradables.

Muera con la confusión de su arrogancia
pues trae por blason de la victoria,
rayos con que ha de abrasarse.

No hay que decirle el primor

Do not praise her charms
All the promises she makes as she leaves:
I know that shepherdess,
As one who charges through.

She is so proud and intrepid,
So sure of herself and arrogant
She has sworn that all alone
She can triumph over the God Mars.

If she goes out to woo him
With little flowers and birds,
She will put down to fear
Whatever you do to please her.

May she die in the confusion of her arrogance
Since, as the ensign of victory,
She carries thunderbolts that will consume you.

Canarios & Improvisations
Gallarda Napolitana (instr.)

Antonio Valente

Tonos Humanos
Sosiegen descansen

Sebastian Durón

SOSIEGUEN, DESCANSEN
Sebsatián Durón

Amor:

No soy yo quel ciego
boraz encendido
bolcan intocable
en quien aun las mismas
heladas pabesas
o queman o arden
Pues como es fácil
que ala niebe
que ala aquel incendio
de tantos bolcanes.

No sol quien al sagrado
el de los dioses
desdico arrogante
su puroura ajando
los fueros sagrados
de tantos deidades
Pues como es fácil
que en mi oprobio
tirana sus leyes
mi culto profanen.
En fin no sol lo
de las iras de Benus
sagrado corajo
en cuyos alientos
respira castigo
su boz o su imagen
Pues como es fácil
que deidad que fabrica
mi imperio
permita mi ultraje.

sosiegen, descansen
Let them rest end be calm

love:

Let them rest and be calm
These shy sorrows,
Sad labors,
And may evils serve
To lighten evils.

Ballads:

I am not that blind,
Devouring, burning,
Untouchable volcano
In which the very
Frozen cinders
Burn or glow.
For how is it likely
That there should be snow,
That there should be Fire
Of so many volcanoes?
I am not the one
Who arrogantly
Undid what is due to the gods,
The sacred rights
Of so many divinities;
The one who rent asunder
Their purple.
For, how is it easy
That in my disgrace
Their tyrant laws
Should profane my concerní?
Lastly, I am not
The sacred impulse
Of the wrath of Venus,
Whose breath
and whose voice,,

Exhale retribution.
For, how is it posible
That the god who builds
My empire
Should allow my affront?

recitation:

But since my exhausted
Herat lies so helpless
That every fear
Pulsates with dismay,
I am sure Diana's wrath

Mi señora Mariantaños

MI SEÑORA MARIANTAÑOS
Marín

Mi señora Mariantaños
en la eternidad de un mes
pregunta como la quise
i ignoro que responder
porque yo no sé donde anda el amor
sin qué ni porqué

Usted era fea adrede
y fue fácil sin querer
y vino a ser mi ocasión
que pudo mas que luzbel
porque yo no sé quando en lo peor
se halló que escojer

Efectos de avorrecida
la deslumbravan tal vez
pues quando la quise mal
fué quando quise muy bien
porque yo no sé que aya voluntad
a más no poder

Si era esquiva se quedava
a solas con su esquivez
y nunca pudo su ardid
hecharme un ruego a perder
porque yo no sé qual será peor
huir o bençer

Ni más ni menos la quise
con que podrá conozer
que si fué mi amor caval
lo que me vendió compré
porque yo no sé dejar de pagar
lo que fué bender

MI SEÑORA MARIANTAÑOS
my lady mary longago

My lady Mary Longago,
in a month's eternity,
asks how it was I loved her
and how to answer taxes me.
For I know not whither love may stray,
with whom, nor what, nor why.

It's pure and simple, you were plain
unwitting easy game,
and as for me, I seized my chance,
more tempting than old Lucifer by name.

By rebuffs haply rendered blind
she never once did cavil
that then it was I loved her best
when loved her I most ill.
For I know not of any will
than cannot yet be bent.

If ever she played hard to get
to her coyness she was welcome
and never did her wiles succeed
in swerving my intention.

For I know not which had been worse:
to curb my will or conquer hers.

I loved her fair and square of course,
so let her be the judge
of whether I was true or false.
But what she plainly had for sale
I fairly bought as such.

Translated by Jacqueline Minett

INTERVAL

Tarantela (arpa)
Jácaras & Canarios (guitar)

Lucas Ruiz de Ribayaz
Gaspar Sanz

Diálogos de amor

Tortolilla si no es por amor

José Marín

TORTOLILLA SI NO ES POR AMOR

José Marín

Estribillo:

Tortolilla si no es por amor
yo no sé porqué puede ser
gemir y llorar al amanecer

Coplas:

Hacer gala del pesar
y del plaçer el sentir
cantar solo por gemir
gemir solo por cantar
padezer y madrugar
alisonjear el dolor

En el mayor sufrimiento
hallar el descanso tuvo
y la pena del alivio
ser gloria del sufrimiento
padezer en el tormento
de hazer la gloria mayor

Saver engañar la suerte
a costa de la locura
y finjirse la ventura
en el afán de la muerte
deslumbrar lo que no advierte
el engaño de un ardor

TORTOLILLA SI NO ES POR AMOR

TELL ME LITTLE TURTLEDOVE

Tell me, little turtledove
what can it be if 'tis not love
that makes you moan and cry at dawn?

You wear your sadness like a jewel,
your joy to sorrow's flown.
Your song is ever but a moan,
sorrowing and suffering with each new morn
upon your woes you gently fawn.

In dire distress
you take your rest
and in your pain relief
Your suffering brings extasy,
your torment and your grief
serve only your great glory to increase.

At risk of courting madness
your fate you do defy
and in your readiness to die

you mimic happiness,
dazzling the careless eye
that's blind to ardour's lie.

Folia: Mareta, mareta no'm faces plorar

Anonyme (Lullaby) *

MARETA, NO'M FACES PLORAR

Mareta, mareta, no'm faces plorar,
compra'm la nineta avui qu'es el meu sant.
Que tinga la nina hermosos els ulls,
la cara molt fina i els cabells molt rull.

Marieta, Marieta jo es cantaré
una cançoneta que ta adormiré.
Dorm-te, neneta, dorm si tens son.
Dorm-te, neneta, dorm si tens son.

MARETA, MARETA, NO'M FACES PLORAR
MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, DON'T MAKE ME CRY

Mother, dear mother, don't make me cry,
today is my saint's day, so buy me a doll
with lovely eyes and a face that's fair,
a doll with beautiful, curly hair.

Mary, little Mary, I'll sing you a song
and lull you now to sleep.
Go to sleep, little maid, sleep if you slumber.
Go to sleep, little maid, sleep if you slumber.

Canarios: No piense menguilla ya

José Marín*

NO PIENSE MENGUILLA YA
José Marín

Coplas:

No piense Menguilla ya
que me muero por sus ojos
que e sido vovo asta aquí
y no quiero ser mas vovo.

Para qué es buena una niña
tan mal hallada entre pocos
que no está vien con el fénix
porque le an dicho que es solo

El mal gusto de Menguilla
es una casa de locos
el tema manda al deseo
vaya la raçon al rollo

Mucho abandona lo vano
si poco estima lo hermoso
la que por ser familiar
no repara en ser demonio

Desigualdad y capricho
no deja el manco ni cojo
porque a quenta de lo lindo
no admite lo liçencioso

Estribillo:

O que lindo modo
para que la dejen
unos por otros

NO PIENSE MENGUILLA YA
don't flatter yourself menguilla

Don't flatter yourself, Menguilla,
that I'm dying for your eyes,
for though a fool I may have been

I vow my folly to revise.

The apple of my eye she was, it's true,
though she was but a windfall, one of few.
To countenance the Phoenix she demurred
because of his uniqueness she had heard.

Menguilla has no taste at all,
in Bedlam it seems bred.
For her desire is but a whim,
no reason governs her fair head.

She whose beauty's value undermines
and of all vanity would be exempt
as familiarity does breed contempt,
the very devil she can be oft-times.

The one-armed man nor yet the man who's lame
is no less biased, no less to fancy prey
and though scant beauty does attend his frame
to him has licence none the less a claim.

Such pretty manners hers
it is no wonder
she is passed from one man to another.

Diferencias sobre las Folias (instr.)

Antonio Martin & Coll

Mudanzas de amor

Niña como en tus mudanças

José Marín

NIÑA COMO EN TUS MUDANÇAS

Coplas:

Niña como en tus mudanças
tan fáciles como libres
a qualquier viento te muebes
de qualquier fuego te ríes

Mas no tan fácil el çierço
sacude juncos humildes
como tu gusto mudable
a qualquier viento se rinde.

Mas con tan libre albedrío
y tu condiçión tan libre
quando busques quien te quiera
quizá hallarás quien te olbide

Estribillo:

Oy te toca niña
mudanzas amor
mira como baylas
quando mude el son

Coplilla:

Suele amor tener
gana de vaylar
y suele mudar
el son del querer
mudanças de ayer
son firmezas oy
mira cómo baylas
quando mude el son

NIÑA COMO EN TUS MUDANZAS sweetheart who in your fickle moods

Sweetheart, who in your fickle moods
as easy as they are free,

you flutter with each passing breeze
and mockingly all flames you tease.

Less rudely by the north wind
reeds are tossed
than are your fickle favours
won and lost.

With such free will
and ways so free,
if ever another's love you'd be,
you may find that he minds you ill.

Love's change, sweetheart,
today you'll prove.
See how you'll dance
when love doth change its tune.

Love's pleasure
is to dance.
The tune of love
is one of chance.
What yesterday was frail inconstancy
today seems firm for all eternity.
See how you'll dance
when love doth change its tune.

Trompicávalas amor

Juan Hidalgo

TROMPICAVALAS AMOR
Juan Hidalgo

Trompicavalas amor
a las niñas de Barajas
y tal como las trompicava
trompicavalas concelos
que son del descuido trampas
pues a pesar de lo frío
aun a los biexos abrasan.

Trompicavalas amor
Love was tricking
The Barajas maids.
And how was he tricking them?
He tricked them by jealousy,
This is the careless trap,
For, despite their cold,
It even burns the old.