

Coplas de Curro Dulce

Chiquitita la novia,
Chiquitito el novio,
Chiquitita la sala,
Y el dormitorio,
Por eso yo quiero
Chiquitita la cama
Y el mosquitero.

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis?

¿Corazón, porqué pasáis?
Las noches de amor despierto
Si vuestro dueño descansa
En los brazos de otro dueño?

Al amor

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento
Asido de mis cabellos
Y mil y ciento
tras ellos
Y tras ellos mil y ciento
Y después...
De muchos millares, tres!
Y porque nadie lo sienta
Desbaratemos la cuenta
Y... contemos al revés.

Verses by Curro Dulce

Tiny is the bride,
Tiny is the groom,
Tiny is the living room,
Tiny is the bedroom,
That is why I want
a tiny bed
With a mosquito net.

Heart, why do you stay awake?

Heart, why do you stay awake?
during the nights of love,
if your master rests
In the arms of another?

To the beloved

Give me, love, kisses without number,
as the number of hairs on my head,
and give me a thousand and a hundred
after that,
and a hundred and a thousand after that
and after those...
Many thousands, give me three more!
And so no one feels bad
Let us tear up the tally
And... begin counting backwards.

Frauenliebe und Leben

A woman's life and love

4. Du Ring an meinem Finger

Thou ring on my finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein [goldnes] Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Thou ring on my finger
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips,
Piously upon my heart.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit [friedlich schönen] Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood
I found myself alone and lost
in barren, infinite space.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens [unendlichen Werth].

Thou ring on my finger,
thou has taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto
The endless, deep value of life.

Ich [werd'] ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entirely,
Give myself and find myself
Transfigured in his radiance.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein [goldnes] Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously on my lips,
Piously upon my heart.

5. Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir.
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
[Dem] Geliebten im Arme lag,

Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den [heut'gen] Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine thörichte Bangigkeit;
Daß ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst [du, Sonne, mir] deinen Schein?
Laß mich in Andacht,
Laß mich in Demuth,
[Mich] verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
[Bringt]5 ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß' ich mit Wehmuth,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar.

Help me, ye sisters

Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,
Serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of the blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the
beloved
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
Him, the source, of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,
thou appeared to me,
Givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness
Let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
Bring him budding roses,
but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy
Joyfully departing from your midst.

6. Süßer Freund, du blickest

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Laß der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
[Freudenhell erzittern
In den Wimpern mir].

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüßt' ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und [birg] dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weißt du nun die Thränen,
Die ich weinen kann?
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann;
Bleib' an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Daß ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildniß
Mir [entgegen lacht].

Sweet friend, thou gazest

Sweet friend, thou gazest
upon me in wonderment,
thou canst not grasp it,
why I can weep;
Let the moist pearls
unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright,
In my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,
How rapturous!
If I only knew, with words,
how I should say it;
come and bury thy visage
here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear
all my happiness.

Knowest thou the tears,
That I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them,
thou beloved man?
Stay in my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
Hold thee.

Here, at my bed,
the cradle shall have room,
 where it silently conceals
my lovely dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image
Shall smile at me.

Liebesbotschaft

Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach trautes Bächlein
Mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße
Des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen
Im Garten gepflegt
Die sie so lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke
Mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer,
In Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend
Das Köpfchen hängt;
Tröste die Süße
Mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte
Kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne
Mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen
In Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd
In süße Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume
Der Liebe zu.

Love's Message

Murmuring brooklet,
So silvery bright,
Hurry to my beloved
So fast and light,
Oh friendly brooklet,
Be my messenger fair,
Bring my distant greetings
To her.

All the flowers
She tends in her garden,
Which she sweetly
Bears on her bosom,
And her roses
In a purple glow,
Brooklet, refresh them
With cooling flow.

When on the bank,
Immersed in dreams,
Remembering me,
She hangs her head,
Comfort my sweetheart
With a friendly glance,
For her beloved
Will soon come back.

When the sun sets
With reddening glow,
Rock my loved one
To slumber.
Murmur for her
Sweet sleep,
And whisper dreams
Of love to her.

Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! Sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen;
Komm', beglücke mich!

Ach, so fromm

Ach, so fromm, ach so traut
Hat mein Auge sie erschaut;
Ach, so mild, und so rein
Drang ihr Bild in's Herz mir ein.
Banger Gram, eh' sie kam,
Hat die Zukunft mir umhüllt,
Doch mit ihr blühte mir
Neues Dasein lusterfüllt.
Weh! Es schwand, was ich fand, ach!
Mein Glück erschaut ich kaum,
Bin erwacht und die Nacht
Raubte mir den süßen Traum.
Martha! Martha!
Du entschwandest, und mein Glück
Nahmst Du mit Dir;
Gib mir wieder, was Du fandest,
Oder theile es mit mir.

Serenade

My songs beckon softly
through the night to you;
below in the quiet grove,
come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers
in the moonlight;
Do not fear the evil spying
of the betrayer, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they beckon to you,
with the sweet sound of their singing
they beckon to you for me.

They understand the heart's longing,
know the pain of love,
they calm each tender heart
with their silver tones.

Let them also stir within your breast,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling I wait for you,
come, please me!

Ah, how innocent

Ah, how innocent, ah how trusted
has my eye perceived her;
Ah, so gentle, and so pure
was the image that penetrated my heart.
Before she came into my life, only sorrow
lay in my future,
but with her blossomed in me
a new existence that's joy filled.
Woe! That I found disappeared, ah!
My happiness was barely allowed to exist,
when I awakened and the night
had stolen my sweetest dream from me.
Martha! Martha!
You disappeared, and my happiness
took you with you;
Return to me again, what you found,
or share it with me.

Nuit d'étoiles

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore
au fond de mon coeur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle [fait] maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Night of stars

Night of stars, beneath your veils,
Beneath your breezes and your scents,
A sad lyre that sighs,
I dream of dead loves.

The serene melancholy comes bursting
in the depths of my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Tremble in the dreaming woods.

I see again at our fountain
Your gaze, blue as the sky;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

Mandolin

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender
verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the manolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Après un rêve

Dans un sommeil
que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur,
ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,
ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel
éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous
entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues,
lueurs divines entrevues,

Hélas! Hélas! triste réveil des songes
Je t'appelle, ô nuit,
rends moi tes mensonges,
Reviens, reviens radieuse,
Reviens ô nuit mystérieuse!

After a dream

In a slumber
which held your image spellbound
I dreamt of happiness,
passionate mirage,
Your eyes were softer,
your voice pure and sonorous
You shone like a sky
lit up by the dawn;

You called me and I left the earth
To run away with you towards the light,
The skies opened
their clouds for us,
Unknown splendours,
divine flashes glimpsed,

Alas! Alas! Sad awakening from dreams
I call you, O night,
give me back your lies,
Return, return radiant,
Return, O mysterious night.

Notre amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
- Notre amour est chose légère!

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
- Notre amour est chose charmante!

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille un âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
- Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du coeur,
- Notre amour est chose éternelle!

Elle est gravement gaie

Elle est gravement gaie.
Par moments son regard.
se levait comme pour
surprendre ma pensée.
Elle était douce alors
comme quand il est tard
le velours jaune et bleu
d'une allée de pensées.

Our Love

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.
Our love is something light.

Our love is something enchanting
like the morning's song
in which regrets are not heard
but uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something charming.

Our love is something sacred
like the forests' mysteries
in which and unknown soul quivers
and silences have voices.
Our love is something sacred!

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the evening,
where the ocean, joined with the sky,
falls asleep under slanting stars.

Our love is something eternal
like all that has been touched
by the fiery wing of a victorious god,
like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!

She is gravely cheerful

She is gravely cheerful.
At times she lifts her gaze
as if to
catch my thoughts.
She was as sweet
and gentle as
The blue-yellow velvet of pansies
along the path in the evening.

Schweigt stille, plaudert nicht

4. Arie S

Ei! wie schmeckt der Coffee süße,
Lieblicher als tausend Küsse,
Milder als Muskatene Wein.
Coffee, Coffee muss ich haben,
Und wenn jemand mich will laben,
Ach, so schenkt mir Coffee ein!

Un'aura amorosa

Un'aura amorosa
del nostro tesoro
un dolce ristoro
al cor porgerà;
al cor che, nudrito
da speme, d'amore,
di un'esca migliore
bisogno non ha.

O del mio amato ben

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanza
sempre la [cerco e] chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze...
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

Quanto è bella

Be still, stop chattering

Aria S

Ah! How sweet coffee tastes,
more delicious than a thousand kisses,
Milder than muscatel wine.
Coffee, I have to have coffee,
and, if someone wants to pamper me,
Ah, then fill up my coffee again!

A loving breath

A loving breath
of our sweethearts
a sweet refreshment
to the heart will bring;
The heart that is nourished
by the hope of love
has no need
of a better food.

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly beloved
Far from my eyes is she
who was, to me, glor and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek her and call her
with a heart full of hopes...
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish my heart.

It seems to me, without her, sad everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without her, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

How she is beautiful

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara!
Più la vedo, e più mi piace...
ma in quel cor non son capace
lieve affetto ad inspirar.
Essa legge, studia, impara...
non vi ha cosa ad essa ignota...
lo son sempre un idiota,
lo non so che sospirar

How she is beautiful, how she is dear!
The more I see her, the more I like her...
but in that heart I'm not capable
little dearness to inspire.
She reads, studies, learns...
I don't see that she ignores anything...
I'm always an idiot,
I don't know but to sigh.