PIANGERÒ LA SORTE MIA, George Frideric Handel (1685 -1759)

This aria comes from Giulio Cesare in Egitto (1624), a drama in three acts written in 1724 by George Frideric Händel with a libretto by Nicola Francesco Haym, for the Royal Academy of Music. The Roman war that took place from 45 to 49 BC gave the basis for the plot. Giulio Cesare was heading to Egypt, pursuing his enemy Pompey. Meanwhile, Cleopatra is planning to seduce Giulio Cesare so she can take the throne from her brother Tolomeo. As the events unfold, Cleopatra and Cesare realize they feel genuinely in love with each other.

In Act III, Ptolemy's troops are victorious, and Cleopatra is imprisoned. At this moment, she sings the aria “Piangerò la sorte mia,” expressing her anguish and despair.

This aria is in da Capo form, meaning the first stanza is sung twice, before and after the second one. The first stanza is slow and expressive and shows all the pain, while the second stanza presents her fury, anger, and her desire to accomplish even after death.

When repeated, the first stanza is traditionally modified with rich ornamentation.

Recitativo

E pur così in un giorno
perdo fasti e grandezze?
Ahi fato rio!
Cesare, il mio bel nume,
é forse estinto;
Cornelia e Sesto inermi son,
né sanno darmi soccorso.
O dio! Non resta alcuna speme
al viver mio.

Aria

Piangerò la sorte mia
sì crudele e tanto ria
finché vita in petto avrò.
Ma poi morta
d'ogn'intorno il tiranno e notte e
giorno fatta spettro agiterò.

Recitative²

And so thus in a day
I lose pomp and Grandeur?
Ah fate unjust!
Caesar, my beautiful protector,
is perhaps dead;
Cornelia and Sesto defenseless are,
nor can they give me help.
O God! There remains any hope
for this life mine.

Aria

I will weep for the fate mine,
so cruel and so unjust,
as long as life in my breast I will have.
But then when dead
from all around, the tyrant both night and day
as a ghost, I will haunt.

---

¹ Giulio Cesare in nutshell; retrieved July 15, 2019, from https://www.operanorth.co.uk/news/giulio-cesare-in-a-nutshell/
Vincenzo Bellini (1801 - 1835)

Vincenzo Bellini was one of the prominent Italian operatic composers. Despite Bellini's brief career, his operas were performed on the main stages throughout Europe during the early nineteenth century. In addition to his operatic works, the composer wrote a few songs called Romanze da camera for amateur singers. Some of these songs are classified as Arietti, or miniature arias. They are smaller in scale when compared to opera's arias but contain technical demands necessary to learn how to sing an opera area in a bel canto style.

Il fervido desiderio (The ardent desire)

"Il fervido desiderio" is a flowing arietta with a graceful melody, cadences, and embellishments in bel Canto style. Bellini, together with Rossini and Donizetti, was an influential creator and representative of bel Canto. This style requires precise control of the intensity of vocal tone, emphasizing the beauty of the voice, demanding vocal agility, clear articulation, and declamation of words in prolonged phrases.

Il fervido desiderio
Quando verrà quel dì
Che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel dì
di che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

Quando verrà quel dì
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

The ardent desire
When will-come that day
when I shall see again
that-one whom the-loving heart so-much desires?

When will that day come
when I shall gather you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

When will that day come
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

L'abbandono (The abandonment)

"L'abbandono" belongs to Bellini's Composizioni da Camera, written in the 1820s and published in 1935, for the centenary of his death.

This song is a Romanza that depicts a despairing young man who addresses the breeze, the flowers, and a bee that should implore his beloved to come back. Considering the feelings expressed in this song, it seems surprising to hear a lively accompaniment. However, this was common for many of the most emotionally painful moments in bel Canto operas.

L'abbandono
Solitario zeffiretto,

The abandonment
Lonely little breeze

---


7 L’abbandono (anonymous, set by Vincenzo Bellini) (the LiederNet Archive: Texts and translations to Lieder, melodies, Canzoni, and other classical vocal music) https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=255.
a che movi i tuoi sospiri?      Why do you move your sighs?
Il sospiro a me solo lice,         The Sighs are granted for me alone,
ché, dolente ed infelice,        for, grieving and sorrow,
chiamo Dafne che non ode         I call Daphnis who does not hear
l'insoffribil mio martir.        my unbearable torment.

Langue in van la mammoletta      Languish in vain the little violet,
e la rosa e il gelsomino;        And the rose and the jasmine;
lunge son da lui che adoro,      I am far from him whom I adore,
non conosco alcun ristoro        and I have no relief
se non viene a consolarmi      unless he comes and console me
col bel guardo cilestrino.      with his beautiful blue gaze.

Ape industre, che vagando        Industrious bee, who always flit
sempre vai di fior in fiore,     from flower to flower,
ascolta, ascolta.              listen, listen:

Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora,      If you find where he lives,
di' che rieda a chi l'adora,    tell him to return to the one who adores him,
come riedi tu nel seno         as you return to the heart of the roses
delle rose al primo albor.      at the first light of dawn.

**ROBERT DEVEREUX (1837), Gaetano Donizetti (1797 - 1848)**

Among all composers, Donizetti wrote the most significant number of operas, a total of 65 works. *Robert Devereux* (1837) is his 64th opera. Count Robert Devereux, the beloved of Queen Elizabeth I, is sent to Ireland, where he signs a peace treaty with the rebels against the queen's orders. In exchange for removing Robert's death sentence, Elizabeth wants to know who the mysterious woman owner of his affection is.

In the third act, Elizabeth is mournful about the pending death of her lover and wonders why Sarah, her confidant, is not there to give her comfort. That is the moment when Elizabeth sings "E Sara in queste orribili momenti... Vivi ingrato, a lei d'accanto." Sarah gives Robert's ring to Elizabeth and confesses her guilt at being her rival. The queen tries to stop Robert's execution in vain when she hears the cannon announcing his death. Concerned about Roberto's execution, Queen Elisabetta gives up her love and decides to forgive him for his feelings for Sara as long as he survives.

**Recitativo**

...E Sarah in questi orribili momenti

**Recitative**

...And Sara in these horrible moments

---


9 Operas, arias, composers, singers. Robert Devereux libretto English translation from https://www.opera-arias.com/search/&q=translator+

10 Ibid.
Pote lasciarmi? ...
Al suo ducale palagio,
Onde qui trarla s'affrettò Gualtiero.
E ancor! ...
De suoi conforti
L'amistà mi sovvenga,
Io n'ho ben d'uopo ...
Io son donna alfine!
Il foco è spento
Del mio furo ...
...Vana la sperme non fia ...
Presso a morir, l'augusta gemma
Ei recar mi farà...
Penito il veggo Alla presenza mia ...
Pur ... fugge il tempo! ...
Vorrei fermar gl'istanti.
E se la morte,
Ond'esser fido alla rival,
scegliesse? ...
Oh truce idea funesta ...
S'ei già move al palco? ...
Ah! Crudo! ... Arresta! ...

Vivi, ingrato, a lei d'accanto,
Il mio core a te perdona ...
Vivi, o crudo, e m'abbandona
In eterno a sospirar ...
Ah! si celi questo pianto,
Ah! non sia chi dica in terra:
La Regina d'Inghilterra
Ho veduto lagrimar.
Vivi, ingrato, e m'abbandona...

How can she leave me? ...
At his ducale palace,
Gualtiero hurried to bring her.
And once more! ...
Let me remember the comfort
that the friendship provides me,
I really need it ...
I am a woman at last!
The fire is extinguished
Of my fury...
...But there is still a chance ...
Near to die, bearing the royal ring
He may come to me at last ...
Penitent I can see him standing before me.
But ... time passes so fast! ...
I only could make time stand still.
And if the death,
rather than betray the rival,
would he choose? ...
Oh horrible thought! ...
But if he is already approaching the scaffold? ...
Ah! Cruel man! ... Stop! ...

You shall live, ungrateful one, by her side,
My heart forgives you ...
Live, o cruel, and abandon me
Forever to sigh ...
Ah! Yet my tears shall remain hidden,
Ah! No one on earth shall be able to say:
The Queen of England
I saw weep.
Live, ungrateful, and abandon me...

WESENDONCK LIEDER, Richard Wagner (1813 - 1883)
Wagner composed only a few songs and other works in short forms, usually for particular circumstances.
Nowadays, his most performed songs are the Wesendonck Lieder (1857-58).
Mathilda Wesendonck's love affair with Wagner inspired her to write five poems. Wagner, who was working on the libretto by the opera Tristan und Isolde, momentarily interrupted this work to write the music for Mathilda's poems.
Wagner designed two of the Wesendonck Lieder to serve as a study for Tristan und Isolde: "Träume" and "Im Treibhaus." "Stehe Still!" is reminiscent of Tristan's Act I.
The *Wesendonck Lieder* are the only works Wagner did not write the lyrics. The original version is for voice and piano. Later, the composer orchestrated "Träume" as a birthday gift for Mathilda\(^{11}\).

Stehe still!

Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!

Stand still!\(^2\)

Rushing, roaring wheel of time,
You that measure eternity;
Gleaming spheres in the vast universe,
You that surround our earthly sphere;
Eternal creation - cease:
Enough of becoming, let me be!

Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!
Hemmet den Atem, stillet den Drang,
Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!
Daß in selig süßem Vergessen
Ich mög' alle Wonne ernen Men!

Hold yourselves back, generative powers,
Primal Thought that always creates!
Stop your breath, still your urge,
Be silent for a single moment!
Swelling pulses, restrain your beating;
Eternal day of the Will - end!
That in blessed, sweet oblivion
I might measure all my bliss!

Wenn Auge in Auge wonnig trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wiederfindet,
Und alles Hoffens Ende sich kündet,
Die Lippe verstummt in staundendem Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Innre zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
Und löst dein Rätsel, heil'ge Natur!

When eye gazes blissfully into eye,
When soul drowns utterly in soul;
When being finds itself in being,
And the goal of every hope is near,
When lips are mute in silent wonder,
When the soul wishes for nothing more:
Then man perceives Eternity's footprint,
And solves your riddle, holy Nature!

Im Treibhaus

Hochgewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir, warum ihr klagt?

In the greenhouse\(^3\)

High-arching leafy crowns,
Canopies of emerald,
You children who dwell in distant climes,
Tell me, why do you lament?

Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge

Silently you bend your branches,
Inscribe your symbols on the air,
And a sweet fragrance rises,

---


\(^{13}\) Im Treibhaus (Wesendonck, set by Richard Wagner) (the LiederNet Archive: Texts and translations to Lieder, mélodies, Canzoni, and other classical vocal music), https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=17387.
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.
With longing and desire

Weit in sehndem Verlangen
You open wide your arms,

Breitet ihr die Arme aus
And embrace in your delusion

Und umschlinget
Desolation's awful void.

Öder Leere nicht'gen Graus.

Wohl ich weiß es, arme Pflanze:
I am well aware, poor plant;

Ein Geschicke teilen wir,
We both share a single fate,

Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Though bathed in gleaming light,

Unsre Heimat is nicht hier!
Our homeland is not here!

Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
And just as the sun is glad to leave

Von des Tages leerem Schein,
The empty gleam of day,

Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
The true sufferer veils himself

Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.
In the darkness of silence.

Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
It grows quiet, a whirring whisper

Füllt bang den dunklen Raum:
Fills the dark room uneasily:

Schwere Tropfen seh' ich schweben
I see heavy droplets hanging

An der Blätter grünem Saum
From the green edge of the leaves

Schmerzen
Torment

Sonnet, weinest jeden Abend
Sun, you weep every evening

Dir die Schönen Augen rot,
Till your eyes are red and sore

Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend
As, submerging in the mirrored sea,

Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;
You pass, too early, through death’s door.

Doch erstehst in alter Pracht,
But, you rise again in former splendour,

Glorie der düstren Welt,
Glorious in a world that’s dark,

Du am Morgen, neu erwacht,
Newly wakened in the morning;

Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!
A hero who has made his mark.

Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen,
Ah, how could I then complain,

Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich seh'n,
Feel such heaviness in my heart,

Muß die Sonne selbst verzagen,
When the sun itself knows anguish,

Muß die Sonne untergehn?
When the sun itself must perish.

Und gebieret Tod nur Leben,
And if death alone gives birth to life,

Geben Schmerzen Wonne nur:
And only torment can bring joy,

O wie dank'ich daß gegeben
How grateful am I for such torment

**Erik Satie (1866 - 1925)**
Satie and his music had a significant influence on the work of his contemporaries. At the beginning of the twentieth century, he became a father figure for the avant-garde of French composers. Satie intended to eliminate grandiosity and pompous art. His style is a representative of minimalism and miniature. As an eccentric character, his life and music were influenced by the sense of absurdity and whimsicality. He liked the bizarre and the inventive and disliked pretentiousness in life and art. His songs are quite a few, but of great artistic relevance. Beneath the joke and the droll behavior, they hid a sensitive, serious nature\(^\text{15}\).

**Trois mélodies de 1886 (Three songs from 1886)**
This recital will present two songs from *Trois mélodies de 1886*: “Les anges” and “Élégie.” Satie used poems by his friend J.P. Contamine de Latour. The songs are highly sentimental, with a simple accompaniment. The composer employs extended chords based on seventh and ninth to effectively express the text emotions, with such a transparency that it evokes the atmosphere suggested by the poetry\(^\text{16}\).

**Élégie**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>French</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J'ai vu décliner comme un songe,</td>
<td>I have seen my luck fade,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cruel mensonge,</td>
<td>As if in a dream.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tout mon bonheur.</td>
<td>Cruel fate!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Au lieu de la douce espérance,</td>
<td>Instead of sweet hope,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J'ai la souffrance</td>
<td>I am full of suffering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et la douleur.</td>
<td>and pain.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Eulogy**\(^\text{17}\)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>French</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Autrefois ma folle jeunesse</td>
<td>In the folly of my youth,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chantait sans cesse</td>
<td>I sang</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L'hymne d'amour.</td>
<td>the song of love unceasingly.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mais la chimère caressée</td>
<td>But the gentle dream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S'est effacée</td>
<td>was erased,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>En un seul jour.</td>
<td>In a single day.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>French</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J'ai dû souffrir mon long martyre,</td>
<td>I have to suffer my long martyrdom,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sans le maudire,</td>
<td>Without cursing it,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sans soupirer.</td>
<td>without sighing.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Le seul remède sur la terre</td>
<td>The only remedy on earth,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>À ma misère</td>
<td>For my misery,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Est de pleure</td>
<td>is to cry</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

\(^{16}\) Ibid.
Les anges

Vêtus de blancs, dans l'azur clair,
Laissant déployer leurs longs voiles,
Les anges planent dans l'éther,
Lys flottant parmi les étoiles.

Les luths frissonnent sous leurs doigts,
Luths à la divine harmonie.
Comme un encens montent leurs voix,
Calmes, sous la voûte infinie.

En bas, gronde le flot amer;
La nuit partout étend ses voiles,
Les anges planent dans l'éther,
Lys flottants parmi les étoiles.

The Angels

Dressed in white, in the blue sky,
They extend their long veils.
The angels glide in among the stars.
Floating lilies among the stars.

Lutes quiver under their fingers,
Lutes of divine harmony.
Like incense their voices rise,
Calm, under the infinite vault.

Below, the bitter wave roars;
The night spreads its veils too.
The angels glide in the ether,
Lilies floating among the stars.

Je te veux (1902) and La diva de l’ampire (1904)

Both songs were written for Paulette Darty, known as “la Reine de la valse lente” (The queen of the slow waltz). Her performance of Satie's pieces represented a significant success for his career. "Je te veux," with text by Henry Pacory, is a strophic slow waltz containing sensuous and seductive poetry. In contrast, "La diva de l'ampire," by Dominique Bunnaud and Numa Blès, alludes to the encounter of syncopation and jazz. The text brings a naïve sensuality mixing French and English languages. Satie uses some English words perhaps to salute his mother, who was English.

Je te veux

J’ai compris ta détresse,
Cher amoureux,
Et je cède à tes vœux:
Fais de moi ta maîtresse.
Loin de nous la sagesse,
Plus de tristesse,
J’aspire à l’instant précieux
Où nous serons heureux:
Je te veux.

Je n’ai pas de regrets,
Et je n’ai qu’une envie:
Près de toi, là, tout près,

I want you

I’ve understood your distress,
Dear lover,
And yield to your desires:
Make of me your mistress.
Let’s throw discretion
And sadness to the winds.
I long for the precious moment
When we shall be happy:
I want you.

I’ve no regrets
And only one desire:
Close, very close by you
Vivre toute ma vie.
Que mon cœur soit le tien
Et ta lèvre la mienne,
Que ton corps soit le mien,
Et que toute ma chair soit tienne.

Oui, je vois dans tes yeux
La divine promesse
Que ton cœur amoureux
Vient chercher ma caresse.
Enlacés pour toujours,
Brûlés des mêmes flammes,
Dans des rêves d’amours,
Nous échangerons nos deux âmes.

La diva de l’empire
Sous le grand chapeau Greenaway,
Mettant l’éclat d’un sourire,
D’un rire charmant et frais
De baby étonné qui soupire,
Little girl aux yeux veloutés,
C’est la Diva de l’Empire.
C’est la rein’ dont s’éprennent
Les gentlemen
Et tous les dandys
De Piccadilly.

Dans un seul "yes" elle mettant de douceur
Que tous les snobs en gilet à coeur,
L’accueillant des hourras frénétiques,
Sur la scène lancent des gerbes de fleurs,
Sans remarquer le rire narquois
De son joli minois.

Elle danse presque automatiquement
Et soulève, oh très pudiquement,
Ses jolis dessous de fanfreluches,
De ses jambes montrant le frétilllement.
C’est à la fois très très innocent
Et très très excitant.

To live my whole life long.
Let my heart be yours
And your lips mine,
Let your body be mine
And all my flesh yours.

Yes, I see in your eyes
The exquisite promise
That your loving heart
Is seeking my caress.
Entwined forever,
Consumed by the same desire,
In dreams of love
We’ll exchange our souls.

The starlet of the Empire
Beneath her large Greenaway hat,
Putting on her dazzling smile,
The fresh and charming laugh
Of a wide-eyed sighing babe,
A little girl with velvet eyes
She's the Diva of the Empire,
She's the queen they're smitten with,
The gentlemen
And all the dandies
Of Piccadilly.

She invests a single 'Yes' with such sweetness,
That all the fancy-waistcoated snobs
Welcoming her with frenzied cheers,
Hurl bouquets on the stage,
Without observing the wily smile
On her pretty face.

She dances almost mechanically
And lifts - Oh! so modestly -
Her pretty petticoat edged with flounces,
To reveal her wriggling legs.
It is very, very innocent
And very, very exciting too.

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21 The diva of the empire (Bessat, set by Alfred Erik Leslie Satie) (the LiederNet Archive: Texts and translations to Lieder, mélodies, Canzoni, and other classical vocal music) https://www.lieder.net/lieder/get_text.html?TextId=18715.
MIDSUMMER, Amy Worth (1888 - 1967)
Amy Aldrich Worth is an American composer, piano teacher, organist, choir director in her town, and member of the Seattle Society of Composers. Although Worth wrote many pieces for the piano, her most representative works are for solo voice and choir. Worth's "Midsummer" has lyrics by Richard le Galienne (Liverpool, 1866 - 1947), whose original title is "I meant to do my work today." The composer uses rich harmony with broken arpeggiated chords, evoking the fresh, soft, and pleasant breeze. The harmony and melody magnificently support the lyrics in describing a beautiful atmosphere of the sunny days when Nature invites one to join it[22].

Midsummer
I meant to do my work today,
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.
And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand,
So what could I do but laugh and go?

FOUR DICKINSON SONGS (1996), Lori Laitman (1955)
Lori Laitman (1955) is a well-known composer and widely performed in the United States and abroad. Laitman's initial focus was composing music for film and theatre, but since 1991 she has concentrated on writing for the voice. Her music assists the words masterfully, the melodic lines matching the natural inflection of the speech[23].
Emily Dickinson (1830 - 1886) is one of the most influential American poets. However, she was only recognized after her death when her sister discovered her poems. Dickinson wrote about 1800 poems. The Four Dickinson Songs was composed in the spring of 1996. The wistful "Will there really be a morning?" naturally leads the voice line upward and then, softly downward like the shape of the mountains, while "I'm nobody" gives way to the humorous[24].

Will there really be a morning?
Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries

[24] Ibid.
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

**I'm nobody (1951)**
I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us — don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog!

**Heitor Villa Lobos (1887 - 1959)**
The renowned composer, sometimes referred to as the rebel of modern music, is considered the most creative Brazilian composer of his time and credited as the creator of new forms of composition, such as the *Choros* and the *Bachianas*. His works encompass symphonies, concertos, solo piano pieces, solo guitar pieces, solo voice pieces, choral works, chamber music, operas, musicals, and experimental works. His first instrument was the cello, but his true passion was the guitar. His father brought him to know some famous friends from popular music, and serenade singers, which added to him the fascination and love for folk and popular songs.

Serestas is a set of fourteen songs by Villa-Lobos composed between 1919 and 1943. Although considered by many as a song cycle, there is no evidence that Villa-Lobos intended it as one. Some factors do not justify the set as a song cycle, such as programmatic storyline and the use of poems from the same poet, to name a few. These songs are Villa-Lobos's artistic masterpiece for the voice, creating a precedent as a Brazilian equivalent to the German Lied. Villa-Lobos used poems by contemporary poets and used the *choro's* style.

**Canção da folha morta**
*Seresta no. 3*
Folha; caiste ao meu lado.
Lagrima verde dos ramos!
Es o presente, o passado

**Song of the Dead Leaf**
*Poem by Olegario Marianno*
Leaf, you fell by my side,
Green tear of the branches,
You are the present, and the past,

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26 Ibid.
27 Translation of Serestas taken from the LP 14 Serestas by Villa Lobos, Maria Godoy Ls 16325, no translator given.
De tudo o que nos amamos.  
Na minha funda tristeza  
De criatura singular,  
Es um resto do beleza  
Que deslumbra o meu olhar.

A vida que bem me importa?  
A vida é tu, folha morta.

No ultimo dobre de um sino,  
Por uma tarde sem fim,  
Morreste com o meu destino,  
Levando um pouco de mim.  
No teu todo abando

Ninhos, campaanulas, galhos  
Amavam-se em alvoroço...  
Os meus cabelos de moço  
lam ficando grisalhos,  
E um dia (quando chorei!)  
Folha, caiste ao meu lado  
Trazendo todo o passado  
com a saudade do que amei...  
A vida que bem me importa?  
A vida es tu, folha morta.

Saudades da minha vida  
Seresta no. 4  
Saudade do tempo,  
do tempo passado,  
O tempo feliz que não volta mais.  
Deus queira que um dia, eu  
encontre ainda  
Aquela inocencia feliz sem saber.

Of everything that we love.  
In my deep-seated sadness,  
of singular creature,  
You are a rest of beauty,  
That dazzle my gaze.

What is the life that matters to me?  
Life is you, dead leaf.

At the last toll of the bell  
That marks an endless afternoon,  
You died with my fate,  
Taking some of me.  
on you all abandonment,  
of humane daintiness,  
Longing of Fall vibrates  
And anguish of nature.

What is the life that matters to me?  
Life is you, dead leaf.

Nests, bluebell, branches  
Filled with the whirling thrill of love...  
My youthful hair  
Were getting grey,  
Then one day (when I wept!)  
You fell there by me side, leaf  
And brought with you the entire past  
with the longing for all that I loved...  
What is the life that matters to me?  
Life is you, dead leaf.

The Longing of My Life28  
Poem by Dante Milano  
The longing for the time,  
the past time,  
That happy time that never return.  
God wish, I shall yet on day again  
Regain that happy state of  
that happy innocence untold.

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28 Translation of Serestas taken from the LP 14 Serestas by Villa Lobos, Maria Godoy Ls 16325, no translator given.
Mas hoje que eu sei
De toda a verdade,
Já não acredito na felicidade.
E quando eu morrer, então, outra vez,
Pode ser que eu seja feliz sem saber.

But now that I know
of all the truth,
I no longer believe in joy.
Yet when I die, then once again,
Who knows I may be happy unbeknown.

Modinha
Seresta No. 5
Na solidão da minha vida,
Morrerei, querida,
Do teu desamor.
Muito embora me desprezas,
Te amarei constante,
Sem que a ti distante
Chegue a longe e triste voz do trovador.

Feliz te quero!
Mas se um dia
Toda essa alegria se mudasse em dor,
Ouvirias do passado,
A voz do meu carinho
Repetir baixinho,
A meiga e triste confissão do meu amor!

Joyful I want you!
Yet if some day
All that happiness gets changed into pain
Then would you hear from the past,
the voice of my affection
Repeat softly,
The sweet and sad confession of my love

Na paz do outono
Seresta No. 6
Na paz do outono,
Grave, profunda,
Teu vulto de ave,
Leve, ligeira
Sobre a alameda
Cheia de rosas
Que o luar inunda:
Sombra de seda.

Light plumage your smooth figure
over the alley
Is a rose bush
Full of blossoms
In the peace of autumn...

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29 Translation of Serestas taken from the LP 14 Serestas by Villa Lobos, Maria Godoy Ls 16325, no translator given.
30 Ibid
Realejo
Seresta No. 12
Realejo e como os outros são,
que vão e vem...
A manivela da-lhe a ilusão
de ser alguém.
Diz e rediz, nunca se sabe
o que ele diz:

se pensa bem, Se pensa mal,
Se é feliz ou infeliz.
Destino igual.
Nao tem desejo nem de morrer.
Vive de cor.
E realejo...
Podia se coisa pior...

Barrel organ\textsuperscript{31}
Poem by Alvaro Moreira
The Hurdy-Gurdy's like the others are,
The ones that come and go...
The whirling handle makes it feel
as though they were something real.
It speaks and speaks, yet no one knows what it does
really mean:

Its thoughts are: Good or Evil,
Whether it's joyful or sad.
Its destiny is all the same.
It does not even have wishes to die.
Lives by heart (automatically).
It is the hurdy-gurdy...
And could be worse than that...

\textsuperscript{31} Translation of Serestas taken from the LP 14 Serestas by Villa Lobos, Maria Godoy Ls 16325, no translator given.