

Notes and Translations

We begin our program tonight with a barcarole - an invitation to join us on a journey to new lands of both familiar and undiscovered composers.

Venezuelan composer Teresa Carreño was born into a musical family with her father as her main teacher. A gifted pianist and composer, she began her first compositions at the age of six and made her New York debut in 1862 at age nine and later that year performed for Abraham Lincoln at the White House. Then, traveling to Europe, she performed for some of the most well-known musicians of the day including Rossini, Liszt, Gounod and Saint-Saëns. Carreño maintained an extensive performance career both as a soloist and touring with some of the greatest singers of her time and it is likely that she wrote this song for one of their concerts. The piece, set in Italian, maintains all of the characteristics of a traditional barcarole with rollicking 6/8 time and charming lyricism. The text invites us to sail on our azure sea of love.

Barcarola

Poett: Anonymous

Voga, voga, la pallida luna
Già rischiara l'azzurro ocean,
Scorre lesta la gondola bruna
Voga e vanne lontano, lontan
Sull' azzurro nostro mar
Voga, voga o marinar!

Come trema quest'onda turchina
Così trema e sussulta il mio cor,
T'amo tanto o fanciulla divina
Di sincero, d'angelico amar
Ah! Sull'azzurro nostro mar
Voga, voga O marinar!

Dormi e sogna che un angelo alato
Presso il letto sta sempre a vegliar
Dormi e sogna nel sogno dorato
Del mio amore, deh! non ti scordar
Sull'azzurro nostro mar
voga, voga o marinar!

Barcarole

Translation by Robert Osborne

Row, rowm the pale moon
Now reveals the blue ocean
The dark gondola glides fleetly
Row and travel far, far away
On our azure sea
Row, row oh oarsman!

Like these turquoise waves that tremble
So trembles and shudders my heart
I love you so much O divine girl
With a sincere and angelic love
Ah! On our azure sea
Row, row oh oarsman!

Sleep and dream that a winged angel
Always watches over your bedside
Sleep and dream in a golden dream
Of my love, oh! Do not forget
On our azure sea
Row, row oh oarsman!

Dolores Castegnaro 1900-1979

I chose these three songs by Dolores Castegnaro, because she was the first female composer in Costa Rica, *Felicidad* and *Amor...tan solo amor* are simple songs that reflect the wisdom and self-reflection obtained through maturity and life experience. As a mature woman, she realized

that the most important element in her life was love. Castegnaro was gay and, in her time, she wasn't able to live her life openly. However, she had a mezzo-soprano partner who was also her muse. Dolores Castegnaro was born in San José from Italian parents Ana Catellanni and Alvisé Castegnaro. She began her studies with her father but later moved to Italy to continue her vocal and piano studies at the Giuseppe Verdi Conservatory and the Philharmonic Academy in Bologna.

Between 1933-1941 eleven compositions were published in France, they were recorded and sung by Tono Rossi, Lucienne Dugratm, Vanni Marcoux and Monserrat Caballe.

Felicidad (1970)

Poett: Dolores Castegnaro	Translation by Ivette Ortiz
Felicidad: es saber adaptarse A las cosas del mundo Felicidad: es querer entregarse Y repartir con ternura el amor, sí! Felicidad es la risa de un niño Y lo es también el fulgor de una estrella Y si en el alma sólo se siente una gran amor Eso en la vida es : ¡felicidad!	Happiness: it is knowing how to adapt to the things of the world Happiness: is wanting to surrender And spread love tenderly, yes! Happiness is the laughter of a child And so is the brilliance of a star And if in the soul you only feel a great love That in life is: happiness!
Felicidad: es lo que ahora yo siento... Felicidad:es lo que quieras darme... Felicidad: es la luz de tus ojos... cuando me miran sin rencor y con amor... ¡Sí!...	Happiness: that's what I feel now... Happiness: is what you want to give me... Happiness: it is the light of your eyes... when they look at me without rancor and with love... Yes!...

Lullabies

Motherhood is a uniquely feminine experience and lullabies are often symbolic of this bond between mother and child. For this set I have selected lullabies of Carmela Mackenna Subercaseaux of Chile and one of Venezuelan Composer Blanca Estrella de Méscoli.

Born into an aristocratic family in Santiago, Chile, Mackenna showed early promise in creative expression. However, it was determined that a career in the arts was inappropriate for someone in her social standing. She maintained duties as a diplomatic official yet also continued in her studies in piano and composition. Her lullaby Canto de Cuna balances a near constant juxtaposition of simple and compound meter and often an overlap of both. It maintains the rocking nature of a lullaby and the desire to care for one's baby.

Bianca Estrella de Méscoli is known as the first Venezuelan woman to receive a degree in composition. She won the Vincente Emilio Sojo prize for composition in 1958 and the National Music Prize in 1968. Married to a violinist, many of her works are dedicated to the two chamber ensembles in which he played. An active educator, Estrella managed two forward-thinking

institutions: The Venezuelan Experimental School and the Venezuelan Children's Council. In 1962 she founded the Bianca Estrella Experimental School which she directed until her death in 1986. Her song cycle *Las cancioncillas de Andriana* is a four-song cycle which chronicles the early childhood of Adriana with poems by Morita Carrillo who was noted for her skill in capturing the fantastic world of childhood.

Canto de cuna

Poet: Unknown

Duerme niño duerme,
Un ángel cuida de tu alma pura
Y por tu cuerpecito tu madre vela.
No temas niño duerme, duerme, duerme

Hasta ayer vivías en mi,
Hoy vivo yo para ti,
No llores niño,
Duerme, duerme.

Si lloras de sueño
te doy mi regazo,
Si lloras de hambre
te ofrezco mi pecho,
Si lloras de frío
te envuelvo mis brazos.
No llores niño,
Duerme, duerme

Duérmete Adriana

Poet: Morita Carrillo

Duérmete Adriana que el día se fue
Brisa y grillito bailan ballet
Llevan neblinas a todo andar
Los angelitos de otra ciudad

Se durmió Adriana pétalo miel
Mis arrullos en redondel
Y las estrellas Ailala
Van en que haces de inmensidad

Lullaby

Translation by Kristin Dauphinais

Sleep child, sleep
An angel takes care of your pure soul
And your mother watches over your little
body.
Fear not child, sleep, sleep, sleep

Until yesterday you lived in me,
Today, I live for you
Don't cry child
Sleep sleep.

If you cry from sleep
I give you my lap,
If you cry from hunger
I offer you my breast,
If you cry from cold
I wrap my arms around you.
Don't cry child
Sleep sleep

Go to sleep Adriana

Translation by Kristin Dauphinais

Go to sleep Adriana the day is gone
Breezes and cricket dance ballet
They carry mists everywhere
The little angels from another city

Adriana, honey petal, fell asleep
My cooing in round
And the stars - Alilala
Go on in immense tasks

Cánticos para soñar

I have chosen this set of songs by Argentinian composer Irma Urteaga as a way to portray the beauty and challenges of motherhood. The melody captures the ease of loving one's child, while the underpinning harmony offers the many layers and richness of the experience of motherhood. As mothers, we find stillness and quiet for the lulling of bedtime, yet we maintain our worries both large and small.

Composer Irma Urteaga was born in San Nicolás. However, her musical studies began in Paraná. She studied piano at the National Music Conservatory *Carlos López Buchardo* and later on pursued orchestra and choral conducting at the *Teatro Colón* Institute in Buenos Aires. She worked as a harmony teacher at the Conservatory between 1974-1978 and was the Opera Workshop director at the *Instituto Superior de Arte* from 1984 until 1993. Her work is mainly vocal. In the 1970's, she set the poetry of renowned poet Alfonsina Storni for her work *Existenciales* (1974). She also used texts from Celia Costa Lima for *Expectación* (1977) which is her most experimental work for soprano and mixed choir. *Cánticos para soñar* were composed in 1993 with texts by Ofelia Sussex-Marie and Eva Frías.

Canción de cuna para mi corazón solitario

Poet: Ofelia Sussel-Marie	Translation by Ivette Ortiz
Duerme corazón mío Aunque no tengas brazos Para mecerte.	Sleep sweetheart Despite not having arms to rock you.
Duerme corazón mío Aunque no tengas canto Para arrullarte	Sleep sweetheart Despite not having voice To sing lullabies.
Duerme corazón mío Aunque no tengas labios Para besarte.	Sleep sweetheart Despite not having lips to kiss you.
Duerme corazón mío Pronto la luna te ha de mimar Duerme con tus latidos de amor. Que el cielo te ha de cuidar	Sleep sweetheart Soon the moon is going to pamper you Sleep with your loving heartbeat That the sky is looking after you.

Canto de Nodriza

Text: Eva Frías

Oye mi canto de nodriza Cálido espacio azul que leve asoma Me abro de terciopelo para darte	Listen to my lullaby A warm blue space that slightly appears I open myself as velvet to give you this flow
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Este fluir de ríos y de aromas

Refleja tus pupilas en las mías
Mientras bebes del cáliz de mi pecho
Reconoce mi piel entre las pieles
En la suave fatiga de tu sueño.

Búscame con las manos y la boca
Búscame en la raíz de tu semilla
Soy la savia del brote que alimenta
La rosa bermellón de tu mejilla.

Of rivers and aromas.

Reflect your gaze in mine
While you drink from my chalice
Recognize my skin between other ones
In the soft exhaustion of your slumber

Search for me with your hands and mouth
Search for me in the root of your seed
I am the sap that feeds your vermilion
cheeks.

Capullito

Poet: Offelia Sussel-Marie

Duerme entre mis brazos
capullito mío
Mira que el ocaso está por llegar.

Duerme entre mis brazos
Que pasito a paso
Llegando la noche
Mecerá el cantar
Duerme entre mis brazos
Capullito mío
Mira que la lluvia
La tierra acaricia.

Y empapada en llanto
Capullito mío
Florece tu vida
En la paz del canto

Duerme capullito,
Duerme capullito

Translation by Ivette Ortiz

Sleep in my arms
My little cocoon
Because sunset is yet to come.

Sleep in my arms
Because little by little
When the night comes
She will rock you with lullabies.

Sleep in my arms
My little cocoon
See how the rain caresses the earth.

That is how soaked in tears,
My little cocoon
Blooms your life in the peace of singing.

Sleep my little cocoon,
sleep.

Sea Song

Guitarist and composer, Olga Amelkina-Vera, grew up in Belarus and moved to the United States in 1997. Three-time winner of the American Prize for composition in various divisions, Dr. Amelkina Vera is known in particular for her chamber works for guitar. She herself is an award-winning guitarist, active performer and member of Kithara Duo, but also has a passion for

writing for the voice. *Sea Song* was commissioned in the summer of 2006 by the Houston non-profit foundation *Col Canto*, dedicated to the promotion of art song and vocal chamber music

In the words of the composer: “ The dramatic intention of the piece is a stylized representation of the imaginary conflict between sea voyagers and sea-dwelling sirens, based on the ancient Greek myth. However, whereas most of the literature about this opposition discusses it from the point of the view of the humans, I wanted to “give a voice” to the other actors, or rather actresses, in this drama—the sirens themselves. Always fascinated by the accounts of otherworldly beauty of their voices and the unsettling notion of such beauty used for something apparently malicious, I wondered if perhaps the motivation behind the actions of the sirens was more complex than simple ill-will towards humans.

The more I thought about it, the more this conflict seemed to me to represent the fundamental difference and attraction between male and female elements in our own species. I decided to assume that the sirens’ goal was not the death of the human men (and in this piece, the human element is represented by them), but rather the possibility of understanding between them and the sirens. The sirens’ songs are at first unintelligible to the men, and in fact remain so unless the men really listen (remember the admonition to the travelers not to allow the seductive power of the music enter their ears); if they listen, though, the music draws them in and transforms them. It makes communication possible, but only at the expense of one nature being replaced with another. The act of drowning, then, is a symbolic one: the men do not cease to exist, but change elements (and the poem indicates that this, in fact, was the earlier fate of the sirens themselves). So, when the sirens say “...we love them, and we drown them,” the contradiction does not extend beyond the surface impact of that statement. They do love them, and by drowning the men they are at last reunited with them.”

Sea Song

Text by Olga Almekina-Vera

Translation by Ivette Ortiz

We hear them from afar
The sea holds them like a tender parent
And stretches its vastness before their proud
sails
How sure they are of their skill, children of dry
land
How little they know of the ancient and
terrible creature whose rippled back they
tread so lightly

Los escuchamos de lejos
El mar los sostiene como un tierno padre
Y extiende su inmensidad ante sus
orgullosas velas
¡Cuán seguros están de su habilidad, hijos de
la tierra!
Qué poco saben de la antigua y terrible
criatura cuya ondulada espalda pisotean con
tanta ligereza

We are never awake. We are submerged in
our fleeting, dancing dreams.
We were their wives, their lovers once
And have since changed elements and
become water
They appear on the horizon. Their spears tall,
in the imperial mid-day sun, their limbs and
torsos glistening with oil, sweat and sea-salt,

Nunca estamos despiertas. Estamos
sumergidas en nuestros sueños fugaces y
danzantes.
Una vez fuimos sus esposas y amantes
desde entonces han cambiado los elementos
y nos hemos convertido en agua.
Ellos aparecen en el horizonte. Sus lanzas
altas, bajo el sol imperial del mediodía, sus

Their locks and beards tangled and moist
with salty mist

extremidades y torsos relucientes con aceite,
sudor y sal marina,
Sus mechones y barbas enredados y
húmedos de niebla salada

We sing
And our voices soar above the waves in
harmonies of longing
Our thoughts are music
It lulls and quiets their fierce hearts
“Quiet, “ we sing “Still,” we sing.
“O lovely men of the earth” we sing
There is nothing to conquer, oh restless
hearts, nothing exists except endless sea and
sky and us, singing from beneath the waves

Cantamos
y nuestras voces se elevan sobre las olas en
armonías de anhelo
Nuestros pensamientos son música.
arrullan y aquietan sus fieros corazones
“Silencio”, cantamos “Aún”, cantamos.
“Oh amados hombres de la tierra” cantamos
No hay nada que conquistar, oh corazones
inquietos, nada existe excepto el mar y el
cielo infinitos y nosotros, cantando debajo de
las olas.

And they stand motionless, enchanted,
Their faces lit by some inexpressible wish,
Some mysterious desire, and we sing louder
until tears run from their illuminated eyes,
And we know that they finally can see.
They are beautiful then,
And we love them
And we drown them

Y ellos se quedan inmóviles, encantados,
sus rostros iluminados por algún deseo
inexpresable, algún deseo misterioso, y
cantamos más fuerte hasta que las lágrimas
corren de sus ojos iluminados,
Y sabemos que finalmente pueden ver.
Son hermosos entonces
y los amamos y los ahogamos

Lasciate amare

Text: Dolores Castegnaro

Translation by Ivette Ortiz

Lasciate amare cosi teneramente
Lasciate amare come si amano i bimbi
Le viole capucines le tube rose
Le nuvole leggere sopra il mar
Lascia vagare gli occhi tuoi si belli
Nella purezza della calma notte
Riposati piccina e non soffrir
Le cose buone sono accanto a te.

Let yourself to be loved tenderly
Let yourself be loved the way you love
children
The light clouds over the ocean
Let your beautiful eyes wonder
In the purity of a calm night
Rest little one and do not worry,
Only good things are reserved for you.

Amor...solo amor

Text: Dolores Castegnaro

Translation by Ivette Ortiz

Amor es una llama
Amor es una flor

Love is a flame
love is a flower
With its perfume it gives clutches sublime

Con su perfume da embragues sublime
Y con su fuego quema el corazón

Amar es en la vida la dicha y la ilusión
Yo quiero así vivir amando con pasión
Amor, tan solo amor.
Tus besos dejaron en mis labios
Recuerdos que nunca olvidaré,
Te quise con toda el alma mía
Y todo mi amor yo te entregué,
Amor tan sólo amor

And with its fire it burns the heart

To love is happiness and illusion in life
I want to live like this loving with passion
Love, just love.
Your kisses left on my lips
Memories that I will never forget,
I loved you with all my soul
And all my love I gave you,
love only love

The following songs from composers from the United States represent various aspects of the female experiences and challenges: The desire to please others and make a difference (*If I...*), The desire to be heard and have an equal place (*Dream Variation*), the fatigue of persistence (*Resignation*) and society's need for a women to be beautiful at all costs (*Big Sister says, 1967*). Lori Laitman's setting of Emily Dickinson's poem (*If I...*) captures the poet's need to find a sense of purpose. Laitman's constantly shifting meter and agogic stress lends an unsettled foundation whilst the soaring line offers a sense of hope and purpose "I shall not live in vain!" Described by *Fanfare Magazine* as "one of the most talented and intriguing of living composers," this striking composer offers a wealth of song and operatic repertoire skillfully written for the voice." Margaret Bonds is an example of triumph and fortitude at a time of extreme racism and oppression. Attending Northwestern University at the young age of 16 as one of the few black students, she describes the place as "hostile, racist, and nearly unbearable". Although she was permitted to study, she was not permitted to reside on campus. After receiving her masters degree she continued her studies at Julliard and then studied with famed composition teacher Nadia Boulanger who praised her compositions. A long-time friend and admirer of the poetry of Langston Hughes and other writers of the Harlem renaissance, her work was an important voice of her time and continues to have tremendous impact. Her setting of Hughes's *Dream Variation* describes the desire for racial justice: to be seen, to be free, to have a day in the sun with symbolic use of day and night or black and white as symbols of two elements equal in their beauty. Her use of a melody formed from the whole-tone scale is provocative. Perhaps she intends it as a musical equalizer with its equidistance between each pitch? Furthermore, her choice of the key of C# major increases importance and prominence of the black notes of the piano while at the same time lifting nearly every pitch. Florence Price is noted as the first African American Women to be recognized as a symphonic composer and the first to have her work played by a major symphony orchestra. A child prodigy, with her first composition published at the age of 11, Price attended the New England Conservatory of Music. However, she attempted to pass as Mexican to avoid racial discrimination, listing her hometown as Pueblo, Mexico instead of Little Rock, Arkansas. Although born into a well-to-do family, Price faced many hardships in her life including racism, segregation, an abusive husband and eventual divorce and single parenting at a time when there was little support for women in her situation. She wrote songs of many styles, and her

settings of spirituals were concert favorites of contralto Marian Anderson including the transformative performance in front of the Lincoln Memorial. This spiritual, *Resignation*, (of which she is also the poet) is a testament to her struggles in life and how her art and faith pulled her through.

Big Sister Says, 1967 comes from Libby Larsen's Song Cycle *Love after 1950*. Larsen writes that the cycle is "no *Frauenliebe und Leben* rather *Love after 1950* is the new women's *Frau Love'em and Leave'em*." She writes the song could only be in the style of honky-tonk with obvious reference to beauty school drop-out. It is true that women have long suffered and sacrificed in the name of beauty. Here, the perspective of a young girl coming of age and facing the horror of expectations is both poignant and humorous. The first woman to be appointed as composer in residence at a major orchestra, Larsen has been recognized for her work with numerous accolades including a Grammy award and the prestigious George Peabody Medal for Outstanding Contributions to Music in America. Her works for voice are complex yet lyrical and rooted in the rhythm of the American vernacular.

If I...

Poet: Emily Dickinson

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,

I shall not live in vain.

Si puedo...

Translation by Ivette Ortiz

Si puedo evitar que un corazón se rompa,
no habré vivido en vano;
Si puedo aliviar el dolor de una vida,
O enfriar un dolor,
O ayudar a un petirrojo desmayado
A volver su nido,

No habré vivido en vano.

Dream Variation

Poet: Langston Hughes

To fling my arms wide
In some place in the sun,
To whirl and dance
Till the bright day is done.
Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While night comes gently
Dark like me.
That is my dream!

To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun.
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening...
A tall, slim tree...
Night coming tenderly
Black like me.

Variación de un sueño

Translation by Ivette Ortiz

Lanzar mis brazos abiertos
En algún lugar bajo el sol,
Girar y bailar
Hasta que el día brillante termine.
Luego descansa en la tarde fresca.
Debajo de un árbol alto
Mientras la noche llega suavemente
oscura como yo.
¡Este es mi sueño!

Lanzar mis brazos abiertos
En la cara del sol.
¡Baile! ¡Girar! ¡Girar!
Hasta que termine el día rápido.
Descansar en la tarde pálida...
Un árbol alto y delgado...
La noche llega tiernamente
Negra como yo.

Resignation

Poet: Florence Price

My life is a pathway of sorrow;
I've struggled and toiled in the sun
with hope that the dawn of tomorrow
would break on a work that is done.
My Master has pointed the way,
he taught me in prayer to say:
"Lord, give us this day and our daily bread."
I hunger, yet I shall be fed.

My feet, they are wounded and dragging;
My body is tortured with pain;
My heart, it is shattered and flagging,
What matter, if, Heaven I gain.
Of happiness once I have tasted;
'Twas only an instant it paused
tho' brief was the hour that I wasted
For ever the woe that it caused
I'm tired and want to go home.
My mother and sister are there;
They're waiting for me to come
Where mansions are bright and fair.

Resignación

Translation by Ivette Ortiz

Mi vida es un camino de dolor;
He luchado y trabajado bajo el sol
con la esperanza de que el amanecer de
mañana
Llegaría en una obra que está hecha.
Mi patrón ha señalado el camino,
me enseñó a decir en la oración:
"Señor, danos este día y nuestro pan de cada
día".
Tengo hambre, pero seré alimentada.
Mis pies, están heridos y arrastrados;
Mi cuerpo es torturado con dolor;
Mi corazón, está destrozado y
languideciendo,
Qué importa, si al final me gano el cielo
De la felicidad una vez la probé;
"Fue solo un instante que se detuvo"
aunque breve fue la hora que perdí
Para siempre el dolor que causó
Estoy cansada y quiero irme a casa.
Mi madre y mi hermana están allí;
Están esperando que yo venga
Donde las mansiones son brillantes y
hermosas.

Big sister says, 1967

Text by Katheryn Daniels

Beauty hurts, big sister says,
 Yanking a hank of my lanky hair
 Around black wire-mesh rollers
 Whose inside bristles prick my scalp like so
 many pins
 She says I'd better sleep with them in.

She plucks, tweezes, glides razor blades
 Over tender armpit skin
 Slathers downy legs with stinking depilatory
 cream,
 presses straight lashes bolt upright
 With a medieval looking padded clamp
Looking good hurts, Baryl warns
It's hard work
*When you're not born beautiful**

final line omitted by composer*Mi hermana mayor dice**

Translation by Ivette Ortiz

La belleza duele, dice la hermana mayor,
 Tirando de un mechón de mi cabello
 larguirucho
 Alrededor de los rulos de malla de alambre
 negro
 cuyas cerdas interiores pinchan mi cuero
 cabelludo como tantos alfileres
 Ella dice que será mejor que duerma con
 ellos puestos.

Ella arranca, usa pinzas, desliza hojas de
 afeitar
 Sobre la piel sensible de las axilas
 Unta las suaves piernas con apestosa crema
 depilatoria,
 presiona las pestañas rectas para levantarlas
 con una pinza acolchada de aspecto
 medieval.

Verse bien duele, me advierte Baryl
 Es un trabajo duro
 Cuando no naces hermosa*

**línea final omitida por el compositor*

Writing more than 1,000 songs, Maria Grever was the first female Mexican composer to receive international acclaim. She was born in Mexico City to a Mexican mother and a Spanish father and later lived in Seville, and then lived a majority of her life until her death in New York City. She did her musical studies in France, notably with composer Claude Debussy and then took on additional studies in Mexico City. Grever had a great desire to share the musical flavors of Mexican music with the American populace. She felt the American people were unfamiliar with the richness of her heritage and she wanted to give the music an authentic voice with a universal appeal. *Júrame* was her first international "hit" and continues to be a popular song particularly among Mexican singers.

Alma mía - Maria Grever**This soul of mine**

Poet: Maria Grever

Translation by Ivette Ortiz

Alma mía, sola, siempre sola
 Sin nadie que comprenda
 Tu sufrimiento, tu horrible padecer
 Fingiendo una existencia siempre llena
 De dicha y placer.

This soul of mine, alone, always alone
 With no one to understand
 Your suffering, your horrible suffering
 Pretending an existence always full
 Of joy and pleasure.

Si yo encontrara un alma como la mía
Cuantas cosas secretas le contaría,
Un alma que al mirarme sin decir nada,
Me lo dijese todo con su mirada

Un alma que embriagase con suave aliento,
Y besarme sintiera lo que yo siento
y aveces me pregunto que pasaría
Si yo encontrara un alma como la mía.

Júrame

Poet: Maria Grever

Todos dicen que es mentira que te quiero
porque nunca me habían visto enamorada.
Yo te juro que yo mismo no comprendo
el porqué me fascina tu mirada.

Cuando estoy cerca de ti estoy contenta.
No quisiera que de nadie te acordaras.
Tengo celos hasta del pensamiento
que pueda recordarte a otra mujer amada.

Júrame
que aunque pase mucho tiempo
no olvidarás el momento
en que yo te conocí.

Mírame,
pues no hay nada más profundo
ni más grande en este mundo
que el cariño que te di.

Bésame
con un beso enamorado,
como nadie me ha besado
desde el día en que nací.

Quiéreme,
quíereme hasta la locura
así sabrás la amargura
que estoy sufriendo por ti.

If I found a soul like mine
How many secret things would I tell him,
A soul that could look at me without saying
anything,
Would tell me everything with his eyes

A soul that intoxicates with soft breath,
And kissing me feels what I feel
and sometimes I wonder what would happen
if I found a soul like mine

Swear to me

Translation by Kristin Dauphinais

Everyone says it's a lie that I love you
Because they had never seen me so
enamored.
I swear that I myself do not understand
why your look fascinates me.

When I am close to you I am happy.
I wouldn't want you to remember anyone.
I'm jealous even of the thought
that can remind you of another beloved
woman.

swear to me
that even if a long time passes
you won't forget the moment
in which I met you

Look at me,
there is nothing deeper
no bigger in this world
that the love that I gave you

Kiss Me
with a loving kiss,
like no one has kissed me
since the day I was born.

Love me,
love me to madness
so you will know the bitterness
that I am suffering for you.

Rodríguez, Lee M. L. María Grever: Poeta Y Compositora. Potomac, Md: Scripta Humanistica, 1994. Print.