



Concert by the 'Trio Mediterraneo'
01/10/2022 at 20:00

-Philippe Gaubert-

Le repos en Egypte

Text: Albert Samain

The night is blue and warm and the calm is infinite...

Wrapped up in his coat, his tired head resting on a stone.

Joseph is sleeping with a pure heart, having said his prayers;

And the donkey at his feet is like a humble friend.

Between the Sphinx's paws, half-leaning
The virgin, pale and sweet, has closed her eyes;
And in the shade, a strange and gentle light
Glow from baby Jesus in her arms.

Around them, the desert, a mysterious dream;
And all is so quiet, at this time, in this place,
That one can hear the child breathe under her veils.

No wind... The fire's thin smoke
Spirals up, like a long thread, losing itself in the sky...
And the eternal sphinx watches over the stars.



-Leo Delibes-

Les filles de Cadix

Text: Alfred de Musset

We'd just left the bullfight,
Three boys, three girls,
The sun shone on the grass
And we danced a bolero
To the sound of castanets.

'Tell me, neighbour,
Am I looking good
And does my skirt
Suit me, this morning?
Have I a slender waist?

Ah! Ah!

The girls of Cadiz are rather fond of that.'

And we were dancing a bolero,
One Sunday evening.

A hidalgo came towards us,
Glittering in gold, feather in cap,
And hand on hip:

'If you want me,
Dark beauty with the sweet smile,
You've only to say so,
And these riches are yours.'
Go on your way, fine sir.

Ah! ah!

The girls of Cadiz don't take to that.



-Georges Bizet-

Adieux de l'hotesse arabe

Text: Victor Hugo

Since nothing can keep you in this happy land,
neither shade-giving palm nor yellow corn,
nor repose, nor abundance,
nor the sight of our sisters trembling
at your voice as, in a whirling swarm at evening,
they garland a hillside with their dance,

Farewell, fair traveler! Ah!

Why are you not like those
whose indolent feet venture no further
than their roofs of branch or canvas!
Who, musing, listen passively to tales
and dream at evening, sitting before their door,
of wandering among the stars!

Had you so wished, perhaps one of us,
O young man, would fain have served you, kneeling,
in our ever-open huts;
lulling you asleep with songs, she would have made,
to chase the noisome midges from your brow,
a fan of green leaves.

If you do not return, dream at times
of the daughters of the desert, sweet-voiced sisters,
who dance barefoot on the dunes;
O handsome young white man, fair bird of passage,
remember – for perhaps, O fleeting stranger,
more than one maiden will remember you!
Alas! Farewell, fair stranger! Remember!



-Federico Garcia Lorca-

From the song cycle "Canciones Espanolas Antiguas"

traditional Spanish songs

Uprise

I climbed a green pine to find out if I could distinguish her,
and saw only dust from the car that brought her.

Come on uprise, uprise: protesting is over now
and we're heading towards conflict.

Do not come out, dove, in the field, watch out 'cause I'm a hunter
and if I'll shoot you I'll kill you.

It'll be a grief to me, it'll be a loss to me.

Come on uprise, uprise: protesting is over now
and we're heading towards conflict

On the street of the Ramparts they've killed a dove.

I'm cutting with my hands the flowers for its wreath

Come on uprise, uprise: protesting is over now
and we're heading towards conflict.

Nana of Sevilla

This little tortoise has no mother.

He has no mother, yes, he has no mother, no.

A gypsy woman birthed him, she threw him in the street

She threw him in the street, yes, she threw him in the street, no



This little boy has no cradle,
he has no cradle, yes, he has no cradle, no.
His father is a carpenter, and he will make him one.
And he will make him one, yes, he will make him one, no.

The girls of Jaen

I'm in love with three Moorish girls in Jaen: Axa, Fatima and Marien.

Three Moorish girls so gay went to pick olives,
and found them plucked away in Jaen, Axa, Fatima and Marien.
And found them plucked away and they turned back in dismay
with all their colours lost in Jaen, Axa, Fatima and Marien.

I'm in love with three Moorish girls in Jaen, Axa, Fatima and Marien.

Three Moorish girls so lusty, went to pick apples in Jaen,
Axa, Fatima and Marien.

I said to them, "Who are you, ladies that rob me of my life?"
"We are Christians who were Moors in Jaen, Axa, Fatima and Marien."

At the Café of Chinitas

In the cafe of Chinitas, Paquiro said to his brother:

"I'm braver than you, a better bullfighter and more gypsy"

Paquiro took out the relay and he said this way:

"This bull must die before half past four»

When all four are on the street they came out of the coffee shop.



And it was Paquiro in the street.

The Little Pilgrims

Towards Rome they walk the two pilgrims,
so that the Pope can marry them, oh mommy,
because they are cousins, oh pretty child.

A hat made of oilskin for the little boy,
and for the little girl, a velvet one.

Through Victory Bridge they went,
and the godmother fell, oh mommy,
and the bride fell, oh pretty child.

They arrived at the Palace, and up they go,
and on the Pope's visit room they discourage them
they discourage them, pretty child.

The Pope has asked them what are their names.
The boy says his is Pedro, oh mommy,
and the girl says hers is Ana, oh pretty child.

The Pope has asked them what their ages are.
She says she is fifteen, oh mommy
and he's seventeen, oh pretty child.

The Pope has asked them where are they from.
She says she's from Cabra oh mommy,
and he's from Antequera , oh pretty child.

The Pope has asked them whether they had sinned.
The boy says only by a kiss that he had given her.

And so said the Pope from his chambers:



“I would too be a pilgrim, for another one such as she”

All over Rome the bells did now toll.
Because the little pilgrims, are now married!

Sevillanas of the 18th century

Long live Seville! Long live Seville!
Long live Seville! The sevillanas carry on
in the Mantilla a sign that says: Long live Seville!
Long live Triana, long live the trianeros, those of Triana!
Long live the sevillian men and sevillian women
I bring it walking, I bring it walking,
I bring it walking: the macarena and everything
I bring it walking: a face like yours I haven't found.
The macarena and everything I bring it walking.
You look so good! You look so good!
You look so good, Seville river,
Full of white candles and green branches
Seville river, you look so good!

-Theofrastos Sakellaridis-

The gypsy tango (*from the Operetta "Vapistikos"*)

Text: Theofrastos Sakellaridis

In the wild forest, down there in the countryside,
a beautiful gypsy woman used to live all on her own.

She was in pain, mourning alone the crazy boy
she has once loved and so longed to see again.



But what if she is beautiful this gypsy woman,
what if she lures you in a million ways and has lusty eyes,
what if she knows how to cast her spells to everyone,
her crazy boy's heart she failed, alas, to steal one night.

She casted her spells and read the cards
and she spoke with the moon every night,
asking if the one she loved would come,
so that she could fall into his arms that she loved so.

Now the young man kisses another,
another girl he holds tight in his arms.
And one night he goes with this other girl to the forest,
looking for the gypsy woman.

But when she sees him with the other girl,
the gypsy woman falls into his feet dead.

-Yannis Konstantinidis-

Five songs of anticipation

Text: Rabindranath Tagore

He came and sat beside me

He came and sat by my side but I woke not.
What a cursed sleep it was...O miserable me!
He came when the night was still he had his harp in his hands
and my dreams became resonant with melodies.



Alas! Why are all my nights thus lost?

Ah why do I ever miss his sight whose breath touches my sleep?

Are you abroad this stormy night?

Are you abroad this stormy night
on the journey of love my friend?

The sky groans like one in despair.

I have no sleep tonight.

Ever and again I open my door and look out on the darkness.

I can see nothing before me.

I wonder where your path lies.

By what far edge of the frowning forest,

Through what mazy depth of gloom are you threading you course
to come to me my friend?

The day is no more

The day is no more, the shadow is upon the earth.

The time is form me to go to the stream to fill my pitcher.

The evening air is eager with the sad music of the water.

Ah, it calls me out into the dusk. In the lonely lane there is no passerby,

the wind is up, the ripples are rampant in the river.

I know not if I shall come back home.

I know not whom shall chance to meet.

There at the fording in the little boat the unknown man plays upon his lute.

In the deep shadow of rainy July

In the deep shadow of rainy July with secret steps,

You walk, silent as night, eluding all watchers.



Today the morning has closed its eyes,
heedless if the insistent calls of the loud east wind,
and a thick veil has been drawn over the ever-wakeful blue sky.

The woodlands have hushed their songs
and doors are well shut at every house.

You are the solitary wayfarer in the deserted street.

Oh my only friend, my best beloved,
the gates are open in my house – do not pass by like a dream.

This is my delight

This is my delight, to wait and watch at the wayside
where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer.
Messengers with tidings from unknown skies, greet me and speed along the road.
My heart is glad within, and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet.
From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door,
and I know that suddenly the happy moment will arrive
when I will surely see. In the meanwhile I smile and sing all alone.
In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

-Heitor Villa-Lobos-

Melodia Sentimental (*από τον κύκλο: Canções da floresta do Amazonas*)

Text: Dora Alencar Vasconcellos

Wake up, come to see the moon which sleeps over the dark night,
which twinkles so beautiful and white shedding sweetness.

Silent bright flame warming my dreaming.

The night wings appear and run over the deep space.



Oh sweet beloved, wake up! Give your heat to the moonlight.
I wanted to know you were mine on the quiet and calm hour.
The shadow relies on the wind the waiting limit,
when, over the night, I claim your love.
Wake up, come to see the moon which shines over the dark night
Darling, you're beautiful and gentle!
To feel my love is to dream.

-Hector Berlioz-

Zaïde

Text: Roger de Beauvoir

My city, my lovely city,
is Granada with its cool garden.
Aladdin's palace is there,
The equal of Cordova and Seville.

All her balconies are open,
All her fountains' basins clear;
All the sultans' court
Is held beneath the green myrtles.

Thus near to Zoraïde,
Letting her voice run free,
Sang the young Zaïde,
Her feet in golden sandals.

The queen said to her, "My girl,
Where do you come from?" I know not.
"Have you then no family?"



Your love is all my happiness.

Oh my queen, for father I have
This sun full of sweetness;
The sierra is my mother,
And my sisters are the stars.

But then upon the hill
Zaide wept to the night:
"Ah! I am just an orphan,
Who will care for me?"

A knight saw the pretty girl,
Took her upon his golden saddle.
Granada, alas, is far from her,
But Zaide still dreams of it.

-Maurice Ravel-

Five Greek folk songs

Texts: traditional Greek songs

The bride's awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
Spread your wings to the morning,
Three beauty spots - and my heart's ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, let us marry!
In our two families all are related.



Down there by the church

Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together, buried in infinite numbers,
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

What gallant can compare with me

What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it's you I love!

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh when you appear, angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun -
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

So merry!



So merry,
Ah, so merry;
Lovely leg, tireli, that dances
Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
Tra la la.

-Camille Saint-Saens-

El desdichado

traditional

It matters not to me whether
The tree of ruined hopes blossoms,
If God wishes it to wither
Without ever bearing fruit.

They say love is intoxication!
But I pity those it oppresses.
Look at the poor lovers
In their eternal torment!

Day and night their hearts are downing
In sighs and tears!
One sighs with joy,
And the other with sorrow.



(The translations of the texts (except Sakellaridis' Gypsy Tango) were retrieved by the following sources:

Lieder.net

Oxfrodlieder.co.uk

The texts by Rabindranath Tagore have been translated by the poet himself in English.)

Translator: Anna Alvizou