

ESPAÑOLERÍA

- *A Voice & Guitar Concert* -

Fanny Lora, Mezzo-soprano & Dave McLellan, Guitarist

Tres Canciones Españolas

Joaquín Rodrigo
(1901-1999)

1. **Jerez de la Frontera**

In Jerez lives a miller whose wife is so beautiful that the mayor noticed her. Laughing, the miller's wife looked at the mayor and said "even though you are quite a gentleman, I prefer my miller husband."

2. **Adela**

Adela fell in love and got sick. She knew that her best friend was courting Johnny as well. As time passed, Adela became paler and paler, and lost her life to love.

3. **De Ronda**

Red apple, why don't you fall? I've been waiting all along. There are two glass ladders in my heart, in one of them love blossoms, and down the other tenderness descends.

Canciones Españolas Antiguas

Federico García Lorca
(1898–1936)

1. **Los Cuatro Muleros**

Of the four muleteers, the one on the black and white mule steals my heart...my husband, the tall one, he is mine.

2. **Los Mozos de Monleón**

The guys of Monleón left work early to go see the bullfight. Manuel Sánchez called the bull, and the bull left him bleeding. "I'm dying, my friends." Call the priest, call a car, take him to his mother! Just as his mother predicted, here is her dead son at her feet.

3. **Las Tres Hojas**

My lover lies sick underneath the verbena leaf, lies sick under the lettuce leaf, lies sick under the parsley leaf and I can't go save him. Oh, well...

4. **Las Morillas de Jaén**

I'm in love with three Moorish girls who steal my heart: Axa, Fátima, and Marién. I wondered who they were, and they replied: "we are Christians who used to be moors in Jaen."

5. **El Café de Chinitas**

Paquiro said he was the bravest man in town, and he vowed to kill a bull at 4:30 pm. True to form, Paquiro was a professional bullfighter, and at 4:30 pm the bull was dead.

6. **La Tarara**

She is dressed in a green dress with jingles, and she dances in silk on top of the mint field. Move your waist for all the boys from the olive grove. Tarara, a girl, has caught my eye.

Intermission

Canciones Españolas Antiguas - continued

Federico García Lorca
(1898–1936)

7. **Romance de Don Boyso**

Don Boyso traveled looking for a "friend." He found a Moorish girl on the road who said she was being held captive, so he took her home. She turned out to be his long-lost sister Rosalinda.

8. **Los Pelegrinitos**

The pilgrims are going to see the pope to ask for his blessing. They want to get married but...they are cousins. After a thorough interrogation, the pope agreed. The bells of Rome resound, they are married now.

9. Nana de Sevilla

This little darling doesn't have a mother. This little boy doesn't have a crib, his father will build him one, yes, he will.

10. Zorongo

I have pretty blue eyes, I cry for you and you don't care. All I want is your love, for nothing is truer than when your arms are wrapped around me. With my hands, I will make a cape to envelop your love.

11. Sevillanas de Siglo XVIII

Long live Sevilla! Long live all the Sevillanos!

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

Manuel de Falla
(1876-1946)

1. El Paño Moruno

The fine cloth in the store got tainted and is now on sale because it has lost its value.

2. Seguidilla Murciana

If your roof is made of glass you should not throw rocks at your neighbors. I compare you to a quarter on the street, which in time, loses its shine and no one will want it.

3. Asturiana

Full of sorrow, I rested on a pine tree looking for solace. So sad were my tears that the pine tree began to cry as well.

4. Jota

The whole town doubts our love but they should take a look at our hearts. Alright...I will leave for now since your mother despises me. I'll be back tomorrow.

5. Nana

Go to sleep my baby, go to sleep my soul, you are the light of the morning. Go to sleep.

6. Canción

Your eyes are treacherous, it's so hard to look at them. They say you don't love me, but you already have. I'll take what I can get.

7. Polo

There is a sorrow inside me and I will never reveal why. I curse the one who showed me what love is.

*Translations by Fanny Lora

Españolería is an opportunity for the audience to experience some of the greatest Spanish poetry and classical music for voice and guitar. This musical journey not only celebrates the unique classical music traditions of Spain but also serves as a powerful educational tool, enlightening audiences of all backgrounds about the intricate tapestry woven by centuries of artistic evolution. Through our performances, we aspire to bridge cultural gaps and promote understanding, offering a rare opportunity to savor the culturally diverse repertoire that seldom graces the stage in such an intimate format.

Fanny Lora is a versatile artist with a passion for classical Spanish & Latin American repertoire. Her genuine interpretations breathe life into the music, captivating audiences during her national and international recital tours. Fanny holds Music Performance and Music Education degrees from Ithaca College. She is also a graduate of The Boston Conservatory at Berklee's Alexander Technique Training Program, where she now teaches. After becoming a mother in 2020, Fanny founded LullaYou, a company that connects parents and babies through personalized and singable nursery songs. She lives with her husband and their two children in Holliston, MA. For more information, please visit: www.FannyLora.com

Dave McLellan is an award-winning classical guitarist and accompanist who has been performing in the U.S., South America, Great Britain, and Europe since 1976. He has appeared in major concert halls such as Carnegie Hall, Merkin Hall, and Wigmore Hall (London). Throughout the 1980's, he gave numerous concerts with duo partner Neil Anderson as the Anderson-McLellan Duo, including two concert tours of Great Britain, performing also for festivals in the US and South America. David McLellan studied classical guitar at the Hartt School of Music, New England Conservatory, and the Aspen Music Festival.

Full Recital Translations

Tres Canciones Españolas

By Joaquín Rodrigo

En Jerez de la Frontera

En jerez de la frontera hay un molinero honrado
que ganaba su sustento con un molido alquilado
pero es casado con una moza,
como una rosa, como es tan bella
el corregidor nuevo prendo de ella.

En jerez de la frontera, ríese la molinera
y al corregidor decía que amores le pedía
ay sois gracioso, muy generoso,
muy lisonjero, también caballero.
Mas quiero a mi molinero, es mi dueño.

Adela

Una muchacha guapa llamada Adela,
llamada Adela
los amores de Juan la llevan enferma
y ella sabía, ella sabía
que su amiga Dolores lo entretenía.

El tiempo iba pasando y
la pobre Adela, la pobre Adela
más blanca se ponía y más enferma,
y ella sabía, y ella sabía
que de sus amores se moriría.

De Ronda

Manzanita colorada como no caes al suelo
toda la vida he andado la resalada,
por alcanzarte y no puedo.
Dentro de mi pecho tengo dos escaleras de vidrio,
por una sube el querer la resalada,
por la otra baja el cariño.

Three Spanish Songs

In Jerez de la Frontera

In Jerez de la Frontera there is an honest miller,
who earns his keep with a rented mill;
but he is married with a girl,
like a rose, because of her beauty
the new mayor fell in love with her.

In Jerez de la Frontera, the miller woman laughs,
and to the mayor who asked her out she said:
Oh, you're funny, very generous,
very flattering, and also a gentleman, but
I love my miller more, he is my keeper.

Adela

A pretty girl named Adela,
named Adela
Juan's love made her sick
and she knew, she knew
that her friend Dolores entertained him.

Time was passing and
poor Adela, poor Adela
She got so pale and so sick,
and she knew, and she knew
that she would die from his love.

De Ronda

Little red apple, how come you do not fall to the
ground? All my life I've walked gracefully,
to reach you and I can't.
Inside my chest I have two glass ladders,
In one of them love blossoms, and down the other
tenderness descends.

Canciones Españolas Antiguas

Compiled and harmonized by Federico Garcia Lorca

Los Cuatro Muleros

De los cuatro muleros,
mamita mia
que van al agua,
el de la mula torda,
mamita mia,
me roba el alma

De los cuatro muleros,
mamita mia
que van al rio,
el de la la mula torda,
mamita mia es mi mario.

De los cuatro muleros,
mamita mia
que van al campo,
el de la mula torda,
mamita mia
moreno y alto

de los cuatro muleros,
de los cuatro muleros.

Los Mozos de Monleón

Los mozos de Monleón
se fueron a arar temprano,
ay, ay, para ir a la corrida,
y remudar con despacio, ay, ay.

Al hijo de la "Velluda",
el remudo no le han dado,
ay, ay. Al toro tengo que ir
aunque vaya de prestado, ay, ay.

Permita Dios, si lo encuentras,
que te traigan en un carro,
las albarcas y el sombrero
de los siniestros colgando.
Se cogen los garrochones,
se van las navas abajo,
preguntando por el toro,
y el toro ya está encerrado.

Old Spanish Songs

The Four Muleteers

Of the four muleteers,
mother of mine,
that go to the water,
the one with the black and white mule,
mother of mine,
steals my soul

Of the four muleteers,
mother of mine,
that go to the river,
the one with the black and white mule,
mother of mine, he is my husband.

Of the four muleteers,
mother of mine,
who go to the field,
the one with the black and white mule,
mother of mine,
dark and tall

of the four muleteers,
of the four muleteers.

The Young Men of Monleón

The Young Men of Monleón
Left to plow early, ay, ay,
So they could go to the bullfight,
And change horses slowly, ay, ay.

The son of "La Velluda",
didn't get a replacement horse, ay, ay.
I have to go to the bull even if I have to go
on a borrowed (horse), ay, ay.

God willing, if you find him,
May they bring you in a car,
The wooden clogs and hat,
Dangling from the vicious people.
They take the lances,
And head down to the meadows,
Asking for the bull,
But the bull is already locked up.

A la mitad del camino,
al mayoral se encontraron,
Muchachos que vais al toro:
mirad que el toro es muy malo,
que la leche que mamó
se la di yo por mi mano.

Se presentan en la plaza
cuatro mozos muy gallardos, ay, ay.
Manuel Sánchez llamó al toro;
nunca lo hubiera llamado,
ay, ay, por el pico de una albarca
toda la plaza arrastrando; ay, ay.

Cuando el toro lo dejó,
ya lo ha dejado sangrando, ay, ay.
Amigos, que yo me muero;
amigos, yo estoy muy malo;
tres pañuelos tengo dentro
y este que meto son cuatro.

Que llamen al confesor,
pa que venga a confesarlo.
Cuando el confesor llegaba
Manuel Sánchez ha expirado.

Al rico de Monleón
le piden los bues y el carro,
ay, ay, pa llevar a Manuel Sánchez,
que el torito lo ha matado. ay, ay.

A la puerta de la "Velluda"
arrecularon el carro,
ay, ay. Aquí tenéis, vuestro hijo
como lo habéis demandado. ay, ay.

Las Tres Hojas

Debajo de la hoja de la verbena.
Tengo a mi amante malo ¡Jesús, qué pena!

Debajo de la hoja de la lechuga.
Tengo a mi amante malo con calentura.

Debajo de la hoja del perejil.
Tengo a mi amante malo y no puedo ir.

Halfway on the path,
They met the herdsman,
"Boys going to the bull:
Beware, the bull is very fierce,
The milk that he drank I gave to him
with my own hand."

Four gallant lads
Appear in the arena, ay, ay.
Manuel Sánchez called the bull;
He shouldn't have called it, ay, ay,
From the tip of a clog (the bull)
dragged him through whole plaza, ay, ay.

When the bull left it,
It left him bleeding, ay, ay.
"Friends, I'm dying;
Friends, I'm very ill;
I have three handkerchiefs inside,
And this one I'm putting in makes four."

"Summon the priest,
So he can come to take his confession."
When the priest arrived,
Manuel Sánchez had already passed away.

They ask the rich man of Monleón
For his oxen and cart, ay, ay,
To take Manuel Sánchez,
Whom the little bull has killed, ay, ay.

At the door of "La Velluda",
They backed up the cart, ay, ay.
"Here you have your son,
As you requested." ay, ay.

The Three Leaves

Under the verbena leaf
My lover lays ill, Jesus, what a shame!

Under the lettuce leaf
My lover lays ill with a fever.

Under the parsley leaf
My lover lays ill and I can't go to him.

Las Morillas de Jaen

Tres morillas me enamoran
En Jaén: Axa y Fátima y Marién.
Tres morillas tan garridas
Iban a coger olivas,
Y hallábanlas cogidas
En Jaén: Axa y Fátima y Marién.
Y hallábanlas cogidas
Y tornaban desmaídas
Y las colores perdidas
En Jaén: Axa y Fátima y Marién.

Tres morillas tan lozanas
Iban a coger manzanas
Y hallábanlas tomadas
En Jaén: Axa y Fátima y Marién.
Díjeles: ¿Quién sois, señoras,
De mi vida robadoras?
Cristianas que éramos moras
En Jaén: Axa y Fátima y Marién.

Tres morillas me enamoran
En Jaén: Axa y Fátima y Marién.

En el Cafe de Chinitas

En el café de Chinitas
dijo Paquiro a su hermano:
"soy más valiente que tú,
más torero y más gitano".

En el café de Chinitas
dijo Paquiro a Frascuelo
"soy más valiente que tú,
más gitano y más torero".

Sacó Paquiro el reló
y dijo de esta manera:
"este toro ha de morir
antes de las cuatro y media".

Al dar las cuatro en la calle
se salieron del café
y era Paquiro en la calle
un torero de cartel.

The Moorish Girls from Jaén

I'm in love with three Moorish girls
in Jaén: Axa, Fatima and Marien.
Three beautiful Moorish girls
went to pick olives,
and found them plucked away
in Jaén: Axa, Fatima and Marien.
And found them plucked away
they turned back in dismay
with all their colors lost
in Jaén: Axa, Fatima and Marien.

Three beautiful Moorish girls
went to pick apples
and found them plucked away
in Jaén: 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 Jaén: Axa, Fatima and Marien."

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

At the Chinitas Café

At the Chinitas Café
Paquiro says to his brother
"I'm braver than you,
more of a bullfighter and more of a gypsy".

At the Chinitas Cafe
Paquiro says to Frascuelo
"I'm braver than you,
more of a bullfighter and more of a gypsy".

Paquiro pulled his watch out
and said in this manner
"This bull has to die
before four-thirty."

At four o' clock in the street
they left the café
and there was Paquiro in the street
like a bullfighter from a poster.

La Tarara

La Tarara si, la Tarara no,
la Tarara, niña, que la he visto yo.

Lleva mi Tarara un vestido verde
lleno de volantes y de cascabeles.

Luce mi Tarara sus colas de seda
sobre las retamas y la hierbabuena.

Ay Tarara loca, mueve la cintura
para los muchachos de las aceitunas.

Nana de Sevilla

Este galapaguito no tiene mare.
No tiene mare, sí
no tiene mare, no.

Este niño chiquito no tiene cuna.
No tiene cuna, sí
no tiene cuna, no.

Su padre es carpintero y le hará una.
Y le hará una, sí
y le hará una, no.

Los Pelegrinitos

Hacia Roma caminan
dos pelegrinos,
a que los case el Papa,
porque son primos.

Han llegado a palacio,
suben arriba,
y en la sala del Papa
los desaniman.

Le ha preguntado el Papa
como se llaman.
Él le dice que Pedro
y ella que Ana.

Le ha preguntado el Papa
que qué edad tienen.
Ella dice que quince
y él diecisiete.

Le ha preguntado el Papa
que si han pecado.
Él le dice que un beso,
que el le había dado.

La Tarara (crazy girl)

Tarara yes; Tarara no;
Tarara, a girl, has caught my eye

My Tarara wears a green dress
full of ruffles and of jingle bells.

Flaunt to me Tarara your tails of silk
over the furzes and the mints

Ah, crazy Tarara move your waist
for the boys from the olive grove.

Seville's Lullaby

This little darling has not mother.
No mother, yes,
No mother, no.

This little child has no crib.
No crib, yes,
No crib, no.

His father is a carpenter and will build him one.
He will build him one, yes,
He will build him one, no.

The Little Pilgrims

Towards Rome they walk
Two little pilgrims,
for the Pope to marry them,
because they are cousins.

They have arrived at the palace
They go upstairs.
and in the Pope's living room
they discourage them.

The Pope asked
What are their names.
He says he is Pedro
and she says she is Ana.

The Pope asked
how old are they.
She says fifteen
and he seventeen.

The Pope asked
if they have sinned
He tells him that only a kiss,
that he had given her.

Las campanas de Roma
ya repicaron,
porque los pelegrinos
ya se casaron.

Zorongo

Tengo los ojos azules,
Y el corazoncillo igual
Que la cresta de la lumbre

De noche me salgo al patio
y me harto de llorar
de ver que te quiero tanto
y tu no me quieres na.

Esta gitana esta loca
pero loquita de atar
que lo que suena de noche
quiere que sea verdad.

Las manos de mi cariño
te están bordando una capa
con agremán de alhelies
y con esclavina de agua.

Cuando fuiste novio mío
por la primavera blanca
los cascos de tu caballo
cuatro sollozos de plata.

La Luna es un pozo chico
las flores no valen nada
lo que valen son tus brazos
cuando de noche me abrazan.

Romance de Don Boyso

Camina Don Boyso, mañanita fría
a tierra de moros a buscar amiga.
Hallóla lavando en la fuente fría.
¿Qué haces ahí, mora,
hija de judía?

Deja a mí caballo beber agua fría.
Reviente el caballo y quien lo traía,
que yo no soy mora ni hija de judía.
Soy una cristiana que aquí estoy cativa.

Si fueras cristiana, yo te llevaría
y en paños de seda yo te envolvería,
pero si eres mora yo te dejaría.

The bells of Rome
already chimed,
because the pilgrims
already got married.

Zorongo

I have blue eyes,
And my heart on fire like
the head of a match.

At night I go out to the garden
And I get sick of crying
Seeing how much I love you
And you do not love me back.

This gypsy is crazy
Really crazy
What she dreams at night
She wants it to come true.

My loving hands are
embroidering a cape
with wallflower gimp
and with a water cape.

When you were my boyfriend
During the white spring
the hooves of your horse
four sobs of silver.

The moon is a small pond
The flowers are worthless,
the only worth thing are your arms
when they embrace me at night.

Mr. Boyso's Romance

Don Boyso walks, cold morning,
to the land of Moors to look for a friend.
He found her washing in the cold fountain.
What are you doing there, Moorish girl,
Jewish daughter?

Let my horse drink cold water.
Bust the horse and whoever brought it,
that I am not Moorish nor the daughter of a Jew. I
am a Christian who is captive here.

If you were a Christian, I would take you
and in silk cloths I would wrap you,
but if you are a gypsy I would leave you.

Montóla a caballo por ver qué decía;
en las siete leguas no hablará la niña.
Al pasar un campo de verdes olivas
por aquellos prados qué llantos hacía.

¡Ay, prados! ¡Ay, prados!
prados de mi vida.
Cuando el rey, mi padre, plantó aquí esta oliva,
él se la plantara, yo se la tenía,
la reina, mi madre, la seda torcía,
mi hermano, Don Boyso, los toros corría.

¿Y cómo te llamas? Yo soy Rosalinda,
que así me pusieron porque al ser nacida
una linda rosa n'el pecho tenía.

Pues tú, por las señas, mi hermana serías.
Abre la mi madre puertas de alegría,
por traer la nuera
le traigo su hija.

Sevillanas de Siglo XVIII

¡Viva Sevilla!
Llevan las sevillanas
en la mantilla
un letrero que dice:
¡Viva Sevilla!

¡Viva Triana!
¡Vivan los trianeros,
los de Triana!
¡Vivan los sevillanos
y sevillanas!

Lo traigo andado.
La Macarena y todo
lo traigo andado.

Lo traigo andado;
cara como la tuya
no la he encontrado.
La Macarena y todo
lo traigo andado.

He took her on horseback to see what she said;
in the seven leagues the girl did not speak.
When passing a field of green olives
through those meadows she cried and cried.

Oh, meadows! Oh, meadows!
meadows of my life.
When the king, my father, planted this olive
here, he would plant it, and I tended it,
the queen, my mother, twisted the silk,
my brother, Don Boyso, ran the bulls.

And what's your name? I am Rosalind,
that's how they named me because when I was
born I had a pretty rose on my chest.

Well, by the signs of it, you would be my sister.
My mother will open the doors of joy,
Instead of bringing her a daughter-in-law
I'm bringing her, her daughter.

18th Century Sevillanas

Long live Seville!
The women of Seville wear
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've got it going;
The Macarena and everything
I've got it going.

I've got it going;
A face like yours
I have not found it.
The Macarena and everything
I've got it going.

Siete Canciones Populares Españolas

By Manuel de Falla

El Paño Moruno

Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó.
Por menos precio se vende,
porque perdió su valor. ¡Ay!

Seguidilla Murciana

Cualquiera que el tejado
tenga de vidrio,
no debe tirar piedras
al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡puede que en el camino,
nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia,
yo te comparo
con peseta que corre
de mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
y créyendola falsa
nadie la toma!

Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
arrímeme a un pino verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos,
porque no nos ven hablar.
A tu corazón y al mío
se lo pueden preguntar.

Ya me despido de tí,
de tu casa y tu ventana.
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Seven Popular Spanish Songs

The Moorish Cloth

On the delicate fabric at the shop,
there fell a stain.
It sells for less
for it has lost its value. Ay!

Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live
in glass houses
shouldn't throw stones
at their neighbor's.
We are herdsman;
it may well be that
we'll meet on the road!

For your many infidelities
I shall compare you
to a quarter passing
from hand to hand,
until finally it's worn down –
and believing it false
no one will take it!

Song from Asturias

To see if it might console me
I drew near a green pine.
Seeing that I wept, it wept.
And the pine, since it was green,
wept from seeing me weeping!

Jota

They say we're not in love
since they never see us talk;
But let them ask your
heart and mine!

I must leave you now,
your house and your window,
and though your mother disapproves,
goodbye, sweet love, untill tomorrow.

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
duerme, mi alma,
duérmete, lucerito,
de la mañana.

Nanita, nana.
duérmete, lucerito
de la mañana.

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos.
No sabes lo que cuesta
»del aire«.
Niña, el mirarlos
»Madre, a la orilla«.

Dicen que no me quieres,
ya me has querido.
Váyase lo ganado,
»del aire«.
Por lo perdido,
»Madre, a la orilla«.

Polo

¡Ay!
Guardo una pena en mi pecho
que a nadie se la diré.
¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya
y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!

Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,
sleep, my soul.
sleep, my little
morning star.

Lullay, lullay,
sleep, my little
morning star.

Song

Since your eyes are traitors,
I'm going to bury them;
you do not know what it costs
»of wind«.
Girl, to look at them
'Mother, at the shore.'

They say you do not love me,
but you've already loved me once.
Make the best of it
'of wind',
and cut your losses,
'Mother, at the shore.'

Polo

Ay!
I have an ache in my heart
That I will tell no one about.
Love be damned, and he who
made me understand it!
Ay!