

1. El Paño Moruno

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

2. Seguidilla Muciana

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!

3. Asturiana

Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrime a un pino verde,
Por ver si me consolaba.

Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.

4. Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos
Porque no nos ven hablar;
A tu corazón y al mio
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.
Aunque no quiera tu madre...

5. Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Naninta, nana,
Naninta, nana.
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.

6. Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
»Del aire«
Niña, el mirarlos.
»Madre a la orilla
Madre«
Dicen que no me quieres,
Y a me has querido...
Váyase lo ganado,
»Del aire«
Por lo perdido,
»Madre a la orilla
Madre«

7. Polo

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

The Moorish cloth

A stain has fallen
on the fine cloth in the store;
It sells at a lower price
because it has lost its value.
Alas!

Seguidilla from Murcia

If you have a roof of glass
you should not throw stones
on your neighbour's roof.

Let us be muleteers;
It could be that we will meet
on the road!
For your great inconstancy
I compare you
to a coin that passes
from hand to hand;
which finally blurs,
and, believing it false,
no one accepts!

Song from Asturia

To see whether it would console me,
I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.

Seeing me weep, it wept;
And the pine, being green,
seeing me weep, wept.

Dance from Aragon

They say we don't love each other
because they never see us talking;
But they only have to ask
both your heart and mine.

Now I bid you farewell,
your house and your window too,
and even ... your mother.
Farewell, my sweetheart
until tomorrow.

Andalusian lullaby

Go to sleep, child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep, little star
Of the morning.
Lulla-lullaby,
Lulla-lullaby,
Sleep, little star
of the morning.

Song

Because your eyes are traitors
I will hide from them;
You don't know how painful
your look is.
Little girl, it is painful to see them.
"Mother I feel worthless,
Mother"

They say they don't love me
and yet once
they did love me
"Love has been lost
because of that look,
Mother all is lost
It is lost, Mother"

Polo

I keep a sorrow in my breast
that I will tell to no one.
Wretched be love, wretched,
And he who led me to understand it!
Alas!