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I Aria (Cantilena)

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing,
rosy and lustrous,
o'er the spacious heav'n with loveliness laden.
From the boundless deep the moon arises wondrous,
glorifying the evening like a beauteous maiden.
Now she adorns herself in half unconscious duty,
eager, anxious that we recognize her beauty,
while sky and earth, yea, all nature with applause
salute her.

All the birds have ceased their sad and mournful complaining,
now appears on the sea in a silver reflection
moonlight softly waking the soul and constraining hearts
to cruel tears and bitter dejection.

Lo, at midnight clouds are slowly passing
rosy and lustrous o'er
the spacious heavens dreamily wondrous.

Tarde, uma nuvem rosea lenta e transparente,
sobreo espaço sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
que se apresta e alinda sonhadoramente,
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela,
Grita ao ceo e a terra, toda a Natureza!

Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes,
E reflete o mar toda a sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora,
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde uma nuvem rosea lenta e transparente,

Sobreo espaço sonhadora e bela!

II Dansa (Martelo)

Irere, my little nestling from the wilds of Cariri,
 Irere, my loved companion, my singing sweetheart!
 Where goes my dear? Where goes Maria?
 Ah, sorry is the lot of him who fain would sing!
 Ah! without his lute on song of gladness can he bring,
 Ah! his whistle shrill must be his flute for Irere.
 But yours the flute that once in forest wilds was sounding,
 Ah! with its message of grief and woe.
 Ah! your song came forth from out the depths of forest wilds,
 Ah, like summer winds that comfort ev'ry mournful heart,
 Ah, Ah! Irere, Sing and enchant me!
 Sing once more, sing once more!
 Bring me songs of Carri!
 Sing; my lovely song-bird, sing your song again,
 sing; my Irere: sing of pain and sorrow,
 As the birds of morning wake Maria in the dawning.
 Sing with all your voices,
 Birds of the woods and the wilds,
 Sing your songs! ye forest Birds!
 La! lia! lia! lia! lia! lia!
 Ye nestlings of the singing forest wilds.
 Lia! lia! lia! lia!
 La! lia! lia! lia! lia! lia!
 Ye nestlings of the mornful forest
 Oh, yours the song that comes from the depths of forest wilds
 like summer winds that comfort ev'ry mournful heart.
 Irere, my little nestling from the wilds of Cariri,
 Irere, my loved companion, my singing sweetheart,
 where goes my dear? Where goes Maria?
 Ah, sorry is the lot of him who fain would sing!
 Ah! without his lute no song of gladness can he bring,
 Ah! his whistle shrill must be his flute for Irere,
 but yours the flute that once in forest wilds was sounding,
 Ah! with its message of grief and woe.
 Ah! your song came forth from out the depths of forest wilds!
 Ah! like summer winds that comfort ev'ry mournful heart,
 Ah! Ah! Irere, Sing and enchant me!
 Sing once more, sing once more! Bring me songs of Cariri!
 ai!

Irere, meu passarinho do Sertao do Cariri,
 Irere, meu companheiro, Cade viola?
 Cade meu bem? Cade Maria?
 Ai triste sorte a do violeiro cantado!
 Ah! Sem a viola em que cantava o seu amo,
 Ah! Seu assobio e tua flauta de irere:
 Que tua flauta do Sertao quando assobia,
 Ah! A gente sofre sem quere!
 Ah! Teu canto chega la do fundo do sertao,
 ah! Como ua bris amolecen do o coracao,
 ah! ah! Irere, Solta teu canto!
 Canta mais! Canta mais!
 Pra alembra o Carri!
 Canta, cambaxirra! Santa, juriti!
 Canta Irere! Canta, canta sofre
 Pa tativa! Bemtevil! Maria acorda que e dia
 Cantem todos voces
 Passarinhos do ser tao!
 Bemtevi! Eh! Sabia!
 La! lia! lia! lia! lia! lia!
 Eh! Sabia da mata cantado!
 Lia! lia! lia! lia!
 La! lia! lia! lia! lia! lia!
 Eh! Sabia da mata sofrado!
 O vosso canto vem do fundo do sertao
 Como uma brisa amolecendo o coracao.
 Irere, meu passa rinho do Sertao do Cariri,
 Irere, meu companheiro, Cade viola?
 Cade meu bem? Cade Maria?
 ai triste sorte a do violeiro cantado!
 Ah! Sem a viola em que cantava o seu amo,
 Ah! Seu assobio e tua flauta de irere:
 Que tua flauta do Sertao quando assobia,
 Ah! A gente sofre sem quere!
 Ah! Teu canto chega la do fundo do Sertao,
 ah! Como ua brisa a molecendo o coracao,
 ah! ah! Irere, Solta teu canto!
 Canta mais! Canta mais! Pra alembra o Cariri!
 ai!