

Masters in Vocal Studios Recital

Jessica Sanz, soprano

Brian Moll, piano

**Program Notes**

*Les nuits d'été*

Villanelle

Le spectre de la rose  
Sur les lagunes: Lamento  
Absence  
Au cimetière: Clair de lune  
L'île inconnue

Hector Berlioz  
(1803-1869)

Berlioz composed these songs in 1840-41, between the composition of *Romeo et Juliette* and *La damnation de Faust*. The poems were taken from a collection entitled *La comédie de la mort* by Théophile Gautier, published in 1838. The songs were for mezzo-soprano or tenor with piano accompaniment and were published as a cycle under the title *Les nuits d'été* in 1841. The second and fourth songs, *Le spectre de la rose* and *Absence*, were performed a few times at that period, and *Absence* was sung twice in February 1843 by Marie Recio on Berlioz's first tour of Germany. For Marie, who later became his second wife, Berlioz at once orchestrated the song for mezzo-soprano and small orchestra. A dozen years later Berlioz orchestrated the remaining five songs of the cycle, which appeared in its orchestral form in 1856.

Hugh Macdonald

**Villanelle**

Théophile Gautier  
(1811-1872)

In the first song of the cycle, *Country song*, celebrates spring and love. It shows the excitement and innocence of the first stages of new lovers and the beauty of nature in spring. The song is an Allegretto set in strophic form. The ostinato chordal in the right hand express the excitement of the heart beating, along the left hand, it portraits the sounds of nature.

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,  
quand auront disparu les froids,  
tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,  
pour cueillir le muguet aux bois ;  
sous nos pieds égrenant les perles  
que l'on voit au matin trembler,  
nous irons écouter les merles  
siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle,  
c'est le mois des amants béni,  
et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,  
dit des vers au rebord du nid.  
Oh! viens donc, sur ce banc de mousse  
pour parler de nos beaux amours,  
et dis-moi de ta voix si douce :

When the new season comes,  
when the cold has vanished,  
we will both go, my lovely,  
to gather lily of the valley.  
Gathering the pearls underfoot,  
that one sees shimmering in the morning,  
we will hear the blackbirds  
whistle.

Spring has come, my lovely,  
it is the month blessed by lovers;  
and the bird, preening his wing,  
speaks verse from the edge of his nest.  
Oh! come now to this mossy bank  
to talk of our beautiful love,  
and say to me in your sweet voice:

Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,  
faisons fuir le lapin caché,  
et le daim au miroir des sources  
admirant son grand bois penché ;  
puis chez nous, tout heureux, tout aisés,  
en paniers enlaçant nos doigts,  
revenons, rapportant des fraises  
des bois.

"Always!"

Far, far away, straying from our path,  
causing the hidden rabbit to flee  
and the deer, in the mirror of the spring  
bending to admire his great antlers,  
then home, completely happy and at ease,  
our hands entwined round the basket,  
returning carrying strawberries  
from the wood.

### Le spectre de la rose

Théophile Gautier  
(1811-1872)

*The ghost of the rose* as the text translates, is one of the most popular of the set. It tells the story of a rose that has died after being worn in the breast of a young woman for a ball. The ghost rose does not ask or nothing more since is proud of its fate that any king will envy. The song is through-composed in Adagio un poco lento et dolce assai, it is elegant and aria-like. Berlioz uses text painting to support the support Gautier's poem. *Le spectre de la rose* is one of the most recognize songs of the song cycle. Described by Holoman as "among the most perfect expressions of French Romanticism."

Soulève ta paupière close  
qu'effleure un songe virginal ;  
je suis le spectre d'une rose  
que tu portais hier au bal.  
Tu me pris, encore emperlée  
des pleurs d'argent, de l'arrosoir,  
et parmi la fête étoilée  
tu me promenas tout le soir.

Ô toi qui de ma mort fus cause,  
sans que tu puisses le chasser,  
toutes les nuits mon spectre rose  
à ton chevet viendra danser.  
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame  
ni messe ni De profundis :  
ce léger parfum est mon âme,  
et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie :  
et pour avoir un sort si beau,  
plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,  
car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,  
et sur l'albâtre où je repose  
un poète avec un baiser  
écrivit: Ci-gît une rose,  
que tous les rois vont jalousser.

Open your closed eyelids  
touched by a virginal dream!  
I am the ghost of a rose  
that you wore yesterday at the ball.  
You took me, still pearly  
with silver tears, from the watering can,  
and in the starlit party,  
you carried me all evening.

O you who caused my death  
without being able to chase it away  
every night my rose-colored spectre  
will dance by your bedside.  
But fear not, I claim neither  
mass nor De Profundis.  
This light scent is my soul  
and I come from Paradise.

My destiny is enviable  
and to have a fate so beautiful  
more than one would have given his life;  
for on your breast I have my tomb,  
and on the alabaster on which I repose  
a poet with a kiss  
wrote: "Here lies a rose  
of which all kings will be jealous."

## Sur les lagunes

Théophile Gautier  
(1811-1872)

*On the Lagoons*, the poem is the lament of a Venetian boatman at the loss of his beloved, and the pain of sailing out to sea unloved (Holoman). The music is set through composed and shows the melancholic lines of the longing of the lost love.

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours  
sous la tombe elle emporte  
mon âme et mes amours.  
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
elle s'en retourna;  
l'ange qui l'emmena  
ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer !  
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer !

La blanche créature  
est couchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature  
tout me paraît en deuil !  
La colombe oubliée  
pleure et songe à l'absent ;  
mon âme pleure et sent  
qu'elle est dépareillée !  
que mon sort est amer !  
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer !

Sur moi la nuit immense  
s'étend comme un linceul ;  
je chante ma romance  
que le ciel entend seul.  
Ah! comme elle était belle  
et comme je l'aimais !  
je n'aimerai jamais  
une femme autant qu'elle.  
Que mon sort est amer !  
Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer !

My beautiful friend is dead,  
I shall weep always;  
under the tomb she has taken  
my soul and my love.  
To Heaven, without waiting for me,  
she has returned;  
the angel who took her  
did not want to take me.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Ah! Without love to sail on the sea!

The white creature  
lies in a coffin;  
how in nature  
everything seems to me in mourning!  
the forgotten dove  
weeps and dreams of the absent one.  
My soul weeps and feels  
that it is deserted!  
How bitter is my fate!  
Ah! Without love to sail on the sea!

Over me the vast night  
spreads like a shroud.  
I sing my song  
that only Heaven hears:  
Ah! How beautiful she was  
And how I loved her!  
I shall never love  
a woman as much as her...  
How bitter is my fate!  
Ah! Without love to sail on the sea!

## Absence

Théophile Gautier  
(1811-1872)

In *Absence*, a lover is pleading the beloved one to come back. This is the most popular song from the cycle followed by *The ghost of the rose* which previously hear it. The music setting in strophic returning to the refrain Come back, come back, my beloved!.. Berlioz selected some of the stanzas of Gautier's poem to set them to music; the original poem does not repeat the refrain that Berlioz set up, and has a total of eight different stanzas.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée !

Come back, come back, my beloved!

Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
la fleur de ma vie est fermée  
loin de ton sourire vermeil.

Entre nos coeurs quelle distance !  
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers !  
Ô sort amer ! ô dure absence !  
Ô grands désirs inapaisés !

Reviens, reviens, ma belle aimée !  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
la fleur de ma vie est fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil !

D'ici là-bas que de campagnes,  
que de villes et de hameaux,  
que de vallons et de montagnes,  
à lasser le pied des chevaux !

Reviens, reviens, ma belle aimée !  
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,  
la fleur de ma vie est fermée  
loin de ton sourire vermeil !

### Au cimetière

As the title translates, *In the cemetery*, is further longing lament; longing of for the lost love and living with memoirs. The harmony changes subtlety reflecting the emptiness that can be feel after a lost love.

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe  
où flotte avec un son plaintif  
l'ombre d'un if ?  
Sur l'if une pâle colombe  
triste et seule au soleil couchant,  
chante son chant ;

Un air maladivement tendre,  
à la fois charmant et fatal,  
qui vous fait mal,  
et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre ;  
un air comme en soupire aux cieux  
l'ange amoureux.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée  
pleure sous terre à l'unisson  
de la chanson,  
et du malheur d'être oubliée  
se plaint dans un roucoulement  
bien doucement.

Like a flower far from the sun,  
the flower of my life is closed  
far from your bright red smile!

Between our hearts what a distance!  
So much of space between our kisses!  
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!  
O great desires unpeased!

Come back, come back, my beautiful beloved!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
the flower of my life is closed  
Far from your bright red smile!

Between here and there what fields,  
what towns and hamlets,  
what valleys and mountains,  
to tire the hoofs of the horses.

Come back, come back, my beautiful beloved!  
Like a flower far from the sun,  
the flower of my life is closed  
far from your bright red smile!

Théophile Gautier  
(1811-1872)

Do you know the white tomb,  
Where there floats with a plaintive sound  
The shadow of a yew tree?  
On the yew a pale dove  
Sitting sad and alone at sunset,  
Sings its song:

An air morbidly tender  
At once charming and deadly,  
That hurts you  
And that one would like to hear for ever;  
An air like the sigh in Heaven  
Of a loving angel.

One might say that an awakened soul  
Weeps under the ground in unison  
With the song,  
and for the misfortune of being forgotten  
complains, cooing  
very softly.

Sur les ailes de la musique  
on sent lentement revenir  
un souvenir;  
une ombre une forme angélique  
passe dans un rayon tremblant,  
en voile blanc.

Les belles de nuit, demi-closes,  
jettent leur parfum faible et doux  
autour de vous,  
et le fantôme aux molles poses  
murmure en vous tendant les bras :  
Tu reviendras ?

Oh ! jamais plus, près de la tombe  
je n'irai, quand descend le soir  
au manteau noir,  
écouter la pâle colombe  
chanter sur la pointe de l'if  
son chant plaintif !

### L'île inconnue

On the wings of the music  
one feels slowly returning  
a memory.  
a shadow, an angelic form  
passes in a shimmering ray  
in a white veil.

the belles-de-nuit, half closed,  
cast their weak and sweet scent  
around you,  
and the ghost in a gentle pose  
murmurs, stretching its arms to you:  
Will you return?

Oh! Never again by the grave  
will I go when evening falls  
in a black cloak,  
to hear the pale dove  
singing at the top of the yew  
its plaintive song.

Théophile Gautier  
(1811-1872)

*The unknown island* is the promised land where love prevails. The song is composed in strophic set up “with a Venetian swing” (Rushton) that reminds us to the venetian boatman in *On the Lagoons*, where he was longing for love; perhaps he has found love again.

Dites, la jeune belle,  
où voulez-vous aller ?  
la voile enflé son aile,  
la brise va souffler.

L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
le pavillon de moire,  
le gouvernail d'or fin ;  
j'ai pour lest une orange,  
pour voile une aile d'ange,  
pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,  
où voulez-vous aller ?  
La voile enflé son aile,  
la brise va souffler.

Est-ce dans la Baltique ?  
Dans la mer Pacifique ?  
Dans l'île de Java ?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,

Tell me, young beauty,  
where do you want to go?  
The sail swells its wing,  
the breeze begins to blow.

The oar is of ivory,  
the flag is of moire,  
the rudder of fine gold;  
I have for ballast an orange,  
for sail an angel's wing  
for cabin boy a seraph.

Tell me, young beauty,  
where do you want to go?  
The sail swells its wing,  
the breeze begins to blow.

Is it to the Baltic?  
To the Pacific Ocean?  
The isle of Java?  
Or perhaps to Norway,

cueillir la fleur de neige,  
ou la fleur d'Angsoka ?

Dites, dites, la jeune belle,  
dites, où voulez-vous aller ?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,  
à la rive fidèle  
où l'on aime toujours !  
Cette rive, ma chère,  
on ne la connaît guère  
au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller ?  
La brise va souffler.

to pick the snow-flower  
or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, tell me, young beauty,  
tell me, where do you want to go?

"Take me," says the beautiful one,  
"to the faithful shore  
where one loves forever!"  
that shore, my dear,  
is almost unknown  
in the land of love.

Where do you want to go?  
The breeze begins to blow.

## Intermission

Mimì & Rodolfo act 1 duet  
from *La Bohème*

Giacomo Puccini  
(1858 – 1924)

Luigi Illica & Giuseppe Giacosa  
(1857-1919) (1847-1906)

On a Christmas eve night at the Latin quarters in Paris, a young poet is in his apartment finishing an article for *The Beaver* to later meet his friends for dinner at *Momus café*. He hears that someone knocks on the door; to his surprise, a woman, Mimì, asks to light her candle. Rodolfo invites her into the apartment, but she refuses, although she faints, and Rodolfo takes her into the apartment. When Mimì wakes up, Rodolfo offers her some wine; she accepts it, drinks it, and quickly gives her farewell. Yet, she has lost her key; as they start looking for it, their candles go out, and the key becomes an excuse as they begin to get closer and fall in love.

MIMÌ  
Grazie. Buona sera.

RODOLFO  
Buona sera.  
(Mimì esce, poi riappare sull'uscio.)

MIMÌ  
Oh! sventata, sventata!  
La chiave della stanza  
dove l'ho lasciata?

RODOLFO  
Non stia sull'uscio:  
il lume vacilla al vento.

MIMÌ  
Thank you. Good evening.

RODOLFO  
Good evening.  
(Mimì goes out, then reappears at the door.)

MIMÌ  
Oh! foolish me!  
Where have I left  
the key to my room?

RODOLFO  
Don't stand in the doorway:  
the wind makes your light flicker.

(Il lume di Mimì si spegne.)

MIMÌ

Oh Dio! Torni ad accenderlo.  
(Rodolfo accorre colla sua candela, ma  
avvicinandosi alla porta anche il suo lume si  
spegne e la camera rimane buia.)

RODOLFO

Oh Dio! Anche il mio s'è spento.

MIMÌ

Ah! E la chiave ove sarà?

RODOLFO

Buio pesto!

MIMÌ

Disgraziata!

RODOLFO

Ove sarà?

MIMÌ

Importuna è la vicina...

RODOLFO

Ma le pare!

MIMÌ

Importuna è la vicina...

RODOLFO

Cosa dice? ma le pare!

MIMÌ

Cerchi.

RODOLFO

Cerco.

(Cercano, tastando il pavimento colle mani.)

MIMÌ

Ove sarà?

RODOLFO

Ah!

(Trova la chiave, l'intasca.)

MIMÌ

L'ha trovata?

(Her candle goes out.)

MIMÌ

Heavens! Will you relight it?  
(Rodolfo hastens to her with his light, but when he  
reaches the door, his candle goes out, too. The  
room is dark.)

RODOLFO

There...Now mine's out, too.

MIMÌ

Ah! And where can my key be?

RODOLFO

Pitch dark!

MIMÌ

Unlucky me!

RODOLFO

Where can it be?

MIMÌ

You've a bothersome neighbour...

RODOLFO

Not at all.

MIMÌ

You've a bothersome neighbour...

RODOLFO

What do you mean? Not at all!

MIMÌ

Search.

RODOLFO

I'm searching.

(They hunt, touching the floor with their hands.)

MIMÌ

Where can it be?

RODOLFO

Ah!

(He finds the key and pockets it.)

MIMÌ

Did you find it?

RODOLFO  
No.

MIMÌ  
Mi parve...

RODOLFO  
In verità!

MIMÌ  
Cerca?

RODOLFO  
Cerco.  
(Guidato dalla voce di Mimì, Rodolfo finge di cercare mentre si avvicina ad essa. Poi colla sua mano incontra quella di Mimì e l'afferra.)

MIMÌ  
(sorpresa)  
Ah!  
(Si alzano. Rodolfo tiene sempre la mano di Mimì.)

RODOLFO  
Che gelida manina!  
Se la lasci riscaldar.  
Cercar che giova?  
Al buio non si trova.  
Ma per fortuna  
è una notte di luna,  
e qui la luna l'abbiamo vicina.  
Aspetti, signorina,  
le dirò con due parole chi son,  
chi son, e che faccio, come vivo.  
Vuole?  
(Mimì tace.)  
Chi son? Chi son? Sono un poeta.  
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.  
E come vivo? Vivo.  
In povertà mia lieta  
scialo da gran signore  
rime ed inni d'amore.  
Per sogni e per chimere  
e per castelli in aria  
l'anima ho milionaria.

Talor dal mio forziere  
ruban tutti i gioielli  
due ladri: gli occhi belli.

RODOLFO  
No.

MIMÌ  
I thought...

RODOLFO  
Truthfully!

MIMÌ  
Are you looking for it?

RODOLFO  
Yes, I am.  
(Guided by her voice, Rodolfo pretends to search as he draws closer to her. Then his hand meets hers, and he holds it.)

MIMÌ  
(surprised)  
Ah!  
(They rise. Rodolfo continues to hold Mimì's hand.)

RODOLFO  
How cold your little hand is!  
Let me warm it for you.  
What's the use of searching?  
We'll never find it in the dark.  
But luckily  
there's a moon,  
and she's our neighbour here.  
Just wait, my dear young lady,  
and meanwhile I'll tell you  
in a word who and what I am.  
Shall I?  
(Mimì is silent.)  
Who am I? I'm a poet.  
My business? Writing.  
How do I live? I live.  
In my happy poverty  
I squander like a prince  
my poems and songs of love.  
In hopes and dreams  
and castles-in-the-air,  
I'm a millionaire in spirit.

But my strong-box  
is robbed of all its jewels

V'entrar con voi pur ora  
ed i miei sogni usati,  
ed i bei sogni miei  
tosto si dileguar!  
Ma il furto non m'accora  
poiché, poiché v'ha preso stanza  
la speranza.  
Or che mi conoscete  
parlate voi. Deh parlate.  
Chi siete? Vi piaccia dir?

MIMÌ

Sì.

Mi chiamano Mimì,  
ma il mio nome è Lucia.  
La storia mia è breve.  
A tela o a seta  
ricamo in casa e fuori.  
Son tranquilla e lieta,  
ed è mio svago  
far gigli e rose.  
Mi piaccion quelle cose  
che han sì dolce malia,  
che parlano d'amor, di primavere,  
che parlano di sogni e di chimere,  
quelle cose che han nome poesia...  
Lei m'intende?

RODOLFO

Sì.

MIMÌ

Mi chiamano Mimì.  
Il perché non so.  
Sola, mi fo il pranzo  
da me stessa.  
Non vado sempre a messa,  
ma prego assai il Signor.  
Vivo sola, soletta,  
là in una bianca cameretta;  
guardo sui tetti e in cielo.  
Ma quando vien lo sgelo  
il primo sole è mio,  
il primo bacio dell'aprile è mio!  
Il primo sole è mio.  
Germoglia in un vaso una rosa,  
foglia a foglia l'aspiro.  
Così gentil è il profumo d'un fior.  
Ma i fior ch'io faccio, ahimè,  
i fior ch'io faccio,  
ahimè non hanno odore.

by two thieves: a pair of pretty eyes.  
They came in now with you  
and all my lovely dreams,  
my dreams of the past,  
were soon stolen away.  
But the theft doesn't upset me,  
since the empty place was filled  
with hope.  
Now that you know me,  
it's your turn to speak.  
Who are you? Will you tell me?

MIMÌ

Yes.

They call me Mimì,  
but my real name's Lucia.  
My story is brief.  
I embroider silk and satin  
at home or outside.  
I'm tranquil and happy,  
and my pastime  
is making lilies and roses.  
I love all things  
that have gentle magic,  
that talk of love, of spring,  
that talk of dreams and fancies -  
the things called poetry...  
Do you understand me?

RODOLFO

Yes.

MIMÌ

They call me Mimì -  
I don't know why.  
I live all by myself  
and I eat alone.  
I don't often go to church,  
but I like to pray.  
I live alone, all alone  
in my tiny white room,  
I look at the roofs and the sky.  
But when spring comes  
the sun's first rays are mine.  
April's first kiss is mine, is mine!  
The sun's first rays are mine!  
A rose blossoms in my vase,  
I breathe its perfume, petal by petal.  
So sweet is the flower's perfume.  
But the flowers I make, alas,  
the flowers I make, alas,

Altro di me non le saprei narrare.  
Sono la sua vicina  
che la vien fuori d'ora a importunare.

RODOLFO

O soave fanciulla, o dolce viso,  
di mite circonfuso alba lunar,  
in te ravviso il sogno  
ch'io vorrei sempre sognar!

MIMÌ

(Ah, tu sol comandi, amor!... )

RODOLFO

Fremon già nell'anima  
le dolcezze estreme.

MIMÌ

(Tu sol comandi, amore!)

RODOLFO

Fremon nell'anima  
dolcezze estreme, ecc.  
Nel bacio freme amor!

MIMÌ

(Oh! come dolci scendono le sue lusinghe al  
core... Tu sol comandi, amor!)

(Rodolfo la bacia.)

No, per pietà!

RODOLFO

Sei mia!

MIMÌ

V'aspettan gli amici...

RODOLFO

Già mi mandi via?

MIMÌ

Vorrei dir...ma non oso.

RODOLFO

Di'.

MIMÌ

Se venissi con voi?

alas, have no scent.  
What else can I say?  
I'm your neighbour, disturbing you  
at this impossible hour.

RODOLFO

Oh! lovely girl! Oh, sweet face  
bathed in the soft moonlight.  
I see in you the dream  
I'd dream forever!

MIMÌ

(Ah! Love, you rule alone!...)

RODOLFO

Already I taste in spirit  
the heights of tenderness!

MIMÌ

(You rule alone, o Love!)

RODOLFO

Already I taste in spirit  
the heights of tenderness!  
Love trembles in our kiss!

MIMÌ

(How sweet his praises enter my heart... Love,  
you alone rule!)

(Rodolfo kisses her.)

No, please!

RODOLFO

You're mine!

MIMÌ

Your friends are waiting...

RODOLFO

You send me away already?

MIMÌ

I daren't say what I'd like...

RODOLFO

Tell me.

MIMÌ

If I came with you?

RODOLFO  
Che? Mimì!  
Sarebbe così dolce restar qui.  
C'è freddo fuori.

MIMÌ  
Vi starò vicina!

RODOLFO  
E al ritorno?

MIMÌ  
Curioso!

RODOLFO  
Dammi il braccio, o mia piccina...

MIMÌ  
Obbedisco, signor!

RODOLFO  
Che m'ami...di'...

MIMÌ  
Io t'amo.

RODOLFO e MIMÌ<sup>(mentre escono)</sup>  
Amor! Amor! Amor!

RODOLFO  
What? Mimì!  
It would be so fine to stay here.  
Outside it's cold.

MIMÌ  
I'd be near you!

RODOLFO  
And when we come back?

MIMÌ  
Who knows?

RODOLFO  
Give me your arm, my dear...

MIMÌ  
I obey you, sir...

RODOLFO  
Tell me you love me!

MIMÌ  
I love you.

RODOLFO and MIMÌ<sup>(as they go out)</sup>  
Beloved! My love! My love!

Cómo fue

Benny Moré  
(1919-1963)

Benny Moré known as “el Bárbaro del Ritmo” and “el Sonero Mayor de Cuba” was a Cuban Singer and composer. In 1951, Moré recorded this popular bolero with the orchestra of Ernesto Duarte Brito.

This bolero portrays the “je ne sais quoi” when someone falls in love.

Cómo fue  
No sé decirte cómo fue,  
no sé explicarme qué pasó  
pero de ti me enamoré.

Fue una luz  
que iluminó todo mi ser  
tu risa como un manantial  
regó mi vida de inquietud.

How it happened,  
I don't know how to explain how it happened,  
I don't know how to explain what occurred,  
but I fell in love with you

It was a light  
that shone through my whole being,  
your laugh was like a spring  
it fills my life with uncertainty.

Fueron tus ojos o tu boca,  
fueron tus manos o tu voz  
fue a lo mejor la impaciencia  
de tanto esperar tu llegada.

Más no sé  
no sé decirte cómo fue,  
no sé explicarme qué pasó  
pero de ti me enamoré.

### Sabor a Mí

It was either your eyes or your mouth,  
it was your hands or your voice,  
it was perhaps my impatience  
of waiting so long for your arrival.

But I don't know,  
I don't know how to explain how it happened,  
I don't know how to explain what occurred,  
but I fell in love with you

Álvaro Carrillo Alarcón  
(1921-1969)

Álvaro Carrillo Alarcón, a Mexican composer and singer, wrote over 300 songs with mostly boleros. *Sabor a mi*, taste of me, is one of his recognized boleros that was later internationally popularized by Los Panchos in collaboration with singer Eydie Gormé in 1964.

*Taste of me* reflects the sparkle that remains in those that once were lovers.

Tanto tiempo disfrutamos de este amor  
nuestras almas se acercaron, tanto así  
que yo guardo tu sabor  
pero tú llevas también  
sabor a mí.

Si negaras mi presencia en tu vivir  
bastaría con abrazarte y conversar  
tanta vida yo te di  
que por fuerza tienes ya  
Sabor a mí.

No pretendo ser tu dueño  
no soy nada, yo no tengo vanidad  
de mi vida doy lo bueno  
soy tan pobre, ¿qué otra cosa puedo dar?

Pasarán más de mil años, muchos más  
yo no sé si tenga amor la eternidad  
pero allá, tal como aquí  
en la boca llevarás  
sabor a mí.

So much time we've enjoyed this love  
our souls have been draw together like this  
that I guard your taste  
but you bear it too  
the taste of me.

Without it you will deny my presence in your life  
it would be enough to hug you and talk with you  
I gave you so much life force  
that you already have  
taste of me.

I'm not pretending to be your owner  
I'm nothing, I'm not vain  
in my life, at least  
I'm so poor that nothing can give?

More than a thousand years past, much more  
I don't know if I have the eternal love  
but beyond here,  
in your mouth you bear  
the taste of me.