

MARIA DEL MAR BONET

ULTRAMAR

TONADA CAMAGÜEYANA (TUNE FROM CAMAGÜEY)

Ai, no, no.  
I want to paint you flat  
when the sun comes up in the east.

Ai, no, no.  
I want to paint you flat  
when the sun comes up in the east  
with its shining circle  
and a faraway mountain.

Ai, no, no.  
I have seen the first rose  
That lives beside the river.

Ai, no, no.  
I will paint you a shady wood  
and a boat in the sea  
I will also paint you a palm wood  
And in the palm wood my nest.

*Popular words and music from the region of Camagüey, Cuba  
Translation: Steve Cedar*

VIURE SENSE TU (LIVING WITHOUT YOU)

Living without you,  
what a hard lesson;  
before my mirror,  
learning to speak with myself.  
The maestro who teaches me  
is endless time.

Living without you,  
what a hard lesson;  
like someone who no longer sees  
and gradually, room by room,  
recognises their furniture  
from the knocks on the legs.

Time kisses my eyes  
and dries my tears;  
slowly erasing  
the scents you left behind.  
Again the night and I  
in this large bed.

And the feared peace  
that returns home;  
and for such a long time  
has been asking to come in  
offering me, tenderly,  
its ice-cold hand.

Living without you  
and, little by little, forgetting you.

*Lyrics: Maria del Mar Bonet*

*Music: Maria del Mar Bonet and Lautaro Rosas*

*Translation: Steve Cedar*

CANÇÓ DE LES PRINCESES AFRICANES  
(SONG OF THE AFRICAN PRINCESSES)

On the shore of a long river  
the ladies cry,  
because the king of that land / is dying of nostalgia.  
The king had three daughters,  
as clear as water,  
as beautiful as a clear day  
just when the sun comes up.  
One day, at midnight,  
the evil fairy,  
nobody knows how it was  
that she entered the chamber,  
and turned the princesses,  
as beautiful as mother-of-pearl,  
into three poisonous snakes  
of ugly appearance.  
The whole court cried,  
day after day,  
and the king promised jewels  
of gold and silver  
to whoever broke the spell  
of that fairy  
and would return his daughters  
to their human form.  
Wise men came from afar,  
all of them looked at them...  
None of them knew how to break the spell.  
The witch had said it  
in the early morning:  
There is only one remedy,  
which is to love them.  
Three young men must come  
alone or in a group  
and kiss them lovingly  
on the forehead.

*Lyrics: Gabriel Janer Manila*

*Music: Javier Mas*

*Translation: Steve Cedar*

## ZAPATEO (TAP-DANCE)

“Catalí” has now left  
And is on his way to Havana  
With his calico trousers\*  
And waistcoat of xalí\*\*.

To get to Veracruz  
They have to go through Havana  
Give me your hand, Joana,  
God knows if we’ll see each other again.

Liquor, tobacco and wine  
The fishermen wanted  
They also wanted you  
Angel face.

“Catalí” has now left  
And is on his way to Havana  
With his calico trousers  
And waistcoat of xalí.

*Lyrics: Popular songs from Mallorca included in the Popular Song-book of Father Ginard*

*Music: Instrumental piece from the region of Colón, Cuba*

*Translation: Steve Cedar*

TANT COM TE CERC (AS MUCH AS I SEEK YOU)

Maybe one day  
we'll meet in the street,  
or you are my neighbour  
and you don't know what to do  
to string together a conversation  
and also attack me  
maybe you listen to me now  
with your heart aflame  
that my tune  
now fills you with heartbeats  
but don't be afraid  
to not say anything.  
Perhaps you are nothing  
perhaps you are far away  
perhaps you are a fog  
or a sunray in June  
or a closed bud  
which prickles to open.  
Maybe you are already married  
and watering another orchard  
or inside a cloister  
you have been lucky.  
Or perhaps, my God!  
death has kissed you.  
Maybe that now you are listening to me  
with your heart aflame  
that my tune  
now fills you with heartbeats  
or perhaps you are a dream  
that only exists for me.

*Lyrics and music: Guillem d'Efak  
Translation: Steve Cedar*

ELS BOSCOS DEL PENSAMENT  
(THE FORESTS OF THOUGHTS)

Unhappy paths, strange light,  
wild beasts.

But also  
friendly trees,  
gardens of desires,  
beautiful meetings.

Through the forests of thought,  
foggy nights, bloody stones,  
wells of dread,  
but also  
festivals of showers, humid valleys,  
dancing trees.

Through the forests of thought  
the snake watches over  
and among the brambles and the cliff  
the friend guides me.

*Lyrics: Maria del Mar Bonet*

*Music: Javier Mas*

*Translation: Steve Cedar*

## TONADA LIBRE (FREE TUNE)

I like the country the creatures  
making a racket in the corral.  
I like the country the creatures  
making a racket in the corral  
on the boundary the song thrush  
and in the mountain the aguti.

The sun in the mountains  
painting a new portrait.  
And after it has rained a bit  
see how the peasant  
goes carrying the way  
on the sole of his shoe.

*Lyrics: Efraín Riverón*

I like seeing how the hummingbird dances inside the flower.  
The flamboyant and the jagüey  
how they fill with colours  
of thoughts and flowers  
Havana and its streets.

And feeling the nostalgia after  
of Mallorca, so far away  
thinking I carry in my heart  
the Serra de Tramuntana.

*Lyrics: Maria del Mar Bonet*

*Music: Punto Guajira of peasant music from Cuba*

*Translation: Steve Cedar*

LOVING GUAJIRA

*To the memory of Toni Catany*

If you go to Havana  
don't look at any girl from there  
think of your first love  
who you have left in Lluçmajor.

When you are away  
on the other side of the sea  
you'll see a dove  
which will bring you a memory.

In the Havana beside the sea  
I have my happiness  
a young man that makes me sing  
many songs night and day.

Wind of Tramontane  
brings joy to my little body  
because my little love  
lives in the port of Havana.

If you go to Cuba  
have fun my love  
and, if you find other loves  
think of what you have left behind.

If the sea became ink  
and the fish golden paper  
I would write a short note  
to the love of my heart.

*Lyrics: Popular songs from Mallorca included in the Popular Song-  
book of Father Ginard*

*Adaptation: Maria del Mar Bonet*

*Music: Instrumental piece from the region of Guane, Cuba*

*Translation: Steve Cedar*

## INSIDE YOU

When your body opens its chest  
and lets me wander around the chambers,  
the windows of your field will open  
and I will see the yellow corn growing  
of your bygone hopes.

When your eyes open for me  
and let their colour  
of pure air cross over the sea  
of salty tears.

When there is a party inside you  
and you open the door to the squall,  
let me sing you a song  
and be the first guest.

When your entire body stops being  
a world closed with a key  
to which I do not have entry,  
then light and gardens will be born  
that show the sky  
with white mists.

Lyrics and music: Maria del Mar Bonet  
Translation: Steve Cedar

## AMOR (LOVE)

If you knew on which beach I have loved you  
And on which star you hide invincible  
Which accents of my voice you have heard  
To where you sink into the impossible.  
From my dream to your melodious dream  
Like a clear wave that floods me,  
The two of us crossed the deepest blue  
Of the land and sea that envelop us,  
And even further; the most tepid fountain  
Of defining light, the harvested field  
Of flower that now awaits us and, slowly,  
We will make a solid empire of love.

*Lyrics: Cinto Vitier*

*Music : José María Vitier*

*Translation: Steve Cedar*

NINA, NINONA  
(DOLL, LITTLE DOLL)

Yes, doll, little doll,  
you will be a woman  
thanks to the pleasure of a dream.

Yes, doll, little doll,  
natural inside you  
you will bring happiness and your gaze.

Yes, doll, little doll,  
there won't be another like you,  
neither before, nor now.

Yes, doll, little doll,  
you will be alone and clever among men,  
your men.

Yes, that is what I dreamt  
that I gave birth to a daughter  
and then it was a white mare  
that ran alone  
in a wood of poplar.

Lyrics and music: Maria del Mar Bonet  
Translation: Steve Cedar

DANZA DE FIN DE SIGLO  
(DANCE OF THE END OF THE CENTURY)

It was our dance  
and we went out to dance it.  
The moon lavished our Havana night.  
The sea air brought  
rhythms of cane, mint leaves, palm tree and salt.

Cuba, emerald green,  
well-anchored boat  
you know that your people make you even younger  
you hold so much beauty  
I feel so much nostalgia, if I go far away from you.

And the years go by  
and centuries will come  
and they will not undo the dance  
of this house without walls that still resist.  
No-one has been able to break it  
someone tells it sugar of time and flight of hope.

All of old Havana  
sings its story  
a wounded city, where it seems everything is life.  
They have never been able to repress it.  
And she will tell you that the house is open to you.

*Lyrics: Albert Garcia Hernández*

*Music: José María Vitier*

*Translation: Steve Cedar*

## INDIAN LOVE

Anything that moves is sacred  
and the wind that stirs up mountains  
with care and tenderness, my love.  
Like the flame that lits up  
every day if I see you walk by  
and everything turns around you  
like an arch of promise  
painted over the blue of the sea.  
The bees that make honey,  
time passing slowly by, the star that moves in the sky,  
with the wish I had in mind,  
and was later granted  
to feel very close to each other. And be everything,  
every day we live  
being faithful to what we said  
and be everything.  
Yes, all love is sacred;  
and the result of your labour  
it is more than sacred, my love.  
Even the flour you use to make bread  
has the light of your effort.  
Remember that a dream is sacred  
and provides new paths  
to the time we have been offered by life.  
A roof for the winter,  
strolling when the weather is nice,  
meeting again in autumn,  
walking in spring,  
and during the summer if it's warm,  
between vineyards be able to dance  
and go hand in hand  
within the granted wish  
to feel your love  
and be everything.  
Yes, all love is sacred...

*Lyrics: Beto Guedes*

*Music: Ronaldo Bastos*

*Translation: Carmina Junguito*