

Hermanas Reina Y Cautiva

*Tomis, senora, esta esclava,
la esclava que vos querias,
que no es mora ni judia,
ni es hecha a la malicia.*

*La reina estaba prenada,
la esclava tambien ansina.
La reina pariera un nino,
la esclava una nina pariera.*

*quien te me diera en mi tierra,
y en la tierra de Almeria!
Te nombrara Blanca flor,
nombre de una hermana mia;
la cativaron los moros
dia de Pascua florida.*

*Dime, tu hermana en que la conoceras?
Un lunar negro tenia.
Y de alli se conocieron
las dos hermanas queridas.*

Una Noche Al Bodre de la Mar

*Una noche al bodre de la mar
cuando ampezi' a amar
una ninya con ojos pretos
sin poderle declarar*

*No quero mas verte
prefiero mi muerte
me estas enganyando
con tu falso amor
Me voy ir por siempre
muy lejos del mundo
un sueno profundo
fuera tu querer*

*Cuando ampezaba a cantar
y de la alegria a llorar
en mi cama iba yo llorando*

Sisters, Queen and Captive

Here. madam, this slave, the slave that you wanted. she is neither Moor nor Jew, nor is evil-minded.

The Queen was pregnant, the slave was also pregnant. The Queen gave Birth to a boy, the slave gave birth to a girl.

With the tears from her eyes she washed the girl's face. "My daughter and my love.

Who sent you to me in my land and in

Almeria! I'll name you Blancaflor,

the name of one of my sisters;

the Moors captured her on Easter Sunday."

"Your sister, Blancaflor, how would you recognize her?"

"Beneath her left breast she has a buck mole." And that is how the two beloved sisters recognized each other.

Though the melody is modern, the lyrics to this romanza predate the expulsion of 1492 and recount a legend known to Jewish, Christian and Moorish communities in Andalusia.

One Night By the Sea

One night, on the outskirts of the sea
I began to love
A maiden with dark eyes
Without being able to declare myself

I do not want to see you again.
I prefer my death
You've cheated my life with your false love
I cast myself away, far from this world...
A deep dream Beyond your desire

I began to sing
and weep out of happiness
But truly I wept in my own bed
Without being able to declare myself.

Originally a tango from Sofia, Bulgaria written in the early 20th century. I like to re-imagine this as a snatchet of a crackly transmission from a ship beaded out of radar range.