

KING'S SINGERS CONCERT – 21 MARCH 2010 Texts/Translations

La Tricotea Samartin

La tricotea, sa' Martín la vea:
abres un poc' al agua y señalea.
Yo he clavar el molín y untar el batán.
No me des pan nin torrezne de tosín.
La bota senbra tuletá, la señal de un chapiré.
Ge que te gus' per mundo spesa.
La botilla plena, dama, qui maina,
cerrali la vena.
Orli, cerli, t'run, madama, cerlicer, cerrarli ben,
botr'ami contrari ben.
Niqui, niquidón, formagidón, formagidón.
Yo soy monarchea de grande nobrea
Dama, por amorde vos haré bisoña
que en tota Borgoña non trobéis otro mi par.
Dama bel', se' mea; dama, yo la vea.

*My cudgel seems to have reached the end of its days:
you open up a bit just for watering and decoying.
I'll have to nail back the grinder and grease the fulling.
Don't fob me off with bread nor fatty bacon.
The wine-bag seems done for, a dirty, discarded hawk hood.
I know you're liked the world over when stiff.
To top up the little bag, my lady, that's gone slack,
humour it a bit. Hola, squeeze it, pull it, my lady,
squeeze, squeeze it well,
your friend finds it great.
No go, not quite yet, formidable, formidable!
I'm a monarch of great nobility.
Lady, for love's sake, I'll make you beg for it so that
in the whole of Burgundy you'll not come across my equal.
Lovely lady, be mine; lady, now I can see it.*

Pasame por Dios

Pasame por Dios barquero
Daquella parte del rio
Duélete del dolor mio
Que si pones dilación
En venir a socorrerme
No podrás despues valerme
Según crece mi pasión
No quieras mi perdición
Pues en tu bondad confío
Duélete del dolor mio

*For God's sake, pass me boatman
To that bank of the river
Have mercy of my pain
If you delay
In coming to rescue me
you will not be able to help me
as my passion grows
Wish not my perdition
Because I trust in your goodwill
Have mercy of my pain*

La Bomba

(paraphrased)
¡Bomba, bomba, y agua fuera...
que nos vamos a anegar!"
"¡Si aprovechara nadar!...Mas triste yo
¿qué haré? que yo, que no se nadar, imoriré!"
"Virgen madre, yo prometo rezar continuo
tus horas...
Señora de Motserrate, ¡oid, señora y gran
rescate!"
"Eu yendo a Jerusalén..."
"¡Oh gran socorro y bonanza! ¡Nave viene en
que
escapemos!"
"¡Oh qué ventura he tenido, pues que pude
entrar en él!"
"¡Ea, ea, sus empecemos! Empieza tú, Gil
Pizarra, a taner con tu guitarra...
¡Tiéplala bien, hi de ruin!...¡Muy bien está!"
"¡Pois o vento nos ha de llevar, garrido es el
vendaval!"
"¡Gritad, gritad todos a una, gritad:
¡Bonanza, bonanza! ¡Salvamiento,
salvamiento!"
"¡Adios, señores! ¡A la vela!"
"Nam si pericula sunt in mari,
pericula sunt in terra, et pericula in falsis
fratribus."

*A Pump! Bail out! We're sinking!"
"If only we could risk swimming for
it!...But what about me? I can't
swim! I shall die!"
"Virgin Mother, I promise I'll pray
to you forever...Lady of Montserrat,
hear us, succour us!"
"To Jerusalem I'll go..."
"Ah! Help is at hand, the sea grows
calm. Here is a ship to take us off!"
"Oh! What a piece of good luck,
finding room in this boat!"
"Come on, let's begin. Start
playing your guitar, Gil Pizarra...
Tune it properly bone-head!...
Now you've got it!"
"For the wind will bear us along,
and a fine wind it is!"
"All shout in one voice, shout:
Fair weather! Salvation!"
"Farewell all! Set sail!"
"For if there are perils at sea,
there are perils ashore, and perils*

Bobby Shafto

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles at his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Bonny Bobby Shafto!
Bobby Shafto's bright and fair,
Panning out his yellow hair;
He's my love for evermore,
Bonny Bobby Shafto!

I Love My Love

Abroad as I was walking,
One evening in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam so sweetly for to sing;
Her chains she rattled with her hands,
And thus replied she:
"I love my love because I know my love loves me!
O cruel were his parents
Who sent my love to sea,
And cruel was the ship that bore my love from me;
Yet I love his parents since they're his
Although They've ruined me:
I love my love because I know my love loves me!
With straw I'll weave a garland,
I'll weave it very fine;
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love
When he returns from sea.
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me."
Just as she sat there weeping,
Her love he came on land.
Then hearing she was in Bedlam,
He ran straight out of hand.
He flew into her snow-white arms,
And thus replied he:
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me."
So now these two are married,
And happy may they be like turtle
Like turtledoves together,
in love and unity.
All pretty maids with patience wait
That have got loves at sea;
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Dance to thy Daddy

Dance to thy Daddy, sing to thy Mammy,
dance to thy Daddy, to thy Mammy sing;
Come here me little Jacky,
now ah've smoked me baccy,
let's hev a bit of cracky, till the boat comes in.
Dance to thy Daddy, sing to thy Mammy,
dance to thy Daddy, to thy Mammy sing.

The Water is Wide

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er
Neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.
O down in the meadows the other day
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay,
A-gathering flowers both red and blue
I little new what love can do.
I leaned my back up against some oak,
Thinking that he was a lusty tree,
But first he bended and then he broke,
And so did my false love to me.
O love is handsome and love is kind,
And love's a jewel while it is new.
But when it is old it groweth cold
And fades away as morning dew.

The Turtle Dove

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.
So fair thou art, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.
The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
Till all these things be done, my dear,
Till all these things be done.
O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

Dance to thy Daddy – cont'd

Thou shalt have a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shalt have a fishy when the boat comes in.
Here's thy mother humming, Like a canny woman;
Yonder comes thy father, Drunk - he cannot stand.
Dance to thy Daddy, sing to thy Mammy,
dance to thy Daddy, to thy Mammy sing.
Thou shalt have a fishy on a little dishy,
Thou shalt have a haddock when the boat comes in.
Dance to thy Daddy, sing to thy Mammy,
dance to thy Daddy, to thy Mammy sing.
Our Tommy's always fuddling, he's so fond of ale,
but he's kind to me, I hope he'll never fail.

Dance to thy Daddy, sing to thy Mammy,
 dance to thy Daddy, to thy Mammy sing.
 Thou shalt have a fishy on a little dishy,
 Thou shalt have a mackerel when the boat comes in.
 I like a drop myself, when I can get it sly,
 and thou, my bonny bairn, will like't as well as I.
 Dance to thy Daddy, sing to thy Mammy,
 dance to thy Daddy, to thy Mammy sing.
 Thou shalt have a fishy on a little dishy,
 Thou shalt have a salmon when the boat comes in.
 Dance to thy Daddy, sing to thy Mammy,
 dance to thy Daddy, to thy Mammy sing.
 Thou shalt have a fishy on a little dishy,
 Thou shalt have a fishy when the boat comes in.
 Dance to thy Daddy, sing to thy Mammy,
 dance to thy Daddy, to thy Mammy sing.

Waters of Elle

Waters of Elle, your limpid streams are flowing
 Smooth and untroubled o'er the flowery vale;
 On your green banks once more the wild rose blowing,
 Greet the young Spring, and scents the passing gale.
 Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree responding,
 One still too dear first breath'd his vows to me;
 Wear this, he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
 Near to thy heart in memory of me.
 Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave, is faded.
 Love's blighted flow'r can never bloom again.
 Weep for thy fault in heart and mind degraded,
 Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

Jenks' Vegetable Compound

Use Jenks' compound, the great vegetable remedy:
 It cures others, It will cure you.
 Use Jenks's compound, try it, try it.
 It cures others, It will cure you.
 Read the testimonials from reliable sources.
 They're reliable sources, voluntary everyone of them.
 John Smith was afflicted with severe aggregation,
 o-oh friends. With fifteen diseases in one combination,
 o-oh friends
 and experienced a very great change:
 The doctors gave him up, they all gave him up,
 everybody gave him up, Except his wife.
 She made up her mind,
 And when a woman makes her mind up
 It's there to stay always
 Though the summer roses fade.
 His wife, she bought a bottle of the great
 vegetable remedy (To be well shaken
 before taken and kept in a very cool place well-corked).
 See directions on the bottle,
 and read the testimonials very carefully, quite carefully.
 He took the contents of fifteen bottles, did Smith,
 one bottle to each disease,
 Here, here, was a relief of his money.

The Pirate King

Oh, better far to live and die
 under the brave black flag I fly,
 Than play a sanctimonious part,
 with a pirate head and a pirate heart.
 Away to the cheating world go you,
 Where pirates all are well-to-do;
 live and die a Pirate King,
 For I am a Pirate King!
 And it is, it is a glorious thing
 to be a Pirate King!
 Hurrah for the Pirate King!
 When I sally forth to seek my prey,
 I help myself in a royal way.
 I sink a few more ships, it's true,
 than a well-bred monarch ought to do;
 But many a king on a first-class throne,
 If he wants to call his crown his own;
 manage somehow to get through
 More dirty work than ever I do,
 For I am a Pirate King!
 And it is, it is a glorious thing
 to be a Pirate King!
 Hurrah for the Pirate King!

Jenks Vegetable Compound – cont'd

Ah, children cry for it, not a family should be
 without it.
 Read the testimonials from reliable sources.
 He couldn't lie down. He couldn't sit up,
 Jones was a total wreck, he was.
 ate nothing for three long years.
 Jones was a total wreck,
 Without any doubt, Worth talking about,
 He was a total wreck.
 Till at last he was persuaded by a highly
 respectable neighbour across the way to procure
 a bottle of Jenks' vegetable compound.
 And now he eats four meals a day,
 and sometimes five.
 Get the genuine, Take no other,
 While there's life there is hope, dear friends.
 Sold, sold ev'rywhere, all the chemists keep it
 Be sure to get the genuine - Beware of
 imitations!
 Sold, sold ev'rywhere,
 and so was Jones Jenks' compound
 good for man or beast.

The Mermaid

O 'twas on the broad Atlantic,
'Mid the equinoctial gales,
That a young fellow fell overboard
Among the sharks and whales.
And down he went like a streak of light,
So quickly down went he,
Until he came to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

*Singing Rule Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be
Marri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.*

She raised herself on her beautiful tail,
And gave him her soft, wet hand,
"I've long been waiting for you, my dear,
Now welcome safe to land.
Go back to your mess-mates for the last time
And tell them all from me,
That you're mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

*Singing Rule Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be
Marri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.*

We sent a boat to look for him
Expecting to find a corpse,
When he came up with a bang and a shout
And a voice sepulchrally hoarse:
"My comrades and my mess-mates,
O do not look for me,
For I'm mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

*Singing Rule Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be
Marri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.*

"In my chest you'll find my half-year's wage,
Likewise a lock of hair.
This locket from my neck you'll take
And bear to my young wife fair.
My "carte-de-visite" to my Grandmother take,
Tell her not to weep for me,
For I'm mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

*Singing Rule Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be
Marri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.*

The anchor was weighed and the sails unfurled,
And the ship was sailing free,
Went up we went to our cap-i-tain
And our tale we told to he.
The captain went to the old ship's side,
And out loud bellowed he,
"Be as happy as you can with your wife, my man,
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

*Singing Rule Britannia,
Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be
Marri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.*
