

**Aria (Cantilena) from *Bachianas Brasileiras No 5* by Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)**

Text by Ruth V. Corr ea

Ah...

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. Hmm...

**Three Brazilian Songs, Arranged for voice and guitar by Laurindo Almeida**

**Para Ninhar**, Music by Paurillo Barroso

Go away, go away, ugly Bogeyman  
that baby is mine,  
half the night has passed  
and he still hasn't slept.

My baby hangs his head,  
Pray softly, hear the chorus  
of The Holy Trinity, the sun has set.  
Sleep, sleep my love.

Ah.....

God most certainly deceived himself  
when my son was born,  
for he sent me an angel,  
and the angels are from heaven.

My baby, my baby,  
it's high time to sleep.  
What do you dream of, tiny one,  
when I see you smiling?  
Hummm.....

**Azul o**, Op. 21 by Jayme Ovalle

Go, bluebird,  
go companion!  
Go to my ungrateful lover.

Tell her  
that without her

the countryside  
is no longer the same!  
Ah, go, bluebird  
go and tell her,  
my companion,  
Go!

**Tindo-Lá-Lá**, (My Lemon Tree) - Traditional Brazilian Song

The song compares love to a lemon tree:

"My lemon tree is very pretty, and the lemon flower is sweet,  
but the fruit of the poor lemon is impossible to eat."