

TU RISA (Your Laughter)
Music by Patricia Van Ness © 1996
Text by Pablo Neruda
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Quitame el pan, si quieres,
quitame el aire, pero
no me quites tu risa.

No me quites la rosa,
la lanza que desgranas,
el agua que de pronto
estalla en tu alegría,
la repentina ola
de plata que te nace.

Mi lucha es dura y vuelvo
con los ojos cansados
a veces de haber visto
la tierra que no cambia,
pero al entrar tu risa
sube al cielo buscandome
y abre para mi todas
las puertas de la vida.

Amor mio, en la hora
mas oscura desgrana
tu risa, y si de pronto
ves que mi sangre mancha
las piedras de la calle,
rie, porque tu risa
sera para mis manos
como una espada fresca.

Junto al mar en otono,
tu risa debe alzar
su cascada de espuma,
y en primavera, amor,
quiero tu risa como
la flor que yo esperaba,
la flor azul, la rosa
de mi patria sonora.

Riete de la noche,
del dia, de la luna,
riete de las calles
torcidas de la isla,
riete de este torpe
muchacho que te quiere,
pero cuando yo abro
los ojos y los cierro,
cuando mis pasos van,
cuando vuelven mis pasos,
niegame el pan, el aire,
la luz, la primavera,
pero tu risa nunca
porque me moriria.

Take bread away from me, if you wish,
take air away, but
do not take from me your laughter.

Do not take away the rose,
the lanceflower that you pluck,
the water that suddenly
bursts forth in your joy,
the sudden wave
of silver born in you.

My struggle is harsh and I come back
with eyes tired
at times from having seen
the unchanging earth,
but when your laughter enters
it rises to the sky seeking me
and it opens for me all
the doors of life.

My love, in the darkest
hour your laughter
opens, and if suddenly
you see my blood staining
the stones of the street,
laugh, because your laughter
will be for my hands
like a fresh sword.

Next to the sea in the autumn,
your laughter must raise
its foamy cascade,
and in the spring, love,
I want your laughter like
the flower I was waiting for,
the blue flower, the rose
of my echoing country.

Laugh at the night,
at the day, at the moon,
laugh at the twisted
streets of the island,
laugh at this clumsy
boy who loves you,
but when I open
my eyes and close them,
when my steps go,
when my steps return,
deny me bread, air,
light, spring,
but never your laughter
for I would die.

TU RISA (Your Laughter)

I. Quitame el pan

Pablo Neruda

Patricia Van Ness

In One (dotted half = 68)

Alto

Harpischord

f

f

f

f

Qui - ta - me
Take away bread from me, if you wish,

el pan, si qui - e - res qui - tam - me
take air away,

el ai - re, pe - ro no me

qui - tes tu ri -
but do not take from me your laughter.

11

16

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Tu Risa, I. Quitame el pan/Pg.3

Alto

26

sa. No me qui - tes la
Do not take away the rose,

Hpschd.

Alto

31

ro - sa, la lan - za que des gra - nas, el a - gua
the lanceflower that you pluck, the water that suddenly

Hpschd.

Alto

36

que de pron - to e - stal - la en tu a -
bursts forth in your joy,

Hpschd.

Alto

41

le - gri - a, La re - pen ti - na
the sudden wave of silver born in you.

Hpschd.

46

Tu Risa, I. Quitame el pan/Pg.4

Alto

o - la de pla - ta que te

Hpschd.

51

Alto

na - ce.

Hpschd.

56

rit.

attacca

Alto

Hpschd.

Alto

Hpschd.