

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

**Tenor**

**Guitar/Hpschd/Piano**

In One (dotted half = 68)

*f*

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

**Tenor**

**Hpschd.**

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

11

**Tenor**

**Hpschd.**

el ai - re, pe - ro no me

16

**Tenor**

**Hpschd.**

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

21

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

Tenor

26

sa. No me qui - tes la

*Do not take away the rose,*

Hpschd.

Tenor

31

ro - sa, la lan - za que des gra - nas, el a - gua

*the lanceflower that you pluck, the water that suddenly*

Hpschd.

Tenor

36

que de pron - to e - stal - la en tu a -

*bursts forth in your joy,*

Hpschd.

Tenor

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

Tenor

o - la de pla - ta que te na -

Hpschd.

51

Tenor

ce.

Hpschd.

56

*attacca*

*rit.*

*attacca*

Tenor

Hpschd.

Tenor

Hpschd.