

Alto and Harpsichord/Piano

T U R I S A
(Y O U R L A U G H T E R)

TEXT BY

PABLO NERUDA

MUSIC BY

PATRICIA VAN NESS

1 9 9 6

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TU RISA (Your Laughter)
Music by Patricia Van Ness © 1996
Text by Pablo Neruda
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Quitame el pan, siquieres,
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 mío, 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
será para mis manos
como una espada fresca.

Junto al mar en otoño,
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.

Ríete de la noche,
del día, de la luna,
ríete de las calles
torcidas de la isla,
ríete de este torpe
muchacho que te quiere,
pero cuando yo abro
los ojos y los cierro,
cuando mis pasos van,
cuando vuelven mis pasos,
niegáme el pan, el aire,
la luz, la primavera,
pero tu risa nunca
porque me moriría.

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.

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TU RISA (Your Laughter)
I. Quitame el pan

Pablo Neruda

Patricia Van Ness

In One (dotted half = 68)

Alto

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

Alto

11

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

Alto

16

el ai - re, pe - ro no me

Alto

21

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

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

26

Alto

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

Hpschd.

31

Alto

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

Hpschd.

Alto

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

bursts forth in your joy,

Hpschd.

41

Alto

le - gri - a,

La re - pen ti - na

the sudden wave of silver born in you.

46

Hpschd.

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

Alto

Hpschd.

51

Alto

Hpschd.

56

attacca

rit.

attacca

Alto

Hpschd.

Alto

Hpschd.

TU RISA (Your Laughter)

II. Mi lucha

Pablo Neruda

Patricia Van Ness

Very freely; quarternote = 58ish

mf

Alto

(NB: Clef change)

Harpsichord

Alto

Hpschd.

Alto

Hpschd.

Alto

Hpschd.

Mi *My struggle is harsh*

lu - cha, lu - cha es

es du - ra

du - ra, Y vu el - vo
and I come back with eyes tired

Tu Risa, II. Mi lucha/Pg.2

12

Alto con los o - jos can - sa - dos a

Hpschd.

15

Alto ve - ces de ha - ber vi - sto
at times from having seen the unchanging earth,

Hpschd.

18

Alto cam - bi - a, pe - ro al en - trar tu ri - sa
but when your laughter enters

Hpschd.

21

Alto su - be al ci - e - lo bu - scan do
it rises to the sky seeking me

Hpschd.

Tu Risa, II. Mi lucha/Pg.3

Alto

Hpschd.

me Y a - bre pa - ra
and it opens for me

Alto

Hpschd.

pa - ra mi to - das, las pu - er - tas

Alto

Hpschd.

las pu - er - tas de - la vi - da
all the doors of life.

Alto

Hpschd.

de la vi - da.

TU RISA (Your Laughter)
III. Amor mio

Pablo Neruda

Patricia Van Ness

Even more freely and slowly; chantlike.

Alto Even more freely and slowly; chantlike. *mp*

Alto A - mor mi - o en la ho-ra mas o - scu - ra des
My love, in the darkest hour

Harpsichord **NB: Clef change**

Alto gra - na tu - ri - sa, des
your laughter opens,

Hpschd.

Alto gra - na tu - ri - sa.
your laughter opens,

Hpschd.

Alto *10*

Hpschd.

Tu Risa, III. Amor mio/Pg.2

Alto

Hpschd.

1

y si de pron-to ves
and if suddenly

3

Alto

Hpschd.

4

que mi san - gre man - cha las pi - e - dras de la cal - le, rie,
you see my blood staining the stones of the street, laugh,

Alto

Hpschd.

7

por - que tu ri - sa
because your laughter

Alto

Hpschd.

20

se - ra pa - ra mis ma nos, co - mo u - na e - spa - da fres - ca.
will be for my hands like a fresh sword.

TU RISA (Your Laughter)
IV. Junto al mar

Pablo Neruda

Patricia Van Ness

quarternote = 80

Alto

Harpsichord

*Jun-to al mar en o - to - no, tu ri-sa de - be al - zar su
 Next to the sea in the autumn, your laughter must raise its foamy cascade,*

Alto

Begin slow rit. to Letter A

Hpschd.

*ca - sca-da de e - spu - ma, y en pri-ma-ve-ra a
 and in the spring, love,*

Begin slow rit. to Letter A

Alto

Hpschd.

*mor, qui - e ro tu ri - sa
 I want your laughter*

Alto

A Slower quarternote = 50! Very freely.

Hpschd.

*co - mo la flor que yo e - spe -
 like the flower I was waiting for,*

Slower quarternote = 50! Very freely.

mp

Tu Risa, IV. Junto al mar/Pg.2

Alto {

ra - ba la flor a - zul la
the blue flower,

Hpschd. {

Alto {

la ro - sa de mi pa -
the rose of my echoing country.

Hpschd. {

Alto {

tri - a pa-tri - a so - no - ra so no - ra.
rit.

Hpschd. {

Alto {

Hpschd. {

TU RISA (Your Laughter)
V. Riete de la noche

Pablo Neruda

Patricia Van Ness

In One (dotted quarter = 99)

Alto

Harpsichord/Piano

NOTE CLEF CHANGE

Alto

Hpschd.

Alto

Hpschd.

Alto

Hpschd.

A

Ri - e - ta de la no-che del di - a de la
Laugh at the night, at the day, at the moon,

Tu Risa, V. Riete de la noche/Pg.2

Alto

46

lu - na, Ri - e - ta

Hpschd.

Alto

51 de las cal-les tor - ci - das de la is - la,
laugh at the twisted streets of the island,

Hpschd.

Alto

Hpschd.

61

laugh at this clumsy boy who loves you, Ri - e-te de es - to tor -

Alto

Hpschd.

66

71

pe

mu - cha - cho que te qui - e

Tu Risa, V. Riete de la noche/Pg.3

Alto

76

re,

81 *mp*

Pe - ro cuan-do yo

Hpschd.

mp

Alto

86

ab - ro los o - jos y los ci er - ro Cuan - do mis
but when I open my eyes and close them,

Hpschd.

Alto

91

pa - sos van cuan-do vu - el - ven mis pa-sos,
when my steps go, when my steps return,

Hpschd.

96

Alto

101

Nie - ga - me el pan el ai - re la luz la pri - ma
deny me bread, air, light, spring.

Hpschd.

106

f

Tu Risa, V. Riete de la noche/Pg.4

Alto

Hpschd.

ve - ra 111 Pe - ro

tu - ri - sa nun 121 ca, Por - que
but never your laughter

me mo-ri ri 126 a, for I would die.

Por - que me-mo-ri - 136

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Tu Risa, V. Riete de la noche/Pg.5

Musical score for Alto and Hpschd. instruments. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system starts at measure 141, marked *ff*, with a dynamic instruction *a.* followed by *accel!!*. The second system begins with a dynamic *ff* and a dynamic instruction *accel!!*. The third system is blank. The Alto part is in treble clef, and the Hpschd. part is in bass clef. Measures are numbered 141, 146, and 147.

Alto

Hpschd.

141

ff

a.

accel!!

146

ff

accel!!

147

Blank musical score for Alto and Hpschd. instruments, consisting of two systems of five-line staves each.

Alto

Hpschd.

Blank musical score for Alto and Hpschd. instruments, consisting of two systems of five-line staves each.

Alto

Hpschd.