

FOLKSONGS FROM THE AMERICAS

3 Part Treble Chorus and Piano

**Arranged by
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Folksongs from the Americas

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Mariez-moi, ma petite maman is a French Canadian folksong which probably originated in France. The amusing text depicts the conversation between the fifteen year-old girl who wants to get married and her mother who tells her to wait until she is twenty.

La Viudita del Conde Laurel is sometimes sung as a game song in Latin American countries but may have originated in 18th century France. The bittersweet melody and the text portray a widow who wants to marry again.

Vamos, Maninha is a game song. It originated in Spain and came to Brazil via Portugal.

Nesta rua is one of the most popular folksongs in Brazil. Its haunting melody and evocative text create one of the most beautiful of Latin American folksongs.

Senhora Viuva, from northern Brazil, is another song about a widow. But the lilt of the music suggest that she is still enjoying life.

Texts and Translations

1. **Mariez-moi, ma petite maman**

“Mariez-moi, ma petite maman,
Que j’roul’ dans le ménage!
Voilà déjà que j’ai passé quinze ans;
Je crois que c’est l’bon âge.
Toujours filer, toujours virer,
C’est un métier qui me fait ennuyer.
Ah! Si vous ne me mariez pas,
Non, maman, je ne filerai pas!”

“Ah! Taisez-vous, finissez vos cancans!
Ne parlez plus d’la sorte.
Mais attendez que vous ayez vingt ans.
Vous parlez comme un’ sotté.
Filez, filez, ma bonne enfant,
Fuyez tous ces jeunes amants!”
“Ah! Si vous ne me mariez pas,
Non, maman, je ne filerai pas!”

“Si c’est à vingt ans que je prends un mari,
Ah! Je vous dis, ma mère,
Je voudrais que mon rouet
Y soit réduit en cendre et en poussière,
Et que ma quenouille, sur les tisons,
Tournée en cendre et en charbon.
Ah! Si vous ne me mariez pas,
Non, maman, je ne filerai pas!”

1. **Mother, Let Me Marry**

“Mother, let me wed
so I can enjoy being married.
Already I am fifteen;
I think I am old enough.
Always to spin, always to turn.
It is a craft that bores me.
Ah! If you do not let me marry,
then, mama, I will not weave!”

“Ah! Be quiet, stop your gossiping!
Do not talk of such things.
Just wait until you are twenty.
You talk like a fool.
Spin, spin, my child,
Flee from these young lovers!”
“Ah! If you do not let me marry,
then, mama, I will not weave!”

“If I cannot marry until I am twenty,
Ah!, I say to you, mother,
I wish that my spinning wheel
would turn to ashes and dust,
and that my bedpost, on the burning fire,
would turn to cinders and charcoal.
Ah! If you do not let me marry,
then, mama, I will not weave!”

2. La Viudita del Conde Laurel

La Viudita: Yo soy la Viudita
del Conde Laurel
que quiere casarse
y no encuentra con quién.

Corro: ¿Pues siendo tan bella
no encuentras con quién?
Elige a tu gusto;
que aquí tienes cien.

La Viudita: Elijo a esta niña
por ser la más bella
y blanca azucena
de todo el jardín.

Corro: Ahora que hallaste
la prenda querida,
por toda la vida
serás y feliz.

3. Vamos, Maninha

Vamos, maninha, vamos
Na praia passear,
Vamos ver a lancha nova
Que do céu cahiu no mar.

Nossa Senhora vai dentro
Os anjinhos vão remando,
Remem, remem, remadores,
Que estas aguas são de flores.

4. Nesta rua

Nesta rua, nesta rua tem um bosque
Que se chama, que se chama solidão;
Dentro delle, dentro delle mora um anjo. Que
roubou, que roubou meu coração.
Si eu roubei, si eu roubei teu coração,
Tu também, tu também roubaste o meu; Si eu
roubei, si eu roubei teu coração
É porque, é porque te quero bem!

5. Senhora Viuva

Dizei, Senhora Viuva,
Com quem quereis se casar
Ou é com o filho do conde
Ou é com seu general,
General, general.

Morreu meu marido
no meio das flores
acabouse alegria
acabouse os amores!
Coberto de luto
de luto fechado
semanas inteiras
eu tenho chorado.

2. The Widow of Count Laurel

The Widow: I am the widow
of Count Laurel.
I want to get married
and have not met the one.

Chorus: If you are so beautiful
why do you not meet someone?
Choose whom you like;
for here there are a hundred.

The Widow: I choose this youth
because he is the most handsome
and the white lily of
the entire garden.

Chorus: Then if you meet
the beloved jewel,
for all your life
you will be happy.

3. Let us go, little sister

Let us go, little sister, let us go
to walk on the beach.
Let us go to see the new boat
that fell from the sky into the sea.

Our Lady goes aboard
where the little angels are rowing.
Row, row, rowers,
For these waters are made of flowers.

4. In our street

On this road there is a forest
That is called solitude.
Inside it there dwells an angel
Who has stolen my heart.
If I have stolen your heart,
You also have stolen mine.
If I have stolen your heart,
It is because I care for you very much!

5. The Widow

Say, lovely widow,
who would you marry:
either the son of the count
or the general,
the general, the general.

My husband died
in the midst of flowers.
The happiness ended,
the love ended!
Dressed in mourning,
shut away in mourning,
for many weeks
I have wept.

