

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904) / Ciganské melodie (Gypsy Songs) Op. 55 № 4, published 1880

Text: Folk-song
English: © Gayle Royko Heuser (fountainsong@cox.net)

Když mne stará matka zpívat, zpívat učivala,
podivno, že často, často slzivala.
A teď také pláčem snědé líce mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívat učím!

When my old mother taught me to sing,
Strange that she often had tears in her eyes.
And now I also weep,
when I teach gipsy children to play and sing!

Samuel Sinchak (Sinčák) / Rodný Kraj (Birth Place), published 1942

Text: Michael Sinchak (Sinčák) [Samuel's father], director of the original *Slovak Radio Hour*.

Michael Sinchak published the book “for the purpose of bringing before the public the wealth and beauty of our Slovak songs... the songs were selected and arranged with the special intention of having it answer our purpose in America and provide opportunity for our youth to learn them...”

Ďaleko si môj rodný kraj,
Ďaleko za šírym morom,
Tu som prišiel, že najdem raj
Tebe som dal dávno s Bohom!

Birthplace of mine, you're far away –
Yes, far beyond the ocean wide
In vain I search for paradise,
Since I have sailed, from home with tide;

Ale cítim v srdci svojom
Ako vernej matky hlas:
“Vrát' sa, synu na Slovensko,
Však už máme slobodu zas!”

But I hear echoes in my heart,
as a tender mother's voice:
“Come home, sonny, to Slovakia,
Enjoy freedom, love and rejoice.”

Сергей Васильевич Рахманинов (Sergei Vasilievich Rachmaninoff) (1873-1943)
Сирень (Siren' / Lilacs), Op. 21 № 5 (1902)



Text: Екатерина Андреевна Бекетова (Ekaterina Andreyevna Krasnova, née Beketova) (1771-1827)
English: © Anton Bepalov and Rianne Stam

По утра, на заре,
По росистой траве,
Я пойду свежим утром дышать;
И в душистую тень,
Где теснится сирень,
Я пойду свое счастье искать...

Po utru, na zare,
Po rosistoj trave,
Ja pojdu svezhim utrom dyшат';
I v dushistuju ten',
Gde tesnitsja siren',
Ja pojdu svoje schast'je iskat'...

In the morning, at daybreak,
over the dewy grass,
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;
and in the fragrant shade,
where the lilac crowds,
I will go to seek my happiness...

В жизни счастье одно
Мне найти суждено,
И то счастье в сирени живёт;
На зелёных ветвях,
На душистых кистях
Моё бедное счастье цветёт...

V zhizni schast'je odno
Mne najti suzhdeno,
I to schast'je v sireni zhivjot;
Na zeljonykh vetvjakh,
Na dushistykh kistjakh
Mojo bednoje schast'je cvetjot...

In life, only one happiness
it was fated for me to discover,
and that happiness lives in the lilacs;
in the green boughs,
in the fragrant bunches,
my poor happiness blossoms...

Сергей Васильевич Рахманинов (Sergei Vasilievich Rachmaninoff) (1873-1943)
Сон (Son / A Dream), Op. 8 № 5 (1893)

Original text (in German): Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), *Neue Gedichte, Verschiedene, In der Fremde* № 3
Russian translation: Aleksey Nikolayevich Pleshcheyev (1825-1893)
English (from Russian): © Miriam Tikotin (with the kind help of Pianist Elina Kelebeev)
English (from German): © Emily Ezust (Emily@Lieder.net)

И у меня был край родной; Прекрасен он! Там ель качалась надо мной... Но то был сон!	I u menja byl kraj rodnoj; Prekrasen on! Tam jel' kachalas' nadо мноj... No to byl son!	And I had my native land It was so beautiful! Pines were swaying there over me... But it was a dream!
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Семья друзей жива была. Со всех сторон Звучали мне любви слова... Но то был сон!	Sem'ja друзej zhiva byla. So vsekh storon Zvuchali mne ljubvi slova... No to byl son!	Family, friends, all were living there. From every corner Words of love resounded... Alas! It was a dream!
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Original German Text

Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland.
Der Eichenbaum
Wuchs dort so hoch, die Veilchen nickten sanft.
Es war ein Traum.

Once I had a wonderful homeland.
The oak grew there so high,
and the violets nodded kindly.
It was a dream.

Das küßte mich auf deutsch, und sprach auf deutsch
(Man glaubt es kaum,
Wie gut es klang) das Wort: "ich liebe dich!"
Es war ein Traum.

There I was kissed in German, and was told in German
(one can hardly believe
how good it sounded) the words: "I love you!"
It was a dream.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) / *Osiem pieśni polskich* (Eight Polish Songs) FP. 69
№ 2: *Odjazd* (Departure)

Text: Stefan Witwicki (1801-1847)
French: Jacques Lerolle
English: © Miriam Tikotin

Rzy koniczek mój bułany,
Puśćcie, czas już czas!
Matko, ojczyzny mój kochany,
Żegnam, żegnam was.

Let me go, the horse is waiting.
It is time!
Mother, father, my dear,
Goodbye!

Cóżby życie warte było,
Gdybym gnuśnie zgasł?
Dosyć, dosyć się marzyło,
Teraz nie ten czas.

What would life be worth,
If the light of my life were extinguished?
Enough, enough of the dreaming,
Now is not the time.

Zdała słyseć trąb hałasy,
Dobosz w bęben grzmi,
Rzucam, rzucam słodkie czasy,
Błogosławcie mi!

From far away I hear trumpets calling,
Drummer thunders with his drum,
Gone are the sweet times
Give me your blessing!



Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) / *Osiem pieśni polskich* (Eight Polish Songs) FP. 69
№ 4: *Ostatni Mazur* (The Last Mazurka)

Text: Folk-song

This tune was created at the time of the general Józef Chłopicki (1771-1854) and was revived during WWI, becoming a favourite among lancers.

Jeszcze jeden mazur dzisiaj, nim poranek świta,
“Czy pozwoli Pana Krzysia?” młody ulan pyta.
I tak długo błaga, prosi, boć to w polskiej ziemi:
W pierwsza parę ją ponosi, a sto par za niemi.

On coś pannie szeptem w uszko, i ostrogą dzwoni,
Pannie tłucze się serduszko, i liczko się płoni.
Cyt, serduszko, nie płoń liczka, bo ulan niestały:
O pół mili wre potyczka, słycać pierwsze strzały.

Słycać strzały, głos pobudki, dalej na koń, hurra!
Lube dziewczę porzuć smutki, dokończym mazurka.
Jeszcze jeden krąg dokoła, jeden uścisk bratni,
Trabka budzi, na koń woła, mazur to ostatni.

“May I have another mazurka, before dawn?”
Asked the young lancer,
He pleaded and insisted,
And led the girl into the ball room, many couples followed.

He whispered sweet words,
And she radiated,
Do not surrender your heart, a soldier will not be true,
From about half a mile they heard the first shots.

Heard the guns, and my horse is ready to attack, hurray!
No use crying, save your tears - let's finish the mazurka.
Just another dance swirled in fraternal embrace,
The trumpet calls, this is my last mazurka.

Joseph Canteloube (1879-1957) / *Pastourelle*, from *Chants D'auvergne*, book 2 № 1

Text: Folk-song (in Occitan language)

The pastourelle is a typically Old French lyric form concerning the romance of a shepherdess. In most of the early pastourelles, the poet knight meets a shepherdess who bests him in a wit battle and who displays general coyness. The narrator usually has sexual relations, either consensual or rape, with the shepherdess, and there is a departure or escape. Later developments moved toward pastoral poetry by having a shepherd and sometimes a love quarrel. The form originated with the troubadour poets of the 12th century and particularly with the poet Marcabru.

“È passo dè dessai!
È passo dellai l'aïo!
Bendras olprès de ièu,
Què d'ofaïré parlorèn,
È lou restan del jjour
N'en parlorèn d'amour!”

“Né pouodi pas passa!
Couci bouos qué iéu passi?
N'aï pas de pount d'arcados
È n'aï pas dè batéu,
Ni maï dè pastourel
Qué mè siasco fidèl!”

“Aurias léu un batéu
Sè tu èros poulido!
Aurias un pount d'arcados,
Aurias un pastourel
Qué té serio fidèl
È maï d'jusqu'al toubmel!”

“Oh, come here to me!
Come across the river!
Come to this side,
and we shall talk of serious things;
and then for the rest of the day
we shall talk about love!”

“But I cannot get across!
Whatever shall I do?
I have no boat,
nor bridge to cross the water;
nor even a shepherd
to love me faithfully!”

“You would soon have a boat
were you to be kind to me!
You would have a vaulted bridge,
you would have a shepherd, too,
to love you faithfully
all your life!”



Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835) / *Vaga luna, che inargenti* (Lovely moon, you who shed silver light)

Text: Anonymous

English: © Antonio Giuliano (Antonio.Giuliano@verizon.net)

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.



Gaetano Donizetti (1797-1848) / *Amor marinaro* (Sailor's love), Neapolitan song from *Soirées d'automne à l'Infrascata*
Also known as: *Me voglio fà 'na casa*

Text: Anonymous

Language: Neapolitan (Italian dialect from the region of Napoli = Naples)

English: © Luk Laerenbergh (Luk.Laerenbergh@pandora.be)

Me voglio fa 'na casa miez' 'o mare
Fravecata de penne de pavune,
Tralla la le la...

D'oro e d'argiento li scaline fare
E de prete preziose li barcune,
Tralla la le la...

Quanno Nennella mia se va a facciare
Ognuno dice "mò spona lu sole",
Tralla la le la...

I'd like to build a house surrounded by the sea
Plastered with peacock feathers,
Tralla la le la...

With stairs of gold and silver
And balconies of precious stones,
Tralla la le la...

When my Nennella shows herself
Everyone says "look, the sun is rising",
Tralla la le la...



Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) / *Gort na Saileán* (Down By The Salley Gardens)

Text: Folk-song, reconstructed by William Butler Yeats (1865-1939)

Music: Irish Tune, arranged by Benjamin Britten

Down By The Salley Gardens (Irish: *Gort na Saileán*) is a poem by William Butler Yeats published in *The Wanderings of Oisín and Other Poems* in 1889. Yeats indicated in a note that it was “an attempt to reconstruct an old song from three lines imperfectly remembered by an old peasant woman in the village of Ballisodare, Sligo, who often sings them to herself.” Yeats’s original title, “An Old Song Re-Sung”, reflected this; it first appeared under its present title when it was reprinted in *Poems* in 1895.

Down by the salley* gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

* “Salley” is an anglicisation of the Irish *saileach*, meaning willow.

Godfrey Ridout (1918-1984) / *She’s Like the Swallow*, *Folk Songs of Eastern Canada*, № 2 (1967)



Text/Music: Folk-song arranged by Godfrey Ridout

Folk Songs of Eastern Canada includes 4 songs and was commissioned by the CBC expressly for Lois Marshall. “She’s Like the Swallow” is a distinctive Newfoundland variant of a large family of songs about unhappy love. The text in this arrangement includes only 4 verses, and leaves much to the imagination. Below there are the additional verses (3,4,5) that complete the story.

1. She’s like the swallow that flies so high
She’s like the river that never runs dry
She’s like the sunshine on the lee shore
I love my love and love is no more.

5. “How foolish, foolish you must be
To think I love no one but thee.
The world’s not made for one alone,
I take delight in everyone.”

2. ‘Twas out in the garden this fair maid did go
A-picking the beautiful primrose
The more she plucked, the more she pulled
Until she got her apron full.

6. It’s out of those roses she made a bed
A stony pillow for her head
She laid her down, no word she spoke
Until this fair maid’s heart was broke.

3. She climbed on yonder hill above
To give a rose unto her love.
She gave him one, she gave him three
She gave her heart for company.

7. She’s like the swallow that flies so high
She’s like the river that never runs dry
She’s like the sunshine on the lee shore
I love my love and love is no more.

4. And as they sat on yonder hill
His heart grew hard, so harder still.
He has two hearts instead of one.
She says, “Young man, what have you done?”



Samuel Osborne Barber II (1910-1981) / *Hermit Songs*, Op. 29 (1953)

Hermit Songs is a cycle of ten songs for voice and piano; settings of anonymous Irish texts of the 8th to 13th centuries written by monks and scholars, often on the margins of manuscripts they were copying or illuminating — perhaps not always meant to be seen by their Father superiors. They are small poems, thoughts or observations, some very short, and speak in straightforward, droll, and often surprisingly modern terms of the simple life these men led, close to nature, to animals and to God.

№ 2: Church Bell at Night (12th century)

English: Howard Mumford Jones (1892-1980)

Sweet little bell, struck on a windy night,
I would liefer keep tryst with thee
Than be
With a light and foolish woman.



№ 7: Promiscuity (9th century)

English: Kenneth Hurlstone Jackson (1909-1991)

I do not know with whom Edan will sleep,
but I do know that fair Edan will not sleep alone.

Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847) / *Venezianisches Gondellied* (Venetian Gondola Song), Op. 57 № 5.

English: Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

German: Ferdinand Freiligrath (1810-1876)

Mendelssohn has a few Venetian Gondola Songs from his *Songs Without Words* and one *with* words. They are all written in 6/8 meter, to match the rhythm of the Gondolier rowing. He chose a structure of ABA, repeating the beginning of the first verse. This repetition and the long fermata (pause) on the word *wartend* (waiting) give the impression that Ninetta did not come and will never come, and her lover will have to stand and wait for her forever.

Wenn durch die Piazzetta
Die Abendluft weht,
Dann weißt du, Ninetta,
Wer wartend hier steht.
Du weißt wer trotz Schleier
Und Maske dich kennt,
Wie die Sehnsucht
Im Herzen mir brennt.

Ein Schifferkleid trag' ich
Zur selbigen Zeit,
Und zitternd dir sag' ich:
"Das Boot ist bereit.
O komm jetzt, wo Lunen
Noch Wolken umzieh'n,
Laß durch die Lagunen,
Geliebte, uns flieh'n!"



When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
His own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
"Our bark, love, is near:
Now, now, while there hover
Those clouds o'er the moon,
"Twill waft thee safe over
Yon silent Lagoon."

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) / *Deutsche Volkslieder* WoO. 33

№ 6: Da unten im Tale (Down in the Valley There), published 1894

Text: Swabian folk-song, from *Deutsche Volkslieder mit ihren Original-Weisen*, Berlin, published 1838-40

English: © Emily Ezust (Emily@Lieder.net)

Swabians have in former times been the target of many jokes where they are depicted as excessively stingy, overly serious, prudish, or as simpletons. Brahms set this text four times, for solo voice (twice), female choir and mixed choir.

Da unten im Tale
Läuft's Wasser so trüb,
Und i kann dir's nit sagen,
I hab' di so lieb.

Down in the valley there
the water flows so sadly,
and I can't tell you
that I love you so.

Sprichst allweil von Liebe,
Sprichst allweil von Treu',
Und a bissele Falschheit
Is auch wohl dabei.



You always speak of love,
you always speak of fidelity,
but a bit of falsehood
is always there too.

Und wenn i dir's zehnmal sag,
Daß i di lieb,
Und du willst nit verstehn,
Muß i halt weitergehn.

And if I tell you ten times,
that I love and like you,
and you do not want to understand,
then I will have to move on.

Für die Zeit, wo du g'liebt mi hast,
Dank i dir schön,
Und i wünsch, daß dirs anderswo
Besser mag gehn.

For the time that you have loved me,
I thank you kindly,
and I wish that somewhere else
things may go better for you.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897) / *Deutsche Volkslieder* WoO. 33

№ 33: Qch Mod'r, ich well en Ding han! (Oh, Mother, I want Something!)

Text: Folk-song (Kölnisch)

This text was set by Brahms twice. It includes 4 verses that repeat themselves except for the mother's guess.

Qch Mod'r, ich well en Ding han!
"Wat för en Ding, ming Hëtzenskind?"
En Ding, en Ding.
"Wells de dann e Pöppchen han?"
Nä, Moder, nä!
Ehr sitt kein gode Moder,
Ehr könnt dat Ding nit røde!
Wat dat Kind för'n Ding well han,
Dingderlingdingding!

Oh, Mother I would like to have Something!
"What would you like, my dear child?"
Something, something!
"Would you like a puppet?"
No, mother, no!
You are not a good mother,
You can't guess that thing!
That thing that your child wants so much,
Dingderlingdingding!

... "Wells de dann e Ringelchen han?" Nä, Moder, nä!...

... "Would you like a ring?" No, mother, no!...

... "Wells de dann a Kleidchen han?" Nä, Moder, nä!...

... "Would you like a nice dress?" No, mother, no!...

... "Wells de dann ene Mann han?"
Jø, Moder, jø!
Ehr sitt en gode Moder,
Ehr könnt dat Ding wahl røde,
Wat dat Kind för'n Ding well han
Dingderlingdingding!

... "Would you like a man?"
Yes, Mother, yes!
You are a good mother,
You guessed that thing
That thing that your child wants so much,
Dingderlingdingding!

Text: Ben Gavriel, highly influenced by ancient biblical vocabulary and style

Lavry was born in Riga (Latvia), later moved to Berlin where he served as a conductor of the Berlin Symphonic Orchestra. The rise of Nazism caused him to return to Latvia and eventually emigrate to Israel (1935). A year later he composed the first Israeli symphonic poem Valley – one of his most popular pieces. It represented an Israeli music in the first world tour of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra.

He never forced new styles on his writing, he was simply observing the new language, landscape and culture. Then began a process that the middle-eastern scales, shepherds folk songs and flute melodies – all naturally integrated and created his very distinct style.

Your heart –
is like perfume
floating over great waters,
And in their deep
stars of the skies are mirrored,
Stars of the Desert
in a summer's night,

Levavkha –
kere'akh nikho'akh
hatsaf al pney mayim rabim,
Uvishkohl ma'amakeyhem
nishkafim kokhvey hashamayim,
Kokhvey hamidbar
beylel kayits,



לבבך –
כריח ניחוח
הצף על פני מים רבים,
ובשחור מעמקיהם
נשקפים כוכבי השמים,
כוכבי המדבר
בליל קיץ,

Like smell of good perfumes
his love came to me,
On the wings of the wind
in the spring – the desert,
His love flew to the heights of stars
in the heavens,
There our souls were united,
in the old ages, before they were born.

Kere'akh besamim tovim
ba'a elay ahavato,
Al kanfey haru'akh
ba'aviv – hamidbar,
Vata'af el meromey kokhavim
bashamayim,
Sham khavru nishmoteynu
mikedem beterem noladu.

כריח בשמים טובים
באה אליי אהבתו,
על כנפי הרוח
באביב – המדבר,
ותעף אל מרומי כוכבים
בשמיים,
שם חברו נשמותינו
מקדם בטרם נולדו.

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959) / *Bachianas Brasileiras* № 5 (1938/45), for soprano and eight cellos
Aria (Cantilena) (piano arrangement by the composer)

Text: © Ruth Valladares Corrêa (Portuguese)

English: © Mirna Rubim (mirnarubim@hotmail.com)

The *Bachianas Brasileiras* represent a fusion between Brazilian folk and popular music and the style of Johann Sebastian Bach (hence **Bachianas**). Most of the movements in each suite have two titles: one “Bachian” (Prelúdio, Fuga, etc.), the other Brazilian (Embolada, O Canto da Nossa Terra, etc.). № 5 is probably Villa-Lobos’s single most popular work.

Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente.
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, qual meiga donzela
Que se apresta e a linda sonhadoramente,
Em ansios d'alma para ficar bela
Grita ao céu e a terra toda a Natureza!
Cala a passarada aos seus tristes queixumes
E reflete o mar toda a Sua riqueza...
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora
A cruel saudade que ri e chora!
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e transparente
Sobre o espaço, sonhadora e bela!

Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
Over the space dreamy and beautiful
The Moon sweetly appears in the horizon,
Decorating the afternoon like a nice damsel
Who rushes and dreamy adorns herself
With an anxious soul to become beautiful
Shout all Nature to the Sky and to the Earth!
All birds become silent to the Moon's complains
And the Sea reflects its great splendour.
Softly, the shining Moon just awakes
The cruel missing that laughs and cries.
Evening, a rosy, slow and transparent cloud
Over the space dreamy and beautiful...

Manuel de Falla y Matheu (1876-1946)

Nana (Lullaby) From *Siete Canciones Populares Españolas* (Seven Spanish Folk-Songs), Nº 5 (1914)

Text: Folk-song

English: © Claudio Landivar Cody

The melancholic melody suggests that the song is sung on the child's deathbed and the sleep is an eternal one.

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.

Go to sleep, Child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep, little star
Of the morning.

Naninta, nana,
Naninta, nana.
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.

Lulla-lullaby,
Lulla-lullaby,
Sleep, little star
of the morning.

Pantaléon Enrique Costanzo Granados y Campiña (1867-1916)

Colección de tonadillas (1910), Nº 3: El majo* discreto ('The Discreet Guy')

Text: Fernando Periquet (1873-1940)

Dicen que mi majo* es feo.
Es posible que sí que lo sea,
que amor es deseo que ciega y marea.
Ha tiempo que sé que quien ama no ve.

They say my man is ugly.
It is possible that he is,
Since love is a desire that blinds and upsets.
For a while I've known that a lover doesn't see.

Mas si no es mi majo un hombre
que por lindo descuelle y asombre,
en cambio es discreto y guarda un secreto
que yo posé en él sabiendo que es fiel.

But if my lover is not a man
That for his beauty stands out and amazes,
But is discreet and keeps a secret
That I rest in him knowing that he is loyal.

¿Cuál es el secreto que el majo guardó?
Sería indiscreto contarlo yo.
No poco trabajo costara saber
secretos de un majo con una mujer.
Nació en Lavapiés**.
¡Eh, eh! ¡Es un majo, un majo es!

What is the secret that he kept?
It would be indiscreet to tell.
Not a little work would it take to know
Secrets of a man with a woman.
He was born in Lavapiés**.
Eh! Eh! He is a majo*, a majo is he.

* Majo (masc.) or maja (fem.) were Spanish lower class, especially in Madrid, who distinguished themselves by their elaborate outfits and sense of style in dress and manners. Dandy would be a close English equivalent. They flourished from the late 18th to early 19th century. Majos were a favourite subject of the painter Goya and many composers wrote about the life of the majos/majas. The term later became more general, meaning "pretty" or "nice looking" (synonymous with bonito). This meaning survives in modern Spanish.

** Lavapiés is a barrio (district) of the city of Madrid, centred on Plaza de Lavapiés. The name literally means "wash feet", and seems to refer to the ritual washing of one's feet before entering the temple, possibly in the fountain in Plaza de Lavapiés. It was the Jewish quarter of the city until the expulsion of the Jews in 1492. It has long been a neglected area of the city. It for you to decide why this fact is making the woman laugh... (¡Eh!)

