

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5410
(Formerly BRS 310)

STEREO

FOLKWAYS RECORDS

FD 5410
(Formerly BRS 310)

Side I

- Band 1. **SOBRE LA POR**
(ABOUT FEAR)
Band 2. **CONTRA LA POR**
(AGAINST FEAR)
Band 3. **SOBRE LA PAU**
(ABOUT PEACE)
Band 4. **A UN AMIC D'EUSKADI**
(TO A FRIEND FROM EUSKADI)
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(18th OF MAY IN MADRID)

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(IN PRAISE OF MONEY)
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(SAILS AND WINDS)
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(POEM NO. 81 BY AUSIAS MARCH)
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(CONSUMERS' SOCIETY)
Band 5. **DIGUEM NO**
(LET'S SAY NO)

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RAIMON

CATALONIAN PROTEST SONGS

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

RAIMON/CATALONIAN PROTEST SONGS

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RAIMON

CATALONIAN PROTEST SONGS



RAIMON

CATALONIAN PROTEST SONGS

Note by Pete Seeger

Here are the songs of one of the greatest songwriters of modern Spain, a man who is proscribed within his own land.

Because Raimon is a Catalanian, and insists on his right to sing in Catalan, his native language, he is only allowed to sing in certain towns and under certain conditions. His songs must be submitted to the censor in advance.

But censors, in every corner of this world, tend to be shallow, literal-minded people. Raimon is a poet. There is no need to say more.

Although most of us can only understand his words through translation, we can all feel the intensity of his conviction through his voice and his music. We can all learn from him, and his experiences can be translated by us to pass to others, in this larger land. Although our homelands are separated by the Atlantic Ocean, we are travelling together on this earth.

RAIMON (A Brief Biography)

Raimon was born on December 2nd, 1940 in Xàtiva (València). He attended high school in Xàtiva, and later went on to the University of València, where he graduated in world history. He started singing while in the university, where he had his first public performances. His first disc, recorded in March 1963, received the Spanish Critics' Prize. His popularity began to grow, and in 1966 he sang for the first time in Paris' famous Olympia. In 1967 he received the French Recording Academy prize to the best foreign (non-French) singer.

Raimon lives in Barcelona, the capital of Catalonia. For several years now the Spanish State has been forbidding him to perform in public. He still manages to sing once in a while in universities and before workers' groups, where he has a very large following. Occasionally, he travels abroad, and he has sung in France, the Netherlands, Italy, Germany, Mexico, Venezuela, Cuba and more recently the United States.

Side 1 Band 1

SOBRE LA POR

Mig perdudes les paraules,
les coses mig amagades,
i els homes meitat gest, meitat silenci.
And men are half-gesture, half-silence.
Per camps i ciutats la por
va fent callar una a una
les veus dels vius i dels morts,
The voices of the living and the dead,
i els homes meitat gest, meitat silenci.
And men are half-gesture, half-silence.
Peró no pot ser sempre,
peró no es per sempre,
peró no serà sempre!
També som vida nosaltres,
amb els nostres silencis
i les nostres paraules,
amb les nostres cases fetes
de treball i d'esperances.
Mig perdudes les paraules,
les coses mig amagades,
i els homes, i els homes, i els homes...
And men, and men, and men...

Music and lyrics by RAIMON

Band 2

CONTRA LA POR

Anem dient les coses pel seu nom.
Si no trenquem el silenci
morirem en el silenci.
Contra la por és la vida,
contra la por és l'amor,
contra la por som nosaltres,
contra la por sense por.
Anem dient les coses pel seu nom.
Tots els qui han sentit
el pes de l'immensa bota
i l'afilada espasa
sabem el que és la por
i sabem que és difícil
dir les coses pel seu nom.

ABOUT FEAR

Words are half-lost,
Things are half-hidden,
And men are half-gesture, half-silence.
Over fields and cities fear
Mutes, one after the other,
The voices of the living and the dead,
And men are half-gesture, half-silence.
But it can't be forever,
But it isn't forever,
But it won't be forever:
We too are life,
With all our silences
And all our words,
With all our houses, made
Of work and of hopes.
Words are half-lost,
Things are half-hidden,
And men, and men, and men...
Let's start calling things by their names.
If we do not break the silence
We shall all die in the silence.
Against fear is life,
Against fear is love,
Against fear are we,
Against fear without fear.
Let's start calling things by their names.
All those who have suffered under
The weight of the immense boot
And the sharp sword
Know what fear is
And know that it is difficult
To call things by their names.

Contre la por és la vida.
contra la por és l'amor,
contra la por som nosaltres,
contra la por sense por,
sense por, sense por.

Against fear is life,
Against fear is love,
Against fear are we,
Against fear without fear,
Without fear, without fear.

Music and lyrics by RAIMON

Band 3

SOBRE LA PAU

De vegades la pau
no es més que por;
por de tu, por de mi,
por dels homes que novolem la nit.
De vegades la pau
no es més que por.
De vegades la pau
fa gust de mort,
dels morts per sempre,
dels que son només silenci.
De vegades la pau
fa gust de mort.
De vegades la pau
Es com un desert
sense veus ni arbres,
com un buit immens on moren els homes.
De vegades la pau
es un desert.
De vegades la pau
tanca les boques i lliga les mans,
només et deixa les cames per fugir,
de vegades la pau.
De vegades la pau
no es més que això,
una buida paraula per a no dir res,
de vegades la pau.
De vegades la pau }
fa molt més mal, } bis
de vegades la pau.

ABOUT PEACE

There are times when peace
Is nothing but fear,
Fear of you, fear of me,
Fear of us who do not want the night.
There are times when peace
Is nothing but fear.
There are times when peace
Tastes only of death
Of the dead for ever,
Of those who are nothing but silence.
There are times when peace
Tastes only of death.
There are times when peace
Is like a desert
Without voices or trees,
Like an immense void where men die.
There are times when peace
Is just a desert.
There are times when peace
Gags mouths and binds hands
And leaves only your legs free to flee.
There are times when peace.
There are times when peace
Is nothing but that,
An empty word for saying nothing,
There are times when peace.
There are times when peace }
Hurts much more, } bis
There are times when peace.

Music and lyrics by RAIMON

A UN AMIC D'EUSKADI

Ver vell, vert nou,
 el teu país es mou.
 Vert nou, vert vell:
 Nosaltres som amb ell.
 No ens confonen les mentides
 que els que poden diran,
 no ens confonen les històries
 que sempre ens han contat.
 Vert vell, vert nou,
 el teu país es mou.
 Vert nou, vert vell,
 nosaltres som amb ell.
 Si cal que doneu la vida,
 contra la mort la doneu.
 Si vos volem en silenci,
 alceu molt més la veu.
 Roig fort, roig dur
 es ara molt més pur.
 Roig dur, roig fort,
 no hi ha por, no hi ha por.

Music and lyrics by RAIMON

18 de maig a la "VILLA"

I la ciutat era jove
 aquell 18 de Maig.
 Si, la ciutat era jove
 aquell 18 de Maig
 que no oblidaré mai.
 Per unes quantes hores
 ens varem sentir lliures,
 i qui ha sentit la llibertat
 té més forces per viure.
 De ben lluny, de ben lluny
 arribaven totes les esperances,

TO A FRIEND FROM EUSKADI

Old green, new green,
 Your country's moving,
 New green, old green:
 And we're backing it.
 We do not believe the lies
 Those in power will tell,
 We do not believe the stories
 That they have always told.
 Old green, new green,
 Your country's moving.
 New green, old green,
 And we're backing it.
 If you have to give your lives
 It's against death you give them,
 When they want you to be silent
 Your voices rise even higher.
 Strong red, tough red
 which is now even purer.
 Tough red, strong red
 There's no fear, there's no fear.

18th OF MAY IN MADRID

And the city was young
 That 18th day of May.
 Yes, the city was young
 On that 18th of May
 That I'll never forget.
 For during a few hours
 We managed to feel free,
 And he who has felt free
 Has got more strength to live.
 From afar, from afar
 Arrived all the hopes,
 And they seemed to be new,

i semblaven noves, acabades d'estrenar,
 de ben lluny les portavem
 Per unes quantes hores
 ens varem sentir lliures,
 i qui ha sentit la llibertat
 té més forces per viure.
 Una vella esperança
 trobava la veu
 en el cos de milers de joves
 que cantaven i que lluiten.
 No l'oblidaré mai,
 no l'oblidaré mai
 aquell 18 de Maig, a Madrid

Music and lyrics by RAIMON

Side II Band 1

ELOGI DELS DINERS

Diners de tort fan veritat
 e de jutge fan advocat;
 savi fan tornar l'hom orat;
 pus que d'ells haja.
 Diners fan bé, diners fan mal,
 diners fan l'home infernal
 e fan-lo sant celestial,
 segons que els usa.
 Diners fan bregues e remors,
 e vituperis e honors,
 e fan cantar predicadors:
Beati Quorum.
 Diners alegren los infants
 e fan cantar los capellans
 e les frares carmelitans
 a les grans festes.
 Diners, magres fan tornar gords
 e tornen lldesmes los bords.
 Si diràs "jas" a homens sords

IN PRAISE OF MONEY

Money makes wrong into right
 And makes a judge into an advocate;
 It makes a madman of a wise man,
 If he has got it.
 Money does good, money does evil,
 Money makes man into a devil,
 Or makes him into a saint,
 Depending on how he uses it.
 Money brings quarrels, also remorse
 And insults as well as honors;
 It makes the preachers sing aloud:
Beati Quorum.
 Money makes infants happy,
 The chaplains and the good carmelites
 For it will sing high and loud
 On the High Holidays.
 Money makes the lean become fat,
 And of the bastard it makes a legitimate ^{/son.}
 If you yell "have some!" to a deaf man

tantost se giren.

Diners tornen los malalts sans;
moros, jueus e crestians,
lleixant a Déu e tots los sants
diners adoren.

Diners fan vui al mon lo joc,
e fan honor a molt badoo;
a qui diu "no" fan-li dir "hoc"
vejats miracle.

Diners, doncs, vulles aplegar;
si els pots haver no els lleix anar;
si molts n'hauràs poràs tornar
Papa de Roma

He soon turns 'round.

Money makes the sick healthy;
Moors, Jews and Christians,
Leaving aside God and the saints
Go and worship money.

Money today rules o'er the world,
It gives much honor to the fool;
The "nay" sayers it makes say "aye",
That's quite a miracle.

Therefore of money make quite a pile,
If you can get it, don't let it go;
If you've enough you may become
The Pope of Rome.

Music by RAIMON, lyrics by ANSELM TURMEDA (14th century, fragment
from his "Llibre dels bons amones-
taments" -Book of Good Advice"-)

Band 2

VELES E VENTS

Veles e vents han mos desigs complir,
faent camins dubtosos per la mar.
Mestre i Ponent contre d'ells veig arma;
Xaloc, Llevant los deuen subvenir
ab llurs amics lo Grec e lo Migjorn,
fent humils precs al vent Tramuntanal
que en son bufar los sia parcial
a que tots cinc compliquen mon retorn.
Bullirà el mar com la cassola en forn,
mudant color e l'estat natural,
e mostrarà voler tota res mal
que sobre si atur un punt el jorn;
grans e pocs peixs a recors correran
e cercaran amagatalls secrets:
fugint al mar, on són nodrits e fets,
per gran remei en terra eixiran.
.....

SAILS AND WINDS

Sails and winds shall my desires achieve,
Following dubious lanes 'pon the sea.
Mestre* and Ponent* 'gainst them I see
Xaloc*, Llevant* must now be helping them
With their friends, Grec* as well as
And humbly pray the Tramuntanal* wind
In his blowing to be partial to them,
So that all five achievemy safe return.
The sea shall boil like a crock in an oven
Changing her color and her natural state,
She will show how she hates all
That 'pon her stops an instant any day;
The large and the small fish will shelter
And will search for a secret hiding-place,
Fleeing the sea where born and raised they
And for remedy they'll come to earth.
.....

Amor, de vós io en sent més que no en sé, Love, of thee I feel more than I do know,
de qué la part pijor me'm romandrà; Of which the worst shall be my lot;
e de vos sap lo qui sens vós està. And of thee knows he who lacks thee.
A joc de daus vos acompanyaré. To a dice game I shall compare thee.

.....
Io tem la mort per no ser-vos absent, I fear death for the absence it means,
perquè Amor per mort és anul-lats; For Love is e'er annulled by death;
mas io no creu que mon voler sobrats But I believe not my wanting can be
pusca esser per tal departiment. By such a parting o'ercome.
Io só gelós de vostre escàs voler, Jealous I am that thy scarce wanting
que, io morint, no meta mi en oblit; Upon my death can make me be forgot;
sol est pensar me tol del món delit And just this thought my worldly wishes
-car nos vivint, no creu se pusca fer-: -For while we live, I think it cannot be-:
après ma mort, d'amar perdau poder, After my death, lose all power to love,
e sia tost en ira convertit, And change it all to anger very soon,
e, io forçat d'aquest món ser eixit, While forced I'll be to leave this world
tot lo meu mal serà vós no veer. And my suff'ring will be not seeing thee.
./.....

Amor, de vós io en sent més que no en sé, Love, of thee I feel more than I do know,
de qué la part pijor me'n romandrà; Of which the worst shall be my lot;
e de vós sap lo qui sens vós està. And of thee knows he who lacks thee.
A joc de daus vos acompanyaré. To a dice game I shall compare thee.

Music by RAIMON, lyrics by AUSIAS MARCH (fragment of his Poem No.
46. March (circa 1397-1459AD) was born
in Gandia, near València. He was one of
the greatest classical poets in Catalán)

Band 3

POEMA N. 81 D'AUSIAS MARCH

POEM No. 81 by AUSIAS MARCH

Així com cell qui es veu prop de la mort Justlike he who sees himself near death,
corrent mal temps, perillat en la mar Going through hardships, through perils at
e veu lo lloc on se pot restaurar And sees a place where he can find his
e no hi ateny per sa malvada sort, And cannot reach it for his evil luck,
ne pren a mé, qui vaig afanys passant, Like him I pass through these hard times
e veig a vós bastant mos mals delir, And see thee, who might cure all my ills,
desesperat de mos desigs complir And now despair of achieving my desires;
iré pel món vostre ergull recitant. I'll circle the world, telling of your
.....

Music by RAIMON, lyrics by AUSIAS MARCH

Band 4

SOCIETAT DE CONSUM

Tu compres un poquet,
jo compre un poquet,
aquell una miqueta de res,
d'aixó en diran després:
SOCIETAT DE CONSUM.
Tu treballes bastant,
jo treballe quan puc,
aquell treballa tot l'any,
i sempre es diu el mateix:
SOCIETAT DE CONSUM.
Tu viatges molt poc,
jo viatge bastant,
aquell del poble no surt,
ah, ah, ah, ah:
SOCIETAT DE CONSUM.
Les botigues ben plenes,
les butxaques ben buides,
les teues, les meues, les seues,
peró és hora de saber
qui és qui les té plenes.
SOCIETAT DE CONSUM

Music and lyrics by RAIMON

CONSUMERS' SOCIETY

You buy a little bit,
I buy a little bit,
And he a little bit more,
And later they'll call this
CONSUMERS' SOCIETY.
You work rather hard,
And I work when I can,
And he works all year long,
And they always say the same:
CONSUMERS' SOCIETY.
You travel very little,
I travel quite a lot,
He's never left his village;
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
CONSUMERS' SOCIETY.
Stores are full,
Pockets are empty,
Mine, yours, and his,
But it is time to find out
Who it is whose pockets are full.
CONSUMERS' SOCIETY.

Band 5

DIGUEM NO

Ara que som junts diré
el que tu i jo sabem
i que sovins oblidem:
Hem vist la por
ser llei per a tots.
Hem vist la sang
-que sols fa sang-
ser llei del món.
No,
jo dic no,
diguem ne :
Nosaltres no som d'eixe món.
Hem vist la fam
ser pa dels treballadors,
hem vist tancats a la presó
homens plens de raó.
No,
jo dic no,
diguem no:
Noslatres no som d'eixe món.

Music and lyrics by RAIMON

LET'S SAY NO

Now that we're together
I'll say what you and I know
And often forget:
We've seen how fear
Was the law for everybody.
We've seen how blood-
Which begets only blood-
Was the law of the world.
No,
I say No,
Let's say No,
We do not belong to that world.
We've seen how hunger
Was the workers' bread,
We've seen how they locked in prison
Men we knew were quite right.
No,
I say No,
Let's say No:
We do not belong to that world.

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