

# PULI TORO

*Sings Favorite Hispanic Songs* "Alma Hispana"



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MUSIC LP

BY RONALD CLYNE

PHOTO BY SUSI DUGAW

# PULI TORO

*Sings Favorite Hispanic Songs*  
*"Alma Hispana"*

## SIDE I

1. **Son Cosas Divinas** (They are Things Divine)  
*Puli Toro*
2. **Pitijuya**  
*Emilio Santana*
3. **Hablaremos Tu Y Yo** (Let's Talk, You and I)  
*Puli Toro*
4. **Comprende** (Understand)  
*Puli Toro*
5. **Ay, Ay, Ay**  
*Pérez-Freire*
6. **Pena, Penita, Pena** (Pain, Aching Pain)  
*Quintero*
7. **En Mi Viejo San Juan** (In My Old San Juan)  
*Noel Estrada*
8. **Los Carreteros** (The Oxcarters)  
*Rafael Hernández*

## SIDE II

1. **Dame Limosna de Amores**  
(Give Me Alms Of Love)  
*Quiroga*
2. **Amanecer** (Sunrise)  
*Monsita Ferrer*
3. **El Lerelere** (Lerelere)  
*Rafael de León*
4. **Lamento Borincano** (Borincan Lament)  
*Rafael Hernández*
5. **Sevillanas**  
*Anonymous*
6. **Luego de Tan Larga Ausencia**  
(After Such Long Absence)  
*Puli Toro*
7. **Parece** (It Seems)  
*Puli Toro*
8. **Camino Verde** (The Green Path)  
*Camilo Larrea*
9. **Guantanamera** (Lady of Guantánamo)  
*Anonymous*

**Lead Vocals and Guitar:** *Puli Toro*

**Musical Arrangements:** *Puli Toro*

**Studio Musicians:** *Gilberto Reyes*  
*Güiro conga pandereta, maracas, claves*  
*Ilia Martínez*  
*castanets*

**Translators:** *Tinsley Crowder, Juan Amílcar Sepúlveda,*  
*Cecil Cawdry, Bernard Grasso, Puli Toro*

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**Recorded and Mixed:** *A & J Studios, New York City*  
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*"Alma Hispana"*

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8730

# PULI TORO

*Sings Favorite Hispanic Songs*  
*"Alma Hispana"*

## A WORD FROM THE ARTIST:

Every song in this album has a reason to be included. Whether old or new to the listener's ears, each is part of the fabric from which the tapestry of our folk and popular musical heritage is made of. Some reflect the "cante jondo" from Spain, others the Afro-Antillian rhythms of the Caribbean or the romance of Latin-America. In the specific instance of Puerto Rico, my homeland, you will find some of our "seis chorreo," "plena," "danza," and "bolero" rhythms and such folk poetry as "Decimas" as the basis of the music. This music mirrors our soul; a soul full of passion, lyricism, patriotism, romanticism. I have utilized some typical percussion instruments, like the güiro, pandereta, conga, claves, castanets to add to the rhythmic coloration of this music. It is my fervent hope that this album will convey the generic elements of our musical tradition.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Puli Toro is one of Puerto Rico's most versatile performers. Equally at home in operas, recitals, concerts, operettas and musical comedies, she has sung at Lincoln Center with the New York City Opera, Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, City Center, Radio City Music Hall, Kennedy Center, Los Angeles Music Center and appeared in the prestigious "Live From Lincoln Center" series twice. She is also an accomplished actress, having played at the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre. This solo album of songs from Spain and Latin America reflects her beginnings as a performer, for it was singing and accompanying herself on the guitar in this kind of music that Puerto Rico first took notice of her talents.

## SIDE A

### Son Cosas Divinas

*Words & Music: Puli Toro*

Sentir que me quieres  
como yo te quiero,  
sentir que me adoras  
como yo te adoro:

Son cosas divinas  
sin explicación,  
que llenan toda mi alma  
de una inefable emoción.

Pues si es que son tan divinas,  
eternas deberían ser.  
Jamás se acaba el amor si es verdadero  
el querer.  
Nunca olvides esta verdad  
y verás cuán grande es:  
Jamás se acaba el amor si es verdadero  
el querer.

Si quieres que te diga  
cómo a ti llegué;  
buscando en la distancia esa semblanza  
que adoré.  
Y ahora que por fin te encuentro  
nunca de ti partiré.  
Jamás se acaba el amor si es verdadero  
el querer.

### Pitijuya

*Music: Emilio Santana*

Pitijuya, lulai, lalampete,  
lalampete de Queta Candoqui,  
quete afuiro monjuto Sandoqui,  
queta noti celebra la boti.\*

Pitijuya, lulalai,  
Pitijuya, lulalai... etc.

Aching pain wept over the loss  
of his betrothed, Queta Candorosa,  
who has left him for Justo Sandoqui  
and this evening celebrate their wedding.

Pitijuya, lulalai,  
Pitijuya, lulalai... etc.

\*Afro-Antillian colloquialism

### They Are Things Divine

*Music: Puli Toro*

*Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda*

To feel that you love me  
as I love you.  
To feel that you adore me  
as I adore you:

Are things divine  
without explanation,  
that fill all my soul  
with ineffable emotion.

For if they are so divine,  
eternal they ought to be.  
Never love ends if the love is true.  
Never forget this truth,  
and you'll see how great it is:  
Never love ends if the love is true.

If you want me to tell you  
how I came to you,  
I was searching the distance  
for that semblance I adored.  
And now that at last I found you,  
never from you will I part.  
Never love ends if the love is true.

Words and Music: Copyright © 1985  
by Puli Toro

### Pitijuya

*Music: Emilio Santana*

Pitijuya, lulai, lalampete,  
lalampete de Queta Candoqui;  
Quete afuiro monjuto Sandoqui,  
Queta note celebra la boti.

Pena honda lloraba la Pérdida  
de su novia Queta Candorosa;  
que se ha ido con Justo Sandoqui,  
y esta noche celebran la boda.

## Hablaremos Tu Y Yo

Words & Music: Puli Toro

Hablaremos tu y yo,  
de nuestro nido de amor.  
Y soñaremos los dos,  
junto al campo y su verdor.

Aunque nunca realizado  
a de quedar nuestro sueño.  
Anuncia en este cantar  
que de mi alma eres dueño.

Porque quiero que lo sepan,  
que lo canten, que lo lloren,  
pues ellos tienen la culpa  
que acaben nuestros amores.

Así es que cuando me vaya  
cuéntales tú la verdad.  
Y díles que no ha existido  
tanta felicidad!

## Comprende

Words & Music: Puli Toro

Quisiera que comprendieras  
esta manera de ser,  
que son simplemene celos  
tan propios de este querer.  
Yo sé que ya tú me quieres  
y más te quiero yo a ti  
que todas las mañanitas despierto  
pensando en ti.

Por eso cuando haya celos, comprende  
que por ti son.  
Porque no tienes idea cuánto te quiere  
mi corazón.

Si no puedes comprenderme,  
¿cómo me vas a querer?  
Si para comunicarse  
fé siempre hay que tener.  
Si tu nunca sientes celos  
que angustian el corazón,  
no sé cómo explicarte  
de forma que haga razón.

Por eso cuando haya celos... etc.

## Let's Talk, You and I

Music: Puli Toro

Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda

Let's talk, you and I,  
of our love nest.  
And we'll both dream,  
close to the country and its green.

Although it's never fulfilled,  
our dream will remain;  
it announces in this song  
that you are the owner of my soul.

Because I want that they know it,  
that they sing it, that they weep it.  
They are the culprits  
that ended our love.

So when I leave  
tell them the truth.  
And tell them that never was there such  
happiness.

Words and Music: Copyright © 1985  
by Puli Toro

## Understand

Music: Puli Toro

Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda

I wish you'd understand  
this way of being,  
that it's simply jealousy  
so proper to this love.  
I know that you love me now  
and I love you more  
for every morning I awake with you in  
my thought.

For you have no idea how my heart  
loves you.  
When there's jealousy, understand that  
it's from this.

If you cannot understand me,  
how are you going to love me,  
for to communicate to each other  
trust we must always have.  
If you never feel jealousy  
that anguishes your heart,  
I don't know how to explain it  
in a way that makes sense.

## Ay—Ay—Ay

Music: Osmán Pérez Freire

Translated: Cecil Cawdrey

Should ever when years have fled,  
ay, ay, ay,  
The sheltering heart betray me,  
Should ever when years have fled,  
ay, ay, ay,  
The sheltering heart betray me.  
Deceive my love as thou wouldst a child  
Yet breath it not, I pray thee!  
Deceive if thou wilt my love, ay, ay, ay,  
Yet spare it the truth, I pray thee!

Oh! like to a sheltered child, ay, ay me!  
My love of the cold must perish,  
Yes, like to a sheltered child, ay, ay, me!  
Of cold it must quickly perish.  
Shouldst thou, the stony hearted  
Refuse that love to cherish!  
If ever thy stony heart ay, ay, me!  
Should cease my love to cherish!

## Pain, Aching, Pain

Music: Quintero

Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda

If in heaven I held power,  
this black night, dark as a well,  
with a blade of moonlight, a moonbeam,  
I'd cut the iron rods of your prison cell.  
If I were queen of the light of day,  
the wind, and the sea,  
the cords of a slave I'd give myself for  
your liberty.

Ay, pain, aching, pain,  
pain of my heart,  
that runs through my veins, pain,  
with the force of a storm.  
It's like storm clouds of heavy darkness.  
It's a bolting colt that doesn't know  
where it's going.  
It's a desert of sand, pain,  
it's my glory and my suffering,  
ay, pain, ay, pain,  
ay, pain, aching, pain.

## Ay—Ay—Ay

Music: Osmán Pérez Freire

Si alguna vez en tu pecho, ay, ay, ay,  
mi cariño no lo abrigas.  
Si alguna vez en tu pecho, ay, ay, ay,  
mi cariño no lo abrigas.  
Engáñalo como a un niño  
pero nunca se lo digas.  
Engáñalo como a un niño, ay, ay, ay,  
pero nunca se lo digas.

El amor mío se muere, ay, ay, ay,  
y se me muere de frío.  
El amor mío se muere, ay, ay, ay,  
y se me muere de frío.  
Porque en tu pecho de piedra  
tu no quieres darle abrigo.  
Porque en tu pecho de piedra, ay, ay, ay,  
tu no quieres darle abrigo.

## Pena, Penita, Pena

Music: Quintero

Si en el firmamento poder yo tuviera,  
esta noche negra, lo mismo que un pozo,  
con un cuchillito de luna, lunera,  
cortaba los hierros de tu calabozo.  
Si yo fuera reina de la luz del día,  
del viento y del mar  
cordeles de esclava yo me ceñiría por  
tu libertad.

Ay, pena, penita, pena,  
pena de mi corazón,  
que me corre por las venas, pena,  
con la fuerza de un ciclón.  
Es lo mismo que un nublado de tiniebla  
empedernida.  
Es un potro desbocado que no sabe  
donde va.  
Es un desierto de arena, pena,  
es mi gloria y mi pena.  
Ay, pena, ay, pena,  
ay, pena, penita, pena.

continued on page 3

## Pain, Aching, Pain

*continued from page 2*

I don't want flowers, money, nor palms  
I want to be left to weep your sorrows,  
and be near you, darling of my soul,  
drinking the tears of your sighs.  
My eyes hurt from looking without  
seeing you. I renounce myself.  
For I am guilty of your misfortune,  
my April rose.

Ay, pain, aching, pain,  
pain of my heart . . . etc.

## In My Old San Juan

*Music: Noel Estrada*

*Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda*

In my old San Juan,  
how many dreams I forged  
in my childhood years.  
My first hopes,  
and my afflictions of love  
are my soul's memories.  
One day I left for a strange country,  
for destiny so willed it,  
but my heart remained by the sea  
in my old San Juan.

Good bye, dear Borinquen.\*  
Good bye, my goddess of the sea.  
I'm going, but one day I'll return,  
to look for my love,  
and to dream again,  
in my old San Juan.

But time went on,  
and destiny fooled my terrible longing.  
I could not return  
to the San Juan I loved,  
my bit of homeland.  
My hair has turned white, my life is  
going,  
death is calling me.  
I don't want to die far from you,  
Puerto Rico of my soul.

## Pena, Penita, Pena

*continued*

Yo no quiero flores, dinero, ni palmas,  
quiero que me dejen llorar tus pesares,  
y estar a tu vela cariño del alma,  
bebiéndome el llanto de tus soleares.  
Me duelen los ojos de mirar sin verte,  
reñido de mí.  
¿Qué tiene la culpa de tu mala suerte  
mi rosa de abril?

Ay, pena, penita, pena . . . etc.

## En Mi Viejo San Juan

*Music: Noel Estrada*

En mi viejo San Juan,  
cuantos sueños forjé  
en mis años de infancia!  
Mi primera ilusión  
y mis cuitas de amor  
son recuerdos del alma.  
Una tarde partí hacia extraña nación  
pues lo quiso el destino,  
pero mi corazón se quedó frente al mar  
en mi viejo San Juan.

Adiós, Borinquen querida!  
Adiós, mi Diosa del Mar.  
Me voy, pero un día volveré,  
a buscar mi querer  
y a soñar otra vez  
en mi viejo San Juan.

Pero el tiempo pasó  
y el destino burló mi terrible nostalgia.  
Y no pude volver al San Juan que  
yo amé,  
pedacito de patria.  
Mi cabello blanqueó, ya mi vida se va,  
ya la muerte me llama.  
Y no pude volver al San Juan que  
yo amé,  
Puerto Rico del alma.

Adios, Borinquen querida!  
Adios, mi Diosa . . . etc.

## In My Old San Juan *continued*

Good bye, dear Borinquen.  
Good bye, my goddess of the sea.  
I'm going, but one day I'll return,  
to look for my love,  
and to dream again,  
in my old San Juan.

\*Boriquen is the Indian name for  
Puerto Rico.

## Los Carreteros

*Music: Rafael Hernández*

Amanece, amanece  
ya se escucha de los jilgueros  
la alegre diana.  
Amanece, amanece  
y el rocío se va secando  
sobre la grama  
y las flores  
van despertando  
y por la sierra los carreteros  
se oyen cantando, cantando  
cantando así.

La-le-lo-la-lo-la-le-lo-lai!

Oh, oh, oh,  
bajando van  
por el trillao  
van a beber,  
allá abajito  
a la charca  
el toro pinto  
y la vaca.

¡Oh! toito el café  
ya se perdió  
y todo fue el múcaro  
lo ha deshecho  
por no ponerle un muñeco.

Oh, oh, oh,  
se oye el coquí  
que va a dormir  
en el guamá  
que esta pegaito  
al bohío a la orillita  
del río.

## The Oxcarters\*

*Music: Rafael Hernández  
Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda*

The day dawns, the day dawns  
you can listen to the finches'  
happy reveille.  
The day dawns, the day dawns  
and the dew is drying  
on the grass  
and the flowers  
are awakening  
and on the mountain the oxcarters  
you can hear singing, singing  
singing like this.

La, le, lo, la. Lo, le, lo, lai!

\*\*"Carreteros" are the drivers of the  
oxen that draw the huge carts usually  
depicted as loaded with sugar cane.  
The closest related word in English is  
probably "muleteer," which is for the  
wrong animal, so "oxcarters" was  
created from "ox" and "carters" as  
being self-explanatory and accurate.

Oh! Oh! Oh!  
going down  
along the path  
going to drink  
farther on down  
down at the pool  
the spotted bull  
and the cow.

Oh! the coffee beans  
have all been lost  
because the owl  
has torn them up  
from not putting out a scarecrow.

Oh! Oh! Oh!  
hear the coquí  
who's going to sleep  
in the guamá tree  
that stands beside  
the hut that sits  
on the river bank.

**Los Carreteros** *continued*

Oh, oh, oh,  
ya amaneció,  
el sol brilló.  
¡Que lindo es!  
yá estamos en pleno día.  
ya todo es luz y alegría.

Que lindo es cuando amanece  
y que linda es la mañana.  
Dios te bendiga mil veces  
¡Oh mi tierra borincana!

**SIDE B****Dame Limosna de Amores***Music: Quiroga*

Yo debí, serrano, cortarme las venas,  
cuando ante los ayes de una copla mía,  
pusiste en vela mi carne morena  
con una palabra que no conocía.  
Solo de pensarlo me da escalofríos de  
ciega que fui,  
cuando con tus ojos mirando a los míos,  
me dijiste así:

Dame limosna de amores, Dolores,  
dámelas, por caridad,  
y pon en mí tu unas flores, Dolores,  
que Dios te lo pagará.  
No me niegues, mi serrano, que es  
la agüita de beber.  
Ten piedad, samaritana, de lo amargo  
de mi ser.

Ay, ¿no te da pena que llore, Dolores,  
no te da pena de mi?  
Ay, dame limosna de amores,  
dámela, tú, mi Dolores,  
por que me voy a morir.

Yo no necesito tus pobres cantares,  
ni espero que cumplas a cada juramento.  
Me basta y me sobra que llores canales  
mordido de pena y remordimiento.  
Pero lo que nunca jamás en tu vida  
podrás tu saber,  
Y es que hasta el momento que esté  
en la agonía  
te habré de querer.

**The Oxcarters\*** *continued*

Oh! the day has dawned  
the sunlight shines.  
How lovely it is.  
Already we are in full daylight.  
Now all is light and happiness.

How beautiful it is when the day dawns  
and how beautiful is the morning.  
God blesses you a thousand ways  
Oh! my Borincan land.

**Give Me Alms of Love***Music: Quiroga**Translated: T. Crowder & J.A. Sepúlveda*

I should have, mountaineer, slashed my  
veins  
when before the *ays* of my song  
you put my dark flesh afire  
with one word I did not know.  
Just to think of it gives me chills for  
how blind I was,  
when, with your eyes looking into  
mine, you said to me:

Give me alms of love, Dolores,  
give them to me in charity,  
and put some of your flowers on me,  
Dolores,

which God will pay you for.  
Don't deny me, my mountain girl,  
what is the nectar of life.  
Have pity, Samaritan, on the bitterness  
of my being.

Ay, it doesn't make you sad that I cry,  
Dolores,  
aren't you sorry for me?  
Ay, give me alms of love,  
give it to me, my Dolores,  
Because I'm going to die.

**Dame Limosna de Amores***continued*

Dame limosna de amores, Dolores... etc.

**Amanecer***Music: Monsita Ferrer*

Guñale al sol la cabaña.  
El río es brazo que se pierde  
por entre la manga verde  
que cuelga de la montaña.  
El yerbazal se desbaña.  
La luz babea la colina.  
Y más que el veloz caballo  
hiere la paz campesina  
la puñalada honda y fina  
del cantío de mi gallo.

**El Lerelere***Music: Rafael de León*

Vengo del templo de Salomón,  
traigo las leyes del Faraón.  
Que arriba un deber está siempre  
vigilando los quereres  
de todos los pobres de la raza calé.  
No te vayas, gitanito canastero.  
porque te quiero como a nadie querré.  
Y un lerelere y un lerelere,  
Y un lerelere y un lerelere y un lererá.

Nunca te caiga la maldición,  
porque a los tuyos haga traición.  
Que arriba un deber está siempre  
vigilando los quereres  
de todos los probres de la raza calé.  
Lo mismo que se funden los metales,  
en mi sentido se ha fundido un querer.

**Give Me Alms of Love** *continued*

I do not need your poor songs,  
nor expect that you keep every promise.  
It's enough for me, and to spare, that  
you cry rivers  
bitten by pain and remorse.  
But that which never ever in your life  
should you know,  
is that until the moment I am in final  
agony  
I will love you.

Give me alms of love, Dolores... etc.

**Sunrise***Music: Monsita Ferrer**Translated: T. Crowder & J.A. Sepúlveda*

The cabin winks at the sun.  
The river's an arm slipping  
itself into the green sleeve  
dangling from the mountain.  
The tall grass fluffs dry.  
The light dribbles down the hill.  
Faster than a fast horse  
the country peace is pierced  
by the deep, clean stab  
of the crowing of my rooster.

**Lerelere***Music: Rafael de León**Translated: T. Crowder & J.A. Sepúlveda*

I come from the temple of Solomon,  
and bring the laws of Pharaoh.  
The highest duty is always keeping  
watch on the love affairs  
of all the poor among the gypsies.  
Don't go, gypsy basketmaker,  
for I love you as I will love no one else.  
And a *lerelere*, and a *lererle*  
and a *lererle*, and a *lererle*, and a *lera*.

Never will the curse fall on you,  
though I betray your people.  
The highest duty is always keeping  
watch over the love affairs  
of all the poor among the gypsies.  
In the same way as metals are forged  
in my senses one love is forged.

## Lamento Borincano

Music: Rafael Hernández

Sale loco de contento con su cargamento para la ciudad.

Lleva en su pensamiento todo un mundo lleno de felicidad

Piensa remediar la situación de su hogar que es toda su ilusión.

Y alegre, el jibarito va,  
pensando así, diciendo así, cantando así por el camino:

“Si yo vendo mi carga, mi Dios querido, un traje a mi viejita voy a comprar”.

Y alegre, también su yegua va, al presentir,  
que aquel cantar es todo un himno de alegría.

Y en eso le sorprende la luz del día, y llegan al mercado de la ciudad.

Pasa la mañana entera sin que nadie quiera su carga comprar.

Todo, todo está desierto, el pueblo está muerto de necesidad.

Se oyen los lamentos por doquier, de su desdichada Borinquen.

Y triste, el jibarito va,  
pensando así, diciendo así, cantando así por el camino:

“¿Qué será de mis hijos, mi Dios querido?  
¿Qué será de mi patria y de mi hogar?”

Borinquen, la tierra del Edén,  
la que al cantar el gran Gautier llamó La Perla de los Mares,  
ahora que tú te mueres de tus pesares,  
déjame que te cante a ti también.  
Borinquen! Yo también!

## Borincan Lament

Music: Rafael Hernández

Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda

Out he goes, crazy with elation, with his produce for the city.

He carries in his thought a world full of happiness.

He thinks of easing the condition of his home, which is his only dream.

Happy the little farmer goes,  
thinking this, saying this, singing this along the road:

“If I sell all this load, dear God,  
I'm going to buy a dress for my old woman.”

An happy his mare also goes, sensing that this singing is a hymn of gaiety, and like this they are surprised by daylight  
and arrive at the city's market.

The whole morning passes without anyone who wants to buy his load.  
All, all is deserted, the town is dead from need.

They hear laments everywhere, from their poor Borinquen.

And sadly the little farmer goes,  
thinking this, saying this, singing this along the road:

“What will become of my children,  
dear God,  
what will become of my country and my home?”

Borinquen, land of Eden  
the one that in his poems the great Gautier\*  
called “The Pearl of the Seas,”  
now that you are dying with your sorrows, let me, too, sing to you.  
Me, too.

\*Gautier Benitez, beloved Puerto Rican poet.

## Sevillanas

Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda

Viva Seville, viva Seville!

Viva Seville! The Sevillians carry in their mantillas a sign that says

Viva Seville!

Viva Triana, the Trianeros, people from Triana.

Viva Sevillian men and women.

I've walked all over, I've walked all over!

I've walked all over, the Macarena and all.

I've walked all over, the Macarena and all,

I've walked all over.

A face like yours I have not found,  
the Macarena and all, I've walked all over.

How good you look, how good you look.

How good you look, river of Seville!

How good you look, river of Seville,  
how good you look.

How good you look full of white sails  
and green branches,

river of Seville, how good you look.

Viva Seville, viva Seville!

## Luego De Tan Larga Ausencia

Words and Music: Puli Toro

Luego de tan larga ausencia  
al fin regreso a tu lado,  
esperando que aún me quieras, ay,  
como siempre yo te he amado.

Recuerda que prometí,  
que algún día volvería,  
No me rechaces ahora,  
no me quites la alegría.

Me fui por que fue preciso.

Sufrí porque te quería

Aquí me tienes ahora,

tuya es toda mi vida.

Ya veo que no te importo.

A mi mundo volveré.

Compañera del dolor;

Sola y sin ti moriré.

## Sevillanas

¡Viva, Sevilla, viva Sevilla!

¡Viva, Sevilla, llevan las sevillanas en las mantillas, un letrero que dice:  
Viva, Sevilla!

Viva, Triana, vivan los trianeros, los de Triana,

Vivan los sevillanos y sevillanas.

Lo traigo andado, lo traigo andado!

Lo traigo andado, la Macarena y todo,

lo traigo andado, la Macarena y todo,

lo traigo andado.

Cara como la tuya no la he encontrado.

La Macarena y todo,

lo traigo andado.

¡Qué bien pareces, que bien pareces!

¡Qué bien pareces, ay, río de Sevilla,

qué bien pareces, ay, río de Sevilla,

qué bien pareces!

¡Qué bien pareces, lleno de velas

blancas y ramas verdes,

Ay, río de Sevilla, que bien pareces!

¡Viva, Sevilla, Viva, Sevilla!

## After Such Long Absence

Music: Puli Toro

Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda

After such long absence  
at last I return to your side,  
hoping that you still love me, ay!  
as I have always loved you.

Remember that I promised you  
that someday I'd return.  
Don't reproach me now,  
don't take away my happiness.

I went away because I had to,  
I suffered because I loved you.  
Here I am now,  
all my life is yours.

I see I don't matter to you.  
To my world I'll return.  
Companion to pain,  
alone and without you I'll die.

Words and Music: Copyright © 1985  
by Puli Toro

### It Seems

*Music: Puli Toro*

*Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda*

It seems centuries,  
it seems years.  
It was only days  
that I didn't see you.

But because I love you  
as you cannot imagine,  
the moment you are not here  
my life ends.

I hope that not much time,  
not much time passes  
and that very soon  
I will see you again.

But because I love you  
as you cannot imagine,  
if you leave my life  
I don't know what to do.

For this it seems  
if you don't come to me,  
even if I don't see you again,  
I'll still be yours.

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### The Green Path

*Music: Camilo Larrea*

*Translated: T. Crowder &  
J.A. Sepúlveda*

Today I passed again  
along that green path  
that loses itself in the valley  
with my sad solitude.

Today I prayed again  
at the door of the shrine  
and asked your little virgin  
that I might find you again.

On the green path,  
green path that runs to the shrine,  
since you went away,  
the daisies cry in sorrow.

### Parece

*Words and Music: Puli Toro*

Parece que eran siglos,  
parece que eran años.  
Tan solo eran días  
que no te veía.

Pero es que te quiero  
como no te imaginas,  
que el momento que me faltas  
se acaba la vida mía.

Y espero que no pase,  
no pase mucho tiempo.  
Y que ya muy prontito  
te vuelva a ver.

Pero es que te quiero  
como no te imaginas,  
que si te vas de mi vida  
no sé qué es lo que me haría.

Por eso me parece  
si a mi lado no vienes,  
que aunque no vuelva a verte  
tuya seré.

### Camino Verde

*Music: Camilo Larrea*

Hoy he vuelto a pasar  
por aquel camino verde,  
que por el valle se pierde  
con mi triste soledad.

Hoy he vuelto a rezar  
a la puerta de la ermita.  
Y pedí a tu virgencita  
que yo te vuelva a encontrar.

En el camino verde,  
camino verde que va a la ermita,  
desde que tú te fuiste,  
lloran de pena las margaritas.

### The Green Path *continued*

The spring has dried up,  
the lillies have withered,  
on the green path,  
green path that runs to the shrine.

The path, the green path!  
The path, the green path!

### Lady of Guantánamo

*Music: Anonymous*

*English Adaptation: Bernard Gasso*

Lady of Guantánamo! Young Woman!  
Lady of Guantánamo! Young Woman!

I'm a sincere man from  
the land of palms. Before  
dying, I wish to pour fourth  
the poems of my soul.

My verses are soft green but  
also a flaming red. My  
verses are like wounded  
fauns seeking refuge in the  
forest.

I want to share my fate with  
the world's humble. A little  
mountain stream pleases me  
more than the ocean.

### Camino Verde *continued*

La fuente se ha secado,  
las azucenas están marchitas;  
en el camino verde,  
camino verde que va a la ermita.

Camino, camino verde!  
Camino, camino verde!

For you have no idea how my heart  
loves you.  
When there's jealousy, understand that  
it's from this.

Words and Music: Copyright © 1985  
by Puli Toro

### Guantanamera

*Music: Anonymous*

Yo soy un hombre sincero,  
De donde crece la palma,  
Y antes de morirme quiero,  
Echar mis versos del alma.

Mi verso es de un verde claro,  
Y de un carmín encendido,  
Mi verso es un ciervo herido,  
Que busca en el monte amparo.

Con los pobres de la tierra,  
Quiero mi suerte echar,  
El arroyo de la sierra,  
Me complace mas que el mar.