

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8768

ENTRE HERMANAS

Between Sisters

WOMEN'S SONGS IN SPANISH SUNG BY

SUNI PAZ

with Martha Siegel, Norton Torres, Ramiro Fernandez, Mike Glick, Teddy Holt



M
1688
A718
P348
E617
1977

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8768

SIDE 1

- Band 1 ABRETE A MI (Suní Paz)
Open Yourself to Me
Martha Siegel, cello; Suní Paz, guitar
- Band 2 LA MUÑECA (Suní Paz)
The Doll
Martha Siegel, cello; Norton Torres, bongo;
Suní Paz, guitar
- Band 3 CAMINANTE (Suní Paz)
Pilgrim
Norton Torres, 12 str. guitar; Martha Siegel, cello;
Suní Paz, guitar
- Band 4 MUJER (Suní Paz)
Woman
Norton Torres, 12 str. guitar; Ramiro Fernandez,
bombo; Suní Paz, guitar
- Band 5 HILLANDERA DE SUEÑOS (Suní Paz)
Weaver of Dreams
Martha Siegel, cello; Suní Paz, guitar
- Band 6 DAME TU MANO (Suní Paz)
Give Me Your Hand
Martha Siegel, cello; Norton Torres, bongo;
Suní Paz, guitar; Mike Glick, vocal

SIDE 2

- Band 1 ANTONIA (A. Caban Vale)
Norton Torres, guitar; Martha Siegel, cello;
Teddy Holt, flute; Ramiro Fernandez, maracas
- Band 2 AL INNOMBRABLE (Suní Paz)
To the Unmentionable One
Norton Torres, 12 str. guitar; M. Siegel, cello;
R. Fernandez, maracas; Suní Paz, guitar
- Band 3 ALFONSINA Y EL MAR (Felix Luna/
Ariel Ramirez)
Alfonsina and the Sea
Martha Siegel, cello; Suní Paz, guitar
- Band 4 LA LUCHA CONTINUARA (Dave &
Rose Redwood)
The Struggle Goes On
M. Siegel, cello; Suní Paz, guitar
- Band 5 DOLORES (Victor Manuel)
Teddy Holt, flute; M. Siegel, cello; Suní Paz, gtr

Norton Torres: arranged *Caminante*, *Mujer*, *Antonia*
(flute, guitar, cello parts); *Al innombrable* (12 str. guitar
and cello parts); *Nina-Mujer* (cuatro)

Martha Siegel: arranged cello parts for *Abrete a mi*;
Caminante; *Hillandera de Sueños*; *Dame tu mano*;
La lucha continuará

Teddy Holt: arranged flute part for *Dolores*

Mike Glick: vocal arrangement for *Dame tu mano*

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with Martha Siegel, Norton Torres,
Ramiro Fernandez, Mike Glick, Teddy Holt

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

COVER WOODCUT OF SUNÍ BY ELSA GARCIA PANDAVENES

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8768

ENTRE HERMANAS (Between Sisters)

Women's Songs in Spanish

by Suni Paz

I want to dedicate this album to the many women who encouraged my work and inspired through their example my own struggle.

I especially want to thank Sylvia Sirbu who coached us for the recording and the mixing. Mike Sobol, the engineer for our first album with Folkways, *Canciones para el Recreo/Children's Songs for the Playground*, once again engineered the sound. Víctor Manuel, author of *Dolores*, let me be the first one to record it. Robin Palmer translated the lyrics into English. Eva Cockcroft took photos of the recording session and collaborated with photos from her murals on women themes. TO ALL the participants in the record my warmest feelings because only with their constant support and sharing of talents was this album possible.

ÁBRETE A MÍ

Letra y música: Suni Paz
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Ábrete a mí...

Quiero enseñarte adónde
se esconde un prisma de ternuras,

ábrete a mí.

Quiero contarte cómo
se remontaron suicidadas cometas
adonde se congregan los escándalos,

ábrete a mí...

Quiero mostrarte dónde
quedó abierto el calendario
y olvidada para siempre la vergüenza,

ábrete a mí.

Descubre
el sabor de otro vino
que hace volar el pulso de la sien,

ábrete a mí

y haré,
haré relámpagos
en la cárcel dormida de tu piel,

ábrete a mí,
ábrete a mí,
ábrete a mí...

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OPEN YOURSELF TO ME

Words and Music: Suni Paz
English translation: Robin Palmer

Open yourself to me.
I want to show you where
prisms of tenderness are hidden.

Open yourself to me.
I want to tell you how
suicide comets are ridden
to a galaxie where scandal can not hide.

Open yourself to me.
I want to show you where
shame is forever forgotten
and the calendar is always open wide.

Open yourself to me.
Discover the savor
of another wine
and blood to your temple will fly in.

Open yourself to me
and I will pour in,
I will pour lighting in
to the sleeping prison of your skin.

LA MUÑECA

Letra y música: Suni Paz
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*"Tengo una muñeca vestida de azul,
con zapatos blancos y guantes de tul,
la llevé a paseo y se me enfermó,
la puse en la cama y se me murió."

Nunca he podido crecer,
siempre he sido dependiente,
de padre, madre y hermanos) bis
y ahora un marido "decente.")

Tantas tardes con mi abuela
desgranando los rosarios
mientras mi alma volaba
trepada en los campanarios.

Al gallo de la veleta
le da el aire por la cara
y a mí el viento no me encuentra
en la cocina encerrada.

Coro: ¡Qué limitada mi vida!
¡qué desdichada, verdad!
¡pasar la vida en silencio,) bis
anhelando libertad!)

* * * * *

En pañales, biberones,
hoy las horas se me pasan
y las horas cuando niña) bis
en muñecas se volaban.)

Quise ser varón, confieso,
para jugar con tractores,
escalar árboles altos
y traquetear con motores.

Ser marinero en un barco,
jugar bolita y fajarme,
ser presidente y doctor,
ser pirata y GOBERNARME!

*Verso de una canción infantil que cantaba cuando niña.

THE DOLL

Words and music: Suni Paz
English translation: Robin Palmer

*"I have a doll all dressed in blue
with white shoes and gloves of tulle.
I took her for a walk, but then she cried,
I put her to bed, but then she died."

I was never able to grow up,
on others I've always depended;
my father, my mother, my brother,
and now my husband intended.

Those afternoons with grandma,
with those rosary beads we were counting;
meanwhile, my soaring soul
up to the bell tower was mounting.

On the roof, the weather vane rooster
feels the wind against his face,
but I will never feel the breezes
in my closed-off kitchen place.

Chorus: How limited my life is,
How sad has been the outcome;
passing my time in silence,
dreaming of freedom.

* * * * *

With baby diapers and bottles,
Nowadays I pass my time,
but often I think of my childhood,
my dolls and my nursery rhyme.

I wanted to play with tractors,
I wanted to feel the joy
of climbing trees, taking motors apart;
I wanted to be a boy!

To be a sailor on a ship,
to play with marbles and start a fight;
To be a president and a doctor,
to be a pirate and sail out of sight.

*First words of a nursery rhyme I sang as a child.

CAMINANTE

Letra y música: Suni Paz
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Por desfiladeros,
por entre los valles
busca un caminante
donde cobijar su cansancio.

Entra en las ciudades,
duerme en conventillos,
la muerte perfila su sombra
en los muros de piedra.

Por las catedrales
busca una respuesta,
en humo y botellas,
en boca de locos y hambrientos.

Coro: Ciega va andando,
tanteando el camino,
a su espalda el ayer,
¡quién sabe hacia dónde la lleve...!

Vacía de llanto,
sin patria en el mapa,
perpleja va en busca
de un rumbo, un latido, una estrella...

Dentro de sí misma,
en lo más profundo de su desconsuelo
hay un cazador
esperando su tiempo,
hay una paloma lista para el vuelo;
hay fuerza y hay furia,
hay amor y hay reto;
pero no lo sabe,
no llegó su tiempo...

Coro: Ciega va andando
tanteando el camino,
a su espalda el ayer,
¡quién sabe hacia dónde la lleve...!

Vacía de llanto,
sin patria en el mapa
angustiada va en busca
de un rumbo, un latido, una estrella...
y los lleva dentro,
y los lleva dentro,
pero no lo sabe,
no llegó su tiempo...

PILGRIM

Words and music: Suni Paz
English translation: Robin Palmer

Along mountain trails,
down through the valleys,
a pilgrim searches
for a place to rest.

She enters the cities,
sleeps in settlements;
death is a shadow leaning
against the walls of stone.

In the cathedrals
she seeks an answer;
from bottles and smoke,
from the mouths
of the mad and hungry.

Blindly she walks,
feeling her way,
behind her, yesterday,
who knows of tomorrow.

Empty of tears
she searches far
—anguished,
no country—
for a heartbeat, a path, a star.

Deep within
her desolation
a hunter is waiting
for its time to come;
a dove is ready
to take to the air.
There is force and fury,
love and defiance
but she doesn't know:
the time is not now.

Blindly she walks,
feeling her way,
behind her, yesterday,
who knows of tomorrow.

Empty of tears
she searches far
—anguished,
no country—
for a heartbeat, a path, a star.
She carries them in her
but she doesn't know:
the time is not now.

MUJER

Letra y música: Suni Paz
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Mujer,
hija de claridades y nocturnos,
de algas y estrellas.

Considera
los reinos que te esperan,
sueña todos los sueños,

¡florece de la tierra!

y en busca de futuros,
¡fertiliza canciones,
corona las palmeras!

¡navega por las lunas!
¡derrite,
hasta las nieves eternas!

Mujer,
custodia de racimos,
riega los calendarios,

rompe las voluntades,
¡zumba por los oídos,
que se estremezcan!

¡paladea lo insólito,
muda los cursos legendarios,
vístete de alboradas!

¡no temas!

WOMAN

Words and music: Suni Paz
English translation: Robin Palmer

Woman,
daughter of light and darkness,
of seaweed and stars.

Consider for a moment
the kingdoms awaiting you;

dream all the dreams,
spring from the earth!

and in search of futures,
conceive songs,
crown the palm-trees,

journey among the moons,
melt even the eternal snow peaks!

Woman,
guardian of vines,

sprinkle the calendars,
break the strongest wills,
buzz through the ear drums
until they tremble!

Taste the rare,
change the legendary ways,
dress yourself with the dawn,

fear nothing!

HILANDERA DE SUEÑOS

(canción a Lolita Lebrón)

Letra y música: Suni Paz
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Entraste a la vida
metralla en la cintura,
coraje por vestido,
vocación de huracán.

De patria enamorada
desde la piel adentro,
extrañando raíces,
impaciente al acecho
de entera libertad.

Alerta a tu destino
andante temeraria,
en barrotes cambiaste,
flamboyan en cautiverio
tu paisaje insular.

Coro: Libre en mi patria presa,
libre en verdad no vivo;
triste en mi patria inerme
prisionera viví
y si libre me apresan,
libre me entrego y cierta
que a mi Borinquen, libre,
otros harán por mí...

Hastiada de cadenas,
levantisca y osada
llamaste a las conciencias,
desterraste su paz.

Hilander de sueños,
ardiente golondrina,
incendiando el espacio
tu resuelto batir
atrajo la atención,

y los ojos del mundo
contemplaron la estela
que con tus compañeros,
en dolorida vela
convertiste en amor.

(Se repite el coro)

WEAVER OF DREAMS (Song to Lolita Lebrón)

Words and music: Suni Paz
English translation: Robin Palmer

You entered life
cartridges round your waist,
courage your dress,
hurricane your calling.

In love with your homeland
from skin to bone,
longing for roots,
in restless ambush
of total freedom.

Alert to your destiny,
daring seeker,
flamboyan* in captivity,
you exchanged your island horizon
for prison bars.

Chorus: "In my imprisoned country
I was not free.
Sad in my unarmed homeland,
I lived as a captive;
and if while 'free'
I'm taken prisoner,
I give myself completely,
certain that others
will free Borinquen** for me."

Tired of chains,
turbulent and bold,
you called out to consciences
banishing their peace.

Weaver of dreams,
passionate swallow,
setting space on fire,
your resolute beat
commanded attention.

And the eyes of the world
watched the wake
that you and your brothers,
in painful pilgrimage,
spun out with love.

*Flamboyan: National tree of Puerto Rico that gives
red flowers.

**Borinquen or Boriquén: Indian name for Puerto Rico.

DAME TU MANO

Letra y música: Suni Paz
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Miramos sin ver,
somos sin vivir,
vemos sin oír,
soñamos con ser,
dados a soñar,
sin pensarlo más
¡se nos va la vida!

Dame tu mano,
to doy la mía,
para caminar juntos,
un momento,
sin esta agonía
de soledad.

Quiero confiar en tí,
puedes confiar en mí,
¡queremos lo mismo!
y si nos herimos
será sin querer,
por algún motivo.

Miramos sin ver,
somos sin vivir,
vemos sin oír,
soñamos con ser,
dados a soñar,
sin pensarlo más
¡se nos va la vida!

Dame tu mano,
te doy la mía,
para caminar juntos,
un momento,
sin esta agonía
de soledad

Tenemos mucho que cambiar
que conseguir,
compartamos la marcha,
nuestras alegrías
y los sinsabores
que nos da la vida.

GIVE ME YOUR HAND

Words and music: Suni Paz
English translation: Robin Palmer

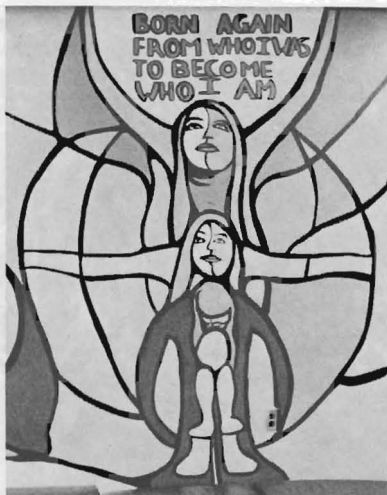
We look but can't see,
we are without living;
We see but can't hear,
we dream of being.
Given to dreams,
with no thought of it,
life slips away.

Give me your hand,
I'll give you mine
to walk together awhile
without the agony of loneliness.

I want to confide in you,
you can confide in me.
We want the same things,
and if we hurt one another
it will be without wanting to
and not without reason.

Give me your hand,
I'll give you mine
to walk together awhile
without the agony of loneliness.

We have a lot to change,
much to do,
so let's share our journey,
the joys and the sorrows
that life will bring to us.



Eva Cockcroft and the *People's Painters*.
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Livingston College, Women's Center

ANTONIA*

Letra y música: Antonio Cabán Vale, "El Topo"

Antonia, tu nombre es una historia
de un pueblo que se busca
y se ha encontrado en tí.
Antonia, tu nombre es como un alba
los pájaros desatan
la luz del porvenir.

Antonia, los pueblos no perdonan,
un día su ley se ha de cumplir.

Aquellos que un día derramaron
sus pétalos de sangre
no sabían que así
echaban las semillas en el aire
y a la vista del pueblo
habrían de surgir.

Antonia, los pueblos no perdonan,
un día su ley se ha de cumplir.

Tu muerte, la juventud la canta
es bandera en sus labios
y es bala de fusil.
Antonia, aquí estamos presentes
para contarle al mundo
la luz que nace en tí.

Antonia, los pueblos no perdonan,
un día su ley se ha de cumplir.

Antonia, los pueblos no perdonan...

*Antonia Martínez

ANTONIA

Words and music:
Antonio Cabán Vale, "El Topo"
English translation: Robin Palmer

Antonia, your name is a story
of a searching people that
has found itself in you.

Antonia, your name is like a dawn,
a light of the future,
the birds release.

Antonia, the people won't forgive
a day your devotion has brought forth.

Those that
shed your petals of blood
did not know
they sowed seeds in the air
that will spring forth
in the sight of the people.

Your death is sung by youth;
it is a banner on the lips
and a bullet in a gun.
Antonia, we are here
to tell the world
of the light that is born in you.

AL INNOMBRABLE

Letra y música: Suni Paz
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Porque no se te llama por tu nombre
sino con eufemismos,
porque estás detrás de todas las movidas
del ajedrez político,
porque compones la razón de vivir
de algunos elegidos,
porque te acoplan al espíritu
para hacerte accesible y digestivo,
porque eres el juego más secreto
y más jugado por todos nuestros hijos,
porque eres de la psicología
el cliente más favorecido,
porque destruyes a aquel que te rechaza,
porque confundes a aquel que te ha hecho mito,
porque alientas al que te proclama,
sexo,
te compadezco...
¡y te bendigo!

TO THE UNMENTIONABLE ONE

Words and music: Suni Paz
English translation: James Cockcroft

Because no one calls you by name
but only with euphemisms.
Because you are behind the moves
of the political chess game.
Because you are the reason for living
of a chosen few.
Because you are the most secret game
and the one most played by our children.
Because you are coupled with the spirit,
to make you digestible and accessible.
Because you are psychology's
most favored client.
Because you destroy those who reject you
and confuse those who have made you into a myth.
Because you inspire those who proclaim you,
sex...
I pity you,
and I bless you!



Norton Torres—Photo by Eva Cockcroft



Suni Paz

LA LUCHA CONTINUARÁ

Words and music:
Dave and Rose Redwood

Letra y música:
Dave and Rose Redwood

They call her the Morning Glory,
she was eighteen years and strong!
she rises in the early foreign morning,
some lives are far more real than our own. (2 x)

Chorus: So it's huelga, huelga, huelga, huelga,
Coro: deep in the heart of America,
where the struggle goes on and on. (2 x)

So it's huelga, huelga, huelga, huelga,
en el corazón de América,
donde la lucha continuará. (2 veces)

When all of us are still sleeping
her day already has begun,
talking to the truckers,
helping with the strikers
way before the rising of the sun. (2 x)

The men who own the cane fields and the grape fields,
same men that own the sugar mills,
think they own the sugar workers
and they believe they always will. (2 x)

(Chorus-Coro)

She was my sister
and the sister of the black eagle too,
and all the farm workers who use to be forgotten
have now a union for all the workers, not just a few. (2 x)

Some lives are measured out in silver
and some are measured out in gold,
but the lives that are given out in sharing,
those are the richest ones I know. (2 x)

(Chorus-Coro)

ALFONSINA Y EL MAR

Letra: Félix Luna
Música: Ariel Ramírez

Por la blanca arena que baja al mar
su pequeña huella no vuelve más,
un sendero solo de pena y silencio llegó
hasta el agua profunda;
un sendero solo, de pena muda, llegó hasta la espuma.

Sabe Dios que angustia te acompañó,
qué poema viejo calló tu voz,
para recostarte arrullada en la magia
de la caracola marina,
la canción que canta en el fondo oscuro del mar,
la caracola.

Coro: Te vas Alfonsina con tu soledad
que poema nuevo fuiste a buscar
una pena antigua de niebla y de sal,
te requiebra el alma y te está llamando
y te vas, más allá como en sueños, dormida,
Alfonsina,
vestida de mar...

Cinco sirenitas te llevarán
por caminos de algas y de coral
y fosforescentes caballos marinos harán una ronda a
tu lado;
y los habitantes del fondo van a jugar pronto a tu lado.

Bájame la lámpara un poco más,
déjame que duerma nodriza en paz;
y si llama él, no le digas que estoy, dile que Alfonsina
no vuelve;
y si llama él no le digas nunca que estoy, dí que me he ido.

Coro: Te vas Alfonsina con tu soledad (etc.)

ALFONSINA AND THE SEA

Argentinian zamba
English translation
by Robin Palmer

Words: Félix Luna
Music: Ariel Ramírez

Across white sands down to the sea,
her footprints do not return;
a single silent path of pain out to deep water,
a single path of muted pain
traced to the froth.

God knows what anguish walked with you
—what old poem silenced your voice—
to lay you lullabied in sea conch magic,
the song that it sings at the bottom of the sea,
the sea conch shell.

Chorus: You are leaving, Alfonsina, with your solitude.
What new poem did you look for?
An ancient pain of mist and salt
seduces your soul and is calling you,
and you go dream like, asleep, Alfonsina,
dressed in the sea.

Five sea nymphs will go with you
the ways of sea weed and coral,
and phosphorescent sea horses will
make circles around you
and all of those that live in the deep
are going to come quickly to play at your side.

“Turn down the lamp a little more;
let me sleep in peace, Nodriza,
and if he calls, don't tell him I'm here.
Tell him Alfonsina will not return—
and if he calls, don't ever tell him I am here,
say that I have gone.”

Chorus: You are leaving, Alfonsina, with your solitude.
What new pain did you look for?
An ancient pain of mist and salt
seduces your soul and is calling you,
and you go dream like, asleep, Alfonsina,
dressed in the sea.

DOLORES*

Lyrics and music: Víctor Manuel
Letra y música: Víctor Manuel (España)

Sí, veremos a Dolores caminar
las calles de Madrid.

¿Quién te puede negar?
si el tiempo transcurrido confirmó
que esto no daba más
y que era inevitable
la reconciliación.
Se gastan las palabras,
golpeando contra el muro
pero ahí están las tuyas
cargadas de futuro.

Sí, veremos...

¿Quién te puede negar?
no hay tregua en el combate por la paz,
desde el 56
tendimos nuestra mano
a todos los demás.
Bandera infatigable
del hombre acorralado,
de un pueblo que no quiere
vivir amordazado.

Sí, veremos...

¿Quién nos puede negar?
¿por qué nos regatean respirar?
¿Quién se atreve a explicar
que sea un beneficio
la clandestinidad?
Para otros los laureles,
la regalada historia,
que el único camino
nos lleve a la victoria.

Sí, veremos...

*Dolores Ibarruri



Ramiro Fernandez, Bombo
Photo by Gerardo Razumney



Martha Siegel, cello
Photo by Eva Cockcroft

DOLORES*

Words and music: Victor Manuel
English translation: Robin Palmer

Yes, we are going to see Dolores passing by
on our streets of Madrid.

Who can ever deny?
where all those passing years were coming from;
nothing more was there to give,
inevitably meaning
that a better day would come.
All those words we wasted
thrown against the wall,
but now in yours we've trusted
the future for us all.

Yes, we are going to see...

Who can ever deny
that in the fight for peace there is a test;
since 1956
we have made an offer
of our hand to all the rest.
The flag was always with us,
with cornered men and women,
people who do not want to
live lives that are inhuman.

Yes, we are going to see...

Who can ever deny
that barely breathing room was to be found,
or who would dare to say
that we could take advantage
of living underground?
Give laurels to the others,
for History's acting through us,
on the only road to follow
is a victory coming to us.

Yes, we are going to see...

* Can be sung in English



Teddy Holt, flute
Photo by Eva Cockcroft