

STEREO
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8785

SUNI PAZ

EARTH AND OCEAN SONGS
CANCIONES DEL MAR Y DE LA TIERRA



PHOTO BY EVA COCKCROFT

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

M
1688
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1982

MUSIC LP

STEREO
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8785

SUNI PAZ

SIDE I

1. SIN MAS ALLA (Without Forever) Words: Suni Paz, Music: Ramiro Fernandez
2. PESCARIA (The Canow: Rider) Words and Music: Dorival Caymmi
3. VAMOS CHAMAR O VENTO (Let's Call the Wind) Words and Music: Dorival Caymmi
4. E DOCE MORRER NO MAR (It is Sweet To Die in the Sea) Words: Jorge Amado, Music: Dorival Caymmi
5. CANCAO DA PARTIDA (Song of Departure) Words and Music: Dorival Caymmi
6. BRAZIL (Brazil) Words and Music: Ramiro Fernandez and Billie Sue Reinhardt

SIDE II

1. CAMINITO DEL INDIO (Little Indian Trail) Words and Music: Atahualpa Yupanqui
2. QUENA (Indian Flute) Words and Music: Arsenio Aguirre
3. VIOLIN DE BECHO (Becho's Violin) Words and Music: Alfredo Zitarosa
4. MINA (The Mine) Words and Music: Victor Jara
5. CANTO (I Sing) Words and Music: Suni Paz
6. TITIRITERO (The Puppeteer) Words and Music: Joao Manuel Serrat

Recorded on Feb. 82 to April 82 Live at Speakeasy and at RYO Kawasaki Home Studio, New York

Produced: by Suni Paz and Ryo Kawasaki

Assistant Producer: Dan Behrman

Recorded and Mixed by Ryo Kawasaki

Musicians Live at Speakeasy:

Suni Paz: all lead vocals, guitar and charango, maracas
Martha Siegel: Cello and background vocals
Wendy Blackstone: Flute, maracas, light percussion, clave, and background vocals
Juan Fernandez: Guitar
Abdullah: Conga, bongo, percussive instruments and effects

ADDITIONAL STUDIO MUSICIANS:

Juan Fernandez: Acoustic Guitar/Keyboard Synthesizer; Solo in *Sin mas alla* (Casio MT40 keyboard)
Diane Orson; violin in *Violin de Becho*
Bill Kleinsmith; Bombo, *Caminito del Indio*, *Canto*; Congas in *Cancao da Partida*.
Ilana Morillo: Background Vocals: *Brazil*
Ramiro Fernandez: Vocal Solo in *Brazil*
Ryo Kawasaki: Guitar Synthesizer in *Titiritero*; *Brazil*, *Sin Mas Alla* Rhythm track programmed by Ryo Kawasaki.
Suni Paz: All lead vocals, guitar, charango, maracas, bombo, campana, claves

Translators: Lisa Garrison and Robin Palmer

Photographer for Cover: Eva Cockcroft

Other photographs by: Jane Pitchford, Larry Racioppo, Bill Irwin and Elsa Garcia Pandavenes

Mastered at *Sound Wave*, New York.

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CANCIONES

DEL MAR Y DE LA TIERRA

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8785

SUNI PAZ
EARTH AND OCEAN SONGS
CANCIONES
DEL MAR Y DE LA TIERRA

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Photo: Elisa Garcia Pandavenes

Wendy Blackstone, Suni Paz, and Martha Siegel

ABOUT THIS ALBUM:

The sea is a great, overpowering lover, one that I deeply respect and fear. To me it is a symbol of life changes and chances.

Earth also is my lover, my cradle and end. Life and death are seeds within its entrails.

Hidden in the recesses of both of these lovers, are for me the greatest songs, and it is in this music that love's expression has found its most satisfying release.

Specific people with their love and trust have given me strength and purpose to keep discovering where my music beckons. On this album especially, the loving support of my two sons, friends, musicians and others as dear, has helped me immensurably.

And so the results: a half live, half studio album with folk and electronic accompaniment, a mixture of cultures and traditions, folk music that tells of people who live in a especially stark dependence on the land and the sea.

Suni Paz

ABOUT SUNI PAZ:

Suni Paz was born in Argentina. At 12 years old she started singing, accompanying herself on guitar, charango and bombo. From the beginning her love for the folklore of Latin America went far beyond an interest in popular tangos and boleros; in these early years she was already experimenting with French and Catalan songs.

At first alone, later with Latin and North American musicians, she performed on stages throughout both American continents as well as Europe. Living in the United States since the early '60's, Suni's music has always reflected her deep concern for people's lives and struggles. She is a singer-songwriter, a lover of languages and songs, of all people and cultures, all of life.

Mother of three, teacher of many, Suni has recorded 5 albums with Folkways: Del cielo de mi niñez (From the Sky of my Childhood, FW 8875), Entre hermanas (Between Sisters, FW 8768), Canciones para el recreo (Children Songs for the Playground, FC 7850), Alerta (Alert, FC 7830), and the present one.

Without Forever

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Lisa Garrison, 1982

Without the sea
such an exile of blue!
The seagull cannot fly,
on the beach she fell.
With a broken wing
and love destroyed,
I can't risk crying.

Without echo
such an exile of sound!
The guitar cannot dream,
its voice broken.
With fear unleashed
and loveless words,
I can't risk thinking.

Without pain, what an emptiness!
Everything that doesn't leave
remembered footsteps
- such terrifying immensity!
Horizons without sun,
clouds without forever,
without forever,
without forever...
Days without forever...
Forever.

Without the sun
such an exile of color!
Only the fog could destroy
her persistent heart.
On the beach, helpless,
the seagull cried,
I can't risk singing.
I can't risk singing.
I can't risk.
I can't risk singing.

SIN MAS ALLA

© Copyright Words, Suni Paz;
Music: Ramiro Fernandez, 1982

Sin mar,
¡qué destierro de azul!
La gaviota no puede volar
en la playa cayó.
Rota el ala,
suicidado el amor
no me trevo a llorar.

Sin eco,
¡qué destierro de rumor!
La guitarra no puede soñar
desgarrada su voz.
Suelto el miedo,
sin palabras de amor
no me atrevo a pensar.

¡Qué vacío sin dolor!
¡Qué temible inmensidad
todo aquello que no deja
huellas que recordar!
horizontes sin sol,
nubes sin más allá,
sin más allá,
sin más allá,
días sin más allá,
más allá...

Sin sol,
¡Qué destierro de color!
Fue la niebla quien pudo vencer
su tenaz corazón.
En la playa, desvalida,
la gaviota lloró,
no me atrevo a cantar;
no me atrevo a cantar;
no me atrevo,
no me atrevo a cantar...

THE CANOE RIDER

(Pescaria - O Canoeiro)

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The canoe rider
throws the net,
throws the net to the sea.
The canoe rider throws the net to the sea.

Encircles the fish,
moves the oar,
pulls the rope
gathers the net.
The canoe rider throws the net to the sea.

He will have presents for Chiquinha
and will have presents for Yáyá.
The canoe rider pulls the net from the sea.

Encircles the fish,
moves the oar,
pulls the rope,
gathers the net.
The canoe rider throws the net to the sea.

Praised be the Lord,
Oh, my father
Praised be the Lord,
Oh, my father.

PESCARÍA

Words and Music: Dorival Caymm

O canoeiro
Bota a rêde
Bota a rêde no mar
O canoeiro bota a rêde no mar

Cerca o peixe
Bate o remo
Puxa a corda
Colhe a rêde
O canoeiro puxa a rêde no mar

Vai tê presente pra Chiquinha
E tê presenta pra Yáyá
O canoeiro
Puxa a rêde no mar

Cerca o peixe
Bate o remo
Puxa a corda
Colhe a rêde
O canoeiro puxa a rêde no mar

Louvado seja Deus
Oh meu pái
Louvado seja Deus
Oh meu pái

Let's Call the Wind

Original Words and Music in Portuguese, Dorival Caymmi (Brazil)

Let's call the wind
let's call the wind
uu, uuuuuu

Wind that hits the sail,
sail that steers the boat,
boat that carries the people,
people that hook the fish,
fish that brings the money,
Curiman...

Curiman eh,
Curiman lambaio,
Curiman eh,
Curiman lambaio,
Curiman...

Let's call the wind
let's call the wind
uu, uuuuuu

VAMOS CHAMAR O VENTO
(in Portuguese)

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Suní Paz, 1980

Vamos chamar o vento
vamos chamar o vento
uu, uuuuuu

Vento que da na vela,
vela que vira o barco,
barco que leva gente,
gente que leva o peixe,
peixe que da dinheiro,
Curiman...

Curiman, eh
Curiman, lambaio
Curiman, eh
Curiman, lambaio
Curiman...

Vamos chamar o vento
Vamos chamar o vento
uu, uuuuuu

E DOCE MORRER NO MAR

Letra: Jorge Amado (Brazil)
Música: Dorival Caymmi (Brazil)

É doce morrer no mar,
nas ondas verdes do mar.
É doce morrer no mar,
nas ondas verdes do mar.

A noite que ele não veio foi...
foi de tristeza pra mim.
Saveiro voltou sozinho;
triste noite foi pra mim.

Saveiro partiu de noite foi;
madrugada não voltou.
O marinheiro bonito
sereia do mar levou.

Nas ondas verdes do mar meu bem
ê ele se foi afogar.
Fêz sua cama de noivo
no colho de Yemanjá.

IT IS SWEET TO DIE IN THE SEA

It is sweet to die in the sea,
in the green, green waves of the sea.
It is sweet to die in the sea,
in the green, green waves of the sea.

The night in which he didn't return was...
was sorrowful for me.
Saveiro left all alone;
a sad night it was for me.

Saveiro left and by night was gone;
at dawn he was still away.
Such a good looking sailor
with the sea sirens had to stay.

In the green, green waves of the sea, my love,
he made his wedding bed;
around the neck of Yemanjá
he was given up for dead.

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CANÇÃO DA PARTIDA

Words and Music: Dorival Caymm

Minha jangada vai sair pro mar
Vou trabalhar, meu bem querer.
Se Deus quiser quando eu voltar do mar
Um peixe bom eu vou trazer
Meus companheiros também vão voltar
E a Deus do céu vamos agradecer.

SONG OF DEPARTURE

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An now our boats are leaving
for the sea.
I'm going to work
my dear beloved.
And if God wants I will return from sea
with a good fish
back from the banks.
And then my comrades also will return
and to God in heaven
we'll also give our thanks.

(It can be sung in English)

Brazil

© Copyright Words and Music:
Ramiro Fernandez and
Billie Sue Reinhardt, 1980

Brazil, Brazil, Brazil, Brazil, Brazil

I wish to live, mmmm...
where the music fills the air
and my heart
sings with the song of the waves...

Brazil, Brazil, Brazil, Brazil, Brazil

Yo quiero vivir,
donde la música llene el día
y mi corazón cante
con el sonido del mar...

Brazil, Brazil, Brazil, Brazil, Brazil

Letra y música: Ramiro Fernandez y
Billie Sue Rinehardt



Abdullah

Little Indian Trail

Words & Music: Atahualpa Yupanqui (Argentina)

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Little Indian trail
 * "Coya" path
 planted with pebbles.
 Little Indian trail
 that joins the valley
 with the stars.

Little trail that traveled
 from south to north
 my ancient race,
 long ago, when in the mountains
 the Earth Mother
 hid herself in shadows.

Singing over the hill
 crying, from the river
 the Indian's "quena" **
 grows in the darkness.
 The sun and the moon
 and this song of mine
 have kissed your stones,
 Indian road.

In this night of hills
 the "quena" cries
 its deep nostalgia,
 and the little trail knows
 who the girl is
 the Indian calls.

Over the hill rises
 the sorrowful voice
 of the "vidala" ***
 and the road laments
 being guilty
 of distance.

* Coya - Empress of the Incas

** Quena - Bamboo flute of the Quichua Indians

*** Vidala - Plaintive melody and beat accompanied
by the "bombo" (South American drum)CAMINITO DEL INDIOLetra y Música:
Atahualpa Yupanqui

Caminito del indio
 sendero Coya
 sembra'o de piegras.
 Caminito del indio
 que junta el valle
 con las estrellas.

Caminito que anduvo
 de sur a norte
 mi raza vieja
 antes que en la montaña
 la Pachamama
 se ensombreciera.

Cantando en el cerro,
 llorando en el río
 se agranda en la noche
 la quena del indio.
 El sol y la luna
 y este canto mío
 besaron tus piegras
 camino del indio.

En la noche serrana
 llora la quena
 su honda nostalgia
 y el caminito sabe
 cuál es la chila
 que el indio llama.

Se levanta en el cerro
 la voz doliente
 de una baguala
 y el camino lamenta
 ser el culpable
 de la distancia.

Cantando en el cerro, etc.

Hablado: Cuando los hermanos
 Huáscar y Atahualpa
 mancharon de sangre
 la armonía Incásica,
 temblaron los cerros,
 lloró la montaña
 su llanto de cobre,
 de estaño y de plata

Final: Quena de los Incas...
del Inca Atahualpa...Quena

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Our of ancient Cuzco
 descended unto Arequipa
 in the sacred voice
 of Incan America.

Through the harsh High Pampa
 of Tiahuanaco
 there arrived in Humahuaca
 the flute of the Incas.

Quena, flute of my soul,
 how your notes weep
 the sorrows of our people!
 Your Indian joy has been
 lost in time
 ever since Pizarro
 betrayed Atahualpa.

Hope your ancient nostalgia
 quickly vanishes,
 flute of the Incas,
 quena of Humahuaca.

Cry of the Andes,
 grief of the Rulers, symbol of the Incas,
 suffering of the Sage.
 Quena, flute of the soul.

Spoken: When the brothers
 Huáscar and Atahualpa,
 stained the harmony
 of the empire in blood,
 the hills trembled,
 the mountain cried
 her tears of copper,
 of tin, and of silver.

Ending: Quena of the Incas...
 of the Inca Atahualpa.

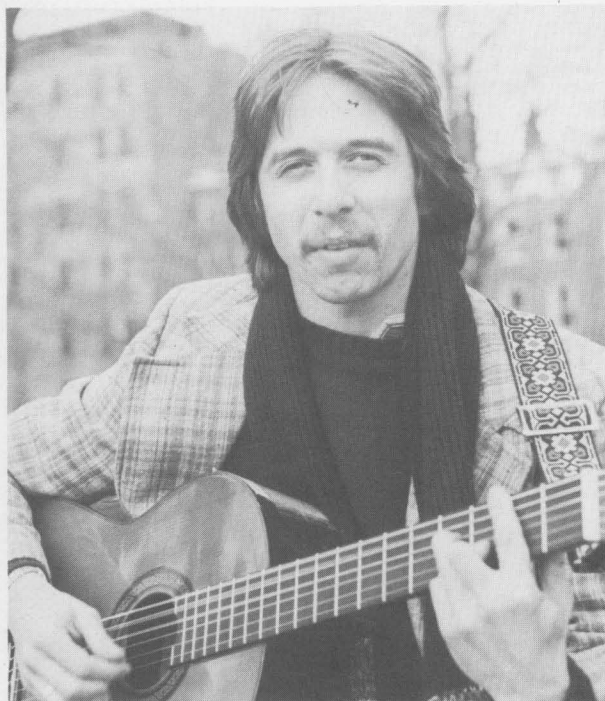


Photo by Jane Pitchford

Juan Fernandez, keyboard, and acoustic guitar

BECHO's Violin

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Robin Palmer, 1982

Becho plays violin
in orchestra
with the face of a child,
nothing extra.
But the orchestra's
music's too narrow;
only one violin
feels its sorrow.

Violins shouldn't play
when they're hurting!
Becho feels only pain
when he's courting.
He wants a violin
that is older;
that won't tell the pain
of a lover.

Becho's own violin
only galls him.
Yet at night he can feel
when it calls him;
and then all things
he despises
melt away as its
sad sound arises.

Wooden brown
butterfly crying,
violin child
nearly dying;
Becho plays on its strings
and feels better;
notes sound in his soul
and find shelter.

Love and death, violin
father, mother;
Becho is the air
of the violin singer.
He leaves the orchestra,
his senses reeling;
to love and to sing
takes too much feeling.

EL VIOLIN DE BECHO

Letra y Música: A. Zitarrosa
(Uruguay)

Becho toca el violín en la orquesta,
cara de chiquilín sin maestra,
y la orquesta no sirve, no tiene
más que un sólo violín que le duele.

Porque a Becho le duelen violines
que son como su amor, chiquilines,
Becho quiere un violín que sea hombre
que al amor y al dolor no los nombre.

Becho tiene un violín que no ama
pero siente que el violín lo llama,
por las noches como arrepentido
vuelve a amar ese triste sonido.

Mariposa marrón de madera,
niño violín que se desespera,
cuando Becho lo toca y se calma
queda el violín sonando en su alma.

Vida y muerte violín, padre y madre,
canta el violín y Becho es el aire,
ya no puede tocar en la orquesta
porque amar y cantar eso cuesta.

LA MINA

Letra y Música: Víctor Jara

Voy, vengo
subo, bajo.
Todo, para qué,
nada para mí,
minero soy,
a la mina voy,
a la muerte voy.

Subo, bajo,
sudo, sangro.
Todo p'al patrón,
nada p'al dolor;
minero soy,
a mi casa voy,
a la pena voy...

Mina, oye,
piensa, grita.
Nada es lo peor,
todo es lo mejor;
minero soy,
a la mina voy,
a la muerte voy...

Humano soy,
humana soy,
humano soy,
humana soy,
humano soy...

The Mine

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Lisa Garrison, 1982
Words and Music: Víctor Jara
(Chile)

I go, I come back.
I climb up, I climb down.
Everything, for what?
Nothing, for me.
A miner, I am.
To the mine, I go.
To death, I go...

I climb up, I climb down.
I sweat, I bleed.
Everything, for the boss.
Nothing, for my pain.
A miner, I am.
To my home, I go.
To my sorrow, I go...

Mine, listen.
Think, shout.
Nothing is the worst.
Everything is the best.
A miner, I am.
To the mine, I go.
To death, I go..

Human, I am...
Human, I am...
Human, I am...



Ramiro Fernandez

Photo by Gerardo Razumney

I Sing

Words and Music: Suni Paz
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I come, I come
from the four corners
of the planet
seeking universal
awareness.

In my skin I bring
the scent of rivers
and on my feet,
the dust of valleys.
In my veins runs blood
that never dies,
even when spilled
on the edge of a sword.

I have left my indifferent song
in the yellow moon;
in the purple countryside,
my song...
and in the hills
bathed by mist
my heart
became a nightingale.

I sing because by singing
we lose our sorrows
and in love's blooming country
flowers' open from their seeds
giving birth to my song.

I come and I sing,
I sing and I come,
I come and I sing,
I sing and I return.
I sing...
I sing...
I sing...

CANTO

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Vengo, vengo, vengo
de los cuatro rincones del planeta
buscando una conciencia universal...

Traigo en mi piel aroma de los ríos;
llevo en mis pies el polvo de los valles;
corre en mis venas sangre que no muere
aunque se riegue en el filo del metal.

En la luna amarilla
dejé mi canto frío
y en los campos morados
mi canción
y en las colinas
que el rocío baña
se me volvió jilguero
el corazón.

Canto porque al cantar
perdemos las tristezas
y en los campos floridos
del amor,
canto porque al cantar
se abren las flores,
sus semillas renuevan
mi canción.

Vengo y canto,
canto y vengo;
vengo y canto,
canto y vuelvo.
Canto...
Canto...
Canto...

ar

The Puppeteer

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From small town to small town,
carried by the wind around,
along his path everywhere,
one country, no glory,
a vagabond story,
goes the puppeteer.

A long, long way he comes,
traveling the road that runs
old and stony like his race is,
telling in plazas,
squares and piazzas
the sorrows he faces.

chorus: Puppeteer, hi ho!
From town square to livery,
happy it seems,
he sings of his dreams
and of his misery.

When his walks take him far
and he brings down a star
from the dreams of his penury,
then the star erases
our lingering traces
of a bitter memory.

He sings his romances
to the sound of his dances;
poor people gather round him;
and they put in the hand
of this hybrid man;
the little they can find him.

Later when the night descends,
in his carriage with all his things,
he'll look for his lonely track;
it is the same one
that he came on,
sad and heading back.

And perhaps tomorrow,
coming through the window,
we can hear the grieving
stories that he's told
echo down the road,
as he is leaving.

EL TITIRITERO

Letra y Música: J. M. Serrat
(Cataluña)

De aldea en aldea,
el viento lo lleva
siguiendo el sendero.
Su patria es el mundo,
como un vagabundo
va el titiritero.

Viene de muy lejos
buscando los viejos
caminos de piedra.
Es de aquella raza
que de plaza en plaza
nos cuenta sus penas, leho.

Titiritero, leho,
de feria en feria,
siempre risueño
va con sus sueños
y su miseria.

Vacía la alforja
con sueños que forja
en su andar tan largo.
Nos baja una estrella
que roba la huella
de un recuerdo amargo.

Canta su romanza
al son de una danza
híbrida y extraña,
para que el de bajo
le llene su mano
con lo poco que halla, leho.

Titiritero, etc.etc.

Y al caer la noche
en el viejo coche
guardará los chismes
y tal como vino
sigue su camino,
solitario y triste.

Y quizá mañana
por esa ventana
que mira al sendero,
nos lleguen sus quejas
mientras que se aleja
el titiritero.



Photo by Bill Irwin

Diane Orson, Violin