

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8875

FROM THE SKY OF MY CHILDHOOD
DEL CIELO DE MI NINEZ
Folk Songs from Latin America sung by

SUNI PAZ



M
1680
P348
F93
1979

MUSIC LP

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

PHOTOGRAPH BY EVA COCKCROFT

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8875

SIDE I

1. CANCIÓN DE LA TERNURA (Song of Tenderness); A. Tejada Gómez (Argentina)
2. LA LLORONA (The Weeping Woman); Anonymous (Mexico)
3. POLLERITA COLORADA (Little Red Skirt); Anonymous (Bolivia)
4. AL AJO (To Garlic); Suni Paz
5. MANOS VACÍAS (Empty Hands); Suni Paz
6. VAMOS CHAMAR O VENTO (Let's Call the Wind) Dorival Caymmi (Brazil)

SIDE II

1. CORAZÓN CONTESTA (My Dear Heart, Please Answer); Violeta Parra (Chile)
2. POR SIGNOS (By Signals); Suni Paz
3. CASI-CASI (Almost-Almost); Anonymous (Northwestern Argentina)
4. CANCIÓN POR UN NIÑO EN LA CALLE (Song for a Kid in the Street) A. Tejada Gómez and A. Ritro (Argentina)
5. SONÉ QUE EL FUEGO SE HELABA (Last Night I Saw Fire Freezing) Anonymous (Argentina and Chile)
6. COPLAS DE LA QUEBRADA DE HUMAHUACA (Coplets from Humahuaca's Ravine) Anonymous (Northwestern Argentina)

Produced by Moses Asch

Artistic Director: Jorge Calandrelli

Recording Engineer: Mike Sobol

Vocal Coaching: Sylvia Sirbu

MUSICIANS:

Lead Voice, guitar, charango and caja: Suni Paz

Flute and Alto Flute: Wendy Eda Blackstone

Cello: Martha Siegel

Voice: Mara Goodman

ARRANGERS:

Cello Arrangements: Martha Siegel

Flute Arrangements: Wendy Eda Blackstone

"Casi-Casi"; Arranged and Conducted by: Jorge Calandrelli

"Corazón Contesta," Arranged and Conducted by: Alberto Nuñez Palacio

RECORDING STUDIOS:

"Casi-Casi" and "Corazón Contesta," Recorded at Phonal Studio, Buenos Aires, Argentina. All the other tunes, Recorded at cue Recordings, New York, April 1979

MIXED BY: Mike Sobol, Jorge Calandrelli and Suni Paz

PROCESSED WITH "ACCURE SYSTEM" by: Harvey Letchner

TRANSLATIONS INTO ENGLISH BY: Robin Palmer

COVER PHOTO ALBUM: Eva Cockcroft

© 1979 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.

43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., 10023 N.Y., U.S.A.

FROM THE SKY OF MY CHILDHOOD
DEL CIELO DE MI NIÑEZ
Folk Songs from Latin America sung by

SUNI PAZ

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8875

“FROM THE SKY OF MY CHILDHOOD” “DEL CIELO DE MI NIÑEZ”

CANCIÓN DE LA TERNURA (SONG OF TENDERNESS)

Letra y Musica: Armando Tejada Gómez (Argentina)

Del cielo de mi niñez

Traigo un aroma de albahaca y pan
Un sol de candor bajo el sol

Mi madre andaba en la luz
De una provincia de eternidad
Y era un regazo el calor
Y era ternura la flor del amor

(Coro:

Allá, quedó mi madre y la luz,
Pero yo tengo que andar
Cuidando que en la ciudad
Crecza la flor

Yo sé que debo dejar
Lejos el cielo de mi niñez,
Un tiempo de furia y canción

Yo tengo que rescatar
Aquel aroma de albahaca y pan.
Que la ternura me dió,
Como un milagro de amor,
Verde y sol

(Coro)

SONG OF TENDERNESS

Words & Music by A. Tejada Gómez

From the sky of my childhood
I bring an aroma of bread and sweet basil,
a universe of innocence under the sun.

My mother walked in the light
of a dominion of eternity;
she was a lap of warmth and rest,
she was a flower of love and tenderness.

*There they remain, my mother and the light;
but I have to go,
taking care that in the city
the flower will grow.*

*Far behind me I know that I
must not enrapture that childhood sky
of fury and song;*

*I have to recapture
that aroma of bread and sweet basil
that tenderness gave me,
the green and the sun of love's miracle.*

English Translation: Robin Palmer

LA LLORONA (THE WEEPING WOMAN)

Anónimo
Folklore de México

Todos me dicen “La Negra,”* llorona 2x
Negra pero cariñosa
Yo soy como el chile verde, llorona, 2x
Picante pero sabrosa

Salías del templo un día, llorona 2x
Cuando al pasar yo te ví,
Hermoso huipil** llevabas llorona* 2x
Que la virgen te creí

Si porque te quiero,quieres, llorona, 2x
Quieres que te quiera más,
Te quiero más que a mi vida, llorona, 2x
Que más quieras, ¿quieres más?

Ay, de mí, llorona, 2x
Llorona llevame al río
Tápame con tu rebozo***, llorona, 2x
Porque me muero de frío

No sé que tienen las flores, llorona, 2x
Las flores del camposanto,
Que cuando las mueve el viento, llorona, 2x
Parece que están llorando

Ay de mí llorona,
Llorona, tú eres mi chunga**** 2x
Me privarán de quererte, llorona 2x
Pero de olvidarte nunca

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ay
**** chunga: mi amada, mi predilecta
*** rebozo: chal, manto
** huipil: camisa sin mangas, bordada
* “El Negro,” en el original

NOTA: Hay innumerables versiones de *La Llorona*. Aquí hemos seleccionado sólo seis versos. Otros dicen así:

Ay, de mí, llorona,
llorona del campo’ e lirios
el que no sabe de amores, llorona
no sabe lo que es martirio

Ay, de mí, llorona,
llorona llevame al mar
a ver a los pescadores
que penas van a sacar

Ay, de mí, llorona,
llorona de azul celeste
aunque la vida me cueste, llorona
no dejaré de quererte

Ay, de mí, llorona,
llorona de ayer y hoy,
ayer maravilla fuí
ahora ni sombra soy

La Llorona es una figura mítica del folklore, de origen Azteca. Se cuenta que aparece de noche, vestida de blanco. Sollozando recorre las calles en busca de sus hijos. Quienquiera que la vea muere. El señor Orozco y Berra asevera que los Aztecas le daban diferentes nombres: Cihuacohuatl (la mujer serpiente), Tititl (nuestra madre), Teoyacominqui (la diosa que recoge las almas de los muertos) y Quilaztly (la que da a luz mellizos). Durante el Virreinato, Vicente Rivas Palacio escribió una historia combinando el mito Azteca y una tragedia ocurrida en la época, lo que la hizo muy popular. En la historia Don Muño de Montes Claros abandona a su amante Luisa y sus tres hijos para casarse con una mujer de abolengo. Doña Luisa desesperada mata a Don Muño y los niños con una

daga y se lanza a las calles a lamentar en llanto y gritos su profunda aflicción. El pueblo la romantizó en la canción que lleva su nombre. Quiero agradecer a la antropóloga mexicana Dra. Lilliam Barrios Paoli a cuya investigación debemos esta información.

"LLORONA"** (THE WEEPING WOMAN)

Anonymous (Mexico)

Everyone calls me "la negra,"*** Llorona;

black but so good to savor.

I am just like the green pepper, Llorona;
hot blooded but so full of flavor.

It was by the church that I saw you, Llorona;
alone as you passed in the light.

You wore such a beautiful "huipil," Llorona;
all dressed like the virgin in white.

And if because I love you, llorona;
you want me to still love you more—
I love you more than my life, Llorona;
what more is there to love you for?

Oh, pity me, Llorona, Llorona
and with your shawl won't you cloak me
then down to the river, Llorona, Llorona,
but don't let the cold water choke me.

What can I say of the flowers, Llorona;
that bloom where we all will be lying—
Only that wind in their blossoms, Llorona;
makes all of them seem to be crying.

Oh, pity me, Llorona, Llorona;
Llorona, I always will love you.
Oh I shall never forget you, Llorona;
and yet I never shall have you.

English Translation: Robin Palmer

*Can be sung in English

There are many versions of Llorona.

**Negra, Negro are loving expressions in Spanish. The word means "my love," "honey," "my sweetheart," etc.

La Llorona is a mythical figure of Mexican folklore who comes out at night, clad in white, sobbing and shrieking as she looks for her children. As anyone who looks at her dies, her appearance is considered to be a bad omen. According to Mr. Orozco y Berra the Aztecs had several names for La Llorona: Cihuacohuatl (the female snake), Tititl (our mother), Teoyaominqui (the goddess who

gathers the souls of the dead), and Quilaztly (she who bears twins). During the time of the Spanish Viceroyalty, Vicente Riva Palacio wrote a story combining this Aztec myth and an actual tragedy which soon became very popular. In the story a nobleman Don Muñoz de Montes Claros abandons his lover Luisa and their three children in order to marry a woman from his own class. Dona Luisa is so angered that she kills Don Muñoz and the children with a dagger and then rushes through the streets shrieking the agony of her sorrow. (From *Legends of the City of Mexico* collected by Thomas A. Janvier. NY: Harper, 1940.) I would like to express my gratitude to the Mexican anthropologist Dr. Lilliam Barrios Paoli whose research on this subject has been of great assistance.

POLLERITA COLORADA (LITTLE RED DRESS)

Anónimo

Folklore del Noroeste Argentino

Pollerita colorada, color de ají (2x)
De balde te ando esperando que digas, sí (2x)
Hácame llorar siquieres, como el ají (2x)
Que en llorar está la dicha que no conseguí (2x)

Coro:

Mita' pa' mí, mita' pa' vos*
Cuando nos casemos haré llover arroz
Mita' pa' vos, mita' pa' mí*
Me hai' de andar deseando pero me mentí*
Me hai' de andar deseando pero me mentí*
Que venga el diablo y te lleve, mejor pa' mí (2x)
No te via* defender nada si no me querí*
Picante hai' ser tu cariño como el ají (2x)*
Ya se me hace agua la boca dámelo a mí

(Coro)

* Midad para mi, mitad para vos (para tí)
* No te voy a defender
* ha de ser tu cariño
* me has de andar deseando, pero me mientes

LITTLE RED DRESS*

Anonymous (Bolivia)

Hey you pepper colored little red dress!
Hey you pepper colored little red dress!
Hopelessly I'm waiting for you to say "Yes"
Hopelessly I'm waiting for you to say "Yes"
Try and make me cry with your red pepper test
Try and make me cry with your red pepper test
Then when I'm crying maybe I can find rest
Then when I'm crying maybe I can find rest

A half for me, a half for you
When we get married, the rice will rain through
A half for you, a half for me
You keep saying "No" but you want to say "Si"

If the devil takes you the better it'll be!
If the devil takes you the better it'll be!
And I won't protect you unless you love me
And I won't protect you unless you love me
I'll bet your love is hot, baby, hot and peppery
I'll bet your love is hot, baby, hot and peppery
Come on and give it up, my mouth is watery
Come on and give it up, my mouth is watery

*Can be sung in English

AL AJO (TO GARLIC)

Letra y música: Suni Paz

Luna salina
¡embelesas el aire
de la cocina!

Del pan, hermano,
de la cocina pobre,
fiel artesano

Rústico primo
¡qué pronto te arrebatas
si te echan vino!

Cuando arropado
no se sabe que hueles,
¡disimulado!

Coro:
Te doy linaje
no por la seda blanca
de tu ropaje,
sino el sabor
que no puedes quitarte,
¡simulador!

Con desparpajo
te desnudan mis dedos
ajo por ajo

Y el paladar
se deleita si acaso
te llega a hallar

Eres, hermano,
de la comida diaria
mi soberano

¡Cómo te extraño
si faltas en mi mesa
un día del año!
(Se repiten el coro y los dos primeros versos)
©Copyright, Words and Music, Suni Paz, 1979 (ASCAP)

TO GARLIC

Words and Music by Suni Paz

Salty moon, don't fret,
for you enhance the air
of my kitchenet.

Faithful brother of bread,
in the kitchens of the
poor you've made your bed.

Country cousin of mine,
how passionate you get
when you are thrown in wine.

When you're dressed there's none
aware how rich you smell,
dissimulating one!!

Chorus:
I don't exalt you
for your flowing silks
that never fault you,
but for your lasting flavor
that you can not disrobe,
dissimulator!!

Section by section,
my eager fingers peel away
perfection from perfection.

If by chance it finds you,
my palate will delight itself
as it grinds you.

My brother, forever able;
You are the monarch
of my dinner table.

And when you've gone away,
Oh, how I miss you
every single day.

Repeat the chorus and the first two stanzas
English Translation: Robin Palmer

TRAIGO MANOS VACÍAS (EMPTY HANDS)

Letra y Música: Suni Paz

Traigo manos vacías
Nada que darle
Todo lo que tenía
Lo llevó el aire

Sólo queda el dolor
Al encontrarse
Sin nada que decirse
Ni perdonarse

Quise hacer diferencia
Sin conseguirlo
Bordado tras bordado
Se rompió el hilo

Sólo han quedado
Dos tristes corazones
Deshilachados...

Nos llevan los senderos
Donde la tarde
Se encuentra con la luna
Al acostarse

Mirándonos la luna
Se siente triste
De vernos lado a lado
El alma en ristre

Siquiera por la noche
La paz trajera
En su rosca de azúcar
La luna llena

Pero a la luna
La cubrieron las nubes
Una por una...

© Copyright, Words and Music, Suni Paz, 1979 (ASCAP)

EMPTY HANDS

Words and Music by Suni Paz

I bring hands that are empty,
Nothing left to give;
All that they used to hold
Has gone with the air to live.

Now there's nothing but the pain
When we get together;
Nothing left to talk about,
Nothing to forgive—forever.

I wanted there to be a difference,
Not just a token.
Embroidery on embroidery,
The thread is broken.

After all the roads we've traveled,
Only two sad hearts—
Unraveled.

Now our paths cross again
Where the afternoon
At bedtime has a parley
With the rising moon.

Looking down upon us
The moon emits a sigh,
As we stand beside each other,
Our souls in battle cry.

If only could be found some peace
In the middle of the night,
When the moon is full and has
A sugar rim of light.

But instead of moon is seen
Gathering clouds
In between.

English Translation: Robin Palmer

VAMOS CHAMAR O VENTO (LET'S CALL THE WIND)

Letra original en Portugués
Letra y Música: Dorival Caymmi
(Brazil)

Vamos chamar o vento
Vamos chamar o vento
Vento que dá na vela
Vela que vira o barco
Barco que leva a gente
Gente que leva o peixe
Peixe que dá dinheiro:
Curiman

Curiman é
Curiman lambaio
Curiman é
Curiman lambaio
Curiman

Vamos chamar o vento
Vamos chamar o vento....

*Traducción
al Español:
Llamemos al viento
Llamemos al viento

Viento que dà en la vela
Vela que mueve el barco
Barco que lleva gente
Gente que pesca peces
Peces que dan dinero
Curimán

*Puede ser cantada en español

LETS CALL THE WIND

Original version in Portuguese
Words and Music
by Dorival Caymmi

Let's call the wind!!

oo oo

Wind that hits the sail
Sail that veers the boat
Boat that carries the people
People that hook the fish
Fish that bring the money, curiman
(wind sounds)

Let's call the wind!!

English Translation: Robin Palmer

CORAZÓN CONTESTA* (MY DEAR HEART, PLEASE ANSWER)

Letra y Música de Violeta Parra (Chile)
Corazón contesta,
¿por qué palpitás, sí
por qué palpitás?
como una campana
que se encabrita, sí
que se encabrita,
¿por qué palpitás?

¿No ves que la noche
la paso en vela, sí
la paso en vela?
como en mar violento
la carabela, sí
la carabela,
¡tú me desvelas!

¿Cuál es mi pecado?
pa' maltratarme, sí
pa' maltratarme,
como el prisionero
por los gendarmes, sí
por los gendarmes,
¿quieres matarme?

¿Qué te estas creyendo?
no soy de fierro, sí
no soy de fierro,
me tratas lo mismo
como a los perros, sí
como a los perros,
¡es mi destierro!

Pero a tí te ocultan
duras paredes, sí
duras paredes,
mi sangre oprimes
entre tus redes, sí
entre tus redes,
¿por qué no cedes?

Corazón maldito
sin miramiento, sí
sin miramiento
ciego, sordo y mudo
(si eres sordo y mudo)
de nacimiento, sí
de nacimiento;
me das tormento
sin miramiento,
me das tormento
sin miramiento...

*Se cantaron sólo algunos versos

MY DEAR HEART, PLEASE ANSWER*

Words and Music by Violeta Parra

My dear heart, please answer
Must you be pounding so
Why are you pounding?
Like a bell that's ringing

That is resounding so
That is resounding
Why are you pounding?

All night can't you see me?
There is no sleeping, no
There is no sleeping
On a violent ocean
The ancient shipping goes
The ancient shipping
Keeps me from sleeping.

What have I done to you?
Why do you chill me so?
Why do you chill me?
I'm just like a prisoner
I do as guards will me, yes
I do as guards will me
when will you kill me?

What can you be thinking?
I have no armor, no
I have no armor
And tight around my neck
You've put a collar, yes
You've put a collar
This is my torture.

Yet to me you are hidden
Against walls you pit me, yes
Against walls you pit me
My blood you're oppressing

In nets you have knit me, yes
In nets you have knit me
Why don't you quit me?

My dear heart accursed
Without any caring, yes
Without any caring
sight, voice or hearing
From my beginning, yes
From my beginning
You've been tormenting
Without any caring
You've been tormenting
without any caring...

English Translation: Robin Palmer

*Can be sung in English

(Not all the verses were sung in the recording)

POR SIGNOS (BY SIGNALS)

Letra y música de Suni Paz

Con tu nombre, cariño,
Hago dibujos
Llamándote por signos
Como los brujos

Como los brujos, sí,
Amor distante
Con el abecedario
De los amantes

De los amantes, digo,
Sin travesura
Tu boca se ha paseado
Por mi cintura

Por mi cintura, sí,
Y lo celebro
Rituales tiene el viento
Con los enebros*

Con los enebros, sí,
Y con los riscos
Muchacho ojos de almendra
Mira que existo

Mira que existo, sí,
Mi vanidoso
No me dejes en plato
Como a carozo*

Como a carozo, sí,
Bien que te quiero
Que puedo hacerte rimas
Días enteros...

Enebros: tipo de pino
carozo: el corazón del durazno

© Copyright, Words and Music, Suni Paz, 1979 (ASCAP)

BY SIGNALS

Words and Music by Suni Paz

With all your names, my lover,
I will make stitches;
Calling you by signals,
just like the witches.

Just like the witches, yes,
looking us over;
Calling with the ABCs
of being a lover.

Of being a lover, I say,
and I am serious;
While your mouth's at my waste,
restless and curious.

Restless and curious, yes,
I celebrate it;
just as the wind and trees
always have mated.

Always have mated, yes,
peaks that are glistening;
Can't you see I exist?
Hey, are you listening?

Hey are you listening there,
In-yourself-tied-up?
I am not a peach pit,
naked and dried up.

Naked and dried up, yes?!
Well, then see how I love you;
Endless rhymes in my head
are telling me of you.

English Translation: Robin Palmer

CASI-CASI

Anónimo
Folklore del Noroeste Argentino

Casi, casi me quisiste
Casi me he querido yo (casi te he querido yo)
No llores negro*, no llore', no.

Si no e' por el casi, casi
Casi me caso con vo'
No llore' negro, no llore' no

Lala lala lala lala
Lala lala lala la,
No llore' mi alma, no llore' no
(¡La segundita!)

El pañuelo que me diste
Rama en rama se quedó
No llores negro, no llore' no

Porque un fuerte remolino
Agua y todo se llevó
No llore' negro no llore' no

Lala lala lala lala
Lala lala lala la
No llore' negro, no llore' no

(¡Tres, tres, a la moda de San Andrés!)

Botellita dibujada
Llenita de agua de olor
No llore' negro, no llore' no

Que el quererte no era nada
Ni el dejarte era un dolor
No llore' negro no llore' no

Lala lala lala lala
lala lala lala la
No llore' negro no llore' no

Grabado en Estudios Phonol
(Buenos Aires, Argentina)

en 1971; arreglos de Jorge Calandrelli
*Negro es un término cariñoso que se intercambia
con "mi alma," mi vida, mi amor, etc.

ALMOST-ALMOST

Anonymous (Northwestern Argentina)

Almost, almost you have loved me
almost, almost I loved you
Don't feel blue, honey, don't feel blue

If it weren't for "almost-almost"
I almost almost married you
Don't feel blue, honey, don't feel blue

The handkerchief you gave me
hangs on branches low and high
Now don't you cry, honey, don't you cry
Just because a mighty whirlpool
almost, almost swept you away
Don't feel grey, honey, don't feel grey

You are a pretty little bottle
full of fragrance from the rain
Don't you sigh, honey, don't you sigh

As in the loving there was nothing
now in the leaving there is no pain
Now don't you cry, honey, don't you cry
English translation: Robin Palmer

CANCIÓN POR UN NIÑO EN LA CALLE (SONG FOR A CHILD IN THE STREET)

Letra: Armando Tejada Gómez
Música: Angel Ritro

(Argentinos)

A esta hora exactamente
hay un niño en la calle
hay un niño en la calle . . .

Es honra de los hombres proteger lo que crece,
cuidar que no haya infancia dispersa por las calles,
evitar que naufrague su corazón de barco,
su increíble aventura de pan y chocolate

Poniéndole una estrella en el sitio del hambre
de otro modo es inútil, de otro modo es absurdo
ensayar en la tierra la alegría y el canto
porque de nada vale, si hay un niño en la calle

No debe andar el mundo con el amor descalzo
enarbolando un diario como un ala en la mano
trepándose a los trenes, canjeándonos la risa,
golpeándonos el pecho con un ala cansada

No debe andar la vida recién nacida, a precio,
La niñez arriesgada a una estrecha ganancia
porque entonces las manos son inútiles fardos
y el corazón apenas, una mala palabra . . .

A esta hora exactamente etc.

Pobre del que ha olvidado que hay un niño en la calle
que hay millones de niños que viven en la calle
y multitud de niños que crecen en la calle
yo los veo apretando su corazón pequeño

Mirádonos a todos con fábula en los ojos
un relámpago trunco les cruza la mirada
¿por qué nadie protege esa vida que crece
el amor se ha perdido, como un niño en la calle

A esta hora exactamente
hay un niño en la calle
hay un niño en la calle . . .

SONG FOR A KID IN THE STREET

Words: Armando Tejada Gómez
Music: A. Ritro

Right now! Outside!
there's a kid in the street!
there's a kid in the street!

*It is to man beholden to protect that which he raises
that no children be abandoned to the mercies of the streets,
that their hearts, set on adventure, be not shipwrecked
in the alleys
but receive a goodly measure of buttered bread and sweets,
trying out the earth so its joys and songs are heard,
putting up a star in the place of hunger;
any other way is useless, any other way absurd
for everything is nothing with a kid out in the streets.*

*Right now! Outside!
etc. etc.*

*The world cannot continue when Love must go barefooted
scrambling on a freight train, all laughter suppressed,
a newspaper raised like a fluttering wing,
a wing that's exhausted from beating our chest.
Life cannot continue for a youth fresh from the cradle
when risking everything he's got, and nothing in his purse;
for then do his hands become useless parcels,
and then does his heart become naught but a curse.*

*Outside! Right now!
etc. etc.*

*Poor is he who has forgotten the kid that's in the street,
that by the millions there are kids living in the street,
and the multitude of kids growing in the street.
I watch them as their hearts grow smaller
watching us with eyes that dream,
a slash of lightning splits their screen.
Why does no one guard this life,
this love that's lost, like the kid that's in the street.*

*Right now! Outside!
There's a kid in the street!*

English Translation: Robin Palmer

SOÑÉ QUE EL FUEGO SE HELABA (LAST NIGHT I SAW FIRE FREEZING)

Anónimo
(Folklore Argentino-Chileno)*

*Soñé que el fuego se helaba 2x
Y que la nieve se ardía
Y por soñar imposibles 2x
Soñé que vos me querías*

*Pena y lo que no es pena 2x
Todo es penar para mí
Ayer penaba por verte
Y hoy peno porque te vi 2x*

Cuando tengas un cariño 2x
Debes de mirar primero
En donde ponís** los ojos 2x
No sea que llorís** luego

*La versión chilena usa la segunda persona del singular "tú" en vez de "vos" como se dice en Argentina; ésa es la única diferencia entre las dos versiones. La música es la misma.

** ponis: pones
llorís: llores

LAST NIGHT I SAW FIRE FREEZING*

Anonymous (Argentina and Chile)

Last night I saw Fire freezing,
And then did I see Snow burning

Impossible dreams came upon me,
I dreamed that for me you were yearning.

Pain and that which is not pain,
now are all painful to me.

Yesterdays longing to see you
hurt when I saw you today.

When for his love you are ready
be sure that you see what you're eying

Be sure that your gazes are steady,
otherwise you may be crying.

English translation: Robin Palmer

*Can be sung in English

COPLAS DE LA QUEBRADA DE HUMAHUACA* (COPLETS FROM HUMAHUACA'S RAVINE)

Anónimo
Folklore del Noroeste Argentino

De la punta de aquel cerro
baja un torito balando
en los cuernos trae invierno 2x
y en el balido el verano

A lo lejos se conoce
la mujer enamorada
le palpita el corazoncito** 2x
como paloma trampeada

Al joven enamorado
se le conoce en los ojos
porque tiene la mirada
como un gato con anteojos 2x

Antes cuando te quería
te peinabas a menudo
ahura** que ya no te quiero 2x
parecís casi lanudo

* Humahuaca: área en la Provincia de Jujuy; Noroeste Argentino.

** corazón
ahora
pareces

COPLETS FROM HUMAHUACA'S* RAVINE

Anonymous
Indian Song from Northwestern Argentina

From the top of that hillock,
in his horns carrying winter,
comes a little bleating bullock,
in his bleating is the summer.

From afar you can tell her,
woman that becomes a lover;
For her heart is always beating
like a dove that's flushed from cover.

And the man that is a lover,
you can tell what his case is;
For he's bound to have the look
of a cat that's put on glasses.

When before I used to love you
your hair you were always combing
Now that we're no longer lovers
you're a sheep that needs a shearing.

English Translation: Robin Palmer

*Humahuaca is an area in the Province of Jujuy, Argentina



Mara Goodman, Vocals

Photo by Shawn Gargagliano



Martha Siegel, Cello

Photo by Richard Di Liberto

