

MFS 818
VOCALS IN SPANISH

MONITOR PRESENTS THE CHILEAN ENSEMBLE

GRUPO RAÍZ

VOL. 2

POR AMERICA DEL CENTRO

SPANISH & ENGLISH
TEXTS ENCLOSED

monitor
MUSIC OF THE WORLD

DESIGN: EDWARD BUXBAUM



Grupo Raiz Vol. 2

POR AMERICA DEL CENTRO

Our hearts are filled with great hope, magnificent hope, with perhaps incredible but not impossible hope — for peace, progress and freedom for our peoples in the Southern Hemisphere. Just as the crystalline rivers empty into the salty seas of our continents, our great hope is flowing, at this crucial moment, through Central America on its way southward.

We are confident that we share this great hope with millions of men and women around the world. The songs we offer here, the culmination of three years of working together, are an affirmation of our great hope.

We wish to express our gratitude to all those friends who have helped us to survive as a group, friends who share our hopes, who have raised their voices together with ours in a beautiful hymn that we have learned in exile: a hymn of solidarity, of joined hands, of fraternal embrace, of shared daily efforts in this great work of solidarity.

We thank Pete Seeger and Holly Near, cultural workers who are truly wellsprings of knowledge. We thank Wallflower Order Dance Collective, a magnificent group of women who have, through the strength of their bodies, projected so well the strength of their minds.

GRUPO RAIZ

Una gran esperanza rodea hoy nuestros corazones; es una esperanza magnifica, increible pero no imposible, de paz, de progreso y libertad para nuestros pueblos morenos. Al igual que el gran rio cristalino desembocando fuerte en el necesario mar salino de cualquier continente, esta, nuestra gran esperanza, esta en su paso vital por America del Centro esperando desembocar como llamarada en los prados del sur. Con este trabajo queremos dejar estam-pada esta gran esperanza como un fruto resultado de nuestros tres anos de vida.

Junto a esto queremos tambien agradecer a todos nuestros amigos que de una u otra forma nos han ayudado a subsistir como grupo. Aquellos grandes amigos que han hecho suyas nuestras esperanzas y que juntos hemos cantado el himno mas hermoso aprendido en este ostracismo pasajero, el himno de la solidaridad, el himno de las manos tomadas y de los abrazos, el himno de la pujanza en el trabajo diario en esta gran oficina de la solidaridad.

A Pete Seeger y Holly Near; trabajadores culturales de los cuales hemos aprendido un caudal de cosas necesarias. A Wallflower Order Dance Collective; este magnifico grupo de mujeres que muy bien han proyectado la fuerza del pensamiento con la fuerza del cuerpo en sus hermosas danzas.

GRUPO RAIZ

Side One

- 1. EL PALOMO — The Dove 3:56
(Osvaldo Torres)

In 1975, a group of women made up of relatives of "missing" political prisoners asked the composer to create a long piece to deal with the topic. *El Palomo* is one of the songs from the resulting work, titled *La Vigilia* (The Vigil). The song demands a responsible answer from Pinochet about the whereabouts of their loved ones.

- 2. LA VOZ — The Voice 3:50
(Felo)

Cultural resistance came about as the people's answer to the repression of the Pinochet dictatorship. The music expresses the basic sentiments of the oppressed.

- 3. ENTRE LOS TIEMPOS — Between the Seasons 1:54
(Claudio Araya) — Instrumental

This is a melody taken from our musical counterparts in Chile. Its Venezuelan rhythm happily invites us to enjoy the wonderful musical development of Grupo Huara (to which the composer belongs).

- 4. ANA MARIA — 3:13
(Fernando Feña)

A song written in homage to Melida Anaya Montes (Commander Ana Maria), exemplary leader in the struggle for El Salvador's liberation, and who was assassinated in April of 1983.

- 5. SIETE ESTRELLAS — Seven Stars 4:55
(Anon.)

Seven there in the south, exiled and self-repatriated. Those who don't accept nor will resign themselves to be dragged from their land, their mother, brothers, children, fighting companions, returned, fought and died.

- 6. CANCIÓN URGENTE PARA NICARAGUA — Urgent Song for Nicaragua 3:20
(Silvio Rodriguez)

This song expresses Cuban solidarity with the Nicaragua revolutionary process condemning U.S. intervention and calling attention to material, social, moral and cultural advances made by the revolution in its short life.

INSTRUMENTS USED:

String: guitar
Colombian *tiple*
Venezuelan *cuatro*
Charango
cello
classical bass

Percussion: bongos
congas
bombo
snare drum
temple blocks
maracas
minor percussion

Wind: quenas
zampoñas
flute

CREDITS:

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Side Two

- 1. POR AMERICA DEL CENTRO — For Central America 3:04
(Fernando Feña)

Many of the hopes of our brown America are forged in Central America where daily events have ceased to surprise us, where our light is reflected as through an open doorway from Central America to Patagonia.

- 2. EL CARACOL 4:41
(Osvaldo Torres)

From the extreme south passing through America with the certain steps of the dawn; by long roads between peaks, rocks, cliffs and jungles; with the sun and the rain doing out sorrows, cries and death, it keeps on, small and implacable. Nothing can stop it, nothing tires it.

- 3. CHIEF O'NEILL'S FAVORITE 3:30
(Traditional) — Instrumental

Our experience since living in the United States has exposed us to the rich cultural diversity here. We were particularly drawn to this traditional dance tune from Ireland. It is named for Francis O'Neill, an immigrant to the United States from West Cork who became a well-known collector of traditional Irish music.

- 4. CANTO A FONSECA — Song to Fonseca 3:22
(Rafael Manriquez)

Carlos Fonseca Amador — "one of the dead that don't die". This phrase written on the wall of a school in Managua inspired this vision of the Sandinista leader killed in 1979 in Masaya.

- 5. CANCIÓN DE SOLIDARIDAD CON EL SALVADOR — Song in Solidarity with El Salvador 3:18
(Carlos Mejia Godoy)

This song sings the names of those who have died struggling to live in brotherhood and their decision to fight for their rights even to the ultimate consequences of giving their lives.

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CARA 1

1. EL PALOMO

Estaba el Palomo volando en el cielo
vino el cazador detuvo su vuelo

Herido de muerte se entregó el Palomo
cruel el cazador disparó en el lomo

La paloma triste recorrió los cerros
buscando al Palomo triste desconsuelo.

Vienen de las nubes pájaros morenos
señor cazador mate mi desvelo.

Vienen gavilanes, diucas, picaflores
todas muy unidas rompen los dolores

Todas las palomas van abriendo surcos
y el cazador se muere de susto

Se escucha un clamor allá en la floresta
todas las palomas reclaman respuesta

Todas las palomas juntas con el pueblo
si vive o si muere, vayan respondiendo

2. LA VOZ

Quisiera elevar mi voz
por aquellos que se callan
por aquellos que le vuelven
a la realidad la espalda
quisiera elevar mi voz

Quisiera cantar muy fuerte
por aquellos que no cantan
aquellos que aún ignoran
la fuerza de la palabra
quisiera cantar muy fuerte

Yo no soy quien canta
soy la voz de los que no saben
toma la guitarra como yo
y grita sus verdades
yo no soy quien canta
soy la voz de los que no saben
yo no soy quien canta, soy la voz

No quiero pedir la muerte
para los que la merecen
que nadie es Dios en la tierra
y eso lo olvidan a veces
no quiero pedir la muerte

No quiero pedir justicia
que les haga tanto daño
solo un ferviente deseo
que se unan todas las manos
no quiero pedir justicia

Yo no soy quien canta
soy la voz de los que se callan
El silencio cómplice
jamás tendrá una medalla
yo no soy quien canta
soy la voz de los que se callan
yo no soy quien canta, soy la voz

SIDE 1

1. THE DOVE

There was a dove flying in the sky
The hunter came to stop his flight

Mortally wounded the dove gave up
The cruel hunter shot him in the back

The dove's sad mate flew through the hills
looking for the wounded dove, sad and unconsoled

From the clouds dark birds appeared
Mr. Hunter, kill my sorrow

The sparrows, song birds, and hummingbirds came
all united to break through the pain

All the doves opened up furrows
and the hunter is dying of fright

A cry is heard there in the forest
all the doves demand an answer

All the doves together cry out with the people
is he dead or alive, answer us now!

2. THE VOICE

I want to raise my voice
for those who stay silent
for those who turn their backs
on reality
I want to raise my voice.

I want to sing very loud
for those who do not sing
for those who still ignore
the strength of words
I want to sing very loud.

It is not I who sing
I am the voice of those who do not know
Take the guitar like me
and shout their truths
It is not I who sing
I am the voice of those who do not know
It is not I who sing, I am the voice.

I do not ask for death
for those who deserve it
No one is God on this earth
and this they forget sometimes
I do not ask for death.

I do not ask for the justice
which seems to harm them so
it is only a fervent desire
for all the hands to join together
I do not ask for justice.

It is not I who sing
I am the voice of those who remain silent
in complicity
They will never have medals
It is not I who sing
I am the voice of those who remain silent
It is not I who sing, I am the voice.

Quisiera que me escucharán
aquejlos sordos señores
aquejlos que viven presos
en sus jaulas de colores
quisiera que me escucharán

No esperemos un milagro
que nos señale el camino
que las cosas no suceden
por un capricho divino
no esperemos un milagro.

3. ENTRE LOS TIEMPOS (Instrumental)

4. ANA MARIA

Hay compañera, la vida entera
no es primavera que hay que cruzar
no es un suspiro frente a un espejo
o una quimera en el andar.

Hay compañera, bien lo sabias
y casi siempre lo repetias
llegado el tiempo de organizar
como un rayito fuiste a alumbrar

Y te llamaron Ana María
en la montaña y en la ciudad
fue tu trabajo todos los días
sembrar al viento la libertad.

Hay compañera, la vida entera
no es una espera por la verdad
no es un milagro ni el paraíso
menos racimo de vanidad.

Hay compañera tu vida entera
fue consecuencia y claridad
con tus cabellos y tu figura
tu pueblo entero se ha de liberar.

5. 7 ESTRELLAS

7 estrellas, 7 rayos alumbraron el camino
en la verde selva nuestra, que abrazada por la lluvia
cobijó a las candelillas, como la madre a sus hijos
cuando el sol ya nos brilla.

7 estrellas, 7 rayos, 7 lunas que no mueren
regresaron al colihue que antaño entre los cerros
protectora a Rodríguez, cuando el paso toma un tono
que heredamos de el copihue.
La una se llama tierra
la dos nombraremos pan
la tercera es mi esperanza, la cuarta es un ventarrón,
la quinta será alerce
la sexta flor de araucaria
la séptima primavera de toda una vida en flor

Que alegre mostró el camino la enseña de su valor
que alegre mostró el camino la enseña de su valor

En Valdivia, en la lluvia 7 estrellas que no mueren
en Neltume, en Valdivia 7 estrellas que no mueren.

6. CANCION URGENTE PARA NICARAGUA

Se partió en Nicaragua, otra soga con sebo,
se partió en Nicaragua, otra soga con sebo,
con que El Aguila ataba por el cuello al obrero,
con que El Aguila ataba por el cuello al obrero.

Se partió en Nicaragua otro hierro caliente,
se partió en Nicaragua otro hierro caliente,
con que El Aguila daba su señal a la gente,
con que El Aguila daba su señal a la gente.

Se ha prendido la yerba dentro del Continente,
las fronteras se besan y se ponen ardientes.
Me recuerdo de un hombre que por esto moría
y que viendo este día como espectro en el monte
jubiloso reía.

I want them to listen to me
those deaf men
those who live as prisoners
in their colored cages
I want them to listen.

We do not expect a miracle
that we will be shown the way
Things do not happen
by divine whim
We do not expect a miracle.

3. BETWEEN THE SEASONS (Instrumental)

4. ANA MARIA

Oh compañera, life
is no springtime beginning to end
it is not a sigh fogging the mirror
nor a chimera passing by.

Oh compañera, you knew so well
almost always repeating it.
Come time to organize,
you, like lightning, lit up the way.

They called you Ana María
in mountains and city
your work of every day
was to seed the winds of freedom.

Oh compañera, life
is not waiting for the truth
not a miracle nor paradise
and much less a cluster of vanity.

Oh compañera, your whole life
was commitment and clarity
with your hair and your body
your people must make themselves free.

5. SEVEN STARS

Seven stars, seven rays that light the way
in our green forest embraced by rain
that covered the little candles as a mother covers her children
when the sun doesn't shine on them anymore.

Seven stars, seven rays, seven moons that won't die
returned to the bamboo that in years past
protected Rodríguez in the hills, when our steps took on the color
we inherited from the copihue*
the first is called Earth
the second, we will name Bread
the third is my hope, the fourth is a stormy wind
the fifth will be an alerce**
the sixth the flower of the araucaria***
the seventh will be the springtime of a whole life in bloom

How joyfully the lessons of their courage showed the way
with what joy their bravery showed the way

In Valdivia, in the rain, seven stars that won't die
in Neltume, in Valdivia, seven stars that won't die.

*national flower of Chile

**larch- a kind of pine tree

***Norfolk Island pine tree

6. URGENT SONG FOR NICARAGUA

They cut in Nicaragua another greasy rope,
they cut in Nicaragua another greasy rope,
that the Eagle used on the worker as a yoke,
that the Eagle used on the worker as a yoke.

They broke in Nicaragua another burning rod,
they broke in Nicaragua another burning rod,
that the Eagle used to prod the people,
that the Eagle used to prod the people.

The Continent's grasslands are raging in flames
as the borders meet in a fiery embrace.
I remember a man who died for this day to appear,
and seeing it arrive like a ghost in the hills,
laughed joyously.

El espectro es Sandino con Bolívar y el Che,
el espectro es Sandino con Bolívar y el Che,
porque el mismo camino caminaron los tres.

Estos tres caminantes con idéntica suerte,
ya se han hecho gigantes, ya burlaron a la muerte,
ya se han hecho gigantes, ya burlaron a la muerte.

Ahora El Aguila tiene su dolencia mayor,
Nicaragua le duele, pues le duele el amor,
y le duele que el niño vaya sano a la escuela
porque de esta manera de justicia y cariño
no se afilan sus espuelas.

Andará Nicaragua, su camino en la gloria,
andará Nicaragua, su camino en la gloria,
porque fue sangre sabia la que hizo su historia,
porque fue sangre sabia la que hizo su historia.

Te lo dice un hermano(a)
que ha sangrado contigo,
te lo dice un hermano(a)
que ha sangrado contigo,

te lo dice un cubano(a),
te lo dice un amigo (a),

CARA 2

1. POR AMERICA DEL CENTRO

En América del Centro, algo se siente por dentro
En América morena, algo se trae en las venas
Entre los cerros y el valle vienen bajando
lágrimas que se han vertido en un disparo
hombres mulatos de barro y de fusiles
con corazones de fuego vienen sutiles

Abre tus alas, palomas, que se requiere
el blanco puro y la fuerza que el vuelo tiene
el campesino de siembras te ha de mostrar
que el cazador y el hambre se han de acabar
Por el monte oculta está, la libertad, que llegará, sí señor
como dos alas blancas ha de volar la libertad, palomay.

La noche se hace día en el umbral
el fuego blanca ceniza en el temporal
el llanto se hará alegría y resplandor
cuando amanezca temprano en El Salvador.

Campesino, campesino, buen labrador
el niño obrero, la madre, un ruiseñor
una casa, un colegio, un mundo entero
por América del Centro, un guerrillero.

2. EL CARACOL

Este caracol lento camina por las esquinas, buscando el sol
caracolito caracoleando tan chiquitito nunca cansado
el caracol de la labranza, lleva rama en rama la esperanza
hay caracol de Nicaragua de Honduras y El Salvador

Este caracol tiene amorfios con caracolas de salva y río
que no pueden fecundar como la lluvia que cae al mar
el caracol es de la tierra y en ella puede procrear
hay caracol de paso lento, todo tu rumbo será mi ejemplo

Este caracol el del buen amor, que no tiene prisa, tampoco temor
este caracol, nuestro caracol, va a alcanzar el sol
tiene todo el viento a su favor
este caracol, nuestro caracol.

Se precisan caracoles fuertes, que de la noche saquen el sol
para alumbrar las ramas negras que está tapando aquel nubarrón
que no termina si andamos sueltos como una estrella en el
firmamento
hay caracol de la verdad dime si es cierto lo de unidad.

Para despedir al caracol, que despacitos tod lo alcanza
es necesario que aprendamos muy claramente su enseñanza

Sandino was that ghost along with Bolívar and Che,
Sandino was that ghost along with Bolívar and Che,
because the three of them traveled the same way.

These three travelers who suffered identical fates,
have become giants and now berate death,
have become giants and now berate death.

Today the Eagle suffers and is in his greatest pain.
Nicaragua wounds him because love brings him pain.
Children, healthy and learning are a great blow
because this sort of justice and love
keep his spurs dull.

Nicaragua will travel her own path in glory,
Nicaragua will travel her own path in glory,
because wise blood made her story,
because wise blood made her story.

This message is from a brother (sister)
who with you has bled,
this message is from a brother (sister)
who with you has bled.

This message is from a Cuban
this message is from a friend.

SIDE 2

1. FOR CENTRAL AMERICA

In Central America you can feel something within
Dark America carries something in her veins
Among the hills and the valleys
fall tears that have turned into shots
Mulattos of clay and guns,
with hearts of fire, come gently

Open your wings, doves, we need
your pure whiteness and the strength there is in flight
The farmworker among the crops will show you
that hunger and the hunter must be ended
In the mountain she is hidden, the freedom that will come, Yes Sir!
Like two white wings, freedom will fly, Palomay!

At the threshold, night turns to day
The fire becomes white ash in the midst of the storm
Weeping will turn to joy and brilliance
when it wakes up at early dawn in El Salvador.

Peasant, farmworker, good working man
hardworking child, mother, nightingale
A house, a school, a whole world
through Central America, a guerrilla fighter.

2. EL CARACOL

This little snail travels slowly
into all the crannies, looking for the sun
little spiraled snail, so tiny, never tired
little snail of the open fields
carrying hope from branch to branch
Oh, snail of Nicaragua, of Honduras and El Salvador

This little snail has lots of friendships
with snails of the jungles and the rivers
who can't make themselves fruitful,
like rain falling on the sea
The little snail is of the earth, and on the earth can reproduce
Oh, little snail that moves so slowly
Your path will be my example.

This little snail, this loving snail
who is never in a hurry, never afraid
This little snail, our little snail will reach the sun
He has the wind at his back
This snail, our snail.

We need lots of strong snails
who can free the sun out of night
to light up the black branches
that cover the storm clouds
that will never end if we walk freely
like stars in the heavens
Oh little snail of truth,
Tell me, is unity real?

To say farewell to the little snail
that step by step reaches every goal
We must learn very clearly what he teaches

el caracol no tiene miedo sólo valentía y gran sociego
hay caracol de la esperanza sin miedo todo lo alcanza
hay caracol de Nicaragua de Guatemala y El Salvador.

Este caracol, el del buen amor, que no tiene prisa, tampoco temor
este caracol nuestro caracol, va a alcanzar el sol
tiene todo el viento a su favor
este caracol, nuestro caracol
este caracol, va a alcanzar el sol
este caracol de Nicaragua y El Salvador.

3. CHIEF O'NEILL'S FAVORITE (Instrumental)

4. CANTO A FONSECA

Dicen que allí murió
y sus ojos se quedaron
abierto como otros tantos
que al verdugo ajusticieron.

Más dicen que no murió
porque no hay muerto que muera
si con sus manos cortó
alambradas y fronteras.

Las fronteras de la vida
se confunden con la noche
cuando está en oscuro coche
nos deja abierta una herida.
Más todo aquel que luchó
con honor y por los suyos
recojerá los capullos
del camino que sembró.

No hay noche que no amanezca
ni herida que no se cure
no hay malhechor que perdure
ni luchador que perezca.

Dicen que su cuerpo está
devolvéndole a la tierra
la savia que ahora encierra
semillas de dignidad.

Y cuentan que no está solo
que en su batallar silente
va en el alma de su gente
con su flor de libertad.

Allí lo vieron venir
cabalgando hacia lo cierto
junto a los vivos y muertos
encontrando el nuevo día.

(Repite)

5. CANCION DE SOLIDARIDAD

Somos millones de manos
de obreros y campesinos
Estudiantes y artesanos
más fuertes y más unidos.
Somos millones hermanos
pariendo la historia dura
martillo, fusil y canto
destruyendo dictaduras.

Con Sandino y con Guevara
con Farabundo y Romero
con la voz de Victor Jara
que es del continente entero
somos volcán encendido
que su furia detendrá
cuando este pueblo oprimido
pueda cantar a la paz.

Ayer me dolía canto
de mi pueblo ensangrentado
hoy me duele por mi hermano
El Salvador torturado.
Pero sabrán los canallas
que la lucha no termina
que el triunfo de Nicaragua
es el de América Latina

(Repite segundo verso)

The snail has no fear, only courage

and perseverance

Oh, little snail of hope, who fearlessly reaches every goal

Oh, little snail of Nicaragua and El Salvador

This little snail, this loving snail
who's never in a hurry, never afraid
This little snail, our little snail will reach the sun
He has the wind at his back
This snail, our snail
This little snail will reach the sun,
This little snail of Nicaragua and El Salvador.

3. CHIEF O'NEILL'S FAVORITE (Instrumental)

4. SONG OF FONSECA

They say he died there
and his eyes stayed open
like so many others
judging the executioner

Yet they say that he didn't die
because the dead do not die
if with their hands they cut
barbed wire and borders

The borders of life
are confused with the night
when in its dark coach
they leave a gaping wound
and whoever fights
with honor, for his own
will gather the new buds
of the road he has sown

There is no night without a dawn
no wound that cannot be healed
There is no wrongdoer that endures
No fighter that perishes

They say that his body
is returning to the earth
the sap that now encloses
seeds of dignity

And they say that he's not alone
in his silent battle
He travels in the soul of his people
with his flower of freedom

Up there they saw him come
galloping toward the truth
among the living and the dead
finding the new day

(Repeat)

5. SONG OF SOLIDARITY

We are millions of hands
workers and peasants
students and craftsmen
stronger and more united
We are millions of brothers
giving birth to lasting history
hammer, gun and song
destroying dictatorships.

With Sandino and Guevara
with Farabundo and Romero
with the voice of Victor Jara
which is that of the whole continent
We are a burning volcano
whose fury will stop
when this oppressed people
can sing of peace.

Yesterday the song of my
blood-drenched people hurt me
Today I hurt for my brother:
tortured "El Salvador."
But the savages will know
that the struggle does not end
that the triumph of Nicaragua
is that of all Latin America.

(Repeat second verse)