Entre Hermanas
Between Sisters
Women's Songs in Spanish Sung by
Suni Paz

with Martha Siegel, Norton Torres, Ramiro Fernandez, Mike Glick, Teddy Holt
SIDE 1

Band 1 ABRETE A MI (Suni Paz)
Open Yourself to Me
Martha Siegel, cello; Suni Paz, guitar

Band 2 LA MUÑECA (Suni Paz)
The Doll
Martha Siegel, cello; Norton Torres, bongo; Suni Paz, guitar

Band 3 CAMINANTE (Suni Paz)
Pilgrim
Norton Torres, 12 str. guitar; Martha Siegel, cello; Suni Paz, guitar

Band 4 MUJER (Suni Paz)
Woman
Norton Torres, 12 str. guitar; Ramiro Fernandez, bombo; Suni Paz, guitar

Band 5 HILLANDERA DE SUEÑOS (Suni Paz)
Weaver of Dreams
Martha Siegel, cello; Suni Paz, guitar

Band 6 DAME TU MANO (Suni Paz)
Give Me Your Hand
Martha Siegel, cello; Norton Torres, bongo; Suni 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 INNOBRABLE (Suni Paz)
To the Unmentionable One
Norton Torres, 12 str. guitar; M. Siegel, cello; R. Fernandez, maracas; Suni Paz, guitar

Band 3 ALFONSINA Y EL MAR (Felix Luna/Ariel Ramirez)
Alfonsina and the Sea
Martha Siegel, cello; Suni Paz, guitar

Band 4 LA LUCHA CONTINUARA (Dave & Rose Redwood)
The Struggle Goes On
M. Siegel, cello; Suni Paz, guitar

Band 5 DOLORES (Victor Manuel)
Teddy Holt, flute; M. Siegel, cello; Suni 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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ENTRE HERMANAS
Between Sisters
WOMEN'S SONGS IN SPANISH SUNG BY
SUNI PAZ

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

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE
COVER WOODCUT OF SUNI BY ELSA GARCIA PANDAVENES
ENTRE HERMANANAS (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. Victor 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.

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.
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 mi el viento no me encuentra
en la cocina encerrada.

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

En pañales, biberones,
ho ay las horas se me pasan
y las horas cuando niña
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,
s er presidente y doctor,
s er 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...!

Vacia 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...!

Vacia 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.

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,
brake 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 mi...  

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

Hilandera de sueños,  
ardiente golondrina,  
impiasto 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,  
venimos 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 ti, 
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.

**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 ti. 
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 ti.

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,
sex,
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!

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,
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 AND THE SEA

Argentinian zamba 
English translation by Robin Palmer

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 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.

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: Victor Manuel
Letra y música: Victor 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.
Si, 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.

Si, 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.

Si, veremos...

*Dolores Ibarruri

---

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