SUNI PAZ
EARTH AND OCEAN SONGS
CANCIONES DEL MAR Y DE LA TIERRA
STEREO
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8785

SUNI PAZ

SIDE I
1. SIN MAS ALLA (Without Forever) Words: Suni Paz, Music: Ramiro Fernandez
2. PESCARIA (The Canoe 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's Sweet To Die in the Sea) Words: Jorge Amado, Music: Dorival Caymmi
5. CANCÃO 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. CAMINHITO DEL INDIOS (Little Indian Trail) Words and Music: Atahualpa Yupanqui
2. QUENA (Indian Flute) Words and Music: Arsenio Aguirre
3. VIOLIN DE BEO (Beo'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: 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 Kleinman: Bomba, Caminito del Indio, Canto; Congas in Cancão 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, bongo, 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 Pandavanes
Mastered at Sound Wave, New York.

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SUNI PAZ
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8785
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 Catalonian 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 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 singing.
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 alma, 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?
Pue la niebla quien pudo vencer su tenaz corazón.
En la playa, desvalida, la alondra llora, no me atrevo a cantar; no me atrevo a cantar; no me atrevo, no me atrevo a cantar...
THE CANOE RIDER

(Pescaria - O Canoeiro)

Copyright English Translation: Robin Palmer, 1982

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.

PESCARIA

Words and Music: Dorival Caymmi

O canoeiro
Bota a rede
Bota a rede no mar
O canoeiro bota a rede no mar
Cerca o peixe
Bate o remo
Puxa a corda
Colhe a rede
O canoeiro puxa a rede no mar
Vai te presente pra Chiquinha
E te presente pra Yáyá
O canoeiro
Puxa a rede no mar
Cerca o peixe
Bate o remo
Puxa a corda
Colhe a rede
O canoeiro puxa a rede no mar
Louvado seja Deus
Oh meu pai
Louvado seja Deus
Oh meu pai

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, uuuuu
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, 
Curimam...
Curimam eh
Curimam lambão, 
Curimam eh, 
Curimam lambão, 
Curimam... oar, 
Let's call the wind
Let's call the wind
uu, uuuuu

VAMOS CHAMAR O VENTO

(in Portuguese)

© Copyright English Translation, 
Suni Paz, 1980

Vamos chamar o vento 
vamos chamar o vento 
uu, uuuuu
Vento que da na vela, 
vela que vira o barco, 
barco que leva gente, 
gente que leva o peixe, 
peixe que da dinheiro, 
Curimam...
Curimam, eh
Curimam lambão 
Curimam, eh 
Curimam, lambão 
Curimam...
Vamos chamar o vento 
Vamos chamar o vento 
uu, uuuuu

E DOCE MORRER NO MAR

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

E doce morrer no mar, 
nas ondas verdes do mar.
E doce morrer no mar, 
nas ondas verdes do mar.
A noite que ele não veio foi... 
foi de tristeza pra mim.
Saveiro voltou sórinho; 
triste noite foi pra mim.
Saveiro partiu de noite foi; 
madrugada não voltou.
O marinheiro bonito 
sereia do mar louvo.
Nas ondas verdes do mar meu bem 
Ele se foi afogar.
Fiz sua cana 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.

CÂNÇÕES DA PARTIDA

Words and Music: Dorival Caymmi

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)
Little Indian Trail

Words & Music: Atahualpa Yupanqui (Argentina)

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Little Indian Trail

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 in
the Indian calls.

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

*a 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 Indio

Letra y Música:
Atahualpa Yupanqui

Caminito del indio
sendero Coya
sebra'ó 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 rio
se agradá 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 baguila
y el camino laments
ser el culpable
de la distancia.

Cantando en el cerro, etc. Final: Quena de los Incas...
del Inca Atahualpa...

Quena

Letra y Música:
Arsenio Aguirre

Del antiguo Cusco
bajó hasta Arequipa
en la voz sagrada
de América Inca.

Por el Tiahuanaco,
Altipampa arisca,
llégó hasta Humahuaca
la quena del Inca.

Quena, quena del alma,
¿cómo lloran tus notas
el dolor de la raza!

Se perdió en el tiempo
la alegría india
desde que Pizarro
traicionó a Atahualpa.

Que pronto se acabe
la antigua nostalgia,
quena de los Incas,
quena de Humahuaca.

Grito de los Andes,
valor del Curaca,
símbolo del Inca,
pena del Amauta.
Quena, quena del alma...

Hablando: Cuando los hermanos
Huáscar y Atahualpa
mancharon de sangre
la armonía incáica,
tembraron los cerros,
lloró la montaña
su llanto de cobre,
de estaño y de plata

Our of ancient Cusco
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.
BECHO's Violin

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 calls 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.

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.

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Robin Palmer, 1982

LA MINA

Letra y Música: Víctor Jara

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

Subo, bajo,
sudo, sangro.
Todo p'al patrón,
no p'al dolor;
mineroy,
a mi casa voy,
a la pena voy...

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

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

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Lisa Garrison, 1982

The Mine

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...

Humano, I am...
Humana, I am...
Humano, I am...

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I Sing

Words and Music: Suni Paz

I come, I come
from the four corners
of the earth;
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...

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CANTO

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

Traigo en mi piel el polvo de las rocas;
illo 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 tristes
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...

EL VIOLÍN 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,
yo no puede tocar en la orquesta
porque amar y cantar eso cuesta.

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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...

Humano, I am...
Humana, I am...
Humano, I am...

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I Sing

Words and Music: Suni Paz

I come, I come
from the four corners
of the earth;
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...

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CANTO

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

Traigo en mi piel el polvo de los rocas;
illo 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 tristes
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...

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I sing...
I sing...
I sing...

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Vengo, vengo, vengo
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Canto porque al cantar
perdemos las tristes
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...
The Puppeteer

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 land that runs
old and stony like his race is,
telling in plazas,
within 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 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 vientó 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
hébrida 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.