

**Correo Aereo CD LYRICS & NOTES**

***Semillas de inmensidad/Seeds of immensity***

***“por las coplas que mordemos - semillas de inmensidad”***

***“And these songs that we eat – seeds of immensity”***

***–Atahualpa Yupanqui***

**1)Chacarera Santiagueña            4:05**

**Argentina. Trad. Chacarera.**

**Lyrics:Chango Farías Gómez**

**Guitar, clarinet, violin & voices.**

**A trad. Chacarera, our version starts in space, quickly earths, gets rockin with hints of klezmer, has a mellow interlude of violin clarinet conversation, then rocks out. Argentine Chacarera is a passionate song & dance form from the countryside. According to legend originating in the remote province of Santiago del Estero, now played in all Argentina & beyond. This is dedicated to Chango Farías Gómez, the great musician, singer, interpreter and arranger who passed in Aug. 2011 & wrote these lyrics.**

Arriba de unos árboles  
cantaban unos pájaros.  
Lunes Martes y Miércoles  
Jueves, Viernes y Sábado.

Una vez que te quisí  
y tu mamá lo supio.  
Fue porque yo le dijí,  
que te casaras con yo.

Yo no ando porque te quiero.  
Ni ando para que me quieras.  
Ando por andar de vicio  
Ando por andar nomás.

Canten canten compañeros.  
De que me andan recelando?  
Yo no soy mas que apariencia,  
sombra que anda caminando.

Cuando llega el carnaval,  
no almuerzo ni como nada,  
me mantengo con la copla,  
me duermo con la tonada.

Ay hojita de algarrobo  
molidita en el mortero.  
Se me sube a la cabeza  
como si fuera sombrero.

Canten,canten compañeros  
De que me andan recelando?  
Yo no soy mas que apariencia  
sombra que anda caminando.

### **1) *Chacarera Santiagueña***

Up there in the trees  
Some birds were singing  
Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays

Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays

Once I said I wanted you and  
your mother knew about it  
it was because I told her  
that I would marry you

I'm walking not because I want you  
Nor so you love me  
I go on and on because it's my addiction  
I do it for the pleasure of it

Sing, sing my friends  
Don't get jealous of me  
I'm just pure image  
Shadow that likes to walk

When the carnival arrives  
I eat nothing  
I sustain myself from the copla  
I fall asleep with the Tonada (song)  
Ay, the algarrobo leaf  
Ground in the mill  
goes up to my head  
Like it was a hat

Sing, sing my friends  
Don't get jealous of me  
I'm just pure image  
Shadow that likes to walk

## 2) El Jarabe Loco

6:50

Mexico. Trad. Veracruz Son Jarocho.

Harp, jarana jarocho, bombo & voices.

**A joyful upbeat dance song in 6/8.**

Para cantar el jarabe,  
para eso me pinto yo.  
Para rezar el rosario,  
mi hermano el que se murió.  
Ése sí era santulario,  
no pícaro como yo.

Este es el jarabe loco  
que compuso Lucifer  
Que compuso Lucifer  
Este es el jarabe loco  
que compuso Lucifer

Cogollo de lima,  
rama de laurel  
Cómo quieres china  
que te vaya a ver  
Si salgo de guardia,  
voy para el cuartel  
Mis zapatos blancos  
los voy a vender  
Porque ya no tengo  
ni para comer  
Si son los de encima

son de cuero viejo  
Yo por donde quiera  
se me ve el pellejo  
Si salgo a bailar  
hago mucho ruido  
Ya parezco río  
de esos muy crecidos.

Este es el jarabe loco  
Que compuse una mañana  
Que compuse una mañana  
Este es el jarabe loco  
Que compuse una mañana

Lo compuse en Veracruz  
Y ya se toca en la Habana  
Y ya se toca en la Habana  
Desde que esta Castro Ruz  
Lo compuse en Veracruz  
Este es el jarabe loco  
que a los muertos resucita  
Salen de la sepultura  
meneando la cabecita  
Te quise rendido,  
te adoré constante  
Vuelen pajarillos,  
vuelen vigilantes  
Si la piedra es dura  
tú eres un diamante,  
Donde no ha podido

mi amor ablandarte  
Si te hago un cariño,  
me haces un desprecio  
Luego vas diciendo  
que mi amor es necio.

## **2) *The Crazy Jarabe Dance***

To sing the jarabe,  
that's what I'm ready for  
My brother who passed  
was good for saying the Rosary  
He really was saintly  
Not mischievous like me

Harvest of limes  
branch of laurel  
How do you want me  
to come see you?  
If I have to go on guard  
I'm going to the barracks  
With my white chaps  
which I'm going to sell  
because I don't have enough money  
Not even for food  
If they're the bargain ones  
they're made of old leather  
Every way you look at me  
you see old skin.  
If I go dancing

I make a lot of noise  
I am noisy  
like a very fierce river

This is the crazy dance  
that resurrects the dead  
They come out of their graves  
shaking their little heads

I loved you completely  
I adored you with everything  
Little birds fly, and fly observing  
If rocks are hard you are like a diamond  
which my love has not managed to soften  
When I try to please you, you ignore me  
Then you say that my love is foolish

This is the crazy jarabe  
that I composed one morning  
This is the crazy jarabe. I composed it in Veracruz  
and it is played already in La Habana  
since the times of Castro Ruz.  
This is the crazy jarabe  
composed by Lucifer  
This is the crazy jarabe.  
The one that takes the souls To hell to suffer  
This is the crazy Jarabe composed by Lucifer

### 3) Guendanabani

3:45

**Mexico. Son Itsmeño. Music: Daniel C. Pineda, lyrics: Juan Stubi  
(Pronounce: Gen-dah-nah-bah-ni / La Vida /The Life).**

**Guitar, clarinet, small percussion & voices.**

**A slow, haunting waltz sung in the Zapotec Indian language from Oaxaca, Mexico; a language & culture over 2500 years old. Translations in Spanish & English.**

Guenda nabani Xhianga sicaru  
Ne gastu ru ni Uganda laa  
Diuxhi biseenda laanu idxi layu  
Ne la cuidxi laanu ra nuu

Napu que gapu zie lu  
Caditi napu ziaanu  
Nahuini naro, guira zabi  
Cadi guixhi huidxe guuyulaa ma zeeda bi  
Ti bisaana sti  
Nga huaxha que ziuu dxi  
Laanu ma ziuu nu guiba  
Xhunaxhi do ngagapa laanundaani na

Zi ma ziuunu nacahui riaana ndani yoo  
Huadxi siado, ni biaana ruuna re ni salux pido  
Ne ruixhilu,  
Zuhuaa lu gala bato tinisa do  
Canaba lu xhunaxhi do  
Cu laabe ndani ladxi do  
Guiruti na qui zie



Guira napa xhi che  
Ne dzi guidsinia zi  
Za duuna ne nu ira ni ma zie

### **3) La Vida**

La vida es muy hermosa  
y no hay nada que se le compare.  
Dios nos mandó a la tierra  
y el mismo nos llamara a su lado.

Todos tenemos que morirnos,  
y todos iremos a la última morada (tumba).  
Tengas o no tengas, (riquezas) te vas a ir,  
y no porque tengas te vas a quedar.  
Niños, adultos, todos irán a casa (al Panteón).  
Y no mañana, o pasado, los verás regresar  
porque hayan dejado algo.  
Eso jamas sucederá.  
Nosotros ya nos vamos al cielo,  
donde la diosa nos cobijara entre sus brazos.  
Cuando partamos, oscura quedará la casa.  
Tarde y día, el que se quede llorará ante el altar,  
y se imaginara estar parado a la mitad del mar,  
pidiéndole a la Diosa que lo guarde en su corazón.

Que nadie diga que no se va a ir.  
Todos tenemos que partir.  
Y cuando se acerque el día,  
nos reuniremos con los que ya partieron.

### **3) *The life***

Life is beautiful

There is nothing to compare to it

God send us to The Earth

and he himself will take us to his side

We all have to die

and we all will go to the last place

Weather you have riches or don't

you will go

You won't stay because you have.

Children, adults all

Will go to home

and you won't see them

tomorrow or day after tomorrow

Even if they left something undone

it'll go undone

We will go to heavens

where the goddess will

hold us in her arms

When we leave

the house will remain dark

Morning or afternoon

the ones remaining

will cry in front of the altar

and the ones gone

will imagine themselves

standing in the middle of the ocean

asking to the goddess

to keep them in her heart

Nobody can say

that won't go

We all have to go

And when the day gets closer

we'll get together

with the ones departed.

**4) Cosechero 3:57**

**Argentina. Chamamé. Ramón Ayala**

**Guitar, violin, accordion & voices.**

**A rolling, sensual chamamé that bears poetic witness to the blood hard work, life & landscape of the workers in the cotton fields. Ramo'n Ayala bio at: [http://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ramón\\_Ayala\\_\(cantante\\_argentino\)](http://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ramón_Ayala_(cantante_argentino))**

El viejo río que va

cruzando el amanecer.

Como un gran camalotal

Lleva la balsa en su loco vaivén.

Rumbo a la cosecha

cosechero yo seré.

Y entre copos blancos

mi esperanza cantaré.

Con manos curtidas

dejaré en el algodón

mi corazón.

La tierra del Chaco  
quebrachera y montaraz,  
prenderá en mi sangre  
Con un ronco sapucaí.  
Y sera en el surco  
mi sombrero bajo el sol  
faro de luz.

Algodón que se va, que se va, que se va  
Plata blanda, mojada de luna y sudor.  
Un ranchito borrado de sueños y amor,  
quiero yo

De Corrientes vengo yo.  
Barranqueras ya se ve.  
Y en la costa un acordeón,  
Gimiendo va, su lento chamamé

Rumbo a la cosecha  
cosechero yo seré.  
Y entre copos blancos  
mi esperanza cantaré.  
Con manos curtidas  
dejaré en el algodón  
mi corazón.

La tierra del Chaco  
quebrachera y montaraz,  
prenderá en mi sangre  
Con un ronco sapucaí.  
Y sera en el surco

mi sombrero bajo el sol faro de luz.

Algodón que se va, que se va, que se va  
Plata blanda, mojada de luna y sudor.  
Un ranchito borrado de sueños y amor,  
quiero yo, quiero yo..  
quiero yo...

#### **4) *The Harvester***

The old river which  
Criss crosses the dawn,  
Like some giant mass of camalote plants  
Carries (my) raft in its mad fluctuation

Headed to the harvest, a harvester I'll be  
And between white puffs I'll sing of my hope  
With leathery hands I'll leave  
In the cotton my heart  
The wild land of El Chaco  
Will inflame my blood  
With a raucous sapukay  
And in the furrow my hat will be  
Under the sun a street light  
Cotton going on and on and on  
Soft silver moistened with moon and sweat  
A ranchito, intoxicated with dreams and love  
Is what I want

From Corrientes I come

Barranqueras is already in view,  
And on the shore an accordion  
Wails its slow chamamé

Headed to the harvest...

**5) Periquera 4:02**

**Venezuela. Trad. Joropo  
Harp, maracas & bombo.**

**A joyful, upbeat instrumental dance song from the llanos/plains & the llaneros/Cowboys who live there. With lots of poly-rhythm in 6/8 time. Joropo music is a Trad. collection of standards that everyone plays their own way. This music is shared by the plains people of Columbia.**

**6) Ti Feo 3:59**

**Mexico. Son Itsmeño. Demetrio Lopez Mendez  
Guitar, clarinet, small percussion & voices.**

**A love song in waltz time sung in Zapotec (Indian) & Spanish, from Oaxaca, Mexico. Zapotec language and culture go back over 2500 years. This beloved Meztizo Indian song is widely interpreted in many southern/central regions, cultures and dialects and has become a mainstream Mexican favorite.**

Si te hablan de mi mujercita.  
Si te hablan de mi en tu presencia.  
Diles que yo soy tu negro santo.  
Diles que yo soy tu negro santo.

Yo soy un feo, un feo que sabe amar,  
con todo su corazón que te quiere de verdad.

Yo soy un feo, un feo que sabe amar.

Con todo su corazón, y te llevara al altar.

Paguinica bena espadaguini

paguinica bena nesalulu

bushilaca benanga espirolo

bushilaca benanga espirolo

Nanga ti feo, ti feo granachi

Negidubi lachi do

Nesachaga nalelli

Nanga ti feo,ti feo granachi

Neguidubi lachido

Nesachaga nalelli

Si te hablan de mi mujercita.

Si te hablan de mi en tu presencia.

Diles que yo soy tu negro santo.

Diles que yo soy tu negro santo.

Yo soy un feo, un feo que sabe amar,  
con todo su corazón que te quiere de verdad.

Yo soy un feo, un feo que sabe amar.

Con todo su corazón, y te llevara al altar.

## **6) *The Ugly One***

If they speak to you of me, my life

If they speak to you of me in your presence,  
tell them that I'm your black saint.  
Tell them that I'm your black saint.

I'm an ugly one.  
An ugly one that knows how to love  
with all of his heart,  
and he truly wants you.

I'm an ugly one  
An ugly one that knows how to love  
With all of his heart  
And will take you all the way to the altar

## **7) Playa Grande**

**3:46**

**Venezuela. Trad. song**

**Venezuelan cuatro, violin, accordion & voice.**

**A song from the early 1900's by an unknown composer. The song describes a whole day into night & alternates between two parts; one describes slow things, like an early morning's calm breeze, the sound of sea you wake with, the moonrise. The other part soars in double time describing quick things like a flock of birds hunting fish, or the tingle of a fast song.**

Sopla la brisa  
en la alborada.  
Y trae la marejada  
dulce musicación.  
Brilla la arena, saltan los peces



teniendo muchas veces  
la playa por prisión

Los pájaros marinos  
forman tropas voladoras  
sobre la mar.

Huyen los peces,  
en su aletear.

En cambio una barquilla que muy suave  
sobre el agua trae la red,  
recoge sus peroles  
y al fin,  
termina de pescar

En lontananza  
el sol declina.

Y límpido fulmina  
un tierno resplandor.

Detrás del cerro,  
surge la luna, brindándole fortuna  
a un pobre trovador.

El suave tintineo de una lira  
es la delicia de aquel lugar.

Se oyen sus cuerdas  
himno triunfal.

Y aspirando el aroma de la reina  
de las flores de allí.

Cantando sus amores al son

de las olas del mar.

### **7) Long Beach**

The breeze blows  
in the early morning  
and the small waves bring  
sweet music

The sand sparkles  
The fish jump  
having many times  
the beach as prison

The sea birds  
form hunting flying troupes  
over the sea  
The fish try to escape  
flying through the water  
Instead a little boat  
goes calmly over the water  
throws the net, picks up its baskets full  
and finishes the day fishing

Far away the sun declines  
and fulminates with a clean  
tender shining  
From behind the hill  
the moon surges  
giving fortune  
to a poor wandering musician

The soft high clinging  
of a lyre  
is the enchantment of that place  
Its strings sound like  
a triumphal anthem  
And breathing in the aroma  
of the queen of the flowers there  
Singing love songs to the rhythm  
of the ocean waves

**8) Los Hermanos** **5:25**  
**Argentina. Milonga. Atahualpa Yupanqui**  
**Guitar, clarinet & voice.**

**A lush milonga with interludes of conversation between clarinet & guitar. The song sings of our profound, intrinsic human connections to each other - in, through & beyond life. The title of the CD comes from this song; “...And these songs that we eat: Seeds of immensity”. Atajulpa Yupanqui bio: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Atahualpa\\_Yupanqui](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Atahualpa_Yupanqui)**

Yo tengo tantos hermanos,  
que no los puedo contar.  
En el valle la montaña,  
en la pampa y en el mar.  
Cada cual con sus trabajos,  
con sus sueños, cada cual.  
Con la esperanza adelante  
con los recuerdos detrás.  
Yo tengo tantos hermanos,

que no los puedo contar

Gente de mano caliente  
por eso de la amistad.  
Con un lloro pá llorarlo,  
con un rezo pá rezar.

Con un horizonte abierto  
que siempre esta mas allá,  
y esa fuerza pá buscarlo  
con tezón y voluntad.  
Cuando parece mas cerca  
es cuando se aleja mas':  
Yo tengo tantos hermanos  
que no los puedo contar.

Y asi seguimos andando  
curtidos de soledad.  
Nos perdemos por el mundo  
nos volvemos a encontrar.  
Y asi nos reconocemos  
por el lejano mirar.  
Por las coplas que mordemos,  
semillas de inmensidad.  
Y asi seguimos andando,  
curtidos de soledad.  
Y en nosotros nuestros muertos,  
pá que nadie quede atrás

Yo tengo tantos hermanos  
que no los puedo contar.  
Y una hermana muy Hermosa  
que se llama libertad.

### **8) *The Brothers* Atahualpa Yupanqui**

I have so many brothers  
More than I can count  
From the valleys, the mountains  
the plains and the seas  
People connected by work, by dream,  
with hope ahead, and memory behind.  
I have so many brothers  
More than I can count

People whose hands are hot  
from extending them in friendship.  
With a cry for a cry, a prayer for a prayer.  
With an open horizon that is always far beyond  
And the strength & will to keep going towards it  
Because the closer it looks, the further away it actually is.  
I have so many brothers  
More than I can count

That's how we go on  
tanned like leather by loneliness  
It's how we lose each other in the world  
It's how we find each other again  
It's how we recognize each other from a great distance

And these songs that we eat: Seeds of immensity.  
That's how we go on  
tanned like leather by loneliness  
And our beloved dead  
Well, we take them with us, in us  
so no one gets left behind  
I have so many brothers  
more than I can count  
And a sister, very beautiful  
whose name is freedom.

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**Credits: Abel Rocha: Harp, cuatro, guitar, vocals. Madeleine Sosin: Violin, maracas, small percussion, vocals. With Amy Denio: Accordion, clarinet, bombo, vocals. ASCAP**

**Recorded & mixed by Scott Colburn/Gravel Voice Studios.**

**Mastered by Mell Dettmer.**

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**CD design: Karina Kamali'i Bingham. CD art: Patricia Fatta**

*For my dad Henry, who found in his family, his treasure, and for all those everywhere participating in creating, in their own unique ways, a caring, just, healthy, peaceful, and unabashedly creative, curious, celebratory, beautiful & humorous world for all, in harmony with our wondrous earth which sustains all life.*

*Love & gratitude to our parents, Abel & Aurora Rocha & Georgette & Dr. Henry Sosin. And to Amy Denio, Karina Bingham, Mick Heltsley @ Agua Verde, Josh Dunson @ RealPeoplesMusic.com, & our dear families & friends.*