

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 naru, 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

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.

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

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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.

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