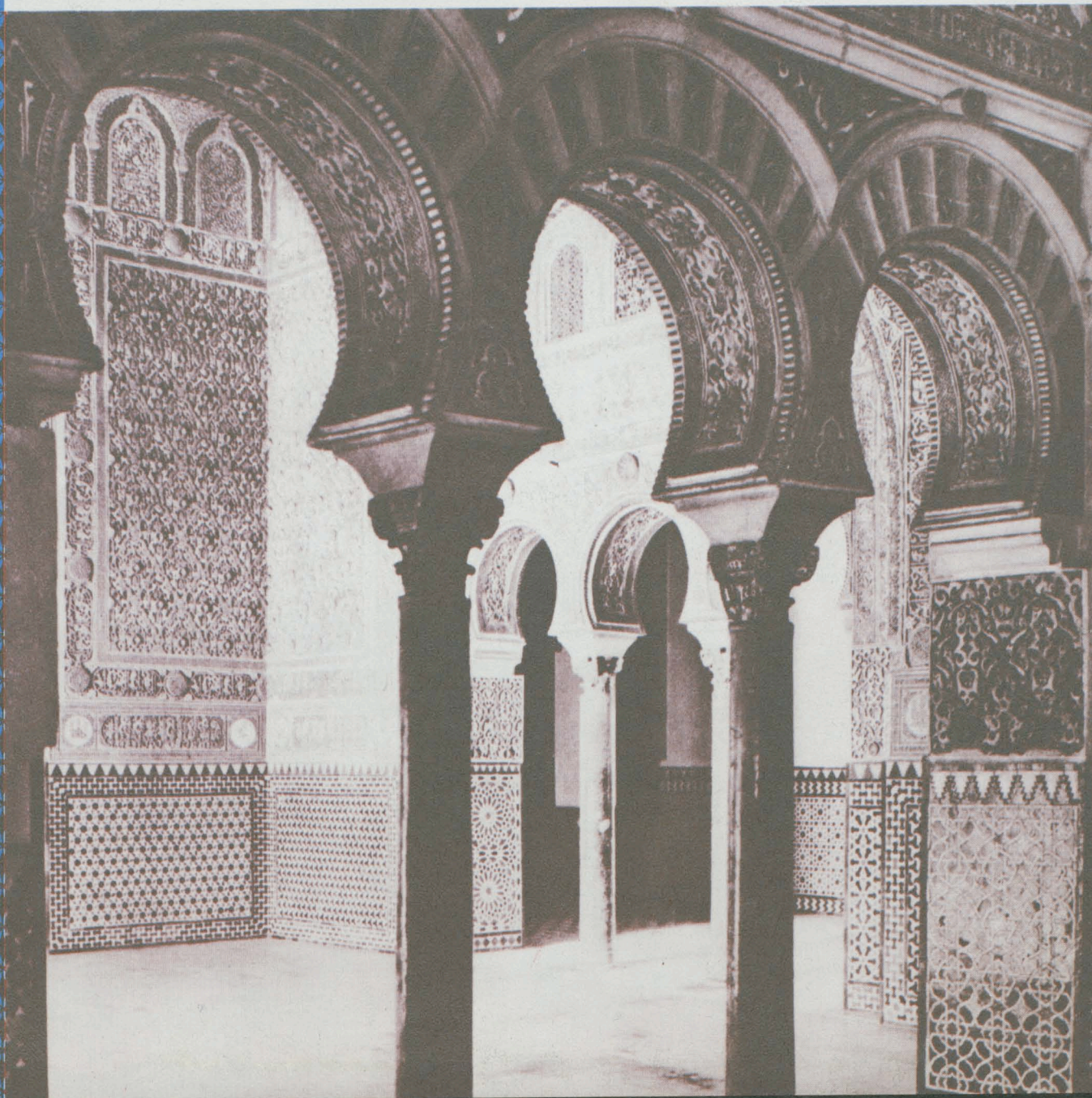


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8737

SEPHARDIC
FOLK SONGS
SUNG BY GLORIA LEVY
NOTES BY PROFESSOR M. J. BENARDETE



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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

SEPHARDIC
FOLK SONGS

A la Una
 Tres de la noche
 Quando veyo hija hermosa
 Dame la mano
 Arvolicos d'almendra
 Fel sharah canet betet masha
 Morenica
 Barmeenan
 Arvoles yoran por luvias
 Durme hermosa donzeya
 Galanica
 En este mundo
 La vida do por el raki
 Diz y ocho anos tengo
 Ven hermosa
 Minush
 Yo se un mansevo del dor
 Fidanico de yasimin
 Pastora
 Esta montana
 A tan alta

SEPHARDIC FOLK SONGS

SUNG BY GLORIA LEVY
NOTES BY PROFESSOR M. J. BENARDETE

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GLORIA LEVY

Gloria Levy grew up in New York City in a trilingual household -- Ladino, French and English were spoken simultaneously and interchangeably. In time-honored tradition, she learned these songs from her mother who was born in Alexandria, Egypt. Her father comes from Izmir (Smyrna), Turkey, where the family lived for many generations after being expelled from Spain during the Spanish Inquisition.

"In spite of the revival of interest in Jewish studies, Sephardic culture remains almost unknown. Ladino is no longer being spoken except by elderly Sephardim. I like to think that this record will help preserve some of the beauties of the language and the music."

Under the name Gloria Kirchheimer, she writes fiction which has appeared in various literary magazines. She is married to Manny Kirchheimer, the filmmaker. They have two sons.

This record being a family affair, her mother plays the mandolin and tambourine accompaniment and her husband -- although an Ashkenazi -- plays the drum.

Professor H. J. BENARDETE

Born in the town of Dardanelles in Asia Minor; came to the United States in 1910; studied in the schools of Cincinnati, Ohio; graduated from the University of Cincinnati in 1922. Received his M. A. and Ph.D. degrees from Columbia University. Did graduate work in Madrid. Has been a college teacher in the Colleges of the City of New York for the past thirty-five years. * Today considered the "Dean of Spanish Teachers" in this country. His specialty in scholarly work is in the field of Sephardic Studies. His book "Hispanic Culture and Character of the Sephardic Jews (Hispanic Institute, Columbia University) is the standard work in this field. Everywhere he is ranked as the foremost authority in Sephardic scholarship. He has lectured on all the phases of the Iberic Jews, their history, their culture, their literature, their mysticism, etc.

* Now a professor of the Spanish Language and its Culture.

THE SEPHARDIC SONG

by

Professor H. J. Benardete

1492 is the key-year to Spanish and Latin American history. Needless to say, it is also the focal point in time for the United States and seen from our own times it is the date that has changed World History. A date that has so many implications could not help being also important in the little-known by-paths of culture. Spain is the mother of the folkways of the Spanish-speaking people. From immemorial epochs the Iberic Peninsula has been the cradle of fascinating peoples and cultures. It is the land

where the folk in all its significance has created for itself the constituent elements that are associated always with the folk: music, songs, dances, the popular crafts, ceremonies both secular and religious. Perhaps Spain is the only European country that has had always a folk though the words folk, folkways, folklore, are difficult to define with precision. Yet we can say a few things about these words that would be approximately meaningful. Jose Ortega of Gasset, the brilliant Spanish philosopher and essayist, has stated somewhere that the folk does only preserve but does not create. On the other hand, Don Ranion Hernandez Pidal, the indisputable great Spanish scholar, who knows more than anyone else about the folk literature of his country, has corrected Ortega's cavalierly-facile definition by pointing out that the folk through its selectivity, taste and its innate tendency to suppress the superfluous, contributes enormously in the process of time, to shape the folkways to meet aesthetic standards that instinctively are felt to satisfy the demands of passionate temper rhythm and eternal human values. A folksong and a folk dance might have arisen in cultivated circles, but in their transmissions they suffer transmutations that make of the song and the dance new products. Culture and instinct, learning and rhythm, elaboration and simplicity - these are traits of all art, nonetheless in the surviving and always satisfying folk products, the anonymous collaborations do follow patterns of excellence. It is no wonder then that when we enter historical periods of sophisticated art, composers, poets, seers, from all over the west go to Spain for inspiration and rejuvenations.

The above general remarks are equally applicable to the folkways of the Spanish-speaking Jews. The first phonograph record of the traditional songs of the Sephardic Jews, now in the repertoire of the Folkways Records is another contribution that enriches our knowledge and enjoyment of the Spanish Song. We must give here a very brief account of the Sephardim or Sefardies as they are known in Spanish. 1492 is again a fatal date: for it was in that miraculous year that Spain became, ideologically speaking, a Totalitarian State. For more than seven centuries (711 - 1492) Spain was the only European country that exercised religious tolerance. Under Islamic and Christian sovereignties, Jews, Moslems, and Catholics lived side by side developing for themselves highly original cultures. The Jews of Spain called the Iberic Peninsula Sepharad, and because they were capable to evolve a culture in Hebrew, Arabic, Latin and in the Romance Languages of their land, so rich and all-embracing, that they have deserved to be considered a people apart. The Spanish Middle Ages gave Europe and the world new ideas and new forms of art.

Early in the ninth century, a blind Moslem poet of Cabra, in Southern Spain, invented a poetical pattern called in Arabic, Mu W Washaha or Girdle Song. The Mu W Washaha begins usually with a rhyming couplet; the rest of the poem is made of quatrains. The first three lines of each stanza have the same rhyme - for example, using English words, we would have man - pan - tan - and the fourth line of each quatrain would have different words that would rhyme with the refrain-couplet. Here is an illustration: if the couplet has pin and sin in rhyme, then the fourth line would naturally demand words ending in "in", such as thin - fin - bin, etc. With a little imagination the reader could project on a piece of paper this song-form and he readily would see how the refrain-rhyme is caught every fourth line. The binding rhyme is then the Girdle Song.

Learned poets wrote in the middle age mu w washaha in Arabic, Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, German, etc. It just happened that the greatest of the Sephardic Hebrew poets, Judah Halevy, Ibn Gabirol, Moses ben Ezra wrote enduring mu w washaha. Unlike the other Peninsular traditions, the Sephardic Jews

have preserved for a thousand years these Girdle Songs for their religious and secular ceremonies. In all the synagogues a haunting mystical song in honor of the Sabbath, the Leha Dodi is sung with ecstasy. Few people suspect that its poetical form is no other than the poem-song form of the Andalusian poet from Cabra in the province of Cordoba. We see then that a poem-song is transmitted into a semi-popular or folksong and is treasured by the folk for centuries on end.

In their exile the Spanish-speaking Jews who established themselves in North Africa and in the countries and lands that were under the rule of the Ottoman Empire stubbornly adhered to their Iberic cultural patrimony. The Sephardim from North Africa because they were not very far from Spain have to this day the richest collection of ballads, dance-songs, death songs, lyrics for all-festival occasions. Melodically this rich repertory has innumerable affinities with the Iberic tradition. But the Spanish-Jews of the Mediterranean basin who still express themselves in Medieval Spanish have been influenced considerably by the Levantine dialects, languages and folkways.

Gloria Levy's repertory comes almost exclusively from the Levantine countries. Philologists use the Greek word Koine for the almost uniform lingua franca that developed in those countries ever since 1492. Among these Iberian Jews, idioms, words, phrases, taken from Turkish, Greek, the Slavonic languages, Hebrew, Italian, French, have entered into the Judeo-Spanish spoken by the Hispanics - Levantines. The lyrics of this record, linguistically speaking have some words that come from the languages mentioned above.

Let us take at random a few versus from these songs:

- A. Yo se un mancebo del dor (#3)
- B. Ven hermoza, Ven conmi (#13)
que mi padre es pasmangi
- C. La vida doy por el raki (#5)
- D. Una hija tengo, Barminam (#11)
Me la llaman tengere,
Cuando sali a la plaza "
Me la hacen Kepaze

Now dor, is Hebrew and it means, generations and here its meaning is up-to-date, fashionable, Basmangi, is Turkish for drygoods-merchant. Raki is Turkish also for the white-coloured brandy known under the Spanish name of anis. The refrain of the fast-moving song, barminam is talmudic Hebrew, meaning a ghost but in the Judeo-Spanish song in question it is equivalent to God forbid!; and finally tengere and Kepaze are Turkish words signifying a cooking-pot and shame.

But what is a most astonishing factor in these songs is the purity of the Spanish remaining in their grammar and vocabulary. Any Spaniard or Latin American would accept as traditional folksongs the following samples:

- A. Duerme, duerme, hermosa doncella, (#1)
Duerme, duerme sin ansia y dolor!
Es tu eschevo que tanto desea.
Ver tu sueño con granite amor.
- B. En la mar hay una torre, (#4)
En la torre hay una ventana
En la ventana hay una paloma
Que a los marineros llama!
- C. I Dios de los cielos, (#5)
Patron del mundo
Y de las alturas!
Hazine Conocer muy presto
La mi ventura.

D. Decidle a la morena (#8)
Si quiere venir
La nave Ya esta en vela
Que Ya va a partir.

E. En abashando (En bajands) (#6)
De la esalera
Vide una sangre corer
Es la sangre de mi morena
Que's mas dulce que la miel.

Take the last three lines of the last song (#6), what more Spanish song could one find anywhere! The flowing of blood, the blood of the dark-haired girl, and the sweet as honey lips of charm-- in these verses we have the Spain of Carmen, of the bull ring and that of Garcia Lorca, the martyred poet's tragedies. . . In all these twenty-four verses there is not a single foreign word! They are part of the basic vocabulary of the Spanish language. Certain gramatical forms are dialectal and medieval in origin. Modern Spanish has lost the sounds, sh as in shoe, the voice s as in zero, the g sound in the word general and the f sound of the French word four or in the English word azure. We find these sounds in Judeo-Spanish: sh in abashar - bajar, to come down; intervocalic s is pronounced as in French and Italian like z, so rosa becomes phonetically roza; gente, people, in modern Spanish has the asperate sound of h for the initial g but in our songs it is djente and finally mujer, woman in Judeo-Spanish is sounded muher.

The songs of our collection in Folkways Records in no way hint at the functional role played by them in the folk traditions of the Sephardic Jews. Folksongs usually enter into the dramatic situations of life: birth, adolescence, manhood and death. Peoples who are truly folk do not incorporate capriciously the new and ephemeral. In the cities the masses have lost the meaning of the fundamental functions of life. The folk, on the other hand, remain faithful to the ways of the race and their forefathers. Among the Sefardies, birth-songs, courtship-songs, wedding-songs, festival songs, and death songs, have always highlighted the basic rhythms of life. When most of them would be sung and preserved in records, they will show all lovers of the folkways what a rich quarry is at hand and for exploitation!

Since there is a linguistic koine, as it was said above, we must also think of a musical koine too. Contrary to expectations the melodies of folksongs are shed off more often than people think. Fashions in melody invade the folksongs and imperceptibly the old tunes disappear. But what is constant is the language patterns. Distance from Spain made the Levantine songs lose contact with the Peninsular music tradition. The Levant became in the XIXth Century exposed to the song fashions of France, Italy, Greece and even England. The student of folksongs will not find it difficult to establish similarities between the European popular song and the Levantine songs. As it could be expected the Turkish melodic line is very pronounced in some of these airy Hispano Levantine folksongs. The Spanish-Jews, musically speaking, are more orientalized than in their language and character. If the Iberic elan has been weakened, yet the variety of song traditions assimilated by these folksongs has added a wonderful new dimension to the Spanish songs of the Sephardic folkways...

QUANDO VEYO HIJA HERMOZA - WHEN I SEE A PRETTY GIRL

Dance

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|
| When I see a pretty girl | Quando veyo hija hermoza |
| I go after her | Ayi me vo yo. |
| With money | Con las paras |
| Without money | Sin las paras |
| If she'll have me, if she won't | Si me dan si no me dan |
| I'll take her anyway. | Yo la va tomar. |

DURME HERMOZA DONZEYA - SLEEP LOVELY MAIDEN

Probably very old.

Sleep my lovely maiden, sleep
Free from worry and grief
Here is your slave who years
To watch over your sleep with great love.

Listen, my joy, to the sound of my guitar
Listen, angel, to my woes pouring out
Deign to look upon my face
If you do not, then you will kill me.

For two years, my soul has been suffering
For you my lovely lady
I do not sleep by night or day;
For those who love, anguish is their lot.

Durme durme hermoza donzeya
Durme durme sin ansia y dolor
Es tu esclave que tante desea
Ver tu sueno con grande amor.

Siente joya el sen de mi guitarra
Siente angel mis males cantar.
Degna un peco mirarme en la cara
Si no me miras me queres matar.

Hay tres anos que suffre mi alma
Por ti joya mi linda dama.
Yo non durme ni noche ni dia
Los que suffren anguissia los guiya.

YO SE UN MANSEVO DEL DOR - I AM A VERY MODERN YOUNG MAN

I am a very modern young man
And I behave honorably
When I see a pretty girl
I tremble with shyness.

CHORUS:
Hurry, quickly, let me win you over.

Sitting at the well
Very restlessly
Waiting for my betrothed
Who is the light of my eyes.

(CHORUS)

You dressed yourself in western style
You look like an executive
Everyone knows
That you're the son of a coal-miner.

Ye se un mansevo del dor
Que camino con honor
Quando veyo hija hermoza
Ya me toma' mi temblor
Ayde presto
Techare al sexto.

Asentada en el poso
Con un grande desreposito
Asperando al mi esposo
Que's la luz de los mis ejos
Ayde ... etc.

A la franca te vistites
Paresses un director
Todo el mundo ya lo save
Que ses hijos d'un carbon.
Ayde ... etc.

DAME LA MANO - GIVE ME YOUR HAND

A sailor's song; probably very old. There are more verses to it.

Give me your hand, my dove
That I may climb up to your nest
It is a pity that you sleep alone
I come to keep you company.

In the sea there is a tower
In the tower there is a window
In the window there is a girl
Who calls to the sailors.

Don't look at the dock
For there is nothing to see
Before, there was a ship
But it hoisted sail and drifted away.

Dame la mano tu paloma
Para suvir al tu nido
Maldicha que duermes sola
Vengo a dermir con tigo.

En la mar hay una torre
En la torre hay una ventana
En la ventana hay una nina
Que a los marineres yama.

No t'apares tu al moye
Que'n el moy no hay que ver
Una barkita'l moy aviya
Travo la vela y se fue.

LA VIDA DO POR EL RAM - I'D GIVE MY LIFE FOR RAKI

Raki is a powerful liquor made in the Near East.

CHORUS:
I'd give my life for raki
I can't leave it alone
I never have enough of it
Because I love it so.

| | |
|---|---|
| When it's in the barrel It doesn't say a word When I get drunk I even roll in the mud. | La vida do por el raki No puetho yo desharle De dever dunca me arti De tanto amarlo. Quando esta en el baril El no havia del todo. Quando me ago yo candil Ago banes de logo |
|---|---|

(CHORUS) La vido do ... etc.

| | |
|---|---|
| It makes you want a divorce From the happiest marriage It helps you pass your life away With laughter and tears. | El ya mos aze diversar Casamientos de ora. La vida mos aze passar Con risas y con yoros. |
|---|---|

(CHORUS) La vida do ... etc.

| | |
|--|---|
| I feel like a nobleman I feel superior to all Without a lira in the drawer I feel like a millionaire. | Me siento yo hijo veron Me siento yo primario Sin tener liras al cashon Me siento millionario. |
|--|---|

(CHORUS) La vida do ... etc.

EN ESTE MUNDO - IN THIS WORLD

In this world
I had one desire
But it was never fulfilled
I have been patient for so long
But now I am weary.

God of the heavens
And of the universe
Reveal to me
What my future will be.

While going down the stairs
I saw some blood flowing
It is the blood of my beloved
Who is sweeter than honey.

En este munde
Tuve un deseo
Ma no le alcansi
De tanto azer la passensia
Yo ya me cansi.

Dio de los cielos
Patron del munde
Y de las alturas
Aseme conoser muy muy presto
La mi ventura.

En abashando
De la 'scalera
Vide una sangre corer
Es la sangre de mi morena
Que's mas dulce que la miel.

FEL SHARAH CANET BETET MASHA - WALKING DOWN THE STREET

To the tune of the Turkish "Uskadara." This version has five languages in it, French, Spanish, Italian, Arabic and English. It was sung only in Egypt. There is another version in Ladino, that was sung in Salonika.

The girl with the beautiful dark eyes
Was walking down the street
As lovely as the moon was her face
which lit up the boulevard.

I wanted to speak to her, but she insulted me
Because her father was nearby, at the station
And she hit me with her umbrella
In answer to my greeting.

Why do you hit me my dear
When I love you so much?
And if you want to show me your love,
We needn't stand on ceremony.

All night I'll wait for you,
Even until the dawn,
And every morning after,
For the sake of our love.

Fel sharah canet betet masha
La signorina aux beaux yeux noirs
Come la luna etait la sua facha
Qui éclairait le boulevard.

Velevo parlar shata metni
Because her father was a la gare
E con su umbrella darabetni
En rosponse a mon bonsoir.

Perque my dear tetrabini
Quando yo to amo'kitir
And if you want tehebini
Il n'y a pas lieu de nous conquerir.

Tout a la notte ahlanbiki
Et meme jusqu'au lever du jour
And every morning astankai
Pour le voeu de notre amour.

A TAN ALTA VA LA LUNA - THE MOON CLIMBS HIGH

The moon climbs high
Just before the dawn
A beautiful girl with bad luck
Deserves never to be born.

A tan alta va la luna
La ora de amanecer.
Hija hermoza sin ventura
Nunca ayegue a nascer.

My eyes are dizzy
From staring at the sea
Ships come and go
But there are no letters for me.

Los ojos me se shashayan
De tanto mirar la mar.
Vaperes ya van y vienen
Letras para mi no hay.

MORENICA - DARK BEAUTY

To be "Morenica" - dark eyes, dark hair was the ideal of beauty. Sung at weddings - guests sang it dancing around the bride. (these weddings lasted a week). There are more verses.

They call me dark beauty
I was born fair
The summer sun
Made me this way.

Morenica a mi me yaman
Yo blanca nassi
El sol del enyerano
Me iso a mi ansi

CHORUS:
You are a dark-haired and graceful beauty.

Morenica y graciesica so
y mavramatiamu.

Ask the dark-eyed beauty
If she wants to come
The ship has hoisted sail
And is ready to embark

Disilde a la morena
Si quere venir
La nave ya esta en vela
Y va partir

(CHORUS)

Morenica ... etc.

The sailors
Call me dark-eyes beauty
If they call me again
I will go away with them.

Morenica a mi me yaman
Los marineros
Si otra ves me yaman
Yo me vo con eyos.

(CHORUS)

Morenica ... etc.

The dark-haired beauty
Is dressed in yellow
Just like the pear
And the quince.

Ya se viste la morena
Y d'amarillo
Ansina es la pera
Con el bimbrillo.

(CHORUS)

Morenica ... etc.

A LA UNA - AT ONE O'CLOCK

Probably one of the oldest songs

At one o'clock I was born
At two I grew up
At three I was betrothed
At four I was married.

Tell me where you come from, young girl
For I would like to know you
Tell me if you have a lover
If so, I will keep him from you.

A la una yo nassi
A las dos m'engrandessi
A las tres tomi amante
A las quatro me casi.

Di me nina donde vienes
Que te quere conosser
Di me si tienes amante
Te Lo are defender.

BARMEENAN! - HEAVEN FORBID

Sung only in Salonika
Full of Greek & Turkish words.

I have a foolish daughter. HEAVEN FORBID!
They call her dum-bell. HEAVEN FORBID!
When she walks down the street HEAVEN FORBID!
They make fun of her.

For your sake, Mr. Leeachi HEAVEN FORBID!
As well as for mine, HEAVEN FORBID!
Find me a wife HEAVEN FORBID!
Who will please me.

The girls from Rivington Street HEAVEN FORBID!
Have brought us a new style HEAVEN FORBID!
When they walk down the street HEAVEN FORBID!
They wiggle and shake their hips.

(This verse evidently added on when the people came here to New York)

Don't think I'm so young HEAVEN FORBID!
My years are well hidden HEAVEN FORBID!
At my age, men are married HEAVEN FORBID!
And have sons in business.

Una huja bova tengo
Me la yaman genjere
Quande sali a la plassa
Me la azen kelpaze

BARMEENAN!

"

Asibiva Hamleeachi
Asibiva yo con el.
Que me topes una novia
Que me sea mi plazer.

BARMEENAN!

"

Moda Mueva mos quitaron
Las hijas de Rivington
Quando salin a la plassa
Se les menea el digidon.

BARMEENAN

"

No me veyas chikitiko
Tengo anos en kuti
Boy de mi ya stan casathes
Tienen hijes en charshi.

BARMEENAN

"

MINUSH - MINUSH (A Girl's Name in Turkish)

Probably very old.
Note the use of 7 & 3, mystical numbers

Three carnations in a basket
One is white and one is pink
The middle one is red -
The beginning of my love.

Tres clavinas en un tiesto
Una blanca y una rose
La d'en medio's colorada
Empesijo del amor

CHORUS:
Please Minush, please Minush

Aman Minush, Minush
Kusum Minush, Minush.

I will throw myself into the sea
And catch a fish
From it, I'll take seven maidens
But I'll choose only you.

A la mar yo me va echar
Un pishcado ve'aferar
Siete novias vo quitar
Yo a ti te va tomar.

(CHORUS)

Aman Minush, Minush
Yavrum Minush, Minush.

I will climb up to the heavens
To the seventh level
A golden arrow I will shoot
Wherever it lands will be my destiny.

A los cielos va souvenir
A la siete tabaka
Flecha d'oro vo'a echar
Ande caye'l mi masal.

(CHORUS)

Aman Minush, Minush
Kusum Minush, Minush.

VEN HERMOZA - COME, PRETTY GIRL

Also sung to another tune

Pretty girl come with me
For my father's a textile merchant
I will make you a dress of silk.

Pretty girl come with me
For my father's a jeweler
I will give you a wedding ring.

Ven hermoza ven con mi
Que mi padre's basmaji
Te v'azerte, te v'azerte
Un fostan de crepe de chine.
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la

Ven hermoza ven con mi
Que mi padre's cuyumji
Te va darte, te va darte
Un anillo de kedushim.
Tra la la etc.

DIZ Y OCHO ANOS TENGO - I AM 18 YEARS OLD

Probably very old.

While taking a walk
I met a woman
Her red hair
And her gracefulness were something to behold.

CHORUS:
For you my lovely lady I would give my life
For you my heart is in despair
I know not what to do
I know not what to say
I know not what to do nor what to say.

I am 18 years old
In the flower of my youth
You burned me like a fire
For the first time.

Caminando pop la plassa
Encontri una mujer
Sus caveyos ruvios
Su gracia era de ver.

Per ti mi linda dama dare mi vida entera
Per ti mi coreson me se desespera
No se lo que are
No se lo que dire
No se lo que are no se lo que dire.

Diz y echo anos tengo
En la flor de mi manseves
Me quemates en un fuego
Por la primera ves

TRES DE LA NOCHE - THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Also sung to another tune

At three in the morning I will pass by
With all of my friends
I will stand under your window
And play my mandolin.

Come to the door and let me see you
Come to the window
Speak to me and reveal
The secrets of your heart.

I passed by your door
And found it closed
I kissed the lock
As I would kiss your face.

I don't want you to speak to me
Or pass my door any more
You used to love me
But now you've grown cold.

Believe me, I love you
I swear I have won you
Let us go into the garden
I have loved you for years.

Tres de la noche vo passar
Con todos mis amigos
En tu ventana vo posar
Sonando mandolino.

Sali a la puerta te vere
Sali a la ventana
Avlame y descubreme
Secretos de tu alma.

Por la tu puerta yo passi
Y la topi serrada
La yavedura yo besi
Come besar tu cara.

No quere mas que me avles
Ni por mi puerta passes
Mas antes me queriyas bien
Agora te yelates.

Je vous assure, sagapissa
parole d'honneur sepira
Apaos te jardin de fleurs
Agapissa mia hira.

LA PASTORA - THE SHEPHERDESS

Probably very old.

I loved a shepherdess
A beautiful girl
From my childhood I adored her
And no one else did I love.

Una pastora yo ami
Una hija hermoza
De mi chikes yo l'adori
Mas qu'eya no ami.

One day while we were sitting
By the doorway
I said to her, "My flower,
I am dying of love for you,"

Un dia que estavames
En la puerta asentathos
Le dishe yo "por ti mi flor
Me muere de amor."

She embraced me
And kissed me tenderly
Sadly she answered me,
"You are too young for love."

Con sus brazos me estracho
Y con amor ya me beso
Me respondio y con dolor
Sos chiko para amor.

I grew up and searched for her
She found another and I lost her
She forgot and abandoned me
But I still love her.

M'engrandesci y la bushki
Otro tomo y la pedri
Se ulvido y me desho
Ma yo siempre la quere.

ARVOLICOS D'ALMENDRA - ALMOND TREES

The greatest compliment on a woman's eyes - like almonds

Your green eyes are like the almonds
Of the tree that I planted
Give me your hand
For I am dying of love for you.

The doorway of my darling's house is open
It is filled with tears
The beautiful girl I love
Has stepped out, looking like the springtime.

You are very beautiful, my dear
I yearn to reach out to you
If I don't succeed
I will renounce living.

Arvolicos d'almendra que yo planti
Por los tus ojos vedrulis
Dame la mano nina
Que yo por ti
Que yo por ti me va mourir.

La puerta de mi querida ya se avio
De lagrimas ya se incho
Como la primavera
Qu'ansi salio
La Belia nina que amo yo.

Hermoza sos querida en quantida
A ti deseo alcansar
Se yo no te alcansi
Mi querida
La vida vo a' empresentar.

ESTA MONTANA - THIS MOUNTAIN

Also sung to two other tunes - Tres de la noche and Fidanico

The mountain I see before me
Flames and smolders
There I lost my love
And I sit here and weep.

I need the sky for paper
The sea for ink
And the trees for pens
To write down my tears.

Esta Montana
D'en frente
S'ensiende y va quemando
Ayi pedri al mi amor
M'asento y vo yorande.

El cielo quero por papel
La mar quero por tinta
Los arvoles per pendola
Para scrivir mis lagrimas.

FIDANICO DE YASIMIN - LITTLE JASMINE BLOSSOM

Also sung to tune of Tres de la noche

Little jasmine blossom
I brought you up in my arms
I brought you up, I made you bloom
And others are delighting in you.

Come to the door and let me see you
Come to the window
Speak to me and reveal
The secrets of your heart.

(Above verse in Tres de la noche)

If I begin to reveal
The secrets of my life
I will need the sky for paper
And the sea for ink.

(These last two lines and the next verse with the exception of the last word are also part of another song, Esta montana.)

I need the sky for paper
The sea for ink
And the trees for pens
To write down my cares.

I don't want you to speak to me
Or pass my door any more
You used to love me
But now you've grown cold.

(Above verse also in Tres de la noche)

Fidanico de yasimin
T'engrandesi en mis brazos
T'engrandesi, t'enfloresi
Otros te stan gosande.

Sali a la puerta te vere
Sali a la ventana
Avlame y descuvreme
Secretos de tu alma.

Si yo m'empeso a descuvrir
Secretos de mi vida
El cielo quero por papel
La mar quero por tinta

El cielo quero por papel
La mar quero por tinta
Los arvoles por pendola
Para scrivir mis dertes.

No quero mas que me avles
Ni por mi puerta passes
Mas antes me querias bien
Angora te yelates.

ARVOLES YORAN POR LUVIAS - TREES CRY FOR RAIN

Sung by some people without the chorus.
Probably very old.

Trees cry for rain
And mountains for the wind
So my eyes cry
For you my love.

CHORUS:
I ask myself
What will become of me
I cannot live
In foreign lands.

I see before me an angel
Looking at me with your eyes
I want to cry but I cannot
My heart is too heavy.

(CHORUS)

Arvelos yoran por luvias
Y montanas por aires
Ansi yoran los mis ojos
Por ti querid'amante.

Penso y digo
Que va ser de mi
En tieras ajenas
No puetho bivar.

En frente de mi hay un angelo
Con tus ejos me mira
Yerar quere Y no puetho
Mi corason suspira.

Pense ... etc.

GALANICA - PRETTY ONE

Probably very old

Open the door my pretty one
For soon the dawn will break.
I will open the door for you
My handsome love.
I do not sleep at night
Thinking of you.

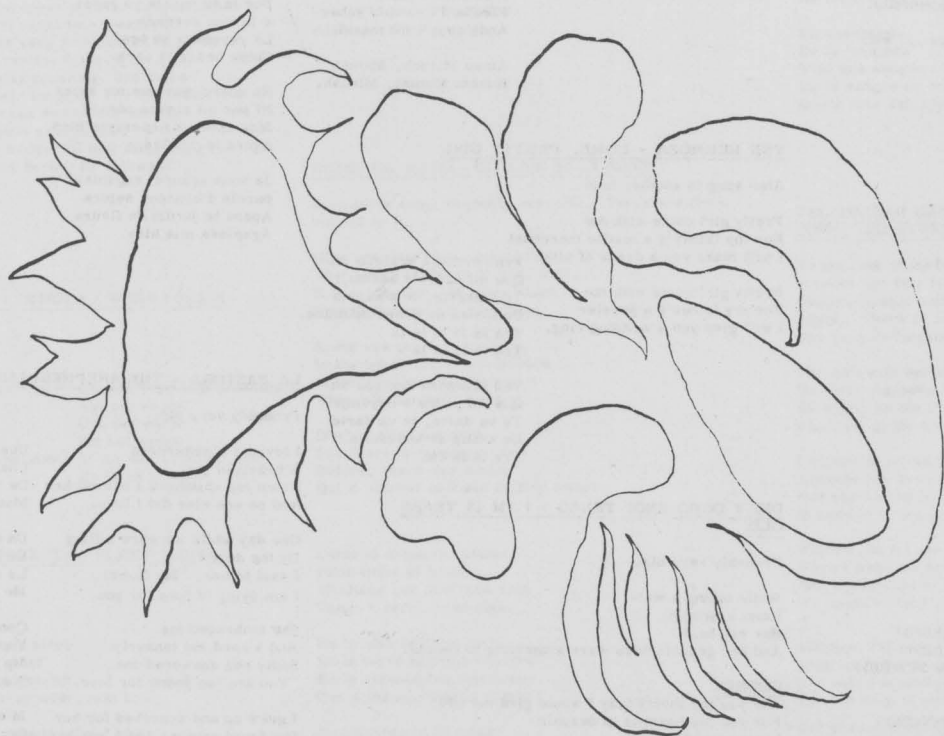
My father is inside, writing,
He will hear us.
Tip his inkwell over
And he'll go to bed;
Blow out his candle
And he'll fall asleep.

Avrimesh galanica
Que ya va'manescer
Avrir ya vos avro
Mi lindo amor
La noche non duermo
Pensando en vos.

Mi padre'sta scriviendo
Mos scientera
Vasyalde'l tinterico
Si sechara
Amatalde la candelica
Si se durmira.

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MASTERED BY DAVID HANCOCK
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR - MOSES ASCH

LITHO IN U.S.A.



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