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EN VIVO

Choral Music of Spain and the Americas

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arr. Steve Barnett
Brian Parker, Peter Bloser, True Dow
and Jessica Squier, soloists

LYRICS

1. Muié Rendêra (Brazil)

*Folk song arranged by Carlos Alberto Pinto
Fonseca; earthsongs, Corvallis, Oregon*
*

Olê, muié rendêra,
Olê, muié renda,
Tu me ensina a fazê rendá,
Que eu te ensino a namorá.

Virgulino é Lampeão.
Ê Lampa, é Lampa, é Lampa
é Lampeão.
O seu nome é Virgulino,
O apelido é Lampeão.

TRANSLATION:

Lacemaker Woman
Hey, lacemaker woman,
hey, lacemaker woman,
if you teach me how to weave,
I'll teach you how to court.

Virgulino is Lampeão.
He is Lampa, Lampa, Lampa
He is Lampeão.
His name is Virgulino,
his nickname is Lampeão.

2. Milonga Triste (Argentina)

*Sebastián Piana, arranged by Mario Allende;
Christopher Kane, guitar; Twin Elm
Publishing, a division of Emerson
Music, Montclair, CA **

Llegabas por el sendero
delantal y trenzas sueltas.
Brillaban tu ojos negros

claridad de luna llena.
Mis labios te hicieron daño
al besar tu boca fresca,
castigo me dió tu mano
pero más golpeó tu ausencia. ¡Ay!...

Volví por caminos blancos
volví sin poder llegar.
Grité con mi grito largo
canté sin saber cantar.

Cerraste los ojos negros
se volvió tu cara blanca
y llevamos tu silencio
al sonar de las campanas.
La luna cayó en el agua.
El dolor golpeó mi pecho
con cuerdas de cien guitarras
me trencé remordimientos. ¡Ay!...
Volví por caminos viejos
volví sin poder llegar.
Grité con tu nombre muerto
recé sin saber rezar.

Tristeza de haber querido
tu rubor en un sendero.
Tristeza de los caminos
que después ya no te vieron.
Silencio del campo santo,
soledad de las estrellas.
Recuerdos que duelen tanto
delantal y trenzas sueltas.

Volví por caminos muertos
volví sin poder llegar.
Grité con tu nombre bueno
lloré sin saber llorar.

TRANSLATION:

Sad Milonga
You were walking on the path,
Flowing apron, flowing hair.
Your black eyes shone,
Bathed by the moonlight.
My lips hurt you
When I kissed your sweet mouth,
Your hand punished me,
But your absence punished me more.

I turned back onto white paths,
I turned back never arriving anywhere,
I let out a long scream,
I sang an unsung song.

Your eyes closed,
Your face became pale,
And we carried your silence
While the bells rang.
The moon fell in the water.
Grief invaded my heart,
And with the strings of a hundred
guitars
I braided my remorse.

I turned back onto old roads.
I turned back never arriving anywhere.
I shouted your dead name.
I prayed an unprayed prayer.

The sadness of having loved
Your innocence in a trail,
The sadness of the roads
That never saw you again.
The silence of a cemetery,
The solitude of the stars,
The memories that hurt so much,
Flowing apron, flowing hair.

I turned back onto dead roads,
I turned back never arriving anywhere.
I shouted your lovely name,
I cried with unshed tears.

3. Cuando tú no estás (Argentina)

*Carlos Gardel, arranged by Liliana Cangiano
earthsongs, Corvallis Oregon **

Solo en la ruta de mi destino
sin el amparo de tu mirar
soy como el ave que en el camino
rompió las cuerdas de su cantar.

Cuando no estás la flor no perfuma.
si tú te vas me envuelve la bruma.
El zorzal, la fuente y las estrellas
pierden para mí su seducción.
Cuando no estás muere mi esperanza
si tú te vas se va mi ilusión...
Oye mi lamento, que confío al viento,
Todo es dolor cuando tú no estás.

TRANSLATION:

When You're Not There
Alone on my destined path
without the protection of your care,
I am like the traveling bird
that breaks the strings of its song.

When you're not there the flower has
no perfume;
if you go away, haze envelops me;
the thrush, the fountain and the stars
lose their allure.

When you're not there my hope dies;
if you depart, my dream vanishes.
Listen to my lament that I confide to
the wind:
All is grief when you're not there.

4. Duerme Negrito (Venezuela)

*Atahualpa Yupanqui; Arranged by Emile
Solé; Ruth George, soloist; earthsongs,
Corvallis Oregon **

Duerme, duerme negrito
Que tu mamá e' tá en el campo negrito.
Drume, drume mobila
Te va a traér codonise para ti,
Te va a traér fruta fre ca para tí,
Te va a traér carne de cerdo para tí.
Te va a traér muchas cosa para tí.
Y si negro no se duerme
Viene e diablo blanco y zas
Le come la patica chica bu.
Apura chica bu!

TRANSLATION:

Sleep, Little Black One
Sleep, sleep little black one,
Your mama's in the fields, little one.
Sleep, sleep little one.
She's going to bring quail for you,
She's going to bring fresh fruit for you.
She's going to bring pork for you.

She's going to bring many things for
you.
And if the black one doesn't go to sleep,
the white devil will come and zap!
He'll eat your little foot, chica bu;
Hurry, chica bu!

5. Chiquilín de Bachín (Venezuela)

Astor Piazzolla, arranged by Liliana
Cangiano *

Por las noches cara sucia
de angelito con bluyín,
Vende rosas en las mesas
del boliche de Bachín:
si la luna brilla
sobre la parrilla,
come luna y pan de hollín...

Cada día en su tristeza
que no quiere amanecer,
lo madruga un seis de enero
con la estrella del revés;
y tres reyes gatos
roban sus zapatos,
Uno izquierdo y el otro...¡también!

Chiquilín
dame un ramo de voz
¡así salgo a vender
mis vergüenzas en flor...!
Beleame con tres rosas
que duelan a cuenta
del hambre que no te entendí,
Chiquilín...

Cuando el sol pone a los pibes
delantales de aprender,
él aprende cuanto cero
le quedaba por saber;
su madre mira,
yira que te yira,
pero no la quiere ver...

Cada aurora, en la basura
con un pan y un tallarán,
se fabrica un barrilete
para irse... ¡y sigue aquí!
Es un hombre extraño
- niño de mil años -
que por dentro le enreda el piolín...

TRANSLATION:

Little Guy at Bachin's

Evenings with his face all dirty,
Like an angel in blue jeans,
He sells roses at the tables
In the diner of Bachin's:
If the moon is shining
On the oven lining,
He eats moonlight and baked beans...

Every day that he doesn't want to
Wake up 'cause he's feeling blue,
On Epiphany at sunrise
With the star not shining through;
Three wise cats come rollin'
And his shoes get stolen,
One's the left one and the other too!

Little guy,
Give me bouquets of voice
So I'll go out to sell
All my blooming remorse...!
Then shoot me with three roses
That hurt on account of
The hunger I tried to deny,
Little guy...

When the sun makes the school kids
Wear their aprons in a row,
Then he learns how many zeroes
There are that he doesn't know;
At his mother gawking,
Seeing her streetwalking,
But he doesn't like the show...

Every morning, from the garbage,
With a noodle and some bread,
He will make himself a kite so
He can leave... but then stops dead!
He's a strange and wild man,
- Thousand-year-old child man -
Whose inside is tangled like a thread...

6-11. Romancero Gitano (Gypsy Ballads, Spain)

*Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, two-guitar
arrangement by Gregg Nestor;
Elizabeth Smardz, Susan Williams, Scott
Joy, Aaron Sandford, soloists; David
Newsam and Christopher Kane, guitar;
Boosey & Hawkes (one-guitar version) **

TRACK 6

I. Baladilla de los tres ríos

El río Guadalquivir
va entre naranjos y olivos.
Los dos ríos de Granada
bajan de la nieve al trigo.
¡Ay, amor
que se fue y no vino!

El río Guadalquivir
tiene las barbas granates.
Los dos ríos de Granada
uno llanto y otro sangre.
¡Ay, amor
que se fue y no vino!

Para los barcos de vela,
Sevilla tiene un camino;
por el agua de Granada
sólo reman los suspiros.
¡Ay, amor
que se fue y no vino!

Guadalquivir, alta torre
y viento en los naranjales.
Dauro y Genil, torrecillas
muertas sobre los estanques.
¡Ay, amor
que se fue por el aire!

¡Quién dirá que el agua lleva
un fuego fatuo de gritos!
¡Ay, amor
que se fue y no vino!
Lleva azahar, lleva olivas,
Andalucía, a tus mares.
¡Ay, amor
que se fue por el aire!

TRANSLATION:

I. Song of the Three Rivers

The river Guadalquivir
Flows between oranges and olives.
The two rivers of Granada
Descend from the snow to the wheat.
Oh my love!
Who went and never returned.

The river Guadalquivir
Has beards of maroon.
The two rivers of Granada,
One a cry, the other blood.
Oh my love!

Who vanished into thin air.

For the sailboats
Sevilla has a course;
Through the water of Granada
Only sighs are rowing
Oh my love!
Who went and never returned.

Guadalquivir, high tower
And the wind in the orange groves
Dauro and Genil, little towers
Dead on the ponds
Oh my love!
Who vanished into thin air.

Who will say that the water bears
A vain fire of screams.
Oh my love!
Who went and never returned.

Carry orange blossom, carry olives,
Andalusia, to your seas
Oh my love!
Who vanished into thin air.

TRACK 7

II. La Guitarra

Empieza el llanto de la guitarra.
Se rompen las copas de la madrugada.
Es inútil callarla.
Es imposible callarla.

Llora monótona
como llora el agua,
como llora el viento
sobre la nevada.
Es imposible callarla.
Llora por cosas lejanas.

Arena del Sur caliente
que pide camelias blancas.
Llora flecha sin blanco,
la tarde sin mañana,
y el primer pájaro muerto
sobre la rama.
¡Oh, guitarra!
Corazón malherido
por cinco espadas.

TRANSLATION:

II. The Guitar

The weeping of the guitar begins.
The cups of dawn are broken.
It's useless to silence it.
It's impossible to silence it.

It cries, monotonously,
As the waters cry,
As the wind cries
Over the snowfall.
It's impossible to silence it.
It weeps for things far away.

The hot southern sand
Asking for white camellias.
It cries for the arrow with no target,
For the afternoon with no morning,
And for the first bird who dies
On the branch.
Oh, guitar!
Heart wounded
By five swords.

TRACK 8

III. Puñal

El puñal entra en el corazón,
como la reja del arado
en el yermo.

No. No me lo claves. No.

El puñal, como un rayo de sol,
incendia las terribles hondonadas.

No. No me lo claves. No.

TRANSLATION:

III. Dagger

The dagger pierces the heart
Like the tilling of the plow
In the dry mud.

No, do not stab me, no, no.

The dagger, like a ray of sun,
Burns the terrible ravines.

No, do not stab me, no, no.

TRACK 9

IV. Procesion, Paso, Saeta

1. PROCESIÓN
Por la calle vienen
extraños unicornios.
¿De qué campo,
de qué bosque mitológico?
Más cerca,
ya parecen astrónomos.
Fantásticos Merlines
y el Ecce Homo,
Durandarte encantado.
Orlando furioso.

2. PASO
Virgen con miriñaque,
virgen de Soledad,
abierta como un inmenso tulipán.
En tu barco de luces vas
por la alta marea de la ciudad,
entre saetas turbias
y estrellas de cristal.
Virgen con miriñaque
tú vas por el río de la calle,
!hasta el mar!

3. SAETA
Cristo moreno
Pasa de lirio de Judea
a clavel de España.
¡Míralo, por dónde viene!

De España.
Cielo limpio y oscuro,
tierra tostada,
y cauces donde corre
muy lenta el agua.
Cristo Moreno pasa,
con las guedejas quemadas,
los pómulos salientes
y las pupilas blancas.
¡Míralo, por dónde va!

TRANSLATION:

IV. Procession, Passage, Missionaries' Moral Couplet

1. PROCESSION
Down the road come
Strange unicorns.
From what fields?
From what mythological woods?
Closer, and astronomers appear.
Fantastic Merlins

And the ecce homo,
Enchanted Durandarte
Orlando Furioso.

2. PASSAGE
Virgin with baubles,
Virgin of solitude,
Open like an immense tulip.
In your boat of lights you head
Towards the high tide of the city,
Among dark insults
And crystal stars.
Virgin with baubles,
You travel on the river of the street
To the sea!

3. MISSIONARIES' MORAL COUPLET
The swarthy Christ
Goes from the lily of Judea
To the carnation of Spain.
Look where he's come from!

From Spain,
The sky, clean and dark, the
Earth scorched,
And ditches where
Water runs very slowly.
Swarthy Christ,
His locks of hair burned, his
Cheekbones protruding
And his pupils white.
Look where he's going!

TRACK 10

V. Memento

Cuando yo me muera,
enterradme con mi guitarra
bajo la arena.

Cuando yo me muera,
entre los naranjos
y la hierbabuena.

Cuando yo me muera,
enterradme si queréis
en una veleta.

TRANSLATION:

V. Memento

When I die,
Bury me with my guitar
Under the sand.

When I die,
Between the orange trees
And the peppermint.

When I die,
bury me, if you wish,
under a thin veil.

TRACK 11

VI. Baile

La Carmen está bailando
por las calles de Sevilla.
Tiene blancos los cabellos
y brillantes las pupilas.

¡Niñas, corred las cortinas!

En su cabeza se enrosca
una serpiente amarilla,
y va soñando en el baile
con galanes de otros días.

¡Niñas, corred las cortinas!

Las calles están desiertas
y en los fondos se adivinan,
corazones andaluces
buscando viejas espinas.

¡Niñas, corred las cortinas!

TRANSLATION:

VI. Dance

Carmen is dancing
In the streets of Seville.
Her hair is white
And her eyes are sparkling.

Girls, close the curtains!

In her hair is entwined
A yellow snake,
And she is dreaming, dancing with
Gentlemen from the past.

Girls, close the curtains!
The streets are deserted
And from the shadows are foretold
Andalusian hearts
Looking for thorns.

Girls, close the curtains!

TRACK 12

VII. Crótalo

Crótalo.
Escarabajo sonoro.

En la arena de la mano
rizas el aire cálido,
y te ahogas en tu trino de palo.

Crótalo.
Escarabajo sonoro.

TRANSLATION

VII. Castanet

Castanet.
Sonorous black beetle.

In the spider-like hand
You curl the hot air,
And you drown in its trill of wood.

Castanet.
Sonorous black beetle.

13. I Will Walk With My Children

*Shaker song, arr. Kevin Siegfried; Sajin
Murphy and Elizabeth Smardz, soloists;
Siegfried Publishing ***

I will walk with my children in holy
garments, unspotted with sin.
I will dwell with the holy, I will dwell
with the lowly,
And they with my spirit and power shall
be filled.

14. Will the Circle Be Unbroken

*A.P. Carter, arr. J. David Moore; women of
Amare Cantare; Fresh Ayre Music ***

Will the circle be unbroken
By and by, Lord, by and by.
There's a better home a-waitin'
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.
I was singing with my sisters,
I was singing with my friends,
And we all can sing together,
'cause the circle never ends.

REFRAIN

I was born down in the valley
Where the sun refused to shine,
But I'm climbing up to the highland,
gonna make that mountain mine!

REFRAIN

15. Bound for the Promised Land

*arr. J. David Moore, Mark Foster; men of
Amare Cantare; Scott Joy, soloist; Mark
Foster Music ***

On Jordan's Stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

I am bound for the promised land,
I am bound for the promised land;
Oh, who will come and go with me?
I am bound for the promised land.

Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

REFRAIN

Filled with delight my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless, I'd launch away.

REFRAIN

16. Every Night When the Sun Goes Down

*Traditional Appalachian, arr. Gwyneth
Walker; Peter Bloser, soloist; ECS
Publishing, Fenton, Missouri ***

Every night, when the sun goes down,
I hang my head
And mournful cry.

True love don't weep, true love don't
mourn.
True love don't weep or mourn for me

The Lord has come to set me free.
And every night I pray the Lord
My train would come
to take me back where I come from.

True love, don't weep. True love, don't
mourn
True love, don't weep or mourn for me.
The Lord has come to set me free.

And ev'ry night, and ev'ry night,
And when I rise up in the sky,
If you look up quickly,
You can see me passing by.
On wings of silver, I will fly.

17. An American Folk Song Medley

*Arr. Steve Barnett; Brian Parker, Peter
Bloser, True Dow and Jessica Squier,
soloists; ADAR Music Ltd ***

Sinner Man

Oh, sinner man,
where ya gonna run to?
All on that day.
Run to the rock, rock she was a meltin'
Run to the sea, sea she was a boilin'
Run to the moon, moon she was a
bleedin'.
All on that day.
Run to the devil, devil was a waitin'.
All on that day.
Oh sinner man, where ya gonna run to?
All on that day.

I Ride an Old Paint

I ride an old paint, I lead an old dan,
I'm goin' to Montana to throw the
houlihan.
They feed in the coulees, they water in
the draw,
their tails are all matted, their backs
are all raw.
Ride around little dogies, ride around
them slow,
For the fiery and snuffy are rarin' to go.

And when I die don't bury me at all;
put me on my pony and lead him from
his stall.
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces
to the west,
and we'll ride the prairie that we love
the best.
Ride around little dogies, turn our faces
to the west,
and we'll ride the prairie that we love
the best.

Cripple Creek

I got a gal at the head a' the creek,
Goin' up ta see her 'bout the middle a'
the week,
Kiss her on the mouth jus' as sweet as
any wine,
Wraps herself around me like a sweet
patater vine.
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a run,
Goin' up Cripple Creek ta have a little
fun.
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl,
Goin' up Cripple Creek ta see my girl.
Girls on the Cripple Creek' bout half
grown,
Jump on a boy like a dog on a bone.
Roll my britches up to my knees,
Ah'll wade ol' Cripple Creek when Ah
please.
Cripple Creek's wide an' Cripple Creek's
deep,
Ah'll wade ol' Cripple Creek afore Ah
sleep.
Roads are rocky an' the hillside's
muddy,
An' Ah'm so drunk that Ah cain't stand
study.
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a run,
Goin' up Cripple Creek, have a little fun.
Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl,
Goin' up Cripple Creek, ta see my girl.

Sally Goodin

Had a piece a pie an' Ah had a piece a
puddin',
An' Ah give it all away jus' ta see mah
Sally Goodin.
Well ah looked down th' road an' Ah
seen mah Sally comin',
An' Ah thought to mah soul that Ah'd
kill mahself a runnin'.
Rainin' an' a pourin' an' th' creek's a
runnin' muddy,
An' Ah'm so drunk that Ah cain't stan'
study.
Ah'm goin' up th' mountain an' marry
little Sally,
Raise corn on th' hillside an' Devil in th'
valley.

All the Pretty Little Horses

Hushabye, don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.

When you wake, you shall have cake,
And all the pretty little horses.
Blacks and bays, dapples and grays,
Coach and six white horses.
Hushabye, don't you cry,
Sleep.

Dog Tick

Dog tick, dog tick, dog tick 'bacco
worm,
Why can't a dog tick dance like a 'bacco
worm?

Cumberland Gap

Me an' my wife an' my wife's pap,
We all live down in Cumberland Gap.
Cumberland Gap Cumberland Gap. Hey!
'Way down yonder in Cumberland Gap.
Cumberland Gap is a mighty fine place,
Three kinds of water to wash yer face.
Cumberland Gap with its cliffs and
rocks,
Home of panther, bear and fox.
Ol' Aunt Dinah if you don't care,
Leave mah l'il jug a-settin' raht there.
Ol' Aunt Dinah had a little spell,
Broke mah l'il jug all to hell.
Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap.
Hey!
Way down yonder in Cumberland Gap.
Ah've got a woman in Cumberland Gap,
She's got a boy that calls me "pap".
Me an' my wife we take a little nap,
Then we all raise Hell in Cumberland
Gap.
Cumberland Gap, Cumberland Gap.
Hey!
Way down yonder in Cumber land Gap!

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