



Magos Herrera and Brooklyn Rider: *Dreamers*

► DREAMS

Based on a fragment of “Cántaro Roto” by Octavio Paz

We have to sleep with open eyes
And we must dream with our hands
Sing until the song throws out root, trunk, branches, birds, stars.
Sing until the dream engenders and then you'll recognize yourself
Sing, sing, out loud
Dreams filled with rivers finding its course
Dreams of the sun dreaming its worlds
Sing until the song throws out root, trunk, branches, birds, stars.
Sing until the dream engenders and then you'll recognize yourself
Sing, sing, out loud

► NIÑA

From a poem by Octavio Paz;
Music by Magos Herrera & Felipe Pérez Santiago

Nombras el árbol, niña.
Y el árbol crece, lento y pleno,
anegando los aires,
verde deslumbramiento,
hasta volvernos verde la mirada.
Nombras el cielo, niña.
Y el cielo azul, la nube blanca,
la luz de la mañana,
se meten en el pecho
hasta volverlo cielo y transparencia.
Nombras el agua, niña.
Y el agua brota, no sé dónde,
baña la tierra negra,
reverdece la flor, brilla en las hojas
y en húmedos vapores nos convierte.
No dices nada, niña.
Y nace del silencio
la vida en una ola
de música amarilla;
su dorada marea
nos alza a plenitudes,
nos vuelve a ser nosotros, extraviados.
¡Niña que me levanta y resucita!
¡Ola sin fin, sin límites, eterna!

▷ NIÑA (Girl)

English translation

You name the tree, girl,
and the tree grows, slow and full,
flooding the air,
green glare,
until our eyes turn green.
You name the sky, girl,
and the blue sky, the white cloud,
the morning light,
penetrate our chest
until it becomes heaven and transparency.
You name the water, girl,
and the water springs up, I do not know where,
it bathes the black earth,
green the flower, shine on the leaves
and in humid vapours it converts us.
You do not say anything, girl.
And from the silence
life on a wave of yellow music born;
and in its golden tide it raises us to plenitudes,
it is us again, lost.

► VOLVER A LOS 17

Original song by Violeta Parra

Volver a los diecisiete
Después de vivir un siglo
Es como descifrar signos
Sin ser sabio competente
Volver a ser de repente
Tan frágil como un segundo
Volver a sentir profundo
Como un niño frente a Dios
Eso es lo que siento yo
En este instante fecundo
Se va enredando, enredando
Como en el muro la hiedra
Y va brotando, brotando
Como el mosquito en la piedra
Ay si si si
Mi paso retrocedido
Cuando el de ustedes avanza
El arco de las alianzas
Ha penetrado en mi nido
Con todo su colorido
Se ha paseado por mis venas
Y hasta las duras cadenas
Con que nos ata el destino
Es como un diamante fino
Que alumbra mi alma serena
Lo que puede el sentimiento
No lo ha podido el saber
Ni el mas claro proceder
Ni el más ancho pensamiento
Todo lo cambia el momento
Cual mago condescendiente
Nos aleja dulcemente
De rencores y violencias
Sólo el amor con su ciencia
Nos vuelve tan inocentes
El amor es torbellino
De pureza original
Hasta el feroz animal
Susurra su dulce trino
Detiene a los peregrinos
Libera a los prisioneros
El amor con sus esmeros
Al viejo lo vuelve niño
Y al malo solo el cariño
Lo vuelve puro y sincero
De par en par en la ventana
Se abrió como por encanto
Entró el amor con su manto
Como una tibia mañana
Al son de su bella diana
Hizo brotar el jazmín
Volando cual serafín
Al cielo le puso aretes
Y mis años en diecisiete
Los convirtió el querubín

► VOLVER A LOS 17 (Returning to 17)

English translation

Returning to be seventeen
After a century of living
Is like deciphering signs
without wisdom or competence,
to be all of a sudden
as fragile as a second,
to find a deep feeling
like a child in front of God,
that is what I feel
in this fecund instant.
Entangling, entangling it moves,
like the ivy on the wall,
and so it flowers, and it grows,
like tiny moss on the stone.
Oh yes oh yes
My steps are backward
while yours keep advancing,
the arch of alliances
has penetrated my nest,
with all of its wide palette
it has walked through my veins
and even the hard chains
with which destiny chains us
is like a fine diamond
that lightens my serene soul.
What feelings can grasp
knowledge cannot understand,
not even the clearest move
not even the widest thought,
the moment changes everything
the condescending magician,
separates us sweetly
from rancour and violence,
only love with its science
makes us innocent
Love is a whirlwind
of original purity,
even the fierce animal
whispers its sweet trill,
stops the pilgrims,
and liberates the prisoners,
love with its best efforts
turns the old into a child
and only affection
can turn the bad pure and sincere.
The fully open window
opened by pure enchantment
love entered with its blanket
like a lukewarm morning,
the melody of its beautiful Diana
prompted the flowering of jasmine,
flying like a seraphim
placed earrings in the sky
and my years into seventeen
cherubs did convert.



► TU Y YO

From a fragment of "Tu y yo" by Ruben Dario;
Music by Magos Herrera & Fabio Gouvea

Yo vi un ave que suave sus cantares entonó y voló...
Y a lo lejos los reflejos de la luna en alta cumbre
que, argentando las espumas
bañaba de luz sus plumas
de tisú...
¡y eras tú!
Yo vi un ave que suave sus cantares entonó y voló...
Y vi un alma que sin calma sus amores
cantaba en tristes rumores y su ser
conmover a las rocas parecía;
miró la azul lejanía...
tendió la vista anhelante,
suspiró, y cantando amante
prosiguió...
¡y era yo!

► DE MANHA

Original song by Caetano Veloso

É de manhã
É de madrugada
É de manhã
Não sei mais de nada
É de manhã
Vou ver meu amor
É de manhã
Vou ver minha amada
É de manhã
Flor da madrugada
É de manhã
Vou ver minha flor
Vou pela estrada
E cada estrela
É uma flor
Mas a flor amada
É mais que a madrugada
E foi por ela
Que o galo cocorocô Que o galo
cocorocô

► TU Y YO (You and I)

English translation

I saw a bird that softly sang its songs and flew...
And in the distance the reflections of the moon on high summit
that, silting the foams
He bathed his feathers
of tissue ...
And it was you!
I saw a bird that softly sang its songs and flew...
And I saw a soul that loves without calm
he sang in sad rumours and his being
To move the rocks seemed;
He looked at the blue distance
He looked longingly,
sighed, and singing lover
And it was me!

► DE MANHA (In the Morning)

English translation

It's morning, It's early morning
It's morning, I do not know of anything else
It's morning, I'll see my love.
It's morning I'll see my beloved
It's morning, dawn flower
It's morning, I'll see my flower
On the road
I see that every star is a flower
But the beloved flower, is more than dawn
And it was because of my beloved flower
the rooster "cocorocô"



► LA AURORA DE NUEVA YORK

Poem by Federico García Lorca;

Music by Vicente Amigo

La aurora de Nueva York tiene
cuatro columnas de cieno
y un huracán de negras palomas
que chapotean las aguas podridas.
La aurora llega y nadie la recibe en su boca
porque allí no hay mañana ni esperanza posible.
A veces las monedas en enjambres furiosos
taladran y devoran abandonados niños.
La aurora de Nueva York gime
por las inmensas escaleras
buscando entre las aristas
nardos de angustia dibujada.
Los primeros que salen comprenden con sus huesos
que no habrá paraíso ni amores deshojados.
Sabén que van al cieno de números y leyes,
a los juegos sin arte, a sudores sin fruto.
La luz es sepultada por cadenas y ruidos
en impúdico reto de ciencia sin raíces.
Por los barrios hay gentes que vacilan insomnes
como recién salidas de un naufragio de sangre.
La aurora de Nueva York gime
por las inmensas escaleras
buscando entre las aristas
nardos de angustia dibujada

► BALDERRAMA

Original song by Gustavo "Cuchi" Leguizamón
and Jose Manuel Castilla

A orillitas del canal
Cuando llega la mañana
Sale cantando la noche
Desde lo de balderrama
Adentro puro temblor
El bombo con la baguala
Y se alborota quemando
Dele chispear la guitarra
El bombo con la baguala
Y se alborota quemando
Dele chispear la guitarra
Lucero, solito
Brote del alba
Donde iremos a parar
Si se apaga balderrama
Si uno se pone a cantar
Un cochero lo acompaña
Y en cada vaso de vino
Tiembla el lucero del alba
Zamba del amanecer
Arrullo de balderrama
Canta por la medianoche
Llora por la madrugada.

► LA AURORA DE NUEVA YORK (New York Dawn)

English translation

The New York dawn has
four columns of mud
and a hurricane of black doves
that paddle in putrescent waters
The dawn comes and no one receives it in his mouth,
for there no morn or hope is possible.
Occasionally, coins in furious swarms
perforate and devour abandoned children
The New York dawn grieves
along the immense stairways,
seeking amidst the groins
spikenards of fine-drawn anguish
The first to come out understand in their bones
that there will be no paradise nor amours stripped of leaves:
they know they are going to the mud of figures and laws,
to artless games, to fruitless sweat.
The light is buried under chains and noises
in impudent challenge of rootless science.
Through the suburbs sleepless people stagger,
as though just delivered from a shipwreck of blood
The New York dawn grieves
along the immense stairways,
seeking amidst the groins
spikenards of fine-drawn anguish.

► BALDERRAMA (Balderrama = a place where artists get together to sing)

Adapted English translation

When morning comes
on the banks of the canal
the night comes out singing
from *Balderrama*
Inside, in pure tremor
The *bombo* with the *baguala* play
While the sparking guitar
Burns in excitement
A lonely morning star
A dawn bud,
Where will we end up
If *balderrama* fades away
If one starts singing
a coachman plays along
and with each glass of wine
the morning star trembles
Dawn *zamba*
Balderrama lullaby
That sings at midnight
and weeps at dawn.



► CORAÇÃO VAGABUNDO

Original song by Caetano Veloso

Meu coração não se cansa
De ter esperança
De um dia ser tudo o que quer
Meu coração de criança
Não é só a lembrança
De um vulto feliz de mulher
Que passou por meus sonhos
sem dizer adeus
e fez dos olhos meus
um chorar mais sem fim
Meu coração vagabundo
Quer guardar o mundo
Em mim
Meu coração vagabundo
Quer guardar o mundo
Em mim

▷ CORAÇÃO VAGABUNDO (Wandering Heart)

English translation

My heart never gets tired
hoping that one day
it'll become everything that it wants to be
My childish heart
It's not just the memory
of a happy figure of a woman
that passed through my dreams
without saying goodbye
and made my eyes an endless cry
My homeless heart
wants to keep the whole world
within me

