



Voces de Bronce

Jonatan Alvarado
Jessica Denys



Voces de Bronce

a songbook for the young Carlos Gardel

Jonatan Alvarado voice, guitar (Francisco Nuñez, Buenos Aires ca. 1910)

Jessica Denys guitar (Francisco Rebasti, Buenos Aires 1921)

Sophia Patsí voice [7, 14]

Juan Vizán voice [15, 19]

1	Amargura ('El Floridense')	3:30
2	En vano, en vano...!	2:20
3	Estilo criollo, Op.8 No.4	2:06
4	Gorjeos ('La Mariposa')	3:51
5	Entre colores	2:21
6	Canción agreste ('El Milongón')	2:55
7	El pañuelo de seda	3:39
8	El alma del payador	2:43
9	El sueño	3:07
10	La vida del carretero	3:11
11	La cordobesa	2:22
12	Aires criollos No.2: I. La porteña (Zamba)	1:04
13	Aires criollos No.2: II. Recuerdos (Estilo clásico)	2:00
14	Vidalita ('Flor Marchita')	4:09
15	Claveles mendocinos	3:05
16	Chinita linda	2:04
17	El Pericón	2:18
18	El gato	2:44
19	El triunfo	2:28
20	Un bailongo (Milonga)	3:20
21	Joaquina (Tango)	2:34
22	Mi noche triste (Tango-canción)	3:17

total playing time 1:01:19

a Sergio Alvarado, mi padre.

An origin story

The first time I heard Carlos Gardel was in my maternal grandmother's voice. She enjoyed singing, and used her beautiful, light soprano voice mostly to entertain herself while doing chores. From her I learned "*Soledad*", one of Gardel's most famous tangos which we kept calling "our song" throughout her life. On my father's side, my grandparents were recognized tango dancers, a regular presence in the local and regional *milongas* and dance competitions. They heard every tango orchestra and singer worth their salt from the late 40's to the 60's, and, later in their lives, they would become members of different tango appreciation societies as the genre became less socially relevant.

Gardel was an unavoidable figure in my life, and the love of tango, one of the most valued parts of my family inheritance. I even became, at 8 years of age, the youngest audience member when the Mercedes Gardel Society hosted a projection of Gardel's movie "*Mi Buenos Aires Querido*" in the local library. Yet my personal connection with Gardel and his tango has always been somewhat indirect: a profound but distant fascination but never an active engagement. The subjects of its lyrics, the music's general spirit, and the sensibility which informs it has always seemed foreign to me. A sensation which the arbitrary distinction between the tango cosmopolitanism and the folklore's rustic characterization - too prevalent even today in Argentina — would only deepen.

I felt as though I needed to choose between one or the other. I therefore decided on the music closest to my experience, which admittedly had little to do with amorous conquests or the existential anguish of the valiant Buenos Aires' men. Eventually I moved to Europe and kept my musical heritage for myself while exploring those of the Iberian Middle Ages, as well as the Renaissance and Early Baroque periods of the Ibero-American empires. Through them I developed my own musical method to bring together historical sources into convincing musical performances.

My interests soon moved from just amassing musical pieces to researching the

networks, institutions and communities that made their transmission and survival across the centuries possible. Most importantly, I was fascinated by the role played by subjective matters of taste in the transmission of certain repertoires between different communities, leading some composers to become legends, others to be forgotten. Soon I began to look back at my country's own historical repertoire with the same curiosity, bringing me back to Gardel's unavoidable figure. I was less interested in his tango legend but in the actual living historical figure and the undeniable role played by the communities and repertoires of the "canto criollo" which defined him as an artist.

"Voces de bronce, llamando a Misa de once..."

The tango "*Misa de Once*" describes the sound of church bells as 'voices of bronze', calling the faithful to attend the 11 o'clock mass. Bronze is often described as a noble material: perhaps because of the many historical figures that metal has immortalized in different sculptures and monuments. In researching the young Carlos Gardel, I became aware of the great artists and thinkers which preceded him; larger than life figures, whose voices were sadly not given the same bronze immortality. Rather than metal, their memory survives almost by miracle in hopelessly fragile documents: old disposable prints, wax cylinders, delicate shellac records, and fragmentary written recollections of their contemporaries. These artifacts are just a percentage of those that we know were produced at the time, and provide only a fading echo of the communities' vibrant lives of which they were part.

Unlike his predecessors, Carlos Gardel's memory and legacy has been painstakingly preserved by historians, collectors, and aficionados. We have the luxury of counting with virtually all of his recordings, including his earliest ones. More than a record of his development, I saw in these youthful recordings the opportunity to give visibility to the forgotten heroes Gardel himself knew and admired. My task was complex: to link fragments, to establish relationships

between melodies, collect the biographies of the forgotten, to visit their spaces; to arrive at a different map of an often ignored or misunderstood period of Argentinian music. To thread fragile artifacts with my craft's bronze filaments.

A meeting point

I was born in Mercedes, a mid-size city 100 km west from Buenos Aires, first founded in 1752 as a fort. At its historical height, Mercedes was known as "*la Perla del Oeste*", the 'Pearl of the West', the meeting point of three of the nation's six main railway lines. It was thanks to this centrality that Mercedes was visited by the most important artists from the Capital, from the Podestá family to Francisco Canaro's orchestra, who arrived in the *Ferrocarril del Oeste*. It was that same railway which brought a 23 years old Carlos Gardel to my hometown in 1913, accompanied by his colleagues José Razzano and Francisco Martino.

Gardel met Razzano in 1911. Razzano, having just recorded for RCA Victor the year before, was already a relatively recognized singer. Singing in what cafes and restaurants that would have him, Gardel would finally get his own contract with the same label in 1912. What started as a friendly competition between the two young singers soon became one of the most successful acts of the late 1910s and 1920s. Their performances, where their artistic chemistry shone, consisted mainly of duos intercepted with a few solo songs.

What program they brought to Mercedes is impossible to know for sure. But by comparing Gardel and Razzano's recordings around this time, we can confidently claim the *canCIÓN criolla* as their preferred repertoire. The *canCIÓN criolla* is a series of poetic and musical forms that can be traced back at least to the 19th century: the triste, the vidalita, the huella, the cifra and the gato being some of the most known. The young duo would have learnt these songs either directly from the great musicians of their times — names such as Gabino Ezeiza, Higinio Cazón, Saul Salinas and Alfredo Eusebio Gobbi — or their recordings.

Gardel and Razzano would become famous for their *canciones criollas* well before Gardel's faithful 1917 recording of the tango-canción "*Mi noche triste*." It is important to mention that, until then, the tango was seen as a dance piece, in the same line with other dances such as the *gato* or the *pericón*. Gardel's innovation was to bring to this dance form the lyricism which was traditionally associated with the *triste*, the *vidalita* and other slow-paced genres of the *canción criolla*. Rather than short snippets of text between instrumental sections as it was customary in the dance repertoire, the *tango* was given a longer, more narrative text, inviting a very different listening experience than that which was usually associated with this style.

Here I was confronted with a historical paradox. With "*Mi noche triste*" Gardel brought instrumental tango and the lyrical criollo genres together. At the same time, the new *tango-cancion* this marriage gave birth to, would slowly pull these two original genres further and further apart. The same musical distance would take over Gardel's artistic persona: soon the singer's youth of the *cancion criolla* would be forgotten in favor of his legend as tango's foundational singer. From the 1920's onwards, the Gardel-Razzano duo would record more and more tangos, leading Razzano to sing less and less. Gardel's colleague soon retired from singing in 1925, recording his last *canciones criollas* in 1929. This would also be the duo's final time singing together. Gardel's path to international tango sensation had been set as strict as the bronze of legend.

About the program

This album is the result of several years' of trying to solve Gardel's paradox. How to reconnect Gardel's past — and that of my nation's rich musical heritage — with the international legend he and his tango would become. This recording is also my attempt at joining my voice to the strong, bright, sonorous *voces de bronce* of my Argentinian musical ancestors, a little more than a century since Gardel and Razzano's faithful visit to my hometown of Mercedes. I have organized this

work into a series of thematic sections, around the figure of the young Carlos Gardel. Not really a musical biography, but a songbook which connects the singer to the much more vast heritage he himself always valued and honored. My goal is to present the singer and his tango, not as outliers but deeply ingrained manifestations within my nation's symbolic horizon.

The program starts with three songs Gardel and Razzano composed on poems by Andrés Cepeda. Cepeda was an enigmatic queer figure: an anarchist, a petty criminal, a very likely homosexual, and (unsurprisingly) a constant presence in the jails of Buenos Aires. In fact, he wrote most of his verses in the National Penitentiary, becoming "*El Divino Poeta de la Prisión*", the "Divine Poet of the Prison". His poems — most of them circulating orally and in handmade copies around the capital — would be compiled in a personal manuscript signed in 1904, finally published around 1910. Cepeda's poems were among 5 of the 14 songs of Gardel's premiere recording with the RCA Victor label in 1912. These poems would accompany the singer well beyond his beginnings, one in particular — "*La Mariposa*" — being recorded as late as 1930. It is a beautiful coincidence that this was one of the first songs I studied when first exploring this repertoire.

The second section is populated by the central tropes and themes of the '*musica criolla*': the beauty of the Argentinean pampas, and the joys and pains of those that lived in them. These pieces form a sort of musical homecoming, for both Gardel and myself. Each time I sing these songs I can distinctly picture the landscapes, things, and feelings that populated their lyrics. It is also a section about Gardel's direct community: each song composed by either a close friend or collaborator. Their names are a true musical who-is-who of Gardel's Argentina, from eminent figures such as Ambrosio Río and Arturo de Nava, to some of his road partners such as Francisco Martino, Ángel Greco, and José María Aguilar.

The third section is less nostalgic, featuring songs praising the beauty of the different Argentinian provinces and their women. A few of their composers have been previously featured: two *aires criollos* by José María Aguilar, and a beautiful

zamba Ángel Greco (all virtually forgotten). I also include a song by Cristino Tapia, one of Gardel's favourite. The same can be said by Alfredo Pelaia, equally famous for his songs evoking his natal province of Mendoza. These songs provide a musical bridge between Argentina's capital and its many provinces.

In the last section, I decided to slightly step away from Gardel, and focus on the old dances of the Argentinian countryside. From the *pericon* to the early *tango* dance, these pieces are collected from sources spanning a century. This music would have been played in meetings, reunions and parties where the main purpose was to dance. A living musical background which Gardel would have certainly visited many times. There was an established and documented tradition of singing little vocal interludes, which the young singer himself could have performed. We have compared historical recordings with some of the earliest written sources, creating hybrid versions which bring together the different stylistic and technical gestures each preserved.

It is through this context of dances interspersed with the songs of the '*musica criolla*' that we arrive at the program's closing song: the tango-cancion "*Mi noche triste*". As we perform this song, our sight stays firmly fixed in its vast and varied origins, rather than the international future most have grown accustomed to. We propose this past as the tradition to which the *tango-cancion* properly belongs, perhaps as one of its culminations. Yet this culmination is not an object but a process whose vitality depended on the community of performers and their continuous search for new and common means of expression.

We hope our listeners can finally listen to this foundational tango, not as a departure but an arrival, the end of a journey across the rich tapestry of Argentina's musical heritage.

Jonatan Alvarado



Tres canciones de Andrés Cepeda, el Divino Poeta de la Prisión

Three songs by Andrés Cepeda, the 'Divine Poet of the Prison'

Dúo Gardel-Razzano / Andrés Cepeda Amargura ('El Floridense')

Dúo Gardel-Razzano / Andrés Cepeda En vano, en vano...!

Juan Alais Estilo criollo, Op.8 No.4

Dúo Gardel-Razzano / Andrés Cepeda Gorjeos ('La Mariposa')

"El Boyero en la Campaña"

The worker in the countryside

José Razzano Entre colores

Ambrosio Ríos Canción agreste ('El Milongón')

José María Aguilar / José Antonio Saldías El pañuelo de seda

Ángel Greco El alma del payador

Francisco Martino El sueño

Arturo de Nava La vida del carretero

"Linda Provincianita"

"Beautiful girl from the province"

Cristino Tapia La cordobesa

José María Aguilar Aires criollos No.4

Diego Munilla e Ignacio Corsini / Eduardo Isaac Vidalita ('Flor Marchita')

Alfredo Pelaia Claveles mendocinos

Ángel Greco Chinita linda

Las Danzas Nacionales

The National Dances

Antonio Podestá El Pericón

Juan Alais y Arturo de Nava El Gato

Mario Pardo / Ventura Lynch y Santiago Roca El Triunfo

José Ricardo Un bailongo (Milonga)

Juan Begamino y Manuel Campoamor Joaquina (Tango)

Pascual Contursi / Samuel Castriota Mi noche triste (Tango-canción)

Amargura

Soy el ave cuyo nido
por la noche llevo el viento:
¡Cuan amargo es su lamento,
y cuan triste en su sonido!
Profunda la pena ha sido,
mas vuelve pronto a anidar
y, cansada de penar,
vive feliz y contenta.
Ya el ave no se lamenta,
ni tiene porqué llorar.

Yo, más infeliz que el ave,
más infeliz que el rosal,
no hallo remedio a mi mal
pues nadie curarlo sabe.
Cuanta desventura cabe
en un hombre, en mí han de hallar.
Vivo para atesorar
de la vida las congojas...
Soy árbol sin flores ni hojas

y canto pa' no llorar.

En vano, en vano

En vano, en vano
Quise discreto
Guardar secreto
Mi amor por ti
Pero no puedo
Más ocultarte

I am like the bird whose nest
was blown by the wind over the night.
How bitter it is its lament,
how sad its sound!
The pain has been deep,
but soon enough it nests again,
and, tired of feeling pain,
lives happy and content.
The bird complains no more,
and has no reason to cry.

I, more unhappy than the bird,
more unhappy than the rosebush,
can't find remedy to my illness
because nobody knows how to cure it.
In me you will find as much misfortune
as can be found in a man.
I live to treasure in me
the woes of life...
I am like a tree without flowers or
leaves,
and I sing not to cry.

In vain, in vain,
I intended to, discreetly,
keep secret
my love for you.
But I cannot
hide anymore

Que para amarte
Solo nací

Te amo y te adoro
Con amor ciego
Con todo el fuego
De la pasión
Por ti he perdido
La paz del alma
La dulce calma
Del corazón

Mi amor es grande
Grande y profundo
Como en el mundo
No puede haber
Dime tesoro
del alma mía
¿Podrás un día
corresponder?

La Mariposa

Tiene muy lindo color
La mariposa liviana,
Mil encantos la mañana,
La estrella tiene fulgor;
Perfume tiene la flor,
Misterio la fuente pura,
El campo tiene dulzura,
El viento canciones suaves,
Dulce gorjeo las aves...
Yo solo tengo amargura.

that I have been born
to love you.

I love you and I adore you
with blind love,
with all the fire
of passion.
For you I have lost
the peace of my soul,
the sweet calmness
of my heart.

My love is big,
big and deep
as in the world
nothing else can be.
Tell me, treasure
of my soul,
will you, one day,
correspond...?

It has very beautiful colors
the light butterfly,
thousand charms has the morning,
the star has its glare.
The flower has its perfume,
mystery has the pure fountain.
The field has sweetness,
the wind has soft songs,
sweet warbling the birds.
Me... I just have bitterness.

Tiene mil brisas el día,
Flores silvestres el suelo,
Y pureza tiene el cielo
Que cubre la patria mía;
Tienen muchas melodías
Los campesinos cantares,
Y calma tienen los mares
Después de los aquilones.
Todos tienen ilusiones:
Yo solo tengo pesares.

Entre sus flecos la aurora
Tiene mil encantos presos,
Dulzura tienen los besos
De la mujer que se adora;
La guitarra, cuando llora,
También tiene sus ternezas,
La noche tiene grandezas
Que sus crespones estampa,
Lindura tiene la pampa,
Yo solo tengo tristezas.

Entre colores

Entre colores de grana,
rey del espacio celeste,
ya el sol asoma en el este
con majestad soberana;
ya la golondrina ufana
comienza su largo viaje,
y al juzgar por el oleaje
bajo aquel cielo sin bruma,
en lo blando de la espuma

The day has thousand breezes,
wild flowers has the soil,
and purity has the sky
that covers my country.
Many melodies have
the songs of the countryman,
and calm has the sea
after the storm.
Everybody has hopes:
I only have regrets.

Between its frills, dawn
holds captive a thousand charms.
Sweetness has the kisses
of the woman who one adores.
The guitar, when it cries,
has also its tenderness.
The night has grandeurs
stamped in its crepes.
Beautiful things has the pampa,
I only have sadness.

Surrounded in garnet shades,
the king of celestial space,
The sun, rises in the east
with sovereign majesty.
The proud lark
begins its long journey,
and, seeing the waves
under such a clean sky,
in the soft foam

tiende su negro plumaje.

Alza su canto primero
el gallo altivo y airoso,
y en aquel lugar frondoso
canta después el boyero,
Cerca del nido, el jilguero
con dulce voz le responde;
sin adivinar en dónde
triste arrulla la paloma,
y en lo verde de la loma
la inquieta perdiz se esconde.

El Yaguarón mansamente
besa el pasto y la gramilla,
y en esa apartada orilla
se oye un quejido doliente.
Cual una larga serpiente
se extiende en la lejanía,
y muestra su faz sombría
cuando ambas riberas baña,
de un lado la tierra extraña,
del otro la pampa mía.

El Milongón (Canción Agreste)

Lindo es el primer albor
que viene anunciando el día,
y allá por la lejanía
repunta el astro mayor.
Todo cambia de color
dándole al sol sus reflejos,

lays its black plumage.

The haughty and graceful cock,
sings its early song
and in the same leafy place,
sings after the oxherd.
Close to its nest, the goldfinch
replies with its sweet voice;
not knowing from where
I hear the dove sadly lull,
and in the green banks
the restless partridge hides.

The Yaguarón, meekly
kisses the grass and the foliage,
and in that remote shore
a painful moan is heard.
Like a long serpent
the river extends over the distance,
and shows its gloomy face
while bathing both riversides:
from one side, the strange land,
from the other, my pampa.

How beautiful are the early lights
announcing the beginning of the day,
while there, far away,
the king star rises.
All things change color
when the sun gives them its reflections,

y se divisa a lo lejos
de los campos el verdor.

Canta el pájaro primero
anunciando la mañana,
y en tanto, la hacienda ufana
pastorea en el potrero.
El grito del teru-teru,
se escucha desde la loma,
y mientras el sol asoma
suelta su trino el jilguero

La tremenda algarabía
se escucha de trinos suave
que en el monte dan las aves,
como saludando al día.
Y allá, por la lejanía
como visiones secretas,
van cargadas las carretas
cruzando la pampa mía.

El Pañuelo de Seda

Es mi pañuelo de seda
de mis prendas la mejor.
De mi garganta calor,
enroscadito se queda.
Y para que nadie sepa
que me muero de impaciencia,
si mi bien cambia querencia
sus puntas suelto, hasta cuando
lo deshilacho llorando
pa' curar el mal de ausencia.

and it can be seen from afar
the greenery of the fields.

The early bird sings
announcing the morning,
while the happy cattle
grazes in the fields.
The cry of the teru-teru bird
can be heard from the hills,
and, while the sun rises,
the goldfinch lets its trill go.

A tremendous gabble
can be heard, of the soft trills
of the birds in the bushes,
as if greeting the new day.
And there, through the distance,
like secret visions,
the loaded wagons go,
moving across my pampa.

My silk handkerchief
is my favourite piece of clothing.
It keeps my throat warm,
when tied around my neck.
And when I want to hide from everyone
that I'm dying of impatience,
whenever my lover goes away,
I untie it to the point
I torn it into pieces with my crying,
to cure the sickness provoked by his
absence.

¡Las cosas que habrá tapado!
¡Los besos en la tranquera,
las flores que, en primavera,
a montones ha llevado!
Y si el viento se ha fijado
en alguna despedida,
cuando, triste y dolorida,
desapareció el cantor
recogió ofrenda de amor
esta su prenda querida.

El alma del payador

Cerró la noche. Un momento
quedó la Pampa en reposo,
cuando un rasgueo armonioso
pobló de notas el viento.

Luego, en el dulce instrumento
vibró una endecha de amor,
y, en el hombro del cantor,
llena de amante tristeza,
ella dobló la cabeza
para escucharlo mejor.

"Yo soy la nube lejana
(Vega en su canto decía)
que con la noche sombría
huye al venir la mañana;

soy la luz que en tu ventana
filtra en manojos la luna;
el que de niña, en la cuna,

The things that it has hidden!
The kisses at the gate,
and the flowers which, during spring,
carried by the ton!
And if the wind has stopped blowing
when a "goodbye" has been said,
when, sad and doleful,
the singer goes away,
the offering of love is received
by this, its dear piece of clothing.

The night fell. For a moment,
the pampa remained in repose,
when a harmonious strum
filled the wind with music.

Then, in the sweet instrument,
vibrated a loving complain,
and, in the shoulder of the singer,
filled with loving sadness,
she reclined her head
in order to hear him better.

"I am the distant cloud"
(Vega said in his song)
"which, together with the somber night,
runs away as soon as the morning
comes;

I am the light which, in your window,
filters the moon in bunches;
The one who, when you were a child in
your cradle,

abrió tus ojos risueños;
el que dibuja tus sueños
en la desierta laguna

"Yo soy la música vaga
que en los confines se escucha,
esa armonía que lucha
con el silencio y se apaga;
el aire tibio que halaga,
con su incesante volar.
que del ombú vacilar
hace la copa bizarra,
¡Y la doliente guitarra
que suele hacerte llorar!"

Leve rumor de un gemido,
de una caricia llorosa,
hendió la sombra medrosa,
crujió en el árbol dormido.
Después, el ronco estallido
de rotas cuerdas se oyó;
un remolino pasó
batiendo el rancho cercano;
y en el circuito del llano
todo en silencio quedó.

El sueño

Anoche, mientras dormía
Del cansancio fatigado
No sé qué sueño adorado
Cruzó por la mente mía
Soñé de que te veía
Y vos me estabas mirando

opened your beaming eyes;
The one who draws your dreams
in the desert lagoon."

"I am the vague music
heard in the confines of the land,
the harmony that fights
with silence, and dies on;
the warm wind that flatters
with its incessant flight,
and causes the splendid top
of the ombu tree to shake,
and the doleful guitar
that so often makes you cry!"

A soft rumor of a sigh,
of a crying caress,
slit the fearful shadows,
cracked inside the sleeping three.
Then, the hoarse outburst
of broken strings was heard,
a swirl passed by
hitting the nearby ranch
and, all around the plains,
everything became quiet.

Yesterday night, when I was sleeping
off my fatigued tiredness,
I don't know what adored dream
crossed my mind.
I dreamt that I was looking at you,
and that you were looking at me,

Y yo te estaba contando
Mi vida triste, muy triste
Y que desapareciste
Al despertarme llorando

Volví a conciliar el sueño
Después de pasado un rato
Pero otra vez tu retrato
Lo vi, con mayor empeño
Soñé de que era tu dueño
Y que tú me acariciabas
Que muchos besos me dabas
Llenos de inmenso cariño
Y que otra vez, cual un niño
Llorando me despertaba

Ay, qué sueño delicioso
Y bello en la realidad
Lindo es soñar, es verdad
¡Más despertar doloroso!
Ver el cambio pavoroso
Que se encierra en el sendero
Quisiera soñarte, pero

Tengo el alma desgarrada
Quisiera soñar, mi amada
Que junto a tu lado muero

El Carretero

No hay vida más desgraciada
que la del pobre carrero,
con la picana en la mano
llamando al buey delantero.

and that I was telling you
how sad, so sad my life was,
and that you disappeared
when I woke up, crying.

I came back to sleep
after a while,
but then I saw your image
with even more clarity.
I dreamt that you were mine,
and that you were caressing me.
That I gave you many kisses,
all full of immense love,
and that yet again, crying like a child,
I woke up.

Oh, such a delicious dream
and how beautiful if it were to be true.
It is wonderful to dream, that's right,
but it is so painful to wake up!
To see the frightful change
hidden within the pathway.
I would like to have you in my dreams,
but
my soul is torn apart.
I would like to dream, my love,
that I die next to you.

There is no life more unfortunate
than that of the wagoner,
with the cattle prod in his hand
calling the ox

- Compañero de mi vida,
cuidado con esa zanja.
No se le quiebre la rueda:
píqueme ese buey cola blanca.”

“Sali pa'l pueblo'e Mercedes
en dirección a mi casa.
Mi mujer estará diciendo:
- “mi marido trae zaraza”

“Partner of mine,
be careful around that ditch.
Don't break the wheels of the wagon,
prod that white-tail ox.”

“I just left towards Mercedes town,
heading to my home.
My wife is probably saying:
“My husband is bringing ripe corn”

La cordobeza

Esta es la zamba linda, mi vida
que cantan los cordobeses,
que cuando sienten las niñas,
mi vida
siempre la piden dos veces.

Preguntale al sacamuelas, mi vida
cuál es el mayor dolor:
si al que le sacan las muelas, mi vida
o al que padece de amor.

This is the beautiful zamba, life of mine
sung by the people from Cordoba,
which, when the girls heard hear it,
life of mine
they always ask for it to be repeated.

Go and ask the tooth remover
which is the worst pain:
if the one felt when a tooth is
extracted,
or the one felt by those who suffers
because of love.

Flor marchita

La flor que me diste
sobre el alma llevo
en memoria amarga
de pasados tiempos.

En aquellas horas

The flower that you gave me,
I bring it on my soul,
as bitter memory
of times past.

In those hours

de amoroso empeño
mi delicia grata
sus perfumes fueron.

Tus perjuros labios
con ardor pusieron
en sus hojas blancas
el calor de un beso.

La corola tierna
marchitó aquel fuego,
y de sus perfumes
hizo presa el viento.

Cual la flor sencilla
que me diste en premio,
sin aromas viven
todos mis recuerdos

Claveles mendocinos

De las sierras cuyanas
son los claveles
más perfumados,
¿Por qué será?
Unen con sus olores
lazos de amores,
de enamorados
¡Qué bueno está!

Clavel de amor, blanca florcita,
laira, laraira...
Es la mujer cuyana
que se engalana

of loving determination,
my pleasant delightfulness
was its perfume.

Your lying lips
in ardor, placed
in its white petals
the heat of a kiss.

The tender corolla
withered with that fire,
an its perfumes
were taken by the wind.

As the simple flower
you gave me as a prize,
devoid of any fragrance
live all my memories.

The hills from Cuyo
have the most
fragrant carnations.
Why would that be?
They create with their perfume
bonds of love,
and of lovers.
How good that is!

A carnation of love, a white little flower
laira, laraira...
is the women from Cuyo,
who adorns herself

con los claveles
hasta embriagar.

Mujer buena y divina,
cuyana hermosa
¡Viva Mendoza!...
¿Por qué será
que lejos de mi tierra
quiero a su sierra
con sus claveles,
hasta llorar?

Clavel de amor, blanca florcita,
laira, laraira...
Donde los mendocinos
les cantan dianas
a mis paisanas,
lirios en flor.

Ya ves, Mendoza amada,
yo no te olvido:
suelo querido siempre serás,
del que esparciendo flores
con sus claveles,
tus tradiciones cantando va.

Clavel de amor... blanca florcita,
laira, laraira...
Al brindarles mi vida,
cierro la herida
que va sangrando
en mi corazón

with carnations
and besot you.

Good, divine woman,
beautiful cuyana
¡Long live Mendoza!
Why would it be
that, being far from my land,
I'm wanting its hills
with its carnations
to the point of crying?

A carnation of love, a white little flower
laira, laraira...
where the people from mendoza
sing praises
to my fellow countrywomen,
blooming lilies.

You see, my beloved Mendoza,
I don't forget you:
you will always be a beloved soil,
from which - scattering flowers,
your carnations -
I go by, singing its traditions.

A carnation of love, a white little flower
laira, laraira...
By giving you my life,
I close the wound
that still bleeds
in my heart.

Chinita linda

Una gallina negra, chinita linda
y otra ceniza
pusieron huevos blancos, chinita linda
¡Ay, qué noticia!

Si querés que te cante, chinita linda
mandame un huevo
para aclarar las cuerdas, chinita linda
de mi garguero.

Y si lo desconoces, chinita linda
al que te adora
veras tu paisanito, chinita linda
llora que llora.

A black hen, beautiful woman,
and a grey one
laid white eggs, beautiful woman
Such strange news!

If you want me to sing for you
send me an egg
so I can clear the chords
in my throat.

And if you ignore
the one who adores you,
you will see you poor boy
crying and crying.

El pericón

Señores bailarines
vayan formando
y a la esquina contraria
su frente dando.

Al ver tu figura
yo me derrito
cuando bailás conmigo
un alegrito

Señores bailarines
formen cadena.
Disculpen que les mande
y en casa ajena.

Distinguished dancers,
take your positions
and turn, in order to face
the opposite corner

Seeing your figure
I melt,
whenever you dance with me
an alegrito

Distinguished dancers,
form a chain.
Apologies for bossing you around,
and not even in my own household!

El Gato

Cuatro pies tiene el gato,
cuatro la zorra,
cuatro la lagartija,
dos la paloma.

En mi casa hay un gato
muy diferente,
pues dentro de la boca
tiene los dientes.

Four legs has the cat,
four has the fox,
four the lizard,
two the dove.

The cat I have in my house
is of a different nature,
because inside his mouth
you find his teeth.

El triunfo

Las estrellas del cielo
son ciento doce,
y con las de tu cara
ciento catorce.

"Este es el triunfo, madre"
Así decía
un enfermo de amores
que se moría.

Cada vez que me acuerdo
del sauce grande,
de mi corazón brotan
gotas de sangre.

El árbol del cariño
tiene dos ramas:
una da fruta dulce,
y la otra amarga.

The stars in the sky
are one hundred and twelve,
but counting the two I see in your face,
they are one hundred and fourteen.

"This is the triunfo, mother"
So it said
a person, sick of love
who was dying.

Every time I remember
the big willow tree,
they flow out from my heart
drops of blood.

The tree of affection
has two branches:
one gives sweet fruits,
the other one bitter ones.

Un bailongo

Hace cosa'e una semana
que un paisandero mistongo,
me invitó para un bailongo
en el Pueblo de las Ranas.
Las principales bacanas
de la ranil población
se fueron pa' la función
a la gurda enfaroladas,
porque habían sido invitadas
con tarjetas de cartón.

La orquesta se componía
de bandoneón y guitarra,
porque esta era una farra
de las que muy poco había.
Cada shofica tenía
en el baile su bacana,
o mejor dicho su rana,
pa' desempeñar un rango
y poder bailar un tango
Pero muy de la banana.

Los músicos empezaron
y el que hacía de bastonero,
le brindó a cada ranero
una mina, y se largaron.
Los acordes resonaron
del bandoneón armonioso,
cada hembra con su mozo
salieron como pega'os,

porque el baile había empeza'o

Around a week ago
someone of little interest
invited me to go to a dance
in the town known as 'Frogs Town'
The most renowned ladies
from the 'froggy' town
went to the dance
in their richest attires,
as they have been invited
with proper cardboard cards.

The orchestra was composed
of bandoneon and guitar
because this was a party
of a very uncommon class.
Every gentleman had
in the dance his own girl,
or better said, his best lady
to signify appropriate rank
and to be able to dance a tango
of the best possible kind.

The musicians began
and the one that lead the dance
paired each man with a woman
and there they went.
The chords resounded
of the harmonious bandoneon.
Each girl with her boy
started off like sticked together with
glue
because the ball started

con un tango pereshosho.

La farra en orden seguía,
Todos guardaban respeto,
pero empezó a hacer efecto
la ñaca que se servía.

Un pardo flaco que había
gritó: - "Que cante un cantor"

- "Mi compadre es payador"
y le dijo "tome usted
la guitarra y cantemé
unas décimas de amor"

- "Juana Rebenque es mi mina:
a ella misma cantelé,
y algo también digalé
a la parda Filipina."

- "¡Déjese de esas pamplinas!"
la china Rosa gritó
y el pardo lo que junó,
que le daban poco corte,
saltó como un resorte
Y el bochinche allí se armó.

Como una luz de ligero.
el pardo un brinco pegó
y enseguida resbaló
de la cintura un talero,
ahí nomás a un canfinflero
le acomodó un garrotazo
y a otro le dió un zurdazo,
y la negrita Patita

with a lazy tango.

The party continued,
and everybody was civil,
but then, the beverages that were
being served started to make effect...

A slim guy that was there
screamed: - "Someone sings
something!"

- "My friend is a payador"
and he said "take the guitar
and sing for us
some love décimas".

- "Juana Rebenque is my girl:
sing something to her,
and say something also
to Parda Filipina"

- "Stop with that nonsense!"
Screamed la China Rosa
and the guy, understanding
that things were getting ugly,
jumped like a spring
and the mess ensued.

As fast as light
the guy jumped again,
and quickly slipped
a whip from his hip.
Right there, he hit a pimp
first, hard,
then hit another one with his left hand,
and the negrita Patita

gritaba: - "¡Désenla seca!"
y le acomodó un sillazo.

screamed: "Go on, harder!"
and broke a chair in his back.

Mi noche triste

Percanta que me amuraste
En lo mejor de mi vida,
Dejándome el alma herida
Y espina en el corazón,
Sabiendo que te quería,
Que vos eras mi alegría
Y mi sueño abrasador,
Para mí ya no hay consuelo
Y por eso me encurdelo
Pa'olvidarme de tu amor.

Cuando voy a mi cotorro
Y lo veo desarreglado,
Todo triste, abandonado,
Me dan ganas de llorar;
Me detengo largo rato
Campaneando tu retrato
Pa poderme consolar.

Ya no hay en el bulín
Aquellos lindos frasquitos
Arreglados con moñitos
Todos del mismo color.
El espejo está empañado
Si parece que ha llorado
Por la ausencia de tu amor.

De noche, cuando me acuesto
No puedo cerrar la puerta,

Girl, you left me
in my prime,
leaving my soul wounded
and a thorn in my heart.
Knowing I loved you,
knowing that you were my joy
and my burning dream.
For me, there is no consolation,
and that's why I get drunk:
to forget your love.

When I go to my place
and I see it all undone,
sad, abandoned,
it makes me want to cry.
I spend lots of time
looking at your portrait
to console myself.

There are no more, in our room,
of those cute little jars
adorned with bow ties
all in the same color.
The mirror is breaded,
and it almost looks like it has cried
due to your absence.

When I lay down at night
I can't close the door,

Porque dejándola abierta
Me hago ilusión que volvés.

Siempre llevo bizcochitos
Pa tomar con matecitos
Como si estuvieras vos,
Y si vieras la catrera
Cómo se pone cabrera
Cuando no nos ve a los dos.

La guitarra, en el ropero
Todavía está colgada:
Nadie en ella canta nada
Ni hace sus cuerdas vibrar.
Y la lámpara del cuarto
También tu ausencia ha sentido
Porque su luz no ha querido
Mi noche triste alumbrar.

because leaving it open
makes me feel like you are coming
back.

I always take with me biscuits
to have with mate
just like when you were around.
And if you could see our bed,
how angry she gets
when she doesn't see both of us in it.

The guitar, is still hanged
inside the closet.
Nobody sings anything on it,
or make its strings vibrate.
And the lamp in the room
has felt your absence too,
because its light doesn't want to
light up my sad night.

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TRPTK

Our goal is to create immersive experiences through sound. By creating an acoustic hologram, we try to give you the illusion of being at the world's most beautiful concert halls and churches – all without ever leaving your listening room.

No costs or efforts are spared to seize that magical moment in which music is being created, and bring it home to you in the highest quality possible. Why? Simply because this is how music is supposed to be experienced: fresh and alive, not canned and with a stale aftertaste of conservation. To us, music is life, and should be lived to the fullest in an authentic and uncompromising way. Through these recordings, we bring you closer to the music than you've ever imagined. The devil is in the details, and the ability to catch those makes all the difference between good quality and excellent quality. Listening to our recordings, you're able to perceive every breath, every bowing, every movement with astonishing clarity. Not only do you hear the music, you hear the music as it's being created. This adds a human dimension to your listening experience, connecting you instantly and instinctively with artists from all over the world.

The basis for all our recordings is our Optimised Omnidirectional Array (OOA) of microphones, which I developed for my Master's Degree in Audio Engineering in 2013. The aim of OOA is to create a truly accurate image of the soundstage, while retaining uncoloured transparency in the tonal characteristics of the recording. This means, in musical terms, that every little detail of the original performance and its acoustic surroundings is accurately recorded, and perfectly reproduced.

We choose our artists not just by their ability to amaze us. We're eager to collaborate with musicians and composers who walk that fine line between renewing genres and connecting to audiences. Together with them, we can achieve our goal of creating daring recordings that stay loyal to the idea of always aiming for the highest quality possible. Because at TRPTK, we bring you not just the sound, but the core of music.

Brendon Heinst founder, recording and mastering engineer at TRPTK

Equipment used on this recording

Microphones

Josephson C617 w/ Gefell MK102.1 capsules main layer

DPA d:dicate 4006A height layer

Ehrlund EHR-M guitars & voice Jonatan

Singular Audio f-48 voice Sophia & Juan

Microphone preamplifiers

Grace Design m801mk2

AD/DA conversion

Merging Technologies Hapi

Merging Technologies Anubis

Grimm Audio CC2 master clock

Monitoring

KEF Blade Two

KEF LS50 Meta

Hegel H30

Hegel C55

Cabling

Furutech custom microphone cables

Furutech custom loudspeaker cables

Furutech custom power cables

Tuning

JCAT Optimo 3 Duo

JCAT M12 Switch Gold

JCAT NET Card XE

Computer Audio Design GC3

Furutech NCF Boosters

Pura Power Supplies The Sauropoda Line Conditioner

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FURUTECH
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W
WEISS

Grimm | AUDIO

JCAT

Credits

Recording & mastering engineer **Brendon Heinst**

Editor **Hans Erblich**

Liner notes **Jonatan Alvarado**

Photography & Artwork **Brendon Heinst**

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