

# CÁNTAME ALGO QUE MEHABLE DE LA VIDA

## DESDE:

Argentina

Brasil

Chile

Colombia

España

Irlanda

Italia

México

Paraguay

Portugal

Uganda

USA

Venezuela

## PRESENTA:

Javi Nieves

## NOCHE DE CANTOS INTERNACIONAL

21/11/2020 | 22:00 (Hora española)

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Patrocina:



# VENEZUELA

Author: José Alejandro Delgado  
Venezuelan merengue

So many times, and especially nowadays, we witness a lot of things that are not as we would like. So much evil, so much poverty, illness, so many lies, and when facing that circumstance, one feels small, as if we had nothing to do but resign ourselves.

But fortunately, sometimes someone appears. Someone real, made of flesh and blood, in whose eyes and kind gestures we can see love, which enters the sorrow like a stream of warm water and establishes a new gravity, around which everything else is ordered. A love that gives us “wings, advantage and courage” and that, having received it, we also offer to others.

This song, according to its author, is a “love offering”, to remember for a few minutes that evil, although always present, does not have the last word.

## Hazte de esta canción

Vemos caerse casas y templos,  
vemos los mares tragar ciudades,  
vemos volcanes volver cenizas,  
todas mis certezas, todas tus  
verdades.

Vemos a gente que mata gente,  
vemos las guerras multiplicadas,  
vemos la vida esquivando balas,  
perdida, sedienta, cansada, callada.

Pero veo en tus ojos  
el amor creciendo por sobre el dolor,  
reparando cables en tu corazón,  
tu amor me hace grande,  
tu amor me da vuelo, ventaja y valor.

Cuando caigas recuerda  
que tienes un pecho para amanecer  
y hazte de esta canción para volar  
y suéltate, que no hay remedio mejor,  
que el tiempo cura  
y las heridas las sana el amor.

## Make use of this song

We see homes and temples falling,  
we see seas swallowing cities,  
we see volcanoes turning  
all my certainties and all your truths into  
ashes.

We see people who kill people,  
we see wars multiplied,  
we see life dodging bullets,  
lost, thirsty, tired, silent.

But in your eyes I see  
love growing over pain,  
fixing connections inside your heart,  
your love makes me great,  
your love gives me wings, advantage  
and courage.

When you fall, remember  
you’ve got a chest to lean on  
and make use of this song to fly  
and let go because there’s no better  
medicine,  
because time cures  
and wounds are healed by love.

**Participants:** Aquiles Báez (cuatro, Caracas), Yola García (percussion, Caracas), Jorge Torres (mandolin, Caracas), José Francisco Sánchez (guitar and arrangement, Caracas), Carlos Arellano (video editing). Voices in order of appearance: Andrea Marius (Caracas), Yola García (Caracas), Graciela Pérez (El Tocuyo), Leticia Marius (San Antonio), Leonardo Marius (Caracas), Carlos Monsalve (Caracas), Virginia Dávila (Mérida), Juan Moncada (Mérida) and Andrea Paola Márquez (Caracas).

# CHILE

Author: Alberto Plaza

We got to know this song while we were in college, we were struck by its constant question about the universe. However, after so many interesting questions, in the chorus, the author decided to say "I don't want to know how the universe moves...". Then, our curiosity grew, and we wrote to its author to ask "why does this song, that is full of questions, then seem to settle, and not want to know the answers? Forgive our rebellion, but we sing "I want to know!" And he answered us: "When I wrote this song, I was 16 years old, and I thought that the eyes of a woman were enough to answer my questions. But now that I am a grown man, I recognize that love can awaken our desire to know more. Therefore, you can continue singing "I want to know ...".

## Dime, hermano

Dime, hermano, ¿por qué la montaña  
no ha podido olvidarse del mar?  
El ingrato se fue una mañana  
y no quiso jamás regresar.  
Con señora paciencia lo espera,  
y va soñando que ya he de volver,  
y los ríos son llantos de pena,  
pena del que ha perdido un querer.

Dime, hermano, ¿es verdad que la  
luna es el sol que se ha ido a bañar,  
y que ha vuelto cubierto de espuma,  
salpicando la oscuridad?  
Dime, hermano, ¿será que las olas,  
pedacitos inquietos de mar,  
sólo hasta el horizonte se asoman  
porque no han aprendido a nadar?

*Yo quiero yo saber,  
cómo se mueve el universo,  
yo solo sé que con un beso,  
le das sentido y vida a mi voz.  
¿Quién mueve tanto el mar?  
¿Y quién enciende el firmamento?  
Que me lo digan tus ojitos,  
luz de mi verso y de mi canto.*

## Tell me, brother

Tell me brother, why hasn't the  
mountain been able to forget the sea?  
The ungrateful left one morning  
and he never wanted to return.  
With enormous patience, she waits for  
him and dreams that he'll come back  
and the rivers are tears of sorrow,  
sorrow of someone who has lost a love.

Tell me, brother: is it true that the  
moon  
is the sun that has gone for a bath  
and is back covered in foam,  
splashing on the darkness?  
Tell me, brother: could it be that the  
waves, restless little pieces of the sea,  
only reach the horizon,  
because they haven't learned how to  
swim?

*I want to know now  
how the universe moves.  
I only know that with a kiss  
you give meaning and life to my voice.  
Who moves the sea so much?  
And who lights up the sky?  
Let your little eyes tell me,  
light of my verse and my song.*

Dime, hermano, ¿es verdad que el desierto,  
ha perdido las ganas de amar?  
Cada noche las nubes lo besan  
pero agua no quieren dejar.  
Dime, hermano, ¿la naturaleza  
qué me enseña del bien y del mal?  
¿Tiene acaso una eterna tristeza?  
La razón le ha enterrado un puñal.

Dime, hermano ¿por qué a las  
estrellas  
no las dejan salir a pasear?  
Con sus forma redonda y coqueta,  
cierto es que se deben cuidar.  
Pero sé de cuartados planetas,  
de un lejano sistema solar,  
que vivieron cerrando la puerta  
y los tragó el infinito voraz.

*Yo quiero yo saber,  
cómo se mueve el universo,  
yo solo sé que con un beso,  
le das sentido y vida a mi voz.  
¿Quién mueve tanto el mar?  
¿Y quién enciende el firmamento?  
Que me lo digan tus ojitos,  
luz de mi verso y de mi canto.*

Tell me, brother: Is it true that the  
desert has lost the will to love?  
Every night the clouds kiss it,  
but water they don't want to provide.  
Tell me, brother: nature,  
which teaches me about good and evil,  
does it perhaps have an eternal  
sadness?  
Reason has stabbed it with a dagger.

Tell me, brother: why aren't the stars  
allowed to go out for a walk?  
With their round, flirtatious shape,  
they certainly should take care of  
themselves.  
But I know about square-shaped  
planets, from a distant solar system,  
which lived closing the door  
and were swallowed up by the  
voracious infinity.

*I want to know now  
how the universe moves.  
I only know that with a kiss  
you give meaning and life to my voice.  
Who moves the sea so much?  
And who lights up the sky?  
Let your little eyes tell me,  
light of my verse and my song.*

**Participants:** Álvaro Arriagada, Víctor Barrientos, Javier Bossart, Paula Giovanetti, Carlos Infante, María Angelica Kolbach, Pablo Maldonado and Daniel Vargas.

# COLOMBIA

Author: Efraín Orozco

"The return" is a traditional song composed by the Colombian author Efraín Orozco. He wrote it after his experience living outside the country for 18 years in Argentina, on his final return. The song, in the rhythm of bambuco, shows the nostalgia for those most beloved places, the landscapes and the everyday things of his place of origin, which he misses. Simple things like flying a kite (or papalote), which have their roots in his childhood. This song has a special meaning for me, first because I learned it from my father, who was an empirical musician, and the other reason is because in this time of great and painful changes, I have a huge nostalgia to re-experience the warmth of the embrace of an encounter that changed my life many years ago.

## El regreso

De regreso a mi tierra volví a mis lares  
cabalgando al lomo de mis lejanos  
recuerdos  
y al volver, otra vez, en mi mente quedó  
grabado,  
en mi mente quedó grabado el paisaje  
azul de la edad primera.

De regreso a mi tierra...

*¡Qué lindo es volver al hogar nativo!  
Y poder recordar con los viejos amigos la  
dulce infancia,  
la pelota de trapo, el barquito de papel,  
la encumbrada cometa pide y pide  
carretel.  
He vuelto a escuchar la voz del  
riachuelo,  
la mirra que canta en la copa florida del  
arrayán,  
y en las torres del pueblo mil  
campanitas  
que cruzaron el cielo con las notas de mi  
cantar.*

*Qué lindo es volver...*

## The return

Back to my land I returned to my  
hometown  
riding on the back of my distant  
memories  
and when I returned, again, it was  
branded on my mind,  
on my memory the blue landscape of  
the first age was stamped.

Back to my land...

*It's so nice to return to the native home!  
And to be able to remember with old  
friends the sweet childhood,  
the rag ball, the paper boat,  
the high kite asks and asks for a reel.  
I have heard the voice of the stream  
again,  
the blackbird that sings in the flowery  
treetop of the myrtle,  
and in the towers of the town a  
thousand little bells  
that crossed the sky with the tones of my  
singing.*

*It's so nice to return...*

**Participants:** Andrés Camilo Cárdenas Castellanos, Mauricio Rodríguez Buitrago and Catalina Rubio Páramo.

# IRELAND

**Author:** Thom Moore

This is a song written relatively recently by Thom Moore, but it is now considered a traditional Irish song, as it has become very popular in Ireland. The reason why we like this song so much, apart from the beautiful melody, is that it speaks of what moves us on our journey in life: a desire for something that doesn't compare with anything else we have experienced and that carries within its beauty and attraction a promise of happiness in life.

The male protagonist of this song goes on a long journey to reach the girl he is in love with: one of the lines of the song says "now I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan girl so fair": nothing compares to this love, not all the beauty that he sees on the road and that in the past he thought was "beyond compare": the object of his love and desire is the only thing that matters and that can move him.

But the journey is very long (12 miles) and as everybody would, he gets tired and he sits down. What gets his feet moving again is the beauty of the reality around him (the red of the leaves, the blue of the sky) that reminds him of his love, of what he is longing for. And so, remembering what he is walking towards, he gets up and goes on again and again. What moves us is our desire, and in order to keep moving towards what we are looking for, we need to be reminded of it. Reality is there to help us in this journey.

## Cavan girl

As I walk the road from Killesandra,  
weary I sat down;  
for it's twelve long miles around the  
lake to get to Cavan Town.  
Though Oughter and the road I go once  
seemed beyond compare,  
now I curse the time it takes to reach  
my Cavan girl so fair.

The autumn shades are on the leaves,  
the trees will soon be bare;  
each red-coat leaf around me seems the  
colour of her hair.  
My gaze retreats to find my feet and  
once again I sigh  
as the broken pools of sky remind me of  
the colour of her eyes.

At the Cavan cross each Sunday  
morning, where she can be found.  
She seems to have the eye of every boy  
in Cavan Town.  
If my luck will hold I'll have the golden  
summer of her smile,

and to break the hearts of Cavan men  
she'll talk to me a while.

So next Sunday evening finds me  
homeward - Killesandra bound -  
to work the week till I return to court in  
Cavan Town.

When asked if she would be my bride,  
at least she'd not say no.

So next Sunday morning I'll rouse myself  
and back to her I'll go.

As I walk the road from Killesandra,  
weary I sat down,  
For it's twelve long miles around the  
lake to get to Cavan Town,  
Though Oughter and the road I go once  
seemed beyond compare,  
Now I curse the time it takes to reach  
my Cavan girl so fair.  
Now I curse the time it takes to reach  
my Cavan girl so fair.

**Participants:** Aileen Altman, Hilda Campbell, Tom Keane, Neil Campbell, Sean Campbell, Owen Sorensen and Raffaella Sorensen.

# MEXICO

Author: Raymundo Pérez y Soto  
Mexican huapango

Among so many “huapangos” that Huasteca inspiration has given us, we chose “La Cigarra” because it illustrates two aspects of the expressiveness of Mexican music. The first is the rural sensitivity of our people, who from the earliest youth, when not distracted by ephemeral fashions, is capable of perceiving with simplicity the deep Mystery of life. And it so happens that the author wrote this song when he was very young, almost a child impressed by the short life of cicadas, as his daughter Aída Pérez Flores tells us. The second aspect we are interested in is its approach to the subject of death. Pain, injustice, heartbreak or death are limits to the desire for fulfillment that constitutes us, but the force of life, its consistency, its beauty are such that they cannot be extinguished by these limits.

## La cigarra

Ya no me cantes, cigarra,  
que acabe tu sonsonete;  
que tu canto aquí en el alma  
como un puñal se me mete,  
sabiendo que cuando cantas  
pregonando vas tu muerte.

Marinero, marinero,  
dime si es verdad que sabes,  
porque distinguir no puedo,  
si en el fondo de los mares  
hay otro color más negro  
que el color de mis pesares.

*Ay lararí, ay laralá, ay laralá  
si hay otro color más negro  
que el color de mis pesares.*

Un palomito al volar,  
que llevaba el pecho herido,  
ya casi para llorar,  
me dijo muy afligido:  
ya me canso de buscar  
un amor correspondido.

## The cicada

Don't sing to me, cicada,  
let your singsong end;  
for your song here in my soul  
stings me like a dagger,  
knowing that when you sing  
you are announcing your death around.

Sailor, sailor  
tell me if it is true that you know,  
because I cannot distinguish,  
whether in the depths of the seas  
there is another blacker colour  
than the colour of my sorrows.

*Ailari, ailara, ailara!  
Whether there is another blacker colour  
than the colour of my sorrows.*

A little dove came flying,  
with a wounded breast,  
almost crying,  
said to me very afflicted:  
now I'm getting tired  
for **somebody to love me back.**

Bajo la sombra de un árbol  
y al compás de mi guitarra,  
canto alegre este huapango  
porque la vida se acaba,  
y quiero morir cantando  
como muere la cigarra.

*Ay lararí, ay laralá, ay laralá  
y quiero morir cantando  
como muere la cigarra.*

Under the shade of a tree  
and to the rythm of my guitar,  
I sing this huapango joyfully  
because life ends  
and I want to die singing  
as the cicada does.

*Ailari, ailara, ailara!  
And I want to die singing  
As the cicada does.*

**Participants:** Erendira Espinoza Velasco (vocals), Alejandro Olivera (guitar) and Francisco Orozco (video editing).

# BRAZIL

Author: Paulinho da Viola  
Brazilian samba

After being adrift in our boats for eight months in an unknown sea, thrown by the waves in an unknown sea, Rafael and some friends from Spain invited us to sing something from Brazil that would tell us about life, about our life. Right away we remembered “Timoneiro”, a samba by Hermínio Bello de Carvalho and Paulinho da Viola. A samba, because this genre, which is such a big part of our tradition, shows us that the poetry of life is the expression of a company. Music reminds us that we are not alone, and that our own sea is directed by a helmsman God, who loves our destiny and our present and is a friend.

## Timoneiro

*Não sou eu quem me navega,  
quem me navega é o mar.  
Não sou eu quem me navega,  
quem me navega é o mar.  
É ele quem me carrega  
como nem fosse levar.  
É ele quem me carrega  
como nem fosse levar.*

*Não sou eu quem me navega...*

E quanto mais remo, mais rezo  
pra nunca mais se acabar  
essa viagem que faz  
o mar em torno do mar.  
Meu velho um dia falou  
com seu jeito de avisar:  
“Olha, o mar não tem cabelos  
que a gente possa agarrar”.

*Não sou eu quem me navega...*

Timoneiro nunca fui,  
que eu não sou de velejar,  
o leme da minha vida  
Deus é quem faz governar;  
e quando alguém me pergunta  
como se faz pra nadar  
explico que eu não navego,  
quem me navega é o mar.

## Helmsman

*I am not the one who navigates,  
The one who navigates me is the sea.  
I am not the one who navigates,  
The one who navigates me is the sea.  
He is the one that carries me  
as if it weren't hard.  
He is the one that carries me  
as if it weren't hard.*

*I am not the one who navigates...*

And the more I row the more I pray  
so that this voyage  
that the sea makes around itself  
will never end.  
My old man once said  
with his way of giving advice:  
“Look, the sea doesn't grow any hair,  
that people can't grab it”.

*I am not the one who navigates...*

I have never been a helmsman  
because I am unable to sail,  
the steering wheel of my life  
Is only guided by God;  
And when someone asks me  
If I can swim  
I explain that I don't navigate,  
The one who navigates me is the sea.

*Não sou eu quem me navega,  
quem me navega é o mar.  
Não sou eu quem me navega,  
quem me navega é o mar.  
É ele quem me carrega  
como nem fosse levar.  
É ele quem me carrega  
como nem fosse levar.*

A rede do meu destino  
parece a de um pescador:  
quando retorna vazia  
vem carregada de dor.  
Vivo num redemoinho,  
Deus bem sabe o que ele faz,  
a onda que me carrega  
ela mesma é quem me traz.

*Não sou eu quem me navega,  
quem me navega é o mar.  
Não sou eu quem me navega,  
quem me navega é o mar.  
É ele quem me carrega  
como nem fosse levar.  
É ele quem me carrega  
como nem fosse levar.*

*I am not the one who navigates,  
The one who navigates me is the sea.  
I am not the one who navigates,  
The one who navigates me is the sea.  
He is the one that carries me  
as if it weren't hard.  
He is the one that carries me  
as if it weren't hard.*

The net of my destiny  
is like that of a fisherman:  
when it returns empty  
it comes full of suffering.  
I live in a whirlpool,  
God knows well what he does,  
the wave that carries me  
is the same that brings me back.

*I am not the one who navigates,  
The one who navigates me is the sea.  
I am not the one who navigates,  
The one who navigates me is the sea.  
He is the one that carries me  
as if it weren't hard.  
He is the one that carries me  
as if it weren't hard.*

**Participants:** Alfredo Lobo Borges, Ana Rita Assis, Beatriz Bertelli, Cecília Bertelli, Ernane Souza, Isabela Alberto, Laura Souza, Marcela Bertelli, Maria Fernanda Assis, Marta Elisabete Reis Lobo Borges, Paola Gaginni, Raquel Assis, Rita Rocha, Rosangela Pereira, Sofia Dolabela and Tatá Sympa.

# PARAGUAY

Lyrics: Manuel Ortíz Guerrero

Music: José Asunción Flores

It is impressive to see that the poet has written this poem with a positivity and a certainty towards destiny, being ill with leprosy, leading a life of pain and isolation, somehow, similar to the one we are living these days. The butterfly represents the fulfillment. The kind of fulfillment that the heart of a man longs for. The ideal of love, of justice, of truth, of beauty; and the man pursues this without being able to grasp or achieve it, at least totally, for now, in this life. But all the sacrifices of life are worthwhile and have a meaning, a consolation that always goes towards that ideal, with the certainty of its fulfilment.

## Panambi vera

Panambí che raperãme  
resêva rejeroky,  
nde pepo kuarahy'ãme tamora'é...  
añeñoty.

Nde réra oikóva  
ku eíra saitéicha che ahy'o kuápe  
ha omboasukáva chéve  
amboy'úvo che resay.

Ku ñuatîndy rupi  
ñu ka'aguýre ne muñahápe  
iku'ipáva che anga che pópe huguy syry.

Reguejy haguã che pópe  
aikóva anga romuña  
ha torýpe torypápe che áripi....  
rehasa.

Panambí ndeichagua  
Tupã rymba piko oime iporãva  
resê yvytúndie che yvotytyre nde saraki.

Remimbivero ko che resápe  
remimbipáva,  
tove mba'éna nde rapykuéri tañe hundí.

Panambi, panambi.

## Golden butterfly

Butterfly, you always come out  
to dance in my way,  
under the shade of your wings...  
I wish to lay down.

Like wild honey your name  
nests in my throat,  
and with its sweetness it rinses my bitter  
weep.

Among brambles,  
fields and mountains, in tatters  
my soul in hand bleeding departs.

To let you perch on my hands  
I endlessly chase you,  
while happily and playfully  
you pass by.

Butterfly, there will be  
no one on earth as beautiful as you  
that with the breeze you come out  
playing with your wings in my garden.

With your sparkle,  
your radiant light shines on my eyes.  
Let me take my last breath chasing you.

Butterfly, butterfly.

**Memorare CL Paraguay Choir:** Freddy Galeano (guitar, arrangements and musical direction), Caroliz Duarte, Andrea Grau, Sonia Villalba (sopranos), Ivana Mendoza, Sara Rebolledo (altos), Lua Ayala, Alberto Esquivel, Hugo Rabery (tenors), Hugo Martínez, Joaquín Ruiz (basses). Carlos Infante (video editing), Primo Alderete, Mafe Benítez, Jussara Dos Santos, Diana Fernández and Analía Galván (translators).

# ITALY

## Alpine song from the Friuli region

We have chosen to offer you “In the sky there is a star” because it brings a very pertinent message to the difficult moment we are going through now. It is an old traditional song from Friuli (a region in northern Italy, enclosed by the mountains on one side and by the sea on the other), arranged by the maestro Andrea Mascagn for a male choir.

This song was also sung by soldiers during World War I. It is not, however, a song about war, but an ardent love serenade.

And this is the main reason why we chose it, as well as the fact that the music is truly extraordinary. Through the example represented by this love story, it communicates the sense of hope, understood as a profound conviction that good will manifest itself even if circumstances seem to temporarily deny it. Just like it happens to the lover of the song who, by virtue of what binds him to his beloved, is certain that he will not lose her.

## In cil ‘e jè une stele

In cil ‘e jè une stele che brile di  
splendor,  
di dutis la plui biele: la stele da l’amor.

Co’ spunte la matine la stele va lontan;  
jò ti dis: “Mandì, ninine, si viodarìn  
doman”.

## In the sky there is a star

In the sky there is a star that shines in its  
radiance,  
it is the prettiest of them all: it is the star of  
love.

When the dawn breaks, the star disappears  
in the distance;  
I tell you: “Goodbye, darling, we will see  
each other again tomorrow”.

**CET Choir:** Marco Aime, Luca Altieri, Stefano Altieri, Simone Bassi, Paolo Bertacco, Mauro Berzovini, Pietro Bonfanti, Gabriele Buongarzone, Emanuele Christin, Andrea Conconi, Simone Cordano, Francesco Currò, Alberto Dellacroce, Simone Itri, Giovanni Lattanzi, Alessandro Ledda (conductor), Giacomo Lesma, Marco Lombardi, Riccardo Manfrè, Francesco Morabito, Stefano Pezzati, Matteo Richelda, Emanuele Rombi, Andrea Ronchi and Matteo Sabato.

# PORTUGAL

Author: Georgino de Sousa  
Portuguese fado

Fado is one of the Portuguese traditional music genres and for sure the most distinct of them all. The lyrics of this “traditional Fado” describes in a very simple way the scope of “saudade” as the yearning for a good that is absent, but ultimately, a happy one, because the one who has it is sure that this good exists and it is forever, as true relationships in our lives are. No adversity (such as the misery that is described), however hard it might be, can delete the experience of good.

## Pombalinho

Naquela casa afastada  
a miséria fez morada  
e nunca mais quis sair.  
Quem lá mora não tem nada,  
mas nos vasos da sacada  
há saudades a sorrir.

Saudades lembram a esperança  
que nunca morre nem cansa  
se viveu no coração.  
Embora pesem no peito  
sombras de amor já desfeito,  
sempre fica uma ilusão.

Por isso mesmo, que importa  
que a miséria bata à porta,  
se a esperança entra a seguir?  
E como o sol da alvorada  
nos canteiros da sacada  
há saudades a sorrir.

## Pombalinho

In that faraway house  
misery made itself at home  
and never wanted to leave again.  
The people who live there have  
nothing,  
but on the balcony flower beds  
there is a smiling yearning.

Yearning recalls hope  
that never dies nor gets tired  
if it ever lived in a heart.  
Even if the shadows of a broken love  
weigh heavy on the heart,  
a dream remains.

Thus, does it matter  
if misery knocks at our door  
if hope enters afterwards?  
Like sunrise shining  
on the balcony flower beds,  
there is a smiling yearning.

**Participants:** Antonio Moniz Pereira (vocals), Maria Seabra Duque (guitar) and Vasco Pereira Coutinho (video editing).

# ARGENTINA

Author: Jorge Fandermole  
Coastal song

"Prayer of backwater" emerged in a small fishing village in northeastern Argentina, in a region crossed by the immense Paraná River. A river that becomes a delta before flowing into the sea. From different communities in the country we come together in this song which is our way of praying. We sing a fisherman's song as a prayer to life, to love, to work. Our voices come together through different rivers, dreams and hopes as a gift to the heart, to tell them that the sun is rising and that we are together. To repeat the same plea: water from the old river, take this song away soon, it is clearing up and we are fishing for a living.

## Oración del remanso

Soy de la orilla brava del agua turbia y la  
correntada  
que baja hermosa por su barrosa  
profundidad.  
Soy un paisano serio, soy gente del  
remanso Valerio  
que es donde el cielo remonta el vuelo  
en el Paraná.

Tengo el color del río y su misma voz en  
mi canto sigo:  
el agua mansa y su suave danza en el  
corazón,  
pero a veces oscura va turbulenta en la  
ciega hondura  
y se hace brillo en este cuchillo de  
pescador.

*Cristo de las redes, no nos abandones  
y en los espineles déjanos tus dones.  
No pienses que nos perdiste, es que la  
pobreza nos pone tristes,  
la sangre tensa y uno no piensa más que  
en morir.  
Agua del río viejo, llévate pronto este  
canto lejos  
que está aclarando y vamos pescando  
para vivir.*

## Prayer of backwater

I come from the rough shore, from the  
cloudy water, and the current,  
which comes down beautifully along its  
muddy riverbed.  
I am an earnest countryman, I come  
from the people of the Valerio  
backwater  
where the sky soars up into the Paraná.

I have the colour of the river and I  
follow its voice in my song,  
the quiet water and its soft dance in my  
heart,  
but sometimes it becomes dark and  
turbulent in the blind depth,  
and then it shines on this fisherman's  
knife.

*O Lord Christ of the fisherman nets,  
don't abandon us!  
And leave us your gifts in the longlines!  
Don't think you lost us: it's just that  
poverty makes us sad,  
it tenses the blood, and one can only  
think of dying.  
Oh water from the old river, take this  
song away soon!  
for it is clearing up and we are fishing for  
a living.*

Llevo mi sombra alerta sobre la escama  
del agua abierta  
y en el reposo vertiginoso del espinel  
sueño que alzo la proa y subo a la luna  
en la canoa  
y allí descanso, hecha un remanso mi  
propia piel.

Calma de mis dolores, ay, Cristo de los  
pescadores,  
dile a mi amada que está apenada  
esperándome,  
que ando pensando en ella mientras  
voy vadeando las estrellas,  
que el río está bravo y estoy cansado  
para volver.

*Cristo de las redes no nos abandones  
y en los espineles déjanos tus dones.  
No pienses que nos perdiste, es que la  
pobreza nos pone tristes,  
la sangre tensa y uno no piensa más que  
en morir.  
Agua del río viejo, llévate pronto este  
canto lejos  
que está aclarando y vamos pescando  
para vivir.*

I'm carrying my watchful shadow on the  
scales of the open water,  
and in the dizzying calm of the longline,  
I'm dreaming that I raise the bow and  
climb to the moon in the canoe,  
and there I rest, my own skin turned  
into a backwater.

Calm my pains, oh Lord Christ of the  
fishermen,  
tell my beloved, who is so worried,  
waiting for me,  
that I'm thinking of her while I'm wading  
the stars,  
the river is rough and I'm tired to come  
back.

*Oh Lord Christ of the fisherman nets  
don't abandon us!  
And leave us your gifts in the longlines!  
Don't think you lost us: it's just that  
poverty makes us sad,  
it tenses the blood, and one can only  
think of dying.  
Oh water from the old river, take this  
song away soon!  
for it is clearing up and we are fishing for  
a living.*

**Participants.** La Plata: Maria Cernigliaro (video editing and production), Maximiliano Olivero (idea for the video), Lucas Perez and Ana De Massi (vocals and video). Santa Fe: Raul Quintana (sound and production), Margarita Abram (video), Guadalupe Ferrero, Emirena Auyeros, Victor Auyeros, Mauro Fornari, Carlos Cantero and Gabriela Gonzalez (vocals and video). Bahía Blanca: Claudio Rotstein (production and mixing), Eugenia Porta (piano and video), Padre Fabio Oller (accordion and video), Rosario Ojeda (vocals and video) and Amelia López (vocals). Salta: Jorge Colque (vocals and video) and Cecilia Shindler (recording of images). Concordia: Matias Benitez (recording of video), Estela Gomez, Graciela Vaccari, Hilda Sanchez, Patricia Farias and Silvana Veron (vocals and video). Buenos Aires: Gabriela Portantier (introduction and production), Itati Contreras, Laura Garcia, Juan Horn, Claudia Alvarez (vocals and video), Pablo Perego (sound and video), Francesca Casaliggi (Italian translation), Santiago DiSalvo (English translation) and Claudia Oliveira (Portuguese translation). Campana: Nicolas Massetto, Alejandra Baldaccini and Ana Barale (vocals and video). Chaco: Matias Gimenez (guitar and video), Vanina Perramon (vocals and video). Maschwitz: Joaquin Giles (bass drum and video), Carolina Martin, Lujan Giles, Lalo Portal (vocals and video), Teresa Giles, Bautista Giles, Pilar Giles, Fernando Giles (vocals), Cecilia Porfirio, Guillermo Erbeti, Rosana Cabrera, Candelaria Portal and Amparo Portal (video).

# UGANDA

Author: Mowzey Radio

When I received the invitation from Juan to participate in Encuentro Madrid 2020 with this question “Who can I trust?”. I found myself in front of Peter with Jesus on the water. For Peter, only the presence of Christ allowed him to be certain of walking on water. For me, to face this question is to put myself in Peter’s shoes and get out of the boat with full certainty that only Christ is the master of everything and only through Him I can be able to say “I”. That is why we have chosen the song “Tambula nange” which means “Walk with me”. For us, this song is a prayer to God so that He can always be with us. So, for this reason we realized that it is only to someone you trust that you can pray to and ask to never leave you alone because alone we are nothing but with Him, we can live our lives full of meaning because He is that Meaning. Thank you.

## Tambula nange

Leero ndukukwasizza Katonda  
Gwe eyakola byonna  
N’omusana n’ogwasa  
Byonna byendaba  
N’ebyekwese ewala  
Kasita ndi naawe asinga  
Era lumu ndibizuula  
Byenakwatako leero  
Obisseeko omukono gwo  
Ondagenga ekkubo  
Ongyasize ettaala

*Katonda*

*Tambula nange*

*Mpanguzaako leero nange*

*Katonda*

*Tandika nange*

*Nongooseza ndaga ekisa*

Amaanyi g’omukwano gwo gammalemu  
obunafu  
Mpeereza n’omuguwa  
Ninnyisa amadaala  
Ekiro enkuba yasuze efukirira  
Emiti n’ebimuli  
Eky’okulya tukisuubira  
Wano wendi ndiwo ku lulwo  
Amayanja emigga  
Weebale kundabirira

## Walk with me

God, come with me  
I hand this day over to you God.  
You have created everything  
and you make the sun shine,  
everything I see  
and what is hidden.  
I’m with you Almighty  
and one day I’ll see You.  
Bless my works today  
always show me the way  
and light a lamp so that you may  
enlighten me.

*Lord,*

*walk with me,*

*grant me victory today.*

*Lord,*

*begin with me,*

*purify me and show me mercy.*

Let the power of your love take my  
laziness away,  
send me a rope,  
take me up above.  
The rain spent the night watering  
trees and flowers,  
we have hope for food.  
Thanks to You,  
We have seas and rivers

*Katonda*  
*Tambula nange*  
*Mpanguzaako leero nange*  
*Katonda*  
*Tandika nange*  
*Nongooseza ndaga ekisa*

By'onkolera mbisiima byonna  
eby'amagero  
Gwe omanyi n'ekipimo  
Ekirungi ekimala  
Nkusobya buli lukedde ne  
ssikwenenyera  
Gwe ng'ate bambi oyagala  
Nze nneme okukwerabira  
Okulwanyisa amazima kinzizizza  
emabega  
Ntukuliza olulimi lwange  
Ntukuliza emikono gyange

*Katonda*  
*Tambula nange*  
*Mpanguzaako leero nange*  
*Katonda*  
*Tandika nange*  
*Nongooseza ndaga ekisa.*

thank you for taking care of me.

*Lord*  
*walk with me,*  
*grant me victory today.*  
*Lord,*  
*begin with me,*  
*purify me and show me mercy*

I appreciate all the miracles you  
perform for me,  
you even know  
what is right and suitable.  
I fail you every day and I never ask for  
forgiveness,  
yet you want me.  
So that I will never forget you  
Denying the truth.  
Purify my tongue:  
cleanse my hands.

*Lord*  
*walk with me,*  
*grant me victory today.*  
*Lord,*  
*begin with me,*  
*purify me and show me mercy.*

**Participants:** Adoch Mary Clare, Aloyo Gladys, Gumperom Immaculate, Twebembere Prim, Eciima Matthew, Komakech Fredy (vocals), Okello Marvin Kevin Ochira (vocals and guitar), Mafura Brian (video editing) and Mónica Fontana Abad (translation).

# USA

One of the last days of December 2014, I had the opportunity to visit my friend Frank at the hospice where he was spending the last days of his life. As soon as he arrived, he took my hand and asked me to sing for him. I understood well that it would be our last meeting and that he was well aware that he had now reached "the last bridge". It was necessary to sing something true, something worth telling him at that moment, when everything that is ephemeral turns out to be so. I sang to him "I Want Jesus to Walk With Me", with all the truth I was capable of. But it was his nod, his closed eyes, that made that song even more true for me. When Rafa invited us to participate in this gesture, I proposed this song to the Band, which enthusiastically joined. Despite the distance and the different circumstances we live in, for each of us the months marked by the COVID emergency have clearly revealed what is necessary to live as human beings every moment of our life, every step, up to the "last bridge".

## I want Jesus to walk with me

Jesus,  
Jesus, walk with me!

I want Jesus to walk with me  
I want Jesus to walk with me  
All along my pilgrim's journey  
I want Jesus to walk with me

In my trials walk with me  
In my trials walk with me  
When my heart is almost breaking  
I want Jesus to walk with me

When I'm in trouble, Lord, walk with me

When I'm in trouble, Lord, walk with me  
When my head is bowed in sorrow  
Lord, I want Jesus to walk with me

I want Jesus to walk with me  
I want Jesus to walk with me  
All along my pilgrim's journey

I want Jesus,  
I want Jesus,  
Lord, I want Jesus to walk with me

Jesus,  
Jesus, walk with me!

**Participants:** Bay Ridge Band: Jonathan Fields, Riro Maniscalco, Valentina Oriani (vocal arrangements and vocals), Cas Patrick (vocals), Molly Poole (vocals) and Chris Vath (piano arrangement, vocals and piano). Ivano Conti, Tappeti Sonori (mixing and sound production), Ivano Conti and Valentina Oriani (video editing).

# SPAIN (Catalonia)

Càstor Pérez and Glòria Cruz  
Catalan habanera

In the sailors' taverns of the Costa Brava and the Costa Daurada in Catalonia, or in the ports of Menorca, as well as among the choirs of the Basque Country, Cantàbria, Alicante, Càdiz or Murcia, it is common to hear Habanera songs in Spanish, in Catalan or in Basque. These songs, whose origins date back to the early nineteenth century in Havana, Cuba, often speak about love and heartbreak. But the War of Independence (at the end of the 19th century) gave these songs a patriotic character, vindictive on both sides. Thus it was that the sailors from the tavern sang full of longing for the Cuban land and of many loves left there.

"Vestida de nit", speaks of the desire to compose an habanera. To do this, the writer abandons himself to the beauty of the maritime landscape (the blue of the sea, the white of the foam, the gray of the seagull...), and then, in the chorus, the song explodes in the fervent desire to merge with such beauty. Among the elements he lists are also the old fishermen and their stories, so that in the evocation, the present and the past, nostalgia and love, are united. Love of the landscape, the country, the work, the infinite sea and women. A beach where those who remain and those who we can only remember meet.

## Vestida de nit

Pinto les notes d'una habanera  
blava com l'aigua d'un mar antic.  
Blanca d'escuma, dolça com l'aire,  
gris de gavines, daurada d'imatges,  
vestida de nit.

Miro el paisatge,  
cerco paraules  
que omplin els versos sense neguit.  
Els pins m'abracen,  
sento com callen,  
el vent s'emporta  
tot l'horitzó.

*Si pogués fer-me escata  
i amagar-me a la platja  
per sentir sons i tardes del passat,  
q'aquest món d'enyorança,  
amor i calma,  
perfumat de lluna, foc i rom.*

## Dressed with the night

I paint the notes of an habanera,  
blue like the water of an ancient sea.  
White as foam, sweet as air,  
gray as seagulls, golden of images,  
dressed with the night.

I look at the landscape,  
I search for words  
that fill the verses without despair.  
The pines embrace me,  
I feel their silence,  
the wind carries  
the entire horizon away.

*If I could become a scale  
and hide on the beach  
to hear sounds and afternoons of the  
past,  
of that world of longing,  
love and calm,  
perfumed with moon, fire and rum.*

*Si pogués enfil·lar-me  
a l'onada més alta  
i guarnir de palmeres el record,  
escampant amb canyella  
totes les cales  
i amb petxines  
fer-lis un bressol.*

*If I could ride the highest wave  
and decorate the memory  
with palm trees,  
spreading cinnamon  
in all the coves  
and with seashells  
make a cradle for them.*

Els vells em parlen plens de tendresa,  
d'hores viscudes amb emoció.  
Joves encara, forts i valents,  
prínceps de xarxa,  
herois de tempesta,  
amics del bon temps.

Old men speak to me filled with  
tenderness,  
of hours lived with emotion.  
They're still young, strong and brave,  
princes of the nets, heroes of the storm,  
friends of good weather.

Els ulls inventen noves històries,  
vaixells que tornen d'un lloc de sol.  
Porten tonades enamorades.  
Dones i Pàtria,  
veles i flors.

The eyes invent new stories  
ships returning from a sunny place.  
They bring loving melodies.  
Women and homeland,  
sails and flowers.

*Si pogués fer-me escata  
i amagar-me a la platja  
per sentir sons i tardes del passat,  
q'aquest món d'enyorança,  
amor i calma,  
perfumat de lluna, foc i rom.*

*If I could become a scale  
and hide on the beach  
to hear sounds and afternoons of the  
past,  
of that world of longing,  
love and calm,  
perfumed with moon, fire and rum.*

*Si pogués enfil·lar-me  
a l'onada més alta  
i guarnir de palmeres el record,  
escampant amb canyella  
totes les cales  
i amb petxines fer-lis un bressol.*

*If I could ride the highest wave  
and decorate the memory  
with palm trees,  
spreading cinnamon  
in all the coves  
and with seashells  
make a cradle for them.*

**Participants:** Mireia González (lead vocals), Mercè Alsina, Sergi Clapés, Aida Espelt, Marc González, Betta Pellegatta, Bea Pich-Aguilera, Alba Pijoan, Joan Pijoan, Anna Riera, Clara Riera, Ferran Riera, Laia Sallés, Enric Seda, Carlos Toda and Clara Valls (vocals), Clara González (vocals and cello), Joan Alsina (vocals, guitar, doublé bass and video editing), Laia Alsina and Silvia Brugarolas (recording assistan).

**Special thanks:** Santa Cristina beach, Lloret de Mar (Girona).

# SPAIN (Aragon)

The "jota" is the traditional folk genre of Aragon and "Lean out the window" is a good example. When the harvest time comes and the peasants return to the city after a day of work. This song, which praises love, is born from their spirits. On the one hand, it expresses the love for work. Those who sing evoke the memory of their parents working with great fatigue, but at the same time, with a dedication and a joy that has left an indelible mark on them. That is why it makes them wish, as the song says, to be able to work like this, one day, like their parents did.

On the other hand, this song reflects the love for a woman by comparing her to the sun: "Lean out the window, because a reaper doesn't care if the sun hits his face." For those who devote themselves to hard work in the fields, the beauty of the woman leaning out of the window is comparable to the sun that gives life to all human beings. In these difficult times that we are living, which challenge us to seek what allows us to live with hope and without fear, we have chosen this song that expresses the taste for life manifested in the affection for work and the true Love present every day.

## Asómate a la ventana

Mi padre estaba en la era, trilla,  
trillando, cuando nací,  
y en la era también, mañica, trilla  
trillando te conocí,  
y a la puerta de la iglesia, cuando nos  
vamos a trabajar los demás,  
hemos de rezarle al santo detrás del  
cura y del sacristán.  
Mi padre fue segador, yo también lo  
seré.

Asómate a la ventana,  
cuando vuelva de la siega,  
asómate a la ventana,  
que a un segador no le importa,  
que le dé el sol cara a cara,  
que le dé el sol cara a cara  
cuando vuelva de la siega.

Tralara...

Ya va el segador, que hay que trillar, en  
nuestros campos,  
y luego esperar, que el trabajar, forme  
su callo.  
Segador yo seré, ¡ay, amor!  
Cuando vuelva de la siega.

## Lean out the window

My father was threshing in the field  
when I was born,  
and in the field, girl, threshing I also met  
you,  
and at the door of the church, when the  
rest of us go to work,  
we have to pray to the saint behind the  
priest and the sacristan.  
My father was a reaper, so will I.

Lean out the window  
when I return from the harvest,  
lean out the window,  
because a reaper doesn't care if the sun  
hits his face.  
If the sun hits his face,  
when he returns from the harvest.

Tralara...

The reaper is going to thresh our fields,  
and then wait for work to form his  
calluses.  
Reaper, I'll be, oh, love!  
When I come back from the harvest.

**Participants:** Manoli Ramírez (lead vocals), Juan García de Vinuesa, Santiago García de Vinuesa, Jorge Jiménez-Alfaro, Rafa Andreo, Inés Mel, Lourdes Mel, Ernesto Solano and Belén de la Vega (vocals), Guillermo Andreo (accordion), Javier Andreo and Rafael Andreo (guitars), Javier Portela (sound mixing) and Mercedes Laviña (recording and video editing). Ana Boccanera (English translation), Tiago Moita Lúcio (Portuguese translation) and Carmen Giussani (Italian translation).

*With special thanks  
to Ana Boccanera and Juanes Serra  
for the English translation.*