Ha-gitarist (The Guitarist)

Music trad. Brazilian

Lyrics by Ehud Manor

I remember how he held a guitar,
Remember it as if it were now,
How he would pluck the strings.

I remember how I would sing –
I’m still singing,
But with a broken heart.

And when he strummed those songs at night
About a blue moon
And everlasting love,

I remember how a star from above
Descended on his head
And danced in his eyes.

His fingers worked miracles,
What magical rhythm,
What melancholy magic!

And sometimes, without realizing,
He put the guitar aside,
And that was huge!

And one day he went away to Santa Clara.
And I’m still singing,
But with a broken heart.
Santo (from Misa Criolla) (Holy)

Music by Ariel Ramirez (Argentina)

Lyrics from Isaiah

(sung in Spanish)

Kevin Martin and Elijah Botkin, soloists

Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord, G-d of the universe.
The heavens and earth are full of Your glory!

Hosanna in the highest places!
Blessed are they who come in the name of the Lord.
Praise the Lord in sacred places,
Praise the Lord in the firmament of power.

Praise the Lord for mighty acts,
Praise the Lord for excellent greatness.

Praise the Lord with the sound of trumpet,
Praise the Lord with psaltery and harp.

Praise the Lord with drums and dancing,
Praise the Lord with strings and pipes.

Praise the Lord with high-sounding cymbals,
Praise the Lord with joyous, noisy cymbals.

Let everything that has breath
Praise the Lord! Halleluyah!
Mata del Anima Sola  *(Tree of the Lonely Soul)*

Music by Antonio Estevez (Venezuela)

Lyrics by Alberto Torrealba

Cantor Elias Rosemberg, soloist

*(sung in Spanish)*

Tree of the lonely soul,
Wide opening of the riverside –

Now you will be able to say,
Here slept “Cantaclaro” (“Clearsong”).

With the whistle and the sting
Of the twisting wind,

The dappled and violet dusk
Quietly entered the corral.

The night, tired mare,
Shakes her mane and black tail above the riverside;

And, in its silence,
Your ghostly heart is filled with awe.
Muié Rendêra (Lacemaker Woman)

Music by Pinto Fonseca (Brazil)

Lyrics are traditional

(sung in Brazilian Portuguese)

Olê!

Virgulino is Lampeão (“Oil Lamp”).

Hey, lace-maker woman,
If you teach me how to weave,
I’ll teach you how to flirt.

The girls of the beautiful town
Have nothing better to do
Than stand idly at the window
In love with Lampeão.

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

Hey, lace-maker woman!
**Venezuela**

Music by Moshe Wilenski (Israel)

Lyrics by Dan Almagor

Richard Lustig, soloist

*(sung in Hebrew)*

Chocolate-colored girls are there,
Their dresses – tight as banana skins,
Dancing the “mañana” dance
In the jungle under the coconut trees.

Let’s set off on the Orinoco River,
And tour the Amazon,
The Anaconda snakes there are twelve and a half meters long
With two huge fangs!

*Can that kill you?*

In two seconds, flat!

*Well, then, perhaps we should go to Chile?*
Venezuela! Venezuela!

*But without Chile, I’m no one!*

Venezuela! Venezuela!
Venezuela! Nothing like it! Olé!

There’s no university exams there,
No dean of the faculty!
And every day we go to see bullfights
With Don José Alfonso Schuldheim.

“Olé!” – we raise our sombreros.
“Olé!” – we call to the riders.
But the bull, Che Fortuna,
Bursts right out to the grandstand.
He’s attacking the crowd!
Can that kill you?

Usually.

Well, then, perhaps we should go to Chile?

Venezuela! Venezuela!

But without Chile, I’m no one!

Venezuela! Venezuela!
Venezuela! Nothing like it! Olé!

Coffee trees, avocado trees,
Gold mines in Eldorado,
Oil is flowing in Caripito,
No taxes, no deficit-o.

There are Indians there with a crest;
They scalp you with just... a poll (skull) tax.

Let’s run away to Chile! Hey! Everyone!

But there are volcanoes there.
Boiling waves of lava!

Can that kill you?

No, only sizzle you.

Well, then, let’s go to Petah Tikva!

Venezuela! Venezuela!

I wanna go to Petah Tikva!

Venezuela! Venezuela!
Venezuela! Nothing like it! Olé!
Adon Olam (Lord of the Universe)

Carlos Slivskin (Argentina)

Lyrics by Solomon Ibn Gabirol

Cantor Elias Rosemberg, soloist

(sung in Hebrew)

The Lord of the universe,
Before anything was created,
When everything was made by the Lord’s will,
The Lord was acknowledged as ruler.

And when all will end,
All alone the Lord will still reign,
The Lord was, is,
And will be in glory.

And the Lord is One; and there is none other,
To compare or join the Lord.
Without beginning, without end,
And to the Lord belongs dominion and power.

And the Lord is my G-d, my living G-d,
To the Lord I flee in time of grief,
And the Lord is my miracle and my refuge,
Who will answer the day I shall call.

To the Lord I commit my spirit,
In the time of sleep and awakening,
Even if my spirit leaves,
G-d is with me; I shall not fear.
**Los Pajaros Perdidos** *(The Lost Birds)*

Music by Astor Piazzolla (Argentina)

Lyrics by Mario Trejo

*(sung in Spanish)*

Cantor Elias Rosemberg

I love the lost birds
That come back from death
To blend in with a sky
Where I will never be able to get back,

The memories come back,
The hours of my youth which I gave away,
And a ghost comes from the sea,
Made out of things I loved and lost.

Everything was a dream, a dream that we lost,
Like we lost the birds and the sea,
A short and ancient dream, like the time
That mirrors cannot reflect.

Later, I tried to lose you in so many others,
But all of them were you;
I finally realized when a goodbye means goodbye;
Loneliness devoured me and we were left, two.

The night birds return,
They fly, blind, over the sea,
The entire night is a mirror
That reflects your loneliness back to me.

I am but a lost bird
Coming back from death
To blend in with a sky
Where I will never be able to get back.
Alfonsina  “Alfonsina and The Sea”

Music by Ariel Ramirez (Argentina)

Lyrics by Felix Luna (Hebrew: Ehud Manor)

(sung in Hebrew)

Upon the warm sands which kiss the sea
Her footsteps, so small, will never return.

She stepped, was quiet, walked alone,
Without a word, sadly, to the sea.

The waves covered her face,
The blue waters, salt and foam.

Some kind of pain silenced your voice;
How an ancient pain overpowered you.

Silently the waves circled and enveloped your body
And kissed your eyes.

Your thousand songs are with you still
In the heart of the great sea.

Why, Alfonsina? Why there?
What new song did you request in the sea?

Your soul was carried to her on a salty breeze.
You won’t return here; won’t bring us another song –

It flies away, hovering endlessly,
And you, Alfonsina, sleep peacefully.

The daughters of the sea have sung to you ever since you left,
Leaving corals by your home.

Sparkling circle, golden fish and star
Twinkling, circling day and night.

No one knows the way, only G-d,
Only the One above.
Kashe La’avod (Work is Hard)

Music by Antônio Pecci Filho (a.k.a. Toquinho) (Brazil)

Lyrics by Vincius de Moraes (Hebrew: Ehud Manor)

(sung in Hebrew)

Day and night,
From winter to fall,
I’ve always searched for wood and a home
And a woman I could love.

I found a home, wood and water,
And land in the West,
But without a loving woman
I’m working in vain.

I wander,
Now here and now there.
I wander.
Yes, It’s hard work.
Cancion con todos (Song with All)

Music by Cesar Isella (Argentina)

Arranged by Ruben Fernandez Otero

Lyrics by Armando Tejada Gómez/Ehud Manor

Cantor Elias Rosemberg, soloist on reprise

(sung in Spanish and Hebrew)

I go for a walk; I trace the cosmic belt-line of the South,
I set foot on the place of most verdant plants, of time and of light.

As I wander, the entire shore of America is my skin,
And, running in my blood, a river which releases its flow in my voice.

Sun of high Perú, face of Bolívia, of steel and solitude,
Green Brazil kisses the copper and mineral of dear Chile,

Rising from the South, up through the heart of all America,
Wells a pure, exultant, ever-increasing cry!

All voices, all hands,
All flesh can become a song in the wind.

Sing with me, my American brother!
Free your hope with a cry in your voice!

A long road, my eyes drunk from the sights,
A green road, pretty as scenery, treasure of lights.

An ancient road, I am South America someplace,
My voice and blood are streaming to them like a river to the sea.

Sun on Perú, Bolivia, misty, lonely,
Brazil’s greenery kisses Chile on steel lips,

From the South I’ve entered your heart, America;
I dive into the heart of the cry which will rise and grow!
Together all voices, together: a song of ascents.  
Every human being is a song, flying, carried by the wind.  

Brothers, sing together!  
Give wings to hope together with a grand voice!

Zamir Chorale of Boston  
1320 Center Street, Ste. 306  
Newton Center, MA 02459  
www.zamir.org  
617-244-6333

Joshua Jacobson  
Artistic Director

Barbara Gaffin  
Managing Director

Lawrence E. Sandberg  
Concert and Merchandise Manager