

BENJI & RITA

Lyrics in English and Portuguese



1- São Francisco é brasileiro

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Navego léguas a fio
Desenhando o rio
Naufrágio de um nau
No sertão ou litoral?

Os tupis clamam em choro e sapés
O largo sorriso azul de um aguapé
A onça nos caiatés
Franceses no escambo com pancararés
São Francisco em vestes de igarapé

Selvagens sobre o calvário
Desfiam o rosário
É Opará, rio-mar, o estirão
Seu Francisco do aluvião
Tem canibais, caiatés no matão
Os guris em cangapés e flechas nas mãos
Jacarés no azulão

A terra do pau-brasil contrastou
Um tuiuiú avoou
O jaburu jururú que chorou
A boiada dos currais se espalhou

Na pindorama o luar do sertão
A catinga, o espinho, o pacamã
A flor da vida, pranteio e paixão
Deságuam no mar da imensidão

1- The Saint Francis river of Brazil

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

I sail for miles
Coursing the river
Shipwrecked
Near the jungle or on the coast?

The tupis, weeping, cry out surrounded by their thatch
roofed houses
The wide blue smile of a waterhole
The jaguar in the Caetés (*Euphorbiaceous climbing plant*)
Frenchmen barter with the Pancararés (*an indigenous
group that inhabits the state of Bahia*)
River Saint Francis in robes of Igarapé (*small body of water,
generally a tributary river or a canal*)

Savages surrounding the calvary
Tear the rosary apart
It's Opará (*The golden warrior*), sea-river, and the spruce
Sir Francis of the Alluvium
They have Caiatés and cannibals deep in the woods
The young children in Cangapés with spears in their hands
Alligators in the deep blue sea

For contrast, the land of brazil-wood
A Tuiuiú bird flies by
The sad Jaburu cries out
Dispersing the cattle herds

In Pindorama, (*is the the native's name for Brazil*) the desert
moonlight
A catinga (*type of desert vegetation, and an ecoregion
characterized by this vegetation in northeastern Brazil*) the
thorn, the Pacuma Toadfish
The flower of life, the mourning and passion
Dwell in the sea of immensity

2- Piocerá

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Avexado Chico em Juazeiro e Petrolina
Curada, Vermelho, na curva se desatina
Moro nas brenhas, com curuba de me
aventurar

Troncho no rio, vixe Maria! Vou pra Piocerá!

Trubiscado zólho urubuserva o surubim
A moça e a brexa, eu brocoió com o meu
bichim

Ôxi! Ispilicute! Ande, Tonha! Vem casar!
Vestida de chita, arrasta-pé no arraiaá

O tum, tum, tum da zabumba me deixa doidim
No rala-bucho, bate-coxa, em riba passarim

Apetrachada com o anel, de vera a casar
Tempo avoou, a amojada teve um frogoió
Tão bonitinho é o rapazinho e nós aqui tão
zuruó
Com meu pitéu chamego, com meu menino
xodó!

2- Piocerá

(Piauí and Ceará, states located in the northeastern part of Brazil)

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Hyper-active Chico, between Juazeiro and Petrolina
Curada (*City*), Vermelho (*City*), on the curve he gets lost
I live deep in the woods, with desire to go on wild
adventures

Clumsily walking through the river, oh my gosh!
I'm going to Piauí and Ceará! (*2 states in The Northeast of Brazil*)

With drunken eyes he looks at the Surubim fish
(*Surubim fish transforms in to a woman*)
it's a young lady who's showing a little between her legs
Chico, shy in his innocence

Wow! She is cute! And I am hopelessly falling for her! Let's
marry!

Dressed in her flimsy cheap cotton, dancing radiantly
[*Arrasta pé*] --> (*Typical northeastern dance*)

I go crazy over the boom boom boom of the "zabumba"
(*Northeast Brazilian large snare type drum*)
In the "rala-bucho, bate-coxa" (*intimate body-hugging dance*),

Hips locked

The bird flying up, entranced by the beauty of the wedding
ring,

Sees them marry soon thereafter

Time flies, the woman, her breasts now full of milk,
has her first child with Chico

What a little beauty he is, our little boy

So enchanted are we by him

Our little baby! Me and my man beside me

3- Memorial Day 3- Memorial Day

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

A bandeira hasteada estremecida na imensidão
Os combatentes retornam ao lar, os mortos não
Toques polifônicos, fuga em ré menor
Vêm de um gramofone ruidoso sem valor

Os jardins vibrantes, a primavera a cromatizar
Vestido adornado, uma bela a recatar
Em contraponto as ninfas e os assobios
Bêbados soldados e as meretrizes de modo viu
Tramando a guerra, crianças brincam a imaginar
Junto aos seus pais num convescote a repousar

Um marinheiro desencantado pranteou
Retiro ou omissão?
A vida ou ficção?
Uma mão dupla ou contra mão?

Sonhos de verão na derradeira primavera
O sol da guerra entre a farda e a quimera
Escalei muitas montanhas, penetrei correndo
Pisei em campos minados ao vento
Vociferei em prantos, desbravei
A ordinária guerra, fraquejei

Nenhum homem vale a vida de outro alguém
Tão estimado é o amor de minha mãe
Que pariu em dor, cuidou e apaziguou

Ainda tenho vigor para revelar
Que fui no inferno e voltei!

They raised the flag up high, trembling in its majesty
Some troops came back, but others crossed the great divide
Polyphonic sounds, a fugue in "D Minor"
From a beat up gramophone, come noisy static hums

Oh, those vibrant gardens spreading color over spring
Along comes a beauty dressed in modest broinery
She stands in bold contrast to men's catcalls to the nymphs
And the drunken soldiers, and malicious harlots strolling by

Children plot wars as they play at make believe
Together with their moms and dads at a family picnic

A sailor, disenchanted with his lot, asks himself:
Do I just enjoy solitude, or am I fleeing my past?
Is this real life or fiction?
A two way street or a dead end road?

Longing for summer at the last days of spring
The wartime sun
Caught between the regimental uniform and fantasy
I climbed many mountains, crossing at a run

I landed in mine fields, trotted fiercely through the wind
Screamed and cried and braved the journey
Worthless wartimes, I faltered
And no one's life was more important than another's
I so appreciate the love my mother gave
Birthing me in great pain, she nurtured me and brought me calm
And still I've the strength to tell I went to hell
But I returned!

4- Valsa da metrópole 4- The metropolis Waltz

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Vândala, ávida, déspota, senil Greedy, despotic, senile vandal
Faróis tão míopes, arranha-céus Near-sighted traffic lights, skyscrapers loom
Tão distraída, efêmera, zen Greatly distracting, ephemeral, zen
Plástica, trágica, pouco convém It's plastic, it's tragic and nothing makes sense

Cinza, avessa, estranha, formal Ashes, reluctance, formal and strange
Fábricas de paletós Coat factories everywhere
Túneis de sonhos, orfã e afã Tunnels of dreams, orphan's despair
Santos, pau ocós, imagens cristãs False idols, saints and crosses to bear

A espiral do tempo não para não The unending whirlwind of time spirals on
Tem varal, eletrônicos, dominó Electronics, clotheslines, a game of dominoes
Tem mocotó, dendê, tem jiló, João do camelô Chicken stew, palm oil and a peddler named John
Sádicos homens, velhas mansões stands at his booth of items for sale
A vida de um gigolô sem amor Sadistic men, old mansions
A gigolo with no one to love.

Velho icônico joga xadrêz, medieval, temporal Iconic geezer playing chess, medieval, secular
É fatal, seu rival, Dorival Here rivalry's fatal
Na moral, em geral, faz jogral Dorival, a punster, and also a liberal
Liberal, vendaval, etc e tal All and everything awhirl in the storm
Perece a flôr na estação Jaçanã Etcetera, et. al
Padece desaceado Tietê
Tão indecente, cidade natal A flower wilts at Jaçana station
The parched Tiete river cries its last tears
How very outrageous, my birthplace, my home

5- Zênite e Nadir 5- Zenite and Nadir

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Tocando acordes no alaúde no coro do alazão
Cantando versos no deserto de cor de açafraão
Dia cai, noite vem, lua cheia na vastidão

Playing chords on my Oud in the choir of Sorrel
Singing verses in the saffron colored desert
Day breaks, night comes, full moon in the wild landscape

Zênite e Nadir equilibram o corpo do ancião
Iluminado por alá em contra ponto com um sultão
Fanfarrão, beberrão, barba azul, murrão, um
ganhão.

Zenith and Nadir (*the imaginary points directly above and below a particular location on the celestial sphere*)
equilibrate the body of the wise old man
Enlightened by Allah. For contrast: a sultan
Bully, drunkard, blue beard, stubborn one, and a stallion.

Xeque-mate gritou o grão-vizir, um artilheiro, foi punhal
no coração
Perambulei pelo palácio e avistei mil donzelas na
constelação

Check mate! The grand vizier shouted, a rush
It was like a dagger straight through the heart
I wandered by the palace and saw a thousand maidens in the
harem

De vale em vale sigo viagem sem luz nem lampião
Comi a tâmara e o damasco, recitei as suras
Gratidão, pés no chão, retidão, prontidão, levidão na
mansidão

From valley to valley I continued my journey without light or
lantern
I ate the date and the apricot, recited the prayers
With feet on the ground, gratitude, righteousness, readiness,
levity in meekness

Mil rosas, lírios e alfazemas
Gazelas surgem a olhos nus
Despontam na planície ingênuas

A thousand roses, lilies and lavenders
Gazelles appear to the naked eye
They call attention to their naive way in the fields

Eu abro a alcafa que carrego
Liberto a naja sobre a luz do sol
Falcões selvagens abatem a preza e voam

I open the Wicker basket, I Let Naja go into the sunlight
Wild hawks slaughter their prey and fly off

Conto histórias, desdobro memórias sem fim
Vales, colinas, montanhas, voluptuosas huris

I tell stories, unfolding endless memories
Valleys, hills, mountains, voluptuous huris'

De galho em galho sigo viagem ao som do rouxinol
Pelas veredas colho o fruto da amplidão
Clareza, trovão, densidade, nazamão
Um pavão, sem razão, solidão, não foi em vão

From branch to branch I continue my journey with the sounds
of the nightingales to guide me
On my way I harvest the lush, ripe fruit
Clarity, thunder, density, a nomad
A peacock, this loneliness, it's not right, but the journey has
not been in vain

6- Santa Efigênia 6- Saint Efigenia

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Eu cruzo os pivetes, damas de covil, mascates
Os imigrantes e a saudade
No fim da passarela avisto o Mirante do Vale
Arranhando os céus, gigante na cidade
A velha tão devota passa o terço carmesim
Rococós, mil bênçãos, serafins, querubins

O velho que replica as intrigas do pasquim
Contendas de um botequim
O ébrio lisonjeia as belas curvas da cunhã
Nos brejos e tabuais a saracura-sanã

Do alto o Martinelli avista o sol se pôr
E os luminosos acordam em cores
E madrugam até o alvor
Casais em fino traje dançam
E no roçar da gafieira flertam

O Mario, Anita e Villa confabulam na epifania
Tupiniquins na ufanía!
O ronco das buzinas desafinam em harmonia
Os monges do mosteiro em cor e polifonia

Na aurora, no triunfo, no aluvião
Recebi o sermão de São Bento ancião
Na Babilônia, o samba, o malandro
A Colombina e o Pierrô
Num frenesi, na profusão, eu vou!

I pass by the juvenile thieves, prostitutes
Peddlers, immigrants longing for their homeland
There, at the end of the walkway, I see a view of the valley
Peaks surround the vast city, scraping the skies
I watch as the devout old lady puts on her crimson rosary
Rococo buildings, a thousand blessings, Serafins, Cherubs

The old man who debates over the stories in his newspaper
The quarrels of the bars
The drunkard as he flatters the beautiful curves of cunhã (*the native Brazilian woman*)
In the marshes and amongst the oleanders - the Rail bird

From the top of Martinelli (*São Paulo's famed building*), you
can watch the setting sun
And the clubs' and storefronts' neon signs wake up in colors
Flashing till the rise of dawn
Couples in fine suits dance the Gafieira
Flirting as their bodies meld together

Here stood Mario, Anita and Vila (*3 important artists at one time during the great period of modernism in Brazil*) talking
about the epiphany
There the Tupiniquins (*native Brazilian tribesmen*) swagger
with pride!
Car horns honk in harmonious dissonance
While the monastery's choir chant in colorful polyphony

At daybreak, triumphant, in all of its abundance
I received the sermon of Elder Saint Benedict
Then, in Babylon (*Ancient city of the region of Mesopotamia that is also used as an expression, meaning: disorder in Brazil*), the Samba, the trickster, Colombina and Pierrot
(*Colombina and Pierrot are stock characters in the Commedia dell'Arte whose origins are in the late seventeenth-century*)
Propelled by this frenzy of abundance, there I will go!

7- Impetuosa atração 7- Impetuous attraction

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

| | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| Tão penetrante clamou | She cried out so piercingly |
| Com o seu olhar de amor | With the look of love in her eyes |
| Um arrepio no pescoço | Goose bumps running up and down her neck |
| Meu corpo em alvoroço | My body in turmoil |
| Esse intento | This attempt |
| É um tormento | It's tormenting me |
| Uma exaltação imoral | An immoral exaltation |
| Um insurgente temporal | A temporary insurgency |
| Tão engenhoso | How ingenious |
| O proibido, o impalpável | The forbidden, the impalpable |
| O calor impetuoso da atração | The impetuous heat of attraction |
| É a lava de um vulcão? | Is it lava from a volcano? |
| Ou o lume da paixão? | Or the fire of passion? |
| A fase de delírio e a veneração | The phase of delirium and reverence |
| Martírio sem razão | Martyrdom without cause |
| A luz e a escuridão | The light and the darkness |
| O prazer e a dor | The pleasure and the pain |
| O vício da emoção | The addictive nature of emotions |
| Floreios e ficção | The flourishing and the falsehoods |
| O decesso e a ascensão | The rise and the fall |
| A tara, a sanha | The obsession, the uncontrollable desire |
| O boi de piranha | Just another soldier treated as expendable in the |
| O alarde, o afã | face of enemy fire |
| | The constant exhibitionism, the impatience |
| | |
| Tão penetrante clamou | She cried out so penetratingly |
| Com o seu olhar de amor | With love in her eyes |
| Um arrepio no pescoço | Goose bumps on her neck |
| Meu corpo em alvoroço | My body in turmoil |
| Esse intento | This attempt |
| É um tormento | It's tormenting me |

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| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Uma exaltação imoral | An immoral exaltation |
| Um insurgente temporal | The Temporary insurgency |
| Tão engenhoso | How ingenious |
| O proibido, o impalpável | The forbidden, the impalpable |
| O calor impetuoso da atração | The impetuous heat of attraction |
| É a lava de um vulcão? | Is it lava from a volcano? |
| Ou o lume da paixão? | Or the fire of passion? |
| A fase de delírio e a veneração | The phase of delirium and reverence |
| Martírio sem razão | Martyrdom without a cause |
| A luz e a escuridão | The light and the darkness |
| O prazer e a dor | The pleasure and the pain |
| O vício da emoção | The addictive nature of emotions |
| Por vezes contente e desilusão | At times content with disillusionment |
| Uma mandinga no coração | A heart that's bewitched |
| | |
| Tão penetrante clamou | She cried out so penetratingly |
| Com o seu olhar de amor | With the look of love in her eyes |
| Um arrepio no pescoço | Goose bumps on her neck |
| Meu corpo em alvoroço | My body in turmoil |
| Esse intento | This attempt |
| É um tormento | It's tormenting me |
| Uma exaltação imoral | An immoral exaltation |
| Um insurgente temporal | Temporary insurgency |
| Tão engenhoso | How ingenious |
| O proibido, o impalpável | The forbidden, the impalpable |
| O calor impetuoso da atração | The impetuous heat of attraction |
| É a lava de um vulcão? | Is it lava from a volcano? |
| É amor ou paixão? | Is it love or is it passion? |

8- Swing do jazz 8- The Swing of Jazz

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Foi no Swing que a banda tocou It was in Swing that the band played on
E no Bebop o trompete solou And in Bebop the trumpet soloed

Rico em cores o Cool Jazz serenou Richly colored, Cool Jazz serenaded
E na Vanguarda o Free Jazz libertou And at the Vanguard, Free Jazz was liberated
O Jazz Modal que não quer ser mais tonal Modal Jazz, no longer tonal
O Gipsy Jazz, pulsante, cromático e tal Gipsy Jazz, pulsing, chromatic and all

O Rock, Funk, Hip hop, Groove Jazz Rock, Funk, Hip hop and Groove Jazz
O Latin Jazz, Jazz Swing, Acid Jazz Latin Jazz, Swing Jazz, Acid Jazz

O contra ponto, a melodia The counterpoint and the melodies
A harmonia Those lush harmonies
O improviso, o ritmo e a polifônia The improvisation, rhythm and polyphony

Foi no Swing que a banda tocou It was in Swing that the band played on
E no Bebop o trompete solou And in Bebop the trumpet soloed

Rico em cores o Cool Jazz serenou Richly colored, Cool Jazz serenaded
E na Vanguarda o free jazz libertou And, at the Vanguard, Free Jazz was liberated
O Jazz Modal que não quer mais ser tonal Modal Jazz that could no longer be tonal
O Gipsy Jazz, pulsante, cromático e tal Gipsy Jazz, pulsing, chromatic and all

9- Cajubim 9- Darling

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Agracio o meu bem e assobio
Me reviro em cachos de acácias
De galho em galho, assíduo
Devoluto e leve, curió voou

I grace you, my love, as I whistle
While I whirl and twirl in clusters of Acácias
From branch to branch I continue on my journey
Fancy free and light as a feather, flies the Curio (*Chestnut bellied seed finch*)

Canto tão sentido para ti, ai amor
Canto feito rouxinol, ai ai
Canto numa festa lá no céu, lá e aqui
Lá e aqui tá tão frio
Cravo-de-amor, no meu jardim
Quero calor, meu cajubim

Oh my love, how I sing to thee
Song of the Nightingale, ai ai
I sing in a festive gathering among the heavens and here on earth.
On earth and in heaven
Oh how cold it is here and there!
Oh Love Carnation that rests in my garden
I long for warmth, my beloved one

Fiz esta cantiga a refletir, sua beleza
Passarada irirê, canta
Quero-quero subir no ipê, tico-tico
Pintor lá tem sete cores
E sente dores, no pé e raiz
E sente amores, sou tão feliz
Voa coração alado
Leva patuá pra tí
Seu frescor vem da hortelã
Seu divã é meu divã
Junte todo o seu legado
E conte histórias para mim

I wrote this song to reflect your beauty
Sing ye flock of birds
Quero-quero (double entendre meaning: I want to + name of bird)
Climb up the Ipê (Trumpet tree plant), Tico-Tico
Pintor has seven colors (Tanager bird)
Feels pain, on it's feet and roots
And knows love. I am so happy
Winged heart, fly off
Take with you this amulet of protection
Your freshness comes from the mint leaves
My home is your home
Put together all of your legacies
And tell your stories to me

A sua ternura, consolação
Faz vendaval, inundação
Respire fundo, recordação
Sou seu cantor, sua canção
Inspiração na contramão
Faço refrão, rima, rondó
Canção de amor pra despedir

Your tenderness, consolation
Creates whirlwinds, floods me with overwhelming glory
Breathe deeply, and take note
I am your songstress,
Your song
Your inspiration from out of left field
I make refrains, rhymes and rondos
A song of love
And bid farewell

Agracio o meu bem e assobio
Me reviro em cachos de acácias
De galho em galho, assíduo
Devoluto e leve, curió voou

I grace you, my love, as I whistle
While I whirl and twirl in clusters of Acácias
From branch to branch I continue on my journey
Fancy free and light as a feather, flies the Curio

10- Não armo no mocó 10- You can count on me

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Véi eu vi o ouro e o veneno
Não sou bodinho e nem playboy
Não dou perdido por dindin
Não fico grogue nem mamado
Não pago sapo, não dou KÔ
Minha cachanga é meu opala
Minha carreta é zero bala
Fim de semana, uma pelada
Olha o gol! 2X

Look, check it out!
I'm not a little child nor am I a playboy
I didn't mislead anyone about money
I don't drink
I don't get in to arguments and I don't tell lies!
My car is a rundown 70's Buick that I fixed up
And it's in tip top shape
Come the weekend, I'm playing soccer
Check out the goal I made! 2X

Não conto lenda
E também não canto de galo
Não sou cabreiro
Nem tampouco sou grilado
Não faço acordo com barão
Não tiro onda, nem dou o bote
Se me enxeu eu capo o gato
Não armo no mocó
Cada um no seu quadrado
Sô firmeza e não otário
Não sô prego não

I'm not one to tell lies
Or go around bragging to others about myself
I'm not afraid of stuff
And I don't make stupid mistakes
I don't make deals with drug lords
I don't call attention to myself, or steal from others
If you piss me off, I'll kick you out of my life
And most of all, I'm not one to say stuff behind
people's backs
To each his own, you do you
You can count on me, sure, but I'm no fool to be
deceived by anyone
No, I'm no sucker

Não sou de frevo
E quase nunca eu tomo umas birita
Eu tenho dona
E não costumo ir nas prima
Eu não sou de contar lenda
Nem sou de fazer zoeira
Sou esperto, meio rato
Não sou traíra, sou chegado

I'm not the partying type
And I almost never drink
I have a girlfriend
So I don't tend to visit whorehouses
I am not one to tell lies
I'm not about playing head games with people
I'm sly, you know...and quite bright
I'm not a traitor, I'm a friend

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

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| | |
|---|--|
| Caminho com o vento, transitório tempo | I go where the wind blows, time is fleeting |
| Duvidoso e incerto movimento | Doubtful and uncertain movement |
| Duradouro passatempo | Lasting pastime |
| A roda da fortuna a girar | The wheel of fortune goes on spinning |
| No tráfico um contento, eu descanso e penso | In traffic, content with life, I rest and think |
| Tão dolente quanto alegre sentimento | As mournful as I am, I carry on with good cheer |
| Entretanto paradoxo | In the spaces between there is a paradox |
| Tão quântico e romântico | So quantum and romantic |
| Eu surfo com as marés | I surf with the tides |
| Contínuo movimento circular | Continuous circular movement |
| O céu e o infinito mar | The sky and the infinite sea |
| Eu vago, ando a esmo, provisório tempo | I wander lazily with no particular destination for now |
| Misteriosa e colorida flôr do vento | Mysterious and colorful wind flower |
| Em cada passo, um compasso, uniforme, mensurável | With each step, a measure goes by, uniform, |
| Com duração, em sucessão, sem ascensão | calculable |
| Eu canto nota a nota numa escala temporal | With duration, in succession, without ascension With each note I sing the scale of space and time |

12- Bryant Park

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

I wake up to the sound of larks
The sunlight shining bright on Bryant Park
Amidst the passers by I see
The beautiful trees
And someone who flees
Upon her pretty face a birthmark
So well composed, her posture is so stark
From her beautiful eyes come
Sparks, that glitter and glow
Penetrating my heart
All through the night the melody twists and sings
I will find you again
We shall meet
Even if it's in spring of next year
I'd brave winter in Harbin China
Or a pacific northwest typhoon
Give me a sign or kind of landmark
A trail you leave with clues to your whereabouts
And on your trip I'll embark
Let's let love be blind. We'll glow in the dark
Two one-way tickets with address unknown
We'll watch binge-worthy shows in beach motels
We'd be straight out of scenes from "Love" or "Notting hill", or "When Harry Met Sally"
And I will carve your serene name into the bark
Of the tree where I first saw you flee
From what or from where I'd not seen
I just see all the sparks fly freely
Come right out of your heart so soulfully
Shining in the dark
They light up all the parks
Especially Bryant Park!

13- Lundu dos orixás 13- Lundu of the Orixas

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Bantos, jejes e os nagôs evocam
Seres arquétipos no Brasil colonial
A dor de amor e o furor sucumbe
Tempestuosa a força sentimental

Bantos, Jejes and the Nagôs evoke
Archetypal beings of Colonial Brazil
The pain of love and fury succumbs
To this tempestuous emotional force

Rezam as pretas, rodopiam em cores
Os deuses se multiplicam em santos
Clama ao rosário o seu dissabor
Toca o lundu, vem aganju

The African women pray, swirl in color
The gods transform themselves into saints
Call upon the Rosary their displeasure
Play the Lundu! Come Aganju! (*Shango's Father*)

Bantos, jejes e os nagôs se curvam
Despertam o feminino de suas águas
Emergem dos rios doces e do ouro
O abebé, pássaro, boi e a cabra

Bantos, Jejes and the Nagôs curve
Awakening the femininity of their waters
Emerge from the sweet rivers and the gold
The Abebé a (*fan in circular form, used by Oxum, made of gold*), bird, ox and goat

Branco, azul, rosa e amarelo
Fitas e rendas de ôh Olossá
Extrai o maxixe desse lundu
A preta que exala o puro dendê

White, blue, pink and yellow
Tag strips and laces of ôh Olossá (*Yoruban mytho-logical character from the lakes*)

O feijão fradinho para o acarajé
Corta o quiabo para o caruru
Pimenta malagueta no vatapá
Chacoalha a miçanga do seu afoxé

Extract the Maxixe (*old style of music influenced heavily by Africans who came to Brazil and is counterpart to forms of Samba*) from this Lundu (*the habanera dance/song form in Brazilian culture*)

Bate no sino do agogô
Grave, agudo, toca o gã
Aperta o fio com seu dobrão
Toca guri, chacoalha o caxixi
Canta o berimbau

The African woman who exhales the pure Dendê (*Palm oil typically used in Bahian cuisine*)

The Fradinho beans for the Acarajé (*foods in typical Bahian cuisine*)
Cut the okra for the Caruru (*a Brazilian food made from okra, onion, shrimp, palm oil and toasted nuts*)

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| Bantos, jejes e os nagôs evocam | Malagueta chili in the vatapá (<i>Afro-Brazilian dish</i> |
| Seres arquétipos no Brasil colonial | <i>made from bread, shrimp, coconut milk, finely</i> |
| A dor de amor e o furor sucumbe | <i>ground peanuts and palm oil mashed into a</i> |
| Tempestuosa a força sentimental | <i>creamy paste)</i> |
| | Shake the beads of your afoxé (<i>an Afro Brazilian</i> |
| Rezam as pretas, rodopiam em cores | <i>musical instrument composed of a gourd wrapped</i> |
| Os deuses se multiplicam em santos | <i>in a net in which beads or small plastic balls are</i> |
| Clama ao rosário o seu dissabor | <i>threaded)</i> |
| Soa o lundu na roda de samba e canta a | |
| Olorum | The bell of the agogô clangs |
| Bantos, jejes e os nagôs vem e vão | Lows, highs, the gã (<i>Berimbau instrument</i>) sounds |
| | Tighten the berimbau wire with your gold coin |
| | The little boy plays, shakes the caxixi |
| | Makes the berimbau sing |
| | |
| | Bantos, Jejes and the Nagôs evoke |
| | Archetypal beings of Colonial Brazil |
| | The pain of love and fury succumbs |
| | To this tempestuous emotional force |
| | |
| | The African women pray, swirl in color |
| | The gods transform themselves into saints |
| | Cry out upon the Rosary there displeasure |
| | Soar Lundu in the Samba circle and sing to Olorum |
| | (<i>Supreme Being in the Yoruba pantheon</i>) |
| | Bantos, Jejes and the Nagôs come and go |

14- A moura do maracaxá 14- The Moor and her rattle stick

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

Benji Kaplan / Rita Figueiredo

A moura do maracaxá
Nua, crua e pintada
Em sua bainha a espada
Cravada nas entranhas da amada
Turvo mergulho no fundo das águas

Jandira mexe o maracá
Na festa dos aflitos
Seu corpo dita a dança
Homens, mulheres e belas crianças
Mandigas, xuatês, curumins em abundância

Impávida e aberta, uma vitória régia
Na floresta de igapó
Deu um nó no aguapé
Bela flôr de abricó de um macaco
Mexe os seus cabelos

Jandira assopra o apito
Vislumbra a bicharada
Piranha, anta, arara
Jibóia na espreita, faminta na mata
Uirapuru pía no alto da macaba

A morena subiu no alto buriti
Para ver o anhangá
Lobisomem, boitatá
Caipora, curupira, cairara, jurupari

O grito do raio assombra jandira
A força do vento, a partida do sol
O calor da terra, o frescor das águas

A moura do maracaxá
Nua, crua e pintada
Em sua bainha a espada
Cravada nas entranhas da amada
Turvo mergulho no fundo das águas

A Moorish girl with her rattle stick
Raw, naked and painted
In her sheath, a sword spiked into the womb of her lover
A deep dive into turbid waters

Jandira shakes the Rattle stick
At the party of the afflicted ones
Her body dictates the dance
Men, women and beautiful children
Mandigas (*spells*), Xuatês (*rattle stick*), Curumins (*indigenous children*) abound

Undaunted and wide open, a lily pad
In the Blackwater-Flooded Amazonian forest
Made a knot in the Water Hyacinth (*a free-floating tropical American water plant*)
And the beautiful Apricot Monkey Flower
She caresses her hair

Jandira blows the whistle
The beasts glance at her
Piranha, tapir and macaw
Boa Constrictor on the prowl, hungry in the woods
The "Musician Wren" (*amazonian bird*) chirps
Way up on top of the Macaba tree

The girl climbed up the swampy palm
To see Anhangá (*a Brazilian folkloric spirit who lives in the forest and can take the shape of any form or being it pleases*)
Wolf Man, Fire-dragon,
Native of the forest, bright red-haired, wicked fairy,
Avenger of hunters and the Demon earth-eater fish

Sudden lightning scares Jandira
The wind's force, the setting sun,
Heat of the land, and the refreshing waters

A moorish girl with her rattle stick
Raw, naked and painted
In her sheath, a sword spiked into the womb of her lover
Dives deep into the turbid waters