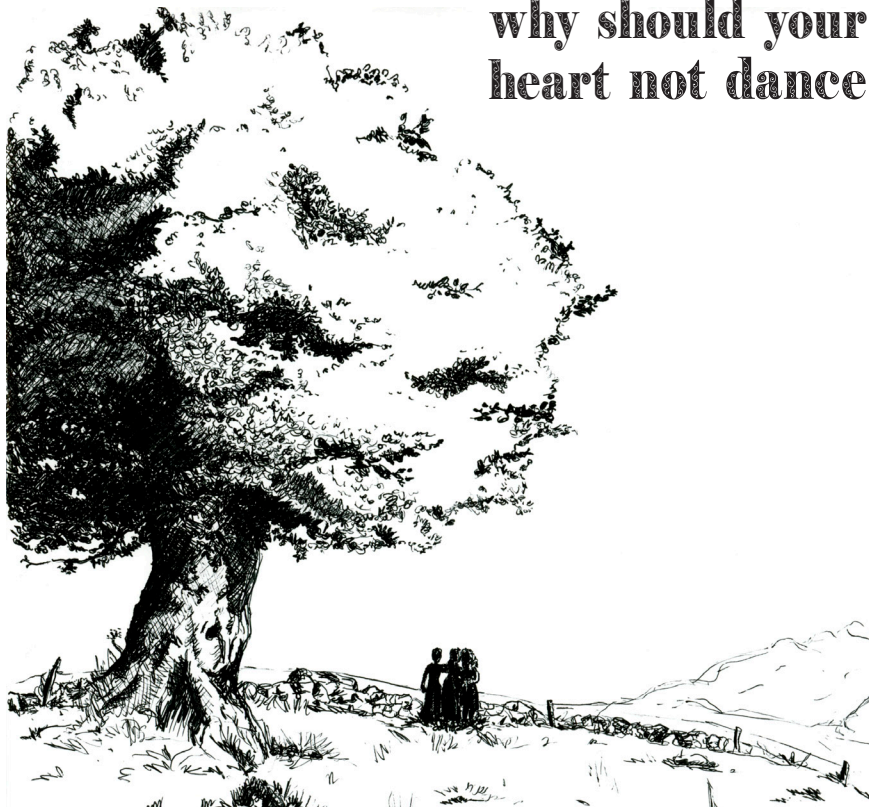


**why should your
heart not dance**



ASARAN EARTH TRIO

Welcome!

This album was born of our love for stories told through song.

Asaran Earth Trio has roots in three different countries: Brazil, Croatia, and Hungary. We started our musical journey by learning songs from each others' cultures. Traveling to new places, we met wonderful friends who shared their music with us, adding new languages and sounds to our repertoire.

We've loved learning their stories and adding our own voices and grooves to the mix. In the process, we were also inspired to cover some songs from our modern folklore and to write our own new music. This is how the album came to life.

On the following pages, we've compiled all the song lyrics and translations so you can enjoy comparing the words in different languages or try singing along. We've also added illustrations by our very own Anne. We hope these stories spark your imagination as much as they've sparked ours!

We'd like to thank our guests Nezh Antakli and Rogério Boccato for their energy and wonderful musical contributions, as well as our friends Aurora Arteaga, Quinto Canalli, and Jorge Oliveira, who showed us new songs. We are also grateful to Steven Severinghaus and Daniel Boccato for their help behind the scenes, putting this booklet together. A special thank you goes to Francesco Moretti for his invaluable help and friendship.

1. Bye Bye Blackbird (Ray Henderson)

Blackbirds chirp the intro to Anne's take on this jazz standard. We join our feathered friends in a playful harmonization of their melody.



Blackbird, bye bye!

2. Jovano, Jovanke (Macedonia)

In this folk song about longing and love, Jovana is kept from her lover by her protective mother. We're joined on this track by Nezh Antakli on frame drum.

Jovano, Jovanke,
Kraj Vardarot sediš, mori,
Belo platno beliš,
Belo platno beliš, dušo,
Se na gore gledaš.

Jovano, Jovanke,
Jas te tebe čekam, mori,
Doma da mi dojdeš,
A ti ne doagaš, dušo,
Srce moje, Jovano.

Jovana, Jovanka,
You sit by the Vardar,
Bleaching your white linens,
Bleaching your white linens, my dear,
Looking at the hills.

Jovana, Jovanka,
I'm waiting for you,
To come to my home,
And you don't come, my dear,
My heart, Jovana.

3. Kis Kece Lányom (Hungary)

A mother bids her daughter farewell in this lament sung at weddings. Artemisz added harmonies to this song, traditionally sung by a single voice.

Kis kece lányom, fehérbe vagyon,
Fehér a rózsza, kezébe vagyon.

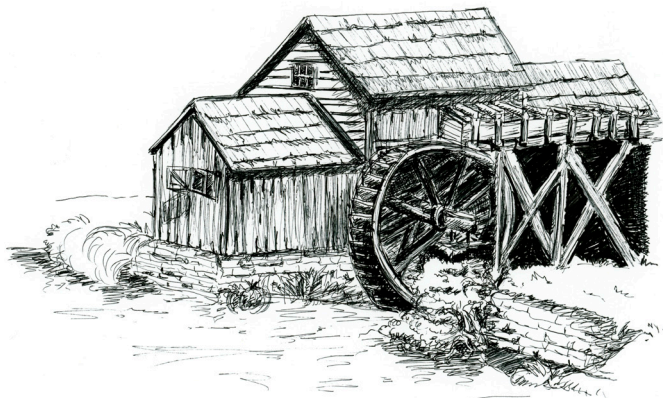
My dainty little girl, wearing white,
With a white rose in her hand.

Mondom-mondom,
Fordulj ide mátkám asszony,
Mondom-mondom,
Fordulj ide mátkám asszony!

I tell you,
Turn to me my lady,
I tell you,
Turn to me my lady!

Ciprusi menta, kajtai rózsza,
Elmennék táncba, ha szép lány volna.

Mint from Cyprus, rose from Kajta,
I'd go to the dance, if there were pretty girls.



Pedig az a malom három körű legyen s a legelső köve sekeretet járjon

4. Why Should Your Heart Not Dance? (Anne Boccato / C.S. Lewis)

When Orual sets out on her journey in C.S. Lewis' *Till We Have Faces*, her heart is heavy. But as she leaves behind the dusty roads of Glome, a lush, green field surrounds her, as if the World were speaking to her, saying, "Why should your heart not dance?" It tears her apart, as she weighs the infinite reasons for her sadness to remain against the folly of letting go and allowing her heart—like the kind and laughing World's—to dance.

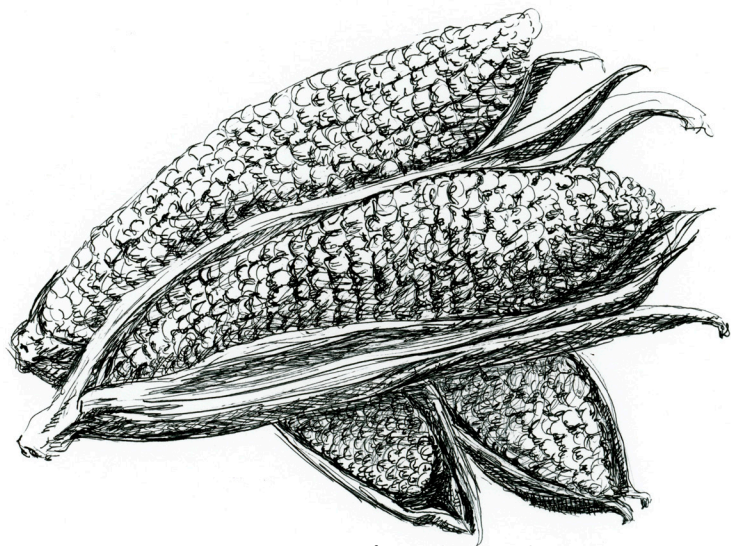
I, whose love was taken from me
I, the ugly princess
It's the measure of my folly
That my heart almost answered

You may well believe that I
Had set out sad enough
Now, flung at me, my struggle was this:
There came, as if it were a voice,
No words,

But if you make it into words, it would be:
"Why should your heart not dance?"

I had to tell myself over like a lesson
The infinite reasons it had not to dance,
My heart, to dance?
And yet the sight of the huge world
Took mad ideas into me,
As if I could wander away, wander forever
See strange and beautiful things,
Made me feel that

I had misjudged the world
It seemed kind and laughing,
As if its heart also danced
Oh, why should your heart not dance?



Ai, milho verde, folha larga

5. Milho Verde (Portugal)

We sing about life, green corn, and the various forms of love in this picturesque folk song from Beira Baixa. What happens in the cornfield stays in the cornfield!

Milho verde, milho verde
Ai, milho verde, milho verde
Ai, milho verde, maçaroca
À sombra do milho verde
Ai, à sombra do milho verde,
Ai, namorei uma cachopa.

Milho verde, milho verde
Milho verde, miudinho
À sombra do milho verde
Ai, namorei um rapazinho.

Milho verde, milho verde
Milho verde, folha larga
À sombra do milho verde,
Ai, namorei uma casada.

Mondadeiras do meu milho,
Mondai o meu milho bem!
Não olhais para o caminho,
Ai, que a merenda já lá vem.

Green corn, green corn
Oh, green corn, green corn
Oh, green corn, ear of corn
By the shade of the green corn
Oh, by the shade of the green corn,
Oh, I dated a young woman.

Green corn, green corn
Green corn, tiny kernels
By the shade of the green corn,
Oh, I dated a young man.

Green corn, green corn
Green corn, broad leaves
By the shade of the green corn,
Oh, I dated a married woman.

Corn pickers of my crop,
Pick my corn with care!
Don't look back at the road,
Oh, because your meal is coming soon.

6. Két Dal (Hungary)

Two folk melodies are melded into one song about love, life, a rose, and a little bird.

A pünkösdi rózsza kihajlott az útra,
Nékem es kihajlott szekereimnek rúdja.
Nem tudom édesem jóra-e vaj rosszra,
Jóra-e vaj rosszra vaj holtig bánatra.
Kinezék ez úton látám édesemet,
Látám édesemet ő is láta engem.
S akarám szólítani szánám búsítani,
S ily szép ifijan megszorítani.
S az én piros vérem a te piros véred
Egy árokba folyjon s egy malmot meghajtsón.
Pedig az a malom három kővű legyen,
S a legelső kőve szeretetet járjon.
S a második kőve aprópénzt hullasson,
S a harmadik kőve igazgyöngyöt járjon.

Jaj de szépen virjadozik,
S az én szívem hervadozik.
Jaj de szépen megvirjada,
S az én szívem elhervada.

Kicsi madár, jaj, de fenn jársz.
Mi az oka alább nem szállsz?
Alább szállnék de nem merek,
Sok az irigy s attól félek.

The peony is hanging over the road,
My chariot also points that way.
Sweet one, I know not for better or worse,
For better or worse, or for sadness till death.
I looked down the road, saw my beloved,
Saw my beloved; he saw me, too.
If he called upon me, I'd dread to grieve him,
To make his young beauty dark with sadness.
Let my red blood and your red blood
Drain to the same stream to turn a mill.
The mill shall have three grinding stones,
And its first stone shall grind love.
The second stone shall grind coins,
And the third shall make pearls.

Look, dawn breaks beautifully,
And my heart is withering.
The dawn has broken,
And my heart has withered away.

Little bird, you are flying so high.
Why you don't you ever come close?
I would fly lower, but don't really dare
The jealous are many, that's why I'm scared.

7. Divojčice Rožice (Croatia)

Astrid performs both sides of a conversation between a handsome man and a beautiful girl. The island of Cres is the backdrop for this passion-fueled exchange.

Mila moja, napoji mi konja, i na konju živoga
sokola.

My loved one, give water to my horse, and to
my lively falcon.

Ja bi tebe konja napojila, pa bi rekla moja mati
mila, da sam puno na vodici stala.

I'd give you water, but my dear mother would
say that I stayed too long on the water.

A ti reci lepo materi tvojoj da se tebi vidro
potopilo, malo loveć velo rasušilo.

Tell your mother that your bucket sank, and as
you were fetching it, it broke.

Ma divojčice rožice, bele su ti nožice. Ki bi
reka da nisu dala bi mu po nosu.

Young girl, my rose, your legs are white. If
someone said they're not, you'd slap them.

Divojčice zes Osora, nebudi takoj ohola.

Girl from Osor, don't be so stuck up.

Divojčice z Nerezin, bi te ljubil ma nesminin.

Girl from Nerezine, I would kiss you but I can't.

Divojčice zes Tržića, zasviri mi ti z mešćića.

Girl from Trzic, play the bagpipes for me.

Divojčice zes Beleja, spotpuhni mi spot peleja.

Girl from Belej, come under my covers.

Ma, obarni ju jedan put pak ju lati za tarbuh.

Turn her over once and hold her by the belly.

Obarni ju dva puta pak ju lati za boka.

Turn her over twice and hold her by the hips.

Obarni ju tri puta pak ju lati za parsi.

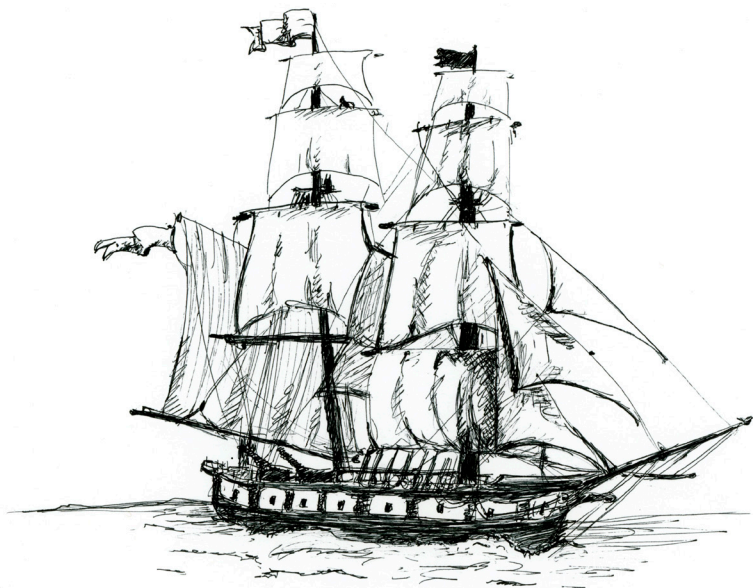
Turn her over thrice and hold her by the breasts.

Pak ju lati spod traversu.

Then you hold her under her apron.

Pak ju hiti na puneštru.

Then you push her towards the window.



I cannot build a ship of love without the wood of trees

8. Foreign Lander (United States)

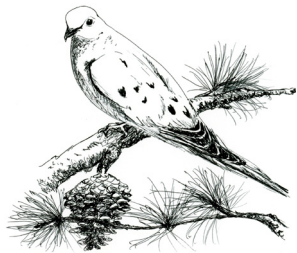
This folk song captures a common sentiment in America: that of being an immigrant, a foreign lander. It talks about a love so strong it spans oceans and connects two hearts wherever they might be.

I've been a foreign lander
for seven years or more,
Among the brave commanders
where wild beasts howl and roar.
I've conquered all my enemies
on land and on the sea,
But you, my dearest jewel,
'tis you have conquered me.

I cannot build a ship of love
without the wood of trees.
The ship would burst asunder
should I prove false to thee.
If ever I prove false, love,
the elements would moan.
The fire would turn to ice, love,
the seas would rage and burn.

Have you heard the mourning dove?
She's flying from pine to pine.
She's mourning for her own love
the way I mourn for mine.
I lie awake out in the night,
I see the shining stars.
I wonder if you see them, too,
wherever you are.

I've been a foreign lander
for seven years or more.



9. Viva o Jackson do Pandeiro (Hermeto Pascoal)

We are joined by percussionist Rogério Boccato on zabumba for this tribute to visionary Brazilian composer and performer Jackson do Pandeiro. This is our own arrangement of Hermeto Pascoal's joyful tune.



Chi è lo che bate alla mia porta?

10. L'Amante Confessore (Italy)

This Shakespearean love story came to us from the Trento region of north Italy. It tells of a dying girl visited by a friar—her lover in disguise!

Chi èlo che bate alla mia porta
Chi èlo che bate alla mia porta
Son frate capucino, *làlia bondola liolà*,
Son frate capucino, voi la lemosina, voi la
lemosina.

Son frate capucino, *làlia bondola liolà*,
Son frate capucino, voi la lemosina, voi la
lemosina.

Tó la lemosina e poi vattene
Che gò la figlia a leto,
Che gò la figlia a leto ammalata, sta per morire.

Se l'è malata io la confesso,
Te la confesso io,
Te la confesso io, son confessore,
Son confessore.

Chiudé le porte e anche i balconi
Che adesso si incomincia,
Che adesso si incomincia la confessione, la
soluzione.

Non sono un frate confessionario,
Io sono il tuo Gigeto,
Io sono il tuo Gigeto che ti amava, che ti
baciava.

Who is this knocking on my door
Who is this knocking on my door
It's the capuchin friar, *làlia bondola liolà*,
It's the capuchin friar, asking for alms, asking
for alms.

It's the capuchin friar, *làlia bondola liolà*,
It's the capuchin friar, asking for alms, asking
for alms.

Take the money and please go
Because I have my daughter in bed,
My daughter in bed sick, she's about to die.

If she's sick I can take her confession,
I can confess her,
I can confess her, I'm a confessional priest,
I'm a confessional priest.

Close the doors and the balcony windows
For now we will begin,
For now we will begin the confession, the
solution.

I'm not a confessional priest,
I am your Gigeto,
I am your Gigeto, who loved you and kissed
you.

11. Dilmano Dilbero (Bulgaria)

A girl explains to a curious boy exactly how peppers are planted in this agricultural metaphor.

Dilmano dilbero,
Kazhi mi kak se sadi piperо
Da tsafiti da varzhe,
Da beresh ka sakash.

Pomutsnigo, pobutsnigo,
Pomutsnigo, pobutsnigo.
Teta kak se sadi piperо.

Pretty Dilmána,
Tell me how the peppers are planted
So that they blossom and give fruit,
Fruit that can be picked any time.

Put it in the soil and push a little,
Put it in the soil and push a little.
This is how the pepper is planted.

12. Széki Lassú (Hungary)

This song expresses a longing to be far, far away through the calm movement of a lassú, a slow, Transylvanian dance.

Úgy elmennék, ha mehetnék,
Ha szabad madár lehetnék.
Úgy elmennék, ha mehetnék,
Ha szabad madár lehetnék.
Szabad madár nem lehetek,
Babám hozzád nem mehetek.

Anyám, anyám, édesanyám,
Ne kiáltás több átkot reám!
Anyám, anyám, édesanyám,
Ne kiáltás több átkot reám!
Kiáltottál már eleget,
Elégeld meg mindezeket.

I would go if I could,
If I were a free bird.
I would go if I could,
If I were a free bird.
I can't be a free bird,
I can't go to you my love.

Mother, mother, my dear mother,
Please don't curse me!
Mother, mother, my dear mother,
Please don't curse me!
You cursed me enough till now,
Let that be enough for you.

13. Patacoada (Anne Boccato / José Paulo Paes)

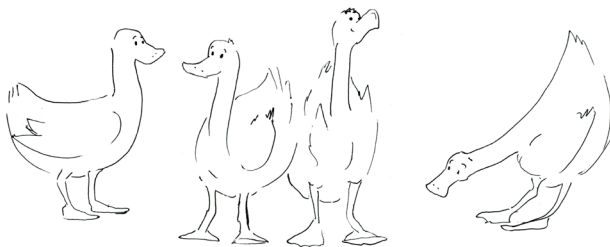
Pata is the Portuguese word for duck, as well as for an animal's foot. How many patas are in a pair of pairs of patas? Anne learned this tongue-twister as a kid in Brazil from a book by José Paulo Paes. Now we present this bewildering math problem in Maracatu-rap form.

A pata empata a pata
Porque cada pata
Tem um par de patas
E um par de patas
Um par de pares de patas.

The pata is tied with the pata
Because each pata
Has a pair of patas
And a pair of patas
Has a pair of pairs of patas.

Agora, se se engata
Pata a pata
Cada pata
De um par de pares de patas,
A coisa nunca mais desata
E fi ca mais chata
Do que pata de pata.

Now, if they tangle up
Pata to pata
Each pata
Of a pair of pairs of patas,
The mess will never be undone
And will get tougher
Than a duck's foot.



Um par de Pares de Patas

14. Las Panaderas (Spain)

Bread tastes best if you make the dough in 6/8. The panaderas—bread-making girls—know this, and we learned it from our favorite panadera Madrileña.

Ya vienen las panaderas,
Por las calles de San Juan,
Engañando a los chiquillos
Cuatro duros vale el pan.

Dime panaderita,
Como va el trato?
La harina va subiendo,
Y el pan barato.

Por el Puente del Congosto, *leré*,
Cuatrocientos mozos van.
Unos llevaban la harina, *leré*,
Y otros llevaban la sal.

Yo que la vi, subir que la vi,
Bajar cortando una rosa.
Morenita es su cara
Pero graciosa.

Cuando paso por tu calle, *leré*,
Cojo pan y voy comiendo
Pa que no diga tu madre, *leré*,
Que con verte me mantengo.

Here come the baker ladies,
Through the streets of San Juan,
Tricking all the young boys
That the bread costs four cents.

Tell me, little baker,
How does the deal go?
The flour's price goes up,
Yet the bread stays cheap.

Through the bridge of Congosto,
Four hundred young men go.
Some of them carried the flour,
And some carried the salt.

I saw her go up and saw her go down,
Cutting down a rose.
Her face is tan
Yet very gracious.

When I pass by your street,
I take bread and go by, eating,
So that your mother cannot say,
That I live on watching you.



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WHY SHOULD YOUR HEART NOT DANCE

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Bye Bye Blackbird | Ray Henderson |
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| 3. Kis Kece Lányom | Hungarian trad. |
| 4. Why Should Your Heart Not Dance? | Anne Boccato / C.S. Lewis |
| 5. Milho Verde | Portuguese trad. |
| 6. Két Dal | Hungarian trad. |
| 7. Divojčice Rožice | Croatian trad. |
| 8. Foreign Lander | American trad. |
| 9. Viva o Jackson do Pandeiro | Hermeto Pascoal |
| 10. L'Amante Confessore | Italian trad. |
| 11. Dilmano Dilbero | Bulgarian trad. |
| 12. Széki Lassú | Hungarian trad. |
| 13. Patacoada | Anne Boccato / José Paulo Paes |
| 14. Las Panaderas | Spanish trad. |

Astrid Kuljanić (Croatia), Artemisz Polonyi (Hungary),
Anne Boccato (Brazil)—voice and percussion.

Featuring Nezhir Antakli on frame drum (track 2)
and Rogério Boccato on zabumba (track 9).

Recorded by Dev Avidon. Mixed and mastered by Ivan Moreno.

Art by Anne Boccato. Printed on 100% recycled paper.