

Produced by Robert Wyatt

monicavasconcelos.com

The Sopranos tapes

**Mônica
Vasconcelos**

**Brazilian
Resistance
Songs**

The Band _ Mônica Vasconcelos _ Ife Tolentino _ Liam Noble _ Andrés Lafone _ Yaron Stavi _ Marius Rodrigues

—

Agnus Sei

by João Bosco & Aldir Blanc

Faces sob o sol, os olhos na cruz
os heróis do bem prosseguem
na brisa da manhã.
Vão levar ao reino dos minaretes
a paz na ponta dos arietes,
a conversão para os infieís.
Para trás ficou a marca da cruz
na fumaça negra vinda na brisa da manhã.
Ah, como é difícil tornar-se herói.
Só quem tentou sabe como dói
vencer satã só com orações.

Ê-andá pacatárândá
que Deus tudo vê
ê-andá pacatárândá
que Deus tudo vê
ê-andá, ê-orá,
ê-mandá, ê-matá.
Responderei: Não!

Dominus, domínio, juro além.
Todos esses anos agnus sei
que sou também,
mas, ovelha negra, me desgarrei,
o meu pastor não sabe que eu sei
da arma oculta na sua mão.
Meu profano amor eu prefiro assim:
a nudez sem véus diante da
Santa Inquisição.
Ah, o tribunal não recordará
dos fugitivos de Shangri-La...
O tempo vence toda a ilusão.

Ê-andá pacatárândá
que Deus tudo vê
ê-andá pacatárândá
que Deus tudo vê
ê-andá, ê-orá,
ê-mandá, ê-matá.
Responderei: Não!

—

Disparada

by Geraldo Vandrê & Theo de Barros

Prepare o seu coração
Pras coisas que eu vou contar
Eu venho lá do sertão
E posso não lhe agradar

Aprendi a dizer não
Ver a morte sem chorar
E a morte, o destino, tudo
Estva fora do lugar
Eu vivo pra consertar

Na boiada já fui boi
Mas um dia me montei
Não por um motivo meu
Ou de quem comigo houvesse
Que qualquer querer tivesse
Porém por necessidade
Do dono de uma boiada
Cujo vaqueiro morreu

Boiadeiro muito tempo
Laço firme e braço forte
Muito gado, muita gente
Pela vida segurei
Seguia como num sonho
E boiadeiro era um rei

Mas o mundo foi rodando
Nas patas do meu cavalo
E nos sonhos que fui sonhando
As visões se clareando
Até que um dia acordei

Então não pude seguir
Valente em lugar tenente
De dono de gado e gente
Porque gado a gente marca
Tange, ferra, engorda e mata
Mas com gente é diferente

Se você não concordar
Não posso me desculpar
Não canto pra enganar
Vou pegar minha viola
Vou deixar você de lado
Vou cantar noutro lugar

Na boiada já fui boi
Boiadeiro já fui rei
Não por mim nem por ninguém
Que junto comigo houvesse
Que quisesse ou que pudesse
Por qualquer coisa de seu
Querer ir mais longe que eu

Mas o mundo foi rodando
Nas patas do meu cavalo
E já que um dia montei
Agora sou cavaleiro
Laço firme e braço forte
Num reino que não tem rei

—

Angélica

by Miltonho & Chico Buarque

Quem é essa mulher
Que canta sempre esse estribilho
Só queria embalar meu filho
Que mora na escuridão do mar

Quem é essa mulher
Que canta sempre esse lamento
Só queria lembrar o tormento
Que fez o meu filho suspirar

Quem é essa mulher
Que canta sempre o mesmo arranjo
Só queria agasalhar meu anjo
E deixar seu corpo descansar

Quem é essa mulher
Que canta como dobra um sino
Quería cantar por meu menino
Que ele já não pode mais cantar

—

O Ronco da Cuíca

by João Bosco & Aldir Blanc

Roncou, roncou
Roncou de raiva a cuíca
Roncou de fome
Alguém mandou
Mandou parar a cuíca,
é coisa dos home

A raiva dá pra parar, pra interromper
A fome não dá pra interromper
raiva e a fome é coisa dos home

A fome tem que ter raiva pra interromper
A raiva é a fome de interromper
A fome e a raiva é coisa dos home
É coisa dos home

—

Lamb that I am

Sun on their faces, eyes on the cross
the heroes of goodness press
on in the morning breeze.
They head for the kingdom of minarets
bearing peace on their battering rams,
conversion for the infidels.
The mark of the cross left behind in the
black smoke floating on the morning breeze.
Oh, how hard it is to become a hero.
Only he who's tried knows the pain
of defeating satan with prayers alone.

Hey go on caravan, go on,
for god sees all
hey go on caravan, go on,
for god sees all
move on now, go pray now,
command now, go kill now.
My answer will be: No!

Dominus, dominion, jeru salaam.
All these years I've known
I too am the lamb,
but, black sheep that I am, I went astray,
my shepherd doesn't know I know
of the hidden weapon in his hand.
My unholy love I prefer this way:
utter nakedness before the
holy inquisition.
Oh, the court will not remember
the fugitives from Shangri-La...
Time is the destroyer of all ilusions.

Hey go on caravan, go on,
for god sees all
hey go on caravan, go on.
for god sees all
move on now, go pray now,
command now, go kill now.
My answer will be: No!

—

Stampede

Make your heart ready
For the things of which I'll tell
I'm from the wildlands yonder
And my words may not be to your liking

I learned to say no
See death without weeping
And death, destiny, everything
Was in disarray
I am here to set things right

In the herd I was a bull
But one day I climbed upon my back
Not for some reason of my own
Or someone with me for the ride
Who had some wish or other
But out of the need
The herd's owner had
Whose herdsman had died

A long time I was a herdsman
Strong-armed and steady with the rope
Many cattle, many men
I held steady through life's course
I went on as if in a dream
And this herdsman was a king

But the world it went on turning
Beneath my horse's hooves
And in the dreams that I kept dreaming
My view of things came ever clearer
Until one day I was wide awake

And then I couldn't go on
A tough guy playing deputy
Master of cattle and men
For cattle you can mark
Drive, brand, fatten and kill
But it's not the same with people

If you don't agree
I can't apologise
I don't sing to deceive
I'll take my guitar with me
I'll leave you aside
I'll sing someplace else

In the herd I was a bull
Of the herdsmen I was king
Not for myself or any other
Who was with me for the ride
And had a wish or had it in him
For something that was his
To journey further than I would

But the world it went on turning
Beneath my horse's hooves
And since I climbed into the saddle
Now a horseman is what I am
Strong-armed and steady with the rope
In a kingdom without a king

—

Angélica

Who is that woman there
Always singing that refrain
I just wanted to rock my little boy
Who dwells in the dark of the sea

Who is that woman there
Always singing that lament
I just wanted to recall the torment
That made my little boy sigh

Who is that woman there
Always singing the same setting
I just wanted to wrap my angel snugly
And let his body rest in peace

Who is that woman there
Singing the way a bell tolls
I wanted to sing for my little boy
For he can no longer sing

—

Honking of the Cuíca

There's a honking, a honking, oh, oh
Cuíca's honking in anger
Honking in hunger
Someone gave the order
Order to stop the cuíca,
what them men is about

Anger's something you can stop, interrupt
Hunger's ain't something you can interrupt
Anger and hunger is what them men is about

Hunger's gotta have anger to interrupt
Anger's the hunger you need to interrupt
Hunger and anger is what them men is about
What them men is about

É coisa dos home
A raiva e a fome
A raiva e a fome
Mexendo a cuíca
Vai ter que roncar

—

Aos Nossos Filhos

by Ivan Lins & Vitor Martins

Perdoem a cara amarrada
Perdoem a falta de abraço
Perdoem a falta de espaço
Os dias eram assim

Perdoem por tantos perigos
Perdoem a falta de abrigo
Perdoem a falta de amigos
Os dias eram assim

Perdoem a falta de folhas
Perdoem a falta de ar
Perdoem a falta de escolha
Os dias eram assim

E quando passarem a limpo
E quando cortarem os laços
E quando soltarem os cintos
Façam a festa por mim

Quando lavarem a mágoa
lavarem a alma
Quando lavarem a água
Lavem os olhos por mim

Quando brotarem as flores
Quando crescerem as matas
Quando colherem os frutos
Digam o gosto pra mim

—

Abre Alas

by Ivan Lins

Abre alas pra minha folia
Já está chegando a hora
Abre alas pra minha bandeira
Já está chegando a hora

Apare os teus sonhos
que a vida tem dono
E ela vem te cobrar
A vida não era assim, não era assim
Não corra o risco de ficar alegre
Pra nunca chorar
A gente não era assim, não era assim

Abre alas pra minha folia
Já está chegando a hora
Abre alas pra minha bandeira
Já está chegando a hora

Encoste essa porta que a nossa conversa
Não pode vazar
A vida não era assim, não era assim
Bandeira arriada, folia guardada
Pra não se usar
A festa não era assim, não era assim

Abre alas pra minha folia
Já está chegando a hora
Abre alas pra minha bandeira
Já está chegando a hora

—

Comportamento Geral

by Gonzaguinha

Você deve notar que não tem mais tutu
e dizer que não está preocupado
Você deve lutar pela xepa da feira
e dizer que está recompensado
Você deve estampar sempre um ar de alegria
e dizer: tudo tem melhorado

Você deve rezar pelo bem do patrão
e esquecer que está desempregado
Você merece, você merece
Tudo vai bem, tudo legal
Cerveja, samba,
e amanhã, seu Zé,

Se acabarem com o teu carnaval?

Você deve aprender a baixar a cabeça
E dizer sempre: "Muito obrigado"
São palavras que ainda te deixam dizer
Por ser homem bem disciplinado
Deve pois só fazer pelo bem da Nação
Tudo aquilo que for ordenado
Pra ganhar um fuscão no juízo final
E diploma de bem comportado

Você merece, você merece
Tudo vai bem, tudo legal
Cerveja, samba,
e amanhã, seu Zé,
Se acabarem com o teu Carnaval?

—

Sete Cenas de Imyra

by Taiguara Chalar da Silva

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
Primeira cena: o nascer
Do beijo de Ara rendy
Jemopotyr – florescer

É gema, é germe, é gen-luz
Imyra brilha no ar
Corou vermelho e azul
Por sobre o virgem rosar
É rosa gente, é razão
É rosa umbilical
Jukira, sal, criação
Potyra, flor-animal

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
Segunda cena: crescer
Ferir o espaço e abrir
A flor primal de mulher

Figura, cor, rotação
Calor, janelas, pombal
Palmeira, morro, capim
Moreno, ponte, areal
Retina, boca, prazer
Compasso, ventre, casal
Descanso, livre lazer
Loucura, vida real

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
Terceira cena: saber
Que o índio que vive em ti
É o lado mago em teu ser

Se vim dos Camaiurá
missões Guarani
Nasci pr'a ti meu lugar
Nação doente, Tupi
Por isso vou me curar
Da algema dentro de mim

What them men is about
Anger and hunger
Anger and hunger
Twisting the cuíca
It's gonna have to honk

—

To our children

I'm sorry for the frown on my face
I'm sorry for not holding you more
I'm sorry there wasn't more space
It's just the way that things were before

I'm sorry for so many dangers
I'm sorry for not sheltering you more
I'm sorry there weren't more friends for you
It's just the way that things were before

I'm sorry there weren't more leaves for you
I'm sorry there wasn't more air to breathe
I'm sorry there was so little to choose from
It's just the way that things were before

And when you make a clean sweep
And when you cut loose those ties
And when you loosen those belts
Make sure you party for me

When the pain is washed clean
When your souls are washed clean
When the water's washed clean
Wash your eyes clean for me

When the flowers burst through
When the forests grow back
When the fruits are gathered in
Tell me the taste, tell me

When the flowers burst through
When the forests grow back
When the fruits are gathered in
Tell me the taste, tell me

—

Make Way

Make way for the party I'm bringing
The time is drawing nearer
Make way for the banner I'm waving
The time is drawing nearer

Hold back on your dreams,
for life's under orders,
And she'll want you to pay
Life used not to be that way, to be that way
Better not risk being happy
So you won't have to weep
We used not to be that way, to be that way

Make way for the party I'm bringing
The time is drawing nearer
Make way for the banner I'm waving
The time is drawing nearer

Best shut that door, when we talk our words
Can't get away
Life used not to be that way, to be that way
Banner all furled, fun and games
Safely stowed away
Our carnivals weren't that way,
they weren't that way

Make way for the party I'm bringing
The time is drawing nearer
Make way for the banner I'm waving
The time is drawing nearer

Best shut that door, when we talk our words
Can't get away
Life used not to be that way, to be that way
Banner all furled, fun and games
Safely stowed away
Our carnivals weren't that way,
they weren't that way

—

Rules of Behaviour

You're to notice there ain't no more dough
and to say you're not worried a bit
You'll fight over scraps from the market
and still say that you're well rewarded
You're to play someone who's always happy
and say: everything's getting better

You're to notice there ain't no more dough
and to say you're not worried a bit
You'll fight over scraps from the market
and still say that you're well rewarded
You're to play someone who's always happy
and say: everything's getting better

You're to pray for the good of your boss
and forget that you're still out of work
And you deserve it, oh you deserve it
It's all going fine, everything's great
Beer, song and dance,
and what about tomorrow, Simple Simon,

If they put a stop to your Carnival?

You're to learn to keep your head bowed
And always say: "Thanks very much"
Those are words they still let you say
As you're such a well-disciplined man
So you're to do, for the good of the Nation,
Absolutely all that you're told
To win a VW beetle on judgement day
And a certificate for good behaviour

And you deserve it, oh you deserve it
It's all going fine, everything's great
Beer, song and dance,
and what about tomorrow, Simple Simon,
If they put a stop to your Carnival?

—

Seven Scenes of Imyra

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
First scene: being born
Ara rendy's kiss
Jemopotyr – flower-burst

It's embryo, it's egg, it's engender-light
Imyra shines in the air
She flushed red and blue
Across the virgin blush
It's human pink, it's reason
It's umbilical rose-pink
Jukira, salt, creation
Potyra, creature-flower

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
Second scene: growing
Wounding space and opening up
The primal flower of woman

Figure, colour, spinning
Warmth, window, dovecone
Palm-tree, hill, grass
Brown-skinned, bridge, beach
Retina, mouth, pleasure
Pulse, womb, couple
Repose, unrestrained leisure
Craziness, real life

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
Third Scene: knowing
That the Indian who lives within you
Is the magical side of your being

If I came from the Camaiurá
Or from the Guarani missions
It was for you my place I was born
Sick Tupi nation
That's why I'll heal myself
Of the manacles inside me

Por isso vou encontrar
A gema dentro de mim

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
A quarta cena é mostrar
O que há de pedra no chão
O que há de podre no ar

Criança em frente ao pilar
Imaginando seu mar
O mastro imenso, o navio
A vela, o vento, o assobio
É caravela, é alto-mar

Até de novo acordar
Pr'o que há de podre no chão
Pr'o que há de pedra no ar

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
A quinta cena é sofrer
Cunhã curvada a chorar
Tayra tensa a temer

Fui companheira dos sós
Fui protetora das leis
Fui braço amigo de avós
Até o rei perdoei
Hoje faminta sou ré
Como um cachorro vadio
Se arrasta inchado o meu pé
Por chãos de fogo e de frio

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
A sexta cena é esperar
No céu branqueia Jacy
Tatá verdeja no mar

Vislumbre claro, visão
Valei-me, meu pai! Que luz!
Como se um trecho de chão
Se erguesse em asas azuis
Dobrando a curva do céu
Pr'a mergulhar sobre o mal
E o justo império de Ipy
Chegasse ao mundo, afinal!

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
A cena sete é um saci
Pé dentro do ano dois mil
No centro-sol do Brasil

Aos sete dias do mês
Um dia azul de leão
Me deram vida vocês
Dou vida hoje à expressão
Quero essa língua outra vez
Quero esse palco, esse chão
Brinca Tupi-português
Dentro do meu coração

—

O Mestre-Sala dos Mares

by João Bosco & Aldir Blanc

Há muito tempo nas águas da Guanabara
O dragão do mar reapareceu
Na figura de um bravo feiteceiro [marinheiro]*
A quem a história não esqueceu

Conhecido como o navegante negro
[Conhecido como Almirante Negro]
Tinha a dignidade de um mestre-sala
E ao acenar pelo mar, na alegria das
regatas [fragatas]
Foi saudado no porto pelas
mocinhas francesas
Jovens polacas e por batalhões
de mulatas

Rubras cascatas jorravam das costas
Dos santos entre cantos e chibatas
[Dos negros pelas pontas das chibatas]
Inundando o coração do pessoal do porão
Que a exemplo do feiteceiro gritava então:
[Que a exemplo do marinheiro gritava – não!]

Glória aos piratas, às mulatas,
às sereias
Glória à farofa, à cachaça,
às baleias

Glória a todas as lutas inglórias
Que através da nossa História
Não esquecemos jamais

Salve o navegante negro
[Salve o Almirante Negro]
Que tem por monumento
As pedras pisadas do cais.
Mas faz muito tempo...

* original uncensored lyrics in square brackets

—

London, London

by Caetano Veloso (composed in English)

I'm wandering round and round,
nowhere to go
I'm lonely in London,
London is lovely so
I cross the streets without fear
Everybody keeps the way clear

I know, I know no one here to say hello
I know they keep the way clear
I am lonely in London without fear
I'm wandering round and round here,
nowhere to go

While my eyes go looking for
flying saucers in the sky
While my eyes go looking for
flying saucers in the sky

Oh Sunday, Monday, Autumn pass by me
And people hurry on so peacefully
A group approaches a policeman
He seems so pleased to please them

It's good at least, to live and I agree
He seems so pleased to please
And it's so good to live in peace
And Sunday, Monday, years, and I agree

While my eyes go looking for
flying saucers in the sky
While my eyes go looking for
flying saucers in the sky

I choose no face to look at, choose no way
I just happened to be here, and it's ok
Green grass, blue eyes, grey sky
God bless silent pain and happiness
I came around to say yes, and I say
Green grass, blue eyes, grey sky
God bless silent pain and happiness
I came around to say yes, and I say

But my eyes go looking for
flying saucers in the sky
Yes, my eyes go looking for
flying saucers in the sky
While my eyes go looking for
flying saucers in the sky
Yes, my eyes go looking for
flying saucers in the sky

That's why I'll find
The gem inside me

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
The fourth scene is to show
The stoniness in the ground
The rottenness in the air

Child before the pillar
Imagining her sea
The huge mast, the ship
The sail, the wind, the whistle
It's a caravel, it's the high sea

Until she awakens again
To the rottenness in the ground
To the stoniness in the air

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
The fifth scene is suffering
Indian girl bent over weeping
Tayra tense with fear

I was companion to the lonely
I was defender of the laws
Fellow to grandmothers, grandfathers
I even forgave the king
Famished today I'm the accused
Like a stray dog
I drag my swollen feet
Over fiery and frozen ground

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
The sixth scene is waiting
In the sky Jacy gleams white
Tatá shines green in the sea

Clear glimpse, vision
Help me, father! What light!
As if a stretch of ground
Were rising up on blue wings
Turning that bend in the sky
To dive down over the evil
And the just empire of Ipy
Were finally arriving in the world!

Imyra, Tayra, Ipy
The seventh scene is a one-legged imp
One foot in the year 2000
In the heart – the sun of Brazil

Seven days into the month
A blue lion-day
You gave me life
Today I give expression life
I want that tongue again
I want that stage, that floor
Play Tupi-Portuguese
Inside my heart

—

Master of Ceremonies and Seas

Long ago in the waters of Guanabara Bay
The dragon of the sea appeared again
In the guise of a brave sorcerer [sailor]
Whom history has not forgotten

Known as the black mariner
[Known as the Black Admiral]
He had the dignity of a master-of-ceremonies
And as he waved o'er the sea, amid the joyful
regattas [frigates]
He was greeted at the harbour by the
French girls
Young Polish women and battalions
of mulatto girls

Cascades of crimson poured down the backs
Of saints amid chants and lashes
[Of the blacks from the lashes' tips]
Flooding the hearts of the people below decks
Who took up the sorcerer's cries shouting then:
[Who took up the mariner's cry, shouting – no!]

Glory to the pirates, to our mulatto girls,
our mermaids
Glory to our cassava meal, our sugar rum,
our whales

Glory to all the inglorious struggles
That across our History
We never, ever forget

Hail the black mariner
[Hail the Black Admiral]
Whose eternal monument is
The downtrodden flagstones of the waterfront.
But that was long, long ago...

—

Mônica Vasconcelos

—

Brazilian Resistance Songs

—

The band

Mônica Vasconcelos
Vox