From Russia to Brazil: Spanish and Latin American Songs for Voice and Piano.

Desde Rusia hasta Brasil: Canciones Populares de España y Latinoamérica para Voz y Piano.

Works by Shostakovich, Ginastera, Braga & Montsalvatge.

Patrice Jegou, mezzo-soprano

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Dmitri Shostakovich (1906-1975)
Spanish Songs. Canciones Españolas, Op.100 (1956)

1. Farewell Granada!
2. Little Stars
3. First Meeting
4. Ronda
5. The Dark-Eyed Girl
6. The Dream. Barcarolle

Xavier Montsalvatge (1912-2002)
Cinco Canciones Negras. Five Black Songs (1945)

7. Cuba Dentro de un Piano
8. Punto de Habanera
9. Chévere
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Alberto Ginastera (1916-1983)
Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas (1943)
Five Popular Argentinian Songs

12. Chacarera
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Francisco Ernani Braga (1898-1948)
Cinco Canções Nordestinas (1944)
Five Folk Songs from the North East of Brazil

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ИСПАНСКИЕ ПЕСНИ Соч. 100 / Op.100
(Spanish Songs. Canciones Españolas)
Dimitri Shostakovich

1. Прощай, Гренада!
(Farewell Granada!. ¡Adiós Granada!)
Russian text by S. Bolotin

Прощай, Гренада, моя Гренада,
С тобой навеки мне расстаться надо!
Прощай, любимый край, очей услада,
Навек прощай! Ах!
Будет память о тебе моей единственной отрадой,
Мой любимый, мой родимый край!
Навек мне сердце тоска пронзила,
Погибло всё, что в жизни было мило,
Моя любовь ушла во мрак могилы,
И жизнь ушла! Ах!
И вокруг мне всё постыло,
Жить как прежде, нет уж силы
Там, где юность так была светла!

2. Звёздочки
(Little Stars. Estrellitas)
Russian text by T. Sikorskaya

Под кипарисами старыми
Серебрится прибрежная гладь.
К милой иду я с гитарою, Чтобы песням её обучать.
Но учить бесплатно мне нет охоты:
Я беру с неё поцелуй за ноту.
Странно, что она к утру узнаёт Всё, кроме нот!
Жаль, что начать снова поздно!
Жаль, что уже светел воздух!
Жаль, что и днём не дрожат пугливо
Над заливом звезды...
В звёздочках небо бескрайнее,
Ими знойная полночь полна.

Spanish Songs Op. 100
Dmitri Shostakovich (Translated and transcribed into English by Laurence R. Richter)

1. Farewell, Granada!
Farewell, farewell, my Granada!
I must leave you behind forever!
Farewell, beloved spot, my eyes' delight,
Forever, farewell! Ah!
My memories of you will be my only source of joy,
My favorite, my beloved city!
My heart has been pierced by eternal grief.
Everything in life that was dear to me has perished.
My loved on has vanished into the gloom of the tomb,
And my life has vanished! Ah!
Everything around me has grown cold.
I cannot ever again live as I once did
There, where my youth was so radiant!

2. Little Stars
Under the ancient cypresses,
The glassy surface of the water shines like silver.
I am going to see my beloved with my guitar, so I can teach her songs.
But I'm not inclined to teach without recompense:
For each note I teach her, I collect a kiss.
How strange that by morning she learns just everything – except the notes!
What a pity it's too late to start over!
What a pity that the morning has already come!
What a pity that the stars don't tremble fearfully in the daytime, too,
Above the bay...
The sky is filled with endless stars.

Милой моей называю я
Всех бесчисленных звёзд имена.
Я познаньями дорожу своими
И беру с неё поцелуй за имя.
Странно, что урок кажется ей прост --
Всё, кроме звёзд!

The sultry night is full of them, too.
To my beloved I list the names of all the countless stars.
I value my knowledge highly,
And for each star I name I collect a kiss.
How strange that the lesson seems so simple to her,
Except for the stars.

3. Первая встреча
(First Meeting. Primera Cita)
Russian text by S. Bolotin

Ты у ручья воды мне дала когда-то,
Свежей воды, холодной, как снег
В ущельях синих гор.
Ночи темней твой взор
В косах аромат лепестков дикой мяты...
Видишь, опять кружит хоровод,
Бубен гремит, звенит и поёт.
Каждый танцор подружку ведёт,
Смотрит на них, любуясь, народ.
Бей, мой бубен, бей, греми, будто гром!
С милою моей мы танцуем вдвоём.
Лента на тебе небес голубей!
Бей, мой бубен, бей! Бубен, бей!
Мне не забыть вовек этой первой встречи,
Ласковых слов и смуглой руки,
И блеска чёрных глаз...
Понял я в этот час,
Что тебя люблю и любить буду вечно!

3. First Meeting
Once by the brook you gave me some water,
Fresh water, cold as the snow,
In the ravines of the blue mountains.
Your gaze was darker than the night,
And your tresses were as fragrant as wild mint blossoms...
Look! The round dancers twirl;
The tambourine clatters, rings and sings;
Every dance leads a lovely partner;
And the people look on admiringly.
Ring out, my tambourine, ring out, clatter like thunder!
My beloved and I are dancing together.
The ribbon in your hair is bluer than the sky!
Ring out, my tambourine, ring out!
Never will I ever forget this, our first meeting.
Your caressing words, your dusky hand,
And the flash of your dark eyes...
It was then that I realized,
That I love you and will love you for all time!

4. Ронда
(Ronda)
Russian text by T. Sikorskaya

Шумит хоровод у наших дверей,
Веселья пора настала.

4. The Round Dance
Outside our doors are the sounds of the round dance.
The time for merriment has come.
Come dance with me at once,
My lovely crimson carnation!

Иди танцевать со мной скорей,
Гвоздики цветочек алый!
В лунной тишине слышен звон ручья...
Дай руку мне, девушка моя,
Гвоздики цветочек алый!
Улица словно яркий сад.
Шутки звенят, глаза блестят.
Ронда кружится и поёт,
Светится звёздным серебром небосвод,
Мчатся весёлые пары...
Это радостный праздник первых цветов,
Это праздник нашей любви!
Играют в луче луны на окне
Деревьев миндальных тени...
Когда же сюда ты выйдешь ко мне,
Мой нежный цветок весенний?
Ветку миндаля с дерева сорви,
Её мне дай в знак твоей любви,
Мой нежный цветок весенний!

The rustle of the brook can be heard in the moonlit quiet.
Give me your hand, dear girl,
My lovely crimson carnation!
The street is like a sun-filled garden.
Jokes peal out, eyes flash.
The dancers twirl and sing.
The whole sky is full of shining stars.
Young couples rush past...
This is the festival of our love!
In the moonlight reflected on the window,
The shadows of the almond trees are playing...
When will you come out here to me,
My lovely spring blossom?
Take a branch from the almond tree
And give it to me as a sign of your love,
My lovely spring blossom!

5. Черноокая
(The Dark-Eyed Girl. La Chica de Ojos Negros)

Мать дала тебе очи-звёзды,
Нежный цвет твоих смуглых щёк, Милая моя!
С болью в сердце ночью поздней
Без тебя я брожу, одинок, Милая моя!
Ах, за что я наказан был судьбой?
Ах, зачем повстречался я с тобой?
Я умру от любви безумной,
Если ты не полюбишь меня, Милая моя!
Мать дала тебе стан высокий,
Чёрный блеск непокорных кудрей, Милая моя!
Проклинаю рок жестокий,
Боль и муки души моей, Милая моя!
О, зачем же тебе сумела мать
Мне назло красоту такую дать?

5. The Dark Eyed Girl
Your mother gave you eyes like stars,
And the lovely shade of your dusky cheeks, my darling!
Late at night, with pain in my heart,
I roam alone, without you, my darling!
Ah, why have I been punished so by fate?
Ah, why did I ever start meeting with you?
I will die of this insane love,
If you don't return my love, my darling!
Your mother gave you an imposing stature,
And your glistening unruly black curls, my darling!
I curse cruel fate,
For the pain and torments that rack my soul, my darling!
Oh, why, why did your mother, to my great woe,
Give you such beauty?

6. Сон (Баркарола)
(The Dream, Barcarolle. El Sueño, Bacarola.)
Russian text by S. Bolotin and T. Sikorskaya

Не знаю, что это значит...
Сон чудесный приснился мне,
Как будто в лодке рыбачьей
Я плыву по бурной волне.
Чёлн без вёсел, я их бросил...
Волны пенятся, злятся
И топят мой чёлн, Но отважно мчусь я
Среди тёмных, средь огромных волн,
Оттого, что в рыбачьей этой лодке
По морской непокорной глуби
Мчишься ты, моя гордая,
Мчишься вместе со мной
И меня ты будто тоже любишь!
О, моя голубка! Посмотри же,
Как несётся в своей лодочке хрупкой
По морю бедный парень,
Что так крепко любит тебя!

6. The Dream (Barcarolle)
I don't know what it means...
I had a wondrous dream.
I seemed to be in a fishing boat.
I was sailing along the turbulent waves.
The boat had no oars, I had cast them aside...
The frothy waves were seething,
And flooding my boat, but I bore bravely on,
Amidst the dark, gigantic waves,
Because, in this fishing boat,
Over the sea's threatening depths,
You also were speeding along, my proud beauty,
Speeding along together with me.
And it seemed that you loved me, too!
Oh, my sweetheart, just look and see,
How, rushing along in his fragile little boat,
The poor lad braves the sea,
This lad who loves you so deeply!

Cinco canciones negras
Xavier Montsalvatge

7. Cuba dentro de un piano
(Rafael Alberti)
Cuando mi madre llevaba un sorbete de fresa por sombrero,
Y el humo de los barcos aún era humo de habanero,
Mulata vuelta abajera, Cádiz se adormecía entre fandangos y habaneras, y un lorito al piano quería hacer de tenor.
Dime donde está la flor que el hombre tanto venera.
Mi tío Antonio volvía con su aire de insurrecto.
La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban por los patios del

Five Black Songs
Xavier Montsalvatge

7. Cuba Inside a Piano
(Rafael Alberti)
When my mother wore a strawberry sherbert for a hat,
And the smoke from the ships was still smoke from cigars,
From dark Vuelta Abajo leaves, Cadiz went to sleep between fandangos and habaneras, and a little parrot at the piano tried to sing tenor.
Tell me where the flower is that man so intently worships.
My uncle Anthony returned with his insurrectionist air.
The Cabaña and the Principe resounded through

Puerto.
Ya no brilla la Perla azul de mar de las Antillas.
Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.
Me encontré con la bella Trinidad:
Cuba se había perdido; y ahora era verdad,
era verdad; no era mentira.
Un cañonero huido llegó cantándolo en
guajiras.
La Habana ya se perdió:
Tuvo la culpa el dinero.
Calló, cayó el cañonero.
Pero después, pero ¡ah! después
Fue cuando al "Sí" lo hicieron "Yes".

8. Punto de Habanera (Siglo XVIII)
(Poema de Néstor Luján)
La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco.
¡qué blanco!
Hola, crespón de tu espuma, ¡marineros,
contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas que le hacen su piel mulata.
Niña, no te quejes, tan solo por esta tarde.
Quisiera mandar al agua
que no se escape de pronto de la cárcel de tu
falda.
Tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde rumor de abrirse de
dalia
Niña no te quejes, tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocado.
Tu cintura vibra fina con la nobleza de un
látigo.
Toda tu piel huele alegre a limonal y a naranjo.
Los marineros te miran y se te quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa con su miriñaque blanco,
¡qué blanco!

the patios near the harbor.
No more shines the blue pearl of the Antillean sea;
it's gone out, it's died on us.
I ran into beautiful Trinidad:
Cuba had been lost, and now it was true,
Quite true; it was no lie.
A fleeing gunboat came in singing the tale in
guajiras.
Havana was already lost:
money was to blame.
The gunboat fell silent.
But it was later, ah, later,
When they took "sí" and turned it into "yes."

8. Habanera Strain (18th Century)
(Néstor Luján)
The creole girl goes by in her white crinoline.
How white it is!
The crepe of your foam. Sailors get a look at her!
She walks, moist from the droplets on her dusky
skin.
Little girl don't fret, all alone this evening.
I'd like to order the water
not to escape too soon from the prison of your
skirt.
Your body encloses, this evening, the murmur of a
dahlia opening.
Little girl, don't fret. Your body is fruit asleep in
the embroidered breeze.
Your waist quivers finely with the nobility of a
whip.
All your skin smells joyfully of lemon and orange
trees.
The sailors look at you and they keep looking at
you.
The creole girl goes by with her white crinoline,
How white it is!

From Russia to Brazil;
Spanish and Latin American Songs for Voice and Piano.

This fascinating art song repertoire showcases the elements most recognizable in popular Hispanic folk music. A Russian impression of Spanish music is featured in the Op. 100 "Spanish Songs" by Dmitri Shostakovich, a clear "taste of Cuba" permeates the "Canciones Negras" by the Catalan composer Xavier Montsalvatge, and the Afro-Latin American rhythms in the songs by the Argentinian composer Alberta Ginastera and the Brazilian composer Francisco Ernani Braga all serve to highlight the beauty and unique rustic nature of these folk inspired songs.

J.C Fasero
Zouma Records Classics

Patrice Jegou
Mezzo-soprano
(Canada)

www.patricejegou.com

Desde Rusia hasta Brasil:
Canciones Populares de España y
Latinoamérica para Voz y Piano

Un repertorio fascinante que conjuga a la perfección el sabor de la música popular con los patrones de la música clásica. Desde la visión rusa de la música española en este caso representada por las Canciones Españolas de Dimitri Shostakovich, compuestas en 1956, hasta el "sabor cubano" de las "Canciones Negras" del compositor catalán Xavier Montsalvatge, pasando por los ritmos afro y latinoamericanos utilizados en las canciones recopiladas por el compositor argentino Alberto Ginastera y por el compositor brasileño Francisco Ernani Braga.

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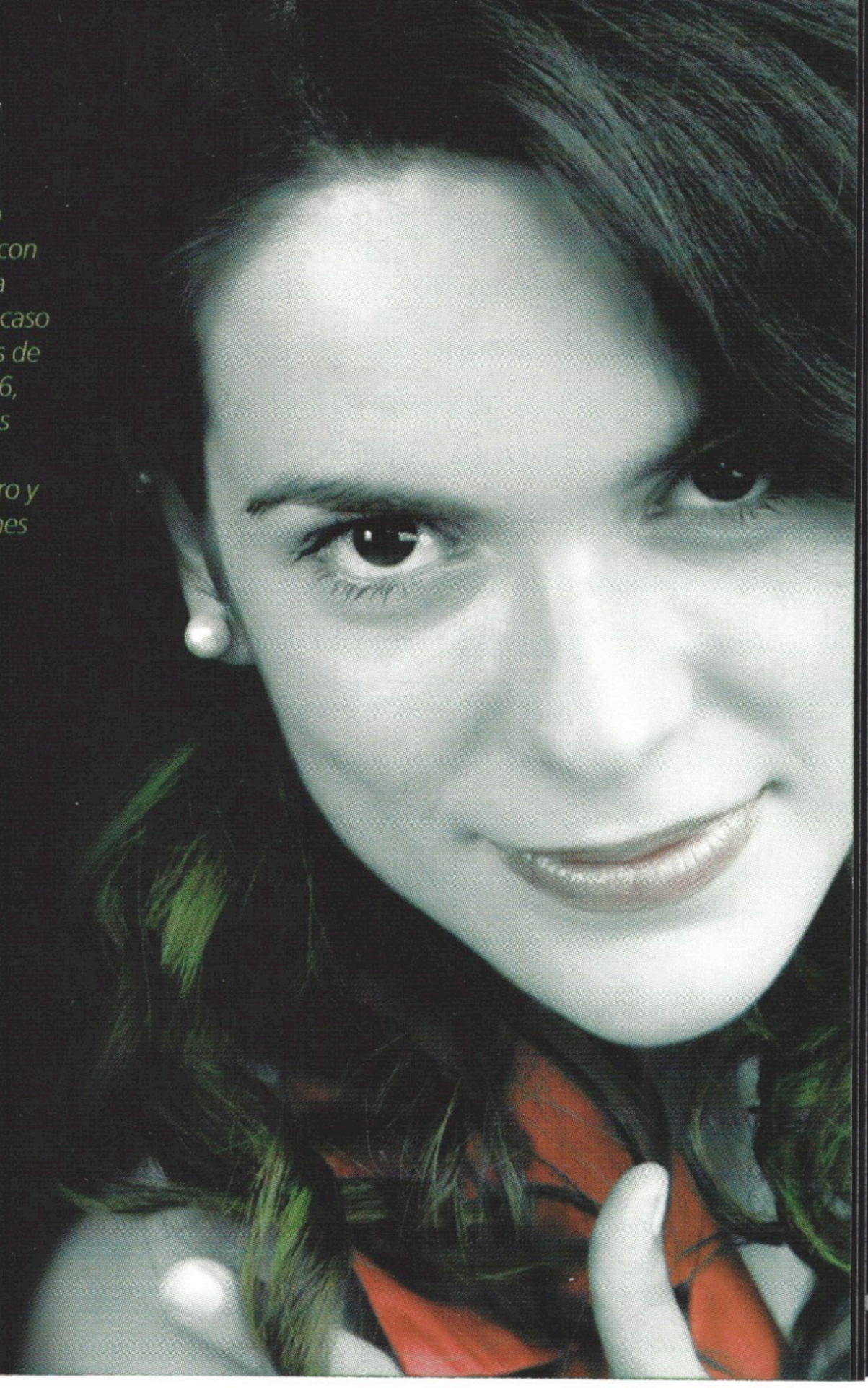

Cristina Pato
Piano
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9. Chévere
(Poema de Nicolás Guillén)
Chévere del navajazo se vuelve él mismo navaja.
Pica tajadas de luna, más la luna se le acaba;
pica tajadas de sombra, más la sombra se le acaba;
pica tajadas de canto, más el canto se le acaba,
¡y entonces, pica que pica carne de su negra mala!

10. Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito
(Poema de Ildefonso Pereda Valdés)
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, tan chiquitito, el negrito que no quiere dormir.
Cabeza de coco, grano de café,
con lindas motitas, con ojos grandotes como dos ventanas que miran al mar.
Cierra los ojitos, negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco te puede
comer.
¡Ya no eres esclavo! Y si duermes mucho el señor de casa promete comprar traje con botones para ser un *groom*.
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, duérmete, negrito,
Cabeza de coco, grano de café.

11. Canto negro
(Nicolás Guillén)
¡Yambambó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo, repica el negro bien negro. ¡Aoé! Congo solongo del Songo baila yambó sobre un pié.
¡Yambambó, yambambé! Mamatomba serembé cuserembá, El negro canta y se ajuma.

9. Chévere (The Man With a Knife)
(Nicolás Guillén)
Chévere of the knife thrust turns himself into a knife.
He cuts the moon up in slices, but he runs out of moon;
He cuts shadows in slices, but he runs out of shadows;
He cuts songs up in slices, but he runs out of songs;
And then he slashes away at the flesh of his bad black woman.

10. Cradle Song for a Little Black Boy
(Ildefonso Pereda Valdés)
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, little tiny one,
Little black child who doesn't want to sleep.
Coconut head, coffee bean,
With pretty freckles, with eyes wide open,
Like two windows overlooking the sea.
Close your little eyes frightened little black boy;
The white boogey-man is going to come and eat you up!
You're not a slave anymore! And if you sleep a lot the master of the house promises to buy you
A suit with buttons so you can be a groom.
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe, sleep little black one,
Coconut head, coffee bean.

11. Black Song
(Nicolás Guillén)
Yambambó, yambambé!
The Congo solongo struts by,The very black man struts by. Aoé! The Congo solongo from Songo,Dances the yambó on one foot.
Yambambó, yambambé!Mamatomba serembé cuserembá, The black man sings and gets drunk.

Mamatomba serembé cuserembá, el negro se ajuma y canta. Mamatomba serembé cuserembá, el negro canta y se va.
Acuememe serembó aé, yambambó aé yambambé aó.
Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba del negro que tumba, tamba del negro caramba, caramba, que el negro tumba, ¡Yambá, yambó!
¡Yambambé, yambambó, yambambé! ¡Baila yambo sobre un pié!

Mamatomba serembé cuserembá, The black man gets drunk and sings.Mamatomba serembé cuserembá, The black man sings and goes.
Acuememe serembó aé, Yambambó aé, Yambambé aó.
Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba, The black man staggers, The black man staggers, caramba, Caramba, the black man falls, Yambá, yambó! Yambambé, yambambó, yambambé! He dances the yambó on one foot!

Cinco Canciones Populares Argentinas

Alberto Ginastera (textos populares argentinos)

12. Chacarera
A mí me gustan las ñatas
Y una ñata me ha tocado
Ñato será el casamiento
Y más ñato el resultado.
Cuando canto chacareras
Me dan ganas de llorar
Porque se me representa
Catamarca y Tucumán.

13. Triste
Ah!
Debajo de un limón verde
Donde el agua no corría
Entregué mi corazón
A quien no lo merecía.

Ah!
Triste es el día sin sol
Triste es la noche sin luna
Pero más triste es querer
Sin esperanza ninguna.

Five Popular Argentinian Songs (1943)

Alberto Ginastera (Popular Texts)

12. Chacarera
I love girls with little snub noses
and a snub-nose girl is what I've got.
Ours will be a snub-nose wedding
and snub-nosed children will be our lot.
Whenever I sing a chacarera
it makes me want to cry,
Because it takes me back
to Catamarca and Tucumán.

13. Sad
Ah!
Beneath a lime tree
where no water flowed
I gave up my heart
to one who did not deserve it.

Ah!
Sad is the sunless day.
Sad is the moonless night.
But sadder still is to love
with no hope at all.

14. Zamba
Hasta las piedras del cerro
Y las arenas del mar
Me dicen que no te quiera
Y no te puedo olvidar.
Si el corazón me has robado
El tuyo me lo has de dar
El que lleva cosa ajena
Con lo suyo ha de pagar
Ay!

15. Arrorró
Arrorró mi nene,
Arrorró mi sol,
Arrorró pedazo
De mi corazón.
Este nene lindo
Se quiere dormir
Y el pícaro sueño
No quiere venir.

16. Gato
El gato de mi casa
Es muy gauchito
Pero cuando lo bailan
Zapateadito.
Guitarrita de pino
Cuerdas de alambre.
Tanto quiero a las chicas,
Digo, como a las grandes.
Esa moza que baila
Mucho la quiero
Pero no para hermana
Que hermana tengo.
Que hermana tengo
Si, ponete al frente
Aunque no sea tu dueño,
Digo, me gusta verte.

14. Zamba
Even the stones on the hillside
and the sand in the sea
Tell me not to love you.
But I cannot forget you.
If you have stolen my heart
then you must give me yours.
He who takes what is not his
must return it in kind.
Ay!

15. Arrorró (Lullaby)
Arrorró my baby;
Arrorró my sunshine;
Arrorró part
of my heart.
This pretty baby
wants to sleep
and that fickle sleep
won't come.

16. Cat
The cat of the house
is most mischievous,
But when they dance,
they stamp their feet.
With pine guitars
and wire strings.
I like the small girls
as much as the big ones.
That girl dancing
is the one for me.
Not as a sister,
I have one already.
I have a sister.
Yes, come to the front.
I may not be your master
but I like to see you.

Cinco canções Nordestinas do Folclore Brasileiro (1944)

Francisco Ernani Braga

17. O'Kinimbá

(Canción "macumba" –de origen africano– recogida en Pernambuco en la que Xangô, divinidad presente en la macumba, dice que está en la tierra, "kinimbá", pero siente nostalgia del cielo, "nuaiê")

O' Kinimbá, Kinimbá
Dada ôké Kinimbá
Salô ajô nuaiê

18. Capim di pranta

(Canción "jongo", de ritmo afro-brasileño en la que los trabajadores del campo, que están luchando en contra del "capim", mala hierba que vuelve a brotar una vez arrancada, cantan ahora felices porque la Reina les ha mandado parar con esa ingrata labor)

Ta'capinando ta'!
Capim di pranta ta'capinando ta'nascendo
Rainha mandou dizê pru módi pará co'esa lavoura.
Mandou dizê, mandou pará!

19. Nigue-nigue-ninhas

(Canción de cuna afro-brasileña, recogida en Paraibo do Norte.)

Nigue-nigue-ninhas, tao bonitinhas
Macamba viola di pari e ganginhas
Ê imbê, túmbela.
Musangolá, quina quiné

Five Folk Songs from the North East of Brazil (1944)

Francisco Ernani Braga

17. O´Kinimba

This is a Makumba Song (a religious ritual originated from Africa) from Pernambuco. The God Xangô stays in the country, Kinimbá, but he is longing for Nuaiê, the heaven.

18. Capim di pranta

A "Jongo" song from Alagôas with Afro-Brazilian rhythms. In the colonial age farm-workers are fighting against the Capim, a persistent weed, which as soon as pulled out grows again. The queen's order makes them stop the thankless task.

19. Nigue-Nigue-Ninhas

An Afro-Braziliam lullaby from Paraibo do Norte. The words are a mixture of Portuguese and African dialect and do not bear clear sense; but they seem to be of deep lovingness.

20. São João-Dã-Ra-Rão
(Canción de ronda infantil recogida en Piauí, en la que se repite la última sílaba de las palabras)

São João-Dã-Ra-Rão
Tem uma gaita-ra-raita,
Quando to-cocoro-ca bate nela
Todos os an-jararan-xos
Tocam gaita-ra-raita
Tocam tan-tararan-to aquí na terra.
Lá no cen-tereren-to da aveni-diriri-da
Tem xaro-pororó-pe escorregou
Agarrou-sôrôrou-se em meu vesti-diririd o,
Deu u-ma pré-guéréré-ga e me deixou
María tu vai ao baile, tu leva ó chale que vai chovê
E depois de madrugada toda molhada tu vai morrê
María tu vai casares, eu voute dares os parabens
Voute dares uma prenda, saia de renda e dois vintens.

20. Sâo Joâo-Da-Ra-Râo
A children's song from Piauí. The children are singing on the day of Sâo Joâo (St. John's, 24th June) in a manner which is typical for the region: repeating the last syllable of the words.

21. Engenho novo
(Canción de trabajo recogida en Rio Grande do Sul. Los trabajadores de los campos de azúcar están contentos y cantan alegremente porque el viejo y ruidoso aparato con el que trabajaban es sustituido por uno nuevo: Engenho novo!)

Engenho novo, Engenho novo bota a roda pra rodá
Eu dei um pulo, dei dois pulo, dei tres pulo desta vês pulei o muro e quaji morro de pulá!
Engenho novo, Engenho novo bota a roda pra rodá
Capim di pranta xique xique, mela mela, eu pasei pela capela, vi dois padri nu altá!

21. Engenho Novo
A worker's song from Rio Grande do Sul. The workers of the sugar factory are happily singing because the old chattering machine has been replaced by a new one.

Produced by Cristina Pato for Zouma Records
Executive Producer: J.C. Fasero
Production Coordination: Juan Padrón
Recording Location: Auditorio Municipal de Ourense (Spain). July 2006.
Mixed by J.C. Fasero at Desfase Sound Studios (Ourense, Spain)

Art Direction: Cristina Pato and Juan Padrón
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Desde Rusia hasta Brasil: Canciones Populares de España y Latinoamérica para Voz y Piano.
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Patrice Jegou, mezzo-soprano
Cristina Pato, piano
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4. Ronda
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Five Folk Songs from the North East of Brazil

17. O Kinimba
18. Capim di pranta
19. Nigue-Nigue-Ninhas
20. São João-Dá-Ra-Rão
21. Engenho novo

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