

BUENA
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VISTA
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PRESENTS

A close-up portrait of Ibrahim Ferrer, an elderly man with a mustache, wearing a dark flat cap and a light-colored shirt. He is smiling slightly and looking towards the camera. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green.

Ibrahim Ferrer

This is the debut solo album by the Cuban singer Ibrahim Ferrer.

His voice has long been treasured by musicians and aficionados on the island but it was not until his appearance on the collective project 'Buena Vista Social Club' that Ibrahim Ferrer's extraordinary artistry received any wider recognition. With the release of this album, the world can hear the full extent of a talent only previously glimpsed at. The album was recorded and mixed at Egrem studios in Havana by the same team that produced 'Buena Vista Social Club'. Other exceptional musicians have been added to the extraordinary group that created the music on that album. The result is a wider variety of settings for Ibrahim Ferrer's unique and very personal reading of the Cuban musical experience.

The album opens with 'Bruca Maniguá', the first recorded composition by the legendary Arsenio Rodríguez. This version is inspired by Anselmo Sacasas' arrangement of the original 1937

recording by Casino De La Playa. Sung in a patois of Spanish and African-derived languages, the lyrics tell the story of a black slave who flees to the Maniguá (mountains) to escape his suffering. A second Arsenio Rodríguez song, 'Mamá Me Gustó', was first recorded by his mid-40s band and this new recording captures the spirit and power of that formidable group. Rubén González, who was the group's pianist until 1944, takes the first solo, followed by Papi Oviedo on tres. There is a third Arsenio-related number: 'Cienfuegos Tiene Su Guaguancó'. When Arsenio left Havana for New York in the late 1940s, his trumpet soloist, Félix Chappotin, took over the band and continued to play in the son-guaguancó style popularised by Arsenio, updating the traditional rumbas played by local street bands. This song is dedicated to the rumba society of Cienfuegos. Ibrahim is joined here by José Antonio 'Maceo' Rodríguez of the son nonet, Sierra Maestra.

'Herido de Sombras' and 'Nuestra Ultima Cita' were both popularised in the early '60s by the unique vocal quartet, Los Zafiro, who hailed from

Ibrahim's neighbourhood, the Cayo Hueso barrio of Old Havana. Ibrahim sings the lead, originally performed by Eduardo 'El Chino' Hernández, and both songs feature Los Zafiros' original guitarist and arranger, Manuel Galbán. Vocal harmonies are by the young female quartet, Gema Cuatro, and the string and saxophone arrangements are by Demetrio Muñiz, leader of the house band at Havana's Tropicana Cabaret.

Ibrahim was born at a dance in 1927 in Santiago, at the eastern tip of Cuba, and he lived there until he moved to Havana in 1959. 'Marieta' displays his wonderfully fluid skill as an improviser in Santiago's country-son tradition and is the most celebrated composition by Faustino 'El Guayabero' Oramas, who considers Ibrahim to be the greatest interpreter of his music. On this version he trades lead vocals with Teresa García Caturla. Ibrahim's easy mastery of the country-son tradition is also displayed on 'Guatèque Campesino', a typical Santiago-style guajira made famous by Guillermo Portabales.

For the majority of his career, Ibrahim's skill as an improviser on up-tempo

numbers meant that his genius as a singer of romantic ballads and boleros was known only to his close friends. His heartfelt renditions of 'Silencio' and 'Aquello Ojos Verdes' show what the world has been missing. The former is a duet with the great Omara Portuondo, accompanied by the strange and wonderful dual electric guitars of Ry Cooder and Manuel Galbán. 'Aquello Ojos Verdes' (famous in its English lyric version as 'Green Eyes'), with strings arranged by Demetrio Muñiz, features Rubén González on piano and the tenor saxophone of Gil Bernal, who is renowned for his session work with The Robbins and Duane Eddy.

Soon after moving to Havana, Ibrahim worked for a time as a backing vocalist with the legendary Benny Moré and his Banda Gigante. On this recording he finally fronts his own twenty-one-piece 'giant band'. Moré's original arranger and trombone player, the eighty-year-old Generoso Jiménez, conducts Benny's signature tune, the saxophone riffing 'Qué Bueno Baila Usted' and Ernesto Duarte's masterpiece, the bolero 'Como Fue'.

Ibrahim Ferrer	<i>vocals</i>
Rubén González	<i>piano</i>
*Manuel Galbán	<i>electric guitar</i>
Orlando 'Cachaito' López	<i>bass</i>
**Amadito Valdés	<i>timbales</i>
Angel Terry Domech	<i>congas</i>
Roberto García	<i>bongos & güiro</i>
Carlos González	<i>bongos & cowbell</i>
Alberto 'Virgilio' Valdés	<i>maracas</i>
Ibrahim Ferrer Jr	<i>clave</i>
Ry Cooder	<i>electric guitar</i>
Joachim Cooder	<i>udu drum, dumbek & drums</i>
Pío Leyva, Manuel 'Puntillita' Licea José Antonio Rodríguez, Lázaro Villa	<i>chorus vocals</i>
Teresa García Caturla	<i>vocals 'Marieta'</i>
Omara Portuondo	<i>vocals 'Silencio'</i>
José Antonio Rodríguez	<i>vocals 'Cienfuegos Tiene Su Guaguancó'</i>
Gema Cuatro: Michelle Alderete Espigul Estela Guzman Vega, Laura Flores Hernández Odette Tellería Orduña	<i>vocal group 'Herido de Sombras' & 'Ultima Cita'</i>
Gil Bernal	<i>tenor saxophone 'Guatèque Campesino' & 'Ojos Verdes'</i>
Lázaro Ordóñez Enriquez	<i>violin 'Bruca Manigua'</i>
*Eliades Ochoa	<i>guitar 'Marieta'</i>
***Papí Oviedo	<i>tres 'Mami Me Gustó'</i>
Barbarito Torres	<i>laúd 'Guatèque Campesino' & 'Ojos Verdes'</i>

* Manuel Galbán & Eliades Ochoa appear courtesy of Virgin Records Spain

** Amadito Valdés plays Meinl Percussion and Regal Tip signature model exclusively

*** Papí Oviedo appears courtesy of Tumi Records

Octavio Calderón
Carmelo González
Manuel 'El Guajiro' Mirabal
Yanko Pisaco Pichardo
Alejandro Pichardo Pérez
Daniel Ramos

trumpets

soloist

Jorge Leal
Jesús 'Aguaje' Ramos
Alberto Muñoz

trombones

soloist

Carlo Montenegro Ruiz, alto
José Ramírez Nurque, alto
Antonio Francisco Jiménez Sánchez, tenor
Braulio Hernández Rodríguez, tenor
Adrian Corzo González, baritone

saxophones

Julian Corrales Subidá
Alyoth Marichal Castillo
Pedro Depestre González
José Conyedo Román

1st violin

José Pérez Fuentes
Ariel Sarduy Méndez
Rogelio Martínez Muquercía
Humberto Legat Yera

2nd violin

Lenor Bermúdez Bermúdez
Rafael Cutiño Diequez
Angel Zaldivar Copello

viola

Roy Avila Serrano
Arelis Zaldivar Copello

cello

Andrés Escalona Graña
Aleida Espinosa

bass

Yo son carabali,
negro de nación.
Sin la libertad
no pue'o vivi'.

Mundele cabá,
con mi corazón,
tanto maltrata,
cuerpo ta' furi eh

Mundele cumba fiote
siempre ta' ngarua'cha.
queta' por mucho,
que yo lo ndinga
siempre ta' maltratá.

Ya ne me tabá
labio de buiri (x2)

coro Yenyere Bruca Maniguá.

Abre cuíta buirindingo
Bruca Maniguá Ae.

Si ramento suaro suare
Bruca Maniguá Ae

coro Ae, Chéchere
Bruca Maniguá.

Como un tienda derechito
Bruca Maniguá Ae.

Un paso, un paso
Ubbe Yobolle Ila
Bruca Maniguá Ae.

I'm from the Carabali coast
African of nation
Without liberty
I cannot live*

*Reality has finished
With my heart
So ill-treated have I been
I'm crazy within*

*This hostile world
keeps holding me back
No matter how hard
I try, they always
mistreat me*

*And now I'm tired
Too tired to speak (x2)*

chorus *In the mountains lies the answer*

*Show me the paths of freedom
Mountains*

*If my resolve fails me
Help me mountains*

chorus *Ae, Chéchere
Bruca Maniguá*

*Mountain,
As strong as a tower*

*Step by step,
I will get there
Mountains*



Photo: Susan Tiedman

Ibrahim Ferrer & Manuel 'Puntillita' Licea

Ya yorrucu mandengo,
Bruca Maniguá Ae.

Yo son carabali, son mandinga
quiero mi libertad Ae

Congo tiene teremende,
Bruca Maniguá Ae yaeooo

Yo ta'tantando,
lo mundele,
Bruca Maniguá Ae.

Que esa negra
A mi me engaña,
Bruca Maniguá Ae (x2)

*I will have my freedom
Mountains
I am from the Carabali, I'm Mandinga
I want my freedom*

*Congo, I feel happiness to burst
Bruca Maniguá Ae yaeooo*

*I am free,
free to walk in this world
Bruca Maniguá Ae*

*If that girl
makes a fool of me...
Bruca Maniguá Ae (x2)*

* Carabali is a generic term used to describe slaves who came from Nigeria and the Niger delta.

Herido de sombras
por tu ausencia estoy.
Sólo la penumbra me acompaña hoy.
Perdido tu amor
no podré disfrutar de felicidad.

Sin destino fijo
como el humo voy
surcando el espacio
buscándote estoy.
Tal vez no te encuentre,
quizás te perdí para siempre, amor.

Recordaré tu mirar, tu sentir
No lo puedo evitar
Y sufriré añorando el ayer,
no te puedo olvidar.

Herido de sombras
por tu ausencia estoy.
Sólo la penumbra me acompaña hoy.
Perdido tu amor
no podré ser feliz jamás.

*A broken shadow
without you.
Only the twilight accompanies me now.
Now your love is gone
there is no happiness for me.*

*Aimless, I drift
like smoke
through space,
searching for you.
I may not find you,
I may have lost you forever, my love.*

*I will remember your eyes, your touch.
I cannot avoid it
I will suffer, longing for yesterday,
I cannot forget you.*

*A broken shadow
without you.
Only the twilight accompanies me now.
Now your love is gone
I will never feel happiness.*



Ibrahim Ferrer & Michelle Alderete Espigul

Photos: Donata Wenders

coro A mí me gusta que baile Marieta.

Oye, Ibrahim, tú me cantas sabroso.
Teresita, te voy a presentar a Marieta.
Ese ritmo sí está resalao
¿A quién no le gusta bailar con Marieta?

Yo tengo una mala maña
que a mí misma me da pena.(x2)
Que yo me acuesto en mi cama
y amanezco en cama ajena.

A mí me gusta que baile Marieta.

A mí me gusta cantar
pa' Marieta.
Oye Marieta,
todo el mundo quiere bailar contigo.
Este son sí está muy sabroso.

Vamos a conocer todo el mundo a Marieta.

Anoche estaba fiestando
en un santo celebrado
sentí olor a bacalao,
dije: allí están cocinando.
Y así me exploté cantando
para acordarme mejor,
y resulta que el olor
que estaba allí sucediendo
es que había una lata hirviendo
llena de ropa interior.

chorus *I like it when Marieta dances.*

*Listen, Ibrahim, you're singing great.
Teresita, let me introduce Marieta.
That rhythm's really wild.
Who doesn't like to dance with Marieta?*

*I've got some evil ways
that upset even me.(x2)
I retire to my bed
but wake up in another's.*

I like it when Marieta dances.

*I like to sing
for Marieta.
Listen, Marieta,
everyone wants to dance with you.
This song really is tasty.*

Let's tell everybody about Marieta.

*Last night I was celebrating
a special saint's night.
I could smell the cod
and I said: 'They're cooking over there'.
And I burst into song
to remember it better
but it turned out that
what I could smell
was a pot of
boiling underclothes.*

Esa negra sí está bailadora.
Teresa, vas a conocer pronto a Marieta.
Oye Ibrahim
ya yo la estoy conociendo.
Voy a sacarte pasaje
para que veas a Marieta.

Mi mamá me dijo a mí
que cantara y que gozara.
Mi mamá me dijo a mí
que cantara y que gozara,
pero que nunca me metiera
-oye, Ibrahim-
en camisa de once varas.

Por eso quiero conocer a Marieta.
Yo sé que tú la conoces muy sabroso.
Mentira, Teresita
yo no conozco a Marieta.
Que tú te estás haciendo, Ibrahim
el bobo.

Mi mujer se me enfermó
del corazón en La Habana.
Y el médico una mañana
vino y la reconoció.
El vestido le quitó
bloomer también y refajo
pero al ver yo aquel relajo
dije: eso no me conviene
creo que mi mujer no tiene
el corazón tan abajo.
Oye, Galbán, vamos a ver a Marieta.
COTO Con Marieta.

*That black girl can really dance.
Teresita, soon you'll know Marieta.
Listen, Ibrahim
I'm already getting to know her.
I'll get you a ticket
to go and see Marieta.*

*My mother told me
to sing and have fun.
My mother told me
to sing and have fun,
but never, Ibrahim,
to interfere in
other people's affairs.*

*That's why I want to meet Marieta.
I know you know her well.
That's a lie, Teresita
I don't know Marieta.
Ibrahim, you're making
a fool of yourself.*

*My wife was suffering
from an illness of the heart in Havana.
So the doctor came one morning
to examine her.
He took off her dress,
her panties, too, and her slip,
but when I saw that indecency
I said: 'this isn't good,
I really don't think my wife's heart
is that far down.'
Listen, Galbán, let's go and see Marieta.
chorus With Marieta.*

Oye, yo voy a ir a Holguín.
Mira qué rico está.
Teresita, te voy a llevar.
Ibrahim, quería cantar
contigo mucho más.
Mentira, tú puedes bailar.
Contigo yo quiero gozar.
Con Marieta vamos a guarachar.
Vamos todos, vamos todos a cumbanchar.
A Holguín yo lo voy a presentar.
Oye, te voy a inspirar.
Seguro que hasta Holguín yo te voy a llevar.
Oye, con tu bastoncito, Ibrahim
yo voy a gozar.
Faustino Oramas me puede hospedar.
Qué rico, qué bueno.
Marieta, te voy a buscar.
Qué le pasa a Marieta?
Vamos con ella a bailar.
Vamos todos a gozar.

*Hey, I'm going to Holguín.
Look, it is really lovely.
Teresita, I'll take you.
Ibrahim, I wanted to sing
with you much longer.
Liar, you can dance.
I want to have fun with you.
We're going to party with Marieta.
Come on, everybody, let's go drinking.
I'll introduce you to Holguín.
Hey I will inspire you.
I'll take you all the way to Holguín
Yes, with your lucky stick, *Ibrahim
I'll have a great time.
Faustino Oramas can put us up.
Great, that's really good.
Marieta, I'm coming for you.
What's wrong with Marieta?
We're going dancing with her
Let's all have some fun.*

**refers to the small, African staff given
to Ibrahim by his mother
which he carries at all times.*



Photo: Susan Tiedman

Teresa García Caturla

Hay guateque en el bohío
del compadre Don Ramón (x2)

*There's a party in
Don Ramon's hut (x2)*

Ya está en la púa el lechón,
ya está llegando el gentío.
Hoy viene abajo el bohío,
es santo de Don Ramón.

*The suckling pig is ready for roasting;
the guests are arriving.
Today we'll really raise the roof,
as it's Don Ramon's birthday.*

coro Y llegando bailadores, comay,
por los caminos atascados (x2)

*chorus And the dancers are arriving,
my friend, along the busy lanes (x2)*

El bongó, el tiple y el güiro
no han cesado de tocar (x2)
porque así son los guajiros
no tienen cuando acabar.
Es costumbre campesina
desde el tiempo colonial.

*The bongos, the guitar and the güiro
haven't stopped playing (x2)
That's how the peasants are; they have
no reason to stop.
It's been peasant tradition
since colonial times.*

Ya la comadre Caruca
de tres piedras hizo el fogón (x2)
ya está sancochá la yuca,
ya está el mojo pa'l lechón
y ya Juan Ramón fue en busca
de plátano verde y pintón.

*And Caruca, the godmother has made
the fire with three stones. (x2)
The yucca is boiled and the dressing
is ready for the suckling pig
and Juan Ramón has gone to find
green plantain and bananas.*

Hoy luce su guayabera,
su polaina y su machete (x2)
los guajiros y la sitiera
que engalanan el guateque.
Hoy se rompen los taburetes
y se cae la talanquera.

*Today he's wearing his loose shirt
his gaiters and machete (x2)
The peasants and the farm
are decked out in splendour.
Today they'll break the stools
and everything will come crashing down.*

¡Arturito y Juanito, tocan bien!

Hace falta que venga mucha gente
porque el fogón está atestao.

Comadre Caruca, guarde bien el rabito
para el que llegue atrasado.

Oye, que cierren pronto la talanquera
porque el puerco está botao.

Y llegando bailadores, comay,
por los caminos atascados.

Yo tengo cuatro palomas
en una fuente redonda.

Todas se dan sus buchitos, mamá
y ninguna se pone brava.

Y llegando bailadores, comay
y los caminos están "atoscaos".

Arturito and Juanito, play so well!

*We need a good crowd
The oven's bursting with food.*

*Godmother Caruca, keep back
the tail for late arrivals.*

*Hey, close the gates soon;
the pig is out there.*

*And the dancers are arriving, my friend,
along the busy lanes.*

*I have four doves
in a round dish.*

*Everyone gets drunk
but nobody gets rough.*

*And the dancers are arriving, my friend
and the lanes are full to bursting.*



Photo: Susan Trelman

Lázaro Villa, Manuel Puntillita Licea & Pío Leyva

coro Esa cosa que me hiciste, mamá,
me gustó. Me gustó (x2)

chorus *That thing that you did, mama,
I liked it. I liked it. (x2)*

Me gustas porque eres zalamera
Me gustas porque eres vanidosa.
Me gustas porque eres paluchera.
Me gustas porque tienes muchas cosas.

*I like you, you're a flirt
I like you, you're vain.
I like you, you're a show off.
There's lots of things I like about you.*

Me gustas por lo suave que caminas.
Me gusta como mueves tu cintura.
Me gustas porque andas con dulzura.
Tú tienes muchas cosas que me gustan.

*I like the smooth way you walk.
I like the way you move your hips.
I like the way you're so sweet.
There's a lot of things about you I like.*

Sólo el besito que me diste anoche
te juro que hasta el cielo me llevó.

*Even that little kiss you gave me last night
I swear, it sent me up to heaven.*

Sigue montada en el tren de la vida,
que ese que va manejando soy yo.

*Carry on riding on the train of life;
you know, I am the driver.*

Cachin puedes regarlo en el mundo entero
y decir que el hombre que te fascina soy yo.

*Cachin, tell the whole world
I am the man who bewitched you.*

6 *Nuestra Última Cita* ~ Armando Medina

bolero

Vete, por favor, no me atormentes.
Grábate en tu mente nuestra despedida.
Ya no queda nada de la cita aquella
en que, ebria de besos, me lo diste todo.

*Please leave, don't torment me.
Etch our farewell on your mind.
That evening is over now when,
drunk with kisses, you gave me everything.*

Diluvio de besos, tempestad de amor,
ansias incontables de unir nuestras vidas.
Y a pesar de todo, partir fue mi muerte;
murieron mis ilusiones
y no resucitan si no vuelve
aquella, nuestra última cita
de amor.

*Flood of kisses, storm of love
interminable desire to join our lives.
And in spite of it all, our parting was my death;
my dreams died
and they won't return if we can't
re-live our last date
of love.*

7 *Cienfuegos Tiene Su Guaguancó* ~ Victor Lay

son guaguancó

coro Cienfuegos tiene ya su guaguancó.

chorus *Now Cienfuegos has her own guaguancó.*

Hoy siento gran emoción.
Voy a cantarle a mi tierra:
A esa famosa región
llamada "perla sureña".

*Today I feel great emotion.
I'm going to sing for my city:
that famous region
known as 'the pearl of the south'.*

Su mujer es un primor
radiante como una estrella
y por su elegante andar
la admiran en Cuba entera.

*Her women are beauties;
they shine like the stars
and are admired by the whole of Cuba
for their elegant ways.*

Cienfuegos, yo a ti te llevo
metido en mi corazón,
por eso con orgullo
te doy esta inspiración.
coro Ya tú lo ves, mi hermano,
Cienfuegos tiene su guaguancó. (x3)

Yo soy de Los Sitio' Asere
y me fui caminando hasta Cienfuegos
a escuchar este lindo guaguancó.

Cienfueguera nena linda
ay, qué bueno, qué bueno
tú tienes tu guaguancó.

Oye, Maceo sigue cantando
No te preocupes tanto tú eres mi invitado
y aquí en fin, el que manda soy yo.
Alma mía, no te extrañes
sí me voy pa'ese rumbón.

coro Para Cienfuegos
me voy a guarachar, boncó.
Para Cienfuegos
me voy a guarachar, boncó. (bis)

*Cienfuegos, I carry you
in my heart,
so, with great pride,
I dedicate this song to you.
chorus So, you see, my brother
Cienfuegos has her own guaguancó (x3).*

*I'm from Los Sitio' Asere
and I've come on foot to Cienfuegos
to listen to this lovely guaguancó.*

*Beautiful Cienfuegos girl
It's great, so great
Now you have your own guaguancó.*

*Hey, Maceo, keep on singing
Don't worry you're my guest
And here I'm in charge
My love, don't be surprised
If I go to that fiesta.*

*chorus To Cienfuegos
to have some fun, hey!
To Cienfuegos
to have some fun, hey!*



Photo: Donata Wenders

Ibrahim Ferrer & Omara Portuondo

Duermen en mi jardín
las blancas azucenas, los nardos y las rosas.
Mi alma muy triste y pesarosa
a las flores quiere ocultar su amargo dolor.

Yo no quiero que las flores sepan
los tormentos que me da la vida.
Si supieran lo que estoy sufriendo
por mis penas llorarian también.

Silencio, que están durmiendo
los nardos y las azucenas.
No quiero que sepan mis penas
porque si me ven llorando
morirán.

*Sleeping in my garden are
white lilies, purple flowers, and roses.
My heart, heavy and sad,
must hide its bitter pain from the flowers.*

*I don't want the flowers to know
of my life's torments.
If they knew of my suffering
they would cry in sympathy.*

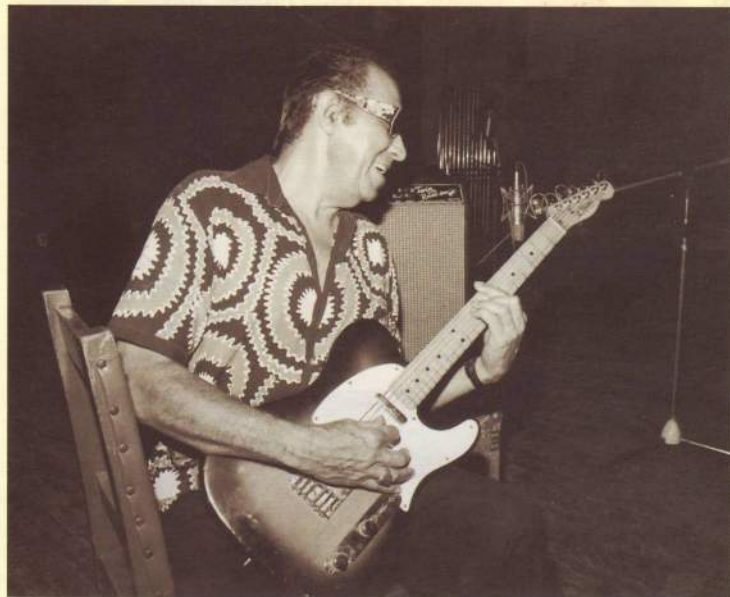
*Hush, the lilies and purple flowers
are sleeping.
I don't want them to know of my sorrow,
for if they see me crying
they will die.*

Aquellos ojos verdes
de mirada serena
dejaron en mi alma
eterna fe de amar.
Anhelos de caricias,
de besos y ternuras,
de todas las dulzuras
que han podido brindar.

Aquellos ojos verdes
serenos como un lago
en cuyas quietas aguas
un día me miré.
No saben la tristeza
que en mi alma dejaron
aquellos ojos verdes que
nunca olvidaré.

*Those green eyes,
so serene,
left, imprinted on my soul
an endless faith in love.
They long for caresses,
for kisses and tenderness
and all the sweetness
they have given.*

*Those green eyes,
peaceful as a lake,
into whose still depths
I looked one day.
They don't know the sadness
that was left in my soul
by those green eyes
I can never forget.*



Manuel Galbán

Photo: Susan Tiedman

Que Bueno Baila Usted ~ Benny Moré son montuno

Castellanos, qué rico baila usted.

Castellanos, you dance so well.

coro Castellanos, qué bueno baila usted.

chorus *Castellanos, you dance so well.*

Qué rico, y qué bueno y qué sabroso,
Castellanos bailaba usted.

*You danced so smooth, so good,
so tasty, Castellanos.*

Bailando en la pista todo el mundo
miraba pa' los pies.

*On the dance floor
everyone watches your feet.*

Usted bailaba tan rápido
que los pies no se le ven.

*You danced so quickly
your feet were invisible.*

Oye, Aguaje, qué rico toca usted.

Hey, Aguaje, you're playing well.

El trombón majadero de Generoso
lo toca ahora usted.

*Now you're playing the crazy
Generoso trombone.*

Qué rico y qué bueno y sabroso lo tocaba
usted.

*You played it so well, so good,
so smooth.*

Oye, Aguaje, toca el trombón como es.

Listen Aguaje, play the trombone like him.

Benny Moré, qué bandona tenía usted.

Benny Moré, you had a great band.

Esa banda tan gigante
la tenía Benny Moré.

*That huge band
of Benny Moré's*

Decían qué había desaparecido
y aquí usted lo ve.

*They said it disappeared,
but here it is.*

Por eso qué rico y qué sabroso
cantaba Benny Moré.

*You see, Benny Moré
was a great, beautiful singer.*

coro Tuvo usted. (bis)

chorus *Yes, you did. Yes, you did.*

Como fue.
No sé decirte como fue.
Ni sé explicarme qué pasó,
pero de ti me enamoré.

Fue una luz que iluminó todo mi ser.
Tu risa como un manantial
llenó mi vida de inquietud.

¿Fueron tus ojos o tu boca?
¿Fueron tus labios o tu voz?
Fue a lo mejor la impaciencia
de tanto esperar tu llegada.
Más, no sé, no sé decirte cómo fue
ni sé explicarme qué pasó,
pero de ti me enamoré.

*How it was.
I can't tell you how it was.
Nor can I explain what happened,
but I fell in love with you.*

*A light that lit up my whole being.
Your laugh, like a spring,
filled my life with unease.*

*Was it your eyes, or your mouth?
Your lips or your voice?
Maybe it was the impatience
of waiting so long for you.
More, I can't say, I can't say how it was
nor can I explain what happened
but I fell in love with you.*



Photo: Susan Tiedman

*Antonio Francisco Jiménez Sánchez, Braulio Hernández Rodríguez, Carlo Montenegro Ruiz,
José Ramírez Nurque & Adrian Corzo González.*

A World Circuit Production

Produced by Ry Cooder
Executive Producer Nick Gold
Recorded, mixed and mastered by Jerry Boys
Consultant and Co-ordinator Juan de Marcos González

Recorded and mixed at Egrem Studios, Havana
Mastered at Livingston Studios, London
Assistant mastering engineer Tom Leader

Project Manager Jenny Adlington

Photography Karl Haimel (front cover)
Susan Titelman (back cover & pages 7, 13, 16, 23, 25 & 27)
Donata Wenders (pages 9 & 20)

Design The Team
Song transcriptions and research Sigfredo Ariel
Translations Francesca Clarke

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Nick Gold and Ry Cooder

Photo: Susan Trichman

Silence

