

Hearing Amazônia—The Responsibility of Existence

Lyrics and Translations

O Boto

By Antônio Carlos Jobim, arr. Guillermo Klein

O Boto

Na praia de dentro tem areia
Na praia de fora tem o mar
Um bôto casado com sereia
Navega num rio pelo mar

O corpo de um bicho deu na praia
E a alma perdida quer voltar
Caranguejo conversa com arraia
Marcando a viagem pelo ar

Ainda ontem vim de lá do Pilar
Ainda ontem vim de lá do Pilar
Já tô com vontade de ir por aí

Ontem vim de lá do Pilar
Ontem vim de lá do Pilar
Com vontade de ir por aí

Na ilha deserta o sol desmaia
Do alto do morro vê-se o mar
Papagaio discute com jandaia
Se o homem foi feito pra voar

Cristina, Cristina
Cristina, Cristina
Desperta, desperta
Desperta, desperta
Vem cá

Inhambu cantou lá na floresta
E o velho jereba fêz-se ao ar
Sapo querendo entrar na festa
Viola pesada pra voar

Camiranga urubu mestre do vento
Urubu caçador mestre do ar
Urutau cantando num lamento
Pra lua redonda navegar

Na enseada negra vista em sonho
Dorme um veleiro sobre o mar
No espelho das águas refletido
Navega um veleiro pelo ar

The Pink Dolphin

In towards the beach there is sand
Away from the beach is the ocean
A pink dolphin, married to a mermaid
Makes its way down a river to the sea

A creature's body washed up on the beach
And a lost soul wants to return
The crab speaks with the ray
Tracing a voyage through the air

Just yesterday I came from there, from Pilar
Just yesterday I came from there, from Pilar
I already yearn to go there

Yesterday I came from there, from Pilar
Yesterday I came from there, from Pilar
I want to go there

The sun is sinking on the deserted island
From the top of the crest you can see the sea
The parrot asks the parakeet
If humans were made to fly

Cristina, Cristina
Cristina, Cristina
Wake up, wake up
Wake up, wake up
Come here

The tinamou bird sang there in the forest
And the old black waterbird took to the sky
The toad wanted to join the festivities
The hummingbird was too heavy to fly

The red-headed vulture is master of the wind
The vulture hunter is master of the air
The potoo bird sings a lament
For the full moon to find its way

In the dark cove seen in dreams
A sailboat sleeps on the sea
Reflected on the water's surface
Is a sailboat sailing through the air

Canoa, Canoa

Nelson Angelo and Fernando Brant, arr. Luciana Souza

Canoa, Canoa

Canoa canoa desce
No meio do rio Araguaia desce
No meio da noite alta da floresta
Levando a solidão e a coragem
Dos homens que são
Ava avacanoê
Ava avacanoê
Avacanoeiro prefere as águas
Avacanoeiro prefere o rio
Avacanoeiro prefere os peixes
Avacanoeiro prefere remar
Ava prefere pescar
Ava prefere pescar
Dourado, arraia, grumatá
Piracará, pira-andirá
Jatuarana, taiabucu
Piracanjuba, peixe-mulher
Dourado, arraia, grumatá
Piracará, pira-andirá
Jatuarana, taiabucu
Piracanjuba, peixe-mulher
Dourado, arraia, grumatá
Piracará, pira-andirá
Jatuarana, taiabucu

Canoe, Canoe

Canoe, canoe floats down
In the middle of the Araguaia river it descends
In the middle of the night, deep in the forest
Taking with it solitude and courage
Of the people who are
Ava avacanoê
Ava avacanoê
The Avacanoeiro people prefer the waters
The Avacanoeiro people prefer the river
The Avacanoeiro people prefer the fishes
The Avacanoeiro people prefer to row
The Ava people prefer to fish
The Ava people prefer to fish
Dourado, arraia, grumatá*
Piracará, pira-andirá
Jatuarana, taiabucu
Piracanjuba, mother fish
Dourado, arraia, grumatá
Piracará, pira-andirá
Jatuarana, taiabucu
Piracanjuba, mother fish
Dourado, arraia, grumatá
Piracará, pira-andirá
Jatuarana, taiabucu

*These terms all refer to types of Amazon river fish

Nós Somos a Floresta

Sung by Djuena Tikuna in the Tikuna language

Location: Manaus, Brazil

Djuena Tikuna is a musician, actor, journalist, and activist from the Tikuna people. Born in Umariáçu in the Alto Solimões region of Brazil, she now lives in Manaus.

Nós Somos a Floresta

Hoje a floresta está triste
Hoje os rios estão secando
Os pássaros não cantam mais,
Só sabem chorar

O céu sangra
E as borboletas voam para longe
Na minha aldeia, as crianças ardem em febre
E queimam, até mesmo o sopro do pajé

Somos sobreviventes, precisamos viver
Somos o grito da floresta
Somos os peixes, subindo à correnteza
Somos a revoada das araras, no por do sol
Somos os filhos dessa terra
A floresta é nossa, nós somos a floresta.

We are the Forest

Today the forest is sad.
Today the rivers are drying up.
Birds do not sing anymore,
They only know how to cry.

The sky bleeds,
And the butterflies fly far away.
In my village, the children burn up with fever.
And they burn, even the pajé's [healer's] breath

We are survivors, we need to live.
We are the cry of the forest.
We are the fish, climbing upstream.
We are the flock of macaws, at sunset
We are the children of this land.
The forest is ours, we are the forest.

O Canto e Encanto (The Song and Enchantment)

by Ivan Tukano, Anacleto Tukano, and Ovídio Tukano

Location: Tarumã, Manaus, Brazil

Ivan Tukano is a musician specializing in the kariçu flute. Born and raised in the Alto Rio Negro Indigenous region, he now lives in Manaus.

The song intoned in this video heralds an incipient moment of dialogue between music makers of the Tukano people and *waimahsã*, or spirits. In essence, the song acts as a form of proclamation of their presence to the spirits to jumpstart xamanistic initiation. They sing this piece in support of community members who seek to become various kinds of specialists, such as kumu (pajé) or healer, yai (xamã) or shaman, and *baya* or master of ceremonies. The role of the kumu (healer) is to cure afflicted persons by ascertaining what kind of sickness inhabit their bodies and then by using specialized blessing rituals to rid the individuals of said ailments. In contrast, a yai (shaman) already knows that the patients will arrive before they even do and thus begins to prepare medicines for them in advance of their appearance. When they arrive, the yai has the power to “radiograph” the bodies, seeing exactly where the illness resides. From this starting point, the yai is able to lift the sickness outside of the body by means of specialized rituals and techniques. In terms of geographical sites, music makers carry out the song in places that are located far away from the community called *casas dos waimahsã (espíritos)*, or houses of the spirits. The *casas dos waimahsã* are mountains, lakes, places of mineral deposits, and the like. The spirits themselves inhabit objects such as water, trees, ore, vegetation and they are responsible for taking care of these entities and spaces. Normal people cannot see these spirits with their eyes, but the healers have direct contact with them by means of blessing rituals. What is more, the song cannot be translated as it contains no literal meaning. Rather, the song itself serves as a dialogic offering to spirits that opens the way for shamanistic initiation.

Passarim

By Antônio Carlos Jobim, arr. Guillermo Klein

Passarim

Passarim quis pousar, não deu, voou
Porque o tiro partiu mas não pegou
Passarinho, me conta, então me diz:
Por que que eu também não fui feliz?
Me diz o que eu faço da paixão?
Que me devora o coração..
Que me devora o coração..
Que me maltrata o coração..
Que me maltrata o coração..

E o mato que é bom, o fogo queimou
Cadê o fogo? A água apagou
E cadê a água? O boi bebeu
Cadê o amor? O gato comeu
E a cinza se espalhou
E a chuva carregou
Cadê meu amor que o vento levou?
(Passarim quis pousar, não deu, voou)

Passarim quis pousar, não deu, voou
Porque o tiro feriu mas não matou
Passarinho, me conta, então me diz:
Por que que eu também não fui feliz?
Cadê meu amor, minha canção?
Que me alegrava o coração..
Que me alegrava o coração..
Que iluminava o coração..
Que iluminava a escuridão..

Cadê meu caminho? A água levou
Cadê meu rastro? A chuva apagou
E a minha casa? O rio carregou
E o meu amor me abandonou
Voou, voou, voou
Voou, voou, voou
E passou o tempo e o vento levou

Passarim quis pousar, não deu, voou
Porque o tiro feriu mas não matou
Passarinho, me conta então, me diz:
Por que que eu também não fui feliz?
Cadê meu amor, minha canção?
Que me alegrava o coração..
Que me alegrava o coração..
Que iluminava o coração..
Que iluminava a escuridão..
E a luz da manhã? O dia queimou
Cadê o dia? Envelheceu
E a tarde caiu e o sol morreu
E de repente escureceu
E a lua, então, brilhou
Depois sumiu no breu
E ficou tão frio que amanheceu
(Passarim quis pousar, não deu, voou)
Passarim quis pousar não deu
Voou, voou, voou, voou, voou

Little Bird

Little bird on a tree you better fly
If you stay on that tree you're gonna die
Little bird of the forest say to me
Why happiness just can never be
Who put the poison in the dart
That hurts my soul and kills my heart
That made my whole life fall apart
This passion hurts and breaks my heart
And haunts my dreams and breaks my heart

The forest I love went up in flames
And now the fire has gone to rain
And now the rain has gone to stream
Where is my love my long lost dream
The ashes flew away
And scattered far away
And where is my love little bird didn't say
(Little bird on a tree better fly)

Little bird on a tree you better fly
If you stay on that tree you're gonna die
Little bird get away take to the skies
Go find the love that never dies
Where is my love, my only song
That used to laugh and sing along
That used to light up, cheer my life
That used to light up my poor heart
That used to light up all the darkness

Where is my path, was washed away
Where are my tracks erased by rain
Where is my house, the river claimed
Where is my love, my sole refrain
My love has gone away
And flew, and flew astray
And where is my love that the wind took away

Sudden bird came to rest but high it flew
Sudden bird fled the shot and winged the blue
Sudden bird of the forest say to me
Why happiness just can never be
Go ask the Lord heavens above
What ever happened to my love
What ever happened to my love
Go ask the saddest mourning dove
What ever happened to my love
The bright morning light was burned by the day
The day grew old, I've spent my day
The sun went down and twilight came
And sudden night was back again
The moon across the sky
Grew dim and hid away
And it was so cold when the star brought the day
(little bird of the sky you better fly)
Little bird of the sky you better fly
You fly, fly, fly, fly