

TITINA Canta B. Leza



NE
Antonio Armino 2012



1. **TERRA LONGE**

(B. Leza/B. Leza) 4:03

2. **ESTRELA DA MARINHA**

(B. Leza/B. Leza) 3:34

3. **BEJO DE SODADE**

(B. Leza/B. Leza) 4:37

4. **MARCHA DE ORIUNDO**

(B. Leza/B. Leza) 5:55

5. **NOTE DE MINDELO**

(B. Leza/B. Leza) 5:18

6. **GALO BEDJO**

(B. Leza/B. Leza) 3:18

7. **RAPSODIA (MEDLEY OF MORNAS)**

(B. Leza/B. Leza) 10:48

Like a mirror reflecting the moonlight in her waters, the ocean sings with each wave. A serene evening disturbed only by the sound of guitar strings, a violin and a voice singing. These are the Cape Verde islands, neighbouring the Tropic of Cancer and kissing softly the west coast of Africa, sending homesick greetings from poets who enchant with new dreams.

From where, amongst so many, we discover the unequalled figure of B. Leza: the Merchant Navy officer who chose to become a musician; and later on also a poet, writer and teacher. Gifted with great musical intuition, his invention and introduction of a musical form he termed the 'half-tone' very soon went on to become a veritable landmark in the history of Cape Verdean music, creating an unmistakable style to add to the already natural romance of his lyrics and rich musical distinction.

Surrounding him within his cosy neighbourhood of Mindelo were others whose friendships were forged through a similar devotion to music. Such was the case with little Titina, then just 4 years of age though nevertheless compelled to his house whose door, whether night or day, was always open and filled to the brim with music, so much so that even daybreak was incapable of making enough space for such musical activity.

Titina, whose mother was also a singer, always demonstrated great ease and an admirable inclination of tone, timing and discipline. B. Leza recognized in her finally the one who was able to absorb everything he conveyed to her, taught her, cultivated in her – she captured song after song, straight from his song sheets with just the tinkling of his guitar (*Bronze*) for guidance. This talent, in addition to the knowledge she has accumulated from over 50 years of unwavering dedication to the music of Cape Verde, today elevates her to the towering status of an extraordinary leader in the art of singing, an incomparable icon reaching us through the music of the charming Cape Verde islands.

B. Leza died in 1958 on the island of his birthplace, Sao Vicente. It was an irreparable loss. In 1988 Titina decided to honor her great mentor by commemorating the thirty years since his premature departure from this world, resulting in the LP: **Titina Canta B. Leza**, an album which catapulted Titina into the realms of distinction and success. Released in every major music market worldwide, it quickly sold out and was then licensed by a French *maison de disques*, this edition also selling out quickly.

And then a long interval, with insufficient explanation lacking, it appears, in concrete information. Nevertheless it now reappears with this renewed lease of life, finally in the hands of a young record producer residing in London. Astral Music now takes on the mantle of responsibility for this project, exhibiting good taste, multicultural influences, class and determination, to reinstate the message of the creole nation and a Cape Verde which no longer treads silently in the world.

Every Cape Verdean - with its 2 million emigrants spread around the planet, added to the 540,000 living in the archipelago, help keep their culture alive, active and dynamic and none will be surprised that now, 25 years after its initial release Titina Canta B. Leza, this most rich and joyful work in the long musical history of the Cape Verde isles, has now been re-released. Nor will they be surprised that it preserves the familiar quality and warmth which has come to reclaim the absence of this resonant work.

So a prize is here recovered for the lovers of B. Leza and Titina. But it is also an edition which is a fabulous discovery in itself, a privilege not just for those who are coming to it for the first time, but also for those whom in the past this resonant work was not lost. We will again be able to react to the astonishing vocal range of the artist, so perfectly suited to the very specific ways of the author's compositions, as if B. Leza himself was so proudly delivering his compositions, for this author demanded a great deal from the artist who chose to interpret his work.

Another of B. Leza's great inventions was his courting together of both morna and fado, fusing these two genres to create 'morna-fado', in which his art was arguably raised to its highest level, charged with emotion and romanticism, examples here being Bejo de Sodade, Traz d'Horizonte and Camim d'America. As they are fused to bring us such beauty, it is appropriate to acknowledge these songs are also the production of a fusion - those of the peak of B.Leza's cultural heritage, alongside the career of one whose voice has been feted across the world for over 50 years as that most representative of Cape Verde, the nimble singing of that distinctive figure, Titina.

This intricately linked harmonic, drawing us in attentively and gratefully, is an exceptional cultural and human deed and, it being born out of a creole culture, it is also naturally born of mixed roots so it cannot fail to convey the message of its return to all of us who can only ask how this work of art could have wandered for so long, hidden? Or perhaps it is us who were wandering thus, so distracted?

This work has forever displayed its ability to cleanse the soul of the troubles imparted by this world of ours which so frequently lacks in consistency and logic. With the care and elegance with which this release by Astral Music has been produced, once again we are able to recognize that perfect pitch is represented by two figures which Cape Verde gave to this world and we can be extremely proud how historical destiny knew how to reunite B.Leza and Titina, in this joyous event.

Let us now listen intently to this resonant work, breathing in the spiritual uplifting it brings to us and transform the present moment into a jubilant fragment of ones life.

Nuno Miranda
September 2012

1. TERRA LONGE

Terra longe, terra longe,
Terra longe que ca tem gente,
Gentio pa come gente,
U'm montá um pobre cavalim
U'm dia u'm bai pa terra longe.

Djá u'm ôiá terra grande,
Djá u'm terra más sabe
Mas um dia dá-m sodade
Di nha terra São Vicente.

Ôi u'm bem salvá nha mâi
Ness céu d'anil
Qui ta cubri nós terra.

Di terra longe, di terra longe,
Um dia u'm bem ôvi
Nôs mar azul jogá n'areia
U'm bem ôvi nós crioulinha
Qui pa cantá sim q'mum sereia.

Di terra longe um dia u'm bem ôvi
Nôs mar azul tchorá n'areia
U'm bem ôvi nós crioulinha
Ta cantá sim q'mum sereia.

Ôi u'm bem
Salvár nha mâi
Ness céu d'anil
Qui ta cubri nós terra.

1. FARAWAY LAND

*Faraway land, faraway land
Faraway land, land with
Faithful people, hospitable people
I rode a poor horse
And went one day to that distant land*

*I've seen a bigger land
I've seen a better land
But one day I was filled with longing
For my home, Sao Vicente*

*Today I came to greet my mother
Under the light blue sky
That covers our land*

*Faraway land, faraway land
One day I came to listen
To our blue sea beating the sand
I came to hear a crioula
Singing like a siren*

*From faraway I came to listen
To our blue sea weeping over the sand
I came to listen to a crioula
Singing like a siren*

*Hello! I came
To greet my mother
Under the light blue sky
That covers our land*

2. ESTRELA DE MARINHA

Chegou o Carnaval
Tod' o mundo vai brincar
Samba iáíá, samba iôíô,
Quem fica em casa
E p'ra chorar.
Ai chegou, chegou.

As crioulas da Marinha
Já pegaram no pandeiro
P'ra brincar o Carnaval
Com pandeiro e com xodó.

No samba-gente o Carnaval
E um suco que vira maluco
Essa gente de São Vicente.
E a Marinha também vai sambar
Neste bacanal q' é o Carnaval...
Ai chegou, chegou.

3. BEJO DE SODADE

Onda sagrada di Tejo
Dixá-m bejabu bô ága
Dixá-m pôbe um bejo,
Um bejo di mágoa,
Um bejo di sodade
Pa bô levá mar,
Pa mar levá-m nha terra.

2. STAR OF THE NAVY

*The carnival has arrived
Everybody went to rejoice
Samba yeye, samba yoyo
Whoever stays at home
Will only cry
Here, carnival has arrived*

*The creole girls from the navy
Already took the tambourine
To play at carnival
With tambourine and with passion*

*For the samba people the carnival
Is like a juice that puts craziness
Into the people of Sao Vicente
And the navy also wants to samba
In the revelry of carnival
Carnival has arrived*

3. A KISS OF LONGING

*Sacred waves of the river Tagus
Let me kiss your waters
Let me give you a little kiss
A kiss of sorrow
A kiss of longing
To take to the sea
For the sea to take it to my land*

Na bô onda cristalina
Dixá-m dábu um bejo;
Na bô boca di minina
Dixá-m dábu um bejo ao Tejo
Um bejo di mágoa,
Um bejo di sodade
Pa bô levá mar,
Pa mar levá-m nha terra.

Nha terra é quel piquinino
E São Vicente quel qui é di meu
Quel qui na mar parcê minino;
Fidju di oceano, fidju di céu,
Terra di nha mâi,
Terra di nha cretcheu.

4. MARCHA DE ORIUNDO

No cordão do Oriundo
A nova rainha entrou
Nossa embaixada se formou
P'ra multidão arrastar.

Canta, canta, Oriundina
Sempre com animação
Com pandeiro e violão
Para saudar a cidade.

Tod' o mundo tem razão
Pode falar quem quiser
Oriundo a todos quer dizer
Feliz e alegre Carnaval.

*In your crystalline waves
Let me give you a kiss
In your little mouth
Let me give a kiss to the river Tagus
A kiss of sorrow
A kiss of longing
To take to the sea
And from the sea to my land*

*My land is that little one
Sao Vicente is my beloved
That one in the sea, looking like a little boy
Son of the ocean, son of the sky
Land of my mother
Land of my lover*

4. NATIVE MARCH

*In the group of natives
The new queen took her place
And our embassy took form
To draw the crowd*

*Sing, native, sing
Always cheerful
With a tambourine and guitar
To cheer up the city*

*Everybody has reason
To speak when they wish
Natives wish everybody
A happy and cheerful carnival*

5. NOTE DE MINDELO

Nôte di Mindelo
E sabe e silenciosa
Nôte di Mindelo
E branca e luminosa
Nôte di amor
Di luar sim como prata
Nôte di Mindelo é sedutor
Di ôdju sim como um mulata.

Mindelo paraíso di amor
Mindelo terra sabe e encantadora
Mindelo terra di luar e serenata
Mindelo di beja crioula e mulata
Nôte e luar logo é mar serena
Nôte morena
Mas em mim maguô.
Mindelo na bô regaço em flor
Na bô regaço sedutor
Dixá-no mimado nôs Amadeu.

6. GALO BEDJO

Oh nhô Tone
Cusé qui nhô tem,
Cusé qui nhô tem
Qui nhô tá sim tom triste?
Ôi nha genti nada m'ca tem
E só sodade di nha mocidade.

5. MINDELO NIGHTS

*Mindelo nights
Are sweet and silent
Mindelo nights
Are white and luminous
Nights of love
With silver moonlight
Mindelo nights are seductive
Like the eyes of a mulata*

*Mindelo...paradise of love
Mindelo...sweet enchanting land
Mindelo...land of moonlight and serenades
Mindelo...land of mulata and creole kisses
Moonlight and serene sea
Night of dark beauty
But it hurts me
Mindelo, in your lap of flowers
In your seductive embrace
That pampered our Amadeu*

6. OLD ROOSTER

*O Mister Anthony
What is wrong with you
What is wrong with you
You are so sad
Oh my people I have nothing
Just memories of my youth*

Qônd mim era galo novo
M'táva come midje na bô môn
E agora m'stá galo bedju
M'ta quebrá bico na tchôn.

Nha pensamento
Subi tam alto,
Subi tam alto
Si ma um papagôï
Nha asa parcê dá na tchôn
Pa'm bai djobê eira di bô saia.

7. RAPSODIA (MORNAS)

Camim d'América

Oli-me na meio di mar
Ta sigui nha destino
Na caminho di América
El que triste dixá nha terra
Si mar é triste dixá nha mâi
Só bô bem morá na nha peito
Dixá-m bai pa ca morrê
Bai terra longe
E destino qui é nome,
E destino se nome
Qui nô tem qui cumpri
Bai terra longe
E destino di nome,
E destino se nome
Qui nô tem qui cumpri
Ess destino di meu
Bai pa'm dixá nha mâi.

*When I was a young rooster
I used to eat corn from your hand
But now I'm old
I'm breaking my beak on the ground*

*My thoughts
Aim so high
Aim so high
Like a parrot
But my wing stayed on the ground
To be by your side*

7. RAPSODIA (MEDLEY OF MORNAS)

Way to America

*Here I am in the middle of the sea
Following my destiny
On my way to America
How sad it is to leave our land behind
How sad it is to leave my mother
When she is in my heart
Let me go for me not to die
Go to this faraway land
Where destiny keeps its name
Named is your destiny
And we must fulfil it
Going to this faraway land
Where destiny keeps its name
Named is your destiny
We must fulfil
My destiny
By leaving my mother*

Traz d'Horizonte

Traz d'horizonte tem terra,
Tem terra longe,
Tem mar e céu;
Na mar e céu tem Lisboa,
Lisboa nha terra,
Terra di nha cretcheu.

Ó mar bô q' é nha amigo
T' má êss cartinha
Pa bô levá-m nha cretcheu
Ora qui bô ôchá-l
Bô tá f'la'm êl
Q' má m' ta sinti sodade di longe
Dor di um paixão
Daquel amor qui bai Portugal.

Ó mar levá-m um beijinho
Na flor di bô scuma,
Di bô onda sagrada
Um bejo di filicidade
Q' é pa mantê
Ess nha sodade.

Amor e Sofrimento

M' tem um sodade
Qui ta passeá-m
Na nha peito
Má m' ca sabê
Daquil q' é feito nha sodade
Lembrá-m um crioula
Qui bai mar céu

Beyond the Horizon

*Beyond the horizon
A distant land
And plenty of sky and sea
Beyond the horizon is Lisbon
Lisbon my land
Land of my beloved*

*Oh sea, my friend
Take this letter
Take it to my beloved
Until the time to meet comes
Tell her*

*How I long for her from a
great distance
The pain of passion
From this love which is in Portugal*

*O sea, take this kiss
In the flower of your wave
Your sacred wave
A kiss of happiness
To keep this longing alive*

Love and Suffering

*I have a longing
That passes
In my chest
But I don't know
What it is made of
Remembering a crioula
Sailing off between the sea and sky*

El dixá-m ta sofrê
Sofrimento di cretcheu
Sodade que m' tem di bô.

Ó crioulinha
Nha pensamento
Nem qui mar v'rá tinta,
Céu v'rá papel;
U'm ca ta podê s' crevê
Sodade q' m' tem di bô
O crioulinha nha pensamento
Nem qui mar v'rá tinta
Céu v'rá papel
M' ca ta podê s' crevê.

Ora qui lua ta passeá na céu
Ta parcê'm um dor
Q' m' ti ta ôdjá nha cretcheu
Sodade más teheu
Q' m' tem di Duca... aquêl ingrata
Que bem estoviá-m nha coração.

*Leaving me to suffer
Suffering from love
Yearning for her*

*O my crioula
In my thoughts
Even if the sea turned to ink
I wouldn't be able to describe
All of my feelings of longing
O crioula of my thoughts
Even if the sea turned to ink
And the sky turned to paper
I could never describe them*

*The moment the moon rises
Gives rise to pain
From the image of my love
Great longing
Coming from Duca,
ungrateful one
Who came to pinch my heart*

“Yes, the music is on...and there go the people again to the small bay... sit calm, listen to the waves and look at the last minutes of the sun diving away...because the working day is gone and another night of sweet serenade is about to come...”

“Oui la musique joue...et les gens retournent encore a la petite baie...restez calme, écoutez les vagues et regardez les dernières minutes du soleil sombrant...parce que la journée du travail est passée et encore une nuit arrive de douces sérénades...”

“Sim, a música está tocando... e as pessoas retornam à pequena baía, calmas, ouvem as ondas do mar e contemplam os últimos minutos do pôr do sol porque o dia de trabalho se foi e mais uma noite de doce serenata se aproxima...”

Titina - Vocals

Paulino Vieira – Violin, Piano, Percussion, Harmonica, Cavaquinho

Armando Tito – Guitar

Toi Vieira – Cavaquinho, Percussion

Luis Morais – Clarinet, Flute

Ventura, Oliva, Paula - Violin

Arrangements and Production by Paulino Vieira

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An Astral Music Production

Executive production – Damian Hoare

Sleeve quote – Mesquitela Lima

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