renato braz

saudade
**Saudade** is black, *saudade* is African-Native, *saudade* is mulatto, *saudade* is the white nostalgia of the European colonizer for his lost glories. *Saudade* is the multicolored and unexpected nostalgia that assaults Brazilians with memories of times they have never lived.

It is the common feeling, the invisible thread weaving all rhythms and races that form the musical nation of Brazil, from the syncopation of *samba* to the briskness of *frevo*, from the melancholy of *toada* and *lundu* to the cadence of *marcha rancho*.

All Brazilian rhythms have always celebrated *saudade*. And with such an intensity that, when in the ’60s Brazilian music became international, the hymn that announced the new era was *Chega de Saudade*. (The title of the American version of this song is “No More Blues,” where “blues” replaces “saudade.”)

In the ’50s, a period of profound social and musical change in Brazil, João Gilberto was the synthesis of the best that Brazilian music had produced so far. He was influenced by composers like Ary Barroso, Dorival Caymmi, Geraldo Pereira and Pedro Caetano (the last two, respectively, composers of the lesser known genres *samba sincopado* and *samba-choro*) and presented them to the golden new generation that, from its origins in the small section of Ipanema, was about to become known to the whole world. The conflu-ent point was the rhythm, which unified the music and the continental territory of Brazil through a guitar’s beat that evoked *samba*’s percussion instruments, like *surdo* and *tamborim*. At that time, the whole country could fit in Rio de Janeiro.

In the years following this ground-breaking synthesis by João Gilberto, a new generation of very talented composers would flourish and change the Brazilian musical scene forever.

Today, Brazil is going through changes as profound as those of the ’50s. The country is becoming more vigorous, less unequal, has many regional poles of economic and musical development, and possibly the best generation of instrumentalists ever.

In every part of Brazil, new musical forms show up and traditional genres that were believed dead are reinvented (for instance, the semi-classical songs, the *toada mineira*, the *música caipira paulista* and the *guarânia*).

In this landscape, Renato Braz emerges as the João Gilberto of the 21st Century, but more eclectic and contemporaneous. He has become not only one of Brazil’s best singers, with a vocal range and a unique feeling that allows him to adapt his voice to various styles, but also the leading artist of a new musical discourse that is quite different from that of the ’50s.

João, who comes from Bahia, brought the whole of Brazil to Rio de Janeiro and gave it a form that is at the same time typically from Rio and universal. Renato Braz, from the state of São Paulo, celebrates the many Brazils in the countryside, with the appropriate touch for each region.

Like João, Renato has assembled in this CD the best of the rich period from post-bossa nova until today, also picking up some old composers that are timeless, like Noel Rosa and Zé do Norte.

*This very colorful Brazil is scattered across the internet, on YouTube videos, clouds and so on, in the chaos of times in which technology simultaneously multiplies and disperses all sorts of information. That’s why it is a bit difficult to catch sight of this new musical revolution that is beginning to take place in Brazil and that will have in Renato a leading actor.*

*Luis Nassif*
Journey with Saudade

In a bleak Chicago January, 1962, I heard a new sound that was to change my musical life. My jazz sextet, just out of college, was preparing to leave on a six-month State Department-sponsored tour of Latin America. Gene Lees, editor of *DownBeat* and our tour manager, played for us a rare album that Washington disc-jockey Felix Grant had brought back from Brazil. Entitled *Chega de Saudade*, it featured a young singer named João Gilberto, with songs and orchestrations by Antônio Carlos Jobim. This music showed me a new path: “a sort of simulacrum of sad mood,” a sort of melancholy, “saudade” - a kind of bittersweet longing, which means, in a way, “glad to be feeling,” a sort of simul- taneous sadness/gladdness. (I know of no word in English for this concept.) It seemed to me that most of the Brazilian music I heard was imbued with saudade. I recorded two albums that year: *The Sound of Ipanema*, with singer-composer Carlos Lyra and Rio, with guitarist Luiz Bonfá and Roberto Menescal, along with Luiz Eça’s Tambor Trio.

I was drawn also to the music of Villa-Lobos, Brazil’s great classical composer, and made many visits to the Museu de Villa-Lobos in downtown Rio, where I became friends with his widow, Arminda, the museum’s director, who showed me a great deal of his music. I thank Villa-Lobos for leading me to fall in love with Bach, and with the cello, which was prominent in his music, and would become a primary instrument in my future Consort.

I was also drawn to the music of Roberto Menescal, along with guitarist Luiz Bonfá and composer Carlos Lyra and Villa-Lobos, Brazil’s great classical composer, which was prominent in his music, and would become a primary instrument in my future Consort.

It was June when we finally arrived, and Rio de Janeiro seemed to us a musical paradise. A whole new genre of music-making was in full flower, and it was called “bossa nova” – new touch. Gorgeous harmonic progressions, influenced by jazz standards and by composers like Debussy, Ravel and Chopin, were woven with exquisite melodies and uniquely syncopated rhythms into a gentle swinging tapestry that was irresistible. We soon made friends with a number of musicians and composers, including a young guitarist named Oscar Castro-Neves. Our sextet, which had been signed to Columbia Records prior to the tour, made its first bossa nova recording in Rio that month, with Brazilian percussionists, for an album we finished later that summer in New York, and released in September with the title *Jazz Meets the Bossa Nova*. This alluring Brazilian music showed me a new path: the possibility of a gentle way, in an increasingly noisy world.

And it changed my sax playing forever. Hearing how João used his voice like a horn, I wondered, “Could a horn be played like a voice?”

I returned to Brazil in 1964 and immersed myself in bossa nova, living in the Ipanema section of Rio for the better part of a year. I was grateful to be welcomed by this community of musicians, who proved to be as friendly and warm-spirited as their music. I felt immediately at home, in every way. These songs touched my dance-band heart, resonating with the lineage of the swing-era standards I’d played in big bands and combos as a teenager in Pennsylvania. Yet this Brazilian music had absolutely unique qualities, particularly a certain poignancy that reflects what they call in Portuguese “saudade” - a kind of bittersweet longing, which means, in a way, “glad to be feeling,” a sort of simultaneous sadness/gladdness. (I know of no word in English for this concept.) It seemed to me that most of the Brazilian music I heard was imbued with saudade. I recorded two albums that year: *The Sound of Ipanema*, with singer-composer Carlos Lyra and Rio, with guitarist Luiz Bonfá and Roberto Menescal, along with Luiz Eça’s Tambor Trio.

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It was a rich and fulfilling period in my life, and yet I did not realize then what a rare and remarkable period in Brazil’s history it was. In retrospect we would come to regard those bossa nova years - from the mid-1950s to about the mid-1960s - as a kind of renaissance in Brazil. What fascinates me further is that this decade also seemed to be a time of flowering in other cultures as well: the advent of the poetry of Yevgeny Yevtushenko and other young poets in Russia; the emergence of the Beatles’ music in England; and in the United States, the culmination of the big band and be-bop eras in the triumphal collaborations of Gil Evans and Miles Davis (*Miles Ahead, Porgy and Bess, and Sketches of Spain*), followed by the wave of folk music that launched the social consciousness of the ‘60s. Something special must have been in the air during those years, but of course we did not realize it then. I think I took it for granted, in my early twenties, that this was just the way the world was, and maybe would always be. Little did I know just how soon those times would be over... all too soon.

Back home in the States, in 1965, I found that here, bossa nova had been run into the ground. With the rampant commercialization of the music, the very name “bossa nova” had come to be regarded as a fad that had passed by, like the hula hoop. To me, it was tragic. There was so much magic in this genre of music, so many exquisitely musical songs, and so many superb musicians. It felt to me like the baby had been thrown out with the bath water.

Still propelled by the aestheticics of my Brazilian experience, I was harboring the vision of a new kind of ensemble that would have cello, and the rich voice of English horn, along with acoustic guitar, with which I had had a love affair in Brazil. I wanted to go in this new direction for my upcoming cross-country concert tour in early 1966. I hadn’t yet found my cellist, or double-reed player, but I decided to start by having a...
Oscar settled in California in the late 1960s and soon began touring as the guitarist in my Consort, as well as working with us in the production of our albums.

In 1977, Oscar introduced me to the music of Ivan Lins, and I was struck by one of Ivan’s songs, “Velho Sermão,” based on the chacahdo rhythm from the northeast of Brazil. I loved the exuberance of this song, and it resonated with the spirit of a new album I was co-producing with Oscar at my farm. We put English lyrics to it and this became the title song of our album Common Ground. Oscar also co-produced our albums Callings; Missa Gaia/ Earth Mass; and Earthbeat, a collaboration with the Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble from Russia.

Six years later, Renato Braz dropped into my life like an answer to a prayer.

Early in 2004, I happened to pick up a CD anthology called Rough Guide to Brazilian Music. It was mostly pop tracks, but there was one beautiful acoustic ballad sung by a voice I found stunning. The song was “Anabela” and the singer was Renato Braz, whom I’d never heard of. He had a clear, gentle high tenor that reminded me of early Milton Nascimento, and the song seemed very kindred to the bossa nova tradition of the early 1960s. I couldn’t imagine why I’d never known about this man.

I called Carlos Lyra to ask if he knew of Renato, and he didn’t. He asked around and nobody seemed to know about him. So I decided to call Oscar to try to solve this mystery, confident that if he didn’t know of Renato, he would know whom to call who could find him.

Throughout his many years of living in the States, Oscar had become the “ambassador” of Brazilian music. He knew, and was loved by, everyone. The next day Oscar called back and said, “I found him, through Dori! He’s in São Paulo.” (This explained why nobody in Rio knew about him.) “I talked to him, and he sounds wonderful. I think he’s going to be one of our dearest friends.”

How true this turned out to be.

Renato gave me Renato’s number, and I phoned him. He had been thrilled that Oscar had called him, and although he didn’t know much about me, the connection with Oscar was enough. Renato agreed to come to New York to sing in our Summer Solstice Celebration that June, and from that time on, he has been a member of our Consort family.

Renato loved the experience of playing with the Consort, and he came and stayed at my farm. He was amazed by the collection of Brazilian LPs I had brought home from my sojourns in Brazil in the ’60s, many of which he had not known about. We talked enthusiastically about produc- ing his first album for the US.

Renato returned later that summer and we began our long saga of exploration and collaboration. Over the years, we’ve done multiple rounds of sessions in my barn studio, in São Paulo and at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. My goal has been to find the greatest songs, create the best ar- rangements, and capture the musical soul of this won- derful singer.

And somewhere along the line, I realized that this was about far more than just producing a fine album by a great new singer. I see now that the project has become my Brazilian testament... a summary of my long love affair with this exquisite and soul-renewing musical realm into which I was blessed to stumble in June of 1962 on that first tour of Brazil with my jazz sextet.

Oscar and I returned to Rio to play a series of concerts during the Earth Summit, and it was there that we resolved to act on our long-standing dream of making a duet album. As with most of my projects, it evolved slowly over sev- eral years, but by 1998, our Brazilian Days album was born. I loved making this album. Oscar was a fountain of music, humanity and humor, and working with him was always tremendous fun. And we had the pleasure of playing with drummer Paulo Braga and bassist Nilson Matta, who are masters of this genre. Brazilian Days was a total instrumental homage to this lineage. But I still had the yearning I had harbored since the 1960s, that a new voice might come along and breathe new life into this body of music.

My great good luck, however, was that during the years and decades that followed, I was blessed with a living link to Brazil in the person of my friend Oscar Castro-Neves.
Renato is, I feel, an undiscovered treasure for the world outside Brazil. Dori Caymmi, the renowned Brazilian singer/songwriter says: “Renato Braz is the greatest singer in Brazil.” And now that Oscar Castro-Neves is gone, I think Renato may assume the mantle as Brazil’s musical ambassador. Renato’s background is unique: his parents are Guarani Indians from Mato Grosso; his mother remarried a baiano from Bahia in the northeast of Brazil, where the African tradition is still deep; and he has lived many years in São Paulo, where the Portuguese tradition predominates. So he has roots in all three of Brazil’s cultures: Indian, African, and European. He is the most “complete” Brazilian I know.

When I listen to these recordings, my heart smiles and I am filled with gladness. What is it in this Brazilian music that lightens my life the instant I hear it? Some promise - of life’s fullness, life’s beauty. Samba songs of eternal summer, of sun, and suffering, of the sea, and life’s shadows. And memories of those unforgetable days when this music first came into my life. I have saudade.

Paul Winter

1. Anabela
Mario Gil/Paulo César Pinheiro
(Direct/EMI)

No porto de Vila Velha
Vi Anabela chegar
Olho de chama de vela
Cabelo de velejar
Pele de fruta cabocla
Com a boca de cambucá
Seio de agulha de bússola
Na trilha do meu olhar

Fui ancorando nela
Naquela ponta de mar
No pano do meu veleiro
Veio Anabela deitar
Vento eriçava o meu pelo
Queimava em mim seu olhar
Seu corpo de tempestade
Rodou meu corpo no ar
Com mãos de rodamoinho
Fiz o meu barco afundar

Eu que pensei que fazia
Daquele ventre o meu cais
Só percebi meu naufrágio
Quando era tarde demais
Vi Anabela partindo
Pra não voltar nunca mais

In Vila Velha harbour
I saw Anabela coming
With flaming eyes
Sailing hair
Dark-juicy skin
Mouth of cambucá*
Northing breasts
Crossing my sight

I was anchored
At that point of the sea
On the sail of my ship
Anabela later laid
The wind ruffled my hair
Her look burnt me
Her stormy body
Spanned mine in the air
With whirling hands
She sank my vessel

I thought I had made
That belly my pier
When I realized my wreck
It was already too late
I saw Anabela leaving
To never come back

* Fruit which flourishes on all Brazilian shores; very common in old times, but today almost forgotten. Its name in Tupi language means “fruit to suckle.”

The first recording of my voice, still in the time of LPs, was on the album Luz do Cais (Pier’s Light), of my friend and brother by choice, Mario Gil. “Anabela”, composed by Gil, was also the first song I recorded in my first CD. And today, in my shows around Brazil and the world, if I don’t sing it, the fans protest. I like the feeling of starting again. This has happened a lot in my life. Trying to live up to my name, I’m always being born (“Renato” means “reborn”). Much of this continuous rebirth comes from my friends. And Mario Gil, with
his kindness and intelligence, became a great influence for my changes along the years. That’s why, and it could not be different, this disc starts — better, restarts — with “Anabela.”

Renato Braz voice and acoustic guitar
Paul Winter soprano sax
Paul McCandless oboe
Eugene Friesen cello
Sizão Machado bass
Gordon Gottlieb drums
Bré percussion

Amanhece, preciso ir
Meu caminho é sem volta
E sem ninguém
Eu vou pra onde
a estrada levar
Cantador, só sei cantar
Ah! eu canto a dor
de uma vida
Perdida sem amor
Ah! eu canto a dor
de uma vida
Perdida sem amor

It's dawn, I must go
My path of no return
Along with no one
I go wherever
the road takes me
A singer, I only know
how to sing
Oh! I sing the pain
I sing of life and death
I sing love
Oh! I sing the pain
I sing of life and death
I sing love

A singer doesn’t choose
What he sings
He sings the world he sees
In the world I’ve seen
My singing is just pain
But it’s strong
and scares death
It makes everybody hear
my voice
Even away...

How to cry
A singer, I only know
how to sing
Oh! I sing the pain
of a life wasted
without love
Oh! I sing the pain
of a life wasted
without love

* The lyrics of this song are based on an untranslatable pun. The word for “singer” is “cantador.” But, with a subtle insertion of a vowel, it becomes the phrase “canto a dor,” meaning “I sing the pain.”

Dori Caymmi is my true father!
And the song “The Singer” is my life story.
That’s it. Music and lyrics are self-explanatory.

Dori Caymmi is my true
father! And the song “The
Singer” is my life story.
That’s it. Music and lyrics
are self-explanatory.

The Singer

3. Eu não existo sem você
Antônio Carlos Jobim/
Vicinious de Moraes (Fermata/Arapuá)

Eu sei e você sabe
Já que a vida quis assim
Que nada nesse mundo
Levará você de mim
Eu sei e você sabe
Que a distância não existe
Que todo grande amor
só é bem grande se for triste
Por isso, meu amor
Não tenha medo de sofrer
Que todos os caminhos
Me encaminham pra você

Assim como o oceano
só é belo com o luar
Assim como a canção
só tem razão se se cantar
Assim como uma nuvem
só acontece se chover
Assim como o poeta
só é grande se sofrer
Assim como viver sem ter amor
não é viver
Não há você sem mim
E eu não existo sem você

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Antônio Carlos Jobim/
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Assim como viver sem ter amor
não é viver
Não há você sem mim
E eu não existo sem você

Renato Braz voice
Paul Winter soprano sax
Gerson Oikawa acoustic guitar
Don Grusin piano
Nilson Matta bass
Bré percussion

Cantador não escolhe
O seu cantar
Canta o mundo que vê
E pro mundo que vi
Meu canto é dor
Mas é forte pra espantar
a morte
Pra todos ouvirem
a minha voz
Mesmo longe...

De que servem
Meu canto e eu
Se em meu peito há um amor
Que não morreu
This is one of the first results of the partnership between Tom and Vinicius. It was in the amazing voice of Nana Caymmi that I first heard this song, with arrangement by the great maestro Dori Caymmi, at the end of the '90s. I dedicate this recording to Adriana Nunes Ferreira.

I had never sung this old samba until I performed it with my friend Paul Winter. Only later I understood why he could play it so well, with so much feeling and intimacy, with an interpretation that seems to come from the guts of Brazil. I found out that Paul actually lived in Brazil for almost one year, in Rio de Janeiro, during the '60s. And no one who experienced that place and that time could come out of it unchanged.

**Farofa** is a typical Brazilian dish made of fried manioc meal. In the Afro-Brazilian religions, it can be used (as well as candles and pennies) as an offering for divinities in exchange for good or bad favours. The word has also the figurative meaning of “bragging.”

Renato Braz voice and percussion  
Paul Winter soprano sax  
Mario Gil acoustic guitar  
Gerson Oikawa electric guitar  
Paulo Martins bass  
Bré percussion
Ivan Lins told me that Marina Colasanti did not know he had composed a song with her poem. So I was entrusted by him to show it to her. I called her and she promptly received me in her home to hear the song. The poet Affonso Romano de Sant’Anna was the one who opened the door for me and gave me a hell of a fright, for I didn’t know they were married. After listening, she shyly said she liked it. So was born this beautiful partnership.

**Running Water**

Everywhere I am a foreign lady
Save in my home
And even in my home
No dweller knows
That the pure taste of water
Is of the very water
People drink in my land

**5. Acqua Marcia**

Em todo lugar sou estrangeira
Menos na minha casa
E mesmo na minha casa
Nenhum habitante sabe
Que o gosto justo da água
É aquele daquela água
Que em minha terra se bebe

**6. Beatriz**

Sim, me leva pra sempre,
Beatriz
Me ensina a não andar
com os pés no chão
Para sempre é sempre
por um triz
Aí, diz quantos desastres
tem na minha mão
Diz se é perigoso
a gente ser feliz

**Beatriz**

Look
Is she a girl
Is she sad
Is she the opposite
Is she a painting
The actress’ face

If she dances
in seventh heaven
If she believes
she is another country
And if she learns her role
only by heart
And if I could
come into her life

Look
Is it a star
Is it a lie
Is it comedy
Is it divine
The actress’ life
If she ever falls from the sky
And if the patrons
demand an encore
And if the archangel
passes the hat
And if I could
come into her life

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**Ivan Lins**

voice

**Eugene Friesen**

cello

**Eliot Wadopian**

bass

**Jamey Haddad**

drums

**Renato Braz**

voice

**Edu Lobo**

keyboard and voice

**Chico Buarque**

voice

**Running Water**

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Save in my home
And even in my home
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That the pure taste of water
Is of the very water
People drink in my land

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E mesmo na minha casa
Nenhum habitante sabe
Que o gosto justo da água
É aquele daquela água
Que em minha terra se bebe

---

**5. Acqua Marcia**

Ivan Lins/Marina Colasanti
( Universal Music/Direct)

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**6. Beatriz**

Edu Lobo/Chico Buarque
( Lobo/Marola)
This song was composed by Edu Lobo and Chico Buarque in the '80s, for the album *O Grande Circo Místico* (*The Great Mystical Circus*), which was conceived as the soundtrack of a dance show with the same name and performed by Balé Teatro Guaira. The album is a masterpiece of Brazilian music. To sing “Beatriz” is like entering a sacred place. The singer on this first recording was Milton Nascimento. He is certainly my biggest influence.

This song belongs to another soundtrack composed by Chico Buarque and Edu Lobo, and again for the Balé Teatro Guaira. The album is named *A dança da meia-lua* (*The Dance of Half-Moon*). Not as well known to the public as *O Grande Circo Místico*, it is nevertheless also a masterpiece.

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**Quando adormecia**

Na ilha de Lia, meu Deus
Eu só vivia a sonhar
Que passava ao largo
No barco de Rosa
E queria aquela ilha abordar
Pra dormir com Lia que via
Que eu ia sonhar
Dentro do barco de Rosa
Rosa que se ria e dizia
Nem coisa com coisa
Era uma armadilha de Lia
Com Rosa, com Lia
Eu não podia escapar
Girava num barco, num lago
No centro da ilha
Num moinho do mar
Era estar com Rosa
Nos braços de Lia, era Lia
Com balanço de Rosa
Era tão real, era devaneio
Era meio a meio
Meio Lia, meio Rosa
Meio Lia, meia lua
Meio dia, meio Rosa, meio...
Meio-dia mandando
Eu voltar com Lia
Meia-Lua mandando
Eu partir com Rosa
Na ilha de Lia,
de Lia, de Lia
No barco de Rosa,
de Rosa, de Rosa

---

**Era uma partilha de Rosa**

Com Lia, com Rosa
Eu não podia esperar
Na feira do porto
Meu corpo, minh’alma
Meus sonhos vinham negociar
Era poesia nos pratos de Rosa
Era prosa na balança de Lia
Era tão real, era devaneio
Era meio a meio
Meio Lia, meio Rosa
Meio Lia, meia lua
Meio dia, meio Rosa, meio...

---

**When I fell asleep**

In the isle of Lia, my God
I was always dreaming
Of passing by in Rosa’s boat
Wanting to accost that isle
To sleep with Lia, who saw
That I would dream
Within Rosa’s boat
Rosa, who was laughing
And saying nonsense

---

**It was a trap of Lia**

With Rosa, with Lia
I could not escape
I was swirling in a boat, on a lake
In the center of the isle
In a sea whirl
It was being with Rosa
In Lia’s arms, it was Lia
With Rosa’s swing

---

**It was so real, it was reverie**

It was half and half
Half Lia, half Rosa
Half Lia, half moon
Midday, half Rosa, half...
Midday ordaining me
To go back with Lia
Half moon ordaining me
To leave with Rosa

---

**On the Isle of Lia, in the Boat of Rosa**

It was a sharing of Rosa
With Lia, with Rosa
I could not wait
in the market at the port
My body, my soul
My dreams arose to mediate
It was poetry
in the heart of Rosa
It was prose
in the mind of Lia

---

**Meio-dia mandando**

Meio-dia mandando
Eu voltar com Lia
Meia-Lua mandando
Eu partir com Rosa
Na ilha de Lia,
de Lia, de Lia
No barco de Rosa,
de Rosa, de Rosa

---

**Meio-dia ordaining me**

Meio-dia mandando
Eu voltar com Lia
Meia-Lua mandando
Eu partir com Rosa
Na ilha de Lia,
de Lia, de Lia
No barco de Rosa,
de Rosa, de Rosa

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**Meio-dia ordaining me**

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Eu voltar com Lia
Meia-Lua mandando
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in the mind of Lia

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**This song belongs to another soundtrack composed by Chico Buarque and Edu Lobo, and again for the Balé Teatro Guaira. The album is named *A dança da meia-lua* (*The Dance of Half-Moon*). Not as well known to the public as *O Grande Circo Místico*, it is nevertheless also a masterpiece.**
In 2006, when I was invited to sing in the Winter Solstice Celebration in New York, for the third time, I decided to present my mother with this trip. She had never left Brazil. It was her first international trip and for the first time she took a plane: a Brazilian woman of Indian ancestry.

Prepare o seu coração
Pras coisas que eu vou contar
Eu venho lá do sertão
Eu venho lá do sertão
Eu venho lá do sertão
Posso não lhe agradar
Aprendi a dizer não
Ver a morte sem chorar
E a morte, o destino, tudo
E a morte, o destino, tudo
Estava fora de 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 um sonho
E, boiadeiro, era um rei

Renato Braz voice
Paul Winter soprano sax
Paul McCandless English horn
Eugene Friesen cello
Paul Sullivan piano
Sérgio Brandão bass
Gordon Gottlieb drums
Bré percussion and effects

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

Se você não concordar
Não posso me desculpar
Não canto para 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
Por qualquer coisa de seu
Querer mais longe que eu

8. Chora brasileira
Djalma Tinoco/Fatima Guedes/Rosane Lessa
(EMI/Direct)

9. Disparada
Theo de Barros/Geraldo Vandré
(Fermata)
My mother told me that, already pregnant with me, she was in the audience when Jair Rodrigues presented this song in the music festival of TV Record. Many years later I learned about the controversy involving the two songs that shared the first prize: "A banda" ("The Band") of Chico Buarque and "Disparada" ("Stampede") of Vandré. Impossible to say which is the best. They are incomparable jewels, like Pelé and Garrincha in soccer. But, for my dear Mom, "Disparada" was indisputably better.

Renato Braz
voice

Oscar Castro-Neves/Luvercy Fiorini
(Warner/Chappell)

10. Onde está você?
Where to Find You?

Where to find you if the falling sun has hidden you
Where to look for you if my heart beats in love to see you

Prempe de onde está
Where to find you if the falling sun has hidden you
How to hear you if the rain has muffled your voice

An ox among the cattle,
One day I became a rider
Not because I had the power
Or knew anyone
Who could help me
But I was needed
By an owner of cattle
Whose cowboy had died

If you disagree
I cannot apologize
I do not sing to deceive
I’ll get my guitar
I’ll leave you aside
I’ll sing elsewhere

An ox among the cattle
One day I became a king
Not because I had the power
Or knew anyone
Who wanted and was able
On his own
On his own
To make me go further
than I could

But the world keeps turning
Under the legs of my horse
And in the dreams I dreamed
The views started to clear
The views became
more and more clear
Until one day I woke up

So I could not go on
Being brave in the realm
Of an owner of cattle and people, ‘cause herds we breed
Corral, brand, fatten and kill
But with people it’s different

Prentre your heart
for the things
I’m gonna tell you
I come from the far hinterland
I come from the far hinterland
I come from the far hinterland
And may not please you

I learned to say no
To see death without crying
And death, fate, everything
Death and fate, everything
Was out of place
I live to fix it

But the world was turning
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Onde está você
se o sol morrendo
te escondeu
Onde ouvir você
se a tua voz
a chuva apagou

Onde buscar,
se o coração bater
de amor pra ver você

Passa a noite tão devagar
madrugada é silêncio e paz
and the morning is about to come
Where to wake you up

Onde está você
se o sol morrendo
tele escondeu
Onde ouvir você
se a tua voz
a chuva apagou

Onde está você
se o sol morrendo
tele escondeu
Onde ouvir você
se a tua voz
a chuva apagou

Prepare your heart
for the things
I’m gonna tell you
I come from the far hinterland
I come from the far hinterland
I come from the far hinterland
And may not please you

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

Stampede

10. Onde está você?
Where to Find You?

Where to find you if the falling sun has hidden you
How to hear you if the rain has muffled your voice

Where to find you if the falling sun has hidden you
Where to look for you if my heart beats in love to see you

Where to find you if the falling sun has hidden you
How to hear you if the rain has muffled your voice

Onde está você
se o sol morrendo
te escondeu
Onde ouvir você
se a tua voz
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Onde buscar,
se o coração bater
de amor pra ver você

Passa a noite tão devagar
madrugada é silêncio e paz
The morning is about to come
Where to wake you up

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Until one day I woke up

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Corral, brand, fatten and kill
But with people it’s different

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for the things
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I come from the far hinterland
I come from the far hinterland
And may not please you

I learned to say no
To see death without crying
And death, fate, everything
Death and fate, everything
Was out of place
I live to fix it
I have a strong emotional bond with this song. First, because Alaide Costa, who I consider the greatest diva of MPB (Brazilian Popular Music), originally recorded it; second, because I already knew the composers’ muse before I got to know them; and finally because the link between me and my friend Paul Winter was Oscar Castro-Neves, the author of the composition.

Renato Braz voice
Ivan Lins voice and keyboard
Paul Winter soprano sax
Eugene Friesen cello

11. Sodade, meu bem, sodade
Zé do Norte (Bandeirantes)

Sodade, meu bem, sodade
Sodade do meu amor
Foi-se embora, não disse nada
Nem uma carta deixou
E os óio da cobra verde
Hoje foi que arreparei
Se arreparasse há mais tempo
Não amava quem amei

Sodade, meu bem, sodade
Sodade do meu amor
Quem levou o meu amigo
Deve ser um meu amigo
Levou pena, deixou glória
Levou trabalho consigo

Arreengo de quem diz
Que o nosso amor se acabou
Ele agora está mais firme
Do que quando começou

Sodade, meu bem, sodade
Sodade do meu amor
She’s gone, she said nothing
Not even a letter she left
The eyes of the green serpent
Only now I realize
If I had realized before
I wouldn’t love who I’ve loved

Sodade, my darling, sodade
Sodade of my love
Who took my love away
Must be a friend of mine
He took sorrow and left glory
He took worries to himself

I contest who says
That our love is over
It is now stronger
Than when it began

Sodade, my darling, sodade
Sodade of my love

“Sodade” is the spelling that reproduces the way peasants say “saudade” in Brazil’s northeast. Curiously, in creole languages of countries that had Portuguese colonization, “saudade” also became “sodade.”

My stepfather, Antonio Braz, was born in Bahia’s outback. This song is a traditional lament from Brazil’s northeast. It belongs to the soundtrack of the movie The Cangaceiro, directed by Lima Barreto. The soundtrack won an award in Cannes, 1954. To sing this lament is like taking my father’s way back to the hinterland of his childhood.

12. Bambayuque
Zéca Baleiro
(Ponto de Bala/Universal)

Enquanto você na arquibancada
Eu na geral
Enquanto eu além de tudo
Você afinal
Enquanto eu rondó
Você madrígal
Enquanto eu paro e penso
Você avança o sinal
Enquanto você carta marcada
Eu canastra real
Enquanto eu lugar-comum
Você especial
Enquanto eu na cozinha
Você no quintal
Vocês dois pra lá
É eu dois pra cá

Enquanto você na folia
Eu no funeral
Enquanto você matiz
Vocês filiais
Enquanto você Branca de Neve
Eu Lobo Mau
Enquanto você papai-mamãe
Você sexo oral

Vocês dois pra lá
É eu dois pra cá

Enquanto você kamikaze
Eu general
Enquanto você Paquetá
Você Cabo Canaveral
Enquanto você média luz
Você carnaval
Enquanto você no Olimpo
Ai de mim mortal
Enquanto você brisa

Enquanto você monumento
Eu pedra de sal
Enquanto você na folia
Eu no funeral
Enquanto você matiz
Vocês filiais
Enquanto você Branca de Neve
Eu Lobo Mau
Enquanto você papai-mamãe
Você sexo oral

Vocês dois pra lá
É eu dois pra cá

Enquanto você kamikaze
Eu general
Enquanto você Paquetá
Você Cabo Canaveral
Enquanto você média luz
Você carnaval
Enquanto você no Olimpo
Ai de mim mortal
Enquanto você brisa
I listened to it, Doris voice sounded like a sort of train, which, in my imagination, took the way back to Brazil: From Doris’s self-exile in Woodland Hills, Los Angeles, to the core of Brazil. Then I was introduced to the composer through Paul Winter. I remember that when I met Don I tried to explain this entire story, but he got a bit awkward, shy and surprised by my words. There is also some *saudade* in this music, *saudade* of times when old trains went across Brazil. It makes me dream of a more united Brazil, without so many differences between classes, a Brazil that visits and acknowledges the other in a journey from the official to the real country, from Oiapoque to Chui. This train, in the voice of Dori Caymmi, wants to be, like the São Francisco River, the train of national unity.
Our presentation was wonderful! Those Russian voices seemed to come out of a dream. At that moment, the famous phrase of the writer Leo Tolstoy came to my mind: “If you want to be universal, start by painting your own village. …”

“Denouement” reproduces the bells of the churches in Minas Gerais, evoking “saudades” of Minas, of the Mantiqueira Mountains...

When I recorded this song for the album *Quixote*, I planned to begin and end it with the theme of “O trenzinho do caipira” (“The Little Train of the Brazilian Countryman”) by Villa-Lobos, and asked Dori to take care of the arrangement. Before giving their approval, the Villa-Lobos family wanted to listen to this interweave of Villa’s “Trenzinho” and Dori’s “Denouement.” They were delighted with the result.

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Renato Braz voice and guitar
Paul Winter soprano sax
Eugene Friesen cello
Paul Sullivan piano
Sizão Machado bass
Gordôn Gottlieb drums
Bré percussion
Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble chorus

---

I had just arrived in New York and was still very tired, because I cannot sleep on planes. In the hotel, I was awakened by a surprise visit from Paul Winter, who asked me to sing this song composed by my dear friend Dori Caymmi. And later I was surprised by the Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble, who had already learned by heart the chorus to sing with me.
Who was your master, brother?
My master was Salustiano
Who taught me the skills
To use feet as hands
And hands as feet

What’s your name, capoeira player?
Master Salu called me Vert
‘Cause I can handstand
My soles become hands
And my palms, dangerous feet

I’m a son of Sindorerê
He’s the one
who lights the lamp
Ganga Zumba is coming down
To dance and fight maculelê
Mr., now you’ll see me play

Mr., when I start to spin
The rooster cock-a-doodle-doos
Angola, hey Angola, Angola
Mr., when the wild wind blows
The light of my lamp
don’t even shake
Angola, hey Angola, Angola

I’m a son of Sindorerê
It was capoeira from Angola
Its beat gave me faith
Its singing brought me Axé

I’m a son of Sindorerê
He’s the one
who lights the lamp
Ganga Zumba is coming down
To dance and fight maculelê
Mr., now you’ll see me play

* “Aruandá” and “Aruandê” are words derived from “Luanda,” a city on Angola’s coast from where the majority of enslaved Africans were sent to Brazil. These words evoke Africa as a land where freedom reigns. "Sindorerê" is the name of a divinity in Afro-Brazilian religions. “Ganga Zumba” is the name of a leader of the “Quilombo dos Palmares,” a big fugitive community of escaped slaves in Brazil. He is associated in the Afro-Brazilian religions with “Oludumarê” (the God of creation). “Maculelê” is a Brazilian traditional folk dance with African, Indian and European roots, which simulates a battle with batons or swords. ** “Axé” is the magical energy that supports every Afro-Brazilian ritual. In capoeira, it represents “force” and “courage.” *** Different locations in Salvador, Bahia.

The lyrics of this song are about the capoeira tradition, a mix of dance and fight that was brought from Africa by slaves and passed from father to son. It is hard to believe that a group of Russian singers could sing a refrain of a song in Yoruba, the African language also brought by slaves to Brazil. Only Paul Winter could make this possible and show the world that music is a universal language and that, even if some people try to trace limits, the earth has in fact no borders.

………………
Renato Braz voice and conga
Paul Winter soprano sax
Paul McCandless oboe
Eugene Friesen cello
Paul Sullivan piano
Webster Santos 12-string guitar
Sergio Brandão bass
Gordon Gottlieb drums
Café percussion
Dmitri Pokrovsky Ensemble chorus

15. Bonus Track (live in concert)
Angola
Theo de Barros/Paulo César Pinheiro (Direct/EMI)
Acknowledgements

I would like to express my special thanks to Joana Garfunkel and Alice Passos for fulfilling my greatest and oldest dream— to be a father. For their sweet contribution, care, kindness and commitment to motherhood, bringing peace and tranquility to the practice of my sacred profession, and also for helping me to bring to this world my greatest treasure and my highest source of inspiration to sing— my sons Antonio and Dori.

Renato Braz

Produced by Paul Winter and Dixon Van Winkle
Associate Producer Kit Thomas
Recorded by Dixon Van Winkle, Mario Gil and Alberto Ranelucci
Recorded at Living Music Studio (Litchfield, Connecticut), Cathedral of St. John the Divine (New York City), Dancapé Studio (São Paulo) and Teatro Fecap (São Paulo)
Mixed and Mastered by Dixon Van Winkle
Design by Valéria Marchesoni
Design of Digipak inside panels by Louise Johnson, Keetu Winter, Christina Andersen
Translation by Vicente de Arruda Sampaio
Cover Painting by Edgar Calhado
All photos by Marco Aurélio Olimpio and from Renato Braz’s family album. Oscar Castro-Neves’ photo by Carlos Eguiguren. Paul Winter and Renato Braz’s photo by Kit Thomas.

Three of these songs were included in previous albums in Brazil: “Eu não existo sem você” and “Na ilha de Lia, no barco de Rosa,” in the album Historia Antiga, licensed from Atração Fonográfica (with gratitude to Wilson Souto Junior); and “Disparada” in the album Quixote, licensed from Gravadora Eldorado (with gratitude to Murilo Pontes).

My thanks go to Homero Ferreira, Paul Winter, Dixon Van Winkle, Alberto Ranelucci, Dori and Helena Caymmi, Kit Thomas and Andrea, Mario Gil, Paulo César Pinheiro, Bré, Gerson Okawa, Jeanne Pilli, Keetu Winter, Chez Liley, Ivan Lins, Dr. Zyun Masuda, Roberto Lima, Juliana Vinagre, my mother Dulce Rodrigues da Silva, Luis Nassif, Valèria Marcheson, Jacques Ardies, my sweet American mother Christina Andersen, Jimmy Butler, Sadao Miyamoto, Wendy and Larry Rockefeller, Paulo César Nunes, Vicente de Arruda Sampaio, Carolina Gouveia, Dárkon Vieira Roque, Marco Aurélio Olimpio, Vania Toledo, Regina Boni and everyone who somehow has contributed to the realization of this work.

We dedicate this album to our beloved brother, Oscar Castro-Neves (1940–2013).