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Ekoizpena/Producción: Jira Musikaz - Roberto Etxebarria Goikoetxea

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Musikaudio estudioa (Aitor Rubio)

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Haizezko tresnen moldaketak/Arreglos de los instrumentos de viento: Ivan Allue.

Diseinua/Diseño: Enrique Rey Monzón

Letrak/Letras: Herrikoiak, Labayru Fundazioa eta Jabier Kalzakorta Elorzaren “Dantza-Koplak”

liburutik hartuak. / *Populares, y “Dantza-koplak” publicadas por Fundación Labayru y Jabier Kalzakorta Elorza.*

Diskako musikariak/Músicos/as del disco:

Roberto Etxebarria Goikoetxea: Soinu txikia (trikitixa), panderoa eta ahotsak

Miren Etxebarria Erasquin: Panderoa eta ahotsak

Aitor Rubio Miota: Gitarra eta bajua

Rebeca Kerstin Alonso Lacasta: Bibolina

Ivan Allue Hermosilla (Txistuman): Whistle-ak, Uilleann pipe, txistua.

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Miren eta Roberto Etxebarria

Hamaikatu kopla... pandero baten konture!



THE CHARM AND BRILLIANCE OF THE DANCE COUPLETS IN BASQUE LANGUAGE

The dance couplets were sung in the erromerias or local festivities of land neighborhoods in various towns of Euskal Herria (Basque Country), especially during summer celebrations. They used to be couplets that invited youngsters to dance. The aim of the erromerias of yesteryear used to be, among other things, to temporarily forget the daily hard work; dancing and meeting new people was the most desired dream of the boys and girls at that time.

It is necessary to know the context in which the couplets were sung by the tambourine player along with the sound of music. The couplets sung by the tambourine player were generally ironic couplets, so called “coplas de cirio” in Spanish. Each couplet has, in very few words, a very intense flavor: a couplet is a mouthful of salt and pepper. Salt and pepper, or salt and garlic. Let’s give a small example:

**With torn shoes
and tired bodies,
the trip to heaven
gets longer.**

Those who dance, as time goes by, “tear their shoes and tire their bodies”. Could we say they touch the sky as they are dancing? Does the path to heaven get longer before they know each other? Well, continuing with the theme of heaven, here is another couplet:

**Saint John of the Choir
already announced
that no single man
will enter heaven.**

In this couplet it is clearly stated: St. John of the Choir announced that no single man will enter heaven. To enter heaven, one must get married. And before getting married, boys and girls must get to know each other. Is the tambourine player provoking the boys so clearly? There was a time when, at the festivities, the boys coming from the surrounding villages, jumped dancing like goats around the fig tree, and their berets were suspended in each of the jumps. An astonishing scenery if ever there was one. Here is one more couplet:

**Young people,
you have already heard this:
boys jump as many times
as their berets do.**

The three aforementioned dance couplets are nothing more than three little examples to represent the “romerías” that used to take place yesteryear. Each of the couplets on this CD by Roberto Etxebarria is another example. They are not only an image of the real romerías, but also a sample of the irony of the dance couplets of oral tradition and the social environment of yesteryear.

Jabier Kalzakorta Elorza

The little accordion and the dance couplets, or couplets brought to verse, have surrounded me from a very young age. The Sunday “liturgy” when I was still 9 to 10 years old was not at all a bad school. It could not be called anything else than “school”, because it took place after coming home from eleven o’clock’s mass. While I was washing up or preparing lunch, mum would ask me to start playing the accordion. And so the session would begin: one song, and another, and a third one, so nice... And the joy after dipping three or four cookies in mistela, would invite us to play the cassette of the trikitilaris of Bizkaia, and I would dance with mum! (Dancing! I didn’t like it at all). In that environment I met Tomás, who came from Izukitze to Gatika, or an old woman who had her daughter for sale, or Hilario Azkarate, Gallastegi and other pelotaris or handball players, the boys that looked like moles, our cousin Josepa....

Who was going to tell me that soon I would learn to play the accordion and start touring the squares with the artists of that recording! Who was going to tell me that, a few years later, I would dedicate myself for many years to walk through countless streets, corners and festivals with the man who sang and played the tambourine in that old cassette we used to enjoy. I do not think it is too bold to say that Kepa Arrizabalaga is one of the best couplet singer in the Basque Country. It is difficult to surpass the sound of the kitchen of my childhood, to surpass our predecessors, and I think it is essential to recognize and pay tribute, with all my heart, to those who taught us the path to our music and to those who guided us. To them, my most sincere thanks.

In this work, I have tried to go out of the traditional models of the couplets for accordion and to work with very varied rhythms. At the same time, I wanted to look at the traditional accordion melodies from another perspective. I have brought to this project an idea that I had for some time: besides singing couplets, why not singing also the melodic parts? Well, by removing some ornaments and some notes from the melodies... the short dance couplets can be perfectly inserted. Here you are, for example, “Maria Erramonaren atazak” (Maria Ramona’s chores) and “Fruiz”, a fantasy come true!

Roberto Etxebarria Goikoetxea

Up there in the fields

Melody: R.Etxebarria

Up there in the fields
you can hear the partridges singing
It looks like they shited on
the mayor’s trousers.

Chards and leeks
some gossip by the bridge
they say a cat ate
fourteen chickens to Basilio.

Up there in the fields
you can hear the partridges singing
the little man from our village
has poop on his trousers.

Sticks and canes
stories by students
students run around the bushes
they eat more than they learn.

The boy in the red blazer

Melody: Popular / R.Etxebarria

La-la-la...

**Hey, boy in the red blazer,
how much for this tambourine?**

Ten and a half cents.

That's quite expensive for this tambourine.

You're the one who said
that it is said that
the Count's daughter
has entered the convent.

The Count's daughter,
as dapper as she is,
they say she's not worth
a bushel of grain.

**Hey, boy in the red blazer,
how much for this tambourine?**

Ten and a half cents.

That's quite expensive for this tambourine.

I've been to Madrid
and back,
the girls there
don't like me much.

When the girls
there like me,
I'll become a monk
I'll go to a monastery.

**Hey, boy in the red blazer,
how much for this tambourine?**

Ten and a half cents.

That's quite expensive for this tambourine.

La-la-la...

Thoughts

Melody: R.Etxebarria

I was in Bilbao yesterday/and here I am in Mañaria
our spring often/lacks water.

El agua del manantial de Sagasti/is good
I've quenched my thirst/I'm coming back satisfied.

Since I was born /I always wanted to live
those who do not want to see me/close your eyes.

If the water runs out/the wine flows
don't say anything/to anyone that is not convenient.

Carnival goes away/lent comes in
as soon as lent is over /we become sinner again.

Aputz and Polañe/danced together
in the dry field /during holy lent.

Bitter apples/and green plums
there are some good stories here.

The old old stories/of these two
despite my silence/I have not forgotten them.

I am here and I sing/with a sorrowful heart
no one has deigned/to say thank you!

So play/while you're young
the pleasure you take/no one can take it away.

People are enjoying/dancing, laughing
Long live the dun/and long live the turd.

Farewell farewell/Maritxu Marija Zelemin
let each one sweep/in front of their own door.

Near San Sebastian

Melody: Popular / R.Etxebarria

A small village near San Sebastian/had very wide wings
a widow was raising/three charming young girls.

I asked her to give me/the youngest of the three
she replied to me/that i was a poor boy.

Well, even if i am poo/I don't want her daughters
they would drink as much white wine/as there is water in the canal of Navarre.

They would eat as much bread/as to spend their wages and mine
and all the water in Ebro river would not be enough/to wash their blouses.

Three little ladies from San Sebastian/merchants in Errenteria
they know sewing and ironing/but they also know drinking.

Under the guise of truth

Melody: R.Etxebarria

My love, I love you
and if you love me too
we'll live together
if you want.

I saw a little bird
that had never come before
summer will warm up
what winter did not.

Beans
are hard to earn
your beautiful eyes
are even more inaccessible.

Tralalalala
you my beloved
I was free
and you chained me.

When I'm in the fields
under the burning sun
my thought wanders
to many places.

My love,
when you go to Madrid
you'll have to
take me with you.

You had one love
for a long time,
another one appeared,
in the meantime.

You deceived me
with using flattery
under the guise of truth,
with incredible lies.

Maria Ramona's Tasks

Melody: Popular / R.Etxebarria

Lyrics: Popular / Special mention: Juliana y Eulalia Madariaga

María Ramona, María Ramona
fed the donkey in the stable.

My fiancée's mother
owns a donkey
will get
what she needs at home.

Lilies
next to the river
I am not beautiful
but I love beauty.

If my mother knew
what kind of girl I am
she cries constantly during the day
she sleeps little at night.

You think
you're beautiful
but it's your flat mirror
that's luring you.

Rose of may
I warn you
if one is refused
there are many others.

Rather than being too beautiful
it is better to be common
beauty could make you
lose the sense of the world.

This is the final farewell
full of sadness
If i had clumsy words
I beg your pardon.

Fruiz

Melody: Popular - Compiled and transcribed by Javier Lakuntza, to Bixenti blacksmith and accordeonist from Fruniz.

Adaptation with lyrics: R.Etxebarria

In these couplets compiled and published by Labayru, under the gaze of the retrograde morality of the past, the exclusionary vision of the genre is revealed, which fortunately is changing, but we must continue working without hesitation.

It's daddy's fault
mum's even more
because they left her
with those young boys.

Mother if you want
a place in heaven
give to your daughter
modesty when she is young.

From Fruiz to
Artebakarra
there is no one more beautiful
than Siriakatxu.

Her mother says
to Siriakatxu
not to drink water
without eating a bite.

With your ebony black eyes
and your skin so whitetienen you
make jealous
many on earth.

If the young are modest
the old ones will have their place
when they come home late
you must correct them.

With this little white apron
nicely tied at the waist
you are like no other lady
in the village.

I said goodbye to you
in front of all our friends
but I keep you with me
in my heart.

As long as it was

Melody: Popular / Moldaketa: R.Etxebarria

Saint James' day/long as it was
soon gave way/to night.
Oh yes my friend/oh yes my friend.

The slope after the river/is quite steep
I had to climb/it very often
Oh yes my friend/oh yes my friend.

At the top of this slope/I still had to continue
through the fields/I had tears in my eyes
Tears in my eye/tears in my eye.

An old house sits/in the middle of a rock
the wind never comes in/on calm days
the rain never comes in/on cleared up days.

The dowry I have/to live in
is a very old donkey/teeming with flea
Teeming with flea/teeming with flea.

As for the trousseau/let's not talk about it
I'm missing seven/or eight shirts.
Seven to eight shirts/seven to eight shirts.

I do have a suit/for this wedding
forty years ago my father/received it
My father received it/my father received it.

What about the shoes/I have a choice pair
It's been four years since/they've seen a shoe shine
They haven't seen a shoe shine/they haven't seen a shoe shine

That's all folks

*Melody: R.Etxebarria
Lyrics: Popular / R.Etxebarria*

**That's all folks, truth or not,
this is the end of the story!
We sang these incredible couplets
in this square!**

In a house in Gorozika
seven quilts were put
on a bed by a boy
who was having some rest.

A lady baker from Santutxu
may virgin mary bless her.
From head to toe
she is dressed of brioche.

See these two old women
see how they look alike
the first is a hundred years old
the second is a hundred and twelve.

The first wants to get married
the second wants to learn to sew
the one who is waiting for her outfit
will have a dress all patched up.

I am sad, so sad
I feel no joy
I have a five hundred year old man
sick at home.

I killed a chicken for him
but he is not getting better
I'd gladly kill another one
if he didn't get up ever again.

Get me married, mum

Melody: Azkuek batua / R.Etxebarria

Get me married, mum
marry me while there is still time.
- What are you saying, my daughter?
there is no bread at home.
-I found an ear of wheat
under my feet on the road,
I pulled eight fanegas
from a previous clump.

**Ukulun dringin maspelen dringin
sankulun de blanko txuntxulun berde
txintxibiribiri rrak eta plau
This is the effect that wine has on me.**

Get me married, mum
marry me while there is still time.
-What are you saying, my daughter?
there is no wine in our house.
-I found a bunch of grapes
on the road,
I squeezed
eight jugs out of it.

**Ukulun dringin maspelen dringin
sankulun de blanko txuntxulun berde
txintxibiribiri rrak eta plau
This is the effect that wine has on me.**

The needlepoint

Melody: R.Etxebarria

At home we have/corn porridge
but it makes/my stomach cry.

As the tavern keeper says/one good dinner
is better/than two bad ones.

Let's go to the tavern/for better food
the old lady will take/care of the little ones.

The parsley from the garden/the salt from the salt-cellar
take it all out, Mari Pepa/and let's eat a good hake.

A slice of hake/and a piece of sausage
with that meal/I am happy in the tavern.

The needlepoint/does not pay much
but it knows well/the way to the tavern.

With a pipe in your mouth/and a drink in your han
you soon forget/your way to home.

Bye, tavern keeper/see you next time
please, light/my way back.

Datapean

Melody: R.Etxebarria

Txirikan

Melody: R.Etxebarria