

## This Blogger's Preference of Songs

During my time building Expo'86 on the Lower Mainland in Vancouver, my two superintendents, brother Russel on Expo '86 International Pavilions and Dave Bruce on the Expo Master Supply Kitchen, we found a quaint Irish Pub on 216 Carrall Street, Vancouver, B.C., named the Blarneystone. An Irish Folk Band had taken possession of the premises and entertained with many Irish favourites.

A female singer would lead in several popular hits with a very beautiful and cultured voice.

We did not have to dress too formal and as construction workers, we were made welcome and very comfortable.

One of the songs that I heard for the first time was "Don't Cry for me Argentina." The band played exceptionally well and were able to augment her lyrics and actions to sing the song to perfection. I fell in love with the song and went there specially, once a week to hear this masterpiece.



Later the Broadway show "Evita" became a classic and I heard Madonna sing "Don't Cry for Me Argentina". I live with challenged hearing, but the two women were almost identical in presentation.

*Toggle* this picture on the left and *hit* 'open link'. Madonna will present her version.

**5:31**

The Lyrics to 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina' are as follows:

*"....It won't be easy, you'll think it strange  
When I try to explain how I feel  
That I still need your love after all that I've done  
You won't believe me, all you will see is a girl you once knew  
Although she's dressed up to the nines  
At sixes and sevens with you  
I had to let it happen, I had to change  
Couldn't stay all my life down at heel*

*Looking out of the window, staying out of the sun*

*So I chose freedom, running around trying everything new  
But nothing impressed me at all  
I never expected it to*

*Don't cry for me, Argentina  
The truth is, I never left you  
All through my wild days, my mad existence  
I kept my promise  
Don't keep your distance*

*And as for fortune, and as for fame  
I never invited them in  
Though it seemed to the world they were all I desired  
They are illusions, they're not the solutions they promised to be  
The answer was here all the time  
I love you, and hope you love me  
Don't cry for me, Argentina*

*Don't cry for me, Argentina  
The truth is, I never left you  
All through my wild days, my mad existence  
I kept my promise  
Don't keep your distance*

*Don't cry for me, Argentina  
The truth is, I never left you  
All through my wild days, my mad existence  
I kept my promise  
Don't keep your distance  
Have I said too much?  
There's nothing more I can think of to say to you  
But all you have to do is look at me to know  
That every word is true*

Songwriters: Tim Rice, Andrew Lloyd Webber...."

I had the honour and good fortune to sing with a great group of men in the Tri Choir which sang traditional Doukhobor Hymns and Cultural Russian songs in Russian. One of the cultural songs was a Russian classic: Monotonously rings the Little Bell.

I was not able to find the Trichoir version but the Chorus of the Don Cossacks of Sergei Zharov, do a wonderful rendition

<https://youtu.be/jDC9A0F68-4> (Toggle ctrl and click)

Here are the lyrics translated to English:

.....The little bell is sounding, and the dust on the way is stirred up a bit, and sadly over the plain field flows the song of my coachman. There was so much feeling in this song, so much feeling in the familiar tune, that in my cool breast my heart inflamed. And I recall other nights, and the fields, and the woods of my home, and into my eyes

which had been dry so long a tear arose as a spark. Monotonously the little bell is sounding, slightly echoing from afar, and my coachman fell silent, but the way in front of me is still so long, so long.....

I hope the Reader enjoys this as much as I have over the years.

*Posted by EWV September 26, 2024*