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#1 by R. Castillo J. and H. Gaytan M.;
 #8 by Andres Berlanga; #10 & #14 by
 Fred Zimmerle and © by Tradition
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Selections #1-7 & 17 by LOS
 PINGÜINOS DEL NORTE
 Selections #8-16 by FRED ZIMMERLE'S
 TRIO SAN ANTONIO

Los Pingüinos Del Norte: Rubén
 Castillo Juárez—accordion & high
 voice; Hilario Gaytán Moreno—guitar
 & lower voice; Ricardo Escalante—
 bass. Recorded by Chris Strachwitz &
 Rumel Fuentes at El Patio cantina in
 Piedras Negras, Coah. May 7, 1970.
 "Yo Soy Norteño" previously
 unissued; all other selections originally
 issued on Arhoolie LP 3002.

Conjunto Trio San Antonio: Fred
 Zimmerle—accordion (guitar on #12) &
 vocals; Esteban "Steve" Jaramillo—bajo
 sexto & vocals on #9, 12, 13 & 16;
 Andrés Berlanga—bajo sexto & vocals
 on #8 & 15 and on #11 Berlanga sings
 duet with Manuel Arellano instead of
 Zimmerle. Juan Viesca—string bass.
 Recorded by Chris Strachwitz in San
 Antonio in May 1974. "En La Sombra"
 previously unissued; all other selections
 originally issued on Arhoolie LP 3004.

Produced by Chris Strachwitz.

Cover by Wayne Pope.

Photos by Chris Strachwitz.

Revised transcriptions and trans-
 lations of corridos and songs by Jaime
 Nicolopoulos—1989.

Los Pingüinos Del Norte



Fred
 Zimmerle
 & Trio
 San Antonio



Over **60** Minutes of Classic **TEX/MEX**



Conjuntos Norteños

Los Pingüinos Del Norte

Conjuntos Norteños refers to the popular groups in northern Mexico and south Texas featuring vocal duets with accordion, bajo sexto, bass and drums. Sometimes an alto saxophone is added and plays in unison with the accordion, especially in conjuntos from the Monterrey, Nuevo León region. Los Pingüinos Del Norte (The Penguins of the North) are typical of the thousands of strolling conjuntos found all over Mexico in cantinas, on the streets, in the plazas, at parties, etc. The music played will vary from region to region depending upon the tradition in that area. In northern Mexico most conjuntos play *MUSICA NORTEÑA*, which as the name implies is music from the north, accordion music. Los Pingüinos are also very special because their's is a unique, pure rural style of singing and playing, and they sing the corridos (ballads or story songs) of the region. They sing and play almost any song requested because that is how they make their living. Conjuntos are living juke boxes, and patrons in the cantinas pay them by the song. At the time I made these recordings the price was 50 cents per song or 6 pesos. Today I think the charge is around \$2 per song (and maybe 3000 pesos?). One customer will often request dozens of songs until his last dollar is spent. Los Pingüinos from northern Mexico are the equivalent of a "songster" such as Mance Lipscomb in the African-American tradition in Texas. Music, especially corridos and sentimental rancheras, is very important to the audiences of Los Pingüinos. Let the late Rumel Fuentes, who grew up in Eagle Pass, on the American side of the Rio Bravo and who helped me make these recordings, speak about this music from personal experience:

"The music heard on this record, especially the corridos, is the music of the lower economic classes. The people who listen to this type of music are the laborers and farm workers. This music deals with people who are liberal, individualistic, arrogant, and who have no fear of death and their motto is: "If I don't fear death, how can I fear life?" Seldom is this music heard in middle class or upper class Mexican or Mexican-American homes.

The social phenomena of the corrido involves the heroes about whom the song is written, the writer, and of course the public who will listen to the corrido. In most cases all three groups belong to the same social class and they have little to be proud of as far as economic affluence is concerned and so their pride is expressed through courage and honor.

In many cases the heroes of the corridos pay for their impudence and rebelliousness with their lives thus making the hero braver and the song greater. The more beer one drinks in the cantina, the braver one feels and the more can we identify with the hero of the song. The bravery is sometimes expressed by yells showing approval of the content of the corrido or sometimes by fights which are frequent occurrences in the cantinas. The corrido also helps to understand the beliefs, standards, and culture of the people and is a living witness to the sentiments and values of *La Raza*." (Rumel Fuentes—Co-producer of Los Pingüinos Del Norte—1970)

Corridos (ballads or story songs) are a relatively small part of the repertoire of the roving conjuntos (groups) which sing and play for their audiences of field workers in cantinas (taverns or bars), dance halls, on the streets, or at picnics. Much of their repertoire consists of currently popular rancheras (cowboy songs or honky-tonk love songs), polkas, boleros (love songs), cumbias, and various other popular dance material. The word

corrido comes from the Spanish CORRER which means to run or to flow and the corrido tells a story simply and swiftly without much embellishment. The form dates back to about 1836 when the border corridos came to great popularity which lasted for about a hundred years until the 1930s. Since then, according to Américo Paredes, the importance of the border corridos has been declining.

Many traditional corridos heard today date back to the Mexican Revolution. There are quite a few which deal with Pancho Villa and his adventures and the many generals who became heroes (note the box set on Folklyric LP/Cass 9041/4: THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION). Judging by what has appeared on commercial records, most recent corridos deal with regional or national tragedies such as the deaths of President Kennedy, Senator Robert Kennedy, and Dr. Martin Luther King for example. Hurricanes and mass murders which occurred in South Texas, Austin, or Chicago, are topics covered by corridos. Some become popular but most do not seem to capture the listeners' attention for very long. Strongly political corridos seem to have a hard time getting heard. Most record companies don't want to take sides with political issues. Many popular artists will shy away from controversial material as well, wishing not to offend any part of their potential audience. I heard that corridos were written about the political situation in Crystal City, Texas and about the farm workers' march on Austin but the records were either never released or received minimal distribution. Some of the smaller labels, however, have released corridos of local interest. Willie López in McAllen, owner of Discos ORO, has written many corridos himself including the very moving "Los Rinches de Texas" (The Texas Rangers), recorded by Ducto Reynosa. The corrido relates the brutal treatment received by melon strikers at the hands of "los rinches cobardes" (the cowardly rangers).

Mr López takes an active part in local politics and elections and promotes candidates of his choice via corridos which he will air on his daily radio program originating from his home but broadcast over a Reynosa station across the river.

On this disc Los Pingüinos del Norte present mostly traditional corridos which have stood the test of time and continue to be very popular in that area. The public seems to continue to identify with the content of these ballads year after year. Los Pingüinos also sang one of their own compositions "El Desesperado," and I have included the instrumental huapango "El Gallito" which makes for a pleasant respite from the corridos which are sung and played either in waltz or polka tempos, but with little embellishment, much like the Anglo-Saxon ballads.

As of the date of this re-write, Los Pingüinos del Norte are still singing in Piedras Negras although Hilario Gaytán quit several years ago and has been replaced by a new singer. The dueto as heard on this disc is also seen in the award winning film/video about Texas-Mexican border music: CHULAS FRONTERAS by Les Blank and Chris Strachwitz (Brazos Films — see ARHOOIE CATALOG for details) which also features Los Alegres De Terán, Flaco Jiménez, Lydia Mendoza, Narciso Martínez, Santiago Jiménez, and many others.

(Chris Strachwitz — 1989)

1. EL DESESPERADO

Yo ya estoy desesperado;
¡ay de tanto trabajar
y andar pizcando naranjas,
ya me voy a enaranjar!

Me vine de Piedras Negras
muy chiflado y muy contento,
y le dije a mi viejita:
—No te apures, pronto vuelvo.

1. THE DESPERATE MAN

Now I'm really desperate;
ay, from working so hard
and going around picking oranges,
now I'm going to turn orange!

I came out from Piedras Negras
very foolish and very happy,
and I told my old lady:
"Don't worry, I'll be back soon."

Hemos pasado Louisiana,
Alabama y otros más;
le pregunto yo al Coral:
—¿Cuánto falta pa' llegar?

Me contesta el Catarrin:
—No te vayas a agüitar,
no te apures, camarada,
que el sancho se va a rayar.

Al decir estas palabras,
nos pusimos a pensar,
y le dije yo a Ramón:
—Cómo ves esta caray?

Con nosotros iba Armando,
con el Flaco y otros más,
hasta el dueto Los Pingüinos
que empezaron a cantar.

Al cantar esas canciones,
yo me pongo a recordar:
—¡Ay mi amado Piedras Negras!
¿Cuándo habré de regresar?

Son mil ochocientas millas,
ni les quiero recordar,
y hasta que no llegue a Peidras,
del carro no he de bajar.

Ya con ésta me despido,
Diosito me ha de ayudar;
voy corriendo las cien millas,
pues pronto quiero llegar.

2. GREGORIO CORTEZ

En el condado del Carmen,
miren lo que ha sucedido,
murió el Cherife Major

We've passed through Louisiana,
Alabama and some other states;
I ask El Coral:
“How much more 'til we get there?”

Catarrin answers me:
“Don't get all shook up,
don't worry, buddy; lover boy
is going to really make out.”

Having said these words,
we all fell to thinking,
and I said to Ramón:
“What do you think of this damn mess!”

Armando was riding with us,
along with El Flaco and some others,
even the duet Los Pingüinos,
who began to sing.

As I sing these songs,
I start to remember:
“Ay, my beloved Piedras Negras!
When will I ever get back?”

It's 1,800 miles,
I don't even want to remind you,
and until I get back to Piedras
I won't even get out of this car.

With this I bid farewell,
me dear God will surely help me;
I'm doing a hundred miles an hour,
I really want to get home soon.

2. GREGORIO CORTEZ

In the county of El Carmen,
look at what has happened,
the High Sheriff died

quedando Román herido.
Anduvieron informando
como tres horas después,
supieron que el malhechor
era Gregorio Cortez.

Decía Gregorio Cortez
con su pistola en la mano:
—No siento haberlo matado,
al que siento es a mi hermano.

Decía Gregorio Cortez
con su alma muy encendida:
—No siento haberlo matado,
la defensa es permitida.

Iban los americanos,
que por el viento volaban,
porque se iban a ganar
diez mil pesos que les daban.

Al llegar al Encinal
lo alcanzaron a rodear
poquito más de trescientos;
allí les brincó el corral.

Le echaron los perros jaunes
que iban detrás de la huella,
pero alcanzar a Cortez
era alcanzar a una estrella.

Decía Gregorio Cortez:
—¿Pa' qué se valen de planes,
si no me pueden pescar
ni con esos perros jaunes?

Gregorio le dice a Juan:
—Muy pronto lo vas a ver;
anda, dile a los cherifes

leaving Román wounded.
They went around asking questions
about three hours later;
they found out that the wrongdoer
was Gregorio Cortez.

Gregorio Cortez was saying
with his pistol in his hand:
“I don't regret having killed him,
the one I'm sorry about is my brother.”

Gregorio Cortez was saying
with his soul all ablaze:
“I don't regret having killed him,
self-defense is permitted.”

The Americans were riding,
they were flying down the wind,
because they were trying to earn
the 10,000 dollars they would be given.

On arriving in Encinal
they succeeded in surrounding him,
just a few more than 300 of them;
there he jumped out of their corral.

They loosed the hound dogs on him
that were tracking his trail,
but catching up with Cortez
was like catching up with a star.

Gregorio Cortez was saying:
“What's the use of all your scheming
if you can't even find me,
not even with these hound dogs?”

Gregorio tells Juan:
“Very soon you will see it;
go and tell the sheriffs

que me vengan a aprehender.

— Dicen que por culpa mía
se ha matado a mucha gente;
yo me voy a presentar
porque esto no es conveniente.

Pues ya Gregorio murió,
ya terminó la cuestión;
la pobre de su familia
lo llevan en el corazón.

3. YO SOY NORTEÑO

Yo soy norteño del mero norte,
yo soy dueño de mi dolor,
ya tengo listo mi pasaporte,
ya siento libre en mi corazón.

Con eso tengo pa' desterrarme,
porque no quiero jamás volver,
si por borracho me despreciaste,
yo por calumnia no te dejé.

Por los pueblitos me voy cantando,
me voy buscando a otro querer,
un amorcito que no sea malo,
así quitarme del padecer.

Destino ingrato, te estás volteando,
tal vez un día recordarás,
pero hombre entonces muy diferente,
porque la suerte me cambiará.

Yo me despido, quizás paciente,
tal vez un día recordarás,
pero hombre entonces mu diferente,
porque la suerte me cambiará.

Por los pueblitos me voy cantando,
me voy buscando a otro querer,

to come and arrest me."

"They say it's my fault
that many people have been killed;
I'm going to turn myself in
because this isn't right."

Well Gregorio is already dead,
now the matter is finished;
his poor family
carries him in their hearts.

I'M A NORTHERNER

I'm a northerner from the real North.
I'm master of my sorrow;
now my passport is ready,
now I feel free in my heart.

With this I have enough to exile myself,
because I never want to return;
if you scorned me for being a drunkard,
I didn't leave you because of slander.

I leave singing through the little towns,
I leave searching for a new love,
a little lover who isn't cruel-hearted,
to get rid of my suffering.

Cruel fortune, your wheel is turning over
maybe someday you will remember,
but then I'll be a different man,
because my luck will change.

I bid farewell, perhaps patiently,
maybe someday you will remember,
but then I'll be a different man,
because my luck will change.

I leave singing through the little towns,
I leave searching for a new love,

un amorcito que no sea malo,
así quitarme del padecer.

4. EL CONTRABANDO DEL PASO

El día siete de agosto
estábamos desesperados;
que nos sacaron del Paso
para Kiansas mancornados.

Nos sacaron de la corte
a las ocho de la noche,
nos llevaron para el dipo,
nos montaron en un coche.

Ya viene silbando el tren,
ya repican las campanas;
le pregunto a Mister Hill
si vamos a Louisiana,

Mister Hill, con su risita,
me contesta: — No señor,
pasaremos de Louisiana
derechito a Leavenworth.

Unos vienen con dos años,
otros con un año y un día,
otros con dieciocho meses
a la penitenciaría.

Es bonito el contrabando,
se gana mucho dinero,
pero lo que más me puede,
las penas de un prisionero.

Pero de eso no hay cuidado,
ya lo que pasó voló,
algún día se han de encontrar
donde me encontraba yo.

a little lover who isn't cruel-hearted,
to get rid of my suffering.

4. CONTRABAND FROM EL PASO

On the seventh of August
we were in despair;
they took us from El Paso
to Kansas in irons.

They took us out of the courthouse
at eight o'clock at night,
they took us down to the Depot,
they put us in a railway coach.

Whistle blowing, here comes the train,
now the bells are ringing;
I ask Mr. Hill
if we are going to Louisiana.

Mr. Hill, with his little chuckle,
answers me: "No, mister,
we will bypass Louisiana
straight on to Leavenworth."

Some come with two years,
others with a year and a day,
others with eighteen months
in the penitentiary.

Smuggling is very fine,
you make lots of money,
but what really gets to me,
the suffering of a prisoner.

But there's no worry about that,
let bygones be bygones,
someday you all will find yourselves
where I was then.

Ahí te mando, Mamacita,
un suspiro y un abrazo;
aquí dan fin las mañanas
del contrabando de El Paso.

5. JACINTO TREVIÑO

Ya con ésta van tres veces
en que se ve lo bonito;
la primera fue en McAllen,
en Brownsville y en San Benito.

En la cantina de Bekar
se agarraron a balazos;
por dondequiera volaban
botellas hechas pedazos.

Esa cantina de Bekar
al momento quedó sola;
nomás Jacinto Treviño
de carabina y pistola.

—Entrenle rinches cobardes,
validos de la ocasión,
creían que era pan blanco
con tajadas de jamón.

—Entrenle rinches cobardes,
el pleito no es con un niño;
querían conocer a su padre,
yo soy Jacinto Treviño.

Decía el cherife mayor,
como era un americano:

—¡Ay qué Jacinto tan hombre,
no niega ser mexicano!

Decía Jacinto Treviño:

—no me pueden agarrar,
me voy para Río Grande,
allá los voy a esperar.

I am sending you, Dear Mom,
a sigh and a hug;
here ends the ballad
about the contraband from El Paso.

5. JACINTO TREVIÑO

Now with this it makes it three times
that the beauty of it can be seen;
the first time was in McAllen,
then in Brownsville and in San Benito.

In Baker's bar
they shot it out with each other;
all over the place were flying
bottles made into little pieces.

This bar of Baker's
emptied out instantly;
only Jacinto Treviño remained
with a carbine and a pistol.

"Come on in, you cowardly rangers,
taking advantage of the occasion,
you believed it was going to be
white bread with slices of ham."

"Come on in, you cowardly rangers,
your quarrel is not with a child;
you wanted to meet your father,
well, I'm Jacinto Treviño."

The High Sheriff was saying,
since he was an American:

"Ay, that Jacinto, what a man!
he doesn't deny being a Mexican!"

Jacinto Treviño was saying:

"You can't arrest me,
I'm leaving for Río Grande,
I'll wait for you over there."

Ya con ésta me despido,
aquí a presencia de todos,
yo soy Jacinto Treviño,
vecino de Matamoros.

7. LOS DOS HERMANOS

Este es el nuevo corrido
que yo les vengo a cantar,
de dos hermanos muy buenos
que tuvieron que pelear.

Juan Luis uno se llamaba,
y el otro José Manuel;
empezaron las discordias
por una mala mujer.

Juan Luis se llega a una fiesta
con la mujer que él quería;
esto presente lo tengo,
el año treinto corría.

En eso llega su hermano
con su guitarra en la mano,
empezó cantando versos
como retando a su hermano.

—Oye, Juan Luis, que te digo,
esa mujer ya fue mía.

—No tengo la culpa, hermano,
eso yo no lo sabía.

A su muy buena pistola
José Manuel le echó mano;
de dos balazos mató
a la mujer de su hermano.

—José Manuel, lo que has hecho,
hoy mismo te va a pesar,
mataste a lo que quería,
con tu vida has de pagar.

Now with this I bid farewell,
here in the presence of all,
I am Jacinto Treviño,
a citizen of Matamoros.

7. THE TWO BROTHERS

This is the brand-new corrido
that I'm going to sing to you
about two very fine brothers
who had to fight each other.

One was named Juan Luis,
and the other was José Manuel;
all the discord began
because of a bad woman.

Juan Luis arrived at a party
with the woman he loved;
I have this clearly in mind,
it was during the year of 1930.

At this point his brother arrived
with his guitar in his hand,
he began singing verses
as if challenging his brother.

"Listen, Juan Luis, to what I tell you,
this woman was mine."

"It's not my fault, brother,
I didn't know that."

José Manuel put his hand
to his very fine pistol;
with two bullets he killed
his brother's woman.

"José Manuel, what you've done,
this very day will make you sorry,
you've killed what I loved,
you must pay with your life."

Se salieron para afuera,
y se oyeron los disparos;
en el quicio de una puerta
los dos hermanos quedaron.

They went outside,
and shots were heard;
on the threshold of a doorway
the two brothers lay dead.

Fred Zimmerle & Trio San Antonio

Although many Tejanos are third and fourth generation Americans, some of their neighbors are recent arrivals from Tamaulipas, Nuevo León, and other regions of Northern and interior Mexico. The songs and music which came with the people from Mexico, especially during the tumultuous years of the Mexican Civil War and Revolution in the 1910s and 20s, borrowed from the brass and accordion bands of the Bohemians, Italians and Germans who had settled in South Texas during the 19th century in large numbers. By the 1950s the accordion had blended with traditional Mexican duet singing to create what became known as "Música Norteña," "Conjunto music," "Tex-Mex" or simply "Música Regional."

The violin, clarinet, flute, and harp were common instruments in Texas until the 1930s. The accordion, however, first used only to perform instrumental dance music, has become so popular since the turn of the century that today it has replaced almost all the other instruments. In San Antonio, the best known pioneer accordionist was Santiago Jiménez. He began to record instrumental dance tunes in the 1930s and this tradition is being carried on by his sons Flaco Jiménez and Santiago Jiménez Jr., who are leaders of popular conjuntos in San Antonio.

In the late 1940s, Fred Zimmerle combined elements from the styles of Narciso Martínez (El Huracán Del Valle) and Santiago Jiménez (El Flaco) to form his own unique accordion sound. To this day Fred leads the very popular group (conjunto) Trio San Antonio, who take pride in bringing you in this collection some of the older music and songs from San Antonio's West Side!

Fred Zimmerle was born in San Antonio on February 13, 1931. His father, Willie Zimmerle, played accordion and his mother accompanied him on guitar. Fred's grandfather came from Germany and left his very German name! Three uncles also played music: Jimmie—accordion, Félix—fiddle, and Secilio—guitar. Not only his father's generation, but most of Fred's own older brothers and sisters were musical: Caroline sang, Henry Sr. played guitar and sang, and recorded with El Ciego Melquiades and Trio San Antonio, and Santiago played bajo and bass and also recorded with the Trio. It is no wonder that Fred, the youngest, learned to play perhaps by sheer osmosis!

In 1945, Fred took up the accordion after his father and about a year later organized the first Trio San Antonio. Their first records were for RCA Victor. They followed recordings with Maxie Granado for Bill Quinn's Gold Star label, a few sides for Alamo, many for Falco and Rio and more for Corona and Ideal.

Over the years Fred's brother Henry often sang duet with him. At the time of these recordings Fred usually used Steve Jaramillo (who passed away since then) or old timer Andrés Berlanga. Fred is dedicated to keeping the older music going but at his dances he will of course play current favorites as well and tries to adapt his style to recent trends. Today Trio San Antonio no longer plays the cantinas and dance halls all over South Texas as they did in the 1950s but almost every weekend they are busy playing for the many social clubs which book the conjunto months in

advance. In recent years Fred Zimmerle has been inducted into the Conjunto Music Hall of Fame.

Bass player Juan Viesca has been known as El Rey Del Contrabajo (The King of the String Bass) around San Antonio for many years and he is truly a remarkable musician and personality. Recently he has been working with the popular actor and singer Piporro and in the 1940s and 50s he worked with Santiago Jiménez, Narciso Martínez, Pedro Ayala, and Trio San Antonio. Mr. Viesca also plays violin and contributes much to the good feeling and lively spirit of the group.

Andrés Berlanga was born on November 30, 1907 in Mexico. He came to the United States when he was three by making it across the Río Bravo with his parents. His wife today still kiddingly refers to Andrés as "El Mojado"! Andrés Berlanga worked in the fields with his father and in 1930 started to play the guitar. The first records came in the mid 1930s under the guidance of Thomas Acuña. The pay was between \$40 and \$75 for two sides and only a few artists were on a royalty contract. Making these early records at make-shift studios set up at the Grand Hotel and later the Gunter Hotel in San Antonio helped in finding jobs. Much of Berlanga's singing was done in the Plaza where tourists would ask for "La Paloma," "La Cucaracha," and "El Rancho Grande" but they would often pay 25 cents or even \$1 for these songs. In those days of the Great Depression that was good money! The regular charge then was 10 cents per song.

Esteban "Steve" Jaramillo, from Yorktown, Texas, spent his life in the fields and doing other hard work. With a large family to support, Steve enjoyed music as a hobby and had the eternal hope to make it big in the music business. Fame, however, outside his immediate circle of fans, friends, and relatives escaped not only him but the music of the Tejanos in general.

(Chris Strachwitz—1974 & 1989)

8. TU PENSABAS HACERME SUFRIR

Tú pensabas hacerme sufrir
con decirme que no me querías,
yo más tarde vi tus procederés
y pensé en el favor que me hacías.

Yo te amaba y tú eras me delirio,
te adoraba y no lo comprendías,
me mirabas, y llorando de celos
yo lloraba, y pues, te reías.

Sólo tú destrozaste me vida
porque en ti yo sufrí mis quereres,
por tu amor me olvidé de mis
padres
y desprecié el amor de otras mujeres.

No me pesa el haberte querido
ni el amor que ahí gasté sólo en ti,
sólo espero que Dios te castigue
porque tú no me quieres a mí.

Seguiré por el mundo buscando,
conquistando amores y placeres,
tus suspiros me encuentran
llorando
y me dicen que ya no me quieres.

9. POR ESOS MONTES

—¿Amigo, qué andas haciendo
por esos montes?

—Amigos, ando buscando
el amor de una morena.

8. YOU WERE TRYING TO MAKE ME SUFFER

You were trying to make me suffer
when you told me you didn't love me;
later on I saw what you were up to,
and I realized what a favor you were
doing me.

I loved you deliriously,
I adored you and you didn't understand
you would look at me, and weeping
with jealousy

I would cry, and you, you would be
laughing

You alone destroyed my life,
because I suffered all my love for you;
for your love I forgot about my parents
and scorned the love of other women.

It doesn't bother me that I loved you,
nor that I expended all my love on you;
I only hope that God punishes you
because you don't love me.

I'll continue on searching through
the world,
conquering loves and pleasures;
your sighs find me weeping,
and they tell me you no longer love me.

9. IN THIS WILDERNESS

"Friend, what are you doing
wandering in this wilderness?"

"Friends, I'm wandering in search
of a brown-skinned woman's love."

Ando buscando una joven
que me arole y me duerma,
porque en la noche no duermo,
no sé qué será de mí.

Prietita, supe que estabas
por esos montes,
que te trajieron tus padres
por no dejarte casar.

Aunque la vida me cueste,
aquí la tengo que hallar,
porque lo que digo, cumplo,
yo nunca me sé rajar.

Vengo en mi caballo pinto
para venirme a llevar,
porque lo que digo, cumplo,
yo nunca me sé rajar.

11. NO ME ESTORBES

Ahora puedes seguir tu camino
y más nunca te acuerdes de mí,
hazte cuenta que no me conociste
y lo mismo yo no te conocí.

Si con nuevos amores nos vemos
ni uno ni otro se vaya a enojar,
porque yo te lo dije con tiempo:
—No me estorbes, ni te he de estorbar.

Pobre el hombre a quien tú le finges,
que no sabe lo que es la mujer,
que no sabe que fuistes traidora,
pero pronto te va a conocer.

I'm searching for a young woman
who will rock me and put me to sleep,
because I can't sleep at night;
I don't know what will become of me.

Little darling, I found out that you
were somewhere in this wilderness,
that your parents brought you here
so as not to let you marry.

Even if it costs me my life,
I must find her here,
because I keep my word;
I've never known how to be a coward.

I come riding on my pinto horse
to come and take you away,
because I keep my word;
I've never known how to be a coward.

11. DON'T GET IN MY WAY

Now you can go on your way
and never be reminded of me;
get it straight: you never met me,
and I never met you.

If we see each other with new lovers,
let neither of us get mad,
because I told you ahead of time:
"Don't get in my way and I won't
get in yours."

I pity the guy for whom you put on
an act,
he doesn't know what you are, woman,
he doesn't know you were a cheat,
but he'll get to know you quick enough.

Ya me voy, me despido conforme,
ya me voy por el mundo a navegar,
voy en busca de nuevos amores:
—No me estorbes, ni te he de
estorbar.

12. YO ME ENAMORÉ

Yo me enamoré de una mujer,
pensando en que ella me amaba,
me desengañé de sus procederés,
y de mi amor se burlaba,

Pero anda ingrata,
yo te perdono,
allá lo verás con Dios,
si acaso vas a tu trono.

Yo no te aborresco ni soy vengativo,
ni menos con las mujeres,
tu amor tiene mancha, yo soy un testigo,
sin duda con ella muere.

Pero anda ingrata,
yo te perdono,
allá lo verés con Dios,
si acaso vas a tu trono.

13. YO BIEN QUISIERA

Yo bien quisiera decirte lo que siento
pero hoy no puedo
decirte mi pasión.

Si tú pudieras calmar mi sufrimiento
ya tiene dueño,
ingrato corazón,
ya tiene dueño, ingrato corazón.

Now I take my leave, I bid farewell
contentedly,
now I'm leaving to wander the world,
I'm leaving in search of new loves:
"Don't get in my way and I won't
get in yours."

12. I FELL IN LOVE

I fell in love with a woman
thinking that she loved me;
I was disillusioned by her ways,
and she mocked my love.

But go on, cruel woman,
I forgive you,
you can take care of it with God;
if by chance you should reach
Heaven.

I don't despise you nor am I vengeful,
still less so with women;
your love bears a stain, as I'm a witness,
and with that mark, it surely dies.

But go on, cruel woman,
I forgive you,
you can take care of it with God,
if by chance you should reach Heaven.

13. I REALLY WANT

I really want to tell you what I feel
but today I just can't
tell you about my passion.

If you could only ease my suffering,
but your cruel heart
already has an owner,
your cruel heart already has an owner.

Ay busca, busca
a un ser más poderoso
y que te pueda
tu amor corresponder.

Así no puedes nombrarme por esposo
ni yo puedo
nombrarte mi mujer,
qué desventura, qué dicha sin placer.

Así algún día con otro amante sufres,
haz un recuerdo
de aquél que fue el que amó.

De aquél que siempre a ti
te fue constante
y lo arrojaste.

Con tan cruel rigor
lo despreciastes,
con tan cruel rigor.

17. BENJAMÍN ARGUMEDO

Para empezar a cantar
pido permiso primero;
señores, son las mañanas
de Benjamín Argumedo.

Doy detalle en realidad,
que fue el veintiocho de enero;
aprehedieron a Alanís
y a Benjamín Argumedo.

Echaron a Benjamín
en un carro como flete;
pasaron por San Miguel,
llegaron a Sombrerete.

Cuando Argumedo sanó,
que se le llegó su día;

Ay, go look, search
for a more powerful being
who might be able to
return your love.

That way you can't call me husband
and I can't call you my wife;
what misfortune! what pleasureless
good fortune

So someday when you're suffering
with another lover
remember the guy who loved you.

Remember the guy who was always
faithful to you,
and whom you cast away.

With such cold-hearted cruelty
you spurned him,
with such cold-hearted cruelty.

17. BENJAMÍN ARGUMEDO

To begin singing
I first ask permission;
gentlemen, this is the ballad
of Benjamín Argumedo.

This is exactly what happened,
it was the 28th of January;
they captured Alanís
and Benjamín Argumedo.

They threw Benjamín
into a boxcar like freight;
they passed through San Miguel,
they arrived in Sombrerete.

When Argumedo got well,
the fatal day arrived;

lo fueron a presentar
on el general Murguía.

—Oiga Ud., mi general,
yo también fui hombre valiente;
quiero que Ud. me afusile
en presencia de la gente.

Luego que Argumedo vio
que no se le concedía,
él no demostraba miedo,
antes mejor se sonreía.

Ya con ésta me despido
porque cantar ya no puedo;
señores, son las mañanas
de Benjamín Argumedo.

they took him to be presented
before General Murguía.

"Listen, my general,
I too have been a brave man;
I want you to have me shot
in the presence of all the people."

When Argumedo saw
that his request would not be granted,
he showed no fear,
better yet, he was smiling.

Now with this I bid farewell
because I can sing no more;
gentlemen, this is the ballad
of Benjamín Argumedo.

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