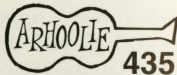


Los Cenzontles

Con Su Permiso, Señores

Con Banda, Conjunto Norteño, Mariachi y Conjunto Jarocho



1. EL CORRIDO DEL MAIZ CARO (*corrido*)
2. PERITA EN DULCE (Pedro Davila) (*ranchera*)
3. YO YA ME VOY (Frumencio Olguin Nápoles) (*ranchera*)
4. LA SARNA (*son jarocho*)
5. BALA PERDIDA (Tomás Mendez) (*ranchera*)
6. UN POQUITO DE PECADO (*bolero*)
7. LA MAL SENTADA (Pedro Davila) (*ranchera*)
8. EL CABALLITO (*son jalisciense*)
9. EL CAMOTAL (*son jarocho*)
10. EL BRACERO FRACASADO (Ernesto Pesqeda) (*corrido*)
11. LA PAVA (Pedro Yerena) (*ranchera*)
12. EL CORRIDO DE CECILIA RIOS (Los Cenzontles & Gilberto Gutierrez) (*corrido*)
13. EL PAJARO CU (*son jarocho*)
14. CANCIÓN MEXICANA (Lalo Guerrero) (*canción*)
15. EL NOVILLO DESPUNTADO (*ranchera*)
16. EL PALOMO Y LA PALOMA (*son jarocho*)
17. QUE COBARDE (Nico Jiménez) (*ranchera*)
18. LA VENGANZA DE MARÍA (*corrido*)
19. LA BRUJA (*son jarocho*)
20. EL MEXICANO-AMERICANO (Gilberto Gutierrez & Eugene Rodríguez) (*corrido*)

21. EL AGUANIEVE / EL ZAPATEADO (*son jarocho*)
22. EL SAUCE Y LA PALMA (*ranchera*)

Los Cenzontles:

Cover, 1. to r. front row: Ruth Arroyo – voice, zapateado
Amalia Marines – voice, zapateado
Lucina Rodriguez – voice
Kristal Gray – voice, zapateado

2nd row: Daena Villagrana – voice
Nancy Morales – voice
Angelita Gomez – voice
Liset Bedolla – voice
Hugo Arroyo – voice, jarana, guitarrón

back row: Fidel Lopez – trumpet
Germaine Gomez (of Toritos Musical) – trumpet
Benito Gomez (of Toritos Musical) – drums, trumpet, (shown holding a vibuela).

Not pictured: Angel Abundez – voice, harp
Hector Barocio – jarana
Eva Brunner-Velasquez – voice, zapateado
Carla Diaz – violin
Juan Diaz – trumpet
Mario Dimas – vibuela y jarana
Benito Marines – voice, sax, guitarrón, jarana
Lola Marines – baritone sax, zapateado
Raul Perales – clarinet
Edgar Ramirez – vibuela y jarana.

Produced and directed by Eugene Rodríguez,
Los Cenzontles Mexican Arts Center

© & © 1995 by Arhoolie Productions, Inc.

Los Cenzontles

“Con Su Permiso, Señores”

With Banda,
Mariachi,
Conjunto Norteño,
Conjunto Jarocho



Los Cenzontles

Con su Permiso, Señores

Cenzontle is the Nahuatl word for mockingbird, and like the mockingbird, Los Cenzontles sing, play and dance the music of many regions of Mexico. The members of Los Cenzontles range in ages 12 to 19 and study music, dance, verse composition and instrument building at Los Cenzontles Mexican Arts Center in San Pablo/Richmond, California. Founded in 1994 by co-directors Eugene Rodriguez and Alicia Marines, LCMAC is a non-profit organization dedicated to providing a quality cultural education to youth in a family setting. Los Cenzontles have recorded numerous independent cassettes and were recently featured on **Papa's Dream**, a bi-lingual children's CD by Los Lobos and Lalo Guerrero. **Con su Permiso, Señores** is Los Cenzontles' first CD on their own.

Additional musical support by faculty and friends of Los Cenzontles Mexican Arts Center: Eduardo Beleche: violin; Francisco "Pato" Diaz: vibuela; Mara Fox: tuba, trombone; Tom Fugelstad: trumpet; Miguel Govea: electric bass; Gilberto Gutierrez: jarana; Peter Josheff: clarinet; Eugene Rodriguez: guitarra, guitarra de son, guitarron jarocho.

With special guests Santiago Jimenez Jr.: accordion – on #2, 7, 10, 17, & 20; and Lalo Guerrero – on #14.

Additional direction and arrangements by: mariachi maestro Francisco "Pato" Diaz; trumpet maestro Tom Fugelstad, and jarocho maestro Gilberto Gutierrez.

Executive producer: Chris Strachwitz

English translations by Zac Salem

Cover photo © by Chris Strachwitz

All tracks were recorded and mixed March to October, 1995, by Derek Bianchi at MuscleTone Studios, Berkeley, CA, except the following: Tracks # 4, 9, 13, 19, recorded and mixed May, 1994, by Pbred Cirilo at Komotion, San Francisco, CA.

Track #1 was recorded live, October 14, 1994, in Berkeley, courtesy Instituto Pro Musica de San Francisco.

The Songs:

1. EL CORRIDO DEL MAIZ CARO

Con su permiso, señores,
aquí les voy a cantar,
el año cincuenta y siete
la crisis en general.

Lo que pensaban los ricos
y no se les concedió,
de poner su maíz tan caro
ahora sí que les falló.

En ese pueblo de Arandas,
al señor Santos González,
lo hicieron abrir sus trojas
por orden de federales.

En Jesús María, Jalisco
que ya no hallaban que hacer,
se quejan al presidente
que les diera de comer.

Los hombres muy apurados
todos iban en condina,
en lugar de traer su maíz
"traiban" sus sacos de harina.

Las mujeres muy contentas,
dándole gracias a Dios,

BALLAD OF THE EXPENSIVE CORN

With your permission folks
I'm going to sing to you
this year of 1957
about the general crisis.

What the rich people planned
but couldn't pull off,
was to sell their corn at a high price
but it backfired on them.

In the town of Arandas
they made Mr. Santos González
open up all his grain silos
by order of the Federal Government.

In Jesús María, Jalisco,
where they didn't know what to do
they complained to the mayor
that he should get them food.

The men who were really desperate
went together as a group
instead of bringing their corn
they brought sacks of flour.

The women, very contented,
were giving thanks to God:

¡Hay! qué bien nos cae la harina
con nuestros platos de arroz.

El señor Bacos decía:
Yo mi maíz no lo vendo,
páguenlo a uno cincuenta,
se llevan todo el que tengo.

Uno entregaba el maíz,
otro "recibía" el dinero,
y el señor Santos González,
haciendo grandes pucheros.

Don Felipe Camarena,
a un ladito de la laja,
se puso a moler su maíz,
y a revolverlo con paja.

Gracias a los presidentes
que tuvieron compasión,
mandaban traer el maíz
de todita la región.

How wonderful is this flour
alongside of our plates of rice.

Mr. Bacas was saying
I won't sell my corn,
buy it at one-fifty
and you can take all I have.

One person handed over the corn,
another received the money,
and Mr. Santos González
was standing by making faces.

Mr. Felipe Camarena,
on one side of the stone
started grinding his corn
and mixing it with straw.

Thanks to the governors
who took pity on the people,
and ordered the corn brought
from all over the region.

2. PERITA EN DULCE

Ay que lindo cuerpecito
el que tienes vida mia
pareces perita en dulce
pareces fresca sandía.

Quisiera ser dobladillo
de tu corta minifalda

CANDIED PEAR

Ay, what a fine little body
that you have my love
you're like a candied pear
you're like fresh watermelon.

I would love to be a fold
in your short miniskirt

pa' rozarme con tus piernas
ay cajeta de Celaya.

Que chorizo de Toluca
ni que pan de Michoacán
ni que birria de Jalisco
ni que mar de Mazatlán

Para mi esos antojitos
ni me vienen, ni me van
cuando beso tu boquita
pura miel en el panal.

Eres plata eres oro
eres piedra agua marina
por eso cuando te miro
hasta el cuero se me enchina.

Eres copa de las finas
derramada de cognac
vida mia dame un traguito
sin que sepa tu papa.

so I could rub against your legs,
sweet caramel from Celaya.

What chorizo from Toluca
or bread from Michoacán
or *birria* from Jalisco
or what seafood of Mazatlán,

For me, these appetizers
lose all of their charm
when I kiss your lips
that are pure honey.

You are silver, you are gold,
you are a precious stone,
that's why when I look at you
you give me goose bumps.

You are a fine crystal glass
filled with cognac,
my love, just give me a little sip
without letting your father know.

4. LA SARNA

Ay dices que no me quieres
porque tengo aquí un raspón;
Vida mia no crees que es sarna
es mordida de ratón.

Sarnicula emperadora
madre de la comezón
venga Ud. a rascar me un poco
de bajo del pantalón

THE SCABIES

You tell me you don't love me
because I have here a rash,
my dear don't think it's scabies,
It's just a bite from a mouse.

Scabies is the queen mother
of all itches,
come over and scratch me a little
underneath my pants.

Sarnicula emperadora
madre de las comezones
venga Ud. a rascar me un poco
de bajo de los calzones

La sarna es un accidente
que viene de la calor;
si se rasca uno se siente
si no se rasca uno es peor.

(Repeat verse 3)

Sarnicula emperadora
madre de la jiribia
venga Ud. a rascarme un poco
debajo de la rodilla.

Ay dices que no me quieres
porque tengo aquí un granito
Vida mía no crees que es sarna
es piquete de mosquito.

(Repeat verses 2 & 3)

9. EL CAMOTAL

Yo tenía mi camotal
en tierra que no era mía
por no saberlo cuidar
me la acabó la sequía
por eso me fue tan mal.

Camotes y mas camotes
calabazitas, chilacayotas

Scabies is the queen
mother of all itches
come here and scratch me a little
underneath my drawers.

Scabies is an accident
that happens with the heat:
if you scratch it you feel it,
but if you don't, it's worse.

(Repeat verse 3)

Scabies is queen
mother of passion
come here and scratch me a little
underneath my knee.

You tell me you don't love me
because I have here a sore
dear, don't think it's scabies,
it's just a mosquito bite.

(Repeat verses 2 & 3)

THE SWEET POTATO PATCH

I had a sweet potato patch
on land that wasn't mine
not knowing how to take care of it,
it has all dried up,
and that's why I've had a hard time.

Potatoes and more potatoes,
little pumpkins and squash,

naranjas dulces, limón partido
dame un abrazo y me voy contigo
Si fuera falso tu juramento
en otro tiempo se olvidará.

Camotes y más camotes
calabazitas, chilacayotas
naranjas dulces, limón celeste
dile a María que no se acueste
que María ya se acostó
vino la muerte y se la llevó.

Yo tenía mi camotal
en medio de la sabana;
Por no saberlo cuidar
me la ha comido la iguana
que demonio de animal.

Camotes y mas camotes
calabazitas, chilacayotas
naranjas dulces, limón partido
dame un abrazo y me voy contigo
si fuera falso tu juramento
en otro tiempo se olvidará.
Camotes y mas camotes
calabazitas, chilacayotas
naranjas dulces, limón celeste
dile a María que no se acueste
que María ya se acostó
vino la muerte y se la llevó.

sweet oranges and celestial lemon,
give me a hug and I'll go with you,
if what you have sworn was a lie,
another day it will be forgotten.

Potatoes and more potatoes,
little pumpkins and squash,
sweet oranges and celestial lemon,
tell María not to lie down.
Now María has gone to bed,
Death came along and took her away.

I had a sweet potato patch
down on the plain,
not knowing how to take care of it
an iguana has come and gobbled it up—
what a devil of an animal.

Potatoes and more potatoes,
little pumpkins and squash,
sweet oranges and celestial lemon,
give me a hug and I'll go with you,
if what you have sworn was a lie,
another day it will be forgotten.
Potatoes and more potatoes,
little pumpkins and squash,
sweet oranges and celestial lemon,
tell María not to lie down.
Now María has gone to bed,
death came along and took her away.

10. EL BRACERO FRACASADO

Cuando yo salí del rancho
no llevaba ni calzones
pero si llegué a Tijuana
de puritos aventones

Como no traía dinero
me paraba en las esquinas
para ver a quien gorreaba
los pequesos de gallina

Yo quería cruzar la línea
de la unión americana
yo quería ganar dinero
porque esa era mi tirada

Como no traía papeles
mucho menos pasaporte
me aventé cruzando cerros
yo solito y sin coyotes

Despues verán, como me fue
llegué a Santana, con las patas bien peladas
los huaraches que llevaba, se acabaron de volada
el sombrero y la camisa, los perdí en la corretiada
que me dieron unos güeros, que ya mero me
alcansaban.

Me salí a la carretera
muerto de hambre y desvelado
me subí en un tren carguero
que venía de Colorado

THE FAILED BRACERO

When I left my ranch
I didn't even have any underwear
but I made it to Tijuana
by getting rides.

Since I had no money
I stood around on street corners
to beg passers-by
for something to eat.

I wanted to cross the border
to the United States
I wanted to make money
because that was my aim.

Since I had no papers,
much less a passport,
I went cross-country through the hills
by myself and without a guide.

Now you'll see just how it went
I arrived at Santana with sore feet
the huaraches I had soon wore out
my hat and my shirt I lost on the run
from some gringos who almost caught me.

I came out on the highway
half dead from hunger and lack of sleep
I hopped on a freight train
that came from Colorado.

Y con rumbo a San Francisco
sin bagón me fui colgado
pero con tan mala suerte
que en Salinas me agarraron

Despues verán, como me fue
Llegó la migra, de las manos me amarraron
me decía no sé que cosa en inglés, me regañaron
me dijeron los gabachos: te regresas a tu rancho
pero yo sentí muy gacho, regresar a mi terruño
de bracero fracasado, sin dinero y sin hilacho.

12. CORRIDO DE CECY RIOS

Aquí me pongo a cantar
versos de una triste historia
que la llevo en la memoria
imposible de olvidar.

Siempre fue Cecilia Rios
alegre y muy compañera
apreciada donde quiera
no andaba metida en lios.

Buena hija fue en su casa
la amaban padres y hermanos
los amigos, los paisanos
era reyna entre la raza.

Rodeada de tanto amor
ya por cosas del destino
fue muy corto su camino
para tan hermosa flor.

En route to San Francisco
I was hanging on the outside of the train
but my luck was so bad
that in Salinas I was caught.

Now you'll see what happened to me:
The "Migra" arrived and tied my hands
and said I don't know what in English, and
the gringos told me to go back to my ranch,
but I felt so ashamed, going back home
as a failure with no money and ragged clothes.

THE BALLAD OF CECY RIOS

Here I am going to sing
verses of a sad story
that stays in my memory
and is impossible to forget.

Cecilia Rios was always happy
and a good friend
appreciated everywhere she went,
she never got mixed up with trouble.

She was a good daughter in her house
her parents and siblings loved her,
so did her friends and her countrymen,
she was a queen amongst her people.

Surrounded by so much love
it was to be her destiny
her road was very short
for such a beautiful flower.

Siendo una quinceañera
le tocó la mala suerte
pues le azechaba la muerte
de una forma traicionera.

En el tercer mes del año
el día catorce corría
un criminal desvaría
y decide hacerle daño.

Recién de México vino
a visitar a su gente
pero ya traía en mente
el espíritu asesino.

Las siete daba el reloj
la noche venía cayendo
cuando a su casa iba iendo
Miguel Chavez la siguió.

Que solo quería robarla
dicen que les declaró
pero también la ultrajó
y terminó por matarla.

En la escuela Downer fue
donde aconteció el suceso
y hoy el asesino preso
vive sin gloria y sin fé.

Richmond de luto quedó
y Cecy al cielo se fue
yo en estos versos conté
la desgracia que pasó.

Being just fifteen years old,
she was to have bad luck,
death was to cut her down
in such a terrible way.

In the third month of the year
the fourteenth day arrived
a criminal went mad
and decided to do her harm.

He had come recently from Mexico
to visit his people
but he already carried with him
the spirit of a murderer.

It was seven o'clock
and night was falling,
when she started home
and Miguel Chavez followed her.

He only wanted to rob her
they say he later declared
but he also abused her
and ended up killing her.

In the Downer school it was
where all this took place
and today the murderer is jailed
and lives without glory or faith.

Richmond is in mourning
and Cecy has gone to heaven
here in these verses I've recounted
the tragedy that took place.

Vuela cenizote cantor
tus trinos serán testigos
que a Cecy padres y amigos
la recuerdan con amor.

14. CANCIÓN MEXICANA

Hoy que llena de emociones
me encuentro con mi jarana.
Voy a rendir homenaje
a la canción mexicana.

Voy a rendir homenaje
a la canción más galana;
la canción más primorosa
que es la canción mexicana.

Pa' hacer pesos de a montones
no hay como el americano
pa' conquistar corazones
no hay mejor que un mexicano.

Y como es que lo consigue
si no es cantando canciones
como es el Cielito Lindo
Que alegra los corazones

Ay, ay ay, ay,
Canta y no llores
porque cantando se alegran,
Cielito Lindo, los corazones.

No hay otra cosa más linda
que en las mañanitas frías

Fly away singing mockingbird,
your songs will bear witness
that the family and friends of Cecy
remember her with love.

THE MEXICAN SONG

Today full of joy
I'm here with my jarana.
I'm going to sing an homage to
the songs of Mexico.

I'm going to sing the praises
of the most gallant songs,
the most elegant songs
that are the songs of Mexico.

To make heaps of money
no one can do it like the Americans,
but to win peoples' hearts
no one can do it better than a Mexican.

And how do they do it
if it isn't by singing songs
like Cielito Lindo
that cheers up the heart:

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
sing, don't cry
because singing gladdens
our hearts dearest one.

There is nothing more beautiful
on a cold morning

cantarle a mi rancherita
Mañanitas Tapatias.

Que causan mucha alegría
y emoción al cuerpo mío
que los sones abajeños
del mariachi tapatio.

Mi mariachi suena con alegre son
Oye como alegre canta mi canción
Suena el arpa vieja, suena el guitarrón
El violín se queja, lo mismo que yo.
Suena el arpa vieja, suena el guitarrón
El violín se queja, lo mismo que yo.

Es la canción mexicana
la que se merece honor;
esa es la más primorosa
porque alimenta el amor.

Hay canciones extranjeras
que alborotan la pasión
pero ni una se compara
con esta dulce canción:

Que si Adelita quisiera ser mi novia
y si Adelita fuera mi mujer
le compraría un vestido de seda
para llevarla a bailar al cuartel.

than to sing to my ranch girl
Mañanitas Tapatias.

They give such happiness
and good feeling to my body,
they are the Sones Abajeños
of the Mariachi Tapatio:

My mariachi plays with such lively rhythm
listen to how happily they sing my song
the old harp sounds, so does the guitarrón,
and the violin laments, just like I do
the old harp sounds, so does the guitarrón,
and the violin laments, just like I do.

The Mexican song
is the one deserving of honor
it is the most graceful
because it nourishes love.

There are foreign songs
that cry about passion
but not one compares
with this sweet song:

If Adelita wanted to be my sweetheart,
and if Adelita were my wife,
I'd buy her a silk dress
to take her dancing at the barracks.

Down Home Music Since 1960: Blues • Cajun • Tex-Mex • Zydeco • Country • Jazz • Regional & World Music
For our complete 116-page illustrated catalog of CDs, Cassettes, Videos, & more, send \$2.00 to:
ARHOOLIE CATALOG, 10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, CA 94530

16. EL PALOMO Y LA PALOMA

Palomita vete al campo
y dile a los tiradores;
ahí diles que no te maten
porque eres reina de amores.
Palomita vete ahí .

El amor y el interés
se fueron al campo un día;
pudo mas el interés
que el amor que te tenía.
Palomita vamos ahí .

El palomo y la paloma
se fueron un día a misa;
la paloma reza y reza
el palomo risa y risa.
palomita vete ahí .

18. VENGANZA DE MARIA

Quiero asistir a ese baile
dijo la hermosa María
y le contestó su madre
no puedes ir hija mía
ahí estará ese cobarde
llamado Juan Rentería.

No puedo estar encerrada
en estas cuatro paredes
llevo mi pistola escuadra
para poder defenderme
vendré por la madrugada
esperame si tú quieres.

THE PIGEON AND THE DOVE

Dove, go fly to the country
and go tell the hunters,
tell them not to kill you
because you are the queen of love,
dove, get going.

Love and greed
went to the country one day
my greed was more
than the love I had for you,
Dove, let's get going.

The Pigeon and the Dove
went to mass one day
the dove was praying and praying
and the pigeon was laughing and laughing,
Dove, get going.

MARIA'S REVENGE

I want to go to this dance
said the beautiful María
and her mother answered her:
you cannot go my daughter
because that coward will be there,
named Juan Rentería

I can't stay locked up
behind these four walls,
I'll take my gun with me,
so that I can defend myself
I'll be home in the early morning,
wait for me if you want to.

Dio principi6 la funci6n
una redova se oía
los hombres con devoci6n
admiraban a María
con una mala intenci6n
se acerc6 Juan Rentería.

Se rumoraba en el pueblo
todo mundo lo decía
que Juan mat6 a don Sotero
que fue el padre de María
Lo venadi6 en el potrero
pa' lograr lo que quería.

Vamos a bailar María
le dice Juan el cobarde
Sabes que nunca lo haría
tu asesinaste a mi padre
presentí que aquí andarías
por eso vine a matarte.

Del interior de su bolso
sac6 el arma que traía
le destellaban los ojos
por la furia que sentía
y en medio de alboroto
cay6 muerto Rentería.

20. EL MEXICANO AMERICANO

Voy a cantar en un corrido brevemente
como es que soy un mexicano-americano
a mucha honra claramente soy chicano
y a mi pasado mexicano llevo en mente

The dance got started,
and a redova could be heard,
the men with great devotion
admired beautiful María.
With bad intentions
Juan Rentería approached.

The rumor was in the town
repeated by one and all,
that Juan killed Don Sotero
who was the father of María
He killed him in the pasture
to get what he wanted.

Let's dance, María
said Juan the coward
you know I'll never do that,
you killed my father,
I thought you might be here
so I came to kill you.

From inside her purse
she pulled the gun she had brought
her eyes were flashing
with the fury that was in her
in the middle of the excitement
Rentería fell down dead.

THE MEXICAN AMERICAN

I'm going to sing a short corrido
about how it is that I am a Mexican American
clearly I am proud to be a chicano
and my Mexican past is always in my mind.

Un día mi abuelo llegó de Michoacán
dej6 la tierra y la pobreza en que vivía
al ver que ahí más esperanza ya no había
sigui6 los pasos de los que al norte se van.

México es patria de mis antepasados
tiene en su pueblo gran riqueza cultural
ya a esta tierra que nos da lo material
damos cultura y quedamos amanados.

Luego mi abuelo aquí se hizo ciudadano
con mil trabajos que tenían que pasar
como su esfuerzo le dejaba a prosperar
mejor no quiso regresar nunca de plano.

Traj6 a mi abuela y muy felices se casaron
fueron sus hijos estudiados avanzados
agricultores, ingenieros y abogados
que las virtudes del estudio nos mostraron.

Para el chicano estar unido es importante
y sobre todo nunca debe de olvidar
que los abuelos tuvieron que luchar
para apoyar al que ahora llega de inmigrante

Como decir que al inmigrante hay que parar
son decadentes los que dan esa opini6n
al inmigrante ha hecho grande a esta naci6n
cruzando al Bravo lo mismo que la mar

Ni un nuevo muro de Berlín será buen freno
ya no habrá nadie que cambie este destino
la California baila ya al ritmo latino
y esta orgullosa de tener rostro moreno.

One day my grandfather came from Michoacán
he left the land and the poverty in which he lived
when he saw there was no more hope there
he followed the footsteps of those that had gone north.

Mexico is the country of my ancestors
it is a country of great cultural richness
this country gives us material things
but we give it culture, so we are even.

My grandfather later became a citizen here
he had to do many kinds of work to survive
but with his strong spirit he prospered
and decided he would never go back.

He brought my grandmother and happily they were wed
and their children were highly educated
agriculturalists, engineers and lawyers
who showed us the virtues of a good education.

For the chicano its important to be united
and above all we should never forget
that our grandparents had to struggle,
so we should support those that are new immigrants.

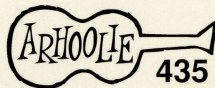
How can we say that we should stop immigration
People with that opinion are decadent,
the immigrants have made this a great country
whether they crossed the Bravo or the ocean.

Not even a new Berlin Wall would stop them
no one will be able to change this destiny
California dances with a Latin rhythm
and is proud to have a brown face.

Los Cenzontles

Con Su Permiso, Señores

Con Banda, Conjunto Norteño, Mariachi y Conjunto Jarocho



1. EL CORRIDO DEL MAIZ CARO (*corrido*)
2. PERITA EN DULCE (Pedro Davila) (*ranchera*)
3. YO YA ME VOY (Frumencio Olguin Nápoles) (*ranchera*)
4. LA SARNA (*son jarocho*)
5. BALA PERDIDA (Tomás Mendez) (*ranchera*)
6. UN POQUITO DE PECADO (*bolero*)
7. LA MAL SENTADA (Pedro Davila) (*ranchera*)
8. EL CABALLITO (*son jalisciense*)
9. EL CAMOTAL (*son jarocho*)
10. EL BRACERO FRACASADO (Ernesto Pesqeda) (*corrido*)
11. LA PAVA (Pedro Yereña) (*ranchera*)
12. EL CORRIDO DE CECILIA RIOS (Los Cenzontles & Gilberto Gutierrez) (*corrido*)
13. EL PAJARO CU (*son jarocho*)
14. CANCIÓN MEXICANA (Lalo Guerrero) (*canción*)
15. EL NOVILLO DESPUNTADO (*ranchera*)
16. EL PALOMO Y LA PALOMA (*son jarocho*)
17. QUE COBARDE (Nico Jiménez) (*ranchera*)
18. LA VENGANZA DE MARÍA (*corrido*)
19. LA BRUJA (*son jarocho*)
20. EL MEXICANO-AMERICANO (Gilberto Gutierrez & Eugene Rodríguez) (*corrido*)

21. EL AGUANIEVE / EL ZAPATEADO

(*son jarocho*)

22. EL SAUCE Y LA PALMA

(Luis Perez Meza) (*ranchera*)

Los Cenzontles:

Cover, 1. to r. front row: Ruth Arroyo – voice, *zapateado*

Amalia Marines – voice, *zapateado*

Lucina Rodriguez – voice

Kristal Gray – voice, *zapateado*

2nd row: Daena Villagrana – voice

Nancy Morales – voice

Angelita Gomez – voice

Liset Bedolla – voice

Hugo Arroyo – voice, *jarana*, *guitarrón*

back row: Fidel Lopez – trumpet

Germaine Gomez (of Toritos Musical) – trumpet

Benito Gomez (of Toritos Musical) – drums, trumpet, (shown holding a *vibuela*).

Not pictured: Angel Abundez – voice, harp

Hector Barocio – *jarana*

Eva Brunner-Velasquez – voice, *zapateado*

Carla Diaz – violin

Juan Diaz – trumpet

Mario Dimas – *vibuela* y *jarana*

Benito Marines – voice, sax, *guitarrón*, *jarana*

Lola Marines – baritone sax, *zapateado*

Raul Perales – clarinet

Edgar Ramirez – *vibuela* y *jarana*.

Produced and directed by Eugene Rodríguez,

Los Cenzontles Mexican Arts Center

Copyright © & © 1995 by
Arhoole Productions Inc.



0 96297 04352 3