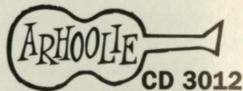


LYDIA MENDOZA

La Gloria de Texas



1. NO ES CULPA MIA (2:45)
2. MI PROBLEMA (2:50)
3. MUJER PASEADA (2:45)
4. AMOR BONITO (3:00)
(Lydia Mendoza)
5. COLLAR DE PERLAS (2:45)
6. LUIS PULIDO (2:35)
7. AUNQUE VENGA MUY
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8. SIN FE (2:25)
9. MALAGUENA SALEROSA (3:50)
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11. BESANDO LA CRUZ (2:55)
12. HACE UN AÑO (3:30)
13. TANGO NEGRO (3:35)
14. SILVERIO PEREZ (2:45)
15. OLVIDARTE JA MÁS (2:50)
16. ZENAIDA (4:00)
17. NO PUEDE DEJAR DE
QUERERTE (3:10)
18. MARGARITA, MARGARITA (3:00)
19. DELGADINA (4:12)

Lydia Mendoza - vocals and
12- string guitar.

Produced and Recorded by Chris Strachwitz
in San Antonio, Texas, on May 13, 1979
on a Nagra IV-S with 2 Neumann KM
861 microphones, except for # 19 which
was recorded by Salome Gutierrez on
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Guillermo Hernandez and Yolanda
Zepeda with additions by Zack and
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Re-mixed and EQ'd for CD release by Mike
Cogan - Bay Records, Berkeley, Ca.

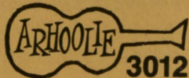
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Lydia Mendoza

La
Gloria
de
Texas



LYDIA MENDOZA - *La Gloria de Texas*

Lydia Mendoza is the number one pioneer Tejano recording star and the most remarkable and enduring woman performer in the history of recorded Mexican-American music. Lydia has recorded well over a thousand songs since 1928 when, as a 12-year old girl, she played mandolin and sang background along with her sister Panchita on the first 78 rpm records made in a San Antonio hotel room by her parents, Francisco & Leonor Mendoza, under the name of **Cuarteto Carta Blanca**.

The songs on this CD were recorded by Lydia Mendoza in 1981 after giving one of the most moving performances I have ever witnessed during an afternoon concert at San Antonio's Hemisphere Plaza Banquet Room, sponsored by radio station KCOR. Having long admired the recordings of Lydia Mendoza, and having filmed her with cinematographer Les Blank for our award-winning Brazos Films documentary about Texas-Mexican border music,

Chulas Fronteras, I could not resist the opportunity to record her right after the concert. After briefly consulting with her husband Fred, Lydia said, "Sure, I will stay at my daughter's home tonight here in San Antonio and you can make the record." We went directly to her daughter's house and as soon as I had set up my recording equipment Lydia sat down in the living room and sang and played one superb number after another! She was warmed up and simply continuing the great performance she had begun earlier in the day at the concert. The songs just seemed to flow out of Lydia and I had a feeling she could have gone on singing all night. She must know thousands of songs by heart and she does not have them written out in front of her—they are all in her head and in her soul.

Today, as I write these notes in September of 1993, Lydia Mendoza lives in retirement in Houston, Texas, the town where she was born. Lydia can look

back with pride at 65 years of sharing her songs, music and traditions with her loyal audiences. She is also enjoying the arrival of a book: LYDIA MENDOZA - A Family Autobiography (Arte Publico Press - Houston, Texas, and available by mail from Arhoolie Records). Compiled and introduced by Chris Strachwitz and Prof. James Nicolopulos, the 400-page book chronicles not only the career of this century's most outstanding and renowned figure in Mexican-American music, but also the trials and tribulations of the whole Mendoza family including Lydia's sisters, Maria and Juanita, who became famous and prolific recording artists in their own rights. The book tells their story in their own words and includes a complete discography listing all the recordings made by members of the Mendoza family along with historic photographs.

After Lydia Mendoza's initial appearance on records with her family, she made her solo recording debut in 1934, singing and playing her own 12-string guitar accompaniment. From the selections recorded that day, *Mal*

Hombre became her first hit (re-released on Arhoolie/Folklyric CD/C 7002). Lydia's recordings quickly established her name not only as a fine and emotional singer, but also as a distinctive and full sounding 12-string guitar player. Lydia and her guitar became immensely popular not only throughout South Texas and Northern Mexico, but in nearly every Spanish-speaking region of this hemisphere. She soon traveled widely throughout the Southwest, west to Los Angeles, north to Chicago, and south to Mexico City and Colombia.

Lydia became known as "La Alondra de la Frontera" (The Lark of the Border) and appealed to every strata of Spanish-speaking society. She was also known as "La Cancionera de los Pobres" (The Poor People's Songstress) because she sang on many occasions for the poorest farm workers, having herself performed that back-breaking work during the early 1930s. Lydia, alone and with her family variety show, has appeared at theaters and *carpas* (tent shows) throughout the country, at concerts and dances, and at venues

of every description and for people from all walks of life. She sang for the president of Mexico in the 1950s and at the inauguration of United States president Jimmy Carter in 1977. Not long before the original release of this recording in the 1970s, Lydia was introduced by the MC at a Houston, Texas, performance as "La Gloria de Texas," (The Glory of Texas) and I feel that is really the most appropriate title for this "truly great and indestructible figure in Mexican-American music" (as folklorist Jim Griffith referred to her in his notes to her early recordings).

Lydia's enormous repertoire of songs is drawn from a wide range of sources, but it is obvious that she sings them all from the heart and with great personal involvement. Some of her best songs are her own compositions and come directly from her own experiences. A good example is *Amor Bonito*, written by Lydia in Corpus Christi, Texas, in 1964, after her husband Fred had left for a visit to Denver. During his absence, feeling the pain of loneliness and separation, she made up this moving song which has since become

one of her most popular numbers. It has been recorded by many other artists including Little Joe and La Familia. Other songs are written by friends and admirers: *Mi Problema* was sent to Lydia by a fan in Colombia, while *Mujer Paseada* was written by Daniel Garces, one of the best song writers in San Antonio who was also a popular musician and entertainer in the 1950s.

Still others are drawn from the vast field of Mexican popular and folk music. Lydia has learned many of her favorites in response to requests from listeners, including the corrido *Luis Paulido* and the rancheras *Aunque Venga Muy Borracho* and *Ojitos Verdes*. *Malagueña Salerosa* is an old but very popular song which Lydia has recorded here for the first time; *Collar de Perlas* is another old song which she learned from her mother. Besides *Mal Hombre* the next best seller for Lydia was *Besando La Cruz* which became a hit for her in 1950 on the Falcon label. Tangos were very popular in the 1930s, and *Tango Negro*, which she first recorded in 1947, is from that era. *Silverio Perez* is about the famous Mexican bull fighter,

a *pasodoble*, and composed by Augustin Lara.

To the songs on the original LP release I have added the fine bolero *Sin Fe* as well as a couple of other lovely songs, including the *corrido* about the trials and tribulations of *Zenaida*, which was first popularized in the 1930s via a recording by **Los Madrugadores**. Lydia also had recorded for me on that magic evening, the fine song *Margarita, Margarita*, which was composed by fellow Tejano, Santiago Jimenez. You can hear this song even today on almost any Spanish language radio station, with, however, an up-dated sound by a *banda*.

This CD/C by Lydia Mendoza ends with *Delgadina*, a *corrido* based on the remarkable old Spanish romance dealing with the tragedy of incest. Over the past century or so this ballad has been very popular all over

Mexico although the text has been modified so that the evil father is a large land owner in the Mexican state of Durango instead of the king of Spain. This item was recorded by Salome Gutierrez and is unfortunately not of the best recording quality due to the tape not having been properly erased, but the text is a masterpiece of traditional vernacular literature.

As I watched and listened to Lydia sing these songs on that night in San Antonio, I was struck again and again, not only by her fine voice and guitar work, but by the deep and personal emotion she put into every one of these songs. Lydia seems to have lived every song and each one has become a part of her. She is not only a legend and an amazing entertainer but a true artist. Viva Lydia Mendoza! Truly, "La Gloria de Texas!"

(Chris Strachwitz, 1993)

The Songs:

NO ES CULPA MIA

Diosito santo, Diosito bueno,
¿qué quieres que haga, si yo la quiero?
se que es pecado querer lo ajeno
y sin quererla sé que me muero

Su cariño era de otro
¿que quieres que haga? yo no sabía.
yo no pensaba que me engañaba
cuando juraba que me quería.
Diosito santo (se repite).

Por eso bebo, por eso lloro,
aunque me digan que es cobardía;
quiero olvidarla, pero no puedo,
Diosito santo, no es culpa mía.

MI PROBLEMA

Estamos iguales,
con el mismo problema;
y no debo amarte
porque tú eres ajena.

Y aunque tú tengas dueño,
aunque yo tenga dueña,
yo voy a resolver
este problema.

Estamos iguales (se repite).

NO FAULT OF MINE

Heavenly God, merciful Lord
I can't help it if I love her.
It's wrong to desire what belongs to another
But without her love I know I'll die.

But if her love belonged to someone else,
What could I do? I didn't know
I didn't realize she was lying
When she said she loved me.
Heavenly God (repeat)

That's why I drink and why I cry,
Although I'm told it's only weakness;
I want to forget her but I can't,
Heavenly God, it's no fault of mine.

MY DILEMMA

We are the same,
And we have the same problem;
'Cause I shouldn't love you
Since you belong to another.

And though you have a man,
And I have a woman,
I will find a solution
To this dilemma.

We are the same (repeat)

Yo sé que es un pecado
amar lo que es amado,
pero un fuego es mi amor,
a mí me estás quemando.

Y aunque tú tengas dueño (etc.)

MUJER PASEADA

Así te quiero mujer,
no le hace que seas paseada;
te quiero porque me nace
de las entrañas del alma.

Tú no sabías querer
porque eras mujer paseada,
y te burlabas de mí
cuando de amores te hablaba.

Pero llegaste a saber
que con mi amor no jugabas;
y con el tiempo supiste
lo mucho que tú me amabas.

Tú despreciabas mi amor
cuando en tus brazos lloraba,
pero llegaste a quereme
así como yo deseaba.

Tú no sabías querer (etc.)

I know it's wrong
To desire someone's beloved,
But my love is like a flame,
And I am burning.

And though you have a man (etc.)

EASY WOMAN

I love you as you are
Even if you've been an easy woman;
I love you 'cause my feeling
Comes from the very depth of my soul.

You didn't know how to love
Because you were an easy woman,
And you used to laugh at me
Whenever I told you of my love.

But then you did learn
That you couldn't play with my love;
With time you found out
Just how much you really loved me.

You scorned my love
When I would plead in your arms,
But you did fall in love with me
Just the way I wanted.

You didn't know how to love (etc.)

AMOR BONITO

El mundo estará muy lleno
de amores y de querencias,
pero pa' mí hay uno solo
que da luz a mi existencia.

Mi amor es rete bonito,
radiante como un lucero,
y las tristezas que mi alma
da al negro con su recuerdo.

Doy gracias a mi Diosito
por lo bueno que es conmigo
yo pienso oye mis plegarias
a todo lo que le pido.

Amor bonito, bonito,
cariño, mi cariñito
te quiero porque te quiero,
porque eres mi amor bonito.

Mi amor es rete bonito
radiante como una estrella,
de pensando en tú cariño
se acaban todas mis penas.

Doy gracias a mi Diosito (etc.)

COLLAR DE PERLAS

Siento en el alma
muchas ganas inmensas de llorar;
tú me haces falta
y juré no decírtelo jamás.

BEAUTIFUL LOVE

The world might be full
Of lovers and affairs,
But for me there is only one
That brings light to my existence.

My love is so beautiful
Radiant like a star,
And my soul's sadness
Darkens its memory [sic].

I give thanks to the Lord
For being so good to me
I think he hears my prayers
And all that I ask of Him.

Beautiful love, beautiful,
Beloved, my dear love
I love you because I do,
Because you are my beautiful love.

My love is so beautiful
Radiant like a star,
And just thinking of your love
Brings an end to all my troubles.

I give thanks to the Lord (etc.)

NECKLACE OF PEARLS

I feel in my soul
A great desire to cry;
I miss you and I need you
But I swore I wouldn't even tell you

Yo quiero hacerte
con mis lagrimas
un collar de perlas.

Déjame llorar
porque hoy que te perdí,
queriendote olvidar
me acuerdo más de ti.

Si es un delito amar
un delincuente soy,
porque no he de pagar
la culpa de querer.

Yo quiero hacerte (etc.)

LUIS PULIDO

Desde hasta el rancho "Las Peñas"
les traigo el nuevo corrido:
por andar haciendo señas
mataron a Luis Pulido;
quién iba imaginarse
que lo matara un amigo.

Alegre estaba la fiesta
se celebraba una boda;
Pulido ya muy tomado
le hacía señas a la novia,
a veces quería besarla
como si estuviera sola.

Antonio muy ofendido,
quiere allanar la cosa:
-Luisito, si eres mi amigo,
respetas más a mi esposa.

I want to make for you
With my tears
A necklace of pearls.

Let me cry
Because now that I've lost you,
Wishing to forget you
I think of you all the more.

If love is a crime
Then I am a criminal,
Because I won't pay
For the price of loving you.

I want to make (etc.)

LUIS PULIDO

From the ranch of "Las Peñas"
I bring a new corrido:
Luis Pulido was killed
For getting out of line;
Who would imagine
That a friend would kill him.

There was a wedding celebration,
The party was going well;
Pulido was very drunk
And started to flirt with the bride,
At times he would try to kiss her
As if she were by herself.

Antonio, quite hurt,
Tried to smooth things out:
"Little Luis, if you are my friend,
Please show respect for my wife."

Pulido se tira un grito
que se oye en el rancho entero;
—la hembra que a mi me cuadra
la quiero porque la quiero
si alguno se me atravieza
lo despacho a San Pedro.

Se agarraron a balazos
se dieron a quemarropa
Pulido cayó bien muerto
y echó sangre por la boca,
Antonio no más herido,
pero por poco y le toca.

Pulido perdió la vida,
Antonio ganó a la buena;
así acaba siempre el hombre
que quiere a mujer ajena.

AUNQUE VENGA MUY BORRACHO

No te fijas como vengo,
lo bueno es que ya llegué;
aunque vengo muy borracho
por los tragos que me eché.

Pasaba por la cantina
cuando uno empezó a cantar,
y cantaba tan bonito
que cómo no iba a entrar.

Siempre que me emborracho,
palabra que algo me pasa;
voy derechito a verte
y me equivoco de casa.

Pulido let out a yell
That was heard throughout the ranch;
“When there is a female that suits me
I love her because I love her
And anyone who gets in my way
I’ll send him to St. Peter [death].”

They started shooting
They shot point blank
Pulido dropped dead,
He was spitting blood;
Antonio was only wounded,
Barely escaping with his life.

Pulido lost his life
Antonio won, fair and square;
That’s always how a man ends up
When he loves another’s wife.

THOUGH I’M VERY DRUNK

Don’t worry about the state I’m in
Just be glad that I finally came;
Even though I’m very drunk
Because of all I’ve had to drink.

I was passing by the cantina
When someone started to sing,
And his song was so beautiful
How could I not go in.

Everytime I get drunk,
I swear, something happens to me;
I go straight to see you
And end up at the wrong house.

Siempre que me emborracho,
yo nada más pienso en ella,
y no me tranquilizo
hasta acabar la botella.

Las palabras de un borracho,
de que te hagan reír,
pero al fondo son las penas
del hombre de su sufrir.

Al diablo con las botellas,
mejor vamos a tomar;
y veremos si ya borrachos
a ver si podemos llegar.

Siempre que me emborracho (etc.)

MALAGUEÑA SALEROSA

Qué bonitos ojos tienes
debajo de esas dos cejas,
debajo de esas dos cejas,
que bonitos ojos tienes!

Yo los quisiera mirar,
pero si tú no los dejas
ni siquiera parpadear.

Malagueña salerosa,
besar tus labios quisiera,
besar tus labios quisiera,
Malagueña salerosa
Y decirte niña hermosa
que eres linda y hechicera
como el candor de una rosa.

Everytime I get drunk,
I can only think of her;
And I can find no peace
Until the bottle is finished.

The words of a drunk man,
And I know that you will laugh,
But they are really the sorrows
Of a man and his suffering.

To hell with all those bottles
And let’s go drinking;
We’ll see if when drunk
We are able to find our way.

Everytime I get drunk (etc.)

CHARMING LADY OF MALAGA

What beautiful eyes you have
Underneath those eyebrows,
Underneath those eyebrows,
What beautiful eyes you have.

I want to look into them,
But if you don’t let them
They won’t even blink.

Charming lady of Malaga,
I’d like to kiss your lips,
I’d like to kiss your lips,
Charming lady of Malaga
And say, “Beautiful girl,
You’re lovely and bewitching
with the innocence of a rose.”

Si por pobre me desprecias
yo te concedo razón,
yo te concedo razón,
si por pobre me desprecias.

Yo no te ofresco riquezas,
te ofrezco mi corazón,
te ofrezco mi corazón,
a cambio de mis pobrezaas.

Malagueña salerosa (etc.)

OJITOS VERDES

Aquellos ojitos verdes,
¿con quién se andarán paseando?
ojalá y me recuerden,
aunque sea de vez en cuando.

Cuando voy por esos campos
y me fijo en los laureles,
parece que estoy mirando
aquellos ojitos verdes.

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ¿dónde andarán?
esos ojitos que me hicieron suspirar;
ay, ay, ay, ay, ¿Dónde estarán?
esos ojitos que no puedo olvidar.

Cuando voy por (se repite)

Vuela, vuela palomita
pero si a mi vida vuelves,
ha de ser con dos ojitos,
pero tienen que ser verdes.

Ay, ay, ay, (etc.)

If you reject me 'cause I'm poor
I admit you have a reason,
I admit you have a reason,
If you reject me 'cause I'm poor.

I can't offer you wealth
But I offer you my heart,
But I offer you my heart,
In place of my poverty.

Charming lady of Malaga (etc.)

GREEN EYES

Remember those green eyes,
I wonder who they're with now?
I hope they remember me,
Even if it's only now and then.

When I go through the countryside
And stop to look at the laurel trees,
It seems as if I'm looking
At those green eyes.

Oh, oh, where could they be?
Those eyes that made me sigh;
Oh, oh, where could they be?
Those eyes that I just can't forget.

When I go through (repeat)

Fly, fly little dove
But if you happen to return,
Bring back those eyes
And they better be green.

Oh, oh, oh (etc.)

BESANDO LA CRUZ

¿De qué sirve querer,
con todo el corazón?
¿de qué sirve sufrir el deber
respetando un amor?

Pa' mi solo eras tú,
no hubo nadie jamás;
eras solo pa' mí,
y besando la cruz
te lo puedo jurar.

Tú eras el sol,
eras la luz que me alumbró;
oscuridad, hoy eres tú
con tú traición.

Me voy lejos de aquí,
donde pueda olvidar;
de que sirva llorar,
si tú amor ya perdí
y no encuentro la paz.

Tú eras el sol (etc.)

HACE UN AÑO

Hace un año que yo tuve una ilusión,
hace un año y hoy se cumple en este día;
que recuerdo que en tus brazos me
dormía,
que yo inocente, muy confiado
te entregué mi corazón.

Ese tiempo tan feliz no volverá;
mi cariño lo pagastes con traiciones;

KISSING THE CROSS

What's the use of loving,
With all your heart,
What's the use of suffering
In order to be true?

You were the only one for me,
There was never anyone else;
You were only mine,
And kissing the cross
I swear it to you.

You were the sun,
You were the light that shined on me;
Today your deception
Brings me darkness.

I'm going far away,
Where I can forget;
What's the use of crying,
If I've lost your love
And can't find any peace.

You were the sun, (etc.)

A YEAR AGO

A year ago I had a dream,
It's been a year exactly today;
And I remember how I would sleep
in your arms,
How I was naive, and trusting and
gave my heart to you.

Those happy times will never return;
You repaid my love with betrayal;

me has dejado solo crueles
decepciones,
pero, anda ingrata, como pagas otro
así te pagará.

Pero el tiempo es justiciero y
vengador;
a pesar de tú hermosura plentera,
hoy te sobran muchos hombres que
te quieran,
verás más tarde quién se acuerda de
tú amor.

El recuerdo de tú amor quiero
olvidar,
me quisiera emborrachar de sentimiento;
te quisiera yo borrar del
pensamiento,
pero es inútil, si borracho más y
más me he de acordar.

TANGO NEGRO

Miro pasar la vida y sus encantos
y ya no siento ninguna ilusión;
y miro sólo, tan solo cosas negras,
negra es la noche de mi corazón.

Ese querer, hondo y arraigado,
si el no lo puedo de mi alma separar;
ésa será la causa de todos mis quebrantos
ésa será la causa de todo mi penar.

Jugome una negra traición,
por otro querer me dejó;

You have left me only bitter
deceptions,
But, go on ungrateful woman, some
day the same will happen to you.

But with time, justice and vengeance
will come;
Even though now your beauty brings joy,
There are now more than enough
men to love you,
Let's see if later anyone will
remember your love.

I remember that I want to forget
your love,
I want to get drunk with feeling;
I wish I could erase you from my
thoughts,
But it's useless, when drunk I only
remember you more.

BLACK TANGO

Seeing life go by full of wonders
I don't feel any hope;
I see only black things,
Black like the darkness in my heart.

That love is deeply rooted in me,
I can't take it out of my soul;
This will be the cause of my grief,
This will be the cause of all my sorrow.

It was a dark betrayal,
She left me for another love;

tan negra tenía su alma de hiel,
que toda mi vida por siempre
manchó.

Su amor fué un infierno voraz,
quemó la ilusión de mi ser;
¡que negro destino, que largo camino!
¡que abismo se abre a mis pies!

En un café, de centrica avenida,
bailaba el tango, suspirando
amor;
era de negro como ella se vestía,
que resaltaba más su perdición.

¡Oh! negra vida, cómo te desprecia,
tú eres la causa de todo su valor,
porque tú le ofrendaste el oro en
abundancia,
y porque le pintastes de negro el
corazón.

Jugome una negra traición (etc.)

SILVERIO PEREZ

Mirando torear a Silverio
me ha salido de muy hondo
lo gitano de un cantar.

Con la garganta sequita,
muy sequita la garganta,
será de tanto gritar.

That's how dark is her bitter soul,
And my life has forever been
tainted.

Her love was a consuming hell,
It burned all the hope in me;
What a dark fate! What a long road!
What an abyss lies at my feet!

In a cafe, in the center of town,
She danced the tango, sighing with
love,
She was dressed all in black,
And her evilness would stand out
all the more.

Oh! dark life, how she scorns you,
You are the cause of her brazeness,
Because you've offered her plenty
of pleasures,
And because you've painted her
heart black.

It was a dark betrayal (etc.)

SILVERIO PEREZ

Watching Silverio bull fighting,
From deep within me
I've felt a gypsy song.

With my throat very dry,
Very dry is my throat,
From shouting so much.

Silverio, Silverio Pérez,
diamante del redondel,
tormento de las mujeres,
a ver quién puede con él.

Silverio, Silverio estrella,
el príncipe milagro
de la fiesta más bella.
Carmelo, que está en el cielo,
asoma a verte torear.

Monarca del trinchero,
torero, torerazo, Azteca y Español,
Silverio, cuando toreas
no cambio por un trono
mi barrera de sol.
Silverio, Silverio (etc.)

LA ZENAIDA

Cuatrocientos kilómetros tiene
la ciudad donde vive Zenaida,
voy a ver si yo puedo encontrarla,
para ver si me da su palabra.

Al momento que vide a la jóven,
al momento yo la saludé,
al momento me dijo la niña,
"¿Oiga jóven, de donde es usted?"

"Oiga niña, yo vengo de lejos,
yo me vine en un tren pasajero.
Un favor no más vengo a pedirle,
que acompañe a este pobre soltero."

Silverio, Silverio Perez,
Diamond of the bull ring,
A torment to women,
There's no other like him.

Silverio, Silverio star,
The miracle prince
Of the most beautiful show.
Carmelo, who is in the heavens
Looks down to see you bull-fight.

King of the sword, decendent of Aztec
and Spanish.
Silverio, when you bull fight
I wouldn't change my seat in the bull ring
For any throne.
Silverio, Silverio (etc.)

LA ZENAIDA

It's four hundred kilometers away
to the city where Zenaida lives,
I am going to see if I can find her
to see if she'll give me her commitment.

When I saw the young girl,
right away I greeted her,
and right away she asked me,
"Tell me, young man, where are you from?"

"Listen, young lady, I come from far,
I came on a passenger train.
I just came to ask you as a favor
to accompany this humble bachelor."

"Oiga jóven si fuera soltero
y su usted me quisiera también,
A pasear con usted yo me fuera,
si me diera hasta el porte pa'l tren."

Alla viene ese tren pasajero
que sin duda lo estoy esperando.
Ya se vienen quedando los pueblos
ya parece que voy caminando.

Cinco meses duré sin mirarla,
trabajé con afán con esmero,
Esperando volver a encontrarla,
y ofrecerle todo mi dinero.

Cuando al fin tuve mucho dinero,
otra vez en el tren me volvía,
Hasta el pueblo en que vive Zenaida,
y corriendo veloz por la vía.

Me bajé en la estación presuroso,
y a su casa corrí a saludarla.
Muy envuelta en su lindo rebozo,
encontré a mi Zenaida del alma.

"Yo no quiero," me dice Zenaida,
"el dinero que usted me propone.
Si le dije eso a usted en otro tiempo,
se lo dije por ver si era hombre."

"Ahora miro que usted si me quiere
y si son sus amores formales,
Deberá de pasar a mi casa,
y pedirle mi mano a mis padres."

Y me vuelvo en el tren pasajero;
ya el permiso sus padres han dado,

"Listen, young man, if you were a bachelor
and if you wanted me, too,
I would leave with you,
if you would buy my train fare."

Here comes that passenger train,
no doubt the one I'm waiting for.
The cities are being left behind,
it seems as though we are moving.

I endured five months without seeing her,
I worked with eagerness and care,
Waiting to meet her again,
and offer her all my money.

When at last I had plenty of money,
again by train I returned,
To the place where Zenaida lived,
coming swiftly by train.

I got down at the station hurriedly,
and to her house I ran to greet her.
There, wrapped in her handsome shawl,
I found the Zenaida of my soul.

"I do not want," Zenaida says,
"the money that you offer me.
If I told you that before,
it was to see if you were a man."

"Now I see that you really love me
and your love is really sincere,
You ought to go to my home,
and ask my parents for my hand."

I am leaving on that passenger train;
her parents have given their consent,

Para nada sirvió mi dinero,
ya me llevo a Zenaida a mi lado.

DELGADINA

Delgadina se paseaba
en su sala bien cuadrada
con su manto de hilo de oro
que en su pecho le brillaba.

—Levántate, Delgadina,
ponte tu vestido blanco
porque nos vamos a misa
al estado de Durango.

Cuando salieron de misa
su papá le platicaba:
Delgadina, hija mía,
yo te quiero para dama.

—No lo permita mi Dios
Ni la reina soberana
Es una ofensa para Dios
y también para mi mamá.

—Delgadina, hija mía,
oye bien lo que te digo,
míra, si no condeciendes,
yo te pongo un buen castigo.

—Papacito de mi vida
eso sí no puedo hacer
porque tú eres mi padre,
y mi mamá es tu mujer.

My money was of no use,
I am taking Zenaida with me at my side.

DELGADINA

Delgadina walked around
in her spaciouly squared parlor
with her golden threaded mantle
shining on her bosom.

—Arise, Delgadina,
put on your white dress
because we are going to mass
to the state of Durango.

Coming out of mass
her father was saying:
—Delgadina, my daughter,
I want you as my lady.

—May the Lord forbid it
and the Heavenly Queen.
That would be an offense to God
and also to my Mama.

—Delgadina, my daughter,
listen carefully to me,
if you don't consent
I will give you a harsh punishment.

—Little Papa of my life,
that certainly can't be,
since you are my father
and my mama is your wife.

—Vénganse, los once criados,
pongan presa a Delgadina,
remachen bien los candados,
que no se oiga su bocina.

—Papacito de mi vida,
tu castigo estoy sufriendo,
regálame un vaso de agua
que de se' me estoy muriendo.

Venganse los once criados
llevanle agua a Delgadina
unos en copas doradas,
otros en vasos de china.

Cuando le llevaron l'agua
Delgadina estaba muerta,
con sus manitas cruzadas,
su boquita bien abierta.

Delgadina esté en el cielo
dandole cuenta al creador,
y su padre en el abismo
con el demonio mayor.

Most songs transcribed and translated by Guillermo Hernandez and Yolanda Zepeda with additions and corrections by Zack and Juanita Salem.

Sixteen songs by Lydia's sisters, Maria and Juanita, from the early 1950s originally recorded for the Azteca label, are available on Arhoolie Cassette 3017.

Twenty four of Lydia's first recordings, including the 1934 hit version of *Mal Hombre* are available on Arhoolie/Folklyric CD/Cassette 7002.

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—Come, the eleven servants,
put Delgadina in prison,
fasten well the locks,
let not her voice be heard.

—Little Papa of my life,
I am suffering your punishment,
give me a glass of water
for I am dying of thirst.

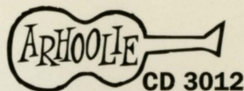
Come the eleven servants,
bring water to Delgadina
some in cups of gold,
others in cups of china.

When the water arrived
Delgadina was dead,
with her arms crossed,
and her little mouth wide open.

Delgadina is in heaven
telling her story to the creator,
and her father is in the abyss
with the head demon himself.

LYDIA MENDOZA

La Gloria de Texas



Over 60 Minutes of Classic TEJANO Music

1. NO ES CULPA MIA (2:45)
2. MI PROBLEMA (2:50)
3. MUJER PASEADA (2:45)
4. AMOR BONITO (3:00)
(Lydia Mendoza)
5. COLLAR DE PERLAS (2:45)
6. LUIS PULIDO (2:35)
7. AUNQUE VENGA MUY
BORRACHO (3:10)
8. SIN FE (2:25)
9. MALAGUEÑA SALEROSA (3:50)
10. OJITOS VERDES (2:45)
11. BESANDO LA CRUZ (2:55)
12. HACE UN AÑO (3:30)
13. TANGO NEGRO (3:35)
14. SILVERIO PEREZ (2:45)
15. OLVIDARTE JA MÁS (2:50)
16. ZENAIDA (4:00)
17. NO PUEDE DEJAR DE
QUERERTE (3:10)
18. MARGARITA, MARGARITA (3:00)
19. DELGADINA (4:12)

Total Time: 60:30



Lydia Mendoza - vocals and
12- string guitar.

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