

Lydia Mendoza

"Mal Hombre"

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Lydia Mendoza – vocals & 12-string guitar.

All recordings made in San Antonio, Texas on the following dates:

#1 & 2: 3/27/1934; #3 - 6: 8/10/1934; #7 & 8: 1/31/1935; #9 - 11: 3/8/1928 (Leonor Mendoza - vocals & guitar; Francisco Mendoza - vocals & triangle; Lydia Mendoza - vocals & mandolin; María Mendoza - vocals); #12: 3/10/1928 (same as #9); #13-15: 8/13/1935; #16 & 18: 10/22/1936; #17: 2/22/1936; #19: 10/20/1936; #20: 10/25/1938; #21: 2/25/1937; #22 & 23: 2/25/1937 (Lydia Mendoza - lead vocal & violin; Leonor Mendoza - vocals & guitar; María Mendoza - vocals & mandolin); #24: 10/19/1936.

Cover photo: Lydia Mendoza at radio station XEJ in Monterrey, Nuevo León, ca. 1936.

Cover by Wayne Pope. Reissue edited and produced by Chris Strachwitz and released by contractual agreement with Lydia Mendoza. Original recordings from the collection of Chris Strachwitz. Sound restoration by George Morrow using the No-Noise system. Songs transcribed and translated by Zack and Juanita Salem, Guillermo Hernandez, and Yolanda Zepeda.

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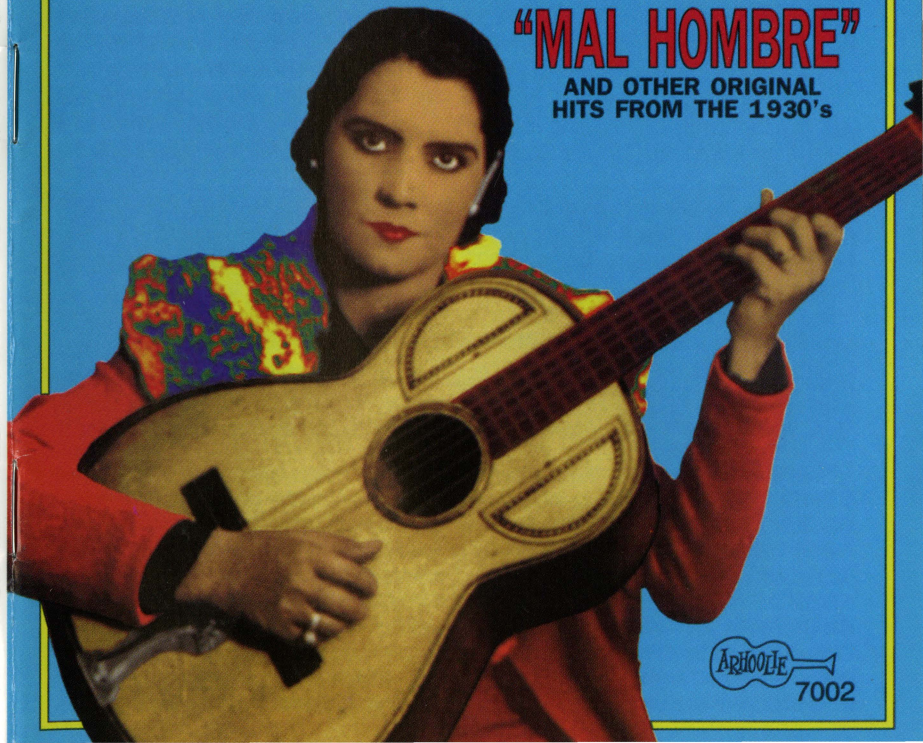
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Lydia Mendoza

"MAL HOMBRE"

AND OTHER ORIGINAL
HITS FROM THE 1930's



Lydia Mendoza

Lydia Mendoza is one of the truly great figures in Mexican American music. This CD contains her original first recordings from the 1930s along with four songs (#9 – 12) made with her family in 1928 as **Cuarteto Carta Blanca**. With her beautiful, natural voice and powerful 12-string guitar, Lydia had an extremely active and successful recording and performing career during the 1930s following the release of *Mal Hombre* (#1) in 1934, which became an instant hit throughout Spanish-speaking America. She dropped out of sight for a while to raise her own family, but then came back in the late '40s to a remarkably faithful and enthusiastic audience and soon garnered new fans which have since taken Lydia to South America, Canada, and folk festivals all over the United States.

For a comprehensive biography of Lydia and the Mendoza family, note: **LYDIA AND THE MENDOZA FAMILY** by Chris Strachwitz and James Nicolopolulos - Arte Publico Press - Houston, Texas - 1993. (Available after June 1993 from Arhoolie Productions.)

THE STORY BEHIND THE RECORDINGS

(These remarks by Lydia Mendoza, translated and edited by Jim Griffith, have been condensed from a longer article which appeared in "Ethnic Recordings in America - A Neglected Heritage" American Folklife Center - Library of Congress - Washington, D.C. - 1982)

We got a group together. Mother played guitar, I played violin, one of my sisters the mandolin, a brother played triangle, and Father played tambourine. In 1927 we dedicated ourselves to music on a full-time basis. We lived one year in the lower Rio Grande Valley—in McAllen, Weslaco, Edinburg, and Kingsville. We would stay a while in one little town—we'd be there a while and then we'd go to another, and so

on. In those days there weren't any *cantinas* or beer or anything like that. We would play in restaurants and barbershops. Dad would go in and ask permission to play—mostly on Sundays when there would be lots of people—and then if folks were there we'd sit down and sing, and people would give us tips. And later on, when the harvesting season came along, we'd go to the little towns where the workers were.

We sang the songs of that day—*El Rancho Grande, Las Cuatro Milpas, El Mundo Enganoso*—lots of songs. We sang whatever was popular in those days.

When we were in the Lower Rio Grande Valley an announcement came out in **La Prensa**, a very popular paper in those days. There was an announcement to the effect that they were looking for singers to record. Dad found a friend who had a little car and he gave us a ride to San Antonio, and we got there and they let us make ten records. We made the records and then we went up north (to Detroit, Michigan). We didn't stay in San Antonio more than three weeks. We never heard our records. They gave us \$140.00 for the ten records—that's 20 songs. It wasn't a lot of money, but the big thing for us was that they had wanted to record the group. It took place in a hotel. I was ten at the time.

(In 1930, after a two year stint in Detroit, the family moved back to Texas and started playing in the old public market in San Antonio.)

We finally got started here in San Antonio, in a huge open air market. In the evenings from midnight on it was the market where all the produce trucks from the Valley and everywhere would arrive. This went on from midnight until about ten or eleven a.m. Then around seven in the evening all the people who were going to

sell food there would come in and set up restaurant tables. Each stand would set up its tables and sell chile con carne, enchiladas, tamales. There were a lot of them. There would be about 20 on each side with a space down the middle where cars would come with people wanting to eat or to hear songs, for there were a lot of groups singing there in those years. That was where we made our living.

It was about this time that I started to sing solo. I asked my mother to give me the guitar and I'd sing. People started to hear my voice and like it. That's how a radio announcer came to hear me. It was on the only Spanish language program they had in San Antonio in those days—*La Voz Latina*—a half hour show.

Well, my name started getting known. People started to hear me over the radio. Then a company came to record and before I'd heard about it they came and got me, and let me cut two records. One was my theme song, *Mal Hombre*. I think I remember learning it from a chewing gum wrapper that they sold in Monterrey, Mexico. That was in 1926. I just learned it like any other song, and when I went to record, I said "I'll just record this one." Because from the moment I started to sing that song to my audiences, they loved it.

I continued with that company from 1934 until 1940. In those days we started

getting lots of jobs away from San Antonio—to Corpus Cristi, later even to California. Of course I struggled a lot at first, but my name started getting known among the Mexican American people. My career has been pretty much in the United States. Of course, I've visited Mexico and worked there, but it's mostly been up here.

I don't know why it is, but when I sing a song, I'm really in the song. When I'm singing a song with a lot of sentiment, I don't know why, but my soul feels that song. And if it's about rejection, the same thing. I live the song I'm singing. For me

it's a joy to sing what the audience asks for. If they ask for a song, I'm happy and content. As I told you, I recorded *Mal Hombre* more than 40 years ago and not a night passes that someone doesn't ask for it. And me — I'm never bored or tired of it. I tell you that I don't know how to repay this audience that's still with me. They still prefer my music, and — well, I can't think of any way to repay them except by singing whatever they want to hear. I'm happy with my music, and while God allows me and I'm able to do it, and while my public can still stand me, that's where I'll be.



Mendoza family snapshot – 1928. Left to right: Leonor, Lydia, Francisco, and Panchita.
(Photo: Lydia Mendoza Collection)



Lydia – San Antonio – June 1933, one year before she recorded “Mal Hombre.”
(Photo: Lydia Mendoza collection)

The Songs

1. MAL HOMBRE

(Arranged by Lydia Mendoza)

Era yo una chiquilla todavia
cuando tu casualmente me encontraste
y a merced a tus artes de mundano
de mi honra el perfume te llevaste.

Luego hiciste conmigo lo que todos
los que son como tu con las mujeres,
por lo tanto no extrañes que yo ahora
en tu cara te diga lo que eres.

Mal hombre,
tan ruin es tu alma que no tiene nombre
eres un canalla, eres un malvado,
eres un mal hombre.

A mi triste destino abandonada
entable fiero lucha con la vida,
ella recia y cruel me torturaba
yo mas debil al fin cai vencida.

Tú supistes a tiempo mi derrota,
mi espantoso calvario conociste,
te dijeron algunos: -Ve a salvarle
yo probando quien eres te reíste.

Mal hombre etc.

COLD-HEARTED MAN

I was but a young girl
when, by chance, you found me
and with your worldly charm
you crushed the flower of my innocence.

Then you treated me like all men
of your kind treat women,
so don't be surprised now that I tell you
to your face what you really are.

Cold-hearted man
your soul is so vile it has no name
you are despicable, you are evil,
you are a cold-hearted man.

Abandoned to a sad fate
my life became a fierce struggle
suffering the harshness and cruelty of
the world

I was weak and was defeated.

In time you learned of my downfall
how my life had become a road to hell
our friends advised you, "You can help
her,"

but being who you are, you just laughed.

Cold-hearted man, etc.

Poco tiempo despues en el arroyo
entre sombras mi vida defendia
una noche con otra tu pasaste
que al mirarme senti que te decia:

-¿Quién es esa mujer? ¿Tú la conoces?-
-Ya la ves- respondiste -una cualquiera.-
al oír de tus labios el ultraje
demonstrabas también lo que tú eras.

2. AL PIE DE TU REJA

Al pie de tu reja,
alla en la noche oscura,
estoy, bella Carmen,
pulsando el laúd.

Como trovador
vengo a tu ventana,
del sueño a robarte
la dulce quietud.

Y entreabre tu reja,
abriga el encanto,
verás mi instrumento
en sus vibraciones.

Levántate, ¡oh Carmen!,
y anima mi llanto,
porque eres el angel
de mi salvación.

A short time later,
I defended my life in a shadowy world
One night you passed by with another
woman
and upon seeing me, I heard her say:

"Who is that woman? Do you know her?
and you answered, "You can see for
yourself, she's a nobody,"
when you humiliated me with that insult
you proved once again who you are.

AT THE FOOT OF YOUR WINDOW

In the dark night, at the foot of your
window,
here I am, lovely Carmen,
playing the lute.

Like a troubadour
I come to your window,
disrupting the quiet
of your gentle sleep.

Open your window
and listen to the sound,
hear the resonances
of my instrument.

Wake up, oh Carmen,
bring cheer to my lament,
because you are the angel
of my salvation.

3. PERO HAY QUE TRISTE

Pero hay qué triste
Y es amar sin esperanza.
De mi pecho mi corazón latiendo

De mis ojos una lágrima virtiendo.
Y desde entonces ho hay consuelo
ni esperanza para mí.

¿Pues si no me quieres
Pues para qué miras?
O, qué misterio encierra tu mirada.

4. LOS BESOS DE MI NEGRA

Los besos de mi negra son amargos
y mas amargos que la ley de la traición.
Me jurastes que me amabas,
sin embargo,
ya no tienes en el pecho el corazón.

Y, ay, quien pudiera gerendarte
un beso
y arrancarle a tu espiritu las alas;
tan facil es amar como se olvida,
ya no tienes corazón ni lo regalas.

Todo se acaba, mujer, en esta vida,
la riqueza, el amor y la hermosura;
tan facil es amar como se olvida,
el reposo solo esta en la sepultura,
el reposo solo esta en la sepultura.

BUT OH, HOW SAD

But oh, how sad
It is to love without hope.
From my chest my heart is beating.

From my eyes a tear is falling.
And ever since then there is no
consolation or hope for me.

Well, if you don't love me,
Well, why do you look at me?
Oh, what mystery your gaze contains.

THE KISSES OF MY DARK WOMAN

My dark woman's kisses are bitter;
more bitter than the law of treachery.
You swore that you loved me, but yet
there is no heart within your breast.

Oh, if only I could really kiss you,
and clip the wings of your spirited soul;
it's so easy to love,
why does one forget
you don't have a heart
Nor do you give

Woman, in this life everything must end,
wealth, love and beauty;
loving is as easy as forgetting,
peace will come only in the grave,
peace will come only in the grave.

5. MUNDO ENGAÑOSO

Vengan jilgueros, pajarillos, a estos
prados
entonaremos estos cantos con placer,
pues yo comprendo que el gusto se me
ha acabado
que en este mundo todo ha sido un
padecer.

De la edad de catorce años me salí
a navegar con mi triste situación,
ahoy les cuento lo que sufro y he sufrido
por no llevar en el mundo dirección.

En otros tiempos me encontraba yo en
otra esfera
a cualesquiera le podia yo hacer un bien;
ahora me encuentro y me ven como a
cualquiera
y no soy digno que los buenos dias me den.

Y esto lo digo porque a mi mismo ha
pasado
con dos amigos de mi grande
estimación,
que llegó el grado de tratarnos como
hermanos,
ahoy se burlan de mi triste situación.

Mundo ingrato, ¿por que eres tan
engañoso?
¿Por qué a la vista te presentas tan formal?

DECEPTIVE WORLD

Come little birds to these meadows,
we'll sing these songs with joy,
well I know that there is no joy in my life,
this world has only suffering for me.

At the age of fourteen
I set out on my own to wander aimlessly,
now I'll tell you what I suffer and have
suffered
for not having had guidance in the world.

When I was in another time and place
I was able to do a favor for anyone,
but today I'm treated like a nobody,
not worthy of receiving a "good day."

I say this because this has happened
to me
with two friends that I cared for very
much,
we were so close, almost like brothers,
and now they make fun of my
unfortunate situation.

Cruel world, why are you so deceitful?
Why do you pretend to be what you are not?

El desengaño yo lo llevo por mi vista,
que en este mundo nada es cierto ni
es legal

Vendrá la muerte y quedaremos igualitos
porque en el mundo todo tiene su
hasta aquí,
les aseguro que mas tarde al cabo tiempo
se han de encontrar como yo me encuentro
aquí.

Yo me despido porque vengo de visita
yo me despido de todos en reunión,
les aseguro que en capilla o en capillita
a cada santo se le llega su función.

6. SIGUE ADELANTE

Sigue adelante, mujer desdichada,
sigue la senda trazada por mi,
cuando te encuentres rendida o en sosiego
entonces, perjura, acuerdate de mi.

Irás por el mundo,
irás por doquiera;
amores y anhelos,
tus besos de amor
No habrá quien te quiera,
jamás quien te bese
con la ternura que te daba yo.

Now I realize the truth, that in this world
nothing is real or true.

Death will come to us all and make us
equal
'cause in this world everything must
come to an end,
I can assure you that as time passes
you'll find yourselves where I am now.

Now I'll say good by 'cause I'm just
passing through, I'll say good bye to all
of you at once, let me assure you that
for every church and chapel, every saint
will have his day of recognition.

GO ON

Go on, unfortunate woman,
take the path that I traced for you,
and whenever you become exhausted
or in need of rest,
then, false woman, think of me.

You'll go throughout the world,
you'll go everywhere, loving and
longing;
your kisses of love will find someone
who wants you,
but never again will you be kissed
with the tenderness I had for you.

7. EL LIRIO

Hay un lirio que el tiempo lo consume,
hay una fuente que lo hace enverdecer,
(se repite)
tú eres el lirio y dame tu perfume,
yo soy la fuente y déjame correr.

Hay un ave que gime noche y día
que solo un ángel la puede consolar,
(se repite)
tú eres el ángel mi dulce amada mía
yo soy el ave y déjame volar.

Yo como errante y triste peregrino
solo la luna me da su resplandor,
(se repite)
tú eres la luna que alumbra mi camino
y yo seré peregrino de tu amor.

Hace un año, recuerdas vida mía,
en que yo fuí tu primer adorador,
(se repite)
yo te daría mi sangre de rodillas
porque tú fueras mi perfumada flor.

8. LA COSTEÑITA

Estoy enamorado de tí,
mujer del alma,
me voy, entristecido,
al despertar el alba,
adiós mi costeñita.

THE LILY

There is an ageless lily,
and there is a fountain keeping it green.
(repeat)
You are the lily, give me your perfume,
I am the fountain, let me flow.

There is a bird that wails night and day;
only an angel can offer consolation.
(repeat)
You are the angel, my sweet love,
I'm that bird, let me fly!

I'm like a wandering lonely pilgrim,
with only the moon to shine on me.
(repeat)
You are the moon that lights up my life,
I shall be a pilgrim of your love.

Do you recall, my love, that just a year ago
I was your first admirer.
(repeat)
On my knees I would give my blood if only
you would be my perfumed flower.

WOMAN FROM THE COAST

I'm in love with you,
woman of my soul;
sadly I leave
at the wake of dawn.
Farewell, woman of the seaside.

Cuando mires que me voy
rogarás por mí al Creador,
y me mandarás un suspiro de amor.

Porque sabes que yo soy
angeles que manda Dios
a que cuiden a tu amor
que se fué.

9. MONTERREY

No hay gente más bullanguera,
ni de noble corazón,
en todita la frontera
como la de Nuevo León.

Con su gente tan de ley,
tan francota y tan sencilla,
Y, ¡Ay qué chulo es Monterrey
con su Cerro de la Silla!

Enfrentito, El Obispado,
las Mitras más allá;
y Topochico al otro lado
y la sierra enfrente está.

Con su gente etc.

En el centro El Ojo de Agua,
con sus pollitas tan bellas,
que brillan como en el cielo
or la noche las estrellas.

When you see me leave
you'll pray to God for me,
and you'll send me a sigh of love.

'Cause you know that I'm an
angel sent from heaven,
to guard your love
that has gone.

MONTERREY

There are no people as joyful
and generous of heart,
along the whole border,
as those from Nuevo Leon.

The people there are upright,
straight forward and candid,
oh, how lovely is Monterrey
with its Silla Mountain!

Facing you is Obispado
and Mitras further down,
Topochico is on the other side,
in front of the mountains.

The people there etc.

Downtown you find the water fountain,
the chicks there are so pretty,
they shine at night
just like the stars do.

¡Ay, tierra de mis ensueños,
quién estuviera en la orilla!
Y ¡Ay, que chulo es Monterrey,
con su Cerro de La Silla!

Es tierra de bendiciones
toda buena y toda noble,
porque allí se apareció
la Virgencita del Roble.

10. AMORCITO CONSENTIDO

Amorcito consentido dime lo que te pasó
una niña de 15 años fue la que me
enamoró.

Que por allá andan diciendo que te tengo
en mi poder,
yo no soy el primer hombre ni tu la
primer mujer.

Que por allá andan diciendo que se la van
a llevar
que se la llevan al norte y en un tren la voy
a traer.

Hasta que en el mar pescando, pescando
en el mar pesqué,
una morena hermosa que de ella me
enamoré.

Si la quieres conocer , las señas te voy a
dar,
es una alta y delgadita con sus labios de

Oh, enchanted land of mine,
if only I was there now!
Oh, how lovely is Monterrey
with its Silla Mountain!

It is a blessed land,
noble and good,
it's where the
Roble Virgin appeared.

MY DEAREST LOVE

My dearest tell me what's happened to
you,

I've fallen for a girl that's 15 years old.
People have been saying that you
belong to me;
I'm not the first man, nor you the first
woman.

People have been saying that they'll
take her away,
If they take her to the north, I'll bring
her back by train.
I went fishing in the sea, fishing in the
sea I caught
a beautiful brunette whom I fell in love
with.

If you wish to know who she is, I'll give
you a hint:
She's tall and thin, and her lips are

coral.
Del cielo cayó una hiedra y en tu ventana
enredo,
Dime si estas enredada para no
enredarme yo.

Por la luna doy un peso por el sol doy un
tostón,
(por) una niña de 15 años la vida y el
corazón.
Amorcito consentido dime lo que te paso,
una niña de 15 años fue la que me
enamóro.

Que por alla andan diciendo que te tengo
en mi poder,
yo no soy el primer hombre ni tu la primer
mujer.

11. LAS CUATRO MILPAS

Cuatro milpas tan solo han quedado,
en el rancho que era mío,
ay, ay, ay, ay...
de aquella casita, tan blanca y bonita,
ni un muro quedó.

Si me dieras tus ojos, morena,
Con el alma los llevo que miren nomás;
los escombros de aquella casita
tan blanca y bonita, lo triste que está.

coral-red.
A sprig of ivy fell from heaven and
entwined itself
in your window; tell me if you are
entwined so I won't entangle myself.

For the moon I'll give a peso, for the sun
I'll give a cent,
(for) a girl of 15 I'll give my life and my
heart.
My dearest love, tell me what's
happened to you
I've fallen for a girl that's 15 years old.

People have been saying that you
belong to me;
I'm not the first man, nor you the first
woman.

THE FOUR CORN PATCHES

Only four corn patches remain
of the ranch that I had,
ay, ay, ay, ay...
Not even a wall is left of the little white
house.

If you would lend me your eyes, brown
woman
to accompany my soul
to see the ruins of that little house
so pretty and white, how sad it looks
now.

Los potreros estan sin ganado,
toditito se ha acabado,
ay, ay, ay, ay...
ya no hay sementeras, ni mulas cerreras,
ni un toro quedó.

Por eso estoy triste morena,
por eso me pongo a llorar,
recordando las horas felices
que juntos pasamos en mi dulce hogar.

Se llevaron la silla plateada,
el caballo lucerillo,
ay, ay, ay, ay...
Doscientos de vacas, trescientos novillos
todo se acabó.

Recordando las cauto milpitas
que solo han quedado
en aquel hacendón,
reconozco que nada he perdido
pues tú estás conmigo,
que es lo mejor.

Las cosechas quedaron tiradas
y nadie las levantó,
ay, ay, ay, ay...
los piones y arrieros
se fueron y nadie volvió.

Y por eso estoy triste morena,
por eso me pongo a llorar,

There's no cattle on the pasture,
everything is gone,
ay, ay, ay, ay...
The lands are not plowed, the mules are
gone,
not even a bull is left.

This is why I'm so sad, brown woman,
this is what I lament;
I remember the happy times we had
in our sweet home.

They took the silver saddle
and "Lucerillo," my horse
ay, ay, ay, ay...
Two hundred cows, three hundred
young bulls, all is gone.

Remembering that four corn patches
are all that remain
of that huge hacienda
I realize that I haven't lost anything,
you are with me,
that's what matters.

The harvest was left undone
with nobody to pick it up,
ay, ay, ay, ay...
the workers and herdsman left,
no one came back.

This is why I'm so sad, brown woman,
this is what I lament,

recordando las horas felices
que juntos pasamos en mi dulce hogar.

12. NO QUIERO SER CASADO

No quiero ser casado, me voy lejos de aquí
a disipar mis penas mujer lejos de ti.
Parate en tu ventana, sientate en tu balcon,
estrechame en tus brazos por ultima
ocasión.

Desde que te he querido las tres me han
desairado,
pues dime chaparrita que es lo que te ha
pasado.
Despues que me ha pedido a mis padres
les dire:
Si no me dan contigo, contigo me saldre.

No quiero que te salgas ni pierdas el
honor,
pero si tu me quieres, prietita hazme el
favor.
Favores los que quieres te los puedo yo
hacer
al menos he de hairme prietito a tu poder.

Pues dime mi prietito, dime porque te vas?
Por un amor que tengo que me ha pagado
mal.
Trabajos he pasado como todos lo sabran,

I remember the happy times we had
in our sweet home.

I DON'T WANT TO BE MARRIED

I don't want to be married, I'm going far
away
to rid myself of shame woman, far away
from you.
Stand at your window, sit on your balcony,
hold me in your arms for the very last time.

Ever since I've loved you, you three
have disdained me.
Tell me darling what's the matter with
you.
After you have asked for my hand I'll tell
my parents
that if they won't let me see you, I'll
leave with you anyway.

I don't want you to leave or to loose
your honor,
but if you really love me girl, do me a
favor.
I can do you any favor you ask my man,
except to go away with you.

Tell me my man, tell me why you're
leaving me?
It's for a love of mine who has betrayed me.
What work it has cost me as everyone

por un amor que tengo en el barrio de San
Juan.

13. PALIDA LUNA

Palida luna
noche de amor
noche serena
noche serena
que no volvió.

Noche de ensueño
de inmenso amor
pálida y bella
pálida y bella
con blanco armiño
con blanco armiño
de un brillo al sol.

Noche divina
perfume místico
plegaria íntima
de mi pasión
y sella un coro de mis cantares
cuando a mi amada en sueño santo
iba a turbar.

Mi triste noche de luna llena
noche apacible
noche de amor
cuando a mi amada llegaré a cantarle
y a ofrendarle con toda mi alma
mi corazón.

must know,
for a love that I have from the barrio of
San Juan.

PALE MOON

Pale moon
night of love
serene night
serene night
that is gone forever.

Night of illusions
of great love
pale and beautiful
pale and beautiful
with a white fur
with a white fur
brilliant as the sun.

Sublime night
mystic perfume
intimate prayer
of my soul
and sealed with a chorus of my song
when I disturbed the saintly
dreaming of my beloved.

My night is lonely
with a full moon
gentle night
when I came to sing to my beloved
offering my heart to her
with all my soul.

recordando las horas felices
que juntos pasamos en mi dulce hogar.

12. NO QUIERO SER CASADO

No quiero ser casado, me voy lejos de aqui
a disipar mis penas mujer lejos de ti.
Parate en tu ventana, sientate en tu balcon,
estrechame en tus brazos por ultima
ocasión.

Desde que te he querido las tres me han
desairado,
pues dime chaparrita que es lo que te ha
pasado.
Despues que me ha pedido a mis padres
les dire:
Si no me dan contigo, contigo me saldre.

No quiero que te salgas ni pierdas el
honor,
pero si tu me quieres, prietita hazme el
favor.
Favores los que quieres te los puedo yo
hacer
al menos he de ha irme prietito a tu poder.

Pues dime mi prietito, dime porque te vas?
Por un amor que tengo que me ha pagado
mal.
Trabajos he pasado como todos lo sabran,

I remember the happy times we had
in our sweet home.

I DON'T WANT TO BE MARRIED

I don't want to be married, I'm going far
away
to rid myself of shame woman, far away
from you.
Stand at your window, sit on your balcony,
hold me in your arms for the very last time.

Ever since I've loved you, you three
have disdained me.
Tell me darling what's the matter with
you.
After you have asked for my hand I'll tell
my parents
that if they won't let me see you, I'll
leave with you anyway.

I don't want you to leave or to loose
your honor,
but if you really love me girl, do me a
favor.
I can do you any favor you ask my man,
except to go away with you.

Tell me my man, tell me why you're
leaving me?
It's for a love of mine who has betrayed me.
What work it has cost me as everyone

por un amor que tengo en el barrio de San
Juan.

13. PALIDA LUNA

Palida luna
noche de amor
noche serena
noche serena
que no volvió.

Noche de ensueño
de inmenso amor
pálida y bella
pálida y bella
con blanco armiño
con blanco armiño
de un brillo al sol.

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14. PAJARITO HERIDO

Un lindo pájarito, cierta noche
herido refugiase en mi ventana,
y yo le recogí compadecida
brindandole el calor que le faltaba.

Le puse en una jaula primorosa,
cuidabale con mimo noche y día,
y siempre que sus trinos escuchaba
cantaba así, con gran melancolía:

Pájarito, pájarito,
que en tu jaula vives prisionero,
yo también por un amor
igual que tú cautiva muero.
(se repite)

De un hombre salamero y engañoso
sentíame a poco tiempo enamorada,
al ver que mi galán era tan falso
rompí con su querer desengañada.

Hoy día que ha pasado tanto tiempo
recuerdo que le quiero todavía,
y siempre que recuerdo al pájarito
suspiro así, con gran melancolía:

Pájarito etc.

THE WOUNDED BIRD

One night, a lovely wounded bird
took refuge in my window,
feeling compassion,
I took him into the warmth of my home.

I placed him in a beautiful cage
and looked after him night and day,
and when I'd hear the warble of his
song,
with great sadness. I would also sing:

Little bird, little bird,
prisoner within your cage,
I too am languishing,
a prisoner of love.
(repeat)

There was a man full of flattery and
deceit
and I quickly fell in love with him,
when I found out my lover was untrue,
disillusioned, I broke up our affair.

Even today, after such a long time has
gone by,
I realize that I still love him,
and whenever I think of that little bird,
I sigh with great sadness.

Little bird etc.

15. SOLA (*Agustín Lara*)

Sola y sola,
viviré mientras viva,
sola, y siempre sola,
con esta soledad tranquila.

Sola y sola
llenando de recuerdos
el vacío;

Sola, y sola y triste,
con mucha soledad
y mucho frío.
(se repite)

16. LA JAIBERA (*Mario Ruiz Suarez*)

La Jaibera yo soy...
quiero que me compre usted,
la jaiba que ahora pesqué
para hacer el quim-bom-bom.

En mi cesto traigo yo
acabada de pescar
sardinillas, boquerones,
y una jaiba regular.

Si te quieres convencer
en que te voy a enseñar
que la jaiba se parece a la mujer.

Yo traigo sabrosa jaiba
revuelta con camarrón

ALONE

Alone, just alone,
I'll live alone for the rest of my life.
Alone, always alone,
with this quiet loneliness.

Alone, only alone.
I'll fill the void
with memories.

Alone, sad and alone,
it's very lonely
and very cold.
(repeat)

THE WOMAN CRAB SELLER

I'm the crab girl
and I want you to buy
the crab I've just caught
so you can make "quim-bom-bom."

In my basket I carry
fresh fish from the ocean
sardines and anchovies
and one small crab.

If you want to be convinced
I'll show you that it's true,
that the crab seems just like a woman.

I've got delicious crab mixed with
shrimp and prawns,

pa' hacerle con pescadito
y un platillo de frijol.

Si quieres comer jaibita
acabada de pescar,
ven conmigo a mi casita
que te voy a convidar.

¡Que te pica la jaiba!
¿Donde mama?
La Jaibera se va
y no volverá.

17. TU PARTIDA *(Gonzalo Curriel)*

¡Ay, que amargura dejaste en mi vida!
¡Ay, que fatiga de angustia y dolor!
¡Cómo me duele, mujer, tu partida!
Hacía no sé qué otro puerto lejano
de amor.

¿Quién borrará de tus labios mis besos?
¿Quién mis caricias te hará olvidar?
Yo, solo sé que te quiero en secreto,
tú, si me olvidas, tendrás que llorar.

18. NUNCA

(Guty Cárdenas & Ricardo Lopez Mendez)
Yo sé que nunca besaré tu boca,
tu boca de púrpura encendida,
yo sé que nunca, llegaré a la loca
apasionada fuente de tu vida.

to make a plate of seafood
and a dish of beans.

If you want to eat a little crab
straight from the ocean,
come to my place
and I'll share some with you.

The crab has got you!
Where mama?
The crab girl is leaving
and will never come back.

YOUR DEPARTURE

Oh, what bitterness you've left in my life!
Oh, how tiring is the anguish and pain!
How much your departure hurts me!
To what other distant port.

Who will erase my kiss from your lips?
Who will make you forget my caresses?
I only know that I love you in secret.
You'll have to cry in order to forget me.

NEVER

I know that I shall never kiss you
your lips of crimson red,
I know that I shall never reach
the depth of your passion.

Yo sé que inutilmente te venero
que inutilmente el corazón te evoca,
pero a pesar de todo yo te quiero,
pero a pesar de todo yo te quiero,
aunque nunca besar pueda tu boca.

19. LA BODA NEGRA

(Alberto Villalón & Julio Florez)
Oigan la historia que contóme un día
un viejo enterrador de la comarca:
era un amante que por suerte impía
su dulce bien le arrebató la Parca.

Todas las noches iba al cementerio
a contemplar la tumba de la hermosa;
y la gente murmuraba con misterio:
"Es un muerto escapado de la fosa."

En una horrenda noche hizo pedazos
el mármol de la tumba abandonada,
cavó la tierra y se llevó en sus brazos
el rígido esqueleto de su amada.

Allá en su habitación sombría,
de un cirio fúnebre a la luz incierta,
sentó a su lado la osamenta fría
y celebró sus bodas con la muerta, (2X)

I know that I love you in vain
and that, in vain, my soul calls for you
but, in spite of all, I still love you
but, in spite of all, I still love you
though I shall never be able to kiss you.

THE BLACK WEDDING

Listen to the story I was told once
by the old grave digger of this county:
There was a lover whose untimely
fortune
saw his loved one taken away by death.

Every night he would go to the cemetery
to contemplate the tomb of that lovely
woman;
the people would whisper in secret,
"He's a dead man escaped from the
grave."

One horrible night he broke
the marble of the abandoned tomb
and dug into the earth, in his arms
he carried away the rigid skeleton of his
beloved.

In his sad, dim room,
under the flickering light of a funeral
candle
he sat beside the cold bones
and celebrated his wedding with the
corpse, (2X)

Ató con cintas sus desnudos huesos,
su yerto craneo coronó de flores,
la seca boca la cubrió de besos
sonriente contóle de sus amores.

Llevó la novia al talamo mullido,
junto a ella se acostó, enamorado,
y para siempre se quedo dormido
al esqueleto rígido abrazado.

20. TU DIRAS (Pedro Galindo)

Tú dirás, tú dirás, tú nomás
sí a mi amor le correspondes,
tú dirás, tú dirás, tú nomás
y, si no, pa' que te escondes.

Tú dirás, tú dirás, tú nomás
sí mi amor te da el alazo
y si no te hago caso
y si no te hago caso
Ay, pos, tú dirás.

Pero ya me estoy desesperando,
no me importa que tú me echas a volar;
sí no me quieres nomás por ese Pancho,
entonces, ay, pos, tú dirás.
entonces, ay, pos, tú dirás.

He tied the naked bones and crowned
the empty skull with a wreath of
flowers,
the dry mouth, he covered with kisses,
smiling he told her of his love.

Then he took his bride to the soft
nuptial bed
and lay beside her, full of love,
with the rigid skeleton in his arms,
he fell asleep, never to awaken again.

YOU WILL SAY

You will say, only you can say,
if my love is to be yours,
You will say, only you can say,
but if it's "no," why do you hide it?

You will say, only you can say,
if my love does it for you,
but, if I don't go after you,
but, if I don't go after you,
Oh, well, what do you say?

But I'm losing my patience,
I don't care if you cut me loose;
if you don't want me because of that
Pancho,
then, oh, well, what do you say? (2X)

21. PUÑALADA (Gonzalo Curiel)

Mujer que facina con una mirada
miradas que matan como puñalada
Los ojos que tienes yo te los quitara
porque no te caben en tu linda cara.

Ojos de tragedia, pedazos de noche
un negro tan negro como el pedernal,
arrancan el alma y le hacen pedazos,
tienen tus ojazos el filtro del mal.

22. 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.

EYES LIKE DAGGERS

Woman that fascinates with just a glance,
a glance that could kill me like a dagger,
If I could I would take those eyes from you
because they don't belong in such a
beautiful face.

Eyes of tragedy, like pieces of night,
eyes that are as black as jet.
You tear my soul into little pieces,
your eyes are the filter of evil.

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.

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su yerto cráneo coronó de flores,
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and also to my Mama.

—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.

—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.

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

Ya con ésta me despido
con la flor de clavelina,
aquí termina la historia,
la historia de Delgadina.

—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.

—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.

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

With this I say farewell,
with the clavelina flower,
this ends the story,
the story of Delgadina.

23. CELIA

¿Que no recuerdas Celia del que te ama,
que para mí eres mi única ilusión?
Nunca olvides niña que yo te tengo
dentro de mi corazón.

Que en los recuerdos de aquel día
que entre tus brazos estreché mi amor.
¿Que no recuerdas Celia?
Que para mí disuelves ardor.

Nunca te puedo olvidar
Celia de mi corazón.
Siento dentro de mi alma si,
un calor abrazador.

Que si me falta tu amor
juro no volver a amar.
Porque en mi pensamiento
tu nombre grabada está.

Celia que eres la mas bella
a quien debo yo de amar,
Mira que si tu no me amas,
muero de pasión por ti.

Soñé que me jurabas
amarme eternamente,
que con pasión ardiente
te di mi corazón.

CELIA

Don't you remember Celia how I love you
and that you are my only thought?
Don't ever forget girl that I have you
inside my heart.

Among the memories of that day
within your arms you embraced my love.
Don't you remember Celia
how you dissolved my pain?

I can never forget you
Celia my dearest love.
I feel for you within my soul
a love that warms my heart.

If one day you cease to love me
I'll never love anyone again.
Because your name is inscribed
on all of my thoughts.

Celia, you are the most beautiful
one that I could ever love
and if you don't return my love
I'll die of passion thinking of you.

I dreamed you swore
eternal love to me
and with ardent passion
I gave you my heart.

24. JÚRAME (*Maria Grever*)

Todos dicen que es mentira que te quiero
porque nunca me han visto enamorada.
Yo te juro que yo misma no comprendo
el porque me facina tu mirada.

Cuando estoy cerca de ti estoy contenta.
No quisiera que de nadie te acordaras.
Tengo celos hasta del pensamiento
que pueda recordarte a otra ilusion amada.

Júrame que aunque pase mucho tiempo
no olvidarás el momento en que yo te
conocí.

Mírame, pues no hay nada mas profundo
y mas grande en este mundo que el cariño
que te di.

Bésame con un beso enamorado, como
nadie me ha besado
desde el día en que nací.

Quéreme, ¡quíereme hasta la locura!
Asi sabrás la amargura que estoy sufriendo
por ti.

SWEAR TO ME

Everyone tells me that my love for you is
a lie.
Because they've never seen me in love
before.
I swear to you that I don't even know
myself
why your glances fascinate me so.

When I'm near you I am happy,
and I wouldn't want you to think of
another.
I'm jealous of even the thought that
might remind you of an old love.

Swear to me that even though time may
pass
you'll never forget the moment in which
we met.
Look at me, there is nothing more great
or profound in this world than the love I
gave you.

Kiss me with a kiss of love
like no one has ever kissed me
since the day that I was born!

Love me, love me to the point of
madness!
And then maybe you'll know the
bitterness
that I am suffering without you.



Lydia at recording session in San Antonio hotel room, October 1936.

Photo: The San Antonio Light collection – Inst. of Texan Cultures at San Antonio.

Other recordings by Lydia & the Mendoza family:

ARH CD/C 341 **Tejano Roots** – includes “*Feliz Sin Ti*” & “*Tu Destino*” by Lydia and “*Tres Consejos*” by Las Hermanas Mendoza.

ARH CD/C 343 **The Women** – includes “*Aunque Me Odies*” & “*Amor Bonito*” by Lydia and “*Puentes Quemados*” by Las Hermanas Mendoza.

ARH CD/C 361 – **Narciso Martinez** – includes “*Medalla De Dios*” & “*Si Fue Por Eso*” by Lydia and “*Arráncame El Corazón*” by Las Hermanas Mendoza.

ARH CD/C 392 **Lydia Mendoza** – The 1950s - Her best recordings for IDEAL.

ARH C 3012 **Lydia Mendoza** – **La Gloria de Texas** (also available on LP)

ARH C 3017 **Las Hermanas Mendoza** – Lydia's sisters María & Juanita. Their best recordings from the 1950s for AZTECA (also available on LP).

LYDIA MENDOZA

Mal Hombre



Over 60 Minutes of Classic TEJANO MUSIC

1. MAL HOMBRE
2. AL PIE DE TU REJA
3. PERO HAY QUE TRISTE
4. LOS BESOS DE MI NEGRA
5. MUNDO ENGAÑOSO
6. SIGUE ADELANTE
7. EL LIRIO
8. LA COSTEÑITA
9. MONTERREY
10. AMORCITO CONSENTIDO
11. LAS CUATRO MILPAS
12. NO QUIERO SER CASADO
13. PALIDA LUNA
14. PAJARITO HERIDO
15. SOLA
16. LA JAIBERA
17. TU PARTIDA
18. NUNCA
19. LA BODA NEGRA
20. TU DIRAS
21. PUÑALADA
22. DELGADINA
23. CELIA
24. JURAME

Lydia Mendoza – vocals & 12-string guitar.

(All recordings made in San Antonio, Tx. in the 1930s.)

Lydia Mendoza is one of the truly great figures in Mexican American music. This CD contains her original first recordings from the 1930s along with four songs (#9 – 12) made with her family in 1928 as **Cuarteto Carta Blanca**. With her beautiful, natural voice and powerful 12-string guitar, Lydia had an extremely active and successful recording and performing career during the 1930s following the release of *Mal Hombre* (#1) in 1934, which became an instant hit throughout Spanish-speaking America. She dropped out of sight for a while to raise her own family, but then came back in the late '40s to a remarkably faithful and enthusiastic audience and soon garnered new fans which have since taken Lydia to South America, Canada, and folk festivals all over the United States.

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