

FA2204 FOLKWAYS RECORDS N.Y.



Peter Hurd
Sings Ranchera Songs

SPANISH FOLKSONGS OF NEW MEXICO

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sung by Peter Hurd

El Pavito Real
La Calandria (The Lark)
Siete Leguas (Seven Leagues)
La Palomita Callejera (Little Dove of the Streets)
El Toro Bravo (The Wild Bull)
El Palo Verde (The Palo Verde Tree)
El Sombrerito (The Little Hat)
Las Chaparreras (The Chaparreras)
Los Barandales Del Puente (The Balustrade of the Bridge)
Corrido Del Norte (Ballad of the North)
El Jabali (The Wild Boar)
Fue En El Africa Lejana (It was in Far-Off Africa)
El Corrido De Cananea (The Ballad of Cananea)
Traigo Mi Cuarenta y Cinco (I Carry My Forty-Five)

Descriptive notes inside pocket.

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INTRODUCTION AND NOTES ON THE RECORDINGS OF

PETER HURD - by J. D. ROBB

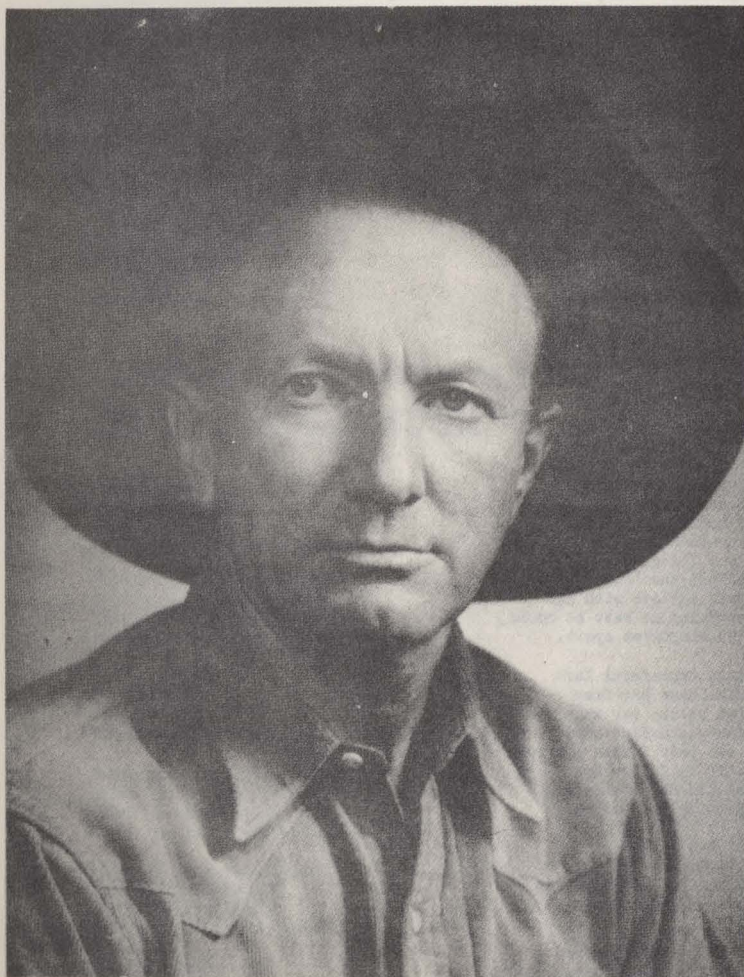


PHOTO BY JACK RODDEN

Peter Hurd is one of America's outstanding artists. He was born in New Mexico in 1904, studied at the New Mexico Military Institute from 1917-1920, at the U.S. Military Academy from 1921-1923, at Haverford College, 1923-1924 and thereafter pursued private study at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and under N. C. Wyeth. He is represented in collections of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the National Gallery in Edinburgh, and many other museums. He is well known as a fresco painter, for his murals in the Texas Institute of Technology in Lubbock, Texas, and in numerous other public buildings. He has also painted many fine portraits, including covers for Time Magazine. He is the winner of many high honors in competitions, has illustrated many books and was a war correspondent for Life Magazine during the second World War. His home is a ranch known as the "Sentinel Ranch" in San Patricio, New Mexico, where he has a polo field and plays polo with his neighbors. Having grown up among Spanish speaking residents of the Hondo Valley, Peter speaks Spanish and sings in that language like a native Mexican. In fact, some of his songs were learned from an old Mexican woman who was the family cook for many years. Other songs he has learned from Mexican laborers and sheepherders both in New Mexico and Old Mexico where he makes frequent trips in his converted station wagon in which he carries his bunk, paints, and a supply of food.

I asked Peter what he meant by Ranchera Songs and he gave me the following definition:

"By Ranchera songs I mean the earthy songs sung by mariachi bands and wandering singers of Mexico. The term does not as a rule include the bolero or the sentimental songs which come under the classification of canciones populares. The distinction between ranchero songs and other types is for me one of feeling, not one of antiquity. The term includes such forms as the corridos, sones and huapangos. Although the verses are usually simple in structure they occasionally have an intense emotional impact. The rhythms also vary with the type of song and may be extremely complex. Subject matter runs a wide gamut: love, deceit, death, allegory, narratives of adventure, etc., often with a background of Mexican ranch life."

The songs recorded bear the serial numbers 1352 to 1365 in the J. D. Robb Collection of Folk Music. The Spanish texts and English translations which follow were prepared by me with the help of Peter Hurd.

EL PAVITO REAL

Reference to animals and birds are frequent in hispanic folk music of the Southwest and Mexico. These animals and birds usually represent a veiled allusion to a beloved person or the personification of some human quality, be it a vice or a virtue.

Para que cante el gilguero
Se le da fruta morada.
Para que cante el gilguero
Se le da fruta morada
Y para que yo te cante
Que me pones enojado
Como si fuera posible
De beber agua salada.
! Pavito Real, Pavito Real!

Yo le dije a un pavo real
Extiende tu cola pavo.
Yo le dije a un pavo real
Extiende tu cola pavo
Para que mire, mi amada
Que ayer aposté un centavo
Y un besito de su boca
A que era cola y no rabo.
! Pavito Real, Pavito Real!

Muchas veces te di pruebas
De lo mucho que te quiero
Muchas veces te di pruebas
De lo mucho que te quiero
Ante anoche fui a tu casa
Y me agarró un aguacero -
Tanto me mojé mi vida
Que por poquito me muerdo
! Pavito Real, Pavito Real!

LA CALANDRIA (THE LARK)

Here again a bird is used in an allegorical sense. It is not hard to see that the unhappy sparrow represents the singer and the lark the faithless sweetheart.

En una jaula de oro
Pendiente de un balcón
Se hallaba una calandria
Cantando su dolor.
Hasta que un gorrión
A su jaula llegó.
"Si usted puede sacarme
Con usted yo me voy."
Y el pobre gorrión
Que ya se enamoró
Y el pobre como pudo
Los alambres rompió.

Y la ingrata calandria
Después que la sacó
Tan luego se vio libre -
Voló, voló, y voló.
El pobre gorrión
Todavía la siguió
Pa' ver si le cumplía
Lo que le prometió.

La malvada calandria
Así le contestó,
"A usted no lo conozco
Mi presa he sido yo."

Y triste el gorrión
Luego se regresó
Se paró en un manzano
Lloró, lloró, lloró.
Y ahora en esa jaula
Pendiente del balcón
Se encuentra el gorrión
Cantando su pasión.

To make a linnet sing
You give it purple fruit.
To make a linnet sing
You give it purple fruit.
And to make me sing to you
You must make me very angry,
Just mad enough to drink
A drink of salty-brine.
O Peacock! O Peacock!

I said once to a peacock
O peacock spread your tail.
I said once to a peacock
O peacock spread your tail.
So that my love can see
(Since yesterday I bet a penny
And a kiss from her own mouth)
That yours is really a tail and not merely a stub.
O Peacock, O Peacock!

Many times I've given proof
Of how much I really love you.
Many times I've given proof
Of how much I really love you.
The other night as I was going to your house
I ran into a shower of rain
The rain so wet me my love
I truly almost died.
O Peacock! O Peacock!

Once in a golden cage
Beneath a balcony
There lived a little lark
A-singing of her sadness.
Until one day a sparrow
Up to her cage did fly.
"If you could only set me free
With you I'd gladly go."
Right then the little sparrow
Did fall in love with her
And, working as best he could,
He tore the wires apart.

But this ungrateful lark
After he made her free
As soon as she saw this -
She flew, she flew away.
Then the poor little sparrow
Flew off to follow her
And see if she would keep
The promise she had made.

The wicked little lark
This to him did reply,
"No sir, I do not know you
Nor prisoner was I ever."

Sadly the little sparrow
Went back to where they were
He perched upon an apple tree
And wept, and wept, and wept.
And now in that same cage
Beneath a balcony
You'll find the little sparrow
A-singing of his love.

SIETE LEGUAS (SEVEN LEAGUES)

is one of the many songs which take as their subject matter the wars of Pancho Villa along the American border of Mexico about forty years ago. Others of this type are the famous Adelita and the Corrido del Norte, which is included below in the present album.

"Siete Leguas" el caballo
Que Villa mas estimaba.
Cuando oía silbar los trenes
Se paraba y relinchaba -
Siete Leguas el caballo
Que Villa mas estimaba

En la estación de Irapuato
Cantaban los horizontes
Allí combatió formal
La Brigada Bracamontes
En la estación de Irapuato
Cantaban los horizontes.

Oye tú Francesco Villa
¿Que dice tu corazón
Que no te acuercas valiente
.....
Cuando atacaste Torreón?
¿Que no te acuerdas, valiente,
Cuando tomaste Paredón?

Como a las tres de la tarde
Silbó la locomotora.
Arriba, arriba muchachos.
Pongan la ametralladora!
Como a las tres de la tarde
Silbó la locomotora.

Adiós torres de Chihuahua!
Adiós torres de cantera!
Ya vino Francisco Villa
A quitar les lo pantera
Ya vino Francisco Villa
A devolver la frontera.

LA PALOMITA CALLEJERA. (LITTLE DOVE OF THE STREETS)

Again a bird personifies the sweetheart of the singer in this rather pathetic love song.

Palomita callejera
Que comes trigo en mi mano,
Palomita callejera
Que comes trigo en mi mano,

Hoy no viniste a la cita.
Por tu culpa estoy penando,
Palomita callejera
Sabes que te quiero tanto.

Ay! palomita
Muero por ti
Ay! palomita
Muero por ti.

Palomita arrulladora
Sabes que te quiero tanto.
Palomita arrulladora
Sabes que te quiero tanto.

Para qué me haces sufrir
Y me dejas esperando?
Palomita arrulladora
Sabes que te quiero tanto.

Ay! palomita
Muero por ti
No me abandones
No me abandones
No seas así.

No me abandones
No me abandones
No seas así.

"Seven Leagues" was the horse
Which Villa most of all liked.
When he heard train whistles blow
He always would rear up and neigh -
Seven Leagues, the horse
Which Villa most of all liked.

In the station at Irapuato
The birds were singing.
There in formal combat
Battled Bracamonte's brigade.
In the station at Irapuato
The birds were singing.

Listen to me Francisco Villa
What does your heart say to you?
Don't you remember, brave man,
.....
That time when you took Torreón?
Don't you remember, brave man,
When you also took Paredón?

At about three in the afternoon
The locomotive blew its whistle.
Jump up, my lads
Man the machine gun!
At about three in the afternoon
The locomotive blew its whistle.

Farewell towers of Chihuahua!
Farewell towers of tufa stone!
Already Francisco Villa has come
To rid them of the panther.
Already Francisco Villa has come
To restore the frontier.

Little dove of the streets
That eats grain in my hand,
Little dove of the streets
That eats grain from my hand,

Today you did not come to our meeting place.
Because of you I am so worried,
Little dove of the streets
You know I love you so.

Oh! my little dove
I die for you
Oh! little dove
I die for you.

My little cooing dove
You know I love you so.
My little cooing dove.
You know I love you so.

Why do you make me suffer
Why leave me waiting?
My little cooing dove
You know I love you so.

Oh! my little dove
I die for you
Do not abandon me
Do not abandon me
Do not be thus.

Do not abandon me
Do not abandon me
Do not be thus.

Si por otro me dejaste
Paloma, Paloma ingrata -
Si por otro me dejaste
Paloma, Paloma ingrata,

Es mejor que me lo digas
Porque la duda me mata
Si por otro me dejaste
Paloma, Paloma ingrata.

Ay! palomita
Muero por ti.
No me abandones,
No me abandones
No seas así.

No me abandones,
No me abandones
No seas así,
Palomita callejera
Que comes trigo en mi mano.

EL TORO BRAVO (THE WILD BULL)

is like La Chaparreras, a ranch song, but unlike it, this
is a man's song, although the singer does talk about doing
some bull fighting before the ladies.

Por ahí viene el caporal
Cayendose de borracho.
Por ahí viene el caporal
Cayendose de borracho.

Gritandole a los vaqueros
Echenme ese toro gacho.
Gritandole a los vaqueros
Echenme ese toro gacho.

Aya-aya-aya-aya-aya-aya
Brrra, hu-hu-huey.
Esto no se
Tira le al torito
Brrr-heah.

La vaca era pinto
Y el becerro era moro.
La vaca era pinto
Y el becerro era moro.

Y los vaqueros sospechaban
Que era hijo de otro toro.

Y los vaqueros sospechaban
Que era hijo de otro toro.
Aya-aya-aya-aya-aya-aya

! allá va el toro!
Lázalo
Ya lo lazé
Tumbalo.
Ya lo tumbé.
Ponlo el cabestro.
De esto no sé.
Si los sabes, enseñame
Ayo-ayo-ayo-ayo-Brr.
Eh-hay-a.

Echenme ese toro pinto,
Hijo de la vaca mora.
Echenme ese toro pinto,
Hijo de la vaca mora.

Que yo quiero capotear
Delante de la señora.
Que yo quiero capotear,
Delante de la señora.
Aya-aya-aya-aya-Brrr.

! allá va el toro!
Lázalo.
Ya lo lazé.
Tumbalo.
Ya lo tumbé.
Ponlo el cabestro.
De esto no sé.
Si lo sabes, enseñame.

! allá va el toro!

If you have left me for another,
Dove, ungrateful dove -
If you have left me for another
Dove, ungrateful dove,

It is better that you tell me
Because the very doubt will kill me
If you have left me for another -
Dove, ungrateful dove.

Oh! my little dove
I die for you.
Do not abandon me,
Do not abandon me
Do not be thus.

Do not abandon me
Do not abandon me
Do not be thus.
Little dove of the streets
That eats grain from my hand.

There goes the foreman
So drunk he is staggering.
There goes the foreman
So drunk he is staggering.

Shouting to the cowboys
Turn loose that bull with the bent horns.
Shouting to the cowboys
Turn loose that bull with the bent horns.

Aya-aya-aya-aya-aya-aya
Brrra, hu-hu-huey.
That I don't know
Throw it at the little bull
Brrr-heah.

The cow was spotted
And the calf was roan.
The cow was spotted
And the calf was roan.

And the cowboys suspected
That he was sired by another bull.

And the cowboys suspected
That he was sired by another bull.
Aya-aya-aya-aya-aya-aya

There goes the bull!
Rope him.
I've roped him.
Throw him.
I've thrown him.
Tie him.
That I do not know.
If you know how, show me.
Ayo-ayo-ayo-ayo-Brrr
Eh-hay-a.

Turn loose that spotted bull,
Son of the roan cow.
Turn loose that spotted bull,
Son of the roan cow.

For I want to do some bullfighting
Before the lady.
For I want to do some bullfighting
Before the lady.
Aya-aya-aya-aya-Brrr.

There goes the bull!
Rope him.
I've roped him.
Throw him.
I've thrown him.
Tie him.
That I do not know.
If you know how, show me.

There goes the bull!

EL PALO VERDE (THE PALO VERDE TREE)

In this love song we again see the familiar pattern of a bird personifying a human being. The singer I presume is the spotted macaw. In this particular song the imagery comes from nature.

Señora, su palo verde
Se le estaba secando
Y anoche se lo regué
Y ahora se le amaneció floreciendo.
La-la-la-la ... Brr-ha-hie.

Y a se cayeron las peras
Del árbol que las tenía
Y así te caiste tu
En mis brazos vida mía.
La-la-la-la ...

Una guacamaya pinta
Esperaba que amaneciera
Para darle un agarrón
A un pajarito cualquiera.
La-la-la-la ...

Lady, your paloverde tree
Was drying up on you
Until last night I watered it and
Today by dawn, it was in bloom.
La-la-la-la ... Brr-ha-hie.

Now all the pears have fallen
From the tree that held them.
And thus you too have fallen
And right into my arms, my dear.
La-la-la-la ...

Once there was a spotted macaw -
A-waiting for the dawn
Just so she could grab
Whatever bird flew by.
La-la-la-la ...

EL SOMBRERITO, (THE LITTLE HAT)

is a song of exultation in which the caballero is happy about a new hat. He does not conceal the fact that, like the cowboy with the new chaparreras, he likes to wear new clothes. Peter calls the form of this verse "pure Lope de Vega."

Este sombrero que traigo
Me lo traje de Chicón.
Me lo traje de Chicón - ay,
Este sombrero que traigo.

Cada vez que me lo pongo
Se me alegra el corazón,
Se me alegra el corazón,
Cuando el sombrero me pongo.

Cuando el sombrero me pongo
Se le da la piedradita.
Se le da la piedradita
Cuando el sombrero me pongo.

Y le dije a mi chinita
Echa me jorongo al hombro.
Echa me jorongo al hombro
Cuando el sombrero me pongo.

This hat I am wearing
I have brought from Chicón.
I have brought from Chicón - ay,
This hat I am wearing.

Each time that I wear it
It gladdens my heart.
It gladdens my heart,
When I wear this hat.

When I put this hat on
It charms all who see me.
It charms all who see me
When I put this hat on.

And I said to my darling
Throw my serape on my shoulder.
Throw my serape on my shoulder,
When I wear this hat.

LAS CHAPARRERAS, (THE CHAPARRERAS)

are of course the leather protectors worn by cowboys when riding after cattle through heavy brush. They are belted around the waist and cover both legs and fasten in back. For this cowboy, the chaparreras seem important because they give him a gallant appearance rather than for their utility. The verse about the spouse in bed is also found in a folk song known as Firm lirn li which has wide currency in New Mexico.

Cuando vine a la ciudad
Me compré mis chaparreras
Y regresé por el rancho
Para enamorar rancheras.

Cuando vine a la ciudad
Me compré mis chaparreras
Y regresé por el rancho
Para enamorar rancheras.

Chaparreras, chaparreras
Chaparreritas de cuero!
Vayanse lejos las hueras
Que yo a las morenas quiero.

When I came to the city
I bought myself some chaparreras
And then I returned to the ranch
To make love to the ranch girls.

When I came to the city
I bought myself some chaparreras
And then I returned to the ranch
To make love to the ranch girls.

Chaparreras, chaparreras
Little chaparreras of leather!
Away with the fair ones
For I like the brunettes.

Las muchachas de mi rancho
Estas sí saben querer
Y cuando muerden rebozo
Es para corresponder.

Chaparreras, chaparreras,
Chaparreritas de cuero!
Vayanse lejos las huera
Que yo a las morenas quiero.

Tu marido está en la cama
Vente pa' la cabecera
Con el rosario en la mano
Ruega a Dios que pronto muera.

Chaparreras, chaparreras
Chaparreritas de cuero!
Vayanse lejos las huera
Que yo a las morenas quiero.

The girls on my ranch
They really know how to make love
And when they coyly bite their shawls
They are actually ready to go.

Chaparreras, chaparreras
Little chaparreras of leather!
Away with the fair ones
For I like the brunettes.

Your husband is sick in bed
Come and stand by the bedside
With a rosary in your hand
And, pray to God he will soon be dead.

Chaparreras, chaparreras
Little chaparreras of leather!
Away with the fair ones
For I like the brunettes.

LOS BARANDALES DEL PUENTE.

Full of poetic references like many Mexican songs
it contains a despedida or farewell consisting of the
last two verses: "Now with this I leave you among
perfume and azaleas, etc."

Los barandales del puente
Se estremecen cuando paso
Chinita mía, dame un abrazo.

Dame tu mano, morena,
Para subir al tranvía
Que esta cayendo la nieve fría.

Si está cayendo que caiga
Y asomate a tu ventana
Morena mía por la mañana.

Si está cayendo que caiga
Y asomate a tu balcón
Dame un besito de corazón.

De todas a ti te quiero -
De las demas no hago caso:
Chinita mía dame un abrazo.

De todas a ti te quiero
De las demas a ninguna
Chinita mía, luz de la luna.

Por debajo de aquel puente
Corre el agua y nacen flores,
Chinita mía de mis amores.

Las blancas son muy bonitas
Y las morenas hermosas.
Guardan sus amores entre las flores.

De todas a ti te quiero
Y por eso yo lo repito -
Morena mía, dame un abrazo.

Y estos son los barandales -
Conmigo no más tres piedras
Y más arriba tres pedernales

Dame la mano morena
Par subir a tu nido.
No duerme sola, duerme conmigo.

Ay - mamacita!

Ya con éste me despido
Entre perfume y azahares
Aquí se acaban los barandales.
Aquí se acaban los barandales.

Y por éste me despido
Entre perfume y las flores
Aquí se acaban los barandales.

(THE BALUSTRADE OF THE BRIDGE)

The balustrade of the bridge
Trembles when I pass by -
O, my darling embrace me.

Give me your hand, my dark one
To climb on the tramway
For the cold snow is falling.

Since it is falling let it fall
But come to your window
My dear in the morning.

As it is falling let it fall
But come out on your balcony
To throw me a kiss from your heart.

Of all these I love only you
Of the rest not a one
So my darling embrace me.

Of all these I love only you
Of the rest not a one
My darling O, light of the moon!

There under that bridge
The water is running and flowers bloom,
My sweetheart, my love.

The fair ones are pretty -
The dark ones are lovely
They keep their love nestled in flowers

Of all these I love only you
So I therefore repeat
O Darling, embrace me.

Now this is the song of the bridge rails
For me it is like something fine
But beyond is something much better.

O, give me your hand my dark one,
To help me climb into your nest
O, don't sleep alone, sleep only with me.

Ay - Little mother!

Now with this I will leave you
Midst the fragrance of orange blooms
For here ends the song of the rails
Here ends the song of the bridge rails.

And so with this I depart
Leaving you in the fragrance of flowers
For here ends the song of the bridge rails.

CORRIDO DEL NORTE. (BALLAD OF THE NORTH)

This song is one of the corridos or narrative ballads, this version being a reminiscence of the border wars when the singer was one of Villa's soldiers.

Nací en la frontera
De allá de aquel lado -
De allá de aquel lado -
Puro mexicano.

Por mas que la gente
Me juzgue tejano
Yo les aseguro
Que soy mexicano
De allá de aquel lado.

Porque uso de lado
El sombrero vaquero
Y fajo pistola
Y chamarra de cuero,
Y porque acostumbro
El cigarro de hoja,
Y anudo en mi cuello
Mi mascada roja,
Se creen otra cosa.

Yo fui uno de aquellos
Dorados de Villa -
De los que no damos
Valor a la vida -
De los que a la guerra
Llevamos nuestras hembras -
De los que morimos
Amando y cantando.
Yo fui de ese bando.

Yo tuve por novia
Una joven bonita.
La tropa le puso
Por nombre Adelita.

Graciosa y sumisa
Regaba las flores
Y nos alegraba
Cantando canciones -
Canciones de amores.

Fué la Valentina
Mi fiel soldadera,
Y por decidida
Llegó a coronela.
Curó con sus manos
Mis pocas heridas.
Me fué inseparable
Por toda la vida.
Mi fiel Valentina!

I was born on the border
Over on that side -
Over on that side -
That is pure Mexican.

Even though people
May judge me a Texan
I assure them
That I am Mexican
From over on that side.

Because I wear on the side,
A cowboy hat
And carry a gun
And a rawhide jacket,
And because I am accustomed
To rolling my own,
And tie on my neck
My red bandana
They think me to be something else.

I was one of those
Soldiers of Villa -
One of those who place
No value on life -
One of those who take
Their women to war -
One of those who die
Loving and singing.
I was one of that band.

I had as a sweetheart
A pretty young girl
The troop gave her
The name of Adelita.

Gracious and ladylike
She watered the flowers
And she cheered us
Singing songs -
Songs of love.

She was Valentina
My faithful soldier-wife
And for being determined
She rose to colonel.
She healed with her hands
My few wounds.
She was inseparable from me
Throughout life.
My faithful Valentina!

EL JABALI, (THE WILD BOAR)

another ranch song. The words seem to be little more than an excuse for a rollicking song about a pig hunt.

Andando yo trabajando
En la hacienda del jazmín;
Que por andar almorzando
Se me fué mi jabalí.

Andando yo traficando
Por toda la serranilla
Buscando a mi jabalí
Sin lo haber visto todavía

Andándolo yo buscando
Por las orillas del cerro
Ayer no lo agarré
Porque me hizo falta el perro.

While I was working
On the Ranch of the Jasmine
Once, because I was at breakfast
My wild boar got away from me.

I was traversing
All the ridges
Searching for my wild boar
Without yet having seen it.

I was hunting him
Along the edges of the mountain.
Yesterday I did not get him
Because I didn't have a dog.

FUE EN EL AFRICA LEJANA, (IT WAS IN FAR-OFF AFRICA)

is strictly speaking not a Mexican border song, but Peter heard it and learned it in Puerto Rico. It is a good song so I took the liberty of including it.

Fué en el Africa lejana
Donde conocí el amor
Y en América mi negra,
Donde conocí el dolor.

Fué en el Africa lejana
Donde conocí el amor
Y en América mi negra,
Donde conocí el dolor.

Yo quiero ir al Africa lejana.
Yo quiero ir al Africa lejana.
Yo quiero oír
Como suena tu bongó
Como suena tu bongó

Fué en el Africa lejana
Donde conocí el amor
Y en América mi negra,
Donde conocí el dolor.

Yo quiero ir al Africa lejana.
Yo quiero ir al Africa lejana.

Yo quiero ver tus palmeras de nuevo.
Yo quiero ir al Africa lejana.
Yo quiero oír como suena tu bongó -
Como suena tu bongó.

Yo quiero ir al Africa lejana.
Yo quiero ir al Africa lejana -
Donde conocí el amor.

It was in far-off Africa
Where I knew of love
And in America, my dark one,
Where I knew of sorrow.

It was in far-off Africa
Where I knew of love
And in America, my dark one,
Where I knew of sorrow.

I want to go to far-off Africa.
I want to go to far-off Africa.
I want to hear
How your bongo drum sounds
How your bongo drum sounds.

It was in far-off Africa
Where I knew of love
And in America, my dark one,
Where I knew of sorrow.

I want to go to far-off Africa.
I want to go to far-off Africa.

I want to see your palm trees again.
I want to go to far-off Africa.
I want to hear how your bongo drum sounds -
How your bongo drum sounds.

I want to go to far-off Africa.
I want to go to far-off Africa -
Where I knew of love.

EL CORRIDO DE CANANEA (THE BALLAD OF CANANEA)

is another narrative ballad. It contains a despedida: "Now with this I leave you, through the leaves of a pomegranate tree, etc...."

Voy hacer un pormenor I am going to give an account
De lo que a mí me ha pasado - Of what has happened to me -
Voy hacer un pormenor I am going to give an account
De lo que a mí me ha pasado. - Of what has happened to me. -

Como me han agarrado preso Of how I have been made prisoner
Siendo un gallo tan jugado Being such a tough old rooster
Como me han agarrado preso Of how I have been made prisoner
Siendo un gallo tan jugado. Being such a tough old rooster.

Me fui para el Agua Prieta I went to Agua Prieta
Pa' ver si me conocían - To see if they knew me -
Me fui para el Agua Prieta I went to Agua Prieta
Pa' ver si me conocían. To see if they knew me.

Y a las once de la noche At eleven o'clock at night
Me agarró la policía - The police got me -
Y a las once de la noche At eleven o'clock at night
Me agarró la policía. The police got me.

La cárcel de Cananea The jail of Cananea
Está situada en una mesa - Is situated on a mesa -
La cárcel de Cananea The jail of Cananea
Está situada en una mesa. Is situated on a mesa.

Y en ella fui procesado
Por causa de mi torpeza -
Y en ella fui procesado
Por causa de mi torpeza

Me agarraron los gendarmes
Al estilo Americano -
Me agarraron los gendarmes
Al estilo Americano. -

Como a un hombre de delito
Todos con pistola en mano -
Como a un hombre de delito
Todos con pistola en mano.

Ya con éste me despido
Por las hojas de un granado -
Ya con éste me despido
Por las hojas de un granado.

Y aquí da fin el corrido
De este gallo tan jugado -
Y aquí da fin el corrido
De este gallo tan jugado.

And there I was processed
Because of my dullness -
And there I was processed
Because of my dullness.

The gendarmes took me
In the American style -
The gendarmes took me
In the American style.

Like a man of crime
All of them with pistol in hand -
Like a man of crime
All of them with pistol in hand.

Now with this I leave you
Like the leaves of a pomegranate tree
Now with this I leave you
Like the leaves of a pomegranate tree.

And here the ballad is finished
Of this old rooster so tough.
And here the ballad is finished
Of this old rooster so tough.

TRAIGO MI CUARENTA Y CINCO, (I CARRY MY FORTY-FIVE)

contains references to Socorro and San Patricio, Socorro being 75 miles south of Albuquerque and San Patricio the town where Peter Hurd's ranch, the Sentinel Ranch, is located. Peter told me that when he learned it he himself interpolated the names of Socorro and San Patricio in place of the names of the Mexican towns which appeared in the original version.

Traigo mi cuarenta y cinco
Con sus cuatro cargadores
Y traigo cincuenta balas.
Las traigo para los traidores.

(CORO:)

¿Quién dijo miedo muchachos
Si para morir nacimos?
Traigo mi cuarenta y cinco
Con sus cuatro cargadores.

En el llano de Socorro
Dicen que no hay hombre macho,
Pero si a esos quieren ver,
A San Patricio les despacho.

(CORO:)

I carry my forty-five
With its four cartridge clips
And I carry fifty shells.
I carry them for traitors.

(CHORUS...)

Who said fear, boys
When we are born to die?
I carry my forty-five
With its four cartridge clips.

On the plains of Socorro
They say there are no he-men,
But if you want to see some of these,
Send them to San Patricio.

(CHORUS...)

FOLKWAYS Records

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Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ R.P.M.

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SPANISH FOLK SONGS OF NEW MEXICO

Sung by PETER HURD with guitar accompaniment

FA-2204-A

SIDE 1

1. EL PAVITO REAL
2. LA CALANDRIA, The Lark
3. SIETE LEGUAS, Seven Leagues
4. LA PALOMITA CALLEJERA, Little Dove of the Streets
5. EL TORO BRAVO, The Wild Bull
6. EL PALO VERDE, The Palo Verde Tree
7. EL SOMBRERITO, The Little Hat

Recorded and edited by J. D. Robb in New Mexico

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SPANISH FOLK SONGS OF NEW MEXICO

Sung by PETER HURD with guitar accompaniment

FA-2204-B

SIDE 2

1. LAS CHAPARRERAS
2. LOS BARANDALES DEL PUENTE, The Railings of the Bridge
3. CORRIDO DEL NORTE, Ballad of the North
4. EL JABALI, The Wild Boar
5. FUE EN EL AFRICA LEJANA, It was far-off Africa
6. EL CORRIDO DE CANANEA,
Ballad of Cananea
7. TRAIGO MI CUERENTA Y CINCO,
I Carry My Forty-Five

Recorded and edited by J. D. Robb in New Mexico