



# MUSIC OF THE TARASCAN INDIANS OF MEXICO

## MUSIC OF MICHOACA AND NEARBY MESTIZO COUNTRY

RECORDED BY HENRIETTA YURCHENCO





ASCH MANKIND SERIES AHM 4217

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE COVER PHOTO: ARTURO MACIAS

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# MUSIC OF THE TARASCAN INDIANS OF MEXICO

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By HENRIETTA YURCHENCO

WHEN THE FIRST Spaniards arrived at Tzintzuntzan, the ancient Tarascan capital (situated in the present-day state of Michoacán, Mexico) they were entertained, so the worthy Spanish chroniclers of the 16th century tell us, with an all-night fiesta of dances and songs "sad enough to have risen from hell." And no wonder! It was no time for gaiety, for a dire fate already had befallen the Aztec capital a few hundred miles away. The pale-faced "guests" had come on a mission far from peaceful. Four hundred years have passed since that fateful time. Again in 1965 the Tarascans were invaded by foreigners; this time, however, they were friendly ones, in search of music.

First, some background. In 1942 I was living in Mexico City when a letter came from a friend in New York. "I'm arriving in two weeks," he wrote, "and I'm bringing my recording equipment. Can you get a sponsor for a recording expedition?"

In those days recording machines were hard to come by, and the Mexicans responded with enthusiasm to my entreaties. A project to record among the Tarascan Indians and mestizos (mixed bloods) of the State of Michoacán was approved. The Department of Fine Arts gave us a truck and a fine chauffeur, and the Rector of the University of Michoacán provided financial as well as moral support. Three of us—John Green, my friend and an expert sound engineer; the late Roberto Téllez Girón, a Mexican folklorist; and myself—took off for the backroads of Michoacán. Though of short duration it was a prolific venture. In three weeks we recorded more than 100 songs and instrumental pieces, representing the first comprehensive collection of folk music ever made in that region.

Then, from 1942 to 1946, I traveled to the most remote, almost inaccessible areas of Mexico and Guatemala to record—again for the first time—the music of many primitive Indian tribes. Our Library of Congress as well as the Latin-American governments supported the project vigorously. Later on I went to Spain, the Balearic Islands, and Morocco in search of the Spanish origins of music I had heard in the New World. But every now and then I longed to go back to Mexico, particularly to the Tarascan country which had so fascinated me. I could still remember vividly the captivating lyricism of its songs, the charm of the people, and the serene beauty of the land.

Finally, in the summer of 1964, I returned to Mexico City. At first sight everything seemed to have changed. A city of 2,000,000 in the 1940s, it was now a gigantic metropolis of 5,000,000. A shiny, modern Museum of Anthropology had replaced the old and beautiful, though moldy, colonial building; skyscrapers of glass and steel were everywhere, and I heard rumors about the death of those folk and primitive cultures I had treasured so many years before.

As fast as I could I headed out to Michoacán to see for myself. It was with trepidation that I arrived in Pátzcuaro,

the lovely town on the banks of Lake Pátzcuaro in the heart of Tarascan country. My first few minutes were reassuring. Not even the cobblestones had changed! The marketplace was exactly as I had last seen it. Seated around the plaza were brightly dressed women who sold crisp green vegetables as well as silvery whitefish and golden trout caught but an hour before in Lake Pátzcuaro. Vendors still sold geometric-patterned rugs, stunning green and black pottery, blue-striped black rebosos (shawls), and finely-woven hats made of dried reeds from the lake. I wandered happily through the crowd—yes, everything was the same!

Then, suddenly, I became aware of the metallic, unmistakable sounds of rock 'n' roll! I followed the sounds and this is what I saw. Seated on the ground in their long skirts, their coal-black hair braided with purple and red ribbons, several Tarascan women were moving in time to the music while, at their sides, tiny transistor radios were blaring forth. I was to encounter this electronic leveler of cultures many times during the course of the summer. Copper workers hammered their pots into shape, potters painted and glazed their jugs and plates, and Indians even walked from town to town to the tunes of the Beatles (sometimes sung in Spanish). I was to see other changes too—bright pink plastic raincoats instead of capes made of dried grasses, cheap rayon fabric instead of handloomed woolens.

These unfortunate effects of modernization distressed me. "It's not so bad as it looks", I was assured by Teresa Davalos, director of the Pátzcuaro Folk Art Museum. It seems that both the federal and state governments support programs to encourage the ancient handicraft techniques, supply the workers with credit, and arrange for distribution of their products. The folk arts are flourishing in Michoacán. "But", I asked, "what about the music?" She replied: "The government sponsors an annual state-wide competition for singers, dancers, and composers. Why don't you come down and find out for yourself?"

To confirm that it was worthwhile to accept the invitation, a few days later I hired a taxi to take me along the dusty, bumpy road around the lake, and then went by dugout canoe to Jaracuaru, an island in Lake Pátzcuaro long known for its music. It was my good fortune there to meet Sr. Antonio Cruz, the principal musician of the island. He sang and sang for me, and it was one wonderful song after the other. Yes, music was still important to the Tarascans. How tuneful the melodies, how sweet the words! No question—I must start all over again.

I returned to New York shortly thereafter and started making plans for the following summer. The American Philosophical Society awarded me a grant, and the Governor of Michoacán also provided generously. I left for Mexico in June of 1965 and was joined by two of my City College students, Jody Stecher and Peter Gold. Paige Lohr, who is not only the ARG's associate editor but also a graduate student in anthropology at Teachers College, Columbia University, was my valued colleague in the field group.

For almost two months our party bounced along the roads of Michoacán in a government jeep loaded with cameras, tape recorders, and an odd assortment of other equipment needed for our work. Our genial chauffeur, Valentín, maneuvered faultlessly over some terrifying roads. During a good part of the trip Paul Petroff, a gifted photographer, shot everything in sight—the Tarascan kiddies, the audience of Indians that gathered at every recording session, the weavers and potters, and the lake and its fishermen.

We recorded about 250 items in the villages of the three Indian areas—the region of Lake Pátzcuaro (La Laguna), the thickly wooded highlands (La Sierra), and the Ravine of Eleven Towns (La Cañada)—as well as music from nearby mestizo towns. By the end of the summer we were so well known that singers and composers began to seek us out in our headquarters in Pátzcuaro. "I forgot to sing you such and such a song", they would say, or: "When you came to my village, I sang badly. Can I sing it again?"

It was gratifying to find Tarascan music in such a healthy state. Despite material improvement, despite contact with city culture which so often spells the death of folk culture, the indigenous patterns still prevail. As a matter of fact mestizo music, unable to hold its own against the onslaught of big-city "pop" stuff, really is disappearing. Not so the Tarascan music. The Indians listen but do not emulate. They stubbornly cling to what is meaningful and basic to their lives—creating new songs while occasionally singing the old—in a grand continuous tradition.

As intimated, the government plays its part in keeping traditional music alive. Undoubtedly the prizes and public acclaim attached to the competitions are incentives, but in fact song-writing goes on at a brisk pace even without these attractions. And there is friendly competition not only within villages but also between villages. There was so much for us to do in lake villages like Jaracuaru and highland villages like San Lorenzo (near Uruapan) that we returned again and again for long recording sessions. Every time we came there were more singers assembled waiting for us.

One of the most fascinating things about our field study was learning how songs travel. "Last fall," we were told by our Tarascan guide Juan Macarios Santos, "the highlands people came to Jaracuaru to help with the wheat harvest. The priest was on hand, and when the work was finished invited everyone to the parish nouse. Well, you know, señora, how one boys love to sing. I tell you, they sang the whole night and most of the next day."

During fiesta time it is traditional for people in one village to celebrate with their friends in another. They eat, drink, dance, and even receive presents. Often dancers, singers, brass bands, and string ensembles—even composers—travel from one place to another, exchanging songs and dance steps. There is intense pride of authorship, and the accusations of plagiarism are as frequent and vociferous as anywhere in the world. Each person labels his version of a song as his very own, but because the songs are contemporary their true authorship can be tracked down in most instances. Some songs are widely popular, such as *Josefinita* (see page 83). Our group collected about a half-dozen versions, showing some remarkable variety within a particular frame.

No conservatory-trained musician is more dedicated to this art than these country performers. They are fussy, exacting, and disheartened when they give a poor performance. Of course, our city standards are not always theirs. Jody, for instance, would sometimes tune up the guitars. "Oh, that sounds wonderful!" they would say, admiring his know-how. Left to themselves, however, they would go on tuning the way they always had. On one occasion we examined a fiddle that

looked as if it were coming apart. Jody tried it. It sounded terrible! "Impossible—nobody can play that thing." We all agreed. Yet in the hands of its owner it behaved beautifully, and all we could do was look on and marvel.

Unlike more primitive and remote Huichols, Seris, Coras, and Tarahumara Indians among whom I had worked in the 1940s, the Tarascans are an acculturated group, accessible by road and railway even in the rainy season. Their way of life—not only their material existence but also their religious and secular customs—adds up to a fascinating mixture of indigenous and foreign factors incorporated into their culture from the Conquest to modern times. Most people are bilingual, speaking Spanish and *Purepecha* (the language of the Tarascan); their religious practices encompass a crazy patchwork pattern of pagan and Christian rituals. Music, while definitely post-Conquest, faintly echoes the pre-Hispanic past, but so elusively as to defy analysis. The music heard by the Spanish Conquistadores in the 16th century is dead and buried. Only a few sacred drums dug up from archeological rubble offer mute testimony to pre-Hispanic musical art.

Tarascan music today is rather a product of the relatively recent past, easily identified as Mexican but with its own flavor and form. Instrumental music is played for many public and private functions. It is heard at weddings, and on saints' days, with the *pastorelas* (Christmas Plays), with the dances (Moors and Christians, and the Dance of the Little Old Men), and it fills the leisure hours after work. The villages abound in string ensembles and brass bands; both are considered professionals, and play for money. But most numerous of all are the singers.

The Tarascans have another kind of music which has practically disappeared. In a few of the villages where ancient traditions are still very strong it is possible to hear music played on reed flutes and drums, and also on the *chirimía*, a crude six-holed type of wooden oboe brought by the early Spaniards.

One day word reached our Uruapan headquarters that a fiesta was to be celebrated in the *barrio* of Maria Magdalena, and so we decided to divide our party into two groups. Jody, Paige, and I went on with our Nagra to San Lorenzo, where a recording session had been previously scheduled. Peter Gold and the others took the Uher to the local fiesta. From Peter's own notes on the events of that day I quote the following:

"After meeting the padre (of the church of Maria Magdalena) and photographing a charming children's dance complete with brightly-colored costumes and two men in black sporting-devil's masks, we went to investigate the activity around the church proper. It was then, as we were about to turn the corner of the church, that we heard a strange, hoarse sound, a cross between an oboe and a kazoo compounded by a series of rhythmic thirds. Upon turning the corner we were confronted by the sight of five wonderfully rugged-faced Indians. Four playing double-reed instruments and one with an old snare drum strapped across his shoulder. This was a *chirimía* band from the distant village of Cheranatzicuirin. It was certainly a strange sight to see these five musicians from a town high in the sierra playing the traditional melodies of the Tarascan area. H.Y. says they play songs that are older than those we have been collecting—probably dance tunes from Colonial times."



I returned from San Lorenzo just in time to hear a few minutes of chirimia playing at the fiesta, and then invited the musicians to come to our hotel the next day for some more recording. In the morning I was awakened by the girl at the desk. "Señora, a group of Indians were here a few minutes ago looking for you. So many people were following them! I think they became frightened and went away!" Apparently they had come marching down the street, blaring forth on their chirimias, followed by a huge crowd. The sight of the modern hotel was too much for them, and they fled! However, the story does not end there. A few weeks later, two Indians walked all the way to Uruapan from Cheranatzicurin. This time we recorded many of their songs.

A rare treasure of our Michoacán expedition was the fiesta of Corpus Christi on the island of Pacanda in Lake Pátzcuaro. The date of the local celebration depends upon the availability of the priest from Pátzcuaro, who officiates throughout the region. Coming early in the rainy season, it includes survivals of pagan agricultural fertility rites as well as Christian ritual. We were delighted, therefore, when the musicians of the island invited us to attend their fiesta. The community-owned launch took us to Pacanda one Sunday in July, along with the priest and his assistants and a group of people from Pátzcuaro, mostly young girls out for a good time. Soon the bells began to toll and women, men and children (and assorted dogs) began to fill the church. Such a sight! The priest in his splendid robes of white satin and gold (on the launch he had worn shabby old pants rolled at the cuffs), the flowers everywhere, braziers and smoking incense, the Indian women kneeling on the cold stone floor, soberly and magnificently dressed in huge black- or red-pleated skirts that fanned out under and around them, their blue-striped black rebosos draped over their heads and shoulders. To one side the male choir (from another island in the lake—Jaracuaro) sang the special Mass to the accompaniment of a harmonium. Every now and then infants cried, firecrackers went off outside, rockets whooshed aloft, and the bells pealed. The Mass ended, and some worshippers remained to sing the traditional *alabanzas* (songs of praise) in the high piercing voices so typical of Indian Mexico. We recorded whatever we could. In retrospect I find that some of our most unusual material was recorded that day on Pacanda.

Outside we passed back into history. Teams of bulls adorned with flowers and ears of seed-corn pulled ancient wooden plows around the earthen plaza in front of the church, plowing furrows in which the men planted corn-stalks symbolically. A hunter wearing a Hitler mask darted in and out of the crowd, grimacing at the children, making everyone laugh. He shot at the armadillo-shell which dangled on a string from his rifle, cavorting all the while. Finally the priest led a procession along the lanes forming a square around the church, stopping at various outdoor altars under canopies of fish-nets held aloft by poles. Behind the priest walked the women solemnly, barefoot, carrying lighted candles. Soon the two brass bands, up to then playing lackadaisically under the eaves of the church, took their places in the procession, blaring joyously. Men carrying giant tissue-paper fish joined the line, and we brought up the rear. Rockets rent the air and lines of fireworks strung between trees cracked in rapid-fire sequence, culminating in ear-splitting booms. The bands played simultaneously (two different tunes), and the bells tolled. It was ear-filling, eye-filling, wondrous!



Throughout the entire proceedings—Mass, plowing, procession, fireworks, blaring, pealing—a basketball game was in progress on a court on the far side of the church. I don't think the boys stopped for a moment to observe the ceremony or to watch the strangers recording and photographing! This is Mexico. The past and the future side by side.

When the procession ended, I asked the intelligent young priest what it was all about. "First, let me assure you, we have not interfered with the ancient customs. Once these ceremonies were fertility rites honoring pagan gods. Today they are dedicated to the Virgin, for the Indians are devout Catholics." And that hunter, with the gun and the armadillo-shell and the Hitler mask? What is his role? "Ah, he is a dual character—evil and comic at the same time; the armadillo that he 'kills' is the embodiment of physical evil. The hunter is the one dramatic personage of the fiesta; he is the philosopher, the commentator on life."

The Indians of Mexico have a real dramatic flair that is best shown at fiesta time. In fact, the fiesta itself is really a dramatic presentation of secular or religious events. Saint's days, the Passion of Holy Week, Carnival, and Christmas alike combine music, song, dances, and acting to tell the story.

"Our people", Juan said, "really throw themselves into these fiestas heart and soul. The story is told that many years ago—who knows how many—the people of a certain town near the lake were celebrating Holy Week with a Passion play. One of their number was chosen as the Christ, and the onlookers acted out the part of the mob. They were so carried away by their part in the drama that they literally stoned the Christ-actor to death! It was a terrible thing, I tell you. The man's family came crying to the authorities in Pátzcuaro, but they could do nothing. After all, could they prosecute the entire village? The relatives were somewhat appeased when it was suggested that the man had died in a state of grace. It happened many years ago, but people still talk about it!"

The pastorelas, or Christmas plays, which date from Medieval times (and which were brought by the Spaniards to the New World), are performed all over Mexico. In the Colonial era these pageants were done in cities and towns, but today they are best preserved in rural Mexico, and particularly by the Indians. The old manuscripts are privately owned, and the few copies are lent to the villagers for a nice tidy sum. The pastorelas consist of a number of short plays dramatizing the birth of Jesus. Often included are sketches from the Bible, or even *The Thousand and One Nights*. Our guide Juan described the proceedings:

"On Jaracuaro Island, where I was born, the people build a crude stage every year. We have a curtain, sound effects, and all sorts of theatrical tricks, like smoke coming out of a huge mouth to symbolize Hell. A trio of girls, accompanied by the town band, goes through the town singing the songs composed especially for the occasion. The town council commissions a different composer each year. The plays are very good, and sometimes very funny, but I feel sorry for the actors. As you know, señora, it is very cold here in December, and the actors freeze when they play Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, because they are pretty naked!"

The struggle of good and evil is represented by adoring noble shepherds and seven black devils in frightening black masks with fangs, long red tongues, and red eyes. Part of a play was staged for us at composer Antonio Cruz's house. Three shy little girls sang their songs. Antonio was magnificent as the leader of the devils. He recited the stiff, pompous lines with such ferocious intensity that everyone (and the whole village was there) roared, even though the content was far from funny. When we left we were invited to come back the following Christmas and see the entire performance. And we will go back as soon as possible!

Juan Victoriano, the composer, and his favorite guitarist, Nicolas Casiano, San Lorenzo, Michoacán  
photo credit—Paige Lyons



The typical song form among the Tarascans is the *pirecua* (which means song in the Tarascan Purepecha language), a gentle, lyrical, four-line melody in the major mode of unequal phrase-length in 3/8 time. Its distinguishing characteristic is the melodic rhythm of two, three, four, and sometimes five notes against a steady three in the accompaniment. A variation found more in the highlands (sierra) than in the lake region is the *abajeno* (from the low country, or mestizo country), a mixture of mestizo and *pirecua* forms. The *abajeno*'s lively, dynamic 6/8 time often changes to 3/4 in melody and accompaniment. *Pirecuas* are generally sung as duets in thirds with guitar accompaniment, but brass bands and string ensembles play them as well. Even the little primitive chirimia band had some in their repertoire. One afternoon we were surprised to hear the hotel pianist in Uruapan weaving elaborate variations in pop-style on the keyboard!

The Tarascans are prolific and gifted poetically as well as musically. Each melody has its own poetry, except when the original words of old tunes are unknown. Texts are in Purepecha, but many songs include Spanish words. The poetry is finely wrought verse, usually concerned with the complexities and poignancy of required or unrequited love. The frequent references to flowers, birds, and natural phenomena are reflections of Tarascan sensibility. Occasionally songs tell of social and political issues and memorable events. We heard several in praise of General Lázaro Cárdenas, the great liberal president of the 1930s, a Tarascan and well loved by the Indians. We even recorded a song about baseball, and another comparing Mexico and the United States! However, most Tarascan songs are serenades—songs for the young. How heartening it is to find, in this world of turmoil, one area where the main inspiration of musical expression is still love! Let me not, however, give a misleading impression; the Tarascans are well aware of social and economic ills, and lack of education, but their life is nevertheless satisfying and rewarding, and this positive quality is reflected in their music.

The Tarascans are excellent singers and instrumentalists. The singers perform well together no matter how fast the tempo, but they do not always coordinate well with the guitarist. The more primitive the village, the more one hears the men singing in high-pitched voices. Performances range from crude to sophisticated. One of the most professional groups is a trio of girls (sisters) from Uruapan led by Arturo Macías, a splendid folklorist (and also an architect). Accompanied or unaccompanied, their style and delivery is matchless, faultless, and absolutely authentic.



String ensembles include fiddles, guitars, and a variety of guitar-like instruments such as the big *guitarro* (used mostly by the Mariachi players), and the small *vihuela* and *jarana*—popular on the Gulf Coast and other mestizo areas. The most professional players are from the town of Paracho, which is also the most important center of guitar-making. One ensemble consisting of violins, guitar, cello and bass is led by Francisco Bautista, a graduate of the Mexican Conservatory of Music and staff musician of the Ballet Folklórico de México. But the Tarascan bands are a matter of local pride, and even the municipal band of Uruapan sandwiches some Tarascan tunes in between the Strauss Waltzes and selections from Italian opera in their evening concerts on the town plaza.

Michoacán is famous all over Mexico for its excellent mestizo string music, most of it from the Tierra Caliente ("Hot Country") near the Tarascan area. We were indeed fortunate to record some examples of this. The most spectacular was Señor Naranjo's playing on the *Arpa Grande*, a large harp modeled on the small one popular on the Gulf Coast. Señor Naranjo, who is blind, probably is the last of the great performers. We found him one day sitting on Uruapan's central Plaza; he had just come from Aguillillas, a town some distance away. This great artist, now in his 60s, has spent his whole life traveling from one town to another—earning his living by playing a song for a peso (eight cents)!

An ensemble of harp and vihuela visited one evening at the house of Señor Arturo Macías. Quietly, in well-modulated tones, they told us about themselves and where they came from; but when they began to play I thought the roof would fly off!

With the end of summer we returned to New York with our taped treasure of songs to be transcribed and our notebooks to be deciphered. Double translations, from Purepecha to Spanish to English, were yet to be done. With stamina and appropriate financial support I hope to publish the combined findings of 1942 and 1965 before another score of years has passed!

I am extremely grateful for the assistance given to me and all the members of our field team by local and state officials, particularly by Prof. Leodegario Lopez, the assistant to Governor Arriaga; by Teresa Davalos Luft, director of the Folk Arts Museum in Pátzcuaro; and by Arturo Macías of Uruapan. And my special thanks go to Dr. Daniel Rubín de la Borbolla, director of the National Museum of Popular Arts and Industries in Mexico City, without whose help this project never would have been realized.



FOLK MUSIC OF MICHOCACAN, MEXICO

MUSIC OF THE TARASCAN INDIANS  
AND NEARBY MESTIZO COUNTRY

Recorded by Henrietta Yurchenco  
on location, 1965-66

Assisted by Jody Stecher and Peter Gold

SIDE I

Tarascan String Music

Band 1 - Son de Paracho (Anon.) 2:17  
Bautista String Ensemble, Paracho,  
Michoacán

Band 2 - Mexico Bonito (Anon.) 2:50  
Joaquín Bautista, guitar

Band 3 - Son Abajeño (Juan Victoriano) 1:16  
San Lorenzo String Ensemble, San  
Lorenzo, Michoacán

Pirecuas

Band 4 - Male Reginita (Teodoro Lemúz) 2:22  
Pulido Sisters, Uruapan, Michoacán

Band 5 - Rosa de Castilla (Fernando Hernandez)  
1:48  
Pulido and Solorio Sisters, Joaquín  
Bautista, guitar, Uruapan, Michoacán

Band 6 - Ursulita (Heliodoro de la Cruz) 1:27  
Heliodoro and Felipe de la Cruz with  
guitar, Patzcuaro, Michoacán

Band 7 - a. Josefinita (version: Antonio de la  
Cruz) 1:32  
b. Clavel Color de Rosa (Antonio de la  
Cruz) 1:35  
c. Male Teresita (Antonio de la Cruz)  
1:58  
Antonio de la Cruz and T. de Jesus  
with guitar, Jaracuaro, Michoacán

Band 8 - Male Esperancita (pirecua-waltz by  
Juan Victoriano) 1:22  
Juan Victoriano with guitar, San  
Lorenzo, Michoacán

Abajenos

Band 9 - Abajeño a la Juventud (Juan Victoriano)  
2:04  
Juan Victoriano with guitar, San  
Lorenzo, Michoacán

Band 10 - Amapolita Urapiti (Heliodoro de la Cruz)  
1:30  
Heliodoro and Felipe de la Cruz with  
guitar, Patzcuaro, Michoacán

FOLK MUSIC OF MICHOCACAN, MEXICO

Recorded on location (1965-66)  
by Henrietta Yurchenco

Assisted by Jody Stecher and Peter Gold

SIDE I

Tarascan String Music

Band 1 - Son de Paracho (Anon.)  
Bautista String Ensemble of Paracho,  
Michoacán

The Bautista family have been musicians for generations. They perform at religious fiestas as well as at government functions, weddings and baptisms. Although Francisco, the violinist, is a National Conservatory graduate, he often plays in the band with his brother, father and people of his town. Sra. Bautista is a modest and gracious Tarascan woman who preserves age-old traditions, yet enjoys her TV set, one of the few in the Tarascan Highlands. The Bautista Ensemble includes violins, guitars, a cello and double bass.

Band 2 - Mexico Bonito (Anon.)  
Joaquín Bautista, Guitar

Like his brother Francisco, Joaquin is a versatile and sensitive musician equally at home with mestizo and his own Tarascan musical traditions. Here he plays his own instrumental transcription of a characteristic pirecua.

Band 3 - Son Abajeño (Juan Victoriano)

San Lorenzo String Ensemble, San  
Lorenzo, Michoacán

Not as polished as the Paracho group, the San Lorenzo string band is nevertheless more characteristic of Tarascan string music throughout the area. This small town near Uruapan is one of the richest musical centers of the Highlands, and the home of its most prolific composer, Juan Victoriano. This instrumental abajeño is played on violins, guitars and a cello.

Pirecuas

Band 4 - \*La Reginita (Teodoro Lemúz, Turicuaro)  
Pulido Sisters, Uruapan, Michoacán

The Pulido Sisters are a trio of mestizo girls who sing Tarascan songs. To help with the pronunciation, the composer Juan Victoriano from nearby San Lorenzo, often takes the local bus to Uruapan where the girls live. Their bright, forceful yet unstrained vocal production, however, is mestizo rather than Indian.

Eres malesita Reginita bonita  
la que vives en mi pecho  
dentro del mero corazon  
Mi Reginita florecita  
del campo con perfumes  
y con cantos de los aves  
y jilgeros y con muchos colibrí.

Eres tú la rosa más hermosa de mayo  
la más preciosa de verdad  
Mi princesita \*\*guarecita  
de trenzas tan bonitas  
tus manitas y tus ojos  
tu boquita y tu cuerpo angelica.

Mi Reginita chula,  
la guarecita que me diera su amor  
entre las flores de mil colores  
en un rinconcita de amor.

Mi malesita chula  
la guarecita hecha joya de amor  
por tus amores yo doy mi vida  
bella mujercita hecha flor.

You are the lovely Reginita  
The one who lives in my breast  
Who is in my very heart  
My Reginita, little flower  
Of the country with perfumes  
And songs of birds-  
Linnets, and many hummingbirds.

You are the fairest Rose of May  
The most precious of them all  
My little Tarascan lass  
With braids so pretty  
Your little hands and eyes  
Your little mouth and your angelic form.

My lovely Reginita, guarecita  
If you would only give me your love  
Among the flowers of a thousand colors  
In a little corner of love.

My pretty little miss  
Guarecita, a jewel made for love  
For your affection I'd give my life  
Lovely little woman like a flower.

\* The Pulido Sisters sing this song in Spanish and Tarascan. The Tarascan text is omitted.

\*\* Tarascan girl

Band 5 - \*Rosa de Castilla (Fernando Hernandez,  
Ahuirán)

The Pulido Sisters, the Solorio Sisters  
with Joaquín Bautista, guitar, Uruapan,  
Michoacán

Most pirecuas are serenades - songs of love. This rather recently composed song is one of the loveliest of this region. The Solorio Sisters and their aunts, the Pulido girls,



sang this melodic gem for us at a party given in our honor.

Rosa de Castilla  
Tuengar San ses asik  
tuengar shan puntzunek  
Rosa de Castill,  
Tantiaricuar male  
Para no is pakaras  
como-es florenti

Tatzicuar huandakua  
y hay que juchet suerte  
na ni nidvis tij caristia  
Tantiaricuar male  
Para no is pakaris  
como es florenti.

Rose of Castile  
You are so lovely  
Perfumed, flower-like  
Rose of Castile  
Think about it, señorita  
You do not realize  
How like a flower you are.

And she is saying-  
Oh how lucky I am,-  
What good luck!  
Think about it, señorita  
You do not realize  
How like a flower you are.

\* Transliteration by Arturo Macias

Band 6 - Ursulita (Heliodoro de la Cruz,  
Patzcuaro)

Heliodoro and Felipe de la Cruz with  
guitar.

Heliodoro de la Cruz inherits his musical ability from his father Antonio, the finest Tarascan musician of the Lake Patzcuaro region. Born on the small island of Jaracuaro, he now lives and works in Patzcuaro, the beautiful colonial town situated above the Lake. Although his songs are within the tradition of his people, his singing style as well as content show the influence of the world around him.

Es una tristeza de un amor sincero

Ia engachi juocha nuntikamemi ujka mirikuazini.

Ka inde rakuerduesti, male Ursulita,

Ia engachi juocha na tiempu šani gosaripkia.

Nuntikamemi kuzanderaspka, male Ursulita,

Ia ekakaa tiempuecha nitamasanga ka menderu junguania,

Ka juocha parakpini male Ursulita,

Nuntikamemi k'uaratsisanga engu juocha uariaka.

It is a sadness of sincere love,  
Which we can never forget.  
And that is a memory, señorita Ursulita  
That we, for a time, have been so happy.

I had never understood, señorita Ursulita,  
That time passes and never returns,  
And we to this world, señorita Ursulita,  
Will never return when we die.

Band 7 - a. Josefinita (Juan Méndez, Zacán)

b. Clavel Color de Rosa (Antonio de la Cruz, Jaracuaro)

c. Male Teresita (Antonio de la Cruz, Jaracuaro)

Antonio de la Cruz and T. de Jesus  
with guitar.

Jaracuaro, the musical center of Lake Patzcuaro, is more isolated from mestizo life than the Highlands. Several generations ago it was known even in mestizo circles for the musical activities of Nicolas Juárez, a Tarascan composer of note. Among the Tarascans themselves, Jaracuaro still plays an important role in musical life. Their bands are in demand at fiestas, their religious singers perform in the churches of many Indian villages, and their dance group recently walked off with a first prize at a government sponsored folk dance and song competition. These three songs are a minute sampling of the musical riches recorded in Jaracuaro.

a. Josefinita

Sufririsanga Josefinita,

Iama noteru modu jarasti,

A que mundo tan engañoso,

Todo es un sueño

Toda es una ilusión.

Sufririsanga no es imposible,

Ay Dios eterno quisiera morir,

Rakuerdu jingonderkumi pakarasanga arini domingu jimbo.

Tu eres mi corazón.

I suffer, little Josephine,  
And now there is no help for it -  
Oh what a world of deception,  
All is a dream  
All is illusion.

I suffer - it cannot be!  
Oh eternal God, let me die!  
On this Sunday all I have is a memory-  
You are my heart!  
Repeat

b. Clavel Color de Rosa

Ka šandi sesi jašika tsatsaki sapichu,

Clavencita color de roseskari

Nochkari t'u k'o šani sesi jasa tsapasani,

Abrili jimbo ka maju jimbo.

Ka male Eulalia

T'uchkari žandisa šani teparakuakia?

¿Ori t'uri mintsipaxisani ohiti sesi jašikua?

¿Ori t'uri mintsipaxisani ohiti jauiri ioxatinia?

Inde male ma ratkuestia.

How beautiful you are, little flower!  
Rose-colored lovely carnation-  
For don't you blossom so prettily  
In the months of April and May?

And, Eulalia, little flower  
Why are you so arrogant?  
Or is it that you boast of your beauty?  
Or is it that you boast of your long, long,  
hair?  
But that, little flower, will fade with  
time!

c. Male Teresita

Šu šaparar andaruerasanga,

Malesita Teresitani sani ešeni.

Sesi p'arijtsakuxia juohäri malesita Teresita,

Parakiri t'uri pueciuakari sesi erašatani.



Ka tsipikua jingoni ukaski arini uatsani sani  
namuni juria,  
Intambirini indeni tsatsaki, malesita Teresita,  
Parani jia kajaakuaru jatsindukupantani.

¡Nakiski arte Ami tumi sapizatcha,

Najkika bieni sesi jarati sonichani ariajki?

Intambirini indeni tsatsaki, malesita Teresita

Parani jia kajaakuaru jatsindukupantani.

Down the street I come  
To see, for a little while, señorita  
Teresita.  
Smooth your hair carefully, señorita  
Teresita,  
So you can see well up and down the street.

How sweet it is to love this girl!  
Give me that flower, señorita Teresita,  
So I can wear it home on my hat.

Who are these young fellows?  
It seems they are singing very pretty  
songs.  
Give me that flower, señorita Teresita,  
So I can wear it home on my hat.

Band 8 - Male Esperancita (pirecua-waltz  
by Juan Victoriano, San Lorenzo)  
Juan Victoriano with guitar, San  
Lorenzo, Michoacán.

The waltz has had a tremendous effect on  
mestizo and Indian music everywhere in  
Latin America since its introduction  
from Europe in the 19th century. In this  
song, the pirecua melody is wedded to a  
waltz rhythm.

Ari tsatsaki sapichu,

Sani engachka sesi jashika.

Male Esperansita,

Taapaxutakua šani sesi jasa ma.

Asuleju urapiti ariqasandi ari

Taatsaki sapichu,

Sani enga sesi jashikia.

¿Nanina upirini parani p'ikukuarini ji?

Ka ji p'ikukuarika arini tsatsakinia,

Sani enga sesi jashika.

Male Esperansita, ai, ai,

Juchua sani pasearini

Uruapani enga šani sesi jandikia.

Ari tiempu nitamasandi,

Ka juoha nq meni nirani

Jini pasearini

Uruapanisa,

Jardini uanotani sani.

Mochkari t'u ia ma repentku

niua uambuchakuazini.

Ka ji uerani pakarani

Fori ji male t'ungini

Jirinantani.

This little flower,  
Is so beautiful  
Señorita Esperancita,  
A flower, such a pretty one.  
White cornflower is the name  
Of this little flower.  
It is so beautiful  
How can I pick it for myself?  
But I will pick it for myself,  
For it is so beautiful.

Señorita Esperancita, Oh, Oh!  
Come now for a walk  
In Uruapan, where it is so beautiful.

Time is passing  
And we have never been  
There to take a walk  
In Uruapan,  
Here and there in the park.  
Soon, without telling me  
You will go and get married,  
And I will be left weeping,  
Esperancita,  
For I will miss you!

#### Abajeños

Band 9 - \*Abajeño a la Juventud (Juan  
Victoriano, San Lorenzo)  
Juan Victoriano with guitar,  
San Lorenzo, Michoacán.

The words "cutting palm branches" may  
refer to the yearly pilgrimage to  
Michoacán's west Coast to gather palm  
for the making of palm sculpture. This  
lively 6/8 song form is found more in  
the Highlands than the Lake country.

Šani enga alegrika para tumini jamani,

¿Año, juchiti iaminu amiguecha?

Uachichani sani ji uandajrasaramka

Sano iaminu eskakaa šanipka ini ireta jimbo,

Isa ariqasaramti, barrio de Guadalupe.

Mariselani ka Sinsionitani ka male Juanitani,

Ka para ketsikisa, Marikitani ka male Adelaidani,

Isa jimbosani jiftuni noteruni sania andajkuarika  
ji nintani

Juchini sani iukuarini.

Domingu jimbo juriatikua el dia diesinuebe

Marsuni jimbo nirapska jia pimiru pimu akuni,

Paraka jakajkuaka juchiti malé Marisela

Eskachkani jia ukasaramka pakuazini juchinia,

Isa jimbosani jiftuni nipka andarani serro de

Agujani jimbo,

Ma tsatsaki p'ikuni.

Domingu juriatikua diesinuebe marsuni jimboia

Uandotskuarikuspa Mariselani. Isarini arišti:

¿Nori niuaia? Ju sani kumplirini; kuwaia

Musika šani sesi kuskapuni jaka ketsimani.

Ekari nirajka, juachirini ma tsatsaki andanguti,

Jini jukastia ima juata jimbo, serro de Aguja,

Parakani jiftuni pueiduka ma putimuka ma intambini

Chankasani, tiempu jimbo anapu.



Oh, what pleasure to be a youth!  
Is it not true, all you my young friends?  
I have chased after the girls  
Almost all there are in this town,  
Which is called Barrio de Guadalupe.

There's Maricela, Sinsionita, and  
Juanita,  
And on down the street, Marikita and  
Adelaida.  
This is why I hardly ever have time any  
more to go home,  
And cut myself a little firewood.

On Sunday the nineteenth of March  
I went to cut branches of palm  
So that my señorita Maricela would  
believe me,  
That I want to take her home.  
And I went up the Needle Mountains  
To pick a flower.

On Sunday the nineteenth of March,  
I paid court to Maricela, and she said  
to me:  
Won't you go and keep your promise?  
Listen! the music sounds so fine  
On and on down the hill towards us.  
If you go, bring me a really fine flower.  
They grow there in that high hill in the  
Needle Mountains -  
So that I can give you a kiss appropriate  
to this season.

\*Abajeño to Youth.

Band 10 - Amapolita Urapiti (Heliodoro de  
la Cruz, Patzcuaro)

Heliodoro and Felipe de la Cruz  
with guitar, Patzcuaro, Michoacán

Like other young Tarascans who come to  
pursue their higher education in Patzcuaro  
Heliodoro has chosen to remain there  
attracted by the activities of town life.  
Although his voice shows traces of urban-  
style singing, the structure of his songs  
are in the Tarascan tradition. As in  
Ursulita (Band 6) he is assisted by his  
brother Felipe.

Amapolita urapitia,

Juchāri mintsitaxu anapia,

Sani namuni juriatashamkia

Sani uandajpini ſuisa.

No tenemos ni razones,

Ni telefonos extranjeros,

San Francisco California,

Sani kuzanguariſamka.

Little white poppy  
Flower of my heart,  
It has been a few days  
Since we talked together here.

We don't have any news  
Nor long distance telephones.  
San Francisco, California,  
I was making inquiries.

Note: In Tarascan texts Spanish pro-  
nunciation prevails except in  
the following:

- š - like sh
- ŋ - like ng
- ʌ - like u in must
- ɹ - like r in write, wrong, etc.

## FOLK MUSIC OF MICHOACAN, MEXICO

### SIDE II

#### Music For Religious Fiestas

Band 1 - Son de Carnaval 1:33  
Son de Navidad 1:53

Pedro and Elpideo Patricio, reed  
flute and drum, Jarácuaro,  
Michoacán.

Band 2 - Son de Fiesta :45  
Son de Ignacio Bernal 1:11

Ensemble of Chirimias from  
Cheranatzicurin, Michoacán.

Band 3 - Alabanza 1:30

Voices, harmonium, fireworks.  
Corpus Cristi Fiesta, Pacanda,  
Michoacán.

#### Mestizo Music

Band 4 - Jarabes Mestizos de Aguillillas  
7:30

Francisco and Joaquín Bautista,  
violin and guitar, Paracho,  
Michoacán.

Band 5 - Son de las Naguas Blancas 2:34

Harp Ensemble from Zicuirán,  
Michoacán. Harp, Violin, vihuela,  
and percussion played on the harp.

Band 6 - Valona Encarrujado 4:40

Los Madrugadores, Apatzingán,  
Michoacán. Violin, vihuela,  
harp.

Band 7 - El Gusto Pasajero 1:53

Los Madrugadores, Apatzingán,  
Michoacán. Violin, vihuela,  
harp.

## FOLK MUSIC OF MICHOACAN, MEXICO

Recorded on location (1965-66)  
by Henrietta Yurchenco

Assisted by Jody Stecher and Peter Gold

### SIDE II

#### Music for Religious Fiestas

Band 1 - Son de Carnaval (Carnival)  
Son de Navidad (Christmas)

Pedro and Elpideo Patricio, reed  
flute and drum, Jarácuaro,  
Michoacán.

Though fast disappearing, music played  
on reed flute and drum is still found in  
Indian communities throughout Mexico.  
Preserved from colonial times, the tunes  
are used to accompany dancing, to announce  
the fiesta, and to mark various rituals  
and activities. On the eve of the fiesta,  
the players wander through the village  
streets, and during the day they pipe  
their tunes in front of the church. In  
medieval Spain, similar pipers and drummers  
often played within the church itself,  
but such folk practises were generally  
frowned upon by ecclesiastical authorities.

Each fiesta has its special "son."  
The tunes played here are probably tradi-  
tional although the flute player claimed  
them as his own. (In Tarascan country,  
which abounds in composers, every per-  
former claims the songs he sings as his  
property even when he has done nothing  
more than change a musical or textual  
detail.) The reed flute heard here has  
six holes and was made by the player  
himself.



Band 2 - Son de Fiesta  
Son de Ignacio Bernal

Ensemble of Chirimias from  
Cheranatzicuri, Michoacán.

Still made in the tiny hamlet near Cheran, the chirimia, despite its resemblance to a pre-Hispanic instrument, was brought from Spain in the 16th century. A six-holed primitive, wooden oboe, it has a movable cylindrical attachment fitted into the upper end of the instrument which supports, and almost conceals, the double reed mouthpiece. Like the reed flute and drum, chirimias are generally played at fiesta time in front of the church. However, the musicians do not limit themselves to religious "sones," but also play the popular pircuas and abajeños.

Band 3 - Alabanza

Voices, harmonium, fireworks.  
Corpus Cristi Fiesta, Pacanda  
Island, Michoacán.

While most of the Indians were gathering outside to form the procession around the church plaza, a number of men and women stayed in the church to sing alabanzas, songs of praise and faith, sometimes to the accompaniment of a harmonium. On this recording noises of the fiesta are heard, voices and cries of children, the sound of exploding fireworks, and tolling of bells - all part of this pagan-Christian holiday celebrating the earth's fertility.

Mestizo Music

Band 4 - Jarabes Mestizos de Aguilillas

Francisco and Joaquín Bautista,  
violin and guitar, Paracho,  
Michoacán.

Paracho, the Sierra town designated by Don Vasco de Quiroga, the great 16th century benefactor of the Tarascans, to be the center of manufacture of musical instruments, is the home of these two talented musicians. From the 1860's to the beginning of the 20th century Paracho enjoyed a rich musical life. It had a fine music school to which many Tarascans came to study, a band, and a theater where musical plays, such as Zarzuelas, of Spanish origin were performed. Composers turned out mountains of "sones" and songs for every religious fiesta of the year, for weddings, baptisms, and for dancing. The waltzes, and other European musical forms then cultivated in Paracho, are still heard in today's songs.

The jarabe, Mexico's national dance, probably dates from the beginning of the 18th century. By the 19th century it was popular from California to Central America, and served as the model for many other song and dance forms. A combination of instrumental sones, songs and dances (including a zapateado, a rhythmic foot dance), jarabes are always performed as a series of pieces.

According to the Bautista brothers, these 19th century jarabes come from Aguilillas, an important mestizo town in Tierra Caliente (Hot Country). Here are the words for one of the jarabes:

Anda al agua y no te tardes  
Yo te espero por ahí

Te quiero más que a mi madre  
con ser que de ella nací

Go to the water and don't be late  
I will await you there

I love you more than my mother  
Even though I was born of her.

Band 5 - Son de Las Naguas Blancas (The  
White Petticoats)  
Arpa Grande Ensemble from Zicuirañ,  
Michoacán.

Many professional folk ensembles in mestizo Michoacán earn their living by performing at weddings, parties, in the marketplaces and town plazas. This one from Zicuirañ is one of the best, and one of the most unusual. We recorded the group one afternoon in the patio of Arturo Macias' house in Uruapan. The high-pitched cries heard in the recording were performed with closed mouth and, at first, we had no idea which musician was doing them.

Debajo de una enramada  
debajo de una enramada  
me jallé unas naguas blancas  
con la manera bordada.

Ay, la, la, la, la  
Ay, ay, la, la, la,

Debajo de una arboleda  
debajo de una arboleda  
me jallé unas naguas blancas  
con la manera por fuera.  
Acuéstate tantito  
debajo de una arboleda

Debajo de una agua  
debajo de un cazahuete  
me jallé unas naguas blancas  
amarradas con recate.  
Acuéstate tantito  
debajo de un cazahuete.

Underneath an arbor  
Underneath an arbor  
I caught hold of some white petticoats  
With embroidered openings.

Underneath a grove  
Underneath a grove  
I caught hold of some white petticoats  
With the openings loosened.  
Lie down a little while  
Underneath the grove

Beside the waters  
Underneath the cazahuete tree  
I caught hold of some white petticoats  
tied with maguey.  
Lie down a little while  
Underneath the cazahuete tree.

Band 6 - Valona Encarrujado (The Nag)

Los Madrugadores, Arpa Grande  
Ensemble, Apatzingán, Michoacán

The Valona, a sung poetic form, was popular in Renaissance Spain both in the court and in town plazas where jongleurs performed them as well as other types of street entertainment for the townspeople. Brought to the New World in colonial times, the Valona became popular in the states of Michoacán and Jalisco. Similar to our Broadside, it is a perfect vehicle for satiric, humorous, and often biting commentary on the human condition, catastrophes, crimes and moral attitudes, like this one. While the singer declaims his lines, the instrumentalists provide a strumming background, and play between the verses. Typical of Michoacán style, this Valona ends in a sparkling rhythmic section played on the wooden part of the harp.

Ay, no tienes qué encarrujarte ni que  
enojarte conmigo  
Ay, q'este gusto y yo lo mando  
y haz de hacer lo que yo digo  
Ay, yo soy el de la moneda  
y dueño de mi alma endrina.  
Ay, gobierno solo el mío  
tuya cocina y costura  
Ay, consejos debo darte  
y salir tú a ninguna parte  
Ay, yo sé adonde me dé gana  
y si no vengo hasta mañana



no tienes que encarrujarte  
 Ay, yo en mi casa no he de ver regalitos  
 ni boruca  
 Ay, porque a palos en la nuca  
 los sesos se te han de ver  
 Yo en palacios no he de creer  
 Ay, aunque sea el más fiel amigo  
 si lo veo hablar contigo  
 Ay el cuero te he de sonar  
 y no tienes que alegar  
 ni qué enojarte conmigo  
 Ay, yo no entiendo de celitos  
 venga noche o venga tarde  
 Ay, porque a mí hasta el alma me arde  
 andar con malos moditos  
 Los hombres nuestros gustitos  
 Ay, no los iremos pasando  
 sin andarme preguntando  
 Ay, dónde estabas o qué hacías  
 Si no vengo en treinta días  
 este gusto y yo lo mando  
 Ay, en fin de amada jovencita  
 dulce clavel y embeleso  
 Ay, aquí te entrego en empeño  
 mi alma con sus consejitos  
 y mis afectos toditos  
 Ay, mis amores están contigo  
 tu sabrás, yo no te obligo  
 Ay, el no perdonarte y cosas  
 que si tu eres delicosa  
 Haz de hacer lo que yo digo  
 Ay, despedida no les doy  
 porque a mí no me conviene  
 Ay, porque en esta vida y en la otra  
 lo que uno granjea 'so tiene.

You don't have to nag or be mad at me  
 I like it that way, it suits me  
 And you better do what I tell you  
 I'm the one with the money  
 And master of my confounded soul  
 I run the show here  
 you the kitchen and sewing  
 I, all patience and wisdom  
 Must give you advice  
 Not to go anywhere.  
 I go wherever I like  
 And if I don't come until tomorrow  
 You don't have to nag me  
 In my house I won't stand for little gifts  
 and uproar  
 Because I'll swat you right in the scuff  
 of the neck  
 they'll even see your brains  
 I don't believe in palaces  
 And even if he's my best friend  
 If I see him talking to you  
 I'll beat you up  
 And don't bicker with me  
 Or get mad at me  
 I don't understand little jealous scenes  
 Come hell or high water  
 Because even my soul is burning  
 I can't put up with bad manners.  
 We must have our caprice  
 Let them pass  
 Without asking so many questions  
 About where you were what you were doing.  
 If I don't show up in thirty days  
 That's the way it has to be.  
 So finally, my dear young lady,  
 Sweet carnation and rapture  
 Here for a while I lend you  
 My soul with its little counsels  
 And all my affection  
 All my love is for you  
 You know that I won't force you  
 And not forgiving you, and other things  
 If you are not fussy.  
 And do what I tell you  
 I will not say goodbye  
 Because I don't feel like it  
 Because in this life and the other  
 You reap what you sow.

Band 7 - El Gusto Pasajero (Traveler  
 Through My Life)  
 Los Madrugadores, Arpa Grande  
 Ensemble, Apatzingán, Michoacán

The Gusto is a popular folk song form in Michoacán, and also known elsewhere. The example heard on this recording has a seven line stanza in which the first line is repeated in the third and seventh; the second line is repeated in the sixth.

Los Madrugadores is considered the best Arpa Grande ensemble of Apatzingán, one of the entertainment centers of the Hot Country. Tierra Caliente is mostly farm land, acres of coconut groves and cotton-growing fields. Despite the oppressive heat, the mestizos of this area are energetic and enterprising. Industry and large-scale mechanical farming are rapidly replacing the sleepy ranch life of the past. The almost explosive music reflects the lively nature of the people. The words of their songs also reveal the extremes of emotion - from sentimental thoughts on love to peppery, almost acid remarks on human nature.

La mulata en el camino  
 ya te he dicho que no viene.  
 La mulata en el camino  
 Pasa y pasa y pasajera  
 No te lleve mejor a ti  
 Ya te he dicho que no viene  
 La mulata en el camino

Y esta noche no te vas  
 Pasajero de mi vida  
 Esta noche no te vas  
 Quédate a dormir conmigo  
 mañana madrugará  
 Pasajero de mi vida  
 Esta noche no te vas.

The mulatto girl on the road  
 I've already told you she won't come.  
 The mulatto girl on the road  
 She travels on and on  
 Careful she might take you  
 I've already told you she won't come  
 The mulatto girl on the road.

And tonight you must not go,  
 Traveller through my life,  
 Tonight you must not go.  
 Stay and sleep with me.  
 Tomorrow you will rise before dawn,  
 Traveller through my life.  
 Tonight you must not go.

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