

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5446 STEREO

BORICUA ROOTS RAÍCES BORICUAS
SANDRA ROLDÁN

A Puerto Rican from Brooklyn "Los Sures"
Sings Puerto Rican Songs



PHOTO BY HERBERT MIRANDA

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

M
1630.18
R744
B734
1978

MUSIC LP

SANDRA ROLDAN

A Puerto Rican from Brooklyn "Los Sures"
Sings Puerto Rican Songs

SIDE A—FOLKLORE

- 1) I Was a Ghetto Child—
Sandra Roldán—Seis con Décimas
Words & music by Sandra Roldán
- 2) Verde Luz
Antonio Cabán Vale—Danza
- 3) El Reloj
Rafael Hernández—Guaracha
- 4) Exodo Boricua
Germán Rosario—Seis Milonga
- 5) Los Carreteros
Rafael Hernández—Canción Jibara
- 6) Seis de Andino
Anonymous
- 7) Que se va José
Manuel "Canario" Jiménez—Plena

SIDE B—HISTORY

- 1) Canción a Albizu Campos
Sandra Roldán—Bolero (Words by Julia de Burgos)
- 2) Canción a Culebra
Suní Paz—(Special arrangement of a Seis Mapeyé)
- 3) Le Lo Lai
Pepe Castillo—Aguinaldo
- 4) Antonia
Antonio Cabán Vale—Bolero/Guaracha
- 5) Despierta Boricua
Words by Francisco Matos Paoli
Music by Guarione Hidálgo Africano
(Seis de Llanera with Bomba Rythm)

Musicians:

Sandra Roldán—Voice and Rhythm guitar.
Norton Torres—cuatro, 12 string guitar, guitar and palillos;
arranged songs.
Félix Gutiérrez—conga, güiro, maracas and guaní.

Recording Credits:

Mike Sobol—Mixing and Engineering
Harvey Lentchner—Special Mixing Effects.

Other Credits:

Herbert Miranda—Cover Photos.
Sandra Roldán—Translations of songs; notes of songs.

On "Boricua Roots"

The title of this album, *Boricua Roots*, does not represent a catching design in search of sales success. Neither does the collection of songs. Nor has the singer channelled her extraordinary potential into a route of splendor. A laborious, at times painful scrutiny has preceded this album. It symbolizes the modest, inwardly gravitating pursuing of a derooted generation in search of dignified anchorage.

The U.S. born Puerto Rican whose parents were truncated from direct cultural ties with the native nation have experienced, perhaps more agonizingly than those parents themselves, a spiritual truncation. The host society of the parents frequently turns out to be inhospitable for their children. The unrewarding urban school, the arrested talent, a limited job market, the ghetto, are phenomena which the New York City born Puerto Ricans face daily in the land in which they were born. A poking into that period of arrest and truncation of their parents becomes, more than crucial, an issue of survival for those who experience the demand for an internal attainment of a grasp of themselves, of their families, of their historical moment. The children of the truncated generation wish to place themselves at that frightening moment and look around and understand, see with their eyes, feel with their hearts and comprehend with their brain the negation of history to which their elders were exposed.

Boricua Roots represents such a poking. This album is permeated by an anger, sometimes a questioning melancholy, always by an assertion of pride, a defiance which are perhaps best exemplified in Sandra Roldán's original contributions, the music to the poem of Julia de Burgos entitled "Canción a Albizu Campos," and in the composition "I Was a Ghetto Child," which has the structure of a "seis," typical musical form of the Puerto Rican "jíbaro" or mountain dweller. Sandra feels pride in identifying her Puerto-Ricaness with that of the indefatigable fighter Albizu Campos, and in giving "jíbaro" form in English to the autobiographic experience as a child from the ghetto, next to her adult advice to be on guard against the opportunistic and superficial folkloric. "Beware of glimmering San Juan and romantic nights with coquis that blind and deafen your minds from the truth and reality."

Boricua Roots symbolizes the partial, and the continuing growth of Sandra Roldán's generation; the El Barrio, South Bronx, Lower East Side, Brooklyn's "los sures" generation. Derooted Puerto Ricans have become aware of their isolation and feel the need to relate historically and culturally to Puerto Rico.

Typically native Puerto Rican folklore songs fill one side of the album, the other contains songs of significant moments of Puerto Rican history. Even in folklore numbers where pure musical enjoyment seems to be the moving force, there's a fierce insistence on exhibiting with pride the U.S. Puerto Rican's Puerto-Ricaness. Such is the case in the selection of the humorous *guaracha* "El reloj" ("The Watch"). The composer Rafael Hernández was born in Aguadilla, the *boricua* or Puerto Rican hometown of Sandra Roldán's migrant parents. The young talent of the U.S. Puerto Rican shows off in the interpretation of a usually overlooked humorous piece by Puerto Rico's greatest popular lyricist.

The *plena* is traditionally a musical-social Puerto Rican form. It narrates, or tells an incident. But also the combination of elements that make up the *plena* tells us something. Spanish and Afro elements join up rhythmically to remind Puerto Ricans of their healthy mixture of Black and Spanish. The continental Puerto Ricans conscious of the need to defend their Puerto-Ricaness, bring forth with pride the African portion of their personality.

In the title of the album, *Boricua* alludes symbolically to the quantitatively minimal but qualitatively significant *Taino-ness* of Puerto Ricans. *Tainos* were the native inhabitants of the island of *Borikén*, land of the brave or proud man, who refused to assimilate. *Borinquen* is the name of Puerto Rico derived from *Borikén*, "La Borinqueña" is the title of Puerto Rico's national anthem, and *Boricua* means Puerto Rican.

Sandra Roldán's powerful voice, molding itself to the folklore and typical forms of Puerto Rican music, in this first album also crops a first discovery, vital in the path toward a necessary definition.

Dr. Ana Luisa Durán
New York, 1978

Sobre "Raices boricuas"

El título de este álbum, *Raices boricuas*, no representa un rótulo en busca de promoción de ventas. Ni es cartel competitivo la colección de sus canciones. Tampoco ha encauzado la cantante su extraordinario potencial en una ruta de espendor. Una trabajosa búsqueda, a veces dolorosa, ha precedido la elaboración de este álbum, que simboliza una modesta, centripeta exploración de una generación en pos de digno anclaje.

Nacido en Estados Unidos de padres que fueron separados de su enlace cultural directo con el suelo patrio, el puertorriqueño continental ha sufrido una mutilación espiritual más angustiosa quizá que sus propios padres. La sociedad anfitriona de los padres resulta con frecuencia inhospitalaria para los hijos de éstos. La defraudante escuela urbana, el talento arrestado, un mercado de trabajo esprimidor, el ghetto, costituyen la realidad diaria que confronta el puertorriqueño nacido en la ciudad de Nueva York. Un sondeo de la hora de arresto y mutilación de los padres, se convierte más que en problema crítico, en cuastión de supervivencia. Este puertorriqueño continental siente el reclamo del logro interno de una comprensión de sí mismo, de su familiar, de su propio momento histórico. Los hijos de la generación truncada quieren ubicarse en el centro de aquella hora terrible, y desde allí mirar alrededor y comprender. Quieren ver con sus ojos, sentir con el corazón, comprender en su cerebro la negación a que sus padres fueron sometidos en su propia historia.

Raices boricuas representa ese sondeo. Calan el álbum una ira, a veces una inquisitiva nostalgia, siempre una afirmación de orgullo, un desafío, tal vez más evidentes en los aportes originales de Sandra Roldán, la melodía al poema de la poeta Julia de Burgos titulado "Canción a Albizu Campos," y en la composición "I Was a Ghetto Child," en la forma típico musical de jíbaro puertorriqueño, el "seis." Sandra siente orgullo al reconocer su puertorrique-idad en el incansable luchador Albizu Campos, y en dar estructura jíbara al renglón autobiográfico de su niñez en el ghetto, junto a su consejo de ponerse en guardia ante lo utilitario y superficial folklórico, "el deslumbrante [Viejo] San Juan y noches románticas de coquis que enceguecen, y asordinan la mente ante la verdadera realidad."

Raices boricuas representa el crecimiento parcial y en ascenso de la generación de Sandra Roldán; la del Barrio, el Sur del Bronx, el Bajo Manhattan, de "Los Sures" de Brooklyn. El puertorriqueño, desarraigado, ha obtenido conciencia de su aislamiento, siente en carne viva la necesidad de allegarse cultural a históricamente a Puerto Rico.

Una cara del álbum está comprendida por típicas canciones folklóricas puertorriqueñas. La otra cara contiene canciones de momentos de especial interés en la historia de Puerto Rico. Aun en aquellas piezas folklóricas en que el puro regocijo musical parece ser la intención principal, se nota una fiera insistencia del puertorriqueño continental en exhibir su puertorrique-idad. Es éste el caso en la selección de la *guaracha* humorística "El reloj." Su compositor, Rafael Hernández, nació en el pueblo de Aguadilla, "la patria chica" *boricua* de los padres emigrados de Sandra Roldán. El talento joven del puertorriqueño continental hace alarde en la interpretación de una pieza humorística hoy día generalmente pasada por alto, del más grande compositor lírico popular puertorriqueño.

La *plena* es tradicionalmente una forma boricua musical y social. Narra, o dice algún incidente. Pero también los elementos que la forman nos dicen algo. Los elementos hispánico y afro se unen rítmicamente para recordar al puertorrique-o de su buena mezcla de negro y espa-ol. El puertorrique-o continental consciente de la necesidad de la defensa de su puertorrique-idad, da realce con orgullo a la porción africana de su personalidad.

En el título del álbum, *boricuas* alude simbólicamente a un elemento étnico de la sociedad puertorriqueña, el *taino*, cuantitativamente mínimo, pero cualitativamente significativo. Los *tainos* eran los habitantes nativos de la isla do *Borikén*, tierra del bravo o altivo hombre, en cuya hechura no cupo la asimilación. De *Borikén* deriva Borinquen, "La Borinqueña," el título de himno nacional puertorriqueño, y el gentilicio *boricua*.

La poderosa voz de Sandra Roldán, amoldada a las formas folklóricas y típicas puertorriqueñas en este primer álbum, también acopia un primer hallazgo vital en la ruta hacia una inevitable definición.

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I Was a Ghetto Child
Words and Music by Sandra Roldán

I was a ghetto child
Born and raised in los sures*
Where my parents worked and slaved
To make a half-ass living
And in the hope of moving on
My parents worked so very hard
For my brother and me
Not to feel the same pain
That they had to
struggle through

And during those struggling years
We used to visit our abuelito**
Who would sing his le lo lai***
About our Island Puerto Rico
But it wasn't 'til later on
That we saw for the first time
The Island abuelito sang about
And mama took us to see
Her hometown of Aguadilla
Aguadilla by the sea

- * los sures (Puerto Rican ghetto in Williamsburg, Brooklyn)
** abuelito - grandfather
*** le lo lai - Improvisational phrase used in Puerto Rican Folklore Music
**** coquis - Native P.R. cricket or small frog like

Notes: The song ends with a warning to us U.S. born Puerto Ricans and the danger of cultural brain wash. In the last verses the song introduces the problem of entrepreneured culture. In other words, in a neo-colony, culture is not necessarily denied to the colonized. It is converted into a business enterprise that appeals to a sense of nostalgia, romanticism or the need that many of us feel to learn about our roots. Our culture, from our parents, grandparents and so forth and so on, sold to us in various forms.

Verde luz
Antonio Cabán Vale

Verde luz
de monte y mar
Isla virgen de coral
Si me ausento de tus playas rumorosas
Si me alejo de tus palmas silenciosas
Quiero volver
Quiero volver
A sentir la tibia arena
Y perderme en tus riberas
Isla mía la cautiva
Para ti quiero tener
Libre tu cielo
Sola tu estrella
Isla doncella
Quiero tener
Verde luz
De monte y mar

Verde luz
Antonio Cabán Vale

Glimmering light
of mountain and sea
Coral virgin island
If I am absent from your sonorous beaches
If I move away from your silent palm trees
I want to return
I want to return
To feel the warm sand
To loose myself in your shores
My captive island
for you I want
free skies
and a lone star
Virgen island
I want your
Glimmering light
og mountain and sea

Notes: In Danza form.

El Reloj
Rafael Hernández

El reloj se me paró
Ahora sí que no camina
Y no sé qué hacerme yo pa' tomar
la medicina.

Si será la una
Si serán las dos
A la una y media
Se paró el reloj.

Se paró se paró
Ya no hay quién me lo eche andar
Vida mía
Por favor
échamelo a caminar.

The Watch
Rafael Hernández

My watch stopped
And now it won't run at all
I don't know what to do now
To take my medicine on time

Is it one o'clock
or is it 2 P.M.?
At 1:30 p.m.
It got stuck

It got stuck, it got stuck
There's no one to make it tick again
Oh baby
Won't you please
Make it tick again for me

Notes: in guaracha form.



BOBICNU BOOLS

Exodo Boricua
Germán Rosario

No te alejes de tus playas
Campesino sembrador
Dale al campo tu sudor
Y tus rústicas batallas
Piénsalo bien no te vayás
a desafiar el destino
Asóciate a tu vecino
echale mano a la grama
Y en tu suelo abandonado
Siembra siembra campesino.

Ya en tu tierrita querida
Todo se ve muy extraño
Mientras tu pasas el año
En California o Florida
Si allá te quitas la vida
Dándole todo por nada
Arráncate esa fachada
Que encuentra todo mundo sufrido
Y en vez de estar sometido
Vuelve al machete y la azada.

Vuelve jíbaro a sembrar
como un tiempo lo hacías
Yuca malanga yautía
Aquí en tu nativo hogar
Vuelve al campo, a cultivar
Allá en el pueblo del Grito
En Jayuya y Naranjito
En toda esa cordillera
Y antes de ir para afuera
Piénsalo bien jibarito.

Vale más darte un trago
de pulla en tu bohío
Que ir morirte de frío
En Filadelfia o Chicago.
Aunque el viernes no haya pago
para irte a la jugada
Intérnate en tu quebrada
A sembrar guineos enanos
Y date cuenta mi hermano
Que tu tierra está olvidada.

Notes: This is a special folklore "Seis de Milonga". This song talks about the many Puerto Ricans who have had to move to the United States for economic reasons. The song mentions the states of California and Florida where many Puerto Ricans go to do migrant farm work. It also mentions the cities of Philadelphia and Chicago where there are many industrial factories. The song urges Puerto Ricans to go back to Puerto Rico and work the land. The problem alluded to in the song is the migrant farm worker. In reality the return to farm work in P.R. is no longer possible, since most of the agricultural lands are today owned by U.S. land monopolies.

Puerto Rican Exodos

Do not keep away from your beaches
Peasant sower
Give the countryside your sweat
and your rustic battles
Think it over don't leave
To defy your destiny
Associate yourself with your neighbor
Lend a hand to your land
And in your abandoned ground
Plant plant peasant

Already in your beloved land
Everything looks strange (alien)
While you pass the year
In California or Florida
If over there you give away your life
Giving everything for nothing
Pull up the facade
That finds the whole world suffering
and instead of being subdued
Return to your machete and hoe

Return Jíbaro to plant
Like at one time you had done
Yuca, malanga, Yautia
Right here in your country
In the town of the battle (Lares)
In Jayuya y Naranjito
In all of this ridge of mountains
And before you go outside (of Puerto Rico)
Think it over Jibarito

It is worth more to take a drink
Of black coffee in your hut
Than dying from the cold
In Philadelphia or Chicago
And even if Friday there is no pay
To go gamble
Pull yourself together
To plant bananas
And take account my brother
That your land has been forgotten

Los Carreteros
Rafael Hernández

Amanece Amanece
Ya se escucha de los jilgueros la alegre diana
Amanece Amanece
Y el rocío se va secando sobre la grama
Y las flores van despertando
Y por la sierra los carreteros
Se oyen cantando cantando así

¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! se oye el coquí
que va dormir en el guamá
Que está pegaito al bohío
A la orillita del río.

¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! to'ito el café
Ya se perdió
Y todo fue que el múcaro
Lo ha deshecho por no ponerle
un muñeco.

Qué lindo es cuando amanece
Y qué linda es la mañana
Dios te bendiga mil veces
Oh mi tierra borincana.

¡AY! ¡AY! ¡AY! Ya amaneció
El sol brilló
¡Qué lindo es!
Ya estamos en pleno día
Ya todo es luz y alegría.

Qué lindo es cuando amanece
Y qué linda es la mañana
Dios te bendiga mil veces
Oh mi tierra borincana.

Seis de Andino
Anónimo

Vayan tomando esta nota
Como he podido luchar
Yo he sabido trabajar
Jalando azada y picota
Yo me he puesto hasta unas botas
Que me ha dado algún vecino
y he andado por los caminos
Y no me abocho a decir
Porque sé lo que es sufrir
Como sufre un campesino.

Puerto Rico es un tesoro
El más pulido valor
Que se parece una flor
Con sus pétalos de oro
Hasta en el canto sonoro
De un pajarillo en la rama
Cuando ya encendida llama
El alto rey nos saluda
Digo sin lugar a dudas
Mi patria merece fama

3

The Oxen Drivers
Rafael Hernández

At the Break of dawn, at the break of day
You can already hear the songbird's happy
tune; At the break of day, at the break of
day; and the morning dew begins to dry above
the grass.
And the flowers begin to awaken
by the mountains
You can hear the oxen drivers singing like
this:

Oh! Oh! Oh! you can hear the coquí
who goes to sleep in the fruit of the guamo
which is very near the hut by the edge
of the river

Oh! Oh! Oh! all of the coffee has been lost
and it was the owl who messed it up
because it had no scarecrow
How beautiful it is when the day breaks
and how beautiful is the morning
May God bless you a thousand times
Oh my Borinquen land
Oh! Oh! Oh! it's already morning
and the sun has shown
How beautiful it is!
We are in full day
and everything is light and joyful
How beautiful it is
when day breaks
and how beautiful is the morning
May God bless you a thousand times
Oh my Borinquen land!

Seis de Andino
Anonymous

Please take notice of what I am going to say
I have struggled hard
I have worked hard
Bent over pick-axe and hoe
I have even worn a pair of boots
Given to me by my neighbor
And I have walked through all paths
And I am not ashamed to admit it
Because I know well what suffering is
Peasant suffering.

Puerto Rico is a treasure
A polished jewel
Like a flower she is
With golden petals
and at the sonorous song
Of a bird on a branch
When with its shiny glitter
The king of light greets us
I reaffirm;
My fatherland deserves renown

La yautía es una mata
Que cuando retoña empieza
A descubrir la belleza
De la posesión más grata
Para así buscar la plata
De este país en ruinas
Es de aquí no Nuyorquino
Y pídale a este país
Y en esta noche feliz
Soy jíbara campesina.

The "Yautia" is a plant
That upon blossoming it begins
To unfold the beauty
And the greatest possession of all
In order to make a living
In this country come to ruins
It is here, not in New York
and singing highly of my land
In this happy night I say
I am a peasant jíbaro

Notes: "Seis de Andino" is a folklore song depicting the "jíbaro", the peasant worker, who comes from the mountains or rural areas of Puerto Rico. Due to heavy industrialization in Puerto Rico, the jíbaro is quickly disappearing. In this song the jíbaro sings about how hard he has worked the land. He sings to his Island Puerto Rico and calls it a golden flower, among other praises. He talks about the plant "Yautia" which is a native root vegetable and finally about his pride of being a peasant jíbaro.

Que se va José
Manuel "Canario" Jimenez

José is leaving
Manuel "Canario" Jimenez

Lo ve lo ve lo ve Lola
Que se va José
Lo ve lo ve lo ve Lola
Como ya se fue.
Coro

You see, you see, you see Lola
José is leaving
You see, you see, you see Lola
He already left
Chorus

Tú me decías
que me querías
Tú no me querías na'
Oyé.
(Coro)

You used to tell me
That you loved me
You didn't love me at all
Listen
(Chorus)

Yo trabajaba
Tú, me administrabas
Tú no me querías na'
Oyé.
(Coro)

I did all the work
You just supervised
You didn't love me at all
Listen
(Chorus)

Tú me peleabas
Y me peleabas
Pa' poderme amarrar
Oyé.
(Coro)

You used to fight with me
and kept on fighting
Just to keep me tied down to you
Listen
(Chorus)

Llórame ahora
Quereme ahora
Yo no te quiero ya
Oyé.

Now you can cry over me
Now go ahead and love me
'Cause now I don't love you
Listen
(Chorus)

Lo ve lo ve lo ve Lola
Como ya se fue
Lo ve lo ve lo ve Lola
Que se va José
Lo ve lo ve lo ve Lola
Como ya se fue
José ya se fue
Que se va José.

You see, you see, you see, Lola
José is leaving
You see, you see, you see Lola
He already left
José already left
José has left

Notes: "Que se va José" is in Plena form.

Canción a Albizu Campos
Julia de Burgos (letra)
Sandra Roldán (Música)

A Song to Albizu Campos
(Words by Julia de Burgos)
(Music by Sandra Roldán)

De corazón a labio
De norte a sur y a estrella
Los montes y los niños y el aire
te saludan. (Coro)

From our hearts to our lips
From north to south, thru the stars
our mountains and our children
and our air greet you (Chorus)

Príncipe del imperio de las constelaciones
Donde comienza el alma a iniciarse la idea
Descubridor del cielo verdadero y presente
Por donde el mundo mira la tierra borinqueña.
(Coro)

Prince of the empire of all constellations
Where the soul begins to approach the idea
You uncovered the heaven real and present
Thru which the world looks at the
Borinquen land,
(Chorus)

Todo en ti se adelanta en magnitud de símbolo
desde Atlanta hasta el hoy eterno de tu ofrenda
Porque te fuiste todo de amor a Puerto Rico
Y todo, de amor patrio, a lo eterno regresas.
(Coro)

Everything inside thee is far ahead in
magnitud and symbol
From Atlanta to the present of thy offering
down to the present
For you gave yourself completely, all your
love to Puerto Rico
And all of you, for the love of your
people, returns to eternity
(Chorus)

A tu nombre canción en la boca de un río
Relámpago antillano, cabalgando la tierra
Amapola de América dibujada en mil pétalos
Universo rendido al alma borinqueña.

To you, song at the birth of a river
Antillean lightning cavalcading over the
land
Passion flower of America burst in myriad
petals
Universe devoted to Borinquen

De corazón a labio
De norte a sur y a estrella
Los montes y los niños y el aire
te saludan.

From our heart to our lips
from north to south, thru the stars
Our mountains and our children
And our air greet you.

Notes: "Canción a Albizu Campos" is a poem written by Puerto Rican poet Julia de Burgos, whose life itself was quite tragic. Sandra Roldán composed the music. Pedro Albizu Campos known in our Puerto Rican history as "The Maestro" meaning "The Educator" because he educated generations in the 20th Century about our rights. He became the President of the Nationalist Party during the 1930's in Puerto Rico and remained the Party leader until his death, which occurred in 1965, a few months after he was released into the hands of a medical doctor, because the token government in Puerto Rico did not wish to face the embarrassment of having P.R.'s greatest independentista leader die in jail. Pedro Albizu Campos led a vigorous struggle for Independence. Because he was seen as a constant threat to U.S. domination, he was jailed for more than 20 years in the state penitentiary of Atlanta, Georgia on a charge of conspiracy to overthrow the Government of the U.S. Later he was transferred to a jail in Puerto Rico. Other nationalists are still held as Political Prisoners here in the U.S. from the early 1950's. They are the longest held political prisoners in the whole Western Hemisphere. Their names are: Lolita Lebrón, Rafael Cancell Miranda, Erving Flores, Oscar Collazo. Andrés Figueroa Cordero was let out of prison last year. He suffers from terminal cancer.

Canto a Culebra
Suní Paz

Culebra isla de pescadores
Bombardeada te secabas al sol
Pero tu pueblo cansado de sufrir
A la marina desafió
Culebra a a (Coro)

Una iglesia en la arena levantó
Una iglesia en la arena levantó
Las alambradas traspasando
A la marina arrodilló - Culebra a a

Culebra es parte de Borinquen bella
Culebra es parte de Borinquen bella
Culebra es parte de Borinquen bella
Que a la marina arrodilló
Coro

A los yanquis y a los marines
A cortar sus faenas obligó
Las alambradas traspasando
A la marina arrodilló - Culebra a a
Coro

Levantándose sola en el mar
A los yanquis desafió
Y con solo culebrear
A la marina arrodilló
Culebra a a
Coro

Notes: Argentinian folklore singer, Suní Paz, who is also a poet-composer, wrote "Culebra". Culebra is a small island which is part of P.R., and is off the east coast of the Island. The U.S. Navy used this island of about 1000 inhabitants as target practice. The beach was closed to the Puerto Rican people. The businesses and lives of Puerto Ricans in Culebra were placed in serious danger. There have been fatal and serious incidents. Finally, after so many years of protesting this brutality, the U.S. Navy took up another target site which is another part of Puerto Rico, another small island also off the east coast of P.R., south of Culebra. The name of this new target site is Vieques.



Song to Culebra
Suní Paz

Culebra island of fishermen
Bombarded you were drying away in the sun
But your people tired of suffering
Challenged the marines
Culebra a a (Chorus)

They built a church in the sand (2x)
"Trespassing" the electric wire fences
They forced the marines to go on their knees
Culebra a a

Culebra is part of beautiful Borinquen
Culebra is part of beautiful Borinquen
Culebra is part of beautiful Borinquen
Who made the marines go on its knees
(Chorus)

It forced the yankees and the marines
To cut down their tasks
When the wire fences were "Trespassed"
It made the marines go on its knees
Culebra a a (repeat chorus)

Rising alone in the sea
It challenged the yankees
And by just "Culebrear"
It made the marines go on its knees
(repeat chorus)

Le Lo Lai
Pepe Castillo

Si usted quiere ser cantante
Tiene que aprender primero (2x)
A cantar esos cantares
Que vienen del extranjero
Porque nuestro Le Lo Lai caballero
Rueda por el suelo
Le Lo Lai
Le Lo Lai (Coro)
Le Lo Lai.....
Rueda por el suelo

Si usted quiere alimentarse
Tiene que aprender primero (2X)
A comprar esos productos
Que vienen del extranjero
Porque nuestra producción caballero
Rueda por el suelo
Le Lo Lai etc. (Coro)

Y en la Navidad
El cuatro es muy bueno (2X)
Pasa Navidad
Descansa en el suelo
Porque nuestro le lo lai caballero
Rueda por el suelo
Le Lo Lai etc. (Coro)

Para terminar
Yo quiero aclarar (2X)
Que esto que tocamos
No es de Navidad
Que es música nuestra
Y la tenemos que sonar
Le Lo Lai etc. (Coro)

Notes: The "Le Lo Lai" is in the folklore form of an Aguinaldo, which is the typical form of expression of the Puerto Rican peasant or jíbaro. Just as, due to the heavy industrialization of Puerto Rico, which does not respond to the basic needs of Puerto Rican economy, the jíbaro is disappearing, so is his music. And this song depicts precisely that problem. The song says that if a Puerto Rican wants to make it as a singer in Puerto Rico, one must first learn how to sing foreign songs or American rock songs in order to cater to the tourist. Our "Le Lo Lai" (which is a Puerto Rican improvisational phrase) has been dragged through the ground. It also says that if we want to eat, we have to eat outside or imported products. This refers to the problem existing in Puerto Rico of agriculture having been abandoned in favor of heavy industrialization. Puerto Rico is the fourth largest world market of the United States.



Le Lo Lai
Pepe Castillo

If you want to become a singer
You have to learn first
to sing those songs that come from abroad
Because our "Le lo lai" gentle audience
Is dragged down dusty on the floor

If you want to eat
You must learn first
to buy products
that come from abroad
For our Production, gentle audience
Is dragged down on the ground
Le lo lai...
dragged on the ground

For Christmas time
The "Cuatro" is very good *
Christmas is over
It rests (useless) in the corner
For our Le lo lai, gentle audience
Is dragged on the ground

Upon taking farewell, I wish to clarify
That this we're playing
Is no Christmas treat
It is our music
And we got to make it sound

Le Lo Lai
Its dragged on the ground

*("Cuatro" is typical P.R. guitar)

Antonia
Antonio Cabán Vale

Antonia tu nombre es una historia
De un pueblo que se busca
y se ha encontrado en ti.
Antonia tu nombre es como un alba
Los pájaros desatan
La luz del porvenir
Antonia los pueblos no perdonan
un día esta ley
Se ha de cumplir.

Aquellos que un día derramaron
Tus pétalos de sangre
No sabían que así
Echaban las semillas
en el aire
Y a la vista del pueblo
Habrían de surgir
Ay Antonia los pueblos no perdonan
un día esta ley
Se ha de cumplir

Tu muerte
La juventud la canta,
es bandera en sus labios
y es bala de fusil
Antonia aquí estamos presentes
Para mostrarle al mundo
La luz que nace en ti.

Notes: "Antonia" is in a bolero-guaracha form, composed by Puerto Rican poet-composer Antonio Cabán Vale (known by the nickname "El Topo"). "Antonia" is a song about a student from the University of Puerto Rico by the name of Antonia Martínez Lagar, who was killed by the police during a student demonstration where she was only an innocent bystander. This happened on March 4, 1970. The problem illustrated here is police brutality.



Antonia
Antonio Cabán Vale

Antonia
Your name has the ring of the history
Of a people who are in search of themselves
Antonia
Your name is like a dawn
Birds that untie
The light of the future

Antonia, people do not forgive
One day this law
Will be fulfilled

Antonia here we are ready
To show the world
the light born out of you
Those who one day
Spilled the blood of your flower
did not know that thus
They were planting
Our air with seeds
That were to spring
Among the people

Youth sings your death
It is a banner in our lips
It is bullets from rifles

Antonia, here we are ready
to show the world
The light born out of you.

Despierta Boricua
Francisco Matos Paoli (Letra)
Guarionex Hidalgo Africano (Música)

Oye boricua yo te canto esta canción
Viva la patria viva la Revolución (2X)
Coro

Montaña montaña mía
Montaña mía tan altiva y tan tallada
Y en la potente mirada
Ay la mirada que tronchó la tiranía
Y en tu limpidez un día
Ay un día cruzó el alba un lucero
Que trazó su derrotero
Su derrotero que en la sangre arremete
Con el filo del machete
Ay del machete que alzó Manolo el Leñero.
Coro

Lares significa el paso
Ay el paso que dimos en la alborada
Cuando aquella madrugada
Ay madrugada rompimos el negro lazo
Lares también es zarpaço
Ay es zarpaço que al invasor clavaremos
Cuando a este pueblo le echemos
Oiga le echemos sangre de nuestra pasión
y nos grite el corazón
El corazón patria o muerte venceremos.
Coro

Betances me está llamando
me está llamando y ya Ruiz Belvis me hace seña
Manolo prende la leña
Oye la leña y Bruckman
Ya Mariana está bordando
Esta bordando bandera en mis cafetales
Ya por todos los lugares
Ay los lugares se escucha un pueblo que grita
"Coño despierta boricua
Oye boricua y ven a buscarme a Lares"

Notes: "Despierta Boricua" is a poem written by Francisco Matos Paoli, a Puerto Rican poet. The music was composed by Guarionex Hidalgo Africano. Francisco Matos Paoli was a Professor of literature at the University of Puerto Rico. He was punished for being an Independentista, and was sent to jail, where he had a nervous breakdown. His nerves suffered, but not his will power, or the understanding of the Puerto Rican experience. Matos Paoli, considered "persona non grata" by the colonial authorities or lackeys, was denied a means of making a living in Puerto Rico, he was removed from his university teaching. But Matos Paoli has kept up his writings and his teaching. He is one of the greatest world poets of all time. The poem "Despierta Boricua" is a call to arms to Puerto Ricans. And at the same time it is a recount of those moments and personalities in Puerto Rican history that still stand as evidence of Puerto Rican non acceptance of colonialization, of Puerto Rican fights and struggles for self determination. Thus, this song deals with the one problem from which all other major problems derive, COLONIALIZATION.

Rise Up, Boricua!
Francisco Matos Paoli (Words)
Guarionex Hidalgo Africano (Music)

Listen, boricua I sing this song
for you, long live our country, long
live the Revolution (2x)

Mountain, my mtn., my Mtn., so proud and
clear, tyranny would make you surrender
One day a morning star broke your clear
Dawn, the path it left was as clear as
the one, left by Manolo the woodcutter
with the blade of his machete
Chorus

Lares was one step forward, the step we
took at dawn, the dawn on which we broke
the yoke of tyranny
Lares is also the blow we'll give
the invader

When to our nation we give our blood
The blood of our passion
and our heart shouts
"Our country or death, we will win!
Chorus

Betances is calling me
and Ruiz Belvis is signaling
Manolo lights the fire and Bruckman
Keeps it burning; Mariana is embroidering
the flag, and all around the shout
of the nation is heard,

"Damn it, Rise up Boricua
Listen, Boricua, come and meet me
in Lares!"