

Songs of Mexico



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M
1682
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1955

MUSIC LP

Songs of Mexico

Recorded by Timothy Harding

La Bamba
Maria Chuchena
Dos Huastecas
La Carinosa
Pajarito
Cielito Lindo
Balaju
El Sinaloanse
La Sandunga

Illustrated Notes are Inside Pocket

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SONES OF MEXICO

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He made three trips to Mexico, and in 1952, studied at the summer school of the University of Mexico.

Having learned how to play the guitar, he found it helpful in collecting the recordings in this album when he returned to Mexico the following summer.

INTRODUCTION

In Mexico, folk music is more than a tradition, it is a part of everyday living. Training for perfection, singing folk songs and expecting to earn a living thereby, creating an enthusiastic following - acceptance in any community throughout the land - all part of the tradition of professional singing in lands where singing is considered a national "utility" - has all along been native, traditional, welcome. On the streets, in boats on and along its waterways, at carnivals and fairs, the professional folk singer, or simply singer, belongs, is accepted, and hailed.

To be able to choose, judge, and acclaim outstanding professional skill, the Mexican-in-the-street must himself know the songs, and not only does he usually sing, but he plays an instrument as well. What the Mexican leaves or entrusts to his professional favorite is the task of interpreting his own favorite songs with the greatest sensitivity and finesse.

In the village square, in bars and cafes, at private social functions, in the multiple celebrations of life and death, and in lovemaking, the professionals are worthy of their hire. Requests at popular gathering places are paid for. For other

songs, the hat is passed not with the gesture of shame, but with the gesture of proud expectancy. Singers always have with them their musical instruments: various types of guitars such as the requinto or jarana, harps and fiddles.

Each region in Mexico enjoys its own sub-culture of folksong and folklore. Within each region, each town has its own song, usually close to the regional type. Still, these regional songs gain national popularity, so that today the huapango echoes from Vera Cruz to Guadalajara, and the son from Michoacan to Tamaulipas. On their journeys, these songs may change, those of a topical kind, shed their local allusions readily for allusions to their new and changing locales. So it is that the Guanajuato version of BALAJU, as heard in this album, is quite different from the version you might hear from a harp trio in Vera Cruz, original home of this song.

* SIDE 1 * BAND 1

LA BAMBÁ

LA BAMBÁ is one of Mexico's famous regional dances, this one from the region of Vera Cruz. Since it is primarily a dance, the verses are merely interludes, like the verses to an American square dance tune.

LA BAMBÁ

Para bailar la bamba - para bailar la bamba -
Se necesita unos pies ligeritos -
Unos pies ligeritos y otra cosita.

Arriba y más arriba -
Arriba y más arriba - y arriba iré;
Yo no soy marinero - yo no soy marinero -
Por tí seré - por tí seré - por tí seré.

Yo te canto la bamba,
Yo te canto la bamba sin pretensión,
Porque pongo delante -
Porque pongo delante -
Porque pongo delante - mi corazón.

Ay, arriba y arriba - ay, arriba y arriba -
Y arriba iré,
Yo no soy marinero,
Por tí seré - por tí seré - por tí seré

THE BAMBÁ

If you want to dance the bamba -
If you want to dance the bamba
You must have feet that are nimble (Rep.)
Feet that are nimble and then something else.

Higher and even higher -
Higher and even higher-even higher I'll go!
No, I am no sailor boy - no, I am no
sailor boy -
But for you I'll be one! (3 times)

For you I'll sing the bamba -
For you I'll sing the bamba without any
trimmings,
For I raise high before me -
For I raise high before me - for you my heart.

Yes, higher and higher - (Rep.)
And higher I'll go.
No, I am no sailor boy,
For you I'll be one - (3 times)

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¡Que bonita es la bamba,
Que bonita es la bamba en la madrugada
Como todos la bailan -
Como todos la bailan bien zapateá!

Arriba y más arriba . . .
etc., etc., etc.,

Cada vez que te miro -
Cada vez que te miro se me endereza
La niña de los ojos
La niña de los ojos por tu belleza.

¡Ay, arriba y arriba -
Ay, arriba y arriba y arriba iré!
Yo no soy marinero -
Yo no soy marinero
Soy capitán - soy capitán - soy capitán!

¡Oye que yo te pido -
Oye que yo te pide de compasión: . . .
Que termine la bamba -
Que termine la bamba y venga otro son!

Arriba y más arriba -
Arriba y más arriba - y arriba iré;
Yo no soy marinero - yo no soy marinero -
Por tí seré - por tí seré - por tí seré!

How delightful is the Bamba,
How delightful is the Bamba as it's dawning -
As you watch 'em all a-dancing
As you watch 'em all a-dancing and stamping
their feet.

Go higher - even higher . . .
etc., etc., etc.,

Each time I look at you -
Each time I look at you - the pupil of my eye
Keeps growing - growing -
Your beauty makes it grow - keeps it growing.

Yes, higher and higher -
Yes higher and higher and higher I'll go!
I am no sailor boy - no -
I am no sailor boy -
I am a captain - yes, a captain - ay, a
captain.

Listen to what I ask you - . . .
Listen to what I ask you, and be kind . . .
Enough of the Bamba -
Enough of the Bamba - Let's hear something
else!

Aye, higher and higher,
Yes, higher and even higher-and even higher
I'll go
I am no sailor boy - I am no sailor boy,
For you I'll be one - (3 times)

SIDE 1 BAND 2

MARIA CHUCHENA

MARIA CHUCHENA is a huapango similar to PAJARO CU, but more intricate. Notice the inclusion of a verse extolling the glories of the CONJUNTO DE POINCIANO, the official name of the trio.

1. Estaba María Chuchena
Sentada en Villa del Mar,
Sentada en Villa del Mar
Estaba María Chuchena.
2. Y arrecostada en la arena
Para tirarse a nadar,
Estaba María Chuchena
Sentada en Villa del Mar.
3. María Chuchena se fué a bañar-
Orilla del río, orilla del mar;
María Chuchena se estaba bañando
Y el Pepe Aloro la estaba mirando
4. Y le decía a María Chuchena:
Esto va a ser para Usted todavía
Esto va a ser para Usted todavía
Usted todavía será María García.
5. De la Chuchena salió
Una blanca mariposa -
Una blanca mariposa
De la Chuchena salió.
6. En el piquito llevaba
Dos claveles y una rosa,
Que el viento le deshojaba
Como flor maravillosa.
7. María Chuchena se fué a bañar-
Orilla del río, orilla del mar;
María Chuchena se estaba bañando,
Y el Pepe Aloro estaba disfrutando

1. Mary Chuchena was sitting
In a village called Villa del Mar.
In this village right down by the Sea
Was sitting Mary Chuchena.
2. And getting up from the sand
To jump in for a swim,
Was María Chuchena a-sitting,
A-sitting and rising in Villa del Mar.
3. María Chuchena went out for a swim -
Shore of the river - shore of the sea -
María Chuchena was out there a-swimming -
And watching on shore was Pepe Aloro.
4. Said Pepe Aloro García to María:
Let me tell you, my dear, before this is over,
Let me tell you, my dear, before this is over,
Already you'll be my María García.
5. From Chuchena flew out
A white butterfly -
A white butterfly
From Chuchena flew out.
6. In her beaklet she carried
Two carnations and a rose -
Which the wind scattered wide
Like the flower of the fable.
7. María Chuchena went out for a swim -
Shore of the river - shore of the sea -
María Chuchena went out for a swim -
Delighting Aloro Pepe who was watching.

SIDE 1 BAND 3

DOS HUASTECAS

The 1910 revolution in Mexico roused Mexican nationalism and pride in Mexico's Indian heritage. In this song, Huasteca Indians of the adjoining states of Vera Cruz and Tamaulipas, a region named after these Indians and their mestizo descendants, sing of the beauty of their fields and rivers, vow friendship and love. The recording in this album was made in Michoacan by the TRIO ILLUSION. DOS HUASTECAS is a huapango, in 6/8 dance rhythm, originally from Vera Cruz.

DOS HUASTECAS

Tu eres jarocho moreno
Yo soy jaibo, soy Triguëño
Tu eres rey del Papaloapan -
Y yo del Pamuco bello;
Te invito, Veracruzano,
A Tierras Tamaulipeças
Para que hagamos un pacto
y un amor, nuestras huastecas, -
Tu eres jarocho moreno -
Yo soy jaibo, soy Triguëño.

Si aceptas, Veracruzano,
A Tamaulipas de amigos,
Verás en el firmamento
Lo que en seguida de digo:
Con letras de oro grabadas
Ocho sílabas escritas,
De dos Huastecas unidas:
Vera Cruz y Tamaulipas.

Se ven palmeras inquietas
De belleza tropical
En nuestras costas huastecas,
Que las baña el mismo mar.
Mi tierra tiene gardenias
Y muy grande cardenales -
Veracruzano moreno,
Tamaulipaso-Triguëño.

Tu tienes tu Papaloapan,
Yo tengo mi Tamesí;
Allá surge el pez de plata
Al igual que por aquí.
Mujeres veracruzanas
Y también Tamaulipeças
Serán de nuestras huastecas
Florecitas mexicanas:
Mujeres veracruzanas
Y también Tamaulipeças.

SIDE 1 BAND 4

LA CARINOSA

Sung by the TRIO ILLUSION as a ranchera, or slow-waltz-time love song, with vocal slurs.

LA CARINOSA

Me oprime una pena el alma,
Y tu eres la responsable
por cariñosa.

Me voy a quitar del trago
A ver si por tu cariño
Soy otra cosa.

Ay - ay - ay! Cariñosa, no seas así.
¿Qué te cuesta quererme?
¡Ay, cómo te quiero a tí!

Tu tienes con que quererme
Pero andas haciendo alarde
Por tu desprecio.

TWO VILLAGES

You are a rough and tumble peasant
And I a swarthy wild hillbilly.
You're king of Papaloapan waters,
And I of Panuco - lovely river.
I invite you, Vera Cruz neighbor,
To Tamaulipas' own fair lands,
That you and I may make a pact
A pact of friendship 'twixt our towns.
YOU - a rough and tumble peasant -
And I - a swarthy wild hillbilly.

If you accept, friend Veracruzian,
Tamaulipas as your friends,
You will see up in the heavens
What I am about to tell you
Carved in letters all of gold,
Written clear in syllables eight
The tale of villages two united -
Vera Cruz and Tamaulipas.

You'll see quiv'ring restless palm trees
With their beauty tropical
On both our native village banks,
Gently washed by the same sea.
On my land you will see lilies
And our tulips, deep blood red:
And YOUR fields have their gardenias,
And cardinal birds so big in flight.

YOU have your Papaloapan River,
We have our own Tamesí.
In yours abound the silvery fish
Just the same as in my own.
Women born in Vera Cruz
As well as those in Tamaulipas
All grown up in both our towns -
Lovely flowers of Mexico:
Women born in Vera Cruz
And also those in Tamaulipas.

BE KIND TO ME

Sorrow oppresses my heart,
And you, my love, are the cause,
For being so sweet.

I'm going to give up drink
To see if your tender care
Can make me change.

Ay-ay-ay - my dear- don't be like that!
What does it cost you to love me.
Oh, how I love you! I do!

You have all it takes for to love me,
But you take it to show off to others!
Little credit to you!

No trates de aborrecerme,
Pues tu tienes que ser mía,
No importa el precio

Ay - ay - ay - cariñosa, no seas así.
¿Que te cuesta quererme?
¿Ay, como te quiero a ti!

Don't try to give me the brush-off!
No use - you'll have to be mine!
Whatever the cost!

Ay-ay-ay! Darling, don't be like that!
What do you lose if you love me?
Oh, how I love you, I do!

PAJARO CU, LA BAMBÁ, and MARIA CHUCHEENA, are played and sung by a trio in Vera Cruz, with a harp and two jaranas. The Mexican harp is similar to the concert instrument, except that it is shorter and has a bigger sound-box. The player uses his bass strings in syncopation much as a string bass player might. At the top, he plucks a fantastic ornamentation around the melody. The two jarana players, instead of singing in thirds, shout verses back and forth; one is a tenor, the other baritone.

PAJARO CU

PAJARO CU is a humorous song with symbolic, earthy, suggestions. The first verse appears also in BALAJÚ.

SIDE 1 BAND 5

PAJARITO

Pajarito, eres bonito,
Tienes bonito color,
Tienes bonito color.

Pajarito, eres bonito,
Pero más bonito fueras
Que me hicieras el favor
De llevarte una cartita
A la dueña de mi amor.

Dime como te llamas,
Chiquita, para quererte, (Rep.)
Porque no puedo amarte
Sin conocerte ...
.....

....., querida,
Yo tomo tu regalo,
Yo tomo tu regalo,
Eres el faro azul
Que tengo arriba del palo.

Si te hablo con amplitud,
Si te hablo con amplitud,
..... sin jarana,
..... soy trigüeno.
No hay ninguno en Vera Cruz.

Yo a las trigüeñas quiero,
Eso es desde que supe
Que bella morena trigüeña
Es la Virgen de Guadalupe...

SIDE 2 BAND 1

CIELITO LINDO HUASTECA

Related to the old Mexican song, "Cielito Lindo", this HUASTECAN version is a huapango in tune and rhythm. The falsetti singing, the smooth high tenor and sharp nasal second voice are characteristic of country singing.

CIELITO LINDO

De domingo a domingo
Te vengo a ver.
¿Cuándo será domingo,
Cielito lindo, para volver?
¿Ay - ay - ay - ay - ay -
Yo bien quisiera
Que toda la semana
Cielito lindo, domingo fuera!

Yo a las morenas quiero
Desde que supe
Que morena es la Virgen
Cielito lindo, de Guadalupe.
¿Ay - ay - ay - ay - ay -!
Es bien sabido
Que el amor de morena
Cielito, nunca es fingido.

Una flecha en el aire
Tiró Cupido,
Y la tiro jugando,
Cielito lindo, y a mí me ha herido.
¿Ay - ay - ay - ay - ay!
Mortal herida,
Qué si tú no la curas,
Cielito lindo, pierdo la vida.

Arbol de la esperanza
Mantente firme,
Que no lloren tus ojos,
Cielito lindo, y al despedirme,-
¿Ay - ay - ay - ay - ay!
Porque si miro
Lágrimas en tus ojos,
Cielito lindo, no me despido.

SIDE 2 BAND 2

BALAJU

BALAJU is a nonsense song about a mythical character of that name, recorded by a trio in Guanajuato. It is interesting to compare this huapango with, for instance, PAJARO CU. The trio "Los Rebeldes", (the rebels) use two guitars and maracas.

BALAJU

Balajú se fue a la guerra,
Y no me quiso llevar -
Y no me quiso llevar.
Balajú se fue a la guerra.

Le dijo a su compañera:
Vámonos a navegar
A ver quien sale primero
A la otra orilla del mar.-

Ariles y más ariles
Ariles de aquel que vino
A darle agua a su caballo-
Se le murió en el camino.

Una paloma al volar
Se le desplumó el copete -
Se le desplumó el copete
Una paloma al volar.

Si no me quieres hablar,
No le echas tanto ribete -
Que yo para enamorar
No necesito alcamete.

LOVELY LITTLE DARLING

Every Sunday - but only Sunday
'Tis you I come to see.
When again will it be Sunday
Darling mine, when you I'll see?
Dear - oh dear - oh dear - oh me!
How dearly I would wish
That each day of the week
Darling, Sunday would be!

As for me, brunettes I've loved
Ever since I heard,
That the Virgin was brunette,
Darling, the Virgin of Guadalupe.
Dear - oh dear - oh dear - oh me!
Anybody'll tell you,
That when a brunette loves,
My darling, she never makes believe.

Once an arrow into the air
In sport shot Cupid,
Shot in sport, and sent it,
Darling, straightway into my heart.
Dear - oh dear - oh dear - oh me!
Oh wound so mortal -
That if you do not cure it,
Oh darling mine, I'm sure to die.

Tree, dear tree of living hope,
Oh, do not weaken!
Let not your dear eyes weep,
My darling, when I say good-bye.
Dear - oh dear - oh dear - oh me!
For should I see
Tears fall from your lovely eyes,
Then darling I will never say good-bye.

BALAJU (Pron.: Ballahoo)

Balajú went off to the wars, hey!
And he wouldn't take me along.
And he wouldn't take me along -
Balaju went off to the wars.

He said to his lady companion:
Come along, let's sail away
And see who gets there first
To the other shore of the sea.

Bittersweets, more bittersweets
Bittersweets to him who came back
To bring some water to his horse and
And halfway back died on the highway.

A dove while out a-flying, had
From her crest her feathers plucked -
From her crest her feathers plucked had
Once a dove while out a-flying.

If you don't care to talk to me,
Then don't make such a fuss about it!
For I when it is love I'm after,
Can dispense with all the trimmings.

Ariles y más ariles-
Ariles de aquel que fue.
A darle agua a su caballo
Y se le murió de sed.

Pajarito eres bonito
Y de bonito color -
Y de bonito color:
Pajarito eres bonito.

Pero más bonito fueras
Si me hicieras el favor
De llevarle un regalito
A la dueña de mi amor.

Ariles y más ariles
Ariles de aquel que fue
A darle agua a su caballo,
Y se le murió de sed.

Yo me enamoré una ciega
Por ver si me la mageaba:
Pero la maldita ciega
No veía pero tentaba.

Ariles y más ariles, etc...

Yo enamoré una mujer
Que no era blanca ni prieta -
Que no era blanca ni prieta -
Yo enamoré una mujer.

La tuve que aborrecer
Porqué me salió coqueta
No más me quería tener
Como perico en la horqueta.

Ariles y más ariles-
Ariles del carrigal
Me picaron las avispas
Pero me comí el panal.

Bittersweets, more bittersweets
Bittersweets to him who went
For his horse to fetch some water,
And on the way he died of thirst.

Little bird, you are so pretty,
And so pretty is your color,
And so pretty is your color,
Little bird, you are so pretty -

But prettier still you would be
If you but did me a favor -
To carry a gift to her from me -
The lady fair of my true love.

Oh bittersweets and more bittersweets -
Bittersweets to him who went out
For his horse to fetch some water -
And died on the way back of thirst.

I once fell in love with a blind girl,
While trying to see could I fool her,
Though this dodgasted blind girl
didn't see,

She certainly could - and did feel!

Bittersweets and more bittersweets, etc....

I once fell in love with a woman
Who neither was white nor was dark-skinned
Who neither was white nor was dark-skinned.
I once fell in love with a woman.

I simply had to desert her
For she turned out only a flirt.
No longer did she want to keep me
As her long-paddle held in her oarlock.

Bittersweets and more bittersweets
Bittersweets purple and hardy-
Swarms of wasps they came and stung me,
But I went and ate their honeycomb.

Soy negro pero con suerte,
Porque si me canta un gallo,
No me le rajo a la muerte.

¡Ay - ay - ay - mam por Dios, etc...

4. Soy de mero Sinaloa -
Donde se revientan las olas;
Yo busco una que anda sola -
Y que no tenga marido
Pá no estar comprometido -
Cuando resulte la bola.

¡Ay - ay - ay - mama por Dios, etc...

True I'm dark, but I am lucky,
For if some freath bozo attacks me,
Even Death cannot scare me away!

Ay - ay - ay - for Heav'n's sake, mother, etc...

They say I'm a genuine Sinaloan,
There where waves are ever-crashing;
I'm seeking a woman who walks all alone,
Not one who is married already. -
So that I won't be compromised
When the mess is found out!

Ay - ay - ay - for Heav'n's sake, mother, etc...

Side 2 Band 4

LA SANDUNGA

This is an old folk song from the region of Tehuantepec. The marimba version adds an introductory melodic phrase. This recording was made in the main square of Vera Cruz, and occasionally traffic noises can be heard.

The marimba is an instrument from Guatemala, not unlike the African xylophone. The wooden sounding bars have cylindrical wooden resonators hanging from them. The marimba is often up to twenty feet long, and is played by three men with two or four hammers apiece. The top man plays melody; the middle, chords; and the bottom man plunks the big, hissing, buzzing bass notes. The marimba is particularly common in Tehuantepec (near the Guatemalan border) and in Vera Cruz, where these recordings were made.

LITHO IN U.S.A.



SIDE 2 BAND 3

EL SINALOANSE

Here "Los Rebeldes" sing about a man full of bravado. He is drunk, but he is still a good Mexican, and if tested, can sing the "good old songs": "El Quelite", "El Niño Perdido", and "El Torito".

EL QUE ANDA POR EL HATO

1. El que ando por el hato vengo;
Dicen que nací en El Roble;
Me dicen que soy arriero
Porque le chiflo y se para.
Si les aviento el sombrero,
Ya verán como repara.

2. ¡Ay - ay - ay! mama por Dios
Por Dios que borracho vengo!
Que me sigan la "Tambora";
Que me toquen el "Quelite"-
Después "El Niño Perdido".
Y por último "El Torito"
Pa que vean como me pinto.

¡Ay - ay - ay - mama por Dios, etc...

3. Me dicen enamorado,
Pero de eso nada tengo.
Todos me dicen el negro -

ONE WHO FOLLOWS HIS SHEEP

1. As one who follows his flock come I;
They say that I was born in El Roble;
They say I am a muleteer.
A woman I seek who walks alone,
And who doesn't have a husband,
So that I won't be compromised,
Should I get into a mess here.

2. Dear - oh dear! For Heav'n's sake, mother,
For Heav'n's sake, how drunk I am!
Let "La Tambora"'s rhythms follow me;
Let them play the "Quelite" for me.
After that the "Niño Perdido"
And last of all the lively "Torito" -
Then they'll see me in my true colors.

Ay - ay - ay - for Heav'n's sake, mother, etc...

3. They say I am falling in love -
But that's not for me, no siree!
Everyone calls me the dark one -