

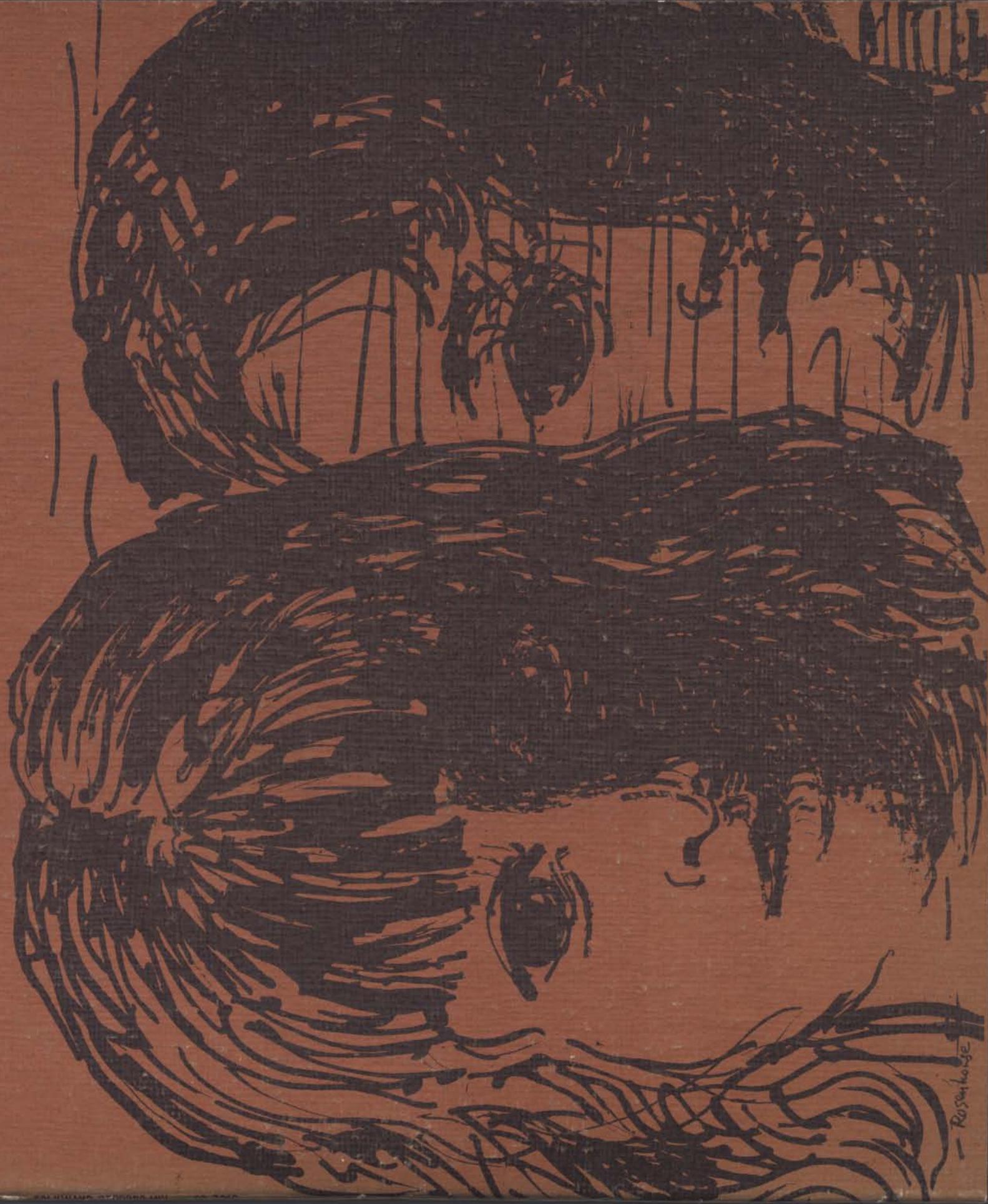
LATIN AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS/NY FC 7218

sung in Spanish by Chago Rodrigo

GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT

*Estrellita Dance Song Young Man's Song High as the Moon Greeting Song
Come to My Window The Cowboy (El Gaucho) Corrido Nostalgia Slave's Lament*



Descriptive notes are inside pocket

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WITH ACCOMPANIMENT

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SIDE I, Band 1: ESTRELLITA ...

¿Dónde está la llave?
 Mate-rile-rile-rile -
 ¿Dónde está la llave?
 Mate-rile-rile-ron-pon!
 ¿Dónde está la llave?
 Mate-rile-rile-rile -
 ¿Dónde está la llave?
 -Mate-rile-rile-ron-pon!
 En el fondo del mar -
 Mate-rile-.....
 En el fondo del mar -
 Mate.....

¿Quién la irá a buscar?
 Mate....
 ¿Quién la irá a buscar?
 Mate.....

Llamaremos a Estrellita, etc.
 (Repeat)

¿Qué oficio le pondremos? (etc.)
 (Repeat)

Le pondremos cocinera, (etc.)
 (Repeat)

Ese oficio no le gusta, (etc.)
 (Repeat)

Le pondremos costurera, (etc.)
 (Repeat)

Ese oficio no le gusta. (etc.)
 (Repeat)

Le pondremos a maestra. (etc.)
 (Repeat)

Ese oficio sí le gusta!
 Mate-rile-rile-ril-ron.
 Ese oficio sí le gusta!
 Mate-rile-rile-ron.

SIDE I, Band 2: DANCE SONG

Un clavel corté -
 Por la sierra fui -
 Caminito de mi rancho.

Como el viento fue -
 Mi caballo fiel
 A llevarme basta su lado.

Linda flor de abril,
 Toma este clavel
 Que te brindo con pasión.

Where, oh where is the key?
 Ma-tay-ree-lay-ree-lay-ree-lay -
 Where, oh where is the key?
 Ma-tay-ree-lay-ree-lay-ree-lay- run- pun!

Where, oh where is the key?
 Ma-tay-ree-lay-ree-lay-ree-lay -
 Where, oh where is the key?
 -Ma-tay-ree-lay-ree-lay-ree-lay- run- pun!

At the bottom of the sea -
 Ma-tay-ree-lay-.....
 At the bottom of the sea -
 Ma-tay.....

Who will go out and look for it?
 Ma-tay....
 Who will go out and look for it?
 Ma-tay.....

We will call Estrellita, etc.
 (Repeat)

What kind of job will we give her? (etc.)
 (Repeat)

We'll let her work as a cook, (etc.)
 (Repeat)

That job is not to her liking, (etc.)
 (Repeat)

We'll let her work as a seamstress, (etc.)
 (Repeat)

That kind of work's not to her liking, (etc.)
 (Repeat)

We will let her be a teacher. (etc.)
 (Repeat)

This job's much more to her liking!
 Ma-tay-ree-lay-ree-lay-run.
 This job's much more to her liking!
 Ma-tay-ree-lay-ree-lay-run.

I cut a carnation -
 Along the range I passed ... (to)
 The path that leads to my ranch.

Like the wind I went ... (with)
 My faithful steed
 To carry me to her side.

Lovely flower of Spring,
 Accept this carnation
 That I offer you with feeling.

No me digas no,
 Que en tu pecho está
 El secreto de me amor.

(REPEAT ABOVE)

Cuando la noche llegó,
 Y con su manto de azul,
 El blanco rancho curbrío,
 Y alegre el baile empezó.

Baila, y baila me chiapa
 Baila, baila con garbo,
 Qué en el baile la reina eres tú!

Baila, mi chiapaneca,
 Baila, baila con garbo,
 Qué en el baile la reina eres tú!

Cuando la noche llegó,
 Y con su manto de azul,
 El blanco rancho cubrió,
 Y alegre el baile empezó.

(REPEAT ALL OF ABOVE)

SIDE I, Band 3: YOUNG MAN'S SONG

Soy un pobre venadito
 Que habito en la serranía -
 Soy un pobre venadito
 Que habito en la serranía

Como soy algo mansito,
 No bajo al agua de día,
 Solo bajo a medianoche,
 A tus brazos, vida mía.

Ya tengo visto el nopal
 Donde he de cortar la tuna,
 (Repeat both lines)

Como soy hombre formal,
 No me gusta tener una,
 Me gusta tener a dos,
 Por si se me muera una.

Quisiera ser perla fina,
 De tus lucidos aretes,
 (Repeat both lines)

Pa' morderte la orejita
Y besarte los cachetes,
¿Quién te manda ser bonita
Si hasta a mí me comprometes?

Voy a hacer una berata
Y una gran realización.
(Repeat both lines)

Don't tell me "no",
For in your heart
Is the secret of my passion.

(REPEAT ABOVE)

When night time has fallen -
And with her mantle of blue,
The white ranch she covered -
And gaily the dancing began.

Dance, dance, my Chiapa maiden,
Dance, dance, ever more gracefully,
For you are the queen of the dance!

Dance, my Chiapaneca beauty,
Dance, dance, ever more gracefully,
For you are the queen of the dance!

When night time had fallen -
And with her mantle of blue,
The white ranch she covered -
And gaily the dancing began.

(REPEAT ALL OF ABOVE)

A poor young deer am I
Who live in yonder mountain-range.
A poor young deer am I
Who live in yonder mountain-range.

Since I am a little tame,
I don't come down to drink by day,
Only at midnight do I come down
To your arms, my darling.

I've been to see the cactus-pear-tree
Where I have to pluck the pears off.
(Repeat both lines)

Since I am a serious man,
Having one is not to my liking,
Two are much more to my liking,
Just in case one of them dies.

I would like to be a fine pearl,
Up there in your earnings dazzling,
(Repeat both lines)

So I can tickle your tiny ears
So I can kiss your lovely cheeks,
Who commands you to be so lovely
If to my face you go and jilt me?

I'll go and make a great big sale,
And will rake in lots of dough!
(Repeat both lines)

Las viejitas a centavos,
Las muchachas a toston,
Y las llenas a seis centavos,
Y las suegras a pilon.

Ya con ésta me despidio,
Pero pronto doy la vuelta
(Repeat both lines)

No más que me libre Dios
De una niña moscamuerta!
De ésas que ay! mamá por Dios,
Pero salen a la puerta!

SIDE I, Band 4: HIGH AS THE MOON

Quisiera ser tan alta como la luna,
Ay! Ay! Ay! como la luna.

Para ver los soldados de Cataluña.
Ay-ay-ay- de Cataluña.

De Cataluña vengo pa' servirle al rey.
Ay-ay-ay- pa' servirle al rey,

Con licencia absoluta de mi coronel.
Ay-ay-ay- de mi coronel.

Yo quisiera llevarle un mensaje al rey.
Ay-ay-ay- un mensaje al rey.

Para los niños buenos les dará un bombón.
Ay-ay-ay- les dará un bombón.

Quisiera ser soldado para ir a pelear.
Ay-ay-ay- para ir a pelear.

Quisiera ser paloma y poder volar,
Ay-ay-ay- y poder volar,

Junto a tu ventana ponerme a cantar.
Ay-ay-ay- ponerme a cantar.

Darte los buenos días junto al palomar.
Ay-ay-ay- junto al palomar.

Y en el azul de cielo llevarte a pasear.
Ay-ay-ay- llevarte a pasear.

Tener una casita en el manigual.
Ay-ay-ay- en el manigual.

Allí tener muñecas y poder jugar.
Ay-ay-ay- y poder jugar.

Quisiera ser estrella pa' poder brillar.
Ay-ay-ay- y poder brillar.

To the old maids I'll sell for a penny,
Girls I'll sell at just four bits.
Those with child at six cents each,
And mothers-in-law are on the house.

And from this one I'll take my leave;
But soon enough I'll be right back.
(Repeat both lines)

Heaven alone must come and save me
From the touch-me-not pretender,
Any such women, mamma, by Heaven
Out they go right through the door!

I'd like to be as high up as the moon,
Ay-ay-ay! As high up as the moon.

So I could see the soldiers of Cataluña.
Ay-ay-ay- from Cataluña.

From Cataluña I come for to serve the king.
Ay-ay-ay- for to serve the king,

With full leave from my colonel,
Ay-ay-ay- from my colonel.

I'd like to take a message and give it to the
king.

Ay-ay-ay- and give it to the king.

To children who are good I would give a candy.
Ay-ay-ay- I would give a candy.

I'd like to be a soldier to go out and fight.
Ay-ay-ay- to go out and fight.

I'd like to be a dove and be able to fly,
Ay-ay-ay- and be able to fly,

Right close to your window to begin to sing.
Ay-ay-ay- to begin to sing.

And say good morning to you right near the dove-hut.
Ay-ay-ay- right near the dove-hut.

And fly away with you into the blue, blue sky -
Ay-ay-ay- fly into the sky.

To have a little house out in the wild jungle,
Ay-ay-ay- in the wild jungle.

There have little dolls and be able to play.
Ay-ay-ay- and be able to play.

I'd like to be a star and be able to shine.
Ay-ay-ay- and be able to shine.

SIDE I, Band 5: GREETING SONG

Qué linda está la mañana
En que vengo a saludarte!
Venimos todos con gusto
Y placer a felicitarte.

El día que nací
Nacieron todas las flores,
En la pila del bautismo
Cantaron los ruiñesores.

CHORUS:

Ya viene amaneciendo ya -
La luz del día nos vió.
Levántate amiga mía,
Mira que ya amaneció.

Quisiera ser solecito,
Para entrar por tu ventana,
Y darte los buenos días,
Acostarme en tu cama.

CHORUS:

Ya viene amaneciendo, etc.

Pajarito mañana
Que cantas en su balcón.
Cantáale como le canta
Mi rendido corazón.

De las estrella del cielo,
Tengo que bejarte dos;
Una para saludarte,
Y otra pa decirte adiós.

CHORUS:

Ya viene amanaciendo, etc.

How lovely is the morning
When I come to greet you!
We all come here with pleasure
And delight with our best greetings.

The day on which you were born,
All flowers, too, were born.
Within the baptismal font
The nightingales were singing.

Already day is dawning
The light of day has seen us.
Get up, get up my darling,
Look, the day's already here.

I'd like to be all alone,
To come in through your window,
And bid you a good morning,
And lie down at your side.

CHORUS:

Already day is dawning, etc.

Tiny bird of morning.
On her balcony there singing,
Sing to her as sings to her
My own captive heart.

Of all the stars in Heaven,
I'll have to bring you two:
One to greet you, darling,
And the other to bid you farewell.

CHORUS:

Already day is dawning, etc.

SIDE II, Band 1: ASOMATE A TU VENTANA

Asómate a tu ventana
Para que mi alma no pene, (Repeat)
Asómate que allí viene
La luz de fresca mañana. (Repeat)
Asomate, si te miro
Mi ardiente amor te confieso.
Alo al morello llega
En el vaiven un suspiro. (Repeat)
Sabrás que guardo un tesoro
Para tí dentro del pecho. (Repeat)
Levántate de tu lecho,
Y sabrás cuanto te quiero. (Repeat)
Las calles están desiertas,
Las nubes paran, perdidas,
Están las flores abiertas,
Están las aves endormidas,
Y las estrellas despeirtas. (Repeat)
Buenos días!

SIDE II, Band 2: EL GAUCHO

Me gusta cantarle al viento
Porque vuelan mis cantares,
Y digo lo que yo siento
Por toditos los lugares

Aquí vine por que vine
A la feria de las flores,
No hay cerro que me empine,
Mi cuaco que se me atore.

En mi caballo retinto,
He venido de muy lejos,
Y traigo pistola al cintro,
Y con ella doy consejos.

Atravesé la montaña
Pa' venir a ver las flores;
Aquí hay una rosa huraña
Que es la flor de mis amores!

Y aunque otro quiera cortarla,
Yo la divisé primero,
Y juro que he de robarla
Aunque tenga jardinero.

Yo la he de ver transplantada
En el huerto de mi casa
Y si viene el jardinero,
Pues a ver, a ver que pasa!

SIDE II, Band 3: CORRIDO

Aquí hemos venido
Porque hemos llegado
Los dos por distinto lado.
Cantando canciones
Pasamos la vida.

COME TO YOUR WINDOW

Come to your window
So my soul will not suffer (Repeat)
Come out to see the glimmer
Of the light of this cool morning. (Repeat)
Come, dear, for when I see you
My flaming love I'll confess to you.
A cockatoo on the cherry-tree is
A-quiver with a sigh. (Repeat)

Know that for you I cherish
In my breast a dear treasure.
Rise up from your bed
And learn how much I love you.
The streets are all empty,
The clouds stop, as if lost,
The flowers are all open,
The birds are all sleeping,
And the stars wide-awake.
Good day!

THE COWBOY

I like to sing in the wind
Because my songs - they take wing,
And I sing whatever I feel
In all out-of-the-way little places.

I came here because I came
To the fair of the flowers.
There's no hill that can rise in my path,
Nor a horse that can stay me on my way.

On my dark-gleaming steed
I have come from far, far away,
And I carry a pistol in my belt,
And with it I hand out advice.

I crossed over the mountain
For to come and see the flowers;
Here is a rose oh! so bashful
Who is the flower of my full love.

And though another would like to pluck her,
It was I who espied her the first,
And I swear I will have to steal her
Although she may have a gardener.

I must see her transplanted
In the garden of my own house
And should the gardener come,
Then we'll see, we'll see what will happen.

Here we have come
Because we have got here
Both from different directions.
Singing songs so
We spend our lives.

Un poco más divertida
Era en el año cuarento
Antes del cincuenta y cuatro,
Cuando murió tanta gente
Entre Puebla y Apizaco.

El tren que corría
Sobre su anchia vía
De pronto se fue a estrellar
Contra un aeroplano
Que estaba en el llano
Volando sin descansar.

Todo esto nos sucedía
Sin saber como ni caundo;
Y la máquina seguía
Pita! Pita! caminando.

Llegó un fotingo
Con Maximiliano,
Que era entonces gobernante,
Y vió entre los muertos
A un pobre gendarne
Gritando alto y adalante.

Y ya no queremos
Seguir esta historia,
Para no cansar a ustedes,
Ruegen por el alma
De los que murieron -
Hombres, niños y mujeres -
Al recordar tantos muertos,
Nos retiramos llorando,
Porque la máquina sigue
Pita - pita - y caminado!

SIDE II, Band 4: NOSTALGIA

Que lejos estoy del suelo donde he nacido
Inmensa nostalgia invade todo mi pensamiento.
Al verme tan sólo y triste cual hoja al viento.

Quisiera llorar, quisiera morir de sentimiento.
(REPEAT ALL FOUR LINES)

¡Oh, tierra del sol, suspiro por verte!
Y ahora que lejos me encuentro sin luz y amor,
Y al verme tan sólo y triste, cual hoja al viento,
quisiera llorar, quisiera morir de sentimiento.

SIDE II, Band 5: EL ESCLAVO LUCIMI

Esclavo soy -
Negro nací -
Negro es mi color
Y negro es mi suerte.
Pobre de mí -
¡Muriendo voy!
¡Este cruel dolor!
Ay, hasta la muerte
¡Soy lucumí cautivo!
Sin la libertad no vivo.
Que los negros libres un día seran,
Ay mí negra Pancha vamos a bailar -
¡Que los negros libres seran!

Just a bit differently,
It was in the year forty
Before the year fifty-four
When so many people all died
Between Puebla and Apizaco.

The train that was running
Along its wide roadway,
Suddenly went off and it crashed
Right into an aeroplane
That was settling out on the plain,
Flying about without resting.

All of this happened to us
Without our knowing how or when;
And the engine kept going
Pita! Pita! without stopping.

There came a "fotingo"
With Maximilian in it,
Who at that time was the gov'nor,
And saw among the dying
One poor policeman
Crying out loud....on ahead...

But we don't want any longer
To go on with this story,
So as not to tire you out.
Pray for the souls
Of all those who died -
Men, women and children -
When we remember how many died here,
We leave here in tears,
Because the engine keeps going
Pita - pita - and passes on!

NOSTALGIA

When far away from the soil I was born on
Unbounded nostalgia preveades all my thoughts.
When I see myself alone and sad like a leaf in the
wind.

I want only to cry, only to die of my deep emotion.
(REPEAT ALL FOUR LINES)

Oh land of the sun, how I yearn to see you!
And now I am here without light, without love,
And I see myself alone and sad, like a leaf in the
wind,
I just want to cry, only to die of my deep emotion.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT

A slave am I -
Black was I born -
Black is my color
And black is my fate.
Alas, poor me -
I'm near to dying!
This cruel pain!
Alas, to death itself
I am a rebel prisoner!
Without freedom, I die.
When some day we Negroes will be free -
Ah, my dusky Pancha, we're going to dance -
When some day we Negroes will be free!