

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8727

FOLK SONGS OF MEXICO

Sung by
Alfonso Cruz Jimenez
with Guitar

Notes by Vivien Richman

Recorded in Oaxaca, Mexico

Cover design by Ronald Clyne



M
1682
C957
F666
1958

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS
FW 8727

FOLK SONGS OF MEXICO

Carinito Azucarado
La Molienda Y La Culebra
Merecumbé
Cachito
Tehuantepec
La Zandunga
Suriana
Cucurucucu, Paloma
Roguciano, El Guapangero
Echame A Mi La Culpa
Le Falta Un Clavo A Mi Cruz
Deja Que Salga La Luna
La Tortolita
Ya Tu Veras
El Yerbero (Hierbero)
Babalu

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Folk Songs of Mexico

Sung by Alfonso Cruz Jimenez with Guitar

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Recorded in Oaxaca, MexicoALFONSO CRUZ JIMENEZ
Oaxaca, Mexico

(Translation)

In the year 1927, the 11th of December, I arrived in this world in a village called San Francisco Telestlauca, in the state of Oaxaca. When I was 6 months old, my mother took me to Guatemala where we lived for six years. We returned to our native land (Mexico), but after three years, we moved again to Guatemala.

When I was ten years old, I sang for the first time, accompanied by a marimba. When we moved to Vera Cruz, Mexico, I began to become concerned about helping to support my mother and myself, so I began to play a flute, with which I could imitate the sound of various musical instruments.

At the age of 12, I began to learn to play the guitar in a place called Tierra Blanca, Vera Cruz, where I also learned to sing.

Both my parents died when I was 12. I know little about them. This has been my life, filled with suffering and surrounded by darkness.

Some people heard me sing and took me to a radio station in the town of Puebla, where I found work. From there, I went to the city of Oaxaca, state of Oaxaca where I sang on radio stations XEAX and XEOA.

My mother's name was Ostencia Jimenez and my father's name was Jose Maria Cruz.

Mr. Cruz is totally blind. He got married in the Spring of 1957 and his wife, Lucila, sometimes sings with him. He sings in the various sidewalk cafes of Oaxaca and is occasionally hired by a family to help celebrate some happy occasion. He is known affectionately in the community as Alfonsito or Pancho.

Translations and correspondence by Vivien Richman, Ismael Almodovar and The Marche family.

SIDE I, Band 1:

CARIÑITO AZUCARADO

Yo no pude suponerle
Lo que susedio
Era un jueguito
Entre tu y yo.
De inocentes amiguitos
Jugando al amor
Entre sus redes
Nos atrapó.

Cariñito azucarado
Que sabe a bonbon,
Amorcito consentido
De mi corazón,
Sin saber como ni cuando
Surgio este romanse
Sin que yo supiera
Donde iba a llegar.

Empesó por un didito
Y la mano agaro,
Se trepó por un bracito
Y al labio llegó,
Y de un beso al estallido
De amor adormisido,
Cambió de pronto el juego
En el más dulce amor.

LITTLE SWEETHEART

I could not understand
What happened
It was just a little game
Between you and me...
Of innocent friends,
playing at love,
We were trapped
In the nets of love.

Little sweetheart,
Sweet as sugar,
Little spoiled love
of my heart,
Without knowing how or when
Or where it
would
lead.

It began with a little finger,
Then the hand,
Then the arm...
And arrived at her lips,
And the explosion of a kiss
Of an awakened love,
The game became
The sweetest love.

SIDE I, Band 2: MERECUMBE (with his wife, Lucila)

Anoche, anoche soñe contigo,
Soñe cosa muy bonita
Que cosa maravillosa
Ay, cosita linda mama.
Soñaba, soñaba
Que me querias
Soñabe que me besada,
En mis brazos de dormi.
Ay, cosita, linda mama.
Quiero que mi sueño se realice
Y que me lleves contigo a bailar,

Ay, con merecumbe,
Con merecumbe,
Con merecumbe,
Ay cosita linda mama.
Que lindo, que lindo
Tu cuerpecito
Soñaba que me besada
Bailando esta vendejito
Ay, cosita linda mama,
Ay con merecumbe,
Con merecumbe....

Last night I dreamed of you,
I dreamed of a lovely thing,
Such a marvelous thing,
Oh, beautiful little thing,
I dreamed
That you loved me

SIDE I, Band 3:

Tehuantepec is a place name. Teguana refers to a girl who is from Tehuantepec.

TEHUANTEPEC

Tropico, calido y bello,
Istmo de Tehuantepec,
Musicas de una marimba,
Maderas que cantan
Con voz de mujer.
Musicas de una marimba,
Maderas que cantan
Con voz de mujer.

Tehuantepec, Tehuantepec,
Tienes mirar de una Diosa
Que nunca en la vida,
Que nunca en la vida
Pierde su color.
Pero mujercita mía,
Mi fiel prometida
Yo nunca en la vida
Te piense olvidar.

Teguana, la del alma Suriana,
Teguana, la de la voz timbrada,
Eres una muñeca entre los
Cajecales del blanco huipil,
Pareces una virgen que de
Un retablo se desprendio,

Teguana, la de la piel tostada,
Que baila de la marimba al son,
Rumbosa, preciosa,
Virgen de mis amores,
Linda muñeca, eso eres tú.
Teguana, she of the southern soul,

I dreamed that you kissed me
And slept in my arms.

I wish my dream would come true
And that you would take me
dancing...

Tropical, warm and beautiful,
Isthmus of Tehuantepec,
Music of a marimba...
The wood (of the marimba) which
Sings with a woman's soft voice.
Music of a marimba,
The wood which sings
With a woman's soft voice.

Tehuantepec, Tehuantepec,
You have the appearance of a
Goddess
Who never in her life (2)
Has lost her bloom.
But, little woman of mine,
My faithful beloved,
I will never, in my life, forget you.
Teguana, she of the rich, clear
voice,

She is a doll, enveloped in
skirts of white lace,
She looks like a virgin who has
descended from the altar.
Teguana, she of the skin like
toast,

Who dances to the sound of the
marimba,
Full of rhythm, beautiful,
Virgin of my love,
Lovely little doll, that is what
you are.

LA ZANDUNGA

Chorus:

Ay, Zandunga, Zandunga,
Mama, por Dios,
Zandunga, no seas ingrata,
Prenda de mi corazon.

Ay, Zandunga, Zandunga
Mama, for the love of God,
Zandunga, don't be cruel,
Jewel of my heart.

Antenoche fui a tu casa,
Tres golpes he di al candado,
Tu no serves para amores,
Tienes el sueño pesado.

Last night I went to your house,
I gave three knocks at your door,
You are not much good for love,
You were deep in dreams.

Chorus

Estaban dos tortolitos
Debajo de un cocotero,
Estaban en su nidita,
Hablando se de amorcito.

There were two little turtle doves,
Beneath a coconut palm,
They were in their little nest,
Speaking to each other of love.

Chorus

Quisiera abrir el sepulcro,
Sacar a los tres hermanos,
Maximo, Ramon Ortiz,
Prenda de mi corazon.

I would like to open the grave
To take out the three brothers,
Maximo, Ramon, Ortiz,
Jewel of my heart.

SIDE I, Band 5.

SURIANA

(GIRL FROM THE SOUTH)

Surianita, capullo de rosa,
Que naciste al orilla del mar,
En tu cara triguena y sedosa
Mis caricias te vengo a dejar.

Surianita, little rosebud,
Who is born at the edge of the sea,
On your soft, dark face, I come
To leave my caresses.

Cuando duermes tranquilla
En tu hamaca,
Y debajo de un verde palma
A los rayos de la luna de plata
Mi alma triste se pone a cantar.

When you slumber peacefully
In your hammock,
Beneath a green palm,
With the rays of the silver moon
My mournful soul begins to sing.

Chorus:

Suriana, Suriana,
Zandunga, Zandunga,
Pareces muñeca de entre los
Encajes del blanco nupil.

Suriana, Suriana,
Zandunga, Zandunga,
You seem like a little doll,
Enveloped in skirts of
white lace,

Suriana, Suriana,
Zandunga, Zandunga,
Al son de marimba
Tu cuerpo se simbra
Gallardo y gentil.

Suriana, Suriana,
Zandunga, Zandunga,
At the sound of the marimba,
Your body trembles
Gracefully and elegantly.

SIDE I, Band 6: CUCURUCUCU, PALOMA

Dicen que por las noches
No más se le iban puro llorar,
Dicen que no comía
No más se le iban puro tomar,
Juran que el mismo cielo
Se estremecía en oír su llanto,
Como sufrió por ella que hasta
En su muerte la fue llamando.

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, cantaba,
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, reía,
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, lloraba,
De pasión mortal moría.

Una paloma triste muy de mañana le iba a cantar,
A la casita sola con sus puertitos de par en par,
Juran que esa paloma no es otra cosa mas que su alma,
Que todavía la espera a que regrese la condenada.

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, cantaba,
Cu cu ru cu cu, lloraba,
cu cu ru cu cu, paloma,
cu cu ru cu cu, lloraba,

Las piedras jamás, paloma,
Que van a saber de amores.

Cu cu ru cu cu, cu cu ru cu cu, cu cu ru cu cu,
Paloma, no llores.

They say that his nights were spent only in weeping,
They say that he did not eat, he only drank,
They swear that the very heavens trembled at hearing
his cries,
How he suffered for her...even after his death,
he called to her.

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, he sang,
he laughed,
he wept,
Of mortal suffering he died.

A mournful dove began to sing, early in the morning,
At the little empty house with its doors wide open,
They swear that this dove is nothing else but his soul
Which is still awaiting her return. (the return of the
damned one.)

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, he sang,
Cu cu ru cu cu, he wept,
Cu cu ru cu cu, little dove,
Cu cu ru cu cu, he wept.

Little dove, the stones can never know of such love,
Cu cu ru cu cu....little dove, do not weep.

LA MOLIENDA Y LA CULEBRA
(Danzón)

Ya me voy a la molienda,
Ya me voy a la molienda,
Que ya me voy, a gozar con mi negra,
Que ya me voy, al melao de caña,
Que ya me voy a la molienda.

SPOKEN:

¡Caballero, ya voy llegando, eh!
¡Cuidado con la culebra, caballero!

Cuidado con la culebra, te muerde los pies,
Que si me muerde los pies, la voy a matar.
Cuidado con la culebra, te muerde los pies,
Que si me muerde los pies, la voy a castigar.
Cuidado con la culebra, te muerde los pies,
Que si me muerde los pies, la voy a matar.

Oye, José, oye, José, la culebra me muerde los pies
la voy a castigar.
Oye, José, oye, José, la culebra,

Ay, pero mira, no, no, no,
Ay, pero mira, no, no, no,
Ay, no, no, no, no, no,

Ay, que me muerde los pies,
Ay, que me muerde los pies, la voy a matar.

SPOKEN:

¡La culebra, caballero!

Que si me muerde los pies, la voy a matar,
Que si me muerde los pies, la voy a matar,
Que si me muerde los pies, la voy a matar,
¡Caballero!

La molienda means, literally, "grinding" and refers
to the harvest and grinding of sugar cane.

THE CANE HARVEST AND THE SNAKE

I am going to the sugar cane harvest,
I am going to the sugar cane harvest,
I am going to have a good time with my girl,
I am going where the sugar cane juice is running,
I am going to the sugar cane harvest!

SPOKEN:

Oh, man, I am coming, eh!
Beware of the snake, man!

Beware of the snake, she will bite your feet,
If she bites my feet, I will kill her.
Beware of the snake, she will bite your feet,
If she bites my feet, I will punish her.
Beware of the snake, she will bite your feet,
If she bites my feet, I will kill her.
Listen, Jose, listen, Jose, Jose, the snake is biting
my feet, I am going to punish her.

Ay, but look, no, no, no,
Ay, but look, no, no, no,
Ay, no, no, no, no, no,

Ay, she is biting my feet, I will kill her,

SPOKEN:
The snake, man!

If she bites my feet, I will kill her,
" " " " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " " " "

SPOKEN:
Man!

SIDE I, Band 8: CACHITO

CHORUS:
Cachito, cachito, cachito mío,
Pedazo de cielo
Que Dios me dio,
Te miro y te miro
Y al fin bendigo
Bendigo la suerte
De ser tu amor.

Me pregunto que porque eres mi Cachito,
Y siento muy bonito al responder,
Y te miro y te miro, yo bendigo
Ay, Cachito, porque tu eres mi amor.

(CHORUS)

A tu lado yo no sé lo que es tristesa,
Se me pasan las horas sin sentir,
Si me miras y yo pierdo la cabeza
Y lo unico que puedo es repetir.

(CHORUS)

CHORUS:
Cachito, Cachito, my Cachito,
Little piece of heaven
That God sent to me,
I look at you and look at you
And bless the luck, the good fortune
To be your love.

I ask myself why you are my Cachito
And I feel wonderful to answer...
I look at you and look at you
And give my blessings,
Ay, Cachito, because you are my love.

At your side I don't know what sadness is,
And the hours pass without care,
If you look at me and I lose my head,
All I can do is repeat...

CHORUS:
Cachito, Cachito, my Cachito,
Little piece of heaven
That God sent to me....etc.

SIDE II, Band 1: EL YERBERO (HIERBERO)
(The Herb-Seller)

Se oye el rumor de un pregonar que dice asi,
El yerberito llegó, llegó.

Traigo yerba santa par la garganta,
Traigo té Simón para hinchazón,
Traigo abrecamino par su destino,
Y traigo la ruda par el que estornuda,
También traigo albacar para la gente flaca,
Y el epasote para los trotes,

Y el veribe para el que no ve,
Y con esa yerba se casa Usted.

The call of the crier if like this...the herb selling
has come, has come. I have sacred herbs for the
throat, I bring Simon tea for swellings, I bring
another herb for your destiny, and one for the sneezing
ones; also I bring herbs for skinny people and herbs
for aches; I bring an herb for those who cannot see...
and these blind ones, they get married.

SIDE II, Band 2: BABALU
(with his wife, Lucila)

Babalu aye, babalu aye, babalu aye, babalu aye.

Que esta pasando lo velorio
Que le haceme a Babalu
Dame diez y siete vela
Par ponela en cruz.
Dame un cabo de tabaco malleye)
Y un jarrito de aguardiente, Babalu.) 2
Ay, yo quiero pedir a Babalu)
Una negra santa como tú,)
Que tenga dinero)
Para que me mantenga, Babalu,
Y que no se muera, como tú.

Ay, yo quiero pedir a Babalu
Una negra como tú,
Y no se muera nunca, Babalu.
Babalu-aye, Babalu-aye, Babalu-aye,
Que ya se va mi Babalu.
Babalu-aye....etc.

The funeral they are making for Babalu
Is passing by. Give me 17 candles to make a cross.
Give me a chew of tobacco and a jug of whiskey, Babalu.
Ay, I want another dark one like you,
Who has money, who can support me, and who will not die
as you have. Ay, I want another dark one like you who
will never die...Babalu-aye, Babalu-aye....etc.

SIDE II, Band 3: ROGOCIANO, EL GUAPANGERO

La Guasteca esta de luto,
Se murió su guapangero,
Ya no se oye aquel falsete,
Que era el alma del trovero.

Rogociano se llamaba,
Rogociano, el guapangero,
Eran soles de la sierra
Las canciones del trovero.

CHORUS:
La azucena y la sicilia
Lloran, lloran sin consuelo,
Maleguena, salerosa
Ya se fué, tu pregonero.

El trapiche esta de luto,
Ya comienza la molienda,
El trapiche esta de luto
Y suspira en cada vuelta.

En los verdes cafetales
Mas allá del aquel potrero,
Hay quien dice que en las noches
Se aparece el guapangero.

(CHORUS)

The Guasteca is in mourning, her troubadour is dead.
One can no longer hear that (falsetto) voice that
was the soul of the troubadour.
Rogociano was his name, Rogociano, the ballad-singer,
The radiance of his songs were rays of sunshine in
the mountains.

CHORUS:
The lilies, the flowers, are weeping, weeping
Without consolation. He who sang about you is gone.

The sugar mill is in mourning, it has already begun
its grinding,
The sugar mill is in mourning and it sighs with
each turn.
Among the green coffee plants beyond this pasture,
They say that, in the night, there appears the
troubadour.

Note:

In the chorus, La Azucena, La Sicilia and Malaguena
Salerosa are also the names of other Mexican folk
songs.

SIDE II, Band 4: ECHAME A MI LA CULPA
(Put the Blame on Me)

SPOKEN:

Como te quiero, pero me engañaste...

Sabes mejor que nadie que me fallaste,
Que lo que prometiste se te olvidó,
Sabes a ciencia cierta que me engañaste,
Aunque nadie te amara igual que yo.

Lleno estoy de razones para despreciarte,
Y sin embargo, pido que seas feliz,
Que allá en el otro mundo
En vez de infierno, encuentres gloria,
Y que una nube de tu memoria me borre a mí.

Dile al que te pregunte que no te quise,
Dile que te engañaba, que fui lo peor,
Echame a mí la culpa de lo que pasa,
Cubrete tu la espalda con mi dolor,

Que allá en el otro mundo
En vez de infierno, encuentres gloria,
Y que una nube de tu memoria me borre a mí.

SPOKEN:

How I love you, but you deceived me...

You know better than anyone that you have failed me,
That you forgot your promise,
You know, certainly, that you deceived me,
Although no one could love you as much as I.

I am filled with reasons to despise you,
Nevertheless, I pray that you will be happy,
And that there, in the other world,
Instead of hell, you find heaven
And that a cloud of your memory will erase me.

Tell those who ask that I did not love you,
Tell them it was I who deceived you, that I did the worst,
Put the blame on me for all that has happened,
Cover your shoulders with my sorrow.

And there, in the other world,
Instead of hell, may you go to heaven,
And may a cloud of your memory erase me.

SIDE II, Band 5: LE FALTA UN CLAVO A MI CRUZ
(There is a nail missing in my cross)

Le falta un clavo a mi cruz,
Para morir crucificado,
Mis pobres ojos sin luz
No miran ya mi pasado.

CHORUS:

Aquí estoy crucificado,
Con tanta desilusión
Solo me hace falta un clavo
El mitad del corazón.

Me bebí mi propia vida
En una copa mortal,
Y en una sola herida
Se presentó lo fatal.

Clavalo tu, por favor,
Para que acabe mi pena,
Quiero morir de amor,
Porque esta muerte es muy buena.

(CHORUS)

SPOKEN:

I am not weeping, I am just remembering,
reminiscing..

There is a nail missing in my cross
In order that I may die crucified,
My poor eyes, without light,
Can no longer see my past.

I drank my life away
With a deadly goblet,
And a single wound
Has proven fatal.

CHORUS:

Here am I, crucified, Nail it for me, please,
With so much disappointment, To end my anguish,
There is just a nail missing I wish to die of love
In the middle of my heart. For this would be a good way to die.

SIDE II, Band 6: DEJA QUE SALGA LA LUNA
(Let the Moon Rise)

Deja que salga la luna,
Deja que se meta el sol,
Deja que caiga la noche
Para que empiece nuestro amor.

Y sé que noche tras noche
Va creciendo más y más.

Deja que las estrellitas,
Me llenen de inspiración,
Para decirte cositas,
Muy bonitas, corazón.

Cuando estoy entre tus brazos
Siempre me pregunto yo,
Cuanto le debo al destino
Que contigo me pago.

Todo te lo entrego a tí
Tu que me diste en un beso,
Lo que nunca te pedí.

CHORUS:

Yo sé que no hay en el mundo
Amor como el que me das,
Y sé que noche tras noche
Va creciendo más y mas,

CHORUS:

Deja que salga la luna.

Let the moon rise, let the sun set, let the
night fall so that we may begin to make love.

Let the stars shine, they fill me with inspiration
So that I may say sweet and tender words to you, my love.

CHORUS:

I know that there is not, in the whole world, another
love like that which you give me. And I know that
night after night, our love will grow deeper.

When I am in your arms, I always ask myself...how much
do I owe to the destiny which brought us together?

I give everything to you...you, who gave me, in a
single kiss, that for which I never asked.

CHORUS:

Let the moon rise.

SIDE II, Band 7: LA TORTOLITA
(Guitar solo)

The Little turtle-dove.

SIDE II, Band 8: YA TU VERAS
(You will see)

Con gran sacrificio te dejé partir,
Sangrando mis ojos de tanto llorar,
Dos años de espera me parecen mil,
Pero cuando vuelvas no te vas a ir.

Ya tu veras como te voy a querer,
Ya tu veras,
Como te voy a besar,
Ya tu veras,
Como con mis mimos te haré tan feliz,
Ya tu veras,
Como te voy a querer,
Ya tu veras
Como te voy a besar
Con la mas dulce y sentida pasión,
Vuelve, por Dios,
Que me estoy muriendo tan solo por tí.

My eyes bled from so much weeping,
Two years of waiting seemed to me like a thousand,
But when you return, you will never leave.

Then you will see how I will love you,
Then you will see how I will kiss you,
Then you will see how happy I will make you
With my caresses.

Then you will see how I will love you,
Then you will see how I will kiss you
With the sweetest and deepest feeling,
Return, for the love of God,
I am dying...just for you.