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MUSIC OF THE WORLD

MUSIC OF ARGENTINA
Maria Luisa Buchino
and Her Llameros

Spanish Texts & Notes Enclosed

MUSIC OF ARGENTINA:

Maria Luisa Buchino & Her Llameros

SIDE ONE: 1. EL PICAFLOR The Hummingbird (2:55) 2. LLORA, LLORA, CORAZON Cry, My

Heart (3:18) 3. EL BESO The Kiss (2:35) 4. CHARANGUITO The Charangito (2:35)

5. SOY LIBRE I Am Free (2:47) 6. UNO, DOS Y TRES One, Two, Three (2:50)

SIDE TWO: 1. ANAHI (2:05) 2. SAMBA DE LA CANDELARIA The Samba of Candelaria (3:15)

3. LA LOCA The Crazy Woman (2:15) 4. ROPA BLANCA White Wash (3:00) 5. LOS LENATEROS

The Firewood Sellers (2:45) 6. FIESTA EN LA AGUDA Fiesta at La Aguada (3:00)

MARIA LUISA BUCHINO & Her Llameros

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COMPLETE SPANISH TEXTS
ON REVERSE SIDE

MONITOR PRESENTS

MUSIC OF ARGENTINA

Maria Luisa Buchino and her Llameros

WHEN THE SPANIARDS arrived in the New World in the 16th century the task of educating the Indians was entrusted to the Catholic friars. So thorough were their methods, that within a short time, the Indians were singing in chorus and playing European instruments. They even learned to read music. The missionaries taught them not only church music but art as well. From the Spaniards themselves they copied such dances as the *fandango*, *seguidilla*, *bolero* and the *jota*.

By the 19th century Argentine folk music had begun to develop its own personality, partly Indian, partly European. A rich harvest resulted. Besides creating an endless number of new dances and songs, the Creoles and Indians transformed the European-born music into native versions no longer resembling the original. Dances, which were once delicate and elegant, became robust and vigorous in the new pioneer atmosphere. Also, the Spanish custom of improvising musical battles of wit became a fine art in Argentina where it was known as *versos de contra-punto*.

Although musical activity flourished everywhere, the diversity, originality and general quality superior in the North, an area also rich in musical instruments. Besides European violins, guitars and harps, pre-Columbian instruments are played there — the *quena*, *erke*, both wind instruments, and the *sikus*. Andean panpipes, to mention a few. Following is a brief description of the dances included in this collection.

Carnavalito This is a circle dance performed during carnival time. Men, women and children participate. Probably originated in Bolivia and moved down to the North of Argentina. The tune is based on the ancient pentatonic scale native to the Andean region. A drum and a *charango*, an armadillo-backed guitar, accompany the singers.

Mendocina A *Cueca* from Mendoza. This dance, although it is the national dance of Chile, is popular in Argentina also. Some sources claim that it was danced by Negro slaves from Guinea on their way to Peru in the early 19th century. It is a courtship dance similar to those of southern Spain. In South America, a fluttering handkerchief flirtatiously used and the clanking of silver spurs are among the features which distinguish it from the Spanish original. Accompaniment is generally in 6/8 time but the vocal is in 3/4 time, making an interesting rhythmic pattern.

Yaravi Huayno Popular as a circle dance among the Indians of the Andean area. Mentioned in Peruvian chronicles as far back as 1612. It is also called the *Vidala* in Jujuy. The Indians dedicate these songs to those willing and able to compensate them for their talent as versifiers of compliments and pleasantries. Played here with *charango* and drum accompaniment. Rather slow and mournful. In its modern version it is a couple dance.

Baguala This is one of the most ancient songs from Argentina. It is based on a three note scale which outlines a triad. The melody is embellished with ornamental figurations and quick changes from high (falsetto) to low register. It is performed as a circle dance during carnival time.

Bailecito A single couple dance from the Andean region. The melody is based on the pentatonic scale.

Samba A dance originating in colonial times. A graceful dance with many turns and steps for a single couple. As in the *cueca*, a handkerchief is used.

Chacarera A gay Andean dance with an infectious rhythm. As in Spanish dances, castanets supply the accompaniment. The man does elaborate footwork as he circles the woman. Originated in colonial times and principally danced in the North.

Candombe This dance reflects Negro influence from the coast hailing back to African origins.

Pregon Cries of vendors bringing the lively tumult and color of the streets into song.

Notes and Translations by HENRIETTA YURCHENCO

SIDE ONE

1. EL PICAFIOR The Hummingbird (Carnavalito)

If I could be your hummingbird and you my carnation,
I would free your honey from the bud of your mouth.
You gaze at me, and you laugh—but you don't know,
Cholita, that I have somebody else better than you!

Little white hat, little white hat, without grazing the bloom,
without grazing the bloom, warble, warble, little warbler.

Oh, how fair is my Cholita, oh.

This is the way my heart beats—tick, tock, tick, tock,

like a clock.

This is the way my heart beats—boom-cata-boom, like a cannon.

2. LLORA, LLORA, CORAZON Cry, My Heart (Vals)

Because I don't want to forgive you, the pain is killing me.
And though a smile plays on my face, I am dying of love.

Ory, my heart, cry. Cry, if you have reason. It's not a crime for a man to cry for a woman, to cry for a woman. I am the beach, and you the waves in the ocean. You come to me and embrace. You kiss me, then leave me, you kiss me, then leave me.

You taught me to love—you also taught me to hate. With time I am learning the comfort of forgetting, the comfort of forgetting.

3. EL BESO The Kiss (Cueca Mendocina)

Oh, the kiss—the kiss of an unmarried girl. Oh, it's not—no, it's not like a married woman's kiss. Oh, it's not—no, it's not like a married woman's kiss.

Oh, because the—the married woman deep in sleep has a—ah, has a salty mouth. Oh, the kiss, the kiss of a married woman.

Unmarried girls have—oh, oh, oh, thousands of lovers. Oh, oh, like a delicious sweet—the kisses of unmarried girls. Oh, oh, oh, she kisses in other ways.

Oh, I was kissed by an unmarried girl, oh, with her kiss—with her kisses she soothed me. Oh, with her kiss—with her kisses she soothed me.

Oh, it was li—they were like holy water. Oh, and that's and that's why I married oh, and sal—salty I remained.

From Timogasto I come. Oh, oh, I bring nothing, I bring nothing but kisses oh, oh, from a winsome lass. Kiss, kiss, kiss the graceful one oh, oh, oh, the loveliest one.

4. CHARANGUITO The Charango (Little armadillo-backed guitar) (Yaravi Huayño)

Close to my heart, close to me, charango, little charango with a sweet voice.

Help me to cry for the day I lost. Help me to cry for the day I lost.

Charango, little charango with the sweet voice. I ruled an empire of the sun, immense and happy. The white man took it away little charango.

My conquered race weeps for another civilization, my conquered race weeps. Its destiny has melted away.

Charango, little charango, what piercing pain, what piercing pain!

5. SOY LIBRE I Am Free (Baguala)

I would love to cross the river without feeling the sand. I am free, I am my own master, now I can love.

To the devil with caution, your love is now a chain. I gaze into your eyes—for those eyes I would die. I am my own master, now I can love.

I am told those eyes have an owner—I want such eyes. I am free, I am my own master—now I can love. I am free, I am my own master—now I can love.

6. UNO, DOS Y TRES One, Two, Three (Bailecito)

My sweet one, my bit of sun, your love is the companion of my heart.

I want you to continue giving me reason to live. I need your love, don't deny it to me. Give me your kisses—one, two, three.

One, two, three. The birds sing at dawn so that you will come out and listen to them.

And the spring to make you happy offers you the fragrance of the rose and jasmine.

I so desire your fleeting kisses for I must know what to do—one, two, three.

For I must know what to do—one, two, three.

SIDE TWO

1. ANAHI (Cancion)

The sorrowing harps cry arpeggios today; they are for you, Anahi—do they at least remember my immense bitterness?

Anahi, homely little Indian with a voice as sweet as the water, oh.

Anahi, Anahi, your race has not died; it persists in its essence in the ruby-colored flower.

Defending your proud and indomitable tribe you were a prisoner, condemned to die.

Your body was already wrapped in flames and while the flames were consuming you in a red corona it was transformed. This merciful night veiled your pain.

And the dawn, amazed, gazed at your martyrdom made blind in the bud. Anahi, Anahi.

2. SAMBA DE LA CANDELARIA The Samba of Candelaria

This samba was born in the afternoon as the prayers came to an end, when the moon wept beams of silver, at the death of the sun.

Those rivers cradled her and murmur as she passes, and the wind of the winters leaves her with sadness that makes her weep.

When the night ripens the height of my loneliness I hear gaiety on the path—Candelaria makes the night festive, festive in the path made by the evening samba of Candelaria.

Let the guitars sleep, let voices be heard that pull up flowers from the earth, sweet memories never return.

Samba of Candelaria, when the dawn comes up she will gather the most distant stars—eyes which keep me up all night.

3. LA LOCA The Crazy Woman (Candombe)

An old lady on a burro raced a toad.

Lost her tobacco pouch full of tobacco.

What a foolish old lady, what a foolish old lady found her tobacco pouch and lost her saddlebag.

I quarreled with the old lady because of a young girl.

She grabbed the broom and I the axe. I quarreled with the old lady because of a young girl.

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What a sly old lady, what a sly old lady! She hurried me along with the broom in my ribs.

4. ROPA BLANCA White Wash (Candombe)

Wash the clothes, mulatto, in pain and love. The lather in its whiteness is like cotton, your hands in their blackness from soot and coal. Wash the clothes, mulatto, in pain and love.

It is said that up the river when the south wind blew my Panchito went in a boat of blue.

As you wash you cry, cry because you have been betrayed. How sad to continue loving when your love has gone away.

Don't cry because of the water, nor for the traitor, nor for the long night that stole your heart away.

The clothes dance in the air, they sway in the breeze. Only your enormous, sad eyes know the meaning of tears.

Oh, who can it be who, in the afternoon, makes the tears flow?

As I wash the clothes at the river banks the waves make me reflect that love is here one day and gone the next.

Don't cry because at the river when the south wind blew you saw poor Panchito in a boat of blue.

Wash the clothes, mulatto, in pain and love—remove the stains from my heart.

Wash and scrub with floods of tears and soap—remove the stains from my heart.

5. LOS LENATEROS The Firewood Sellers (Pregón)

We are the firewood sellers from Santiago—buy my firewood, madam.

The firewood sellers from Santiago always sing a song. Early in the morning they peddle their firewood.

Buy my firewood, madam customer, my lovely wood, it sells very cheap.

Buy my firewood, madam—pretty wood, very dry easy burning.

Let's see now how much you'll charge me for kindle-wood. Since it's for you, my customer, I'll let it go for three pesos.

No, young man, if you'll take two pesos... No, let's go, little donkey, let's go stupid young man.

Early in the morning they appear from some little alley.

The coins in their pockets, they also hawk their wares. Buy my firewood, madam customer, my lovely wood, it sells very cheap.

Buy my firewood, madam—pretty wood, very dry easy burning.

All right, young man, how much for that bunch of kindle-wood? Since it's for you, I'll let it go for two-fifty.

No, I've already told you; if you like I'll give you two pesos.

6. FIESTA EN LA AGUADA Fiesta at La Aguada

(Vidala - Chayera)

Willow of the rosy-hued sail, alley of Cochanga, any path is a good path when the vidala descends. Indian drums resound from the peak to the ravine.

A verse is like a dove with a gracious message, with a sigh of absence with a farewell in its wings.

When I return to my own land oh, vidalita of La Rioja,

I will listen to the tender whistle of the white ostriches.

I see your rich contours and kiss your dreamy fields and when afternoon descends I kiss your blue mountain.

I stretch out on your sands to envelop myself in magic when I tread your path, vidalita of La Rioja.

On the road to La Aguada come the fellows behind the crowd with their boxes of confetti singing verses for carnival time.

Let's sing the vidala, let's sing no more. Let's sing vidala, it's carnival time.

The fiesta is all ablaze in the canvas tent because on Sunday Carnival came.

Let's go, dark-skinned one, to Aguada. Let's both go, let's throw confetti.

Carnival time has passed away. They say that on Sunday they will bury him and cover him with sweet basil so that next year he will return to fill us with joy.

For complete catalogue of music from many lands write:

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Argentina

MONITOR PRESENTS THE MUSIC OF ARGENTINA: MARIA LUISA BUCHINO AND HER LLAMEROS

SIDE 1

1. EL PICAFLOR

Quisiera ser picaflor
y que tu fueras clavel
para libarame la miel
del capullo de tu boca.

Quisiera ser picaflor
y que tu fueras clavel
para libarame la miel
del capullo de tu boca.

Me miras, te ries
pero no sabes, Cholita
que yo tengo otra
mejor que vos.

Me miras, te ries
pero no sabes, Cholita
que yo tengo otra
mejor que vos.

Sombrerito blanco
sombrerito blanco
sinqui tao tasca
sinqui tao tasca
silba, silba, silbadorita
ay que linda es mi cholita, ay

Sombrerito blanco
sombrerito blanco
sinqui tao tasca
sinqui tao tasca
silba, silba, silbadorita
ay que linda es mi cholita, ay

Me miras, te ries
pero no sabes, cholita
que yo tengo otra mejor
que vos.

Sombrerito blanco
sombrerito blanco
sinqui tao tasca
sinqui tao tasca
silba, silba, silbadorita
ay que linda es mi cholita, ay

Así dice mi corazón
tic, tac, tic, tac
como el reloj.

Así dice mi corazón
pum cata pum
como el cañón.

Así dice mi corazón
tic, tac, tic, tac
como el reloj.

Así dice mi corazón
pum cata pam
como el cañón.

2. LLORA, LLORA CORAZON

Por no querer perdonarte
me está matando el dolor
y aunque mi rostro sonría
estoy muriendo de amor.

Llora, llora corazón
llora si tienes por qué
que no es delito en el hombre
llorar por una mujer
llorar por una mujer.

Yo represento la playa
y tú las olas del mar
vienes a mí me acaricias
me besas, luego te vas
me besas, luego te vas.

Llora, llora corazón
llora si tienes por qué
que no es delito en el hombre
llorar por una mujer
llorar por una mujer.

Tú me enseñaste a querer
también me enseñaste a odiar
del tiempo estoy aprendiendo
el consuelo de olvidar
el consuelo de olvidar.

Llora, llora corazón
llora si tienes por qué
que no es delito en el hombre
llorar por una mujer
llorar por una mujer.

3. EL BESO

Ay, el beso
el beso de una soltera
ay no es como el
no es como el de una casada
ay no es como el
no es como el de una casada.

Ay, porque la
porque la mujer con sueño
tiene la
ay tiene la boca salada,
ay el beso
el beso de una casada.

Las solteritas tienen
ay, ay, ay,
miles de amores
son de la boca dulce
ay, ay, como alfajores
besa, besa soltera
ay, ay, ay,
de otra maneras.

Ay, me besó
me besó una solterita
ay, con sus besos
con sus besos me endulzé
ay, con sus besos
con sus besos me endulzé.

Ay, era co
eran como agua bendita
ay, y por e
y por eso me casé,
ay, y sala
y salado me quedé.

De Tinogasta vengo
ay ay no traigo nada
solo traigo los besos
ay, ay, ay, de una salada.
Besa, besa, besa donosa
ay ay ay la más hermosa.

4. CHARANGUITO

Juntito a mi corazón
juntito a mí
Charango, Charanguito
de dulce voz.

Ayudame a llorar
el día en que ya perdí
ayudame a llorar
el día en que ya perdí.

Charango, Charanguito
de dulce voz.

Tuve un imperio del sol
grande y feliz
el blanco me lo quitó
Charanguito.

Llora mi raza vencida
por otra civilización
llora mi raza vencida
su destino se fundió.

Charango, Charanguito
que gran dolor
que gran dolor.

5. SOY LIBRE

Quisiera cruzar el río
sin que me sienta la arena
soy libre, soy dueña
puedo querer.

Al diablo con el dedillo
ya tu amor una cadena
soy libre, soy dueña,
puedo querer.

Unos ojos estoy viendo
por esos ojos me muero
soy libre, soy dueña,
puedo querer.

Me han dicho que tienen dueño
así con dueño los quiero
soy libre, soy dueño,
puedo querer.

Soy libre, soy dueño,
puedo querer
soy libre, soy dueño,
puedo querer
soy libre, soy dueño,
puedo querer.

6. UNO, DOS Y TRES.

Cariñito mío,
pedazo de sol
tu amor es amigo
de mi corazón.

Quiero que me sigas
inspirando fe
la nobleza amiga
con todo tu ser.

Tu amor necesito
no me lo negueis
dame tus besitos
uno, dos y tres.

Uno, dos y tres.

Los zarzales
cantan al amanecer
para que vos salgas
y los escuchais.

Y la primavera
por verte feliz
te ofrece fragancias
de rosa y jazmín.

Tus besos fugaces
quiero que me das
para ver como hacen
uno, dos y tres.

SIDE 2

1. ANAHI

Anahi
las arpas dolientes
hoy lloran arpegios
que son para tí.

Anahi
recuerdan acaso
mi inmensa amargura
reina guarani.

Anahi
indiecia fea
de la voz tan dulce
como el agua ay.

Anahi, anahi
tu raza no ha muerto
perdura en sus fueros
en la flor rubí.

Defendiendo alta
tu indómita tribu
fuiste prisionero
condenado a muerte.

Ya estaba tu cuerpo
envuelto en la hoguera
y en tanto las llamas
se estaban quemando
en rojo corola
se fue transformando
la noche piadosa
cubría tu dolor.

Y el alba asombrada
miró tu martirio
hecho seigo en flor.

Anahi, anahi.

2. SAMBA DE LA CANDELARIA

Nació esta samba en la tarde
cerrando ya la oración
cuando la luna lloraba
astillas de plata
la muerte del sol
cuando la luna lloraba
astillas de plata
la muerte del sol.

La cunaron esos ríos
que murmurén al pasar
y el viento de los inviernos
le dió la tristeza
que la hace llorar
y el viento de los inviernos
le dió la tristeza
que la hace llorar.

Cuando madure la noche
sumo de mi soledad
se oye alegrar el camino
sambita noche da la Candelaria,
y a de alegrar el camino
sambita nochera la Candelaria.

Que se duerman las guitarras
venganse voces que van
sacando flor de la tierra
recuerdos queridos
que no volverán
sacando flor de la tierra
recuerdos queridos
que no volverán.

Samba de la Candelaria
que cuando amanezca irá
rejuntando estrellas altas
los ojos que me hacen
a mi trasnochar
rejuntando estrellas altas,
los ojos que me hacen
a mi trasnochar.

Cuando madure la noche
sumo de mi soledad
se oye alegrar el camino
sambita noche da La Candelaria
se ha de alegrar el camino
sambita nochera La Candelaria.

3. LA LOCA

Una vieja en un burro
corriendo un sapo
una vieja en un burro
corriendo un sapo.

Perdió su tabaquera
llena e tabaco
perdió su tabaquera
llena e tabaco
perdió su tabaquera
llena e tabaco.

Una vieja en un burro
corriendo un sapo
que vieja sonsa
que vieja sonsa
halló la tabaquera
y perdió el alforja.

Peleé con una vieja
por la muchacha
peleé con una vieja
por la muchacha.

Ella agarró la escoba
yo agarré la hacha
ella agarró la escoba
yo agarré la hacha.
ella agarró la escoba
y yo agarré la hacha.

Peleé con una vieja
por la muchacha

Que vieja pilla
que vieja pilla
me hizo andar con la escoba
por las costillas.

4. ROPA BLANCA

Lava la ropa, mulata
pena y amor
la espuma por blanca
parece algodón
tus manos por negras

de chun y carbón
lava la ropa, mulata
pena y amor.

Medicen que por el río
al soplo del viento sur
se fué mi negro Panchito
en una barquita azul.

Estás lavando llorando
llorando por su traición
que triste seguir amando
después que se fué el amor.

No llores que por el agua
y que por engañador
y que por la noche larga
robaron tu corazón.

La ropa baila en el aire
el viento la hace bailar
tus ojos tristes y grandes
solo saben lagrimear

Ay quién será
que en la tarde
los hace llorar
llorar a a a a a.

Lavando ropa en la orilla
las olas me hacen pensar
en los amores que un dia
igual que vienen se van.

No llores que por el río
y al soplo del viento sur
al ver pobre de Panchito
en una barquita azul.

Lava la ropa blanca
pena y amor
se quitan las manchas
de mi corazón.

Lavando y fregando
con llanto y jabón
se quitan las manchas
de mi corazón.

Lavando y fregando
con llanto y jabón
se quitan las manchas
de mi corazón.

5. LOS LEÑATEROS

Somos los leñateros
de Santiago
compre mi leña señorá

Los leñateros de Santiago
un canto suelen tener
un canto suelen tener

Por las mañanas bien temprano
salen su leña a vender
salen su leña a vender.

Compre leña la merchantita
la leña linda, la baratita

Compre leña señorá
leña linda
bien sequita
bien ardedora.

A ver a cómo me vas
a vender el atadito de leña
por ser pa' uste patroncita
se lo voy a dejar a tres pesos

No muchacho si quieras dos pesos
no vamos burro, vamonos burro
muchacho sonso.

Por las mañanas bien temprano
salen de algún callejón
salen de algún callejón.

Las monedas en los bolsillos
también dicen su pregón
también dicen su pregón.

Compreme leña la merchantita
la leña linda, la baratita
compreme leña la merchantita
la leña linda, la baratita.

Compreme leña señorá
leña linda, bien sequita
y no es numeadora.

Bueno, muchacho a cómo me
vas a dar el atadito
por ser pa' uste
se lo voy a dejar a dos cincuenta

No, ya te he dicho
si quieras dos pesos

Compreme leña la merchantita
compre leña la merchantita
compre leña la merchantita
compre leña la merchantita.

6. FIESTA EN LA AGUADA

Sauce de guaira rosina
callejón de Cochangasta
cualquier senda, buena senda
cuando baja la vidala
retumban las cajas indias
del cucará la quebrada.

La copla es una paloma
con un mensaje de gracia
con un suspiro de ausencia
con un adios en las alas.

Cuando volveré a mi tierra
ay vidalita riojana
a escuchar el tierno silbo
de tus casuarinas albas

A ver tus líneas maduras
y besar tierras soñadas
y cuando caiga la tarde
besando la azul montaña
me tendré en tus arenas
para llenarme de magia
cuando pase por la senda
la vidalita riojana.

SPAIN & LATIN AMERICA

*MF(S) 342 CHILE: María Luisa Buchino & Her Llameros. Yo Vendo Unos Ojos Negros; Nieve, Viento Y Sol; Ende Que Te Vi; La Batelera; Amo A Tyaney; Mulita; Fiesta Linda; and others.

*MF(S) 343 ARGENTINA: María Luisa Buchino & Her Llameros. El Picaflor; Llora, Llora, Corazon; El Beso; Charanguito; Soy Libre and others.

MF(S) 355 BOMBA! Music of the Caribbean. The Colon Sisters and the Federators Steel Band.

MF(S) 357 SPAIN: Lutys de Luz and Ensemble in Flamenco Songs and Dances.

MF 390 LATIN AMERICAN FESTIVAL: Folk Music from Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, Chile, Paraguay, Peru and Mexico. Featuring Los Guayaki.

†MFS 490 GUANTANAMERA: Los Tres Paraguayos. Guantanamera; Mis Noches Sin Ti; Galopera; La Flor de la Canela; Amapola; Cielito Lindo; and others.

MFS 499 DANZAS VENEZUELA: The Ballet Folklorico of Venezuela in a program of Venezuelan music prepared for their American tour.

*MC 2041 PETER AND THE WOLF narrated in Spanish by Carlos Montalban (with St. Saens: Carnival of Animals).

S-Indicates available in Stereo
*-With complete text

Por el camino a la Aguada
vienen los changos detrás del puayi
con sus cajitas challeras
cantando coplas
para el carnaval
con sus cajitas challeras
cantando coplas
para el carnaval.

Cantemos vidala
cantemos nomás
cantemos vidala
llegó el carnaval.

Arde la fiesta en la carpa
porque el domingo
llegó el carnaval.

Vamonos, negro, a la Aguada
los dos juntitos
vamos a challar

Vamonos, negro, a la Aguada
los dos juntitos
vamos a challar.

Cantemos vidala
cantemos nomás
cantemos vidala
llegó el carnaval.

El carnaval ya se ha muerto
dizque el domingo
lo van a enterrar
lo han de tapar con albaca
para que al año
nos vuelva a alegrar
lo han de tapar con albaca
para que al año
nos vuelva a alegrar.

Cantemos vidala
cantemos nomás
cantemos vidala
se fué el carnaval.

Cantemos vidala
cantemos nomás
cantemos vidala
se fué el carnaval.

Cantemos vidala
cantemos nomás
cantemos vidala
se fué el carnaval.

Cantemos vidala
cantemos nomás
cantemos vidala
se fué el carnaval.

Cantemos vidala
cantemos nomás
cantemos vidala
se fué el carnaval.

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