

SMITHSONIAN/
FOLKWAYS

SUNI PAZ

CANCIONES PARA EL RECREO/CHILDREN'S SONGS FOR THE PLAYGROUND

Smithsonian/Folkways Records
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CANCIONES PARA EL RECREO *Children's Songs for the Playground*

SUNG IN SPANISH BY

SUNI PAZ**SUNI PAZ***Additional notes enclosed.*

CANCIONES PARA EL RECREO/CHILDREN'S SONGS FOR THE PLAYGROUND

SIDE 1: LLEGA LA MAÑANA/IN THE MORNING • LA GATITA
 CARLOTA/KITTY CARLOTA • LOS POLLITOS DICEN PIO,

PIO/THE CHICKS CRY, CRY, CRY • QUENEPA/QUENEPA (TREE
 FRUIT) • NIÑO LARENO/BOY OF LARES • EL AGUILA Y LA
 PALOMA/THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE • COCOROCO/COCORO
 SIDE 2: TENO DOS CABRITILLAS/I HAVE TWO MOUNTAIN

- CANCION DE TOMAR EL TE/SONG FOR TEA TIME
- RESFALOSA DE MI ESCUELA/DANCE OF MY SCHOOL
- CUANDO ESTOY TRISTE/WHEN I AM SAD • PAPAL
 OAPAN/PAPALOAPAN • APOR UN RATONCITO/THE LITTLE
 MOUSE *Previously issued in 1977 as Folkways FC 7850*

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C-SF 45013

Musicians and instruments

Suni Paz—vocals, guitar and charango

Norton Torres—guitar and cuatro

Jorge Morales—percussion

Martha Siegel—cello

Juan Fernandez—electric piano

Ramiro Fernandez—bombo and sour bender

Production Credits

Produced by Suni Paz

Mastered by Randy Kling, Disc Mastering

The United States of America is a country of many cultures and many languages. It is never too early to begin learning about other people's traditions, and songs are a wonderful way to be introduced to them. This collection of songs in Spanish for children is specifically designed to be fun for English speakers and Spanish speakers alike. The notes include translations of every song, and five songs have been translated so they can be sung in English to the same melody as the Spanish words. "Canciones Para el Recreo/Children's Songs for the Playground" is a wonderful example of songwriting, translation, and performance for children.

Anthony Seeger

Smithsonian/Folkways Records

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CANCIONES PARA EL RECREO/ CHILDREN'S SONGS FOR THE PLAYGROUND

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Side 1

1. **Llega la Mañana/In the Morning** (Words and music Angel Parra) 2:47
2. **La Gatita Carlota/Kitty Carlota** 1:52
3. **Los Pollitos Dicen Pio, Pio/The Chicks Cry, Cry, Cry** 1:11
4. **Quenepa/Quenepa (Tree Fruit)** Words by Ruben del Rosario and Isabel Freire de Matos, music by Suni Paz) 2:02
5. **Niño Larenó/Boy of Lares** 2:13 (Words Ruben del Rosario and Isabel F. de Matos, music Suni Paz. Copyright Suni Paz)
6. **El Aguila y La Paloma/The Eagle and the Dove** (Words and music by Rolando Alarcon) 3:30
7. **Cocoroco/Cocoro** (Words and music by Nicanor Molinare) 1:54

Side 2

1. **Tengo Dos Cabritillas/I Have Two Mountain Goats** 1:09
2. **Cancion de Tomar El Te/Song for Tea Time** (Words and Music by Maria Elena Walsh) 1:59
3. **Resfalso de Mi Escuela/Dance of My School** (Words and music by Rolando Alarcon) 2:13
4. **Cuando Estoy Triste/When I Am Sad** (Words José Pedroni; music Damian Sanchez) 1:45
5. **Papaloapan/Papaloapan** 1:46
6. **Por un Ratóncito/The Little Mouse** (Malvina Reynolds, Schroder Music ASCAP, Spanish translation by Suni Paz) 1:34

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This record is a work of love. It is the result of the combined efforts of many friends: musicians, technicians, photographers, translator. The songs come to you arranged on guitar by Norton Torres; cello by Martha Siegel; percussion by Jorge Morales; electric piano by Juan Fernandez; bombo by Ramiro Fernandez and translated into English by Robin Palmer. Mike Sobol, the sound engineer, made the recording and mixing sessions a "happening."

I want to give my special appreciation to Sylvia Sirbu for her invaluable help. To Verna Gillis: many thanks for the good word; Gerardo Razumney lent us his photographic skills.

Most of the songs I learned while in Argentina and Chile and sang in elementary schools throughout California. Gatita Carlota came to me from my twin nieces on my last visit to Argentina. Por un ratoncito is based on a wonderful song by Malvina Reynolds called The Little Mouse and is the result of a friendly challenge to me to give her work a Latin American adaptation. I put music to Quenepa and Niño Larenó whose verses are from The ABC from Puerto Rico, discovered for me by Jose Olmo.

Los pollitos dicen, Llega la mañana, Quenepa, Gatita Carlota and Cocoroco have been translated so that they can be sung in English as well!! Try them!!

I dedicate this album to my kids, Juan Cruz, Ramiro and Kjersten, may they always remember the good times of their childhood and never forget the Spanish language.

SUNI PAZ

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH:

Suni Paz teaches Spanish with songs and holds a Master of Arts degree from Rutgers University. She has toured Chile, Puerto Rico, France, Germany, Mexico, and California. Since 1975 she has been giving concerts accompanied by cellist Martha Siegel and flutist and arranger Wendy Blackstone. She has

also participated in numerous workshops on children's music and Latin American culture. In 1985 Suni Paz received a Fulbright grant through ATLAS and spent two months travelling throughout Argentina writing a curriculum guide for high schools on the music of Argentina. In 1987 she received a National Culture Through the Arts Award given by the New York State Association of Foreign Language Teachers. Her recordings on Smithsonian/Folkways include "ALTERTA, Children's Songs from Latin America, the Caribbean, Northern and Southern California" (SF45019, 1989), "Children's Songs from the Playgrounds/Canciones para el recreo" (SF45013, 1989), "East and Ocean Songs/Canciones del mar y de la tierra" (FW8875). The first two have been reissued; the last two are available on cassette directly from the Smithsonian.

ABOUT THE LATIN AMERICAN INSTRUMENTS USED ON THIS ALBUM

Charango: In addition to the guitar and the cello, you will hear the high, strong voice of the Charango, a small ten stringed instrument, usually made from the shell of a quirquincho, first cousin to the armadillo. Its original strings were of goat-gut, but now they are the more conventional steel or nylon. Originating in Bolivia, it is used in Chile, Peru, Argentina and by the Indios concheros in southern Mexico. It is an Andean instrument.

Bombo: The deep drum, Bombo is played in Argentina, Chile, Bolivia and Peru. It has two heads made of cowhide with a body made from a hollow tree trunk. It is played with a padded stick on the drumhead and a plain one on the rim, which gives the impression of hearing two instruments. It has become well known throughout the continent.

Cuatro: The Cuatro is a ten stringed instrument from Puerto Rico. It comes in four different sizes which correspond to the soprano, alto, tenor, and bass voices.

Afuche: Instead of a Guiro (hollowed, notched gourd against which a small stick is rubbed) you will hear the sound of an Afuche. This is a round Maraca made out of wood and covered with metal around which stringed metallic seeds move producing a rhythmic, melodic sound.

Assorted Bells: We will hear assorted bells, a triangle and a wooden box which, when struck by a stick, produces its own special sound.

Llega la Mañana (2:47)

Words and music: Angel Parra

Letra y música: Angel Parra

Llega la mañana
hay que levantarse,
lavarse la cara
y después peinarse.

Esto no me gusta,
lo tengo enredado,
mi pelo se queja,
lo han lastimado.
La, la, lalalalala
la, la, lalalalala

Me voy a la escuela,
tocan la campana,
por entrar corriendo
quedé castigada.

La, la, etc.

Por fin el recreo,
no traje cordel,
tampoco pelota,
¡que vamos a hacer!

La, la, etc.

Hagamos la ronda,
hagámosla pues,
al arroz con leche,
a la San Miguel.

La, la, etc.

Al volver a casa,
hago las tareas,
me tomo la leche,
que me da la abuela.

La, la, etc.

(Los niños pueden acompañar la canción, haciendo los gestos apropiados, siguiendo la letra)

In The Morning

English translation by Robin Palmer
Words and music: Angel Parra

Early in the morning
I have to get moving,
give my face a washing
and my hair a combing.

Oh! Oh! I don't like it,
my hair's getting tangled,
my head is complaining,
my hair's getting mangled.

I hear the bell ringing,
I enter the school,
I run in the hallway,
I'm breaking the rule.

At last comes the recess,
I forgot the ball,
I forgot the rope,
you can't win 'em all!

Let's make a big circle,
why not make it now?
Let's sing Rice and Milk*
and la San Miguel*.

Afterwards I go home;
homework is a bother,
but then I get milk
served by my grandmother.

* Chilean-Argentinian Children's rounds:
Arroz con leche and A la San Miguel

** children can accompany the singing doing gestures suggested by the words of the song.

La Gatita Carlota (1:52)

Folklore infantil Argentino

Yo soy la Gatita Carlota,
mi novio es el Gato con Botas,
que usa sombrero de copa
y unos guantes colorados.
Mi novio es un gato educado,
que habla francés e italiano,
que toca el violín con la mano,
con la cola, toca el piano.

Micifuz, Micifuz, yo por ti estoy cucú.
Micifuz, Micifuz, yo por ti estoy cucú....

Gato con Botas:
Buen día, Gatita Carlota.

Gatita Carlota:
Buen día, mi Gato con Botas.

Gato:
Te invito a dar un paseo,
por la orilla del tejado.

Gatita:
No puedo, Mamita ha salido,
me ha ido a comprar un vestido.

Gato:
Entonces, te espero mañana,
como siempre en la ventana.

Gatita:
Micifuz, Micifuz, yo por ti estoy cucú.

Gato:
Micifuz, Micifuz, yo por ti estoy cucú...
(miau, miau)

Kitty Carlota

English translation by Robin Palmer
From the Argentine folklore

I am Carlota the Kitty-cat,
my sweetheart wears boots and a top hat.
His gestures all look like a billion,
for his gloves are red vermillion.
In his rooms he has hanging a sheep-skin,
for he can speak French and Italian.
With his paws he plays violocello,
with his tail he plays piano.

Micifuz, Micifuz, oh, I am crazy for you!
Micifuz, Micifuz, oh, I am crazy for you!

Cat with Boots:
Hello dear Kitty, how do you do?

Kitty Carlota:
Quite fine Mr. Boots, dear, and how are
you?

Cat with Boots:
Won't you come walk with me, by your
pardon,
at the edge of the roof garden.

Kitty:
Mama says I cannot go out today;
She's buying me a brand new dress,

anyway.

Cat:
In that case I'll meet you tomorrow
at the window with a sparrow.

Kitty:
Micifuz, Micifuz, oh, I am crazy for you!

Cat:
Micifuz, Micifuz, oh, I am crazy for you!
Meow! Meow!

Los Pollitos Dicen Pío, Pío (1:11)

Anonymous
Translated into English by Robin Palmer
Anonima (Argentina, Chile, P. Rico)
Traducida al inglés por Robin Palmer

Los Pollitos dicen:
"pío, pío, pío"
cuando tienen hambre
cuando tienen frío.
La gallina busca
el maíz y el trigo
les dará comida
y les presta abrigo.

Los pollitos dicen:
"pío, pío, pío"
cuando tienen hambre
cuando tienen frío.

La gallina busca
el maíz y el trigo
les dará comida
y les presta abrigo.

Bajo sus dos alas,
Acurracaditos,
hasta el otro día
duermen los pollitos.

The chick - chicks cry, cry,
"oh!, oh!, oh!",
when they get hungry,
when they get cold.

Mama chicken looks for
corn and wheat,
that will give them dinner,
that will give them heat.

Under her wings
her chicks she'll keep;
until the morning
they all will sleep.

Quenepa* (2:02)

Words: from ABC de Puerto Rico by
Ruben del Rosario and Isabel Freire de
Matos.
Sharon, Conn.: Troutman Press, 1968
Music: Copyright Suni Paz, 1976

Mi casita aérea
no tiene ventanas,
pero está a la sombra
de las frescas ramas.

Llevo un abriguito,
de lana rosada,
que cubre mi cuerpo
de forma ovalada.

Por ser agrícola,
los niños me aclaman
y en toda la isla,
quenepa, me llaman.

*Quenepa: fruta agrícola típica de
Puerto Rico

Quenepa (Tree Fruit)

English translation by Robin Palmer
Words: Rubén del Rosario and Isabel
Freire de Matos
Music: Suni Paz

My nest in high reaches
in it has no windows,
but hangs in the branches
among the dark shadows.

My well rounded body
everywhere is covered
by a coat of pink wool
that fits tightly over,

Because I'm sweet and sour
the children adore me,
from shore to island shore
Quenepa* they call me.

*Quenepa: delicious sweet and sour
fruit from a Puerto Rican tree.

Niño Larenó* (2:13)

Letra: del ABC de Puerto Rico por
Rubén del Rosario
e Isabel F. de Matos
Sharon, Conn.: Troutman Press, 1968
Música: Suni Paz
Copyright Suni Paz, 1976

Niño, sube a la montaña
donde habita el buen Larenó,
allí el paisaje es un sueño
y el valor en luz se baña.

Le, lo lai....

Su historia que tanto encierra
está viva en los cantares
que sobre el alma de Larenó
dejó Llorens** a esta tierra.

Le, lo lai....

*Larenó: nacido en Larenó, región montañosa de Puerto Rico donde se peleó
por la independencia. Región de gran
significación histórica para los
Puertorriqueños.

**Llorens Torres: Patriota y poeta
Puertorriqueño.

Boy Of Lares*

English translation by Robin Palmer
Words: Rubén del Rosario and Isabel
de Matos
Music: Suni Paz
Copyright Suni Paz 1976

Boy, go climb on up the mountain
and you'll find the man of Larenó;
the landscape is a dream where there
is

courage bathed in a lighted fountain.

Its history that so much imprisons,
songs will keep alive and whole,
and Larenó offers with its soul
on this land the name of Llorens.

*Larenó: mountain town where independence wars were fought. Place of historical significance for Puerto Ricans.

**Llorens Torres: Puerto Rican patriot and poet.

El Aguila y La Paloma (3:30)

Letra y música: Rolando Alarcón
(chileno)

El águila y la paloma) 2x
se quisieron conocer)
a la sombra de un nopal) 2x
se ven al atardecer)

Coro:

Mira como se verán) 2x
el águila y la paloma)
que por mas vueltas que den) 2x
el cariño no se asoma)

A la sombra de un nopal) 2x
quisieron hacer un nido)
por mas ramas que pusieron) 2x
ya no tenía sentido)

(Coro)

Desde las sierras bajaron) 2x
los quetzales de colores*)
y traían en sus picos) 2x
blancas coronas de flores)

(Coro)

Un pájaro muy bonito) 2x
los quería saludar)
el aguila y la paloma) 2x
ya no querían volar)

(Coro): Se acaba!

*Quetzal: pájaro de brillantes colores de México y Guatemala. El ave tiene el plumaje verde y oro muy hermoso con la cola larga.

The Eagle and the Dove

English translation by Robin Palmer
Words and Music: Rolando Alarcón
(Chilean)

One day the eagle and the dove
thought they should be mated.
Under a cactus, in the shade thereof,
they tried to get acquainted.

Chorus:

Look how they look at one another,
the eagle and the dove,
but no matter how they bother
for them there is no face of love.

In the shade of the cactus plant
they started to build a nest;
no matter how they piled the sticks
they would not come to rest.

Then, down from the mountains
flew the Quetzals* of many colors,
and they carried in their beaks
white bouquets of flowers.

A very lovely bird
tried to bring a greeting,
but the eagle and the dove
were no longer speaking.

*Quetzal: Mexican bird of bright colors.
It lives also in
Guatemala. It has green and gold
feathers and a long tail.

Cocoroco (1:54)

*Letra y música: Nicanor Molinare
(Folklore chileno)*

Revolvía el gallinero
un gallo de la pasión
que aunque era muy chiquitito
era puro corazón

Cocoroco, cocoroco, cocoroco...

Estes es el cuento del gallo pela'o)
que al saltar la tapia) Bis
se quedó enreda'o)

Lo perseguía un gallo grande)
y en su desesperación) Bis
dio tres vueltas en el aire)
no supo donde cayó)

Cocoroco, cocoroco, cocoroco...

Este es el cuento, etc. (2 veces)

Gallito de la pasión)
no salgas a enamorar) Bis
que el día menos pensado)
algo te puede pasar)

Cocoroco, cocoroco, cocoroco...

Este es el cuento, etc. (2 veces)

Cocoroco

*English translation by Robin Palmer
Words and Music: Nicanor Molinare*

A riot in the barnyard
and always doing his part,
a gruffy Bantam rooster
with a fire in his heart.

Chorus: Cocoroco
Cocoroco
Cocoroco

Here's the tale of a rooster
who should have jumped higher;
when he leaped through the fence
he got caught in the wire.

A giant rooster chased him
and made his life a hell;
three times he jumped in the air,
but he didn't know where he fell.

(Chorus)

Bantam rooster, Bantam rooster,
be careful what you do.
Don't play cock-of-the-walk,
or something bad will happen to you.

(Chorus)

Tengo Dos Cabritillas (1:09)

Anónima - Herencia española

Tengo dos cabritillas,
le, lerelelele,
Tengo dos cabritillas,
le, lerelelele,
arriba en la montaña,
le, lerelelele
arriba en la montaña,
ay, le, ay, le.
Cabritilla que te vas,
no vayas a despeñar.

Una me da la leche,
le, lerelelele
una me da la leche,
le, lerelelele
y otra me da la lana
le, lerelelele,
y otra me da la lana
ay, le, ay, le.
Cabritilla que te vas,
no vayas a despeñar.

I Have Two Mountain Goats

*English translation by Robin Palmer
(Folklore) Anonymous*

I have two mountain goats,
le, lere, lere, le.
I have two mountain goats,
le, lere, lere, le.
Up on the mountain,
le, lere, lere, le.
Up on the mountain,
ay, le, ay, le.
Cabritilla, you that are going up,
don't fall off the cliff.
One gives me the milk,
le, lere, lere, le.
One gives me the milk,
le, lere, lere, le.
And the other one gives wool,
le, lere, lere, le;
and the other one gives wool,
ay, le, ay, le.
Cabritilla, you that are going up,
don't fall off the cliff.

Cancion de Tomar El Te (1:59)

Letra y música: Maria Elena Walsh

Estamos invitados a tomar el té
la tetera es de porcelana, pero no se vé,
yo no se por que.

La leche tiene frío y la abrigaré
le pondré un sobretodo mío, largo
hasta los pies,
yo no se por que.

Cuidado cuando beban, se les va a caer
La nariz dentro de la taza y eso no está
bien,
yo no se por que.

Detrás de una tostada, se escondió la
miel,
la manteca muy enojada, la reto en
inglés,
yo no se por que.

Parece que el azúcar siempre negra fue
y de un susto se puso blanca, tal como
la ve,
yo no se por que.

Mañana se lo llevan preso a un coronel
por pinchar a la mermelada con un
alfiler,
yo no se por que.

Un plato timorato se casó anteayer,
a su espousa la cafetera la trata de
Usted
yo no se por que.

Los pobres coladores tienen mucha sed
porque el agua se les escapa cada dos
por tres,
yo no se por que...

Song For Tea Time

*English translation by Robin Palmer
Words and music: Maria Elena Walsh*

Everybody here is invited to tea,
the teapot is porcelain, but we can't
see.
I don't know why.

The milk is cold, so I will cover it,
I'll put my great big overcoat over it.
I don't know why.

Don't fall in when you start to drink;
your nose in the teacup is liable to sink.
I don't know why.

Behind the muffin, the honey is hiding;
so the butter in English, gives her a
chiding.
I don't know why.

The sugar used to be black and sweet,
but then it got scared and turned white
as a sheet.
I don't know why.

Tomorrow a colonel gets taken to jail
for poking the marmalade with a nail.
I don't know why.

Mr. Milktoast, the plate, has created a
stir
by marrying the coffeepot, but calling
her "sir."
I don't know why.

All of the colanders are thirsty and blue
because all the water keeps slipping
through.

I don't know why.

Resfalosa de Mi Escuela* (2:13)

*Letra y música: Rolando Alarcon
(Chileno)*

Señores, vengo a cantar,
de una fortaleza de esas
con torres de caracol,) Bis
muros de tiza, mi escuela)

Y si bailo resfalosa,
en el patio de mi escuela,
mi panuelo al viento ira,
como florida bandera
y en mi pecho dejara,) Bis
una eterna primavera.)

Huifa!*

Mis soldados son pequeños
de ojos negros, verde, azules,
pasan la vida cantando,
sueñan con mares y nubes,
pasan la vida cantando,
sueñan con mares y nubes

Y si bailo resfalosa, etc.

Huifa!

Construyen barcos y aviones
que no mandan a la guerra,
sueñan que corren veloces,
van y vienen por la tierra,
sueñan que corren veloces,
van y vienen por la tierra.

Y si bailo resfalosa, etc.

Huifa!

*Resfalosa: danza folklórica chilena.
*Huifa: expresión de alegría

Dance of My School

*English translation by Robin Palmer
Words and music: Rolando Alarcon
(Chilean)*

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm going to
sing you a song
of one of those fortresses
with towers made of sea shells,) repeat
walls of chalk - my school.)

Refrain:

And if I dance the resfalosa*
in the playground of my school
my handkerchief will fly in the wind
like a flowery flag
and in my breast there will remain)
repeat
an eternal spring.)

Huifa!

My soldiers are small
with black, green, blue eyes,
passing their lives singing,) repeat
dreaming of oceans and clouds.)

(Refrain)

They build boats and airplanes
that do not go to war.
They dream of speedy goings and comings) repeat
all over the world.)

(Refrain)

* Resfaloa: Chilean folk dance.
** Huifa: expression of joy.

Cuando Estoy Triste (1:45)

*Letra: José Pedroni
Música: Damian Sanchez*

Cuando estoy triste lijo
mi cajita de música,
no lo hago para nadie
solo porque me gusta.

Hay quien escribe cartas,
quién sale a ver la luna,
para olvidar yo lijo
mi cajita de música.

Amarga es la madera
de palo santo,
pero es como el amor
que no muere y perfuma.

Cuando estoy triste lijo
mi cajita de música,
porque te vas y vuelves
no he de acabarla nunca.

Te espero...

Mi tristeza huele a ti
y es menuda,
tengo las manos verdes
esta noche de lluvia.

Cuando estoy triste lijo,
mi cajita de música,
no lo hago para nadie
solo porque me gusta.

When I Am Sad

*English translation by Robin Palmer
Words: Jose Pedroni
Santa Fe, Argentina
Music: Damian Sanchez*

I have a little music box
I like to sand when I am sad,
just for me alone I do it
to keep myself from feeling bad.

Some go out and watch the moon
and others letters write by hand,
but for me to forget,
my little music box I sand.

Bitter is the sandalwood,
holy and profane,
but like love that does not die
its perfume will remain.

I have a little music box
I like to sand when I am sad,
because your movements come and go
your tones will never fade.

I wait for you...

My sadness is a faint smell
Of your resinous grain,
and I have green hands tonight
that are sanding in the rain.

I have a little music box
I like to sand when I am sad,
just for me alone I do it
to keep myself from feeling bad.

Papaloapan (1:46)

*(Rio de las Mariposas)
del Folklore mexicano jarocho*

Papaloapan por tus aguas
por tus aguas represadas,
muchas naves surcaran
con las piñas y los mangos
que por todo el mundo irán
también caña y mucha azúcar
que a los pueblos surtirán.

Por tu ruta embravecida,
por tu ruta embravecida
va serpenteando mi suerte,
a veces me das la vida,
a veces me das la muerte.
Papaloapan de mi vida
yo no puedo estar sin verte.

Quiero como gran regalo,
quiero como gran regalo,
pa' mi paladaricita
comer en el río robalo
y en el mar mojarra frita,
y en mis brazos yo tener
una linda jarochita

Ya con esta me despido,
ya con esta me despido,
con el alma y mucho ruido,
con el alma y mucho ruido...

Papaloapan
(River of Butterflies)

*English translation by Robin Palmer
Mexican folklore from Veracruz*

River of Butterflies along your waters
many ships navigate
with the pineapples and the mangos
heading out for all the world.
Also cane and much sugar
that are supplied to the people.

Along your stormy route
my serpentine fate
many times gives me life,
many times gives me death.

Papaloapan of my life
I cannot exist without seeing you.

I want as a great gift,
I want as a fine gift
for my relishment
to eat bass from the rivers,
fried minnows from the sea
and in my arms to have
a beautiful veracuzan.

With this I say farewell,
with this I say farewell,
with all that is in me,
with all that is in me.

Por Un Ratoncito (1:34)

*Basado en una canción de Malvina Reynolds
Letra y música: Suni Paz
Copyright Words and music: Suni Paz,
in Spanish 1976*

The Little Mouse,
*Copyright by Schroder Music Co.
(ASCAP), 1976, Berkeley, CA 94804*

La Agencia Reuters nos cuenta,
que en Buenos Aires se armó,
un lio de proporciones
que al país paralizó:
por un ratoncito, chiquito,
chiquito,
que asomaba el morro,
por un agujero.

Dice el diario un ratoncito,
meterete y tesonero,
trabó los computadores
al entrar por un agujero;
creando un corto circuito
por todo el Banco Central
parando la economía
del Tesoro Nacional.

Como lagartos,
lloraban los banqueros,
los ejecutivos,
se jalaban del pelo,
por un ratoncito que al país
paralizó,
que pasaría si lo hicieramos,
tú y yo.

The Little Mouse

*Words and music: Malvina Reynolds
Copyright by Schroder Music Co.
(ASCAP), 1976, Berkeley, CA 94704*

A little mouse got into the wires
at the Central Clearing House in
Buenos Aires.

One little mouse short circuited the
computers
says a press dispatch from Reuters.

Hooray for the little mouse
that mucked up the Clearing House
and threw the Stock Exchange in a spin
and made the bankers cry.

So much for the electronic brains,
that run the world of banks and aeroplanes,

and if one little mouse can set them all
awry,
why not you and I?

Because of a Little Mouse

*Words and music: Suni Paz
Literal translation of Suni Paz's song
(based on The Little Mouse by Malvina Reynolds) by Robin Palmer*

The Reuters Press Service tells us
that in Buenos Aires a mess was made
of paralyzing proportions
by a little mouse,
a very little mouse,
a very, very, little, little mouse
who stuck his nose through a very little
hole.

The paper says this little
busybody, stubborn rodent
fouled up the computers
by poking around in a hole
short circuiting the Central Bank, stop-
ping the economy
of the National Treasury.

The bankers cried
like crocodiles,
the executives tore their hair
because a little mouse
paralyzed the whole country.
What would have happened if we had
done it,
you and I.
What would have happened
if we had done it,
you and I.

Smithsonian Folklways Records

Folkways Records was one of the largest
independent record companies of the
mid-twentieth century. Founded by
Moses Asch in 1947 and run as an inde-
pendent company until its sale in 1987,
Folkways was dedicated to making the
world of sound available to the public.
Nearly 2,200 titles were issued, includ-
ing a great variety of American folk and
traditional music, children's songs,
world music, literature, poetry, stories,
documentaries, language instruction
and science and nature sounds.

The Smithsonian acquired Folkways in
order to ensure that the sounds and the
genius of the artists would continue to
be available to future generations. Every
title is being kept in print and new
recordings are being issued.
Administered by the Smithsonian's
Office of Folklife Programs, Folkways
Records is one of the ways the Office
supports cultural conservation and con-
tinuity, integrity, and equity for tradi-
tional artists and cultures.

Several hundred Folkways recordings
are distributed by Rounder Records. The
rest are available on cassette by mail
order from the Smithsonian Institution.
For information and catalogs telephone
202/287-3262 or write Folkways, Office
of Folklife Programs, 955 L'Enfant Plaza,
Suite 2600, Smithsonian Institution,
Washington, D.C. 20560, U.S.A.

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