COMPANIA ARTE MEXICANO

Tomando parte JOSÉ PEÑA "FEPET" — MARIA BORELLO — JESÚS TOPETE — JULIA MONToya — CARMELA PEÑA — DANIEL F. BEA — RAMON MUÑOZ

PRESENTACION EN UN GRAN FIN DE FIESTA DE

LYDIA Mendoza

Y su gira "COMPANIA DE REVISTAS MEXICANAS" en la que figuran MARIA DE JESUS, que ilustra su jefe — LEOGON y MARY, distinguida de guitarra — YANGEL MONTER, pintor de danza, y el QUARTETO MENDOZA, cancioneros populares.

MAESTRO DE CEREMONIAS CARLOS "DRACULA" VILLARAS

Temporada Relámpago — A Base de Estreno Diario

TANDAS! TANDAS! — NO HABRA PELICULAS
The Best of Lydia Mendoza

1. **MAL HOMBRE** (Canción Tango)
   1934 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar
   (PD - arr. by Lydia Mendoza/SAMP)

2. **TU DIRÁS** (Canción)
   1938 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar; Maria Mendoza - mandolin - with unknown string bass
   (Pedro Galindo/Peer International)

3. **ADIÓS MUCHACHOS** (Canción Tango)
   1937 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar
   (Julio Sanders - Cesar Verdani)

4. **DELGADINA** (Corrido)
   1937 - The Mendoza Family: Leonor Mendoza - vocal & guitar; Lydia Mendoza - vocal and violin; Maria Mendoza - vocal and mandolin; Francisco Mendoza - vocal and pandero. (PD)

5. **PIENSA EN MI** (Bolero)
   1936 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar
   (PD - arr. Lydia Mendoza/Tradition Music Co./Bug Music)

6. **SE MURIÓ LA CUCARACHA** (Canción Polka)
   1938 - Lydia - vocal and 12 string guitar; probably Maria Mendoza - vocal and mandolin; unknown string bass.
   (PD - arr. Mendoza/Tradition Music Co./Bug Music)

7. **MEDALLA DE DIOS** (Vals Ranchera)
   1954 - Lydia with Narciso Martinez (accordion) y su conjunto
   (Aurelia Garcia B.)

8. **CONTESTACIÓN A "AMOR QUE MALO ERÍES"** (Bolero)
   1952 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar; Enrique Rodriguez - requinto.
   (Marquette Morante)

9. **AUNQUE ME ODIES** (Canción)
   1954 - Lydia with Tony De La Rosa (accordion) y su conjunto
   (Jose Morante/SAMP)

10. **ENREDASTE MI VIDA** (Ranchera)
    1964 - Lydia with Gilberto Lopez (accordion) y su conjunto
    (PD - arr. Lydia Mendoza/Tradition Music Co./Bug Music)

11. **SI FUE POR ESO** (Bolero)
    1954 - Lydia with Narciso Martinez (accordion) y su conjunto
    (Zuniga - Sandoval/Peer International)

12. **NO ES CULPA MIA** (Vals Ranchera)
    1979 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar
    (PD - arr. Lydia Mendoza/Tradition Music Co./Bug Music)

13. **BESANDO LA CRUZ** (Canción)
    1979 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar
    (PD - arr. Lydia Mendoza/Tradition Music Co./Bug Music)

14. **LUIS PULIDO** (Corrido)
    1979 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar
    (PD - arr. Lydia Mendoza/Tradition Music Co./Bug Music)

15. **AMOR BONITO** (Ranchera)
    1979 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar
    (Lydia Mendoza/SAMP)

16. **FLORES NEGRAS** (Bolero)
    1982 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar
    (Sergio DeKarla/Peer International)

17. **PERO AY QUÉ TRISTE** (Canción)
    1982 - Lydia and her 12 string guitar
    (PD - arr. Lydia Mendoza/SAMP)

**Credits:**

Cover photo courtesy Lydia’s daughter, Yolanda Hernandez Mendoza.

Uncredited photos courtesy Lydia Mendoza and family.

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LYDIA MENDOZA

LYDIA MENDOZA began recording with her family in 1928, rising to fame across the US Southwest in the 1930s after the release of “Mal Hombre”, her first and biggest hit. Her remarkable music and strong character established Mendoza as the Queen of Tejano (as Texas Mexican music has been called) and the first Mexican-American popular culture icon. Mendoza's achievements are legion: she would entertain and inspire generations of Latinas and Latinos across North and South America before finally achieving wider fame. Presidents Carter and Clinton would both celebrate her achievements, and chroniclers of American music history now acknowledge her as a pioneer. Indeed, the fact that Mendoza always sang in Spanish meant she never received her full due. Her talent in taking an oral music and shaping it into a definite 20th Century sound and style ranks her alongside Louis Armstrong (jazz), Jimmie Rodgers (country) and Bessie Smith (blues).

Lydia Mendoza was born in Houston, Texas to a Mexican family who had fled the chaos of the Mexican Revolution. Her grandmother and mother Leonor were both musical, and from early childhood Lydia and her siblings were taught a variety of musical instruments. This early training was anything but a luxury. The Mendozas soon found themselves impoverished migrant workers with the family’s patriarch, Francisco Mendoza, disillusioned by life’s disappointments and the discrimination he experienced in the US. He turned to drink, which forced his children to earn money by playing music on the streets. Lydia never went to school or enjoyed a normal childhood, instead her early prowess at singing and playing the 12-string guitar designated her the family’s
main source of income even before adolescence. The Mendozas regularly moved between Texas and the northern Mexican city of Monterrey, with Francisco relentlessly changing jobs and cities.

In 1927 the family dedicated themselves to music, playing for tips along the Rio Grande Valley. A small 1928 advertisement in *La Prensa*, the region's popular local paper, announced that Okeh Records was searching for new talent and holding auditions in San Antonio. Francisco, daily studying *La Prensa*, convinced a friend with a car to drive the family to San Antonio where they auditioned and were subsequently paid 140 dollars to record twenty songs. Before the 78s were pressed and released the family left for Michigan, on a contract to do farm work. Francisco found this work not to his liking, and instead got the family playing on Detroit city streets, at restaurants, and in migrant worker camps. In 1930 the family returned to San Antonio, where they became fixtures in the city's old public market. It was here in 1931 that Manuel J. Cortez, a broadcaster who fronted San Antonio's only daily Spanish language radio program, heard Lydia sing and invited her to guest on his program. Leonor was initially reluctant as this meant giving up valuable earning time in the plaza, but Lydia insisted. She performed two songs and the phone lines lit up. Cortez offered her a regular spot but Leonor insisted she be paid to perform. An advertising sponsor was found, and Lydia began performing two songs every night for $3.50 a week.

"With that three-fifty we felt like millionaires," recalled Lydia. "Now at least we could be sure of paying the rent. Life was nothing but working in order to live. That is the reason I had so little gaiety in my youth, just bitterness and sadness."

As Lydia's popularity rose, Cortez insisted she stop singing in the Plaza, booking her and the family group into restaurants, tent shows and talent contests (which Lydia easily won). This helped Lydia reach a wider public, yet Cortez kept the bulk of the proceeds, paying the Mendozas only a basic stipend.

In the spring of 1934 Blue Bird Records came to San Antonio and began auditioning local talent. At Lydia's insistence the family recorded six songs, followed by Lydia making her solo debut on six more selections. Two months later a 78 featuring "Mal Hombré" (Cold-Hearted Man) was released and immediately became a huge hit across the Southwest's Mexican communities. Blue Bird offered to sign Lydia to a contract guaranteeing royalties but Francisco, unfamiliar with the workings of the music industry, insisted she receive a
payment of $40 for every two songs. Lydia recorded hit after hit, her strong voice and fluid guitar playing establishing her as a unique artist.

In 1935 she married Juan Alvarado, a cobbler who became smitten with Lydia as she sang in the Plaza. Later that year the couple was horrified to receive a demand for $30,000 from the IRS (Internal Revenue Service). Blue Bird dealt with the tax authorities, and it wouldn't be until decades later that the family realized Lydia had missed out on hundreds of thousands of dollars in royalties. Although hit records made Lydia a popular attraction, performing was limited at first mainly to tents, schools or church halls. In spite of her ever growing popularity, discrimination against Mexicans was strong, even among theatre owners and with many motels and restaurants bearing signs stating “No Dogs or Mexicans Allowed”. The family overcame this by staying in Catholic churches and taking cooking equipment with them. Poor roads and Lydia's husband's wild driving meant accidents were frequent. Lydia checked out of a hospital after one crash to play a concert, and another wreck claimed the life of her sister Panchita.

Lydia was by now the most famous Mexican-American woman alive, her music so valued by her people that they nicknamed her La Alondra de la Frontera (The Meadowlark of the Border) and La Cancionera de los Pobres (The Songstress of the Poor).

Lydia retired over the war years - gasoline and tires were rationed making touring very limited - to raise her three daughters. In 1947 Lydia was persuaded to go on the road again. Much to her surprise she was still capable of packing venues. In Los Angeles, her return was such an event that thousands of Chicanos mobbed the theatre, and the police and fire brigade were called to clear the street. She subsequently returned to recording, first with just her 12 string guitar but by the mid 1950s frequently backed by orchestras. This created a fuller, richer Tejano sound that appealed to the developing tastes of the US's burgeoning Spanish-speaking population.

In 1950 a Mexican promoter offered Lydia $5000 for just two concerts in Chihuahua - her debut Mexican performances found her welcomed as a superstar and playing to 20,000 people a night. That welcome in the North, however, did not extend to the rest of Mexico where promoters simply were not used to a woman singer appearing with only her guitar! In Mexico City they hired her to be accompanied by a mariachi but they didn't even know her songs. When the public clamored for just Lydia, she was finally allowed to finish the concert by herself. Although Lydia
toured and recorded on occasions in Mexico, she was treated as a “pocha” by most music executives. Later in her career, Lydia was invited to appear in Colombia by fans and was treated like royalty. Her success there persuaded Falcon Records of McAllen, Texas to have Lydia record an album of purely Colombian songs.

Lydia’s husband Juan Alvarado died in 1961. While working a theatre in Denver she met Fred Martinez, a Mexican-American businessman who became her second husband and the subject of one of her most famous songs, “Amor Bonito”. In the 1970s, San Francisco Bay Area roots music label Arhoolie Records began issuing albums of Lydia’s pioneering recordings, introducing her to a younger audience and leading to appearances at folk festivals and employment as an oral music teacher at Fresno State University. Les Blank and Chris Strachwitz’s acclaimed 1976 documentary feature “Chulas Fronteras” focused on Texas Mexican border culture and featured Lydia singing and cooking (plenty of chilies with everything!).

Anglo America, so long oblivious to the first Mexican-American icon, began offering recognition. Lydia was invited to sing at President Carter’s 1977 inauguration, and in 1982 became the first Texan to receive a National Endowment for the Arts Heritage Fellowship. In 1999 she received the National Medal of Arts at a White House ceremony, where she shared the stage with Aretha Franklin, Norman Lear, Michael Graves and George Segal. Then President Bill Clinton said “Lydia learned much from the oral tradition of Mexican music that her mother and grandmother shared with her. In turn, she shared it with the world, becoming the first rural American woman performer to garner a large following throughout Latin America.” Lydia received many other awards, and her performing costumes are now on display in The Smithsonian Gallery in San Antonio. She continued recording and touring into the 1980s, releasing a “Live” album recorded at a concert in Berkeley, Ca. and “La Gloria De Texas”, a superb album recorded by Chris Strachwitz in her daughter’s kitchen! In 1993 *Lydia Mendoza: A Family Autobiography* was published. Comic artist Robert Crumb drew Lydia and included her on his 2003 Hot Women compilation CD.

It is estimated that Lydia recorded over 800 songs and released close to 50 albums. A stroke in 1988 curtailed her ability to play guitar, yet when I traveled to San Antonio to interview her in 2005 I found an articulate, proud individual who, although having lived for nearly ninety years in the USA, had never concerned herself with learning to speak English.

Lydia Mendoza, singer-songwriter, born May 21, 1916; died December 20, 2007. Her husband and two of her daughters predeceased her. She is survived by her daughter Yolanda, 13 grandchildren, 12 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

— Garth Cartwright (with editing by Chris Strachwitz) from his obituary which appeared in Britain’s *The Guardian*, December 2007
THE HAUNTING, UNTING SOUNDS of rural Texas-Mexican border music invaded my ears while in high school in California. I was especially taken by the sound of the piercing, somewhat nasal, vocal duets which were not unlike the best Anglo hillbilly singers I was also enjoying on the radio. As a record collector, I soon discovered that on early discs from the 20s and 30s the singers were usually accompanied by only two guitars. By the early 1950s, however, a totally unique and more powerful sound of an accordion along with a pumping string bass was backing many singers mainly on recordings from Texas. I also enjoyed singers who were accompanied by the delightful string band sound of Mariachis with just one trumpet player who backed the voices like a rural jazz musician! But those records were mostly from Mexico.

The vocal duet of La Hermas Mendoza became one of my favorites, even though the two sisters did not use an accordion, but a commanding 12 string guitarist. I soon discovered that Lydia Mendoza was a third sister who played that 12 string! Lydia, although she obviously had a beautiful voice, sounded almost too sophisticated to my then jaded and rural music-oriented ears! There were no books about this music, and in trying to discover its history I talked to the people and musicians who lived it and gleaned whatever information was written on the 78 rpm record labels. Slowly my knowledge improved and in the process I became more accepting and appreciative of the many voices, styles and sounds of this incredibly poetic, diverse and varied regional music.

In the 1970s I decided to make
a documentary film with Les Blank about the history of this music, which seemed to be totally neglected by my fellow record collectors and music friends. My first objective was to document the main historical figures of the genre still active and performing, hoping to focus the film on their music and careers. That’s why we started in Houston, Texas, to meet with Lydia Mendoza. I knew she was the most important Tejana singer of the past forty years, and I quickly became fascinated by her as she welcomed us into her home and took us along to film her at several appearances. Lydia was a magnificent singer and with her 12 string guitar was a humble but charismatic performer. We also heard that all of her siblings were still living in San Antonio but sisters Maria and Juanita were no longer singing as a duet. After visiting with Lydia Mendoza, we went to San Benito to document the most important accordionist who set the pace for all those to follow: Narciso Martinez, “El Huracán del Valle”. The resulting film, “Chulas Fronteras” (Brazos Films) eventually took a rather different direction and the importance and significance of the pioneers became understated and overshadowed by the powerful present day experience of this incredibly vibrant culture. On the DVD (which includes both films, “Chulas Fronteras” and “Del Mero Corazon”) we have added 30 minutes in which editor Maureen Gosling presents some belated visual recognition of several pioneering musicians and Lydia is featured singing several more songs.

Since our first meeting I visited Lydia Mendoza many times, recorded her for Arhoolie Records on two occasions, and with the help of Jaime Nicolorpulos, produced the book *Lydia Mendoza – A Family*
For this book we interviewed not only Lydia but her brothers, sisters, other family members, record producers, theatre owners and various other important people in her life. On several occasions we had the pleasure of Lydia joining us when we showed the final film in Texas, where many old friends would come up to greet her. Lydia also joined us once the book was published and autographed copies for her legions of fans.

My favorite recording of Lydia took place in San Antonio in May of 1979, when I had been informed that she was to give a concert at the Hemisphere Plaza. She gave a superb but fairly short performance. Experience had taught me that elderly musicians often take considerable time to get really warmed up. At the end of the show I greeted and congratulated Lydia and asked her if she would mind making a recording for me before returning home to Houston. She told me that she was actually staying the night with her daughter in San Antonio and I was welcome to bring my equipment to the house. As soon as I had set up my Nagra recorder and two microphones in the kitchen, Lydia sang one superb song after another — she never stopped and never did a second take! It was as if she was simply continuing the concert — although for just me and the microphones! Heeding to her wishes, the relatives stayed quietly in the living room! The result was the album “La Gloria de Texas” (Arhoolie CD 3012).

The second chance for me to record this great lady came in 1982 when Lydia Mendoza was touring the West Coast and booked to play at Wheeler Auditorium on the University of California campus here in Berkeley. She performed without a PA system and my two mikes captured her pure artistry along with the reaction of the enthusiastic crowd of mostly young Chicano students. I didn't publish the results until 2001 when the best songs finally appeared on “Lydia Mendoza — Live! In Concert” (Arhoolie CD 490).

I visited Lydia for the last time in May of 2007 at the rest home where she had been living since suffering a stroke. She was alert and her mind was clear and full of memories. To our mutual embarrassment we got the help of her roommate’s relative to translate since my Spanish is miniscule and Lydia, as usual, was too proud to attempt to speak to me in her broken English! Adiós Lydia! We will all miss you but your legacy will live on thanks to the wonders of recording.

— Chris Strachwitz, Feb. 2008
The Songs:

**LYDIA'S REPertoire:** Unlike today's one hit wonders of the pop world, Lydia was a true songstress with probably over 1000 songs solidly fixed in her head and almost always deeply felt. Although she composed very few originals, Lydia throughout her long recording and performing career constantly learned new songs which appealed to her. During her early life Lydia apparently focused mainly on romantic songs but with a harsh edge that reflected her sadness. Lydia's life was not unlike that of many of her listeners for whom each song became a brief poetic respite from the drudgery of daily life.

During the 1930s most phonograph records were bought by the general public for home enjoyment. From the late 30s on, juke boxes became major consumers of records as well as major broadcasters of vernacular and regional music. Radio only slowly accepted Mexican music on its airwaves and then mostly the polite and genteel kind. As juke boxes became more and more prolific in the 1940s, 50s and 60s, and could hold more and more discs, they began to replace live music in the cantinas and beer joints. During the post-World War II period "honky-tonk" culture came to the forefront and demanded a new kind of song. These songs often reflected the frustrations of men drinking alone in bars, complaining about ungrateful or unfaithful women. During that period many women duets rose to fame singing such material from a man's point of view! Lydia Mendoza, like her sisters, recorded her share of such songs, but would always put deep emotion into
each performance.

If you look at Lydia’s discography, which you will find at the end of the book Lydia Mendoza – A Family Autobiography, you will be amazed by the variety of Spanish language songs she mastered during her lifetime of performing. They range from early tangos, such as “Mal Hombre” which probably had its origins in the red light districts of urban Argentina, to boleros, canciones, rancheras, corridos, danzas, etc. Her repertoire came from her family, her mother and grandmother, from the pens of famous composers as well as unknowns, and also included many songs written by local Tejano poets.

MAL HOMBRE

Era yo una chiquilla todavía cuando tu casualmente me encontraste y a merced a tus artes de mundano de mi honra el perfume te llevaste. Luego hiciste conmigo lo que todos los que son como tú con las mujeres, por lo tanto no extrañes que yo ahora en tu cara te diga lo que eres.

Mal hombre, tan ruin es tu alma que no tiene nombre, eres un canalla, eres un malvado, eres un mal hombre.

A mi triste destino abandonada entablé fiera lucha con la vida, ella recia y cruel me torturaba yo más debil al fin cai vencida.

Tú supiste a tiempo mi derrota, mi espantoso calvario conociste, te dijeron algunos –Ve a salvarle y probando quien eres te reiste.

Poco tiempo después en el arroyo Entre sombras mi vida defendía Una noche con otra tú pasaste Y al mirarme sentí que te decía

Quién es esa mujer tu conozcés? Y a la vez respondiste una cualquiera Al oír de tus labios adultraje Demostrabas también lo que tú eras.

Mal hombre...

COLD-HEARTED MAN

I was but a young girl when, by chance, you found me and with your worldly charm you crushed the flower of my innocence. Then you treated me like all men of your kind treat women, so don’t be surprised now that I tell you to your face what you really are.

Cold-hearted man your soul is so vile it has no name you are despicable, you are evil, you are a cold-hearted man.

Abandoned to a sad fate, my life became a fierce struggle suffering the harshness and cruelty of the world I was weak and was defeated.

In time you learned of my downfall how my life had become a road to hell our friends advised you, “You can help her,” but being who you are, you just laughed.

Shortly after in the stream Among shadows I defended my life You slept with another woman And when she saw me I sensed that she asked you

Who is that woman? Do you know her? And looking at me you answered she’s a nobody and when I heard from your lips, adultery you demonstrated again the kind of person you are. Cold-hearted man...
TÚ DIRÁS

Tú dirás, tu dirás, tu nomás
si a mi amor le corresponde,
tú dirás, tu dirás, tu nomás
y, si no, pú’ que te escondes.

Tú dirás, tu dirás, tu nomás
si mi amor te da de alazo
y si no te hago caso
Ay, pos, tú dirás.

Pero ya me estoy desesperando,
no me importa que tú me eches a volar;
si no me quieres nomás por ese Pancho,
entonces, ay, pos, tú dirás.

YOU WILL SAY

You will say, only you can say,
if my love is to be yours,
you will say, only you can say,
but if it’s no, why do you hide it?

You will say, only you can say,
if my love does it for you,
but, if I don’t go after you,
but, if I don’t go after you,

oh, well, what do you say?

But I’m losing my patience,
I don’t care if you cut me loose;
if you don’t want me because of that Pancho,
then, oh, well, what do you say?

ADIÓS MUCHACHOS

Adiós, muchachos, compañeros de mi vida
barra querida de aquellos tiempos.
Me toca a mí hoy emprender mi retirada,
debo alejarme de mi buena muchachada.
Adiós, muchachos. Ya me voy y me resigno.
Contra el destino nadie la talla,
se terminaron para mí todas las barras.
Mi cuerpo enfermo no resiste más.

GOODBYE BOYS

Goodbye, boys, my life companions
Beloved gang of days gone by
It’s my turn today to start my retreat
I must leave behind the childish pranks

Goodbye, boys, I am leaving and I resign myself
No one can resist destiny
My days in the bars have ended
My sick body cannot take it anymore

Acuden a mi mente recuerdos de otros tiempos
De los bellos momentos que antaño disfruté
Cerquita de mi madre, santa viejita.
Y de mi noviecita que tanto idolatré
¿Se acuerdan que era hermosa?
Más bella que una rosa
y que ebrio yo de amores le di mi corazón
al Señor, celoso de sus encantos,
hundiéndome en el llanto se la llevó?

Memories of past times come to my mind
Of the beautiful moments that I enjoyed long ago
Near my mother, dear old lady
And the girlfriend who I idolized
Do you remember how beautiful she was?
More beautiful than a rose
And that, drunk with love, I gave her my heart?
But, the Lord, jealous of her charm,
Leaving me deep in tears, took her away from me.
Delgadina se paseaba en su sala bien cuadrada con su manto de hilo de oro que en su pecho le brillaba.

-Levantate, Delgadina, ponte tu vestido blanco porque nos vamos a misa al estado de Durango.

Cuando salieron de misa su papá le platicaba: 
-Delgadina, hija mía, yo te quiero para dama.

-No lo permita mi Dios ni la reina soberana. Es ofensa para Dios y también para mi mama.

-Delgadina, hija mía, oye bien lo que te digo mira, si no condeciendes, yo te pongo un buen castigo.

-Papacito de mi vida, eso sí no puedo hacer porque tú eres mi padre y mi mama es tu mujer.

-Delgadina walked around in her spaciously squared parlor with her golden threaded mantle shining on her bosom.

-Arise, Delgadina, put on your white dress because we are going to mass to the state of Durango.

Coming out of mass her father was saying:  
-Delgadina, my daughter, I want you as my lady.

-May the Lord forbid it and the Heavenly Queen. That would be an offense to God and also to my Mama.

-Delgadina, my daughter, listen carefully to me, if you don't consent I will give you a harsh punishment.

-Little Papa of my life, this I cannot do, for you are my father and my Mama is your wife.

-Vénganse los once criados pongan presa a Delgadina, remachen bien los candados, que no se oiga su bochina.

-Papacito de mi vida, tu castigo estoy sufriendo, regállame un vaso de agua que de sed me estoy muriendo.

Cuando le llevaron el agua Delgadina estaba muerta, con sus manitas cruzadas, su boquita bien abierta.

Ya con ésta me despido con la flor de clavelina, aquí termina la historia, la historia de Delgadina.

-Come, the eleven servants, put Delgadina in prison, fasten well the locks, let not her voice be heard.

-Little Papa of my life I am suffering your punishment, give me a glass of water, for I am dying of thirst.

When the water arrived Delgadina was dead with her arms crossed and her little mouth wide open.

With this I say farewell, with the clavelina flower, this ends the story, the story of Delgadina.
**PIENSA EN MI**

Si tienes un hondo penar piensa en mí.

Si tienes ganas de llorar piensa en mí.

Ya vez que vengo tu imagen divina,

Tu barbaric mouth while I was still so young

Te enseño a pecar.

Piensa en mí cuando bese,

When you kiss,

Piensa de mí, cuando lloro bien.

Think of me when you cry!

Cuando quieras quitar me la vida

You may take my life when you want it,

For it's useless to me without you.

Para nada para nada me sirve sin ti.

**THE COCKROACH DIED**

Ya murió la cucaracha.

Ya la llevan a enterrar entre cuatro zopilotes

Y un ratón del sancristán.

Ya murió la cucaracha.

Ya la llevan a enterrar entre cuatro zopilotes

Y un ratón del sancristán.

Me casé con una monja

I married a nun

Por vestirme de santo.

So I could dress like a little saint.

La monja se condenó

She was condemned

Y a mi me faltó poquito.

And I was almost sentenced too.

Yo me casaría contigo por interés de las vacas

I would marry you for your cows

Pero tú me vas saliendo que se murieron de plaga.

But you would ensure that they died of plague.

Yo me casaría contigo por interés de los gueyes

I would marry you because of your oxen

Pero tú me vas saliendo que se volvieron magueyes.

But you would ensure that they turned into cactus.

---

**MEDALLA DE DIOS**

Con la música y el vino me querido consolar

porque una mujer ingrata, porque una mujer ingrata

es la causa de mi mal.

Me emborrachó, grito y lloro p' podermela arrancar

pero sé que ni borrar no nunca la podré olvidar.

A la ventana de tu lecho he venido a platir

y no quiere hacer caso a mis palabras de amor.

Yo te llevo aquí en mi pecho como medalla de Dios.

Adiós prenda de mi vida, ya me voy a retirar.

Nunca olvides este hombre que se acuerda de tu nombre

que a sus pies vino a llorar.

Estas lágrimas que lloro siempre te vas acordar

y as í como yo te ruego tu también vas a llorar.

---

**MEDAL OF GOD**

With music and drinks I've tried to console myself

because an ungrateful woman

is the cause of my wrongdoing.

I drink, yell, and cry, try to remove her

but I know that even drunk, I will never forget her.

I've come to your window by your bed to chat

and you're apathetic to my words of love.

I carry you in my chest like a medal of God.

Farewell, love of my life, I am going to leave.

Never forget this man who remembers your name,

who came to cry at your feet.

You will always remember the tears that I cry.

Just like I beg you, you will also cry.
No quiero saber de ti porque no quiero aborrecerte.
Sin odio ni rencor pude olvidarte, hoy vas a enfrentarte con la realidad.
Tu empeño es fingir dolor, dolor jamás habrás sentido, porque en tu vanidad resalta el odio a cambio de todo no te hago maldad.
Y a encendido tu cariño el recuerdo de mi amor.
Es tu propia soledad la que atormenta y te inspira tu canción, Me asomba el saber de ti, del ser que nunca se perdía. Ahora me sorprende la ironía como llegó el día y caíste también.

Quiero mirarme en esos ojos que me desprecian.
Quiero besar tus labios rojos que me maldicen.
Quiero sentir el palpitar cuando suspiras y así decirte que aunque me odies seré tu amor.
Entre tus ojos miró el desprecio que tú me guardas. Entre tus labios hallo el veneno que me has de dar.
Déjame verme en esos ojos aunque me hiera. Déjame verte aunque me muera después de amar.

I don't want to know about you because I don't want to loathe you. I was able to forget you without hate or resentment. Today you are going to confront reality.
You are determined to feign pain, pain that you've never known, because in the wake of your vanity I don't wish you evil at all.
Your caring set fire to the memory of my love. Its your loneliness that torments and inspires your song. I'm amazed to know about you, the one who would never be lost. Now the irony surprises me, how the day came when you too would fall.

I want to see myself in those eyes that despise me. I want to kiss your red lips that curse me. I want to feel the palpitation when you sigh and tell you that even though you hate me, I will be your love.
In your eyes, I see the disdain that you keep. In your lips I find the venom that you will give me. Let me see myself in those eyes even if it hurts me. Let me see you even though I'll die after loving you.
Si fue por eso
Fue tu cariño toda mi existencia nunca lo he negado
y de tus labios conocí la gloria cuando me besaron.
Hoy lo comprendo si por ti he sufrido esa fue mi suerte,
yo no lo niego que te quise mucho pero inútilmente.

Si fue por eso que ya me olvidaste ya cerró la herida.

Después de todo y con decepciones que linda es la vida.
Si fue por eso sí te quise mucho, ya no tengas miedo vive tranquilo, yo te lo aseguro que ya no te quiero.

No es culpa mía
Diosito santo, Diosito bueno,
¿Qué quieres que haga? si yo la quiero
Sé que es pecado querer lo ajeno y sin quererla sé que me muero.

Si su cariño era de otro
¿Qué quieres que haga? yo no sabía.
Yo no pensaba que me engañaba cuando juraba que me quería.
Diosito santo (se repite).

Por eso bebo, por eso lloro, aunque me digan que es cobardía; quiero olvidarla, pero no puedo,
Diosito santo, no es culpa mía.

Eso
Your love was all my existence, I've never denied that
And from your lips I knew bliss when they kissed me.
Now I understand that if I suffered it was because of my luck,
I don’t deny that I loved you in vain.

If that's the reason you’ve forgotten me, the wound is closed
After all the deceptions, how beautiful life is.
If that’s the reason that I loved you so much, don’t be afraid.
Be calm, I assure you I don't love you anymore.

No es Culpa Mía
No Fault of Mine
Heavenly God, merciful Lord
I can’t help it if I love her
It's wrong to desire what belongs to another but without her love I know I'll die.

But if her love belonged to someone else, what could I do? I didn’t know
I didn’t realize she was lying when she said she loved me.
Heavenly God (repeat)

That’s why I drink and why I cry although I’m told it’s only weakness
I want to forget her but I can’t
Heavenly God, it’s no fault of mine.
¿De qué sirve querer, con todo el corazón?  
¿De qué sirve sufrir el deber respetando un amor?  
Pá mi solo eras tú, no hubo nadie jamás; eras solo pá mí, y besando la cruz te lo puedo jurar.

Tú eras el sol, eras la luz que me alumbró, oscuridad, hoy eres tú con tu traición.

Me voy lejos de aquí, donde pueda olvidar ¿De qué sirve llorar, si tu amor ya perdí y no encuentro la paz.

Tú eras el sol...

What’s the use of loving with all your heart?  
What’s the use of suffering in order to be true?  
You were the only one for me, there was never anyone else, you were my only, and upon the cross I swear it to you.

You were the sun, you were the light that shined on me. Today your deception brings me darkness.

I’m going far away where I can forget. What’s the use of crying if I’ve lost your love and can’t find any peace?

You were the sun...
De aquí hasta el rancho "Las Peñas"
les traigo el nuevo corrido;
por andar haciendo señas
mataron a Luis Pulido,
¿Quién iba imaginarse
que lo matará un amigo?

There was a wedding celebration,
the party was going well.
Pulido was very drunk
and started to flirt with the bride.
At times he would try to kiss her
as if she were by herself.

Pulido let out a yell
that was heard throughout the ranch
"When there is a female that suits me
I love her with wild passion;
and anyone who gets in my way
I'll send to St. Peter in death."

There was a flurry of gunshots
at such close range
Pulido dropped dead,
bleeding from the mouth.
Antonio was only wounded,
barely saving his life.

El mundo estará muy lleno
de amores y de querencias,
pero pa' mi hay uno solo
que da luz a mi existencia.

Do y gracias a mi Diosito
por lo bueno que es conmigo
él siempre oye mis plegarias
a todo lo que le pido.

Mi amor es rete bonito,
radiante como un lucero,
y las tristezas de mi alma
se alegra con su recuerdo.

Amor bonito, bonito,
caríño, mi cariño
te quiero porque te quiero,
porque eres mi amor bonito.

Mi amor es rete bonito,
radiante como una estrella,
de pensando en tú cariño
se acaban todas mis penas.

El mundo estaría muy lleno
de amores y de querencias,
pero para mi hay uno solo
que da luz a mi existencia.

Doy gracias a mi Diosito
por lo bueno que es conmigo
él siempre oye mis plegarias
a todo lo que le pido.

Amor bonito, bonito,
caríño, mi cariño
te quiero porque te quiero,
porque eres mi amor bonito.

Mi amor es rete bonito,
radiante como una estrella,
de pensando en tú cariño
se acaban todas mis penas.
**FLORES NEGRAS**

Me hacen daño tus ojos, me hacen daño tus manos, me hacen daño tus labios que saben finger.

A mi sombra pregunto si esos labios que adoro en un beso sagrado podrán mentir

Aunque viva prisionero en mi soledad mi alma te dirá te quiero

Nuestros labios guardan llama y un beso moral que no olvidará mañana

Flores negras que el destino nos aparta sin piedad

Pero el día vendrá en que seas para mi nomás nomás

Flores negras que el destino nos aparta sin piedad

Pero el día vendrá en que seas para mi nomás nomás

**BLACK FLOWERS**

Your eyes harm me, your hands harm me, your lips that know how to lie harm me.

I ask my shadow if those lips that I adore could be lying in a sacred kiss.

Even if I live prisoner in my loneliness, my soul will still tell you I love you.

Our lips keep a flame and a moral kiss that you won't soon forget.

Black flowers, that merciless destiny keeps us apart,

But the day will come when you will be mine, only for me.

Black flowers, that merciless destiny keeps us apart,

but the day will come when you will be mine, only for me.

**PERO AY QUE TRISTE**

Pero ay qué triste, es amar sin esperanza.

En mi pecho mi corazón latiendo.

De mis ojos una lágrima virtiendo, y desde entonces no hay consuelo ni esperanza para mí.

Pues si no me quieres pues para qué me miras?

O, qué misterio encierra tu mirada.

**BUT OH, HOW SAD**

But oh, how sad, to love without hope.

In my chest my heart is beating.

From my eyes a tear is falling, and ever since then there is no consolation or hope for me.

Well, if you don't love me, why do you look at me?

Oh, what mystery your gaze contains.
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