LATIN AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

sung in Spanish by Chago Rodrigo

Extremida
Dance Song
Young Man's Song
High as the Moon
Greeting Song
Come to My Windows
The Cowboy (El Gauchito)
Corrido
Natalia's Lament
Steve's Lament
SIDE I, Band 1: **ESTRELLITA** …

¡Dónde está la llave?
Mate-rile-rile-rile-
¡Dónde está la llave?
Mate-rile-rile-ron-pon!

¿Dónde está la llave?
Mate-rile-rile-rile-
¡Dónde está la llave?
Mate-rile-rile-ron-pon!

En el fondo del mar-
Mate-rile-—
En el fondo del mar-
Mate-

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

Llamaremos a Estrellita, etc.
(Repeat)

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

Le pondremos cocinera, (etc.)
(Repeat)

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

Le pondremos costurera, (etc.)
(Repeat)

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

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

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

SIDE I, Band 2: **DANCE SONG**

Un clavel corté -
Por la sierra fuí -
Camino de mi rancho.

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

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

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

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

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

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

We will call Estrellita, etc.
(Repeat)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIDE I, Band 3: **YOUNG MAN'S SONG**

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

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

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

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

Quisiera ser perla fina,
De tus lucidíssima arañas,
(Repeat both lines)
Pa' morderte la crejita
Y besarte los cachetes,
¿Quién te manda ser bonita
Si hasta a mí me comprometes?

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

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

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

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

Dance, my Chippewa maiden,
Dance, dance, ever more gracefully,
For you are the queen of the dance!
(Repeat all of above)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Las viajitas a centavos,
Las muchachas a toton,
Y las llenas a seis centavos,
Y las suyas a pilón.

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

No más que me libre Dios
De una niña mocambrilla
De ésa que ayí manó por Dios,
Pero salen a la puerta!

SIDE I, Band 4:  HIGH AS THE MOON
Quisiera ser tan alta como la luna,
Ay! Ay! Ay! como la luna.

Para ver los soldados de Catalúa,
Ay-ay-ay- de Catalúa.

De Catalúa vengo pa' servirle al rey,
Ay-ay-ay- pa' servirle al rey
Con licencia absoluta de mi coronel
Ay-ay-ay- de mi coronel.

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

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

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

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

Juntito a tu ventana ponerme a cantar,
Ay-ay-ay- ponerme a cantar.

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

Y en el amanecer llevarte a pasear.
Ay-ay-ay- llevarte a pasear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I'd like to take a message and give it to the king,
Ay-ay-ay- and give it to the king.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SIDE I, Band 5:  GREETING SONG
¿Qué linda está esta mañana
En que vengo a saludarte?
Venimos todos con gusto
Y placer a felicitarte.

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

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

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

CHORUS:
Ya viene amaneciendo, etc.

Pajarito mañanero
Que cantas en tu balcón,
Cantéle como le cante
Mi rendido corazón.
De las estrella del cielo,
Tengo que bajarte dos;
Una para saludarte,
Y otra para decirte adiós.

CHORUS:
Ya viene amaneciendo, etc.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS:
Already day is dawning, etc.

SIDE II, Band 2: EL GAUCHO

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

Aquí viene por que viene
A la feria de las flores,
No hay cerro que me empine,
Ni cuarto que se me aborde.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS:
Already day is dawning, etc.

SIDE II, Band 3: CORRIDO

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

COME TO YOUR WINDOW

Come to your window
So my soul will not suffer (Repeat)
Come out to see the glimmer
Of the light of this cool morning. (Repeat)

Come, dear, for when I see you
My flaming love I'll confess to you.
A cockatoo on the cherry-tree is
A-quiver with a sigh. (Repeat)

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

Good day!

THE COWBOY

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

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

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

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

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

COME TO YOUR WINDOW

Come to your window
So my soul will not suffer (Repeat)
Come out to see the glimmer
Of the light of this cool morning. (Repeat)

Come, dear, for when I see you
My flaming love I'll confess to you.
A cockatoo on the cherry-tree is
A-quiver with a sigh. (Repeat)

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

Good day!

THE COWBOY

I like to sing in the wind
Because my songs - they take wing,
And I sing wherever I feel
In all out-of-the-way little places.
Oh land of the sun, how I yearn to see you!
And now I am here without light, without love,
And I see myself alone and sad, like a leaf in the wind,
I just want to cry, only to die of my deep emotion.

**THE SLAVE'S LAMENT**

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

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

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

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

There came a "Potingo"
With Maximilian in it,
Who at that time was the go'vnor,
And saw among the dying
One poor policeman
Crying out loud...on ahead...

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

**NOSTALGIA**

When far away from the soil I was born on
Unbounded nostalgia prevades all my thoughts.
When I see myself alone and sad like a leaf in the wind,
I want only to cry, only to die of my deep emotion.

(REFRAT ALL FOUR LINES)

**SIDE II, Band 4: NOSTALGIA**

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

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

**SIDE II, Band 5: EL ESCLAVO LUCINI**

Esclavo soy -
Negro nací -
Negro es mi color
Y negro es mi suerte.
Pobre de mí -
Muriendo voy!
Esto cruel dolor!
Ay, hasta la muerte
Soy lucumí cautivo!
Sin la libertad, yo vivo.
Quisiera que los negros libres un día serán,
Ay mi negra pancha vueses a bailar -
Pues los negros libres serán!