HISPANIC FOLK MUSIC OF NEW MEXICO AND THE SOUTHWEST

A Self-Portrait of a People

JOHN DONALD ROBB

Foreword by JACK LOEFFLER

Prologue by ENRIQUE R. LAMADRID

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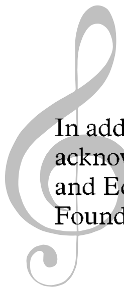

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To Harriet

who for over fifty years has played
the role of the perfect wife without
missing a cue

Peasant music is the outcome of changes wrought by a natural force whose operation is unconscious. . . . For this reason the individuals of which it consists—the single tunes are so many examples of high artistic perfection. In their small way, they are as perfect as the grandest masterpieces of musical art. They are, indeed, classical models of the way in which a musical idea can be expressed in all its freshness and shapeliness—in short in the very best possible way, in the briefest possible form and with the simplest of means. On the other hand, the favourite national or popular art songs contain, beside a few interesting tunes, so many musical commonplaces, that their value remains far lesser than that of peasant music in the narrower sense of the term.

Béla Bartók, *Hungarian Folk Music*

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FOREWORD

Reflections on the Author, John Donald Robb

Jack Loeffler

John Donald Robb was eighty-eight years old when his magnum opus, *Hispanic Folk Music of New Mexico and the Southwest,* was originally published by the University of Oklahoma Press in 1980. He dedicated this work to his wife, Harriet, and at the beginning of the book included a paragraph from the writings of Béla Bartók, the great Hungarian composer, pianist, and early ethnomusicologist. Bartók was born in 1881, eleven years before Robb, and served as Robb's great role model, both as collector and composer, throughout his life.

According to John Robb Jr., it was 1939 when his father transported their family to Taxco, a beautiful community south of Mexico City. Here Robb Sr. was captivated by listening to musicians perform their traditional music. He invited the *músicos* to his rented house and transcribed their melodies as they performed. Thus began Robb's enduring passion for *la música de la gente* of the Hispanic New World, a passion that lasted for fifty years until his death in 1989.

Indeed, one of Robb's primary characteristics was his vast enthusiasm, whether it was for his law practice, sportsmanship, musical composition, family endeavors, the pursuit of adventure, or collecting folk music. In a recorded interview that I conducted on April 18, 2012, John Robb Jr. recounted how, as a child of twelve, he and his father had gone skiing at Lake Placid. They spotted a seventy-foot ski jump. Young John asked his father if he had ever considered skiing off a ski jump, at which point Robb Sr. mounted to the top of the ski jump, then zipped through space, thus demonstrating to his son that one can do anything one puts one's mind to if one has the courage and self-discipline.

The Robb family moved to New Mexico in 1941. Robb was an accomplished cellist as well as a very successful attorney, who left his practice of international law in New York to move to the North American Southwest. It was here that he gradually joined the ranks of other distinguished lore trovers, including Aurelio M. Espinosa, Juan B. Rael, Arthur L. Campa, Aurora Lucero-White Lea, Mela Sedillo Brewster, and Jenny Wells Vincent, as he began to collect the folk music of Hispano Nuevo Mexico and beyond. He was frequently accompanied by his wife, Harriet, whose gracious presence helped open doors into the homes of *la gente,* who might otherwise have been too suspicious of this great lanky gringo armed with recording apparatus of varying provenance whose intent was to "grab" their music for posterity.

John Robb Jr. characterized his father as follows:

> First of all he was a real renaissance man. He was informed in so many subjects. He had traveled so widely that he knew something about almost any subject that came up when I was present. I was astonished at his eloquence and his ability to understand. He was a New York lawyer, a man of contrasts as equally at home with the rich and powerful as he was with the humble singers in New Mexico. Most of them were farmers, ranchers with old beat up jalopies. His ability to adjust to Hispanic culture and traditions that he fell in love with was amazing to me. He was the man of the hour. He knew that something had to be done, and no one else was doing it, and that something was to preserve the culture of Hispanic people, not just the music. The music is important too, because the folk songs cover such a wide spectrum of activity, but what he was really doing was recording the culture itself.
>
> The singers were not just performers, not just subjects to be recorded. They were genuine people, and he recognized and loved genuine people. They were people of the soil. . . . I would go with him many times on feast day celebrations and that's when I met some of the singers . . . Edwin Berry from Tomé was probably the most recorded of the folk singers.[1]

Thus Robb recorded the music of scores of músicos and developed lifelong friendships with those whom he recorded, resulting in an enduring legacy that spanned decades and an immense archive of more than three thousand songs.

1. John Robb Jr., interview with the author, April 18, 2012.

Frank McCulloch Jr. performed at least forty-five songs in the early 1960s that are now incorporated into the Robb Archive. McCulloch had this to say of Robb:

He was a universal kind of a guy depending upon his interests. And of course at that time, along with his own composition [of music], that [interest] was the collecting of folk music. Anywhere it was going on, he was going to be there. I don't think he spoke a lot of Spanish, but that didn't make any difference because he *collected* it, got it and then worried about translations afterward.

Back then there was a lot going on in Old Town [Albuquerque]. Vincente Saucedo, a wonderful Mexican guitarist, played at that time with one of the singers with the most beautiful real high-pitched voice I ever heard, Miguel Cárdenas, and I'm sure that Robb would record Miguel and Vicente, who at times would play with Eddie Gallegos who performed down on the Old Town Plaza. Vicente had this restaurant on the south side of the plaza where there were a lot of great parties with a lot of musicians. John Robb would always come and sit in the corner and get the recorder turned on. So there must be some of those recordings in the Archive.

He was extremely respectful of everyone. He never talked down to anyone. He was sort of a gentle observer. He never told you what to do. Never. He put the microphone on and just let you go. And I'm sure he recorded everyone that way. At some of the parties, he was the guy in the corner operating the machine. Once I sang at one of the New Mexico Folklore Society meetings at La Placita Restaurant in Old Town. Gilberto and Carmen Espinosa were there. Mela Sedillo Brewster was there. My dad was one of the presidents. It was a nice gang of people. And again, you wouldn't know John Robb was there. He was on the side working the equipment.[2]

For a quarter century, beginning in 1971, Jim Wright was employed in the University of New Mexico Fine Arts Library, and thereafter he was appointed as library director. It was here that duplicates of John Robb's original field recordings were stored in perpetuity on ten-inch reels of magnetic tape. It was Jim Wright who later named this collection "The John D. Robb Archive of Southwestern Music." Of John Robb, Wright had this to say:

As a person he was driven in whatever it was he was doing. He never stopped. He was curious. He was inquisitive. He had to have his way. We got along wonderfully. Here was an international lawyer who liked music, who answered an ad in the paper to be the head of the music department at the University of New Mexico, and they hired him. And I think it was within six months or so, he was made dean of the College [of Fine Arts], and he didn't have degrees in any of that. He was a good manager. The story I was told was that the [University] president, Zimmerman, called him in and said, "You know John, you are going to have to do publishing and research. You are a faculty member, and that's part of being a faculty member and professor. I would suggest that you work on folk music." Maybe Zimmerman knew his background and tied those together.

When I knew him, he was working on his book. I remember Harriet [Robb's wife] saying, "He promised me that he isn't going skiing this next season because he's going to finish his book."[3]

In 1976, my partner in the Four Brothers Adventure Co., Karl Kernberger, and I produced a thirty-minute documentary film about Hispano folk dance entitled *Los Alegres*, funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Our major consultant was the celebrated folk musician, collector, and political activist Jenny Wells Vincent, who early on had sung with Pete Seeger. When she realized how enchanted I had become with Hispano folk music, she strongly urged that I meet with John D. Robb, who was living in Albuquerque and who had recorded a vast repertoire of folk music. In an interview I conducted with Jenny shortly after her ninety-ninth birthday, she had this to say:

I remember he had been a lawyer before he came [to New Mexico], and everybody wondered how he got into the music. But he was in the music department at the University of New Mexico and he was a member of our New Mexico Folklore Society. I know that when we had a Folklore Society meeting outside of Taos, we had to find just the right place for Dean Robb to be housed. We were never close, but we were always on a friendly basis. He was very tall, a nice-looking man.

I learned something about him in later years from my old musician friend, Lewis Allan [Abel Meeropol] who wrote "The House I Live In" [and "Strange Fruit"]. He told me that he vacationed with his family somewhere out on Long Island, and Don Robb and he played in some little group that used to get together regularly. And they were at opposite ends of the political spectrum. [Lewis Allan became the adoptive father of the sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in 1957.] But to have these two men playing in the same orchestra just delighted me. A staunch liberal Democrat over here and a staunch conservative Republican over there.[4]

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2. Frank McCulloch Jr., interview with the author, April 18, 2012.

3. Jim Wright, interview with the author, May 2, 2012.

4. Jenny Wells Vincent, interview with the author, May 7, 2012.

Thus in 1977, when he was eighty-five years old, I met John D. Robb for the first time at his home in Albuquerque. He was extremely tall and lean, garbed conservatively in suit and tie, and emanated a vigor that I've rarely encountered in men and women of but a third his age. He invited my wife, Katherine, and me into the living room, and we began to talk about the folk music of Hispano New Mexico. Robb was then working on his magnum opus, and he introduced us to Rowena A. Rivera, who was assisting him with transcriptions and translations. I told Robb that I had just received the second of what was to become a series of grants from the NEA to conduct field recordings of this music and that I was to make duplicates of my own recordings to be included in the archive at the Fine Arts Library at the University of New Mexico. He was delighted that some younger man was both fiscally empowered and deeply motivated to wander through New Mexico villages and backcountry, recording music that might otherwise be carried away in the wind. His enthusiasm for my project was extraordinary. There was absolutely no sense of guarding one's turf that so often dominates endeavors of this nature.

He freely plied me with information and names and phone numbers of musicians that he had already recorded who were still living, and he strongly urged that I contact them and record them on my more up-to-date recording equipment. He himself had begun to record in 1942 or thereabouts, using a wire recorder that he hooked up to his car battery to provide electricity. I was recording on a Nagra IV-S stereo tape recorder to broadcast standards powered by twelve D-cell batteries that could be easily replaced. His eyes gleamed when he saw this recorder, and I could all but hear his mind at work imagining what life would have been like if this had been available thirty-five years earlier.

John Robb had begun by recording ballads and other songs with lyrics sung by rural Hispanos. Because of my interest in instrumental music, I began by recording dance songs performed usually on violin and guitar, and occasionally on accordion and mandolin. Robb gently suggested that I turn my attention to vocal music as well because therein lay much of the story of a culture. And so I did.

As the years passed, and my own knowledge of this music began to grow, I would turn to Robb for guidance. By now I was producing a weekly series of radio programs entitled *La Música de los Viejitos* that was broadcast over KUNM public radio in Albuquerque, and thereafter throughout the state. I frequently visited with Robb or called him to ask about musical forms and what he knew about this song or that. I also continued to ask him when his book would come out so that I could quit pestering him. He would answer any question to the best of his ability, either in person, by phone, or at one point on a postcard.

Finally, *Hispanic Folk Music of New Mexico and the Southwest* was released, and it became my constant companion in the field. Herein, Robb presented the panoply of musical forms of Hispano folk music exemplified by hundreds of transcriptions of songs that he had recorded and thus saved for future generations. It is the extraordinary legacy of a gifted human being who well recognized the beauty and depth of soul inherent in a culture so dissimilar to the culture into which he himself had been born. It was obvious that Robb had learned an enormous amount from the eminent Mexican ethnomusicologist Vicente T. Mendoza. Indeed, Robb had invited Mendoza and his wife, Virginia Rodríguez, to spend the better part of a year in New Mexico beginning in 1946. The Mendozas wrote their own extraordinary manuscript, *Estudio y clasificación de la música traditional hispánica de Nuevo México*, which was published posthumously in Mexico City in 1986. A copy of their original manuscript remains in the Fine Arts Library at the University of New Mexico.

During the years that followed, I trailed through New Mexico and beyond, recording folk musicians and often thinking of John Robb, who preceded me down many of these same trails more than a human generation earlier. In Tomé, I visited with Edwin Berry, who warmly recalled his recording sessions with John Robb. Over time, I recorded this great lore master, Edwin Berry, singing 247 songs with countless accompanying narratives about his homeland in Valencia County.

I came to clearly understand what it means to be a collector of folk songs and lore. Both John Robb and Jenny Vincent had infected me with their vast enthusiasm. Collecting aural history gets into one's blood. One can never record enough. There are ever more songs, more stories remembered by octogenarians who will soon follow the final trail, and if their memories are not recorded, a patch of culture will disappear into the canyons. I sympathized with my elder friend Robb, whose grasp of

the Spanish language was meager, as is my own. Nonetheless, the ultimate requirement remains that one record the song, the story, the cultural utterances to the absolute best of one's ability so that those who follow—be they *la gente de la tierra* listening to voices of their ancestors or scholars intent on piecing together and thus richening the fabric of culture and language that is embedded between the acequias—will be able to listen to points of view that reflect a rootedness in this homeland that can only be expressed in a deep sense of querencia. This term was so aptly defined by *mi gran amigo*, scholar Enrique Lamadrid, who said: "There is an extraordinary sense of cultural homeland. We call it querencia. People who are from New Mexico want to be in New Mexico. If they are not here, they are trying to figure out how to come home. Querencia means all of those things. It comes from the verb *querer*, to want or to love. It is a place that you love. It is a place that you want to be that even has a sense of being the place that you prefer to die in."[5]

5. Enrique Lamadrid, interview with the author, 2001.

PROLOGUE

Enrique Lamadrid

John Donald Robb loved the soulful music of *Los Pastores* like a child loves a lullaby. These Christmas plays with shepherds, angels, devils, and the Holy Family in search of epiphany are performed all over greater Mexico on both sides of the border. Robb visited and recorded all of them he could find. He sang *A la rú*, the cradlesong of the Holy Child, to his own grandchildren. His New Mexican folk opera *Little Jo* began with the song and featured two dozen others he learned from his fieldwork. He hoped that his opera and *Joy Comes to Deadhorse*, the musical that followed, could become as popular as *Oklahoma!*, but they were performed only a handful of times. Yet his hopes proved to be well founded. When rights to the musical were sold and the lyrics de-Hispanicized, it morphed into *The Fantasticks*, the longest-running off-Broadway musical ever. After this, Robb turned his attention to the larger legacy—his life's work of collecting, composing, and performing. One of his last visits to the University of New Mexico was to see Filomena Baca's long-term production of *La Gran Pastorela de Belén*, hosted by the Maxwell Museum of Anthropology. The curators graciously placed two chairs well forward so that Robb and his wife, Harriet, were literally part of the play. The cast surrounded them as fellow shepherds and angels and regaled them with song in a touching tribute, a musical farewell. We still remember that ephemeral moment. But Robb's tribute to Nuevomexicano folk music is more substantial, as borne out in these pages and scores, compiled as *Hispanic Folk Music of New Mexico and the Southwest: A Self-Portrait of a People.*

The publication of a facsimile edition of a book well after its initial publication is a veritable sign that it has become a classic. John Donald Robb's magnum opus has held its own over more than a quarter century of scrutiny by critics and consultation by musicians and scholars. Now that the field recordings on which it is based are instantly available on the website of the Center for Southwest Research at UNM's Zimmerman Library,[6] there is new interest in the massive collection, which is both a snapshot and landmark of the mid-twentieth-century regional folk music landscape. Previously, the only available sampling of the vast archive was a single LP issued by Folkways Records in 1952. The musical scores and transcriptions could have been reset electronically and translations improved for the new edition, but the basic genre-based scholarship still stands up, even though it has been long surpassed by performance studies and more thorough ethnomusicological analyses. The long-awaited book was widely and thoroughly reviewed after University of Oklahoma Press published it in 1980, a good measure of its broad impact. Kudos from border folklorist John O. West and folk singer/teacher Jenny Wells Vincent were soon forthcoming. Merle Simmons, the great scholar-historian of the *corridos* of the Mexican Revolution, was also generous with his praise. But the in-depth critiques of Robb came from Texas and the camp of Américo Paredes, although the don of border folklore and music never weighed in personally. Tejano ethnomusicologist Manuel Peña correctly characterizes Robb's overall approach as textual/descriptive rather than ethnographic/analytical. He appreciates the fascinating variety of *indita* and *corrido* ballads in the anthology, but asserts that more complete historical information is needed to assess the very genres through which people express their sense of history. Robb also recorded a number of popular songs without discussing the dynamic interaction between commercial and folk music. James Leger, a New Mexican student of Paredes, commends the encyclopedic breadth of the collection, but he laments its thin contextual documentation and scant analysis, which he attributes to Robb's ambitions as a composer and his background in Western art music. While musical transcriptions are abundant, they tend to simplify melodies and other

6. www.econtent.unm.edu/cdm/landingpage/collection/RobbFieldRe.

more complex performance features such as folk polyphony, or harmony singing, and widespread double-stop playing on the folk violin. Robb articulates a romantic view of folk music that emphasizes its archaic qualities, values Spanish over Mexican origins, and overlooks the role of popular music in the cultural process. Curiously, rival collector Rubén Cobos never reviewed Robb's book, even though his own archive is frequently referenced in its pages. Contextual documentation is notoriously limited in the Cobos collection, which is difficult to use due to issues of technical quality and incomplete, often inaccurate indexing. In contrast, the quality of Robb's recordings stand as a tribute to the musicians and the music they created.

New Mexico was a turning point in the life of John Donald Robb, a midlife choice to follow his heart and musical vocation. University of New Mexico President James Zimmerman urged him to explore the complex and varied musical landscapes of the upper Río Grande, where he soon found his inspiration as a composer. As a music student, he heard the stories of Ludwig van Beethoven going to country dances and weddings with ears perked for new melodies and rhythms. Folklore and folkways were a cultural taproot of nineteenth-century romantic nationalism. Folk music made its way into the symphony and the art song. The music of the people also inspired twentieth-century vanguard composers like Béla Bartók, who took copious field notes and perused emerging field-recording technologies, consulting new archives compiled by adventurous ballad scholars like Milman Parry and Albert Lord. Since Robb's knowledge of New Mexico was growing as his collection grew, in the meantime the least he could do was make the best-quality recordings possible for future reference so that everyone could use them—performers as well as scholars. Aluminum wire, acetate disk, and then magnetic tape were the media he mastered. If the Moog synthesizer he used for experimental electronic compositions could have been used for recording, he would have figured out how to take it into the field.

As soon as he arrived in the region, Robb recognized what he considered a true North American original—the Indo-Hispano traditions of New Mexico. He was fascinated by the complex rhythms and amazing synchronicity of Pueblo Indian dance music. He was captivated by the ancient violin and guitar melodies of the *matachines* ritual dance as well as the so-called Spanish Colonial social dances, actually a nineteenth-century mix of northern Mexican polkas, *valses*, *chotises*, and *redondos*. As he gleaned a bit of Spanish, University of New Mexico colleagues like Spanish professor Arthur L. Campa told him about the Golden Age *décima* ballads still being composed just north of Albuquerque and the millennial narrative ballad traditions of the Iberian romances and their modern form, the *corrido*.

Robb's desire to more fully understand the music he had already fallen in love with led him to consult and collaborate over his entire career with Hispanic folklorists, literary scholars, and musicologists, all of whom he cites in the book. The writings of pioneer folklorist and linguist Aurelio M. Espinosa were the basis of Robb's knowledge of Spanish Mexican balladry. He knew the work of Aurora Lucero on ballads and folk drama based on her collection compiled during the Works Progress Administration. Arthur L. Campa, another WPA worker who made his way to the university, brought his guitar and accompanied Robb on his very first field excursions in 1942 to Bernalillo to record don Próspero Baca, prodigious poet, singer, and composer of décimas. Joaquín Ortega, then director of the University of New Mexico's School of Inter-American Affairs, joined him there and on expeditions to Tierra Amarilla in search of nineteenth-century *corrido* ballads. His knowledge of the plaintive *alabado* hymns sung by the Penitente brotherhood came from the *hermanos* themselves and also from Juan B. Rael, who collected and studied religious traditions in earnest, and who like Robb sent many recordings to the Library of Congress. An intense rivalry with Rubén Cobos spurred Robb to cast a wider net of field recordings and take more copious notes. Just as World War II came to a close, Robb invited eminent Mexican musicologist Vicente T. Mendoza and his wife, Virginia Rodríguez, for an extended stay in New Mexico. Robb listened to and added new recordings to the archive, introduced him to many performers, and took him deep into the field. Field notes from their trip to Tierra Azul in the Abiquiú area and many other excursions were published in the pages of the *New Mexico Folklore Record*. Most importantly, Mendoza produced a manuscript, finally published posthumously in Mexico in 1986, in which he situates everything he encountered in New Mexico in relation to the greater Mexican tradition. The already panoramic vision of Robb is enriched with an extraordinary sense of

breadth and depth by the collaboration with Mendoza. As Robb gathered together his materials working toward his own publication date of 1980 (and his eighty-eighth birthday), his working partnership with Rowena Aurora Rivera and her poetic insight into lyrics and their translation was critical. They also went into the field together, especially to work with another New Mexico folk legend, Edwin Berry from Tomé. *Hispanic Folk Music of New Mexico and the Southwest: A Self-Portrait of a People* is a comprehensive tribute to the work of all these native scholars. In addition Robb inspired and encouraged Anglo-American musicologists and collectors to continue his work, notably Richard Stark and Jack Loeffler. Two subsequent generations of scholar-performers have drawn deeply from the Robb Archive: ethnomusicologist Brenda M. Romero, and David F. García, both of whom actually worked at the archive. Both have played key roles in the maintenance and transmission of the *matachines* violin music. Romero has done definitive work on the indita ballads and García continues his research on *canciones*, *corridos*, and *décimas*.

John Donald Robb recognized the wealth of Nuevomexicano folk music and began reaping it seriously and systematically in 1942. Soon he articulated a foundational, two-pronged vision for his work: "My interest is twofold. One is to make the sources available to musicians and scholars here at the University of New Mexico. Second, selfishly, as source material for composition."[7] The honesty and integrity of this vision, with the realization of its limitations, is what makes the collection relevant today. Robb positioned himself in a long line of composers who found in folk music a tremendous inspiration for their own music. Today there may be fewer romantic modernist composers around interested in mining an archive, but the folk and popular musicians of New Mexico have gained a cultural resource that will last well into the future.

Anthropologist Charles L. Briggs shared deep critical reflections about his grandfather in the Emmy-award winning documentary *The Musical Adventures of John Donald Robb in New Mexico*. In the role of Robb's young field assistant, Briggs noticed people's acceptance of the old man so obviously enthusiastic about their music. "Often people felt that this was something they should hide from the Anglo world that was looking for modernity. So here is somebody who clearly appreciated what was very much valued and appreciated within communities. There was a great fascination—'Who is he, what is he doing here, why does he like this music?' But there were also other people who said, 'He's a gringo; gringos just come and take things from us. What's he doing?'"[8] With this new film, complemented by digitized recordings on the World Wide Web,[9] the answer is clear—he is giving it back.

This prologue begins with an anecdote and ends now with testimony and a personal reflection. In 2003, when I was acknowledged for a faculty award by the University of New Mexico General Library, I delivered a lecture entitled "*Alabanzas de la Chiripada* / In Praise Of Serendipity and the John D. Robb Archive of Southwest Music" in honor of the Center for Southwest Research and its dedicated staff. Two decades earlier, I had begun my research into the largely neglected mestizo Indo-Hispano traditions of New Mexico, not long after the appearance of Robb's book. Perplexed and motivated by how little work there was on such an obvious topic, I began systematically and serendipitously listening to recordings in the archive and ran across Robb's reflection on the inditas, on page 419 of this book:

> I am inclined to think that the origin of the *indita* is as natural as the mixture of Spanish and Indian blood by intermarriage. In one instance I encountered what appeared to me to be the missing link itself. It seemed to me to be an electrifying discovery. My friend and informant David Frescas [Frésquez], who told me that he was of mixed Spanish and Indian ancestry, was singing for me in Taos. . . . It was unmistakably an Indian type of melody, but sung to a mixture of Indian syllables and Spanish words.

Four decades after the recording was made I was also struck by the cultural hybridity of the song. Music offers such a clear and intuitive insight into culture. Listening carefully and with intent, one can begin to sense that which it takes much more time to understand or articulate. I immediately noticed that the lyrics were mistranscribed and that Robb had acted entirely on intuition. Here is the song as it appears in the book, followed by my own transcription and translation:

7. Kelly Kowalski, dir. 2008. *The Musical Adventures of John Donald Robb in New Mexico*. KNME-PBS.

8. Ibid.

9. www.newmexicopbs.org/productions/robb/.

NAVAJO DANCE SONG

Ana heyana heyana. *Bis*
Sin que lasana la hopa. *Bis*
Sin que lasana la hopa. *Bis*
Llegamos . . . ropa (?)
Llegamos . . . segura (?)

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay.
¡Navajo!
Ay ya no
¡Navajo!
Ay ya no
Ana hoana haya.
¡Ay, ay, ay, ay, o!
—David Frescas [*sic*], age 67

NAVAJO DANCE SONG

Ana heyana, heyana. *Bis*
Sin que lasana la hopa. *Bis*
Sin que lasana la hopa. *Bis*
We come . . . cloth
We come . . . secure

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay.
¡Navajo!
Ay ya no
¡Navajo!
Ay ya no
Ana hoana haya.
¡Ay, ay, ay, ay, o!
—Robb, page 459

SI FUERAS PA' NAVAJÓ

Jeyá, je weya, je yaja,
ena jeyana jeya ja.
Si fueras pa' Navajó pa,
si fueras pa' Navajó, o.

Si fueras pa' Navajó pa,
lleva mortaja segura pa. *Bis*
Porque la muerte de allá pa, *Bis*
es firme y no tiene duda. *Bis*

Navajó, allá no. *Bis*
Ena jeyana ja eya, eeeeya.
—David Frésquez, age 67

IF YOU GO TO NAVAJO

Heya, he weya, he yaha,
ena heyana heya ha.
If you go to Navajoland,
if you go to Navajo, yes.

If you go to Navajoland,
take your shroud for sure. *Bis*
Because death over there, *Bis*
is firm and without doubt. *Bis*

Navajoland, over there no. *Bis*
Ena heyana ha eya, eeeeya.
—Lamadrid, page 239[10]

These are not empty syllables. There is a story here, which even includes a code-switch: the Navajo word for yes, *o*. Although it references cultural relations with Navajos and warns of the dangers of encroaching on their territory, this song is actually part of a larger Hispano-Comanche repertory from Ranchos de Taos, which makes musical allusions to all of the indigenous groups in and surrounding New Mexico. As the oldest audio example of this tradition, this recording was just as important in my research as the oldest archival photographs of "Comanche" celebrations. By 1985 I found these families singing the same songs and made new recordings. All were featured in my 2003 book, *Hermanitos Comanchitos: Indo-Hispano Rituals of Captivity and Redemption*. I was initially discouraged to publish the 1950 recording on a CD with the book. The archivist explained how proper written permissions were never done in Robb's time and that there was no way to find or contact families. I responded that I had already found and documented the Frésquez family in the very same house that Robb visited long ago. When they signed an agreement to authorize the recordings, I gave them copies of more than a dozen recordings Robb made of their forebearers in 1950. Manuel Frésquez told me he remembered when Robb would visit his father and that their relationship as friends was based on trust and mutual respect. I placed the photos and documents from this meeting into the University of New Mexico archive as an example of the kind of supplementary work that Robb imagined and made possible for scholars of the future. His insights and carefully crafted recordings remain a major inspiration for my own research and the work of my students and colleagues. John Donald Robb was the right man with the right heart and the right machine, and he rose to the occasion for all the rest of us.

10. Enrique Lamadrid. *Hermanitos Comanchitos: Indo-Hispano Rituals of Captivity and Redemption*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2003.

PREFACE

Mankind has always been attracted to elemental things. We live among the seeming humdrum of prosaic things, usually unaware of the incredible richness of those "things" and the equally incredible richness of the popular vocabulary with which we name them. One tires of the famous or infamous, the doings of the great, the exceptional, the rich, the powerful. It is relaxing to be among simple, unpretentious people, to share their vivid experience of life as reflected in folk music.

Years ago in Minnesota I came under the spell of such music. My mother in the 1890's sang, "Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy," and father, a veteran of Shiloh and Vicksburg, would sing "Blue-eyed, bonny, bonny Eloise, the Belle of the Mohawk Vale." A decade later when I was a teenaged youth we would drive in a ranch wagon behind a team of horses to the county seat for the Old Settlers' Reunion on the Fourth of July. There, to fascinating fiddle tunes, slim-waisted cowboys danced with the young goddesses from the ranches on a cottonwood platform erected in front of the county courthouse. This was beauty to my adolescent eyes and ears. And so I was "hooked."

Years later, in 1941, when I moved to the Southwest, I found the folk tradition still alive in the villages but fast fading away. I started recording and studying what I found.

The present work is a supplement to and expansion of my earlier book, *Hispanic Folk Songs of New Mexico*, and a number of articles and record albums that are listed in the Bibliography and the Discography. It aspires to be a panoramic survey of the traditional Hispanic folk music of the Southwest from an observation post in New Mexico. In rereading my earlier writings, I find little that needs to be changed. I would now place more emphasis on the erosion of the Spanish tradition as it has been filtered through and modified by the Mexican, Indian, and Anglo cultures in the New World. In particular I would emphasize the contribution from Mexico, richer in the number of items that can be identified than that of Spain, although the latter tradition is more basic, like a strong foundation, almost invisible, on which the visible rests.

In this book I have broadened the field of my reporting by including more references to the music of the southwestern states neighboring New Mexico, especially California, Arizona, Colorado, and Texas. I have supplied examples of forms that I have not previously dealt with, together with many additional texts and melodies that add perspective to the forms discussed in my earlier book and that altogether constitute a sizable anthology. Finally I have provided additional analysis and discussion of the southwestern environment and the personalities involved in its music.

Most of the literature published in this country dealing with the Hispanic folk music of the Southwest has concentrated on the literary and linguistic aspects of the subject. If the music is reproduced in any fashion, it is usually in the form of transcriptions by someone other than the author, and rarely is there any adequate discussion of the music itself. It seems strange, at least to a musician, that scholarly works dealing with folk music have often taken the music for granted. Notable exceptions are Terrence Hansen's fine article on the *corridos* of southern California, which appeared in 1959 in *Western Folklore*, and Richard B. Stark's *Music of the Spanish Folk Plays in New Mexico*. In most Spanish and Mexican folk-music literature the melody is usually printed with the words of at least one verse, a practice I have adopted for this book.

Omitting the music, it might be argued, would help keep alive the process of aural transmission and the consequent changes and variations that make true folk music a living tradition. But education, especially musical education, tends to turn the young toward different modes of musical expression that are dependent on the written score and thus to destroy the old tradition, in whose formation, one must admit, musical illiteracy played a part. It was not a bad part, however, for it placed a premium on spontaneity and led to the development of a great treasury of timeless melody. If, as some believe, the aural tradition is dying out with the old men and women who were its carriers, the intervention of scholars is a good thing, the only thing in fact that could rescue its beauties from oblivion.

Because my approach is primarily that of a musician, I have tried in my writings to present a musical point of view and have included transcriptions of the melodies as well as discussions of the music itself.

I have paid special attention to the matter of cross referencing because, for me, studies like this are roughly proportionate in interest and value to the interrelationships established, each one of which gives added meanings to the examples affected. These relationships may be of one melody or text to another, of a text to a melody or vice versa, of either to a publication or work of folk art, such as a *bulto* or *retablo*, of a text to historical events great or small, and so forth. The cross-referencing process thus becomes analogous to weaving, the individual strands being fashioned into a more or less tightly knit fabric that acquires its texture, its pattern, and its color from the particular admixture of strands involved. I can testify that the subject becomes constantly more engrossing as one explores these relationships.

Cross referencing has revealed a very large number of interrelationships among the examples in this volume. I have identified many of them. There must, however, be many more that further study would reveal. The mere comparison of titles discloses some of them. The comparison of first lines, of other lines, or of entire verses discloses others. To identify them all would be an interminable process and is beyond the practical scope of this investigation.

The transcription and translation of the song texts have sometimes presented difficulties. When the song text had to be deciphered from a recording, it was sometimes impossible to determine just what words the singer was singing. When the transcriptions were based in part on reference to hand-written notebooks, there were many words not to be found in any dictionary, including words of colloquial use well understood by the people of the particular region but unintelligible without their assistance. There were also misspellings so misleading as to compel reliance on the context for a guess at the exact meaning. I have added punctuation marks when it seemed necessary. At other times I have reproduced the texts sans punctuation. For the convenience of the English-speaking reader, the English style of capitalization has been used for the Spanish song titles as well as for their English translations.

In addition there was the difficulty of translating Spanish expressions into English when a literal translation would make no sense whatever. Furthermore, my translations of identical passages, made at different times over a period of some thirty years, sometimes differ considerably. The arduous and time-consuming labor of comparing these word for word in order to arrive at one theoretically correct solution seemed better left for those primarily interested in the linguistic study of the texts, particularly since some of them are susceptible to varying interpretations.

Most of the translations are free in the sense that I have tried, while preserving the meaning of the original, to bring that meaning over in intelligible, unstrained English. In a few instances I have followed the rhyming and rhythmic patterns of the original, for, although this practice sometimes makes a faithful translation more difficult, it does permit the text to be sung in English to the melody of the song. I feel this more than compensates for the deficiencies of translation. In fact, had time permitted, I would have preferred to make such translations of all the song texts.

In a number of instances the informants have sung only a few of the verses of a lengthy song but have later supplied me with the complete text. Likewise, they have sometimes omitted verses or sung them in a different order from the corresponding texts, repeated lines or entire verses, or made other minor changes. These irregularities, particularly the repetitions, are so frequent and so unpredictable that, though I may have sometimes pointed them out in the case of individual songs, to do so in detail would be unrewarding.

Sometimes, however, repetitions are obviously employed purposefully to give emphasis or, in choruses and refrains, to provide bridges and contrast between the successive verses. At other times they seem to be the result of a whim, a lapse of memory, or a rote-like duplication of the way the singer first learned the song. Such repetitions lend an air of casualness. They also tend to reassure the listener hearing a song for the first time that he heard it correctly or to make clear what was obscure the first time through. Incidentally, repetition often helps the person transcribing a text from a recording to verify what he has written.

I have avoided the temptation to "fix up" a garbled text just because a more intelligible one has been found elsewhere. My position has

been that the sources, the texts, even though garbled, must be reported as they are.

A preponderant number of references to specific songs and dances are to items contained in my own collection. The reasons are simple. This is the material with which I am most familiar, and it is extensive enough to cover almost the entire field. Furthermore, these recordings have been readily accessible to me, and that is not true of much of the published or unpublished material of others.

John Donald Robb
Albuquerque, New Mexico

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Although most of the transcriptions and translations are mine, I owe a debt of gratitude, first, to my many informants listed in the index of my collection of recordings and in particular to those who have made major contributions, including Edwin Berry, Vicente F. Gallegos, the late Próspero S. Baca, and the late Francisco S. Leyva; to those who have edited my work and who have in the process corrected many of my errors; to those whose writings I have consulted; and to the Rockefeller Foundation, whose generous grant made it possible for me to engage others to assist in the organization of materials for this publication, and particularly to Norman Lloyd, formerly of that foundation.

Since 1942, when I first started collecting and recording folk songs in the Southwest, I have had the assistance of so many other friends and colleagues that neither my memory nor my records hold all their names. Nevertheless, I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to the following, whose contributions I do remember, for help generously given: my colleagues, T. M. Pearce, the late Arthur L. Campa, the late Joaquín Ortega, Rubén Cobos (who has read and helpfully criticized the song texts), Robert Duncan, Alex Chávez, Marshall Nason, the late León F. Márquez, and Sabine Ulivarrí, all of the University of New Mexico; my former secretaries, Mrs. Jackie Schlegel, Mrs. Jean Ross Silvola, Mrs. Bea Capelli, and the late Mrs. Lynn M. Barker; Mrs. Edna Westfall, Mrs. Frank C. Hibben, the late United States Senator Joseph M. Montoya, Mr. and Mrs. Gilberto Espinosa, the late Miss Erna Fergusson, and the late Mrs. Lolita Pooler; my former students, who have executed many projects with and for me, and in particular Max Lare, Murray Feldman, and the late William R. Fisher; the following, who have worked for me under the Rockefeller grant, Mary Margaret Barela, Susan Blatz, Rosslyn Smith, the Reverend Alfred Trudeau, Baker Morrow, Cipriano Griego, Isadora Sandoval, and Mary Wicker, who has copied and recopied the manuscript and given editorial assistance; Lawrence D. Wheeler, who has copied all the musical examples and song settings; and finally a special acknowledgment to my assistant Rowena Rivera, who has been invaluable in the completion of this work.

I also wish to acknowledge with thanks, but without prejudice as regards material in the public domain, permission granted by institutions and individuals to reproduce song texts and melodies from their publications or collections. These include the University of California Press, Berkeley, for excerpts from articles that have appeared in *Western Folklore* ("Corridos in Southern California," Terrence L. Hansen, 1959; "The Music of Los Pastores," John D. Robb, 1957; "The Matachines Dance," John D. Robb, 1961), the Southwestern Museum in Los Angeles, for a number of recordings made in California in 1904 and 1905 by Charles F. Lummis; Vincent Acosta and Doris Seibold, for permission to record and use several songs recorded by them and deposited in the archives of folk music of the University of Arizona, and Frances Gillmor, of that university, for permission to make the recordings; the Consejo Superior de Investigaciones Científicas in Madrid, Spain, for permission to reproduce a number of song texts and melodies from the *Cancionero Popular de la Provincia de Madrid* (Matos 8a); the Instituto de Investigaciones Estéticas of the Universidad Autónoma de México, for permission to use song texts and melodies from Vicente T. Mendoza's unpublished manuscript, "Estudio y Clasificación de la Música Tradicional Hispánica en Nuevo México"; the Texas Folklore Society, for the use of several examples from their publications; and finally the following collectors for permission to use items from their collections: Alex Chávez, Rubén Cobos, Terrence Hansen, Peter Hurd, Ralph Steele Boggs, Vicente F. Gallegos, T. M. Pearce, and the late Arthur L. Campa.

I want to acknowledge with my hearty thanks the expert editorial work of Julie Harrison Blissert, who not only made the solutions of the editorial problems seem simple, but gave me the eerie feeling that E. B. White himself was clarifying and strengthening my prose.

A feeling of sadness comes over me as I write in these pages the names of my friends the singers, all of them illumined by their love of music and life. Many of them have gone to their rest. Others I have lost track of. Some few I am still in contact with. But to all of them I wish this book to be a memorial.

EXPLANATION OF FORMAT

Each example used in this work is designated by an alphanumeric symbol representing the section in which the example appears and the number of the example within that section. For instance, the section dealing with the *romance* is designated Section A. The first example in that section is A1. If there are one or more variants of the same example or closely related examples, they are designated A1a, A1b, and so on. There are instances where two or more songs having the same title or first line are entirely different songs; such songs are given different numbers.

A formal heading introduces each example and provides up to seven pieces of information about the song or melody, in this order: title, bibliographical source, name of the informant, age of the informant, place of the recording, year of recording or other date representing a minimum age of the song, and name of the collector. When one (or more) of these facts is unknown, as is frequently the case, that slot is simply omitted (rather than filled with "informant unknown," or "year unknown"). Further notes sometimes follow this heading, referring the reader to other similar or contrasting songs and melodies. Thus the first example is described in the following heading:

A1. *Canción del Fraile* (Song of the Friar)
R13, Francisco Chávez, age 43, and Juan Morales, age 40?, La Jara, N.Mex., 1944, Robb.
Cf. Matos 8a, Parte Musical, p. 80.

Translated, the heading reads: This is example number A1; its title is *Canción del Fraile*, or, in English, *Song of the Friar*; it is number 13 in the J. D. Robb Collection of Folk Music Recordings; it appears here as sung by Frank Chávez, forty-three years of age, and Juan Morales, about forty years of age. It was recorded at La Jara, New Mexico, in 1944 by J. D. Robb. Compare it with an example in Matos' *Cancionero Popular de la Provincia de Madrid*, Volume 1 (see Bibliography under Matos 8a), Musical Portion at page 80.

The bibliographical source is usually indicated in the heading by an abbreviation. I have referred to items of my own collection by using a capital R followed by the serial number of the item in my collection, as R137; or, in the case of series B of that collection, RB137. (To avoid confusion, there is no Section R in this volume.) Other sources are usually listed in the Bibliography or Discography and are ordinarily referred to in the heading by the abbreviated code name shown in parentheses at the end of each entry (Baca 1, Boyd 1c, Campa 2, and so on).

References in Section A to Matos 8a are confusing because the words and melody of the same song may be separately listed in Matos' book under Parte Musical and under Parte Literaria, with different item and page numbers. The two parts are at least to some extent cross-referenced by Matos, however.

The Mendoza manuscript (Mendoza 9d) consists similarly of a literary part—fifteen manila folders, with consecutively numbered pages, containing song texts and comments—and a musical part—five notebooks of melody transcriptions. In referring to the literary part, I have simply given the page number (for example, Mendoza 9d, p. 25). When citing the musical transcriptions, I have given the number of the notebook and the page (for example, Mendoza 9d, notebook 4, p. 2).

Cross referencing is indicated by the abbreviation of Cf. following immediately after the heading of the particular song text or melody, as shown above.

References to the author's volume of Field Trip Reports, consisting of notes made at the time of the recording and containing comments given by the informants, are abbreviated with the initials FTR and the date of the report (for example, FTR 6/7/49).

In the song texts, when a line terminates with a bracket and the word *Bis* (twice), it means that the line is repeated by the singer.

When a *coro* (chorus) or *refrán* (refrain) is repeated, the repetition is indicated by the word *Coro* or *Refrán* in the Spanish song text, and by the word *Chorus* or *Refrain* in the English version.

In most instances where no musical example appears with the song, the reason is that it was not recorded; that is, only the text was collected. Certain of the examples, however, are intended to be spoken, and have no music. These have been noted in the comments accompanying the songs.

HISPANIC FOLK MUSIC OF NEW MEXICO AND THE SOUTHWEST

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INTRODUCTION

Deep among the mountains and valleys of the American Southwest lie the villages of the descendants of the Spanish conquerors. Here, incredibly, still live a people whose family language is Spanish, who still dance the *matachines* dance on feast days, who perform the Christmas play *Los Pastores* (The Shepherds), and who give the Virgin Mary and the saints such pet names as La Tañita de Galisteo and San José del Cadillal. And here at social gatherings and on ceremonial occasions they sing and play music of the age-old Hispanic tradition.

A Japanese observer has written of the United States:

> In travel to New York I crossed quite a few states, but their towns, their shops, their people or other features looked so much alike that my friends' kind explanations about the places we were passing by or through were rather boring. Of course there were different states, yet they were trifling as compared with the uniformity which existed by their side. Taken as a whole, industrialized America seems to be losing its variety and its charm accordingly.

One potent answer to this somewhat superficial observation is found in the villages of the Southwest, particularly in their traditional music and customs. So rich is the variety of this music that a native of Tierra Azul, a tiny New Mexico settlement, could sing for me the famous Penitente chant *Por el Rastro de la Cruz* (O1) and then casually respond to a different version that I sang for him with the comment, "Oh, that's the Chimayó tune," correctly identifying a village some thirty miles away. In fact the second version was the tune that Juan Ortega, of Chimayó, had sung for me two years earlier (O1d).

Certainly these villages, unknown to the superficial observer of the United States, supply a great deal of the variety and charm that the Japanese visitor found to be lacking. Each village has its own patron saint, and most of them observe the saint's day with appropriate fiestas. Many of them have their own local customs and superstitions, such as a procession on the saint's day to the spring that supplies the water of the village, or fear of the powers of the local *bruja* (witch). All possess their own, often beautiful, natural setting. Some retain their own native crafts, such as the wood carving of *santos* (saints) by Jorge López of Córdova, New Mexico, and the weaving by the Ortega family in nearby Chimayó. There are villages—of which Abiquiu, New Mexico, is said to be one—settled by *genizaros*, Indians who adopted the Spanish traditions and mode of living. There are villages where the houses are of adobe, the most readily available building material, and others where the villagers have built houses of stone salvaged from the ruins of abandoned missions.

Everywhere there is music, and much of it is music composed by a villager telling of happenings in the village or glorifying local heroes. Poems, recited without music, also commemorate village heroes. One of these (B55) is the *corrido* of José Apodaca, the leader of the *matachines* dancers of the village of San Antonio in Bernalillo County, New Mexico.

The songs collected in a particular village may consist of any of the types discussed in this book or perhaps even of other types. However, the songs of each village usually include certain songs of strictly local origin, often about tragic events such as floods. Even when they are not of local inspiration or origin, songs often take on local characteristics, as in *Por el Rastro de la Cruz*, mentioned above. My collection contains more than 140 songs recorded by singers from one village alone—Tomé, New Mexico—and many of them deal with local persons and events. In Appendix B I have identified a number of songs associated with particular villages.

THE NATURE OF FOLK MUSIC

Many years ago I defined folk music as music that bears the characteristic imprint not of any single individual but rather of the thoughts and emotions of a people united

by such ties as language, religion, nationality, and residence (Robb 13, p.1). I see no reason to modify that definition, but I would like to discuss the characteristics of this music in greater detail. Of course each poem or tune was originally composed by an individual, although the composer's name is usually lost to us. It would be ridiculous to say that a folk song, accepted as such, ceased to be a folk song simply because someone subsequently discovered the name of the author.

Again a folk song is one that has been adopted by the folk culture. It is handed down by ear and not in written notation, although not infrequently the words are written down in notebooks. Occasionally some of the fleeting musical versions are frozen into notation by scholars, as in my own collection. But as a result of transmission by ear, true folk music is constantly changing and proliferating into many versions.

Many of the best folk songs are old. I cannot, however, accept the view held by some that a folk song must be a hundred years old to deserve that title. Some songs that I should call folk songs have undoubtedly lived, died, and been forgotten in the course of a hundred years. With age, however, the process of change has had time to operate, so that many people have contributed to the form of the song, and as a result it reflects the spirit of the people rather than merely that of an individual. Melody and rhythm are its principal elements. Folk music usually embodies traditional elements of the folklore of the people, or at any rate their attitudes toward life.

In *An Outline History of Music*, Karl Nef wrote:

> John Meier . . . sees the chief characteristic of the folk song to be the fact that the mass views it as its own, treats it freely by altering it, whether by additions, omissions or otherwise. When the mass at large in this manner assumes overlordship over a song, when a song has become "popular" in the sense of having become current among the people, then it has become a genuine folk song, no matter by whom it was created. In this way songs by master poets and by professional composers have also become actual folk songs. [Nef, p. 38]

Process of Change. There is no final or fixed form of a true folk song, for each time it is sung it assumes a slightly, or even greatly, varied form in a continuous evolution. It therefore grows like the branches of a tree with many twigs and leaves, each of which is in its own way unique. A true folk song must have the vitality to survive and be remembered. By a process akin to natural selection certain types tend to survive and others die out, like the *décima* in New Mexico. Whatever other changes take place, folk songs tend to revert to a cultural norm. In their evolution, difficult or arty elements are weeded out, and there is a trend toward a simplicity that marks some examples with a surprising perfection and beauty (for a fuller discussion of this process, see Robb 13, pp. 1–2).

One of the interesting experiences of the folk-song hunter is the encounter with variants of a song previously collected, for each variant throws light not only upon its geographical diffusion but also upon the process by which a song is transmuted from a personal creation by some author into the portrait of a people. As my experience in collecting has increased, I have adopted more and more the practice of asking my informants whether they know particular songs in the hope of adding to my stock of variants.

Nature of Performance. While the performance of folk music as a rule is crude, this very crudity gives it a raw power that is lacking in the performances of professional entertainers who sing what they call folk music. The sincerity of grief that is heard in a Penitente *alabado* more than makes up for the absence of trained voices. Likewise the gusto and vigor of the fiddlers makes up for their sometimes scratchy bowing.

Improvement and Degeneration. My colleague T. M. Pearce first called my attention to the fact that, because of a singer's faulty memory, misunderstanding of unfamiliar words, and similar reasons, the song texts sometimes degenerate into garbled and unintelligible versions. The same seems to be true of the literary form, the rhyming pattern, and so forth. However, a strange fact emerges: although the melodies constantly change, they tend rather to *improve* as the personal idiosyncrasies of the singer get rubbed off in the long course of aural transmission. Extraneous elements, like the occasional inclusion of clichés of contemporary popular music, are incongruous. There seems to be an intuitive faculty at work in the mu-

sicians, a feeling of what is appropriate to the style of the region or cultural tradition.

ORIGINS AND INFLUENCES

The Hispanic folk music of the American Southwest has many roots, not merely those found in Spain itself. The Spanish and Mexican roots are the tap roots. And yet the folk music of our Southwest is a living cultural entity different from any of its sources. It is a thing apart, having dropped off parts of its original dress and added elements from other sources.

An instance of such elimination is the simple melodies originally composed for mariachi bands in Mexico with alternating vocal solos and instrumental interludes, including flamboyant trumpet solos. These songs sometimes survive in the Southwest without any instrumental accompaniment and with none of the extroverted flamboyance, sometimes approaching brashness, of the Mexican original. Instead they tend to be characterized, like the *canción Palomita Que Vienes Herida* (C14), by a softness and tenderness remote from their origins.

Of course the colorful street calls still heard in Spain[1] and Mexico are no longer heard in the Southwest, for itinerant street venders have almost completely disappeared from the North American scene. On the other hand, one of the characteristic song types of the region, the *indita,* has come about by the addition of elements borrowed from American Indian music.

Although true folk music comes, through aural transmission and the inevitable modifications that result, to reflect the qualities of a people rather than an individual, it is clear that some individual starts the process. Some folk songs can be identified as having been at their inception popular songs, as in the case of *Susanita* (M1), which turns out to be an almost completely transformed version of the famous Stephen Foster song *Oh! Susannah.* In his celebrated treatise on *Hungarian Folk Music,* Béla Bartók states that practically every recent European peasant music arose under the influence of some kind of "national" or "popular" art music (Bartók, p. 1). But it is relatively rare that the melodies can be traced back to a specific origin, a fact that has prompted some to include anonymity as a part of the definition of folk music.

Spanish Folk Music. The following description of Spanish folk music by M. García Matos, one of Spain's leading collectors, illustrates the indebtedness of our southwestern music to that of Spain, for practically every word of the quotation could be taken as an accurate description of the traditional Hispanic music of New Mexico and the Southwest:

> The predominant literary form of Spanish folklore is the quartet of octosyllabic verses, the uneven verses giving the rhyme, a form which appeared toward the sixteenth century. Next came in order of its importance the one called seguidilla, which is also of four verses of which the first and third are heptasyllabic and the second and fourth are pentasyllabic. Born according to all the information we have from the fifteenth century, they at times form a tercet in which the odd verses furnish a new rhyme and are of five syllables, the others having seven. . . . Numerous songs . . . have their tone based on the classical diatonic modes . . . it would not be conjecturing to suppose that many of them must have been influenced by the Roman domination over Spanish culture. Nearly all the Greek modes or Greek-Roman modes are present in the melodies, the Doric and Phrygian and their respective Hypodoric and Hypophrygian flexions being those which appear most frequently . . . free rhythm and heterometry —changing measure—are as frequent as the rhythm of the single measure. All these characteristics including . . . frequently embellished notes of brief or rapid emission . . . are, as we now shall state, constant in the Spanish folklore in the majority of the regions. . . . We shall finish by saying that Spanish folklore is substantially monodic of one single voice, even when it is performed by a

[1] See Y3, the street call of a scissors grinder played on the pan pipes and recorded in Seville, Spain, in 1970. See also Y2, a very similar scissors grinder's street call played on the same instrument, which I recorded in Oaxaca, Mexico, in 1952.

Street calls were once a colorful adjunct of life in the United States. They were still a part of the daily experience in Minneapolis when I was growing up there between 1892 and 1911. The hand-organ man with his monkey, the scissors grinder, and others were frequent visitors.

In 1962, a year I spent in San Salvador, in the Republic of El Salvador in Central America, I found that the tradition was still very much alive and that the street calls of the shoemaker, the ventriloquist purveying entertainment, and others were well known to the householder.

choir or group. But in the northern regions, it is usually sung by a duo by thirds which in a sporadic way is found in other zones. [Matos 8d, Introduction]

Indian Influence. Since the Spanish settlers came into a country already occupied by North American Indians, it is only natural that the music of the newcomers should be influenced by that of their Indian neighbors. The most conspicuous result was the emergence of a type of song known as the *indita* (see Section F). There were marriages between Spaniards and Indians and in these interracial families some persons grew up under the influence of the two cultures that were blended in them.

Reciprocal Influences. Underlying the various types of Hispanic folk music in the Southwest is a vast network of customs, crossing back and forth over racial, religious, national, and temporal boundaries, some of which tend to appear, fade, and reappear in the village life of the area. The dying out of such observances as the *matachines* dances and their revival from time to time is a case in point. It is known that these dances are of ancient origin; that they have taken on the coloration of Indian adaptations, as well as the more traditional Hispanic traits; that they die out and reappear; that sometimes, as at Tortugas, New Mexico, they appear with purely Indian dances, as well as with different versions of the *matachines* itself; and that at other times, as at Jémez, New Mexico, they appear in two distinct versions—a Spanish version with fiddle and guitar imported from a nearby Spanish village and an Indian version with Indian music, chorus, drums, and costuming, which nevertheless follows generally the plot, the dance evolutions, and other aspects of the traditional *matachines* dance (see Section W).

Internal Evidence of Age or Origin. Not infrequently in the song texts themselves there are clues to the age of a song. The most conspicuous forms of which this is true are the *corrido* and the related form of the *indita.* It is customary for both forms to set forth in the very first stanza the year, and often the month and the exact day, of the happenings described in the song. For instance, in the *Corrido de la Muerte de Antonio Maestas* (I17) the first verse gives the date as July 5, 1889. This date is accurately repeated in all the variants with one exception, in which the singer transposed the last two numbers so that the year appears as 1898. When I asked one informant why a song had been written and circulated so widely about the death of this young man, a cowboy, he replied that the man came from a very fine family and the song was "very accurate." One of my informants told me that this song was composed for the family of the dead man by Higinio V. Gonzales, a well-known *poeta* of the era. (For more about Gonzales, see Robb 13c.) Another song, *El Tecolote* (The Owl, I10–10g), has an owl taking exercises "with the troops of Santa Anna," who was, of course, the commanding general of the Mexican troops in the war of 1846–48. In its humorous tone, its animal subject, and its reference to the bad habit of drinking, it reminds one of the Mexican soldiers' song of 1917, *La Cucaracha* (The Cockroach), the bad habit there being the smoking of marijuana.

Among the internal evidence of antiquity may be included the use of modal scales, *musica ficta* (Robb 13, pp. 6–8), and use of obsolete words (for example, *reses* instead of *vacas* in the *corrido* about Antonio Maestas mentioned above). Songs containing references to kings or nobility or sword play usually turn out to be *romances* of an early date; references to automobiles and telephones suggest the twentieth century; wagon trains, the nineteenth. In many cases the dates set forth in the songs confirm such conjectures.

There is some evidence that the Easter religious observances in New Mexico villages and the southwestern Christmas play *Los Pastores,* along with their accompanying music, are derived from the European mystery plays, which persisted in the Old World to the sixteenth century. One of these religious plays, *Adam and Eve,* was enacted in Mexico City in 1532, before the final decline of the plays in Europe (Campa 2c).

Historical Evidence. Hypotheses about the origin of songs of more recent provenance can sometimes be verified or rejected in the light of the known facts of history. In certain cases, as for instance in the popular melodies taken over by the folk musicians, written records give evidence of the dates

of origin of the style (waltz, polka, and so on) or even of the particular melody.

Original poems in Spanish were in years past published in various Spanish language newspapers (a practice that is being revived in certain student newspapers in universities of the Southwest, such as the *Candle* of New Mexico Highlands University in Las Vegas, New Mexico). Some of these poems were the texts of songs that have become folk songs by reason of their nature, popularity, and long usage. The minimum age of certain folk songs can be established by reference to old files of these newspapers. Among them are *La Voz del Pueblo* and *El Independiente* of Las Vegas, New Mexico, editions of which dating as far back as 1894 still exist. Another, *El Nuevo Mexicano,* of Santa Fe, New Mexico, also exists in editions dating as far back as 1892. A complete text of *Don Simón,* several versions of which are included in this volume, was published in *El Independiente* of Las Vegas, New Mexico, on November 2, 1895, establishing a minimum age of over eighty years and permitting comparison with examples recorded almost a half century later (L1–L1c). That it is in fact considerably older is suggested by Vicente T. Mendoza's comment to me that it was originally a part of a *zarzuela.*

Song texts may also be found in the handwritten notebooks of singers and poets. I have been permitted to make copies of several of these for the University of New Mexico Library. One of them is dated 1901. These notebooks reveal, for instance, that the *décima* was a very popular form around the turn of the century.

Geographical Considerations. A good many songs can be traced back to the geographical area in which they originated. The first European colonizers of the American Southwest were Spaniards who came from Mexico, and many folk songs that cannot be traced to Spain or to local origins came from Old Mexico, whose influence is very strong. When collecting songs, I often ask informants if they know a specific song that I already have in other versions. On one trip to Mexico such questions provided in quick succession three songs (R1265, R1266, R1267) that I had previously collected in the Southwest (C14, R19, C48). While it is of course possible that these songs actually originated in the United States, it is more logical to theorize that they came from or by way of Old Mexico. First, the flow of civilization until about 1825 was from south to north. Second, the Mexican versions are more nearly complete and more developed, whereas the songs collected in New Mexico are simpler and thus presumably further removed from the original source.

It is possible that these songs could be traced to their actual authors through *cancioneros* published in Mexico or the works of Mexican scholars. In fact one of the three songs mentioned above, *El Muchacho Alegre* (C48), appears in Vicente Mendoza's *Lírica Narrativa de México—El Corrido* in a version collected in the Mexican state of Michoacán in 1939 (Mendoza 9e, p. 289). Both melody and text are identifiable as being from a common source with that of my examples, though with substantial variations. In the same book Mendoza includes as *corridos* of Mexican origin a number of the songs mentioned in this book as part of the Hispanic heritage of the Southwest.

In my early years of collecting I was assured by various persons that there was no real Hispanic folk music of American origin and that it all came from Spain or Mexico. Incredulous, I determined to find out for myself whether that could be true. It was, therefore, with a sense of elation that I was able after considerable research to identify the *Corrido de la Muerte de Antonio Maestas* (I17) as the first *corrido* I had collected that was of undeniable New Mexican origin (see Robb 13a). Since then a good number of these songs of American origin have been identified (see Appendix B).

My New Mexico informants learned many songs in other states where they had gone to herd sheep or work on the railroads or in the mines. There are examples from Arizona (R1189), California (R460), Colorado (R208), Idaho (C75), Texas (R2412), Utah (R268), and Wyoming (B47). A number of *romances* and other folk songs have been identified by Espinosa, Campa, Mendoza, Cobos, and others as foreign in origin, although circulating in the Southwest. Examples are *Delgadina* (A2) from Spain, *Canción del Fraile* (A1) from France, *Adiós Muchachos* (C66) from Argentina, *Mi Gallo Tuerto* (R827) from Venezuela, and of course, a host of songs like *Heráclio Bernal* (B12) from Mex-

ico (for more on songs of Spanish origin, see Campa 2, chapters 2 and 4).

Kansas appears in some songs because Spanish-speaking vaqueros sometimes went along with the trail herds from Texas or New Mexico to the rail head, which at the time was in Kansas (see *Los Vaqueros de Kansas,* I18). The composers, however, were usually from the border states of the Southwest—California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Colorado.

Anglicisms in Southwestern Spanish. For better or worse, people of differing ethnic backgrounds living in proximity, especially in the intimacy of village life, are influenced by each other and react on one another in ways ranging from the extreme of hatred and murder to the opposite of love and marriage. One manifestation of this influence and interaction is the conscious or unconscious linguistic imitation of each by the other. Whether the imitation is based on mutual or one-sided admiration or is merely the unconscious result of being subjected to the repetition of the same stimulus or impression depends on the particular case.

I have discussed elsewhere how southwestern spoken and written English is permeated with Spanish words—lariat, rodeo, corral, chaps, remuda, arroyo, hombre, coyote, chili, and gringo (see, under Discography, Robb 13t). These are accepted as perfectly natural additions to the English vocabulary.

However, the reverse process by which English words are incorporated into southwestern Spanish is regarded with something akin to horror by scholars, perhaps because such words usually undergo a "sea change" in the process, such as bizarre spelling or the addition of Spanish suffixes which tend to give them a ludicrous appearance. I refer to such words as *Crismes* (Christmas), *junque* (junk), *trucke* (truck, used instead of *camión), baybito* for little baby (see B26, verse 10), *drenaje* for drainage (B29, verse 7), *dipo* for depot (B47a, verse 2), *juisque* for whiskey (D7, verse 5), and many others.

Acclimatization of the Melodies. While lyrics can be traced, it seems impossible to be precise about the origins of most of the melodies. With the exception of compositions by known composers like Vicente Saucedo, Luis Martínez, and Eduardo Gallegos, all of whom have composed songs that have been widely sung by folk musicians, most of the melodies are anonymous. Some are borrowed from other songs and sung with new words. A clear example of such borrowing is *El Crucifijo,* in which the singer simply borrowed from the Anglo-American culture the traditional tune *Auld Lang Syne.* The study of variants reveals, however, that the constant process of change tends to create a new regional type of melody irrespective of the actual origin. Throughout my field trip reports are comments by old men and women that they learned this or that song when they were very young from a friend or relative; this information often pushes the date far enough back for the aural tradition to have brought about very radical changes toward the regional style.

When a folk musician sings or plays a melody that originated in another culture, he always changes it in one subtle way or another. In fact he cannot help doing so. Of the countless examples of this practice let me refer to just a few from my own collection: a fiddle tune (R212) that turns out to be a strangely familiar and yet strangely altered version of the Civil War tune *The Girl I Left Behind Me;* an Indian melody sung with Spanish words by David Frescas, who is of half-Indian and half-Spanish-American blood (F22); the song *Adiós a Guaymas* (C69), an almost unrecognizable version of *Home, Sweet Home;* and *Canción del Fraile* (A1), an adopted version of the French folk song *Marlborough Went Forth to War.*

I have gone about the task of searching for melodic origins and age in various ways. It has been my routine practice to ask the singer when and where he learned the song. Sometimes the answers are indefinite, but they usually furnish evidence at least of the minimum age of the melody. The characteristics of the melody itself add their quota of evidence and often are easily identifiable as belonging to a certain class, such as the *alabado* or the *corrido.* Long experience enables students of folk music to memorize hundreds of the more important melodies and the style of others, such as the *matachines* dances, and thus to piece together the story of their origins and use.

The New Mexico *alabados* and *matachines* dance tunes are special cases. The former, according to Juan B. Rael, are of Spanish, Mexican, and local origin (Rael, pp. 18–19).

However, they have circulated by ear long enough to have become a New Mexico type distinct from any other that I have encountered elsewhere in the world. This is true also of the *matachines* dance tunes. There is evidence of foreign origin for two of the dances of the so-called Aztecas of Tortugas, New Mexico—*La Cruz* (W101) and *Los Enanos* (W107). According to my informant, Leonardo ("Lalo") Pacheco, his own father brought *La Cruz* from Zacatecas in Old Mexico, while *Los Nanos* (The Dwarfs) is from Xochimilco, Mexico, where, he said, "there is a tribe of dwarfs." The *matachines* dances of New Mexico seem to have evolved into a regional type different from the Aztecas dances, featuring fiddle and guitar (rather than fiddle and drum) or even fiddle alone. The dances of the Aztecas resemble more closely the dances of the Indios of Saltillo, Mexico (R1242–1251) in the use of the instrumental combination of fiddle and drum (on the origin of the *matachines* dance, see Robb 13e).

For all practical purposes I think that we may assume that all the *alabados* and *matachines* dances of New Mexico owe more to the process of evolution that has taken place there over a long period of time than to any foreign influence, although the latter are similar in style to some of the dances of Old Mexico. I would suppose that the same is probably true of most of the old songs having to do with weddings, wakes, or *velorios*, and other ritualistic events.

The voluminous anthologies of Vicente T. Mendoza and other publications contain so many variants of song texts and melodies (many of which are sung in the border states as well as in Mexico) that to trace and compare these connections or even to cross-reference them all is beyond the scope of the present work. It would, itself, be a fascinating subject for research. It seems clear that it would reveal a great many songs common to both regions and delineate more clearly the influence of Mexican music on our own.

It would be foolhardy for me to claim to have done more than scratch the surface of the subject of origins. The paucity of written evidence often compels one to rely on internal evidence found in the song texts themselves, on hunches derived from the peculiar inflection or sound of a melody, or on comments, often unreliable, from the musicians themselves. An example of internal evidence is the second and third verses of the *alabanza Milagros de San Antonio* (P12), which raise a suspicion that this may be a fragment of a *romance* from Portugal. But for most of the examples we have no proof of origin, which makes it all the more interesting when evidence or even hints of a song's origin do turn up.

FORMS

The basic form of most of the song texts is strophic; that is, they consist of a series of stanzas or verses sung to the same tune. The most common form of each verse is the *copla*, a stanza or verse of four octosyllabic lines with the second and fourth rhyming. Other forms, such as the *décima*, are exceptional although formerly of frequent occurrence. An *estribillo*, or refrain, interpolated between verses is not uncommon. Other forms are the *seguidilla*, characterized by alternate lines of five and seven syllables (see Matos' description of the *seguidilla* quoted on p. 5), and the verse of eight lines, or double *copla*. Generic names such as *alabado* are commonly used in New Mexico to refer to a large range of religious songs. In the interest of clearer understanding I use it to refer to unmetered songs characterized by a florid style of singing reminiscent of plainsong and relating to the passion of Christ (other types of religious songs are classified and described in Part II).

The relatively few basic forms permit of a number of variants, such as the repetition of the last line or the last two lines of a *copla* (see *Rubén Leyva*, B18), the beginning or termination of each verse with the same line, the beginning or ending of each line with the same word (see *A Que No Me Lleva el Río*, E18, and *A Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, V8), the employment of lines of different numbers of syllables from those mentioned above, and the substitution of assonance (the coincidence of vowel sounds) for complete rhyme. (For a clarifying explanation of the verse forms of the *romance*, *décima*, *glosa* [*décima glosada*], and *seguidilla*, and of the schemes of rhyming and assonance such as the *espinela*, see "Poetic Forms Used in Los Pastores," Stark 16, pp. 347–52.)

Hybrid Forms. The song texts frequently refuse to fit smoothly into the defined forms.

A song text, for example, might fall equally well into either of two classifications or else lie in a no man's land between them. There are explanations for this, one of which is that the singers are sometimes unfamiliar with the definitions. Another may be the inventiveness of the singers.

The *décima, La Severiana* (D4), for instance, could in some versions equally well be classified as a *relación* or as a *décima*, and the *Cuando de Pecos* (H1) as a mixture of *décima, cuando,* and *indita.* Another hybrid form is the *indita,* in which, as I have said, elements of Hispanic or Mexican folk music are blended with Indian elements. The examples of the *indita* in Section F illustrate this blending.

Formal Construction. A rather charming scheme is found in some songs in which the same words are employed in each verse or in each of a series of verses with the exception of certain critical words appropriate to the changing action of the song. A good example is *Delgadina* (A2). In addition to the interpolation of a refrain between the verses, this *romance* reveals the following structure:

A. Verses 1–5: Incestuous proposal of the king to his daughter Delgadina, its rejection, and his revenge, the imprisonment of Delgadina.
B. Verses 6–8: Delgadina's appeal to her sister.
   Verses 9–11: Delgadina's appeal to her brother.
   Verses 12–14: Delgadina's appeal to her mother.
   Verses 15–17: Delgadina's appeal to her father.
C. Verses 18–21: Delgadina's salvation by death and the damnation of the king.

The song is in three well-defined parts, as indicated. Each set of verses in part B repeats the identical framework of words with only those variations appropriate to the changing scenes. An element of unity is supplied by the recurrent theme of gold—the sister combing her golden hair, her brother playing with marbles of gold, her mother donning golden slippers, her father sitting on cushions of gold. All these elements of art indicate that this old *romance* has been handed down in a form not too far removed from the original, for many other versions of *Delgadina* have no such interesting form.

Another song with a similar structure is the *relación Leonor* (D6). I have given the words of the verses in this song with certain word spaces left blank. In each blank I have inserted a number in parentheses. Below the text following these numbers, respectively, I have listed the words supplied by the singer of this particular variant. Obviously a singer with a little imagination could expand the song indefinitely simply by thinking up new words to insert in the blanks.

En un (1) __________ muy la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-largo
se paseaba un (2) __________
(3) __________ las (4) __________
de mi querida Leonor.

In a very large __________
There passed by a __________
__________ the __________
Of my beloved Lenore.

The words inserted in the three verses are as follows:

(1) *llano* (plain), *bosque* (forest), *río* (river)
(2) *cantador* (singer), *cazador* (hunter), *pescador* (fisherman)
(3) *cantando* (singing), *buscando* (hunting for), *pescando* (fishing for)
(4) *mañani-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-tas* (morning songs), *venadi-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-tos* (little deer), *pescari-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-ti-tos* (little fish)

Another song with a similar formal plan is *Cuatro Palomitas Blancas* (C39).

It is interesting to observe the occurrence of similar patterns in the folk music of other cultures. A Negro spiritual from Florida (R1305) goes like this:

I got a ______ in dat land,
I got a ______ in dat land,
I got a ______ in dat land,
Where I'm gwine.

In each verse is inserted the name of father, mother, brother, and so forth, each being repeated three times. This is simplicity carried almost to the ultimate—almost but not quite, for there are touching Negro spirituals that not long ago were sung in my hearing by the choir of the Church of God in Christ in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in which the song texts consisted of the reiteration of just one phrase—"God is not dead," or "If nothing else works try Jesus."

Another type of formal construction is a *copla* in which the first two lines are repeated in reverse order. An example is *Rosita* (C85), the fourth verse of which is as follows:

> Cuando esa rosa te pones
> haces mi amor derribar;
> haces mi amor derribar
> cuando esa rosa te pones.
>
> When you wear that rose
> You make my love pour out;
> You make my love pour out
> When you wear that rose.

Another song with this pattern is *El Sombrerito* (C71).

Variety of Forms. It may be a surprise to some that there are so many different forms of Hispanic folk songs current in the Southwest and so many different types within a particular form. The *décima* with its many subcategories is a good example of such types within a form. We are, in fact, in the presence of the continuation of an ancient tradition, which over the centuries has evolved and handed down these forms. It has become second nature for the composers of new songs to write their song texts and melodies within the traditional forms. The departure from tradition would probably be considered by the folk as a bizarre intrusion of a sort of personality cult.

Differing forms may, however, emerge from a common source when their preexisting differences have finally been recognized and defined, as in the *alabado* and *alabanza* (see Sections O and P). The only new forms that have emerged are, in reality, not intrusions but mergers of existing traditional forms. The *indita* is a perfectly natural marriage of two cultures, the Indians' culture and that of the Spanish invaders. The *alabado* appears to have evolved from the plainsong tradition, cut loose from its moorings as a learned art.

So the feeling of the folk, it seems to me, has without any formulation created an invisible pressure upon the troubadours to hand on the traditional forms and not to go off on individualistic excursions. The originality is thus limited to the contents of the song texts and to new arrangements of melodies within a predetermined style. This is still a very large field of action.

Responsorial Singing. Responsorial singing —that is, singing in which the verses are sung by a leader and the chorus or refrain or even alternate verses are sung in response by a group—is a part of folk tradition in the Southwest. It is observable in *Las Posadas* (The Lodgings), a sort of prelude to the Christmas play *Los Pastores,* and also in Easter services of the Penitentes during Holy Week. The responses of the group or congregation are made impressive by their reiteration, after each verse sung by the leader, of such simple but powerful messages as this, from one of the Penitente ceremonies: "Danos Señor una buena muerte" (Give us, O Lord, a good death). Responsorial singing, as well as responsorial speaking or reading, has of course for centuries been part of the Christian ritual, as well as a practice of primitive and folk musicians in many parts of the world. In the Southwest it possesses its own characteristic flavor whose quality must be experienced to be felt.

Overriding of Time Value, Accent, and Elision. In singing, the time values, normal accents, or elisions employed in spoken Spanish are often ignored or overridden in favor of the accentuation required by the music. What Curt Sachs says of poets seems to apply as well to the singers of the folk songs with which we are dealing:

> Poets disfigure and level the logical accents obligatory to making ourselves understood in talk between man and man; they replace the free, expressive rhythm of spoken phrases by stereotype patterns of long and short or strong and light; they supplant the natural flow of speech by artificial arrangements of words that often wrong the rules of grammar and syntax; they even replace common by uncommon words that none would use in ordinary speech. Art denaturalizes nature in order to raise it to a higher, or at least a different, plane. [Sachs, p. 31]

For one example of the abnormal prolongation of the time value of a single syllable, see the first syllable of the *alabado Por el Rastro de la Cruz* (O1), where the time value of the syllable *por* is enlarged to accommodate the several notes of the melisma to which it is sung.

For an illustration of an ignored or overridden accent, see the word "Jesús" in the fourth verse of *Bendito Sea Dios* (S2). The spoken accent on the second syllable is over-

ridden in the version as sung by an accent on the first syllable of the word. Another instance is found in the second verse of *Salgan, Salgan, Salgan* (T4) in which the second line is written "Católicos pechos" but is sung with the accent on the first syllable, not the second, of the word "Católicos."

When two words occur in succession, the first ending in a vowel and the second beginning with a vowel, the two vowels are counted and sung as one syllable. This is the form of elision most often encountered. An example of an overridden elision is found in the sixth verse of *O Jesús, O Buen Pastor* (S1). There the words "Yo en" in the first line are sung to separate notes and the elision is ignored. The late Myron Schaeffer, an exceptionally acute observer, devotes two paragraphs to the demonstration of this practice in the Panamanian *mejorana*, a first cousin of our southwestern *décima* (Schaeffer 14, p. 30).

The Copla. This is a four-line verse, the first two lines of which are frequently, if not normally, separated from the others by a semicolon; each of the divisions, consisting of two lines when the *copla* is in its pure form, expresses a complete thought. The simplicity of this form makes it particularly popular with the composer who wishes to improvise verses. The *copla* is, perhaps, the most pervasive of all the forms of Hispanic folk music that circulate in the Southwest, and yet, paradoxically, it is employed in so many other different types of songs that it seemed better for the purposes of this publication to avoid grouping all the *coplas* in a separate category.

Mendoza has written very interestingly about the dissemination of the *copla* in the Southwest, particularly in New Mexico (Mendoza 9d, Parte Literaria, pp. 216–347). He has observed that in this state there are *coplas* of a pure Spanish type and *coplas* of a type influenced from the south, meaning, I assume, particularly Mexico. Among the *coplas* which he includes in the category of those in the authentic Spanish style are certain examples of the *Entrega de Novios*, certain improvised verses (*Coplas de Circunstancias*, N7), and the *Vals Chiqueado* (N1). And among those which he describes as showing southern influence are the songs *Sierra Nevada* (B46), *Cuatro Palomitas Blancas* (C39), *Don Simón* (L1), *Palomita Que Vienes Herida* (C14), *El Muchacho Alegre* (C48), and *El Celoso* (D37).

Intermixture of Song Texts. One of the surprises experienced by one who takes the trouble to read and compare the song texts is the unexpected reappearance of phrases or of whole verses already encountered in apparently unrelated songs. For example, the first verse of *La Playa Arenosa* (The Sandy Beach, A14a) is almost identical with the second verse of *Caballerito* (Little Gentleman, A14). Such a coincidence may denote a relationship of form or origin between the songs or merely that the singer knew both songs and got them mixed up. In this particular instance the songs contain other similarities and appear to be variants of the same *romance.* Again, *El Juramento* (R1746) in the second and third stanzas contains some twelve lines virtually identical with the first and second stanzas of *Cuando Escuches Este Vals* (When You Hear This Waltz, C83). *El Juramento* appears to be a more nearly complete version of the same song. On the other hand, the sixth and seventh verses of *La Inundación* (The Flood, R1999) appear to be irrelevant additions borrowed from some other song.

SUBJECTS, THEMES, AND VALUES

Nature and country life, scenery, behavior of animals, murders, floods, trips on a passenger train, love, marriage, card games, learning English, the crowing of the rooster, woman compared in an uncomplimentary way to a hen and in the opposite sense to a lily, money, liquor, saloons, sin and crime, war, incest, yearning, the loneliness of the shepherd, the suffering of Christ, miracles, praise of the Virgin, the nativity, the Mexican peso, the woman of many lovers, the faithful wife, an epidemic of malaria, death of a cowboy, the Ten Commandments, the absent-minded man, the vagabond—these and other themes tumble over one another in rich profusion making a many-colored tapestry of southwestern life. Nothing is too mundane to attract the attention of the village composer. The song *Mi Carro Ford* (My Ford Car), for instance, gives details of the mechanical malfunctions of a Model T Ford (Robb 13).

The music itself has an earthiness and accessibility that gives it universality. This is felt by virtually everyone who has had occasion to assist me over the years and thus has become somewhat familiar with the music. Gilbert K. Chesterton, in a book of essays which I devoured as a young man, made the observation that the truly important things are, first, those that all men share in common—birth, death, love, even common everyday adventures—and, second, by way of variation, the personal idiosyncrasies that make each person different from every other.

Great books have been written about the people of the Southwest—*Death Comes for the Archbishop, Red Sky at Morning,* and, in my opinion, the most intimate and revealing and understanding of all, *The Life and Death of Little Jo,* by Robert Bright. Yet these are not quite like letting the people speak for themselves. Their lives, their jokes, their adventures, their sins, their religious devotion are enshrined in their folk songs. Usually the words—plain, everyday speech full of colloquialisms—are not remarkable for their literary value, but they speak about the things that are important to the human race.

Attachment to Place. The folk songs of the Southwest are the songs of a settled people who love their native valleys and hills. The names of familiar places seem to provide the principal excuse for some songs of a type very popular in Central America and Mexico and imported into the Southwest. Two examples in this tradition are the songs *Albuquerque* (C89) and *Santa Fe* (C88), which glorify the streets, the beautiful women, the monuments, the scenery, and the history of these two cities. They were composed by Vicente Saucedo, who moved to New Mexico many years ago from his native Mexico. Long lists of place names known only to the local people are a feature of the *relación* type of song.

Hardship and Vice. Many songs deal with inebriety and other unattractive aspects of life. The subject is usually dealt with in a factual rather than a moralizing tone, and this tendency is not limited to the subject of drinking and drunkenness. Though the sympathies of the folk are occasionally apparent in these songs (for instance, some songs express hostility toward the rich and glorify bandits), the folk seem as a rule to take life as it is without glossing over its sordid or even agonizing aspects. Consider for instance the songs that deal with executions, *Carlos Saiz* (B10) and *Toribio Huertas* (B11). Such realism widens and enriches the tapestry.

The realistic portrayal of life does not preclude a vision of something better. Many songs describe the hardships of life, and there exists a vast body of religious songs in which the expectation of joy appears to be concentrated in the hope of a better life after death. Certain songs express mild protest, such as *Don Simón* (L1), or more violent reactions against human failings, such as *Jesucristo de la Luz* (B27).

Importance of Parents and Family. There is abundant evidence in the song texts of the respect and love felt for parents, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, and other family members (see B26, C67, C75–C79). Southwestern folk music includes songs full of tenderness in which a son laments his separation from his beloved parents, grief-stricken songs memorializing the death of a child, and songs of orphans who have lost their parents.

Some of the songs, however, reveal not only this deep sense of family love but also an almost overpowering feeling of retribution for breach of duty within the family. The disobedient daughter is murdered at a dance, a recurrent theme (B17–B20a); the disobedient son dies after being cursed by his mother (B24); the disobedient son quarrels with and murders his parents and is swallowed up by the earth (B25); the incestuous father is tormented by devils (A2); the forbidden suitor is murdered (B30).

Wealth as a State of Mind. In southwestern folk songs one poor man's dreams may be centered on visions of wealth and power, whereas another, with relatively few worldly possessions, seems serene and contented. The former man's musings are represented by the song text *Una Bolsa sin Dinero* (Robb 13m). The latter point of view is expressed with invincible optimism in the song from Tomé, New Mexico, *Tengo, Tengo, Tengo* (C82), whose age I am unable to verify. I would hazard a guess that it is at least as old as the singer, Edwin Berry, fifty-four years. A wryly humorous attitude toward poverty is revealed

in the charming *décima Un Testamento* (A Will, E28).

Children's Songs. I have omitted from this volume children's dance and game songs because there already exists a charmingly illustrated publication, *The Spanish American Song and Game Book*, by the Works Progress Administration, which for New Mexico at least covers the subject adequately. Spanish publications contain large numbers of *canciones infantiles* (children's songs) known in Spain (Matos 8a, Parte Literaria, pp. 74–99). Some of them are known as well in the Southwest (see, for example, *La Pulga y el Piojo* [The Nit and the Louse], Matos 8a, Parte Musical, p. 79). A number of children's songs are in fact included in this volume under different headings—*La Zagala* (A4); *Delgadina* (A2); *La Recién Casada* (A7), also known as *Las Señas del Esposo; Mambrú* (A1), or *Canción del Fraile; Don Gato* (A16); *Los Diez Perritos* (D28). Some of these are classified by Matos as both *romances* and *canciones infantiles.* For instance, he treats *Delgadina* as a *canción infantil* (Matos 8a, Parte Literaria, p. 99) and as a *romance* (Matos 8a, Parte Literaria, p. 37).

Los Pastores *and Other Folk Plays.* Richard Stark in his *Music of the Spanish Folk Plays of New Mexico* has published, with my permission, several of the versions of the Christmas play *Los Pastores* from my collection (namely, the versions from Valverde, Socorro, Tomé, Los Griegos, Corrales, and Bernalillo, New Mexico). For this and other reasons it would seem reasonable to "incorporate by reference," to use a legal term, his excellent discussion of the folk plays and avoid going over the same terrain. This will leave one rather substantial hiatus: Stark does not furnish English translations of the texts. Many of these, however, have already been made (a number can be found in the archives of the J. D. Robb Collection in the Fine Arts Library of the University of New Mexico).

Furthermore, there is probably no aspect of the Hispanic folk tradition of the Southwest about which so much has been written. In addition to Stark, Stanley Robe, Juan B. Rael, John Englekirk, T. M. Pearce, and others have covered the subject in some detail. Only Stark has given much attention to the music of the play. I have discussed and harmonized a number of melodies of the play in *Hispanic Folk Songs of New Mexico* (Robb 13, pp. 13–14, 24–41) and published an article, "The Music of *Los Pastores,*" in *Western Folklore* (Robb 13d). In both places I included musical examples and directed my attention primarily to the music.

Los Pastores is not the only religious folk play known to have been performed in the Southwest. Nevertheless, it is the only one about whose music much is known, and that is largely because performances of *Los Pastores* have persisted into our own day, when sound recordings have become possible.

Arthur L. Campa in his *Spanish Religious Folktheatre in the Spanish Southwest* discussed two cycles of folk plays, dealing with subjects from the Old and New Testaments, respectively. My own collection contains some song texts from *Los Tres Reyes* (The Three Kings, R1478–85), *El Niño Perdido* (The Lost Child, RB100), and a fragment from *Herod and the Jews* (R2014). I have been able to record the melodies from only one of these, *Los Tres Reyes,* and, disappointingly, its texts were all sung to the same tune.

In some places only a few *letras* are sung during the course of a play. The text of the play itself may vary considerably and may even be drastically abbreviated. Some of the *letras* consist of only a verse or two, briefly interrupting the action of the play. These sometimes are repeated several times as a sort of refrain in response to intervening passages of spoken dialogue.

The musical material now available, with the exception of that relating to *El Niño Perdido,* does not promise results commensurate with the research necessary to uncover surviving melodies of the now apparently extinct or moribund plays. I gladly bequeath this task to younger men with more time to invest than I have.

Studies in Depth. Whereas this book is a panoramic study of a large number of forms and examples, various articles and even entire books have been devoted to the history and geographical dispersion of single songs or to the heroes of those songs. One of these books is *With a Pistol in His Hand,* by Américo Paredes, a study of the *corrido* of *Gregorio Cortés* (B49). A book relating to the hero of the *corrido Joaquín Murieta* (B35),

although not to the *corrido* itself, is *The Life and Adventures of Joaquín Murieta,* by John Rollin Ridge. Another is Pablo Neruda's *Fulgor y Muerte de Joaquín Murieta.*

A book-length study, *Santa Bárbara,* was published by the late Virginia Rodríguez Rivera in Mexico City in 1967. Aided like this book by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, *Santa Bárbara* traces a prayer, or *oración,* to Saint Barbara for protection against storms from its roots in Spain to its hundreds of ramifications throughout Latin America, the Caribbean region, and, significantly for our purposes, the border states Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California, as well as Colorado. She found fifteen versions from New Mexico. Although the author generally limited herself to the literary aspects of the prayer, she included two versions with music from Bahia, Brazil.

Two of my own articles devoted to discussion of individual songs are "The Origins of a New Mexico Folksong" and "A Pocket Without Money" (see Bibliography).

THE SINGERS

The Mexican authority on folk music Vicente T. Mendoza spoke interestingly about the men who sang for him during his sojourn in New Mexico (November, 1945, to June, 1946). He stated that the European troubadours and jongleurs passed on their tradition to the Spanish minstrels, some of whom went to America during the years following the Conquest. He added that the tradition has never been so strongly manifested in the New World as in New Mexico. In that state, he said, are real troubadours, besides the almost legendary Viejo Vilmas and his other rivals (see Section G). A number of these *trovadores* lived in Spanish communities like Bernalillo, Chimayó, Pecos, Taos, La Jara, Cuba, Las Vegas, Sabinal, and Albuquerque itself. He named the following as having the silhouette of the old *copleros* of Andalucía or Castile: Amador Abeyta, the late Próspero S. Baca, the late Juan M. Sandoval, Juan Morales, Francisco Chávez, the late Antonio Medina, and Napoleón Trujillo (all but one of whom sang for me and are represented in this volume). These men, to use Mendoza's words, gave rebirth to the ancient lyric heritage of the *copla.* He went on to say that examination of the melodies reveals ancient styles from the mountains of León, from the plains of La Mancha, from Extremadura, and also from Andalucía. He went so far as to remark that it is in fact New Mexico where the "traditional Hispanic culture maintains its lineaments most purely, and best conserved" (Mendoza 9d, p. 217, my translation).

The conclusion of this astute observer was that the *copla* in New Mexico is a magnificent example of transplantation of Hispanic culture into America, where it has flourished and spread its seeds and its roots through all the southwestern United States. One of the examples cited by Mendoza is the *Canción de Bodas* (Wedding Song), collected by Rubén Cobos in 1946 in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and sung by Louise Ulibarrí Nevárez, who at the time was fifty-five years old and, it seems, was feeling her age (Mendoza 9d, p. 222). Here is the opening verse:

Me dicen que te casas,
así lo dice la gente;
pues todo será en un tiempo:
tu casamiento y mi muerte.

They tell me that you are about to marry,
At least so it is said;
Well, everything in its own time:
Your wedding and my death.

As one by one the singers and musicians of a generation disappear, leaving behind them traces of the joys and desires, the cares and sorrows of their times, the uniqueness and irreplaceability of their art are gradually being realized and appreciated.

The charm of these songs and dances is addicting. Working with them is a pleasure, especially when they become so familiar that, out of hundreds, many songs can immediately be recognized, compared to similar ones, and placed in the appropriate category. Furthermore, virtually every melody or song text has some unusual features of rhythm, cadence, elision, mode, obsolescent or colloquial language, and the like that make it unique. Every example, if not beautiful, is at least interesting, and this explains my own long-sustained interest in this music.

Despite the size of this book, the examples included are the result of a rigorous process of selection, followed by an equally rigorous process of elimination prompted by the for-

midable costs of editing and printing and the sheer bulk of the work. For instance, only occasionally have I indulged in the luxury of publishing several examples of the same song for the purpose of side-by-side comparison. It can truly be said, and said regretfully, that only the tip of the iceberg is showing. Nevertheless, this book, pertaining to a relatively small segment of what was once the Spanish Empire in the New World, illustrates, more vividly perhaps than the historical accounts do, the ramifications of Spanish influence throughout the Western hemisphere during Spain's golden age, an influence that is still felt strongly in the American Southwest four hundred years later.

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F4a. *Indita de José Luis*
F5. *Indita de Jesús María Sánchez*
F6. *La Indita Funebre*
F7. *Indita de Manuel B. Otero*
F7a. *Indita de Manuel B. Otero*
F8. *El Indio Vitorio*
F9. *Indita de Manuelito*
F9a. *Indita de Manuelito*
F9b. *Indita de Manuelito*

F10. *Indita de Cochití*
F10a. *Indita de Cochití*
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F11. *Las Inditas del Parreal*
F12. *Una Indita en Su Chinampa*
F12a. *Una Indita en Su Chinaco*
F12b. *Una Indita en Su Chimaca*
F12c. *Una Indita en Su Chinante*
F12d. *Indita de Chechenaco*
F13. *Indita de San Luis*
F14. *La Indita Vagabunda*
F15. *La Indita de Arellana*
F16. *La Pablita*
F17. *Me Quemaron el Rancho*
F18. *Indita de Marino Leyba*
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F20. *Sandovalito*
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G. *TROVO*

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G1a. *Principio del Trovo del Viejo Vilmas, Gracia, Sinfuegos, y Tabera*
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G3. *Trovo del Viejo Vilmas y el Negrito*
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H2. *Cuando de 1905*

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I1a. *Indita de Ricardo*
I2. *Indita de Celestino Segura*
I3. *El Borreguero*
I4. *La Vida de los Borregueros*
I5. *La Vida del Campero*
I6. *Año de 1895, or Teófilo Vigil*

Soldier

I7. *Ya Se Llegó*
I8. *Soldado Razo*
I8a. *El Soldado Razo*
I9. *Soldado de Levita*
I10. *¿Tecolote, Dónde Vienes?*
I10a. *El Tecolote*
I10b. *El Tecolote*
I10c. *¿Tecolotito, Dónde Vienes?*
I10d. *El Tecolote*
I10e. *Tecolote de Aguardaña*
I10f. *Tecolote de Guadaña*
I10g. *Tecolote de Guadaña*
I11. *La Partida Militar*
I12. *La Partida Militar*
I13. *Recordarás Cada Noche*

Railroader

I14. *Yo Soy Rielera*
I14a. *La Rialera*
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Cowboy

I16. *Miguel Romancayo*
I17. *Corrido de la Muerte de Antonio Maestas*
I18. *Los Vaqueros de Kansas*
I19. *Cowboy Song*

Sailor

I20. *La Cubanita*
I20a. *La Cubanita*
I21. *La Lola y el Buque Maine*
I22. *La Embarcación*

Wagoner

I23. *Corrido de Wingate*

Coal Miner

I24. *El Buey*

Shoemaker

I25. *El Zapatero*
I26. *El Zapatero*

Farmer

I27. *Punta y Punta*
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I29. *Los Reenganchados a Kansas*

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Statehood

J1. *Hymn to the Statehood of New Mexico*
J2. *La Patria Idolatrada*

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J3. *A Los Soldados de Cuarenta y Dos*

Spanish-American War
J4. *Cuba en Guerra*
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George Washington
J5. *Natalicio de Washington*

Political
J6. *Corrido de Clyde Tingley*
J7. *Elfego Baca*
J8. *Corrido of the Big Five*
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K3. *Entrega de Novios*
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M. POPULAR SONGS

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N9. *Marcelina*
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N10. *Indita de Plácido Molina*

A. *Romance*

The *romance* was one of the earliest types of Hispanic folk songs to attract the attention of New Mexico folklorists, Aurelio M. Espinosa having published twenty-seven versions of ten traditional Spanish *romances* in an article entitled "Romancero Nuevo Mejicano" in the *Revue Hispanique* in 1915 with some of the melodies. In 1946 the late Arthur L. Campa published his *Spanish Folk Poetry in New Mexico,* in which he included ballads without music, classifying them as *romances.* The late Vicente T. Mendoza in his unpublished manuscript "Estudio y Clasificación de la Música Tradicional Español en Nuevo Mexico" includes a chapter on the *romance* (Mendoza 9d).

Briefly, the *romance* is a narrative ballad of Spanish origin, dealing generally with incidents in the lives of great or famous persons. It features a sixteen-syllable line that may be either rhymed or assonated. Occasionally, as in the *romance Delgadina* (A2–2j), there is an *estribillo,* or refrain. To make room for the English translations, I have divided the sixteen-syllable line into two lines of eight syllables each.

Of the forms included in this work, the song texts of the *romances* are the easiest to trace back to Spain, for the *cancioneros* published in that country contain many song texts of the same titles, subject matter, and even phraseology as some of those found in Mexico and the Southwest. For this reason I have included in this section a few song texts taken from Spanish *cancioneros.*

A1. *Canción del Fraile* (Song of the Friar)

R13, Francisco Chávez, age 43, and Juan Morales, age 40?, La Jara, N.Mex., 1944, Robb. See Appendix A.

1

Mambrú, señores míos,
pues ya se va a casar
con una dama hermosa
nacida en Portugal,
nacida en Portugal,
nacida en Portugal.

1

Mambrú was pledged to marry
A lady fair and tall.
The bride so young and lovely
Was born in Portugal,
Was born in Portugal,
Was born in Portugal.

2

Los condes y marqueses
En Dominus te ¡qué Sonceces!
Los condes y marqueses
lo van a apadrinar,
lo van a apadrinar,
lo van a apadrinar.

2

A lot of counts and nobles,
Oh Lord, was that a show!
A lot of counts and nobles
To honor the pair did go,
To honor the pair did go,
To honor the pair did go.

3

Los frailes manorrotas
En Dominus te ¡qué pelotas!
Los frailes manorrotas
rezándole van ya,
rezándole van ya,
rezándole van ya.

3

And there were many friars,
Good Lord, how fat they were!
And there were many friars
A-praying for him and her,
A-praying for him and her,
A-praying for him and her.

4
Al pie de un alto pino
En Dominus te ¡qué arrimo!
Al pie de un alto pino
lo van a apadrinar,
lo van a apadrinar,
lo van a apadrinar.

4
They gathered 'neath a pine tree,
Good Lord, 'twas a great affair!
They gathered 'neath a pine tree
With praise for the bridal pair,
With praise for the bridal pair,
With praise for the bridal pair.

5
Me subí a una alta torre
En Dominus te ¡qué le corre!
Me subí a una alta torre
por ver si lo veía venir,
por ver si lo veía venir,
por ver si lo veía venir.

5
I climbed a lofty tower,
Good Lord, a sight I see!
A man I saw come running
Across the distant lea,
Across the distant lea,
Across the distant lea.

6
Ya veo venir un paje
En Dominus te ¡qué salvaje!
Ya veo venir un paje,
—¿Qué noticias traerá?
—¿Qué noticias traerá?
—¿Qué noticias traerá?

6
It is a page that's coming,
Good Lord, a lad so rare!
It is a page that's coming,
What tidings do you bear?
What tidings do you bear?
What tidings do you bear?

7
La noticia que traigo—
En Dominus te ¡qué me caigo!
La noticia que traigo,
que Mambrú es muerto ya,
que Mambrú es muerto ya,
que Mambrú es muerto ya.

7
The news I bear will shock you—
Good Lord, it's as I said!
The news I bear will shock you,
Mambrú, Mambrú is dead,
Mambrú, Mambrú is dead,
Mambrú, Mambrú is dead.

MAM- BRÚ, SE- ÑO- RES MÍ- OS, PUES YA SE VA A CA-
SAR CON U- NA DA-MA HER-MO-SA NA- CI- DA EN POR-TU-
GAL, NA- CI- DA EN POR- TU- GAL, NA- CI- DA EN POR-TU-GAL.

This is a version of the *romance Mambrú,* discussed by Campa in his *Spanish Folk Poetry in New Mexico* (Campa 2, pp. 85–87). Other variants are included below (A1a–1c), one of these being a version current in Spain. Matos describes this *romance* as a *coro de niñas* (little girls' dance). (Hereafter when I refer to Matos, I will be referring collectively not only to Matos the collector but also to the two joint authors of the Matos *Cancionero* [Matos 8a], namely Marius Schneider and José Romeu Figueras.)

Because tracing the evolution of folk melodies is, as I have said, extremely difficult, it is exciting when one finds clues or evidences of such evolution. This example furnishes such a clue. Campa cites as one of the sources of the example the well-known

French folk song about the Duke of Marlborough, victor in 1704 at the bloody battle at Blenheim, Mambrú here being a corruption of Marlborough.

As a youth around 1900 I learned this melody, as well as a parody known as *They Fed the Pig in the Parlor,* with words set to the same tune. The melody of *Canción del Fraile* recorded in New Mexico in 1944 bears a striking resemblance to the melody of the parody as I learned it in Minneapolis in the early 1900's, and the refrain turns out to be melodically identical (see A18). Because both are apparently descendants of an eighteenth-century melody, the comparison indicates that at least some tunes have come down to us little changed over centuries.

Francisco Chávez, singer of *Canción del Fraile* (A1), in La Jara, New Mexico, 1944.

A1a. *Membruz Se Fué a la Guerra* (Membruz Went Away to War)
R1418, Edwin Berry, age 38, Tomé, N.Mex., 1956, Robb.

1	1
Membruz se fué a la guerra	Membruz went away to war
no sé cuando vendrá—	I don't know when he'll return—
si vendrá por la Pascua	Whether he will come back for Easter
o por la Navidad,	Or for Christmas,
o por la Navidad,	Or for Christmas,
o por la Navidad.	Or for Christmas.

2	2
Yo subí a la alta torre.	I climbed a high tower.
Miren, Dominus Ustedes, como corre.	Oh Lord, look how he runs.
Yo subí a la alta torre	I climbed a high tower
a ver si viene ya,	To see if he was coming,
a ver si viene ya,	To see if he was coming,
a ver si viene ya.	To see if he was coming.

3	3
Ya veo venir un paje.	Now I see a page coming.
Miren, Dominus Ustedes ¡qué salvaje!	Oh Lord, look what a savage!
Ya veo venir un paje,	Now I see a page coming,
¿qué noticia traerá,	What news might he bring?
qué noticia traerá,	What news might he bring?
qué noticia traerá?	What news might he bring?

4	4
La noticia que traigo—	The news that I bring—
miren, Dominus Ustedes ¡qué me caigo!	Oh Lord, look how I almost fall!—
La noticia que traigo	The news that I bring
Membruz es muerto ya,	Is that Membruz is now dead,
Membruz es muerto ya,	Is that Membruz is now dead,
Membruz es muerto ya.	Is that Membruz is now dead.

5

Debajo de un sabino—
miren, Dominus Ustedes, que me empino—
debajo de un sabino
lo van a sepultar,
lo van a sepultar,
lo van a sepultar.

5

Underneath a cedar—
Oh Lord, see how drunk I am—
Underneath a cedar
They will bury him,
They will bury him,
They will bury him.

6

Los padres melancota—
miren, Dominus Ustedes ¡qué pelota!
Los padres melancota
lo van a sepultar,
lo van a sepultar,
lo van a sepultar.

6

The melancholy fathers—
Oh Lord, see how roly-poly—
The melancholy fathers
They will bury him,
They will bury him,
They will bury him.

MEM-BRUZ SE FUÉ A LA GUE-RRA NO SE CUAN-DO VEN-
DRÁ—SI VEN-DRÁ POR LA PAS-CUA, O POR LA NA-VI-DAD, O
POR LA NA-VI- DAD, O POR LA NA-VI- DAD.

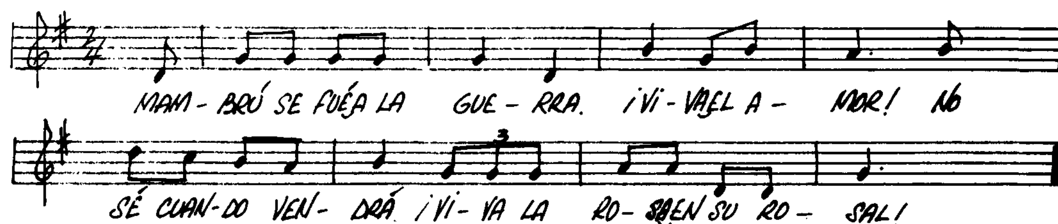
Membruz is a corruption of Mambrú, which is itself a corruption of Marlborough. Edwin Berry, who sang this well-preserved version of the *romance*, has taken an active part in preserving the traditional Spanish culture of his native village, Tomé, New Mexico.

Edwin Berry, singer of *Membruz Se Fué a la Guerra* (A1a), atop the Calvario at Tomé, New Mexico.

A1b. *Mambrú Se Fué a la Guerra*
Matos 8a (Parte Musical, no. 187, p. 80), Gargantilla, Spain, 1951, Matos.

Mambrú se fué a la guerra.
¡Viva el amor!
No sé cuando vendrá.
¡Viva la rosa en su rosal!

Mambrú went away to war.
Long live love!
I don't know when he will return.
Long live the rose in its rosebush!



A1c. *Mambrú*
Campa 2 (p. 86), annotated by A. Armendáriz, Mesilla, N.Mex., 1946, Campa.

1
Un niño nació en Francia,
do re mi.
Un niño nació en Francia,
muy bello y sin igual,
do re mi fa sol la,
muy bello y sin igual.

1
A boy was born in France,
Do re mi.
A boy was born in France,
Handsome and without an equal,
Do re mi fa sol la,
Handsome and without an equal.

2
Por falta de padrinos,
do re mi,
por falta de padrinos
Lauro se va a llamar,
do re mi fa sol la,
Lauro se va a llamar.

2
For lack of godparents,
Do re mi,
For lack of godparents
He was called Lauro,
Do re mi fa sol la,
He was called Lauro.

A2. *Delgadina*
R2, Próspero S. Baca, Bernalillo, N.Mex., 1944, Robb.

1
Delgadina se paseaba
en una sala cuadrada.
Refrán:
Que din, que don, que don, don, don.

Con una mantona de oro
que la sala relumbraba.
Refrán

1
Delgadina was walking
In the great hall.
Refrain:
Que din, que don, que don, don, don.

Wearing a mantle of gold,
Which made the room shine.
Refrain

2
Y le dice el rey su padre:
—¡Ay, qué linda Delgadina!
Refrán
¡Ay, qué linda Delgadina!
puede ser mi hermosa dama.
Refrán

2
And the king, her father, said to her:
"Ah, most beautiful Delgadina!
Refrain
Ah, most beautiful Delgadina!
You will be my lovely mistress."
Refrain

3
—No lo permita mi Dios,
ni la reina soberana.
Refrán
Ofensa para mi Dios,
agravio para mi nana.
Refrán

4
—Aprόntense aquí mis criados
de la sala y la cocina,
Refrán
aprόntense aquí mis criados,
encierren a Delgadina.—
Refrán

5
Si le dieren de comer,
la comida muy salada;
Refrán
si le dieren de beber,
la espuma de la retama.
Refrán

6
A los tres días de encerrada
se asomó en una ventana,
Refrán
en donde estaba su hermana
cabello de oro peinaba.
Refrán

7
—Hermanita, si es mi hermana,
socórrame un vaso de agua;
Refrán
que ya me abraso de sed
y a mi Dios le entriego el alma.
Refrán

8
—Delgadina, si es mi hermana,
yo no te puedo dar agua;
Refrán
si lo sabe el rey mi padre,
las dos somos castigadas.—
Refrán

9
A los tres días de asomada,
se asomó en otra ventana,
Refrán
en donde estaba su hermano
bolitas de oro jugaba.
Refrán

3
"May God not permit it,
Nor the sovereign queen.
Refrain
It is an offense to God,
And an affront to my mother."
Refrain

4
"Make haste my servants
Of the hall and the kitchen,
Refrain
Make haste my servants
And imprison Delgadina."
Refrain

5
If you give her food,
Give her salty fare.
Refrain
If you give her drink,
Give her foam of the broom weed.
Refrain

6
After three days of imprisonment,
She was seen at the window,
Refrain
Where her sister
Was combing her hair of gold.
Refrain

7
"Little sister, if you are my sister,
Bring me a glass of water;
Refrain
For I am burning with thirst
And I deliver my soul to God."
Refrain

8
"Delgadina, if you are my sister,
I cannot give you water.
Refrain
If it were known by the king my father,
We would both be punished."
Refrain

9
Three days after this appearance,
She was seen at another window,
Refrain
Where her brother
Was playing with marbles of gold.
Refrain

10
—Hermanito, si es mi hermano,
socórrame un vaso de agua;
Refrán
que ya me abraso de sed
y a mi Dios le entriego el alma.
Refrán

11
—Delgadina, si es mi hermana,
yo no te puedo dar agua;
Refrán
si lo sabe el rey mi padre,
los dos somos castigados.—
Refrán

12
A los tres días de asomada,
se asomó en otra ventana,
Refrán
en donde estaba su madre
chapines de oro calzaba.
Refrán

13
—Madrecita, si es mi madre,
socórrame un vaso de agua;
Refrán
que ya me abraso de sed
y a mi Dios le entriego el alma.
Refrán

14
—Delgadina, si eres mi hija,
yo no te puedo dar agua;
Refrán
si lo sabe el rey tu padre,
las dos somos castigadas.—
Refrán

15
A los tres días de asomada,
se asomó en otra ventana,
Refrán
donde estaba el rey su padre
cojines de oro sentaba.
Refrán

16
—Padrecito, si es mi padre,
socórrame un vaso de agua;
Refrán
que ya me abraso de sed
y a mi Dios le entriego el alma.
Refrán

10
"My brother, if you are my brother,
Bring me a glass of water;
Refrain
For I am burning with thirst
And I deliver my soul to God."
Refrain

11
"Delgadina, if you are my sister,
I cannot give you water.
Refrain
If it were known by the king my father,
We would both be punished."
Refrain

12
Three days after this appearance,
She was seen at another window,
Refrain
Where her mother
Was wearing golden slippers.
Refrain

13
"My mother, if you are my mother,
Bring me a glass of water;
Refrain
For I am burning with thirst
And I deliver my soul to God."
Refrain

14
"Delgadina, if you are my daughter,
I cannot give you water.
Refrain
If it were known by the king, your father,
We would both be punished."
Refrain

15
Three days after this appearance,
She was seen at another window,
Refrain
Where the king her father
Was sitting on golden cushions.
Refrain

16
"Oh, father, if you are my father,
Bring me a glass of water;
Refrain
For I am burning with thirst
And I deliver my soul to God."
Refrain

17
—Delgadina ¿no te acuerdas
lo que te dije en la mesa?
Refrán
—Padrecito, sí me acuerdo
y agacharé la cabeza.
Refrán

18
—Delgadina ¿no te acuerdas
lo que te dije en la sala?
Refrán
—Sí me acuerdo, padrecito,
y haré lo que usted mandaba.
Refrán

19
—Aprόntense aquí mis criados
de la sala y la cocina,
Refrán
aprόntense aquí mis criados,
tráiganle agua a Delgadina.—
Refrán

20
Unos en vasos dorados
y otros en vasos de China,
Refrán
Cuando vinieron con l'agua
Delgadina estaba muerta.
Refrán

21
Moral:
La cama de Delgadina
de ángeles rodiada estaba.
Refrán
La cama del rey su padre
de diablos atormentada.

17
"Delgadina, don't you remember
What I told you at the table?"
Refrain
"Yes, Father, I remember
And I will humbly bow my head."
Refrain

18
"Delgadina, don't you remember
What I told you in the great hall?"
Refrain
"Yes, Father, I remember,
And I will do as you have commanded."
Refrain

19
"Make haste, my servants,
Of the hall and the kitchen.
Refrain
Make haste, my servants,
Bring water to Delgadina."
Refrain

20
Some came with vessels of gold
And others with vessels of china,
Refrain
But when they came with the water,
Delgadina was dead.
Refrain

21
Moral:
The bed of Delgadina
Was surrounded by angels.
Refrain
The bed of the king her father
Was tormented by devils.

I have included a number of versions of the famous ballad *Delgadina* (A2a–2j), four of these being versions current in Spain. The refrain of A2 suggests the mournful tolling of bells. A2b is an interesting version because it comes from Santo Domingo, in the Caribbean, where the singer, Mrs. Boggs, was born.

Example A2e furnishes what seems to me to be rather persuasive evidence of the survival of medieval musical practices, which I discussed in *Hispanic Folk Songs of New Mexico* (Robb 13, pp. 6–8). The text deals with a climactic incident in the life of a king, a subject far removed from the preoccupations of the villagers of the American South-

west. It has the very narrow range of a perfect fifth, a narrow range being in the opinion of scholars presumptive evidence of considerable age (see Bartók, p. 10; Sachs, p. 32). Furthermore, example A2e is in one of the medieval modes. It also employs one of the typical melodic alterations of the medieval *musica ficta* in the raising by a half step of the last sixteenth note of the first measure.

Campa's discussion of this *romance* is quite detailed (Campa 2, pp. 30–33). The *romance Un Rey Moro*, published by Matos seems to be a variant of *Delgadina*, but there it is the king's son rather than the king who has the incestuous desire (Matos 8a, Parte Musical, pp. 43, 50, 51).

A2a. *Delgadina*

R148, Tomás Archuleta, Abiquiu, N.Mex., 1947, Robb. Cf. Schindler 14a (Parte Musical no. 805, Parte Literaria p. 60).

1
Delgadina, hija mía,
ponte tu túnica de seda
para que vayas a misa
a la ciudad de Morela,
para que vayas a misa
a la ciudad de Morela.

2
Delgadina, hija mía,
¿qué no quieres ser mi dama?
No lo permita el Señor,
ni la Virgen Soberana,
no lo permita el Señor,
ni la Virgen Soberana.

3
Vénganse los once criados,
encierren a Delgadina,
vénganse los once criados,
encierren a Delgadina,
remáchenle los candados
que no se oigan mandolinas.

4
Delgadina, si pide agua,
denle el agua salada,
y si pide de comer,
la comida enmezclada.

5
Delgadina, sin francés,
se fué para una ventana,
adonde estaba su hermana,
cabello de oro peinaba.

6
Hermancita, si es mi hermana,
socórrame un vaso de agua,
que ya me abrazo de sed,
a mi Dios le entrego el alma.

1
Delgadina, my daughter,
Put on your silk gown
To go to mass
In the city of Morela,
To go to mass
In the city of Morela.

2
Delgadina, my daughter,
Don't you want to be my lady?
May neither God, nor the
Sovereign Virgin permit it.
May neither God, nor the
Sovereign Virgin permit it.

3
Come, you eleven servants,
Lock up Delgadina,
Come, you eleven servants,
Lock up Delgadina,
Tighten the shackles, so one
Cannot hear them jingle.

4
Delgadina, if she asks for water,
Give her salty water,
And if she asks for food,
Give her some swill.

5
Delgadina, without permission,
Went to a window,
Where her sister was
Combing her golden hair.

6
Little sister, if you are my sister,
Help me with a glass of water,
Lest in the grip of thirst,
I give up my soul to God.

7
Delgadina, sin francés,
yo no te puedo dar agua,
porque si mi padre sabe,
las dos somos castigadas.

7
Delgadina, without permission,
I cannot give you water,
For if my father finds out,
We'll both be punished.

8
Delgadina, sin francés,
se fué para otra ventana,
adonde estaba su madre,
puros libros de oro hojeaba.

8
Delgadina, without permission,
Went to another window,
Where her mother was
Leafing through some golden books.

9
Madrecita, si es mi madre,
socórrame un vaso de agua,
que ya me abrazo de sed,
a mi Dios le entrego el alma.

9
Dear mother, if you are my mother,
Help me with a glass of water,
Lest in the grip of thirst,
I give up my soul to God.

10
Delgadina, si eres mi hija,
yo no te puedo dar agua,
porque si tu padre sabe,
las dos somos castigadas.

10
Delgadina, if you're my daughter,
I cannot give you water,
For if your father finds out,
We'll both be punished.

11
Delgadina, sin francés,
se fué para otra ventana,
Adonde estaba su hermano,
bolita de oro jugaba.

11
Delgadina, without permission,
Went to another window,
Where her brother was
Playing with a golden ball.

12
Hermanito, si es mi hermano,
socórrame un vaso de agua,
que ya me abrazo de sed
a mi Dios le entrego el alma.

12
Little brother, if you are my brother,
Help me with a glass of water,
Lest in the grip of thirst,
I give up my soul to God.

13
Delgadina, si eres mi hermana,
yo no te puedo dar agua,
porque si mi padre sabe,
los dos somos castigados.

13
Delgadina, if you're my sister,
I cannot give you water,
For if my father finds out,
We'll both be punished.

14
Delgadina, sin francés,
se fué para otra ventana,
adonde estaba su padre,
barajas de oro jugaba.

14
Delgadina, without permission,
Went to another window,
Where her father was
Playing with golden cards.

15
Padrecito, si es mi padre,
socórrame un vaso de agua,
que ya me abrazo de sed,
a mi Dios le entrego el alma.

15
Dear father, if you're my father,
Help me with a glass of water,
Lest in the grip of thirst,
I give up my soul to God.

16
Delgadina, hija mía,
yo no te puedo dar agua,
¿no recuerdas aquel día,
lo que te dije en la mesa?

16
Delgadina, my daughter,
I cannot give you water,
Don't you remember that day
What I told you at the table?

17
Papacito, sí, me acuerdo,
agacharé la cabeza.
Papacito, sí, me acuerdo,
agacharé la cabeza.

17
Dear father, yes, I remember,
I'll bow my head.
Dear father, yes, I remember,
I'll bow my head.

18
Delgadina ya murió
y se fué para los cielos
y el cornudo de su padre
a los profundos infiernos.

18
Delgadina has died
And gone to heaven
And her lustful father
Has gone to the depths of hell.

DEL-GA-DI-NA, HI-JA MÍ-A, PON-TE TU TÚ-NI-CA DE SE-DA PA-RA
QUE VA-YAS A MI-SA A LA CIU-DAD DE MO-DE-LA, PA-RA
QUE VA-YAS A MI-SA A LA CIU-DAD DE MO-DE-LA.

A2b. *Delgadina*
R1908, Edna Garrido de Boggs, recorded in Albuquerque, N.Mex., 1963, Robb.

1
Pues, señores, éste era un rey
que tenía tres hijitas.
La más chiquita y bonita
Delgadina se llamaba.

1
Well, gentlemen, there was a king
Who had three daughters.
The smallest and most beautiful
Was named Delgadina.

2
Cuando su madre iba a misa,
su padre la enamoraba,
y cuando ella no quería,
en un cuarto le encerraba.

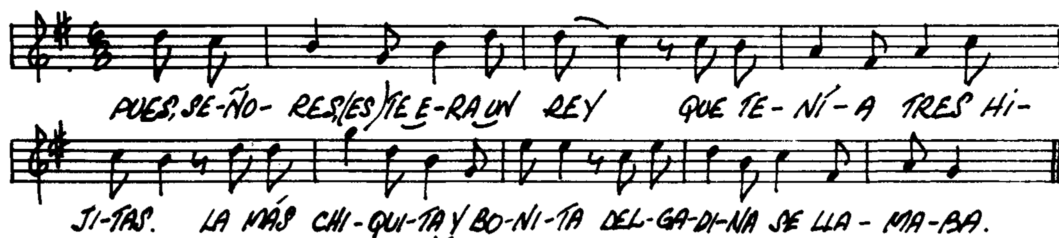
2
When her mother went to mass,
Her father tried to make love to her,
And when she refused,
He locked her up in a room.

3
A la semana siguiente
Delgadina, en la ventana,
alcanzó a ver a su hermana
en silla de oro sentada.

3
The following week
Delgadina, at the window,
Saw her sister
Sitting in a golden chair.

4
Hermana, por ser mi hermana,
me darás un vaso de agua,
que el alma la tengo seca
y la vida se me acaba.

4
Sister, since you're my sister,
You'll give me a glass of water,
For my soul is thirsty
And my life is ending.



A2c. *Delgadina*

Matos 8a (Parte Literaria, p. 37, Parte Musical, p. 54), Montejo de la Sierra, Spain, Matos.

1
Un rey tenía tres hijas
todas tres como la plata
y la más rechiquitita
Delgadina se llamaba.

1
A king had three daughters
All three of them like silver
And the most beautiful one
Was called Delgadina.

2
Un día estando a la mesa
su padre la remiraba.
—Mucho me mira usted, padre,
mucho me mira a la cara.

2
One day while at the table
Her father was looking at her.
"You are often looking at me, father,
You are often looking me in the eyes."

3
—Más te tengo que mirar
si has de ser mi enamorada.
—No lo quiera Dios del cielo
ni la Virgen soberana,
que el que usted sea mi padre
y yo sea su enamorada.

3
"I'll be looking all the more
Because you are going to be my mistress."
"The God of heaven does not wish,
Nor does the sovereign Virgin,
That, since you are my father,
I should become your mistress."

4
—Alto, alto, mis criados,
a Delgadina encerradla
en un cuarto muy oscuro
donde no se vea nada;
y si pide de comer,
dadle cocina salada;
y si pide de beber,
dadle agua de retama.—

4
"Up here, up here, my servants,
Lock up Delgadina
In a pitch black room
Where she can see nothing;
And if she asks to eat,
Give her salty food;
And if she asks to drink,
Give her juice of the broom."

5
Al cabo de siete años
el cuarto se hizo ventana.

5
At the end of seven years
A window was built in her room.

Delgadina con gran sed
se ha asomado a la ventana
donde estaban sus hermanos
tirando al juego de barras.

6

—Hermanos, porque lo sois,
alcanzadme un jarro de agua.
Que con el alma lo pido
que la vida se me acaba.

7

—Hermanita Delgadina,
de buena gana lo alcanzara;
si el rey padre lo supiera
la cabeza nos cortara.—

8

Delgadina se retira,
muy triste y desconsolada.
Delgadina con gran sed
se ha asomado en otra ventana
donde allí estaba su madre
en silla de oro.

9

—Madre, porque lo es usted,
alcánceme un jarro de agua.
Que con el alma lo pido
que la vida se me acaba.

10

—Quítate de ahí, Delgadina,
quítate de ahí, perra mala.
Siete años hace son hoy
que por ti estoy mal casada.

11

—Y otros tantos, madre mía,
hace que estoy yo encerrada.—
Delgadina se retira
muy triste y desconsolada.

12

Delgadina con gran sed
se ha asomado a otra ventana
donde allí estaba su padre
con los criados de caza.

13

—Padre, porque lo es usted,
alcánceme un jarro de agua.
Que con el alma la pido
que la vida se me acaba.

Delgadina, being very thirsty,
Was sitting by the window
Where her brothers were playing
The game of bars.

6

"Brothers, because that's what you are,
Bring me a jug of water.
With all my soul I beg,
For I am dying."

7

"Sister Delgadina,
I would gladly help you;
But if the king our father knew it
He would behead us."

8

Delgadina withdraws,
Very sad and disconsolate.
Delgadina, being very thirsty,
Seated herself at another window
Where her mother was
Sitting on a golden chair.

9

"Mother, because that's what you are,
Bring me a jug of water.
With all my soul I beg,
for I am dying."

10

"Get away from here, Delgadina,
Get away from here, you wicked bitch.
It's seven years today
That you wrecked my marriage."

11

"And it's much longer than that,
That I am imprisoned."
Delgadina withdraws,
Very sad and disconsolate.

12

Delgadina, being very thirsty,
Seated herself at another window
Where her father was
With his hunting servants.

13

"Father, for that is what you are,
Grant me a jug of water,
With all my soul I beg,
For I am dying."

14
—Sí que te lo alcanzaré
si has de ser mi enamorada.
—Padre mío, lo seré,
aunque sea de mala gana.

14
"Yes, I'll grant you that
If you agree to be my mistress."
"Father mine, I will do it,
Even though unwillingly."

15
—Alto, alto, mis criados,
a Delgadina dar agua.—

15
"Up here, up here, my servants,
Give water to Delgadina."

16
Cuando llegaba el primero,
Delgadina ya no hablaba;
Cuando llegaba el segundo,
Delgadina ya expiraba.

16
When the first one came,
Delgadina already was speechless;
When the second one came,
Delgadina already was dying.

17
Cuando llegaba el tercero,
Delgadina muerta estaba,
no por la sed que tenía,
ni por el hambre que pasaba,
que en la cabecera tiene
una fuente muy reclara.

17
When the third one came,
Delgadina was dead,
Not from the thirst which she felt,
Nor from the hunger she suffered,
But in her mind she had
Good reason.

18
La cama de Delgadina
de ángeles está rodeada;
en la cama de su hermano
una víbora enroscada;
en la cama de su madre
una serpiente alargada.
Los demonios a su padre
al infierno le llevaban.

18
The bed of Delgadina
Is surrounded by angels;
In the bed of her brother
There is a viper curled up;
In the bed of her mother
A serpent is stretched out.
The demons are carrying
Her father to the inferno.

UN REY TE- NÍ- A TRES HI- JAS TO-DAS TRES CO-MO LA PLA -TA Y LA
MÁS RE-CHI-QUI- TI -TA DEL-GA- DI- NA SE LLA-MA-BA.

A2d. *Delgadina*
RB534, Connie Domínguez, Arizona, 1947, V. Acosta.

1
Delgadina se paseaba
en su sala muy cuadrada
con su clavel en su pecho]
que la sala relumbraba.] *Bis*

1
Delgadina was passing by
In the main salon hall
With a pin at her breast
Which lighted up the hall.

2

—Delgadina, hija mía,
yo te quiero para dama.
—No lo permita mi Dios,
ni la reina soberana.
Es castigo de me Dios
un traición para mi mamá.

2

"Delgadina, my daughter,
I want you for my mistress."
"My God does not permit that,
Nor does the sovereign queen.
It is an affront to my God,
A betrayal of my mother."

3

—Vénganse todos mis criados
encierren a Delgadina.
Si les pide de comer,
den comida muy salada;
Si les pide de beber,
espuma de la retama.—

3

"Come, all my servants,
Imprison Delgadina.
If she asks for food,
Give her very salty food;
If she wants to drink,
Foam of the broom weed."

4

Cuando llegaron con agua
Delgadina estaba muerta.
La cama de Delgadina
de ángeles está cubierta;
La cama del rey su padre
de diablos atormentada.

4

When they came with water
Delgadina was dying.
The resting place of Delgadina
Is covered with angels;
The resting place of the king her father
Is tormented by devils.

DEL-GA-DÍ-NA SE PA-SE-A-BA EN SU SA-LA MUY CUA-DRA-DA CON SU
CLA-VEL EN SU PE-CHO QUE LA SA-LA RE-LUM-BRA-BA.

A2e. *Delgadina*
Matos 8a (Parte Musical, p. 59), Navalagamella, Spain, 1951, Matos.

Un rey tenía tres hijas,
todas tres como la plata.
De las tres la más pequeña
Delgadina se llamaba.

A king had three daughters,
All three like silver.
Of the three the youngest
Was called Delgadina.

UN REY TE-NÍ-A TRES HI-JAS, TO-DAS TRES CO-MO LA PLA-TA.
DE LAS TRES LA MÁS PE-QUE-ÑA DEL-GA-DÍ-NA SE LLA-MA-BA.

A2f. *Delgadina*
Matos 8a (Parte Musical, p. 53), Madrid, Spain, 1951, Matos.

1
Un rey tenía tres hijas
más hermosas que la plata,
y la más chiquirritita
Delgadina se llamaba.

1
A king had three daughters
Lovelier than silver,
And the loveliest of all
Was named Delgadina.

2
Un día estando a la mesa,
su padre la remiraba.
—¿Qué me miras, padre mío,
qué me mira usted a la cara?

2
One day while at the table,
Her father was gazing at her.
"Why are you looking at me, my father,
Why are you looking at me so intently?"

UN REY TE-NÍ-A TRES HI-JAS MÁS HER-MO-SAS QUE LA
PLA-TA, Y LA MÁS CHI-QUI-RRI-TI-TA DEL-GA-DI-NA SE LLA-MA-BA.

A2g. *Delgadina*
Matos 8a (Parte Musical, p. 47), Villavieja de Lozoya, Spain, 1951, Matos.

Un rey tenía tres hijas,
todas tres como la plata.
La más chica de las tres
Delgadina se llamaba.

A king had three daughters,
All three like silver.
The prettiest of the three
Was called Delgadina.

UN REY TE- NÍ- A TRES HI- JAS, TO - DAS TRES
CO-MO LA PLA-TA. LA MÁS CHI- CA DE LAS
TRES DEL- GA- DI - NA SE LLA- MA-BA.

A2h. *Delgadina*
R2b, Mrs. C. T. Brown, Socorro, N.Mex., Robb.

Delgadina se paseaba
en una sala cuadrada
con su mantona de oro
que la sala relumbraba.

Delgadina was strolling
In a large square hall
With her cloak of gold
Which lighted up the hall.

DEL-GA- DI- NA SE PA- SEA-BA EN U- NA SA-LA CUA-
DRA-DA CON SU MAN-TO-NA DE O- RO QUE LA
SA- LA RE- LUM- BRA- BA.

A2i. *Delgadina*
R537, Francisco S. Leyva, age 81, Leyva, N.Mex., 1951, Robb.

1
Delgadina se paseaba
en una sala cuadrada
con una túnica de oro
que hasta los pies le alcanzaba.

2
Y un día estando en la mesa
la solecitó su padre,
—Delgadina, Delgadina,
¿no pudieras ser mi dama?

3
—No lo permita mi Dios
ni la reina soberana.
No te alofes a mi Dios,
ni tal agravia a mi nana.

4
—Levántate, Delgadina,
ponte tu túnico blanco,
porque vamos ir a misa
al estado de Durango.—

5
Delgadina estaba hincada
rezando sus oraciones.

1
Delgadina was strolling
In a great square hall
With a golden tunic
That reached to her feet.

2
One day while they were at the table
Her father wooed her,
"Delgadina, Delgadina,
Won't you be my mistress?"

3
"God does not permit this
Nor does the sovereign queen.
Do not offend my God,
Nor thus aggravate my mother."

4
"Get up, Delgadina,
Put on your white tunic,
Because we are going to mass
In the state of Durango."

5
Delgadina was on her knees
Saying her prayers.

Su padre está en la puerta
con sus malas intenciones.

Her father was at the door
With his bad intentions.

6
Cuando se salieron de misa
su padre la preguntaba:
—Delgadina, Delgadina,
¿no pudieras ser mi dama?—

6
When they went out from mass
Her father asked her,
"Delgadina, Delgadina,
Won't you be my mistress?"

7
(Verso 3 se repite)

7
(Verse 3 repeated)

8
—Delgadina, Delgadina,
si no convienes conmigo
pronto te desengañarás
que te daré un buen castigo.

8
"Delgadina, Delgadina,
If you do not agree
You will soon realize
That you will be severely punished."

9
—Padrecito de mi vida,
eso no podré hacer
porque usted es mi papá
y mi mamá su mujer.

9
"Dearest father of my life,
That I will not do
Because you are my father
And my mother is your wife."

10
—Véngansen los once criados,
pongan presa a Delgadina,
remachen bien los candados
que no se oiga voz ladina.

10
"Come, my eleven servants,
Lock up Delgadina,
Check well the padlocks
So that her shrill cry cannot be heard."

11
—Padrecito de mi vida,
su castigo estoy sufriendo,
y aunque llene un vaso de agua
que de sed me estoy muriendo.—

11
"Dearest father of my life,
I am suffering your punishment,
And even with a glassful of water
I am still dying of thirst."

12
Cuando vinieron los criados
Delgadina estaba muerta
con sus bracitos cruzados,
su boquita bien abierta.

12
When the servants came
Delgadina was dead
With her arms crossed,
Her little mouth wide open.

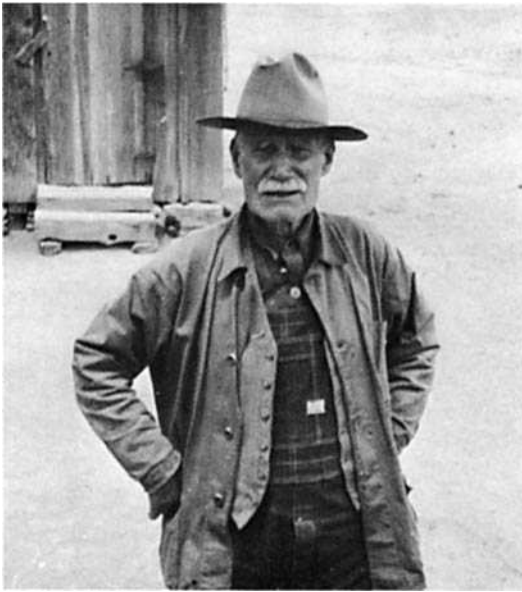
13
La cama de Delgadina
de ángeles está rodeada.
Y la cama de su padre
de llamas atravesada.

13
The bed of Delgadina
Is surrounded by angels.
And the bed of her father
Is enveloped in flames.

14
Delgadina allí murió
y fué derecho a los cielos
y el cornudo de su padre
derechito a los infiernos.

14
Delgadina died there
And went straight to heaven
And the cuckold, her father,
Directly to the inferno.

DEL-GA- DI-NA SE PA- SEA-BA EN U-
NA SA — LA CUA- DRA-DA CON U- NA TÚ- NI-CA
DE O-RO QUE HAS-TA LOS PIES LE AL-CAN- ZA-BA.



Francisco S. Leyva, singer of *Delgadina* (A2i), in front of his ranch house at Leyva, New Mexico, 1951. With Próspero S. Baca, Leyva was one of the two outstanding Spanish folk singers of his era in New Mexico.

A2j. *Delgadina*
RB633, Grace Murrieta, Patagonia, Arizona, 1949, Doris Seibold.

1
Delgadina se paseaba
por su sala muy cuadrada
con su mantocino de oro
que no más le relumbraba.

1
Delgadina was strolling
Through her large square hall
In her golden shawl
Which no longer lighted her way.

2
—Delgadina, hija mía,
quiero que seas mi dama.
—No lo permita el Señor
ni la Virgen Soberana.

2
"Delgadina, my daughter,
I want you to be my mistress."
"The Lord does not permit it
Nor does the sovereign Virgin."

3
—'Próntense todos mis criados.
Enciérrenle a Delgadina.

3
"Come here, all my servants.
Lock Delgadina up.

Ciérrenle todas las puertas,
también la de la cocina.—

4
Otro día su hermanito
otro día la fué a ver.
—Jesusito, hermano mío,
voy a perecer, merced.

5
—Delgadina, hermana mía,
yo no te puedo dar agua
porque no quisiste hacer
lo que mi papá mandaba.

6
—Mamacita de mi vida,
voy a perecer, merced.
Regálame un vaso de agua
que ya me muero de sed.

7
—Delgadina, hija mía,
yo no te puedo dar agua
porque desobedeciste
lo que tu papá mandaba.

8
—Papacito de mi vida,
voy a pedirte merced.
Regálame un vaso de agua
que ya me muero de sed.

9
—Júntense todos mis criados,
llévenle agua a Delgadina,
unos en copas de plata
y otros en tazas de China.—

10
Cuando le llevaron agua
Delgadina estaba muerta,
con sus ojitos cerrados
y con su boquita abierta.

11
La cama de Delgadina
de ángeles está rodeada.
Y el cuarto de su papá
de diablos está apretado.

12
Delgadina está en el cielo
dándole la cuenta al Creador.
Y el papá está en el infierno,
lo tiene el diablo mayor.

Lock all the doors,
Including the kitchen door."

4
The next day her brother
Came to see her.
"Jesusito, my brother,
I am going to perish. Have mercy."

5
"Delgadina, my sister,
I cannot give you water
Because you did not want to do
What my papa demanded."

6
"Dearest mother of my life,
I am going to perish. Have mercy.
Give me a glass of water
For I am dying of thirst."

7
"Delgadina, my daughter,
I cannot give you water
Because you refused to do
What your papa commanded."

8
"Dear father of my life,
I beg you—have mercy on me.
Bring me a glass of water
For I am dying of thirst."

9
"Come all my servants,
Bring water to Delgadina,
Some in vessels of silver
Others in cups of china."

10
When they arrived with the water
Delgadina was dead,
With her little eyes closed
And her little mouth open.

11
The bed of Delgadina
Is surrounded by angels.
The room of her father
Is besieged with devils.

12
Delgadina is in heaven
Accounting to her Creator.
And her father is in hell,
In the claws of the chief devil.

DEL - GA - DI - NA SE PA - SEA - BA POR SU

SA - LA MUY CUA - DRA - DA CON SU MAN - TO - CI - NO

DE O - RO QUE NO MÁS LE RE - LUM - BRA - BA.

A3. *La Zagala del Pastorcito* (The Maiden and the Shepherd)
R9, Próspero S. Baca, Bernalillo, N.Mex., 1945, Robb. Cf. RB731.

1
Una niña en un balcón
le dice a un pastor: —espera,
que te llama una zagala
que de tu amor desespera.

2
—No soy tan enamorado—
respondió el niño David.
—Mi ganado está en la sierra;
con él me voy a dormir.

3
—Oye, Pastor Amoroso,
lo que te habla una paloma.
Arrímate para acá,
no hayas miedo que te coma.

4
Mira que hermosos cabellos,
y llevarás que contar.
Cuando me siento a peinar,
el sol se enamora de ellos.

5
Mira que pie pulido
para un zapato bordado.
Mira, que estoy niña y tierna
y después a tu mandado.

6
Te pago tres pilas de oro
el hato y el almirez
tan sólo porque te quedes
esta noche y otras tres.

1
A girl in a balcony
Calls to a shepherd, "Wait,
For there calls to you a maiden
Who is desperately in love with you."

2
"I am not so in love,"
Replied the boy, David.
"My flock is on the mountain;
I am going to sleep with it."

3
"Listen, amorous shepherd,
To what a dove tells you.
Come here close to me,
Don't be afraid that I'll eat you.

4
"Look at my lovely hair,
And you will be able to count it.
When I sit down to comb it,
The sun falls in love with it.

5
"Look at what a nice foot I have
For an embroidered shoe.
Look, I am young and tender
And at your service.

6
"I'll pay you three piles of gold
A shepherd's outfit and a brass bowl
If only you'll stay here
Tonight and three nights more.

7
Te doy una pila de oro
y dos cañas de marfil
tan sólo porque te quedes
esta noche aquí a dormir.

7
"I'll give you a pile of gold
And two ivory canes
If only you'll stay
And sleep here tonight."

8
—Zagala, cuando me hablaste
tus palabras no entendí.
Perdóname, gran Señora,
si en algo ya os ofendí.

8
"Fair lady, when you spoke to me
I did not understand your words.
Pardon me, great lady,
If in any way I have offended you.

9
Cuando quise, no quisiste;
ahora que quieres, no quiero.
Llora tú, tu soledad
que yo la lloré primero.

9
"When I wanted you, you didn't want me;
Now that you want me, I don't want you.
Weep for your loneliness
For I wept for it first.

10
Haré de cuenta que tuve
una sortijita de oro.
En el mar se cayó.
Aquí la perdí del todo.

10
"I'll pretend that I had
A little ring of gold.
It fell into the sea.
Here I completely lost it."

U - NA NI-ÑA EN UN BAL - CÓN LE DI-CE A UN
PA - STOR:-ES- PE - RA QUE TE LLA-MA U-NA ZA-
GA - LA QUE DE TU A-MOR DES-ES - PE - RA.

This example was transcribed from my original recording by the late Vicente T. Mendoza when he was in residence at the University of New Mexico in 1946.

A4. *La Zagala* (The Maiden)

R37, Próspero S. Baca, age 67, Bernalillo, N.Mex., 1942, Robb. Cf. Schindler 14a (Parte Musical nos. 58, 595, Parte Literaria p. 111).

1
Orillas de una fuente de agua
una zagala vi,
y con el ruido del agua
me fuí acercando hacia ahí,
y me responde la joven:
—¡Ay de mí, ay de mí, ay de mí!—

1
At the edge of a fountain
I saw a maiden,
And with the murmur of the water
I silently approached her,
And she said to me:
"Alas, alas, alas!"

2
Me la encontré solita,
mi amor le declaré;
ella, todita turbada,
nada me respondió;
en donde dije yo entonces:
—¡Ya cayó, ya cayó, ya cayó!—

3
La llevé junto de un árbol,
varias flores corté,
se las eché en el seno,
su blanco talle estreché,
y me responde la joven:
—¡Ay, Jesús, que grosero es usted!—

4
Me la tomé del brazo,
me la llevé a un café.
En sus divinos labios
tres besitos le estampé,
y me responde la joven:
—¡Otros tres, otros tres, que sean seis!—

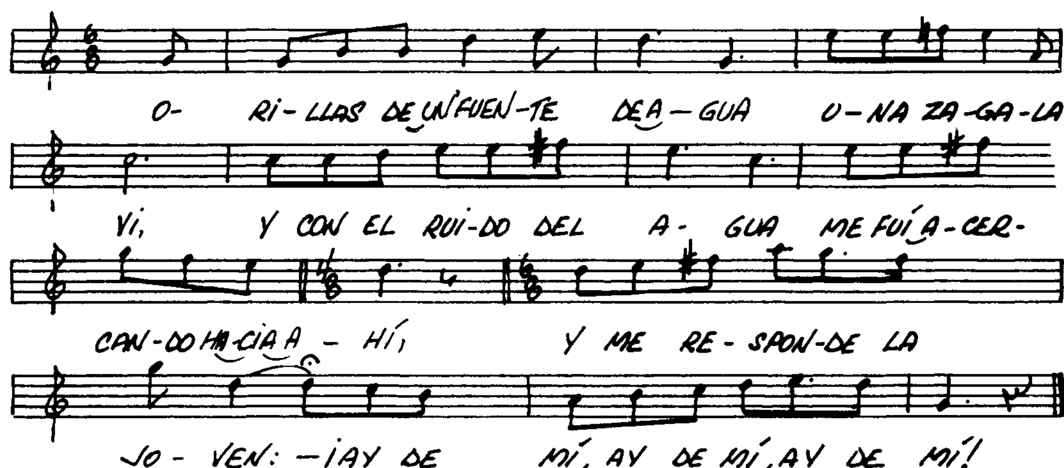
5
Y al despedirme de ella,
un abrazo me dió,
y ella me dice llorando:
—¡Ay, no me olvide, por Dios;
porque mi amor cariñoso
solo a usted se rindió, se rindió!

2
I found her so all alone,
That I declared my love;
She, in utter confusion,
Answered me not;
Then I spoke:
"She fell for it, fell for it, fell for it!"

3
I took her to a tree,
I cut several flowers for her,
I tossed them on her bosom,
I clasped her gentle waist,
And the girl said to me:
"Heavens, how coarse you are."

4
I took her by the arm
And led her to a café.
On her heavenly lips
I impressed three little kisses,
And she said to me:
"Three more to make it six."

5
As I took leave of her,
She embraced me,
And said to me, weeping:
"Alas, do not forget me;
For my love and affection
Were won only by you, only by you."



Mendoza identifies this as a Jewish *romance* (Mendoza 9d, p. 169), and Menéndez Pidal found a version of it in Bulgaria among Jews (Campa 2). Kurt Schindler also located this song in the spectacular walled city of Avila and published it in his famous *Cancionero* (Schindler 14a, melody no. 58, words p. 111).

Campa found versions in Bernalillo and

Avila, Spain, where Kurt Schindler found a Spanish version of *La Zagala* (A4).

in northern New Mexico. He included a text and an interesting discussion, but no music (Campa 2, p. 52). Campa's version was sung by Raphael Lucero, age 85, in El Pino in Mora County, New Mexico.

The melody of *La Zagala* has a rising inflection, the range is an octave, the meter 6/8, and the mode is major. The melody is asymmetrical, consisting of three periods.

This is a well-conserved text. The versification is irregular, some of the lines consisting of six syllables and others of ten.

Although examples A3 and A4 are different songs, the themes are similar.

A4a. *Al Pie del Arroyuelo* (At the Foot of the Brook), or *La Zagala*
Matos 8a (Parte Musical p. 84, Parte Literaria p. 98), Lozoya, Spain, 1951.

1
Al pie del arroyuelo
una zagala vi;
como era tan bonita
para mí, para mí, para mí.

1
At the foot of the brook
I saw a maiden;
And she looked so beautiful
For me, for me, for me.

2
Me puse a obsequiarla
con flores a escoger;
las más encarnaditas
le parecieron bien.

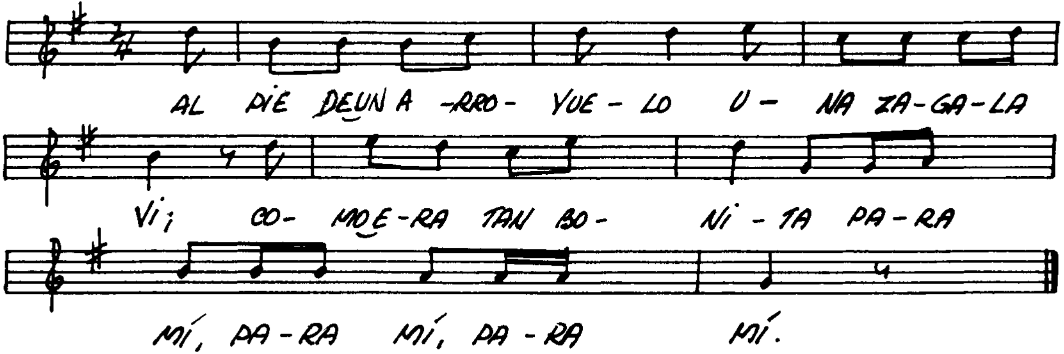
2
I went to call upon her
With flowers I had chosen;
The reddest ones
She admired the most.

3
He caído soldado
y me tengo que marchar;
a mi pobre zagala
la tengo que dejar.

3
I have been called as a soldier
And I have to go away;
And my poor maiden
I have to leave behind.

4
Adiós, zagala mía
de mi corazón;
he caído soldado
me marcho a la facción.

4
Farewell, my own dear maiden,
Love of my heart;
I've been called as a soldier
And must leave to join my troop.



A4b. *La Zagala*
R528, Francisco S. Leyva, age 81, Leyva, age 81, Leyva, N.Mex., 1951, Robb.

1
Salí una mañana al campo,
mi rebaño a apacentar,
y allí encontré una zagala
la que nunca he visto más.

1
I went out early one morning,
With my flock, my daily chore,
And there I met a young maiden
That I'd never seen before.

2
—Dame un besito, zagala,—
le dije y lleno de faz.
—Si con oro me lo pagas,
lo saldré pronto a buscar.

2
"Ah, give me a kiss, little maiden,"
I pleaded with joyous hope.
"If you pay me with gold I'll oblige you,
Otherwise, my friend, no soap."

3
—El oro que traigo, niña,
guardado en mi alforja está.
Mi alforja está en mi camello
y mi camello está en Fermal.—

3
"As far as my gold is concerned, lass,
My saddlebag holds it all.
My saddlebag's tied on my camel
And my camel's in Fermal."

4
Y me respondió con risa,
mirándome faz a faz:
—El beso está entre mis labios
mis dientes 'tan detrás.

4
And she replied, smiling sweetly,
All innocent, coy, and kind:
"I've kisses enough on my lips, dear,
But my teeth are there behind.

5
La boca con que los guardo
cerrada con llave está,
la llave la tiene mi madre
y mi madre está en Fermal.

5
"The mouth with which I will guard them
Is locked," said the winsome doll,
"The key is kept by my mother
And my mother is in Fermal."

SA- LÍ U-NA MA-ÑA-NA AL CAM-PO, MI RE-
BA-ÑO A-PA-CEN-TAR Y A- LLÍ EN-CON-TRÉ U-NA ZA-
GA-LA LA QUE NUN-CA HE VIS-TO MÁS.

A5. *La Esposa Infiel* (The Unfaithful Wife)
R447, Arvino Martínez, Abiquiu, N.Mex., 1951, Robb. Cf. Robb 13 (pp. 15–16, 44–49); R89; Cobos 4, RB729.

1
—Abreme la puerta, Elena,
sin ninguna desconfianza,
que soy Fernando, el francés,
que acabo de llegar de Francia.—

2
Y al abrir la media puerta
para dentro más metido
dándose abrazos y besos
como mujer y marido.

3
Sería la medianoche
cuando se estaban recreando,
cuando llegó don Benito
las puertas llegó tocando.

4
Don Benito entra pa' dentro
lleno de la indignación
con su pistola en la mano
buscándolo pa' el rincón.

5
—¿Pero, Benito, qué tienes
que vienes tan enojado?
Mira no te andes creyendo
de cuentos que te han contado.

6
—Elena, no digas eso
ni lo vuelvas a decir.
El día que encuentre a Fernando
los dos se van a morir.—

1
"Open the door, Helen,
Without any distrust,
It is I, Ferdinand, the Frenchman,
Just arrived from France."

2
When she partly opened the door
To get him inside, they began
Embracing and kissing each other
Just like man and wife.

3
It might have been about midnight
They were having a good time,
When Don Benito arrived
And knocked at the door.

4
Don Benito goes inside
Full of indignation
With his gun in hand,
Looking for him in every corner.

5
"But, Benito, what's the matter
That you are so angry?
Look, don't you believe
The stories that you hear."

6
"Helen, don't you say that
And don't say it again.
The day that I find Ferdinand
The two of you will die."

7
En ese Plan de Barrancas
sin saber como ni cuando,
allí fué donde se encontró
don Benito a don Fernando.

7
In that Plan de Barrancas
Not knowing how nor when,
That was where they met,
Don Benito and Don Ferdinand.

8
—Por el mérito que tiene,
por el mérito que goza,
mire, no se ande creyendo;
yo ni conozco a su esposa.

8
"Because of the goodwill you have,
Because of the worth that you enjoy,
Look here, don't you believe it;
I don't even know your wife."

9
—Del más alto firmamento
vide solar una estrella,
nomás no se ande rajando
si yo no lo hallé con ella.—

9
"From the firmament most high
I saw a shooting star,
Don't you back down and deny
That I found you with her."

10
Echó mano a su pistola
y a su rifle dieciseis
y tres balazos le dió,
Don Benito al francés.

10
He reached for his pistol
And his sixteen-gauge gun
And he fired three shots at him—
Don Benito at the Frenchman.

11
Luego que ya lo mató
se puso la ropa de él
y se montó en su caballo
y fué a matar a la mujer.

11
When he had killed him
He put on the dead man's clothes
And got on his horse and
Went to kill the woman.

12
—Abreme la puerta, Elena,
no me tengas desconfianza
que soy Fernando, el francés,
que acabo de llegar de Francia.—

12
"Open the door, Helen,
Don't distrust me,
It is I, Ferdinand, the Frenchman,
Just arrived from France."

13
Al abrir la media puerta
él mismo apagó el candil;
se agarraron de la mano
se fueron para el jardín.

13
When she had barely opened the door,
He blew out the candle;
Hand in hand
They went into the garden.

14
Y en el jardín donde estaban
se agachaba y lo miraba
y don Benito tan serio
que ni la cabeza alzaba.

14
In the garden where they were
She stooped and peered at him
And Don Benito, very sober-faced,
Didn't even raise his head.

15
Le cambió de ropa blanca
como lo sabía vestir
le puso cama de flores
y se acuestan a dormir.

15
She changed the white bed clothes
As she well knew how
And put on flowery sheets
And they went to bed.

16
—Media noche hemos dormido
media falta que dormir,
¿qué tiene mi rey francés
que no se ha llegado a mí?

16
"Half the night we've slept
Half the night is still left.
What's the matter, my French king
That you haven't come near me?"

17
¿Qué tiene amores en Francia
que los quiere más que a mí?
¿Por qué teme a mi marido
que está a cien leguas de aquí?

17
"Is it that you have someone in France
That you love more than me?
Why do you fear my husband
Who is one hundred leagues from here?"

18
—No tengo yo amor en Francia
ni quiero a otra más que a ti.
Solo témele a tu marido
que está a un lado de ti.

18
"I have no loves in France
Nor do I love another more than you.
Fear only your husband
Who is by your side."

19
—Perdóname, esposo mío,
perdona mi desventura;
mira, no lo hagas por mí,
hazlo por mis dos criaturas.

19
"Forgive me, my husband,
Forgive my misdeeds;
Look, don't do it for me,
Do it for my two young ones."

20
—No te puedo perdonar,
ni a ti ni a tus criaturas;
que te perdone el francés,
que gozó de tu hermosura.

20
"I cannot forgive you,
Neither you nor your young ones;
Let the Frenchman forgive you,
He who enjoyed your beauty."

21
—Agarra, criada, a esos niños,
llévaselos a mis padres,
si preguntan por Elena
les dices que tú no sabes.—

21
"Maid, take those children,
Take them to my parents,
If they ask for Helen
Tell them you know nothing."

22
Le quitó la crinolina
y la dejó en camisón,
Elena se arrodillaba
pero no alcanzó el perdón.

22
Taking off her robe
He left her in her nightgown.
Helen fell to her knees
But she was not forgiven.

23
Vuela, vuela, palomita,
no te vayas a parar;
que a Elena por traicionera
ya la llevan a enterrar.

23
Fly, fly, little dove,
Don't stop;
Helen for being unfaithful
Is being taken to her grave.

24
Les encargo, amigas mías,
no quieran vivir así;
les encargo a mis hermanas
que arrastren luto por mí.

24
I urge you, my friends,
Not to live that way;
I urge my sisters
To wear mourning for me.

25
Vuela, vuela, palomita,
párate en aquella higuera.
Aquí se acabó el corrido
de Elena, la traicionera.

25
Fly, fly, little dove,
Stop at that fig tree.
Here ends the corrido
Of Helen, the unfaithful.

Á- BRE-ME LA PUER-TA, E- LE- NA, SIN
NIN- GU- NA DES-CON-FIAN-ZA QUE SOY FER-NAN-DO EL FRAN-
CÉS, QUE A- CA- BO DE LLE-GAR DE
FRAN-CI- A.

This is also known as the *Corrido de Elena* (although it is in origin a *romance*) and by other names. This version ends with the well-known *despedida "Vuela, vuela, palomita"* (Fly, fly, little dove) and is the first of many examples included in this volume to contain such a *despedida,* or farewell verse. *Doña Elena,* or *La Esposa Infiel* (A5a) is one of the California versions collected by Terrence Hansen.

A5a. *Doña Elena,* or *La Esposa Infiel*
Hansen 6a (p. 205), Rafael Salas, age 47, Corona, Calif., Hansen.

1
Fué don Fernando el Francés
un soldado muy valiente,
que combatió a los chinacos
de México independiente.

1
Fernando the Frenchman bold,
So valiant and brave was he,
Who fought against the champions
of Mexico's liberty.

2
Vió a doña Elena en su finca
y de ella se enamoró,
sabiendo que su marido
por un crimen se ausentó.

2
At the ranch of Doña Elena
He gave her his love sublime,
Knowing full well that her husband
Was gone because of a crime.

3
Doña Elena se hizo fuerte
pero al fin correspondió;
porque era un hombre temible
don Benito se perdió.

3
Doña Elena resisted
But then succumbed to his will;
Benito must be forsaken
Else Fernando would do her ill.

4
Noche a noche tenían citas
donde gozaban su amor
y entonaban sus canciones
mancillando así su honor.

5
Una tarde tempestuosa
don Benito fué a Jerez
y en el camino esperó
a don Fernando el Francés.

6
Benito, pistola en mano
y un rifle de dieciseis,
le acerta cuatro balazos
a don Fernando el Francés.

7
El Francés quedó tirado
muy cerca de la barranca,
y don Benito, iracundo,
montó en su briosa potranca.

8
Se fué todo enfurecido
para su pueblo natal
y allá en la puerta de hierro
se procuró serenar.

9
—Abreme la puerta, Elena,
sin ninguna desconfianza,
que soy Fernando el Francés
que vengo desde la Francia.

10
—¿Quién es ese caballero
que mis puertas manda abrir?
No es de Fernando el acento,
pues que se acaba de ir.

11
—Soy Fernando, no lo dudes,
dueña de mi corazón,
que regreso por decirte
que nos han hecho traición.

12
—Oígame usted, don Fernando,
aunque no me importe a mí,
tiene usted amores en Francia
o quiere a otra más que a mí.

4
Night after night they would meet
To enjoy each other's love;
They raised their voices in song
But were scorned by heaven above.

5
One tempestuous evening
Benito to Jerez did ride
And there by the roadside waited
Till Don Fernando he spied.

6
Benito, with his pistol
and sixteen-caliber gun,
Fires four shots at Fernando
As he turns and tries to run.

7
The Frenchman, mortally wounded,
Fell in a nearby ravine,
And Benito, still enraged,
To mount his swift steed was seen.

8
With his fury at its height
Toward his native town he stole
And there by the iron door
Tried to calm his troubled soul.

9
"Open the door, dear Elena,
Without any fret or fear
For I, Fernando the Frenchman
From faraway France, am here."

10
"Who is that strange gentleman
Who comes knocking at my door?
The accent can't be Fernando's
Since he's just been here before."

11
"It is I, your Don Fernando,
You must believe me, my dear.
I have come back to inform you
That we've been betrayed, it's clear."

12
"Listen to me, Fernando,
Though it matters not to me,
You have a sweetheart in France
Or you love someone more than me."

13
—No tengo amores en Francia
ni quiero a otra más que a ti.
Elena, soy tu marido,
que vengo en contra de ti.

14
—Perdona, esposo querido,
perdona mis desventuras,
mira, no lo hagas por mí,
hazlo por mis dos criaturas.—

15
Al abrir la media puerta
se les apagó el candil
tomándola por las manos
la arrastró para el jardín.

16
—Toma, criada, estas criaturas,
llévaselas a mis padres;
y si preguntan de Elena,
les dices que tú no sabes.—

17
Vestida estaba de blanco
que parecía un serafín,
que se cayó entre las flores
como se fuera a dormir.

18
¡Ay! ¡Pobrecita de Elena!
¡Ay! ¡Qué suerte le tocó!
con tres tiros de pistola
que su marido le dió.

19
Fué don Fernando el Francés
un soldado muy valiente,
que combatió a los chinacos
de México independiente.

13
"I have no sweetheart in France
Nor love I any but you.
Elena, I am your husband,
And I tell you now, we're through."

14
"Forgive, dear husband, I beg,
Forgive my thoughtless mistake,
If you won't do it for me,
Do it for our children's sake."

15
When the door halfway opened
Out went the candle light,
And seizing her by the hands
He dragged her into the night.

16
"Here, maid, you take these children;
To my parents they must go;
If they ask for Elena,
Just tell them you do not know."

17
She was dressed in a white robe,
An angel she seemed to be
That lay down among flowers
To sleep there eternally.

18
Oh! poor little Elena!
Alas! how cruel was her lot!
With three bullets from his pistol
His wife he cruelly shot.

19
Fernando the Frenchman bold,
So valiant and brave was he,
Who fought against the champions
of Mexico's liberty.

FUÉ DON FER- NAN-DO EL FRAN- CÉS UN
SOL - DA - DO MUY VA - LIEN-TE, QUE COM- BA-
TIÓ A LOS CHI- NA - COS DE MÉ- XI - CO IN-
DE - PEN - DIEN- TE. MÉ- XI- CO IN- DE-PEN-DIEN-TE.

A5b. *Elena, la Traicionera* (Elena, the Traitress)
RB191, Chito Ochoa, Arizona, 1948, Frances Gillmor.

1

—Abreme la puerta, Elena,
sin ninguna desconfianza
que soy Fernando el francés
que vengo desde la Francia.

1

"Open the door, Elena,
Without any fear.
I am Fernando, the Frenchman
Who has come from France."

2

—¿Quién es ese caballero
que mis puertas manda abrir?
Mis puertas se hallan cerradas;
muchacha, prende el candil.—

2

"Who is that gentleman
Who asks me to open my doors?
My doors are locked;
Girl, light the candle."

3

Al abrir la media puerta
se les apagó el candil;
se tomaron de la mano,
y se fueron para el jardín.

3

On partly opening the door
The candle went out on them;
They joined hands,
And went into the garden.

4

En esta plaza de Barrancos
sin saber como ni cuando
se fué—don Benito,
Elena con don Fernando.

4

In this town of Barrancos
Without knowing how nor when
Don Benito went to find
Elena with Don Fernando.

5

Le echó mano a su pistola
y su rifle dieciseis
para darle de balazos
A don Fernando el francés.

5

He reached for his pistol
And his sixteen-gauge rifle
To fire shots
At Don Fernando, the Frenchman.

6

—No me tire, don Fernando (Benito),
por la verdad que usted goza.
Son falsos que me levantan,
yo ni conozco a su esposa.

6

"Don't shoot me, Don Fernando (Benito),
For the truth that you rejoice in.
What they say is false,
I don't even know your wife."

7

—No me diga, don Fernando,
ni diga que soy tirano.
¿Cómo que no la conoce?
¡Ahí! ¿No la trae de la mano?

7

"Don't tell me that, Don Fernando,
Nor say that I'm a tyrant.
What do you mean you don't know her?
There! Aren't you holding her hand?"

8

—Dispénsame, esposo mío,
dispensa mi desventura;
ya no lo hagas por mí,
hazlo por esta criatura.

8

"Forgive me, my husband,
Forgive my misfortune;
Spare me not for myself,
Spare me for this baby."

9

—De mí no alcanzas perdón,
De mí no alcanzas ni gloria.

9

"From me you get no pardon,
From me you get no glory.

Que te perdone el francés,
que gozó de tu hermosura.—

Let the Frenchman forgive you,
He who enjoyed your beauty."

10

Pobrecita de la Elena,
con que lástima murió,
con seis tiros de pistola
que su marido le dió.

10

Poor Elena,
In what grief she died,
With six pistol shots
That her husband gave her.

11

—Toma, lleva esta criatura,
llévasela a sus padres,
y si preguntan por mí,
Tú les dirás que no sabes.

11

"Here, take this baby,
Carry her to her parents,
And if they ask for me,
Tell them you know nothing."

A - BRE - ME LA PUER-TA E - LE - NA, SIN
NIN - GU - NA - DES - CON - FIAN - ZA QUE SOY FER -
NAN - DO EL FRAN - CÉS QUE VEN - GO DES - DE LA FRAN - CIA.

The last two lines of verse 9 were missing. Rather than leave it incomplete, I inserted the corresponding lines from A5.

A6. *Firo Liro Li*

R337, H. Fountain, Mesilla Park, N.Mex., 1950, Robb. Cf. RB789; C70, verse 3; also Van Stone 17 (p. 31).

1

Mi marido está en la cama,
y yo en la cabecera
con el rosario en la mano
rogando a Dios que se muera.

1

My husband is lying in bed,
And I am standing at the head
With a rosary in my hand,
Praying to God that he may die.

Coro

Firo liro li, firo liro li, firo liro lera,
firo liro li, firo liro li, firo liro lera;
ven aquí, firo liro li;
ven acá, firo liro li;
que tu amante esperándote está.

Chorus

Firo liro li, firo liro li, firo liro lera,
Firo liro li, firo liro li, firo liro lera;
Come here, firo liro li;
Go there, firo liro li;
For your lover is waiting for you.

2

La pobre viuda lloraba
la muerte de su marido.
Debajo de la camalta
ya tenía otro escondido.

2

The poor widow was weeping
The death of her husband.
Under the bed
She already had another man hidden.

Firo Liro Li (A6) is a cynical commentary on infidelity in marriage. *La Firolera* (RB789), collected by Cobos in 1950 from Felipe H. Martínez in Albuquerque, New Mexico, is textually identical with the version given here.

A6a. *La Firolera*

"Spanish Songs of New Mexico," by F. S. Curtis, Jr. in Dobie, Texas 18 (vol. 4, p. 22), Texas, 1925, F. S. Curtis, Jr.

1	1
Mi marido está en la cama	My husband in bed is lying
y yo en la cabecera	And I'm at the head of the bed
con el rosario en la mano	With the rosary in my hand
pidiéndole a Dios que muera.	Praying to God he'll soon be dead.
Coro	*Chorus*
Firoliroli, firoliroli, firolirolera,	Firoliroli, firoliroli, firolirolera,
firoliroli, firoliroli, firolirolera.	Firoliroli, firoliroli, firolirolera.
¡Ven acá, firoliroli!	Come here, firoliroli!
¡Ven acá, firoliroli!	Come here, firoliroli!
Tu marido esperándote está.	Your husband is waiting for you.
2	2
Mi marido ya se murió,	Now my husband is safely dead,
ya el diablo se lo llevó,	The devil has snatched him away,
y seguro que 'stará pagando	And surely he is now paying
las patadas que me dió.	For the kicks he gave me each day.

MI MA- RI- DO ES- TÁ EN LA CA- MA
Y YO EN LA CA- BE- CE- RA
CON EL RO- SA- RIO EN LA MA- NO
PI- DIÉN- DO- LE A DIOS QUE MUE- RA
FI- RO- LI- RO- LI, FI- RO- LI- RO- LI, FI- RO- LI- RO
LE- RA FI- RO- LI- RO- LI, FI- RO- LI- RO-

LI, FI-RO-LI-RO- LE-RA ¡VEN A-

CÁ, FI-RO-LI-RO- LI! ¡VEN A- CÁ, FI-RO-LI-RO-

LI! TU MA-RI-DO ES-PE-RÁN-DO-TE ES-TA.

La Firolera (A6a) is a Texas version. It was published in 1925 by the Texas Folklore Society, but the article was entitled "Spanish Songs of New Mexico." The texts of A6 and A6a are nearly identical.

A7. *La Recién Casada* (The Recent Bride)

R1489, S. Lavadie, age 86, Prado, N.Mex., 1957, Robb. Cf. RB732; RB733; Schindler 14a (Parte Literaria, pp. 57, 58).

1	1
Yo soy la recién casada y nadie me gozará; mi marido me ha dejado por amar la libertad.	I am the recent bride And no one will enjoy my love. My husband has left me For the love of liberty.
2	2
—Caballero, por fortuna ¿no ha visto a mi marido? —Señora, no lo conozco, deme una seña y le digo.	"Sir, by chance Have you seen my husband?" "Lady, I don't know him, Give me a sign and I'll tell you."
3	3
—Mi marido es artesano, tiene el habla muy cortés, en la copa del sombrero trae un letrero en francés.	"My husband is an artisan And speaks very courteously, The crown of his hat Carries a French label."
4	4
—Por las señas que usted ha dado ya su marido muerto es; en la guerra de Valverde lo mató un traidor francés.	"By the signs that you have given Your husband is now dead; In the war at Valverde A French traitor killed him."
5	5
—Mi marido fué a la guerra y muy lejos se ha quedado, yo me miro en el espejo qué buena viuda he quedado.	"My husband went to war And was left dead far away. I see myself in the mirror How good-looking a widow I still am."

6

—Señora, si usted quisiera,
por la voluntad de Dios,
con los bienes del difunto,
nos casaríamos los dos.

6

"Lady, if you would care to,
By the will of God
And with the property of the deceased,
We two could get married."

7

—Yo sé que usted es hombre honesto
y conoce la razón,
pero la verdad le digo,
no tengo disposición.

7

"I know that you are an honest man
And can listen to reason,
But I'll tell you the truth,
I have no disposition to do so.

8

Diez años que lo he esperado
y diez que lo esperaré,
si a los veinte no viniera
de monja me meteré.

8

"It's ten years that I have waited
And ten more that I shall wait.
If after twenty he should not come
I shall become a nun.

9

Dos hijas que me han quedado;
al pie me las llevaré
a que rueguen por su madre
y por su padre también.

9

"I've been left with two daughters;
I shall take them with me
That they may pray for their mother
And for their father as well."

YO SOY LA RE-CIÉN CA-SA-DA Y NA-
DIE ME GO-ZA-RÁ; MI MA-RI-DO ME HA DE-
JA-DO POR A-MAR LA LI-BER-TAD.

La Recién Casada (A7) is also known as *Las Señas del Marido.* In contrast to some of the preceding songs, this *romance* extols the virtuous wife whose absent husband returns to test her fidelity. Campa discussed the diffusion of this ballad throughout Spanish America (Campa 2). The plot of this ballad reminds one of Darius Milhaud's opera *Le Pauvre Matelot* (The Poor Sailor).

A7a. *La Recién Casada*
R1469, Esteban Torres, age 62, Tomé, N.Mex., 1957, Robb.

1

Yo soy la recién casada
que no se me olvidará.
Me abandonó mi marido
por amar la libertad.

1

I am a recent bride
A fact which I cannot forget.
My husband abandoned me
For the love of liberty.

2

—Caballero, por si acaso,
¿no conoce a mi marido?
—Señora, no lo conozco,
deme una seña,— le digo.

2

"Sir, by any chance
Do you know my husband?"
"Lady, I don't know him,
Give me a sign," he said.

3

—Mi marido es alto y rubio
y del habla muy cortés,
y en la copa del sombrero
trae un rótulo: marqués.

3

"My husband is tall and blonde
And speaks very courteously,
And in the crown of his hat
He carries a label: Marquis."

4

—Por las señas que usted ha dado
su marido muerto es.
En las guerras de Besquera
lo mató un traidor francés.

4

"By the signs which you have given
Your husband is dead.
In the wars of Besquera
A French traitor killed him.

5

Señora, que usted quisiera
nos casaríamos los dos,
siendo su gusto y el mío
y la voluntad de Dios.

5

"Lady, if you are willing
Let the two of us get married,
If it be your wish and mine
And the will of God, as well."

6

—Diez años que lo he esperado
y diez que lo esperaré.
Si a los veinte no viniera
de monja me meteré.

6

"It's ten years that I have waited
And ten more I will wait.
If after these twenty he does not come
I will become a nun.

7

Dos hijas que me ha dejado
conmigo las llevaré
a que rueguen por su padre
y por su madre también.

7

"Two daughters whom he has left me
I shall take with me
So that they may pray for their father
And for their mother also."

YO SOY LA RE-CIÉN CA - SA - DA QUE NO
SE ME OL-VI-DA - RÁ. ME A-BAN-DO- NÓ MI MA-
RI- DO POR A- MAR LA LI- BER- TAD.

A7b. *Las Señas del Esposo* (The Tokens of the Husband)
Matos 8a (Parte Literaria, p. 94), Robregordo, Spain, 1951, Matos. Cf. Campa 2, p. 42.

1
Un día, estando sentada
al ladito de mi puerta,
vi venir un caballero
que venía de la guerra.

2
Yo le dije: —Caballero,
¿viene usted de hacer la guerra?
—Sí, señora, de allí vengo.
¿Qué se le ha perdido en ella?

3
—Se me perdió mi marido,
que hace años anda en ella.
—Por las señas que usted da,
su marido muerto queda.

4
—¡Válgame Dios, desgraciada!
¡Qué suerte será la nuestra!
¿Quién me calzará a mí el oro?
¿Quién me vestirá la seda?

5
A mi hija la mayor,
¿quién la casará si es buena?
Y a mis hijos los pequeños,
¿quién me los dará escuela?

6
—Pues véngase usted conmigo,
conmigo para mi tierra.
Yo la calzaré a usté el oro,
yo la vestiré de seda.

7
A su hija la mayor
yo la casaré, si es buena.
Y a sus hijos los pequeños,
yo se los daré escuela.

8
—Váyase usted, caballero,
váyase usted pa' su tierra,
que mujer de buen marido
no se va de esa manera.—

9
Al otro día de mañana
a misa a todos los lleva,

1
One day being seated
At the side of my door
I saw a man coming
Who was coming from the war.

2
I said to him, "Sir,
Do you come from making war?"
"Yes, madam, I come from there.
Have you lost someone in the war?"

3
"Yes, I have lost my husband,
Who several years ago went to war."
"By the signs that you give me
Your husband is dead."

4
"God help me this unfortunate one.
What will be our fate?
Who will earn money for me?
Who will dress me in silk?

5
"And my oldest daughter,
Who will marry her if she is a good woman?
And for my small children,
Who will pay for their schooling?"

6
"Come with me,
Come to my country.
I will earn gold for you,
I will dress you in silk.

7
As for your oldest daughter,
I'll see she is married, if she's a good woman.
And as for your small children,
I will send them to school."

8
"Go away, sir,
Go away to your country,
For the wife of a good husband
Does not act in that manner."

9
The following day in the morning
They all went to mass,

y a su hija la mayor,
delante con la candela.

And the oldest daughter went ahead
Carrying the candle.

10

Y al revolver de una esquina
con su marido se encuentra.
—¿Dónde va la mi mujer?
¿Dónde va la mía prenda?

10

And going around a corner
She met her husband.
"Where is my wife going?
Where is my beloved going?"

11

—Que un caballero ayer tarde . . .

¡Así a puñaladas muera!
—Calla tú la mi mujer,
que el caballero yo era,

11

"There was a gentleman yesterday
afternoon . . .
Thus by knife wounds he died!"
"Be silent, my wife,
For that gentleman was I,

12

que lo hice por saber
si eras mala o eras buena.
Si tú hubiás venío conmigo
te habría cortado la cabeza,

12

And I did it in order to know
If you were good or bad.
If you had come with me
I would have cut off your head,

13

y como no te viniste,
por eso te quiero, prenda.

13

And because you did not come,
For this I love you, my dear."

Matos describes this version as a *corro de niños* (children's song).

A7c. *Las Señas del Esposo*
Mendoza 9d (p. 156), Josefa Atencio, Walsenburg, Colorado, 1870, Vicente T. Mendoza.

1

Yo soy la recién casada
que lloraba sin cesar;
me abandonó mi marido
por amar la libertad.

1

I am the recent bride
Who weeps without ceasing;
My husband abandoned me
For the love of liberty.

2

. . . [undecipherable]
. . .
En la falda del sombrero
trae un letrero francés.

2

. . .
. . .
In the brim of his hat
He carries a French inscription.

3

—Por las señas que usted ha dado
tu marido muerto lo es;
en la ciudad de Varela
lo mató un traidor francés.

3

"By the signs you have given me
Your husband is dead;
In the city of Varela
A French traitor killed him."

4

—Dos hijos que Dios me ha dado
de conmigo les llevaré,
para que rueguen por su padre
y por su madre también.

4

"Two children whom God has given me
I will take with me,
So that they may pray for their father
And for their mother as well.

5

Diez años que lo he aguardado,
veinte que lo aguardaré;
si a los treinta años no viene
de monja me meteré.

5

"I have waited ten years,
Twenty I will wait;
If at thirty he does not come
I will become a nun.

6

No más me pongo mi mantona negra
y mi listón colorado,
no más me arrimo al capejo:
¡Qué buena viuda he quedado!

6

"Whenever I put on my black cape,
And my red ribbon,
Whenever I look in the mirror, I'll think:
What a good-looking widow I still am!"

YO SOY LA RE- CIÉN CA- SA- DA QUE LLO-
RA- BA SIN CE- SAR, ME A- BAN- DO- NÓ MI MA-
RI - DO POR A- MAR LA LI- BER- TAD.

A8. *Hilito de Oro* (Little Golden Thread)
R1912, Edna G. de Boggs, Albuquerque, 1963, Robb.

1

Hilito, hilito de oro,
yo jugando al ajedrez.
En el camino me han dicho
¡qué lindas hijas tenéis!

1

Little thread, little golden thread,
I am here playing chess.
On the road they have told me
What pretty daughters you have.

2

Sí las tengo, no las tengo;
no las tengo para dar.
Que del pan que yo comiera
ellas también comerán,
y del agua que bebiera
ellas también beberán.

2

Yes, I have them and I don't have them;
I don't have them to give away.
Of the bread that I eat
They also will eat,
And of the water that I drink
They also will drink.

3

Yo me voy muy enojado
a los palacios del rey.
Que las hijas del rey moro
no me les dan por mujer.

3

I am going away very angry
To the palaces of the king.
Because the daughters of the Moorish king
Will not be married to me.

4
Va, vuelva caballero,
no sea usted tan descortés.
Que de tres hijas que tengo,
la mejor será de usted.

4
Come now, sir knight,
Don't be so discourteous.
Of the three daughters that I have
The best will be yours.

5
Esta escojo por bonita,
por hermosa, y por mujer,
que me parece una rosa
acabada de nacer.

5
I choose this one as beautiful,
As lovely, and as a wife,
For to me she looks
Like a newborn rose.

HI- LI- TO, HI - LI - TO DE OR-O, YO JU- GAN-DO AL
A - JE - DREZ. EN EL CA - MI - NO ME HAN
DI - CHO QUÉ LIN - DAS HI - JAS TEN - ÉIS.
SÍ LAS TEN - GO, NO LAS TEN- GO,
NO LAS TEN - GO PA - RA DAR. QUE DEL
PAN QUE YO CO- MIE - RA E - LLAS
TAM - BIÉN CO - ME - RÁN.

Hilito de Oro (A8) comes from Santo Domingo. I have included it as a reminder that the Hispanic folk-song tradition, including many common examples, is in the patrimony of most of Central and South America, including the Caribbean countries.

A8a. *Hilitos de Oro* (Little Golden Threads)
WPA19 (p. 42), L. W. Brown, New Mexico, 1942.

1
Hilitos, hilitos de oro,
que se me vienen quebrando,
que dice el rey y la reina
¿qué tantas hijas tendrá?

1
Little threads, little threads of gold,
They're breaking in my hands,
For the king and queen say
I wonder how many daughters he has.

2
—Que tenga las que tuviere,
que nada importa al rey.
Yo ya me voy muy descontento
a darle cuenta al rey.

2
"The number of daughters I have,
Doesn't concern the king.
I'm going away dissatisfied
To tell this to him."

3
—Vuelva, vuelva, caballero.
No sea tan descortés,
que de las hijas que yo tengo
escoja la más mujer.

3
"Wait a minute, sir.
Don't be so rude,
For from all the daughters I have
You can choose the most womanly."

4
—No la escojo por bonita
ni tampoco por mujer.
Yo escojo una florecita
acabada de nacer.

4
"I do not choose her for beauty
Nor for womanliness.
I choose a tender,
newborn flower."

The above is a New Mexico version of A8.

A9. *Los Diez Mandamientos* (The Ten Commandments)
R2174, V. F. Gallegos, age 68, Albuquerque, N.Mex., 1966, Robb. Cf. Schindler 14a (Parte Literaria p. 69, Parte Musical nos. 452, 453, 841); García 5b (Parte Musical, pp. 103–104).

1
Con cuidado, vida mía,
La causa de mi tormento,
que yo por ti he quebrantado
de Dios los diez mandamientos.

1
Take care, love of my life,
And cause of my torment,
It is for you that I've broken
The ten commandments of God.

2
El primero: amar a Dios;
yo no lo amo como debo.
Sólo por pensar en ti,
hermosísimo lucero.

2
The first: To love God.
I don't love him as I should.
I can only think of you,
Most beautiful morning star.

3
El segundo: no jurar;
yo mil veces he jurado
ni comer ni bebir
hasta de estar a tu lado.

3
The second: Thou shall not swear.
A thousand times I've sworn
Neither to eat nor drink
Until I am at your side.

4
El tercero: que es la misa;
no la sigo con devoción
por estar pensando en ti,
prenda de mi corazón.

4
The third: To attend mass;
I never follow it with devotion
Because I'm thinking of you,
Beloved of my heart.

5
El cuarto: que a mis padres;
la obediencia les perdí;
en público y en secreto
sólo por pensar en ti.

5
The fourth: To honor my parents;
Obedience I've lost for them;
In public and in secret
For thinking only of you.