

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
WASHINGTON

FOLK MUSIC OF THE UNITED STATES  
Recording Laboratory AFS 1.5  
From the Archive of Folk Song  
Edited by Alan Lomax

# ETHNIC MUSIC OF FRENCH LOUISIANA, THE SPANISH SOUTHWEST, AND THE BAHAMAS





## INTRODUCTION

by

Wayne D. Shirley

Reference Librarian, Music Division

In 1942 the Archive of Folk Song in the Library of Congress issued its first albums of recorded folk music, thereby making some of its rich collection of field recordings available to the public. The recordings were issued under the editorship of Alan Lomax, then head of the Archive. (The editing of the sixth album was entrusted to William N. Fenton.) Each album—they really were “albums” in those days—consisted of five 78-rpm records pressed in black shellac (the famous clear red vinyl was to come later). The albums patriotically mixed ten-inch and twelve-inch records—shellac was being rationed in 1942.

The six albums in the series were planned to exhibit the main varieties of American folk music:

- I. Anglo-American Ballads
  - II. Anglo-American Shanties, Lyric Songs, Dance Tunes and Spirituals
  - III. Afro-American Spirituals, Work Songs, and Ballads
  - IV. Afro-American Blues and Game Songs
  - V. Bahaman Songs, French Ballads and Dance Tunes, Spanish Religious Songs and Game Songs
  - VI. Songs from the Iroquois Longhouse.
- Each album included a brochure with tran-

scriptions of the texts sung on the records and notes on the music and performers.

Attempts to devise some method for distributing the Archive's recorded treasures had begun in 1941 with the establishment of the Recording Laboratory in the Library of Congress. The press release announcing the establishment of the Recording Laboratory claimed that

when the installation is completed the Music Division of the Library will be able to provide for schools, libraries, and individuals, recordings of American folk music, American poetry read and interpreted by its makers, unpublished string quartets, new American music and other similar materials. Much of this material stands ready for use on the shelves of the Library now—records of American folk music from many parts of the country, documents basic to the history and culture of America and of the world, musical manuscripts of composers, ancient and modern. Only students who are free to come to the Library or people who can afford to have expensive copies made, now use the Library's vast collection. To the great majority of citizens this material is accessible only through the books of research students and occasional radio broadcasts. The new sound service in the Library can make a great part of it available on phonograph records to the general public.

Librarian of Congress Archibald MacLeish was more eloquent in his proposal to the Carnegie Corporation, whose grant made possible the establishment of the Recording Laboratory:

I cannot too strongly express to you my own conviction that such a program would be a most important force in the life of this country at this moment. It seems to me that we can either educate the American people as to the value of their cultural heritage and their national civilization, or sit back and watch the destruction and disintegration of that culture and that civilization by forces now so ruinously active in this world.

The establishment of the Recording Laboratory made it possible for people to request the duplication of specific sound recordings. In addition, the Library published recordings in an attempt to get some of the Archive's material to the person who was interested in sampling its holdings without having a specific item in mind—the auditory equivalent of the library patron who just "wants a good book." As a trial balloon for the project in 1941 the Friends of Music in the Library of Congress issued an album of two ten-inch records consisting of "Lady of Carlisle" sung by Basil May, "Pretty Polly" sung by Pete Steele, "It Makes a Long Time Man Feel Bad"—the archetypal Library of Congress folk-song title—sung by "a group of Negro convicts," and "O Lord, Don' 'low Me to Beat 'em," sung, spoken, and cursed by Willie Williams. The next year the Archive of Folk Song albums which are the subject of this essay appeared.

In 1956, at the time of their first issue, the LPs were direct transfers from the 78s as issued Friends of Music album was combined with that on the first of the Archive of Folk Song albums to make the record now known as AFS L1. This allowed those who wanted to buy a long-playing version of the Friends of Music album to purchase a single record, but did create a few anomalies: as it is now constituted L1 contains two versions of "Pretty Polly" and presents Willie Williams and "group of convicts" under the banner of "Anglo-American Ballads."

In 1956, at the time of their first issue, the LPs were direct transfers from the 78s as issued in 1942. At this time the records were renumbered: six albums numbered from I to VI containing records numbered from 1 to 30 became AFS L1 through L6. The brochures which had been prepared for the 78-rpm albums continued to be used with the LPs. This caused some confusion as the record number in the brochure no longer corresponded to the actual number of the item on the record.

During the years 1964 to 1966 the six LPs were remastered from the original field recordings; these remastered discs occasionally included alternate "takes" from those used on the original 78s. The remastering project also allowed the engineers to present complete versions of several cuts which had before appeared only as excerpts. Consequently the transcriptions of these songs in the brochures no longer accurately reflected the words on the records. This was one of the several considerations which led to the present revision of the textual material accompanying the recordings. The recordings themselves, though now numbered AFS 1 through 6 rather than AAFS 1 through 6 (reflecting the change of name of the issuing body from Archive of American Folk Song to Archive of Folk Song), have not been changed since the 1960s remastering.

The current republication furnishes all six records with new covers and a new sleeve note, supplies the present historical introduction, renumbers the notes on the selections to correspond to the numbering on the LP labels, and revises the transcriptions to include all the text contained on the LP. Otherwise the brochures read as they did when they first appeared in 1942. We have even hesitated to change transcriptions when our ears hear something different than did those of the original transcriber. This is partly attributable to cowardice. Revising such transcripts as those of Mrs. Ball's nonsense syllables on AFS L2, A7 ("Jennie Jenkins") or the ring-shout of AFS L3, A7 ("Run, Old Jeremiah") is not a task one views with enthusiasm. But our decision was based partly on common sense. After all, Alan Lomax heard most of these people in person and singing many songs, while we only hear them for a single song and on a record.

Three decades later it is useful to look at these pioneering issues of recorded folk music and consider the assumptions—conscious and unconscious—that went into their production. Some of these assumptions have colored subsequent Library record issues up to the present day; others were not meant to apply to any but the first issues. Still, all of them played a part in the creation of the image of the Library

of Congress folk music record, and some—notably number 3 below—played an important part in its development. Here are some of these assumptions, more or less in descending order of importance:

1. The Library of Congress recordings were designed as a method of making the wealth of field recordings housed in the Archive of American Folk Song available to the public. They were—and have remained—recordings of material *from field recordings in the Archive*. (In 1976 the Library of Congress began a complementary series of recordings, *Folk Music in America*, edited by Richard K. Spottswood, which drew on commercial recordings and field collections other than those in the Archive, as well as an occasional irresistible Archive field recording.) This explains many of the questions asked about the Archive's series of folk music recordings, including the perennial "Why doesn't the Library of Congress issue a jazz series as well as a folk music series?" The answer: the field recordings of the Folk Archive did not, in the 1940s contain sufficient and sufficiently trenchant jazz material to undertake such a series. As the Archive's earliest field recordings were done in the late thirties and early forties in rural areas—see number 5 below—they would not have picked up much important jazz besides the roots-of-the-blues material so ably represented on L3, L4, and their successors. The Jelly Roll Morton recordings, the one important set of jazz "field" recordings in the Archive during the early 1940s (if we can call a set of recordings made in the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Auditorium "field recordings") were commercially viable and would thus come under the interdiction of number 3 below—as would, indeed, most jazz.

2. Since the purpose of the record series was to make the treasures of the Archive available to the general public, the choice of individual performances was made to some extent on the basis of beauty of performance rather than its use for folklore scholarship. These were the performances that the Lomaxes wanted to share with the world.

Not all of the performances are by otherwise unknown singers and instrumentalists caught for a brief moment by the microphone of the Library of Congress. Many are by people who even then were fairly well-known folk performers: Mrs. Texas Gladden, the salty radical Aunt Molly Jackson, honey-voiced Vera Hall, harmonica man Sonny Terry, and even Woody Guthrie. There are also less widely known musicians, from the anonymous little girls of "Ain't Gonna Ring [Rain?] No More" and the pseudonymous "Lightning"—who would not give John A. Lomax his real name—to such people as Jimmie Strothers, the gentle axe murderer who is known only through his Folk Archive recordings. But it cannot be claimed that every cut of L1 through L5 makes articulate a voice that would otherwise have remained unheard save by those living within a few miles of the singer. This is not to suggest that the early Library of Congress records sacrificed authenticity for easy listening. They are American folk music pure from the fount. Still, the newcomer to these records should be warned that Wade Ward, to give an example, is not the undiscovered hill-dweller of the cartoons ("Hey, Paw, here comes the man from the Library of Congress with that machine"). By 1942 he had already been broadcast nationwide on the American School of the Air.

3. The third assumption is the inverse of the second. It has been the policy of the Library of Congress not to compete in its publications with commercial companies. The recordings put out by the Folk Archive mirror this policy, none more clearly than the first six. The folk wisdom of the Music Division has it that in 1942 Lomax and Harold Spivacke, then chief of the Music Division, were advised that it might be unwise for the Library's record series to issue any record which could profitably be released commercially. Many of the well-known "Library of Congress recordings" that generations of record buyers have treasured have not, in fact, been released by the Library, but have been released on commercial labels from material recorded by or at the Library of Congress; thus the Archive has been able to get its treasures into circulation without competing with commercial record labels. A few highlights of commercial recordings made from material at the Library of Congress include the Jelly Roll Morton interviews

on Riverside, the Bartok-Szigeti recital on Vanguard, Blind Willie McTell on Piedmont, Aunt Molly Jackson on Rounder, Budapest String Quartet broadcasts on Odyssey, and the more or less complete works of Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter and Woody Guthrie on Elektra.

Few of the performances in the Folk Archive's collections in 1942 would have been considered to have commercial value in that year. Still, the attempt not to compete with regular record companies may explain why, in a series of records leaning heavily on black convict songs, there is nothing by the Lomax's most famous discovery, Leadbelly. By 1942 his recordings had appeared on the commercial market on more than one label.

What was not commercial in 1942 was not to be forever uncommercial. Several of the artists appearing on the Archive's first issues recorded commercially later (Sonny Terry, of L4, even shows up on the original cast album of *Finian's Rainbow*), and one, McKinley "Muddy Waters" Morganfield, who sings "Country Blues" and "I Be's Troubled" on L4, is now recognized as a major commercial artist with a considerable discography.

The first three attitudes discussed have concerned the general philosophy of the Library of Congress folk music recordings. The remaining considerations apply particularly to AFS L1 through L5 (L6, the Indian recording, being a special case).

4. The recordings are predominantly southern. The Lomax's collecting for the Library was done predominantly in the South; the South was thus the main source for the Library's folk collection. The first two albums, however, contained some material recorded in such nonsouthern locations as Rhinelander, Wisconsin, and Visalia, California, while the sixth album was recorded in New York and Ontario. So the records as they were issued proclaim their southern bias only by the note "recorded in Southern U.S." on L3 and L4.

The southern accent of the first Library of Congress recordings probably reflects the earliest experiences of the Lomax family, which began in Texas and spread east through the southern states, but it also reflects the practical necessities of folk-music collecting: better fish one section of the pond than spread your net too thin. (During their lives the Lomaxes, par-

ticularly Alan, were to spread their nets very widely indeed.) The next two aspects, interrelated, do represent the Lomax family's attitudes, attitudes widely shared among earlier folk music collectors but increasingly challenged by more recent collectors.

5. The sources of the recordings are exclusively rural.

6. The records are dedicated to the preservation of the old songs and styles of the folk, principally interpreted by older musicians, with little attempt to document the new styles and songs that were emerging. The next-to-last cut of L2, complete with Hawaiian guitar, for example, is offered as a single sample of "American folk music, 1942."

The view of the folksong as a rural and old, and therefore dying, art remains common to this day. In the 1940s there was a particular feeling that radio and the phonograph were wiping out our folk heritage, which was to be found in its most vital form where the electric power line had not—or had only recently—penetrated. At that time, a few folklorists were only beginning to discover the folk music of the city, with its multiple ethnic strains; and several of the new-fangled styles that the Lomaxes did not record are now respectable styles whose origins might well have shown up on these records.

A third of a century after their release we can see that the rural and old-style bias of the early Library of Congress folk music recordings provided something less than the full range of American folk music. From the perspective of the year they were released, however, they are an amazing document of taste, courage, and confidence. To have released in 1942 a record of Anglo-American ballads only two of which had the comforting accompaniment of a guitar was to invite instant rejection by the general listener, who usually likes his folk music with the harmonies explained. The faith of Alan Lomax and Harold Spivacke that the authentic voice of folk music could be accepted by the American people is, placed in proper perspective, far more important to consider than any "bias" the records might have. If today we note what the records omit it is partly because they have become so much the archetypal set of folk music records that one is conscious of their limits, or, occasionally, unconscious. (The

present writer grew up in New Hampshire under the impression that New Hampshire had no folk music, since none of it appeared on Library of Congress records.)

7. "The labourer is worthy of his hire." The Library of Congress was careful to get permission from all locatable performers and to pay them for releasing their performances. The fee was nominal—around ten dollars per song—but for a series of records dedicated to commercial unacceptability (number 3 above) it was a pledge of faith to the artists whose work had been used. The efforts to locate singers were heroic; but sometimes even the U.S. government had to give up. A 1942 Alan Lomax memo, "Report on Clearances," tells many stories of his attempts to secure clearances, including this one about the Bahamas records:

One of the singers on this record lives on the remote Cat Island of the Bahamas chain. She was written on April 17, 1942, and so far no reply has been obtained; perhaps none ever will. The only other Bahaman singer who has been located was found because the Nassau postmaster published a notice in the newspaper announcing that he had a letter for him. There is no newspaper within 500 miles of Cat Island . . . Some people felt that ten dollars was not enough. Again, from the "Report on Clearances" :

This party asked for a fifteen per-cent royalty; and so we have dropped the side, substituting an even better one by a performer who has been very cooperative in the past. A letter has gone to this performer, and a reply should be expected within a very few days.

If the first performer meant 15 percent of the profits by his request for a "fifteen per-cent royalty," he would have done better to stick with the ten dollars. But at least one performer was pleased with his payment. In a recent interview Muddy Waters recalled, "the Library of Congress sent me \$10.00 a side and that \$20.00 went a long way, as far as a hundred dollars goes today" (*Unicorn Times*, April 1978, p. 40). Sometimes denominational problems may have hindered the obtaining of permission: These two items were recorded with the collaboration of three Negro ministers. After a month of correspondence, I discovered that it was necessary for all three to be consulted on the matter of the release of these two items. On May 8, 1942, I wrote all three again, explaining the situation; so far I have received no reply. I shall wire again today for a definite yes or no answer.

Apparently no answer was received, for another performance was substituted for the performances involving the three ministers' permission. The substituted piece was Willie Williams singing "The New Buryin' Ground": it is therefore hard to regret the ministers' recalcitrance.

Lomax summed up the trials of getting clearances for the first six albums of the Archive series at the end of this report:

This matter of locating a hundred old folk singers all the way from Cat Island to the Colorado buttes and back has been an epic chase. It is an experience that I have enjoyed but that I am not anxious to repeat soon. . . .

If Lomax was not anxious to repeat the experience soon, the Folk Archive was fully prepared to keep up its searches: the second set of six albums, under the general editorship of B. A. Botkin, appeared one year after the initial six. Eventually, the rigorous seeking of permissions became less exhaustive and exhausting. Payments are held in escrow for performers who appear at new locations after their performances are released.

The first six albums issued by the Archive of American Folk Song have become documents almost as much as the music they sought to preserve. They are still as capable as ever of giving pleasure, instruction, and sustenance to the listener who comes to them for the music they contain. By now, however, they also serve as witness to the state of folk-music collection in the 1930s—both as to the sound quality of the records produced and the attitudes toward collecting of the gatherers—and to the manner in which this material was presented to the general public in the 1940s.

Few people who care for folk music would suggest that these six albums be retired for obsolescence—though we do get about three letters a year suggesting that if we cannot issue records with better audio quality than these we should get out of the business, and an occasional letter suggesting that anyone who would put out a record entitled [fill in title of any one of the albums] without including an example of [fill in any currently fashionable folk-derived style] is guilty of deceiving the public. There have been suggestions, however, that we revise the printed material accompanying these records, either to bring it up to the current stand-

ards of ethnomusicological writing or to bring it in line with current racial attitudes. Against this proposal is the fact that most of the annotations on these records were made by the people who pointed the microphone at the singers and said "sing." This has seemed more germane to our purposes than folkloric or sociological up-to-dateness—what is up-to-date in the 1970s may be passé in the 1990s, but AAFS 1 through 6 will be 1933 through 1942 forever. So we have added this historical note and reproduced the original annotations substantially as they were written in 1942. They are still good reading; by now they are history as well.

**A1—DIG MY GRAVE (Spiritual).**

Sung by David Pryor and Henry Lundy at Nassau, Bahamas, 1935. Recorded by Alan Lomax and Mary Elizabeth Barnicle.

The Bahaman Negro, because of his isolated life and lack of education, is much nearer to the old Afro-American slave culture than are the Negroes of the United States. His dances, work songs and spirituals are of the type that would be called antebellum, if collected in this country. Versions of the same songs may be found in the Bahamas and along the coast of Georgia, and contemporary Bahaman folksongs corresponds to those collected by Mrs. Parrish near Brunswick, Georgia, from the oldest Negroes.

There are several types of spirituals to be found in the Bahamas, but perhaps the most beautiful are those called anthems, sung by small groups of men for amusement in the evenings. The style of these anthems reminds one much of Negro quartet singing in the South, yet there is a basic difference. Negro quartet singing in America is basically an adaptation of nineteenth-century stage quartet harmony, while the Bahaman anthem singing seems to stem from a contrapuntal fuguing style. "Dig My Grave" is a favorite on the sponge boats which work off the western side of Andros Island.

For transcriptions of and references to some of these songs and others of similar character see pages 79 ff., John A. and Alan Lomax, *Our Singing Country* (New York: Macmillan Company, 1941). This applies to the material on cuts A1 through A6.

Go and dig my grave both long and narrow,  
Make my coffin neat and strong.  
Dig my grave both long and narrow,  
Make my coffin neat and strong.  
Two, two to my head, good Lord,  
Two, two to my feet,  
Now but two, two to carry me, Lord, when I die.  
Now my soul's gonna shine like a star,  
(Bass): My soul's gonna shine like a star,  
My Lord, my soul's gonna shine like a star;  
Lord, I'm bound to heaven when I die.

(The same words are then sung over with various changes introduced by the various parts of the group.)

**A2—ROUND THE BAY OF MEXICO (Sea Shanty).**

**A3—BOWLINE (Sea Shanty).**

Sung by David Pryor and Henry Lundy at Nassau, Bahamas, 1935. Recorded by Alan Lomax and Mary Elizabeth Barnicle.

Before the hurricane season begins in the months of August and September, the sailors of Andros Island haul their small sailboats up on the beach out of danger of the coming stormy weather. In November the boats must be launched again, and thereupon the whole community descends to the bright beach and bends its back to the launching rope. A good singer raises a launching song and, as the group joins the chorus, the whole community heaves on the cable, dragging the boat a little way back toward the water. Sometimes "the music is so sweet," as one singer put it, "that the women forget their pretty dresses and walk out into the sea right up to their necks." The two launching songs included on this record are both versions of old British sea shanties. Compare them with songs on AFS L2, A1 and A2.

For further material on A2, see page 84 and page 91, Joanna C. Colcord, *Songs of American Sailormen* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1938); and page 42, for A3.

**A2—ROUND THE BAY OF MEXICO**

Round the bay of Mexico.

CHORUS:

O round the bay of Mexico,  
Ay-ay, Suzianna,  
Mexico is the place I belong in,  
Round the bay of Mexico.

1. O Mexico is the place I belong in,  
Ay-ay, O Suzianna,  
Mexico is the place I belong in,  
Round the bay of Mexico.
2. Then why those yellow gals love me so?  
'Cause I don' talk ev'rything I know.
3. Those Nassau girls ain't got no comb,  
O they comb they head with a whipper back bone.

4. Them . . . girls ain't got no comb,  
They comb they heads with a whipper back-  
bone.

CHORUS

**A3—BOWLINE**

1. . . . go along, my boys,  
You cannot make a bowline,  
O—o, boys, bowline, o.
2. Whyn't you chase along, my boy,  
You cannot make a bowline.  
O—o, boys, bowline, o.
3. The bowline, the bowline,  
You cannot make a bowline.  
O—o, boys, bowline, o.
4. O boys, O boys, O boys, sit down,  
You cannot make a bowline.  
O—o, boys, bowline, o.

**A4—SAIL, GAL (Ring Game).**

Led by Elizabeth Austin at Old Bight, Cat  
Island, Bahamas, 1935.

**A5—HALLIE ROCK (Jumping Dance).**

Sung with drum by group at Nassau, Ba-  
hamas, 1935.

**A6—BIMINI GAL.**

Sung and played by Nassau String Band  
at Nassau, Bahamas, 1935. All recorded  
by Alan Lomax and Mary Elizabeth  
Barnicle.

In Nassau one may converse with old folks who can name the African tribe from which their parents were descended. In 1935 I was able to record the repertory of a woman who knew more than a dozen songs in an African dialect. One is not surprised, therefore, to find many African elements in the dances and dance songs of the islands.

The young folks go to the beach in the evening and light a little fire of palm leaves. As it blazes up, the drummer tunes his goatskin drum by passing it back and forth over the flames. Then the shrill-voiced girls begin a ring-play chorus (see A4). The group joins in, the boys singing the refrain, the girls, the stanzas; all clap; the drum signals for the dance to begin and a boy steps out into the ring of singers.

After a few steps around the ring alone, he stops before one of the girls and gestures her into the ring for his partner. They dance together for a few moments, a dance of frank courtship. The drum signals again; the boy slips back into his place in the circle and now the girl chooses her partner. So the ring play runs for five or ten minutes until the leader tires of the tune. Here the form of the dance and the melody of the song have been partly European in feeling, although the content and the style are heavily African.

In a few minutes, however, our young singing leader will take up a different refrain, generally of shorter compass and with a melodic quality that is somewhat strange: the drum follows with a new broken rhythm; now our first dancer leaps into the circle in an angular pose, his legs wide apart, his arms akimbo. Each rush of the drum sends him spinning and leaping about the circle in a wide arc of rapid and complex leaps at the end of which the drum jerks him backward into another angular posture. Presently he is signaled out of the ring and his final leap carries him before a young girl whom he violently gestures to begin. She spins out into the circle alone and with whirling skirts makes her solo "move" following the drum. This is the "jumping dance" (see A5).

Recently the songs of these two dance forms have been adapted by the string bands which have recently taken Nassau by storm with their fox-trot and two-step rhythms. In crowded shanties back of the hill in Nassau one finds the young folks performing the rather formal American couple dance to the music of a stringed band of mandolins and guitars. Bahaman music is beginning to acquire sophistication, but as yet it still has a delightfully fresh and pristine character.

**A4—SAIL, GAL**

1. Mama's in the kitchen cookin',  
Got a piece to sail;  
Sail, gal, sail, gal,  
Got a piece to sail.

CHORUS:

Sail, gal, sail, gal,  
Got a piece to sail;  
Sail, gal, sail, gal,  
Got a piece to sail.

*Repeat*

3. O worried mama's in the kitchen cookin',  
Got a piece to sail;  
Sail, gal, sail, gal,  
Got a piece to sail.
4. My mama's in the kitchen cookin',  
Got a piece to sail;  
Sail, gal, sail, gal,  
Got a piece to sail.

#### A5—HALLIE ROCK

*The only words distinguishable here are the words of the refrain:*

"Hallie, rock, Hallie, rock."

#### A6—BIMINI GAL

CHORUS:

O! when I go down to Bimini,  
Never get a lickin' till I go down to Bimini.

1. Bimini gal is a rock in the harbor,  
Never get a lickin' till I go down to Bimini.

*(This stanza and chorus are repeated over and over.)*

#### A7—LE PLUS JEUNE DES TROIS.

Sung by Julien Hofpaur at New Iberia, Louisiana, 1934. Recorded by John A. and Alan Lomax.

From Beaumont, Texas, driving east along highway 90 clear to New Orleans, you ride through a country of cane, rice, swampland and of a population that is predominantly French-speaking. These people are known as the "Cajuns" or, more politely, the "Acadians." They have not forgotten that they are descended from Evangeline's people who came to Louisiana from Nova Scotia (then known to the French inhabitants as Acadia) in 1765. They are proud folk and cling to their French speech, their thrifty peasant ways, their songs, and their dances. Here is a fine example of a medieval French ballad: the story of a maiden, kidnapped by wandering knights, who prefers death to dishonor. This ballad is still sung in Canada, as well as in Louisiana.

For another transcription of this ballad, see page 182, Lomax and Lomax, *Our Singing Country*. For further information see page 40, Marius Barbeau and Edward Sapir, *Folk Songs of French Canada* (Yale University Press, 1925). For background material see Irène Thérèse Whitfield, *Louisiana French Folk Songs* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1939).

1. "Montez, montez, la belle,  
Dessus mon cheval gris;  
On logit chez mon père,  
Je vous amènerai."

*Repeat*

2. Quand-e la bell'-z-entend,  
Elle s'est mite à pleurèze.

*Repeat*

"Soupez, soupez, la belle,  
Prenez, oui, z-appétit,  
Auprès du capitaine  
Vo' passerez la nuit."

*Repeat*

3. Quand-e la bell'-z-entend  
La belle est tombée morte.

*Repeat*

"Sonnez, sonnez, les cloches,  
Tambours, violons, marchez,  
M'amillionette est morte.  
J'en ai le coeur dolent."

*Repeat*

4. "Et où l'enterreront-ils?"  
"Dedans l' jardin d' son père,  
Sous les trois feuilles de lys;  
Nous prierons Dieu, chers frères,  
Qu'elle aille en Paradis."

*Repeat*

5. Au bout-e de trois jours  
La bell' frappe à la porte.

*Repeat*

"Ouvrez, ouvrez la porte,  
Cher père et bien-aimé,  
J'ai fait la mort trois jours  
Pour sauver mon honneur."

*Repeat*

1. "Climb up, climb up, my beauty,  
Upon my gray horse;  
We'll stay at my father's house,  
I'll take you there."

*Repeat*

2. When the beauty heard that  
She began to weep.

*Repeat*

"Dine, dine, my beauty,  
Show some appetite,  
Beside the captain  
You will spend the night."

*Repeat*

3. When the beauty heard that  
She fell down dead.

*Repeat*

"Sound, sound, bells,  
Drums, violins. March!  
My darling is dead,  
And I have a grieving heart."

*Repeat*

4. "And where will they bury her?"  
"In the garden of her father,  
Under the fleur de lys;  
We will pray to God, dear brothers.  
That she will go to Paradise."

*Repeat*

5. At the end of three days  
The beauty knocked on the door.

*Repeat*

"Open, open the door,  
Dear father and beloved,  
I played dead for three days  
To save my honor."

*Repeat*

#### **A8—SEPT ANS SUR MER.**

**Sung by Elida Hofpauir and her sister at  
New Iberia, Louisiana, 1934. Recorded  
by John A. and Alan Lomax.**

Julien Hofpauir has taught his young daughters how to sing the old ballads, too. Here they

sing a version of what Marius Barbeau calls "one of the most extensively travelled songs of the European folk repertoires." Thackeray wrote a parody of it in "Little Billee." In older versions little Jean sees the "towers of Babylon" (Cairo) shining in the distance.

For other transcriptions of songs A8 and A9, see pages 180 and 191, Lomax and Lomax, *Our Singing Country*. For further references on A8 see pages 125 ff., Barbeau and Sapir, *Folk Songs of French Canada*.

1. On a resté six ans sur mer  
Sans pouvoir border la terre.  
*Repeat*

2. Au bout de la septième année  
On a manqué de provisions.

*Repeat*

3. On a mangé souris et rats  
Jusque le touvre du navire.

*Repeat*

4. On a tiré la courte paille  
Pour voir lequel qui serait mangé.

*Repeat*

5. "En voilà, p'tit Jean, s'il tombe-z-au cas,  
Ça serait p'tit Jean qui serait mangé.  
O voilà, p'tit Jean, qu'il tombe sur toi,  
Ça serait p'tit Jean qui serait mangé.

6. "O p'tit Jean, ça fait du mal."  
Il crie, "Courage, mes camarades."

*Repeat*

7. "Je vois la terr' sur toutes côtés,  
Trois pigeons blancs qui s'a voltigé.

*Repeat*

8. "Je vois aussi trois filles du père  
Qui se promenaient au bord du rivage.

*Repeat*

9. "O si jamais je mets pieds sur terr'  
La plus jolie je l'épouserai."

*Repeat*

1. We stayed at sea six years  
Without being able to land.  
*Repeat*
2. At the end of the seventh year  
We ran out of food.  
*Repeat*
3. We ate mice and rats  
Down to the hold of the ship.  
*Repeat*
4. We drew straws  
To see who would be eaten.  
*Repeat*
5. "There, little Jean, if the lot so falls,  
It will be little Jean who will be eaten.  
O there, little Jean, it falls to you,  
It will be little Jean who will be eaten.
6. "O little Jean, we feel so bad."  
He cries, "Courage, my comrades."  
*Repeat*
7. "I see land on three sides,  
And three white pigeons circling."  
*Repeat*
8. "I also see three daughters of the father  
Who were walking on the shore."  
*Repeat*
9. "O, if ever I set foot on land,  
I'll marry the prettiest."  
*Repeat*

**A9—LES CLEFS DE LA PRISON.**

**Sung by Elida Hofpauir at New Iberia,  
Louisiana, 1934. Recorded by John A.  
and Alan Lomax.**

So far as we know, this is an indigenous song. Its clipped, colloquial style, its syncopation, its lines from "The Boston Burglar" indicate its fairly recent origin. The precision of phrasing, the lighthearted bitterness of the lines, and the remarkably deft use of dialogue remind one of Villon. A swift and acid dialogue between a condemned man and his father and mother, it stands alone of its kind among American folk songs.

1. THE BOY:  
[Chère mom!  
On vient m' donner les clefs,]  
Les clefs de la prison,  
Les clefs de la prison.
2. HIS MOTHER:  
Gar'-tu!  
Comment dis-tu—te donne  
Les clefs de la prison,  
En quant les officiers  
Les a crochées dans l'cou,  
Les a crochées dans l'cou.
3. THE BOY:  
Chère mom!  
Ils vont m' venir chercher,  
Mais à neuf heures à soir,  
Mais oui, c'est pou' me pend',  
Mais à dix heures en nuit,  
Mais à dix heures en nuit.
4. Chère mom!  
C'est ce qui m' fait plus d' peine,  
C'est de savoir ma mort  
Aussi longtemps d'avance,  
Aussi longtemps d'avance.
5. Son père,  
Mais qui s'est mis à genoux  
En s'arrachant les cheveux,  
En s'arrachant les cheveux.
6. HIS FATHER:  
Gar'-tu!  
Comment j'ai pu t' quitter  
C'est pou' t'en aller  
Mais dans un grand prison.
7. THE BOY:  
Cher pop!  
Comment tu voulais j' fais  
Et quand les officiers  
Étaient autour de moi  
Avec les carabines,  
Avec les carabines?
8. Chère mom!  
C'est ce qui m' fait plus d' peine  
C'est de savoir ma mort  
Aussi longtemps d'avance,  
Aussi longtemps d'avance.

9. O mom!  
 Ils vont m' venir chercher  
 Mais à neuf heures à soir,  
 Mais oui, c'est pou' me pend',  
 Mais à dix heures en nuit,  
 Mias à dix heures en nuit.
10. Chère mom!  
 Oui, c'est, c'est toi qui m'amène,  
 Oui, oui, mon corps au terre  
 Avec mon beau ch'val cannelle,  
 Avec ma bell' voiture noire,  
 Avec les quat' roues rouges,  
 Avec les quat' roues rouges.

*Repeat*

1. THE BOY:  
 Dear Mom!  
 They're going to give me the keys,  
 The keys to the prison,  
 The keys to the prison.
2. HIS MOTHER:  
 My boy! what,  
 How could they give you  
 The keys to the prison  
 When the officers  
 Have them around their necks,  
 Have them around their necks.
3. THE BOY:  
 Dear Mom!  
 They'll come to get me,  
 At nine o'clock this evening,  
 But yes, to hang me,  
 At ten o'clock tonight,  
 At ten o'clock tonight.
4. Dear Mom!  
 What hurts me most,  
 Is to know I'm to die  
 So long before my time,  
 So long before my time.
5. His father  
 Fell on his knees  
 Tearing his hair,  
 Tearing his hair.
6. HIS FATHER:  
 My boy!  
 How could I leave you  
 For you to go  
 Into a great prison.

7. THE BOY:  
 Dear Pop!  
 What did you want me to do  
 When the officers were around me  
 With their rifles,  
 With their rifles?

8. Dear Mom!  
 What hurts me most,  
 Is to know I'm to die  
 So long before my time,  
 So long before my time.

9. Dear Mom!  
 They'll come to get me,  
 At nine o'clock this evening,  
 But yes, to hang me,  
 At ten o'clock tonight,  
 At ten o'clock tonight.

10. Dear Mom!  
 Yes, it's, it's you  
 Who brings my body to earth,  
 With my handsome cinnamon horse  
 With my handsome black carriage,  
 With its four red wheels,  
 With its four red wheels.

*Repeat*

**A10—ACADIAN WALTZ.**

**A11—ACADIAN BLUES.**

Played on the fiddle by Wayne Perry at  
 Crowley, Louisiana, 1934.

**A12—PETITE FILLE À ALBERT  
 MOREAU.<sup>1</sup>**

Sung with fiddle by Eddie Segura at  
 Delcambre, Louisiana, 1934.

**A13—O CHÈRE 'TITE FILLE.**

Sung with accordian by Ogdal Carrier at  
 Angola, Louisiana, 1934.

**A14—JOE FÉRAIL.<sup>1</sup>**

Sung with fiddle by Eddie Segura at Del-  
 cambre, Louisiana, 1934. All recorded  
 by John A. and Alan Lomax.

In the "Cajun" (Acadian) country of south-  
 western Louisiana, the people call their dances  
 "fais-do-dos." This term is said to reflect their  
 habit of bringing their babies to the dances and  
 putting them to sleep in a room convenient to  
 the dance floor. The instruments of the dance

are the fiddle, the concertina, the triangle, and sometimes, nowadays, the guitar; their music consists of French waltzes, polkas, and, lately, a form of the fox-trot. The people are very romantic and passionate by nature; their young ladies are extraordinarily fresh, beautiful, and well chaperoned; and a "fais-do-do" takes place in an atmosphere of tense emotion. The young men have a habit of giving high falsetto yells at intervals during the dance—cries like a panther's—which carry far through the hot night. Wayne Perry, the fiddler on A10 and 11, plays a typical waltz and next a polka. A12 is a piece of "fais-do-do" music typical of the area. A13 is a Negro adaptation of the white "fais-do-do" style. A14 is a contemporary white imitation of the "Cajun" Negro blues style, giving a portrait of the legendary Joe Férail, who sold his wife for a bushel of potatoes.

For much good material and general background on these selections see Whitfield, *Louisiana French Folk Song*.

#### A13—O CHÈRE 'TITE FILLE

- O—! chère 'tite fille, chaque fois tu mets à genoux prie donc pou' ton nèg'.  
 O ho!  
 O—! c'est pas si dur, ça qu' est plus dur, ton nèg' le mérite pas.  
 O! cha-cha!  
 O—! rappelle-toi la dernière fois ton vieux nèg' t'a quitté.  
 O—! my dear little girl, each time you bend your knee, pray for your dear.  
 O ho!  
 O—! It's not so hard. That which is harder [is that] your dear doesn't deserve it [your prayer].  
 O! cha-cha!  
 O—! Remember the last time your old dear and you parted.

<sup>1</sup> Transcriptions of these texts were unavailable.

#### B1-3—SONGS FROM "LOS PASTORES."

Sung by Franquilino Miranda and group at Cotulla, Texas, 1934. Recorded by John A. and Alan Lomax.

#### B4-6—SONGS FROM "EL NIÑO PERDIDO."

Sung by Ricardo Archuleta at Cerro, New Mexico, 1940. Recorded by Juan B. Rael.

The Spanish mystery plays, "Los Pastores" and "El Niño Perdido," are still performed by the Mexican folk of the Southwest. The entire scripts—words, tunes, and stage directions—have been handed on by word of mouth from father to son in a number of communities. On B1-B3 the singing was done by the "Los Pastores" group which performs the play every Christmas in Cotulla, Texas, a little cattle town down in the mesquite thickets of south Texas near the Mexican border. It is obvious that the melodies are of much more recent origin than those on B4-B6 which were recorded in New Mexico. There Spanish-speaking communities have lived in relative isolation from the rest of the Spanish-speaking world since the Spanish conquest of the Southwest.

For another transcription of B2, see page 16, Gustavo Duran, *14 Traditional Spanish Songs from Texas* (Music Division, Pan American Union, 1942). For further background see M. R. Cole, *Los Pastores, American Folk-Lore Society Memoirs, vol. IX* (New York: American Folk-Lore Society, agent, G. F. Stechert, 1907); Charles A. Dickinson, *Las Posadas* (Claremont, California, 1935).

#### B1

1. . . . . a casa  
 del Ave María,  
 pidiendo posada  
 por un solo día,  
 pidiendo posada  
 por un solo día.
2. Y aquí, en esta casa,  
 posada no damos,  
 que es mucha familia  
 y apenas entramos,  
 que es mucha familia  
 y apenas entramos.
3. Posada pedimos  
 por esta ocasión,  
 y a mi esposa amada  
 tener un rincón,  
 y a mi esposa amada  
 tener un rincón.

4. Posada no damos  
por esta ocasión;  
pasen adelante,  
que hay otras mejor,  
pasen adelante,  
que hay otras mejor.
5. Hermosos los pobres,  
no tenemos dinero  
ni prendas valiosas  
para el mesonero,  
ni prendas valiosas  
para el mesonero.
1. . . . . to the house  
Of the Ave Maria,  
Asking for room  
For only one day,  
Asking for room  
For only one day.
2. And in this house  
We do not have room,  
We have a lot of family  
And there's hardly room for us,  
We have a lot of family  
And there's hardly room for us.
3. We ask for room to stay  
On this occasion,  
And for my beloved wife  
Just to have a corner,  
And for my beloved wife  
Just to have a corner.
4. We won't give rooms  
On this occasion;  
Keep on going,  
There are other better places,  
Keep on going,  
There are other better places.
5. How beautiful the poor,  
We don't have any money  
Nor any valuable jewelry  
To give to the innkeeper,  
Nor any valuable jewelry  
To give to the innkeeper.

**B2**

1. Y adiós, niño chiquitito,  
mi vida,  
y adiós, divino portal;  
y a tus pies está postrado  
mi vida,  
dispidiéndose,<sup>2</sup> Cabal.  
¡Y adiós, adiós!

2. Y adiós, niño chiquitito,  
mi vida,  
de tí ya no te preciso;  
y a tus pies está postrado,  
mi vida,  
dispidiéndose, Melillo.  
¡Y adiós, adiós!
3. Y adiós, niño chiquitito,  
mi vida,  
y en el corazón te tengo;  
de tu vista se despide,  
mi vida,  
quien ha roto vingo y vengo.<sup>3</sup>  
¡Y adiós, adiós!
4. Y adiós, niño chiquitito,  
mi vida,  
te llevo en el corazón;  
de tu vista se despide,  
mi vida,  
Tulo, Bato y Cucharón.  
¡Y adiós, adiós!
5. Y adiós, niño chiquitito,  
mi vida,  
yo me despido llorando;  
y a tus pies está postrado  
mi vida,  
dispidiéndote, Lisardo.  
¡Y adiós, adiós!
1. And goodbye, little boy,  
My whole life,  
And goodbye divine portal;  
At your feet I put my life  
Saying goodbye, now.  
And goodbye, goodbye!
2. And goodbye, little boy,  
My whole life,  
I don't need you any more;  
At your feet I put my life,  
Melillo says goodbye here.  
And goodbye, goodbye!
3. And goodbye, little boy,  
My whole life,  
I have you in my heart;  
I will not see you,  
My life,  
I'll come and go. . . .  
And goodbye, goodbye!

4. And goodbye, little boy,  
My whole life,  
I keep you in my heart;  
I will not see you,  
My life,  
Tulo, Bato and Cucharón.  
And goodbye, goodbye!

5. And goodbye, little boy,  
My whole life,  
I say goodbye crying:  
At your feet I put my life,  
Lisardo is saying goodbye.  
And goodbye, goodbye!

\* *Dispidiéndose*: *despidiéndose*.

\* *Vingo y vengo*: *meaningless garbled words*.

### B3

1. . . . .  
donde yo durmiendo estaba;  
y si despertar, no pude  
levantar bien la pestaña.
2. Y oí una voz que decía  
de esta manera cantaba:  
"Pastorcillo, que durmiendo  
siestas en vuestra cabaña,
3. "Camina para Belén,  
verás la gloria y la fama,  
que está el Salvador del mundo  
tirado entre humildes pajas.
4. "Y hoy por . . .<sup>4</sup> y por el hombre,  
hoy nació de madre amada;  
la que concedida en gracia  
y aquella que fué anunciada."

1. . . . .  
Where I was sleeping;  
I couldn't wake up  
Or open my eyes.
2. I heard a voice  
Singing in this manner:  
"Little sheperd,  
Taking a nap in your cottage,
3. "Go towards Bethlehem,  
There you will see glory and fame,  
The Savior of the world  
Is lying on a bed of straw.

4. "And today . . . for mankind,  
Born of a beloved Mother;  
The one conceived in grace  
As it had been announced."

### B4

Atención, senado ilustre,  
que ya se comienza el auto  
en que obró el Niño Jesús  
un descuido y con cuidado.

*Repeat*

Attention, illustrious senate,  
For the play now begins  
With the Child Jesus as central character  
With dedication and care.

*Repeat*

<sup>4</sup>Two-syllable word ending in vowel, unintelligible.

### B5

1. Oh, dulcísimo Jesús,  
a quien me amparo hasta aquí,  
para el avariento entrar  
al Señor de Maspirmí.
  2. La grande misericordia  
del cielo vino hasta aquí,  
vino a buscar a las almas  
el Señor de Maspirmí.
  3. Si por mis grandes pecados  
y estás en la cruz por mí,  
el perdón me ha de entregar (?)  
el Señor de Maspirmí.
  4. El jardín que ahí lo vi  
y veneramos aquí,  
es la rosa más frondosa  
del Señor de Maspirmí.
  5. Entre las nueve y las diez  
y el Calvario recibí,  
con las tres necesidades  
del Señor de Maspirmí.
1. Oh, sweet Jesus,  
From whom I seek protection,  
So the avaricious may enter  
The presence of Our Lord of Maspirmí.
  2. The great mercy  
Of heaven reached right here,  
The souls came to get  
Our Lord of Maspirmí.

3. If for my great sins  
You have been crucified because of me,  
Forgiveness will be given to me (?)  
By our Lord of Maspirmí.
4. The garden I saw there  
And we venerate here,  
Is the prettiest rose garden  
Of Our Lord of Maspirmí.
5. Between nine and ten  
And I received Calvary,  
With the three requests  
From Our Lord of Maspirmí.

### B6

1. El mejor hombre del mundo  
y en una cruz fué clavado,  
primero en Jerusalén,  
¡Alabado y ensalzado!
2. Siempre alabando el bendito  
del divino Sacramento;  
danos luz y entendimiento  
para que mi alma se salve.
3. El ángel quedó llorando  
desde la cuenta que dió,  
y una más tenía a su cargo  
y el malo se la llevó.
4. La Virgen le dice al ángel:  
"No llores, niño varón,  
que yo le pediré a Cristo  
que esta alma tenga perdón."
1. The best man in the world  
Was nailed on a cross,  
First in Jerusalem,  
Venerated and blessed be He!
2. Always venerating the blessed one  
Of the Divine Sacrament;  
Give us light and understanding  
To save my soul.
3. The angel was crying  
After the accounting was made,  
He had one more [soul] to care for  
And the devil took it [the soul].
4. The Virgin Mary tells the angel:  
"Don't cry little boy,  
I will ask Christ  
To forgive this soul."

### B7—EL TECOLOTE (Spanish-American Ring Game).

Sung by Ricardo Archuleta at Cerro, New Mexico, 1940. Recorded by Juan B. Rael.

"El Tecolote" (the owl) is a Mexican ring game in traditional Spanish style.

For background see references on B9.

1. Tecolote ¿ de onde vienes?  
*Repeat*  
Del pueblo descolorido,  
del pueblo descolorido, uh!
2. Vengo a traerte la noticia  
*Repeat*  
que tu amor está perdido,  
que tu amor está perdido, uh!
3. Pájaro, cu, cu, cu,  
pobrecito animalito,  
tiene hambre el tecolotito, uh!
4. Tecolotito valiente  
*Repeat*  
que cantastes en enero,  
que cantastes en enero, cu!
5. ¿ Por qué no se juntan todos  
*Repeat*  
y hacen un tecolotero,  
y hacen un tecolotero, uh?
1. Owl, where do you come from?  
*Repeat*  
From the faded village,  
From the faded village, ooh!
2. I've come to bring you the news  
*Repeat*  
That you have lost your love  
That you have lost your love, ooh!
3. Little bird, coo, coo, coo,  
Poor little thing,  
The little owl is hungry, ooh!
4. Brave little owl  
*Repeat*  
You who sang in January,  
You who sang in January, ooh!

5. Why don't you all get together  
Repeat  
And form an "owl coop,"  
And form an "owl coop," ooh?

**B8—LA BATALLA DEL OJO DE AGUA  
(Mexican Corrido).**

**Sung with guitar by José Suarez at Brownsville, Texas, 1939. Recorded by John A. and Ruby T. Lomax.**

Blind José Suarez walks the streets of Brownsville, Texas, visiting bars and restaurants and singing for all who will listen. His stock of songs is made up mainly of the ballads of the border country along the Rio Grande. These modern *corridos* concern bandit raids, train robberies, wrecks on the railroad, and other matters of present interest. They represent the style of narrative song most popular among the Mexicans of Texas.

For a transcription of this corrido see page 2, Duran, *14 Traditional Spanish Songs from Texas*, where it is titled "Corrido de José Mosquera." For general background see Vicente T. Mendoza, *El Romance Español y El Corrido Mexicano* (Mexico, D. F.: Ediciones de la Universidad Nacional Autónoma, 1939).

1. El diecinueve de enero,  
que el pueblo se alborotó—  
cuando fué el primer asalto  
que José Mosquera dió.
2. Gritaba José Mosquera  
con la pistola en la mano:  
"Tumbamos el ferrocarril  
en terreno americano."
3. Gritaba José Mosquera  
con la pistola en la mano:  
"Tumbamos el ferrocarril  
en terreno americano."
4. Decían los americanos:  
"¡ Qué mejicanos tan crueles!  
Dejaron el ferrocarril  
bailando fuera 'e los rieles."
5. En el rancho de la Larga,  
y 'onde se vió lo bonito;  
adonde hicieron correr  
al Señor Santiago Brito.

6. Más allá, en el calabozo,  
donde se vió lo muy fino;  
adonde hicieron correr  
al diputado Justino.
7. Un día, José Mosquera  
y en esa loma trotaba:  
"Pues, a correr, compañeros,  
porque ahí viene la platiada." 6
8. Decía Simón García  
y en un caballo melado:  
"Vamos a asalter dinero  
todos para el otro lado."
9. Decía Don Esteban Salas,  
como queriendo Horar:  
"Por haber hecho los yerros,  
también me van a llevar."
10. Decía Don Esteban Salas:  
"Y esto les voy a decir:  
por haber hecho los yerros  
dos años voy a sufrir."
11. A Simón no lo aprendieron,  
pues no se dejó arrestar;  
al estado de Sonora  
se fué para vacilar.
12. A Simón no lo aprendieron,  
pues no se dejó arrestar;  
al estado de Sonora  
se fué dinero a gastar.
13. Ya con ésta me despido,  
y al salir a una vereda,  
pues el que ha tumbado el tren  
se llama José Mosquera.
14. Mosquera, yo ya me voy,  
mi compañero se queda;  
pues el que ha tumbado el tren  
se llama José Mosquera.
1. The nineteenth of January,  
The village rebelled—  
It was the first assault  
By José Mosquera.
2. José Mosquera yelled  
With a gun in his hand:  
"We'll bring down the train  
on American soil."

3. José Mosquera yelled  
With a gun in his hand:  
"We'll bring down the train  
on American soil."
4. The Americans retorted:  
"How cruel, these Mexicans!  
They left the train  
teetering outside its tracks."
5. In the la Larga ranch  
There was some fun;  
They sure made  
Mister Santiago Brito run.
6. Yonder, at the jail,  
Where he looked quite well;  
They sure made  
Councilman Justino run.
7. One day José Mosquera  
Was roaming on the hills:  
"Let's run on, friends,  
For here comes the police."
8. Simón García said  
While sitting on a bay horse:  
"Let's get some money  
then all run the other way."
9. Don Esteban Salas said,  
Wanting to cry:  
"For having made mistakes  
They will take me too."
10. Don Esteban Salas said:  
"I'll tell you this much:  
For having made mistakes  
I will suffer two years."
11. They did not catch Simón,  
Because he did not allow it;  
He went to the state of Sonora  
To hide his trail.
12. They did not catch Simón,  
Because he did not allow it;  
He went to the state of Sonora  
To spend money.
13. With that I'll say goodbye,  
And I will go to the sidewalk,  
The one who brought down the train  
Is named José Mosquera.

14. Mosquera, I will leave now,  
My companion will stay;  
The one who brought down the train  
Is named José Mosquera.

<sup>8</sup> Onde: donde.

<sup>9</sup> La platiada: la plateada, the police force.

#### B9-B14—MEXICAN CHILDREN'S GAMES.

Sung by Josephine Gonzáles, Aurora Gonzáles, Pearl Menchaco, Adela Flores, and Belia Trujillo at San Antonio, Texas, 1934. Recorded by John A. and Alan Lomax.

One afternoon in the Mexican quarter of San Antonio, a group of little girls recorded their game songs for the Library of Congress. As they sang, they danced before the microphone, their bright gingham dresses colorful in the sun. The listener will note that they sing popular songs as well as traditional Spanish games and Mexican dances of the last century. The song B12 is known in Spain as "La Viuda del Conde Laurel."

For general background and further material, see The Work Projects Administration of New Mexico, *The Spanish-American Song and Game Book* (A. S. Barnes, 1942); Mela Sedillo Brewster, *Mexican and New Mexican Folk Dances* (University of New Mexico, 1937).

#### B9

1. . . . .  
ya tiene mujer;  
mañana sabremos  
lo que sabe hacer.
2. Levántese Usted:  
será de costumbre  
lavar la cocina y  
sóplese la lumbre.
3. Levántese Usted,  
vieja remolona,  
que ya me cansé  
de ser señorona.
4. ¡Hijo, hijo,  
mira a tu mujer!  
¡Llévala al infierno,  
no la puedo ver!
5. Cállese, mamá;  
cállese, por Dios,  
porque agarro un palo y  
les pego a las dos.

**B11**

1. . . . .  
You now have a wife;  
Tomorrow we'll know  
What you can do
2. Please get up:  
It is customary  
To wash the kitchen and  
To light the fire.
3. Please get up,  
Lazy old lady,  
That I may grow tired  
Of being the grand lady.
4. Son, son,  
Look at your wife!  
Take her away to hell  
I can't look at her!
5. Be quiet mother;  
For God's sake be quiet,  
If not I'll take a stick  
And hit both of you.

**B10**

1. La viborita,  
la viborita  
con su cascabel,  
ya se lo pisa,  
ya se lo pone  
para jugar con él.
  2. Tengo mi rorro,  
tengo mi rorro,  
mi rorro francés.  
Vengan a verlo,  
vengan a verlo  
lo bonito que es.
1. The little snake,  
The little snake  
With its rattle;  
It steps on the rattle,  
Wears it,  
Plays with it.
  2. I have my baby,  
I have my baby,  
My French baby.  
Come see him,  
Come see him,  
See how pretty he is.

Serían las dos,  
serían las tres,  
serían las cuatro, cinco o seis de la mañana  
cuando estaba con mi Julia  
platicando en la ventana.

Sale su mamá  
tratádome de grosero.  
Y a mi ¿ qué valiente,  
porque traiga mi dinero?

Sale su papá  
tratándome de borracho.  
Y a mi ¿ qué valiente,  
me va a rechazar tus brazos?

Cuando tuve,  
te mantuve  
y te quise y te dí.  
Hoy no tengo,  
no mantengo  
ni te quiero ni te doy.

Búscate a otro  
que te quiera,  
que te tenga y que te dé.  
Hoy no tengo,  
no mantengo,  
ni te quiero ni te doy.

It could be two,  
It could be three,  
It could be four, five or six in the morning  
When I was with Julia  
Talking through the window.

Her mother comes out;  
Tells me I have no manners.  
What do I care?  
Should I bring my money?

Her father comes out;  
Tells me I am drunk.  
What do I care?  
Are you going to stop loving me?

When I had a lot  
I gave you a lot  
I loved you a lot  
Today I have nothing  
I can't give a thing  
I can't love or give.

Find someone else  
Who can love you,  
Who has things to give you.  
Today I have nothing  
I can't give a thing  
I can't love or give.

### B12

1. Esta es la viudita  
de Santa Isabel,  
que quiere casar y  
no halla con quién.
2. El mozo del cura  
le manda un papel;  
le manda a decir  
que se case con él.
3. Corriendo, corriendo,  
me dí un tropezón;  
por darle la mano,  
le dí el corazón.
4. Me gusta la leche,  
me gusta el café,  
pero más me gustan  
los ojos de usted.
1. This is the little window  
Of Saint Isabel,  
Who would like to marry  
But can't find a man.
2. The priest's helper  
Sends her a note;  
Lets her know  
He wants to marry her.
3. Running, running,  
I stumbled;  
Instead of giving a hand  
I gave my heart.
4. I like milk,  
I like coffee,  
But I like better still  
Your eyes.

### B13

1. Compadre ¿de dónde vienes?  
Compadre, del trabajo.  
Compadre ¿que cuanto ganas?  
Compadre, no más un real.

2. Compadre ¿y quién lo emplea?  
Compadre, una muchacha.  
Compadre ¿y es bonita?  
Compadre, como la plata.

3. Cuatro pa, cuatro pa,  
cuatro palomitas blancas.  
Cuatro pa, cuatro pa,  
cuatro palomitas blancas.
4. Del cielo cayó un pañuelo  
cubierto de puras flores,  
y en una esquina decía:  
"Matilde de mis amores."
5. Cuatro pa, cuatro pa,  
cuatro palomitas blancas.  
Cuatro pa, cuatro pa,  
cuatro palomitas blancas.
6. Del cielo cayó un pañuelo  
con veinticuatro limones.  
Los hombres son los plomos,  
las mujeres son lascivas.
7. Cuatro pa, cuatro pa,  
cuatro palomitas blancas.  
Cuatro pa, cuatro pa,  
cuatro palomitas blancas.
8. Señora, su periquita  
me quiere llevar al río,  
y yo le digo que no,  
porque me muero de frío.
9. Cuatro pa, cuatro pa,  
cuatro palomitas blancas.  
Cuatro pa, cuatro pa,  
cuatro palomitas blancas.
10. Pasen a tomar atole  
todos los que van pasando,  
que el atole está caliente,  
la atolera se está agriando.

#### *Repeat*

1. Friend, where do you come from?  
From work, my friend.  
Friend, how much do you make?  
Friend, only about a dollar.
2. Who do you work for, friend?  
A girl, my friend.  
Friend, is she pretty?  
As pretty as silver, my friend.

3. Four duh, four duh,  
Four little doves so white.  
Four duh, four duh,  
Four little doves so white.
4. A handkerchief fell from the sky  
Full of pretty flowers,  
And one of the corners read:  
"My beloved Matilda."
5. Four duh, four duh,  
Four little doves so white.  
Four duh, four duh,  
Four little doves so white.
6. A handkerchief fell from the sky  
With twenty-four lemons.  
Men are like lead  
And the women lascivious.
7. Four duh, four duh,  
Four little doves so white.  
Four duh, four duh,  
Four little doves so white.
8. Lady, your little parrot  
Wants to take me to the river,  
And I don't want to,  
Because I am dying of cold.
9. Four duh, four duh,  
Four little doves so white.  
Four duh, four duh,  
Four little doves so white.
10. Come in and take some gruel  
All who come should take some,  
The gruel is warm,  
And the pot is turning sour.

*Repeat*

#### **B14**

.....  
Oiga usted, señor Don Juan,  
si es usted de esta canción.  
Si la canción no le gusta,  
aquí está mi corazón.  
Si la canción no le gusta,  
aquí está mi corazón.

.....  
Listen, Don Juan,  
See if you are in the song.  
If you don't like this song,  
Here is my heart.  
If you don't like this song,  
Here is my heart.



Available from Recording Laboratory,  
Library of Congress,  
Washington, D.C. 20540

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 78-750910