



# *Navigating Foreign Waters*

Spanish Baroque Music & Mexican Folk Music

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María Cristina Kiehr voice  
Krishnasol Jiménez baroque guitar  
Roberto Koch colascione

# NAVIGATING FOREIGN WATERS

## *Navigating Foreign Waters*

Son Jarocho  
(Mexican Folk Music)

Santiago de Murcia 1673 1739  
Gaspar Sanz 1640 1710

- |    |                                |                               |      |
|----|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|------|
| 1  | <b>La Bruja</b> .....          | Jácaras por la E (Sanz)       | 6'24 |
| 2  | <b>La Carretera</b> .....      | Cumbees (Murcia)              | 6'36 |
| 3  | <b>Los Juiles</b> .....        | Jácaras por la E (Murcia)     | 3'50 |
| 4  | <b>Siquisiri</b> .....         | Jácaras de la Costa (Murcia)  | 4'04 |
| 5  | <b>Los Chiles Verdes</b> ..... | Tarantelas por la E (Murcia)  | 6'16 |
| 6  | <b>La Lloroncita</b> .....     | Los Ympossibles (Murcia)      | 4'34 |
| 7  | <b>María Chuchena</b> .....    | La Jotta (Murcia)             | 5'06 |
| 8  | <b>El Gallo</b> .....          | Folías Gallegas (Murcia)      | 5'07 |
| 9  | <b>Fandanguito</b> .....       | Fandango (Murcia)             | 4'24 |
| 10 | <b>Aguanieve</b> .....         | Zarambeques o Muecas (Murcia) | 5'01 |

all arrangements by **Krishnasol Jiménez**

**Navegar Mar Afuera**

**María Cristina Kiehr** *voice*

**Krishnasol Jiménez** *Baroque guitar* Antonio Stradivari, 1679 'Sabionari'

**Roberto Koch** *colascione*

Total time: 51'30

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## The baroque *son* and the *son* from Veracruz

The word *son* has signified various things throughout time, but it is used in a very specific sense within both the music of 16th- and 17th-century Spain and the contemporary popular music of Mexico to designate a certain type of music. The meanings attested in several dictionaries spanning from the 1600s to our times do not include the musical genre, concerning themselves instead with the word's relationship to sound itself. The 1611 *Tesoro de la lengua castellana* by Sebastián de Covarrubias defines it thus: '*son*: in general, any noise perceptible via the sense of hearing; properly, sound; *son* has a certain correspondance with musical consonances'. The definition in the modern-day dictionary from the Royal Spanish Academy (Real Academia Española) is along the same lines: 'sound pleasing to the ear; especially, musical sound'. While it's true that the etymology of *son* comes from the Latin *sonus* (sound), common usage associated it in the past, as it does now, with a genre of music defined by certain common characteristics. Among those traits, some germane to this recording may be singled out: it is closely associated with dance; its text is composed of an indeterminate number of verses (*coplas*); and, most importantly, it is based on a certain harmonic pattern that is unique to each *son*. This usage for the term can be found in sources as old as the *Instrucción de música para la guitarra española* by Gaspar Sanz, first published in 1674, on whose title page the author states that he has included therein a variety of *sones* and dances, both strummed and plucked, in the Spanish, Italian, French and English styles. Some of the *sones* appearing in this treatise are the *Villano*, *Españoleta*, *Canarios*, *Folías*, *Marizápalos* and *Jácaras*, and these will appear as well in most of the Spanish treatises and collections of music for the baroque guitar of the 18th century. Earlier, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra recounted in 'El celoso extremeño', one of his 12 *Novelas ejemplares* (published 1613), how a rogue availed himself of music to seduce a married woman: taking out a small guitar 'he began to play some jolly and cheerful *sones*' ('comenzaba a tañer algunos sones alegres y regocijados').

These Spanish *sones* are the forerunners of those found nowadays among the popular musicians in many regions of Mexico, notably in the states of Jalisco, Guerrero and Veracruz, the latter being home to two varieties of *son*: the *son huasteco* in the north and the *son jarocho* in the south. The state of Veracruz, with its long Gulf of Mexico coastline, has always had a special historical significance: it was there that Hernán Cortés arrived to undertake the conquest of the new lands, and thereafter it maintained a privileged position as the primary port for commerce with Spain. This was the point of arrival and dissemination for all news from abroad concerning artistic and intellectual developments, and it evidently played an important role in the interchange of music between the Old

and New Worlds. The historian Francisco Javier Clavijero wrote in 1764 that 'There is in Veracruz a nobility whose education and people surpass those from other places. The people from Veracruz are the most civilized in all of New Spain.' Some years later, in 1776, Antonio Vargas y Guzmán published a guitar method in which he describes himself as 'professor of this instrument in the city of Veracruz'. This manual includes a section on continuo accompaniment drawing heavily on an existing Spanish treatise, the *Resumen de acompañar la parte con la guitarra*, published in 1714 by Santiago de Murcia, whom we shall have further occasion to discuss below.

The Spanish *son* underwent a series of changes on Mexican soil, while retaining its main characteristics, particularly the use of specific harmonic patterns lending each *son* its unique personality. Known as *soncitos del país* or *sones de la tierra*, they flourished throughout the latter part of the 18th and 19th centuries, as witnessed (among numerous other sources) in a decree of 1786 from the viceroy Bernardo de Gálvez in which he issued a series of regulations concerning the theatre – where certain rules of decency were to be maintained with avoidance of provocative or indecent actions – placing special emphasis on the 'dances known as *de la tierra*' which were to be danced in an honest fashion. Almost a century later, Frances Erskine Inglis, 1st Marquise of Calderón de la Barca – a Scottish noblewoman married to the Spanish minister to the U.S. Ángel Calderón de la Barca – published her travel account *Life in Mexico*, in which she describes attending a celebration in 1840 where *sones de la tierra* were played, naming some of them: *jarabes*, *aforrados*, *enanos*, *palomos* and *zapateros*. In these *sones de la tierra* we have the immediate forerunners of those played today in the *jarocho* region of Veracruz.

A noteworthy aspect of *jarocho* music is the instrumentation, and in this ensemble the *jarana* stands out. This is a five-course guitar, usually strummed, which in many ways resembles a baroque guitar. In fact, the musical traditions of this region have preserved many aspects of baroque performance practice, such as the manner of dancing, instrumental techniques and types of instruments used in consort playing. Even the pieces' names – such as the  *fandango* or the *lloroncita* – and their musical content hark back to certain baroque pieces (or *sones*), to be found for example in *Los Ympossibles*, a work included in a manuscript of c.1732 by Santiago de Murcia, discovered at the Mexican city of León in 1943 by Gabriel Saldívar.

*Jarocho* music's special conservative tendency, keeping fundamental traits of Spanish music alive, has enabled certain interested musicians to attempt to unify what recent research confirms are two sides of the same coin, separated in time but united by common musical material. These attempts have followed different approaches: either accompanying baroque guitar pieces with



strummed *jarocho* instruments, or by playing the baroque and then the corresponding *jarocho sones* which share their harmonic patterns back to back. The present recording adopts a new and fresh approach to this venture by taking music from both traditions – baroque and *jarocho* – and playing it simultaneously, using the original music from the baroque guitar collections to accompany *sones* sung to the traditional melodies. The practice of accompanying the voice with a plucked guitar – as opposed to a strummed *jarana* – is well attested in baroque sources, among them the 1690s collection of *tonos* (another word for songs) by José Marín now housed in the Fitzwilliam Museum of Cambridge. In this fashion, baroque performance practice is incorporated into that of *jarocho* music, but with an additional twist: the addition of the Italian early baroque plucked string instrument the *colascione* to provide an improvised bassline in much the same way as *jarocho* music’s own plucked bass guitar, the *leona*. The main composer from which the baroque pieces have been drawn is Santiago de Murcia, who merits a few last words. Guitar teacher to Maria Luisa Gabriella of Savoy, Queen of Spain by marriage to Philip V, his known works comprise a printed continuo treatise for guitar and three manuscript collections of guitar music, two of which were discovered in Mexico. It is very likely that Santiago would smile upon hearing his *sones* played alongside these *sones jarochos*.  
*Antonio Corona Alcalde*

**Navegar Mar Afuera**’s story resembles the music they perform on their CD.

Leaving behind their home country in the ‘New World’, each of these three musicians journeyed to the ‘Old World’ and explored it to gain new experiences and knowledge. When their paths crossed a few years ago, they began playing music together.

Centuries earlier, travelling in the opposite direction, early music from the ‘Old World’ had crossed the seas, influencing traditional Mexican songs in the ‘New World’. This unique confluence also flows through the trio’s interpretations which draw on a range of 17th- and 18th-century musical sources, with Krishnasol Jiménez (Mexico–Switzerland) performing on the Sabionari guitar (1679) made by Antonio Stradivari, Roberto Koch (Venezuela) improvising the bass line on a *colascione* in the tradition of folklore, and María Cristina Kiehr (Argentina) giving voice to the traditional Mexican songs.

### La Bruja

1 ¡Ay! qué bonito es volar  
 a las 2:00 de la mañana  
 a las 2:00 de la mañana  
 ¡ay! qué bonito es volar ¡ay! mamá.  
 subir y dejarse caer  
 en los brazos de una dama  
 en los brazos de una dama  
 subir y dejarse caer ¡ay! mamá.

Me agarra la bruja  
 y me lleva a su casa  
 me vuelve maceta  
 y una calabaza,  
 me agarra la bruja  
 y me lleva al cerrito  
 me vuelve maceta  
 y un calabacito,

que diga, que diga  
 qué dígame usted  
 cuantas criaturitas  
 se ha chupado ayer,  
 ninguna ninguna  
 ninguna lo sé  
 ando en pretensiones  
 de chuparme a usted.

¡Ay! me espantó una mujer  
 en medio del mar salado  
 en medio del mar salado  
 ¡ay! me espanto una mujer ¡ay! mamá.  
 Porque no quería creer  
 lo que me habían contado  
 lo de arriba era mujer  
 y lo de abajo era pescado ¡ay! mamá.

Me agarra la bruja  
 y me lleva a su casa...

### La Carretera

2 Ahí les dejo mi poesía  
 mi jarana y mi cantar  
 mi jarana y mi cantar  
 ahí les dejo mi poesía.

### The Witch

Oh! How nice it is to fly  
 at two o’clock in the morning,  
 at two o’clock in the morning  
 oh! how nice it is to fly, oh mother!  
 To rise and let oneself fall  
 in a lady’s arms,  
 in a lady’s arms  
 to rise and let oneself fall, oh mother.

The witch grabs me  
 and takes me to her home,  
 she turns me into a flower pot  
 and a pumpkin.

The witch grabs me  
 and takes me to the hill,  
 she turns me into a flower pot  
 and a small pumpkin.

And tell me, tell me,  
 and tell me madam,  
 how many small creatures  
 have you sucked dry yesterday?  
 None, none,  
 none, I know.  
 I have the intention  
 of having you.

Oh! a woman scared me  
 in the middle of the salty ocean,  
 in the middle of the salty ocean  
 oh! a woman scared me, mother!  
 Because I did not want to believe  
 what they had told me,  
 the upper part was woman  
 and the lower one was fish, oh mother!

The witch grabs me  
 and takes me to her home

### The Highway

I leave my poetry with you,  
 my jarana and my song,  
 my jarana and my song,  
 I leave my poetry with you.

Ahí les dejo mi porfía, mi esperanza  
mi esperanza junto al mar  
mi esperanza junto al mar  
mi nostalgia y mi alegría.

Me gusta la carretera  
por moderna y por bonita  
pero más me gusta a mi  
tu vereda y tu curvita.

¿Cuál de los dos amantes  
tendrá más pena?  
¿el que va de camino  
o el que se queda?  
el que va de camino  
va caminando  
el que se queda, queda  
siempre pensando.

Mañana me voy de aquí  
para que mi nombre borres  
para que mi nombre borres  
mañana me voy de aquí.

Entonces te digo así  
que ni los vientos que corren  
que ni los vientos que corren  
razón te darán de mí.

Me gusta la carretera  
la carreta y su curvita  
pero más me gusta a mí  
la carretera chiquita.

Déjala que se vaya  
que ya volverá  
Sí amores la llevan  
celos la traerán  
el amor y los celos  
siempre van juntos  
como los sacristanes  
y los difuntos

### Los Juiles

3 Agua del río que te mece  
con la tierra y sus antojos

I leave my obstinacy, my hope,  
my hope beside the sea,  
my hope beside the sea,  
my nostalgia and my happiness.

I like the highway  
because it's modern and nice,  
but I prefer  
your pathway and your small curve.

Which of the two lovers  
suffers the most?  
He who is on his way  
or he who stays?  
The one on his way  
goes walking,  
the one who stays remains  
always thinking.

Tomorrow I leave this place  
so you can erase my name,  
so you can erase my name  
tomorrow I leave this place.

Then I tell you thus:  
that not even the winds that blow,  
that not even the winds that blow  
will tell you about myself.

I love the highway,  
the cart and its small curve,  
but I prefer  
the small highway.

Let her leave  
she will return.  
If love takes her away  
jealousy will bring her back.  
Love and jealousy  
always go together,  
like the verger  
and the dead.

### The *Juiles* (a kind of fish)

River water that cradles you  
with the land and its whims,

con la tierra y sus antojos  
agua del río que te mece  
agua del río que te mece  
con la tierra y sus antojos  
así brillarán tus ojos  
cuando la noche oscurece.

Agua del río que te arrulla  
con la tierra y sus antojos  
agua del río que te arrulla  
en el vaivén de tus ojos  
agua del río que te arruya  
iba el mar con su corriente  
agua del río que te arruya  
en este mi amor latiente.

El viejo anciano con su violín  
de la barba blanca me dijo así  
esos juiles no son para mí  
son para mí china que los va a freír.

Cuando el pescador la reza  
a la luna del verano  
a la luna del verano  
cuando el pescador le reza.

Salen los indios diciendo  
vuelvan los tiempos lejanos  
vuelvan los tiempos lejanos  
del amor y la belleza.

El viejo anciano...

Cuando yo salgo a pescar  
estando la luna llena  
estando la luna llena  
cuando yo salgo a pescar  
antes de tirarme al mar  
le pido a Dios por mis penas  
que me libre de escuchar  
el canto de las sirenas.

El viejo anciano...

### Siquisiri

4 Tú eres todo mi penar  
la causa de mi tormento

with the land and its whims  
river water that cradles you.  
River water that cradles you  
with the land and its whims  
thus will your eyes shine  
when it gets dark at night.

River water that lulls you  
with the land and its whims,  
river water that lulls you  
in the sway of your eyes.  
River water that lulls you  
there went the sea and its current,  
river water that lulls you  
in this my beating love.

The old man with his violin  
and white beard told me this:  
these *juiles* are not for me  
they're for my woman who will fry them.

When the fisherman prays  
to the summer moon,  
to the summer moon  
when the fisherman prays.

The Indians come out saying:  
let the old times come back,  
let the old times come back  
of love and beauty.

The old man...

When I go out to fish  
under a full moon,  
under a full moon  
when I go out to fish.  
Before I throw myself to the sea  
I ask God, for my pain's sake  
to deliver me from hearing  
the song of the mermaids.

The old man...

### Siquisiri

You are all my suffering,  
the cause of my torment,

la causa de mi tormento  
tú eres todo mi penar  
¿Cómo me pueden quitar  
a tu amor del pensamiento?  
solo escribiendo en el mar  
o dibujando en el viento.

A los ángeles del cielo  
les voy a mandar pedir  
les voy a mandar pedir  
a los ángeles del cielo  
una pluma y un tintero  
para poderte escribir  
unas palabras que quiero  
y no he podido decir.

¡Ay! que sí que sí y que no  
si los suspiros volaran  
¡ay! que sí válgame Dios  
cómo vuela el pensamiento  
si los suspiros volaran  
si un suspiro te matara  
cómo vuela el pensamiento  
con el corazón adentro  
con el corazón adentro  
para que no me olvidaras.

En la sombra de un papayo  
tengo amarrada mi suerte  
tengo amarrada mi suerte  
en la sombra de un papayo  
soy mujer que no desmayo  
ni dejaré de quererte  
solo que me parta un rayo  
o Dios me mande la muerte.

Si acaso tu corazón  
quiere amor, quiere poesía  
quiere amor, quiere poesía  
si acaso tu corazón  
tiene que escuchar un son  
fandango en la lejanía  
si acaso tu corazón  
quiere amor, quiere poesía.

the cause of my torment  
you are all my suffering.  
How can they take away  
your love from my thoughts?  
Only writing on the sea  
or drawing in the wind.

The angels in heaven  
I will ask,  
I will ask  
the angels in heaven  
for a pen and an inkwell,  
so that I can write you  
some words that I want to  
and have not been able to tell.

Oh! yes, yes and no,  
if sighs could fly,  
oh! yes, bless my soul,  
the way thoughts fly.  
If sighs could fly  
if a sigh could kill you,  
the way thoughts fly  
with my heart inside  
with my heart inside  
so that you would not forget me.

To the shade of a papaya tree  
I have my luck tied,  
I have my luck tied  
to the shade of a papaya tree.  
I am a woman who does not falter  
nor will I stop loving you  
unless I am struck by lightning  
or God sends me death.

If by chance your heart  
wants love, wants poetry,  
wants love, wants poetry,  
if by chance your heart.  
It must listen to a *son*,  
a *fandango* far away,  
if by chance your heart.  
wants love, wants poetry.

¡Ay! que sí que sí que no  
que hable por la boca el son  
ay que sí que sí que no  
las primas y los bordones  
que hable por la boca el son  
y que suenen los candones  
las primas y los bordones  
qué llegamos a este día  
para sembrar alegría  
y esperanza al corazón.

#### Los Chiles Verdes

5 Dicen que el chile maduro  
tiene dulce el corazón  
tiene dulce el corazón  
dicen que el chile maduro.  
También mi chinita tiene  
dulce su conversación  
dicen que el chile maduro  
tiene dulce el corazón.

Eres mi principio y fin  
eres mi buena ventura  
eres mi buena ventura  
eres mi principio y fin.  
Y como el chile piquín  
que pica y da sabrosura  
cuando eres un polvorín  
y un remanso de ternura.

No sé qué embrujo me hará  
con tu amor tan hechicero  
con tu amor tan hechicero  
no sé qué embrujo me hará.  
Cada día me gustas más  
y como el chile habanero  
entre más picosa estás  
más te busco y más te quiero.

Soy pájaro ruiseñor  
que viene del campo verde  
que viene del campo verde  
soy pájaro ruiseñor.  
Para ponerle sabor  
les traigo los chiles verdes

Oh! yes, yes and no,  
let the *son*/song speak through the mouth,  
oh! yes, yes and no,  
the first strings and the bass ones.  
Let the *son*/song speak through the mouth,  
and let the *candones* sound  
the first strings and the bass ones,  
for we have arrived today  
to sow joy  
and hope for the heart.

#### The Green Chili Peppers

They say that the ripe chilli  
has a sweet heart,  
has a sweet heart,  
they say that the ripe chilli.  
My woman also has  
a sweet conversation,  
they say that the ripe chilli  
has a sweet heart.

You are my beginning and end,  
you are my good fortune,  
you are my good fortune,  
you are my beginning and end.  
Like the pequin pepper  
that's hot and sweet  
when you are a powderhouse  
and an oasis of tenderness.

I don't know how you'll bewitch me  
with your love, so charming,  
with your love, so charming,  
I don't know how you'll bewitch me.  
I like you more each day,  
and, like the habanero chilli  
the hotter you taste  
the more I look for you and love you.

I am a nightingale  
who comes from the green field,  
who comes from the green field,  
I am a nightingale.  
To add some flavour  
I bring the green chillis,

soy pájaro ruiseñor  
que viene del campo verde.

Ahora sí china del alma  
ya no nos condenaremos  
los infiernos se acabaron  
y los diablos se murieron.  
Ahora sí china del alma  
vámonos para el fandango  
a cortar los chiles verdes  
que ya se están madurando.

La tierra se está regando  
con lagrimas de mis ojos  
con lagrimas de mis ojos  
la tierra que estás pisando  
se siente que hay en la herida  
un chile recién cortado  
pues no hay cosa que arda más  
que no tenerte a mi lado.

Ni con la ausencia se olvidan  
las horas que se han gozado  
las horas que se han gozado  
ni con la ausencia se olvidan.  
Lo digo aunque sea mentira  
lo juro aunque sea pecado  
que si hay penas en la vida  
es recordar lo pasado.

#### La Lloroncita

6 ¿Para qué quiero yo cama  
cortinas y pabellones?  
cortinas y pabellones  
¿para qué quiero yo cama?  
si no me dejan dormir  
muchas imaginaciones  
¿para qué quiero yo cama  
cortinas y pabellones?

¡Ay! llorar llorona  
pero déjame llorar  
¡ay! llorar llorona  
pero déjame llorar  
que solo llorando puede

I am a nightingale  
who comes from the green field.

Now, my beloved woman  
we will not be condemned,  
hell is finished  
and the devils have died.  
Now my beloved woman  
let us go to the *fandango*  
to gather the green chillis  
that are ripening.

The earth is being watered  
with tears from my eyes  
with tears from my eyes  
the earth that you're standing upon.  
It feels like having in the wound  
a freshly cut chilli,  
for there is nothing that burns more  
than not having you beside me.

Not even absence can make me forget  
the hours that we enjoyed,  
the hours that we enjoyed  
not even absence can make me forget.  
I say it even though it might be a lie,  
I swear it even though it may be a sin:  
if there is a pain in life  
it is to remember the past.

#### The little Weeper

What do I want a bed for,  
curtains and canopies,  
curtains and canopies,  
what do I want a bed for?  
Since my wild imagination  
prevents me from sleeping,  
what do I want a bed for,  
curtains and canopies?

Oh! weep, weeper,  
but let me weep.  
Oh! weep, weeper,  
but let me weep.  
For only by weeping

mi corazón descansar  
mi corazón descansar  
¡ay! y por eso lloro y canto.

No lloren ojos hermosos  
no lloren que se hacen mal  
es lástima que dos soles  
queden turbios por llorar  
es lástima que dos soles  
queden turbios por llorar  
no lloren ojos hermosos  
no lloren que se hacen mal.

#### María Chuchena

7 Por aquí pasó volando  
una linda chuparrosa  
una linda chuparrosa  
por aquí pasó volando,  
y en su piquito llevaba  
dos claveles y una rosa  
que el viento le deshojaba  
como blanca mariposa.

María Chuchena bótate al agua  
junto a la proa de mi piragua  
María Chuchena bótate al mar  
a navegar y le decía:  
María María  
no techo tu casa  
no techo la mía  
no techo tu casa  
no techo la mía  
no techo la casa  
de María García.

Lucero brillante hermoso  
baja del quinto planeta  
que yo pondré en tu peineta  
que un tulipán oloroso.  
María chuchena se fue a bañar  
a orillas del río a orillas del mar  
María Chuchena se estaba bañando  
y el pescador la estaba mirando  
y le decía:

my heart can rest,  
my heart can rest,  
oh, and that is why I weep and sing.

Do not cry, beautiful eyes,  
do not cry, because you hurt yourself.  
It is a pity that two suns  
become muddy from crying.  
It is a pity that two suns  
become muddy from crying.  
Do not cry, beautiful eyes,  
do not cry because you hurt yourself.

#### María Chuchena

This way flew  
a beautiful hummingbird,  
a beautiful hummingbird  
this way flew.  
And it carried two carnations  
and a rose in its beak,  
whose leaves the wind stripped  
like a white butterfly.

María Chuchena, jump into the water  
by the prow of my canoe.  
María Chuchena, jump into the sea  
to sail away, and it told her:  
María, María,  
I don't roof your house,  
I don't roof mine,  
I don't roof your house,  
I don't roof mine,  
I don't roof the house,  
of María García.

Beautiful, bright star,  
come down from the fifth planet,  
for I will place in your comb  
a fragrant tulip.  
María Chuchena went to bathe  
by the riverside, by the seaside.  
María Chuchena was bathing,  
and a fisherman looked at her,  
and he told her:

María María  
no techo tu casa  
no techo la mía  
no techo tu casa  
no techo la ajena  
no techo la casa  
de María García.

Dime qué flor te acomoda  
para írtela a cortar  
azucena o amapola  
o maravilla del mar  
azucena o amapola  
o maravilla del mar  
para que cuando estés tú sola  
tengas con quien platicar.

María chuchena bótate al río  
junto a la proa de mi navío  
María Chuchena bótate al mar  
a navegar y le decía:  
María María...

Ya me voy flor de sabana  
perfumado amanecer  
con el sol de la mañana  
quisiera volverte a ver  
con el sol de la mañana  
quisiera volverte a ver  
como rosa campirana  
y no dejarte de oler.  
María Chuchena se fue a bañar...

#### El Gallo

8 Una cosa quiero hacer  
con mi verso una canción  
con mi verso una canción  
una cosa quiero hacer,  
y moverte el corazón  
allá en el amanecer  
una cosa quiero hacer  
con mi verso una canción.

Gallo si supieras  
que es el amor  
no andarías cantando

María, María,  
I don't roof your house,  
I don't roof mine,  
I don't roof your house,  
I don't roof mine,  
I don't roof the house,  
of María García.

Tell me what flower you like  
so that I can gather it for you,  
white lily or poppy  
or wonder of the sea?  
White lily or poppy  
or wonder of the sea?  
So when you are alone  
you have someone to talk with.

María Chuchena, jump into the water  
by the prow of my canoe.  
María Chuchena, jump into the sea  
to sail away, and he told her:  
María, María...

I'm leaving now, flower of the plain,  
fragrant dawn,  
I would like to see you again  
with tomorrow's sun.  
I would like to see you again  
with tomorrow's sun  
like a rose from the fields,  
and not stop smelling you.  
María Chuchena went to bathe...

#### The rooster

One thing I want to do:  
a song with my verse,  
a song with my verse:  
one thing I want to do,  
and move your heart  
there, at dawn.  
One thing I want to do:  
a song with my verse.

Rooster, if you knew  
what love is  
you would not be singing

con tanto dolor,  
gallo si supieras  
lo que es el amor  
no andarías cantando  
allá por la mar.

Por una polla gitana  
que ahora le niega su amor  
pero antes por la mañana  
le daba su resplandor,  
mañana cuando haya luz  
voy a trinar mi garganta  
voy a trinar mi garganta  
mañana cuando haya luz.

Gallo gallo gallo  
cántame quedito  
al amanecer  
siento tan bonito.

Dale un besito a la abuela  
haz de cuenta que fui yo  
qué vine de madrugada  
a despedirme de ti  
triste pensarás que yo  
soy el pájaro que canta  
soy el pájaro que canta  
que canta y te despertó.

Gallo gallo gallo  
gallito lunar  
canta si no puedes  
de pena llorar.

Entre la noche sombría  
tus ojos negros brillaron  
tus negros ojos brillaron.  
Entre la noche sombría,  
hasta los gallos cantaron  
creyendo que amanecía  
tus negros ojos brillaron  
entre la noche sombría.

Gallo gallo gallo gallo  
cántame quedito  
al amanecer  
siento tan bonito.

with such pain.  
Rooster, if you knew  
what loving is  
you would not be singing  
there by the sea.

For a gypsy chick  
who now denies her love  
but earlier that morning  
gave him her radiance.  
Tomorrow, when there is light  
I'll give voice to my throat,  
I'll give voice to my throat  
tomorrow, when there is light.

Rooster, rooster, rooster, rooster,  
sing softly for me  
at dawn:  
it sounds so nice.

Give grandmother a kiss  
as if it were me  
coming at daybreak  
to bid you farewell.  
You will sadly think that I am  
the bird that sings  
the bird that sings  
that sings and woke you up.

Rooster, rooster, rooster,  
little speckled rooster,  
sing, if you can't  
weep from your pain.

Through the somber night  
your black eyes shone,  
your black eyes shone.  
Through the somber night  
even the roosters sang  
believing that day had broken.  
Your black eyes shone  
through the somber night.

Rooster, rooster, rooster, rooster,  
sing softly for me  
at dawn:  
it sounds so nice.



**Fandanguito**

¡Ay!  
allá por la tierra mía.  
Allá por la tierra mía  
se oye la voz de un coplero  
que canta con gran esmero  
su orgullo y su fantasía  
su fe, amor, su poesía  
sus pasiones y su calma  
un pájaro que en la palma  
canta llora y dice adiós  
Cuando nos clava su voz  
en lo profundo del alma.  
Y a remar  
a remar a remar en el río  
que aquel que no rema no gana navío  
a remar a remar en el agua  
que aquel que no rema no gana piragua.  
Si al navegar mar afuera  
navegó contracorriente  
irá mi barca consiente  
entre océanos y fronteras  
mi embarcación sin banderas  
es una nube en el viento  
es canto y es un aliento  
en la inmensidad del mar  
mi vida es un navegar  
de música y sentimiento  
Una carta te escribiera  
con sangre del corazón  
con sangre del corazón  
si Dios me lo permitiera,  
que te quiero  
ay qué te quiero te quiero madame  
por qué te peinas al uso de España,  
Ay qué te quiero te quiero decir  
que anoche a las 11 me iba yo a morir  
me iba yo a morir, me iba yo a morir.

**Fandanguito**

Oh!  
There in my homeland.  
There in my homeland  
sounds the voice of a balladeer  
who sings with great care  
of his pride and his dreams,  
his faith, love and poetry,  
his passions and his calmness:  
a bird who sings in the palm,  
weeps and says goodbye  
when he fixes his voice  
deep within our souls.  
So, to row,  
to row, to row on the river,  
for he who rows not has no boat;  
to row, to row on the water,  
for he who rows not has no canoe.  
If by navigating foreign waters  
it sails against the current,  
my wary boat will go  
amidst oceans and frontiers.  
My boat without flags,  
it is a cloud in the wind,  
it is song and encouragement  
in the sea's immensity.  
My life is a journey  
of music and sentiment.  
I would write you a letter  
with the blood of my heart,  
with the blood of my heart  
if God allowed it,  
for I love you,  
I love you, madame,  
because you comb your hair in the Spanish way.  
Oh, that I want, I want to tell you  
that last night at eleven I was about to die,  
I was about to die, I was about to die.

A remar a remar prendecita  
lucero hermoso de mañanita  
a remar a remar en el río  
que aquel que no rema no gana navío.

**Aguanieve**

10 Aguanieve y aguaviento  
se cantan sin compromiso  
aguanieve quiere viento  
para empezar a soplar  
las nubes del pensamiento.  
Ojitos aceitunados  
color de paño francés  
labios de color pulido  
quién te besara otra vez  
y se quedara dormido.  
Cantaremos aguanieve  
qué es la reina de los sonos  
qué cantando el aguanieve  
qué cantando el aguanieve  
se alegran los corazones.  
Les voy a contar en breve  
con todo mi corazón  
los versos del agua nieve  
que me llenan de ilusión  
y mi pecho se conmueve.

So, to row, to row beloved,  
beautiful morning star,  
to row, to row in the river  
for he who rows not has no boat.

**Aguanieve (Sleet)**

Sleet and drizzle  
are sung of without commitment.  
Sleet wants the wind  
to begin to blow  
clouds of thought.  
Olive-coloured eyes,  
the colour of French cloth.  
Lips of polished colour,  
who could kiss you again  
and fall asleep.  
We shall sing the *aguanieve*,  
the queen of all the *sones*,  
for singing the *aguanieve*,  
for singing the *aguanieve*,  
hearts rejoice.  
I will tell you, briefly,  
with all my heart.  
The *aguanieve* verses  
which fill me with hope  
and stir my breast.

*Translations: A.C. Alcalde*

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