SPANISH SONGS OF OLD CALIFORNIA

FARWELL

M 784.4 F 247s

SPANISH SONGS OF OLD CALIFORNIA

Collected and Translated

by

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Pianoforte Accompaniments

by

ARTHUR FARWELL

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APPROXIMATE PRONUNCIATION OF THE SONG-NAMES

La Hamaca La Am-ah-ca
La Barquillera La Bar-keel-yay-ra
El Queléle El Keh-lay-leh
La Noche 'stá Serena La No-che 'stah Say-ray-na
El Capotin El Ca-poh-teen
Chata Cara de Bule Chah-ta Cah-ra deh Boo-leh
Peña Hueca Pain-ya Way-ca
El Zapatero El Sa-pa-tay-roh
La Primavera La Pree-ma-vay-ra
Mi Pepa Mee Pay-pa
Es El Amor Mariposa Ess El A-more Mah-ree-poh-sa
La Mágica Mujer La Mah-hee-ca Moo-hehr
El Charro El Char-ro
Adios, Adios, Amores Ahd-yoce, Ahd-yoce, Ah-moh-ress

FLOWERS OF OUR LOST ROMANCE

N old California, "Before the Gringo Came" -the California of the Franciscan Missions and the vast Ranchos-they lived the happiest, the humanest, the most beautiful life that Caucasians have ever lived anywhere under the sun. It was Patriarchal as Abraham-and far more hospitable. Hotels were impossible, because every home was open to the strangerand even I have known the day when I could travel from San Francisco to Chile without a dollar or a letter. There were no orphan asylums-for everybody was anxious to adopt any orphan that happened. There was no paying \$5 to be seen chattering in satin while some Diva sang her highest. There was no Grand Operaand no fool songs. There were Songs of the Soil, and songs of poets and of troubadours, in this far, lone, beautiful, happy land; and songs that came over from Mother Spain and up from Step-mother Mexico. But everybody sang; and a great many made their own songs, or verses to other songs. Not being musical critics, they felt music, and arrived at it; and the Folksong of Spanish America is a treasure of inexhaustible beauty and extent,

The Songs of every Soil have beauty of their own; but the Folksong of the Spanish blood—whether in the Old Peninsula, or in the New World that Spain gave to the Old—has a particular fascination, a naiveté, and yet a vividness and life, a richness of melody, with a certain resilience and wilfulness—that give it a pre-eminent appeal. It has more Music in it—more Rhythm, more Grace. It is more simpatica. It not only joys my hearing and tickles in my pulses, but cuddles in my heart more happily than the songs of any of the score of other nationalities to which I have given friendly ear.

Song then was born of emotion, and never of the commercial itch. It came from the heart—and it reached the heart. When we reflect that out of the thousands of songs loosed upon us every year, practically all are with another year forgotten; when you try to recall how many songs written within the last 20 years find place in a collection of "College Songs" or other books for popular use—and after 50 years, every such anthology still gives "Suwanee River," "Old Black Joe," "Old Kentucky Home," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"—do these facts mean anything to you? I was born before

the Civil War; yet there are not a dozen songs now national favorites which I did not know as a boy!

Personally, I feel that we who today inherit California are under a filial obligation to save whatever we may of the incomparable Romance which has made the name California a word to conjure with for 400 years. I feel that we cannot decently dodge a certain trusteeship to save the Old Missions from ruin and the Old Songs from oblivion. And I am convinced that from a purely selfish standpoint, our musical repertory is in crying need of enrichment—more by heartfelt musicians than by tailor-made ones, more from folksong than from pot-boilers.

For 38 years I have been collecting the old, old songs of the Southwest; beginning long before the phonograph but utilizing that in later years. I have thus recorded over 450 unpublished Spanish songs (and know many more in my "Attic"). It was barely in time; the very people who taught them to me have mostly forgotten them, or died, and tew of their children know them. But it is a sin and a folly to let such songs perish. We need them now! They are of the kindred of our own undying favorites. My versions are authentic, both in music and in text; and Mr. Farwell's pianoforte accompaniments are of his unsurpassed sympathy and skill. Frankly, I do not know when such a muster of such songs has ever before knocked at our door in a body. Frankly, do you?

Here are 14 Songs of 14 kinds-songs that Frémont the Pathfinder heard and loved; and ahead of him, Dana, of "Two Years Before The Mast." They range from the unfeigned Mother Goose of "Queléle" and "Zapatero," through the magpie pertness of "Pepa," the shrewd "Primavera," the passion of "Mágica Mujer," and "Adios Amores," the wistful "Peña Hueca," the Heine-like "Barquillera," the whimsical "Charro." Spanish lends itself notably to the onomatopoetic, or Sense-Revealing song, in which the rhythm or sound (or both) simulate the subject sung of. Two admirable examples here are the sway of the hammock in "La Hamaca" and the pelt of the rain in "Capotin." As for "La Noche 'sta Serena"-that has always affected me as the dear "Juanita" of my boyhood. One cannot help but love these songs -the homely quaintness of some, the sheer beauty of others, and the charm of all.

The amateur collector tends to dwell on the romantic surroundings amid which he "found" a song, and the picturesqueness of the singer. Had I here a book's span I might speak of these things-the long wintry seasons with New Mexican shepherds in their High Sierras; the golden days and nights at the old Spanish ranchos of California and Peru, filled with song -there has been enough "story" in my 38 years of collecting. But I have been singing these songs with my Spanish friends much more than half my life; and it seems invidious (though it might be dramatic) to attribute each song to a picturesque source. I wish it to be plain that these songs were COMMON PROPERTY. In those days, EVERYBODY sang-"some better than other."

Yet I cannot put out this booklet without a tribute to one whose pride of race as a Californian has done much to save the Songs of her people. In all my collecting, throughout Spanish America, I have not found another such golden memory; and her clear, true voice has given me the phonograph versions of 13 of these songs—in all, she recorded 160 for me! We owe long remembrance to Doña Manuela Garcia, of Los Angeles. The 14th song, "El Queléle," was recorded by that famous California "toast," Doña Tulita Wilcox.

"Everybody sang!" Even in my own New England boyhood, boys and men whistled, and women sang at their work. And the "Congregational singing!" And in the California days of my young manhood it seemed there was always somebody singing at work or play—Carmen or Nena or Pichona or Ysabel—and nightly, by dusk or moonlight, twenty or thirty of us would sit in the long corredor, forgetting the hours as we sung our hearts out in these very songs and a hundred others—maybe with Padre Pedro marching up and down, conducting; a choirmaster with a voice as the Bulls of Bashan.

Perhaps the movement for Community Singing shall bring back, somewhat, the like saving grace to our hurried, angular lives. There is nothing in the world that could be so "good for what ails us"—the unrest, the social dyspepsia, the de-humanizing and de-homing, the apartness that comes by multitudes—as to Get Together and Sing Together. It brings a marvelous psychological "thaw," even in a crowd of strangers—and a wondrous welding in a

crowd of friends. And for that, these old Spanish songs have, in Mr. Farwell's splendid Community Choruses, become fully as great favorites as their Saxon kindred, "Suwanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "John Brown's Body," and all that roster of deathless memory.

If I have erred in these translations, it has not been by being clever at the expense of the original. I can write better lyrics; but these are not my songs—and I have no brotherhood with those who take other lands and other people merely as a blackboard across which to write their own smartness. And surely my translations can be no worse than those in which we sing Schubert, Grieg and other classics.

These songs "belong to be sung in Spanish;" but I have written an English version which will sing, and still preserve the sense very closely—the most difficult form of literary gymnastics I have ever found. The genius of the two languages is in this absolutely unlike. We "set a song to music;" in Spanish the Music is the thing—and if a word has to be stood on its head as to accent, why, on its head it goes!

At any rate, we shall have saved a heritage of lasting beauty, to which abler poets may do better justice. And I hope to be able to follow this book with others, each of about the same number of songs, until we have preserved a fair showing of the quaint, heartfelt and heart-reaching Folksong which flowered in the California That Was.

The classic cover-drawing is by Ed. Borein, "Of Mine"—California boy, \$30-a-month cowpuncher who long rode the ranges of California, Mexico and our Southwest, and taught himself into a true painter and one of the best etchers in America. He too is doing much to save (pictorially) the Romance of Old California.

November, 1923.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Chas. F. Tummis-

NOTE BY ARTHUR FARWELL

THE discovery of a new and choice example of folksong is a benefaction and a delight. The discovery of an entire new field of folksong is heroic, and a subject for general rejoicing. The collection, by Dr. Chas. F. Lummis, of more than four hundred and fifty unrecorded Spanish folksongs of the Southwest, from the year 1884 onward, was equivalent to such an achievement; for nothing was known of these songs at that time by the people of the United States. Almost nothing, indeed, is generally known as yet.

The fourteen "Spanish Songs of Old California" here presented breathe a character at once unique and clearly defined. Echoes of old Spain appear, especially in certain of the rhythms; but the old Spanish Southwest has placed its own stamp upon the folksong. A characteristic wit, quaintness, charm of phrase, peculiarity of construction, not to be found elsewhere, asserts itself continually. All of these songs rise to distinction of quality, in some instances of a degree which must elevate them to the rank of classics of folksong.

To the vast community singing movement of America, the meaning and value of these songs is beyond all power to estimate or predict. The Spanish Californian songs come to this great movement as a veritable new lease of life. In community song movements under my direction they have been sung, and are being sung, by large numbers of people year after year with increasing enthusiasm and delight, even under the difficulties of their hitherto unpublished condition. Their power to animate and thrill the people in community singing is remarkable.

The great present need of the community song movement is to enlarge its scope, to escape from the old ruts and to find new songs of the right kind which the people will take delight in singing. Community song leaders will have in the present book of Spanish Californian songs, in the most picturesque and striking

manner, a means of thus developing their work and increasing the interest and pleasure of their singers.

In the sphere of part singing and choral development excellent contributions are gradually being made to this movement. But in the most fundamental and immediately needed material in the sphere of straightforward and successful songs for the people, I know of nothing to compare with these vital and colorful folk-expressions. The greater part of these songs have the advantage of having, in their present form, stood the test of continued practical use today with large groups of people from all parts of the country. Their very real worth to the American has been amply demonstrated.

The value of the Spanish-Californian songs to individual singers, in providing them with new and engaging folksong features for their programs, is too obvious to require comment.

In order that the essential character and primitive power of the songs shall not be sacrificed, I have reverted in general, in the accompaniments, to a simple equivalent of the native guitar accompaniments, to which I have added the notes of the melody. To this I returned, as the truest and most desirable manner of presenting the songs, after various experiments with artistic subtleties in keeping with the developments of the musical art of the day. Such subtleties belong not to folksongs in their primitive presentation, but to developed musical artworks based upon them. As a new, characteristic and vivid contribution to the authentic literature of folksong, these songs will be loved wherever songs from the heart are sung and prized.

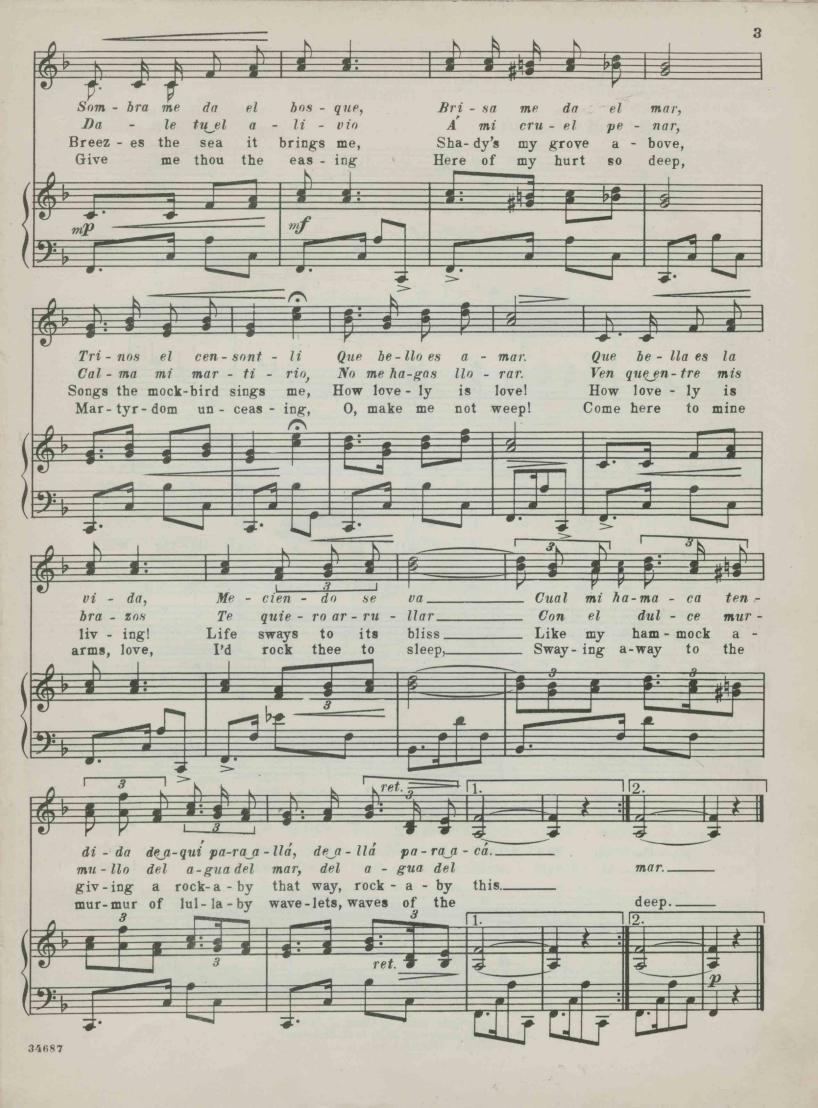
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November, 1923.

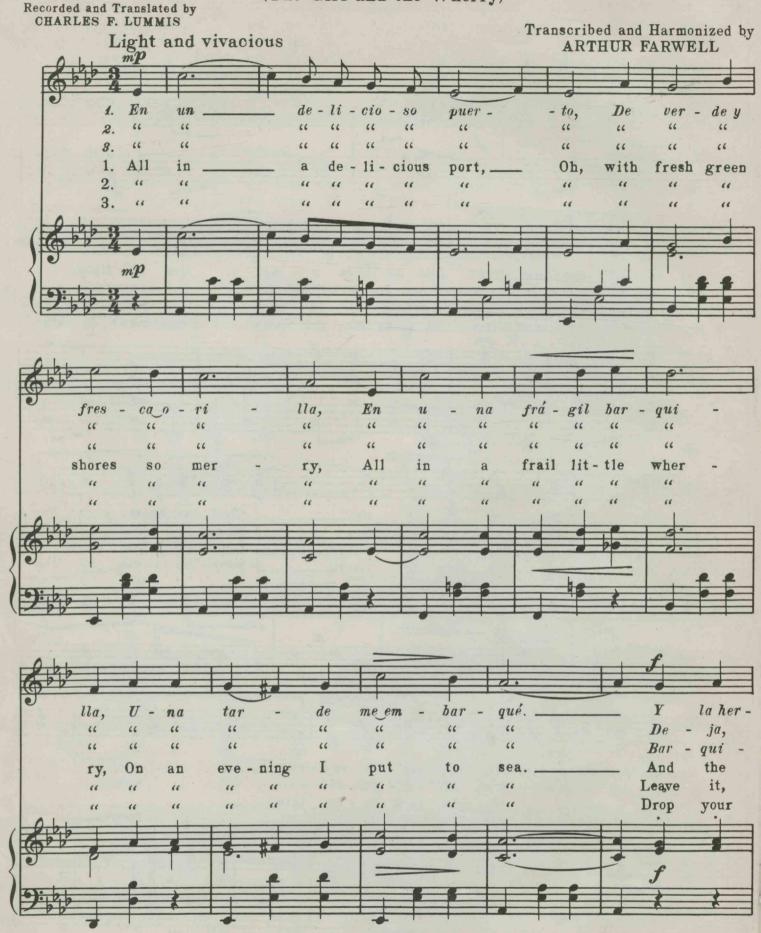
Certhur Farwell

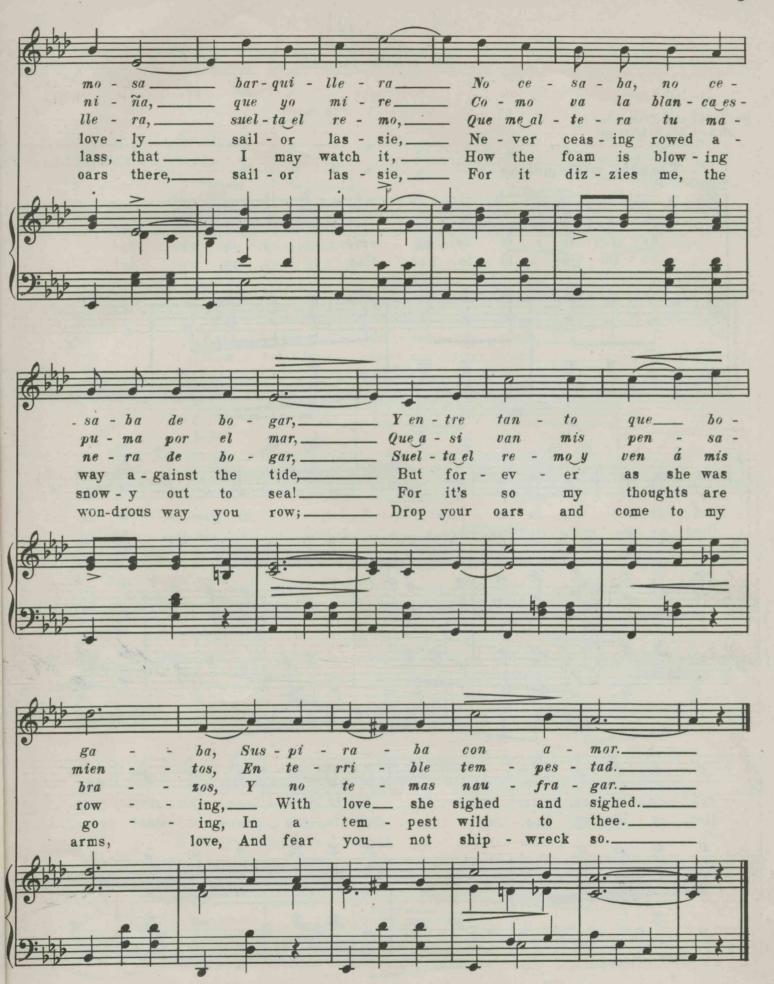
La Hamaca (The Hammock)





La Barquillera (The Girl and the Wherry)





El Queléle (The White Hawk)



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La Noche 'sta Serena (Serenade)





El Capotin (The Rain Song)

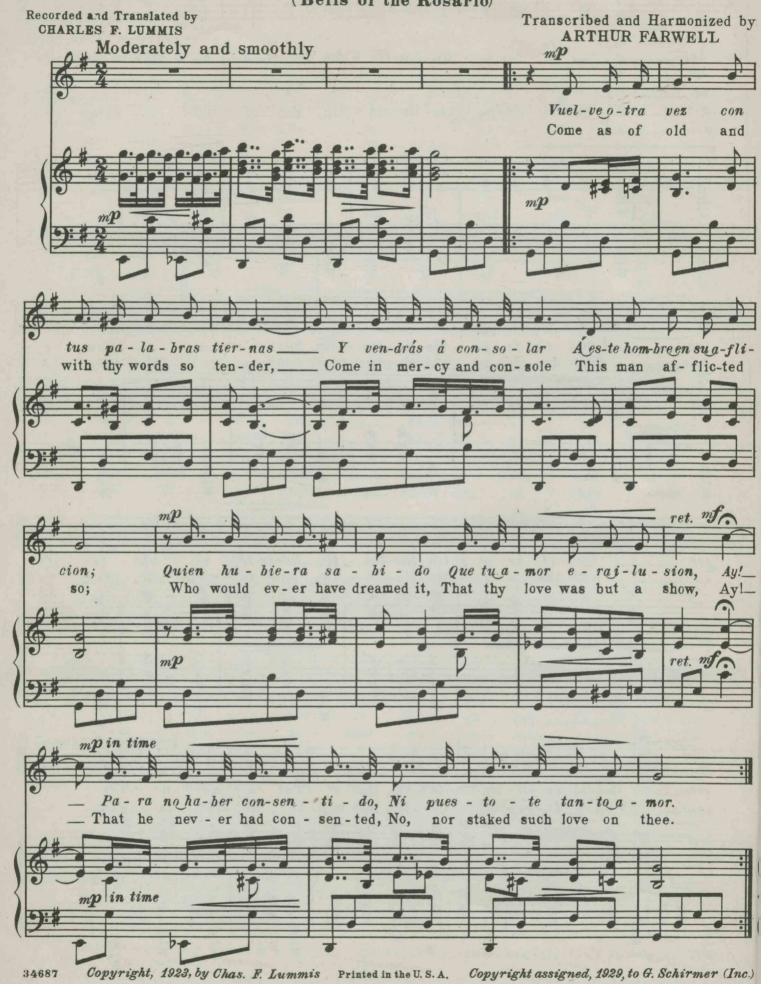


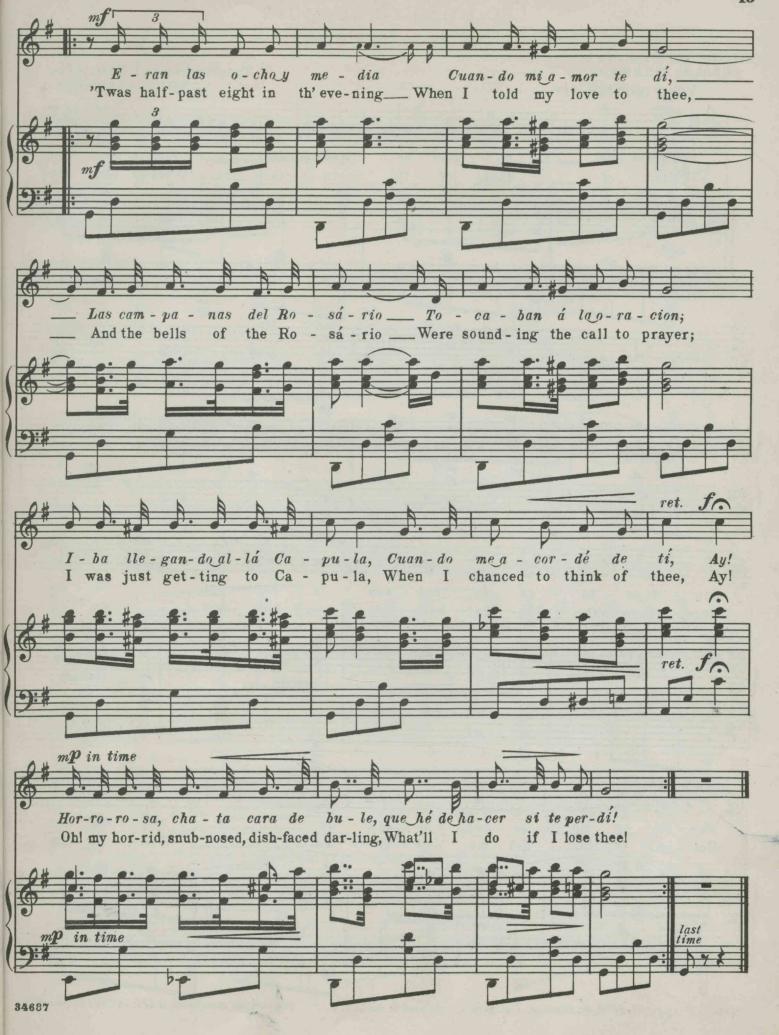
NOTE: The capotin is the characteristic Mexican rain-cape, a thatch of leaves around the shoulders; very ancient. This is one of the best of the onomatopoetic songs of Spanish - America.

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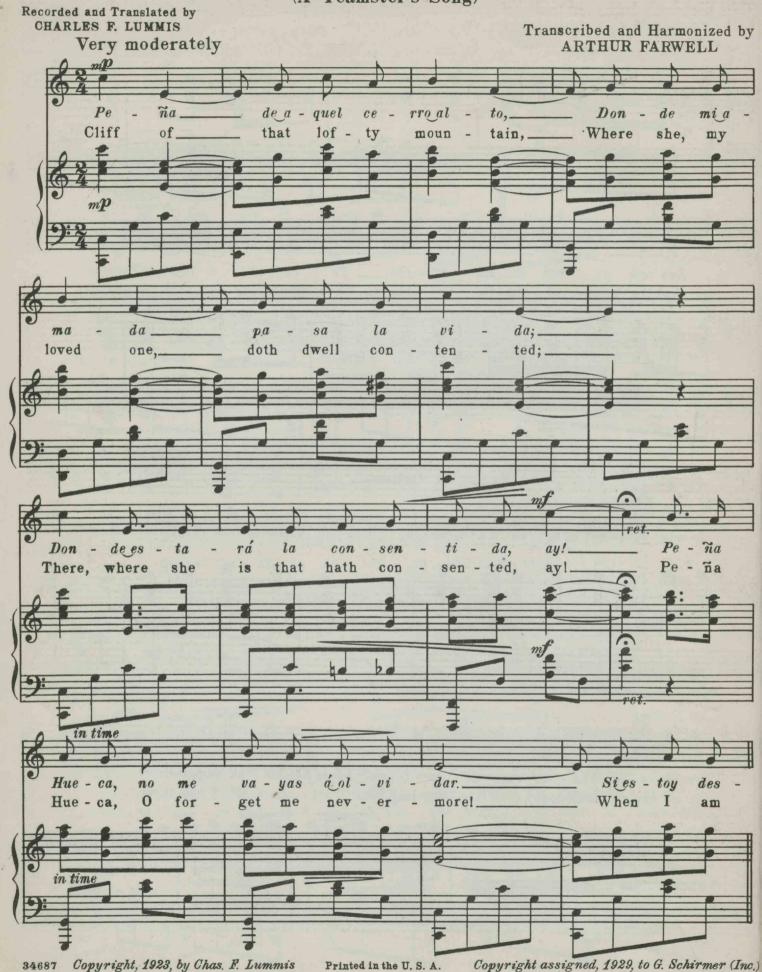


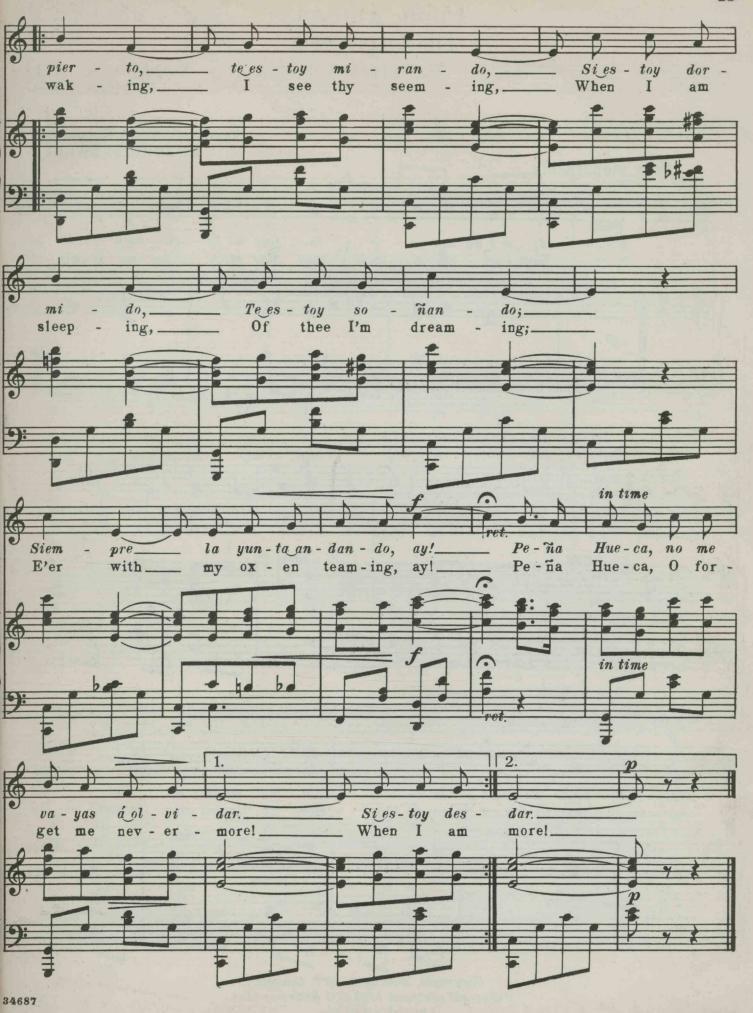
Chata Cara de Bule (Bells of the Rosário)





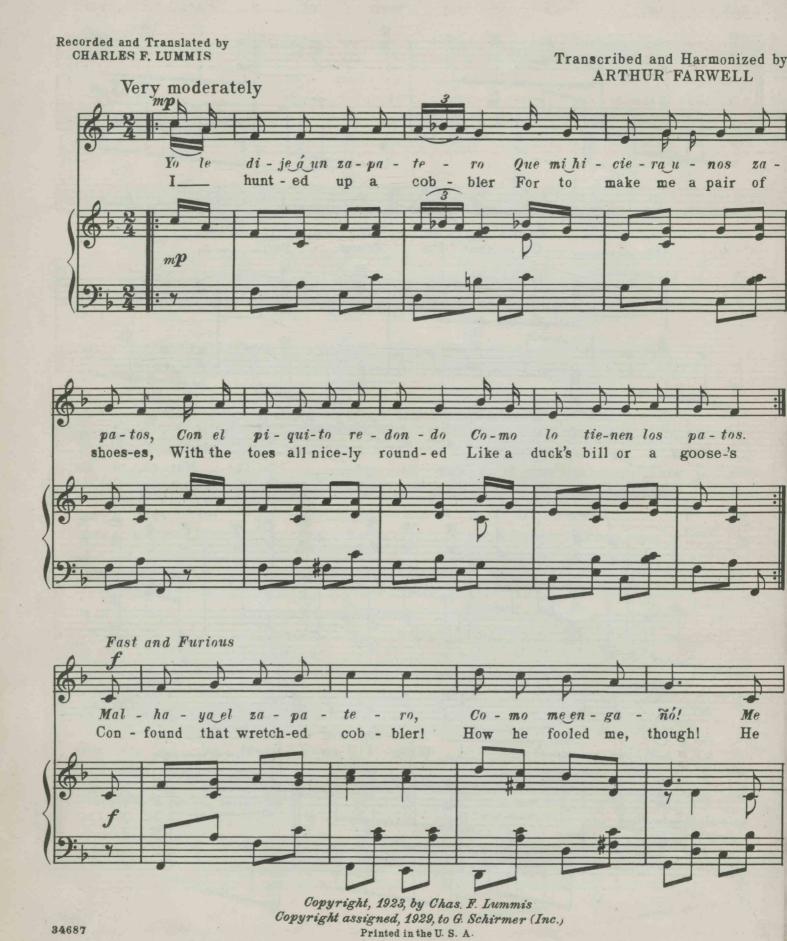
Peña Hueca (A Teamster's Song)

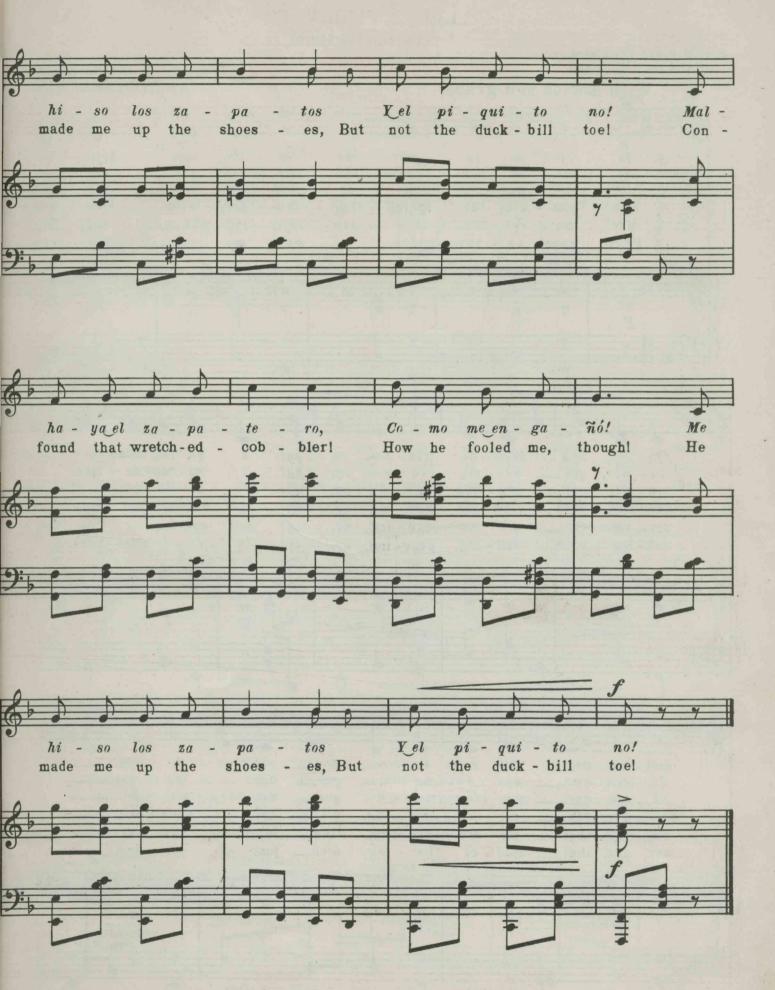




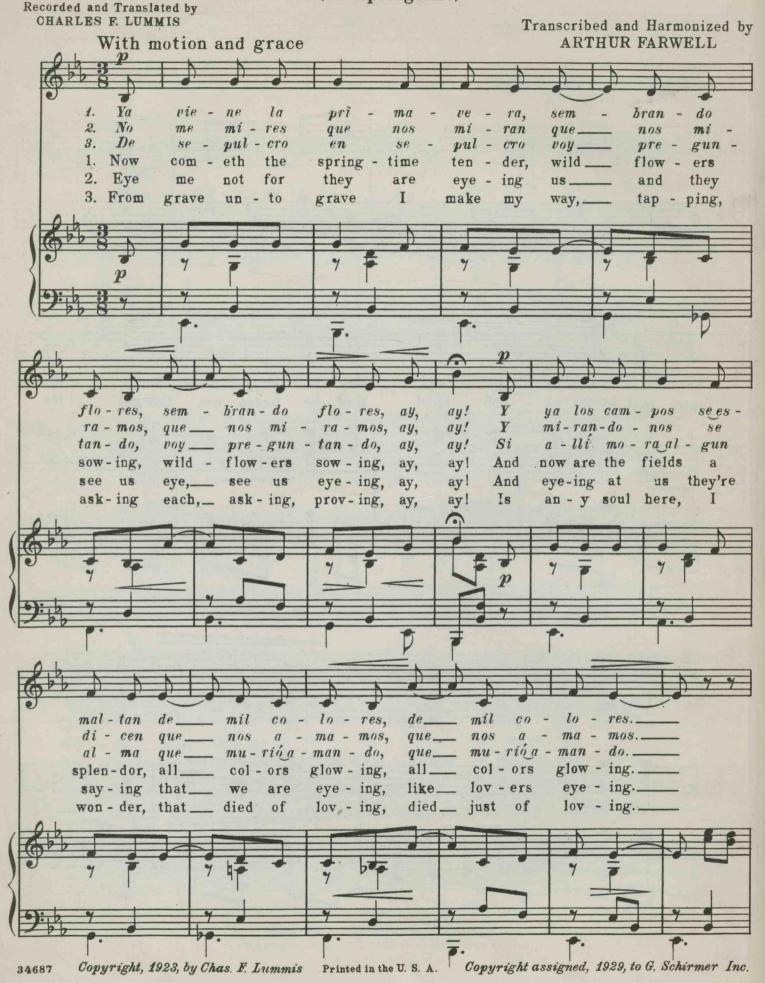
El Zapatero

(The Shoemaker)



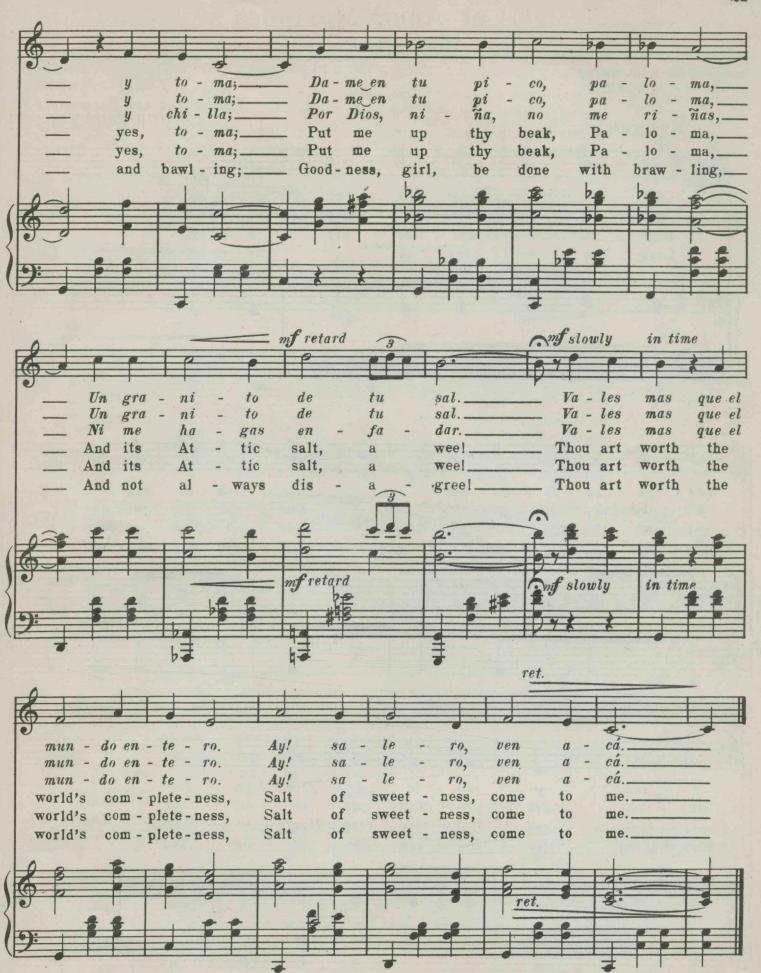


La Primavera (In Springtime)



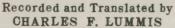






Es el Amor Mariposa

(Butterfly Love)



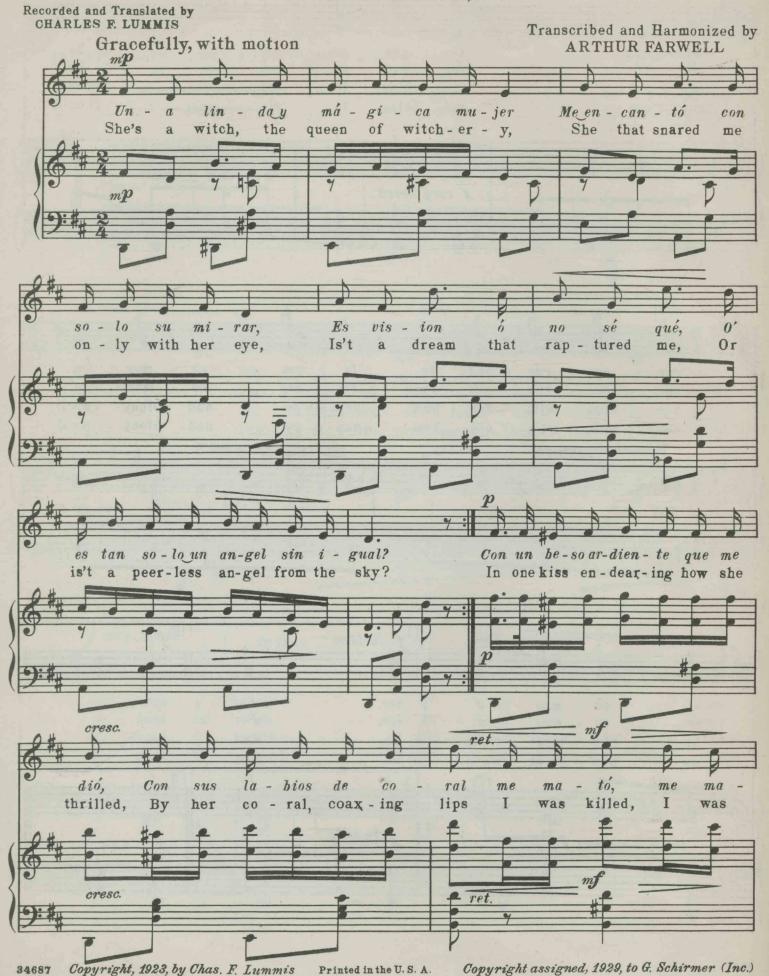


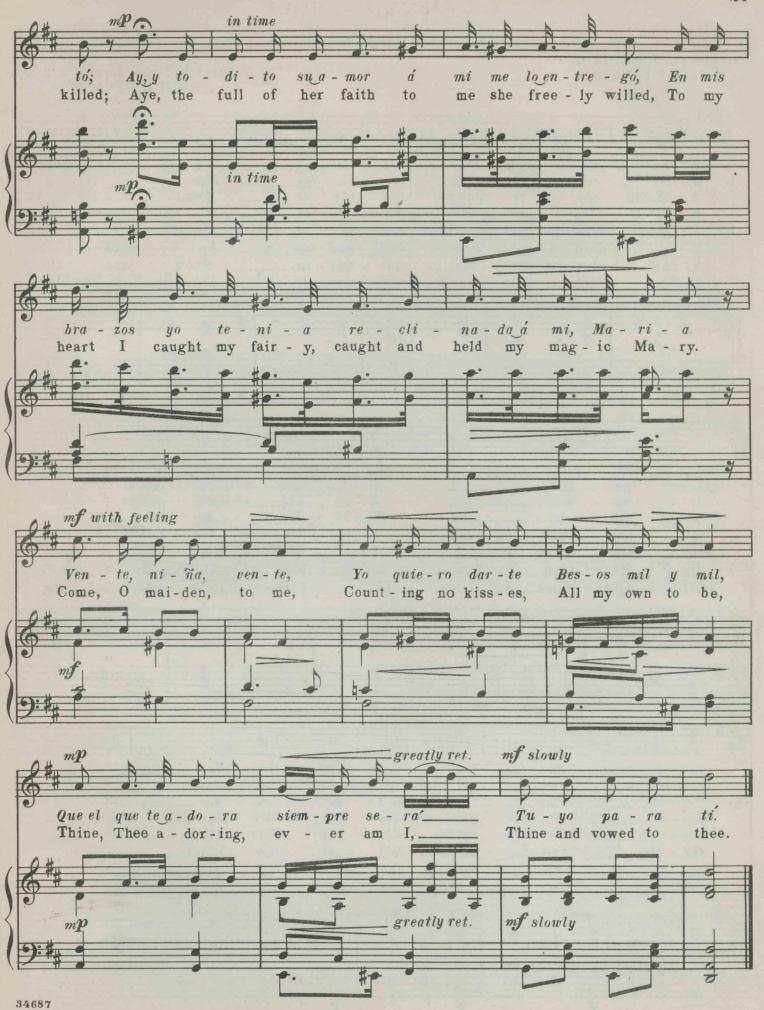




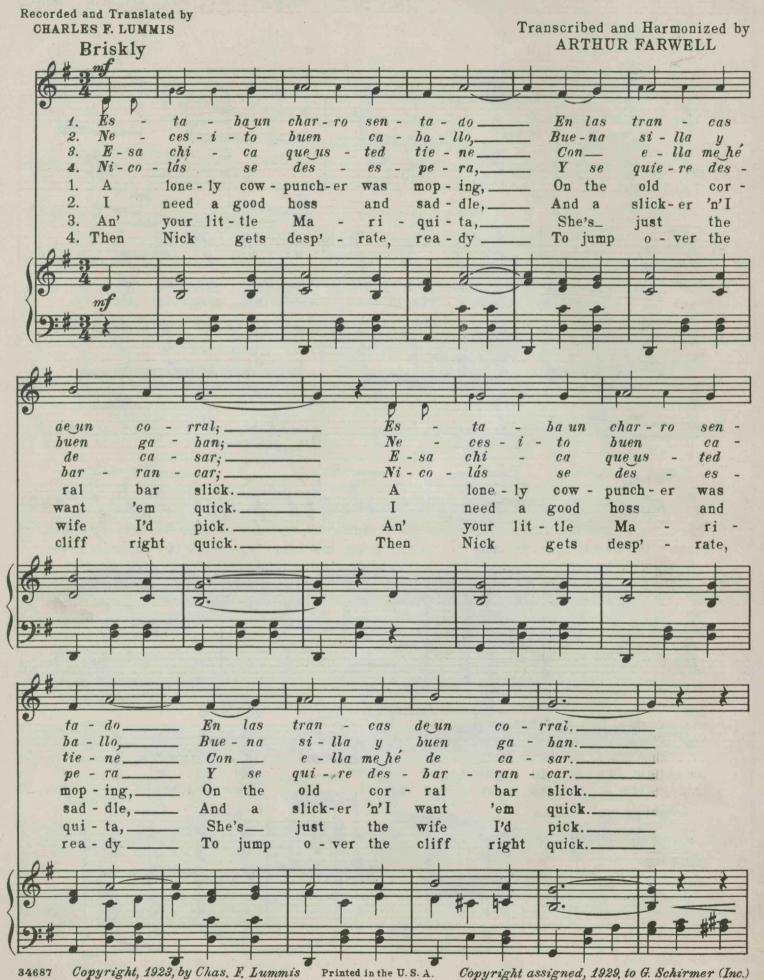


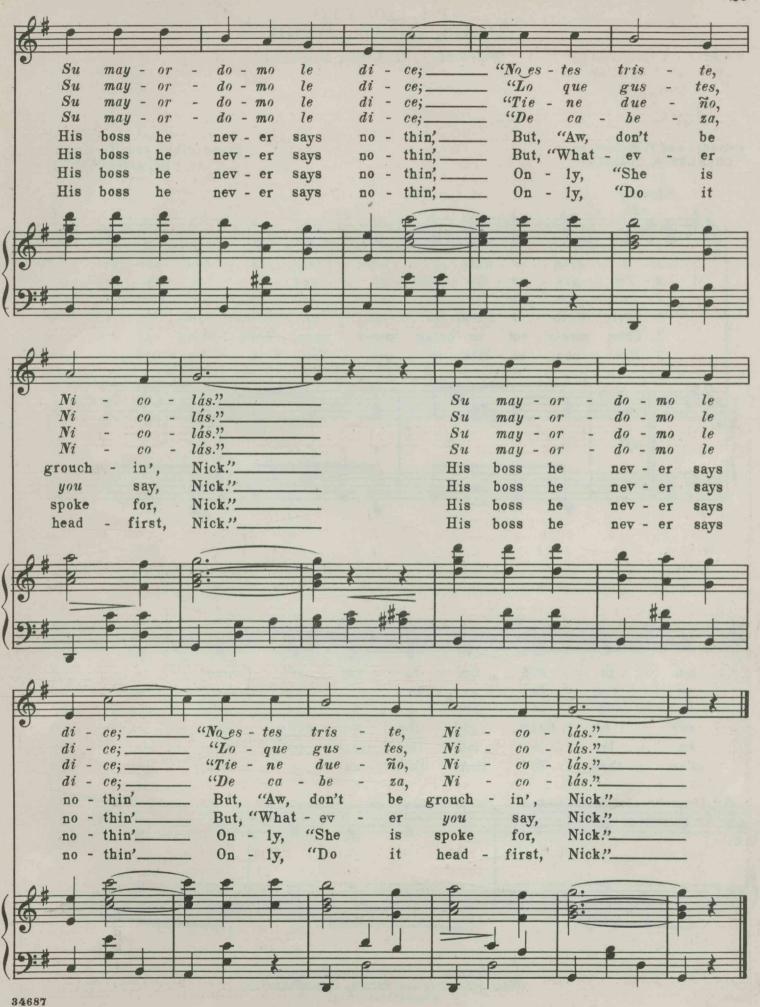
La Mágica Mujer



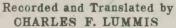


El Charro (The Kind-Hearted Boss)

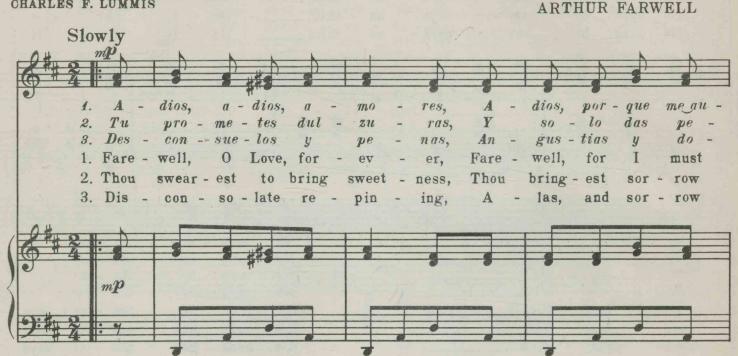


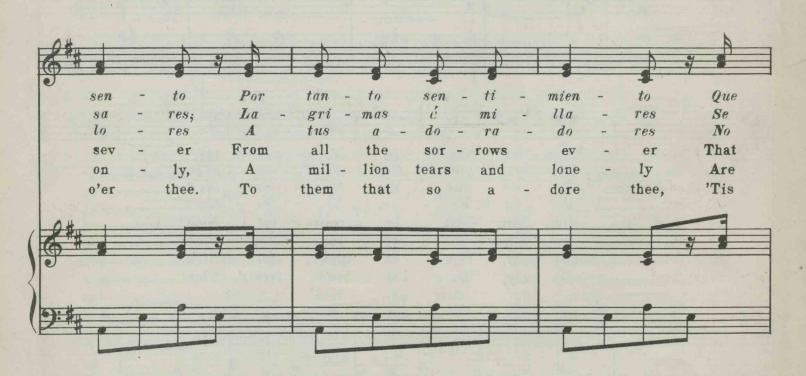


Adios, Adios, Amores (Farewell, O Love, Forever)



Transcribed and Harmonized by ARTHUR FARWELL





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