

SPANISH SONGS OF  
OLD CALIFORNIA

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# SPANISH SONGS OF OLD CALIFORNIA

Collected and Translated  
by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

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

---

**I**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 stranger—and 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 Opera—and 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 simpática. 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 few 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 "Quelélé" 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 onomatopoeic, 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 corridor, 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 choir-master 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 cow-puncher 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. Lummis*



## 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.

Pasadena, California.

November, 1923.

Arthur Farwell



# La Hamaca

(The Hammock)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

With swaying motion

*mp*

1. Ten - - go mi ha-ma - ca ten - di - da. En - -

2. Re - - cuer-dos trai-go en el al - ma, Que - -

1. I have my ham-mock a - swing - ing, Down - -

2. Mem - - o - ries bear I at heart, love, Sore - -

la o - ri - lla del mar, Y mi ca - ba - ña es - con -

me ha - cen mu - cho su - frir. No me los mi - res con

by the side of the sea. Hid - - den my cab - in is

ly I suf-fer there - by. Put me not out of your

di - da En me-dio de un pla - ta - nal.

cal - ma Por - - que me sien-to el mo - rir.

cling - ing Where the ba - na - na grows free.

heart, love, For I feel Death ve - ry nigh.

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Som - bra me da el bos - que,  
 Da - le tu el a - li - vio  
 Breez - es the sea it brings me,  
 Give me thou the eas - ing

Bri - sa me da el mar,  
 A' mi cru - el pe - nar,  
 Sha - dy's my grove a - bove,  
 Here of my hurt so deep,

Tri - nos el cen - sont - li Que be - llo es a - mar.  
 Cal - ma mi mar - ti - rio, No me ha - gas llo - rar.  
 Songs the mock - bird sings me, How love - ly is love!  
 Mar - tyr - dom un - ceas - ing, O, make me not weep!

Que be - lla es la  
 Ven que en - tre mis  
 How love - ly is  
 Come here to mine

vi - da, Me - cien - do se va  
 bra - zos Te quie - ro ar - ru - llar  
 liv - ing! Life sways to its bliss  
 arms, love, I'd rock thee to sleep,

Cual mi ha - ma - ca ten -  
 Con el dul - ce mur -  
 Like my ham - mock a -  
 Sway - ing a - way to the

di - da de a - quí pa - ra a - llá, de a - llá pa - ra a - cá.  
 mu - llo del a - gua del mar, del a - gua del  
 giv - ing a rock - a - by that way, rock - a - by this.  
 mur - mur of lul - la - by wave - lets, waves of the

mar.

deep.



# La Barquillera

(The Girl and the Wherry)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Light and vivacious

*mp*

1. En un ——— de - li - cio - so puer - - to, De ver - de y  
2. " " " " " " " " " " " "  
3. " " " " " " " " " " " "  
1. All in ——— a de - li - cious port, ——— Oh, with fresh green  
2. " " " " " " " " " " " "  
3. " " " " " " " " " " " "

*mp*

fres - ca o - ri - lla, En u - na frá - gil bar - qui -  
" " " " " " " " " " " "  
" " " " " " " " " " " "  
shores so mer - ry, All in a frail lit - tle wher -  
" " " " " " " " " " " "  
" " " " " " " " " " " "

*f*

lla, U - na tar - de me em - bar - qué. ——— Y la her -  
" " " " " " " " " " " " De - ja,  
" " " " " " " " " " " " Bar - qui -  
ry, On an eve - ning I put to sea. ——— And the  
" " " " " " " " " " " " Leave it,  
" " " " " " " " " " " " Drop your

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mo - sa — bar - qui - lle - ra — No ce - sa - ba, no ce -  
 ni - ña, — que yo mi - re — Co - mo va la blan - ca es -  
 lle - ra, — suel - ta el re - mo, — Que me al - te - ra tu ma -  
 love - ly — sail - or las - sie, — Ne - ver ceas - ing rowed a -  
 lass, that — I may watch it, — How the foam is blow - ing  
 oars there, — sail - or las - sie, — For it diz - zies me, the

sa - ba de bo - gar, — Y en - tre tan - to que — bo -  
 pu - ma por el mar, — Que a - si van mis pen - sa -  
 ne - ra de bo - gar, — Suel - ta el re - mo y ven á mis  
 way a - gainst the tide, — But for - ev - er as she was  
 snow - y out to sea, — For it's so my thoughts are  
 won - drous way you row; — Drop your oars and come to my

ga - - ba, Sus - pi - ra - ba con a - mor. —  
 mien - - tos, En te - rri - ble tem - pes - tad. —  
 bra - - zos, Y no te - mas nau - fra - gar. —  
 row - - ing, — With love — she sighed and sighed. —  
 go - - ing, In a tem - pest wild to thee. —  
 arms, love, And fear you — not ship - wreck so. —



# El Queléle

(The White Hawk)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Lightly, with motion

*mp*

El Que - le - lé se mu - rió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay!  
Pa - pa Que - lé - le has died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay!

*mp*

*3*  
A' las tres de la ma - ña - - - na; El Que - le - lé se mu -  
Died as the morn-ing was break - - - ing; Pa - pa Que - lé - le has

*3*

rió, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay! Y lo lle - van á en - ter - rar.  
died, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay! Now to his grave he must go.

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*mf*

Tres dra - go - nes y un ca - bo, Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
 Three dra - goons and a corp - 'ral, Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

*mp*

ay! Y el ga - to de sac - ris - tan, \_\_\_\_\_  
 ay! Tom - cat for sac - ris - tan, too. \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*

*mf*

Y los Que - lé - les chi - qui - tos, Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,  
 And all the ba - by Que - lé - les, Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,

*mf*

*p*

ay! Ya se mu - rian de llo - rar. \_\_\_\_\_  
 ay! Cry them to death in their woe. \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

# La Noche 'sta Serena

(Serenade)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Slowly and serenely

*p*

1. *La no - che 'sta se - re - na, Tran - qui - lo el a - qui -*  
 2. *De un co - ra - zon que te a - ma, Re - ci - be el tier - no a -*  
 1. So fair and still the night is, The ve - ry winds a -  
 2. Oh, take his heart to thy heart, His heart that doth a -

lon, — Tu dul - ce cen - ti - ne - la, Te guar - da el co - ra -  
 mor: — No au - men - tes mas la lla - ma, Pie - dad á un tro - ba -  
 sleep: — Thy sen - ti - nel so ten - der His watch and ward doth  
 dore! — Fan not the flame con - sum - ing, That burns thy trou - ba -

zon. — Y en a - las de los ze - fi - ros, Que va - gan por do -  
 dor. — Y si te mue - ve á las - ti - ma, Mi e - ter - no pa - de -  
 keep. — And on the wings of ze - phyrs soft, That wan - der how they  
 dour. — And if com - pas - sion stir thy breast, For my e - ter - nal



*retard* *pp in time*

quier, \_\_\_\_\_ Vo - lan - do van mis sú - pli - cas, A'  
 cer. \_\_\_\_\_ Co - mo te a - mo, a - ma - me, Be -  
 will, \_\_\_\_\_ To thee my fair one, all to thee, My  
 woe, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, as I love thee, love - li - est Of

*retard* *pp in time*

tí, be - lla mu - jer, \_\_\_\_\_ Vo - lan - do van mis  
 lli - si - ma mu - jer, \_\_\_\_\_ Co - mo te a - mo,  
 prayers go flutt' - ring still, \_\_\_\_\_ To thee, my fair one,  
 wo - men, love me so! \_\_\_\_\_ And as I love thee,

*ret.* *p*

sú - pli - cas, A' tí, be - lla mu - jer. \_\_\_\_\_  
 a - ma - me, Be - lli - si - ma mu - jer. \_\_\_\_\_  
 all to thee, My prayers go flutt' - ring still. \_\_\_\_\_  
 love - li - est Of wo - men, love me so! \_\_\_\_\_

# El Capotin

## (The Rain Song)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

With swing, well accented

1. Yo soy fir - me pa - ra a - mar - te Y con -  
 2. Que tra - ba - jos pa - sa un hom - bre Cuan - do em -  
 3. No me ma - tes, no me ma - tes, Con pis -  
 1. I am boun - den for to love thee, And my  
 2. What hard knocks be - fall a fel - low, When he  
 3. Do not kill me, do not kill me, With a

stan - te en el que - rer, Que tra - ba - jos pa - sa un  
 piez - a a'en - a - mo - rar, To - ma vi - no, se em - bor -  
 to - la ni pu - ñal, Ma - ta - me con tus o -  
 con - stan - cy I'll show; O the trou - bles of a  
 falls in love at sight! Takes to wine and gets be -  
 pis - tol or a knifel Kill me, ra - ther, with thine

1.  
 hom - bre Cuan - do quie - re á un - a mu - jer! Yo soy  
 ra - cha, Y se a - cues - ta sin ce - nar. Que tra -  
 ji - tos, Óe - sos la - bios de co - rall! No me  
 fel - low When he loves a wo - man sol! I am  
 fud - dled, Goes to bed with - out a bite. What hard  
 eyes, love, With those red lips take my life. Do not

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.



2. *mf*

jer! 1.  
nar. 2.  
ral. 3. } Con el ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin Que es-ta no - che va llo -

so. 1.  
bite. 2.  
life. 3. } With the ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, For to night it's going to

2. *mf*

ver, Con el ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, Que se - rá al a - man - e -  
rain, With the ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, And may - be at dawn a -

*f*

cer. Con el ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin Que es-ta no - che va llo -  
gain. With the ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, For to night it's going to

(small notes 3rd stanza)

ver, Con el ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, Que se - rá al a - ma - ne - cer.  
rain, With the ca-po - tin-tin-tin - tin, And may - be at dawn a - gain.

(small notes 3rd stanza)



# Chata Cara de Bule

(Bells of the Rosário)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Moderately and smoothly

*mp*

Vuel-ve o-tra vez con  
Come as of old and

*mp*

tus pa-la-bras tier-nas — Y ven-drás á con-so-lar Á es-te hom-breen sug-fli-  
with thy words so ten-der, — Come in mer-cy and con-sole This man af-flic-ted

*mp*

cion; Quien hu-bie-ra sa-bi-do Que tu a-mor e-ra i-lu-sion, Ay!  
so; Who would ev-er have dreamed it, That thy love was but a show, Ay!

*mp* *in time*

— Pa-ra no ha-ber con-sen-ti-do, Ni pue-s to-te tan-to a-mor.  
— That he nev-er had con-sen-ted, No, nor staked such love on thee.

*mp* *in time*

*ret. mf.*



*mf* <sup>3</sup>

E - ran las o - cho y me - dia Cuan - do mi a - mor te dí,  
 'Twas half-past eight in th' eve-ning — When I told my love to thee, —

*mf* <sup>3</sup>

— Las cam - pa - nas del Ro - sá - rio — To - ca - ban á la o - ra - cion;  
 — And the bells of the Ro - sá - rio — Were sound-ing the call to prayer;

*ret. f*

I - ba lle - gan - do al - lá Ca - pu - la, Cuan - do me a - cor - dé de tí, Ay!  
 I was just get - ting to Ca - pu - la, When I chanced to think of thee, Ay!

*mp in time*

Hor-ro-ro - sa, cha - ta cara de bu - le, que hé de ha - cer si te per - dí!  
 Oh! my hor-rid, snub-nosed, dish-faced dar-ling, What'll I do if I lose thee!

*mp in time* *last time*



# Peña Hueca

(A Teamster's Song)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Very moderately

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of five systems of music. The first system begins with a vocal line in 2/4 time, marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). The lyrics are: "Pe - ña de a - quel ce - rro al - to, Don - de mi a -". The piano accompaniment starts with a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with: "Cliff of that lof - ty moun - tain, Where she, my". The piano part continues with similar harmonic support. The third system has the vocal line: "ma - da pa - sa la vi - da; loved one, doth dwell con - ten - ted;". The piano part features more complex chordal textures. The fourth system is more complex, with the vocal line: "Don - de es - ta - rá la con - sen - ti - da, ay! Pe - ña There, where she is that hath con - sen - ted, ay! Pe - ña". It includes dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *ret.* (ritardando). The piano part also features *mf* and *ret.* markings. The fifth system is marked "in time" and has the vocal line: "Hue - ca, no me va - yas á ol - vi - dar. Sies - toy des - Hue - ca, O for - get me nev - er - more! When I am". The piano part also includes the "in time" marking. The score concludes with a final piano chord.



pier - to, \_\_\_\_\_ te es - toy mi - ran - do, \_\_\_\_\_ Si es - toy dor -  
 wak - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ I see thy seem - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ When I am

mi - do, \_\_\_\_\_ Te es - toy so - ñan - do; \_\_\_\_\_  
 sleep - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ Of thee I'm dream - ing; \_\_\_\_\_

Siem - pre \_\_\_\_\_ la yun - ta an - dan - do, ay! \_\_\_\_\_ *f* *ret.* *in time* Pe - ña Hue - ca, no me  
 E'er with \_\_\_\_\_ my ox - en team - ing, ay! \_\_\_\_\_ Pe - ña Hue - ca, O for -

1. \_\_\_\_\_ 2. *p* \_\_\_\_\_  
 va - yas á ol - vi - dar. \_\_\_\_\_ Si es - toy des - dar. \_\_\_\_\_  
 get me nev - er - more! \_\_\_\_\_ When I am more! \_\_\_\_\_

# El Zapatero

(The Shoemaker)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Very moderately

*mp*

Yo le di - je á un za - pa - te - ro Que mi hi - cie - ra u - nos za -  
I hunt - ed up a cob - bler For to make me a pair of

*mp*

pa - tos, Con el pi - qui - to re - don - do Co - mo lo tie - nen los pa - tos.  
shoes - es, With the toes all nice - ly round - ed Like a duck's bill or a goose's

Fast and Furious

*f*

Mal - ha - ya el za - pa - te - ro, Co - mo me en - ga - ñó! Me  
Con - found that wretch - ed cob - bler! How he fooled me, though! He

*f*

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hi - so los za - pa - tos Yel pi - qui - to no! Mal -  
made me up the shoes - es, But not the duck - bill toel Con -

ha - ya el za - pa - te - ro, Co - mo me en - ga - ñó! Me  
found that wretch - ed - cob - bler! How he fooled me, though! He

hi - so los za - pa - tos Yel pi - qui - to no!  
made me up the shoes - es, But not the duck - bill toel

# La Primavera

(In Springtime)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

With motion and grace

*p*

1. Ya vie - ne la pri - ma - ve - ra, sem - bran - do  
2. No me mi - res que nos mi - ran que nos mi -  
3. De se - pul - cro en se - pul - cro voy pre - gun -  
1. Now com - eth the spring - time ten - der, wild flow - ers  
2. Eye me not for they are eye - ing us and they  
3. From grave un - to grave I make my way, tap - ping,

*p*

flo - res, sem - bran - do flo - res, ay, ay! Y ya los cam - pos se es -  
ra - mos, que nos mi - ra - mos, ay, ay! Y mi - ran - do - nos se  
tan - do, voy pre - gun - tan - do, ay, ay! Si a - lli - mo - ra al - gun  
sow - ing, wild - flow - ers sow - ing, ay, ay! And now are the fields a  
see us eye, see us eye - ing, ay, ay! And eye - ing at us they're  
ask - ing each, ask - ing, prov - ing, ay, ay! Is an - y soul here, I

*p*

mal - tan de mil co - lo - res, de mil co - lo - res.  
di - cen que nos a - ma - mos, que nos a - ma - mos.  
al - ma que mu - rió a - man - do, que mu - rió a - man - do.  
splen - dor, all col - ors glow - ing, all col - ors glow - ing.  
say - ing that we are eye - ing, like lov - ers eye - ing.  
won - der, that died of lov - ing, died just of lov - ing.



*mf* broaden slightly

in time

Can - tan las a - ves,  
 No nos mi - re - mos,  
 Res - pon - dió - me u - na,  
 Bird songs are ring - ing,  
 Now they are spy - ing,  
 One an - swered can - did,

Can - tan las  
 No nos mi -  
 Res - pon - dió -  
 Bird songs are  
 Now they are  
 One an - swered

*mf* broaden slightly

in time

a - ves,  
 re - mos,  
 me u - na:  
 ring - ing,  
 spy - ing,  
 can - did:

*p*  
 Los o - te - ros re - pi - tan sus  
 Que cuan - do no nos mi - ran, nos  
 "De mu - jer - es mi - llar - es, de hom -  
 All the hills of the val - ley ech -  
 When their eyes are not on us, then  
 "Wo - men, yes, by ten thous - ands, nev -

— tri - nos sua - ves, sus — tri - nos sua - ves.  
 — mi - ra - re - mos, nos — mi - ra - re - mos.  
 — bre nin - gu - na, de hom - bre nin - gu - na."  
 — o their sing - ing, ech - o their sing - ing.  
 — we'll be eye - ing, then — we'll be eye - ing.  
 — er a man did! nev - er a man did!"

# Mi Pepa

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Lightly, with motion

1. *Quié - ro á mi Pe - pa y no es bra - ma,* — *Por - que es hem - bra*  
 2. *Soy mas du - ro que u - na pe - ña,* — *Y mi Pe - pa*  
 3. *No hay o - tra hem - bra en Se - vi - lla,* — *De mas ran - go y*  
 1. I love Pe - pa and that's no sto - ry, — For she is a  
 2. I am hard - er than the gran - ite, — And my Pe - pa  
 3. Not a dame in all Se - vil - la — Of more qual - i -

*muy for - mal,* — *E - lla me ha - ce de - li - rar* —  
*me des - ha - ce* — *Con la mue - ca que me ha - ce* —  
*mas me - ne - o,* — *Ni de tan - to za - ran - de - o* —  
*dame of hon - or,* — *Sets me wild to gaze up - on her* —  
*has me crum - bled,* — *Mak - ing mouths to keep me hum - bled,* —  
*ty, nor brisk - er,* — *Nor so love - ly, live - ly a frisk - er* —

— *Si á la ven - ta - na se a - so - ma* — *Y to - ma,* —  
 — *Y el o - ji - to que me gui - ña.* — *Y to - ma,* —  
 — *Co - mo tie - ne mi Pe - pi - lla.* — *Y chi - lla,* —  
 — *At her case - ment in her glo - ry.* — *And take it,* —  
 — *And her lit - tle wink be - gan it.* — *And take it,* —  
 — *As that ve - ry same Pe - pi - ya.* — *She's bawl - ing,* —

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y to - ma; Da - me en tu pi - co, pa - lo - ma,  
 y to - ma; Da - me en tu pi - co, pa - lo - ma,  
 y chi - lla; Por Dios, ni - ña, no me ri - ñas,  
 yes, to - ma; Put me up thy beak, Pa - lo - ma,  
 yes, to - ma; Put me up thy beak, Pa - lo - ma,  
 and bawl - ing; Good - ness, girl, be done with braw - ling,

*mf retard* *mf slowly in time*  
 Un gra - ni - to de tu sal. Va - les mas que el  
 Un gra - ni - to de tu sal. Va - les mas que el  
 Ni me ha - gas en - fa - dar. Va - les mas que el  
 And its At - tic salt, a weel! Thou art worth the  
 And its At - tic salt, a weel! Thou art worth the  
 And not al - ways dis - a - gree! Thou art worth the

mun - do en - te - ro. Ay! sa - le - ro, ven a - cá.  
 mun - do en - te - ro. Ay! sa - le - ro, ven a - cá.  
 mun - do en - te - ro. Ay! sa - le - ro, ven a - cá.  
 world's com - plete - ness, Salt of sweet - ness, come to me.  
 world's com - plete - ness, Salt of sweet - ness, come to me.  
 world's com - plete - ness, Salt of sweet - ness, come to me.

# Es el Amor Mariposa

(Butterfly Love)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Moderately

*mp*

1. Es el a - mor ma - ri - po - sa,  
2. Es el a - mor co - mo un ni - ño, Ca -  
1. Love is a but - ter - fly ev - er,  
2. Love is so likes an - y ba - by, Ca -

*mp*

que á la sa - li - da del sol Ex - tien - de sus blan - cas  
pri - cho - soy ju - gue - ton, Que por un ju - gue - te  
that with the first sun - ny hour Wide o - pens on snow - y  
pri - cious and play - thing - mad, That, aye, for a new - er

a - las, y vue - la de flor en flor.  
nue - vo, des - pre - cia el que le sir - vió.  
pin - ions and flut - ters from flower to flower.  
play - thing, dis - pri - zes the one he had.



Es el a - mor un gil - gue - ro, que bus - ca su nue - vo pla -  
 En es - te mun - do, pa - lo - ma, to - do pa - sa tan ve -  
 Love is so likes an - y lin - net, that pleas - ure in nov - el - ty  
 In this our world, my Pa - lo - ma, all pass - es a - way, and so

cer Y man - da sus dul - ces can - tos á  
 loz Que nos de - ja sa - bo - re-an - do, a -  
 greets, And pours out his love - song gold - en, wher -  
 fast, It leaves in the mouth but sa - vor of

la pri - me - ra que vé. Por  
 quel - lo que nos gus - tó. Por  
 ev - er a She he meets. And  
 sweet - ness al - rea - dy past. And

*Slower* *f very broad*

*Slower* *f very broad*

e - so, mo - re - na mi - a, cuan - do te  
 e - so, si no te en - o - ja es - te can -  
 so when I first es - pied thee, my nut - brown  
 so, if thou'rt not of - fen - ded by this my

*in time* *mf*

*in time* *mf*

vi', Te di - je que te que - ri - a,  
 tar, E - sa tu bo - qui - ta ro - ja,  
 maid, In fren - zy of love be - side thee,  
 lay, That lit - tle rose - mouth, bow - ben - ded,

*f very broad* *in time* *mf*

*f very broad* *in time* *mf*

con fren - e - si' Y si mi ne - gra me  
 a - bre - la ya. Y si mi ne - gra me  
 thy love I prayed; And if, Brown - ie mine, thou  
 o - pen, I pray! And if, Brown - ie mine, thou



*f* very broad in time

di - ce lo que yo sé, Ve -  
 di - ce lo que yo sé, Ve -  
 say - est one thing to me \_\_\_\_\_ Thou'lt  
 say - est one thing to me \_\_\_\_\_ Thou'lt

*f* very broad in time

*fast*

rás, ve - rás que fe - li - ces va - mos a'  
 rás, ve - rás que fe - li - ces va - mos a'  
 see, thou wilt see how hap - py and blest we'll  
 see, thou wilt see how hap - py and blest we'll

*fast*

*ret.* *f* 1. *f* in time 2. *f*

ser, va - mos a' ser. Por ser.  
 ser, va - mos a' ser. Por ser.  
 be, how blest we'll be. And be.  
 be, how blest we'll be. And be.

*ret.* *f* 1. *f* in time 2. *f*

# La Mágica Mujer

(The Enchantress)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Gracefully, with motion

*mp*

Un - a lin - da y má - gi - ca mu - jer Me en - can - to con  
She's a witch, the queen of witch - er - y, She that snared me

*mp*

so - lo su mi - rar, Es vis - ion ó no sé qué, ó  
on - ly with her eye, Is't a dream that rap - tured me, Or

*p*

es tan so - lo un an - gel sin i - gual? Con un be - so ar - dien - te que me  
is't a peer - less an - gel from the sky? In one kiss en - dear - ing how she

*cresc.* *ret.* *mf*

dió, Con sus la - bios de co - ral me ma - to, me ma -  
thrilled, By her co - ral, coax - ing lips I was killed, I was

*cresc.* *ret.* *mf*



*mp**in time*

tó; Ay, y to - di - to su a - mor á mi me lo en - tre - go, En mis  
killed; Aye, the full of her faith to me she free - ly willed, To my

*mp**in time*

bra - zos yo te - ni - a re - cli - na - da á mi, Ma - ri - a  
heart I caught my fair - y, caught and held my mag - ic Ma - ry.

*mf with feeling*

Ven - te, ni - ña, ven - te, Yo quie - ro dar - te Bes - os mil y mil,  
Come, O mai - den, to me, Count - ing no kiss - es, All my own to be,

*mp**greatly ret.**mf slowly*

Que el que te a - do - ra siem - pre se - ra' Tu - yo pa - ra ti.  
Thine, Thee a - dor - ing, ev - er am I, Thine and vowed to thee.

*mp**greatly ret.**mf slowly*



# El Charro

(The Kind-Hearted Boss)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Briskly

*mf*

1. Es - ta - ba un char - ro sen - ta - do \_\_\_\_\_ En las tran - cas  
2. Ne - ces - i - to buen ca - ba - llo, \_\_\_\_\_ Bue - na si - lla y  
3. E - sa chi - ca que us - ted tie - ne \_\_\_\_\_ Con e - lla me hé  
4. Ni - co - lás se des - es - pe - ra, \_\_\_\_\_ Y se quie - re des -

1. A lone - ly cow - punch - er was mop - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ On the old cor -  
2. I need a good hoss and sad - dle, \_\_\_\_\_ And a slick - er 'n'I  
3. An' your lit - tle Ma - ri - qui - ta, \_\_\_\_\_ She's just the  
4. Then Nick gets desp' - rate, rea - dy \_\_\_\_\_ To jump o - ver the

*mf*

de un co - rral; \_\_\_\_\_ Es - ta - ba un char - ro sen -  
buen ga - ban; \_\_\_\_\_ Ne - ces - i - to buen ca -  
de ca - sar; \_\_\_\_\_ E - sa chi - ca que us - ted  
bar - ran - car; \_\_\_\_\_ Ni - co - lás se des - es -  
ral bar slick. \_\_\_\_\_ A lone - ly cow - punch - er was  
want 'em quick. \_\_\_\_\_ I need a good hoss and  
wife I'd pick. \_\_\_\_\_ An' your lit - tle Ma - ri -  
cliff right quick. \_\_\_\_\_ Then Nick gets desp' - rate,

ta - do \_\_\_\_\_ En las tran - cas de un co - rral. \_\_\_\_\_  
ba - llo, \_\_\_\_\_ Bue - na si - lla y buen ga - ban. \_\_\_\_\_  
tie - ne \_\_\_\_\_ Con e - lla me hé de ca - sar. \_\_\_\_\_  
pe - ra \_\_\_\_\_ Y se qui - re des - bar - ran - car. \_\_\_\_\_  
mop - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ On the old cor - ral bar slick. \_\_\_\_\_  
sad - dle, \_\_\_\_\_ And a slick - er 'n'I want 'em quick. \_\_\_\_\_  
qui - ta, \_\_\_\_\_ She's just the wife I'd pick. \_\_\_\_\_  
rea - dy \_\_\_\_\_ To jump o - ver the cliff right quick. \_\_\_\_\_






*Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "No es - tes tris - te,*  
*Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "Lo que gus - tes,*  
*Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "Tie - ne due - ño,*  
*Su may - or - do - mo le di - ce; "De ca - be - za,*  
 His boss he nev - er says no - thin' But, "Aw, don't be  
 His boss he nev - er says no - thin' But, "What - ev - er  
 His boss he nev - er says no - thin' On - ly, "She is  
 His boss he nev - er says no - thin' On - ly, "Do it



*Ni - co - lás." Su may - or - do - mo le*  
*Ni - co - lás." Su may - or - do - mo le*  
*Ni - co - lás." Su may - or - do - mo le*  
*Ni - co - lás." Su may - or - do - mo le*  
 grouch - in', Nick."  
 you say, Nick."  
 spoke for, Nick."  
 head - first, Nick."  
 His boss he nev - er says  
 His boss he nev - er says  
 His boss he nev - er says  
 His boss he nev - er says



*di - ce; "No es - tes tris - te, Ni - co - lás."*  
*di - ce; "Lo - que gus - tes, Ni - co - lás."*  
*di - ce; "Tie - ne due - ño, Ni - co - lás."*  
*di - ce; "De ca - be - za, Ni - co - lás."*  
 no - thin' But, "Aw, don't be grouch - in', Nick."  
 no - thin' But, "What - ev - er you say, Nick."  
 no - thin' On - ly, "She is spoke for, Nick."  
 no - thin' On - ly, "Do it head - first, Nick."

# Adios, Adios, Amores

(Farewell, O Love, Forever)

Recorded and Translated by  
CHARLES F. LUMMIS

Transcribed and Harmonized by  
ARTHUR FARWELL

Slowly

*mp*

1. A - dios, a - dios, a - mo - res, A - dios, por - que me au -  
 2. Tu pro - me - tes dul - zu - ras, Y so - lo das pe -  
 3. Des - con - sue - los y pe - nas, An - gus - tias y do -  
 1. Fare - well, O Love, for - ev - er, Fare - well, for I must  
 2. Thou swear - est to bring sweet - ness, Thou bring - est sor - row  
 3. Dis - con - so - late re - pin - ing, A - las, and sor - row

*mp*

sen - to Por tan - to sen - ti - mien - to Que  
 sa - res; La - gri - mas ¿ mi - lla - res Se  
 lo - res A tus a - do - ra - do - res No  
 sev - er From all the sor - rows ev - er That  
 on - ly, A mil - lion tears and lone - ly Are  
 o'er thee. To them that so a - dore thee, 'Tis

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tu me has da - do á mí. Por e - so ya no  
de - rra - man por tí. Y de tu cruel sa -  
mas les sa - bes dar. Por e - so ya no  
thou hast giv'n to me. In love, while life shall  
fall - ing, aye, for thee. Thy cru - el ar - row's  
all thou know'st to give. In love, while life shall

quie - ro A - mar mas en la vi - da; A'  
e - ta La he - ri - da es - tá cu - ra - da; No  
quie - ro A - mar mas en la vi - da; A'  
lin - ger, No more shall I be fall - ing; My  
wound - ing, Is healed to hurt no lon - ger; Thou'lt  
lin - ger, No more shall I be fall - ing; My

*retard*  
mi pa - tria que - ri - da Me voy á re - ti - rar.  
mas sac - ri - fi - ca - da Ve - rás mi li - ber - tad.  
mi pa - tria que - ri - da Me voy á re - ti - rar.  
na - tive land is call - ing And thith - er I must flee.  
see me free and strong - er, No more a slave to thee.  
na - tive land is call - ing And thith - er I must flee.  
*retard*



Spanish songs of old

F2475