

CANTE JONDO

FLAMENCO MUSIC

SUNG BY CHININ DE TRIANA

GUITAR ACCOMPANIMENT BY EMILIO BONET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FW 8723



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MUSIC LP

SIDE I
Band 1: A: LA MALAGUENA
B: EL FANDANGO DE VERDIAL
Band 2: A: EL TARANTO
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Band 3: LA PETENERA
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Band 5: A: LA LIVIANA
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SIDE II
Band 1: SIGUIRIYAS AL CAMBIO
Band 2: LAS SOLEARES
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Band 4: LA DEBIA
Band 5: GRANADINAS: Solo de Guitarra

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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CANTE JONDO

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Flamenco Music sung by Chinin de Triana
Guitar Accompaniment by Emilio Bonet

Texts translated by Melitta del Villar

CHININ DE TRIANA was born in an old Castilian village called Santo Domingo de la Calzada in the Province of Logrono. His father was a gypsy from Seville and his mother was from old Castilla. By the age of ten, Chinin de Triana was singing in the cafes and streets and churches of Santo Domingo. When he was sixteen, he moved to Logrono where he sang on the radio, in the theaters and in the cafes. Two years later, in Madrid, Chinin won a singing contest which brought him national attention. Jose Greco heard him in Madrid and brought him to the United States.

MR. EMILIO BONET, Born in MADRID (Barrio Castizo de Lavapiés) is the Son of a Famous Guitarrist, Manuel Bonet. Bonet, started playing the Flamenco Guitar at the age of five. He went through his examination at the FUENCARRAL Theatre in Madrid. After that, he travelled all



Chinin de Triana

over the world with very Famous Companies and very good dancers and singers, including Chinin de Triana.

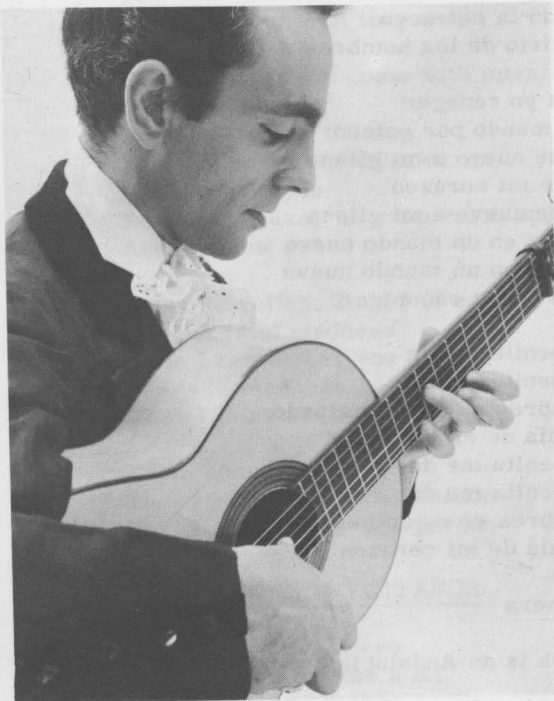
Mr. Bonet is now touring the United States.

NOTE

The Flamenco is the folk music of the Spanish Gypsy. It is presented in a variety of very strict and complex musical forms, some of which are centuries old. The musical forms are traditional, following certain established rules. The lyrics sometimes are improvised to fit a particular purpose, such as courting a girl or to tell about an event of special importance.

The translation is as literal as the language permits.

- Melitta del Villar



Emilio Bonet

SIDE I

LA MALAGUENA

Dime donde ba allegar
Este querer tuyo y mio
Dime donde ba allegar
Tu tratas de aborrecerme
Yo cada dia te quiero mas
Que dios me mande la muerte.

La Malaguena

(The title may refer to a female from Malaga,
Spain, or to a type of song and dance from this
region.)

Tell me where it is going
This love of yours and mine
Tell me where it is going
You're trying to hate me so
While I love you more each day
I wish God would send me death

-- Traditional

EL FANDANGO DE VERDIAL

Al campo me boy air a llorar
Donde no me bea la gente
Al campo me boy a ir a llorar
Porque me haces pasar
Fatiguitas de la muerte
Y no te puedo olvidar

El Fandango de Verdial

(Fandango is a type of dance. Verdial may be a
place.)

I'm going to the fields to cry
Where people cannot see me
To the field I'm going to cry
Because you cause me the misery of death
And I just cannot forget you

-- Traditional

EL TARANTO

Dame veneno
Si me quieres dimelo
Y si no dame veneno
Y sal a la calle y di
Yo mate a mi dulce dueno
Con veneno que le di

El Taranto

(May be a corruption of tarantella, a song and
dance.)

Give me poison
If you love me, tell it to me
And if not, give me poison
And go out on the street and say
I killed my sweet master
With the poison that I gave him

-- Traditional

LA TARANTA

De los laureles
Dicen que te llamas Laura
Laura de nombre
Por nombre Laura
Si no eres de los laureles
Que los laureles son firmes
Y tu pa mi no lo eres
Dicen que te llamas Laura
Laura de nombre por nombre
Laura

La Taranta

Among the laurels
They say you're called Laura
Laura by name
By the name Laura
If you're not of the laurels
Because the laurels are firm
And for me you are not
They say that you are called Laura
Laura by name -- by the name Laura

-- Traditional

LA PETENERA

De noche cuando te veo
Llegar con tus pasos lentos
Se me agotan las palabras
Que luego llevo dentro
Dejandome la garganta
Fria seca y sin aliento.

Te llaman la petenera
Pa martirio de los hombres
Que se matan o se mueren
Que se matan o se mueren
Con solo mentar tu nombre
Te llaman la petenera
Pa martirio de los hombres

Quisiera yo renegar
De este mundo por entero
Volver de nuevo a mi gitana
Madre de mi corazon
Volver de nuevo a mi gitana
Por ver si en un mundo nuevo
Por ver si en un mundo nuevo
Remedio puedo encontrar.

Ay que penita me da
Ay que penita me da
Dos hombres se estan matando
Madre mia de mi corazon
Ay que penita me da
Ay que penita me da
Dos hombres se estan matando
Madre mia de mi corazon

La Petenera

(Petenera is an Andalucian popular song.)

At night when I see you
Come near with your slow steps

The words that I carry inside me
Dry up and they leave my throat
Cold, dry and without breath

They call you the Petenera
You make martyrs of men
Who kill or are killed
Who kill or are killed
At the mention of your name
They call you the Petenera
You make martyrs of men

I would like to renounce
This world entirely
And return again to my Gypsy
Mother of my heart
Return again to my Gypsy
To see if in a new world
To see if in a new world
I can find relief

Oh, what sorrow it gives me
Oh, what sorrow it give me
Two men are dying
Mother of my heart
Oh, what sorrow it gives me
Oh, what sorrow it gives me
Two men are dying
Mother of my heart

-- Traditional

TIENTO CLASICO

Asta el alma me duele senores
De tanto querer

No ay flor como la amapola
Ni carino como el mio
Que me sentencian a muerte
Por tenerlo repartido
A las dos de la manana
Me binieron a buscar
Tres pares de ojitos negros
Y me tube que entregar
La manita en el ebanjelio
La pongo yo aunque me muera
Que yo no he matado a nadie
De noche en la carretera

Los tormentos de mis negras du quelas
Yo no se los mando
A mis enemigos.

Yo sonaba con clavito y canela
Me despertaron pa darme el castigo
Mi lunita clara
Mi sangre y mi vida
Por lo mucho que yo a ti te quiero
Te bas sin volver la cara
Por lo mucho que yo a ti te quiero
Te bas sin volver la cara.

La casita donde yo abitaba
Como era de polbito y arena
El bientecito se la llevava
Como ra de polbito y arena
El bientecito se la llevava.

Ay amor, ay amor, ay amor
Que se fue por el aire
Ay amor ay amor ay amor
Que se fue por el aire

Tiento Clasico

(Tiento is a musical form which dates from the
16th Century.)

From so much loving, gentlemen,
My soul aches
There is no flower like the poppy
No love like mine
I'm being sentenced to death
For having spread it around
At two o'clock in the morning
They came looking for me
Three pairs of dark eyes
I had to surrender
I swear though I die
That I have killed no one
On the highway at night
I don't wish my torments on my enemies

As I dreamt of clove and cinnamon
They work me to punish me

My little shining moon
My blood and my life
I love you so much
But you leave without looking back
Because I love you so much
You leave without looking back

The little house where I lived
Was made of sand
The wind was blowing it away
As it was made of sand
The wind was blowing it away

Oh, love -- oh, love -- oh, love
Gone with the wind
Oh love, oh love, oh love
Gone with the wind

-- Traditional

LA LIVIANA

Ventanas a la calle
Son peligrosas
Son peligrosas
Pa las madres que tienen
Sus ijas mozas
Sus ijas mozas

De quien son esos machos
Con tanto rumbo
Con tanto rumbo
Son de pedro la cambra
Ban pa bollullo
Ban pa bollullo

La Liviana (The fickle one)

The windows on the street
Are dangerous

Are dangerous
For mothers who have young daughters
Young daughters

Whose are these boys?
And where are they going?
They are from Pedro La Cambra
And are going to Bollullo
And are going to Bollullo

LA SERRANA

Una cordera una cordera
Yo crie en mi rebano
Yo crie en mi rebano
Una cordera una cordera
Una cordera una cordera
Y de tanto acariciarla
Y de tanto acariciarla
Se bolvio fiera
Se bolvio fiera

Y las mujeres
Cuanto mas se acarician
Fieras se vuelven
Cuanto mas se acarician
Fieras se vuelven

Arbolito en el campo
Lo riega el rocio
Como yo riego las piedras
De la calle
Con el llanto mio
Con el llanto mio

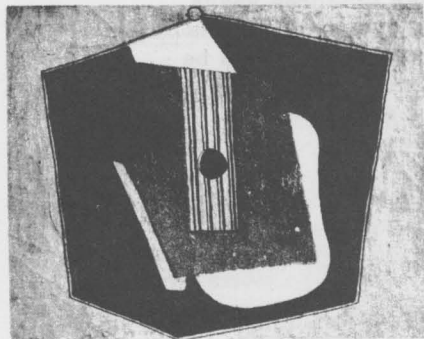
La Serrana

(A girl from the highlands.)

A ewe, a ewe
I raised in my herd
I raised in my herd
A ewe, a ewe, a ewe, a ewe
And from petting her so much
And from petting her so much
She became wild, she became wild

And the women
The more you pet them, the wilder they get
The more you pet them, the wilder they get

Little tree in the field
Is watered by the dew
Just as I water the stones of the street
With my tears
With my tears



-- Traditional

Guitar, by Pablo Picasso

SIDE II

SIGUIRIYAS AL CAMBIO

Penas tiene mi madre
Penas tengo yo
Las que yo siento
Las que yo siento
Son las de mi madre
Y las mias no
Penas tiene mi madre
Penas tengo yo

Hermano de mi alma
Ven y sientate a mi vera
Que con tu aliento
Que con tu aliento
Hermanito mio yo
Yo quizas no mura
Hermanito mio de mi alma
Ven sientate a mi vera

De santiago y sta ana
Yo le he rogao a dios
Que me alibiara
Estas Duquelas tan negras
A mi corazon.

Abrase la tierra
No quiero vivir
Como yo estaba viviendo
Yo me quiero morir.

Y no me des mas penas
Que yo sere un esclavito tuyo
Asta que yo muera

Siguiriyas Al Cambio

(Song and dance form.)

My mother has sorrows
I have sorrows, too
The ones I feel
The ones I feel
Are those of my mother
And none of my own
My mother has sorrows
I have sorrows, too

Brother of my soul
Come, sit next to me
That with your breath
That with your breath
Little brother, mine
Perhaps I will not die
Little brother of my soul
Come, sit next to me

From Santiago and St. Ana
I have prayed to God
To lift the dark weight from my heart
I embrace the earth
I do not want to live as I was living
I want to die
Don't inflict more pain on me
I shall be your slave until I die

-- Traditional

LAS SOLERARES

Dile a tu madre que calle
que no tenga mala lengua
Que mala lengua no tenga
Que no tenga mala lengua
Que yo en mi vida
La he tenido
Ni quiera dios que la tenga
Dile a tu madre que calle
Que no tenga mala lengua

Permita dios y si bienes
Con intencion de enganarme
A la mitad del camino
Se abra la tierra y te trague

Balgame dios companera
Se abra la tierra y te trague
A mi me daba me
Me daba a mi me daba
Fatiguitas de locura
Cuando de ti me acordaba
Fatiguitas de lo cura
Cuando de ti me acordaba.

De en ora'en ora
Que yo me alcuerto
De tu persona
Que yo me alcuerto
De tu persona

Las Soleares

(An Andalusian song and dance) -- Traditional

Tell your mother to be quiet
Not to have an evil tongue
Not to have an evil tongue
Because in all my life I've never had an evil tongue
And God forbid that I should
Tell your mother to be quiet
Not to have an evil tongue

God permit if you come with intention
Of deceiving me
In the middle of the way
That the earth should open up
And swallow you
For God's sake, may the earth open
And swallow you

I used to suffer, I used to suffer
The pangs of madness
When I remember you
Pangs of madness
When I think of you

From hour to hour
That I remember your person
That I remember your person

LOS FANDANGOS GITANOS

Por el maldito dinero
Quieren dominarme a mi
Por el maldito dinero
Si la muerte ade venir
Pa el rico y pa el pordio sero
Paque tanto discutir

Loco
Seria mi felicidad
Que yo me volviera loco
De que me a serbido estudiar
Si ahora veo la hiprocresia
Que tiene la umanidad

Los desenganos
Son los que nunca se olvidan
Estos grandes desenganos
Uno me dieron un dia
Y me causo tanto dano
Que asta morirme yo queria

Los Fandangos Gitanos

(Andalusian Gypsy dances)

Through the cursed money
They want to boss me
Through the cursed money
If death is going to come
For the rich and for the beggar
Why so much argument

Crazy
It would be my happiness
That I would become mad
What has it served me to study
If now I see so much hypocrisy
In people.

Disappointments are things never forgotten
These great disappointments
I had one of them once and it did me so much harm
That I even wanted to die

-- Traditional

LA DEBLA

Ay en el barrio de triana
Ya no hay pluma ni tintero
Pa escribirle yo a mi madre
Que ace tres anos
Que no la veo y de mi calvari

Yo ya no era quien era
Ni quien yo soy
Ni bia ser
Soy un arbol de tristeza
Pegadito a la parez
Y de mi calbari

La Debla

In the neighborhood of Triana
There is neither pen nor inkwell
To write to my mother
About my calvary

I haven't seen her for three years
I am no longer the same one I was
Nor who I am, nor who I should be
I am a tree of sorrow
I am stuck to the wall
And to my calvary

-- Traditional

GRANADINAS Granadinas

(Solo de guitarra) (Guitar solo) -- Traditional