

## La Calandria

Linda Ronstadt

Yo soy como la calandria  
Que para formar su nido  
Siempre busca rama fuerte  
Para no verlo caído

Otros son como el venado  
Que por listo y presumido  
Cuando anda de enamorado  
Lo matan desprevenido

Ay... Ay... Ay... Ay...  
Las nubes van por el cielo  
Los pescados por el agua  
El oro está bajo el suelo  
Y el amor en las enaguas

Mi prieta linda  
Que voy a hacer  
Si tú me quitas  
Este querer.

De que les sirve a los hombres  
Presumir de valentones  
Si cuando están en su casa  
Se les caen los pantalones

También sucede otra cosa  
Con los que son fanfarrones  
Cuando ven la cosa en serio  
Les pasa algo en sus calzones.

This was probably originally a son jarocho from the early 1900's, but it is arranged here by Don Rubén in the style of the huasteca. The ethno-musicologist Dr. Stephen Loza describes a son (plural: sones) as a folk song and dance (usually danced with heels on a board) represented in different regions in Mexico. Jarocho is the region of the Atlantic seaboard in Vera Cruz. L.R.

The Lark

I am like the lark  
That in order to form its nest  
Always looks for a strong branch  
So that she won't see it fall.

Others are like the deer  
Eager and presumptuous  
When it goes out to find love  
Is killed without warning.

Ay... Ay... Ay... Ay...  
The clouds go through the sky

The fish through the water  
The gold is under the ground  
And love is in the petticoats.

My dark lovely one  
What am I going to do  
If you take this love  
Away from me.

What good is it for men  
To put on airs  
If when they are at home  
Their pants fall down.

Also another thing happens  
With those who are braggarts  
When they see the real thing  
Something happens to them  
in their breeches.