

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 ethnomusicologist 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.