

Lyrics of Te Vas Angel Mío (You Are Leaving, My Angel)

Genre: Traditional Song

Composer: Cornelio Reyna

Performer: Cornelio Reyna & Ramón Ayala

Te vas, angel mío
Ya vas a partir
Dejando mi alma herida
Y un corazón a sufrir

Te vas y me dejas
Con inmenso dolor
Recuerdo inolvidable
Me ha quedado de tu amor

Después cuando vuelvas
Ya no me hallarías aquí
Irás a mi tumba
Allí llorarás por mí

Verás unas letras
Escritas allí
Con el nombre y la fecha
Del día en que fallecí

You are leaving, my angel
You are about to go away
Leaving my soul wounded
And my heart to suffer.

You part and leave me
With an immense pain
An unforgettable memory
Of your love remains.

When you return
You will not find me here
You will go to my grave
And there you will cry for me.

You will see some words
Written there
With the name and date
Of the day I passed away.

Lyrics of Pa' Qué Me Sirve la Vida? (What Good is Life to Me?)

Genre: Ranchera Song

Composer: Chucho Monge

Performer: Los Tres Ases

¿Pa' qué me sirve la vida
¿Pa' qué me sirve la vida
¿Pa' qué me sirve la vida
Cuando la traigo amargada?
Yo la cambio por tequila
Yo la cambio por tequila
Que pa' mí no vale nada

What good is life to me?
What good is life to me?
What good is life to me?
When I feel so bitter?
I'll exchange it for tequila
I'll exchange it for tequila
Which is worthless to me

Me van a secar el mar
Me van a secar el mar
Me van a secar el mar
Pa' llenarlo con mi llanto
Al cabo que se llorar
Al cabo que se llorar
Pero nomás que me aguanto

They are going to drain the sea of water
They are going to drain the sea of water
They are going to drain the sea of water
So that I can fill it up with my tears
After all, I know how to cry
After all, I know how to cry
But I restrain myself

Me voy por otros caminos
Me voy por otros lugares
Me voy por otros senderos
Solito por la vereda
Si quiere que otro la goce
Si quiere que otro la quiera
Pídale a Dios que me muera

I am wandering off through different roads
I am wandering off through other places
I am wandering off through other trails
Alone along that path
If she wants another man to enjoy her
If she wants another man to love her
She'd better hope that I die.

Lyrics of Tata Dios (Father God)

Genre: Huapango

Composer: Valeriano Trejo

Performer: Linda Ronstadt

Ponme mi vestido blanco
Aquel con que nos casamos
El doctor (i.e. doctor) por mas que le ande
'ta muy lejos nuestro rancho.

Dress me in my white dress
The one I used when we got married.
It doesn't matter how much the doctor hurries
Our village is too far away.

Ya no gastes en remedios
Ya mis fuerzas van mermando
Ponme mi vestido blanco
Tata Dios me está llamando

Don't spend any more on medicines
My strength is now failing.
Dress me in my white dress
Father God is calling me.

Tata Dios me está llamando
Tata Dios, Tata Dios

Father God is calling me
Father God, Father God

Todo se queda en silencio
Sólo Juan le dice a ella
Vieras que lindos jilotes
Se están dando en la ladera

Everything is silent
Only Juan says to her
If you could only see what beautiful tender
Ears of corn are growing on the hillside

Pero ya no quero (i.e. quiero) nada
Voy a regalar la siembre
Tata Dios así lo quiere
Y con Tata nadie juega
Y con Tata nadie juega

But I don't want anything anymore
I'm going to give away the harvest
Father God wants it that way
and no one plays games with Tata (Father)
And no one plays games with Tata (Father).

Tata Dios, Tata Dios
Tata Dios me está llamando

Father God, Father God
Father God is calling me.

Lyrics of Un Mojado Sin Licencia (A Wetback Without a License)

Genre: Corrido

Composer: Santiago Jiménez Hernández

Performer: "Flaco" Jiménez

Desde Laredo a san Antonio
Yo he venido a casarme con mi Chenchha
Y no he podido
Por ser mojado
Pues para todo
Me exigen la licencia

From Laredo to San Antonio
I've come to marry my "Chenchha"
And I have not been able to
Because I am a wetback (undocumented)
Well, for everything
They ask me for my license

Se me hizo fácil comprar un carro
Para sacar a pasear a mi Cesencia
Y por la noche fui dar al bote
Porque no traiba ni luces ni licencia

I found it easy to buy a car
To take out my Cresencia
And at night, I ended up in jail
Because I did not have head lights or a license

Al fin de todo salí del bote
Con muchas ganas de ver a mi Checha
La hallé paseando con un gabacho
El mero jefe que arregla las licencias

Afterward, I got out of jail
Wanting very much to see my "Chenchha"
I saw her driving around with an Anglo
The same boss who issues licenses

Ya me regreso para Laredo
Ya que he sufrido ya basta de verguenza
Estos gabachos son abusados
Perdi mi carro y me quitaron a Chenchha

I am heading back to Laredo
Now that I've suffered, no more embarrassments
Those Anglos are really sneaky
I lost my car and they stole my "Chenchha"