

## THE GREEN CHILES

*Traditional Son Jarocho, interpretation by Son de Madera*

They say the ripe chile has a heart full sweet  
it has a sweet heart they say, the ripe chile

My maiden fair she talks full just as sweet  
they say the ripe chile has a heart full sweet

And now, maid of my soul, the time for rest is over,  
cutting the green chiles while they're still in flower

And now, maid of my soul, let us to the fandango  
to cut the green chiles, for soon they ripen and go

I know both chile and love, both can do harm  
they can do harm I know, love and chile both

The chile hurts because it burns, love for its deceit,  
I know both chile and love, both can hurt and cheat

And now, maid of my soul, the time for pride is over,  
nipping the green chiles in the bud of the flower

And now, maid of my soul, the time for rest is over,  
cutting the green chiles while they're still in flower

Not even absence will make the hours of pleasure fade,  
the hours of pleasure even with absence will not fade

I say it even if it be lie, I swear it even if it be sin,  
if life brings troubles I'll remember the touch of your skin

And now, maid of my soul, ourselves we won't condemn,  
the hells have already ended, the devils already died

And now, maid of my soul, the time for rest is over,  
cutting the green chiles while they're still in flower

## LA PETENERA

### *Traditional Son Huasteco*

The siren came aboard  
a wooden boat  
the siren came aboard  
a wooden boat

The siren of the sea  
they say is wondrous fair,  
her I'd fairly love to see  
and kiss her little mouth;  
but since animal is she,  
none can bring it about

The siren is under a spell—  
or so I thought at first—  
due to nothing as well  
as a dip Good Friday last;  
but from being a lady *bel*  
a fish she changed right fast

As I was lazing along  
the sands fresh and cool,  
I heard the voice of a fish  
that to the siren called:  
“how much have I laboured  
for the love of a dark-haired girl”

A fisherman against the rail  
he couldn't catch a thing;  
he caught a toad by its tail  
while fishing for a bream;  
not something easy done  
with Mauser nor shotgun  
When a sky-squall gathers  
And it the sailor sees,  
then raising his gaze  
to his shipmate sighs he:  
“If God grant me my life  
I won't go back to the sea”

## THE WAVES OF THE SEA

*Traditional Son Jarocho, interpretation by Son de Madera*

Although this sorrow is for you  
my courage it will not kill

I'll forget the harm you do me  
I'll follow my path up hill

By your waves I won't be covered  
like the reef I'll be standing still

I'm held prisoner in this room  
only by my love for you

I hear the waves of the sea  
And not for a second do they cease

Neither for the absence long  
nor the distance from you

For no such cause or wrong  
have I ceased to love you

The sweetness of your gaze  
was like a sea asleep

The sweet smell you exude  
was tempting me to sail

But only for to wreck me  
down in your soul's deep

In the sad sea's ways and waves  
a body drifts by slow  
A fisherman strips it bare  
another watches it flow

And the horizon's long gone  
but that's another song  
but that's another song...