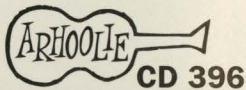


FLACO JIMENEZ

"Un Mojado Sin Licencia"



1. EL GUERO POLKAS (*Polka*)
(Leonardo Jimenez)
2. TESORO DE MI ALMA (*Ranchera*)
(José Morante)
3. SIN FE (*Bolero*)
4. HASTA LA TUMBA (*Ranchera*)
5. MUJER FATAL (*Ranchera*)
(Santiago Jimenez, Sr.)
6. VIRGENCITA DE MI VIDA
(*Ranchera*)
7. UN MOJADO SIN LICENCIA
(*Corrido*) (Santiago Jimenez, Sr.)
8. EL PADRE DE UN SOLDADO
(*Corrido*)
9. VICTIMAS DE HURACAN
BEULAH (*Corrido*) (José Morante)
10. DE RODILLAS QUISIERA
MIRARTE (*Ranchera*) (José Morante)
11. LA PRIMER NOCHE DE MAYO
(*Ranchera*)
12. DE AQUI PA'L REAL (*Ranchera*)
13. EL TROQUERO (*Ranchera*)
(Juan Gaytan)
14. VIAJANDO EN POLKA (*Polka*)
15. CUANDO MAS TRANQUILA
(*Ranchera*)
16. MI BORRACHERA (*Ranchera*)
(José Morante)
17. NO ME DIGAS QUE TE VAS
(*Ranchera*) (Salome Gutierrez)
18. DESVELADO (*Ranchera*) (P.D.)
19. BAJO SEXTO Y ACCORDEON
(*Redova*) (Leonardo Jimenez)
20. NO TE ANDES APASIONANDO
(*Ranchera*)
21. PA' QUE SON PASIONES
(*Ranchera*)
22. ELLA ME DIJO QUE NO
(*Ranchera*) (Santiago Jimenez, Sr.)
23. ALMA RENDIDA (*Ranchera*)
24. NO SEAS TONTA MUJER
(*Ranchera*)

Flaco Jimenez — accordion & vocals;
Toby Torres — *bajo sexto* & vocals (except
#9: vocals by Toby Torres & José Morante;
#24: vocals by Flaco & Frank Benitos)
with unidentified bass & drums.

(continued inside on page 15)



FLACO JIMENEZ

Un
Mojado
Sin
Licencia

AND
OTHER HITS
FROM THE
1960s



FLACO JIMENEZ

“Un Mojado Sin Licencia”

And now we see **Flaco Jimenez**, ace *Norteño* accordionist and *Tejano* folk hero, becoming a rock, country & pop star. Mexican-Americans have called him “El Rey de Texas” (the King of Texas). Music writer Joe Nick Patoski, writing in *Rolling Stone*, calls him “the Chuck Berry of the squeeze box.” He’s featured in the Les Blank – Chris Strachwitz Tex-Mex documentary **Chulas Fronteras**; he’s been on national TV (**Austin City Limits** and **Saturday Night Live**); he’s toured the U.S. and Europe with Ry Cooder, and, with Ry’s enthusiastic support, stolen the show; he’s appeared on Ry Cooder’s LPs, **Chicken Skin Music** and **Show Time**. This is unprecedented success for a traditional *Tejano* musician, even a consummate showman like Flaco. It means that Flaco has arrived — and *that* means he can sell records to Anglos.

So Flaco’s star is rising, but it’s taken 30 years of hard work and constant touring on the Tex-Mex circuit from Lubbock to Corpus Christi and back again to make

it happen. But Flaco knows all about the music business; he was born into it. His father, Santiago, was a leading *Norteño* accordionist in San Antonio for 30 years, and in his day was billed as “El Flaco,” which means “skinny” in Spanish.

If Flaco is finally crossing over into the larger field of pop stardom, it may have as much to do with his show as with his music — good as his music is. Flaco is a dynamic performer, he speaks good English, he looks like Clark Gable (never a bad idea), and he can play the buttons off a diatonic accordion. Furthermore, the Chuck Berry comparison is well-taken, because Flaco *rocks* — he pushes the beat, plays around it, gooses it with tricky high-note runs and extended solos. It’s crowd-pleasing stuff (like Berry’s duck-walk), and no one knows it better than Flaco. These days he’s capable of pushing a high-energy instrumental run to a point where a rock audience explodes. If it’s not entirely traditional, well, Flaco isn’t too concerned. “I want to play for a big audience,” he told

me in Austin last year. “I’m good enough.” He sure is.

Playing for a Chicano audience on his home turf, in San Antonio, say, or Austin, Flaco *y su conjunto* are a dance machine keeping the floor jumping with *polkas*, *boleros*, *vales*, *huapangos* and *cumbias*. Chicano audiences come out to dance, and Flaco delivers. This is the crowd that bought Flaco’s records before general audiences discovered him — records like the ones on this CD, recorded between 1955 and 1967 for Jose Morante’s *Norteño/Sombrero* labels.

These sides are the ones that made Flaco’s reputation, the ones that earned him his title as “El Rey de Texas.” The accordion playing is spectacular, featuring jazzy solo work and plenty of hot runs, but it’s a lot less flashy than Flaco’s recent work, and a lot more traditional. These sides reveal a much greater emphasis on singing, too, and the songs justify it — from Jose Morante’s *Victimas de Huracan Beulah*, a *corrido* (ballad) about one of Texas’ devastating Gulf Coast storms, to the great *Un Mojado Sin Licencia* (A Wetback Without a License).

Mojado may be the single most impor-

tant Tex-Mex song of them all. Written by Flaco’s father Santiago, it raises one of the central issues facing Mexican-Americans in a country that treats partial citizens with oppressive contempt. The license in question is really the “green card,” an immigration permit, and the larger implications of this “license” include all the areas of cultural discrimination that incense Chicano activists. Yet, for all its seriousness, *Mojado* is a perfect example of roaring folk humor, with its innocent Chicano hero losing both his girlfriend and his car to the bastardly *gringos*. It’s also a full-out rocker, and one of Flaco’s most requested numbers. This is the original recording.

From the *grito* (a heartfelt *Tejano* yell that sounds a lot like “aaaar-HOOLIE”) that opens *El Guero Polkas*, to the soulful *ranchera* (country song) that closes the disc, this is *puro Norteño* or *conjunto*, the real stuff, dance music recorded for a working-class audience in south Texas. If you want to know what Flaco sounded like playing for *Tejanos*, look no further. This is where Flaco comes from.

Michael Goodwin – 1977

The Songs:

2. TESORO DE MI ALMA

Se que es inútil pedirte cariño,
que estreche mis brazos con loca pasión;
las dichas del mundo se hicieron pa' otros
y a mi me dejaron amarga ilusión.

Tesoro de mi alma, te llevo conmigo
y a cada momento me acuerdo de tí.
Yo se que en mis brazos jamás he de verte
conozco a mi suerte: está en contra de mí.

Pero, no por eso, me voy sin decirte
que no hay en el mundo una fuerza mayor
que borre de mi alma o mis pensamientos
los dulces momentos que me dió tu amor.

Se que es inútil pedirte cariño.
la dicha, mia vida, jamás lograré
yo siempre he querido tener lo imposible
y tú eres la gloria que no alcanzaré.

3. SIN FE

Recargado en la barra me encuentro
de la vieja taberna del barrio;
yo sin tí, poco a poco muriendo,
dime tú dónde estas que no te hallo.

Ya sin fe, la esperanza perdida
de volver a estrecharte en mis brazos,

MY SOUL'S TREASURE

I know that it's useless to ask for your love,
to close my arms in feverish passion;
the joys of this earth were made for others,
I've only received bitter disillusion.

I carry you with me, my soul's treasure,
and I remember you always,
I know I will never see you in my arms,
I know my fate: it's against me.

But, regardless, I leave without saying
that in the world there is no power strong enough
to erase from my soul or my mind
the sweet moments that your love gave me.

I know that it's useless to ask for your love,
I will never find happiness, my love,
I always wanted to have the impossible
and you are the glory I'll never obtain.

WITHOUT FAITH

I'm leaning on the bar
of the old neighborhood saloon,
without you, little by little, I'm dying,
tell me where you are, for I can't find you.

Now without faith, lost is my hope
of embracing you in my arms once again;

díme cuanto te salgo debiendo
que a mi vida la has hecho pedazos.

Ven a ver lo que queda de un hombre
que en un tiempo te dió su cariño,
ven a ver lo que has hecho de aquello,
luego sigue, mujer, tu camino.

4. HASTA LA TUMBA

Hasta la tumba, mujer, juraste amarme,
hasta la tumba, mujer, quererte yo;
la muerte solamente, podrá borrar
el juramento de amor, que a Dios llegó

Y si tú ausente de mi, has olvidado
esa promesa de amor que hiciste ayer,
has de acordarte, mujer, que es un pecado
que solamente desdicha ha de traer.

Y si no vuelves a mí, serás perjura,
en este mundo, jamás, yo te veré,
a de seguirte, mujer, mi desventura
que solamente desdicha ha de traer.

5. MUJER FATAL

Era una noche cuando en un baile
a una joven yo conocí;
yo muy confiado le hablé de amores
y ella sonriendo dijo que sí.

tell me how much I owe you
for you have destroyed my life.

Come and see what's left of a man
who at one time gave you his love,
come and see what you did to what we had,
then continue, lady, on your path.

UNTIL DEATH

Until death, lady, you swore you'd love me,
until death, lady, I would love you,
only death will be able to erase
the oath of love that reached God.

And if while away from me, you have forgotten
the promise of love you made before,
you should remember, lady, that it's a sin
that will only bring you grief.

And if you don't return, you'll be untrue,
in this world, never again will I see you,
my misfortune will follow you, lady
and will only bring you grief.

WICKED WOMAN

It was one night at a dance
that I met a young lady,
with trust, I spoke of love
and smiling, she accepted me.

Pasaron meses y fuimos novios
yo la adoraba sin compasión,
nunca creía que ella escondía
una daga para herir mi corazón.

Hay mujercitas que aman de veras,
hay otras finjen con su querer,
la mayoría son traicioneras
porque no saben corresponder.

Hoy me pesa haberme casado
con esa joven que no me supo amar,
fue mi desgracia por no fijarme
en esa mujer fatal.

6. VIRGENCITA DE MI VIDA

Que tristeza me acompaña
al estar lejos de ti;
acabandose mi vida
y tu no recuerdas de mi.

Virgencita de mi vida
quieréme, no seas así;
no me pagues con desprecios
que para tu amor nací.

Que sentimiento me da
que me voy y no te puedo hablar;
ya no recuerdas, bien mio,
que en un tiempo yo te adoré.

Months went by and we were sweethearts,
I loved her without reserve,
I never thought that she was hiding
a dagger with which to wound my heart.

There are some women who can give true love,
others just pretend that they care,
most are treacherous
and don't know how to reciprocate.

Today I regret having married
that woman who didn't love me
it was my misfortune, for not being careful
of that wicked woman.

LITTLE MAIDEN OF MY LIFE

What sadness accompanies me
when I'm far from you
my life is fading away
and you don't remember me.

Little maiden of my life,
love me, don't be that way,
don't repay me with rejection
for I was born for your love.

How much I regret
that I'm leaving and can't talk to you,
don't you remember, my love,
that at one time I adored you?

Virgencita de mi vida
quíereme, no seas así:
yo nací para ser tuyo
y tu la dueña de mi.

7. UN MOJADO SIN LICENCIA

Desde Laredo a San Antonio
yo he venido a casarme con mi Chenchá
y no he podido, por ser mojado.
pues para todo me exigen la licencia.

Se me hizo fácil comprar un carro
para sacar a pasear a mi Cresencia
y por la noche fui a dar al bote
porque no traíba ni luces ni licencia.

Al fin de todo salí del bote
con muchas ganas de ver a mi Chenchá.
la halle paseando con un gabacho,
el mero jefe que arregla las licencia

Ando buscando también trabajo
soy carpintero y mariachi de experiencia
¿de que me sirve mi buen oficio
si para todo me exigen mi licencia?

Ya me regreso para Laredo
Aquí he sufridoya basta de verguenza.
Estos, gabachos son abusados,
perdi mi carro y me quitaron a Chenchá.

Little maiden of my life,
love me, don't be that way,
I was born to be yours
and you to be my mistress.

A WETBACK WITHOUT A LICENSE

All the way from Laredo to San Antonio
I've come to marry Chenchá.
But I haven't been able to do it because I'm
a wetback
And I keep being asked for my license.

I thought I'd buy a car
To take my Cresencia for a ride
And that night I wound up in the can
'Cause I didn't have any lights or a license.

Finally I got out of the clink
Looking forward to seeing my Chenchá
I found her with a gringo
The head boss who gives out licenses.

I am also looking for a job
I am an experienced carpenter and musician
But what good is my job for
If they keep asking for my license?

I'm going back to Laredo
I've suffered enough shame
These gringos sure are sneaky,
I lost my car and my Chenchá.

8. EL PADRE DE UN SOLDADO

Soy un padre como hay muchos,
que no hallamos que pensar,
pues tenemos nuestros hijos
allá peleando en Viet Nam.

Virgencita milagrosa,
vuévelos como se van.

Diosito santo, te pido
que tengas más compasión
de nuestros hijos queridos
que andan en otra nación,
bien sabes que se llevaron
parte de mi corazón.

Virgen divina,
Virgencita de San Juan,
protege a todo el soldado
que nos defiende en Viet Nam.

—Adiós, mis padres queridos—
nos dijo casi al partir,
dijo: — no se queden tristes
que muy pronto he de venir;
soy purito Mexicano
y no le temo al morir.—

Se despidió de su novia,
de sus hermanos también,
le dió un abrazo a su madre
y a mi me dió otro también
se encomenda ante nosotros
y ante Diosito también.

THE SOLDIER'S FATHER

I am a father like many
who don't know what to think,
since we have our sons
fighting in Viet Nam.
Miraculous Virgin Mary,
return them as they left.

Oh Lord, I beg of you
to be most merciful
with our beloved sons
who find themselves in another nation;
you know that they took with them
a part of my very heart.

Heavenly Virgin Mary,
Virgin of San Juan,
protect all the soldiers
that defend us in Viet Nam.

"Good-bye, dear parents,"
he said on departing,
"do not be saddened,
very soon I will return;
I'm a full-blooded Mexican
and I'm not afraid to die."

He bid farewell to his sweetheart
and to his brothers and sisters,
he embraced his mother,
then he embraced me, too,
he asked us for our blessing
and he prayed to God.

Diosito santo, tú sabes
lo que una madre sufrió,
para darle su vida a su hijo
hasta su vida arriesgó
a cambio de la de mi hijo
mi vida la ofrezco yo.

9. VICTIMAS DEL HURACAN BEULAH

Como arrogante criminal llegó en
Septiembre,
con furia injusta sin compasión ninguna,
el huracán que ha destrozado al valle
y a Matamoros y se llamaba Beulah.

Llegó insatiable por costas Mexicanas
con fuertes vientos y lluvias torrencanales.
entró por Brownsville, pegando a
Matamoros
y desbordaba los rios y los canales.

Miles de hogares quedaron destruidos,
miles de gentes naufragan sin destino,
al ver su sueño rodar con la corriente
de esta tormenta que borra los caminos.

Valle de Texas, te estrechamos la mano,
de San Antonio, La Mesa y Amarillo,
en sus esquinas El Paso y Texacana,
de Seguin, Texas, y ranchos escondidos.

También de Dallas, de Austin y San Marcos
de todas partes que se hallan Mexicanos;

Dear Lord, you know
how a mother suffers,
to give life to her son
even her own life she risked,
in exchange for the life of my son
here I offer you mine.

VICTIMS OF HURRICANE BEULAH

Like an arrogant criminal it arrived in
September
with unjust fury and no compassion at all
the hurricane which has destroyed the valley
and Matamoros was named Beulah.

It came, insatiable, to the Mexican shore
with fierce winds and torrential rain,
it entered through Brownsville and hit
Matamoros,
overflowing the rivers and canals.

Thousands of homes were destroyed,
thousands of people wander without a future,
watching their dreams flow with the currents
of this storm that erases the roads.

Valley of Texas, we give you our hand,
from San Antonio, La Mesa, and Amarillo,
and the corners El Paso and Texarcana,
from Seguin, Texas, and the little ranches.

Also from Dallas, Austin and San Marcos,
from everywhere Mexicans are found,

todos recuerdan los lindos naranjales
que han dado vida a miles de paisanos.

Vamos a unirnos los pueblos y ciudades,
las rancherías y plantas industriales,
a darte alivio, consuelo, y esperanza
y amenorarte tus penas y tus males.

Del West de Texas, de Luboc y Sonora
de California, Chicago y El Dorado,
y en un saludo de todos los paisanos
de Nuevo Mexico, Arizona y Colorado.

Ya me despido del condado de Hidalgo.
De Edinburgo, de Farris, San Benito,
de Matamoros, Reynosa y Rio Grande,
de San Antonio les saludo a toditos.

10. DE RODILLAS QUISIERA MIRARTE

Siento un odio y a veces te quiero,
no comprendo mi cruel padecer,
otros ojos me lloran, me buscan,
y tu vuelves a mi alma otra vez.

Tu me has dicho que ya es imposible,
yo comprendo porqué lo ha de ser,
yo soy pobre viajero y sin nombre
padeciendo por una mujer.

De rodillas quisiera mirarte,
implorando del mundo piedad,

they all remember the beautiful orange groves
that have nurtured thousands of our countrymen.

Let's unite the towns and the cities,
the rural areas and industrial plants,
to give you help, comfort, and hope
and lessen your pains and your troubles.

From the west of Texas, from Lubbock and Sonora
from California, Chicago and El Dorado,
and a greeting from all our countrymen
of New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado.

I bid farewell to Hidalgo County,
to Edinburg, Farris, San Benito,
to Matamoros, Reynosa and Rio Grande
from San Antonio, I greet you all.

I WISH TO SEE YOU ON YOUR KNEES

I feel hate, then sometimes I love you,
I can't understand my cruel suffering,
other eyes cry for me, search for me
and you return to my heart once again.

You've told me that it's impossible,
I understand why that must be,
I'm a poor, nameless wanderer,
suffering on account of a woman.

I would like to see you on your knees,
begging the world for mercy,

para ser yo el primero en hablarte,
consolarte en tu soledad.

Pa' que veas, mujer, que es muy grande
el cariño que mi alma nació,
yo prefiero arrancarme la vida
que tener que vivir sin tu amor.

Si te ofendo, mujer, con soñarte,
tu me ofendes también al mirar,
por tus ojos mi amor va en la duda
porque a veces me quieren hablar.

13. EL TROQUERO

Soy troquero y me gusta ser borracho,
soy parrandero y me gusta enamorar;
cargo dinero pa' gastar con mis amigos
y en las cantinas no me gusta pantear.

Alla en el valle toditos me conocen,
alla en McAllen voy a gozar del amor,
y en San Benito también tengo una güerita,
en Santa Rosa me encontré una nueva flor.

Soy troquero, soy un triste navegante,
soy como el ave que se cría de flor en flor;
gano dinero y soy feliz con mi volante
estoy engrido y peleo por un amor.

En Corpus Christi, Laredo y San Antonio
solo se goza de la gloria y la ilusión;

so that I'd be the first to come to you,
to console you in your loneliness.

To show you, woman, what is the extent
of the love that has risen from my soul,
I'd prefer to throw away my life
than to have to live without your love.

If I offend you, woman, by dreaming of you,
You also do injury when you look at me,
in your eyes there is uncertainty about my love,
sometimes it seems they want to speak to me.

THE TRUCK DRIVER

I'm a truck driver and I like to drink,
I like to have a good time and to fall in love
I have money to spend with my friends
and in the bars, I don't like to make fuss.

Down in the valley, everyone knows me,
down in McAllen I have the pleasure of a love
and in San Benito, I also have a blondie,
in Santa Rosa I've found a new girlfriend.

I'm a truck driver, I'm a sad wanderer,
I'm like the bird that goes from flower to flower
I earn my money and I'm happy with my wheel,
I'm so attached and willing to fight for my love.

In Corpus Christi, Laredo and San Antonio
there is happiness and hope to enjoy,

en California también tengo una pochita
que es la que me hace que me duela el corazón.

Pongan las otras de cerveza y yo las pago
y que me toquen una polka en el acordeón;
por Dios santito que pa' mi la pulpa es pecho
y esa prietita me la llevo en mi camión.

Ando borracho pero a mi me importa poco
por esas cosas me retoza el corazón;
aunque mal paguen, vivan todas las mujeres,
brindo por ellas aunque sea la perdición.

17. NO ME DIGAS QUE TE VAS

No me digas que te vas (2 X)
Me pones triste...
Que no comprendes que no puedo estar
sin ti...

Que me amabas con pasión
Que era mio tu corazón
Tu me dijiste,
Y desde entonces a mi lado te senti.

A una estrella le cante (2 X)
Mi dicha eterna
Y en mi delirio con la luna platique.

De tus ojos de ilusión
De tus labios de pasión
De tu alma bella
De tu carita, que de ti me enamoré.

in California I also have a Chicanita
and she's the one that is making my heart ache.

Let's have a round of beers and I'll pay
and play me a polka on the accordion
by God, nothing is plenty enough for me,
and I'll take that little dark lady with me in my truck.

I'm drunk but I could care less,
for these things my heart contented;
even though they hurt you, long live all women,
I toast a drink to them even if it means ruin.

DON'T TELL ME THAT YOU'RE LEAVING

Don't tell me that you're leaving (2 X)
You make me sad
Can't you understand that I can't be
without you.

That you loved me with passion
That your heart was mine
That's what you told me,
And ever since I've felt for you.

To a star I sang (2 X)
My eternal joy
And in my delirium I talked with the moon.

Of your eyes of illusion
Of your lips of passion
Of your beautiful soul
Of your pretty face, which I fell in love with.

No me digas que te vas (2 X)
No seas ingrata
Que en ti he cifrado
Lo mas grande de mi amor.

No me digas que te vas (2 X)
Porque me matas,
No hagas pedazos a
Mi pobre corazón.

16. MI BORRACHERA

Me emborracho porque traigo un sentimiento
Porque traigo muchas ganas de tomar
Me emborracho porque asi es como me siento
Mas dichoso sin afanes ni pesar.

Desde luego que perdi mi prenda amada
Hay derecho no hay derecho de tomar
Para mi que es necesaria la tomada
Con pretexto o sin pretexto me da igual.

Yo soy libre como el ave como el viento
Yo no debo mas que a Dios este existir.
Me emborracho porque traigo un
sentimiento
Vaciladas que son parte del vivir.

El rasgueo de una lira maltratada
Lo que alegra la cantina donde voy
Ya mi mente de recuerdos va borrada
Para hacerme lo borracho que yo soy.

Don't tell me you're leaving (2 X)
Don't be an ingrate
Because I have placed
All of my love in you .

Don't tell me you're leaving (2 X)
Because you'll kill me
Don't shred
My poor heart to pieces.

MY DRUNKENNESS

I get drunk because I have a feeling
Because I have a great desire to drink
I get drunk because that's the way I feel
More joyful without worries or sorrow.

Of course I lost the one I love
There is a right, there is no right to drink
To me I think drinking is necessary
With a reason or without one to me it's the same.

I'm free like the bird or the wind
I don't owe anything except my existence to
God.
I get drunk because I have a feeling
Another foolishness which is part of life.

The strumming of a beat up *lira*
That's what brings joy to the bar where I go
My mind is already erased of all memories
That makes me the drunk that I am.

Si señores esta es mi borrachera
Como todas por la causa de un querer
Ya sean buenas resbalosas o embusteras
Por una hembra estoy dispuesto a padecer.

22. ELLA ME DIJO QUE NO

Ella me dijo que no,
Que no me podía aceptar
Que era yo muy pobrecito
Pa' poderla conquistar.

El mundo estaba cambiado,
De un modo tan singular,
El que no tenga dinero,
No se meta a enamorar.

Se me fue con un gabacho
Que después la abandono,
Y al mirarse despreciada,
De mi nombre se acordó.

Aunque yo la quise tanto,
Tuve que decir que no,
Aunque el dinero me falte,
Pero la verguenza no.

24. NO SEAS TONTA MUJER

No seas tonta mujer no seas tonta,
Que no ves la esperanza perdida,
Como las hojas del árbol caídas,
No hallarás quien te quiera después.

Yes sirs, this is my drunkenness
Like all, because of a love
Be they good, slutty or liars
For a female I'm willing to suffer.

SHE TOLD ME NO

She told me no
That she couldn't accept me
That I was just too poor
To win her.

The world has changed
In such a peculiar way
He who has no money,
Shouldn't attempt to love.

She left with a "gabacho"
Who later abandoned her
And seeing herself unappreciated
She promptly remembered my name.

Even though I loved her plenty
I had to tell her no
Because I may lack the money
But dignity, no.

DON'T BE FOOLISH WOMAN

Don't be foolish woman don't be foolish
Can't you see that hope is lost,
Like leaves fallen from a tree,
You'll never find someone to love you.

Ya perdi la esperanza de amarte,
De vivir yo feliz a tu lado,
Quiero vivir pero no ser desgraciado,
Desgraciado el que te ame después.

I've lost the hope of loving you,
Of living happily by your side,
I want to live but not to be a wretch
Wretched the one who loves you.

(continued from booklet back)

#1 - 14 were released in 1977 as Arhoolie LP
and Cassette 3007.

#15 - 24 were added for this CD release.

Total time: 67:00

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Cover by Wayne Pope

Cover photo by Chris Strachwitz

Original recordings produced by José Morante

Re-issue edited and produced by Chris Strachwitz

Other releases by Flaco Jimenez:

ARH CD/C 318: "Ay Te Dejo en San Antonio"

ARH CD/C 3027: "Flaco's Amigos"

Discography: (So = Sombrero, Li = Lira, No = Norteño) 1. So 2328A, LP 2013; 2. So 233, Li LP 504; 3. So 237, LP 2001; 4. So 220A, So LP 2001, Li 1967; 5. No 231 A, So LP 2001; 6. So 2294B, Li 1967, So LP 2007; 7. So 2290B, LP 2007; 8. Li 1948A, So LP 2007; 9. So 2294A, LP 2007; 10. Li 1946, So LP 2007; 11. So 2286A, LP 2007; 12. So LP 2003; 13. So 240, LP 2003; 14. So 265, 2265B, Li LP 504; 15. Li 1925B, So LP 2001; 16. So 2352A, Li 1908, LP 2001; 17. So 2290A, LP 2007; 18. So 2322B; 19. No 214B, So LP 2001; 20. No 214A, So LP 2001; 21. So 2360B; 22. So 2375A; 23. So 2286B, 2371B, LP 2007; 24. So 265, 2265A.

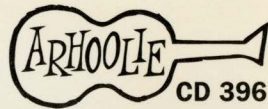
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FLACO JIMENEZ

“Un Mojado Sin Licencia”



Over 60 Minutes of Classic TEJANO MUSIC

1. EL GUERO POLKAS (*Polka*) (2:13)
2. TESORO DE MI ALMA (*Ranchera*) (2:42)
3. SIN FE (*Bolero*) (2:30)
4. HASTA LA TUMBA (*Ranchera*) (3:07)
5. MUJER FATAL (*Ranchera*) (2:18)
6. VIRGENCITA DE MI VIDA (*Ranchera*) (3:14)
7. UN MOJADO SIN LICENCIA (*Corrido*) (2:45)
8. EL PADRE DE UN SOLDADO (*Corrido*) (3:09)
9. VICTIMAS DE HURACAN BEULAH
(*Corrido*) (4:03)
10. DE RODILLAS QUISIERA MIRARTE
(*Ranchera*) (2:54)
11. LA PRIMER NOCHE DE MAYO
(*Ranchera*) (3:07)
12. DE AQUI PA'L REAL (*Ranchera*) (2:25)
13. EL TROQUERO (*Ranchera*) (2:53)
14. VIAJANDO EN POLKA (*Polka*) (2:38)
15. CUANDO MAS TRANQUILA (*Ranchera*) (2:48)
16. MI BORRACHERA (*Ranchera*) (3:04)
17. NO ME DIGAS QUE TE VAS (*Ranchera*) (2:30)
18. DESVELADO (*Ranchera*) (2:23)
19. BAJO SEXTO Y ACCORDEON (*Redova*) (2:24)
20. NO TE ANDES APASIONANDO (*Ranchera*) (2:12)
21. PA' QUE SON PASIONES (*Ranchera*) (3:07)

22. ELLA ME DIJO QUE NO (*Ranchera*) (2:02)
 23. ALMA RENDIDA (*Ranchera*) (2:39)
 24. NO SEAS TONTA MUJER (*Ranchera*) (2:16)
- Total time: 67:00

Today Flaco Jimenez is a rock, pop, and country star touring with the Texas Tornados. In 1987 he won a Grammy for his Arhoolie album *Ay Te Dejo En San Antonio*. Flaco's roots however, are in the *barrios* of San Antonio where he grew up playing the accordion in the footsteps of his late father Don Santiago Jimenez. For over forty years Flaco Jimenez and his *conjunto* have been a dance machine, keeping the floor jumping with polkas, rancheras, boleros, cumbias, corridos, redovas, and huapangos. With Toby Torres on *bajo sexto* and second voice, these recordings are Flaco's classics, the juke box singles that made his reputation, recorded by San Antonio's legendary musician, composer, and record producer, José Morante.



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