

STEREO

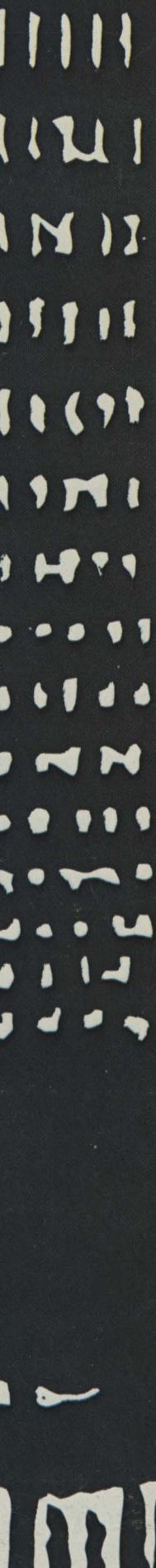
MFS 798

VOCALS IN SPANISH

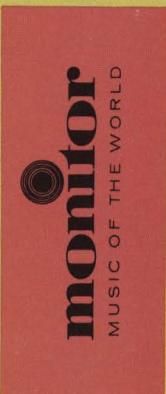
MONITOR PRESENTS  
THE POPULAR CUBAN GROUP

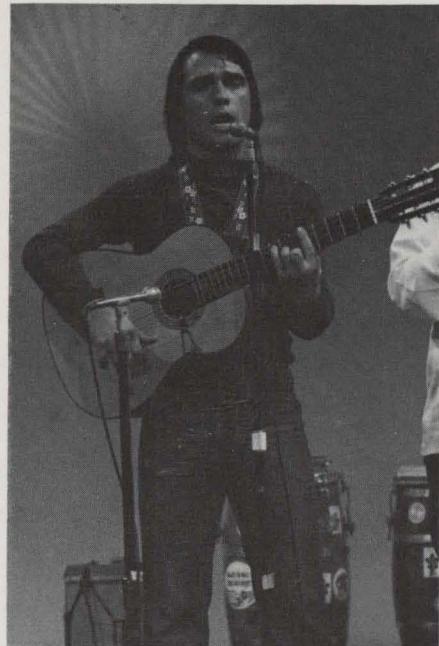
# GRUPO MONCADA

RECORDED LIVE IN BOSTON



COMPLETE SPANISH &  
ENGLISH TEXTS ENCLOSED





Complete Spanish and English Texts Enclosed

STEREO: MFS 798  
Vocals in Spanish

# Grupo Moncada

## Side One

1. CUANDO DIGO FUTURO 3:28  
When I Say Future  
(Cuban: Silvio Rodriguez)
2. COLAGUACHI (Chilean) 3:25  
(Angel Parra)
3. MANDAME QUITAR LA VIDA 4:25  
Tell Me to Kill Myself  
(Peruvian Folk Music)
4. LA CARGA (Cuban) 4:10  
The Charge  
(Ramón Roa-Rubén Galindo)
5. CANDIDA MARIA 2:30  
Innocent Maria  
(Venezuelan Folk Music)
6. MUCHACHA NO SEAS BOBA 6:12  
Don't Be Silly, Girl  
(Cuban Folk Music)

## Side Two

1. CUECA DEL PAÑUELO 3:15  
Kerchief Dance  
(Chilean: Isabel Parra)
2. YOLANDA (Cuban) 4:17  
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3. ALLA VIENE UN CORAZON 2:50  
Here Comes A Heart  
(Venezuelan Folk Music)
4. EL DIA QUE VUELVA A ENCONTRAR 3:14  
The Day I Once Again See  
(Chilean: Angel Parra)
5. HASTA SIEMPRE (Cuban) 3:17  
Until Forever  
(Carlos Puebla)
6. PEGALE DURO AL FIERO 3:20  
Strike the Beast Hard  
(Cuban: Rubén Galindo)
7. GUANTANAMERA (Cuban) 5:00  
(José Martí—Joseito Fernández)

## ABOUT GRUPO MONCADA

Playing 41 instruments and a wide repertoire of folk, Afro-Latin and political music, Grupo Moncada has emerged as one of Cuba's most exciting and versatile young music groups. Since their first appearance at the University of Havana on October 7, 1972, Moncada has toured throughout Cuba, travelling in troubadour tradition, using music to talk about revolutionary change. The group plays in universities, work centers and amateur festivals, as well as regularly on television and radio. Grupo Moncada has toured Latin America, Europe and the United States where this recording was made during their Boston concert on April 21, 1978.

Slave chants, ancient Andean songs, popular Latin rhythms, as well as the songs of such new young Cuban composers as Silvio Rodriguez, Pablo Milanes and Noel

Nicola, all comprise Moncada's sound. Taking their name from their first major work, "Canción del Moncada," which recounts the attack by Fidel Castro and his followers on the infamous Batista barracks, Moncada incorporates the politics of the Cuban Revolution with the musical roots of Latin America. From the beginning, they have popularized the unfamiliar and have revived musical forms and instruments long buried by the dominance of North American tastes.

Grupo Moncada personifies the Nueva Trova movement in Cuba, which has galvanized the rediscovery of truly Cuban and Latin American music. Moncada records frequently and has provided music for Cuban films. Their music has won numerous awards in Cuba.

## The members of Grupo Moncada are:

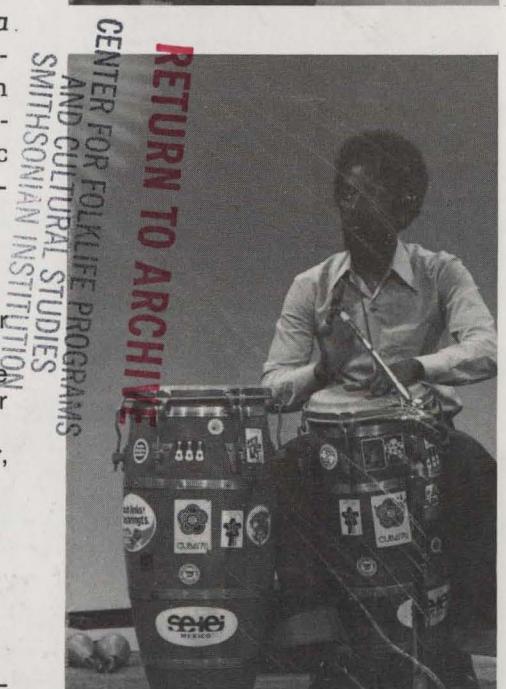
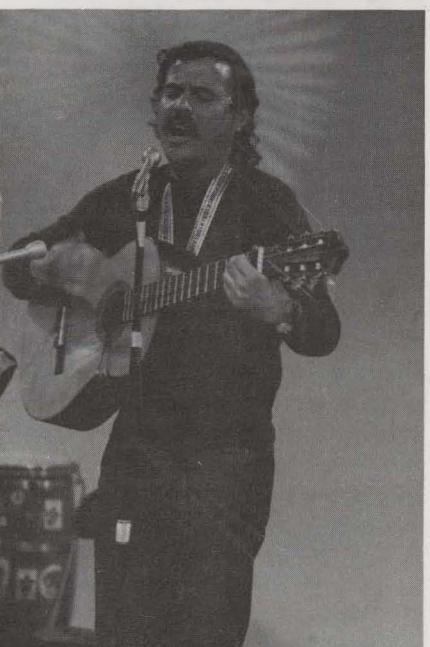
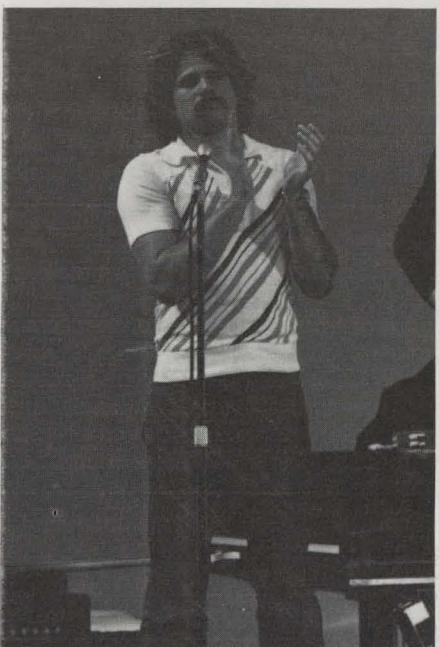
**Alberto Faya:** first voice, guitar, tres, charango, vihuela, bass.  
**Julián Fernández:** guitar, tres, lute, charango, mandolin, percussion, chorus.  
**Rubén Galindo:** guitar, tres, lute, bass and electric bass.  
**Jorge Gómez:** zampona, marimbula, percussion and chorus.

**Juan Gómez:** bongo, tambor leguero (and other percussion).  
**José Alberto Himely:** tumbadora, bata, bonke echemiya, quito, tambor leguero (and other percussion).  
**Tomás Rivero:** piano, vocals, organeta, guitar, bass, accordion, percussion.  
**Pedro Trujillo:** flute, percussion and chorus.

A Monitor/Center for Cuban Studies Production

Cover graphics: Cuban film poster by NIKO  
Photographs by Sandra Levinson

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# GRUPO MONCADA

Spanish and English Texts



MFS 798

## SIDE 1

### CUANDO DIGO FUTURO

Letra y música: Silvio Rodríguez  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

Te convido a creerme cuando digo futuro,  
si no crees mis palabras, cree en el brillo  
de un gesto,  
cree en mi cuerpo,  
cree en mis manos que se acaban.  
Te convido a creerme cuando digo futuro,  
si no crees en mis ojos,  
cree en la angustia de un grito,  
cree en la tierra,  
cree en la lluvia,  
cree en la savia.  
Hay veinte mil nuevas semillas  
en el valle desde ayer,  
hay rostros de desesperados,  
hay el hombre y su mujer.  
Los hierros se fundieron ya  
hay la paciencia y queda más.  
Hay un país de roca en ruinas  
bajo otro país de pan;  
hay una madre que camina  
codo a codo con su clan.  
Los hierros se fundieron ya  
Hay la paciencia y queda más.  
Hay cuatro niños, ahora mismo,  
sonriendo en una playa  
y en la trastienda de una bala,  
un militar que no ha dormido.  
Y aquella misma muchachita  
vuelve a recortar su saya  
si, es importante desde un niño  
hasta el largo de un vestido.  
Los hierros se fundieron ya  
hay la paciencia y queda más  
yo te convido a creerme cuando digo futuro.

### COLAGUACHI

Letra y música: Angel Parra  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

Era alcalde de la puna,  
gobernador de las aguas,  
monarca entre los pastores,  
Colaguachi se llamaba.

La muerte le tendió un lazo  
cuando menos lo esperaba,  
su cuerpo será vertiente  
en medio de la quebrada.

La viuda toma en sus manos  
la siembra y el pastoreo;  
un desterrado le ayuda  
a buscar algún consuelo.

Hermosa Flor de las piedras,  
fina viuda Colaguachi,  
crías alpacas y llamas,  
yo a tí quisiera criarte.

Pobre viuda sin marido  
y en libertad nuevo amante,  
libertad hasta Pisagua,  
libertad para olvidarte.

### MANDAME QUITAR LA VIDA

Letra y música: Folclor negro peruano  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

Mándame quitar la vida, andar, andar,  
tri la la la la  
tri la la si es delito el adorarte  
tri la la la la  
tri la la si es delito el adorarte.

Que yo no seré el primero, andar, andar,  
tri la la la la la  
tri la la que mueran por ser tu amante  
tri la la la la  
tri la la la mándame quitar la vida.

## SIDE 1

### WHEN I SAY FUTURE

Words and music: Silvio Rodríguez  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

I invite you to believe me when I say future.  
If you don't believe my words, believe the  
brilliance  
of a gesture  
believe in my body  
believe in my toughening hands.  
I invite you to believe me when I say future.  
If you don't believe in my eyes  
believe in the anguish of a shout  
believe in the earth  
believe in the rain  
believe in the sap.  
There are twenty thousand new seeds  
in the valley overnight.  
There are desperate faces  
there are men and their women.  
Our shackles are already broken  
there's patience and more where that came from.  
There's a country of stone in ruins  
beneath another country made out of bread;  
there's a mother walking  
arm in arm with her clan.  
Our shackles are already broken  
there's patience and more where that came from.  
Right now there are four kids  
smiling on a beach  
and in the back room of a bullet  
there's a soldier who hasn't had any sleep  
and that same girl  
alters her skirt once again.  
Yes, everything from a child  
to a hemline's important.  
Our shackles are already broken  
there's patience and more where that came from.  
I invite you to believe me when I say future.

### COLAGUACHI

Word and music: Angel Parra  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

He was the mayor of the mesa,  
governor of the waters,  
monarch among the shepherds,  
he was called Colaguachi.

Death set a trap for him  
when he least expected it;  
his body will be a watershed  
in the middle of the gorge.

Into her hands his widow takes  
the sowing and the pasturing;  
an exile helps her  
to find some comfort.

Beautiful Flora of the rocks,  
delicate widow of Colaguachi,  
you raise alpacas and llamas  
and I should like to raise you.

Poor widow without a husband  
and a new lover taken freely,  
freedom as far as Pisagua,  
freedom to forget.

### TELL ME TO KILL MYSELF

Words and music: Peruvian black folk song  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

Tell me to kill myself, let's go, let's go,  
tri la la la la la  
tri la la if it's a crime to adore you  
tri la la la la la  
tri la la if it's a crime to adore you.

For I won't be the first, let's go, let's go,  
tri la la la la la  
tri la la to die for being your lover  
tri la la la la  
tri la la to me to kill myself.

La carnicera tiene una cholita, andar, andar,  
tri la la la la  
tri la la la la carne con su yapita  
tri la la la la  
tri la la la la tiene una cholita.

Una cholita, madre, saca tu cuenta, andar,  
andar,  
tri la la la la  
tri la la la trabaja con su herramienta  
tri la la la la  
tri la la la lloraba, te diera el alma.

The butcher's wife has a cholita, let's go,  
let's go,

tri la la la la  
tri la la la meat with its yapita  
tri la la la la  
tri la la la la has a cholita.

A cholita, mother, figure it out, let's go,  
let's go,  
tri la la la la  
tri la la la working with her tool  
tri la la la la  
tri la la la was crying, it hurt your soul.

\* Cholita - a little mestizo girl.

(Recitado)

¡Tanta capa colorada  
y tanto zarcillo de oro!  
Si la vaca fuera honrada  
cuernos no tuviera el toro...

La cabra le dijo al pollo, yumba ka ka ka ka ka  
¿dónde está la hierba buena, yumba ka?  
y el pollo le respondió, yumba ka ka ka ka ka  
la malhaya es la que reina yumba ka  
Y así como por milagro  
todo no se determina  
los matorrales de Huacachina.  
Vámonos a Huacachina, Huacachina, Huacachina  
a los baños de Huacachina yum...  
por oriente sale el sol de abril.  
Pobre soy porque no tengo la dicha del poderoso .  
Ella se me fue, ella se me fue ,  
ella se me fue, loco de amor yo me quedé.

Palmero, sube a la palma, y dile a la palmerita,  
cierra, cierra, cierra, cierra, lorito, cierra,  
cierra, cierra, cierra, cierra, lorito, ciie...  
que llore, lloraba, samba.

(Recited)

So much red cape  
and so many gold earrings!  
If the cow were honorable,  
the bull wouldn't have horns...

The nanny goat said to the chicken, yumba ka  
ka ka ka ka  
where is the good grass, yumba ka  
and the chicken answered, yumba ka ka ka ka ka  
the bad weed reigns here, yumba ka.  
And so everything isn't determined  
like a miracle

The thickets of Huacachina.  
Let's go to Huacachina, Huacachina, Huacachina,  
to the baths of Huacachina, yumba ka.  
Let's go to Huacachina, Huacachina, Huacachina,  
to the baths of Huacachina yum...

The April sun rises in the East  
I'm poor because I don't have the luck of the  
powerful.  
She left me, she left me,  
she left me, and I remained crazed with love.

Keeper of the palm-trees, climb the palm and  
tell it,  
close, close, close, close, little parrot, close,  
close, close, close, close, little parrot, clo...  
how I cried, was crying, samba.

LA CARGA  
Letra: Ramón Roa  
Música: Rubén Galindo

¡A la carga! es la voz  
que ronca y afronta,  
difundiéndose en las filas  
el bético escuadrón.  
¡A ellos! ¡A la carga! ¡Arriba! y, ¡Adelante!  
se sigue repitiendo con alto diapazón.

El bruto se sacude irguiendo la cabeza  
la espuela punzadora devorale el ijár  
el freno ya no estorba su indómita fieraza  
y juzga corto el llano el ansia de volar.

Le oprime furibundo impávido guerrero  
tostado por los rayos del sol abrazador  
que blande en la derecha mortífero el acero  
con sangre que da sólo el fuego del honor.

Al bárbaro enemigo intrépido se lanza  
las armas ya se chocan comiéndase la lid;  
se escucha el hondo grito de rabia y de venganza  
que exhala sobre el campo frenético adalid.

Prolóngase la lucha y espesas se levantan  
nubes de humo y de polvo en medio del fragor  
el ruido va cesando...y al hombre no le  
esparan  
los cráneos divididos por fuego destructor.

Es nuestra la victoria. Ya postrase vencido  
goteando roja sangre el despota cruel  
de niños y mujeres verdugo aborrecido  
dejad que un continente maldiga siempre de él.

Los vitores no oír, el pueblo arrebatado  
del triunfo la guirnalda a un joven le ciñó  
al joven extranjero de espíritu elevado  
que a Cuba en la gran lucha el brazo le ofreció.

Por eso los valientes que él lleva a la victoria  
que ven las cicatrices que el bravo tiene ya,  
le miran de la Patria cual página de gloria  
que de uno en otro siglo la fama llevará.

THE CHARGE  
Words: Ramón Roa  
Music: Rubén Galindo

Charge! It's the hoarse and deafening voice  
of the military squadron  
spreading throughout the ranks.  
Let's get them! Charge! Come on!  
is repeated over and over again in a high pitch.

The beast shakes and lifts its head  
the sharpened spur devours its flank  
the bit no longer restrains its indomitable fury  
and the plain is shortened by the desire to fly.

Rage oppresses the dauntless warrior  
burned by the broiling rays of sun  
brandishing steel in his deadly right hand  
his blood seething with the fire of honor.

Intrepidly he throws himself on the savage enemy  
the battle begins, weapons are already clashing  
the commander's deep cry of rage and vengeance  
rings out  
over the battlefield.

The battle rages and thick clouds of smoke and  
dust  
rise amidst the furious combat...  
now the din is ceasing...the warrior isn't frightened  
by the skulls split by destructive fire.

Victory is ours and the cruel tyrant lies defeated  
dripping the red blood of children and women  
hateful thug  
a whole continent will curse him forever.

No bravos can be heard...overcome with victory  
the people present a garland to the young foreigner  
with a lofty spirit  
who extended his hand to Cuba in its great struggle. \*

And that is why when the brave soldiers he leads  
toward victory  
see the scars this leader already bears  
they see their homeland as a page of glory  
that will be told from one century to another.

\* The young foreigner referred to is Henry Reeve, a North American who joined the Cuban independence cause and attained the rank of general. The poem describes a battle in which the Cuban independence fighters were commanded by Reeve.

CANDIDA MARIA  
Folclor venezolano

Arbolito sabanero  
yo te vengo a preguntar  
si cuando ella se me fue  
tú me la viste pasar.

Para abajo corre el río,  
para arriba corre el viento,  
para donde van tus ojos  
se llevan mis pensamientos.

Los monteros en el caño,  
la luna en el carrizal,  
boquita de caña dulce  
quién te pudiera besar.

MUCHACHA NO SEAS BOBA  
Letra y música: folclor campesino  
cubano  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

Estríbillo 1: Muchacha no seas boba  
baila el son.  
(Se repite varias veces)

Estríbillo 2: Peña de Cuba, mercado libre.

De qué les sirve a los viejos  
ser celosos y caprichosos  
cuando saben que a los mozos  
no se llevan de consejos.  
Aunque la novia esté lejos  
siempre el novio la visita.  
La vieja se pone fresca,  
el viejo se mortifica.  
Por mucho que vuela el aura  
siempre el pitirre la pica.

INNOCENT MARIA  
Venezuelan folk song

Little tree of the savannah  
I have come to ask  
if when she left me  
you saw her pass by.

The river runs downward,  
the wind runs upward,  
whither go your eyes  
that carry away my thoughts.

The hunters in the warrens,  
the moon in the reed-grass,  
little mouth sweet as sugar-cane,  
oh, who would not like to kiss you.

DON'T BE SILLY, GIRL  
Words and music: Cuban peasant folk song  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

Refrain 1: Don't be silly, girl,  
dance the son.\*  
(Repeated several times)

Refrain 2: Peña de Cuba, free market.

What good is it for old folks  
to be jealous and capricious,  
when they know that the young folks  
aren't won over by advice.  
Although the bride be far away,  
the bridegroom always visits her.  
The old woman gets fresh,  
the old man is frustrated.  
No matter how much the vulture flies,  
the grey kingbird always pecks it.

\* Son: traditional Cuban rhythm.

El otro día cayó  
mi suegra con un dolor,  
yo me fui a ver a un doctor,  
que sin miedo me ayudó.  
Cuando la reconoció  
me llamó grave el doctor  
y me dice: Pues, su suegra  
tiene la viruela negra,  
tiene un cólico dolor,  
además tiene un tumor  
pegado en cada costilla;  
tiene la fiebre amarilla,  
un derrame cerebral  
le sube del calcáneo  
y la llega a la rodilla.  
Para el tumor cerebral  
le da un poco de estricnina,  
un lavado de creolina  
compuesto con aguarrás;  
la fiebre le bajará  
con un baño de agua fría,  
y para la pulmonía  
le da refresco de anón,  
de guanábana y melón  
de noche y a mediodía,  
y la sienta en una silla  
más fiesa que un sábicú.  
Esta bueno que si tú  
al verla te da temor,  
porque a mí me causa horror  
oírla como se queja,  
y siempre viene la vieja  
chillando con el dolor.

The other day my mother-in-law  
fell ill with a pain.  
I went to see a doctor  
who fearlessly helped me.  
When he saw her  
the doctor called me gravely  
and said: She has the black pox,  
she has colic and pains;

furthermore, she has a tumor  
stuck to each side of her;  
she has yellow fever,  
a cerebral hemorrhage.  
It rises from her heel-bone  
and it reaches her knee.  
For the brain tumor  
he gives her a bit of strichnine,  
a wash with creolina  
mixed with oil of turpentine;  
her fever will go down  
with a bath in cold water,  
and for her pneumonia  
he gives her the juice of a custard-apple,  
of guanábana\* and melon  
at night and at noon,  
and he sits her in a chair  
that's harder than horseflesh mahogany.  
It's all right if you  
get scared when you see her,  
because she gives me the willies  
when I hear her complain,  
and that old lady always comes  
screaming with the pain.

\* Guanábana: a type of custard-apple.

SIDE 2

CUECA DEL PANUELO  
Letra y música: Isabel Parra  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

¿Para qué, para qué me das pañuelo,  
pañuelo para llorar?  
Pañuelo blanco quisiera,  
pañuelo, pañuelo para bailar.

SIDE 2

KERCHIEF CUECA \*  
Words and music: Isabel Parra  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

Why, why do you give me a handkerchief,  
a handkerchief for weeping?  
I should like a white kerchief,  
a kerchief for dancing.

\* Cueca: traditional Chilean dance.

Para bailar lo quiero, mi negra,  
por el sendero  
que se regó con sangre, valiente,  
de un compañero,  
de un compañero, sí,  
valiente, que allá en la Patria  
cara a cara a la muerte,  
valiente, nunca se agacha.  
Pañuelos tricolores  
al alma quitan dolores.

Para qué, para qué me das pañuelo,  
pañuelo, pañuelo para llorar?  
Pañuelo, pañuelo negro quisiera,  
pañuelo, pañuelo para bailar.

Para bailar contigo, mi negra,  
porque la Patria  
es una cueca larga, mi negra,  
que se desata,  
que se levantan, sí, valientes,  
cielos y tierras.  
Tomará su revancha, valiente,  
la cordillera.  
Pañuelos tricolores  
al alma quitan dolores.

I want one for dancing, mi negra, \*\*  
along the path  
that was sprinkled with the valiant blood  
of a comrade,  
of a comrade, yes,  
a valiant one, who over there in the Homeland,  
face to face with death,  
is valiant and never bends.  
Tricolor kerchiefs  
soothe the soul's pain.

Why, why do you give me a handkerchief,  
a handkerchief, a handkerchief for weeping?  
I should like a black kerchief,  
a kerchief for dancing.

To dance with you, mi negra,  
because the Homeland  
is a long cueca, mi negra,  
that's breaking loose,  
that's standing up, yes, valient,  
the sky and the earth  
will take their revenge, valiant  
as will the cordillera.  
Tricolor kerchiefs  
soothe the soul's pain.

\*\* Mi negra: Term of endearment which, though it literally means my black one, is used regardless of skin color.

#### YOLANDA

Letra y música: Pablo Milanes  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

Esto no puede ser no más que una canción.  
Quisiera fuera declaración de amor,  
romántica sin reparar en formas tales  
que pongan freno a lo que siento  
ahora raudales.  
Te amo, te amo, eternamente te amo.

Cuando te vi sabía que era cierto  
ese temor de hallarme descubierto.  
Tu me desnudas con siete razones,  
me abres el pecho siempre  
que me colmas  
de amores, de amores, eternamente  
de amores.

Si me faltaras no voy a morirme,  
si he de morir quiero que sea contigo.  
Mi soledad se siente acompañada,  
por esa a veces sé que necesito  
tu mano, tu mano, eternamente tu mano.

Si alguna vez me siento derrotado,  
renuncio a ver el sol cada mañana.  
Rezando el credo que me has enseñado,  
miro tu cara y digo en la ventana,  
Yolanda, Yolanda, eternamente Yolanda.

#### YOLANDA

Words and music: Pablo Milanes  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

This cannot be more than a song.  
I'd like it to be a declaration of love,  
romantic without using such forms  
that would hold back what I feel  
In torrents now.  
I love you, I love you, eternally I love you.

When I saw you I knew it was true,  
the fear of seeing myself discovered.  
You undress me with seven reasons,  
you always open my heart whenever  
you fill me  
with love, with love, eternally  
with love.

If you aren't with me I won't die,  
if I must die I want to die with you.  
My loneliness feels accompanied,  
that's why at times I know that I need  
your hand, your hand, eternally your hand.

If ever I feel defeated,  
I refuse to see the sun each day,  
reciting the creed that you taught me,  
I look at your face, and at the window I say  
Yolanda, Yolanda, eternally Yolanda.

#### ALLA VIENE UN CORAZON

Letra y música: folclor venezolano  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

Yo no sé qué tengo yo, corazón,  
que tengo el pecho maluco.  
¡Ay, corazón! que tengo el pecho maluco.  
Allá viene un corazón.  
Corazón mío, que tengo el pecho maluco  
Allá viene un corazón.

Seré porque me he comido, corazón,  
las alas de un pajarero.  
¡Ay, corazón! las alas de un pajarero.  
Allá viene un corazón.  
Corazón mío, las alas de un pajarero.  
Allá viene un corazón.

A la una canta el guapo, corazón,  
y a las dos canta el cobarde.  
¡Ay, corazón! y a las dos canta el cobarde.  
Allá viene un corazón.  
Corazón mío, y a las dos canta el cobarde.  
Allá viene un corazón.

Y yo cantaré a las tres, corazón,  
por haber llegado tarde.  
¡Ay, corazón! por haber llegado tarde.  
Allá viene un corazón.  
Corazón mío, por haber llegado tarde.  
Allá viene un corazón.

Y las orillas de un río, corazón,  
y a la sombra de un laurel.  
Ay, corazón! y a la sombra de un laurel.  
Allá viene un corazón.  
Corazón mío, y a la sombra de un laurel.  
Allá viene un corazón.

#### HERE COMES A HEART

Words and music: Venezuelan folk song  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

I don't know what's wrong with me, heart,  
for my breast is ailing.  
Oh, my heart, for my breast is ailing.  
Here comes a heart.  
My heart, for my breast is ailing.  
Here comes a heart.

Can it be because I've eaten, heart,  
the wings of a bird-catcher.  
Oh, heart, the wings of a bird-catcher.  
Here comes a heart.  
My heart, the wings of a bird-catcher.  
Here comes a heart.

At one the bold one sings, heart,  
and at two sings the coward.  
Oh, heart, and at two sings the coward.  
Here comes a heart.  
My heart, and at two sings the coward.  
Here comes a heart.

And I shall sing at three, heart,  
since I got here late.  
Oh, heart, since I got here late.  
Here comes a heart.  
My heart, since I got here late.  
Here comes a heart.

On the banks of a river, heart,  
and in the shade of a laurel tree.  
Oh, heart, and in the shade of a laurel tree.  
Here comes a heart.  
My heart, and in the shade of a laurel tree.  
Here comes a heart.

Me acordé de tí, bien mío, corazón,  
viendo las aguas correr.  
¡Ay, corazón! viendo las aguas correr.  
Allá viene un corazón.  
Corazón mío, viendo las aguas correr.  
Allá viene un corazón.

**EL DIA QUE VUELVA A ENCONTRAR**  
Letra y música: Angel Parra  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

El día que vuelva a encontrar  
esa tierra que ayer perdí,  
baillaré tres días seguidos,  
pero en el puerto donde naci,  
pero en el puerto donde naci,  
pero en el puerto donde naci.  
El día que vuelva a cantar  
en Santiago o Punta Arenas,  
mi pecho se pondrá alegre  
con charque y vino comprado en Chillán  
con charque y vino comprado en Chillán  
con charque y vino comprado en Chillán.  
En la distancia yo no me olvido  
del corazón de mi tierra  
tan malherida, tan malherida  
tan malherida, tan malherida  
tan malherida, tan malherida.  
El día que vuelva a mirar  
el mar frente a Isla Negra  
no habrán cárceles ni prisiones  
que al pueblo roben su libertad  
que al pueblo roben su libertad  
que al pueblo roben su libertad.  
Y si muero lejos de allí,  
una cosa voy a pedir,  
que me entierren con mi guitarra,  
pero en el puerto donde naci  
pero en el puerto donde naci  
pero en el puerto donde naci.  
En la distancia yo no me olvido  
del corazón de mi tierra  
tan malherida, tan malherida  
tan malherida, tan malherida  
tan malherida, tan malherida.

**HASTA SIEMPRE**  
Letra y música: Carlos Puebla  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

Aprendimos a quererte  
desde la histórica altura  
donde el sol de tu bravura  
le puso cerco a la muerte.

Coro:  
Aquí se queda la clara,  
la entrañable transparencia  
de tu querida presencia,  
Comandante Che Guevara.

Vienes quemando la brisa  
con aires de primavera,  
para plantar la bandera  
con la luz de tu sonrisa.

Coro

Tu mano amorosa y fuerte  
desde la historia dispara  
cuando todo Santa Clara  
se despierta para verte.

Coro

Tu amor revolucionario  
te conduce a nueva empresa  
donde esperan la firmeza  
de tu brazo libertario.

Coro

Seguiremos adelante  
como junto a tí seguimos,  
y con Fidel te decimos,  
hasta siempre, Comandante.

Coro

**PEGALE DURO AL FIERO**  
Letra y música: Rubén Galindo  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

Cuando el sol quemaba la tierra  
nacía un niño en la montaña,  
en una cuna de piedra (dura)  
que lo envenenaba.  
Abrió sus ojos al mundo  
y no vió más que miseria;  
tocó el infierno más crudo  
donde el fuego lo atacaba;  
creció entre las espinas  
donde el humo fue metralla.

I remembered you, my dear, heart,  
seeing the water flow.  
Oh, heart, seeing the water flow.  
Here comes a heart.  
My heart, seeing the water flow.  
Here comes a heart.

**THE DAY I ONCE AGAIN SEE**  
Words and music: Angel Parra  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

The day I once again see  
that land I lost yesterday,  
I shall dance for three whole days,  
but in the port where I was born  
but in the port where I was born  
but in the port where I was born.  
The day I once again sing  
In Santiago and Punta Arenas,  
my breast will become happy  
with jerked beef and wine bought in Chillán  
with jerked beef and wine bought in Chillán  
with jerked beef and wine bought in Chillán.  
In the distance I don't forget  
the heart of my land  
so badly wounded, so badly wounded  
so badly wounded, so badly wounded  
so badly wounded, so badly wounded.  
The day I once again see  
the sea before Isla Negra  
there will be no jails or prisons  
to steal the people's freedom  
to steal the people's freedom  
to steal the people's freedom.  
And if I die far from there,  
one thing I shall ask,  
that they bury me with my guitar,  
but in the port where I was born  
but in the port where I was born  
but in the port where I was born.  
In the distance I don't forget  
the heart of my land  
so badly wounded, so badly wounded  
so badly wounded, so badly wounded  
so badly wounded, so badly wounded.

**UNTIL FOREVER**  
Words and music: Carlos Puebla  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

We learned to love you  
from the historic heights  
where the sun of your courage  
raised a blockade to death.

Chorus:  
Here will remain the shining,  
the profound clarity  
of your beloved presence,  
Comandante Che Guevara.

You come, consuming the breeze  
with airs of spring,  
to plant the flag  
with the light of your smile.

Chorus

Your hand, loving and strong,  
from back in history fires,  
when all of Santa Clara  
awakens to go and see you.

Chorus

Your revolutionary love  
leads you to new undertakings,  
where others await the firmness  
of your liberating arm.

Chorus

We shall continue forward,  
as we did beside you,  
and along with Fidel we say to you,  
until forever, Comandante.

Chorus

**STRIKE THE BEAST HARD**  
Words and music: Rubén Galindo  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

When the sun scorched the earth  
a child was being born in the mountain,  
in a cradle of hard stone  
that poisoned him.  
He opened his eyes to the world  
and saw nothing but misery,  
he touched the cruellest inferno  
where the fire attacked him;  
he grew up among the brambles  
where the smoke was like grape-shot.

Se empina desde los Andes  
con su poncho guerrillero,  
a encontrar un camino,  
el camino que el anheló.  
Lo quiso desde chiquito,  
nunca se quejó de ser  
americano de sangre  
que siembra su voluntad  
y arranca con las manos  
la espuela de la maldad.

Pégale duro al fiero  
porque si no te deja el hambre;  
pégallo porque te matan  
y te echan la tierra encima,  
canta tus mil canciones  
y echa a andar con tus heridas  
y juntos iremos al monte  
a cantar luego a la vida.

Te han dado muy poco pan  
por el sudor que quemaste,  
gastaste toda tu vida  
en sacarle el fruto al fiero,  
la hora no es para miedo,  
porque el sol se ha puesto malo,  
el cielo cubrió de espanto  
y el fuego se está ahogando.

Ya encontraste el camino  
que le dió luz a tu vida,  
crío el hijo que te sigue  
y enséñale a cantar,  
enseñale que el hombre  
tiene mucho que luchar,  
pónle tu manto encima  
y encamínalo a pelear,  
salta desde los Andes y grita  
sobre la tierra.

#### GUANTANAMERA

Letra: José Martí  
Música: Joseito Fernández  
Arreglo: Grupo Moncada

Coro: Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera

Yo soy un hombre sincero  
de donde crece la palma,  
y antes de morirme quiero  
echar mis versos del alma.

Coro

Mi verso es de un verde claro  
y de un carmín encendido,  
mi verso es un ciervo herido  
que busca en el monte amparo.

Coro

Cultivo una rosa blanca  
en junio como en enero,  
para el amigo sincero  
que me da su mano franca.

Y para el cruel que me arranca  
el corazón con que vivo,  
cardo ni ortiga cultivo,  
cultivo una rosa blanca.

Coro

He rises up above the Andes  
with his warrior's poncho  
seeking a path,  
a path that he desired,  
that he wanted as a child;  
he never complained about being  
American by blood,  
sowing his determination  
and with his hands pulling out  
the spur of evil.

Strike the beast hard,  
because if you don't it will leave you hunger;  
strike it because they'll kill you  
and they'll cover you with earth,  
sing your thousand songs  
and set out walking with your wounds,  
and together we'll go to the forest  
to sing, then, to life.

They've given you very little bread  
for the sweat which you burned,  
you spent your whole life  
extracting riches for the beast;  
it's not time for fear  
because the sun's gone bad,  
the sky's covered over with terror  
and the fire's sputtering out.

Now you've found the road  
that the light gave to your life,  
raise the child who follows you  
and teach him to sing,  
teach him that man  
has a lot of struggling to do,  
put your capa over him  
and set him on the road to struggle,  
jump from the Andes and shout  
over the earth.

#### GUANTANAMERA

Words: José Martí  
Music: Joseito Fernández  
Arrangement: Grupo Moncada

Chorus: Guantanamera, guajira, guantanamera \*

I am a simple man  
from where the palms grow,  
and before I die I'd like  
to sing my soul's verses.

Chorus

My verse is a clear green  
and a burning red,  
my verse is a wounded deer  
seeking refuge in the forest.

Chorus

I cultivate a white rose  
in June and in January,  
for the sincere friend  
who gives me his open hand.

And for the cruel one who pulls out  
the heart with which I live,  
I cultivate neither thistle nor nettle,  
I cultivate a white rose.

Chorus

\* Guajira guantanamera : a peasant woman  
from the region of Guantánamo.

Monitor thanks VICTORIA ORTIZ for her translations of the Spanish text.

Grupo Moncada's 1978 tour was sponsored by the Center for Cuban Studies, a non-profit, tax-exempt library and information center which promotes educational and cultural exchange between the United States and Cuba.

