



# CANCION PROTESTA:

## Protest song of Latin America

Voices of Argentina, Chile, Cuba, Peru, and Uruguay from the historic meeting of singers from every continent held July, 1967

Recorded in Cuba at the Varadero seashore, on the Isle of Youth, and at Radio Havana

Edited by BARBARA DANE

In the summer of 1967, the Vietnam war raged at its peak; as unheard of tonnages of bombs rained daily on the North; ghetto rebellions saw hungry North Americans tear gaping holes in major US cities; ragged Angolan peasants, scratching roots from the ground for sustenance, launched attacks against their Portuguese oppressors with crossbows; Che Guevara, together with a band of patriots from several Latin American countries, prepared to launch armed struggle against the Bolivian oligarchy, in the spirit of Simon Bolivar, who believed that all of Latin America should be united, with all foreign influences divested of power, adding to this the idea that indigenous forms of socialism would provide the means through which the "new man" could emerge.

As part of its response, the Cuban Revolutionary Government organized several gatherings of historic significance, running simultaneously, which gave artists, activists, and artist-activists of many nations an unprecedented opportunity to exchange ideas, compare techniques, and formulate strategies which could immediately be tested in practice. The largest and most significant was the Organization of Latin American Solidarity; Fidel called it OLAS - waves in Spanish; knowing that this was what its members intended to make. After many days of debate, among delegates from traditional and independent revolutionary movements, a resolution emerged recognizing the necessity for armed struggle as the primary tool for the liberation of that continent. A brief three months later, Che Guevara was hunted down by planes using special infra-red sensitive cameras and flying out of a "private" airport near Los Angeles, trapped in an ambush in the Bolivian scrub-country and brutally murdered along with several comrades. Seldom has the connection between theory and practice been so tragically illustrated: As the "wretched of the earth" mourned the death of Che Guevara, millions of vows were made never again to underestimate the need for military readiness and audacity in the face of an enemy so treacherous, so ruthless.

Parallel to the OLAS conference, painters and sculptors who had organized around the banner of "Salon de Mayo" (first raised by Picasso and others in the period when Europe first felt the icy grip of WWII) came to Cuba to create new works which would express solidarity with the revolution and the struggle of Third World peoples everywhere for liberation. . . . and committed musicians from several corners of the earth came together to sing for each other and the Cuban people and discover the ways in which they could better serve the powerful currents of history moving around us all.

An entire artistic ensemble came from Vietnam, wearing the uniform of the NLF; A serious young African in suit and tie came from Dar-es-Salaam, red-headed Jean Lewis came all the way from Australia to sing about racial discrimination in her country, Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger along with others from the British folk song movement sang to us about miners' children being killed by falling slag in Wales at the same time that Vietnamese babies died of napalm burns.

The Italian song movement was defined by Ivan Della Mea: "Whoever says that he does not have a political position is wrong. All positions are political. The concept that there is a division between culture and politics is reactionary. If you count on the mass media, you are not a serious protest singer."

Claude Vinci gave some insight into the problems in France: "In France, the protest song has become a capitalist enterprise. The protest song must have a political meaning. George Brassens is not a genuine protest singer because he compromises too much with the system."

Among the Latin Americans, the Uruguayans were particularly able to spell out fresh concepts:

Carlos Molina: "Protest song must be more than the song of the professional artist. It must be the song of the people. The songs must go beyond a small circle. The singer must learn to abandon his own personal interest, his selfishness -- otherwise he will become a part of the bourgeois structure. Art is revolutionary, created not just for the individual. It can help to liberate man. The artist must be an artist of his class."

Yamansu Palacio: "Protest song must do more than denounce. It must struggle against all injustice -- political and economic. The artist must have a fighting attitude and must be prepared to accept the risks and consequences of his work. All countries must speak in their own language. New forms are good if they integrate with the idiom of the people. The owners of the mass media at first oppose the protest song -- and then, when it becomes stronger, they take it over and control it. This is the way it is "bought." Protest singers should try to use the mass media but should have no illusions about what can be done. The protest singer must be prepared to go where the people live and work."

Daniel Viglietti: "Protest song must be a type of song which can express revolutionary themes and a high artistic level. The protest artist must equip himself to express his point of view most forcefully -- and to

create new forms as needed. In Uruguay there are "Protest Spectacles" without protest. We must sing in Spanish, we must be opposed to the singing in foreign languages of our own singers. We must make something new from our own roots."

More than fifty people were invited from the USA, but when the State Department refused official permission only three people were not intimidated: Julius Lester (who deserted our meetings to be with Stokely Carmichael in the OLAS sessions), Irwin Silber, then editor of SING OUT! magazine, and this writer. I issued the following statement regarding the State Department ban:

"This government is illegally sending our 18 and 20-year old kids thousands of miles away, giving them weapons and chemicals of diabolical new design which indiscriminately kill everything in the way. Our sons are made to dirty and degrade their own lives and our whole history by killing other kids about whose hopes and plans, culture and history, they know nothing. Am I supposed to allow my life, too, to be degraded by easy compliance with the judgment of a gang of ignorant criminals who happen to be running the State Department when they try to tell me what kind of travel is 'in the best interests of my country'?"

In the course of three weeks, we traveled the length of Cuba, performing in the outdoors for thousands of workers in Santiago; for farmers in the newly-developed remoteness of Gran Tierra, and for the students in the highest part of the Sierra Maestra, where the future teachers are being trained. We had to perform several nights in succession for the numbers of Habaneros who wanted to hear us. We made side trips in smaller groups to sing for young people in isolated agricultural volunteer programs.

When we came, at last, to the world-famous beach resort of Varadero, where our conference was to be held, we made a head-long dash into the soft blue waves. Small laughing heroines of the NLF splashed water on the big serious Argentine, the Australian girl was ducked by a Uruguayan boy, and for the moment, Europeans and Americans, Asians and Africans with such serious work at hand were indistinguishable from any group of rowdy tourists--with the difference that we were all conscious of the tremendous struggles waged to secure our right as peoples of all races and from the lower economic classes, to use this beach which only 8 years before was limited to "white (and rich) only."

Our conference was held in the very mansion which formerly belonged to the DuPont family... and when you ask the former "old family retainer" who still has charge of the place how he likes working for his new bosses, he smiles broadly and answers "now it's all ours." After exhaustive sessions where we tried to understand the various approaches and problems with our work in each country, we relaxed on the sand, exchanging more in our songs than we could with just words. In those exchanges, the idea of Paredon Records was born, and now we can begin to share some of the feeling of love and solidarity we experienced at the Cancion Protesta Encuentro.

This first record is limited to the Spanish language, and later ones will document the same kind of work being done in other countries where well-developed musicians prefer to serve the people's movements instead of pursuing individual careers. In every case, we will stress the movements rather than the performers, and will try to present the best representatives of particular developments. The best work of this kind is based in tradition, because the songs of the people themselves have always provided the best indications of their real history. The difference is that the singer of Cancion Protesta does not simply document history, but tries to affect it, and to this we dedicate ourselves.

## ABOUT THE SONGS:

The first words you hear are from a late-night discussion held by the side of a road in the Isle of Youth, between members of the Cancion Protesta group and Fidel Castro. We were all together in that place since we had come to dedicate a new dam, which was called "Heroic Vietnam." We knew that the idea of our conference had come originally from Fidel, and wanted to know why he placed so much importance on it. His answer is here.

The section of songs by Carlos Puebla was taped as we sat together on the shore one evening at Varadero; and the first one celebrates the fact that the famous beach now belongs to the people. The second song, "Diez Seran," is typical of Puebla's response to everything: if some action is necessary, he will write a song to help get it done! Note that the song is recorded in 1967, and you will see just a little of the preparation which was required for the great effort of the 1970 harvest. The David and Goliath song was one of his most popular at the time, and the theme is taken from the words of Jose Marti, the great Cuban poet and patriot, who personified Cuba and the USA as David and Goliath and said "My sling is that of David." This version of his great song to Che Guevara was sung at the very moment when Che was in the Bolivian mountains, and this accounts for the very positive tone of the performance. In a later record you will be able to hear the difference of emotion after Che was killed.

The poet Santa Cruz is black, and also speaks Kechua, the language of the Peruvian Indians. He is a newspaper man by trade, and has an endless supply of this type of declamation, poems meant to be heard rather than read, which is so popular among Latin peoples. Perhaps it was the old custom of having a "reader," whose job it was to read poems and stories to people doing tedious manual work, in the cigar factories and other places, that started the custom, but among working class Latins it would be rare not to find a good declamatory poet in a social gathering. Another important feature of this type of poetry is that it nearly always details the hard life of some type of worker, helping people to identify with their own and each other's oppression.

These two young singers from Chile are from a family which has a poetic reputation second only to Pablo Neruda in that country (in fact there are those who would challenge that order). Their uncle, Nicanor, has international credentials as a witty, academic poet. Their mother, Violeta Parra, was a poet-singer of the people who, along with Atahualpa Yupanqui of Argentina, created a new kind of Latin American song combining a high development of artistry with unyielding ties to the struggles of their poor countrymen. Her work is being carried on by her children, who are both active in everyday struggles as well as the conductors of a famous "pena" or circle of artists who provide the cultural center for Chilean political life. These two songs by their mother won them the hearts of the Cuban audiences.

The singers from Uruguay were uniformly exciting and gave us a basis for understanding the recent news about the exploits of the Tupamaros. Daniel Viglietti's "Song for My America" is perhaps the most widely sung of any of these, expressing such a generally important theme that it has been recorded in several Latin American countries. Carlos Molina's song about the youth is the counterpart of another he sings about the older people, celebrating their wisdom and urging them to use it on behalf of the people. He wears the boots, baggy black trousers and black sombrero of the outdoor life, and continually sips on his gourd full of Mate for strength (like tea--a non-intoxicant stimulant good in hot climates). On his way back from Cuba, Molina spent several



months in an Argentine prison for the crime of singing some of these songs. The verses of "Revolution" were recorded at the gathering with Fidel in the Isle of Youth; and the performance is heightened, of course, by the fact of his presence. You can hear his reaction as well.

The Argentine singers, as you will see, are more formal in their presentation. This fits the description of Argentines which any Latin American will offer you. Having never been there, I can't venture a guess as to the reasons, but it seems to be true. Due to the tremendous repression in that country, you will notice a more oblique mode of expression which also occurs in Spain and other countries where the artist-activist is obliged to find ways to circumvent the censorship.

#### And What Came After

In Cuba generally, and among young people in particular, there is an intense sense of kinship with the momentous events going on all over the globe, especially in the Third World. Until the Protest Song meeting in 1967, the daily musical fare in Cuba was Tropicana-style pop, both Afro and Spanish-based traditional folk music, and the rock which came from Spain, France, Italy and Mexico, mixed with a strong respect for "classical music." But the gathering of "committed singers" from Vietnam, the USA, Europe, and especially Latin America, in July, 1967, opened up ways of combining the feeling of involvement with world events and one's daily work as a musician. Young poets who already had been writing about Vietnam, the emergence of minority groups as politically conscious forces in the USA, and revolution in Latin America, could begin to reach a larger audience through music. The Casa de las Americas, an institution created after the Cuba Revolution to encourage the literary arts in all of Latin America, and to facilitate their interchange, created a center for the fostering of this new music, and a monthly television show to bring it to the Cuban people.

In order to understand how these young artists work, you need certain basic facts about their relation to their society. First, they have a secure weekly wage, approximately that of any skilled worker. The most gifted and the most pedestrian artist can find an audience, as long as he seriously works at his skills. This eliminates the aspect of ferocious competition, and allows people to develop more naturally as artists. A sense of responsibility to what is best for the most people is encouraged, so that when the night clubs were closed one year and the musicians who usually only worked in them, in cities, were asked to go on trucks to the countryside where they could play for people working in agriculture, they were glad to do it, both for what they could contribute and for what they could learn. To decentralize and reverse the old colonial trend of concentration of culture in the cities, every artist who is trained in the National School of Art is expected to teach at least two years in the provinces upon graduation. They accept this disruption of their personal plans because they are able to understand that the training they have received was made possible by the sweat of every cane-field and foundry worker. This is easier to see when you realize that most of the young artists in question have come from the mountains and countryside, where pre-revolutionary education rarely reached people beyond the third grade.

The three young singers represented here are at the beginning of their development. We hope to make their newest music available to the North American audience, along with that of the many others working in what is a relatively new genre for socialist countries: song which speaks about social issues in a personal way.

Pablo Milanés is in the regular army, and finds time

to compose and sing quite regularly. Noel Niclola and Silvio Rodríguez work at music full-time. Silvio is the most complex poet of the group.

- Barbara Dane



# **CENTRO CANCION PROTESTA**

**casa de las américas/cuba**

NOTE: The English translations of the songs are as faithful as possible to the original while trying to keep the poetic flavor of the Spanish. The only exception is "Cancion de Mi America," where the "translation" by Barbara Dane is really a completely new lyric, although it follows the spirit of the original.

Our thanks to Ramon Padilla and Rafael Rodriguez for their help with the Spanish lyrics and the translations. Many of the songs on this record appeared originally in a two-record set, "Cancion Protesta," issued by the Casa de las Americas, Havana, Cuba.

FIDEL CASTRO:

"... como verdadero arte, y como cosa capaz de ganar a la gente, de despertar emociones en la gente, y que a la vez forma parte de todo un sentimiento general del mundo."

"... as a true art, and as something that can win people over, can awaken emotions in the people, and at the same time form a part of a general feeling in the world."

Carlos Puebla (Cuba)

VARADERO

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CARLOS PUEBLA

Tú te recuerdas de cuando Varadero  
Era para ricos, y nada más;  
Y por la playa, playa tan hermosa,  
¿El pueblo no podía ni caminar?  
Aquello estaba en manos de los Misterys  
Y casi solamente se hablaba inglés,  
Hasta que un día se cortó la carretera  
Y desde entonces Varadero del pueblo es.

(chorus)

Ahora sí, Ahora sí,  
Ahora Varadero es para tí, para mí.  
(repeat verse and chorus)

Ya Varadero dejó de ser  
El lugar donde tan sólo  
Se hablaba inglés  
(chorus)

El gran palacio del gran señor  
Ahora lo disfruta el trabajador.  
(chorus)

Donde vivía Mr. DuPont,  
Ahora vive el machetero José Ramón.  
(repeat first verse and chorus)

DIEZ SERÁN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CARLOS PUEBLA

(spoken: "Dice el Comandante en Jefe que para el '70  
serán diez millones. ¡Si él lo dice, diez serán!")

Cogemos la mocha  
Y abrimos la trocha  
Y abrimos la trocha  
Del cañaveral.  
La mocha en la mano,  
La mano en la mocha,  
La caña saliendo  
Camino 'el central.

(chorus)

Si decimos "Diez serán,"  
Diez serán. (2x)

El año que viene  
Seguimos cortando  
Seguimos cortando  
Para completar.

VARADERO

Do you remember when Varadero  
Was for the rich, nobody else,  
And when the beach, on the beautiful beach,  
The people were not able to even set foot?  
That was in the hands of the "Misterys"  
And English was just about the only language.  
Until one day the fun and games were cut off,  
And ever since, Varadero belongs to the people!

(chorus)

And now, yes, and now yes,  
Now Varadero is for you and for me! (2x)

Now Varadero is no longer  
The place where nearly always English was heard,  
(chorus)

The grand palace of the great lord  
Is enjoyed now by the worker.  
(chorus)

And where Mr. DuPont used to live,  
Now lives the cane-cutter José Ramón!  
(repeat first verse and chorus)

WE'LL GET THE TEN MILLION TONS!

(spoken: "The Commander in Chief says that for '70  
we'll get ten million. If he says so, ten it will be.")

We take the machete  
And open the path,  
And open the path  
Through the canefields.  
Machete in the hand,  
Hand on the machete,  
There goes the cane,  
On the way to the mill.

(chorus)

If we say we'll get ten,  
It'll be ten.  
Ten it'll be, ten it'll be.

The year that is coming,  
We'll keep on cutting,  
We'll keep on cutting  
To finish the job.

Y todos los años  
Seguir trabajando  
Para que no quede  
Caña sin cortar.  
(chorus)

Y vaya sabiendo  
Señor agorero  
Que el pueblo cubano  
No sabe mentir,  
Y que nuestro honor  
Campesino y obrero,  
Sabrá sobre todo  
La meta cumplir.  
(chorus)

Y vaya sacando,  
Sacando la cuenta,  
Si se lo permite  
Su testarudez,  
Que los diez millones  
De año setenta,  
Seguro, seguro  
¡Seguro son diez!  
(chorus)

And every year,  
We'll keep on working,  
So there won't be left  
Cane that isn't cut!  
(chorus)

And you're gonna know,  
Mr. nay-sayer,  
That the Cuban people  
Don't know how to lie,  
And that our honor,  
Worker and farmer,  
Will know above all  
How to finish the job!  
(chorus)

And now go ahead,  
Start counting,  
If it will permit you,  
Your stubbornness,  
For the ten million,  
In the year '70  
Is for sure, is for sure,  
For sure it will be ten!  
(chorus)



Carlos Puebla  
Photo by Barbara Dane

#### DAVID Y GOLIATH WORDS AND MUSIC BY CARLOS PUEBLA

1. Los yanquis son grandullones.  
Parecidos a gigantes,  
Algunos como elefantes.  
Pero no tienen corazones. (1)

(Chorus)  
Los Vietnamitas son pequeñitos,  
Son pequeñitos, si,  
Pero con unos corazones  
Así de grandes, así,  
Así de grandes, así.

2. Los yanquis tienen cañones,  
Y los tienen por millares,  
Y academias militares,  
Pero no tienen corazones.
3. Los yanquis tienen aviones.  
Tienen bombas y fusiles,  
Y tienen balas por miles,  
Pero no tienen corazones.
4. Los yanquis tienen montones  
De helicópteros guerreros.  
Tienen barcos y morteros,  
Pero no tienen corazones.
5. Por eso en mil ocasiones,  
Los suenan los vietnamitas,  
Gentes que son pequeñitas,  
Pero sí tienen corazones.

#### DAVID AND GOLIATH

1. The Yankees are pretty big guys,  
Some of them look like giants,  
And some like elephants.  
But they don't have any hearts!

(chorus)  
The Vietnamese are pretty small.  
Pretty small, yes.  
But with such hearts!  
Like this, big like this!

2. The Yankees have lots of cannons,  
Cannons by the thousands,  
And military academies.  
But they don't have any hearts!
3. The Yankees have airplanes,  
They have bombs and rifles  
And bullets by the millions,  
But they don't have any hearts!
4. The Yankees have big piles  
Of gunship helicopters.  
They have ships and mortars,  
But they don't have any hearts!
5. That's why so many times  
They are knocked out by the Vietnamese,  
People who are very small,  
But yet, they have hearts!

(1) The word for hearts in Spanish is corazones. The word  
cojones (balls) is often implied instead. Take your choice.



ME CAUSA RISA  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY CARLOS PUEBLA

Pregunto yo en mi canción  
Al que grita y patalea:  
Caballero de la OEA,  
¿Qué pasó con su reunión?

(chorus)  
¿Cómo no me voy a reir de la OEA,  
Si es una cosa tan fea,  
Tan fea que causa risa?  
¡Aha, ja, ja, ja, ja, ja,  
Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja, ja, ja!

Yo estoy acá en mi rincón  
Preguntándome hace rato  
¿Cómo es posible que al gato  
Le meta miedo un ratón?  
(chorus)

Con ese ir y venir  
Me tiene como si nada,  
Perdone la carcajada,  
Pero usted me hace reir.  
(chorus)

No es miedo el que usted me da,  
Con su OEA y sus pamplinas,  
Porque yo de las gallinas  
Me estoy riendo por acá.  
(chorus)

Para acabar les diré  
En medio de tanta prisa:  
La OEA es cosa de risa  
Y yo riendo seguiré.  
(chorus)

HASTA SIEMPRE  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY CARLOS PUEBLA

Aprendimos a quererte  
Desde la histórica altura  
Donde el sol de tu bravura  
Le puso cerco a la muerte.

(chorus)  
Aquí se queda la clara,  
La entranable transparencia  
De tu querida presencia,  
Comandante Che Guevara.

Tu mano gloriosa y fuerte  
Sobre la historia dispara  
Cuando todo Santa Clara  
Se despierta para verte.

Vienes quemando la brisa  
Con soles de primavera,  
Para plantar la bandera  
Con la luz de tu son risa.

Tu amor revolucionario  
Te conduce a nueva empresa,  
Donde esperan la firmeza  
De tu brazo libertario.

Seguiremos adelante  
Como junto a ti seguimos,  
Y con Fidel te decimos:  
¡Hasta siempre, Comandante!

IT MAKES ME LAUGH!

I'm asking here in my song,  
Of he who is screaming and kicking,  
Gentleman of the OAS,  
What happened to your meeting?

(chorus)  
How am I gonna keep from laughing at the OAS,  
If it's something so ugly,  
So ugly it's just a laugh?  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,  
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, etc.

Here am I in my place,  
Asking myself for a long time  
How is it possible that the cat  
Now is so scared of a mouse?  
(chorus)

With all this coming and going,  
Looks to me like so much nothing.  
Excuse me for cracking up,  
But you really make me laugh!  
(chorus)

It sure isn't fear that you give me,  
With your OAS and all the nonsense,  
In fact I'm sitting here laughing  
To see how chicken you are!  
(chorus)

Now to finish what I have to say,  
In the midst of all this haste,  
The OAS is a laughing matter,  
So I'm going to keep on laughing!  
(chorus)

HASTA SIEMPRE<sup>1</sup>

We learned to love you  
From the historic heights  
Where the sun of your courage  
Made a circle around death.

(chorus)  
The clear illumination  
Of your beloved spirit  
Stays here with us,  
Comandante Che Guevara.

Your hand, strong and glorious,  
Shook our history with a shot,<sup>2</sup>  
That made all of Santa Clara  
Wake up to see you.

You come burning the breeze  
With suns of spring,  
To plant the banner  
With the light of your smile.

Your revolutionary love  
Has called you to a new purpose,  
Where they wait for the strength  
Of your liberating arm.

We will go forward,  
As we go with you now,  
And with Fidel we say to you,  
"Hasta Siempre," Comandante.

(1) This term is held by Cubans in high regard, because of an interchange between Fidel and Che: in a speech Che said in conclusion, "Hasta la Victoria Siempre" (ever onward to victory," and Fidel replied, "Hasta siempre" ("until forever"). The implication was a dedication to the long road ahead after a victorious revolution, to build a nation.

(2) Santa Clara was the location of the staging ground, on the campus of the University of La Villas, for the last great battle of the revolutionary war. Che and Camilo Cienfuegos were the principle architects of it.

Side 1, Band 2: Nicomedes Santa Cruz (Peru)

MUERTE EN EL RING  
NICOMEDES SANTA CRUZ

¿Qué hemos de hacer nosotros,  
Los negros,  
Que no sabemos ni leer?  
¿Fregar escupideras,  
En los grandes hoteles,  
¿Encerar y barrer?  
¿Manejar ascensores?  
¿En el night club,  
Servirles de beber?  
¿O hacer que el Cadillac  
Sea más lujoso  
Vistiendo la librea de chofer?  
Tenemos la respuesta  
Siempre lista:  
¿En París?  
Oui, Monsieur!  
Y en Michigan, en Georgia, o en Virginia,  
Un eterno: "¡Yes, sir!"  
Los negros, pobres negros,  
De este mundo,  
¿Qué cosa hemos de hacer,  
Debiendo de comer todos los días,  
Y a veces sin comer?  
Bajar la testa reverente  
Y a lo mismo de ayer.  
Hasta que llega un blanco que nos descubre,  
Nos mete en el Ring,  
Y aquí comienza, para mal de males,  
El principio del fin.  
Footing, training, sombra,  
Saco, pera sogá,  
Upper-cut, full-cross,  
Duchazos, masajes,  
Focos, reportajes,  
O.K., Boss.  
El canaveral de mi lejana tierra  
Me dio estos fuertes bíceps.  
Los buques cargueros  
De todos los muelles  
Me dieron envidiable complexión.  
Y corriendo, voceando millones de diarios,  
Fortalecí muslos, piernas, y pies.  
Ahora, en el Madison Square Garden de New York,  
Dice mi manager:  
No whisky, no tobacco, no girls,  
No money.  
Negros acomodadores  
Ubican a los blancos  
En Ringside.  
Perder esta pelea significa  
Volver con ellos:  
Con Blackie, de Manhattan,  
Con Brown de Alabama,  
Con Nando Rodriguez de Puerto Rico.  
Y entonces, no whisky, no tobacco,  
No money, no girls,  
And knock-out!  
Mi challenger es negro,  
Como yo.

DEATH IN THE RING  
POEM BY NICOMEDES SANTA CRUZ OF PERU

What are we to do,  
We blacks,  
Who don't even know how to read?  
Polish the spittoons  
In the great hotels?  
Wax and sweep?  
Operate elevators?  
In the night club,  
Serve the drinks?  
Or make the Cadillac  
Look more luxurious  
By dressing in the livery of a chauffeur?  
We have the answer  
Always ready:  
In Paris?  
Oui, Monsieur.  
And in Michigan, Georgia, or in Virginia,  
An eternal "Yes, sir!"  
The blacks, poor blacks  
Of this world,  
What are we to do?  
We need to eat every day,  
And some days have nothing to eat.  
Bow the head, reverently,  
And go back to the same old thing.  
Until some white man arrives who "discovers" us,  
And puts us in the Ring!  
And here begins, to make matters worse,  
The beginning of the end.  
Footwork, training, shadow-boxing,  
Punching-bag, punching ball, jump rope,  
Upper-cut, full-cross,  
Showers, massages,  
Flash-bulbs, reporters,  
O.K., Boss.  
The cane-fields of my distant land  
Gave me these strong biceps.  
The cargo ships  
Of all the docks  
Gave me this enviable muscle-tone.  
And running, hawking millions of newspapers,  
I strengthened my thighs, legs, and feet.  
Now, in New York's Madison Square Garden,  
My master says:  
No whiskey, no tobacco, no girls,  
No money.  
Black ushers  
Are seating white spectators  
At ringside.  
Losing this fight  
Means going back with them:  
With Blackie from Manhattan,  
With Brown from Alabama,  
With Nando Rodriguez from Puerto Rico.  
And then, no whiskey, no tobacco,  
No money, no girls,  
And knock-out!  
My challenger is black,  
Like me.

Si pierde, le espera lo mismo.  
 Aquí los únicos que nunca pierden  
 Son nuestros managers  
 Y el promotor.  
 Comienza el round,  
 Voy hacia el centro...  
 ¡En este plan voy a perder!  
 Este es el round número 13,  
 Voy a mostrarle  
 Quién es quién...  
 Me está llevando hacia una esquina,  
 ¡Si caigo aquí me cuentan diez!  
 ¡Virgen del Cobre, estoy perdido,  
 No puedo ver,  
 No puedo ver!  
 ¡La gente aplaude al que me mata,  
 El referí no dice "Break!"  
 ¡Que mi mujer no sepa nada!  
 Mi nombre es Benny "Kid" Paret.

If he loses, his fate is the same.  
 Here the only ones who never lose  
 Are our managers,  
 And the promoter.  
 The round begins,  
 I go to the center...  
 With this plan I'm gonna lose!  
 This is round 13,  
 I'm gonna show him  
 Just who is who!  
 He's forcing me to the corner,  
 If I fall here, they'll count me out!  
 Holy Mother, I'm lost!  
 I just can't see!  
 I can't see!  
 The people are cheering this guy who's killing me!  
 And the referee doesn't call out, "Break!"  
 Hope my wife doesn't know anything!  
 My name is Benny "Kid" Paret.

Side 1, Band 3: Rolando Alarcon (Chile)

COPLAS DEL PAJARITO  
 WORDS AND MUSIC BY ROLANDO ALARCON

En la rama de un nopal,  
 Se quejaba un pajarito.  
 Todos quieren gobernar  
 Con cadenas y con grillos.

(chorus)  
 Ay sí, ay no, pajarito de mi corazón,  
 Ay sí, ay no, pajarito lleno de dolor.

Hermanos americanos,  
 Levantemos la cabeza  
 Y pidamos a los hombres  
 Que se cumplan las promesas.

Hermanos americanos,  
 Nuestra tierra no es tan pobre,  
 Pero vienen desde lejos  
 Y nos dejan sin un cobre.

Cuando un pobre pide ayuda  
 Se la niegan al momento  
 Le cuentan tantas historias  
 Que el pobre se va contento.

Y si hay que pagar impuestos,  
 Mandan primero al pobre  
 Que el rico se está ocupando  
 De lechar el dinero en un sobre.

La patria pide a sus hijos  
 El respeto y la cordura.  
 Los hijos dan a la patria  
 Gobernantes de piel dura.

En la rama de un nopal,  
 El pajarito no canta.  
 ¡De mirar tanta injusticia  
 Se le secó la garganta!

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT

Up in the branch of a cactus,  
 A little bird was complaining:  
 Everyone wants to be rulers,  
 Rulers with chains and with shackles.

(chorus)  
 Oh yes, oh no, dear little bird of my heart!  
 Oh yes, oh no, little bird so full of pain.

Latin American brothers,  
 Lift up our heads and be proud.  
 And let's demand from "the man"  
 All of our promises filled!

Latin American brothers,  
 Our lands are not so poor!  
 But they come here from far away,  
 And leave us without a penny!

When a poor person asks for help,  
 They deny it on the spot.  
 They tell him so many stories  
 That he goes away thinking he's happy.

And if there's taxes to pay,  
 They send first to the poor.  
 The rich man is so very busy,  
 Hiding his dough under cover.

The nation demands of its sons  
 Respect and prudent wisdom.  
 The sons give back to their country  
 Governors with very thick skins.

Up in the branch of a cactus,  
 The little bird sings no more.  
 From looking at so much injustice,  
 His little throat has gone dry!



Side 1, Band 4: Angel Parra (Chile)

ME GUSTAN LOS ESTUDIANTES  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY VIOLETA PARRA

Que vivan los estudiantes, jardín de las alegrías  
Son aves que no se asusan de animal ni policía  
No les asustan las balas ni el ladrar de la jauría  
Caramba y zamba la cosa,  
¡Que viva la astronomía!

Que vivan los estudiantes que rugen como los vientos  
Cuando meten al oído sotanas o regimientos  
Pajarillos libertarios igual que los elementos  
Caramba y zamba la cosa,  
¡Que vivan lo' experimentos!

Me gustan los estudiantes porque son la levadura  
Del pan que saldrá del horno con toda su sabrosura  
Para la boca del pobre que come con amargura  
Caramba y zamba la cosa,  
¡Viva la literatura!

Me gustan los estudiantes porque levantan el pecho  
Cuando les dicen harina, sabiéndose que es afrecho  
Y no hacen el sordomudo cuando se presenta el hecho  
Caramba y zamba la cosa,  
¡El código del derecho!

Me gustan los estudiantes que marchan sobre la ruina  
Con las banderas en alto va toda la estudiantina  
Son químicos y doctores, cirujanos y dentistas,  
Caramba y zamba la cosa,  
¡Vivan los especialistas!

Me gustan los estudiantes que van al laboratorio  
Descubren lo que se esconde adentro del confesionario  
Y tienen un gran carrito que llegó hasta el purgatorio  
Caramba y zamba la cosa,  
¡Los libros explicatorios!

Me gustan los estudiantes que con muy clara elocuencia  
A la bolsa negra sacra le bajan las indulgencias  
Porque ¿hasta cuando nos dura, señores, la penitencia?  
Caramba y zamba la cosa,  
¡Que viva toda la ciencia!

I LOVE THE STUDENTS

I love the students,  
Garden of joys,  
Birds that do not fear  
Either beasts or police,  
Not frightened by bullets  
Or packs of barking dogs,  
Caramba, that's a great thing.  
Long live astronomy!

I love the students  
Who roar like the winds  
When you stuff their ears  
With talk of cassocks or regiments!  
They are like birds,  
Free as the elements!  
Caramba, that's a great thing.  
Long live experiments!

I love the students  
Because they are the yeast  
Of the bread that comes from the oven  
Full of wholesome flavor  
For the mouth of the poor  
Who eats in bitterness.  
Caramba, what a great thing.  
Long live literature!

I love the students  
Who are ready for a fight  
If you try to say it's wheat  
Knowing perfectly well it's chaff,  
And who don't act deaf and dumb  
If you lay your cards on the table.  
Caramba, that's a great thing!  
Long live the books of law!

I love the students,  
Who march over the ruins;  
With their banners waving high,  
The whole band goes right on.  
They are chemists and doctors,  
Surgeons and dentists,  
Caramba, what a great thing!  
Long live the specialists!

I love the students  
Who go to the laboratory  
To discover all that is hidden  
Inside the confessional.  
They have already got a little cart  
That has gotten them as far as purgatory!  
Caramba, that's a great thing!  
Books full of facts!

I love the students  
Who, with clear eloquence  
Took salvation off the sacred black market,  
Asking "how long, people,  
Are we to put up with this penance?"  
Caramba, that's a great thing!  
Long live all of science!

Side 1, Band 5: Isabel Parra (Chile)

PORQUE LOS POBRES NO TIENEN  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY VIOLETA PARRA

Porque los pobres no tienen  
A dónde volver la vista  
La vuelven hacia los cielos  
Con la esperanza infinita  
De encontrar lo que a su hermano  
En este mundo le quitan...  
Palomita, ¡qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

Porque los pobres no tienen  
A dónde volver la voz  
La vuelven hacia los cielos  
Buscando una confesión  
Ya que su hermano no escucha  
La voz de su corazón...  
Palomita, ¡qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

Porque los pobres no tienen  
En este mundo esperanza,  
Se amparan en la otra vida  
Como una justa balanza  
Por eso las procesiones,  
La pena y las alabanzas...  
Palomita, ¡qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

De tiempos immemoriales  
Que se ha inventao al infierno  
Para asustar a los pobres  
Con sus castigos eternos  
Y al pobre que es inocente  
Con su inocencia creyendo...  
Palomita, ¡qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

Y pa' seguir la mentira  
Lo llama su confesor  
Le dice que Dios no quiere  
Ninguna revolución,  
Ni pliego, ni sindicato,  
Que ofrendar su corazón...  
Palomita, ¡qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

Side 2, Band 1: Daniel Viglietti (Uruguay)

CANCION DE MI AMERICA  
Words and music by Daniel Viglietti

Dale tu mano al indio.  
Dale, que te hará bien.  
Encontrarás el camino  
Como ayer yo lo encontré.

Dale tu mano al indio,  
Dale que te hará bien.  
Te mojará el sudor santo  
De la lucha y el deber.

La piel del indio te enseñará  
Todas las sendas que habrás de andar.  
Mano de cobre te ha de mostrar  
Toda la sangre que has de dejar.

¡ Es el tiempo del cobre!  
¡ Mestizo, grito y fusil!  
Si no se habren las puertas,  
El pueblo las ha de abrir.

BECAUSE THE POOR HAVE NOTHING  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY VIOLETA PARRA

Because the poor have nowhere,  
Nowhere to turn their eyes,  
They turn them up to the skies  
With infinite expectation  
Of finding that which from their brothers  
Is taken away in this world...  
Little dove, what things this life really holds!

Because the poor have nowhere,  
Nowhere to turn their voices,  
They direct them to the heavens  
Seeking to profess their faith,  
While their brother can no longer hear  
The small voice of his heart...  
Little dove, what things this life really holds!

Because the poor have no hope  
Of expectations in this world,  
They take refuge in the here-after,  
Expecting their just deserts.  
And so they have their processions,  
The sorrow and the eulogies...  
Little dove, what things this life really holds!

Since time immemorial,  
They have invented the inferno  
So that the poor live in terror  
Of its eternal mortification.  
And for the blameless poor,  
With their guileless believing,  
Little dove, what things this life really holds!

And to go on with the lie,  
His Father Confessor tells him  
That God surely doesn't want  
Anything like revolution,  
No unions or bills of complaint,  
Because it offends his heart...  
Little dove, what things this life really holds!

GIVE YOUR HAND TO THE INDIAN  
English lyrics by Barbara Dane

Give your hand to the Indian.  
He will show you the way.  
He will take you with him,  
Where he took me yesterday.

Give your hand to the Indian.  
Go with him out of the night.  
Let him have your arm and he  
Will show you how to fight.

Red is the hand that shows the path  
Where all our feet will have to go.  
Red is the color of our wrath,  
Red as the blood that still must flow.

Now is the copper hour;  
Mestizo, rifle and vow.  
If the doors won't open,  
We will make them open now.



América está gritando,  
Y el siglo se vuelve azul.  
Pampas, ríos, y montañas  
Liberan su propia luz.

La copla no quiere dueños.  
Patrones no más mandar.  
La guitarra americana  
Peleando, aprendió a cantar. (3x)

Side 2, Band 2: Alfredo Zitarrosa (Uruguay)

COMPADRE MIGUEL  
(Words and music by Yamandú Palacios)

Al compadre Juan Miguel  
No le pagan el jornal,  
Y aunque no haiga de comer  
Lo mismo hay que trabajar

(chorus)  
¡Pobre compadre Miguel,  
La vida que le ha tocao!

Todo el día lo ha pasao  
Trabajando y sin chistar  
Por unos tragos de caña  
El pobre compadre Juan.

Como cueva de peludos  
La aripuca de Miguel,  
Que fiero destino el suyo,  
Que nadie se acuerde de él!

El doctor y el comisario  
Siempre le hablan de la ley  
Que hay que respetar lo ajeno  
Aunque no haiga de comer.

Juan Miguel se ha resignao  
A vivir entre el arroz,  
Mientras haiga caña y mate  
Hay que agradecerle a Dios.

Pero un día habrá de ser  
Que esto se ha de terminar  
Y la suerte del compadre  
Pa' su bien ha de cambiar,

(to the tune of last two lines:)  
Cuando canten estas coplas  
Los hombres del arrozal.  
¡Cuando canten estas coplas  
Los hombres del arrozal!

Side 2, Band 3: Los Olimareños (Uruguay)

EL POBRE Y EL RICO (Coplera)  
WORDS: CARLOS PORRINI  
MUSIC: LOS OLIMAREÑOS

El pobre con su guitarra  
Va cantando sus miserías,  
No hay en su canto alegría  
Porque el hombre es cosa seria.

Our America cries out warning.  
See how the sky is turning bright.  
And all the mountains of our morning  
Are alive with the burning light.

Our songs want no more owners.  
El Patron<sup>2</sup> no longer commands.  
La Guitarra Americana  
Learns to play with fighting hands! (3x)

- (1) Mestizo--people of mixed blood  
(2) El Patron--"the boss"

MY PAL MIGUEL

They don't pay my friend  
Juan Miguel for his day's work,  
And even though he has nothing to eat,  
He has to work anyway.

(chorus)  
My poor friend Miguel,  
What a lousy life he has.

He passes every day  
Working without a complaint,  
For a few swallows of rum,  
My poor friend Miguel.

What a cave of hairy creatures  
Is the shack of Juan Miguel.  
What a cruel destiny is his,  
That nobody remembers him.

The lawyer and the sheriff  
Always speak to him about the law,  
That one must respect what belongs to others,  
Even though you have nothing to eat.

Juan Miguel has resigned himself  
To live there among the rice,  
And as long as there's brandy and maté,  
You have to give thanks to God.

But one day it just has to be,  
That all this is just going to end,  
Because his luck has to change,  
When the men in the fields sing this song.

When they sing this little song,  
The men who work in the rice-field.

THE POOR AND THE RICH

Poor people with their guitars  
Usually sing of their misery.  
In their songs, not too much joy;  
Hunger's a serious thing.

El rico es raza de cuervo  
Y nunca canta sus penas,  
Tal vez será que haga mal  
Cantar de barriga llena.

Hay arriba de un gran cerro  
Una virgen milagrera;  
Abajo un pueblo esperando  
Pero el milagro no llega.

Con ésta mi coplita,  
Voy por cerros y llanuras,  
Y si en la iglesia la cantan  
Yo prometo hacerme cura. (2x)

El pobre pasa la vida  
Trabajando, trabajando,  
Pa que otro se vuelve rico,  
Descansando, descansando.

El rico pasa la vida  
Descansando, descansando,  
Pa que otro se vuelve pobre  
Trabajando, trabajando.

Si mentir es un pecado  
Con rezos se va pagando,  
Sera por eso que el cura  
Se pasa el dia rezando.

Con esta mi coplerita  
Voy por cerros y llanuras,  
Y si en la iglesia la cantan,  
Yo prometo hacerme cura.

The rich are a race like the crow,  
No voice to sing of their sorrows.  
Maybe it's too hard to sing,  
Bellies stuffed full to the bursting.

There is on top of the hill  
A miracle-working virgin;  
Below, the people awaiting  
Miracles that never come!

With this, my little song,  
I go through hills and through valleys;  
If ever it's sung in church,  
I swear I'll become a priest!

The poor man spends his whole life  
Working and working and working,  
So that some other gets rich  
Shirking and shirking and shirking.

The rich man spends his whole life  
Loafing and loafing and loafing,  
So that some other gets poor,  
Laboring, laboring, lab'ring.

If it's a sin to be lying,  
Prayer is a way to be paying.  
Maybe that's why all the priests  
Seem to spend all day in praying!

With this, my little song,  
I go through hills and through valleys,  
If ever it's sung in church,  
I swear I'll become a priest!  
If ever it's sung in church,  
I swear I'll become a priest!

Side 2, Band 4: Carlos Molina (Uruguay)

#### JUVENTUD WORDS AND MUSIC BY CARLOS MOLINA

Hay una juventud que es la que impulsa  
Hay una juventud que es la que avanza  
Hay una juventud que evoluciona  
Y hay otra juventud que retrograda.

Hay una juventud envejecida  
Bordeando los abismos de la infamia  
Con veinte años el cuerpo joven,  
Y más de un siglo que le encorva el alma.

La juventud al título del hombre  
Es esa juventud esclavizada  
Gran forja del deber en la gran hora  
Que América irredenta la reclama.

La juventud que es tal no se arrodilla  
La juventud no sabe estar postrada  
Y no hay fuerza más fuerte que la suya  
Que es tanto el ideal de una gran causa.

La juventud es vida y belleza,  
Es espíritu luz, sangre, esperanza,  
Que ha roto los fetiches milenarios  
Un gran mito de la creencia arcaica.

#### YOUTH

There is youth that gives inspiration,  
There is youth that is the avante garde,  
There is youth that only evolves,  
And some youth that wants to retreat.

There is youth that has become aged  
On the borders of abysmal infamy;  
Their bodies are twenty years young,  
But more than a century bends their souls.

There are youths who are worthy to be called men,  
Youth enslaved and in bondage,  
Being forged for their duty in this great hour  
That unredeemed America demands of them.

True youth never goes on its knees;  
It doesn't know how to prostrate itself.  
And no force is stronger than theirs,  
Propelled by the ideals of a great cause.

Youth is life, and is beauty  
It is spirit, light, blood, hope,  
That has broken the age-old fetish,  
The great myth of archaic beliefs.



Jóvenes son aquellos los que se van  
Con un arco de trinfo en la mirada  
Dándole espacio a sus mil horizontes  
Y un incendio de soles en el alma.

No son jóvenes, no, los que claudican  
No son jóvenes, no los que se arrastran  
Juventud es rebelarse contra todos  
Lo que imita la grandeza humana.

Dejemos los eunucos, los cobardes,  
Lo mismo que una barca abandonada,  
Hundida en sus escollos de ignominia,  
Sin puerto, sin destino, en la borrasca.

Y volemós no más, como los condores.  
Hacia el paisaje azul de la montaña  
Ebrios de luz, de vida, y de idealismo,  
Un paso más, y el triunfo nos aguarda!

Youth are those who always keep going  
With the light of triumph in their gaze,  
Giving room for their thousand horizons,  
And a burning of suns in their souls.

Those are not youths, no, those who waver,  
They are not youth who drag behind.  
Youth is in rebellion against everything,  
That mocks the grandeur of humanity.

Let us leave the eunuchs and the cowards,  
Who are like so many abandoned ships,  
Destroyed on the shoals of ignominy,  
Without a port, or destination in the storm.

And let us not fly, like condors,  
Only to the blue landscape of the mountains,  
Intoxicated with light, life and idealism.  
One step more, and our triumph awaits us!

Side 2, Band 5: Quintin Cabrera (Uruguay)

#### COPLAS DE REVOLUCION WORDS AND MUSIC BY QUINTIN CABRERA

Guitarra siempre ha canta'o  
Mis coplas y mis lamentos.  
Cantemos en estos momentos  
Al nuevo frente forma'o  
Por patriotas Bolivianos,  
Que en las selvas nos demuestran  
Que es justa la lucha nuestra  
Y Fidel no dijo en balde  
La cordillera de los Andes  
Será una Sierra Maestra.

Nuevamente, como ayer,  
Toda América se une  
Y nuestros puños reúnen  
Porque así debe de ser  
Pues ha comenza'o a arder  
La conciencia de los nuestros  
Del católico sincero  
Al comunista más viejo  
Desde el sur del Río Bravo  
Hasta la Tierra de Fuego.

Por eso quedo emociona'o  
Por cuanto ello significa  
Saludamos las guerrillas  
Que en Bolivia se han forma'o  
Y tiemblen, pues, los tiranos  
Pues crecen con su verdad  
Que esta gran humanidad,  
Compañeros, dice "¡Basta!"  
Y con la frente bien alta  
Ya se ha echado a caminar.

Hermanos, los apoyamos  
En forma incondicional,  
Pues luchan por la verdad  
Que aquí nosotros amamos.  
Aquí tienen en nuestros manos  
También nuestros corazones,  
Recordando en la ocasión  
Palabras de Fidel Castro,  
"Todo revolucionario  
Debe hacer revolución!"

#### VERSES OF REVOLUTION

Guitar, you have always sung  
My verses and my laments.  
We're singing in this moment  
To the newly formed front  
Of patriotic Bolivians  
Who show us there in the jungle  
How righteous is our struggle,  
And Fidel did not say in vain  
That the range of the Andes  
Will be one Sierra Maestra.

Once again, just like before,  
All America is one,  
And we put our fists together  
Because that's how it has to be,  
For already beginning to burn  
Is the consciousness of our people,  
From the most sincere of catholics  
To the oldest communists,  
From just south of the Rio Grande  
All the way to Tierra de Fuego!

By this I am left very moved,  
For it means so much for all.  
We salute the guerrilla fighters  
Come together in Bolivia,  
Saying "tremble, then, you tyrants,  
For the truth will quickly spread",  
That this great humanity,  
My comrades, has said "Enough!"  
And in all its dignified strength  
Has begun to move forward!

My brothers, we will support you,  
With unconditional ardor.  
We see the truth of your struggle,  
And here we are lovers of truth!  
So here you have our hands,  
And you also have our hearts,  
Remembering on this occasion  
The words of Fidel Castro:  
"Every revolutionary has his duty:  
To make the revolution!"

Side 2, Band 6: Oscar Matus (Argentina)

COPLERA DEL VIENTO  
WORDS AND MUSIC: OSCAR MATUS

Ando catándole al viento  
Y no sólo por cantar  
Del mismo modo que el viento  
No anda por andar no más,  
Yo soy sangre en movimiento  
Y en el paisaje que va, va, va!

Me gusta andar en el viento  
Y es porque me gusta andar  
Empujado por los sueños  
Y empujando a los demás.  
Yo sé que no empujo solo  
Y es que él me empuja a soñar.

(solo hablado)  
Tuve un amigo aquí cerca  
Corazón de palomar  
Le vieron viento en los ojos  
No lo dejaron pasar  
Ellos bien saben que al viento  
Nadie lo puede parar!

Si la piedra es viento seco  
Que olvidado es arenal  
Los muros son sólo viento  
Que el viento se llevara

Ando cantándole al viento  
Y no sólo por cantar...!

Side 2, Band 7: Ramon Ayala (Argentina)

EL MENSU  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY RAMON AYALA

Selva, noche, luna, pena en el yerbal,  
El silencio vibra en la soledad.  
Y el latir del monte quiebra la quietud  
Con el canto triste del pobre mensú:

Yerba, verde, yerba en tu inmensidad,  
Quisiera perderme para descansar.  
Y en tus hojas frescas encontrar la miel  
Que mitiga el surco del latigo cruel.  
Neike! Neike! El grito del capanga va resonando.  
Neike! Neike! Fantasma de la noche que no acabó.  
Noche mala, que camina hacia el alba del esperanza  
Día bueno, que forjarán los hombres de corazón!

Río, viejo río, que bajando vas,  
Quiero ir contigo en busca de hermandad.  
A esta gran tierra cada día más,  
Roja con la sangre del pobre mensú:

Neike! Neike! El grito del capanga va resonando.  
Neike! Neike! Fantasma de la noche que no acabó.  
Noche mala, que camina hacia el alba del esperanza  
Día bueno, que forjarán los hombres de corazón!  
Yerba, verde, yerba!

Side 2, Band 8: Pablo Milanés (Cuba)

Y HAY QUE ANDAR  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PABLO MILANÉS

Los años mozos pasaron  
Y ahora saber que hay que ser

SONG OF THE WIND

I walk, singing it to the wind,  
And not just to sing.  
Just as the wind  
Doesn't pass by just to be blowing.  
I am blood in motion,  
In the countryside that goes on and on.

I like to walk in the wind,  
And that's because it pleases me to walk  
Propelled by many dreams,  
And pushing the rest before me.  
I know I don't push forward alone,  
That the wind has inspired me to dream.

(spoken)  
I had a friend nearby here,  
His heart a refuge for doves.  
They saw the wind in his eyes,  
And they wouldn't let him pass.  
They know very well that no-one  
Is able to stop the wind!

If a stone is the wind gone dry,  
That, forgotten, has turned to sand,  
Then walls are only wind,  
And the wind can blow them away!

I walk, singing it to the wind,  
And not just to sing!

THE MATÉ HARVESTER

Jungle, night, moon, sorrow in the fields of grass,  
The silence reverberates in the solitude.  
The throbbing countryside breaks the stillness  
With the sad song of the poor maté cutter:

Grass, green grass, in your immensity,  
I want to lose myself so I can rest.  
And in your fresh leaves to find the honey  
That soothes the cut of your cruel whip!  
Neike! Neike! The cry of the overseer resounds.  
Neike! Neike! Phantom of a night that isn't finished.  
Evil night, going toward the dawn of our hopes.  
Good day, that will be forged by men who take heart!

River, old river, that is flowing down,  
I want to go with you to look for brotherhood  
In this great land every day grown redder  
With the blood of the poor maté-cutter:

Neike! Neike! The cry of the overseer resounds.  
Neike! Neike! Phantom of a night that isn't finished.  
Evil night, going toward the dawn of our hopes.  
Good day, that will be forged by men who take heart!  
Grass, green grass!

AND WE MUST GO ON

The youthful years have passed,  
And now we know that we must be,



Y hay que estar. Duro el camino Que queda y ahora Saber caminar Y hay que andar.	And we have to remain. The way is hard, That still remains, and now We must know how to walk, And we must go on.	Y ahora tengo mis poros abiertos Para lo que hay que hacer Y está hecho. O esperar mi muerte Abriéndome el puente Y diciéndome: Puedes pasar.	And now all my pores are open To what must be done, And it is done. Or else to wait for death To open the bridge for me, Telling me: You can go on.
Fuera los falsos valores, A mí sólo llega Quien sabe de hombre Calzar. Y hasta los tristes amores Que tantos dolores Me hicieron un tiempo Pasar.	Away with false values, The way I see it, Only he who is manly Can make it. And even the sad love-affairs That once gave me such pain, Have passed.	(repeat first verse)	(repeat first verse)

Side 2, Band 9: Noel Nicola (Cuba)      POR LA VIDA      FOR LIFE      WORDS AND MUSIC BY NOEL NICOLA

Lo absurdo y sin razón sería  
No saber qué hacer con nuestras alegrías  
Y apretarlas en la mano  
Y seguir andando con ellas  
Por la vida, por la vida.

It would be absurd and without reason  
Not to know what to do with our joys,  
To grip them in our hands,  
And to go on walking with them  
Through life, through life.

Lo torpe y criminal sería  
Dar la espalda a los que luchan cada día  
No tenderles nuestra mano  
Y seguir encerrados con ella  
Por la vida, por la vida.

It would be stupid and criminal  
To turn our backs on those who struggle every day,  
Not to give them a hand,  
But to go on shielded with it,  
Through life, through life.

Y solo te diré  
Sobre las cosas de esta hora  
Cómo es que piensa aquí la inmensa mayoría

And I'll only tell you  
How the great majority thinks here,  
About the question of these times:

Si somos igual que tú  
Y tú no puedes ser feliz,  
De qué nos valen todas nuestras alegrías,  
Alegrías, alegrías

If we are just like you,  
And you aren't able to be happy,  
What's the use of all our joys,  
Joys, joys?

Lo absurdo y criminal sería  
No ayudarte con más fuerza cada día.  
No ponerse de tu lado  
Ni luchar aquí, contigo,  
Por la vida, por la vida,  
Por la vida.

It would be absurd and criminal  
Not to help you with more force every day,  
Not to place ourselves at your side,  
Nor to struggle here, with you  
For life, for life,  
For life.

Side 2, Band 10: Noel Nicola (Cuba)      JOHNNY, NO SABE PORQUE      JOHNNY, YOU DON'T KNOW WHY  
BY NOEL NICOLA

Nacio en un barrio cerca del agua,  
Mojo sus pies allí una mañana,  
Se dijo: El mundo entero es mi casa,  
Miles de piedras a las ventanas,  
Besos bajo escaleras extrañas,  
Quizas un poco de marijuana,  
Y una manopla, y una navaja.

Born in a waterfront neighborhood,  
He wet his feet there one morning,  
And told himself: "The whole world is my home!"  
Thousands of rocks at the windows,  
Kisses under foreign stairways,  
Maybe a little marijuana,  
Some brass knuckles, and a pocket knife.

(Chorus)  
Johnny no sabe porque.  
Billy no sabe porque.  
Willy no sabe porque.

(chorus)  
Johnny, you don't know why  
Billy, you don't know why  
Willy, you don't know why.

Lo fue a buscar un viejo con barbas,  
De traje a rayas azul y blancas,  
Le dijo: "The army is calling you, Asia!"  
Penso que allí Superman y Batman  
Por el habrían de sacar la cara  
Y todo sería como un día de playa.

He went to look for an old man with whiskers,  
With blue and white striped suit,  
Who told him: "The army is calling you, Asia!"  
He was sure that Superman and Batman  
Would always save face for him,  
And everything would be like a day at the beach!

La selva ajena ahora es su casa,  
Y sintió sed allí una mañana,  
Se fue a acercar a un pozo de agua  
Y cayó en un hoyo lleno de estacas.

The alien jungle is now his home,  
And, feeling thirsty there one morning,  
He was going toward a well full of water,  
And fell into a pit full of bamboo picks.

Side 2, Band 11: Silvio Rodriguez (Cuba)

BAJO EL ARCO DEL SOL (La Lucha Armada)  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY SILVIO RODRIGUEZ

Hoy camino en el lado de otro odio  
donde ronda el mundo y yo cuando estoy,  
Y ví la realidad, bajo una tempestad.

Supe que por mi herida no sangraban  
otros golpes, y otras furias también,  
Y ví la realidad, arrodillada frente al mar.

Mira mi herida en la mano que pulsa con la muerte,  
Y oíme el fuego descubierto en la voz!  
Mira mi herida, de otras regiones,  
Como Indochina, bajo el arco del sol!

Hoy dividí mi llanto por colores,  
dimensiones, y distancias y fue  
Como el Mekong y yo, tan separados...  
Que estoy muriendo de vivir sentado  
en la distancia irreconstruible, quizás.

Quiero olvidar mi voz, colgar guitarras en el sol.

Quiero un disparo  
Y vestirme de humano en esta suerte,  
Y acompañarme con un hueso de flor.  
Quiero la vida, si no la muerte,  
Serenateando bajo el arco del sol.

Quiero una bala  
Y vestirme de humano en esta suerte,  
Y acompañarme con un hueso de flor.  
!Quiero la vida, si no la muerte,  
Serenateando bajo el arco del sol!

Side 2, Band 12: Silvio Rodriguez (Cuba)

LA ERA ESTA PARIENDO UN CORAZÓN  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY SILVIO RODRIGUEZ

Le he preguntado a mi sombra  
A ver cómo ando para reirme,  
Mientras que el llanto con voz de templo  
Rompe en la sala regando el tiempo.

Mi sombra dice que reirse  
Es ver su llanto cómo mi llanto,  
Y me he callado desesperado,  
Y escucho entonces: la tierra llora.

La era está pariendo un corazón.  
No puede más, se muere de dolor,  
Y hay que acudir corriendo  
Pues se cae el porvenir.

A cualquier selva del mundo,  
A cualquier calle  
Debo dejar la casa y el sillón.  
La madre vive hasta que muere el sol.  
Y hay que quemar el cielo  
Si es preciso por vivir.  
Por cualquier hombre del mundo,  
Por cualquier casa.

UNDER THE ARC OF THE SUN (ARMED STRUGGLE)

Today I walked by the side of another hatred,  
that surrounds the world and me, when I am,  
And I saw reality under a tempest.

I knew that those other blows, other furies,  
were not bleeding by my wounds,  
And I saw reality, on my knees before the sea.

Look at the wound in my hand, which pulses with death.  
Listen to the fire discovered in my voice.  
Look at my wounds in those other places,  
Like Indochina, under the arc of the sun.

Today I divided my weeping by colors,  
dimensions, and distances,  
And it was like the Mekong and me, so separated. . .  
That I am dying to live, settled here  
In this maybe unbridgeable distance!

I want to forget my voice, hang guitars in the sun!

I want to shoot,  
and to cover myself with that kind of humanism,  
And to take along with me a bone made from a flower.  
I want life, if not death,  
Serenading under the arc of the sun.

I want a bullet,  
and to cover myself with that kind of humanism,  
And to take along with me a bone made from a flower.  
I want life, if not death,  
Serenading under the arc of the sun!

THE TIME IS GIVING BIRTH TO A HEART

I asked my shadow  
To see how I have come to laugh at myself;  
Meanwhile, the weeping, with hallowed voice,  
Breaks into the room, irrigating the time.

My shadow says that to laugh  
Is to see his weeping like my weeping;  
And I have shut myself up, despairing.  
And listen then: the earth weeps.

The time is giving birth to a heart.  
It cannot go on, it is dying of pain,  
And we must run to the rescue,  
Because the future is falling.

To any jungle in the world,  
To any street.  
I have to leave my home and easy-chair.  
The mother lives until the dying of the sun,  
And we must burn the sky,  
If that is what's needed to live...  
For anyone in the world,  
For any home.