

PAREDON RECORDS P-1025 STEREO

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC:  
**¡LA HORA ESTA LLEGANDO!  
THE TIME IS COMING!**

performed by  
**Expresión Joven**  
(Voice of Youth)  
accompanied by Los Macetongos

all songs ©1974 Paredon Records  
on behalf of the composers



photo: Lawrence Simon

## THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: A PEOPLE IN STRUGGLE IN THE CARIBBEAN

In 1492 an island was discovered in the Caribbean Sea by Spaniards, who called it Hispaniola. Centuries later, the founders of the nation renamed it the Dominican Republic. Located between Cuba and Puerto Rico and sharing its land area with the Republic of Haiti, the Dominican Republic has the same long history of misery and repression as all of Latin America, with its own long history of struggles, heroes and martyrs.

This history has been marked from its beginning by the plundering of its riches by powerful foreigners: the Spanish, French and English during the colonial period and the First Republic, and North Americans in our own time. This looting has left deep scars on our consciousness as well. Another legacy is our racial make-up, for we are a nation of mulattos, a product of the mixing of races, in which the Spanish and African cultures intertwine, with the African part predominating.

In this history also are two North American invasions in less than 50 years. One, in 1916, left us with the sad inheritance of the "Tyranny of Trujillo"—32 years of crimes, tortures, persecutions and obscurantism. During this tragic period of looting and barbarity, U.S. interests established the basis for the development of capitalism in our country. The second, in 1965, transformed the internal movement for return to the constitutionality of 1963 (the government of Juan Bosch which was toppled by the reactionary wing of the military in that year) into a patriotic anti-imperialist war because of the presence of 42,000 U.S. Marines who bloodied our land.

The struggle of our people for their liberty and independence as a nation has left a long list of martyrs. It has been crowned with the presence of great men who have written this history with their own blood. Duarte, our apostle, forged the construction of the nation in 1844; Luperon, precursor of the anti-imperialist struggle, was the driving force in the war of restoration of independence from Spain in 1863; Manolo Tavares Justo was the backbone of the anti-Trujillo resistance movement, head of the 14th of June Revolutionary Movement (the largest mass organization in our history), and martyr of the guerrilla movement of Manaclas in 1963 which revolted against the military coup which overthrew Juan Bosch; Francisco Alberto Caamano, leader of the constitutionalist revolution of 1965, became Comandante Roman in the guerrilla landing of Playa Caracoles in 1973, a living example of devotion and dedication to the cause of the people and a symbol of the great hopes of an oppressed country.

The Dominican Republic is an agricultural country where large-scale farming is not yet developed. There are large expanses of uncultivated land now in the hands of native landowners or foreign companies. The mineral wealth is controlled by multinational corporations like Gulf and Western,

## REPÚBLICA DOMINICANA: Un pueblo en lucha en el Caribe

En 1492, se descubrió una isla en el Mar Caribe. Hispaniola la llamaron los españoles. República Dominicana la nombraron siglos más tarde los fundadores de la nación. Ubicada en el Mar Caribe entre Cuba y Puerto Rico, compartiendo su territorio con Haití, República Dominicana es un país como todos los de América Latina. Con una larga historia de miseria y opresión, con una larga historia de luchas y luchadores. Esta historia desde sus inicios está marcada por la bota saqueadora de las potencias extranjeras. Españoles, franceses e ingleses durante la colonia y la primera república. Los norteamericanos en nuestra época.

Estas potencias nos han saqueado y han dejado nuestro territorio y nuestras conciencias profundamente marcados.

Nos han legado también una nación de mulatos—producto de la mezcla de razas—en la que entrelazan las culturas española y africana, predominando esta última.

Esa historia incluye dos invasiones norteamericanas en menos de 50 años. Una, en 1916, que nos dejó de triste herencia la "Tirania de Trujillo," 32 años de crímenes, torturas, persecuciones y oscurantismo. Durante este período, de triste recordación para los dominicanos, mediante el despojo y la barbarie, se sientan las bases para el desarrollo del capitalismo en nuestro país. La segunda en 1965, transformó el movimiento interno de vuelta a la constitucionalidad de 1963 (al Gobierno de Juan Bosch derrocado en ese año) por el ala reaccionaria de los militares en guerra patria antiimperialista ante la presencia de 42,000 marines yanquis que ensangrentaron nuestra tierra.

Las luchas de este pueblo por su libertad e independencia como nación, han dejado una larga lista de mártires. Pero también han coronado nuestra historia con la presencia de grandes hombres que han escrito con su propia sangre gran parte de nuestra lucha. Duarte, apóstol inmaculado, forjador de la construcción de la nación en 1844. Luperón, precursor de la lucha antiimperialista, impulsor de la guerra restauradora de la independencia en 1863. Manolo Tavares Justo, vertebrador del movimiento de resistencia antitrujillista, jefe del Movimiento Revolucionario 14 de Junio—la mayor organización de masas de nuestra historia—y mártir del movimiento guerrillero de Manaclas en 1963 que se sublevó contra el golpe militar que derrocó a Bosch. Francisco Alberto Caamano Dirigente de la revolución constitucionalista de 1965 convertido en Comandante Román en el desembarco guerrillero de Playa Caracoles en 1973, vivo ejemplo de entrega y dedicación a la causa del pueblo y resumen de grandes esperanzas para la patria oprimida.

República Dominicana es un país agrícola donde no se desarrolla la agroindustria; donde hay grandes extensiones de terrenos baldíos en manos de terratenientes criollos o empresas extranjeras; en



photo: Howie Epstein-Liberation News Service

Alcoa, Falconbridge, etc. Gulf and Western is gobbling up the entire national economy through diverse activities such as the sugar industry, the cement industry, the tourist industry, beach-front properties, and so on.

In our country, most peasants have no land and the workers receive miserable wages for their labor power. Large numbers of children annually are unable to go to school. Unemployment finds more and more men and women daily in the long lines of desperation. Meanwhile, the dependent bourgeoisie complacently hands over more and more of the riches belonging to our people to foreign bosses every day. In our country, liberty languishes, the prisons are jammed with those who dare to fight back, and the streets are reddened with the blood of those who cannot conform to this state of affairs. But this people of ours, with a great capacity for resistance and struggle, historically so brutalized, never loses hope, never gives up the struggle for a better world, a new society. In this struggle all sectors of the people are being integrated, from the simple man of the countryside who is claiming his land to the artists and intellectuals (workers in art), from the working class which is the basic force of revolutionary transformation, to the students.

Groups of artists among our people, conscious of the time in which they are living, are beginning to assume with greater responsibility their role as the workers of art, and to place themselves on the side of the people with their voices, their guitars, their poems and songs. Expresion Joven is a part of this nucleus of artists of conscience, born and developed in the heat of this struggle. From the trenches of art, Expresion Joven sings the songs of hope and struggle of the exploited, advancing with them on the path toward freedom, believing with all Dominicans that "the time is coming," and working toward making that cry a reality.

el que las riquezas mineras se entregan a las compañias multinacionales como la Gulf & Western, la Alcoa, La Falconbridge; pais en el que la Gulf & Western esta engullendo toda la economia nacional a traves de multiples actividades: el azucar, la industria del cemento, el turismo, las playas. . . .

En nuestro pais, los campesinos no tienen tierras, los obreros perciben sueldos de miseria por la venta de su fuerza de trabajo, gran cantidad de ninos quedan anualmente sin escuelas, el desempleo hace engrosar cada dia mas hombres y mujeres a las filas de la desesperacion. Mientras tanto, la burguesia dependiente entrega complaciente las riquezas del pueblo a los amos extranjeros. En este pueblo nuestro, las libertades languidecen, las carceles estan abarrotadas de luchadores, las calles enrojecen con la sangre de los inconformes con este estado de cosas. Pero este pueblo nuestro, de gran resistencia y capacidad de lucha, tan golpeado por la historia, no pierde las esperanzas y lucha por la construcion de un mundo mejor, de una nueva sociedad. En esa lucha se integran todos los sectores de la poblacion, desde el sencillo hombre del campo—reclamando sus tierras—, hasta los artistas e intelectuales—obreros del arte—pasando por los obreros—fuerza basica de la transformacion revolucionaria—y los estudiantes.

Grupos de artistas en nuestro pueblo, conscientes de la hora que se esta viviendo, estan asumiendo cada vez con mas responsabilidad su papel de obreros del arte y poniendo del lado del pueblo sus voces, guitarras, poesias y canciones. . . .

Expresion Joven como parte de ese nucleo de artistas conscientes nace y se desarrolla en el fragor de esa lucha. Expresion Joven, desde la trinchera del arte, canto en sus composiciones las luchas y esperanzas de los explotados y avanza junto a ellos por la senda libertaria, consciente de la necesidad de hacer realidad ese grito convertido en cancion que dice come todos los dominicanos de que "esta llegando la hora."

## HOW DID EXPRESION JOVEN START?

After months of discussion and long reflection, this group of young singers abandoned the comforts of commercial prestige and entered on the difficult road of people's artists. They began to travel the country singing, at exactly the most difficult moment, February of 1973, when nine other young men landed in a motorboat at Playa Caracoles with the future in their faces and their hands flowering with guns.

A guerrilla foco was begun in the mountains, founded by Col. Alberto Caamano Deno, hero of the April 1965 revolution. The country was in a difficult situation, with the political parties on the receiving end of strong repression by the Balaguer government. Much confusion was shown when it was publicly declared that Col. Caamano had been felled by bullets of the Dominican Armed Forces trained by a North American military mission.

Expresion Joven arrived just then, with its message of optimism, in the towns, barrios, schools, cultural clubs and universities. Talking with the people through their songs and poems, signifying that the revolution had not died, opening a door of hope, filling their songs with confidence in tomorrow, calling on the people to take the leading role in their history, repeating for each receptive ear that liberation is drawing nearer, that "THE TIME IS COMING."



## HOW DOES THE GROUP WORK?

Expresion Joven (Voice of Youth) has travelled all across the Dominican Republic during the last year and a half under the sponsorship of provincial and national student groups, cultural clubs and workers' organizations, to carry their message. In June of 1973, the group joined the solidarity campaign to free all political prisoners, a movement with tremendous support from all sections of the population. Last December, they recorded the song "Open the Prison Doors, Senor Governor," which quickly became the anthem of the movement.

In mid-1974 the group toured Canada, Puerto Rico and New York (where more than 300,000 Dominicans live who were forced to emigrate due to the present economic and political situation) under the sponsorship of the Permanent Committee for the Liberation of Political Prisoners and Return of Exiles, and in co-ordination with the New York Committee for Human Rights in the Dominican Republic. Expresion Joven, together with the Workers General Center (CGT), is organizing an international Festival of New Song, which will take place in Santo Domingo in November of 1974.

## COMO COMIENZA EXPRESION JOVEN?

Luego de meses de discusion y largas reflexiones, este grupo de jovenes cantantes abandonaba la comodidad del prestigio comercial y empezaba a trillar este dificil camino. Comenzaron a caminar el pais precisamente en el momento mas dificil. Mes: Febrero. Ano: 1973. A bordo de un moto-velero. Nueve hombres, Playa Caracoles. Sus frentes pobladas de futuro y las manos florecidas de fusiles redentores.

En las montanas del pais se habia declarado un foco guerrillero comandado por el coronel Francisco Alberto Caamano Deno, heroe de la revolucion de Abril 1965. El pais se encontraba en una situacion dificil. Los partidos politicos estaban recibiendo una fuerte represion del gobierno del presidente Balaguer. La situacion se tornaba confusa . . . al poco tiempo se declaraba publicamente que el coronel Caamano caia abatido por las balas de las fuerzas armadas entrenadas por la mision militar norteamericana . . .

Por campos y ciudades, barrios, escuelas, clubes culturales, sindicatos, universidades, el grupo Expresion Joven llegaba con un mensaje de optimismo. Hablando con el pueblo a traves de canciones y poemas. Señalando que la revolucion no habia muerto. Habriendo para el pueblo una brecha de esperanza . . . poblando sus canciones de confianza en el manana . . . llamando al pueblo a protagonizar su historia . . . repitiendo antes cada oido atento que la liberacion se acerca . . . que ESTA LLEGANDO LA HORA!

## COMO FUNCIONA EL GRUPO?

Expresion Joven, cuatro voces y un solo ideal, ha recorrido en su año y medio de vida, todo el país llevando su mensaje a todos los rincones de la patria. Sus presentaciones son promovidas a través de organizaciones de base populares tales como clubes culturales, asociaciones de estudiantes provinciales y nacionales y sindicatos obreros. A partir de Junio de 1973, se unió a la compaña de solidaridad con los presos políticos. Compaña a nivel nacional e internacional que contó con el apoyo de todos los sectores de la población. Expresion Joven hizo de este sentido reclamo su bandera. En Diciembre de ese mismo año grabó "Abra las rejas señor gobierno," su primer sencillo, canción que se convirtió en el himno de esa jornada.

Recientemente el grupo realizó una gira por Canadá, Puerto Rico y Nueva York donde viven más de 300,000 dominicanos quienes en su mayoría se han visto forzados a emigrar por la situación económica y política que vive el país. La gira fue organizada en colaboración con el Comité Permanente por la Libertad de los Presos Políticos y el regreso de los exiliados en coordinación con el Comité Pro Defensa de los Derechos Humanos en la República Dominicana con asiento en Nueva York. Expresion Joven actualmente organiza junto a la Central General de Trabajadores (CGT) un festival Internacional de Nueva Canción con sede en Santo Domingo.



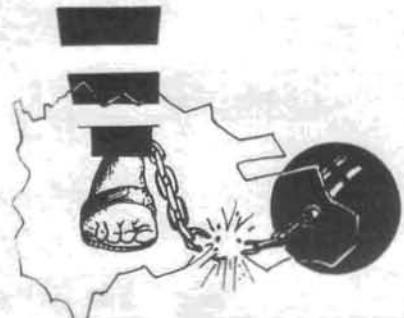
## WHO ARE THE MEMBERS OF THE GROUP?

**RAMON LEONARDO** is a composer and arranger, and plays guitar on this record. He was born in Santiago de los Caballeros, and began to compose on social themes in the 70's, travelling through the towns of Cibao, the northern region of the country, with his message. In February of 1973, he joined the group with the idea of unifying forces to consolidate the new song movement in his country. On behalf of the group, he has composed and arranged his own material as well as doing the music for his comrade, Chico Gonzalez. He has also made musical settings for the poetry of several Dominican poets including Mateo Morrison, Manuel del Cabral and Pedro Mir. Ramon is also a student of economics.

**MANUEL DE JESUS** began to sing socially significant songs with his performance of "Sagrario," a song which had its roots in the assassination of Sagrario Diaz, a student killed during the police siege of the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo on April 4, 1972. At the end of that year, he joined Expresion Joven in order to help spread the New Song throughout the Dominican Republic. He was born 19 years ago in San Juan de la Maguana, in the southern part of the country. At the present time he is also a senior in High School.

**PURO EDUARDO LOPEZ** is 19 years old, and was born in Moca, in the northern part of the country. Joining the group was the beginning of his involvement with the New Song movement and he feels that his artistic work has gained meaning and consistency through this participation. At present he is a student of dentistry in a private university.

**FRANCISCO "CHICO" GONZALEZ** has been an orator and a precocious writer since childhood and part of Expresion Joven since it originated. In the group he functions as a composer and as the narrator. He was a seventh term law student when he abandoned his studies in order to dedicate himself to people's art, which he sees as a more effective means of struggle. Before he joined the group, Chico was prominent in the student movement. He was born in Villa Gonzales—Santiago—in 1949.



## QUIEN ES EN EL GRUPO?

**MANUEL DE JESUS:** Se inicia en la cancion social con "Sagrario," cancion compuesta a raiz de asesinato de la estudiante Sagrario Diaz durante el cerco policial a la Universidad Autonoma de Santo Domingo el 4 de Abril de 1972. Mas tarde, a finales de ese mismo año, se une a Expresion Joven y desde entonces trabaja junto al grupo en la proyeccion de la Nueva Cancion en Republica Dominicana. Manuel de Jesus nacio en San Juan de la Maguana—en el sur del pais—hace 19 años. Actualmente es estudiante de termino de la Escuela Secundaria.

**PURO EDUARDO LOPEZ:** Su trabajo de interprete de Nueva Cancion comienza con Expresion Joven. Su incorporacion al grupo, segun sus propias palabras, "le da sentido y consistencia a su trabajo artistico." Puro cuenta con 19 años y nacio en Moca, ciudad del norte del pais. Es estudiante de Odontologia en una universidad privada.

**RAMON LEONARDO:** Compositor y arreglista nacido en Santiago de los Caballeros. Ramon se inicia como cantante y compositor de temas sociales por los anos 70. Recorre los pueblos de Cibao—region norte del pais—llevando su arte y su mensaje. En Febrero de 1973 se une a Expresion Joven con la idea de unificar fuerzas y sentar bases solidas para la consolidacion del movimiento de Nueva Cancion en el pais. Dentro del grupo compone y musicaliza tanto sus propias composiciones como las de su companero Chico Gonzalez. Asi mismo musicaliza poemas de autores dominicanos tales como Mateo Morrison, Manuel del Cabral y Pedro Mir. Ramon Leonardo comparte su trabajo en el grupo con sus estudios de Economia.

**CHICO GONZALES:** Declamador desde su infancia y escritor precoz Chico forma parte de Expresion Joven desde sus inicios. Dentro del grupo desempena las funciones de declamador y compositor. Fue estudiante hasta septimo semestre de Derecho, de donde deserto para dedicarse al trabajo del arte popular, considerandolo un medio mas eficaz para las luchas reivindicativas. Antes se habia destacado en el movimiento estudiantil. Nacio en Villa Gonzalez—Santiago—en 1949.



photo: Victor Camilo

*Members of Expresión Joven performing in a New York barrio during recent visit. [l to r: Manuel de Jesus, Ramon Leonardo, Puro Eduardo Lopez]*

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Sanchez Cordova, Mario Emilio: "El Movimiento obrero dominicano: su larga y difícil marcha" **AHORA!** (Santo Domingo, #495, 7 Mayo 1973)

Sanchez Lustrino, Gilberto: **Trujillo: El constructor de una nacionalidad** (La Habana, Cultural, S.A., 1938)

## RECOMMENDED SOURCES OF INFORMATION:

**Latin American Working Group [LAWG]**  
Box 6300, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

**North American Congress on Latin America [NACLA]**

Box 57, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025  
This responsible research group has several publications dealing with the Dominican Republic and documenting United States involvement in the dictatorships. In early 1975 they will publish a full-length pamphlet on the Dominican Republic to commemorate the 10th Anniversary of the U.S. military invasion. Write them for details.

**ORGANIZING PACKET—Dominican Republic: Oppression and Struggle**, prepared by the Quisqueya taskforce. This packet can be obtained from EPICA, 1500 Farragut St., NW, Wash., D.C., 20011, USA. Each packet \$2.00.

**COMITE PRO DEFENSA DERECHOS HUMANOS EN LA REPUBLICA DOMINICANA**

(Committee for the Defense of Human Rights in the Dominican Republic) Box 516, Washington Heights Station, New York, N.Y. 10033. Telephone: (212) 874-9630. The New York-based committee organizing support for civil rights struggles in the D.R. They also publish a newsletter, and they welcome your interest.



photo: NACLA

*U.S. Marine bends over worker murdered during 1965 uprising in Santo Domingo.*

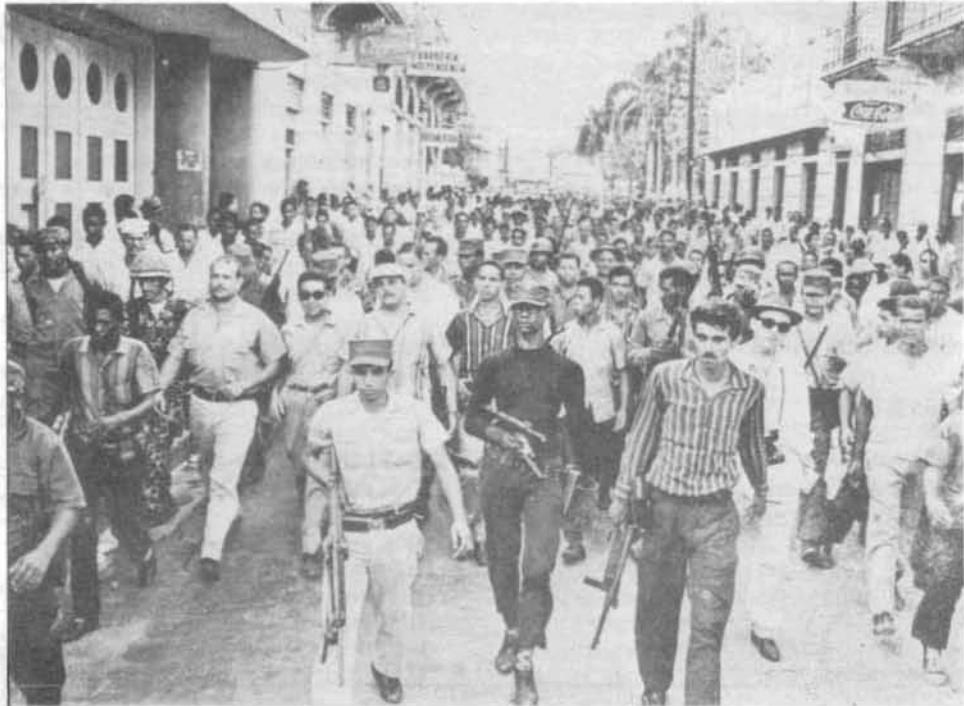


photo: NACLA

*Revolutionary forces in Santo Domingo streets during 1965 uprising, led by Francisco Alberto Caamano [balding man in light clothing, far left].*

**Side 1, Band 1: (3:20)**

**ABRA LAS REJAS, SEÑOR GOBIERNO**

Letra: Chico Gonzalez

Musica: Ramon Leonardo

Miro hacia todas partes  
 y a uno y otro lado . . . carceles  
 pasos perdidos recorriendo un pasillo  
 que conduce a la soledad de una celda  
 Rejas que se abren, se cierran  
 y con ellas hombres sepultados en vida  
 Todavia se pretende encarcelar  
 a las ideas.

Senor gobierno  
 a las ideas, nunca pretenda  
 meterlas presas.  
 En esos muros,  
 tras esas rejas, ya no estan ellas

Y es que no es cierto  
 senor gobierno  
 que alguna idea, puede estar presa

Porque la idea, puede ser canto  
 sonrisa o verso, mas o materia  
 Esas ideas  
 son solo espejo  
 son el manana, con su reflejo  
 Abra las rejas  
 Senor gobierno  
 para que salgan  
 Senor gobierno  
 los que estan presos  
 Senor gobierno  
 por lo que piensan  
 Senor gobierno  
 pues sus ideas, senor gobierno  
 nunca estuvieron, tras de las rejas

Y es que no cierto senor gobierno  
 que alguna idea, puede estar presa.

Abra las rejas  
 Senor gobierno, abra las rejas!

**Side 1, Band 2: (4:05)**

**CASAS DE CARTON**

Musica y letra: Ali Primera

Que triste  
 se oye la lluvia  
 en las casas de carton  
 Que triste!  
 vive mi gente  
 en las casas de carton

Viene bajando el obrero  
 casi arrastrando sus pasos  
 por el peso del sufrir  
 Mira que mucho ha sufrido

**OPEN THE JAIL HOUSE DOORS MR. PRESIDENT**

Translation: Laura Engler Perez

I look in all directions,  
 and to one side and the other—jails,  
 lost steps, travelling a passageway  
 that leads to the solitude of a cell.  
 Jail doors that open and close.  
 And, with them, men buried in life.  
 Still they pretend to imprison  
 ideas.

Mr. President  
 never pretend that ideas  
 can be imprisoned.  
 Inside these walls,  
 behind those bars, they are no longer there.

And it's not true  
 Mr. President  
 that an idea can be imprisoned.

Because an idea can be a song  
 a smile or a poem, but not an object.  
 Those ideas  
 are only a mirror.  
 They are the morning with its reflection.  
 Open the jails  
 Mr. President  
 so they can leave

Mr. President  
 those who were imprisoned  
 Mr. President  
 for what they think  
 Mr. President  
 since their ideas, Mr. President  
 have never been behind the bars

And it's not true  
 Mr. President  
 that an idea can be imprisoned.

Open the jail doors  
 Mr. President, open the jails.

**CARDBOARD HOUSES**

Translation: Laura Engler Perez

How sadly  
 falls the rain  
 on the houses of cardboard.  
 How sadly  
 live my people  
 in the houses of cardboard.

The worker comes down to the city  
 almost dragging his feet  
 from the weight of his suffering.  
 Look how much he has suffered.

mira que pesa el sufrir  
Arriba deja la mujer prenada  
Abajo esta la ciudad  
y se pierde en su marana  
hoy es lo mismo que ayer  
es su mundo sin manana.

Que triste  
se oye la lluvia  
en las casas de carton

Ninos color de mi tierra  
con sus mismas cicatrices  
millonarios de lombrices  
y por eso . . .  
Que triste viven los ninos  
en las casas de carton

Que alegre  
viven los perros  
en casa del explotador  
Ud. no va a creer  
pero hay escuelas de perros  
y les dan educacion  
pa' que no muerdan los diarios  
pero el patron  
hace anos, muchos anos  
que esta mordiendo al obrero

Que triste  
se oye la lluvia  
en las casas de carton  
Que lejos pasa la esperanza  
en las casas de carton

#### Side 1, Band 3: (2:25)

#### AMOR EN LA GUERRA

Letra: Chico Gonzalez  
Musica: Ramon Leonardo

En tiempos de guerra recuerda  
cayo la esperanza en la sierra  
Recuerda  
savor a caracoles en la noche  
recuerda morena  
te ame esa noche en tiempos de guerra

Florecieron tus pechos  
macizos, sedientos, ansiosos  
escale tus laderas  
viole tus fronteras  
gimieron los huesos  
esa noche de guerra

En tiempos de guerra recuerda  
cayo la esperanza en la sierra (2x)

Tu carne, perfumo mi carne  
un beso, la entrega . . .  
Quisimos ser mas  
olvidar la pena . . .  
sembrarnos en el camino de la  
larga espera  
espera, espera, espera . . .

Look at the weight of his suffering.  
Above,  
he leaves his pregnant wife.  
Below, is the city.  
he loses himself in the jungle.  
Today is the same as yesterday.  
It's his world without tomorrow.

How sadly  
falls the rain  
on the houses of cardboard.

Children the color of my earth  
whose riches consist  
of scars and worms  
and for this. . .  
How sadly, live the children  
in the houses of cardboard.

How gayly  
live the dogs  
in the house of the exploiter.  
You're not going to believe this  
but there are schools for dogs  
and they give them an education  
so that they don't chew the daily paper.  
But the boss  
has for years—for so many years—  
been chewing the worker.

How sadly  
falls the rain  
on the houses of cardboard  
How distant is hope  
in the houses of cardboard.

#### LOVE IN THE STRUGGLE

Translation: Laura Engler Perez

In times of struggle, remember  
when hope fell in the sierra  
Remember  
the flavor of snails in the night.  
Remember, black woman,  
I loved you that night in times of struggle.

Your breasts flowered  
firm, longing, eager.  
I scaled the slopes,  
violated the frontiers,  
and the bones wailed  
on that night of struggle.

In times of struggle remember  
when hope fell in the sierra (2x)

Your body perfumed my body,  
A kiss, the surrender. . .  
We wanted more,  
to forget the pain. . .  
We planted the seed on the long road  
of hope  
hope, hope, hope. . .

Florecer en armas  
En hombres, un pueblo  
responder la duda  
disipar el miedo  
Doblegar la fuerza, mas todo fue vano  
la espera aun espera, muchacha morena  
Tu amor y la guerra  
la espera aun espera  
muchacha morena  
tu amor y la guerra

To flower in arms  
In mankind one people  
responding to the doubt  
dispersing the fear.  
yielding to the force, but all was in vain.  
The hope—black woman,  
your love and the struggle,  
black woman,  
your love and the struggle.

**Side 1, Band 4: (5:03)**

**A DESALAMBRAR!**

Musica y letra: Daniel Viglietti  
(Poema del dominicano Mateo Morrison,  
incorporado a la cancion por el grupo Expresion  
Joven.)

A desalambrar (3x)

Yo pregunto a los presentes  
si no se han puesto a pensar  
que esta tierra es de nosotros  
y no del que tenga mas

Yo pregunto si en la tierra  
nunca habra pensado Ud.  
que si las manos son nuestras  
es nuestro lo que nos den

(Coro:)  
A desalambrar, a desalambrar.  
que la tierra es nuestra, es tuya y de aquel,  
de Pedro, Maria, de Juan y Jose (2x)

A desalambrar (2x)

(Abrir de parpados y puede  
se otra nuestra historia.  
Minutos y comenzariamos a  
organizarnos, porque alguien gritara  
y oiremos su voz extendida en este  
armazaron de miedo  
alguien mas harapiento que nosotros  
se rebelara con azadas y machetes  
y diremos que su silencio fue  
tormenta adormecida por el tiempo  
Alguien se rebelara  
destruyendo alambradas divisorias  
y reclamando amor para su siembra)

A desalambrar (2x)

Si molesto con mi canto  
si hay alguien que no quiere oir  
te aseguro que es un gringo  
o un dueno de mi pais.

**TEAR DOWN THE FENCES**

Translation: Barbara Dane and Laura Engler Perez

Tear down the fences (3x)

I ask you people,  
did you ever stop to think  
that this land is ours,  
and not his who "owns" so much of it?

I ask if on the land  
you have never thought  
that if the hands that work are ours,  
what they produce is ours too?

(Chorus)  
Tear down the fences! Tear them down!  
The land is ours.  
It belongs to you and them,  
to Pedro, Maria, Juan y Jose (2x)

Tear down the fences! (2x)

Open your eyes,  
and our history can be a different one.  
And immediately we would organize.  
Someone will shout, and  
we will hear his voice,  
spread through this skeleton of fear.  
Someone more ragged than ourselves  
will rise up with hoe and machete,  
and we will say that his silence  
was sleeping, tormented by time.  
Someone will rebel,  
destroying divisive fences,  
and demanding love for his children.

Tear down the fences! (2x)

If my song bothers someone,  
If there's someone who doesn't want to hear,  
I assure you he's a gringo,  
or a big landowner of my country.

(Coro:)

A desalambrar  
a desalambrar las tierras de la G&W  
A desalambrar las tierras de todos los terratenientes  
A desalambrar las tierras de Alcoa y Falconbridge  
A desalambrar las tierras en aparcería  
A desalambrar las rejas de las prisiones.

**Side 1, Band 5: (4:09)**

### ESTA LLEGANDO LA HORA

Musica y letra: Ramon Leonardo

Esta llegando, la hora.  
Esta llegando, la hora.

Esta llegando, obreros, la hora  
De ver tus manos dueños del hierro  
De ver la industria nacer en ti  
Obreros, esta llegando la hora.  
Si, obreros  
de empezar a luchar  
Si, obreros,  
esta llegando la hora.

Esta llegando, la hora. (2x)

Esta llegando, estudiantes, la hora  
de abrir los libros, para aprender  
nuestra patria, defender  
Estudiantes, esta llegando la hora  
Si, estudiantes  
de empezar a luchar  
si, estudiantes  
esta llegando la hora.

Esta llegando, la hora (2x)

Esta llegando, campesino, la hora  
Quitar alambres, tomar la tierra  
abrir un surco y cosechar  
Campesinos, esta llegando la hora  
Si, campesino  
de empezar a luchar  
si, campesinos  
Esta llegando la hora . . .

Esta llegando, la hora. (2x)

Esta llegando, mi pueblo, la hora  
Que el extranjero, busque la tierra  
que lleve el nombre de su país

Mi pueblo, esta llegando la hora  
si, mi pueblo  
la tierra p'a campesino  
si, mi pueblo  
la industria para el obrero  
si, mi pueblo  
esta llegando la hora  
si, mi pueblo  
de empezar a luchar  
si, mi pueblo  
esta llegando la hora

(Chorus)

Tear down the fences (repeated)  
—the lands of Gulf and Western.  
—the lands of all the big landowners.  
—the lands of Alcoa and Falconbridge.  
—the lands worked by the sharecroppers.  
—the bars of the prisons.

### THE TIME IS COMING

Translation: Laura Engler Perez

The time is coming (2x)

Workers, the time is coming  
To see your hands the owners of your tools  
To see industry begin with you.  
Workers, the time is coming!  
Yes, workers,  
to begin the struggle,  
Yes, workers,  
the time is coming!

The time is coming! (2x)

Students, the time is coming!  
Open your books that you may learn  
To defend our homeland.  
Students, the time is coming.  
Yes, students,  
to begin the struggle,  
Yes, students, the time is coming.

The time is coming! (2x)

Peasants, the time is coming!  
Tear down the fences, take the land.  
Open a furrow and reap the earth.  
Peasants, the time is coming,  
Yes, peasants,  
to begin the struggle.  
Yes, peasants,  
the time is coming.

The time is coming! (2x)

My people, the time is coming  
When the foreigner seeks the land  
which bears the name of his country.

My people, the time is coming!  
Yes, my people,  
the land for the peasant!  
Yes, my people,  
the industry for the worker!  
Yes, my people, the time is coming!  
Yes, my people,  
to begin the struggle!  
Yes, my people,  
the time is coming!

**Side 2, Band 1: (4:30)**

**NO AMIGO, NO VAYAS AUN AL SOL**  
Musica y letra: Ramon Leonardo

No amigo, no vayas aun al sol

Deja las estrellas venir a ti  
y sembremos luz en la tierra,  
nocturna, gris

No puede la vida . . .  
Arrancar la flor que apenas  
salio del boton.  
Para sembrarla en el corazon  
de la muerte.  
No, no, no.

No puede la vida  
No tiene derecho  
Que te mate el fusil de los facistas  
Te punchen las flechas mortales  
Pudrirtre en la carcel aun mereces  
pero morir asi, tan sencillamente  
No, no, no.

No naciste para morir en la cama  
No naciste para morir en pijamas  
Tu voz trono en los oidos yanquis  
amigo no te vayas,  
no vayas aun al sol

No puedes irte asi  
Tan sencillamente  
Sin rasgar con tus suenos  
las entrañas del dolor  
Amigo no te vayas  
No vayas aun al sol  
Amigo no, no te vayas

**NO FRIEND! YOU WEREN'T BORN TO DIE IN BED**  
Translation: Laura Engler Perez

No my friend, don't go yet to the sun. (2x)

Let the stars come to you,  
and we will spread the light on the earth,  
so dark and grey.

Life cannot . . .  
Uproot the flower that has scarcely  
left the bud  
in order to spread it in the  
heart of death. . .  
No, no, no.

Life cannot . . .  
It is not right.  
That you can be killed by the gun of the fascists,  
that you can be pierced by fatal arrows,  
that you can rot in jail, you can even deserve it;  
but to die like this, so simply,  
No, no, no.

You weren't born to die in your bed  
You weren't born to die in pajamas  
Your voice has thundered in the ears of the yanquis  
No friend—don't go.  
Don't go yet to the sun.

You cannot go like this,  
so simply,  
Without tearing your dreams  
from the entrails of pain,  
No friend don't go  
don't go yet to the sun,  
No friend, don't go.

**Side 2, Band 2: (2:54)**

**POBRE DEL CANTOR**  
Musica y letra: Pablo Milanes

Pobre del cantor  
de nuestros dias  
que no arriase sus cuerdas  
por no arriesgar su vida

Pobre del cantor  
que nunca sepa  
que fuimos la semilla y hoy  
somos esta vida

**PITY THE SINGER**  
Translation: Laura Engler Perez

Pity the singer  
of our times  
who never risks his strings  
by never risking his life

Pity the singer  
who never knows  
that we were the seed, and today  
we are the living.

Pobre del cantor  
que un dia la historia  
lo borre sin la gloria  
de haber tocado espinas  
Pobre del cantor  
que fue marcado  
para sufrir un poco  
y hoy esta derrotado

Pobre del cantor  
que sus informes  
le borren hasta el nombre  
con copias asesinas

Pobre del cantor  
que no se alce  
y siga hacia adelante  
con mas canto y mas vida

Pobre del cantor  
que no halle el modo  
de tener muy seguro su proceder  
con todos

Pobre del cantor  
que no se imponga  
con su cancion de gloria  
con embarres y lodo

Pobre del cantor  
de nuestros dias  
que no arriesgue sus cuerdas  
por no arriesgar su vida

### Side 2, Band 3: (4:13)

#### COMPADRE MON

Letra: Manuel del Cabral

Musica: Ramon Leonardo

La tierra por aqui  
cuando madruga  
Siempre despierta con las  
amapolas  
que nacen de repente en las pistolas

Aqui donde las balas se redimen  
donde un dedo de Mon es una historia  
en esta tierra es caballero el crimen  
Compadre Mon, compadre Mon (2x)

En esta pequenita geografia  
en donde siempre la palabra macho  
es una catedral desde muchacho  
Aqui, donde la voz  
esta en el cinto  
entre la dentadura de las balas  
y del instinto.  
Compadre Mon, compadre Mon (2x)

La tierra por aqui  
cuando. . .  
Compadre Mon, compadre Mon (2x)

Pity the singer  
who one day history  
erases, without the glory  
of having touched the thorns.  
Pity the singer  
who was marked  
to suffer  
and today is defeated.

Pity the singer  
whose message  
is obscured  
by too many imitations

Pity the singer  
who doesn't rise  
and continue going forward  
with more song and more life.

Pity the singer  
who couldn't find a way  
to feel secure  
going ahead with everything  
Pity the singer  
who commands no respect,  
with his songs of glory  
stained and dirtied.

Pity the singer  
of our times  
who never risks his strings  
by never risking his life.

#### COMPADRE 'MON [RAMON]

Translation: Laura Engler Perez

The land around here  
when it arises early  
always awakens with the  
poppies  
which blossom suddenly in the pistols

Here, where you redeem yourselves with bullets,  
where one of 'Mon's fingers creates a legend,  
in this land where the criminal is a gentleman  
Compadre 'Mon, Compadre 'Mon. (2x)

In this small region  
where the word "macho"  
is a cathedral from boyhood,  
Here where the voice  
is so low it reaches the waist,  
where one is caught between the bite of bullets  
and instinct  
Compadre 'Mon, Compadre 'Mon (2x)

The land around here  
when. . .  
Compadre 'Mon, Compadre 'Mon (2x)

Aqui donde las balas se. . . .  
Compadre Mon, comadre Mon (2x)

En esta pequenita geografia  
en donde. . . .  
Compadre Mon, comadre Mon (2x)

Aqui el crimen no tiene olor a plata  
El hombre aqui, para matar es nino  
porque tambien para ser nino mata  
Compadre Mon, comadre Mon (3x)

Here where the bullets. . . .  
Compadre 'Mon, Compadre 'Mon

In this small region  
where. . . .  
Compadre 'Mon, Compadre 'Mon (2x)

Here crime doesn't smell of silver.  
To the man here, to kill is child's play  
because to be a child also kills.  
Compadre 'Mon, Compadre 'Mon. (3x)

#### Side 2, Band 4: (5:14)

#### CANCION ANTES DEL ODIO

Letra: Mateo Morrison  
Musica: Ramon Leonardo

Se que antes del odio fue el amor  
que las ninas ya doncellas  
blandian su sonrisa en los poblados  
y los ninos casi hombres  
regaban con dulces piropos la  
llanura, la llanura.

(Coro:) Y preguntaran entonces  
por que tienen mis versos  
este rastro de llanto recrecido

Mi historia, es la historia de un nino  
que despierta y advierte el mundo  
como el dolor instituido  
que quisiera convertir en rosas y juguetes  
todas las espinas de la tierra.

(Coro:)

Queria decir  
Que antes yo hablada del correr de  
las estrellas, de lo hermoso de la tarde  
poblando de nubes  
de la flor, del horizonte y de las aves

Pero  
desde hace poco  
mis versos tiene un rastro de llanto  
recrcido  
un crujir de dientes  
un odio almacenado  
desde que la siembra  
quedo trunca  
o sea, o sea, o sea, o sea

#### SONG BEFORE THE HATE CAME

Translation: Laura Engler Perez

Before there was hate there was love.  
The young girls, already maidens,  
brandished their smiles in the towns of the valley.  
And the young boys, almost men,  
showered the plains with sweet remarks.

(Chorus:) And then they will ask  
why my verses have  
this whisper of increasing sorrow.

My story is the story of a boy  
who awakes and observes the world  
like a pain already begun,  
who wanted to change into roses and playthings  
all the thorns of the earth.

(Chorus)

He wanted to say  
that before I spoke of the running  
of the stars, of the beauty of the afternoon,  
populated with clouds,  
of the flower, of the horizon, and of the birds

But  
for a while  
my verses have a whisper of increasing  
sorrow,  
a grinding of teeth,  
a hate stored away,  
from when the seed  
remained unfinished.  
This is to say (4x)

La muerte prematura de los ninos  
la fabrica crecio alimentada por el sudor  
y por la sangre  
y la madre enluto de lagrimas mi pecho  
desde entonces

y a pesar de que antes de odio  
fue el amor  
mis versos tienen un rastro de llanto  
recrescido  
(Coro 2x)

Side 2, Band 5: (3:32)

### FRANCISCO ALBERTO, CARAMBA!

Letra: Chico Gonzalez  
Musica: Ramon Leonardo

Caramba, caramba,  
Francisco Alberto, caramba  
Mi comandante te hiciste  
te hiciste el muerto en la sierra  
se lo creyeron, que bueno!  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!

Ellos contraron el cuento  
Francisco Alberto  
Y ellos no lo creyeron  
que tu te has ido no es cierto  
tu estas viviendo en el pueblo  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!

Te sembraste en las montanas  
Francisco Alberto, me alegra!  
Y enganaste a los de arriba  
los generales y el miedo  
Francisco Alberto, me alegra  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!

Media isla en la zozobra del luto  
y de la sangre.  
Media isla y la presencia centenaria  
de los yanquis.  
Media isla, media isla banada de  
febrero en caracoles.  
Francisco Alberto, Pena Jaquez,  
Galan, Claudio, Perez Vargas,  
Hamlet, Payero Ulloa,  
Holguin Marte y Lalane,

Dijeron que estabas muerto  
Francisco Alberto, caramba  
Y que en un sitio ignorado  
enterraron tu fusil  
Francisco Alberto y tu cuerpo  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!

Ellos contaron el cuento....  
  
Francisco Alberto  
Mira a tu pueblo  
Hoy tu gesto es su alimento  
Ya no hay miedo ni silencio  
Ya esta siguiendo tu ejemplo  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!

the premature death of the children,  
the factory growing, nourished by sweat  
and blood,  
the mother shedding tears of mourning onto my  
breast ever since.

And to consider that before there was hate  
there was love  
my verses have a whisper of increasing  
sorrow.  
Chorus (2x)

### FRANCISCO ALBERTO, CARAMBA!

Translation: Laura Engler Perez

Caramba, caramba,  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!  
My commander, you feigned death,  
You feigned death in the Sierra.  
That they believed it, well, alright!  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!

They told the story,  
Francisco Alberto,  
and the people did not believe it.  
That you left is not true.  
You are living in the people,  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!

You sowed your seeds in the mountains,  
Francisco Alberto, I'm happy.  
And you deceived those over us,  
the generals and the fear,  
Francisco Alberto, I'm happy.  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!

Half an island sinking in sorrow  
and blood,  
half an island, and a century of Yanqui  
presence.

Half an island, half an island bathed  
in February, and in snail shells.  
Francisco Alberto, Pena Jaquez,  
Galan, Claudio, Perez Vargas,  
Hamlet, Payero Ulloa,  
Holguin Marte y Lalane.

They said you were dead,  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!  
And that in an unknown place  
they buried your gun,  
Francisco Alberto, and also your body,  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!

They told the story. ....

Francisco Alberto,  
Look at your people.  
Today, your deeds are their daily bread.  
There is neither fear nor silence.  
Already they are following your example,  
Francisco Alberto, caramba!



photo: Howie Epstein-Liberation News Service

*Ten-year old Haitian child chopping sugar cane for Gulf and Western at wages so low even poverty-stricken Dominicans refuse to work for them.*

#### **EXPRESION JOVEN [VOICE OF YOUTH]**

Ramon Leonardo, vocals and guitar

Manuel de Jesus, vocals

Puro Eduardo Lopez, vocals

Francisco "Chico" Gonzalez, orations

Rafael "Cholo" Brenes, director

#### **accompanied by LOS MACETONGOS**

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