

algo se quema alla a fuera!

something is burning out there!

Songs by Estrella Artau



Through these songs we can see the pain, desperation, and courage, of we who are oppressed by this capitalist system. The oppressors have us in a strangle-hold, but they have not succeeded in shutting us up. No, we will not shut up! We will keep on singing, denouncing the physical and mental tortures that are occurring here in our America.

I sing to the peasant, to the student, and also to the tycoon, with rebellion, without patience, and without firearms. My weapon is my voice, my weapon is the sadness of being born and raised in a colony: Puerto Rico.

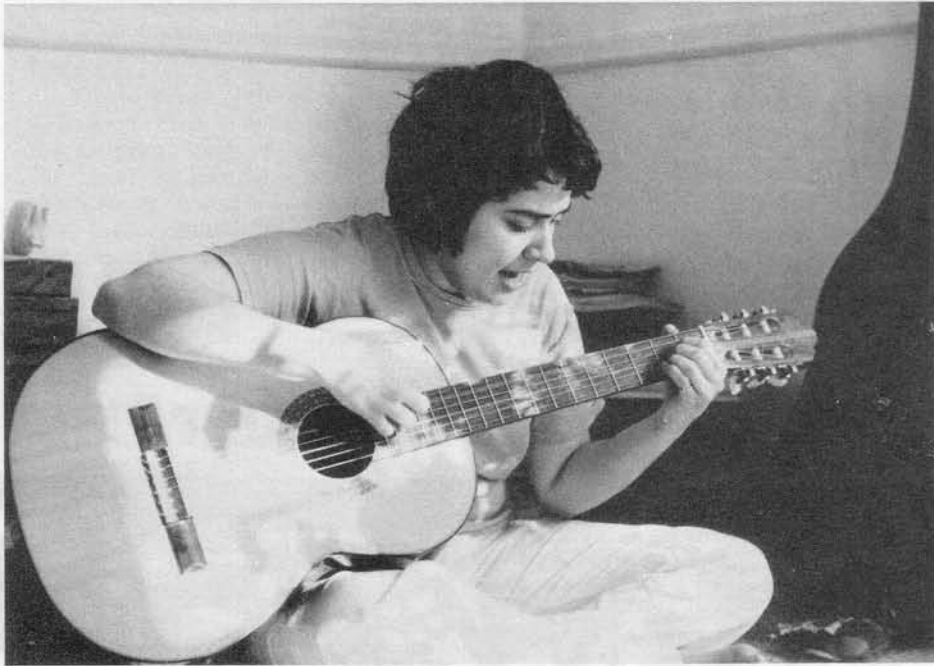
We know that the sun is rising for our America, and that those who are guilty of our imprisonment are already facing the consequences, because **something is burning out there!**

Por medio de estas canciones podemos ver el llanto, la desesperación y valentía, de los que estamos oprimidos por este sistema capitalista. Opresión que nos ahoga, pero no al extremo de callarnos la boca. No, no callaremos, seguiremos cantando, denunciando las torturas físicas y mentales que ocurren en nuestra América.

Yo le canto al campesino, al estudiante y al magnate, con rebeldía, sin paciencia, sin armas de fuego. Mi arma es mi voz, mi arma es la tristeza de nacer y criarse en una colonia: Puerto Rico.

Sabemos que el sol está saliendo para nuestra América y aquellos culpables de nuestro encierro ya se atenderán a las consecuencias porque **algo se quema alla afuera!**

—Estrella Artau



Rosario Eguiguren

Estrella Artau was born in Santurce, Puerto Rico. She resides in New York, is 26 years old, and has been singing and reciting poetry for the struggle of the Latin American people for the past six years. Previous to that, she was a commercial actress in her country. Estrella has participated in various cultural festivals sponsored by the Puerto Rican Socialist Party in the U.S.A. and in the international festival of the new song called "7 Dias Con El Pueblo" held in Santo Domingo. She sings for the people in the streets, universities and jails.

Estrella Artau nació en Santurce, Puerto Rico. Reside en Nueva York, tiene 26 años de edad y hace seis años se dedica a cantar la nueva canción y declamar la poesía de la lucha por la liberación del pueblo Latinoamericano. Anteriormente había sido actriz comercial en su país. Estrella ha participado en varios festivales de la nueva canción auspiciados por El Partido Socialista Puertorriqueño en los Estados Unidos, recientemente participó en el festival internacional de la nueva canción "7 Dias Con El Pueblo" celebrado en Santo Domingo.

MUSIC:

Voice and guitar: Estrella Artau
Flute: Susana Zimmet
Conga: Felix Romero

PRODUCTION:

Engineering: Jonathan Thayer
Translations: Gary Anderson
Editorial: Nina Menéndez
Producer: Barbara Dane

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Side 1, Band 1 [0:30]

MI NOMBRE ES ESTRELLA ARTAU

Words and music: Estrella Artau

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*My name is Estrella Artau
and that's not the end of it.
My last name:
Offended
My first name:
Humiliated
My marital status:
Rebellion
My age:
The Stone Age
My country:
Occupied
My name is Estrella Artau.
Pardon if I've taken your time.*

*Mi nombre es Estrella Artau
y ahí no acaba el asunto.
Mi apellido:
Ofendido
Mi nombre:
Humillado
Mi estado civil:
La rebeldía
Mi edad:
La Edad de Piedra
Mi País:
Ocupado
Mi nombre es Estrella Artau.
Perdón si me he propasao.*

Side 1, Band 2 [4:50]

MI MACHETE DE MADERA

Words and music: Estrella Artau

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This song is dedicated to the compañero or compañera who believes that one can only combat the oppressor with his own weapons, not taking into account the value of a guitar and a voice that sings. Here I denounce him with my wooden machete, that is to say, my guitar.

Esta canción va dedicada a aquel compañero o compañera que cree que solamente se puede combatir con armas usadas por los mismos que nos oprimen, sin darse cuenta de el valor que tiene una guitarra y una voz que cante. Aquí yo denuncio con mi machete de madera—es decir: mi guitarra.

*You have to pay to be poor.
You have to pay to be poor.
The rich take the alms of the hungry.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai*

*Hay que pagar por ser pobre.
Hay que pagar por ser pobre.
El rico se lleva toda nuestra limosna
de hambre.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai.*

*Keep going, my friend.
Keep going, my friend.
Being poor is no crime.
Being blind is worse, and I repeat,
Living on the alms of the poor.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai*

*Vamos pa'lante compadre.
Vamos pa'lante compadre.
Que el ser pobre no es delito.
Malo es ser ciego y repito
vivir de limosna de hambre.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai.*

*The devil is after me,
the devil is after me,
to make me give him my poems.
I tell him so he will learn,
"You don't fool me. I know your
disguise."
Meanwhile I play my wooden
machete.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai*

*El diablo me anda rondando,
el diablo me anda rondando,
pa'que le de mis poemas,
le digo para que aprenda,
"no me engañas, que conozco
tu disfraz."
Mientras yo toco mi machete de
madera.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai.*

*You are disguised as something
good:
a well educated man.
But you have never thought
that although I have no schooling*

*Tu disfraz de cosa buena
de señor bien educado
pero nunca tu has pensado,
que aunque yo no tengo escuela*

*I wear a star on my forehead
that frees me from sin.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai*

*Keep going, my friend.
Keep going, my friend.
Being enslaved is a problem,
but worse is the shame
of being rich and being blind
and stealing our springtime.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai*

*I am poor, I have no schooling.
I am poor, I have no schooling.
I don't know how to read or write.
But I do understand
when the Yankee surrounds me.
I may have no schooling,
but I have practice burying
my wooden machete.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai*

Side 1, Band 3 [1:25]

LA MURALLA

Words: Nicolas Guillén

Music: Estrella Artau

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In this song we can hear the concern for and the necessity of the total unity of human beings for the same cause: Justice. This poem was written by the Cuban poet Nicolas Guillén, an untiring fighter in the struggle to remove the yoke that has been imposed on us.

And now I offer you the lyrics of a very wise man of rhythm whose name is Nicolas, and whose last name is Guillén.

*To build these ramparts,
bring me every hand.
Blacks, their black hands.
Whites, their white hands.
Ay,
a wall that extends
from the shore to the mountain
from the mountain to the shore
out there over the horizon.*

*Tun, tun
Who's there?
A rose and a carnation.
Open the wall.*

*Tun, tun
Who's there?
The colonel's saber.
Shut the wall.*

*cargo en mi frente una estrella
que me libra del pecado.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai.*

*Vamos pa'lante comadre.
Vamos pa'lante comadre.
Que el ser esclavo es problema,
pero más grande es la pena
de ser rico, y de ser ciego,
y de robar primaveras.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai.*

*Soy pobre, no tengo escuela.
Soy pobre, no tengo escuela.
No se escribir, ni leer,
pero sí se comprender
cuando el yanqui me rodea.
Aunque yo no tengo escuela,
tengo práctica enterrando
mi machete de madera.
Le lo lo lei le lo lei le lo lai.*

En esta canción podemos oír la ansia y la necesidad de unión total del ser humano por la misma causa: La Justicia.

Este poema fue escrito por Nicolás Guillén, (Cubano), poeta y luchador incansable por desatar el yugo que nos han impuesto.

Y ahora les diré unos versos de un señor sabio del ritmo que por nombre tiene Nicolás, y por apellido: Guillén.

*Para hacer esta muralla,
traiganme todas las manos:
Los negros, sus manos negras,
Los blancos, sus blancas manos.
Ay,
una muralla que vaya
desde la playa hasta el monte
desde el monte hasta la playa
alla sobre el horizonte.*

*Tun, tun.
Quién es?
Una rosa y un clavel.
Abre la muralla.*

*Tun, tun.
Quién es?
El sable del coronel.
Cierra la muralla.*

*Tun, tun
Who's there?
The dove and the laurel.
Open the wall.*

*Tun, tun.
Who's there?
The scorpion and the centipede.
Shut the wall.*

*To the heart of a friend,
open the wall:
To poison and the fist,
shut the wall:
To the myrtle and the grass,
open the wall:
To the serpent's fang,
shut the wall:
To the nightingale and the flower,
open the wall:*

*Let's raise these ramparts,
with the help of every hand.
Blacks, their black hands.
Whites, their white hands.
A wall that extends
from the shore to the mountain
from the mountain to the shore,
way out over the horizon.*

**Side 1, Band 4 [1:30]
CANTALISO EN UN BAR**

Words: Nicolas Guillén

Music: Estrella Artau

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Here is a singer who, tired of singing songs that he doesn't want to sing, rebels, refusing the tourist's money and uniting with his compañeros whose song is his song: Poverty.

*Don't pay me for singing
what I will no longer sing for you.
Now you'll have to listen to all
the things I kept quiet before.
Who called for them?*

*Spend your money,
drink you liquor,
buy a guiro,
but not for me,
but not for me,
but not for me.*

*Although I'm a poor Black,
I know the world's in need of fixing.
Well, I know a good mechanic
that can make it work again.*

*Tun, tun.
Quién es?
La paloma y el laurel.
Abre la muralla.*

*Tun, tun.
Quién es?
El alacrán y el cienpies.
Cierra la muralla.*

*Al corazón del amigo,
abre la muralla:
Al veneno y al punal,
cierra la muralla:
Al mirto y la yerbabuena,
Abre la muralla.
Al diente de la serpiente,
cierra la muralla:
Al ruiseñor en la flor,
abre la muralla . . .*

*Alcemos una muralla,
juntando todas las manos:
Los negros, sus manos negras,
Los blancos, sus blancas manos.
Hay una muralla que vaya
desde la playa hasta el monte,
desde el monte hasta la playa
bien,
allá sobre el horizonte.*

Esta canción nos demuestra a un cantor ya cansado de cantar lo que no quiere cantar. Su rebeldía al despreciar dinero de turistas y unirse a sus compañeros con el mismo canto: La Pobreza.

*No me paguen porque canté
lo que no les cantaré.
Ahora tendrán que escucharme
todo lo que antes callé.
Quién los llamó?*

*Gasten su plata,
beban su alcohol,
comprense un guiro,
pero a mí no,
pero a mí no,
pero a mí no.*

*Aunque soy un pobre negro,
se que el mundo no anda bien.
Ay, yo conozco a un mecánico
que lo puede componer.*

*You all live,
while I am dying.
You eat, you drink,
but not me,
but not me,
but not me.*

*All these red faced Yankees
are sons of a shrimp,
and born of a bottle—
a bottle of rum!*

*When you go back to New York,
send me some poor people
like me,
like me,
like me.*

*With them, I'll shake hands,
with them, I'll sing,
because the songs they sing
are the same songs as mine.*

Side 1, Band 5: [1:00]

CAMINANDO

words: Nicolas Guillen

Music: Estrella Artau

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Guillén show us in this song that "no one is safe here," because "I've been hungry so long that I will eat and drink the first person I meet!"

*Wandering,
wandering, wandering
without direction I make my way.
Wandering,
wandering, wandering
without money I make my way.
Wandering,
sadly I make my way.
Wandering.
He who searches for me is far away.
Wandering.
He who awaits me is farther still.
Wandering.
I've already pawned my guitar.
Wandering.
Ay, legs become hard.
Wandering.
Eyes see from afar.
Wandering.
Hands grasp and don't let go.
Wandering.
I grab someone and choke him.
Wandering.
That one will pay for the rest.
Wandering.
I'll break that one's neck.
And though he beg forgiveness,
I'll eat him and drink him,
I'll drink him and eat him.*

Wandering.

*Ustedes viven,
me muero yo.
Comen y beben,
pero yo no,
pero yo no,
pero yo no.*

*Todos estos yanquis rojos
son hijos de un camaron,
y los parió una botella—
una botella de ron.*

*Cuando regresen a Nueva York
mandenme pobres
como soy yo,
como soy yo,
como soy yo.*

*A ellos les daré la mano,
y con ellos cantaré,
porque el canto que ellos saben
es el mismo que yo se.*

Guillén nos muestra en ésta canción que "aquí no se salva nadie." Por tanta hambre pasada el primero que aparezca será comido y bebido.

*Caminando,
caminando, caminando.
Voy sin rumbo.
Caminando,
caminando, caminando.
Voy sin plata.
Caminando.
Voy muy triste.
Caminando.
Está lejos quien me busca.
Caminando.
Quien me espera está más lejos.
Caminando.
Y ya empuñé mi guitarra.
Caminando.
Ay, las piernas se ponen duras.
Caminando.
Los ojos ven desde lejos.
Caminando.
La mano agarra y no suelta.
Caminando.
Al que yo coja y lo apriete.
Caminando.
Ese la paga por todos.
Caminando.
Ese le parto el pescuezo.
Y aunque me pida perdón,
me lo como y me lo bebo,
me lo bebo y me lo como.
Caminando.*

Side 1, Band 6 [3:10]

COMO EL VIENTO EN MOVIMIENTO

Words and music: Estrella Artau

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These verses are dedicated, in part, to our macho compañeros, exhorting them to take care that their sickness doesn't get worse, and to our compañeras, exhorting them not to sit and wait, but to struggle shoulder to shoulder with their compañeros.

I'm going to keep on singing, singing these simple songs that so fill my heart, because from here, tonight, instead of one, two may leave, two or maybe four. The number is unimportant. The important thing is the truth one carries away inside. So listen carefully. My instrument is tuned.

[chorus]

*Songs, free as the wind,
cannot be arrested
because they are in motion.*

*I sing to my wounded flag,
to the machete and the hat
of my beloved jibara.*

*To the drum of the wandering
indian,
to the star of the guerrilla fighter,
to the shining guerrilla fighter.*

*I also sing to the wicked,
who stole my cherished dream,
and with all my consciousness
I wish for him,
the misery we are suffering.*

[chorus]

Songs, free as the wind . . .

*I sing to you, compañero,
to throw off your veils,
because making your way in
darkness
you'll stumble and fall,
and it's harder to see the sky.*

*To my beloved compañera,
I have one thing to say:
Always keep your eyes open,
for she who waits loses hope,
and is unable to influence anything.
Beautiful borinquén woman,
your strength and valor
are needed in the struggle.*

[chorus]

Songs, free as the wind . . .

Estos versos van dedicados, en parte, al compañero machista, exortándolo a que no padezca de tan grave mal. Y a la compañera a no mantenerse en vela y dedicarse a luchar. Los dos, hombro con hombro.

Y voy a seguir cantando, cantando estos simples versos que llenan mi corazón, porque de aquí en esta noche en vez de uno saldremos dos, saldremos dos o quizá cuatro. No importa la cantidad. Lo que importa es la verdad de lo que se lleva dentro. Así que presten mucho atención que ya tiemplo mi instrumento.

*Versos libres como el viento
nadie puede detenerlos
porque están en movimiento.*

*Canto a mi bandera herida
al machete y al sombrero
de mi jibara querida.*

*Al tambor del indio errante,
a la estrella del guerrillero,
del guerrillero brillante.*

*Canto también al malvado,
que robó mi sueño amado,
y con toda mi conciencia,
le deseo la miseria por la que
estamos pasando.*

[coro]

Versos libres como el viento . . .

*Te canto a ti, compañero,
pa' que Descorras los velos.
Porque siempre en las tinieblas
uno tropieza y tropieza,
y es difícil ver el cielo.*

*A la compañera amiga
digo una cosa sencilla:
Nunca te quedes en vela
que el que espera desespera
y ya no tiene cabida.*

*Hermosa mujer boricua,
lucha que se necesita
tu fuerza y tu valentía.*

[coro]

Versos libres como el viento . . .

*And finally I say:
These bastards that destroy our nest
soon will fall.
They will become the captives,
because now we know who's who.*

[chorus]

Songs, free as the wind . . .

*Y para acabar yo digo,
ya caerán estos malditos
que destrazan nuestro nido.
serán ellos los cautivos
porque ya nos conocimos*

[coro]

Versos libres como el viento . . .

Side 1, Band 7 [3:00]

ALGO SE QUEMA ALLÁ AFUERA

**Words: 1st two verses by Facundo Cabral,
balance E. Artau**

Music: Estrella Artau

©1974 E. Artau

These verses were written right after the "resignation" of Nixon, and the rise of Ford. In all of the verses there is a warning that says: although all these atrocities are going on, "something is burning out there," referring to the poor who are always on the alert.

I sing this song for Lolita Lebrón and Oscar Collazo and all others who are suffering long prison terms. But believe me, sisters, the suffering is greater for those jailers who have no courage. My name is Estrella Artau. Pardon my boldness.

*Don't you worry, paisano,
things are in order.
So ordered in fact
it's unlikely there be any left over.*

*What's left over and what's lacking,
is a problem of consciousness.
The fault is not that of the pig,
but of the one who feeds it.*

*Don't worry, gentlemen.
You have changed presidents,
but that which awaits you
is the same as you now have,
and something's burning out there.*

*What difference do you find
in he who comes or he who goes,
if it is always the same?
The system is the problem,
and something is burning out there.*

*Nixon went down the ladder,
now Ford is the one that matters.
It's like a child's game.
But it's not children who are playing,
and something's burning out there.*

Estas coplas fueron escritas a raíz de la "renuncia" de Nixon y la subida de Ford. En todas las coplas hay un aviso de que aunque todas éstas atrocidades pasen, algo se quema allá afuera, refiriéndose al pobre: que ya está alerta.

Por Lolita y por Oscar es que yo canto estos versos, y por otros que están presos sufriendo largas condenas. Pero mas grande es la pena, creeme tú hermana mía, para aquellos carceleros que no tienen valentía. Mi nombre es Estrella Artau. Perdóneme la osadía.

*No se preocupe, paisano,
las cosas están en orden.
Tan ordenadas están que es
difícil que les sobre.*

*Lo que sobra y lo que falta,
es problema de conciencia.
Que la culpa no es del cerdo,
sino del que lo alimenta.*

*No se preocupen señores.
Cambiaron de presidente,
lo que ahora les espera
es lo mismo de reciente.
Y algo se quema allá afuera.*

*Que diferencia usted encuentra,
en el que va o el que viene,
si siempre será lo mismo?
El sistema es el problema.
Y algo se quema allá afuera.*

*Nixon bajó la escalera,
y ahora Ford es el que impera.
Es como un juego de niños,
mas no son niños que juegan.
Y algo se quema allá afuera.*

*These are big bullies,
and they play with our springtime.
But soon, all together,
they'll know what awaits them,
because something's burning out
there.*

*What I'm saying is nothing new.
History reveals it's truth.
But I'm not wasting time,
for I'll keep on singing,
because while I'm singing
something is burning out there.*

Side 2, Band 1 [4:10]

POEMA

Words and music: Estrella Artau

©1974 E. Artau

This poem and its music were composed right after the Chilean people's singer, Victor Jara, was tortured and murdered by the military junta.

This song is dedicated to a Latin American martyr, the Chilean, Victor Jara, tortured and murdered by the Chilean military junta. To you, Victor, who, even after they cut off your fingers, continued playing your guitar and singing. Venceremos!

*A rifle is sounding.
A poet is writing.
A worker struggling.
A magnate is sleeping.*

*A child passes crying.
A rose adorns a balcony.
A hunger of seven centuries.
How late is the dawn!*

*Butterflies in the chest
that leave us breathless.*

*A child passes crying.
A rose adorns a balcony.
A hunger of seven centuries.
How late is the dawn!*

*A mother weeping.
Twenty rifles and a corpse.
A clock that doesn't work
The hours have ended.*

*A certified piece of paper.
A murdered guerrilla fighter.*

*A mother weeping.
Twenty rifles and a corpse.
A clock that doesn't work.
The hours have ended.*

*Éstos son niños grandotes,
y juegan con la primavera,
pero pronto todos juntos
sabrán lo que les espera,
porque algo se quema allá afuera.*

*Lo que digo no es tan nuevo,
la historia ya lo revela.
Pero no pierdo mi tiempo
pues yo canto mientras haya
algo quemándose afuera.*

A raíz de la muerte del Chileno, Victor Jara, torturado y asesinado por la junta militar Chilena, fue compuesto éste poema con música.

Esta proxima canción va dedicada a un mártir latinoamericano, el Chileno, Victor Jara, torturado y asesinado por la junta militar Chilena. A tí, Victor que aunque te cercenaron los dedos seguiste con tu guitarra cantando: Venceremos!

*Un rifle está disparando.
Un poeta escribiendo.
Un trabajador luchando.
Y un magnate está durmiendo.*

*Un niño que pasa y llora.
Un balcón con una rosa.
Un hambre de siete siglos.
Que mucho tarda la aurora.*

*Mariposas en el pecho
que nos dejan sin aliento.*

*Un niño que pasa y llora.
Un balcón con una rosa.
Un hambre de siete siglos.
Que mucho tarda la aurora.*

*Una madre que solloza.
Veinte rifles y un cadáver.
Un reloj que no funciona.
Ya se acabaron las horas.*

*Un papel certificado.
Un guerrillero abaleado.*

*Una madre que solloza.
Veinte rifles y un cadáver.
Un reloj que no funciona.
Ya se acabaron las horas.*

Side 2, Band 2 [2:15]

GUERRILLERO, GUERRILLERO

Words and music: Noel Hernandez

©1970 N. Hernandez

Noel Hernandez, Puerto Rican singer and composer, wrote this song dedicated to Comandante Ernesto "Che" Guevara. The song alludes to political groups such as the M.I.R. of Venezuela and C.A.L., a Puerto Rican clandestine organization.

*Guerilla fighter, guerilla fighter
on the street or in the jungle
and in your shadow the image of
Ernesto Che Guevara.
Le lo lo lei in my Latin America.
Le lo lo lei with his clandestine face.*

*To those who dared
to touch your sacred corpse,
believing you finished,
seeing you lying there:
Your seed has been dispersed
and you've been born everywhere.
Le lo lo lei in my Latin America.
Le lo lo lei with your clandestine face.*

*At your wake I am sad,
but content in your happiness,
combating the oligarchy
and the lying lackey,
and that shameless yankee
they call "hijo de puta."
Lo le lo lei in my Latin America.
Lo le lo lei with your clandestine face.*

*Uruguayan Tupamaros,
M.I.R.A. and C.A.L. of my Borinquén,
Who fight to redeem you
from your stagnated development.
Lo le lo lei in my Latin America.*

Side 2, Band 3 [3:25]

A TI, TINGÓ

Words and music: Estrella Artau

©1975 E. Artau

Just before the celebration, in Santo Domingo, of the festival of new song called "Seven Days With The People," the Dominican fascists murdered a peasant leader, Mamá Tingó. In these verses I blame President Balaguer directly for her death.

Over there in a small country, very small on the map, but a very valiant country, a sister and compañera was recently killed. Over there in the Dominican Republic they murdered Doña Tingó.

Noel Hernandez, cantante y compositor Puertorriqueño, escribió ésta canción dedicada al Comandante Ernesto "Che" Guevara. La canción hace alusión a grupos políticos como M.I.R. de Venezuela y C.A.L., organización clandestina Puertorriqueña.

*Guerrillero, guerrillera
en la calle o en la selva
y en tu sombra la figura de Ernesto
"Che" Guevara.
Le lo lo lei en mi América Latina.
Le lo lo lei con su cara clandestina.*

*A los que se atrevieron,
A tocar tu cuerpo alto
creyendo que acabarías
viendote allí tirado:
Tu semilla se ha regado
y tu has nacido en todos lados.
Le lo lo lei en mi América Latina.
Le lo lo lei con tu cara clandestina.*

*Voy triste en tus funerales,
pero voy alegre en tu alegría,
combatiendo al oligarquía
y al lacayo en su mentira,
y a este yanqui descarado
se le dice "hijo de puta."
Lo le lo lei en mi América Latina.
Lo le lo lei con tu cara clandestina.*

*Tupamaros Uruguayos
M.I.R.A. y C.A.L. de mi Borinquén,
que luchan por redimirte
de tu desarrollo anclado.
Lo le lo lai en mi América Latina.*

Poco antes de celebrarse, en Santo Domingo, el festival de la nueva canción, "Siete Días con el Pueblo," los fascistas Dominicanos asesinaron a una líder campesina: Mamá Tingó. Yo compuse éstas coplas y en ellas culpo directamente al Presidente Balaguer por la muerte de Doña Tingó.

También allá en un país pequeño, muy pequeñito en el mapa, pero un país muy valiente, mataron recientemente a una compañera hermana. Alla en la Dominicana mataron a Doña Tingó.

*This story was born over there
in that small country.
It's about a big-hearted woman,
her skin burned by the sun
of seventy-five years.*

*She worked hard in the earth,
the earth she cultivated
with her hands, with her callouses,
with her sweat and her coughing.
But criminal hands interrupted
the labor
that she was carrying out
and that the people
later so admired.*

*Those criminal hands
belong to a murderer
who holds a people captive,
and make them call him doctor.
But this valiant woman,
instead of dying, was born.
For the Quisqueyano people
have baptized her.*

*And so, the story begins
of this woman who bravely struggled,
fighting for her plot of land,
where she worked and left her sweat.
There may be many Balaguers,
But there are more Mamá Tingós,
There are more Mamá Tingós.*

*Yes you are the woman.
Yes you are the people.
With your handkerchief always on
your head,
with your cherished plot of land
that will become many plots.
I sing these verses to you.
Although I never knew you
I recognize you in the blood,
in the sweat of your forehead.
Sister, beloved sister,
you will always be with me.*

*There may be many Balaguers,
but there are more Mamá Tingós.
There are more Mamá Tingós.*

*Esta historia nació allá.
En aquel país pequeño.
Se trata de una mujer quemadita por el sol
de sesenta y cinco años
bien grande de corazón.*

*Trabajo fuerte la tierra,
la tierra que cultivó
con sus manos, con sus callos
con su sudor y su tos.
Pero manos criminales interrumpieron
la labor
que ella estaba realizando
y que el pueblo luego admiró.*

*Esas manos criminales
pertenecen a un matón
que tiene a un pueblo cautivo
y se hace llamar doctor.
Pero esta mujer valiente
en vez de morir nació
pues el pueblo Quisqueyano
recien que la bautizó.*

*Y así que empieza la historia
de esta mujer que luchó,
peleando por la parcela
que ella sudó y cultivó.
Habrán muchos Balaguers
pero hay mas Mamás Tingó,
pero hay mas Mamás Tingó.*

*Tu sí que eres la mujer.
Tu sí que eres el pueblo.
Con tu pañuelo siempre en
tu cabeza,
con tu parcela querida
que dará muchas parcelas.
A ti te canto estos versos.
Aunque no te conocí,
te reconozco en la sangre,
en el sudor de tu frente,
hermana, hermana querida,
tu siempre estarás presente.*

*Habrán muchos Balaguers
pero hay mas Mamás Tingó,
Pero hay mas Mamás Tingó.*

Side 2, Band 4 [2:35]

SI ALGUIEN QUIERE SABER

CUAL ES MI PATRIA [fragmento]

Words: Pedro Mir

Music: Estrella Artau

©1975 E. Artau

Pedro Mir, Dominican poet, sings in this song to the glorious day when "there will be a great country . . . and there will be no more kneeling silence."

Pedro Mir, poeta Dominicano, le canta en éste poema al día glorioso en que "habrá patria grande para entonces y no habrá ni un silencio de rodillas."

*If anyone wants to know which is my
country
I will tell them some day.
When camels have thrived
in the middle of the desert.
When women are allowed to lower their hands
from over their heads and raise them in the breeze,
when trains take to the streets on fiesta day
with their rails under their arms,
and the fireman rests.
When the sugar cane strips itself
and the machetes flee to the Batey,
leaving the surprised hands in
peace.
When any miracle becomes possible,
and when the miracle of life ceases to
be a miracle.*

*When this high tide of disgrace
goes out to sea,
and leaves uncovered in the dawn,
the firm ocean bed of the people,
it will be the day to count the
mountain peaks,
and to name the seven smiles of the
new week,
and the months that contain
happiness.
They will fill their seams with the
signature
of our liberty, and then
they will go out and distribute them.
It will be carried in the wind
throughout the valleys of the
Antilles.*

*It will be said that we are joyful and
free,
that we enjoy bread and life,
that every man has dignity,
every woman a smile,
that we have a true country
which will also be my country.
If anyone wants to know which is my
country
I will tell them that day.
Playing my guitar I will tell them,
with my loved one embroidered on
my shirt,
with buttons of gold, white cuffs,
and a big smiling poppy.*

*If anyone wants to know where she is
I will tell them that day.
Don't look for her now.
Don't ask for her yet.*

*But the delirious day that I find her,
try to be near and festive,
because there will be a great country
then
and there will be no kneeling silence.*

*Si alguien quiere saber cual es mi
patria,
se lo diré algun día.
Cuando hayan florecido los camelos
en medio del desierto.
Cuando digan que las mujeres bajan sus dos manos
de la cabeza y la alzan en la brisa,
cuando dos trenes salgan a la calle
el día de la fiesta con sus vías bajo el brazo,
y descansen el fogonero.
Cuando la caña se desnude
y rian los machetes en fuga hacia el Batey,
Dejando en paz las manos
soprendidas.
Cuando todo milagro sea posible
y ya no sea milagro el de la vida.*

*Cuando empiece bajar esta marea
de ignominia,
y deje al descubierto hacia la aurora
el fondo firme de los pueblos.
Día justo de enumerar las cordilleras
y decir cuales son las siete risas
de la nueva semana
y cuales son los meses
que contienen alegría.
Llenaran sus costuras con la firma
nuestra, de nuestra libertad y
entonces
irán a repartirlas.
La llevarán al viento por los valles
en todas las Antillas.*

*Dirán que somos libres y golosos,
que gozamos del pan y de la espiga.
Que cada hombre tiene dignidad,
cada mujer sonrisa.
Que tenemos la patria verdadera,
y ésta tambien será la patria mía.
Si alguien quiere saber cual es mi
patria,
se lo diré ese día.
Yo lo diré tocando la guitarra,
con mi novia bordada en la camisa,
con botones de oro,
y una gran amapola sonreída . . .*

*Si alguien quiere saber donde está
ella,
yo lo diré ese día,
ahora no la busque.
No pregunte por ella todavía.*

*Pero el día fragante que lo sepa,
procure estar bien cerca y bullicioso,
porque habrá patria grande para
entonces
y no habrá ni un silencio de rodillas.*

Side 2, Band 5 [4:29]
HAY UN PAÍS EN EL MUNDO
 Words: Pedro Mir
 Music: Estrella Artau
 Words ©1949 P. Mir
 Music ©1975 E. Artau

Pedro Mir sings here, in poetic form, to the peasant who has no land, and denounces those who have stolen it.

*A feather in a nest.
 Level of the moon.
 Health of gold, a free guitar,
 the journey ends on an island:
 the farmers have no land.*

*Tell the wind the names
 of the thieves and the caverns
 and open your eyes on a disaster:
 the farmers have no land.*

*The abrupt air of a quick punch
 that stops beside a stone
 opens a wound, where eyes . . .
 The farmers have no land.*

*Those who steal have no angels
 they have no orbit between their legs
 they have no sex, where a country . . .
 The farmers have no land.*

*They have no peace between their lashes
 they have no land, they have no land.*

Side 2, Band 6 [2:40]
LA PREGUNTITA SOBRE DÍOS
 Words and music: Atahualpa Yupanqui
 © author

This is one of the best-known of all the songs written by Atahualpa Yupanqui of Argentina, a man dedicated to writing and composing songs about love and justice. It tells us of a humble person who has never seen the highly advertised "God." However, he believes, if such a person does exist he probably dines at the table of the wealthy landowners.

*One day I asked
 grandfather, where is God?
 My grandfather looked at me gravely
 and didn't answer me.*

*After awhile I asked,
 father, what do you know of God?
 My father lowered his eyes
 and didn't answer me.*

*My father died in a mine,
 at the bottom of a shaft,
 and was buried by Indians
 to the sound of drum and flute.*

Pedro Mir, en forma poética, canta al campesino que no tiene tierra, y denuncia al que la roba.

*Plumón de nido,
 nivel de luna,
 salud del oro, guitarra abierta
 final de viaje donde una isla:
 Los campesinos no tienen tierra.*

*Decid al viento los apellidos
 de los ladrones y las cavernas
 y abrid los ojos donde un desastre:
 Los campesinos no tienen tierra.*

*El aire brusco de un breve puño
 que se detiene junto a una piedra
 abre una herida, donde unos ojos . . .
 Los campesinos no tienen tierra.*

*Los que la roban no tienen ángeles,
 no tienen órbita entre las piernas,
 no tienen sexo donde una patria . . .
 Los campesinos no tienen tierra.*

*No tienen paz entre las pestañas
 no tienen tierra, no tienen tierra.*

Ésta es la más conocida de las canciones de Atahualpa Yupanqui de Argentina, un hombre dedicado desde siempre a cantar y componer temas referentes a amor y justicia. En esta canción nos cuenta de una humilde persona que nunca ha visto a ese Dios tan preguntado. Cree que si existe, come en la mesa del patrón.

*Un día yo pregunté
 abuelo donde está Dios.
 Mi abuelo me miró serio
 y nada me respondió.*

*Al tiempo yo pregunté
 padre qué sabes de Dios.
 Mi padre bajó los ojos
 y nada me respondió.*

*Mi padre murió en la mina
 al fondo del socavón,
 y lo enterraron los indios
 flauta de caña y tambor.*

*My brother who lives on a mountain,
has never known a flower.
Sweat, malaria, and serpents
is the life of a woodcutter.*

*And no one asks him
if he knows where to find God.
No such important person
has passed through my brother's door.*

*That God watches over the poor,
maybe yes and maybe no.
But one thing's sure, he dines
at the table of the rich man.*

*There's one thing in this world
far more important than God,
and it's that no one should have to
spit blood
so that others can live better.*

*Mi hermano vive en el monte,
y no conoce una flor.
Sudor, malaria, serpiente
la vida del leñador.*

*Y que nadie le pregunte
si sabe donde está Dios.
Por su casa no ha pasado
tan importante señor.*

*Qué Dios vela por los pobres,
tal vez sí o tal vez no.
Pero es seguro que almuerza
en la mesa del patrón.*

*Hay un asunto en la tierra
mas importante que Dios.
Y es que nadie escupa sangre
pa' que otros vivan mejor.*

Side 2, Band 7 [1:15]

CANCION PUERTORRIQUEÑA

Words: Nicolas Guillén

Music: Estrella Artau

©1974 E. Artau

In this poem, Guillén exposes the problem of Puerto Rico quite clearly, and emphatically disagrees with the so-called "Estado Libre Asociado" (Free Associated State).

En esta canción, Guillén expone la problema de Puerto Rico bastante claro y asevera, en Inglés y Español, su desacuerdo con "El Estado Libre Asociado."

*How are you, Puerto Rico?
Associate associated in society
at the foot of coco-palms and guitars.
Under the moon, by the sea,
what effortless honor to stroll
arm in arm with Uncle Sam.
In what language do you understand
me?
In what language can I speak to you?
In yes?
In sí?
In bien?
In well?
In mal?
In bad, in very bad?*

*Como estás, Puerto Rico?
Tu de socio asociado en sociedad
al pie de cocoteros y guitarras,
bajo la luna y junta al mar,
que suave honor andar del brazo,
brazo con brazo del Tío Sam.
En que lengua me entiendes,
en que lengua por fin te podré
hablar?
Sí en yes?
Si en sí?
Si en bien?
Si en well?
Si en mal?
Si en bad, si en very bad?*

*Those who are killing you swear
that you are happy . . . can it be
true?
Your pale forehead is burning,
your anemic look gives off a fatal
glow.
You chew a jargon
half-Spanish, half-slang.
With a shove they sank you in Korea,
without knowing for whom you were
fighting.*

*Juran los que te matan
que eres feliz . . . será verdad?
Arde tu frente pálida,
la anemia en tu mirada logra un
brillo fatal.
Masticas una jerigonza
medio Española, medio slang.
De un empujón te hundieron en
Corea,
sin que supieras por quien ibas a
pelear.*

*In yes,
In sí,
In bien,
In well,
In mal
In bad, in very bad.*

*Oh, I know well your enemy.
It's the same one we have here, —
partner in blood and sugar,
associate associated in society,
the United States and Puerto Rico,
which is to say New York City with
San Juan,
Manhattan and Borinquén, noose
and neck.
It amounts to that . . .
No yes,
 no sí,
 no bien,
 no well,

yes mal,
 yes bad, yes very bad.*

Side 2, Band 8 [0:25]

ESTROFA DE LOS VERSOS DEL MARTIN FIERRO

Words: Juan Hernandez

Music: Estrella Artau

©1975 E. Artau

This is a verse from Martin Fierro the Payador, a character in Argentine folklore. A payador is a people's singer who travels from village to village, with nothing more than his guitar, his horse, and his poncho, singing about important events in the lives of the people. Here, he tells us that he wishes to offend none of his listeners, but to sing for the good of all.

*But let no one feel offended,
for I wish to bother no one,
for I wish to bother no one.
If this is how I sing,
because I find it opportune,
it's not to hurt anyone,
but for the good of all I sing.*

*"If you still live, never say: Never!
What looks certain is not certain.
The way things are will not last.
When the ruling class has spoken,
The ruled shall raise their voices.
Who dares to say: Never?"*

*Si en yes,
si en sí,
si en bien,
si en well,
si en mal
si en bad, si en very bad?*

*Ay, yo conozco a tu enemigo.
Es el mismo que tenemos por acá,
socio en la sangre y el azucar,
socio asociado en sociedad.
United States and Puerto Rico,
es decir New York City with
San Juan,
Manhattan y Borinquén, soga y
cuello,
apenas nada mas . . .
No yes,
no sí,
no bien,
no well,
sí mal,
sí bad, sí very bad.*

Éste es un fragmento de los versos del Martín Fierro El Payador, un personaje del folclórico Argentino. Un payador es un cantante del pueblo, que sin nada más que su guitarra, su caballo y su poncho, va de pueblo en pueblo cantando de todo lo que pasa. Aquí Fierro dice que no se quiere ofender a nadie, sino que le canta "por el bien de todos."

*Más nadie se crea ofendido pues a
ninguno incomodo,
ninguno incomodo.
Y si canto de éste modo,
por encontrarlo oportuno,
no es para mal de ninguno,
sino para bien de todos.*

*"Aquel que vive aun, no debe decir: Jamas!
Lo que esta asegurado no es seguro.
Las cosas no permanecen como estan.
Cuando los que reinan como duenos habran
hablado,
Aquellos sobre los que reinan hablaran.
¿ Quien se atreve a decir jamas?"*

—Bertolt Brecht

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