

1. “America de los Indios”

By Daniel Valdez

As you listen and follow along with the translation, circle or underline anything you notice that reflects the musicians’ identification with the Indigenous part of their ethnic identity.

Surcando el cielo de América,
Sangre de viento avanzando,
Forma de fuego en la noche
En ruina de allí.

Crossing the skies of America,
Blood of advancing wind,
Shape of fire in the night
From there in ruin.

Canto del llanto del indio,
Voces del tambor, tocando,
Flautas que hablan con Dios
Me dicen así.

Song of the cry of the Indian,
Sound of the drum playing,
Flutes that speak with God
Say this to me.

Sangre y fusil y la tierra,
Gritando revolución,
Flautas que hablan con Dios
Me dicen así.

Blood and firearm and the earth,
Shouting revolution.
Flutes that speak with God
Say this to me.

Manos de bronce en la tierra,
Flor de sudor van sembrando,
Esperanzas de los pobres
Nacen aquí.

Bronze-colored hands in the earth,
They are sowing the flower of perspiration.
Hopes of the poor
Are born here.

Continue circling or underlining. Do you hear any musical sounds that reflect the musicians’ identification with the Indigenous part of their ethnic identity? Make a list.

Corazón, amor tajado,
Caras de piedra se ven.
Niños llenos de tormenta
Han de nacer.

Heart, love sliced up,
You see them with faces of stone.
Children filled with torment
Will be born.

Sangre y fusil y la tierra
Gritando revolución.
Niños llenos de tormenta
Han de nacer.

Blood and firearm and the earth,
Shouting revolution,
Children filled with torment
Will be born.

América de los indios
Siglo explosivo llegó,
Ya van bajando los pueblos
Hacia la liberación.

America of the Indians
The explosive century has arrived.
The peoples are moving down
Toward liberation.

Sangre y fusil y la tierra,
Gritando revolución,
Ya van bajando los pueblos
Hacia la liberación.
¡América!

Blood and firearm and the earth,
Shouting the revolution,
The peoples are moving down
Toward liberation.
America!

2. “El quinto sol” song lyrics

Arranged by Los Peludos

As you listen and follow along with the translation, circle or underline anything you notice that reflects the musicians' identification with the Indigenous part of their ethnic identity.

Ésta es la era del sol,
Del quinto sol.

This is the era of the sun
Of the fifth sun

Trajo gachupines con todo y frailes,
Trajo a Jesucristo y a Richard Nixon.
Trajo la viruela y hasta la sífilis.
Y ahora en vez de náhuatl, hablo español.
También trajo un vato, llamado Cortez
Que con la Malinche, metieron las tres.
Y de la conquista y la destrucción
Nacieron mestizos, hijos del sol.

It brought Spaniards (gachupines) with friars and everything,
It brought Jesus Christ and Richard Nixon.
It brought smallpox and even syphilis.
And now, instead of Náhuatl, I speak Spanish.
It also brought a fellow named Cortez
Who, with Malinche, made the three of them.
And from the conquest and the destruction
Mestizos were born, children of the sun.

(Estribillo)

**Pero este sol ya se acabó, se está apagando.
El gringo opresor ya está temblando.
Todo el mundo pobre ya va marchando.
Cantemos hermanos, al nuevo sol (2x)**

(Refrain)

**But this sun is coming to an end, it is burning out.
The gringo oppressor is now trembling.
All the poor people are now marching.
Let's Sing, brothers and sisters, to the new sun
(2x)**

Continue circling or underlining. Do you notice anything interesting about the musical sounds themselves? How are the elements of music used? Make a list.

Por trescientos años colonizaron
Y al indio noble aniquilaron,
Y la independencia, nos dio las tierras
Pero los controles, venían de afuera.
Sudamericano, tú los sabes bien,
Tú sufres las hambres, y otros comen bien.
Muera el monopolio, y su religión.
Mueran las alianzas, con el opresor.

For three hundred years, they colonized,
And they annihilated the noble Indian.
And independence gave us land,
But control came from elsewhere.
South American, you know well,
You suffer hunger, and others eat well.
Death to the monopoly, and its religion.
Death to the alliances with the oppressor.

Estribillo

Presidente Monroe te lo prometía
Que las tierras libres, él respetaría.
Y así prometiendo, no colonizar,
Tomó Puerto Rico, Hawai'i, y Aztlán.
Hermano Chicano, no hay que decaer.
Busca en tus entrañas al indio de ayer.
Sólo su nobleza y su humanidad
Te darán las fuerzas de la libertad.

Refrain

President Monroe promised you that
He would respect the free lands.
And promising like that, not to colonize,
He took Puerto Rico, Hawai'i, and Aztlán.
Brother Chicano, you mustn't fall back.
Look inside you for the Indian of the past.
Only his nobility and his humanity
Will give you the powers of liberty.