

Accomarca Soldadito (Accomarca Soldier)

As performed by the Hummingbirds of Huancapi, on February 16, 2001.

Recorded and translated by Jonathan Ritter.

Pobrepa churin wakchapa wawan rumi sonqo soldaditoy
Polvorata tragaspachum runa masakita qonqawanki
Accomarca llaqtallapi llapa runata sipirunki
Qochayuqwan mana quchayuq igualchallas wañuykusa
Accomarca llaqtallapi llapa runata sipirunki
Qochayuqwan mana quchayuq igualchallas wañuykusa

[“Esta canción en memoria a la matanza de Accomarca.
Cuantos inocentes nuestros hermanos murieron dejando
niños huérfanos y viudas”]

Tayta mamayki wakcha runa rumi sonqo soldadito
Wakcha wawallan viudapa yakayninwan kawaraqachu
Sarallachum trigullachum llapa runapa wiqillanqa
Sonqullayki ñawillayki muspallanqa yuyarispa
Sarallachum trigullachum llapa runapa wiqillanqa
Sonqullayki ñawillayki muspallanqa yuyarispa

Kawsay vida qari qari, rumi sonqo soldadito
Allqota qina pamparqanki manay yupayta runakunata
Gloria punkupi supay wasipi almaykiqa tupanakunqas

Unanchakuq tayta Diosqa ñanninchitas churawasun
Gloria punkupi supay wasipi almaykiqa tupanakunqas

Unanchakuq tayta Diosqa ñanninchitas churawasun

FUGA

Taytallanta mamallanta wañuchiptiyki soldadito
Taytallanta mamallanta wañuchiptiyki soldadito
Piraq mayraq waway ninqa
Piraq mayraq churiy ninqa
Piraq mayraq uywakunqa
Piraq mayraq educanqa

Sons and daughters of the poor, stone-hearted soldier
Swallowing dust, you forget your fellow people
In the town of Accomarca you killed everyone
Whether innocent or guilty, they died all the same
In Accomarca, you killed everyone
Whether innocent or guilty, they died all the same

[Spoken: “This song, in memory of the massacre of Accomarca.
So many of our innocent brothers died, leaving widows and
orphaned children.”]

Poor people, your father and mother, stone-hearted soldier
Poor child of a widow, you live still with your pain
Perhaps like corn, perhaps like wheat, the tears of the people
Your heart and eyes cloud over when remembering
Perhaps like corn, perhaps like wheat, the tears of the people
Your heart and eyes cloud over when remembering

Oh, you are a brave one, little stone-hearted soldier
You buried countless people like dogs
At the doors of heaven, or the houses of hell, your soul will find
itself

God the Creator puts us on our paths
At the doors of heaven, or the houses of hell, your soul will find
itself

God the Creator puts us on our paths

If you kill the mother and father, little soldier
If you kill the mother and father, little soldier
Who will say “My daughter!”
Who will say “My son!”
Who will raise them?
Who will educate them?