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
rear gaping holes in major US cities; ragged Angolan
peasants, scratching roots from the ground for suste-
nance, launched attacks against their Portuguese op-
pressors 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, com-
pare 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 move-
m ents, a resolution emerged recognizing the necessity
for armed struggle as the primary tool for the liber ation
of that continent. A brief three months later, Che Gue-
v ara 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 Gue-
v ara, millions of vows were made never again to under-
estimate the need for military readiness and audacity in
the face of an enemy so treacherous, so ruthless.

Parallel to the OLAS conference, painters and sculp-
tors 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 Afri-
can 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
Mia: "Whoever says that he does not have a political
position is wrong. All positions are political. The con-
cept 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 Vincu 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 liber-
ate 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 inte-
grate 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

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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 the spectacles of 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 others. As 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 inhabitants of the high plains 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 NFL splashed water on the big serious Argentine, the Australian girl was drenched 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 once we had come to create 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 Seras," 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 the song was written, 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 "chronicler," 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, Niccino, 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-inoctant 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 Tropicalana-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 Rodrígues work at music full-time. Silvio is the most complex poet of the group.

- Barbara Dane
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."

VARADERO
WORDS AND MUSIC BY CARLOS PUEBLA

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

(chorus)
Ahora sí, Ahora sí,
Ahora Varadero es para tó, para mía.
(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

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

Cogemos la mochac
Y abrimos la trocha
Y abrimos la trocha
Del cañaveral.
La mochac en la mano,
La mano en la mochac,
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 "Misters"
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 servor
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!

(spooken: "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.
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 pequeños,
Son pequeños, sí,
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 pequeñas,
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 patea:
Caballero de la OEA,
¿Qué pasó con su reunión?

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

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

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

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 prisas:
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 entrañable 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, etc.

Here am I in my place,
Asking myself for a long time
How it is 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

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,
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.

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,
¿Encender y barrer?
¿Manejar ascensores?
¿En el night club,
Servirles de beber?
¿O hacer que el Cadillac
Sea más lujoso
Visitando la librea de chofer?
Tenemos la respuesta
Siempre lista:
¿En Paris?
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,
Galera, para sombra,
Upper-cut, full-cross,
Duchazos, masajes,
Focos, reportajes,
O.K., Boss.
El canaveral de mi lejana tierra
Me dio estos fuertes biceps.
Los buques cargueros
De todos los muelles
Me dieron envidiable complección.
Y corriendo, vociendo millones de diarios,
Fortalece 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.

(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.

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 be-comes, to make matters worse,
The beginning of the end.
Footwork, training, shadow-boxing,
Punchin'-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 whisky, 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 mañers
Y el promotor.
Comienza el round,
Voy hacia el centro...
¡En este plan voy a perder!
Este es el round número 13,
Voy a mostrarme
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 referi 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.

**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!
ME GUSTAN LOS ESTUDIANTES
WORDS AND MUSIC BY VIOLETA PARRA

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

Que viven los estudiantes que rugen como los vientos
Cuando meten al oído sombras o regímenes
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 levanzan el pecho
Cuando les dicen harina, sabiéndose que es afredo
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 pittance?"
Caramba, that's a great thing!
Long live all of science!
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 inventado 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 ofrezca su corazón...
Palomita, ¿qué cosas tiene la vida y zambita!

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)

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 Patron2 no longer commands.
La Guitarra Americana
Learns to play with fighting hands! (3x)

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

Side 2, Band 2: Alfredo Zitarrosa (Uruguay)

COMPAORE MIGUEL
(Words and music by Yamándó Palacios)

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

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

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

Como cueva de peludos
La arípuca 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 ha 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 hará 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!

Our 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.

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 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 milagrosa;
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 vuelva pobre
Trabajando, trabajando.

Si mentir es un pecado
Con rezos se va pagando,
Será por eso que el cura
Se pasa el día 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!

JUVENTUD

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 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 avant-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 abyssal 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 triunfo 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 escudos de ignomia,
Sin puerto, sin destino, en la borrasca.

Y volemos no más, como los condores.
Hacia el paisaje azul de la montaña
Ebríos de luz, de vida, y de idealismo,
Un paso más y el triunfo nos aguanta.

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 formá'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 comenzá'o a arder
La conciencia de nuestros
Duel católico sinceró
Al comunista más viejo
Desde el sur del Río Bravo
Hasta la Tierra de Fuego.

Por eso quedo emocioná'o
Por cuanto ello significa
Saludamos las guerrillas
Que en Bolivia se han formá'o
Y tiembran, 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!"
COPLERA DEL VIENTO
WORDS AND MUSIC: OSCAR MATUS

Ando cantándole 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...!

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!

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 suco 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!

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!

Y HAY QUE ANDAR
WORDS AND MUSIC BY PABLO MILANÉS

Los años mozos pasaron
Y ahora saber que hay que ser

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.

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.

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.

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.

Y ahora tengo mis poros
abiertos
Para lo que hay que hacer
Y está hecho.
O esperar mi muerte
Abriendo 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.

POETRY

POETRY

Por la vida, por la vida.

Por la vida, por la vida.

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

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

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 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.

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.

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

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.

Nacion 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 extraviadas,
Quizas un poco de mariguana,
Y una manopla, y una navaja.

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

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.

Johnny, you don't know why
Billy, you don't know why
Willy, you don't know why.

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!

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.

Johnny, you don't know why
Billy, you don't know why
Willy, you don't know why.
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 cuanto estoy,
Y vi la realidad, bajo una tempestad.

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

Mira mi herida en la mano que pule con la muerte,
Y ofre 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 irrecórrible, quizás.

Quiero olvidar mi voz, colgar guitarras en el sol.

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

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.

LA ERA ESTA PARIENDO UN CORAZON
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 reírse
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.

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.