

SONG LYRICS WITH TRANSLATIONS

De Colores

(Traditional- Mexican Folk Song)

De colores, de colores se visten los
campos en la primavera
De colores, de colores son los
parjaritos que vienen de afuera
De colores, de colores es el arco iris
que vemos lucir
Y por eso los grandes amores de
muchos colores me gustan a mi
Y por eso los grandes amores de
muchos colores me gustan a mi

Canta el gallo, canta el gallo con el
kiri kiri kiri kiri kiri
La gallina, la gallina con el kara kara
kara kara kara
Los polluelos, los polluelos con el pio
pio pio pio pi
Y por eso los grandes amores de
muchos colores me gustan a mi
Y por eso los grandes amores de
muchos colores me gustan a mi

In Colors

(Traditional- Mexican Folk Song)

In colors, the fields drape
themselves in profusion of colors in
springtime.
In colors, in colors the young birds
arriving from afar
In colors, in colors the brilliant
rainbow we spy
And that's why the great love of
infinite colors is pleasing to me
And that's why the great love of
infinite colors is pleasing to me.

The rooster sings, the rooster sings
with a cockle doodle do
(kiri, kiri)
The hen, the hen with a cluck, cluck,
cluck
(kara, kara)
The baby chicks, the baby chicks
with a cheep, cheep, cheep
(pio, pio)
And that's why the great love of
infinite colors is pleasing to me
And that's why the great love of
infinite colors is pleasing to me

(translated by Abby F. Rivera 1/05)

El Picket Sign

*(Lyrics: Luis Valdez,
Music: Traditional, Se Va El Caiman)*

El picket sign, el picket sign
Lo llevo por todo el día
El picket sign, el picket sign
Conmigo toda la vida

Desde Tejas a California, campesinos estan
luchando
Desde Tejas a California, campesinos estan
luchando
Los rancheros a llore-llore, de huelga ya
estan bien pandos

Un primo que tengo yo andaba regando
ditches
Un primo que tengo yo andaba regando
ditches
Un día con Pagarulo y el otro con
Zaninoviches

Hay unos que no comprenden aunque
muchos les dan consejos
Hay unos que no comprenden aunque
muchos les dan consejos
La huelga es buena pa' todos pero unos se
hacen pendejos

Me dicen que soy muy necio, griton y
alborota pueblos
Me dicen que soy muy necio, griton y
alborota pueblos
Pero Juarez fue mi tio y Zapata fue mi
suegro

Y ahora organizando la gente en todos los
files
Y ahora organizando la gente en todos los
files
Porque unos solo comen tortillas con puros
chiles

Ya tenemos muchos años luchando con
esta huelga
Ya tenemos muchos años luchando con
esta huelga
Un ranchoero ya murio y otro si hizo abuelo

The Picket Sign

*(Lyrics: Luis Valdez,
Music: Traditional, Se Va El Caiman)*

The picket sign, the picket sign
I carry it all day with me
The picket sign, the picket sign
With me throughout my life.

From Texas to California, farm workers are
fighting
From Texas to California, farm workers are
fighting
And the growers a'-cryin, 'a-cryin', from the
strike they're knuckling under.

A cousin of mine was out irrigating ditches
A cousin of mine was out irrigating ditches
On one day with Pagarulo, the next with
Zaninoviches.

There are some who don't understand
though favored with advice,
There are some who don't understand
though favored with advice
The strike is good for everybody but some
play the stupid fool

They tell me I'm too head strong, yell too
much and incite people
They tell me I am too head strong, yell too
much and incite people
But Juarez was my uncle, my father-in-law,
Zapata

And now organizing the workers in all of the
fields
And now organizing the workers in all of the
fields
Because some only eat tortillas with nothing
else but chiles

We've been many years, fighting in this
strike
We've been many years, fighting in this
strike
One grower bit the dust, another's a
granddaddy

(translated by Abby Rivera 1/05)

Pastures of Plenty

(Lyrics: Woody Guthrie, Music: Traditional, Adaptation of the old melody "Pretty Polly")

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hand has hoed
My poor feet has traveled a hot, dusty road
Out of old Mexico and northward we rolled
Your deserts were hot and your mountains were cold

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes
Slept on the ground 'neath the light of your moon
On the edge of the city you'll see us and then
We come with the dust and we're gone with the wind

California, Arizona, I make all your crops
Then it's north up to Oregon to gather your hops
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from your vine
To put on your table that light sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down
Every state in this union us migrants have been
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win

It's always we've rambled that river and I
All along your green valleys I'll work till I die
My rights I'll defend with my life if need be
'Cause these pastures of plenty must some day be free

Solidarity Forever

*Music: Battle Hymn of the Republic by
Julia Ward Howe & William Steffe, 1861
English Lyrics: Ralph Chaplin, 1915
Spanish Lyrics: Agustín Lira, Luis Valdez
and Felipe Cantu)*

(Sung to these lyrics in English)

Solidarity Forever
Solidarity Forever
Solidarity Forever
For the union makes us strong

When the union's inspiration through the
workers blood shall run
There can be no power greater anywhere
beneath the sun
For what force on earth is weaker than the
feeble strength of one
But the union makes us strong

They have taken untold millions that they
never toiled to earn
But without our brain and muscle not a
single wheel can turn
We can break the growers' power, gain our
freedom while we learn
That the union makes us strong

Solidaridad Pa' Siempre (Sung to these lyrics in Spanish)

Solidaridad pa' siempre
Solidaridad pa' siempre
Solidaridad pa' siempre
Que viva nuestra union

En las viñas de la ira luchan por su libertad
Todos los trabajadores quieren ya vivir en
páz
Y por eso compañeros nos tenemos que
juntar
Con solidaridad

Vamos, vamos campesinos los derechos a
pelear
Con el corazón en alto y con fé en la unidad
Que la fuerza de los pobres como las olas
del mar
La injusticia va a inundar

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Solidarity Forever (Literal translation only)

Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Solidarity forever
Long live our union

In the vineyards of wrath they fight for their
liberty
All the workers now want to live in peace
And that is why companions we need to
unite
With solidarity

Come, let's proceed farm workers
To fight for our rights
With our spirits held high and with faith in
unity
Because the strength of the poor like the
waves of the sea
Will inundate injustice

Deportee

(Words by Woody Guthrie, Music by Marty Hoffman © 1961)

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps
You're flying them back to that Mexican border
It takes all their money to wade back again

Chorus: Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane
And all they will call you will be deportee

My father's own father, he waded that river
They took all the money he made in his life
My sisters and brothers come work in the fruit trees
Rode that truck till they went down and died

Some of us are illegal and others not wanted
Our work contract's out and we've got to move on
Six hundred miles to that Mexican border
They chased us like rustlers, like outlaws, like thieves

Chorus

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos canyon
A fireball of lightning, it shook all our hills
Who are these dear friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deportees

Is this the best way we can raise our good orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good crops?
To die and be scattered to rot on the topsoil?
To be called by no name except deportee?

Chorus (twice)

La Peregrinación

(Agustin Lira, 1965)

Y que yo hé de decir?
Qué yo estoy cansado?
Qué el camino es largo
y no se vé el fín?
Yo no vengo a cantar
porque mi voz sea buena
ni tampoco a llorar
mi mal estar

Coro:

Desde Delano voy
hasta Sacramento,
hasta Sacramento
mís derechos a pelear.
Mi Virgencita Guadalupána
Oye éstos pasos,
Que todo el mundo lo sabra.

The Pilgrimage

(Agustin Lira, 1965)

And what should I say?
That I am tired?
That the road is long
And the end is nowhere in sight?
I do not come to sing
because I have such a good voice
Nor do I come to cry
about my bad fortune

Chorus:

From Delano I go
to Sacramento,
to Sacramento
to fight for my rights.
My Virgin of Guadalupe
Hear these steps,
because the world will know of them.

Roll The Union On

(Lyrics: John Handcox & Lee Hays; Music based on the gospel hymn "Roll the Chariots On; song written in 1936 at a Labor School in Arkansas)

We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll
We're gonna roll this union on
We're gonna roll, we're gonna roll,
We're gonna roll this union on

And if the growers get in the way, we're gonna roll right over them
We're gonna roll right over them, we're gonna roll right over them
And if the growers get in the way, we're gonna roll right over them
We're gonna roll this union on

Chorus

And if the cops get in the way, we're gonna roll right over them
We're gonna roll right over them, we're gonna roll right over them
And if the cops get in the way, we're gonna roll right over them
We're gonna roll this union on

Chorus

Huelga En General

(Lyrics: Luis Valdez; Music: Traditional from Cuba)

Hasta Mexico ha llegado la noticia muy
alegre que Delano es diferente
Pues el pueblo ya está en contra, los
rancheros y engreídos que acavaban con la
gente
Y como somos hermanos, la alegría
compartimos con todos los campesinos
Viva la revolución! Viva nuestra
Asociación! Viva huelga en general!

El día ocho de septiembre de los campos de
Delano salieron los filipinos
Y después de dos semanas para unirse a la
batalla salieron los mejicanos
Y juntos vamos cumpliendo con la marcha
de la historia para liberar al pueblo
Viva la revolución! Viva nuestra
Asociación! Viva huelga en general!

(Coro)

Viva la huelga en el fil
Viva la causa en la historia
La raza llena de gloria
La victoria va cumplir

Nos dicen los patroncitos que el trabajo
siempre se hace con bastantes esquirols
Y mandan enganchadores pa' enganar
trabajadores que se venden por frijoles
Pero hombres de la raza se fajan y no se
rajan mientras la uva se hace pasa
Viva la revolución! Viva nuestra
Asociación! Viva huelga en general!

Viva la huelga en el fil...

Ya saben los contratistas que ni caro ni
barato compraran nuestros hermanos
Y como es bien sabido que pa' mantener
familias mas sueldos necesitamos
Ya esta bueno compañeros como dice
Cesar Chavez esta huelga ganaremos
Abajo los contratistas! Arriba nuestros
huelgistas! Que se acabe el esquirol!

Viva la huelga en el fil...

General Strike

(Lyrics: Luis Valdez; Music: Traditional from Cuba)

All the way to Mexico the happy news has
been transported that Delano is different
The people are in battle with the growers
and their flunkies who abused and crushed
the workers
And since we are all bothers, we share our
happiness with all farm workers.
Long live the revolution! Long live our
Association! Long live the general strike!

On the 8th day of September the Filipinos
walked out from the fields in Delano
And to unite in the struggle the Mexicans
walked-out two weeks later
And together we're succeeding with the
march of history to liberate farm workers
Long-live the revolution! Long-live our
Association! Long-live the general strike!

(Chorus)

Long live the strike in the field
Long live the movement in history
The people rich in dignity
The victory will win

The lil' growers tell us that the work is
always done with a good deal of scabs
And they bring smooth-talking labor
contractors to entice and trick workers who
sell out for measly beans
But workers with nerve dig their heels in and
bravely take a stance while the grapes turn
into raisins
Long live the revolution! Long live our
Association! Long live the general strike!

(Chorus) Long live the general strike ...

Contractors know full well that our brothers
won't sell-out for pittance nor be bought for
lots of cash
Since it's well known that to care for our
families what's really needed are higher
wages
Enough brothers and sisters as Cesar
Chavez tells us, "We will win this strike!"
Down with the labor contractors! Up with our
strikers! Wipeout all the dirty scabs!

(Chorus) Long live the general strike...

(translated by Abby Rivera 1/05)

Brown-Eyed Children of the Sun

(Daniel Valdez)

Up to California from Mexico you come
To the Sacramento Valley, to toil in the sun
Your wife and seven children, they're working every one
And what will you be giving to your brown-eyed children of the sun?

Your face is lined and wrinkled and your age is forty-one
Your back is bent from picking, like your dying time has come
Your children's eyes are smiling, their lives have just begun
And what will you be giving to your brown-eyed children of the sun?

You marched on Easter Sunday, to the Capitol you've come
To fight for union wages, and your fight has just begun
You're a proud man, you're a free man, and your heritage is won
And that you can be giving to your brown-eyed children of the sun!

We Shall Not Be Moved

(Traditional, Based on an old hymn "I Shall Not Be Moved")

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the
water
We shall not be moved

The union is behind us,
We shall not be moved,
The union is behind us,
We shall not be moved,
Just like a tree that's standing by the
water
We shall not be moved

United we will win
We shall not be moved
United we will win
We shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the
water
We shall not be moved

No Nos Moveran

(Traditional, Based on an old hymn "I Shall Not Be Moved")

No, no, no nos moveran
No, no, no nos moveran
Como un árbol firme junto al río
No nos moveran

La union con nosotros
No nos moveran
La union con nosotros
No nos moverán
Como un árbol firme junto al río
No nos moveran

Unidos ganaremos
No no nos moveran
Unidos ganaremos
No nos moveran
Como un árbol firme junto al río
No nos moveran

Despedida de Cesar Chavez

(Francisco Garcia, April 1993)

Viernes de abril –23
del año '93
César Chávez se marchó
De éste mundo
ya se fué

Tiende tu vuelo paloma
por las montañas y valles
Allá arriba de las lomas
ya descansa César Chávez

Siempre te recordaremos
fuíste bueno entre los buenos
Cúmples tu misión hermano
con el gran “Plan de Delano”

Ya te encuentras descansando
dónde se encuentran los grandes
Kennedy, Villa y Zapata,
Martin Luther King y Gandhi

Y allá nos están mirando
luchadores por la justicia
Y nos están vigilando
que sigámos en la lucha

Seguímos la misma causa
que Chávez nos ha enseñado
A pelear por la justicia
La lucha no ha terminado

César Chávez no murió
Ténganlo presente Uds.
La verdad de sus palabras
Sí se puede, sí se puede

En Keene le cántan las aves
entre arboleras y rocas
Ya descansa César Chávez
entre su jardín de rosas

Chávez ya está descansando
rodiado de verdes cerros
Así quiso Dios Eterno
Que esté con Él en el cielo

Cesar Chavez' Farewell

(Francisco Garcia, April 1993)

Friday in April—23
in the year '93
Cesar Chavez passed away
From this world
he has departed

Spread your wings dove and fly
through the mountains and valleys
Over there atop the mountains
Cesar Chavez now rests

We will always remember you
honorable midst staunch people
You attain your mission brother
with the great “Plan of Delano”

You can now be found resting
where great ones are seated
Kennedy, Villa and Zapata,
Martin Luther King and Gandhi

From beyond they are watching us
fighters for justice
And they are vigilantly guarding
that we continue in the struggle

We continue the same cause
That Chavez taught us
To fight for justice
The struggle has not ended

Cesar Chavez did not die
Keep him in your heart always
The truth of his words
Yes it can be done; yes it can be done

The birds sing to him in Keene
Among the groves and rocks
Cesar Chavez now rests
within his rose garden

Chavez is now resting
Surrounded by verdant hills
That is what God Eternal willed
That he be with Him in heaven

(translated by Abby Rivera 02/05)

Brand New Life

(Copyright Terry Scott, 2003)

Pedro was twenty when he came from the South
Juanita was just seventeen
They both come looking for work in the North
Chasing that golden dream

Well, they met in Mexicali in the back of a truck
Waiting to cross the line
Both feeling scared and already missing
The families they were leaving behind

Chorus:

'But, hey, when that brand new life calls you
You know you pack your bags and you run
And, hey, don't that new life sparkle just like a diamond
Beneath the California sun
Beneath the California sun

They walked through the desert for three days and nights
'Till they hitched a ride to L.A.
Juanita had an uncle in Huntington Park
And Pedro had friends near San Jose

He found work in the fields picking fruit from the trees
And he wrote to Juanita each week
At the end of a year he bought a car and a ring
And he asked her while on bended knee

Chorus

Well it's been seven years since they tied the knot
The ties that bind still hold strong
They live in a trailer on the outskirts of town
With their third baby due before long

And sometimes in the stillness they make love at dawn
They talk about all they've been through
And if you were to ask if they'd do it all again
Their answer would ring sure and true

Chorus

We Shall Overcome

(English Lyrics: Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan, Pete Seeger – 1960;

Spanish Lyrics: Members of El Teatro Campesino;

Music: Traditional, based on a mid-19th Century revival hymn “I’ll Overcome”)

We shall overcome, we shall
overcome
We shall overcome some day
Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

Nosotros Venceremos

(English Lyrics: Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan, Pete Seeger – 1960;

Spanish Lyrics: Members of El Teatro Campesino;

Music: Traditional, based on a mid-19th Century revival hymn “I’ll Overcome”)

Nosotros venceremos, nosotros
venceremos
Nosotros venceremos ahora
O en mi corazón
Yo creo
Nosotros venceremos

El Esquirol

Lyrics: Teatro Campesino; Traditional Mexican music (Rosita Alvarez)

El año '65 en Delano comenzó
la huelga por mejor sueldo
y el esquirol resistio
y el esquirol resistio

Su mamá se lo decia
mijo, no quiebres la huelga
Mamá, no tengo la culpa
que a mi me manda mi suegra
que a mi me manda mi suegra

El esquirol fué temprano
su patrón a saludar
luego le besó la mano
y ahí se puso a bailar
y ahí se puso a bailar

Lo llamó el contratista
y le díjo muy enojado
si me descuido tantito
tu me comes el mandado
tu me comes el mandado

El esquirol fué corriendo
su patroncito a buscar
usted que es como mi papá
mándame a otro lugar
mándame a otro lugar

El esquirol está en Welfare
dándole cuenta al estado
su patron a todos díce
lo corrí por arrastrado
lo corrí por arrastrado

The Scab

Lyrics: Teatro Campesino; Traditional Mexican music (Rosita Alvarez)

In the year '65 in Delano it began
the strike for better wages
and the dirty scab would not budge
and the dirty scab would not budge

His mother would say to him
son, don't break the union strike
Mom, I am not to blame for it
my mother-in-law pulls my strings
my mother-in-law pulls my strings

The scab got there in the early morn'
to offer greetings to his boss
then kissed his hand
and there began shimmying and
shakin'
and there began shimmying and
shakin'

The labor contractor summoned him
all hot under the collar and told him
if I drop my guard even a little
You rob me blind of all that's mine
You rob me blind of all that's mine

The rattled scab dashed-off running
in search of his darling, little boss
you who are like my very own father
Please see fit to send me elsewhere
Please see fit to send me elsewhere

The scab is now on the Welfare roll
giving sorry excuses to the state
while his Big Daddy tells everyone
I fired the worthless, good-for-nothin'
I fired the worthless, good-for-nothin'

(translated by Abby Rivera-08/05)