

# 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 have traveled a hot, dusty road  
Out of old Mexico and northward we rolled  
And your deserts was hot and your mountains was cold

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes  
Slept on the ground in the light of your moon  
On the edge of your 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 set on your table that light sparkling wine

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

Well it's always we've rambled, that river and I  
All along your green valleys I will 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: Augustín 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

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### **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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del mar  
La injusticia va a inundar

\*\*\*\*\*

### **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)*

Chorus:

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**

*(Arranged by 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-19<sup>th</sup> 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-19<sup>th</sup> Century revival hymn “I’ll Overcome”)*

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