

## 2. ELEGANT FIGURE Chabuca Granda, Peru

A cheerful sidewalk  
enlightened by the moon or the sun  
stretched like a ribbon,  
a ribbon with red knots,  
bright red like geraniums  
and shy smiles  
afterglow of carnations  
and cheeks in bloom.

Scented magnolia  
early morning dash  
the sidewalk smiles  
when it caresses your skin .  
And birds chirp away,  
And windows open  
when your fine figure  
walks down that path.

Fine figure, caballero!  
gentleman of fine appearance,  
a star smiling  
under a hat wouldn't smile in a  
nicer way, Sir,  
nor would it shine in a brighter  
way, Sir,  
and your steps enlighten the  
sidewalk,  
the sidewalk shines when you pass  
by.

It takes you through the hallways  
and delighted courtyards,  
it takes you round the squares  
and to your dreamed loves.  
Sidewalk that lulls  
with your embroidered shoes  
your heels lined with silk,  
Petticoats and starched.

It is a cheerful little road,  
Enlightened by the moon or the  
sun,  
That I should walk singing,  
In case I catch-up with you;  
Elegant figure, Caballero,  
May someone watch over you!

Elegant figure...

## 3. DANZA AARACHI / INTIU KANA Traditional Aymara, Bolivia

The light of the sun  
Will shine over our peoples.  
We will think, we will rejoice,  
Good, good brother.  
WAIL  
Oral tradition, Argentina

I'm going back to the mountain,  
No lies there  
And they don't party.  
Wild flower,  
My poor eyes have cried too  
many tears.

## 5. JOSE ANTONIO Chabuca Granda, Peru

Along the road arrives  
riding a horse, Jose Antonio.  
He is coming from Barranco  
to see the Amancaes Flower.  
On a beautiful Peruvian horse  
he follows the path  
wearing a hat, a scarf,  
and a white linen poncho.

While the morning runs,  
his memory fiddles

And a joyful leap horse neighs.  
A fine mist of June  
kisses both cheeks,

And four singing hooves  
Are going to Amancaes.

How beautiful is this rider! !  
How elegant and graceful,  
holding the flange fine silk,  
which is white and red!  
How smoothly he governs the bit  
with his silk bridle only  
to get the beautiful Peruvian horse  
to take an elegant side-step!!

José Antonio, José Antonio,  
why did you leave me here?  
When I see you again,  
Let it happen on a rainy day, in  
June!,  
I will curl up on your back  
under your poncho of linen  
and in your hat ribbons  
I want to see the Amancay flowers  
That you will have picked for me  
when you take me to ride with you  
on your golden dream,  
on your elegant Peruvian horse,  
the famous Peruvian Paso!

## 6. THE LOGGER'S SONG Eduardo Falú, Argentine

Down the river I carry my logs,  
down the river along the high  
Parana.  
The weight of the collapsed  
shadow  
slides down towards the horizon.

Down the river, down the river,  
down the river  
My song bleeds onto the surface  
of the water.  
Life and work are dreams  
That turn my heart into a water  
lilly.

I'm the logger... I'm the logger...  
Gliding on the river is my destiny  
from deep into the timber yard  
along the fleeting, tremulous water.

Shore to shore, sun and moon, sky  
and water,  
Unending mirage,  
Mud skin, fabulous giant boa,  
Sailing can be a devouring  
passion.

## 7. LA MACORINA Alfonso Camín /Chavela Vargas, Mexico

Here, put your hand here,  
Macorina,  
Put your hand here...

Twenty years old among palm  
trees  
Bodies like flags  
Huataque night and danzon  
The band was playing a song  
Of wild, burning forests,  
And frenzied skies.

Here, put your hand here,  
Macorina,  
Put your hand here...

Breasts like anon flesh  
Your mouth a blessing

Of ripe guanabana  
Always the slender waist  
and the old danzon

Here, put your hand here,  
Macorina,  
Put your hand here...

Your wild and ferocious hair  
A Cuban swamp  
For my guerrilla love

Here, put your hand here,  
Macorina,  
Put your hand here...

You walked away  
Your gown escaping towards the  
sugarcane field.  
On seeing your slender waist  
The sugarcane bent down  
Onto your path  
Wishing you'd grind them  
As in a mill.

Here, put your hand here,  
Macorina,  
Put your hand here...

The moon is a shark  
Drunk with ink.

Here, put your hand here,  
Macorina,  
Put your hand here...

Later the dawn  
Pulls me away from your arms.  
Now what shall I do  
With that woman scent  
Of mango and fresh cane  
Which drew me into the warmth  
Of the danzon rhythm.

Here, put your hand here,  
Macorina,  
Put your hand here...

## 9. MONTILLA Pío Alvarado, Venezuela

I am bringing you this song  
because my friend asked,  
May tomorrow the same thing be  
done for me.

There comes Montilla, up for a  
fight,  
He is saying: Woman, bullets are  
screeching!  
He gave guns to his people  
And lit the fires, blessed Mother  
of God.

How could this happen to Montilla,  
How could this happen.  
Such a brave man, Montilla,  
And now he's been killed.

They say Montilla is coming, they  
say he's on his way,  
And I say it's all a lie because I  
come from over there.

If someone calls me black, it does  
not bother me,  
Because my skin is black but white  
are my bones.

## 11. SAD TOWN Otilio Galíndez, Venezuela

The girl who grinds and grinds,

what does she think?  
The evil-minded man next to the  
old woman, what does he think?  
What do the chapel's bells say  
When they strike their sad moans?

And the moon that casts its light  
Over sad towns at dawn,  
What stories, what grief,  
What tears does it tell me?

A cheap saint in a corner  
And next to it a candle dying in  
dirty oil,  
Further down, a dog like a bag  
of bones  
Barks its God's given hunger.

## 12. THE HARVESTER Ramón Ayala, Argentine

The old passing river  
Goes through the dawn,  
Making the raft spin madly  
Among the water lilies.

I will plough the fields  
And sing my song among white  
flocks;  
With hardened hands  
I'll leave my heart in the cotton.  
Chaco, wild land of the hardwood  
tree,  
Will light up my blood with its  
coarse Indian cry  
And in the furrow my hat  
Will be a beacon of light under  
the sun.

I come from Corrientes,  
Barranqueras is already in sight  
And I can hear an accordion  
Moaning its slow chamamé.

I will plough the fields  
And sing my song among white  
flocks;  
With hardened hands  
I'll leave my heart into the cotton.  
Chaco, wild land of the hardwood  
tree,  
Will light up my blood with its  
coarse Indian cry  
And in the furrow my hat  
Will be a beacon of light under  
the sun.

Good bye, good bye, good bye  
cotton,  
Wet silver drenched in moon and  
sweat,  
A hut inebriated with love and  
dreams is all I want.