

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
Huateque 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 sugarcanes 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 Ofilio 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.