De Colores
Traditional - Mexican Folk Song

De colores, de colores se visten los campos en la primavera
De colores, de colores son los pajarillos 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

Canta el gallo, canta el gallo con el quiri quiri quiri quiri
La gallina, la gallina con el cara cara cara cara cara
Los polluelos, los polluelos con el pio pio pio pio pi

Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi

Canta el gallo, canta el gallo con el quiri quiri quiri quiri quiri
La gallina, la gallina con el cara cara cara cara cara
Los polluelos, los polluelos con el pio pio pio pio pi

Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi

(Translated by Abby F. Rivera 1/05)

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

The rooster sings, the rooster sings with a cock-a-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

The rooster sings, the rooster sings with a cock-a-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

(Translated by Abby F. Rivera 1/05)
### El Picket Sign

**Lyrics:** Luis Valdez,
**Music:** Traditional (Se Va el Caimán)

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 están luchando. Desde Tejas a California, campesinos están luchando. Los rancheros a llorego llor, de huelga ya están bien pardos.

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

El picket sign, el picket sign...

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, gritón y alborota poblado. Me dicen que soy muy necio, gritón y alborota poblado. Pero Juárez fue mi tío y Zapata fue mi suegro.

El picket sign, el picket sign...


Ya tenemos muchos años luchando con esta huelga. Ya tenemos muchos años luchando con esta huelga. Un ranchero ya murió y otro si hizo abuelo.

El picket sign, el picket sign...

### The Picket Sign

**Lyrics:** Luis Valdez,
**Music:** Traditional (Se Va el Caimán)

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.

The picket sign, the picket sign...

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 headstrong, yell too much and incite people. They tell me I am too headstrong, yell too much and incite people. But Juarez was my uncle, my father-in-law, Zapata.

The picket sign, the picket sign...

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.

The picket sign, the picket sign...

(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 your dust bowl and westward we rolled
And your desert 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 go with the wind

California and 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 your light sparkling wine

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

Well, it’s always we ramble that river and I
All along your green valleys I’ll work till I die
My rights I’ll defend with my life if it be
‘Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free
Solidaridad Pa’ Siempre

Music: Battle Hymn of the Republic by Julia Ward Howe & William Steffe, 1861
Spanish Lyrics: Augustín Lira, Luis Valdez and Felipe Cantú

(Sung to these lyrics in Spanish)

Solidaridad pa’ siempre
Solidaridad pa’ siempre
¡Que viva nuestra unión!

En las viñas de la ira
luchan por su libertad
Todos los trabajadores
quieren ya vivir en paz
Y por eso compañeros nos
tenemos que juntar
Con solidaridad
Solidaridad pa’ siempre...

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

Solidaridad pa’ siempre...

********************************

Solidarity Forever (Literal translation)

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, farmworkers
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

Solidarity Forever

Music: Battle Hymn of the Republic by Julia Ward Howe & William Steffe, 1861
English Lyrics: Ralph Chaplin, 1915

(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

Solidarity forever...

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

Solidarity forever...
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

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

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita...

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?

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita...

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita...
La Peregrinación
(Agustín Lira, 1965)

¿Y que yo he de decir?
¿Qué yo estoy cansado? ¿Qué el camino es largo y no se ve el fin?

Yo no vengo a cantar porque mi voz sea buena ni tampoco a llorar mi mal estar

Desde Delano voy hasta Sacramento, hasta Sacramento mis derechos a pelear.

Mi Virgencita Guadalupana Oye éstos pasos, Que todo el mundo lo sabrá.

Desde Delano voy hasta Sacramento, hasta Sacramento mis derechos a pelear.

The Pilgrimage
(Agustín 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

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.

From Delano I go to Sacramento, to Sacramento to fight for my rights.
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

We’re gonna roll, we’re gonna roll...

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

We’re gonna roll, we’re gonna roll...
Huelga En General
Lyrics: Luis Valdez;
Music: Traditional from Cuba

Hasta México ha llegado la noticia muy alegre que Delano es diferente
Pues el pueblo ya está en contra, los rancheros y engreídos que acababan 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!

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

Nos dicen los patrocinadores que el trabajo siempre se hace con bastantes esquiroles Y mandan enganchadores pa’ engañar 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 César Chávez esta huelga ganaremos

¡Abajo los contratistas! ¡Arriba nuestros huelguistas!
¡Que se acabe el esquiro!

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!

... 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 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!
Wipe out all the dirty scabs!

... Long live the general strike...

(translated by Abby Rivera 1/05)
Brown-Eyed Children of the Sun
(Daniel Valdez, Sylvia Galan, Pedro Contreras)

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,
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

We shall not, 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

We shall not, we shall not be moved...

United in the struggle...

No Nos Moverán
Traditional, Based on an old hymn “I Shall Not Be Moved”

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

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

No, no, no nos moverán...
Unidos ganaremos
No nos moverán
Unidos ganaremos
No nos moverán Como un árbol firme junto al río
No nos moverán

No, no, no nos moverán...
Unidos en la lucha...
Despedida de César Chávez
(Francisco García, April 1993)
Viernes de abril –23
del año ‘93
César Chávez se marchó
De éste mundo
ya se fue
Tiende tu vuelo paloma
por las montañas y valles
Allá arriba de las lomas ya
descansa César Chávez
Siempre te recordaremos
fuiste bueno entre los buenos
Cumplies 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 sigamos en la lucha
Seguimos 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 cantan las aves
entre arboleras y rocas
Ya descansa César Chávez
entre su jardín de rosas
Chávez ya está descansando
rodeado de verdes cerros
Así quiso Dios Eterno
Que esté con Él en el cielo
César Chávez’ 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

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

But, hey, when that brand new life calls you...

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

But, hey, when that brand new life calls you...
**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

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**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

---

No estamos solos  
No estamos solos  
No estamos solos ahora  
O en mi corazón  
Yo creo  
Nosotros venceremos

---

We are not alone,  
We are not alone,  
We are not alone today  
Oh, deep in my heart  
I do believe  
We shall overcome some day

---

No tenemos miedo  
No tenemos miedo  
No tenemos miedo ahora  
O en mi corazón  
Yo creo  
Nosotros venceremos

---

We are not afraid  
We are not afraid  
We are not afraid today  
Oh, deep in my heart  
I do believe  
We shall overcome some day
Niños Campesinos
Luís Valdez; Teatro Campesino

Como a la una, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis de la mañana
El sol calienta ranchos anchos y de luz todos los baña
Y a eso campos
van los niños campesinos
Sin un destino, sin un destino
Son peregrinos de verdad

Van de camino los veranos, inviernos
y primaveras
Cruzando estados y condados y ciudades extranjeras
Como las golondrinas van bajo los cielos
Dándose vuelo, dándose vuelo
De sus anhelos de verdad

Van a los files de la uva, betabel y de manzana
Y ahí los niños se las pasan todo el día entre las ramas
De sol a sol hasta que llegan pagadores
Dándoles flores, dándoles flores
Para dolores de verdad

Pero algún día eso niños serán hombres y mujeres
Trabajadores campesinos que defienden sus quereres
Y mano en mano tomarán otro camino
Con un destino, con un destino
Pa’ campesinos de verdad

Como a la una, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco, seis de la mañana
El sol calienta ranchos anchos y de luz todos los baña
Y a eso campos solo van los esquiroles
¡Viva la huelga!
¡Viva la huelga!
¡Viva la causa de verdad!

Farmworker Children
Luís Valdez; Teatro Campesino

About 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6 o’clock in the morning
The sun warms up wide ranches and bathes them all in light
And to those fields go the farmworker children
Without a destiny, without a destiny
They are truly pilgrims

They go on the road summers, winters, and springs
Crossing strange states and counties and cities
Like swallows they go beneath the heavens
Giving flight, giving flight
To their very real yearnings

They go to the fields of grapes, sugar beets, and apples
And there the children spend the whole day under the branches
From sunrise to sunset until their parents (literally, the payers) arrive
Giving them flowers, giving them flowers for very real sorrows

But one day these children will be men and women
Farmworkers who defend their desires
And hand in hand they will take another road,
With a destiny, with a destiny, for true campesinos

About 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6 o’clock in the morning
The sun warms up wide ranches and bathes them all in light
And to those fields only the scabs go
Long live the strike!
Long live the strike!
Long live the cause of truth!
Sources and Background

Most of these songs can be found at the Farmworker Movement Documentation Project’s music page: http://farmworkermovement.com/medias/music/. See especially links to “El Teatro Campesino”, “Luis Valdez & El Teatro Campesino”, “Thunderbird Records”, “Alfredo Figueroa”, and “Terry Scott” for a variety of versions and interpretations. You may also like searching Google or YouTube for Agustín Lira, Luis Valdez, El Teatro Campesino, and so on.

Many of the UFW’s picket line songs (and the style in which they were sung) were inspired by and lifted from SNCC (Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee) songs and their powerful renditions. For a brief video overview of some of these, see http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8glgN3QZJow.

For a list of albums (mostly unavailable) see http://www.crmvet.org/docs/albums.htm. Here are links to a few other versions and sources available online (accessed 5/16/12).

De Colores
El Picket Sign/Se Va el Caimán  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qORsS3K6Qfw&feature=related  (Facundo Cabral)
  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nqi627XCEaU&feature=related  (Hugo Blanco)
Pastures of Plenty  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BH2DJvgNIMA  (Woody Guthrie)
  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uWlq0ol44Sk  (Cisco Houston)
  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_v2hg_G-Brw  (Odetta)
Solidarity Forever/Solidaridad pa’ Siempre  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0VtAhKq9S0w&feature=related  (Pete Seeger)
  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E7NPUK_QhEk&feature=related  (Utah Phillips)
Deportee  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c2eO65BqxBE  (Arlo Guthrie)
  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4jWFPLjYEAw  (Joan Baez)
  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3QA3dOsbwAQ&feature=related  (Bob Dylan & Joan Baez)
  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6njNWjTkLvs&feature=related  (Arlo Guthrie & Emmylou Harris)
La Peregrinación  http://farmworkermovement.com/media/teatro/index.shtml  (Agustín Lira’s original version from the historic March to Sacramento—the original Peregrinación)
Roll the Union On  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v4YeDI4R9MA  (The Almanac Singers)
Huelga en General
Brown-Eyed Children of the Sun  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eyH913Q29g0  (Daniel Valdez)
We Shall Not Be Moved/No Nos Moverán/I Shall Not Be Moved  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tlcBYeXP8FY  (Mississippi John Hurt)
Despedida de César Chávez
Brand New Life
We Shall Overcome/Nosotros Venceremos  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Aor6-DkzBJ0  (Morehouse College Glee Club)
  http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vOrbSWJ_tNI&feature=fvst  (Lalo González “El Piporro”) Niños Campesinos