

### ALZA TU VUELO

Vuela, sin descansar,  
Paloma mensajera.  
Yo he de avi par  
Que pronto llegaras.

Alza tu vuelo,  
Confundate en el viento,  
Haz tu misiva, llegar  
A tu destino, sin final.

Que tu canto hable  
Mucho de mi pueblo,  
De sus luchas, sus victorias;  
Eso canta, dice la verdad  
Al mundo entero  
De sus ansias de ser libre  
Para siempre!

### COMPANERO

Companero Jacinto, Pedro, Juana,  
O como te llames,  
Ingresaste a las filas,  
De los que nunca mueren,  
Los que estan siempre presentes,  
En las acciones de cada hombre  
o mujer que lucha,  
De todos los torturados,  
De quienes viven con hambre,  
De aquellos que sobreviven  
Murisndose en los turburios.

Companero, amigo de la justicia,  
Tu lucha, tambien tu muerte,  
Dara fruta un dia de estos.  
Companero, ya viene el amanecer,  
De un nuevo dia.  
Un dia lleno de paz,  
De amor, y de justicia.  
Seras Jacinto, Pedro, Juana,  
O como te llames,  
Nuestro gran companero,  
Constructor del Manana.  
Porque to eres de esos muertos  
Que nunca mueren,  
Que nunca mueren,  
Porque vives en la lucha,  
Y en el corazon de nuestro pueblo,  
Porque to eres de esos muertos  
Que viven en la vida nueva.  
Esta vida nueva, porque murieron.

### TAKE FLIGHT

Fly on, without tiring,  
Messenger Dove.  
I must spread the word  
That soon you'll arrive.

Take to flight.  
Mix yourself with the wind.  
Carry out your mission.  
Go where your long flight ends.

Your song can tell my People's story;  
Sing their struggle, their victory.  
Tell the truth to the whole world;  
We want to be free forever!

### BROTHER

Brother, Jacinto, Pedro, Juana,  
Or whatever your name may be;  
You have entered the ranks  
Of those who never die,  
Of those who are always with us  
In the deeds of each man and woman who fight,  
Of all the tortured,  
Of all the hungry ones,  
Of those who go on living  
While dying bit by bit in dark distress.

Brother, friend of justice,  
Your struggle and your death  
Will give fruit one of these days.  
Brother, day is already coming,  
It'll be a new day,  
A day filled with peace,  
With love, with justice.  
And you will be Jacinto, Pedro, Juana,  
Or whatever your name may be,  
Our wonderful brother:  
The builder of tomorrow.  
Because you are among the dead  
That never die, that never die,  
Because you live in the struggle  
And in the heart of our people,  
And because you are among those dead  
Who live in the new life,  
This life will be new  
Because you gave your life.

# tepeuani

CANCION PARA EL FDR

Con los puños en alto,  
Y la clara conciencia,  
Unidos para vencer,  
El pueblo combatiente,  
En la lucha final,  
Por la democracia,  
Y por la libertad,  
Por un Mañana mejor,  
Por la independencia nacional,  
Por la justicia para todos,  
El FDR vencerá.  
El pueblo vencerá.  
Su trabajo conductor  
A El Salvador liberará  
De la explotación imperialista,  
Y la democracia triunfará.  
Nuestra lucha vencerá,  
Con la solidaridad  
De todos los pueblos,  
Del mundo entero,  
Que juntos a nuestro pueblo  
Vencera con los puños en alto,  
Y la clara conciencia,  
Unidos para vencer,  
El Frente Democrático Revolucionario!  
Por la libertad de El Salvador!  
Por la libertad!  
Por la libertad de El Salvador!

SONG FOR THE FDR

With our fists raised high,  
And with a strong understanding,  
United to win,  
The fighting people,  
In the final struggle,  
For democracy,  
For freedom,  
For a better tomorrow,  
For national independence,  
For justice for everyone,  
The FDR will win.  
The people, united, will win.  
The (FDR) leader's work  
Will free El Salvador  
From imperialist exploitation  
And democracy will triumph.  
In our struggle we will overcome,  
With the solidarity  
Of all the peoples  
Of the whole world,  
Who together with our people  
Will also overcome.  
With our fists raised high,  
With a clear understanding,  
United to win,  
The Revolutionary Democratic Front!  
For the freedom of El Salvador!

LA SANDIA EN T.V.

Se asocia la sandía dulcemente;  
La idea de un negrito, su sonrisa,  
Sonrisa de sandía; Que inocente!  
Se extiende de la boca a la camisa.

Av, la sandía, azucaradamente,  
No discrimina, ni safrica;  
Y siendo una sandía, exactamente,  
Tiene mas corazon que los humanos.

Para el negrito, negro despreciado,  
Al que llegar a la escuela ni alcanza,  
Mientras murió su padre de soldado,  
Tiene ni cugco que alcanza para el día.

Su ternura, y su mundo de esperanza,  
Mas dulce que el sabor de la sandía.

THE WATERMELON ON T.V.

They present the watermelon, sweetly;  
With the image of a small black boy and his smile,  
His watermelon smile; So innocent!  
It goes clear from ear to ear.

The watermelon, laden with its sugar,  
Doesn't discriminate, doesn't sacrifice.  
Being a watermelon, exactly,  
It has more red heart than humans have.

But for the little black boy, being black is against  
him, He doesn't manage to go to school.  
And since his father died as a soldier,  
He doesn't have enough to live one day.

But there's his tenderness, and his world of hope,  
Sweeter than the taste of any watermelon.

TORITO PINTO

Torito, torito pinto;  
Hijo de la vaca mora;  
Quieres que te sacus una suerte,  
Delante de tu señora.

Urra, torito pinto;  
Si tu eres el que laboras,  
Tu madre, que con el tinto,  
Ya no te conoce ahora.

Torito, torito pinto;  
Rey eres de tu señora;  
Con este poco re-tinto,  
Sere el que triunfe ahora.

Urra, torito pinto,  
Sultan de colas narceas,  
Pero si te he dado cinta  
De tristeza, y va a cuererte.

Torito, torito pinto,  
Haber quien se atreve ahora,  
A colgarte una banderola,  
Con la que vienes el cinto.

Si corres, torito pinto,  
No hay quien te da casa ahora;  
Se fue con la banderola,  
Del brazo de una señora.

the Little Red and White Bull

Hey little bull, little red and white bull;  
Son of the big red cow;  
Would you like me to tell you your fortune,  
Right in front of your wife?

Hey-up there, little red and white bull;  
If it was you that used to work and pull,  
Well, your own mother, even with your red spots,  
Would never recognize you these days.

Hey little bull, little red and white bull;  
You're your wife's little king;  
But with this bright red flag  
It's going to be me who wins this time.

Hey-up there, little red and white bull;  
You seem to be the Sultan of all the tails,  
But I've stuck a ribbon on you,  
It's the ribbon of sadness, and it's staying on.

Hey, little bull, little red and white bull;  
Now someone's going to dare it again,  
He's hanging more ribbons on you,  
He's making all the points.

If you run, little red and white bull,  
No one's going to shelter you now;  
When those ribbons stuck onto you,  
Your wife forgot you.

VEN, SALVADOREÑO

Daremos nuestra vida por la patria.  
Por verla liberada, lucharemos.  
La paz en esta tierra sembraremos;  
Trabajando, día a día, viviremos.  
Tiranos y asesinos ya no habrán,  
Los niños por las calles jugarán.  
Los vientos de justicia volverán  
Y a todo nuestro pueblo soplará.  
Ven, Salvadoreño, vamos a luchar,  
Porque al "fascismo" hay que derrocar;  
Ven, Salvadoreño, vamos a luchar,  
La patria espera, por su libertad.  
La tierra, todos juntos, labraremos;  
A todos a leer enseñaremos;  
Pueblo generoso forjaremos,  
Y ayuda solidaria brindaremos.  
Resurgirá la llama de la "libertad";  
El Salvador dueño sera, de la verdad;  
El pueblo marcha a su liberación,  
Por el camino de la insurrección.

Come, Salvadorean

We'll give our lives for our people.  
To see our nation freed, we will fight.  
We'll seed peace in this earth;  
And working, day by day, we will live.  
There'll be no more tyrants and murderers,  
The children will play in the streets.  
The winds of justice will come  
And breathe to all our people.  
Come, Salvadorean, we're going to fight,  
Because we have to bring down the fascists;  
Come, Salvadorean, we're going to fight,  
Our nation is waiting for its freedom.  
All together we will work the land;  
We'll teach everyone to read;  
We'll forge a generous people,  
And we'll offer help to the oppressed.  
The flame of freedom we will re-kindle;  
El Salvador will live by the truth;  
The people are going to their liberation,  
By the pathways of insurrection.

CANCION DE LA SOLIDARIDAD

Vamos, y no olvidemos  
La afirana de nuestro poder.  
Hambrientos o saciados,  
Vamos, y no olvidemos  
La Solidaridad!

Pueblos todos de esta tierra,  
Pues la tierra es vuestro afán,  
Que la tierra os pertenezca.  
Que la tierra rinda el pan.

Vamos, y no olvidemos...

Hombres de todos colores,  
Que se escuche vuestra voz.  
Si la piel del pueblo es una,  
Cesa la matanza, Dios!

Vamos, y no olvidemos....

Mas de prisa marcharemos  
Con tu participación.  
Quien traiciona a sus iguales  
Victima es de su traición.

Vamos, y no olvidemos...

El patrón sea este o el otro,  
Es voz de nuestra desunion.  
Mientras el nos ha dividido,  
El patrón sera patrón.

Vamos, y no olvidemos....

Proletarios de la tierra  
Solo unión es libertad.  
Rompa toda tiranía  
Con vuestra Solidaridad.

Vamos y no olvidemos,  
Desnudemos por fin la verdad,  
Hambrientos o saciados,  
Quien es dueño del futuro!  
Quien del mundo es poseedor!

THE SONG OF SOLIDARITY

Let's go on ahead, never forgetting  
The heart of our power.  
Hungry or fed,  
Let's go on ahead, never forgetting  
Solidarity.

All you Peoples of this Earth,  
Just as the Earth is your eagerness,  
So the Earth belongs to all of you,  
Remember it's the Earth gives you bread.

Let's go on ahead, never forgetting...

Men of every color,  
Let them listen to your voice.  
The people is one and equal,  
So stop the slaughter, by God!

Let's go on ahead, never forgetting....

We'll go ahead faster  
With your participation.  
He that betrays his brother,  
Is the victim of his own treason.

Let's go on ahead, never forgetting...

One landowner overlord or another  
Is always the voice of our division.  
As long as he has us divided,  
The master will be master.

Let's go on ahead, never forgetting....

Workers of the world,  
Only unity is freedom.  
Destroy the Tyranny  
With your Solidarity.

Let's go on ahead, never forgetting  
That finally we'll uncover the truth,  
Hungry or fed,  
The truth of who owns the future!  
The truth of who is owner of this Earth!

G.A.R. CANTANDO

Por aqui, Compañeros! Por aquí!  
A parar este bus! Vamonos!  
Muy buenas tardes, Señores.  
Este bus esta tomado.  
Señor motorista, por favor,  
A parar el bus.

Y este Don es compañero.  
Este bus esta tomado.  
Ahorita mismo,  
Vamos a cruzarlo en la calle.

Ponchele las llantas.  
Cuelquen esa manta,  
Para exigir la libertad del compañero.

Vamonos corriendo  
Por la otra calle  
Y si alguien nos persigue  
Le tiremos un juguito.

El GAR no es una sopa,  
Tampoco es un jabon,  
Es un grupo de acción.  
Que acción?  
Revolucionaria.

Donde? Donde? Usted, Senora,  
No se vaya molestar,  
Porque aqui con los compitas  
Nos echamos una pista.

Agiten el envase  
Con una sola mano,  
Pongamoslo del rojo:  
"Fuera Yankuis de El Salvador!"

El GAR esta en el barrio,  
Tambien en la Colonia,  
Para hacerle frente ahora  
A la Intervención,  
Para hacerle frente ahora  
A la Represión.

Revolutionary Action Group, Singing

(This way, Brothers! This way!  
Let's stop this bus! Let's go!)  
Good afternoon, Ladies and Gentlemen.  
This bus has been commandeered.  
Mr. Bus-driver, please stop this bus.

This driver's one of us.  
This bus is taken,  
And right now, with the bus  
We're going to block off the street.

Puncture the tires,  
And hang this banner on the bus:  
We demand our brother's freedom.

Let's run off out of here  
Up through that other street  
If there's someone coming after us,  
We'll throw that bottle of juice.

The GAR isn't a kind of soup,  
And it's not some kind of soap.  
It's an action group.  
What kind of action?  
Revolutionary action!

(Where? Where?) Madam,  
We have to beg your pardon,  
But some neighbourhood boys  
Are coming running through here.

Shake that paint can  
With just one hand,  
With the other, write in red:  
"Yankies get out of El Salvador!"

The GAR is in the neighbourhoods.  
It's even in Colonia.  
Right now we'll stand and fight  
The Intervention.  
Right now we stand and fight  
The Repression.

REGALO PARA EL NIÑO

Te regalo una paz iluminada;  
Un racimo de paz, y de gorriones;  
Hollanda, de mieses aromadas;  
California, de melocotones.

Un Asia sin Korea ensangrentada;  
Una Korea, en flor, y otra en botones;  
Una America en fotos azulada;  
Y un mundo con azucar de melones.

Te regalo la paz y su locura,  
Te regalo un clavel meditabundo,  
Para tu blanca mano de criatura  
Y tu sueño que tiembla estremecido.

Hoy te dejo la paz sobre tu mundo,  
De niño por la muerte sorprendido;  
Hoy te dejo la paz sobre tu mundo,  
De niño por la muerte sorprendido.

ALTA HORA DE LA NOCHE

Cuando sepas que he muerto,  
No pronuncias mi nombre,  
Porque se detendría  
La muerte y el reposo.

Tu voz, que es la campana  
De los cinco sentidos,  
Sería él que no he dado,  
Buscado por mi niebla.

Cuando sepas que he muerto,  
De sílabas extrañas,  
Pronuncia flor, abeja,  
Lágrima, pan, tormenta.

No dejes que tus labios  
Hallen mis once letras;  
Tengo sueño; he amado;  
He ganado el silencio.

No pronuncies mi nombre,  
Cuando sepas que he muerto;  
Desde la oscura tierra  
Vendría por tu voz.

No pronuncies mi nombre,  
No pronuncies mi nombre;  
Cuando sepas que he muerto,  
No pronuncies mi nombre.

A GIFT FOR A CHILD

I make you the gift of one illuminated peace  
One branch of peace and sparrows;  
One Holland made of aromatic wheatfields;  
One California made of peaches.

One Asia without a blood-soaked Korea;  
One Korea in flower and another budding out;  
One America, bluish in photographs;  
And one world made of melon sugar.

I make you a gift of Peace and its fortune,  
I give one thoughtful carnation;  
For your little child's white hand,  
And your trembling dreams.

Today I leave you peace on your earth,  
Your child's world suppressed by death,  
Today I leave you peace on your earth,  
Your child's world suppressed by death.

THE DARKEST HOUR OF THE NIGHT

When you learn that I've fallen,  
Don't say my name,  
Because it would hold back  
Death and Repose.

Your voice, that's the bell  
Of my five senses,  
Is the one thing I haven't forgotten,  
Hunted as I am by Shade.

When you learn that I've fallen  
With strange syllables  
You might say "flower" "bees"  
"tears" "bread" "torment."

Don't let your lips  
Form my eleven letters;  
I'm tired; I've loved;  
I won silence.

Don't say my name  
When you learn that I've died;  
From the dark earth  
I would come to your call.

Don't say my name  
Don't say my name  
When you find out I've died,  
Don't say my name.

NEGRO JOSE

En una aldea costera,  
Si brilla un viejo muy cholo;  
No sé porque,  
Que cantaba y ballaba,  
Lo hacía muy bien,  
Mi amigo, el Negro José.

El viejo a todos ayuda,  
No sé porque,  
Aunque no se lo merezca,  
Visito de miel,  
Que soñaba! Querido viejo!  
Que digan de él!  
Mi amigo, el Negro José.

Pardóname si te digo, Negro José.  
Como tu, ya no hay amigo, Negro José.  
No te enojés con mi canto, Negro José;  
Solo digo porque sé.  
Mi amigo, el Negro José.

LA TELEVISION

Television, cine, y radio  
Arma enemiga, deshumanización,  
Ruidos y las maquinarias.

Nos quieren forjar  
Un mundo fascinante;  
Nos quieren programar.

Miremos bien la realidad,  
Lejos del muro  
Muro de cristal.

Otra medida nos quieren forjar,  
Y en hombre de chatarra  
Nos quieren transformar.

Desenchufa ya todo el sistema  
Que te pone las cadenas.  
Un ruedo de metal,  
Mira, te atrapsa al cerebro;  
Ya no aguanta mas mi pueblo,  
Y su idea vencera.

Luchemos todos por obtener  
Una nueva patria  
En donde los medios  
De comunicación  
Sean para educar  
Y para liberar  
Y nunca alienar.

NEGRO JOSE

In a little coastal town,  
There's a jewel of an old guy;  
I don't know why,  
But he sang and danced,  
And he did it so well,  
My friend, Negro Jose.

The old guy helps everyone,  
I don't know why,  
Even though they don't deserve it.  
The old honey,  
He dreams! The old sweetheart!  
What they say about him!  
My friend, Negro Jose.

Pardon me if I tell you, Negro Jose,  
Like you, there's no other friend, Negro Jose.  
Don't get mad about my song, Negro Jose.  
I only say it because I know it,  
My friend, Negro Jose.

THE TELEVISION

The television, movies and radio too  
Are used as a weapon to dehumanize  
They're a few more noisy machines.

They'd like to synthesize  
"A fascinating world"  
They'd like to have us programmed.

Let's take a good look at reality,  
Get some perspective on that barrier,  
That T.V. screen wall.

They want to make up a phony framework  
And turn us all  
Into scrap-heap people.

Unplug the whole system  
That puts on your chains.  
Look out, a big steel wheel  
Is rolling right over your head.  
The people won't take it anymore.  
The people's idea is going to take over.

Let's all struggle to order a new country,  
Where the means of communication  
Will be used to educate and liberate  
And never to alienate.

From the album notes of Tepeuani's first record.

The people's art always goes along with the life of the people. A product of the moments of joy, of the times of sadness, of the ancestral traditions of the peoples.

Thus, at this moment, when the Salvadorean people is on the threshold of revolution, when for the first time in its history it has the real possibility of achieving a government that could represent the people's interests and open the doors for an independent future, the art goes along with the people.

Our people is at war, and our song is meant to fan the fervour of the whole Salvadorean people, we want to help keep up the moral and fighting spirit of our combatants.

Our music is part of the people's movement, it's only another way the people struggle; it's the struggle on the field of culture: the Salvadorean people also has produced its own culture, it has its own customs, instruments, and songs.

Banda Tepeuani is part of the struggle of the Salvadorean people; in the cultural sector with other groups and artists, it's part of the FDR.

"Banda" is the name given to the traditional music groups with flutes and drums that used to add their happy notes to the people's parties, a tradition that we mean to renew.

"Tepeuani" comes from Nahuatl, it means the winner of a battle, and we're sure we'll come out victorious in this battle to have a democratic government, against imperialism.

Banda Tepeuani formed as a group around the end of July 1977, and since then we have made every effort to be at the side of our people.

We believe we have reached a big goal by recording our first record, it will let us reach wider sectors of our people, and of the people of the world, to ask for the solidarity our revolution will need.

It's very significant that we should make this record in Mexico, since it's the Mexican people who most, after our own, have taken us to their hearts, and they have contributed greatly to the Salvadorean revolution.

With all our strength, we honour and salute all those patriots that even at this very moment are carrying on decisive combats.

We recognize the FMLN as the military political vanguard of the Salvadorean revolution, and the FDR as the revolution's widest expression, and we salute all the many organizations that form its parts.

Through the long fifty years that the Salvadorean people has struggled, the list of those who have fallen in combat has grown very long. These brothers, who with blood irrigated and fertilized the path to victory, are present in our people's songs, they will go along with us in the struggles to come, and they'll be with us in the victory we are sure to win.

We give you with this work, a sample of the joy, the grief, the traditions, the folklore, and the strength and courage to fight, from a people that will sing and that will struggle: For an authentic national people's art!

!Long live the Salvadorean revolution!

Banda Tepeuani