

**1. Marcha En Salinas  
por Francisco Garcia**

Es en el año '70 ya todo el mundo lo sabe  
Que se ha ganado la lucha por nuestro  
gran Cesar Chavez  
El lider que siempre lucha por los  
derechos iguales

Es en Delano famoso donde la causa  
empezó  
Eso hace unos cuantos años pero el  
tiempo se llegó  
Que saliera victorioso, el triúnfo ya se  
ganó

Al grito de "¡Viva Chavez!" pues mucha  
gente se anima  
Al iniciar una marcha en el Valle de  
Salinas  
A luchar por los derechos de nuestra  
gente bendida

Al escuchar las noticias, tambien los  
pueblos vecinos  
Se unieron los campesinos, especialmente  
entre latinos  
Habia allí unas razas, habian niñas y niños

Contra la union de agresivos, que en el  
Valle de Salinas  
Nos venden con los rancheros sin  
consultar al obrero  
Para que los campesinos se traten como  
braceros

Compañeros lechugeros, del apio, y de la  
fresa  
Cooperen con ésta causa porque esto nos  
interesa  
Nos miran como animales como manadá  
de bestias

**1. March In Salinas  
by Francisco Garcia**

It's in the year '70 and everybody already  
knows  
That the struggle has been won by our  
great Cesar Chavez  
The leader who always fights for equal  
rights

It is in famous Delano where our cause  
began  
It's been a few years but the time finally  
came  
That he should prove victorious, we have  
overcome.

To the shouts of "Long-live Chavez!"  
many people are encouraged  
To kick-off a march in the Salinas Valley  
To fight for the rights of our people who  
are being abused

Upon hearing the news even neighboring  
towns joined the farm workers,  
especially the Latinos  
There were other races, there were girls  
and boys

(They march) against the united foes who  
in the Salinas Valley  
Sell us out to the growers, without taking  
the worker's views into account,  
So farm workers are treated like *braceros*

Fellow brother lettuce, celery and  
strawberry workers  
Cooperate with this movement because  
this concerns us  
We are seen as beasts, like a herd of  
animals

Queremos mejores sueldos, trabajos más  
bien pagados  
No queremos verdúgos ni mayordomos  
hambriados  
No queremos ser vendidos, no queremos  
ser esclavos

Nuestros contrarios no les está  
¿pareciendo  
Que luchemos por el pueblo que los está  
enriqueciendo  
Pero nuestros triúnfos son buenos porque  
salimos venciendo

Al canto de *Venceremos* con gran banderas  
al viento  
Llegan de los cuatro rumbos todos a un  
mismo tiempo  
A la ciudad de Salinas con éste gran  
movimiento

We want better wages, better paid work  
We don't want hachet men or greedy  
labor contractors  
We don't want to be deceived; we don't  
want to be slaves

They're not taking kindly to our boldness  
That we fight for people who are making  
them rich  
But our successes are positive because we  
come out victorious

To the song of *We Shall Overcome* with  
Mighty flags whirling in the wind  
All arrive at the same time from every  
direction  
To the great movement in the city of  
Salinas

**(Translated by Abby Rivera, 09/05)**

2. El Illegal  
por Francisco Garcia

Andando yo en la frontera,  
ya me cargaba el hambre  
Dicen que la hambre es canija  
pero es mas el que ya le ande  
Me pase al otro lado por de bajo del  
alambre

A los poquitos momentos me agarra la  
imigracion  
Me dice, "Tu eres alambre."  
Le conteste, "Si Señor."  
"Pero no tengas cuidado; tal vez  
tengas tu razon."

Si tu quieres trabajar  
Nomás que no seas *Chavista*  
Yo mismo te he de llevar  
A donde este el contratista  
Les estamos dando la chansa a todos  
Los alambristas.

Nos llevaron para un campo  
Con estudiantes de escuela  
Rodiados de policia  
que provocaban la guerra  
Para quebrar una huelga en el Valle de  
Coachella

Policias y imigracion  
Unidos con los ranjeros  
Consipracion contratista  
por el maldito dinero  
Encontra de nuestra gente  
parecian unos perros

Dormiamos 'bajo de la vinas  
todos los alambristas  
y para peor de la ruina  
Nos picaron las avispas  
No nos dio ni medicina  
el desgraciado contratista

2. The Illegal  
by Francisco Garcia

Hunger was already tormenting me  
They say hunger is brutal  
but it's a lot worse if you're the  
desperate one  
Finding myself at the border  
I crossed under the wire-chain fence  
to the other side.

A short moment later the border  
patrol caught me  
He says, "You are a *wire-fence jumper*"  
I answered, "Yes, sir."  
"Don't worry; you probably have your  
reasons."

"If you want to work  
Just don't be a *Chavista*  
I personally will take you  
over to the labor contractor."  
"We are giving everybody a chance,  
All the *wire-fence* jumpers."

With students from school,  
they took us to a labor field  
surrounded by police who incite  
trouble in order to end a strike in the  
Coachella Valley.

For vile money,  
A conspiracy was formulated  
by the labor contractor.  
Police and border patrol  
united with the growers  
They were like dogs teaming against  
our people.

We'd sleep under the vines  
All the *wire fence jumpers*  
And as if that wasn't harsh enough  
We're stung by wasps  
And the worthless labor contractor  
didn't even give us medication

Luego salimos en huelga para ayudar a  
la union  
y el desgraciado contratista  
nos hecho la imigracion  
Esposados de las manos  
nos llevan a la prison

Yo les digo a mis amigos  
mas vale jalar parejos  
Cuando cruzen la frontera  
en calidad de conejos  
No hay que quebrar la huelga  
yo ya me voy y ahí los dejo

Soon we went out on strike to make it  
easier for the union  
And the rotten labor contractor  
called the border patrol on us.  
Handcuffed they take us to jail

I tell my friends,  
“It is better to work united  
when you cross the border.  
Be keen as rabbits  
Don’t be a strikebreaker.  
I’m going now, and here I leave you.”

**(Translated by Abby Rivera 09/05)**

**3. Corrido de Delano  
por Lalo Guerrero**

Año del 65, 66 más o menos  
Se levanto nuestra gente  
En los campos de Delano  
Pidiendo mejores sueldos  
Por trabajar el terreno.

Estado de California  
En el condado de Kern  
Se escucharon las palabras,  
"Andale paisano! Ven  
A ingresar al sindicato;  
Nos ira mucho mas bien."

Por que salimos en huelga?  
No es pa que el mundo se ofenda.  
Esto decia un hombre,  
Cesar Chavez es su nombre.  
Solo pedimos lo justo  
Y la dignidad del hombre.

Estado de California  
En el valle San Joaquin  
Llamo tanto la atencion  
Este famoso motin  
Que vinieron senadores  
A ver se le hallaban fin.

Murphy y Kennedy vinieron  
A consultar a nuestra gente  
Escucharon las palabras  
Y se fueron muy conscientes  
De que se trata de un pueblo  
Trabajador y decente.

Con el estandard hermoso  
De nuestra Guadalupe  
Va marchando a Sacramento  
Nuestra gente mexicana  
A luchar por los derechos.  
Dios bendito que si ganan.

**3. Ballad of Delano  
by Lalo Guerrero**

In the year '65, '66, thereabouts  
Our people rose up  
In the fields of Delano  
Demanding better wages  
For toiling in the fields.

In the state of California  
In Kern County  
The words were heard,  
"Hurry, countrymen! Come  
And join the union;  
It will be a lot better for us."

"Why do we go out on strike?  
It's not to hurt anybody.  
That's what a certain man would say,  
Cesar Chavez is his name,  
We only ask for what's fair  
And for human dignity.

In the state of California  
In the San Joaquin Valley  
This famous struggle  
Drew so much attention  
That senators came  
To see if they could resolve it.

Murphy and Kennedy came  
To consult with our people  
They listened to our views  
And left keenly aware  
That at the center was a  
Hard working and decent people.

With the beautiful patron banner  
Of Our Lady of Guadalupe  
Our Mexican people  
Are marching to Sacramento  
To fight for rights.  
Dear Lord granting they will win.

**(Translated by Abby Rivera, 09/05)**

#### 4. Hazañas Valientes de Cesar Chavez Por Francisco Garcia

Con gusto vengo a cantar  
con mucho gusto y es mero  
Recordando a un gran hombre  
Por su valor le alabero  
Su nombre es Cesar Chavez  
que lo sepa el mundo entero

El es el hombre del siglo  
por sus grandes dicisiones  
Organizó al campesino  
y se afrentó a los patrones  
Madre mía de Guadalupe  
llénalo de bendiciones

Buen amigo de los pobres  
porque el es hombre muy bueno  
Hombre de mucho valor  
su dirección fue en Delano  
Luchar por el campesino  
por un trato digno y bueno

Y como en todas las causas  
se encuentran oposiciones  
La trágala de contratistas  
mayordomos y patrones  
castigando al pobre  
a los mismos trabajadores

Y a pesar de tánta infámia  
la lucha sigue avanzando  
Por dondequiera se miran las  
aguilitas volando  
pues con la ayúda de Diós  
Siempre salímos ganando

Ya le dice a su gente  
“La lucha es grande y sabémos  
peliar contra el capital.  
Éso tambien lo harémos  
Con el boicot,  
de mundial nosotros venceremos

#### 4. Cesar Chavez' Valiant Feats by Francisco Garcia

With joy I come to sing  
with great joy and it's impressive  
Remembering a great man  
For his courage I applaud him  
His name is Cesar Chavez  
so let the whole world know

He is the man of the century  
because of his great decisiveness  
He organized the farm worker  
and faced the growers  
My dear Mother of Guadalupe  
fill him with blessings

Good friend of the poor  
because he is a good man  
A man of great boldness  
his base was in Delano  
To fight for the farm worker  
for dignified and good treatment

An as in all movements  
opposition can be found  
The hordes of labor contractors  
foremen and bosses  
punishing the poor  
their very own workers

In spite of so much wickedness  
the struggle continues growing  
Everywhere can be seen the  
little eagles flying  
We always come out winning  
with God's help

Now he tells his people  
“The fight is enormous and we know  
how to fight against the rich  
That, too, we will do  
With the boycott,  
world-wide we will win.”

Son las valiente hazañas  
de un gran lider campesino  
su nombre es Cesar Chavez  
del mundo bien conocido  
En los estados unidos el defiende  
al campesino

These are the valiant feats  
of a great farm worker leader  
his name is Cesar Chavez  
everyone knows him well  
In the United States he defends the farm  
worker

**(Translated by Abby Rivera 09/05)**

## 5. Huelga Valle Imperial por Francisco Garcia

1940, hubo una confrontación  
Todos los trabajadores  
En los campos de algodón  
Con sueldos muy miserables  
Más los tratos del patron

Después de tanto sufrir  
Se empiesan ha organizar  
Todos los trabajadores  
En ése Valle Imperial  
En ése pueblo de Brawley  
Y todo les fué fatal

Los patrones se endiablaron  
Todos con mala intención  
Les hablan a los sherifes  
Que son de mal corazón  
A los trabajadores les quitan  
la provision

Los despojan del lugar  
No podian seguir la lucha  
Solicitaron ayuda.  
Al mirar las injusticias  
Gente caritativa  
Atendieron sus denuncias

Jesus Zavalo ofrece con todo su corazón  
Para que allá sean las juntas  
Yo les presto me salón  
Para seguir en la lucha o  
tengan cualquier reunion

El que les negó la ayuda  
Fué el consul mejicano  
Hijo de tierra teniente  
Contra de los mejicanos  
Dicen tarima independiente  
No puedo darles la mano

## 5. Strike in Imperial Valley by Francisco Garcia

In 1940, there was a confrontation  
All the workers  
In the cotton fields  
Receiving miserable wages  
Plus the bad treatment of the boss

After so much suffering  
They begin to organize  
All the farm workers  
In that Imperial Valley  
In that town of Brawley  
And it had deadly results.

The bosses became evil  
All with bad intentions  
They call the sheriffs  
That have wicked hearts  
They seize the worker's belongings

They remove them from the field in  
handcuffs  
They couldn't continue the fight  
They cried out for help.  
Upon seeing the injustice,  
Caring people help fight the charges

Jesus Zavalo offers with all of his heart,  
"So that you can hold your meetings over  
there I will loan you my hall,  
To continue in the struggle or to use as a  
meeting place."

The one who refused to help them  
Was the Mexican Consulate  
Tenents in a foreign land set  
against the Mexicans  
They say, "It's a separate issue; I can't give  
you a hand."



En fin siguieron la lucha  
Péro no por mucho tiempo  
Maniobras capitalistas  
destrúyen el movimiento  
Los acusan de comunistas  
para quitárles el intento

Con unas bombas y gases los esposan del  
salón  
La policia salvaje  
Validos de la ocasion  
Maltratan al campesino  
Sin ninguna compasion

Pascual Aceves traidor  
Junto con Jesus Chacón  
Éran los perros rastreros  
Atras del trabajador  
Para que hicieran arestos  
Ellos dában dirección

Lucio Ojeda decia  
Nos ponen mucho pretextos  
Nos acusan de comunistas  
'Pa porder hacer arestos  
Y ya a muchos compañeros los matan en  
el desierto

Ya con ésta me despido  
Es triste de recordar  
Éste lo que ha sucedio  
En éste Valle Imperial  
En ése pueblo de Brawley  
La policia es criminal.

At last they continued the struggle  
But not for much longer  
Capitalist handy work destroy  
the movement  
They accuse them of being communist  
To keep them from their goal

Using smoke bombs and gas they're taken  
handcuffed from the hall  
The savage police take advantage of the  
occasion  
Without any compassion  
They abuse the farm workers

The traitor, Pascual Aceves,  
Along with Jesus Chacon  
Were the low-down, dirty dogs  
Who gave out the address  
So arrests could be made

Luis Ojeda would say  
They come up with a lot of excuses  
They accuse us of being communist  
So they can arrest us  
And now a lot of our brothers are  
murdered in the desert

Now with this I bid you farewell  
It's sad to remember  
This that has taken place  
In this Imperial Valley  
In that town of Brawley  
The police are corrupt.

**(Translated by Abby Rivera 09/05)**

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All songs Copyright, Francisco Garcia  
except Track 3, written by Lalo Guerrero.

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(guitar and vocals).

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