SONG LYRICS WITH TRANSLATIONS

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 pio

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 (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 llore-llore, de huelga ya están bien pandos

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
conejos Hay unos que no comprenden aunque
muchos les dan consejos La huelga es buena para todos pero unos se hacen pendejos

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

El picket sign, el picket sign...

Y ahora organizando la gente en todos los
files Y ahora organizando la gente en todos los files Porque unos solo comen tortillas con puros chiles

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
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...

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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 patroncitos 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 comprarán nuestros hermanos Y como es bien sabido que paga 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 esquirol!

**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,  
We shall not be moved,  
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...

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**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 Garcia, 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
Cumples 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
(English translation)

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

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

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
**El Esquirol**
Lyrics: Teatro Campesino; Traditional Mexican corrido “Rosita Alvírez”

El año ’65 en Delano comenzó  
La huelga por mejor sueldo  
Y el esquirol resistió  
Y el esquirol resistió

Su mamá se lo decía  
Mijo, no quiebres la huelga  
Mamá, no tengo la culpa  
Que a mi me mande mi suegra  
Que a mi me mande mi suegra

El esquirol fue temprano  
Su patrón a saludar  
Luego le besó la mano  
Y ahí se puso a bailar  
Y ahí se puso a bailar

Lo llamó el contratista  
Y le dijo muy enojado  
Si me descuido tantito  
Tu me comes el mandado  
Tu me comes el mandado

El esquirol fue corriendo  
Su patroncito a buscar  
Usted que es como mi papá  
Mándeme a otro lugar  
Mándeme a otro lugar

El esquirol está en Welfare  
Dándole cuenta al estado  
Su patrón a todos dice  
Lo corrí por arrastrado  
Lo corrí por arrastrado

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**The Scab**
Lyrics: Teatro Campesino; Traditional Mexican corrido “Rosita Alvírez”

In the year ’65 in Delano it began the strike for better wages and the dirty scab would not budge and the dirty scab would not budge

His mother would say to him son, don’t break the union strike Mom, I am not to blame for it my mother-in-law pulls my strings my mother-in-law pulls my strings

The scab got there in the early morn’ to offer greetings to his boss then kissed his hand and there began shimmying and shakin’ and there began shimmying and shakin’

The labor contractor summoned him all hot under the collar and told him if I drop my guard even a little You rob me blind of all that’s mine You rob me blind of all that’s mine

The rattled scab dashed-off running in search of his darling, little boss you who are like my very own father Please see fit to send me elsewhere Please see fit to send me elsewhere

The scab is now on the Welfare roll giving sorry excuses to the state while his Big Daddy tells everyone I fired the worthless, good-for-nothin’ I fired the worthless, good-for-nothin’

(Translated by Abby Rivera-08/05)
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/](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](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8glgN3QZJow). For a list of albums (mostly unavailable) see [http://www.crmvet.org/docs/albums.htm](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](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qORsS3K6Qfw&feature=related) (Facundo Cabral)
   [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nqi627XCEaU&feature=related](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nqi627XCEaU&feature=related) (Hugo Blanco)
Pastures of Plenty [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BH2DjvNIMA](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BH2DjvNIMA) (Woody Guthrie)
   [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uWlq00I445k](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uWlq00I445k) (Cisco Houston)
   [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_v2h_g_BRw](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_v2h_g_BRw) (Odetta)
Solidarity Forever/Solidaridad pa’ Siempre [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0VtAhq9S0w&feature=related](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0VtAhq9S0w&feature=related) (Pete Seeger)
   [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E7NuK_QhEk&feature=related](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E7NuK_QhEk&feature=related) (Utah Phillips)
Deportée [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c2eO65BqxBE](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c2eO65BqxBE) (Arlo Guthrie)
   [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4jWFPLjYEaw](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4jWFPLjYEaw) (Joan Baez)
   [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3QA3dOswAQ&feature=related](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3QA3dOswAQ&feature=related) (Bob Dylan & Joan Baez)
   [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6njNWNjTkLVs&feature=related](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6njNWNjTkLVs&feature=related) (Arlo Guthrie & Emmylou Harris)
La Peregrinación [http://farmworkermovement.com/media/teatro/index.shtml](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](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](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=tLc8YeXP8FY](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tLc8YeXP8FY) (Mississippi John Hurt)
   [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HmkoQXyj_NY](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HmkoQXyj_NY) (Pete Seeger)
Despedida de César Chávez
Brand New Life
We Shall Overcome/Nosotros Venceremos [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Aor6-DkzBJ0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Aor6-DkzBJ0) (Morehouse College Glee Club)
   [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vOrbSWJ_tNI&feature=fvst](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vOrbSWJ_tNI&feature=fvst) (Lalo González “El Piporro”) Niños Campesinos