

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

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
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
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
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
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
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 rancharo 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: Agustín 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...

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 esquirols 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 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...

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

(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

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

No tenemos miedo
No tenemos miedo
No tenemos miedo 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

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

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 Álvarez"

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

The Scab

Lyrics: Teatro Campesino;
Traditional Mexican corrido "Rosita Álvarez"

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/>. 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=8gIgN3QZJow>. 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=uWLq0oI44Sk> (Cisco Houston)
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_v2hg_G-BRw (Odetta)
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PwE6_GycExw&feature=related (Arlo Guthrie)

Solidarity Forever/Solidaridad pa' Siempre <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0VtAhrq9S0w&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=tLc8YeXP8FY>
(Mississippi John Hurt) 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-DkzBJO> (Morehouse College Glee Club)

El Esquirol/Rosita Álvarez http://www.laits.utexas.edu/jaime/cwp2/ddg/leslie_rosita_alvarez.html (Janie C. Ramírez and the Cactus Country Band)

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vOrbSWJ_tNI&feature=fvst (Lalo González "El Piporro") Niños Campesinos