

Estos Marineros (Barco Centroamericano) (These Sailors (S.S. Central America))

These sailors
Have named him Captain
Of the ship we call Central America
Today he will chart the course that he has to navigate
O'er ignorance and waves of anger

He has to spread a balm of peace
So the wounds
Will be left behind
Hold hands in unity with other countries
To rip out the evil
From its roots

These sailors
Have named him Captain
Of the ship we call Central America
Today he will chart the course that he has to navigate
O'er ignorance and waves of anger

Raise the sails
Of the Constitution
Freedom of the press
And of religion
Secure peace, independence
And talk
Drown your differences

These sailors
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Today he will chart the course that he has to navigate
O'er ignorance and waves of anger

Lead, without fear,
At the ship's wheel
O'er traitors
And corruption
Punish them
They're waiting at the border
With wickedness, inability, and smuggling

These sailors

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Of the ship we call Central America
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Morazán
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name
Morazán
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name

He's following the beacon
Of a respect for humanity
And his thoughts, gentlemen,
Were not born in vain

Morazán
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name
Morazán
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name

With complete calm
The Captain advances
Sailing the sea
That challenges him with a fierce hurricane

Morazán
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name
Morazán

Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name
Is the Captain's name

Central America means everything to him
It's his love and his life
Let's follow the course
To see her united

A EI (Him)

Francisco Morazán
And his furious troop
Will come to destroy
Our religious faith
Heretics and cannibals
From the devil they are sent
Against civilization
And the peace of the state
Cinder and fire spews
The volcano of Cosigüina
Morazan must die
The divine law declares it so
Cholera and fevers—
Terrible, they are coming
If Morazan and his soldiers
Are not eliminated

Him, him, him, him

Him, him, him, him
Against his mission
Him, him, him, him
His heart is full of evil
Him, him, him, him
Against his injustice
Him, him, him, him
Against his avarice
Him, him, him, him
We will not put up with it anymore
Him, him, him, him
He is Satan incarnate

Him, him, him, him

Him, him, him, him
Him, him, him, him
Him, him, him, him

Dos Mil Hombres (Two-Thousand Men)

Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala

Two-thousand men whose steps
Silenced the light,
And spoke for the silence
In the valley and the mountain
Two-thousand men balancing themselves
Between the weights of fear
By themselves and with the faith
That nested in their hearts

Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala

Spearmen from Curarén
Ancient dragons
Cholultecans, Granadians,
Leonese, Miguelense
Artisans with their pots
Surgeons, cigar makers
Artillerymen from Sucre
Cowboys, saddlers

Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala

They dazzled the *congos*
And the quetzals
With the shine of their machetes
And yataghans
Two-thousand men surrendered

To the swing of their fate
Two-thousand men huddled together
Freezing to death

Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala
Two-thousand men marching to Guatemala

*Congo = name for a howler monkey

Ya No Me Pregunta (She Doesn't Ask Me)

She doesn't ask me anymore
About the way I directed
This, or that, battle

She only wants to know
If Our Lady of the Holy Death
Has yet brought her scythe down upon me

She only wants
For me to return alive to lie by her side
And for this love to not extinguish
Every day together is more sacred than the last

She listens to my stories
Without paying attention
But just being with her is enough
The threat of pain
Maliciously persecutes us,
It bites us with envy and nefariousness

And it's her name that guides me
Through the coldest of nights
A name that I will carry to the end
Of my days

And it's her name that guides me
Through the coldest of nights
A name that I will carry to the end
Of my days

It has been a long time

Since we forged our dreams
Tied, they remain, to destiny
Of the *patria* which we await
Of the signings and decrees
Of the traps that are in the way

There is, between her and I,
A compass pointing to hope
There is no other path
There is no excuse, there is no other way

She doesn't ask me anymore
About the way I directed
This, or that, battle

She only wants to know
If Our Lady of the Holy Death
Has yet brought her scythe down upon me

*Patria = "Homeland"

Testamento (Testament)

Outside, with screams, the mob demands
My death, with insults and rancor
But I know well that God gave a voice to Man
To construct words with love

I dictate my thoughts in the midst of the shouts
Serenely facing my destiny, as fate would have it
My son and my companion throughout my triumphs
Confirms my defeat in the face of death

Knowing that into death, we all march alone
Without fear of my death, I surrendered
And before entering the Unknown
I think of Aprils and Septembers long ago
And I remember...

That this was just a moment in our history
One which is not finished being written
That affection never dies, it never dies
I won't live to see my fiftieth birthday...

How strong my voice would have to be
To order my own execution
How the mob does not intimidate me
How the revenge of forgiveness is sweet

That our yearning for independence comes from
The spirits of love and kindness
Which lie within our blood and never leave us
And only to rekindle them are we born

That if I was not a scientific intellectual
Or at times I failed to live up to being courageous
The determination for unity precedes me
The courage, to love, precedes me

That no one should be deprived of life
Like a beast without judgment and without defense
That convictions of liberty shine
Like the most intense rays from the Sun

What I leave is not simply
Four redacted thoughts
How long will it take until it is understood
That my entire life is my legacy?

I see generations evoking
With error and abuse, my memory
The fine silver thread has been snapped
As I ascend to battle from history...

No Me Dibujen (Do Not Paint Me)

Do not paint me with that sword
For my memory has been assaulted
Do not paint me as a soldier
For that battle is not the one I want

For if I returned to the Sun of those days
From those rifles, I would stay away
Liberty is not just a battle cry
Without love, it is a withered rose

For love and for affection
This language is too imperfect

Do not dress me in that uniform
For I do not fit its size

For if I returned to the Sun of those days
From those rifles, I would stay away
Liberty is not just a battle cry
Without love, it is a withered rose

Do not paint me with that sword
For my memory has been assaulted
Do not paint me as a soldier
For that battle is not the one I want