

Two Mountain Songs

By Gabriela Lena Frank

English Translation

I. Wrapped in Wind

Oh, perhaps my mother was the vicuña
of the pampas,
or my foather was the stag...
To be wandering
through the mountains and the pampas,
barely wrapped in wind,
dressed in wind and cold.

Oh, I was born in the nest
of the Emerald Hummingbird
in the pampas,
barely wrapped in wind,
dressed in wind and cold,
calling, calling, calling.

II. Emerald Hummingbird

Emerald Hummingbird... Oh!
One that flies the highest,
one of the golden plumes,
one that shines and shines
in the sun, in the air...
Hummingbird!
I want to give you a charge.

Emerald Hummingbird,
hide your golden wings.
(...one of the golden wings...)
Hummingbird,
do not keep me.
Like the dove that has lost its young,
oh, they are calling me,
they are looking for me:
My mother, my father, my partents!

Oh, how much you question me:
From where do I come, from where am I.
(...one that has flown so high...)
Look at that mountain:

There I was born,
among flowers.
Oh, they are calling me,
they are looking for me:
My mother, my father, my parents!

That fire that I've started,
that I lit on the mountain,
at the summit,
must be blazing, must be burning.

Look if there still blazes
if the mountain still burns
at the summit.
And if there is much fire,
oh, get along, Emerald Hummingbird!
Oh, they are calling me,
they are looking for me:
My mother, my father, my parents!

That fire that I've started,
that I lit on the mountain,
at the summit,
must be blazing, must be burning.