

Handout 1

El corrido de Kansas

Cuando salimos pa' Kansas
con una grande corrida,
gritaba mi caporal:
—No cuento ni con mi vida.—

Quinientos novillos eran,
todos grandes y livianos,
y entre treinta americanos
no los podían embalar.

Llegan cinco mexicanos,
todos bien enchivarrados,
y en menos de un cuarto de hora
los tenían encerrados.

Esos cinco mexicanos
al momento los echaron,
y los treinta americanos
se quedaron azorados.

La mujer de Alberto Flores
le pregunta al caporal:
—Deme usted razón de mi hijo
que no lo he visto llegar.—

—Señora, yo le diría
pero se pone a llorar;
Lo mató un toro frontino
en las trancas de un corral.—

Ya con esta me despido
por el amor de mi querida.
Ya les canté a mis amigos
los versos de la corrida.

The Ballad of Kansas

When we left for Kansas
With a big herd of cattle,
The foreman shouted,
“I don’t even count on my life.”

There were five hundred steers,
All big and quick,
And thirty American cowboys
Could not keep them together.

Five Mexicans arrive,
All wearing good chaps,
And in less than a quarter of an hour,
They had the steers in a pen.

Those five Mexicans
In a moment put them in a pen,
And the thirty Americans
Were left to stare in amazement.

The woman of Alberto Flores
Asks the foreman:
“Give me some news of my son,
For I haven’t seen him return.”

“Lady, I would tell you,
But I know that you will cry.
He was killed by a blaze-faced bull
Against the bars of a corral.”

Now with this I take my leave
By the love of my sweetheart.
I have now sung for my friends
The verses of the cattle drive.

The Ballad of Kansas

your adaptation in rhyme
