

# *MEN OF THE EARTH*

**MAY 25, 2019**

**STRUGGLESSESSIONS**

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*By the revolutionary Brazilian poet Vinicius de Moraes, 1962 [unofficial translation by a reader of Struggle Sessions]*

Sirs Barons of the land  
Prepare your shroud  
Because you delight of the land  
And the land is of those who work  
As well as the fruits that it contains  
Sirs Barons of the land  
Prepare your shroud  
The time for war has come  
There's no worthy saint for you:  
No to the sickle against the sword  
No to the fire against the stone  
No to the rifle against the hoe:  
– Union against the grenade!  
– Reform against the machine-gun!

Sirs owners of the Earth  
Gather your rich filth  
Your crystal, your silver

Sparkling in your towel.  
Gather your rich rags  
Sirs owners of the land  
That our poor tatters  
Our jute and our straw  
Are coming this way  
To stain your linen  
With the loam of our war:  
And our war doesn't fail!

Our war forges and merges  
The worker and the peasant;  
It was he who made the oven  
Where you bake the bread you eat  
With his hammer and his lathe,  
His file and his tongs,  
It was he who made the oven  
Where you bake the bread you eat

Our daily bread  
Made in your bakery  
With the wheat you didn't harvest;  
Our bread which forges and merges  
The peasant and the worker  
In the oven where you bake the wheat  
For the bread you sell us

In the markets of the latifundia  
Sir landowner!  
Sir land grabber  
Your turn has come

The voice you hear that shouts  
Is the peasant's yell

Clamoring from his cavalry  
Against your pettiness.

Coffee gave you gold  
With which fills your treasure  
Sugar gave you silver  
Which sparkles in your wardrobe  
Cocoa gave you copper  
That you throw in the floor of the poor  
Cotton gave you lead  
With which you kill the worker:  
Your turn has come  
Sir landowner!

Everywhere, in the fields  
Our other voices are merging  
Hear, Owner of the fields  
We're not alone anymore.  
We want respite and peace  
To take care of the crops  
To reap the existent grass  
To harvest the corn that gild  
We want the land to be  
As much ours as yours  
Because the land have no owners  
Sirs Owners of the Land.  
We want to crop in autumn  
To thrive in spring  
Love instead of neglect  
Abundance instead of squalor.

We want peace, not war  
Sirs Owners of the Land...  
But if you shut your ears to

The great broad voices  
That echoes among ridges  
So we'll give you war  
There's no worthy saint for you:  
No to the sickle against the sword  
No to the fire against the stone  
No to the rifle against the hoe:  
– Grenade against the grenade!  
– Machine-gun against the machine-gun!

And our war is sacred  
And our war doesn't fail

**Original Portuguese:**

Senhores Barões da terra  
Preparai vossa mortalha  
Porque desfrutais da terra  
E a terra é de quem trabalha  
Bem como os frutos que encerra  
Senhores Barões da terra  
Preparai vossa mortalha.  
Chegado é o tempo de guerra  
Não há santo que vos valha:  
Não a foice contra a espada  
Não o fogo contra a pedra  
Não o fuzil contra a enxada:  
– União contra granada!  
– Reforma contra metralha!

Senhores donos da Terra  
Juntais vossa rica tralha

Vosso cristal, vossa prata  
Luzindo em vossa toalha.  
Juntais vossos ricos trapos  
Senhores Donos de terra  
Que os nossos pobres farrapos  
Nossa juta e nossa palha  
Vêm vindo pelo caminho  
Para manchar vosso linho  
Com o barro da nossa guerra:  
E a nossa guerra não falha!

Nossa guerra forja e funde  
O operário e o camponês;  
Foi ele quem fez o forno  
Onde assa o pão que comeis  
Com seu martelo e seu torno  
Sua lima e sua torquês,  
Foi ele quem fez o forno  
Onde assa o pão que comeis.

Nosso pão de cada dia  
Feito em vossa padaria  
Com o trigo que não colheis;  
Nosso pão que forja e funde  
O camponês e o operário  
No forno onde coze o trigo  
Para o pão que nos vendeis

Nas vendas do latifúndio  
Senhor latifundiário!  
Senhor Grileiro de terra  
É chegada a vossa vez

A voz que ouvis e que berra  
É o brado do camponês  
Clamando do seu calvário  
Contra a vossa mesquinhez.

O café vos deu o ouro  
Com que encheis vosso tesouro  
A cana vos deu a prata  
Que reluz em vosso armário  
O cacau vos deu o cobre  
Que atirais no chão do pobre  
O algodão vos deu o chumbo  
Com que matais o operário:  
É chegada a vossa vez  
Senhor latifundiário!

Em toda parte, nos campos  
Junta-se a nossa outra voz  
Escutai, Senhor dos campos  
Nós já não somos mais sós.  
Queremos bonança e paz  
Para cuidar da lavoura  
Ceifar o capim que dá  
Colher o milho que doura,  
Queremos que a terra possa  
Ser tão nossa quanto vossa  
Porque a terra não tem dono  
Senhores Donos da Terra.  
Queremos plantar no outono  
Para ter na primavera  
Amor em vez de abandono  
Fatura em vez de miséria.

Queremos paz, não a guerra  
Senhores Donos de Terra ...  
Mas se ouvidos não prestais  
Às grandes vozes gerais  
Que ecoam de serra em serra  
Então vos daremos guerra  
Não há santo que vos valha:  
Não a foice contra a espada  
Não o fogo contra a pedra  
Não o fuzil contra a enxada:  
— Granada contra granada!  
— Metralha contra metralha!

E a nossa guerra é sagrada  
A nossa guerra não falha

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