Far from Mexico, my husband rode in the back of a truck, praying for work. And they brought him here,
Luz

to the valley of Salinas. Rich soil, good rains, he heard the

Più mosso \( \dot{\quad} \dot{\quad} \dot{\quad} \dot{\quad} \) poco a poco accel.

earth sing. The work was hard and dirty, and the

pay pitiful, day. And in the evening, they slept on the

ground. “Aim my road on your bow of hope,”
B A little faster $\frac{3}{4}$ = 115

the poet said. So soon I had to come;

C Faster $\frac{3}{4}$ = 135

I was always his inspiration.

Love overcomes struggle.

We made our home in a place...
called So - le - dad.

molto rit.  

Much slower \( \mathbb{L} = 80 \)

Poor__ but de

ter - mined,____ we clung to fam - ly____ and faith.
Faith was a good thing to have then.

On the ladder's bottom rung,

where the saddest songs are sung.

Prejudice and poverty,
fews rights or cap-i-tal,____ the po
lice____ were nas-ty, the land-lords cruel. It took its toll____
on our peo-ple. Some turned to drink,
Slightly slower

drugs and vi-o-lence____ like my brot-her,____ Um-ber-to,
buried in the cemetery in the

hills.

Not far from the blue Pa

ci-fic and beau-ti-ful Mon-ter-ey,

much slower \( \text{\textit{q = 45}} \)

Subito più mosso \( \text{\textit{q = 64}} \)

\( \text{\textit{mf}} \) una corda

\( \text{\textit{una corda}} \)
but they didn’t want us there, we with the rough hands, Los Olvidados

the invisible tillers of the fields,
mowers of the lawns at night confined to our

Suddenly faster $J = 102$

barrios

sostenuto
We had to fight to belong here. Powers That Be insisting to keep control. The growers thought they could crush us.

We won respect by showing we would not back down.
Those were such bitter days.

As the generations passed, calm descended

A little faster $\frac{3}{4} = 75$

on our dusty little town.
One day my daughter brought a book from school.

It told a sad story, "Of Mice and Men."

Finally I understood why...
this place is called Sole-dad.

Now all my child-ren have flown; there's no work for them here. Must the

cycle roll along for-ev-er? Out to The Pin-na-cles I will ride,

where sa-cred rocks were moved by God's