

WorldVoice

La Piragua (Spanish)

Me contaron los abuelos que hace tiempo,
navegaba en el Cesar una piragua,
que partía del Banco viejo puerto
a las playas de amor en Chimichagua.

Capoteando el vendaval se estremecía
e imparable desafiaba la tormenta,
y un ejército de estrellas la seguía
tachonándola de luz y de leyenda.

Era la piragua de Guillermo Cubillos,
era la piragua, era la piragua. *(Bis)*

Doce bogas con la piel color majagua
y con ellos el temible Pedro Albundia,
por las noches a los remos le arrancaban
un melódico rugir de hermosa cumbia.

Doce sombras, ahora viejas ya no reman,
ya no cruje el maderamen en el agua,
solo quedan los recuerdos en la arena
donde yace dormitando la piragua.

Era la piragua de Guillermo Cubillos,
era la piragua, era la piragua. *(Bis)*

La piragua, la piragua,

la piragua, la piragua...

The Canoe (English)

My grandparents told me that a long time ago
A canoe sailed in the Cesar river
From the old el Banco harbour
To the lovely beaches in Chimichagua.

Weathering the strong winds it rocked
And unmoved it defied the storm
And an army of stars followed her
Studding her in light and legend

It was Gillermo Cubillos' canoe,
It was the canoe, it was the canoe *(Repeat)*

Twelve rowers with their tanned skins
And the fearsome Pedro Albundia
Would tear a beautiful cumbia melodic roar
From the paddles at night

These twelve aged shadows row no longer,
The woodwork does not creak in the water
Only memories are left on the sand
Where the canoe lies sleeping.

It was Guillermo Cubillos' canoe,
It was the canoe, it was the canoe *(Repeat)*

The canoe, the canoe,

The canoe, the canoe...

