

Linda Ronstadt "Rogaciano"

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La huasteca is in mourning
Its huapanguero has died
You can no longer hear that falsetto
Which is the soul of the troubadour.

Rogaciano he was called
Rogaciano the huapanguero
And they were sones of the sierra
mountains
The songs of the troubadours.

Azucena and Cecilia
Are crying, crying inconsolably
Malaguena Salerosa*
Their bard has gone.

The cane is ready
Today begins the milling
The sugar mill is in mourning
And sighs with each turn.

In the green coffee plantations
Far beyond that pasture
There are those who say that in the
nighttime
The huapanguero appears.

Azucena and Cecilia
Are crying, crying inconsolably
Malaguena Salerosa*
Their bard has left

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