

Brian Burns

"Gallo Del Cielo"

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Carlos Zaragosa left his home in Casas Grandes when
the moon was full,
No money in his pocket, just a locket of his sister
framed in gold.
He rode into El Sueco, stole a rooster called El Gallo
Del Cielo,
And he swam the Rio Grande with that fighter nestled
deep beneath his arm.

El Gallo Del Cielo was a warrior born in Heaven, so the
legends say,
His wings, they had been broken, he had one eye rollin'
crazy in his head,
And he fought a hundred fights, but the legends say
that one night near El
Sueco,
They fought Gallo seven times, and seven times he left
brave roosters dead.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in San
Antonio.
I have twenty-seven dollars and the good luck of your
picture framed in
Gold.
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del
Cielo,
And I'll return to buy the land that Pancho Villa stole
from Father long
Ago.

Outside of San Diego in the onion fields of Paco
Monteverde,
The pride of San Diego lay sleeping on a fancy bed of
silk,
And they laughed when Zaragosa pulled the one-eyed
Del Cielo from beneath
His coat,
But they cried when Zaragosa walked away with a
thousand dollar bill.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in Santa
Barbara.

I have fifteen-hundred dollars and the good luck of
your picture framed in
Gold.
Tonight I'll put it all on the fighting spurs of Gallo Del
Cielo,
And I'll return to buy the land that Pancho Villa stole
from Father long
Ago.

Now the moon has gone to hiding, the lantern light
spills shadows on the
Fighting sand
Where a wicked black named Zorro faces Gallo Del
Cielo in the night.
But Carlos Zaragosa fears the tiny crack that runs
across his rooster's
Beak,
And he fears that he has lost the fifty-thousand dollars
riding on the
Fight.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in Santa
Clara.
Yes, the money is on the tabel and I'm holding to your
good luck framed in
Gold,
And everything we've dreamed of is riding on the
spurs of Del Cielo.
I pray that I'll return to buy the land Villa stole from
Father long ago.

Then the signal, it was given, and the the roosters rose
together high
Above the sand.
El Gallo Del Cielo sunk a gaff into Zorro's shiny breast.
They were separated quickly, but they rose and fought
each other
Thirty-seven times,
And the legends say that everyone agreed that Del
Cielo fought the best.

Then the screams of Zaragosa filled the night outside
the town of Santa
Clara
As the beak of Del Cielo lay broken like a shell within his
hand,
And they say that Zaragosa screamed a curse upon the
bones of Pancho Villa
When Zorro rose up one last time and drove del Cielo
to the sand.

Hola, my there'sa, I am thinking of you now in San Antonio.
I have no money in my pocket, I no longer have your picture framed in gold.
I buried it last evening with the bones of my beloved Del Cielo,
And I'll not return to buy the land Villa stole from Father long ago.

Do the rivers still run muddy outside of my beloved Casas Grandes?
Does the scar upon my brother's face turn red when he hears mention of my Name?
Do the people of El Sueco curse the death of Gallo Del Cielo?
Well, tell my family not to worry, I will not return to cause them shame.

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