

Can you ...*hear*... the drums, Fernando?
 I long ago another starry night like this
 In the, Fernando
 You were humming to yourself and softly strumming your guitar

I could hear the distant
 And of bugle calls were coming from afar
 They were now, Fernando
 Every hour, minute, seemed to last eternally
, Fernando
 We were young and full of life and none of us prepared to die

And I'm not ashamed
 The roar of guns and cannons made me cry
 There was something that night
 The were bright, Fernando
 They were there for you and me
 For, Fernando
 Though we never thought that
 There's no regret

If I had to do
 I would, my friend, Fernando
 If I had to do the same again
, my friend, Fernando
 Now we're old and grey, Fernando
 For many years I haven't seen a rifle

Can you hear the drums, Fernando?
 Do you still recall the fateful night we the Rio Grande?
 I can see it in your
 How proud you were in this land
 There was something in the air that night
 The stars were bright, Fernando
 shining there for you and me
 For liberty, Fernando

Though we never that we could lose
 There's no regret
 the same again
 I would, my friend, Fernando
 There was something in the air that night
 The stars were, Fernando
 They were shining there for you and me
 For, Fernando
 Though we never thought that we could lose
 There's no
 If I had to do the same again
 I would, my friend, Fernando
 Yes, if I had to do the same
 I would, my friend, Fernando

The Mexican Revolution of 1910 began when a small force of revolutionaries crossed the Rio Grande (pronounced: `graend), from Texas to Mexico.

Two rebel veterans in old age remember a long-ago battle in which they took part. The two old freedom-fighters from the war between Texas and Mexico are sitting outside at night around a campfire. The woman is recalling old memories while the man is playing the guitar.



starry night: die Sternennacht
to hum: summen
to strum: klimpern
bugle: das Signalthorn
eternal: ewig
to prepare: vorbereiten
to be ashamed: s. schämen
roar: das Brüllen
regret: das Bedauern
rifle: Gewehr
to recall: erinnern
fateful: schicksalhaft
proud: stolz

TRANSLATE:

Kannst du die Trommeln hören?

Erinnerst du dich an die Nacht, als wir den Fluss überquerten?

.....

Er spielte sanft Gitarre.

Die Rufe kamen näher.

Die Stunde schien ewig zu dauern.

.....

Hast du Angst vor den Gewehren?

Ich schäme mich nicht zu weinen.

.....

Ich hätte nie gedacht, dass wir verlieren könnten.....

.....

Die Sterne schienen für uns.

Wir kämpften für die Freiheit.....

Wenn ich das gleiche nochmals machen müsste, würde ich es tun.....

.....

Wenn wir Gewehre hätten, würden wir kämpfen.

.....

Konntest du die entfernten Rufe hören?.....

Wenn sie nicht alt und grau wären, würden sie euch helfen.

.....

Wir fühlten uns wirklich stolz in jener Nacht.

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