

Kissing the Mountain range,  
The prairies daughter  
Of the Buitreras and Guaiquillo.

The drains veins of the orchards on the  
Cultivated field were opened.

Wide quiet dying earth the seeds of Uaral  
Germinated from you entrains,  
Poised like leaves by the yolks of the branches.

Ironie beautiful land resigned,  
You have inherited me your more intimate song.  
I am firewood of you,  
A living torture,  
I am mist among the Poplars.  
Side never slope never drink