

Mi Abuelito

[Fernando Ortega](#)

The moon is shining on the Pecos Mountains
Like a blue and silver dream,
And far away below the moonlit mountains
You are standing in your field. You are an old man,
The earth is in your voice,
And in the songs that spill from your memory.
A hoe in your old hand,
Black water in the furrowed rows,
You sing our lives as they used to be,
Mi abuelito. Tomorrow morning we will carry you
Beyond the village to a stony hill,
And rest you there beside your brightest blanket,
Leaves and diamonds that you wove last year. Then, with our song
We will call for the summer stars
To fill the sky like a silver dream.
How we will sing
As we hold to the memory of your earthen voice on the moonlit field,

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