

Carlos Lyra, Sertanejo (The Farmer)

He plants the dry and dusty plain
And prays to God for rain
To keep the seed alive.

This man with ancient, vacant eyes,
Bent low from burning skies,
Grown old at twenty-five.

You give your life, Sertanejo,
To the angry land, Sertanejo,
And while you are young, you grow old.

You put your trust in the harvest,
But the burning dust is the harvest,
And while you are young, you grow old.

His heart has dreamed a better day,
And so each night he'll pray
The earth will live again.