

April 21st, 1836, After the Battle

A Young Mexican Soldier's Tale

I ran, I ran, I ran, As fast as I could run.
I heard the bullets rushing by,
I heard my fellow soldiers cry.
I ran, I ran, I ran, out in the mid-day sun.

I hid deep down in the weeds, and prayed I wasn't seen.
I heard the horses running by,
I saw my fellow soldiers die.
I prayed and prayed and prayed, that I would reach sixteen.

The cannons stopped their fire, the rifle fire was slow,
Should I raise my head to see?
To see if it was safe for me?
I think that I will wait a while before I try to go.

I thought of my sweet mama back in the Yucatan,
I know I have to make a run,
Please God! That man has got a gun!
“Por favor no máteme señor, soy el pequeño hombre de la madre.”
“Please don't kill me señor, I'm mama's little man.”

“Yo no estaba en el Alamo, señor, yo no estaba en Goliad.”
“I was not at the Alamo, sir, I was not at Goliad”
“Raise your hands!” the Texan said,
“Por favor, señor! No sé lo que ha dicho.”
“Please sir! I don't know what you said.”
I raised my hands and said again, ***“Yo no Goliad!”***

He pointed to the trees, and then he screamed “Let's go!”
I headed toward the big oak tree,
Would his bullet go through me?
I thought of my sweet mama, far down in Mexico.

“¡Mis Amigos! ¡Usted está vivo! ¡Estamos vivos!”
“Oh! My friends! You're alive! You're alive with me!”
They gave us drink and beans to eat.
They fed us well but had no meat.
Our Captain came and told us that we would soon be free.

Our Captain also told us that Texas now was free.
For twenty days we had to walk,
Of lost amigos we did not talk.
“¡Ah Madre! ¡Ah mi Madre! ¡Soy de casa, soy de casa! ¡Soy yo!”
“Oh Mama! Oh my moma! I'm home, I'm home! It's me!”