LYRICS TRANSLATIONS

1. DINGO
2. ETXE KURRIDAK
3. ANHAUZE
4. NABIL
5. GAU XOILA

DINGO

Dingo, teilatua hautsi zako
Dingo, zilo txorientzako

Oinez zoan ezinbertzean
Sorohetako bide ertzean
Bere gabardina higatu beltzean
Dingo, Albert izena zuan

Harri bat harri bi, meta potoloak
eraikitzen zituen gure tontoloak
Mundu barbaro hau, hain da eroa
Zergatik laike bera zoroa ?

Thierry Biscary
Anhauze. 2018

Dingo: noraezean ibili dena, zoroa

DINGO

Dingo, his roof was broken
Dingo, a hole for birds

He was walking by necessity
on the roadside of Soroheta
with his worn black trench coat
Dingo, his name was Albert

One stone, two stones
Our fool made fat piles of stones
Why would he be insane?
This barbarian world is so crazy

Thierry Biscary
Anhauze. 2018

Dingo: drifting crazy guy

ETXE KURRIDAK

Bestak heldu orduko
erroak indartzen,
musikaren laguntzaz
umorea jartzen;
gazte talde bat kantu
ta dantzak uztartzen,
etxez etxe joaten da
bestak iragartzen.

Eta bada Mizel bat
gazte horietan,
zerbait egiten duna
etxe guzietan;
dantza mahai gainetan,
mahai azpietan..
Eguna pasatzen du
pitokerietan!

Baina behin Mendione
etxaldean ze min..
Hango amatxi negar
egin eta egin...
Mizel hurbiltzen zako
maitasunarekin :
´negarrez aritzeko,
zer duzu Kattalin?`

Kattalinek erantzun
alegri gutxiko:
´negarrei nola ez diet
jalgitzen utziko?
Heldu den urtera arte
dantzari, mutxiko...
ez baldin bazaituztet
berriz ikusiko!!`

Aditu erantzuna
gogoan duela,
nahiz jakin umorea
beharretsi dela;
Mizel ohartuko da
lehen ez bezela,
etxe kurridak zerbait
gehiago direla!

Julio Soto Ezkurdia
Iruña, 2018/10/13

HOUSES TOUR

When the village festivities arrive
the roots get stronger
Good humor comes
with the music;
A group of young
mixing songs and dances
goes from house to house
to announce the village festivities

And there's Mizel,
one among these young people
who does something
in each house;
Dance on and under the tables...
he spends the day
doing the clown!

But one day at Mendione farmhouse,
what a pity...
The grandmother of this farm
was constantly crying...
Mizel approaches her with love:
"Why do you cry Kattalin ?"
Kattalin replied with few joy:
"How can I not let those tears out?
I will not see you again before next year
you, dancers, mutxiko..."

Her answer in memory
even though he knows
that good mood is necessary;
It won't be like before
Mizel realized
that houses tour
is more than that!

Julio Soto Ezkurdia
Iruña, 2018/10/13

GAU XOILA

Bagenekien gau xoila,
bakardade erraldoia,
sentimenduen deboila
eta bizi-urrats doia.

suari ginen hurbildu,
amets bat ahalezkoa,
nahiz ilunbean bildu
egun beltzeko ezkoa !

kantua dena dolorez
atseginaire aldatzen:
iraupenaren kolorez
musua nizun galdatzen.

bilatzen nuen sutea
zure soakoan, ezti :
hautsa harrotu dutea
exilioz gaiten bezti ?

ahaidea nuen mintzo.
goiza izan arren urre
argia zartatu zintzo:
bide hori etzen gure !

bego beraz bihotzean
sugarren erre usaina,
txinkazu, bake hotzean,
eta inkatzaren zaina!

zohardia dut gogoan
oraidanikan idazten,
ari naiz negu osoan
dolu xumearen hazten.

Itxaro Borda
Orain. Ahüzkiko argi-kantak. 1998

DESOLATE NIGHT

We knew the desolate night
huge loneliness
the debacle of feelings
and this simple phase of life

We approach the fire,
a possible dream,
while in the dark
we were picking up the black day wax

The song, full of pain,
became an air of pleasure:
In the color of my insistence
I asked you for a kiss.

I was looking for a fire
in your eyes, sweet:
Did they shake the ashes
to wear us of exile?

The melody was talking to me.
Despite the gold-stained morning
the light burst, sincere:
This road wasn't our.

So let's leave deep in the heart
the smell of burning embers,
bright, in the cold peace,
and the coal seam.

Since then, I write the dawn
who stays in my mind
And throughout this winter
I feed humble mourning.

Itxaro Borda
Orain. Ahüzkiko argi-kantak. 1998