

KALAKAN

« Artizar »
- Translations -

SO BEAUTIFUL IN THE MOUNTAINS

Music: Traditional Basque, Antonín Leopold Dvořák

Arrangements: Kalakan

How beautiful is the red-legged partridge in the mountains!
Better not to trust its beauty
My love, like so many others,
made me a promise only later to break it.

Chestnuts ripen and fall to the ground:
my heart falls for you,
while yours is like stone,
my poor eyes are always full of tears.

Old lyrics, but a new singer,
my beautiful love, you are so delightful:
red and white, like a rose
you have come into this world to make me wither.

GREETINGS IRRINTZINA

Music: Manex Pagola

Lyrics: Manex Pagola

Arrangements: Kalakan

Greetings dear Basques, greetings to the Basque Country,
in today's difficult times
Basque life will return everywhere.

Tell me, irrintzina, where you come from,
where your cry of pain comes from:
from mountain summits or river beds?
Tell me, irrintzina, where you are from.

You, who have always brought together the Basques,
standing in caves and fields,
the shepherds from the highest mountains
carry you day and night in their voice and heart.

A FLOWER

Lyrics: Basque traditional

Music: Basque traditional Jamixel Bereau

Arrangements: Jamixel Bereau, Hugo Imakhoukhene

I saw a flower in a garden,
I would love to have it by my side;
it never withers, neither summer nor winter,
there is no other such flower in the whole world.

I decided to leave one night,
to find this rare flower,
I don't think for a moment it was protected,
I thought I would be lost that night.

May this serve as an example for all
and particularly the young:
those who walk at night take little care,
I shall refrain, thank God.

PIARRES THE FARMER

Music / Lyrics: Basque traditional / Jules Moulier "Oxobi"

Arrangements: Andrew J.P. Keelan

You've undoubtedly heard a false friend from the city
say with a sneer: "what a fool!
Why kill yourself working the land?
It's mad to think you'll get rich,
come to the city where a better life is awaiting you."

If the farmer stopped working for just one year,
what would the land yield apart from nettles and brambles?
You'd hear a great whining from behind the city walls
Distraught, like corpses climbing out of their graves,
starving and ready to eat each other!!

So, farmer, sow your fields with care,
working the land will not break your heart.
Stand tall, look at the sky with heavy arms and a light heart,
get down to work, don't be frightened of getting dirty,
the town folk also eat food grown in manure.

Spring will return to the Basque country as beautiful as ever,
don't flee to the city on a whim...
Look at the partridge on the mountain pastures,
contemplate the bee hovering over the flowers in the fields;
I beg you, Piarres, do not let the rancour of the land penetrate your soul.

THE HOT SUN

Lyrics / Music: Basque traditional

Arrangements: Kalakan

The sun is warm around ten or eleven,
Mum, I've got a headache, I'm off home!
Ah! Oh! Eh! I'm off home!
The sun is warm around ten or eleven,

The sun has gone to find his mother,
tomorrow he'll be back if the weather is fair.
Ah! Oh! Eh! If the weather is fair,
the sun has gone to find his mother.

The old woman and man are cutting wood,
they've lost the axe and are whispering.
Ah! Oh! Eh! Both whispering,
the old woman and man cutting wood.

MOTHER BASQUE COUNTRY

Lyrics: Xalbador

Music: Jamixel Bereau

Arrangements: Kalakan

I know I'd better
hide my pain;
I want to silence the voice of my blood,
but I cannot.

So-and-so is leftwing, so-and-so is right wing,
we have created resentment between Basques,
forgetting, Mother, your beautiful love;
this is how your sons thank you.

I am sorrowful for our motherland,
because she is leaving this world forever,
abandoned by her sons and daughters;
who will pardon this sin of ours?

The first sword was driven into you,
when a stranger entered your house;
but this is not what made your heart stop;
you died at the hands of your own kind.

I am sorrowful for our motherland,
because she is leaving this world forever,
abandoned by her sons and daughters;
who will pardon this sin of ours?

Anyone who looks in your grave
for the remains of what you once were,
will hear a cry from the ground:
"Here lays a mother slain by her own children!".

LANGUAGE OF THE HEART

Lyrics: Xalbador, Basque traditional

Music: Basque traditional, Jamixel Bereau

Arrangements: Jamixel Bereau, Hugo Imakhoukhene

Brothers and sisters, listen to my voice:
humans are not just flesh and blood.
The land is the body, the heart the language ,
separating one from the other,
leads to certain death.

Children, learn to speak in Basque,
play pelota and dance well!

Some remember their land, but forget their language,
others love their language, but shun their people;
country and language cannot be separated,
they want to make us see
that one cannot exist without the other.

Children, learn to speak in Basque,
play pelota and dance well!

BUNS

Music / Lyrics : Basque traditional

My love, I've got a bun in the oven for you;
I'll give you half, the other half for me.

WHERE ARE YOU MY LOVE

Music / Lyrics : Basque traditional

Arrangements: Kalakan

Where are you, my love? I cannot see you,
I have no news of you, where have you gone?

You've changed your mind,
because you promised me,
not once but twice,
that you were mine.

MRAVALJAMIER

Music / Lyrics: Georgian traditional

Arrangements: Jamixel Bereau

O FORTUNA (CARMINA BURANA)

Music: Carl Orff

Lyrics: From XIII century

Arrangements: Jamixel Bereau

Oh Fortune,
Like the Moon
Is changing,
You're always growing
And decreasing.
Foul life,
(Which) first oppresses
And then relieves
By some plays, a sharp mind,
Poverty
And power
Get dissolved like ice.

Cruel fate
And vain (fate),
You are a swinging wheel,
A delicate position,
An untrustworthy prosperity,
Always trying to disappear,
Hidden
And disguised
You're also lashing out at me.
Thanks to (your) mockery,
My bare back
I let myself go to your crime.

Life-saving fate
And bravevry
Which are now forbidden to me,
Weakened
And defeated
Always busy.
On this hour
Without delay
Shake the strings (of your musical instruments),
Because by fate
The worthy is defeated,
Come all cry with me!

SLEEP, SLEEP

Music / Lyrics: Basque traditional

Sleep! Sleep! It is still night, the day has not dawned;
There is no light, just from the stars.
When I talk of the stars, I remember you;
How little they shine compared to you.

TO MY LATE MOTHER

Lyrics / Music: Xalbador / Basque traditional
Arrangements: Kalakan, Hugo Imakhoukhene

Mother, just like when I sat on your knees,
let me lay my head on your chest;
I want to tell you what I feel in my heart
in the language I learnt from your sacred lips.

TUPINTEGIKO PANPILI

Music: Basque traditional, Jamixel Bereau

Lyrics: Basque traditional, Jamixel Bereau

Arrangements: Jamixel Bereau, Hugo Imakhoukhene

Tupintegi Panpili...

Tupintegi Panpili has returned from Paris:

She's all about manners, she's all about fashion, oh so Gascon!

Tupintegi Panpili has returned from Paris.

She walks tall...

She walks tall, hey! What a show off!

Oh so tall, oh so slim, hey! What a fool!

She walks tall, hey! What a show off!

For her Basque is not enough ...

For her Basque is not enough, but her French isn't perfect either ...

She jabbars on, I'm Gascon, not Basque.

For her Basque is not enough, stay Basque, Panpili!

It's easy to make fun of you, we're so sorry, Panpili...

It's easy to make fun of you, but we're all the same:

it's all about smartphones and bitcoin,

it's all about uber and youtubers,

on a quad in the mountains, lost without satnav,

oh! Instagram and "give me the gram!",

it's all in English, Frenchy-Spanish,

it's all about looks, lies and fear,

it's all about money and bitterness, oh! Poor us!

It's easy to make fun of you, but we're all the same!

THE LITTLE BIRD IN THE CAGE

Music: Basque traditional, Jamixel Bereau

Lyrics: Basque traditional

Arrangements: Jamixel Bereau, Pello Reparaz bell

The little bird in its cage

sings a sad song,

and even though it has enough to eat and drink

he dreams of flying away,

because, because

nothing can be compared to freedom.

I CAN SEE FROM AFAR

Lyrics / Music: Jean-Baptiste Elissamburu

I can see from afar, I see the mountain,
behind it is my village.

I can hear it now, how joyful!

The gentle breath of my beloved be