It is raining (Baroone)

I will go…
to come back alone again.

I have reached this coldness again…
... in this world…
... I am used to loneliness.

Autumn of my life is here.
... Here has become my whole world.
To whom I could tell my whereabouts?
Oh my God, do you hear me?
Do not let me stay here.

Rain, rain, it is raining.
...
It is raining upon hills, upon meadows…autumn rain.
...
Rain, rain, it is raining.
...
It is again raining from skies, autumn rain.

Dolcenera

Such black that it sweeps away, it sweeps away the street.
Such black that it was not seen for a lifetime so dolcenera.
Such black that it beats us down, it breaks down the doors.

Black of misfortune that kills and passes by.
Black like bad luck that makes its den where there’s no moon.
Black of bitter aquifers, cause coffins pass.

But the wife of Anselmo doesn’t have to know that
cause she came for me, she has been here for one hour.
And love, love as the only topic.
And the tumultuous sky came in the wrong moment.

Water that is looking for anything but being consecrated.
Water that brings bad luck, it runs up the stairs, it runs up without salt.
Water that breaks the mountain that sinks both land and bridge.

But the wife of Anselmo is dreaming of the sea.
When it congests the gorges, it retreats and rises up again.
And the sheet inflates over the hollow of the wave.
And the fight becomes slippery and deep.

Water of thick pins from sky and ceilings.
Water for photographs, to look for accomplices to curse.
Water that clutches the flanks, deadly tunny nets for passers-by.

Beyond the wall of glasses, life awakes
that joins hands once the battle is over.
Just like does this love that from the anxiety of losing
it found in a day the certainty of possession.

Water that waited for the dark that now retreats.
Low it parades past among people like an innocent that has nothing to do with all that.
Cold like a pain, heartless dolcenera.

And the wife of Anselmo feels water that runs down.
From stuck clothes, from each chill of skin
in her tram unconnected from any distance,
in the midst of the time, that now she has in excess.

Such was that love with a missed end
So splendid and true as to could mislead you.

Kaval

A kaval is playing, mother,
up-down, mother, up-down, mother.
A kaval is playing, mother,
up-down, mother, outside the village.

I'll go there, mother, to see it,
to see it, mother, to hear it.

If it is played by a fellow villager
I'll love him from dawn to noon.
If it is played by a foreigner
I'll love him for my entire life.

Ronda Catonga

Children in the corners,
they form the round circle.
Wheel from hands
that roam the round wheel.

Macumba, macumbembé,
the Black Africans
also form a round
with the night of the hand.

To scare away the Mandinga,
macumba, macumbembé.
You have to shoot an arrow
and dance the Candomblé.
There is so much tiring utingo,
tiring utango, triringuté,
it exists a rather bold
prettier than I have ever known.

The stars form a circle
when they play with the sun
and in the candombe of the sky.
The moon is a big drum.

To the wheel, wheel, wheel,
to the round, round, round,
to the wheel, wheel, wheel,
to the round, round, round.
The white Mandinga, the black Catonga.
The white Mandinga, the black Catonga.

Children in the corners,
they form the round Catonga.
Wheel of all hands
that roam the round wheel.
Macumba, macumembé
the Negritos......

Lésperance

With the head bent down, I walked alone and worried,
when I heard the clear voice of
a happy little bird.
He was saying to be courageous,
hope is a treasure,
even the darkest cloud still has its golden edge,
even the darkest cloud still has its golden edge.

When the evening is dark,
I hear the little bird
iddle away up there in the shade,
on the branch near the water's edge.
He tells me again to be courageous,
hope is a treasure.
Even the darkest cloud still has its golden edge.

But he went to the Father
and never saw him again.
With the head bent down, he stays humble and delighted because it is only hope
that animates our heart which amidst our darkest suffering shall be victorious.

Chang ting wai

Outside the long pavilion, along the ancient route, fragrant green grass joins the sky,
The evening wind caressing willow trees, the sound of the flute piercing the heart, sunset over
mountains beyond mountains.
At the brink of the sky, at the corners of the earth, my familiar friends wander in loneliness and far
from home.
One more ladle of wine to conclude the little happiness that remains; don't have any sad dreams tonight.
Outside the long pavilion, along the ancient route, fragrant green grass joins the sky.
I ask of you, as you go this time, when are you to return? When it's time to come, please don't hesitate.
At the brink of the sky, at the corners of the earth, familiar friends wander in loneliness and far from home.
In life it is happy reunions that are rare; most often we bid farewell.
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In life it is happy reunions that are rare; most often we bid farewell.

Eventide falls again (Abend wird es wieder)

1. Eventide falls again.
   Over woods and fields
   peace is simpering down
   and the world's at rest.

2. Just the brook pours out
   by the boulder yonder,
   bustling and flowing
   ever on and on.

3. And no ev'n'ing bringeth
   peace and rest to him,
   no bell rings for him
   a song of rest.

4. Thus in your striving
   my heart, are also you:
   only God can give you
   true serenity at eventide.

In the morning's dew towards the mountain (Im Frühtau zu Berge)

In the morning's dew towards the mountain we walk, fallera,
all forests, all heights are green, fallera.
We wander without sorrow
singing into the morning
even before the roosters crow in the valley.

You old and wise people, fallera,
you may think that we are not intelligent, fallera?
Who wants to sing
when we've already caught crickets
in this pleasant spring time?

Free yourself of all the sorrow and distress, fallera,
and wander with us out of the valley, fallera.
We've gone out
to catch the sunshine:
Come with us and try it by yourself once.

Who can sail (Vem Kan Segla)

Who can sail without wind,
who can row without oars,
who can part from their best friend
without shedding tears?

I can sail without wind,
I can row without oars,
but I can't part from my best friend
without shedding tears.

Gaudeamus igitur

So let's be merry
as long as we are young.
After the cheerful youth,
after the arduous old age
the soil will have us.

Where are the ones that have been
in the world before us?
Go to the upper ones,
walk over to the lower ones,
if you want to see them.

Long live the nation, too,
and the one who rules it.
Long live our citizens,
the charity of the patronages
that protects us here.

Long live the academy,
long live the professors,
long live every member whosoever,
long live all members whosoever,
may they always be abloom!

Shosholoza

It moves fast, it moves powerfully through these mountains; train from South Africa, you drive, you drive, through these mountains, train from South Africa.

Shekare

I want to go to the mountains to hunt deer, where is my weapon dear Leyli, where is my weapon? As you sat on the cushion you killed the lover, you wrote a letter with the lover's blood. Your face that looks like the moon, the arrow which comes out of your eyes, and your black eyes have made me fall in love with you.