

**Aibbas jaska**  
**Elivn Kåven, Song in Saami**

Jus orun aibas jaska  
In lihkas ge  
Jus in ba vuoinga ge  
Javka go dalle  
Javkkan go mun

Jus sii eai oainne  
Mearkkasa dat  
Aht' mun in gavdno  
Olggobeal oainnan lo  
Lihkolaš olbmuid  
Savan mun livččen sii  
In darbbaš leat mun

Šattan go nie  
Jus mun nie čaimman  
Mearkkaša go dat

Aht' mun lean nu mo sii

aibbas jaska

Elin Kåven och Ole Jörn

**ALL STILL**  
Elin Kåve, Saami

If I lie all still

Don't move  
If I don't even breathe  
Will it disappear?  
Will I disappear  
If they don't see me

Does that mean  
That I don't exist  
Outside I always see  
Happy people  
Wish I was them  
I wouldn't have to be me  
Will I be like that  
If I laugh like them  
Does that mean  
I am like them  
aibbas jaska

All still, all still  
All still, all still

## Drysu

Yr Annioddefol, Welsh

Drysu, drysu, drysu, ti'n drysu fi ohyd, A mae'r drysau i gyd ar gau, cau fi allan o dy fyd.

Ma'n meddwl i ym mhobman, a dwyt ti ddim llawer gwell. Ac am bod fi 'di drysu, wel, dwi'n mynd a hyn rhy bell... Trio peidio dangos a, dwi'n trio bod yn gryf, Ond os ti'm isho bod 'ma wel, just cer a'ngadal i.

Dwi'm yn meddwl bod chdi'n deall a, ti'n gwbod bo chdi ddim. Os 'di petha'n mynd yn waeth, does na'm pwrpas i hyn.

Meddwl, meddwl, meddwl, dwi'n meddwl felly rhaid, A dwi'n meddwl bod fi'n maddau, ond mond achos bod rhaid. Dwi'n dal i gerddad fyny, a ti'n dal i gerddal lawr. Ond achos bod fi'n meddwl, dwi methu stopio nawr...

Trio peidio dangos a, dwi'n trio bod yn gryf, Ond os ti'm isho bod 'ma wel, just cer a'ngadal i. Gwbod, gwbod, gwbod, dwi'n gwbod be ti'n ddeud, Ond dwi'n gwbod yn y gobaith bo fi'n gwbod be dwi'n neud. Dwi'n trio peidio gofyn, ond ti'n meddwl bo chdi'n iawn. A dwi'n gwbod yn y diwedd, 'sgen ti ddim y stori llawn...

Trio peidio dangos a, dwi'n trio bod yn gryf, Ond os ti'm isho bod 'ma wel, just cer a'ngadal i. Dwi'm yn meddwl bod chdi'n deall a...

Trio peidio dangos a, dwi'n trio bod yn gryf, Ond os ti'm isho bod 'ma wel, just cer a'ngadal i. Dwi'm yn meddwl bod chdi'n deall a, ...

## Confusion

Yr Annioddefol, Welsh

Confuse me, Confuse me, Confuse me, you confuse me all the time. The doors are all closed, you're closing me out of your world.

My mind's all over the place, and you cant be much better. And because you've confused me, I'm taking this too far... Trying not to show you, and trying to be strong,

But if you don't want to be here, well, just go ahead and leave. I don't think you understand, and I think you know you don't. If things start getting worse, there's no reason for all this.

Thinking, thinking, thinking, I'm thinking so I have to, And I think that I'm forgiving, but only 'cause I have to. I'm still walking upwards, you're still walking down. But because I'm thinking, I just cant stop right now... Trying not to show you, and trying to be strong, But if you don't want to be here, well, just go ahead and

If things start getting worse, there's no reason for all this. I don't think you understand, and I think you know you don't. I know, I know, I know, I know what you're trying to say, But I know its wishful thinking, I know what I'm doing. I'm trying not to ask, but you think that you're right. And I know that in the end, you don't have the full story...

Trying not to show you, and trying to be strong, But if you don't want to be here, well, just go ahead and leave. I don't think you understand, and I think you know you don't. If things start getting worse, there's no reason for all this. Trying not to show you, and trying

But if you don't want to be here, well, just go ahead and leave. I don't think you understand, and I think you know you don't. If things start getting worse, there's no reason for all this.

**Bugale Belfast,  
Gwennyn, Brittany**

Bugale Derry (4 gwech)  
Ho kresk ho peus graet er feulster  
'Blamour da vevennoù direizh an Ulster  
A gas 'hanoc'h a vil-vern d'al lazhadeg  
Da c'hortoz vefec'h trec'h dre hoc'h emsavadeg.  
Ar barradoù-glav hed an nozvezhioù du sac'h  
A-veradoù verglo barrinier an toull-bac'h  
Lec'h ma vev war yun a-dreñv mogerioù  
Brogarourien dispont o kontañ o deizioù.  
Unan anezho kannad a c'hortoz dihabask  
Na ma vrallo taer adarre Kleier Pask

Re gouzañvet en deus dismegañs Londrez  
Kemenn e varv a spontas ar bed a-bezh.  
Bugale Belfast, Bugale Derry

Ma fluenn, soubet e liv ar brizonidi

A gas deoc'h keloù eus stourmerien ma bro  
Evito Bobby Sands, nann, biken ne varvo !

Youenn Gervalan

**Enfants de Belfast**  
Gwennyn. English

Enfants de Belfast, enfants de Derry  
Vous avez grandi dans la violence  
A cause de la frontière insensée de l'Ulster  
Qui vous a envoyé par milliers au massacre  
En attendant d'être vainqueur grâce à votre  
Les averses au cours de nuits noires  
Petit à petit rouilleront les barreaux des  
Où jeûnent derrière les murs,  
des patriotes sans peur qui comptent leurs  
L'un d'eux, député  
Impatient d'entendre résonner les cloches de  
Pâques  
A trop souffert du mépris des gens de Londres  
L'annonce de sa mort stupéfia le monde entier  
Enfants de Belfast, Enfants de Derry  
Ma plume est trempée dans la couleur de vos  
prisonniers  
Et leur adresse des nouvelles de militants de  
mon pays  
Pour eux, Bobby Sands, non, jamais ne

Youenn Gervalan

### **Botë e shurë**

Spasulati. Song in Arbereshe

Botë e shurë, hekura e

rruxë, ardhur menàtet ndihet,  
përsiper e përposh vetëhenit tim,  
ku vajt'e fërnove oj bir.

E hëngëre valët? Oj sa ka ju me

valët u lajtit!  
U dogjëtit? Oj sa ka ju me valët

vatë dhì kùarpu!

Mbrënda te një spitall ku gjithë  
gjindjet janë pjot durime,  
mbrënda te një llok që dërsin  
edhë ndër dimer.

Façòn ka një ballkun e she  
shumë suvalë e kurmi përpara aty,  
dukë se je ti, ajò suvalë je ti

### **Hearth and sand**

Spasulati

English version

Hearth and sand, rust and scrap-iron: that's  
the smell of the morning.

My body's upside down, where am I?  
Have you drunk oil? How many of you have  
washed yourselves with oil!

Scalded? How many of you have used oil to  
digest?

I'm in a hospital: a painful place where you  
sweat even at winter-time.

I look outside: waves of the sea are right in  
front of me.

## Indios

Dixebra  
In Asturian

Desarmaos y cautivos aportemos a estes tierres,  
yera'l fríu y la fame, yera'l cantar de la muerte. Del  
Sur y del Este, homes y muyeres, a trabayar a esta  
tierra xunto a los mares del Norte.

Sacabemos el carbón de los cordales d'Asturies,  
estallazaos y humildaos, nun había diferencies, y  
fuéremos d'onde fuéremos, estremeños o africanos,  
al final, obreros asturianos.

Por eso, nun nos vengais con cuentos.

Por eso, nun nos llaméis coreanos.

Ente hermanos de mugor nun hai res de diferencia.  
Pal capital somos toos indios de la mesma tierra.

Trancaron ya toles mines, estazonaron les fabriques,  
dexaronnos na cai con un palmu de narices. Qué mas  
da d'ónde seyas, qué mas da, na oficina del Inem,  
toos por igual.

Ya ta armada la griesca, ya nos soltaron los perros,  
ya ta claro que'l problema nun son los emigrantes, ya  
sabemos que'l color de la piel nun ye la causa, ye  
ridículu'l racismu na barricada.

Por eso, nun nos digais que sobramos.

Por eso, pa lluchar fai falta tola fuercia.  
Lo mesmo qu'enantes fuimos compañeros,  
na griesca somos toos indios de la nuesa tierra.

## Indians

Dixebra  
Song in English

Disarmed and captives we arrived at this land.  
It was cold and famine, it was the song of the  
death. From the south and the east. Men and  
women, to work in this land next to the  
northseas.

We extracted the coal from the mountains of  
Asturies, feeling faint and humiliated, there  
was no difference and wherever we went,  
extremians or Africans, at the tend Asturian

So, get on with it. So, don't call us  
"Koreans". Among brothers and mould there's  
no difference at all.

As far as capitalism is concerned, we all are  
Indians from the same land.

They arelady closed the mines, they uprooted  
the factories.

They threw us into the street with a big let-  
down. No matter where you come from, no  
matter: In the job center, we are all the same.

It has kicked up a real fuss, they let the dogs  
run loose. It's plain that the problem is not the  
emigrants, We already know that is not the  
colour of the skin: Racism in the barricade is

So, don't tell us that we are more than  
enough. So, we need all the strength for fight.  
As well as we were companios at first, In the  
fight we are all Indians from our land.

## De wiete wyn hellet oan

Jelte Posthumus

De wiete wyn hellet oan. Ik stean op 'e trapers,  
foaroer, en mei it boarst oer it stjoer.

Rein en swit op 'e noas. Ik fiel my hjoed oars as oars,  
want de wyn lit my kâld.

### refrein:

*In raar gefoel yn'e bealch, myn kop krimmearret,  
moat ik nei dokter?  
It is noch in hiel ein nei hûs,  
de graue wyn,*

*it gerûs,  
de hannen stiif.  
Neffens my bin'k fereale.*

Ik fyts sûnder tinken, sunder helder ferstân  
de wrâld achter my oan.  
En mei in gniis op 'e kop, fyts ik jankend foarop, sa  
frij!  
Net ien hâldt my by.

De wiete wyn hellet oan, ik jou myn famke in hân  
en spring oer de sleat  
Wy rinne troch it mais, en binne beide bleat,

mar de rein docht ús neat.  
Nee, de rein docht ús neat.

## The wet wind rises

Jelte Posthumus. English translation –

The wet wind rises, I'm standing on the  
pedals, bent forward; the chest over the

Rain and sweat on the nose. Today I feel  
different than normal, because the wind leaves

*A strange feeling in my body, my head  
saunters, should I see a doctor?  
It's still a long way home,*

*the dismall wind, the rustle,  
the hands so stiff.  
I think I'm in love.*

I cycle without thoughts, without clear sense,  
The world behind me. And with a grin on my  
face, I cycle ahead, while crying, so free!

No one keeps pace with me.

*A strange feeling in my body, my head  
saunters, should I see a doctor?  
It's still a long way home,*

*the dismall wind, the rustle,  
the hands so stiff.  
I think I'm in love.*

The wet wind rises, I give my girl a hand  
And we jump over the ditch.  
We run through the corn and are not wearing  
clothes, But we don't feel the rain.  
No, we don't feel the rain.

**Пазчангодть**  
Mordens  
In Mordvinian

I-пелькс.

1.Э, Кудонь кирди, кудонь Юртава, матушкой,  
Кудонь кирди, кудонь Юртава, корьминець, Иля  
тандадт шумнедем, иля страстявт (вай) эйстэнь!

Аволь беряньс те вайгеленть нолдыа,

Сисем урвань саемга, сисем тейтерень максомга. Dont be sacred of my voice.  
Сизьгемень сисем монь кудама, кавксоньгеменцесь I appeal to you for the sake of well-being and  
монсь улян. not for the sake of evil.  
Ней минь мольтяно, мольтяно ашо дигань (вай) I dare to disturb you so that you let and  
мельга, receive our bride in the house.  
Вай, сайсынек ашо диганть, сайсынек, сайсынек Look at her and see how beautiful our bride is.  
диганть, She is like a white swan.  
ашо диганть сайсынек!

2.Вай, Юрхтава, мярьк, Юрхтава, васьфтека  
рвьняньконь!  
Вай, васьфтека рвьняньконь, примака  
идняньконь! Эвой!  
Вай, примака рвьняньконь, баславиндак  
идняньконь.  
Баславиндак идняньконь, мярьган, эрямс-ащемс  
шумбрашина/са/,

Эрямс ули шиняса! Эвой!

II-пелькс

1.Вай, тядянай-аваняй (да), пеконязе сяряди.  
Пеконязе сяряди (да), сединазти маряви.  
Вина стопкать вадьса (да), пялеваня анаса!  
Пялеваня анаса (да), потмаксава ноласа!  
Пеконязе сяряди, мярьк, тулень, тядяй, вирняв.  
Тулень, тядяй, вирняв (да) вирень шуфтонь  
алгане.

Вирень шуфтонь алгане (да), самай сиде вастова. She is the only daughter of her parents.  
People wonder that her destiny will be and  
who she will belong to.

2.Стирнясь мазы, маконя (ды), акша мичке  
шаманя.

## Good will blessing

Mordens  
English

Part I.

Matchmakers songs performed  
simultaneously in two Mordovian languages  
(Erzya and Moksha). The songs are an appeal  
to mythological household and estate  
Goddess. The name of Goddess is "Yurtava"  
in Erzya or "Yurkhtava" in Moksha.

1.  
Yurtava,  
You are Kudon kiyrdy ("hearth keeper" in  
Erzya language), you are our bread-winner,

Dont be sacred of my voice.  
I appeal to you for the sake of well-being and  
not for the sake of evil.  
I dare to disturb you so that you let and  
receive our bride in the house.  
Look at her and see how beautiful our bride is.  
She is like a white swan.  
2.  
Yurkhtava, Yurkhtava, meet and kindly receive  
our young bride.

Avoy!  
Yurkhtava, give your blessing to her to live in  
good health and wealth within the family.

- Avoy!

Part II

Merry and drinking-songs sung during folk  
festivals. Here performed simultaneously with  
a ritual folk song (in Moksha language).

1.  
Oh, my dear mother,  
I have got a stomach ache.  
It is so painful that my heart hurts too.  
Will you give me some wine please?  
As soon as I drink it my pain will be gone.  
2.  
Here is a young girl. She is so beautiful and  
her soul is so sincere.

Тяжанесь, тьяконясь (ды), кинь шта ули аванясь.

Палянязе кувака (ды), кочкарязон шавонды.

Васень кельгом церанязе, седистон аф явонды.

Вярьге лия гуляня (ды) патянянза либордихть.

Ай (ды) пара, ай (ды) пара алашаса ардомась!

Алашаса ардомась (ды), нардаманянь кандомась!

3.Эваи, яла (ни) вдь тяфта (да), эх, Шкай,  
у...улеза!

Да, Шкай, ой, улеза (да)...

Ох, паксяти, ой, серось, да, Шкай, шачеза!

My wedding dress covers all of my body which is longing for love. The thoughts about my beloved one are not leaving my heart.

A dove is flying high in the sky and waving her wings like a wedding towel.

And down there on the earth the folk festival is going on. It is such a fun to ride in a horse

And it is so nice to bring a richly embroidered wedding towel in front of the public.

3.

A ritual song of the folk. The song is an appeal to mythological High Lord.

The name of Got is "Eneshky Paz" in Erzya language or "Shkai" in Moksha language.

Oh, Lord and Master Shkai,

Give your blessing for the life to go on like that eternally!

Oh, Lord and Master Shkai,

Give your blessing for the harvest in the fields!

Give your blessing to the families for giving birth to healthy children!

Give your blessing to the people for happiness to stay with them forever.

English version by Ludmila Ivanova

## **Tulethan takasi**

Surunmaa. Meänkieli

Jatkot matkaa ja mie upposin kyllää kiersin pyöryksiin  
Haahvaan ammuttuna raivosin

Miksi hylkäsit ?

Tarttunut nyt pirun kynssiin. Tuopiiin surut  
hukutan ilman siipiä mie konttaan vain muiston takia

Refr:'

Ja mie pyyän, vaikka polvila, mie pyyän  
Ja mie itken, voi rakas, pliiis  
Tulethan takasi

En sinun selitykseen luota  
ko sanot päivä koittaa uus  
sinutta en mie ellää saata  
Oi, anna vapaus

Preivin muoriskale panen  
Ja tuhaks paikan poltan tään  
kuulet taihvaalta ko itken  
ko arku peitethään

## **Hanging on**

Surunmaa. Song in English

You went on and I went under  
Roamed the city full of shame  
My worn out mind makes me wonder  
What made you go away?

In the belly of the beast. My burned out mind  
makes me plunder for one last memory

I'll go on, I'm on my knees but I'll go on. And  
then I'll cry on, oh darling please. Don't leave  
me hanging on

I find it hard to trust your word dear  
That things would turn out for the best  
It's lonely living without you here

Oh please god let me rest  
I'll send a letter home to mama  
And burn our place down to the ground  
I'll be crying up In heaven

### **Planeta 19**

Boy Elliott & the Plastic Bags. Galician  
Mira Cousiña isto é así,  
E os dous sabemos que non é normal.

*Non podes empezar, non podes aturar  
Non podo entender porque a ti e a min  
Non nos deixaban xogar*

Xa empezamos a bailar,  
Dende moi cedo bate o mar

*E hoxe sae o sol, as sombras xa se van  
Xa podo entender por que a ti e a min*

*Non nos deixaban soñar*

Din que a mais de mil anos luz  
Hai un planeta para os dous

*E temos que chegar, e temos que voar  
Hoxe hai que sair vai puír as estrelas  
Unha nave espacial*

### **Planeta 19**

Boy Elliott & the Plastic Bags. Lyrics in English  
Look, little sweet thing this is like this  
And both know that this is unusual  
t let us play

You can't start, you can't stand  
I can't understand why they didn't

We are starting to dance now  
Sea beats since early morning

And today sunrise, shadows are going now  
I can understand why they didn't let us dream

Somebody says that more than thousand light  
years far away  
There is a planet for both

And we have to arrive in, and we have to fly  
Today we have to go, a spaceship is going to  
polish the stars

Composer and lyrics: Daniel Alonso

## Oz dream

Carnicats  
Song in Friulian

### VERSE 1

In aeropuart, in viac come simpri un puest cal và e  
un atri ca mi ven in scuìntri

cumò stoi lant plui lontan che mai na che me mari è  
nassuda e la me lenga no la tabain

valis in man, financiòs cui cjans la tiera si slontana  
l'inclinazion dal'aereoplan

cumò i ài timp par resta sentat genoi strès -- cuintra il  
sedil devant

chi la lus a samea di un atri color la roba che i mangj  
ha dut un atri savor

encje il soreli al gira al contrari mi sinti ribaltat i provi a  
disilu a gnò fradi

lui si gira ma no mi scolta l'è come se plan plan al  
stess cjapant un'altra forma

sin tal desert i ài peraulas cussì secjas ca no iessin  
dal gnò cuel

### RIT

i ài tal cjaf un puest dunà chi soi stat ma no sai sa è  
veretat o si mi lu soi sumiat - sumiat

### OZ DREAM

i ài tal cjaf un puest dunà chi soi stat ma no sai sa è  
veretat o si mi lu soi sumiat - a è veretat

### OZ DREAM

Dut un colp il cerneli ca mi suda la tiera a scota l'arbul  
dongjia di me al brusa

tor di un fuc al'è qualchidun cal suna notas dutas  
insiema ca cjantin al tont di luna

il savalòn, il color das mons, chi l'è dut ros come sal  
fos simpri il tramont

i soi tal gnòt ma no soi besol tal desert and'è una lus  
par ognun di lor

## - Oz Dream -

Carnicats  
Song in English

To the airport, in travel as always  
a place that I leave, a place that I reach

Now I'm going far as ever,  
to the place where my mother was born and  
people don't talk my language

Luggage in my hand, policemen with dogs  
Land gets far away, the airplane takes off  
Now I can sit down, with my knees closed to  
my chest  
'cause there is no space enough between

There the light looks different  
Things I eat have got a strange taste

Also the sun turns opposite  
I feel upside down, I'm tryin' to tell my brother

He looks at me but - he doesn't hear me  
It's like he's changing his shape

We're in the desert  
And my words' so shallow they can't get off my  
troat

### Chorus

I've got in mind, a place where I've been

but I' don't know if it was real or just a dream  
just a dream - OZ DREAM

I've got in mind, a place where I've been  
but I' don't know if it was real or just a dream

it was real - OZ DREAM

### Verse Two

In a blink of an eye my head starts sweating

Earth's hot, the tree bisedes me is burning  
Around the flames there's someone playing

Notes al together singing at the moonlight  
The sand, the mountain's colors  
Here it's all so red it looks like it's always  
sunset

It's night now, but I'm not alone

In the desert there's a light for all of them

un voli si vierc, chel atri ai cor daur bel plan a si usin a  
duta chesta lus

mi soi sveat, cjmò pal aria italia - australia, tredis oras  
son pasadas

me mari ca mi cjala io chi cjali la glacia ca è tacada  
su palas svualas

in viac, come simpri soi rivat cumò i ài capit, a è  
veretat

RIT

An eye opens up, the other right after

Little by little they get used to this bright light  
I'm woken up and still flying,

Italy - Australia, 13 hours have gone  
My mother's lookin' at me

I am lookin' at the ice attached to the wings  
In travel, as always, I've arrived

Now I see, It's reality

Chorus

De Candido Andrea , Romanin Fulvio

## HOSANNA IN EXCELSIS

Jacques Culioli  
Corsican

Pà issi cori chi sunniavanu  
Di pace è sponde calme  
Cù le so speranze appese  
A isse tozze assulate.

Pà issi venti chi scatinavanu  
E mente di l'umani  
Di le so idee armate  
Par un' altru lindumani

Senti cum'eo pregu, cum'eo pregu.

Hosanna, in excelsis

Oghje un'anima hà u fretu  
Vedi un'anima hà u fretu

Pà isse vite accugliate  
A e porte di u supranu  
E le so quattru staghjoni  
Di ricordi à e nostre labbre

Pà e stonde di a storia  
Chi scrivianu isse mane  
E tanti sospiri offerti  
A lu sognu chi s'alluntana

Vedi ind'ù ni so li nostri tempi,  
Duri so li nostri tempi

Hosanna, in excelsis  
In unitate  
Spiritus sanctis

Senti cum'eo pregu  
Cum'eo pregu ...

Bruno Susini

## HOSANNA IN EXCELSIS

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Jacques Culioli  
English version

To these hearts which were dreaming  
About peace and quiet shores  
And to their hopes born  
In these lands of sun

To these winds setting people's minds  
Free from their chains  
And from their armed ideas  
For a better tomorrow

Listen how I pray  
Listen to my prayer

Hosanna in excelsis

Now a soul is freezing to death  
See how cold it is

To these breaths greeted  
At the paradise doors  
And their four seasons of life  
Now memories on our lips

To these pages of history  
Our hands have written  
And so many sighs given  
For our flying away dreams

See what these days are like  
While it is still time

Hosanna, in excelsis  
In unitate spiritus sanctis

Listen how I pray  
Listen please, I beg you ...

Bruno Susini