

# WORLD MUSIC

## SONG LYRICS

Titles in alphabetical order

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LY-WD1

### THE BANFF CAVE \*

Comp: Stu PHILLIPS ([WD-CA1](#))

Rts: (?), 1958

- I. As the CPR moved westward  
And approached the town of Banff  
A band of Indians galloped up  
And told them to break camp.
  - II. There's a cave ahead, explained the chief  
Where the evil spirits dwell  
Where they sit around the bubbling pool  
That boils them through to hell.
  - III. The cave is hot and humid  
An' there are skulls upon the ground  
From the roof, the strangest thing,  
Big icicles hang down.
  - IV. Nickytoo, my grandfather  
Once peeked on through the door  
But the spirits puffed their breath at him  
And he fell to the canyon floor.
  - V. "Fear not, brave chief," said the engineer  
"We'll pass beneath the cave.  
When the evil spirits smell our smoke  
Be sure they will behave."
  - VI. That's the story, my good friends  
It happened just that way  
When the iron horse passed beneath the cave  
The spirits flew away.
  - VII. The Indians were over-joyed  
As they looked into the cave  
They all agreed right there an' then  
That the white man sure was brave.
- 

LY-WD2

## B-A-T

Comp: Foster BROWN ([WD-US1](#))

Rts: Foster Brown, 2004

### CHORUS:

B-A-T, that spells bat  
B-A-T, that spells bat  
Much to learn about them, that's a fact!  
B-A-T, that spells bat

- I. Bats are flying mammals, this you might know.  
They sleep together while they hang from their toes.  
There's big ones, small ones, and in between.  
Large as a fox, small as a bumblebee.

### CHORUS

- II. The bats around my house, they eats insects.  
Twelve hundred bugs an hour, more or less.  
They hang from the rafters when the sun shines bright;  
Flit around my yard in the pale moonlight.

### CHORUS

- III. Way down south among the tropical trees  
Bats nibble on fruits and disperse seeds  
Bananas, cashews, mangos and dates,  
All depend on the bats to pollinate.

### CHORUS

- IV. There's one more thing I'd like to say:  
Bats aren't blind, well, they see okay.  
They use echolocation to find their way,  
Using sound waves to catch their prey.
- V. There's Little Brown, Big Brown, Yellow and White,  
Long-Nose, Leaf-Nose and Hog-Nose type,  
Silver-Haired, Hairy-Legged, Hoary and Red...  
Don't go away, there's more to be said.
- VI. There's Pallid, Pipestrel, Free-Tailed and Fringed,  
Long-Eared, Big-Eared and our Evening friend,  
Frog Eating, Fish Eating, Spotted and Gray  
Arizona, Mississippi, Indiana... let's save.
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## LY-WD3

## DE BAT (FLY IN ME FACE)

Comp: (Jamaican folk song) [Song credited to Carly Simon] ([WD-JM8](#))

Rts: C'est Music (ASCAP), 1978

CHORUS: Fly in me face (4X)  
Well, I hope de bat  
He don't come out  
And fly in me face tonight.

- I. Well, I come home from a party  
And I'm feelin' a little space  
And I walk on in the kitchen  
And a bat fly in me face.
- II. Well, de bat come down the chimney  
You see he wait in the fireplace

When he hear that I'm getting a little snack  
De bat fly in me face.

CHORUS:

Fly in me face – Oh, yeah!  
Fly in me face  
Well, I hope de bat  
He don't come out  
And fly in me face tonight.

III. De bat he rat got wings,  
All the children know that  
What I need to know from the Lord  
Is how you get de wings on the cat.

IV. They say a bat's got radar  
And he can fly through a fan  
But what I'm afraid of  
Is that he got another plan.

CHORUS (2X)

V. One thing I forgot to tell you  
About the human race  
Everybody get a little upset  
When a bat fly in they face.

CHORUS (3X) & SECOND CHORUS:

Fly in me face (Look out for dat bat)  
Fly in me face (Here he come now)  
Well, I hope de bat  
He don't come out]  
And fly in me face tonight.

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## LY-WD4

### CAVE

Comp: Randy CARLOS & GREENWALD ([WD-PR1](#))

Rts: Morland Music, 1959

Transcribed & Translated to French by Lucien Chiassolotti & Damian Musa

I. Asiendo por un bosque                      Being in the forest  
Y si saber el sonido                          And not recognizing the sound  
Me fue dentro de una cueva                I went inside a cave;  
Que me concuentre?                          What did I find?

II. Una neche con su macho                A woman with her man  
Haciendo munchas carissias              Doing a lot of necking  
Y yo ver los amorosos                      And, seeing the lovers  
Yo le gritte –                                  I yelled at them –

Sal de la cueva, mama !                    Get out of the cave, mama !  
Sal de la cueva, papa !                    Get out of the cave, papa !  
De la cuevita mira, neche !                Out of the little cave, woman !  
Sal de ahi, me nene.                        Get out of there, my girl.

Sal de la cueva, mama !                    Get out of the cave, mama !  
Sal de la cueva, papa !                    Get out of the cave, papa !  
Lo, lo, lo, lo, lo, lo, lo, lo, lo,            Out,out,out,out,out,out,out,out  
De la cueva, nene.                         Of the cave, girl.

(Instrumental break)

Sal de la cueva, mama !                    Get out of the cave, mama !  
Sal de la cueva, papa !                    Get out of the cave, papa !

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no  
Me salgas con ese macho, nene

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no  
Don't go out with this man, girl

Sal de la cueva, mama !  
Sal de la cueva, papa !  
Que mira, que mira, que si no  
Es pa' ti, mi mama.

Get out of the cave, mama !  
Get out of the cave, papa !  
Watch out, watch out, or else  
You're gonna get it, mama.

(Instrumental break)

Sal de la cueva, mama !  
Sal de la cueva, papa !  
De la cuevita mira negra  
Que me salgas de ahi.

Get out of the cave, mama !  
Get out of the cave, papa !  
Out of the little cave so black  
Get out of there.

Sal de la cueva, mama !  
Sal de la cueva, papa !  
Que si no me sale  
Te voi a sacar, mi amor.

Get out of the cave, mama !  
Get out of the cave, papa !  
If you don't get out,  
I'm going to get you out, my love

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**LY-WD5**

## CAVE OF SWIMMERS

Comp: Maggie McKAIG ([WD-US1](#))

Rts: (?) 2003

CHORUS:

Somewhere deep in Africa, where desert sands drift far and wide,  
There is a cave, dark and cold, wherein strange paintings do abide,  
A thousand miles from any kind, of river, lake, or ocean,  
And yet these paintings on the wall, are all in swimming motion,

The stories of these legendary caves, are sheltered by the elder's tongues,  
Faces lit by firelight, words of wisdom to their young,  
And now we come within that light, as our two worlds join,  
Eyes like diamonds in the fire, as we toss the coin,

Do you come to offer me an ocean?  
Or do you plan to leave me in these desert sands?

Now when I wake, there's no trace, yet I feel your face, and that last kiss,  
And I can hear your breath, it's my life and my death, in that last kiss,

The tides of war have carried you, so far away,  
The light no longer penetrates the dark, night never turns to day,  
Yet oceans turn to desert sands, it is safe to say,  
CHORUS

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**LY-WD6**

## CAVES OF MISSOURI

Comp: Brooks WILLIAMS ([WD-US2](#))

Rts: Red Guitar Blues Music (BMI), 1995

Strange light at sunset, minutes from night  
Nuclear-red horizon nearly blinds me with half-light  
West of St. Louis, the hounds are at my heels  
Duck into a cave, dodge out of sight

CHORUS:

I'm groping for the back wall

I'm reaching for a torch  
Hiding in the caves of Missouri

I stumble over a creature left by some ancient sea  
Stone-cold and solid, staring at me through holes  
Where eyes used to be  
Ashes on limestone dust and decay  
Is that what's here for me if I decide to stay?

CHORUS

Some say I'm guilty, some say I was framed  
Until I'm proved an innocent man, it is here I will remain  
(Instrumental bridge)

There's an underground river whispering  
Somewhere in the dark  
It speaks of sunlit places  
And the hills through which it has marched  
It sings the song of the blue bird,  
It sings the song of swaying grass  
Someday I will follow it out and I'll be a free man at last  
I'll be free of this place at last.

CODA: Hiding in the caves of Missouri

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**LY-WD7**

## LA CHANSON DE L'ARDÈCHE \*

Comp: JEAN PIERRE (WD-FR-FK1)

Rts: (SACEM), 1982

Transcribed: Anne & David Brison

REFRAIN:

J'aime tes grottes et tes vallées  
Tes gorges aux milles randonnées  
Que l'on soit riche ou dans la dèche  
Personne ne résiste aux beautés de l'Ardèche.

CHORUS:

I love your caves and your valleys  
Your gorges of a thousand hikes  
Whether one is rich or in the straits  
No one can resist the beauties of the Ardèche

- I. C'est entre le Gard et la Drôme  
Qu'elle suit son petit bonhomme  
Le chemin à travers les pierres  
Rochers, falaises, blancs coteaux  
Durcit par un soleil très haut  
Au paysage de lumière.
- II. Disons les voix courir gaiement  
Se faufilet rapidement  
Entre les vignes et les clairières  
Il viendra bien ce beau matin  
Où nous cueillerons les raisins hauts  
Qu'il sera bon le vin  
Et plus tard filles et garçons  
À la veillée nous le boirons.  
Le soir en chantant les chansons.

It's between the Gard and the Drôme  
Where it follows its little old course  
The path traversing the stones  
Rocks, cliffs, white hillsides  
Hardened by a very high sun  
In a landscape of light.

We say the voices wander gayly  
Slipping in and out rapidly  
Between the vines and the clearings  
It will come out well this nice morning  
Where we gather the high grapes  
So the wine will be good  
And later girls and boys  
At the night vigil we will drink it  
In the evening while singing the songs.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

- III. Et voici la saison d'été  
Tout le monde revient camper  
Et se rouler dans la bruyère  
Flamand, Wallons ou bien d'ailleurs  
Venez donc tous cueillir les fleurs  
C'est mieux que de faire la guerre.

And now it's the summer season  
Everybody comes to camp  
And they roll around in the heather  
Flemish, Wallen, or maybe elsewhere  
Come all gather the flowers  
It's better than making war.

- IV. Ceux de La Voute, ceux de Lyon

Those from La Voute, those from Lyon

Voici qu'ils arrivent à Vallon  
Près de Pont d'Arc solitaire  
Jean Pierre verse nous donc du vin  
On l'apprécie le bon matin  
Quand on le boit entre copains  
Plus tard nous chanterons, bien haut,  
Que l'amour et la spéléo au monde,  
Il n'y a de rien de plus beau.

REFRAIN

Now that they arrive at Vallon  
Next to the solitary Pont d'Arc  
Jean Pierre pours out the wine for us  
One appreciates the nice morning  
When one drinks it in with friends  
Later we will sing, out loud,  
That, in this world, love and caving,  
There is nothing more beautiful.

CHORUS

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LY-WD8

## LA CHAUVE-SOURIS [THE BAT]

Comp: Thomas FERSEN ([WD-FR-FK2](#), [FK3](#), & [FK4](#))

Rts: (Gema/Biem)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| I. Une chauve-souris<br>Aimait un parapluie,<br>Un gran parapluie noir<br>Découpé dans la nuit,<br>Par goût de désespoir<br>Car tout glissait sur lui,<br>Une chauve-souris<br>Aimait un parapluie. (bis)                      | I. A bat<br>Loved an umbrella,<br>A great black umbrella<br>Standing out in the night,<br>With an inclination to despair<br>For everything dripped off of it,<br>A bat loved an umbrella. (2X)  |
| II. Elle marchait au radar<br>Le sommeil l'avait fuie<br>Elle voulait s'mettre à boire<br>Se jeter au fond d'un puits.<br>Une chauve-souris<br>Aimait un parapluie,<br>Un gran parapluie noir<br>Découpé dans la nuit. (bis)   | II. It flew by radar,<br>Sleep had gone away;<br>It wanted to drink,<br>To fly to the bottom of a well.<br>A bat<br>Loved an umbrella,<br>A large black umbrella<br>Standing out in the night. (2X)   |
| III. Sans jamais s'emouvoir<br>Pour cette chauve-souris<br>Le grand parapluie noir<br>Sortait de son etui.<br>Il prenait sous son aile<br>Soin d'une belle-de-nuit<br>Qui, boulevard Saint Marcel,<br>Le nourrissait de pluie. | III. Without ever getting excited<br>About this bat,<br>The great black umbrella<br>Came out of its case.<br>It took under its wing<br>and cared for a woman of the street,<br>Who, on the Boulevard Saint Marcel,<br>Nourished it with rain. |
| IV. Puis le grand accessoire<br>Se mit à voyager<br>Dans son belle habit noir,<br>Son habit noir de jais.<br>Après les palabres,<br>Pour faire un peu d'osier,<br>Un avaleur de sabers<br>Le mit dans son gosier. (bis)        | IV. Then the great accessory<br>Started to travel<br>In its nice black outfit,<br>Its outfit black as pitch.<br>After some idle talk,<br>To make a little money,<br>A sword swallower<br>Put it down his throat. (2X)                         |
| V. A un acrobate,<br>Servit de balancier<br>Un vendeur de cravates<br>Le prit comme associé,<br>Puis il se déplia<br>Sur une permanente<br>Puis il se déplia<br>Car il pleuvait sur Nantes. (bis)                              | V. For an acrobat<br>It served as a balancing pole,<br>A seller of scarves<br>Took it in as an associate;<br>Then it unfolded<br>Over a permanent wave,<br>Then it unfolded<br>Because it was raining in Nantes. (2X)                         |

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>VI. Une chauve-souris<br/>     Demoiselle de la nuit,<br/>     Une chauve-souris,<br/>     Aimait un parapluie.<br/>     Elle vint chercher l'oubli<br/>     Au fond d'un vieux manoir<br/>     Où elle mourait d'ennui<br/>     Pendant que le parapluie<br/>     Menait au Père-Lachaise<br/>     Une vie de bâton d'chaise.</p> | <p>VI. A bat,<br/>     damsel of the night,<br/>     A bat<br/>     loved an umbrella.<br/>     It came to try to forget<br/>     In the depths of an old manor<br/>     Where it was dying from boredom;<br/>     While the umbrella<br/>     At the Père-Lachaise (Cemetery)<br/>     Led a rollicking life.</p> |
| <p>VII. Un jour de mauvais temps,<br/>     Un jour de mauvais temps,<br/>     Un brusque coup de vent<br/>     Lui mit les pieds devant.<br/>     On le laissa pour mort<br/>     Dans quelque caniveau,<br/>     On le laissa pour mort<br/>     Avec le bec dans l'eau. (bis)</p>   | <p>VII. One day in bad weather,<br/>     One day in bad weather,<br/>     A swift gust of wind<br/>     Turned it inside out.<br/>     It was left for dead<br/>     In some gutter,<br/>     It was left for dead<br/>     With its beak in the water. (2X)</p>   |
| <p>VIII. En voyant son squelette<br/>     Qui faisait sa toilette<br/>     Parmi les détritux<br/>     Et les denrées foutues,<br/>     "C'est la chance qui m'sourit!"<br/>     Hurla la chauve-souris<br/>     "Je le croyais perdu,<br/>     Le manche est revenu." (bis)</p>  | <p>VIII. Seeing its skeleton<br/>     Which was washing itself<br/>     Among the rubbish<br/>     And the rotten food;<br/>     "Fate is smiling on me!"<br/>     Yelled the bat,<br/>     "I thought it was lost,<br/>     The handle has returned." (2X)</p>  |
| <p>IX. Riant comme une baleine,<br/>     Pleurant comme une madeleine,<br/>     Une chauve-souris<br/>     Aimait un parapluie.<br/>     Ils allèrent se dire oui<br/>     Dans le grenier de la mairie,<br/>     Une chauve-souris<br/>     Aimait un parapluie. (bis)</p>   | <p>IX. Laughing like a whale<br/>     Crying like a reformed woman,<br/>     A bat<br/>     loved an umbrella.<br/>     They went to say "yes"<br/>     In the attic of the town hall<br/>     A bat<br/>     loved an umbrella. (2X)</p>  |

### LY-WD9

## CINQ GRECS DANS L'HADES [FIVE GREEKS IN HELL]

Mus: Yianni PAPAIOANNOU (WD-GR-REB4 & GR-REB5)

Lyr: Kosta MANESI

Rts: (?) 1947

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>I. Cinq Grecs se rencontrèrent<br/>     Un soir tout au fond de l'Hadès<br/>     Et la fête alors commencèrent<br/>     En cassant tout dans les Enfers.</p>        | <p>I. Five Greeks met up<br/>     One evening at the bottom of Hell<br/>     And the party started right away<br/>     Breaking up everything in Hell.</p>              |
| <p>II. Avec les bouzoukia, avec les baglamas<br/>     Ils affolèrent les diabesses<br/>     Et tournèrent la tête aux damnés<br/>     Qui tous se mirent à danser.</p> | <p>II. With the bouzoukis and the baglamas<br/>     They frightened the she-devils<br/>     And turned the heads of the damned<br/>     Who all started dancing.</p>    |
| <p>III. Le Diable lui-même en personne<br/>     En demeura la bouche bée<br/>     Et senti la folie monter<br/>     Devant l'audace de ces Grecs.</p>                  | <p>III. The devil himself in person<br/>     Stood there with his mouth open<br/>     And felt the madness rising<br/>     Faced with the audacity of these Greeks.</p> |
| <p>IV. Et tout l'Enfer s'enflamma<br/>     Au bouzouki, au baglama<br/>     Et tous crièrent à leur adresse:</p>   | <p>IV. And all of Hell caught fire<br/>     To the bouzouki and the baglama<br/>     And everyone cheered at their skill:</p>   |

Oh, oui, longue vie à la Grèce !

Oh, yeah, long live Greece !

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**LY-WD10**

## NA COVACIELLA \*

Comp: Nacho FONSECA ([WD-ES3](#))

Rts: (SGAE), 1996

Subieron despaciu  
pela empruna cuesta  
que va dende'l ríu  
fasta'l pie la cueva.  
Él punxo los llabios  
nos llabios d'ella,  
el sol de la tarde  
morría ente la yerba.

Seliquín, la lluna  
degoló la biesca,  
fueron dos lluceros  
los sos güeyos celtas,  
y volvió a besala,  
na so boca llenta,  
metanes la nueche  
de la Covaciella.

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**LY-WD11**

## CRİKÉCRAK, JE SUIS SORCIÈRE

Comp: (?), 2002 ([WD-FR-FK5](#))

Rts: (?)

J'ai un' verrue toute noire  
J'lai trouvée dans mon grimoire  
Et si j'ai l'nez de travers  
C'est à cause des courants d'air.  
Je me lav' dans la bouillasse,  
Ca décoiff' ma tignasse,  
Je me roul' dans la poussière,  
C'est mon travail d'être en colère!

REFRAIN:

CrikécraK, je suis sorcière  
CrikécraK, j'ai mes manières  
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!  
Je ne suis pas là pour vous plaire!

Je suis la reine des grottes  
Les diables devant ma porte  
Sont les plus forts de la Terre  
Ils t'écraseront par terre  
Te lav'ront dans la bouillasse  
Pour décoiffer ta tignasse  
Te roul'ront dans la poussière  
C'est leur travail d'être en colère!

REFRAIN:

Sur mon balai maléfique  
Je m'envole, c'est magique  
Je traverse la poussière,  
Je suis la reine des courants d'air.  
Je me lav' dans la bouillasse,

I've a wart all black  
That I found in my magic book  
And if my nose is crooked  
It's because of the air currents.  
I wash myself in mud,  
That messes up my hairdo,  
I roll myself in the dust,  
It's my job to be angry!

CHORUS:

Crick-crack, I'm a witch  
Crick-crack, I have my ways  
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!  
I'm not there to please you!

I'm the queen of the caves  
The devils before my door  
Are the strongest on Earth  
They will squash you to the ground  
Wash you in the soupy mud  
To undo your tousled hair  
Roll you in the dust  
It's their job to be angry!

CHORUS:

On my evil broomstick  
I fly off, it's magic  
I traverse the dust  
I'm the queen of the air currents  
I wash myself in mud,



Ca décoiff' ma tignasse,  
Je me roul' dans la poussière  
C'est mon travail d'être en colère!  
REFRAIN:

That messes up my hairdo,  
I roll myself in the dust,  
It's my job to be angry!  
CHORUS

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### LY-WD12

## LA CUEVA DEL CULATÓN \*

Mus: Pedro VEGA

Lyr: Pedro LEZCANO (WD-ES-CAN2)

Rts: (SGAE)

Cabreros le llevan leche,  
queseros queso y manteca;  
hijos tunos come Juan  
untados con miel de abeja.  
A veces duerme a techado,  
otras, bajo las estrellas,  
nadie le mira pasar  
aunque no hay quien no le vea.  
Para Juan no hay enemigos:  
compañeros, compañeras,  
no tienen puertas cerradas  
cuando su pisada suena.

The goats provide him with milk  
the dairyman the cheese and butter  
Juan eats figs  
dipped in the bee's honey.  
Sometimes he sleeps without a roof  
other times under the stars,  
no one sees him pass by  
but there is no way to not see him.  
For Juan has no enemies:  
colleagues, men and women,  
they don't have closed doors  
when his steps are heard.

La Cueva del Culatón  
le presta su sombra fresca,  
Juan no corre aunque le llamen  
Juan García el Corredera.

The cave of Culatón  
lends him its fresh shade,  
Juan doesn't run even if one calls him –  
Juan García, el Corredera.

En su cueva hace sombreros  
de palma dorada y seca,  
las mujeres con sus burros  
llegan por cuatro laderas  
a vender con los sombreros  
buena sombra a quien no tenga  
Sombreros de Juan el nuestro  
para el que labra la tierra!

In his cave he makes hats  
Of golden, dry palms,  
the women with their donkeys  
arrive from four directions  
to sell with their hats  
good shade to those that don't have it.  
Hats by our own Juan  
for those who work the earth!

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### LY-WD13

## LA CUEVA DE SALAMANCA

Mus. & Lyr: Miguel DE CERVANTES, 1615 (WD-ES1)

Rts: (?)

Oigan los que poco saben  
lo que con mi lengua franca  
digo del bien que en sí tiene

Hear those who know a little  
what with my frank tongue  
I say good that holds fast.

CORO:

La cueva de Salamanca

CHORUS:

The cave of Salamanca

Oigan lo que dejó escrito  
de ella el bachiller Tudanca  
en el cuero de una yegua  
que dicen que fue potranca,  
en la parte de la piel  
que confina con el anca,  
poniendo sobre las nubes.

Hear one who stopped writing  
of her the baccalaureate Tudanca  
in the hide of a mare  
who says was a colt,  
in part of the skin  
that borders with the hindquarter,  
placed above the clouds.

CORO

CHORUS

En ella estudian los ricos

They study the rich

y los que no tienen blanca,  
y sale entera y rolliza  
la memoria que está manca.  
Siéntanse los que allí enseñan  
de alquitrán en una banca,  
porque estas bombas encierra.

CORO

En ella se hacen discretos  
los moros de la Palanca,  
y el estudiante más burdo  
ciencias de su pecho arranca.  
A los que estudian en ella,  
ninguna cosa les manca,  
! Viva, pues, siglos eternos.

CORO

Y nuestro conjurador,  
si es, a dicha, de Loranca,  
tenga en ella cien mil vides  
de uva tinta y de uva blanca.  
Y al diablo que le acusare,  
que le den con una tranca,  
y para el tal jamás sirva.

CORO

and the white have-nots,  
and leave intact and [rolled]  
the memory which is [stained].  
Feeling those who teach there  
of tar on a bank  
Because these bubbles confine.

CHORUS

They become discrete  
the Moors of the Palanca,  
and the student more clumsy  
the sciences tear out his heart.  
to those who study it,  
no other thing [stains] them  
Live, then, eternal ages.

CHORUS

And our conspirator,  
if it is said of Loranca,  
it takes for them one hundred thousand lives  
Of red grape and white grape.  
And the devil who betrays him,  
who hits him with a stick,  
and because he maybe never served.

CHORUS

---

#### LY-WD14

### LAS CUEVAS

Mus: (Traditional) Faín S. DUEÑAS

Lyr: Benjamín ESCORIZA ([WD-ES-FLA5](#))

Rts: (SGAE-BIEM), 1996

Transcribed & Translated by Anibal Ayala Cruz & D. Brison, Mar. 2009

En las cuevas de Graná, ay, ay, ay  
donde bailan los saleros  
ozú que alegría me da  
donde cantan los señores  
ozú que alegría me da.

Y en el Albaicín señores  
cuesta arriba, todo empedrado  
y en el Albaicín señores  
con jardines de colores  
tiene su cueva el Parrón  
para quitarte toditos los dolores.

Agua de viento trae y viene  
agua de viento trae y viene  
todo pegaito en toita la cara  
llena de churretes, baila que baila  
llena de churretes, baila que baila

Cuando yo llamo a tu puerta, ay, ay, ay  
Te traigo una rama verde de esas  
Que poco se encuentran.

Que no te vayas, que siento frío, que siento frío  
Te he encontraíto en la fuente del chorríto  
Ay yo te he encontraíto en la fuente del chorríto.

In the caves of Grana, ay, ay, ay  
Where the saleros dance  
Yeah, that gives me joy  
Where the men sing  
Yeah, that gives me joy.

And men in the Albaicín  
Uphill, full of stones  
And men in the Albaicín  
By the colored gardens  
El Parron has his cave  
To take away all his pains.

Water in the wind comes and goes  
Water in the wind comes and goes  
All sticks on my whole face  
Filled with water drops, dance that dance  
Filled with water drops, dance that dance.

When I call at your door, ay, ay, ay  
I bring a green branch of those things to you  
That they will meet briefly.

That you don't go away, that I feel cold, that I feel cold  
I will meet you at the splashing spring  
Ay, I will meet you at the splashing spring.

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#### LY-WD15

## 小米饭香来土窑洞暖

### (FRAGRANCE THE COOKED MILLET AND WARM THE CAVE DWELLING)

Mus: 孙韶 SUN Shao & 贲恩凤 YUN Enfeng

Lyr: 朱文洲 ZHU Wenzhou (WD-CN1)

Translated from the Chinese by Bruno Delprat

山丹丹红来哟山丹丹艳，  
小米饭那个香来哟  
土窑洞那个暖。  
端起那个白米和细面，  
忘不了延安的小米饭。  
哎！延安的小米饭，  
味道真香甜。  
延安的土窑洞，明灯亮闪闪。

养育了我，养育了你，  
养育了革命者千千万， ]  
啊走过条条路，  
越过重重山，  
延安精神鼓舞咱，  
前进的路上再把高峰攀。

当年的苦，今日的甜，  
幸福不忘创业难。  
啊延河流不断，  
大路走不完。  
四化重担挑在肩，  
前进的路上再把凯歌传。

山丹丹红来哟山丹丹艳，  
小米饭那个香来哟  
土窑洞那个暖，  
人民心中有延安，  
革命本色永不变！

Les monts rouge vermillon arrivent,  
les monts rouges resplendent,  
Ce parfum de millet cuit, ce parfum qui nous vient,

The red mountains turn vermillion,  
the red mountains shine,  
The scent of the cooked millet,  
this fragrance comes to us,

De la chaleur de la grotte de terre.  
Prenant en main ce plat de riz et sa fine pâte,  
Jamais je n'oublierai le millet cuit de Yan'an.  
Ah ! Le millet cuit de Yan'an,  
Son goût est si doux et parfumé.  
Dans la grotte de terre de Yan'an, la clarté de la lampe scintille.  
flickers.

Il m'a nourri, il t'a nourri,  
Il a nourri des milliers, des millions de révolutionnaires,  
Qui ont parcouru d'innombrables chemins,  
Traversé d'imposantes montagnes,  
Nous sommes l'enthousiasme de l'esprit de Yan'an,  
Nous fait de nouveau en route escalader de hauts sommets.  
peaks.

Dureté de ces années, douceur d'aujourd'hui,  
Le bonheur n'oublie pas la difficulté de l'entreprise,  
undertaking,  
Sans cesse coule la rivière de Yan'an,  
Nous ne sommes pas arrivé au bout du long chemin.  
La lourde charge des quatre modernisations sur les épaules,  
Nous fait de nouveau en route propager des chants de triomphe.

Les monts rouge vermillon arrivent,  
les monts rouges resplendent,  
Ce parfum de millet cuit, ce parfum qui nous vient,

De la chaleur de la grotte de terre,  
Dans le coeur du peuple est Yan'an,  
Jamais ne changera la qualité véritable de la révolution.

From the warmth of the cave in the ground.  
Take this rice dish and its fine dough,  
I will never forget the cooked millet of Yan'an.  
Ahh ! The cooked millet of Yan'an,  
Its taste is sweet and fragrant.  
In the earthen cave of Yan'an, the clear lamp

It nourished me, it nourished you,  
It fed thousands, millions of revolutionaries,  
Who roamed the countless paths,  
Traversing towering mountains,  
We are the enthusiastic spirit of Yan'an,  
We are on the road again, climbing the high

The difficulty of those years, the ease of today  
Happiness does not forget the difficulty of the  
The Yan'an River flows ceaselessly on,  
We have not come to the end of the long road.  
The heavy burden of the four modernizations  
on our shoulders  
We are on the road again, spreading songs of  
triumph.

The red mountains turn vermillion,  
the red mountains shine,  
The scent of the cooked millet,  
this fragrance comes to us,  
From the warmth of the cave in the ground,  
Yan'an is in the heart of the people,  
The real quality of the revolution will never  
change.

---

## LY-WD16

### LA GROTTA AZZURRA \*

Comp: C. VALENTE, 1826 (WD-IT1)

Rts: (?)

Jammo nennella mia  
Già la varchetta è pronta  
Sto core è n'allegria  
Te dice viene viè ...  
E dint' a grotta azzurra  
Aie da venì co me!

Vide tra li campagne  
Meta, Sorriento e Vico ;  
De Massa li montagne  
Sfilano nanze a te ...  
E dint' a grotta azzurra  
T'abbracciarraie co me!

Mo che te tengo allato  
Neoppa a sta varca mia,  
Pare che mo so nato  
Lo cielo pe godè ...  
Jammo, a grotta azzurra  
Voglio morì co te!

Acalete no poco

Andiamo Nennella mia  
Già la barchetto è pronta  
Il mio cuore in allegria  
Ti invita, ti porterò  
Nella la Grotta Azzurra  
[Aie da venì con me!]

Tra le campagne si vedono  
Meta, Sorrento e Vico  
E le montagne di Massa  
Sfilano innanzi a te  
E nella Grotta Azzurra  
T'abbraccerai con me

Or che mi sei vicina su  
Questa barca mia  
Mi sembra di essere nato  
Ieri per godere questo cielo  
Nella Grotta Azzurra  
Voglio morire con te

Abbassati un poco

We go to my Nennella now  
The little boat is ready  
My joyful heart invites you  
I will bring you in her  
To the Blue Grotto  
[Come with me!]

Among the countries  
Meta, Sorrento and Vico are seen  
And the mountains of Massa  
From now on spread before you  
And in the Blue Grotto  
You will embrace yourself with me!

Or that you are near  
On this boat of mine  
I seem to have been born yesterday  
For enjoying this sky  
In the Blue Grotto  
I want to die with you!

Bend down a little

Stentato è lo passaggio,  
Jarria dinto a lo fuoco  
Pe sta vicino a te ...  
Chest'e a grotta azzurra,  
Non aie chiù che bedè!

Il passaggio è stretto  
Mi getterei nel fuoco  
Pur di esserti vicino  
Ecco la Grotta Azzurra  
Non vedrai niente di più bella

The passage it is narrow  
I would also throw myself in the fire  
To be near you  
Here in the Blue Grotto  
You won't see anything more beautiful!

---

## LY-WD17

### LA GROTTA

Comp: Ti ROLAND, 1979 ([WD-HT1](#))

Transcribed & Translated from the Creole by Wislande & Ifaunia Joseph

Tifia pas weè li pa tende  
chak samedi matin fol ale la kwa  
4 twè di matin li pwann la ri poul  
al priye manman marie.

La jeune fille ne voit ni n'entend  
tous les samedi bonheur elle va à la messe,  
4 heures du matin elle emprunte les rues pour s'y rendre  
et ainsi prier la Vierge Marie.

Manman li palel papa li li palel  
li pa vle kouté fol al priyé manman marie.

Malgré les avertissements de ses parents  
elle n'écoute point, elle ne pense qu'a prier la Vierge Marie.

Devene komence la viej la fache  
si poum pa ale,  
manman wap fèm pedi bonheur m.

Pas de bol, la Vierge s'est fâchée  
la jeune fille disais que  
si sa mère l'empêchait de faire cette prière  
elle risquais de perde son bonheur.

(Pont musical)

REFRAIN :

Ti rolo se pè a,  
la kay li se grot la  
Lili notre dame nan  
bonheur a nan 9 mwa.

Résultat : Monsieur Rolo, c'est le père  
chez lui, c'est la grotte  
Lili c'est le notre dame  
le bonheur est dans 9 mois.

The young girl does not see or hear:  
every Saturday morning she is going to Mass,  
4 hours in the morning she takes to the streets to get there  
and thus pray to the Virgin Mary.

Despite the warnings of her parents,  
she never listens, she only thinks about praying to the Virgin Mary.

No luck, the Virgin became angry;  
the girl was saying that  
if her mother prevented her from making this prayer  
she was likely to lose her happiness.

CHORUS:

Result: Mr. Rolo is the father  
his place, it's the cave  
Lili is our lady  
happiness is in 9 months.

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## LY-WD18

### LA GROTTA DE LOMBRIVES \*

Mus: Marie-Jo MORBELLI & André POUTCHY ([WD-FR1](#))

Lyr: André POUTCHY

Rts: (SACEM)

I. Cette grotte est si profonde,  
Et si sombre en est la nuit  
Que l'on se croirait au monde  
Des ténèbres et de l'oubli.

I. This cave is so deep  
And so dark is the night;  
One imagines being in a world  
Of the shades and of oblivion.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>II. Le roi Henri est en tête,<br/>De ses mains tient le flambeau;<br/>Avec sa troupe, il s'entête<br/>A visiter ce tombeau.</p>       | <p>II. King Henry leads the way<br/>Holding a torch in his hands;<br/>With his company, he insists<br/>On visiting this tomb.</p>          |
| <p>III. Couchés à même la terre<br/>Se tenant encore la main<br/>Cent gisants au corps de pierre<br/>Sont là sur notre chemin.</p>       | <p>III. Lying right on the ground<br/>Still holding each others' hand<br/>A hundred corpses turned to stone<br/>Are there in our path.</p> |
| <p>IV. Échappant à la battue<br/>Qu'ont lancée leurs ennemis,<br/>Dans la grotte toute nue<br/>Ils ont cherché un abri.</p>              | <p>IV. Escaping from the hunt<br/>Which their enemies launched,<br/>They searched shelter<br/>In the cave totally naked.</p>               |
| <p>V. Et les hommes, sur leurs traces,<br/>N'ont voulu y pénétrer;<br/>Les enfermant dans la place<br/>Ils murèrent les entrées.</p>     | <p>V. And the men, on their trail,<br/>Not wanting to go in there;<br/>Sealed them on the spot<br/>By walling up the entrances.</p>        |
| <p>VI. Le roi dit une prière<br/>Pout tous ces vaillants martyrs<br/>Que l'eau recouvrit de pierre<br/>Pour ne point les voir périr.</p> | <p>VI. The King said a prayer<br/>For all these valiant martyrs<br/>Which water covered with calcite<br/>So as not to see them die.</p>    |
| <p>VII. A Tarascon sur Ariège,<br/>A Ussat, tous ces gisants<br/>Furent portés dans la terre,<br/>A côté de leurs parents.</p>           | <p>VII. At Tarascon sur Ariège,<br/>At Ussat, all these corpses<br/>Were buried in the ground,<br/>Next to their families.</p>             |
| <p>VIII. Lombrives, par tes prodiges<br/>De la mort, tout doucement,<br/>Les gens qui touchaient la rive<br/>Vivreont éternellement.</p> | <p>VIII. Lombrives, through its wonders<br/>Of the dead, very gently,<br/>The people who touch the shore<br/>Will live everlastingly.</p>  |
| <p>IX. Sur les cendres et les pierres<br/>Que devinrent nos martyrs,<br/>Se dresse, sereine et fière,<br/>L'Église du souvenir.</p>      | <p>IX. On the ashes and the rocks<br/>Which our martyrs have become<br/>Stands, serene and proud,<br/>The Church of memory.</p>            |
- 

## LY-WD19

### L'HOMME DE CROMAGNON \*

Comp: (?) ([WD-FR-FK7](#))

Rts: (?)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>I. C'était au temps d' la préhistoire,<br/>Voici deux ou trois cent mille ans,<br/>Vint au monde un être bizarre<br/>Proche parent d' l'orang-outang.<br/>Debout sur ses patt's de derrière<br/>Vêtu d'un slip en peau de bison,<br/>Il allait conquérir la terre<br/>C'était l'homme de Cromagnon.</p> | <p>I. 'Twas back in prehistoric times,<br/>Two or three hundred thousand years ago,<br/>When a weird creature came into the world<br/>Close relative of the orangutan.<br/>Standing upright on his hind paws,<br/>Clothed in briefs from a bison's hide;<br/>He went out to conquered the earth.<br/>'Twas the man from Cro-magnon!</p> |
|--|---|

#### REFRAIN:

L'homme de Cro –  
L'homme de Ma –  
L'homme de Gnon –  
L'homme de Cro-magnon,  
L'homme de Cro, de Magnon,  
C'est n'est pas du bidon,  
L'homme du Cro-magnon,  
Pom pom

#### CHORUS:

The man of Cro –  
The man of Ma –  
The man of 'Gnon –  
The man of Cro-magnon,  
The man of Cro, of Magnon,  
It's not a fake  
The man of Cro-magnon,  
Pom pom

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>II. Armé de sa hache de pierre<br/>De son couteau de pierre itou<br/>Il chassait l'ours et la panthère<br/>En serrant les fesses malgré tout;<br/>Devant l'diplodocus en rage<br/>Il était tout de même un peu p'tit<br/>En se disant dans son langage<br/>"Vivement qu'on invent' le fusil."</p>                                | <p>II. Armed with his stone axe<br/>An' his stone knife too<br/>He hunted the bear an' the panther,<br/>Using great caution, despite all;<br/>Faced with an angry diplodocus<br/>He was a bit small all the same,<br/>Saying to himself in his own tongue,<br/>"Someone hurry up an' invent the rifle."</p>   |
| <p>III. Il était poète à ses heures<br/>Disant à sa femme en émoi,<br/>"Tu est bell' comme un dinosuaire<br/>Tu ressemble à Lollobrigida;<br/>Si tu veux voir des cart's postales<br/>Viens dans ma cavern' tout là-haut<br/>J' te f'rai voir des peintur's murales<br/>On dirait du vrai Picasso."</p>                             | <p>III. He was a poet when he felt like it,<br/>Telling his woman with great emotion,<br/>"You're as beautiful as a dinosaur,<br/>You look like Lollobrigida;<br/>If you want to see some postcards<br/>Come on up to my cavern there,<br/>I'll show you some mural paintings<br/>One might call 'em real Picassos."</p>                                  |
| <p>IV. Trois cent mille ans après sur terre<br/>Comme nos ancêtres nous admirons<br/>Les monts, les bois et les rivières<br/>Mais s'ils rev'naient, quelle déception!<br/>Nous voyant suer six jours sur sept<br/>Ils diraient sans fair' le détail:<br/>"Vraiment qu'nos héritiers sont bêtes<br/>D'avoir inventé le travail."</p> | <p>IV. Three hundred thousand years later on earth<br/>Just like our ancestors, we admire<br/>The mountains, forests, an' rivers<br/>But what a letdown should they ever return!<br/>Seeing us sweating six days out of seven,<br/>Without going into any details, they'd say,<br/>"Our descendants really must be stupid<br/>To have invented work."</p> |

## LY-WD20

### L'HOMME FOSSILE

Comp: Pierre TISSERAND (WD-FR-FK10, FK11, & FK12)

Rts: (BIEM)

V'là trois millions d'années que j'dormais dans la tourbe  
Quand un méchant coup d'pioche me trancha net le col  
Et me fit effectuer une gracieuse courbe  
A la fin de laquelle je plongeai dans l'formol  
D'abord on a voulu m'consolider la face  
On se mit à m'brosser mâchoire et temporal  
Suivit un shampooing au bichromat' de potasse  
Puis on noua un' faveur autour d'mon pariétal.

It's now over three million years since I slept in peat  
When a nasty blow from a shovel cut my neck clean off  
And made me make a graceful curve  
At the end of which I was plunged in formalin  
First they wanted to consolidate my face  
They began to brush my jaw and temporal bone  
Followed by a shampoo of bichromate de potassium  
Then they tied it around my parietal bone.

Du jour au lendemain je devins un' vedette  
Journaux télévision y'en avait que pour moi  
Tant et si bien du rest' que les autres squelettes  
Se jugeant délaissés me battaient un peu froid  
Enfin les scientifiq's suivant coutumes et us  
Voulant me baptiser de par un nom latin  
M'ont appelé Pithécanthropus Erectus  
Erectus ça m'va bien moi qu'étais chaud lapin.

Overnight I became a star  
The television news was just about me  
So much for the rest that the other skeletons  
Judging themselves abandoned they beat me out cold  
Finally the scientists following customs and usage  
Wanting me baptized with a Latin name  
Called me Pithecanthropus erectus  
Erectus, that becomes me as I'm a hot rabbit.

Et ces messieurs savants à bottin's et pince-nez  
Sur le vu d'un p'tit os ou d'une prémolaire  
Comprirent que j'possédais de sacrées facultés  
Qui me différencient des autres mammifères  
Ils ont dit que j'étais un virtuos' du gourdin  
Qui assommait bisons aurochs et bonn' fortune  
Que j'étais drôl'ment doué pour les petits dessins  
De Vénus callipyg' aux tétons comm' la lune.

These gentlemen scholars in the directory & pince-nez  
On the basis of a little bone or premolar  
Understood that I possessed unusual faculties  
That differentiated me from other mammals  
They said I was skilled with the club  
That could stun an aurochs, bison and good fortune  
I was extremely gifted for small drawings  
Of voluptuous Venus' with breasts like the Moon.

Ils ont dit que j'vivais jadis dans une grotte  
Ils ont dit tell'ment d'choses tell'ment de trucs curieux

They said I lived in a cave once  
They said so many things such curious stuff

Qu'j'étais couvert de poils et qu'j'avais pas de culotte  
Alors que j'habitais un pavillon d'banlieue  
J'étais comm' tout le mond' pétri de bonn's manières  
Tous les dimanch' matins je jouais au tiercé  
Je portais des cols durs et des bandag's herniaires  
C'était avant la guerr' avant qu'tout ait sauté.

C'était voilà maint'nant bien trois millions d'années  
Vous n'avez rien à craindre y a plus de retombées.

That I was covered with hair and had no pants  
While I lived in a suburban house  
I was like everyone else, steeped in good manners  
Every Sunday morning I played the races  
I wore stiff collars and an orthopedic support  
That was before the war before everything blew up.

It was now a good three million years ago  
You have nothing to fear there is no more fallout.

---

## LY-WD21

### THE LEATHERMAN

Comp: (Old American folk song as performed by Bob Beers) ([WD-US4](#))

- I. Leatherman, Leatherman, where did you go?  
The winds they do whistle, the winds they do blow,  
Yes, the winds they do whistle and blow.  
Leatherman, Leatherman, where did you go?  
The way is all frozen and laden with snow,  
Yes, the way is all laden with snow.
- II. I've traveled the ocean, I've traveled the sea,  
And I'm traveling back my dear mother to see.  
Across the high mountains, and under the sky,  
I'll go back to Ossining, and there will I die,  
Yes, I'll go back to Ossining and die.
- III. Then, Leatherman, Leatherman, tell me your name,  
And why you do go thru the forest and plain,  
Thru the lonesome forest and plain.  
Then, Leatherman, Leatherman, tell me your name,  
And why you do travel from Essex to Maine  
On the road from Essex to Maine.
- IV. The sky is my roof, and the grass is my bed,  
I'll live 'til I die, and I'll die 'til I'm dead.  
I cannot remember the sound of my name,  
Or why I am clad in the animal skein,  
All clad in the animal skein.
- V. Then, Leatherman, Leatherman, tarry a while,  
From your mumbling, stumbling wearisome mile,  
From your mumbling wearisome mile.  
Then Leatherman, Leatherman, tarry a while,  
And tell me the reason you never do smile  
Oh why then you never do smile.
- VI. My body is aching, and wracked with pain,  
My soul is in torment, and burdened with shame.  
The cause of my torture I never can tell,  
As I trod this cruel road between heaven and hell,  
On the road between heaven and hell.

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## LY-WD22

### THE LEATHERMAN

Comp: Mike KACHUBA ([WD-US6](#))

Rts: Mike Kachuba, 1996

- I. A man of sorrow, a man of will  
A man destined to wander these hills



As penance for things he had done  
And in mourning for a love he never won.

- II. A leather cloak upon his back  
Carried his world in a leather sack  
Scraps of leather and memories he saved  
A reminder of a past and bitter day.

CHORUS:

Here comes the Leatherman, here comes the Leatherman  
walking through the town  
Give him some food to eat, let the kids have a peek  
before he moves on.

- III. Where he came from no one knew  
He'd come into town from out of the blue  
Dressed in leather and cloaked in mystery  
Some say he came from somewhere over the sea.

- IV. Now you could count the days he'd be away  
Just like the sun starts a brand new day  
He'd rise up over the hills to the east of town  
Kids would watch that Leatherman parade come 'round.

CHORUS

- V. Separate from all by his own choice  
His steel grey eyes were his only voice  
He'd finish his meals with a nod and maybe a wave  
And head for the woods for the shelter of a cave.

- VI. Now it was in the Spring of 1889  
He left his sorrows and the world behind  
After travelling the same roads for 30 years  
But some say the spirit of the Leatherman is still here.

CHORUS (2X)

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**LY-WD23**

**LITTLE BROWN BAT**

Comp: Phillip Michael CRAVER (WD-US7)

Rts: Sapsucker Publ. (BMI), 1999

- I. Little brown bat in the amethyst light  
Zigzags all the August night  
Boys are beating on the old bass drum,  
Ghost of the past, and the ghost to come.
- II. Alice bought an evening gown  
From selling dewberries to the folks in town  
The color of the flower called the heliotrope  
Lover of sun, flower of hope.
- III. Handsome Willie in the golden rod  
Face of Jesus, hands of God  
Spies Miss Alice walking from town  
In her high button shoes & evening gown.
- IV. He walks her to the old square house just as the cows are lowing  
Spies the old folks in the wagon off to church they're going  
The boys they set the ladder up just as night is falling  
Alice waits till she hears Willie calling.

- V. Up at the church the old folks pray  
On their knees a-mumblin'  
Down in the field the boys make hay  
Like so many bees a-bumblin'.
- VI. Fire and brimstone, bosom and cod,  
Sinners in the hand of an Angry God  
Flour and sugar and Aaron's rod  
Little brown bat is laughing.
- VII. Papa pulls the ladder down as the moon is rising  
Shuts his head and goes to bed without realizing  
Alice isn't in her room, Willie he was knowing  
Met her where the evening stars were glowing.
- VIII. The old folk's windows' shuddered tight  
Blind to the lovers' roaming  
The little brown bat, the eye of night  
Ricochets in the gloaming.
- IX. He took her in the new mown hay  
Swift was her undoing  
He laid in her arms till the break of day  
Left that poor girl ruing.
- X. Up at the store the boys all meet as the rooster's crowing  
Farmers hitch their wagons up, off to town they're going  
Little brown bat flies by the moon, folds his wings in the morning  
Pretty Miss Alice, flower of hope, she didn't hear Mama's warning.

## LY-WD24

### EL MESTRE DE LA CAVERNA

Mus: Robert SANTAMARIA ([WD-ES-CAT2](#))

Lyr: Robert SANTAMARIA & Laura HUGUET

(Based on the tale "Magic Man" by Robert Holdstock)

Rts: Beringia, 1998

Sorgint del foc que omple la gran cova sagrada  
formes creades per les mans de l'hàbil mestre  
figures salvatges invoquen la caça de la matinada  
quan sortirà tota la tribu envalentida per la  
màgia... màgia

La llum de l'alba il lumina la rosada  
i l'aire s'omple amb el perfum de l'herba fresca  
homes i llances comencen la marxa  
cap a les grans prades  
on trobaran a la manada presagiada per la  
màgia... màgia

#### CORO:

L'esperit de la imatge els porta  
cap a la presa triada  
el clan encercla el bisó  
la caça s'acosta ai seu fi

Canten i dancen a la llum de la foguera  
el cel és ple d'estrelles que també festegen  
donen les gràcies al missatge escrit a la caverna  
que altra vegada els va donar la força per a la  
gran gesta... gesta.

Emerging from the fire that fills the great sacred cave  
forms created by the skillful hands of the talented master  
savage figures invoking the hunt in the morning  
when the whole tribe was encouraged by the  
magic... magic

The light of dawn lit the dew  
and the air filled with the scent of fresh grass  
men and spears begin the march  
to the great prairies  
there to find the herd portended by the  
magic... magic

#### CHORUS:

The spirit of the image takes them  
[where chosen to be taken]  
the clan encircles the bison  
the hunt comes to an end

They sing and dance in the light of the bonfire  
the sky is full of stars that also celebrate  
giving thanks to the message written in the cave  
which again gave them the strength for the  
major achievement... feat.

**LY-WD25****Ἡ ΝΥΚΤΕΡΙΔΑ [THE BAT]**

Comp: BAYANDERAS (WD-GR-REB1, GR-REB2, &amp; GR-REB3)

Rts: (BIEM), 1940

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>I. Sur les chemins de la vie je soupire<br/>devant ta belle maison je tourne et vire<br/>comme une chauve-souris pour avoir<br/>un peu de bonheur, un peu d'espoir.</p> <p>II. C'est toi qui me fais tellement souffrir,<br/>quand je te vois pas je peux pas dormir,<br/>je te cherche dans mon verre de vin,<br/>t'es la plus gironde, et de loin.</p> <p>III. Tous tes caprices, je les connais<br/>arête, j'en peux plus et tu le sais.<br/>Caresse-moi, ouvre-moi ton lit,<br/>ne me laisse pas seul quand vient la nuit.</p> | <p>I. On the road of life I sigh<br/>Before your beautiful house I turn and swoop<br/>Like a bat, to have<br/>A bit of happiness, a bit of hope.</p> <p>II. It's you who makes me suffer so<br/>When I see you I can't sleep,<br/>I look for you in my glass of wine,<br/>You are the most unfeeling by far.</p> <p>III. All your whims I know them<br/>Stop, I can't stand it and you know.<br/>Caress me, open your bed to me,<br/>Don't leave me alone when the night comes.</p> |
|---|---|
- 

**LY-WD26****ΝΥΚΤΕΡΙΔΑ (LA CHAUVE-SOURIS)**

Mus: Mikis THEODORAKIS

Lyr: Manos ELEFThERIOU (WD-GR2, GR3, &amp; GR4)

Rts: (?)

Une chauve-souris sous mon toit  
Monte la garde du foyer  
Qui donc pourra t'en parler  
Que tu saches mon désespoir.

A bat under my roof  
Keeps guard on my home  
Who then could tell you  
So you know of my despair.

Je t'envoie mes salutations  
Mais le vent s'empare d'elles  
Se noieraient-elles dans les vagues  
Il me les rapportera.

I send you my greetings  
But the wind seizes hold of them  
Should they be drown'd in the waves  
It will bring them back to me.

Je compte les jours qui passent  
Ceux où tu étais près de moi  
Mais je trouve que mes yeux mon coeur  
Ont en partage même douleur.

I count the days that pass  
Those when you were near me  
But I find that my eyes and my heart  
Have shared the same sorrow.

---

**LY-WD27****ὌΜΕ ΔΕ ΚΡὸ-ΜΑΝΗΟΝ**

Comp: Fulbert CANT (WD-FR-FK13)

Rts: (?)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>I. Tout serrés comme des sardines<br/>Dans le cage d'un ascenseur<br/>Technocrates malgré vos hardes<br/>Vous sentez bien l'ancienne odeur.</p> <p>II. Qui montre de dessous les cravates<br/>Le corps sans poil dans son costume<br/>Malgré ce carcan de chiffons<br/>Se rappelle son vieux parfum.</p> <p>REFRAIN:<br/>Où est-il, Où est-il<br/>Le temps des cavernes</p> | <p>I. All packed together like sardines<br/>In the elevator car,<br/>Technocrats despite your duds<br/>You smell well the old stench,</p> <p>II. Which rises above the ties;<br/>The hairless body in its suit,<br/>Despite this stupid bunch of rags,<br/>Remembers his old perfume.</p> <p>CHORUS:<br/>Where is it, where is it?<br/>The age of the caverns</p> |
|--|---|

Et de l'homme de Cro-Magnon  
Dans les villes modernes  
O singe, tu te gouvernes  
Avec le doute pour compagnon.

And the Cro-Magnon Man?  
In the modern towns  
Oh, monkey, you rule  
With doubt as your companion.

III. Au museum on bande la mâchoire  
Du grand-père fossilize  
Ce spectacle qui laisse  
L'homme present dans son passé.

III. At the museum they tie up the jaw  
Of the fossilized grandfather;  
This spectacle which leaves  
The present man in his past.

IV. Et le singe avec sa guenon  
Maquillée et Cacharel-Dior  
Dans la société usine  
S'interroge un peu sur son sort.

IV. And the monkey with his mate,  
Made up and Cacharel and Dior,  
In the society-factory,  
Questions itself a little about its situation.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

V. C'était un animal ignare  
L'anthropoïde de Lascaux  
Maintenant il se promène le visage  
Préoccupé regard hautain.

V. It was an ignorant animal  
The anthropoid of Lascaux Cave;  
Now he runs about with his face  
Preoccupied, with a haughty look.

VI. Mais s'il est loin l'Etat de Nature  
L'homme n'as pas encore perdu tout  
Et il va chercher sa nourriture  
Dans la carcasse d'un Mammouth.

VI. But if the state of Nature is far off  
Man has not yet lost everything;  
He goes to get his food  
In the shell of a Mammoth (Super Market).

---

## LY-WD28

### PAW WALKED BEHIND US WITH A CARBIDE LAMP

Comp: Merle TRAVIS (WD-US9)

Rts: (?), 1963

I. Grandpa courted in a red-wheel buggy;  
Pappy went 'a courtin' in a minin' camp;  
Well, I courted Sally comin' home from the meetin'  
While her paw walked behind us with his carbide lamp.

CHORUS:

In the heat of the summer, the cold of the winter'  
The Fall or the Spring when the weather was damp;  
It made no difference when I courted Sally,  
Her paw walked behind us with a carbide lamp.

II. Once it poured down rain at a' ice cream supper,  
An' we had five miles through the mud to tramp;  
So all the way home, right behind me an' Sally,  
Her paw came 'a sloshin' with his carbide lamp.

CHORUS

(Spoken aside)

That's one light I wish hadn't 'a glowed, I'll tell ya that.

III. Once night comin' home from a popcorn poppin'  
I whispered, "Will ya marry this scamp?"  
Sal said she would, so we planned our weddin'  
With her paw right behind us with his carbide lamp.

CHORUS

(Spoken aside) Love will find a way, so they say.

IV. Now every time I fill up my pipe with tobacc'er  
I take my thumb an' give it a tamp,  
Then I look at my Sally an' her thirteen youngins  
An' think about her paw an' his carbide lamp.

---

## LY-WD29

## PIEP

Comp: Ramses SHAFFY (WD-NL1)

Rts: Ed. Basart/ Marbel Music, 1966

Transcribed & Translated from the Dutch by Jan Paul van der Pas

Er was eens een heel klein muisje  
die vroeg zijn moeder: moe, he moe  
mag ik naar de zolder toe?  
Ik zit me hier maar te vervelen.  
en daar kan ik lekker spelen.  
En moeder zei: 't is goed mijn kind  
zorg dat je wat lekkers vindt.  
Gedraag je als een grote muis  
en blijf niet al te lang van huis.

Het muisje ging op pad,  
hij wist niet hoe-ie 't had.  
De zolder was zo hoog en groot,  
hij vond wat kaas, een stukje brood.  
Hij ging wat slapen, heel tevree.  
En toen-ie zijn oogjes open dee  
hoorde hij een zacht geruis  
Daar vloog een hele grote ....  
Daar vloog een hele zwarte .... vieermuis

Het muisje keek verbijsterd toe  
En holde weer terug naar zijn moe:  
Moeder, het is echt waar  
weet je wat ik heb gezien?  
Een engel met zwart haar  
Piep .... Piep .... Piep

There once was a small mouse  
Who asked his mother, "Mother, Mo  
Can I go to the attic?  
Here I am bored  
And there I can play nicely."  
And mother said, "That's OK, my child  
Make sure you find a nice bite.  
Behave as a grown-up mouse  
And do not stay away too long."

The small mouse wandered off  
Didn't know what to think.  
The attic was high and big  
He found some cheese, a piece of bread.  
He fell asleep, very content.  
But when he opened his eyes  
He heard a soft noise  
There flew a very big ....  
There flew a very black .... bat.

The small mouse looked perplexed  
And raced back to his mother,  
"Mother, is it really true,  
Do you know what I saw?  
An angel with black hair."  
Piep .... Piep .... Piep

---

## LY-WD30

### LE PONT D'ARC, S'IL VOUS PLAIT \*

Comp: JEAN PIERRE (WD-FR-FK14)

Rts: (SACEM), 1982

Transcribed: Anne & David Brison

- I. Début Juillet, on voit partir en flèche  
Des tas des gens venu d'un peu partout  
Ils faut les voir arriver en Ardèche  
Faire comme chez eux alors qu'ils sont chez nous.  
Beginning of July, one sees zooming to leave  
Piles of people coming from all over  
One has to see them arriving in Ardèche  
Acting as if at home when they are in our home.
- II. Rangs de casquettes ou bien shorts à petit pois  
Petites chaussettes ou alors Bermudas  
Ah, dites moi, le camping le plus près  
Indiquez moi le Pont d'Arc, s'il vous plait.  
Rows of caps or even shorts with little dots  
Little socks or even Bermudas  
Ah, tell me, where is the nearest camping  
Show me the Pont d'Arc, please.
- III. C'est une ruée indescriptible  
Ils s'abatent sur toute notre région  
Et l'Ardèche est prise pour une cible  
Ils arrivaient par toutes les nations.  
It's an indescribable rush  
They swoop down on our whole region  
And the Ardèche is taken for target  
They arrive from all the countries.
- IV. Les Hollandais, c'est sont de vrai poème  
Quand ils arrivent dans leur petite auto  
Ils sentent bien de suite qu'on les aime  
Surtout ceux-la qui repartent aussi tôt.  
The Dutch, they're really something  
When they arrive in their little car  
They'll sense right away that they're loved  
Especially those who leave right away.
- V. En oubliant, nous déplorons ceux-la  
Boite de conserve et petit papier gras  
Ah, dites moi, le camping le plus près  
In overlooking, we regret those there  
Tin cans and little wax paper  
Ah, tell me, where is the nearest camping

- Indiquez moi le Pont d'Arc, s'il vous plait.
- VI. Chaque année le manège recommence  
Il y en a toujours de plus en plus  
Et cela deviént de la démence  
De quoi devenir un peu calleux.
- VII. Les Aoutiens venus de tout les coins  
Brétons, Ch'timis, Mokos ou Parisiens  
Voudraient savoir si au Champs Elysées  
Notre Pont d'Arc pourrait bien triompher.
- VIII. Je vous en prie, en amis, soyez des anges,  
Bien que Paris en perdrait pas au change  
Installez vous au camping le plus près  
Mais laissez nous le Pont d'Arc, s'il vous plait.

- Show me the Pont d'Arc, please.
- Every year the circus starts again  
There's always more and more  
And it turns into madness  
So as to become a bit callous.
- The August crowd coming from all over  
Bretons, Northerners, Southerners, or Parisians  
Want to know if, on the Champs Elysées,  
Our Pont d'Arc could rightly triumph.
- I beg of you, as friends, be angels,  
Just as Paris hasn't lost by the exchange  
Install yourselves at the nearest camping  
But leave us the Pont d'Arc, please.
- 

### LY-WD31

## POSTOJNSKA JAMA

Comp: Lojze SLAK, Ivan SIVEC, & Niko ZLOBKO (WD-S11)

Rts: (?) 1979

(Transcription & translation hopefully in future.)

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### LY-WD32

## SAWNEY BEAN

Comp: SNAKEFINGER [aka. Philip Lithman]

(Probably based on a ballad in the public domain) (WD-SCOT-SB1 & SB2)

- I. When I came down from Liverpool,  
The day was dull and bleak;  
I met an old seafaring man  
His name was Jack McTeague.
- II. He told to me a story  
About a robber mean,  
Who lived in a cave on the Scottish coast  
And his name was Sawney Bean.
- III. 'Twas in the reign of Jolly James  
In fourteen-twenty-four,  
His incestuously-inbred family  
Patrolled the Galloway shore.
- IV. They robbed the innocent travelers  
But worse than that they did  
For they feasted on roasted murdered men  
And then their bones they hid.
- V. Then good King James he heard of this  
And he sent four hundred men;  
On hooks in the cave they found human flesh  
And they took the family in.
- VI. The women they burned in the public square  
But not before they'd seen  
The men bleeding to death with no hands and feet  
With their leader Sawney Bean.
-

**LY-WD33**

**SAWNEY BEAN**

Comp: Tony WAKEFORD ([WD-SCOT-SB3](#), [SB4](#), [SB5](#), & [SB6](#))

- I. A family inbred like serpents entwined  
Had no heart and little mind  
A clan of madness, a terrible scene  
They cursed the earth—the Sawney Bean
  - II. Lurking in the fog a fearsome brood  
Poor traveling folk they caught and slew  
No graves have the victims of these ghouls and fiends  
Those taken and eaten by—the Sawney Bean
  - III. From their flesh they made a meal  
Their skin the floor for their bairns to kneel  
Their skulls a table from which to feed  
Alas the victims of—the Sawney Bean
  - IV. They lived by the sword, were felled by the axe  
And I say "nothing wrong with that"  
But in their hellish caves worse than any dream  
Cursed with the stench of—the Sawney Bean
  - V. Some are haunted by the tolling bell  
Some by the fiery pits of hell  
But what haunts me is what we did see  
When we entered the larder of—the Sawney Bean
- 

**LY-WD34**

**SINKHOLE CITY USA**

Comp: Tom BUCCI ([WD-US10](#))

Rts: Balasco Music Inc., ca.1981

- I. The 8<sup>th</sup> of May was a real nice day  
The sky was shinning blue  
But Mother Earth was getting' thirsty  
Someone's time was due.  
The ground began to tremble  
A tree began to sink  
Before we knew what happened  
We were standing on the brink.  
CHORUS:  
Of Sinkhole City USA  
Once known as Winter Park  
Be careful driving through that town  
Especially after dark  
You'll find yourself in the middle of a pit  
All covered up with dirt  
That sinkhole swallowed Winter Park  
An' it didn't even burp.
- II. There's roads and houses in that hole  
The swimming pool is gone  
What's left of Denning Drive most likely  
Won't be there for long.  
The people are excited  
They come from miles around  
To see those six new Porsches  
Lying buried in the ground.

CHORUS

III. Out west there's Mount Saint Helens  
An' those California quakes  
But Florida has sinkholes  
An' maybe a brand new lake.  
Well, I don't believe in curses  
An' I don't believe we're hexed  
But you better look out Mickey  
'Cause your world might be next.

CHORUS

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**LY-WD35**

**STIS ARETOUSAS TI SPILIA  
(DANS LES GROTTES D'ARETOUSA)**

Comp: Sotiris GAVALAS, 1934 ([WD-GR-REB6](#))

Rts: (?)

Dans les grottes d'Aretousa,  
qui surplombent la Pirée,  
Là-haut, où vivent les Crétois,  
près de l'église du Prophète Elie.

In the caves of Aretousa,  
that hang over Piraeus,  
Up there, where the Cretans live,  
near the church of the Prophet Elias.

Ils on fait un casse à Athènes,  
et se sont terrés là-haut.  
Mais on est venu les rechercher,  
et ils sont redescendus au Pirée.

They did a robbery in Athens.  
and went underground up there.  
But the others came looking for them,  
and they came back down to Piraeus.

Mais ils connaissaient pas la cache secrète,  
Et maintenant on a la police sur le dos.  
Ils nous ont trahi et les flics nous ont encircles.  
Ho! Rita!

But they don't know the secret hideout,  
And now they have the police on their back.  
They betrayed us and the cops surrounded us.  
Ho! Rita!

Ils nous ont pris,  
attrapés comme des rats,  
Et emmenés pour prendre nos empreintes  
et nos trombines en photo.

They got us,  
caught like rats,  
And brought us to take our fingerprints  
and our mug shots.

---

**LY-WD36**

**TENIENDO CASA Y CUEVA DÉJELO QUE LLUEVA**

Comp: (?) Omar MORENO PALACIOS ([WD-AR1](#))

Rts: (?)

Transcribed:

(Hopefully these lyrics can be transcribed in the future.)

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**LY-WD37**

**UAMH AN OIR (THE CAVE OF GOLD)**

Comp: (Traditional Celtic song) ([WD-SCOT-CG2](#), [CG3](#), & [CG4](#))

Sources: Rev William Matheson, K.N. MacDonald, & Puirt-a-beul (Mouth Tunes)

Arr: Talitha MacKenzie

Rts: Riverboat UK Music, 1994

\*Cruit = small harp



- I. It's a pity to God that I haven't got three hands  
Two hands for the pipes, two hands for the pipes  
It's a pity to God that I haven't got three hands  
Two hands for the pipes and one for the sword.

CHORUS:

Between us the cruit, the cruit, the cruit \*  
Between us the cruit, my supporters have deserted me  
Between us my love, my love, my love  
Between us my love, it is the green bitch who is oppressing me.

- II. On my underside, my flesh is putrefying  
A beetle is in my eye, a beetle is in my eye  
Two marlin-spikes are continually doing damage  
In my knee, in my knee.

- III. The wee kids will be goats of the rocks  
Before I come, before I return from the Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold  
And the sucking foals will be saddled horses  
Before I come, before I return from the Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold.

- IV. The wee calves will be milk cows  
Before I come, before I return from the Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold  
And the suckling sons will be comely men  
Before I come, before I return from the Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold

- V. Many a young maiden in the first bloom of youth  
Will pass away, will pass away  
Before I come, before I return from the Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold.

---

**LY-WD38**

**UAMH AN OIR (THE CAVE OF GOLD)**

Comp: (Traditional Celtic song) ([WD-SCOT-CG5](#))

Perf: Margaret Bennett, 2002

Rts: (?)

Nach truagh a Rìgh, gun trì làmhnan  
Dà lamh sa phiob, dà làmh sa phiob,  
Nach truagh a Rìgh, gun trì làmhnan,  
Da làmh sa phiob 's làmh sa chlàidheamh.

Oh Lord, I wish I had three hands,  
Two hands for the pipes, two hands for the pipes  
Oh Lord, I wish I had three hands  
Two hands for the pipes, and one for the sword.

Eadarainn a' chruit, a' chruit, a' chruit,  
Eadarainn a' chruit,, mo chuideachd air m' fhàgail,  
Eadarainn a' luaidh, a luaidh, a luaidh,  
Eadarainn a' luaidh 's i ghall' uainn' a shàraich mi.

Between us the harp, the harp, the harp  
Between us the harp, my companions have left me  
Between us my love, my love, my love,  
Between us my love, it was the green bitch who harassed me

Bidh na minn bheaga nan gobhair chreagach  
Man tig mise, man till mis' à  
Uamh an Oir, Uamh an Oir,  
'S na lothan cliatha nan eich dhialta  
Man tig mise, man till mis' à  
Uamh an Oir, Uamh an Oir.

Little kids will be mountain goats  
Ere I return, ere I return from  
The Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold;  
The colts at the harrow will be saddled horses  
Ere I return, ere I return from  
The Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold.

Bith na laoidh bheaga nan crodh eadraidh  
Man tig mise, man till mis' à  
Uamh an Oir, Uamh an Oir,  
'S na mic uchda nam fir fheachda  
Man tig mise, man till mis' à  
Uamh an Oir, Uamh an Oir.

Little calves will be milk cows  
Ere I return, ere I return from  
The Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold,  
Babes at the breast will be fighting men  
Ere I return, ere I return from  
The Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold.

'S iomadh maighdeann òg fo ceud bharr

Many a young maid in bloom of youth

Thèid a null, thèid a null  
Man tig mise, man till mis' à  
Uamh an Oir, Uamh an Oir.

Will pass away, will pass away  
Ere I come, ere I return from  
The Cave of Gold, the Cave of Gold

---

### LY-WD39

## UAMH AN OIR

Comp: (Traditional Celtic waulking song) Mark KANE ([WD-SCOT-CG8](#))

Rts: (?)

Every woman with her coat soaking taking the sand-eels from the shore  
Every woman with her coat soaking taking the sand-eels from the shore

CHORUS:

Before I come, before I return, before I come out of the Cave of Gold  
Before I come, before I return, before I come out of the Cave of Gold

The little calves will be mart-cattle before I come out of the Cave of Gold  
The little calves will be mart-cattle before I come out of the Cave of Gold  
CHORUS

The little children will be householders before I come out of the Cave of Gold  
The little children will be householders before I come out of the Cave of Gold  
CHORUS

Every woman with her coat soaking taking the sand-eels from the shore  
Every woman with her coat soaking taking the sand-eels from the shore

Taking the sand-eels, taking the sand-eels, taking the sand-eels from the shore  
Taking the sand-eels, taking the sand-eels, taking the sand-eels from the shore

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### LY-WD40

## UNDERGROUND MUSIC

Comp: Dolan ELLIS ([WD-US11](#))

Rts: (?)

(Spoken)

Laugh, Satan, laugh, for you have led me down this path  
Into the darkness of the hallways to your office  
In the dungeon dark an' scary I can sense your secretary  
Looking at us with a malice of stalactites.  
I feel your evil close to me, surrounded by your mystery  
I know I'm in the Devil's Den an' I feel excitement deep within.

(Sung)

How strange it is your underworld  
Museum of natural arts unfurled  
I marvel at the colored murals  
That stain along your stairways.

For beauties of your basement rooms  
Like sculptured statues in the gloom  
Encase me like an ancient tomb  
Down your darken doorways  
The [.....] called all around  
There's nothing holy in this hole in the ground.

CHORUS: Underground, underground

- Ain't never heard of underground music  
Like you're hearin' in my underground song  
'Cause the rock 'n' roll underground music

Comes from being in the cave where the bats belong.  
CHORUS: Underground, underground

II. Well, ya slide through a hole in a mountain  
An' on a rope ya let your body down  
You miss a damp, dark thing; the drippin' dungeon  
Your heart beats thumpin', it's the only sound.  
CHORUS: Underground, underground

III. A' listen to the drippin' of the water (sound of drops)  
Drips through the ceiling of the cave  
Listen where [the cussin'] in your carbide lamp  
'Cause the water's drippin' music in your grave  
CHORUS: Underground, underground

IV. Well, you slither on your belly through a million years  
In the strange time tunnel that ya found  
Well, the darkness seems to touch you in a way so weird  
You can feel it on your skin as you move around.  
CHORUS: Underground, underground

V. The lie of Satan lies, for you have led me down this path  
Into the darkness to the hallways to your office  
How I hope that sign upon your door  
Says, "Out to lunch, be back at four."  
'Cause my soul is yours to stop your score.  
CHORUS: Underground, underground (4X & fade)

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#### LY-WD41

### LA VEINE BLEUE

Comp: Michèle BERNARD (WD-FR-FK15)

Rts: (?)

Du fond du puits où l'enfant cherche son image

From the bottom of the well where the child seeks his  
image

Du fond des lits où les rêveurs brisent leur cage

From the bottom of the beds where dreamers break their  
cage

Dans les alcôves où couvent les secrets  
Les vieux grimoires où grincent les regrets.

In the alcoves where secrets are hatched  
The old scrawls where regrets grate.

Du fond des océans où chantent les baleines  
Du fond du gouffre où veille un homme des cavernes  
Du fond des forêts où rôde le loup  
Du fond des mines où rôde le grisou.

From the bottom of the ocean where whales sing  
From the bottom of the pit where a caveman watches  
From the depths of the forest where the wolf prowls  
From the bottom of the mines where firedamp roves.

#### REFRAIN:

Y a le pas du temps qui piaffe, qui piétine  
Y a l' tambour violent d' la vie qui s'obstine  
Y a cette veine bleue, sur ta tempe, qui me fait si peur  
Petite rivière souterraine qui vient s' jeter dans mon cœur  
Y a cette veine bleue, sur ta tempe, qui me fait si peur  
Petite rivière souterraine qui vient s' jeter dans mon cœur  
Qui vient s' jeter dans mon cœur.

#### CHORUS:

It's not time that's figeting, hesitating  
There is the violent drum of life that persists  
There's that blue vein on the temple, which scares me  
Small underground river that comes an' flows in my heart  
There's that blue vein on the temple, which scares me  
Small underground river that comes an' flows in my heart  
That comes an' flows in my heart.

Du fond des fioles où naissent les potions magiques  
Dans les poches percées d'un poète amnésique  
Au fond des crevasses, au fond des blessures  
Dans le regard d'un homme qu'on torture.

From the bottom of flasks where potions are born  
In the pierced pockets of an amnesiac poet  
From the bottom of the crevasses, the bottom of wounds  
In the eyes of a man being tortured.

Du fond des containers où la terreur se planque  
Du fond des coffres-forts, dans le cœur froid des banques  
Dans un remords étouffé sous la pierre

From the bottom of the container where terror hides out  
From the bottom of the safes in the cold heart of banks  
In remorse stifled under the stone

Au fond d'un poing serré par la colère  
REFRAIN

From the bottom of a clenched fist in anger.  
CHORUS

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**LY-WD42**

**VIENI ALLA GROTTA DI ULISSE**

Comp: Alfio DI MAURO ([WD-IT7](#))

Rts: (?)

Transcribed:

(Hopefully these lyrics can be transcribed in the future.)

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**LY-WD43**

**VIRGEN DE LA CUEVA**

Comp: Cuco VALOY ([WD-DO1](#))

Rts: (?)

Transcribed: Julio Edouard, Santo Domingo, Feb. 2009

Ni agua, ni luz, ni cuarto, ni empleo  
Virgen de la cueva manda un aguacero

No water, no light, no room, no job  
Virgin of the cave send a cloudburst

CORO :

Que llueva que llueva  
Virgen de la cueva manda un aguita  
quita nuestra pena

CHORUS :

Let it rain, let it rain  
Virgin of the cave, send a little water  
to remove our pain

Más de cinco años sufriendo apagones  
mucho ple ple ple y nada compone  
CORO

More than five years suffering blackouts  
much ple ple ple and nothing repaired

CHORUS

Ple ple ple, ple ple ple, pla pla  
engañando al pueblo y no arreglan *ná*  
CORO

Ple ple ple, ple ple ple, pla pla  
deceiving the town and they don't fix anything

CHORUS

Muchas avenidas muchos edificios  
pero la barriga la tenemos al Christo  
CORO

Many avenues, many buildings  
but we've had it up to our bellies

CHORUS

Mucho ple ple ple, mucho plop plo plo  
el año que viene estamos mejor  
pero cuando llega estamos peor  
CORO

A lot of ple ple ple, a lot of plo plo plo  
next year we will be better  
but when it arrives we are worse.

CHORUS

(Instrumental break)

Padre nuestro que estas en el cielo  
ayuda nos con nuestro problema  
CORO

Our father that those in the sky  
help us with our problem

CHORUS

Tres horas encendidos, tres horas apagados  
al final del mes recibo más caro  
CORO

Three hours lit, three hours turned off;  
at the end of the month the bill is more expensive

CHORUS

Sin agua sin luz no camina un pueblo  
dejen de tapar el sol con un dedo  
CORO

Without water without light a town can't move  
they stop to cover the sun with one finger

CHORUS

Eso es un abuso para mi pobre pueblo  
comprando habituela casi a medio peso  
CORO

That is an outrage for my poor town  
bribing habituates her almost to half responsibility

CHORUS

(Spoken)

Ayer voy donde mi abuelita le digo, que tal abuela!  
Como esta usted ?  
Dice me ella, ya tuve mi nieto, aqui con tres dias  
que no me baño.  
Digo le yo, pero mi abuela eso es falta de higiene  
Dice me ella, no mi nieto eso es falta de agua.  
Luego me encuentro con mi amigo Tito, que tal Tito!  
Como te vas ?  
Ya tuve aqui acabo de salir del cine  
porque mas emocionado estaba pa se fue la luz  
que barbaridad.

Yesterday I went where my granny tells me,  
such a grandmother! How are you?  
She tells me, yeah, I had my grandson here for three  
days and I don't take a bath.  
I say to her, but my grandmother, that is lack of hygiene  
She says to me, no my grandson, that is a lack of water.  
Then I met with my friend Tito, such a Tito!  
How are you ?  
I already have had it up to here, I have just left the cinema  
because I was very excited -- Boom, the light went out,  
that's outrageous !

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**LY-WD44**

## **ZOULA SE MIA BARKA BIKI (PASSAGER CLANDESTIN)**

Comp: Yiorgos BATIS (WD-GR-REB7 & WD-GR-REB8)

Rts: (?) 1936

Je me suis embarqué en douce sur un bateau,  
Que je n'ai quitté qu'aux grottes de Drakou.  
Là, j'y ai vu trois hommes déjà bien "partis"  
Qui s'étiraient sur la sable.  
Là, j'y ai vu trois hommes déjà bien "partis"  
Qui s'étiraient sur la sable.

I secretly embarked on a boat,  
That I didn't get off 'til the Drakou Caves  
There, I saw three men already well "gone"  
Who were stretched out on the sand.  
There, I saw three men already well "gone"  
Who were stretched out on the sand.

C'était Batis et Artemis,  
Avec Stratos le Paresseux:  
"Hé, Stratos! Oui, toi, Stratos,  
Prépare-nous un bon petit narghilé.  
"Hé, Stratos! Oui, toi, Stratos,  
Prépare-nous un bon petit narghilé.

It was Batis and Artemis,  
With Stratos the lazy one:  
"Hey, Stratos! Yeah, you, Stratos,  
Prepare us a nice little glass pipe.  
"Hey, Stratos! Yeah, you, Stratos,  
Prepare us a nice little glass pipe.

Comme ça, il pourra fumer  
Ce vieux derviche de Batis,  
Et Artemis aussi,  
Qui trimballe de la dope partout où il va."  
Et Artemis aussi,  
Qui trimballe de la dope partout où il va."

That way, he can smoke  
This old dervish Batis,  
And Artemis also,  
Who drags dope around wherever he goes.  
And Artemis also,  
Who drags dope around wherever he goes.

Il nous a amené du hasch de Constantinople  
Qui va tous nous faire planer;  
Et aussi du bon tabac persan.  
Les manges vont se le fumer tranquilles. T  
Et aussi du bon tabac persan.  
Les manges vont se le fumer tranquilles.

He has brought us hash from Constantinople  
Which will make us all fly high;  
And also good Persian tobacco.  
he outsiders are going to smoke peacefully.  
And also good Persian tobacco.  
The outsiders are going to smoke peacefully.

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