

WORLD MUSIC

SONG LYRICS

Titles in alphabetical order

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. Nickyto, 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.

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.

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, 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 No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no
Me salgas con ese macho, nene Don't go out with this man, girl

Sal de la cueva, mama ! Get out of the cave, mama !
Sal de la cueva, papa ! Get out of the cave, papa !
Que mira, que mira, que si no Watch out, watch out, or else
Es pa' ti, mi mama. You're gonna get it, mama.

(Instrumental break)

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 negra Out of the little cave so black
Que me salgas de ahi. Get out of there.

Sal de la cueva, mama ! Get out of the cave, mama !
Sal de la cueva, papa ! Get out of the cave, papa !
Que si no me sale If you don't get out,
Te voi a sacar, mi amor. I'm going to get you out, my love

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

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

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

LY-WD8

LA CHAUVE-SOURIS [THE BAT]

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

Rts: (Gema/Biem)

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>VI. Une chauve-souris
 Demoiselle de la nuit,
 Une chauve-souris,
 Aimait un parapluie.
 Elle vint chercher l'oubli
 Au fond d'un vieux manoir
 Où elle mourait d'ennui
 Pendant que le parapluie
 Menait au Père-Lachaise
 Une vie de bâton d'chaise.</p> | <p>VI. A bat,
 damsel of the night,
 A bat
 loved an umbrella.
 It came to try to forget
 In the depths of an old manor
 Where it was dying from boredom;
 While the umbrella
 At the Père-Lachaise (Cemetery)
 Led a rollicking life.</p> |
| <p>VII. Un jour de mauvais temps,
 Un jour de mauvais temps,
 Un brusque coup de vent
 Lui mit les pieds devant.
 On le laissa pour mort
 Dans quelque caniveau,
 On le laissa pour mort
 Avec le bec dans l'eau. (bis)</p> | <p>VII. One day in bad weather,
 One day in bad weather,
 A swift gust of wind
 Turned it inside out.
 It was left for dead
 In some gutter,
 It was left for dead
 With its beak in the water. (2X)</p> |
| <p>VIII. En voyant son squelette
 Qui faisait sa toilette
 Parmi les détritux
 Et les denrées foutues,
 "C'est la chance qui m'sourit!"
 Hurla la chauve-souris
 "Je le croyais perdu,
 Le manche est revenu." (bis)</p> | <p>VIII. Seeing its skeleton
 Which was washing itself
 Among the rubbish
 And the rotten food;
 "Fate is smiling on me!"
 Yelled the bat,
 "I thought it was lost,
 The handle has returned." (2X)</p> |
| <p>IX. Riant comme une baleine,
 Pleurant comme une madeleine,
 Une chauve-souris
 Aimait un parapluie.
 Ils allèrent se dire oui
 Dans le grenier de la mairie,
 Une chauve-souris
 Aimait un parapluie. (bis)</p> | <p>IX. Laughing like a whale
 Crying like a reformed woman,
 A bat
 loved an umbrella.
 They went to say "yes"
 In the attic of the town hall
 A bat
 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
 Un soir tout au fond de l'Hadès
 Et la fête alors commencèrent
 En cassant tout dans les Enfers.</p> | <p>I. Five Greeks met up
 One evening at the bottom of Hell
 And the party started right away
 Breaking up everything in Hell.</p> |
| <p>II. Avec les bouzoukia, avec les baglamas
 Ils affolèrent les diablasses
 Et tournèrent la tête aux damnés
 Qui tous se mirent à danser.</p> | <p>II. With the bouzoukis and the baglamas
 They frightened the she-devils
 And turned the heads of the damned
 Who all started dancing.</p> |
| <p>III. Le Diable lui-même en personne
 En demeura la bouche bée
 Et senti la folie monter
 Devant l'audace de ces Grecs.</p> | <p>III. The devil himself in person
 Stood there with his mouth open
 And felt the madness rising
 Faced with the audacity of these Greeks.</p> |
| <p>IV. Et tout l'Enfer s'enflamma
 Au bouzouki, au baglama
 Et tous crièrent à leur adresse:</p> | <p>IV. And all of Hell caught fire
 To the bouzouki and the baglama
 And everyone cheered at their skill:</p> |

Oh, oui, longue vie à la Grèce !

Oh, yeah, long live Greece !

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.

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

LY-WD12

LA CUEVA DEL CULATÓN *

Mus: Pedro VEGA

Lyr: Pedro LEZCANO (WD-ES-CAN2)

Rts: (SGAE)

Cabrerros 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!

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

En ella estudian los ricos

CHORUS

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.

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 & 贡恩凤 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,

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.

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.
Take this rice dish and its fine dough,
I will never forget the cooked millet of 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.

Durété 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 resplendissent,
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.

Ahh ! The cooked millet of Yan'an,
Its taste is sweet and fragrant.
In the earthen cave of Yan'an, the clear lamp
flickers.

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
peaks.

The difficulty of those years, the ease of today
Happiness does not forget the difficulty of the
undertaking,

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 veni 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 mori co te!

Acalete no poco
Stentato è lo passaggio,
Jarria dinto a lo fuoco
Pe sta vicino a te ...

Andiamo Nennella mia
Già la barchetto è pronta
Il mio cuore in allegria
Ti invita, ti porterò
Nella la Grotta Azzurra
[Aie da veni 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
Il passaggio è stretto
Mi getterei nel fuoco
Pur di esserti vicino

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
The passage it is narrow
I would also throw myself in the fire
To be near you

Chest'e a grotta azzurra,
Non aie chiù che bedè!

Ecco la Grotta Azzurra
Non vedrai niente di più bella

Here in the Blue Grotto
You won't see anything more beautiful!

LY-WD17

LA GROTTTE

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.

LY-WD18

LA GROTTTE 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.

II. Le roi Henri est en tête,
De ses mains tient les flambeau;
Avec sa troupe, il s'entête

II. King Henry leads the way
Holding a torch in his hands;
With his company, he insists

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>A visiter ce tombeau.</p> <p>III. Couchés à même la terre
Se tenant encore la main
Cent gisants au corps de pierre
Sont là sur notre chemin.</p> <p>IV. Échappant à la battue
Qu'ont lancée leurs ennemis,
Dans la grotte toute nue
Ils ont cherché un abri.</p> <p>V. Et les hommes, sur leurs traces,
N'ont voulu y pénétrer;
Les enfermant dans la place
Ils murèrent les entrées.</p> <p>VI. Le roi dit une prière
Pout tous ces vaillants martyrs
Que l'eau recouvrit de pierre
Pour ne point les voir périr.</p> <p>VII. A Tarascon sur Ariège,
A Ussat, tous ces gisants
Furent portés dans la terre,
A côté de leurs parents.</p> <p>VIII. Lombrives, par tes prodiges
De la mort, tout doucement,
Les gens qui touchaient la rive
Vivreont éternellement.</p> <p>IX. Sur les cendres et les pierres
Que devinrent nos martyrs,
Se dresse, sereine et fière,
L'Église du souvenir.</p> | <p>On visiting this tomb.</p> <p>III. Lying right on the ground
Still holding each others' hand
A hundred corpses turned to stone
Are there in our path.</p> <p>IV. Escaping from the hunt
Which their enemies launched,
They searched shelter
In the cave totally naked.</p> <p>V. And the men, on their trail,
Not wanting to go in there;
Sealed them on the spot
By walling up the entrances.</p> <p>VI. The King said a prayer
For all these valiant martyrs
Which water covered with calcite
So as not to see them die.</p> <p>VII. At Tarascon sur Ariège,
At Ussat, all these corpses
Were buried in the ground,
Next to their families.</p> <p>VIII. Lombrives, through its wonders
Of the dead, very gently,
The people who touch the shore
Will live everlastingly.</p> <p>IX. On the ashes and the rocks
Which our martyrs have become
Stands, serene and proud,
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,
Voici deux ou trios cent mille ans,
Vint au monde un être bizarre
Proche parent d' l'orang-outang.
Debout sur ses patt's de derrière
Vêtu d'un slip en peau de bison,
Il allait conquérir la terre
C'était l'homme de Cromagnon.</p> <p>REFRAIN:</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">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</p> <p>II. Armé de sa hache de pierre
De son couteau de pierre itou</p> | <p>I. 'Twas back in prehistoric times,
Two or three hundred thousand years ago,
When a weird creature came into the world
Close relative of the orangutan.
Standing upright on his hind paws,
Clothed in briefs from a bison's hide;
He went out to conquered the earth.
'Twas the man from Cro-magnon!</p> <p>CHORUS:</p> <p style="padding-left: 20px;">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> <p>II. Armed with his stone axe
An' his stone knife too</p> |
|---|--|

Il chassait l'ours et la panthère
En serrant les fesses malgré tout;
Devant l'diplodocus en rage
Il était tout de même un peu p'tit
En se disant dans son langage
"Vivement qu'on invent' le fusil."

He hunted the bear an' the panther,
Using great caution, despite all;
Faced with an angry diplodocus
He was a bit small all the same,
Saying to himself in his own tongue,
"Someone hurry up an' invent the rifle."

III. Il était poète à ses heures
Disant à sa femme en émoi,
"Tu est bell' comme un dinosuaire
Tu ressemble à Lollobrigida;
Si tu veux voir des cart's postales
Viens dans ma cavern' tout là-haut
J' te f'rai voir des peintur's murales
On dirait du vrai Picasso."

III. He was a poet when he felt like it,
Telling his woman with great emotion,
"You're as beautiful as a dinosaur,
You look like Lollobrigida;
If you want to see some postcards
Come on up to my cavern there,
I'll show you some mural paintings
One might call 'em real Picassos."

IV. Trois cent mille ans après sur terre
Comme nos ancêtres nous admirons
Les monts, les bois et les rivières
Mais s'ils rev'naient, quelle déception!
Nous voyant suer six jours sur sept
Ils diraient sans fair' le détail:
"Vraiment qu'nos héritiers sont bêtes
D'avoir inventé le travail."

IV. Three hundred thousand years later on earth
Just like our ancestors, we admire
The mountains, forests, an' rivers
But what a letdown should they ever return!
Seeing us sweating six days out of seven,
Without going into any details, they'd say,
"Our descendants really must be stupid
To have invented work."

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 différenciaient 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
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

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

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.

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.
-

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)

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS:

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

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.

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, & GR-REB3)

Rts: (BIEM), 1940

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

LY-WD26

ΝΥΚΤΕΡΙΔΑ (LA CHAUVE-SOURIS)

Mus: Mikis THEODORAKIS

Lyr: Manos ELEFThERIOU (WD-GR2, GR3, & 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 cœur
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

ÒME DE CRÒ-MANHON

Comp: Fulbert CANT (WD-FR-FK13)

Rts: (?)

- I. Tout serrés comme des sardines
Dans le cage d'un ascenseur
Technocrates malgré vos hardes
Vous sentez bien l'ancienne odeur.
- II. Qui montre de dessous les cravates
Le corps sans poil dans son costume
Malgré ce carcan de chiffons
Se rappelle son vieux parfum.

- I. All packed together like sardines
In the elevator car,
Technocrats despite your duds
You smell well the old stench,
- II. Which rises above the ties;
The hairless body in its suit,
Despite this stupid bunch of rags,
Remembers his old perfume.

REFRAIN:

Où est-il, Où est-il
Le temps des cavernes
Et de l'homme de Cro-Magnon
Dans les villes modernes
O singe, tu te gouvernes

CHORUS:

Where is it, where is it?
The age of the caverns
And the Cro-Magnon Man?
In the modern towns
Oh, monkey, you rule

Avec le doute pour compagnon.

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'anthroïde de Lascaux
Maintenant il se promène le visage
Préoccupé regard hautain.
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.

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

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 plaît. | 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
Indiquez moi le Pont d'Arc, s'il vous plaît. | In overlooking, we regret those there
Tin cans and little wax paper
Ah, tell me, where is the nearest camping
Show me the Pont d'Arc, please. |
| VI. | Chaque année le manège recommence | Every year the circus starts again |

Il y en a toujours de plus en plus
Et cela dévié de la démente
De quoi devenir un peu calleux.

There's always more and more
And it turns into madness
So as to become a bit callous.

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.

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.

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.

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.)

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 8th 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

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,
atrapés 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.)

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
Thèid a null, thèid a null
Man tig mise, man till mis' à

Many a young maid in bloom of youth
Will pass away, will pass away
Ere I come, ere I return from

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

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

I. 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)

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
 Au fond d'un poing serré par la colère

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
 From the bottom of a clenched fist in anger.

REFRAIN

CHORUS

LY-WD42

VIENI ALLA GROTTA DI ULISSE

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

Rts: (?)

Transcribed:

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

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!

Yesterday I went where my granny tells me,

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.

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 !

LY-WD44

ZOULA SE MIA BARKA BIKA (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.

caveinspiredmusic.com