

LOS DE QUI CAU

Que'm soi llevat leu de la taula
Qu'avi de partir ta Bordeu
Shens diser arren, eth que m'espia
Era que m'a balhat sheis ueus
N'aurei pas pro de la mia vita
N'aurei pas pro de cent cancons
Enta'us tornar ua petita
Part de co qui m'an balhat, tots.

Que son los mens
Drets sus la terra
Que van tot doc suu caminau
Lo camp laurat que huma enquera
Que son los mens, los de qui cau.

Ne hen pas a la loteria
N'atenden pas hera de ceu
Sonque dilheu, combat lo dia
E de poder dromit la nueit
Ne saben pas la grana Istorica
Qu'aidan los chins a vader grans
E quian hons de la memoria
Tots los qui son passat abans

La nueit que cad sus Laboheira
Enta Bordeu, jo que m'en vau
Qu'ensagi de boishar lo veire
Mes n'ei pas suu veire que plau
Adishatz donc, tots los de casa
Siatz hardits, n'en soi pas mei
Que voli diser, en quakes frasas
Co qui non disetz pas jamei

Those who are what they must be

I got up from the table
I need to go to Bordeaux
Without speaking, she saw me
And gave me six eggs
I'll not have time in all my life
Not even if I sing a hundred songs
To express even a little
Part of what they have all given me

These are my people
There on the earth
They go nice and slow on the path
I can still scent he ploughed field
They are mine, those who must

They don't play the lottery
Don't expect much from heaven
Just to get through the day
And to sleep at night
They don't know 'great' history
They bring up their children
They are the fount of memory
Of all those who have gone before

Night falls on Laboheira
To Bordeaux, I am going
I try to clean the window
But that's not where tears flow
Goodbye then, all of the house
Be strong, I am not any more
I wish to say, in a few phrases
What you never say.