



AGUR, JAU NAK!




 a-gur, jau-nak, jau-nak a-gur, a-gur t'er-di da-nak Jain-


 koak i-nak gi-re, zu-ek e-ta bai gu e-re a-gur jau-

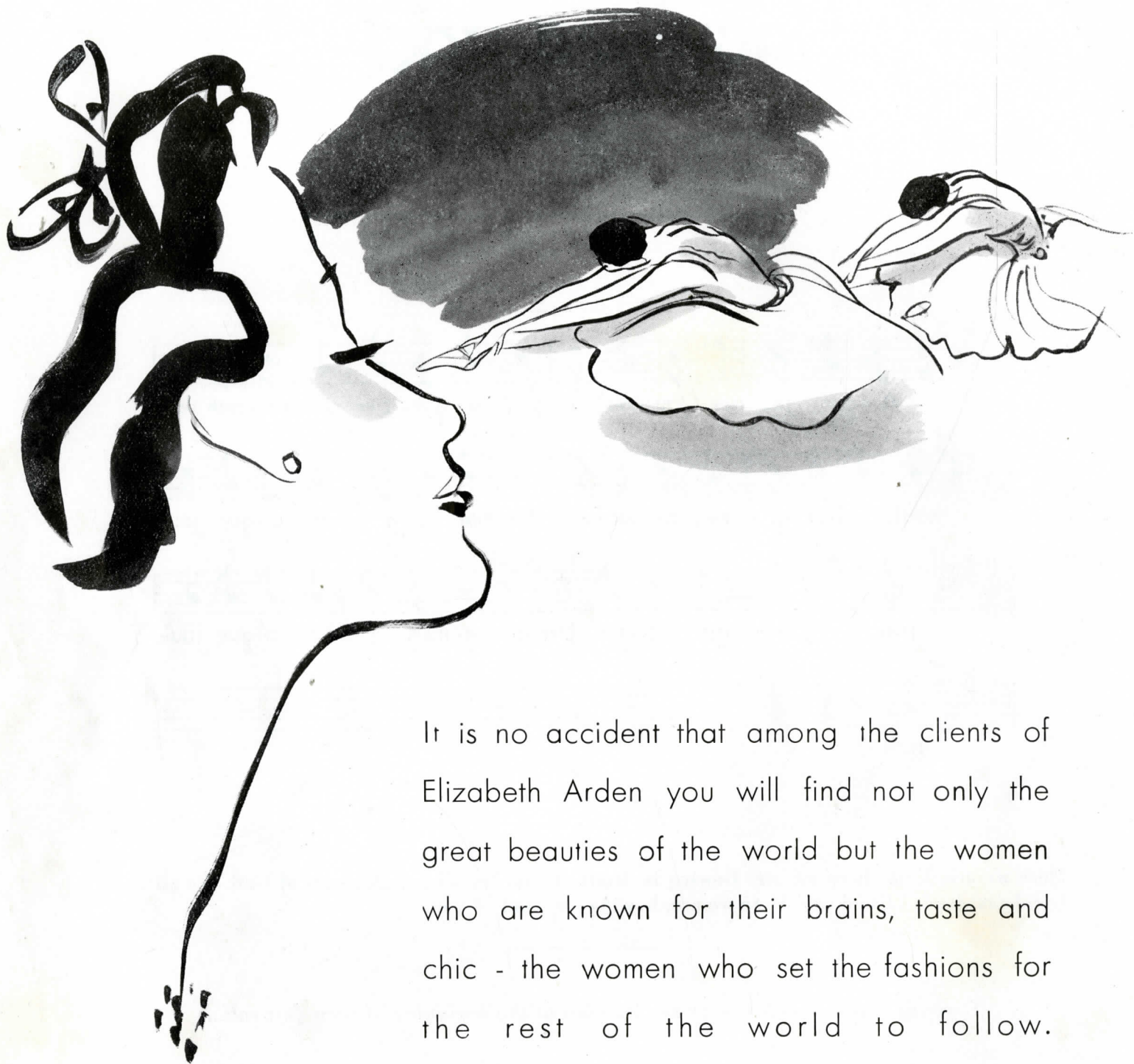

 nak —, a-gur, a-gur t'er-di e-men gi-re, a-gur jau-


 nak

Here we are, lords, here we are, Bowing in front of you. We all are creatures of God. We all are. Good-day, lords ! Good-day. Here we are, bowing in front of you.

(Greetings sung as welcome by the Basques at the beginning of their festivals...)





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ERESOINKA

Eresoinka is one of the most beautiful words in the Basque tongue. It was made by a Basque poet out of two other words : *eresi*, « voices » and *soin*, « feet » and the termination *ka* denoting action. Eresoinka therefore means « singing voices and moving feet ».

It was immediately adopted by groups of artists devoted to those forms of art in which the Basque race excels — the ballet, the sketch, the dance, the tableau, and the chorus — and its meaning now embraces them all.

In 1937 the modern horsemen of the Apocalypse passed across the Basque sky. The poet who made the word was captured at Gernika and shot; the groups of artists were dispersed ; but in exile they have come together again to preserve their art and to reveal through « Eresoinka » the soul of Euzkadi, home of the Basques, to the peoples of other lands.

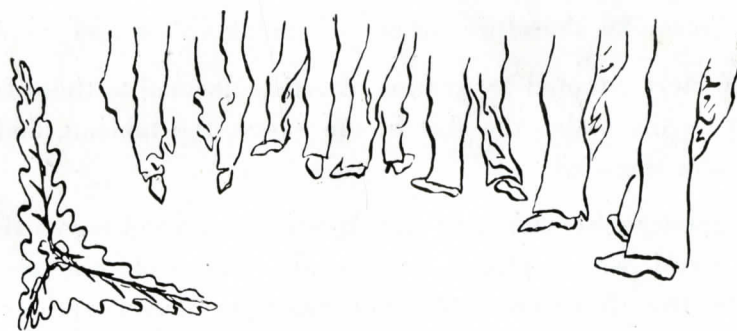
As a race the Basques, who are little more than a name to other European peoples, are unique. Their origin, despite careful research, remains a mystery; no one knows whence they came or to what human family they belong. Their language is a tongue apart, being unrelated to that of any other European family; and their strong individuality and their unusual sense of the past, arising out of the isolation in which they have always lived are nowhere more evident than in their art, which finds its chief expression in dancing.

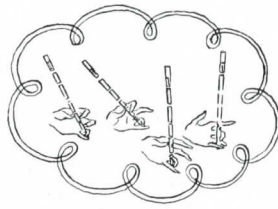
Beginning from Strabo's and Pline's basque quotations, in the firstly known writers relating to Western History.

One of the very earliest mentions of the Basques, by Einhard in 778, is a reference to their agility; and young Basques still compete in public gatherings for the honour of performing the *saut basque*, the first step in the Basque dance, which, according to an old legend, was invented by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

Many things have been written about this famous *saut*. Voltaire, admitting the penchant of the Basques for dancing, declared that the leap was invented to enable them to jump from rock to rock in the Pyrenees. Le Pays, wrote with better understanding : « Basque children know how to dance even before they know how to call for their father. In that country gaiety begins at birth and only ceases at death. It reveals itself in every action. Priests share this lively humour. I have noticed that at weddings it is always the vicar of the parish who leads off the ball. »

The variety of Basque dances is remarkable. No other people of western Europe has preserved so many examples of every class of dance practised by primitive peoples. The traditional airs to which they are performed include some which are written in 5/8 time, a rhythm almost exclusively Basque, and the themes of their songs illustrate every phase of their life, from the cradle to the grave. Indeed the ability to present in simple and colourful theatrical spectacle the beauty of rhythmic sound and movement — « the singing voices and the moving feet » — is without any doubt the peculiar genius of the Basque race.





The txistu or Basque flute, which is inseparably associated with the Basque dance, is one of the most singular musical instruments ever devised. It is made either of ebony, boxwood or chestnut, mea-

sures about 18 inches long, and has only three holes, two above and one underneath. Yet with these three holes it is possible to play not only simple dance tunes, but variations of considerable technical difficulty. The range of the instrument is one octave and a half.

The txistu, whose origin has never been definitely ascertained, is undoubtedly of great antiquity. Some years ago in the caves of Izturitz in Basse-Navarre Doctor Passemard discovered one which seemed to have been made out of one of the larger bones of a bird and which had its three holes placed beside one another. This instrument was, according to the doctor, intended to produce sounds. If this be true, the txistu is the oldest of all the flutes.

The txistularis or flute-players of Euzkadi deserve the discerning tribute paid to them by father Donostia :

« Kindly minstrels of Euzkadi you retain our love and our admiration for it is you who put into our people a note of gaiety as pure and bright as a spring morning ; it is you who keep alive in the young that optimism without which they would sink under the burden of toil. It is not possible to imagine our country without txistularis. Never stop playing, do not become mute, for without songs, txistularis and dances the sons of Euzkadi would die. »



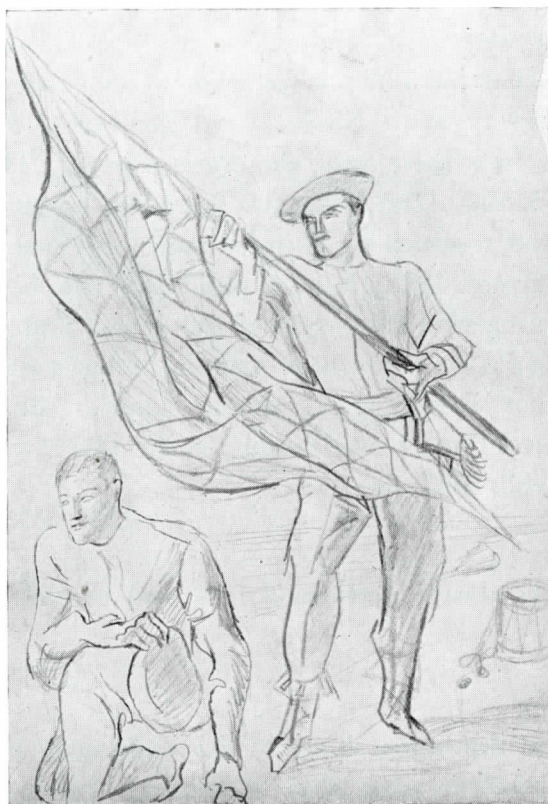


TXISTULARIS
(Basque Flute Players)



ZUBERO'KO
MASKARADIA
(Dance of Soule)

The Basque Choreographic Folk - Lore



DANCES OF BISCAY

* Biscay is the wildest region of Euzkadi and its dances, performed in 6/8 and 3/4 tempo, reflect the boisterousness and virile character of its people. These dances all illustrate the principle of fecundity. The dancers brandish swords and sticks and usually wear on their legs little bells whose virtue is known to ward off evil.

The dances of Biscaya are performed in a sequence on feast days.

Ikurriña. (*Salute to the banner*)

This dance has received many different interpretations. Some have seen in the flag a symbol of collectivity while others have found in it the emblem of physical well-being. The eminent Curt Sachs, however, is inclined to the belief that at the moment when the dancers, with one knee on the ground form a tree, the waving flag represents the wind that tosses its branches.

Makildantza. (*The dance of the Sticks*)

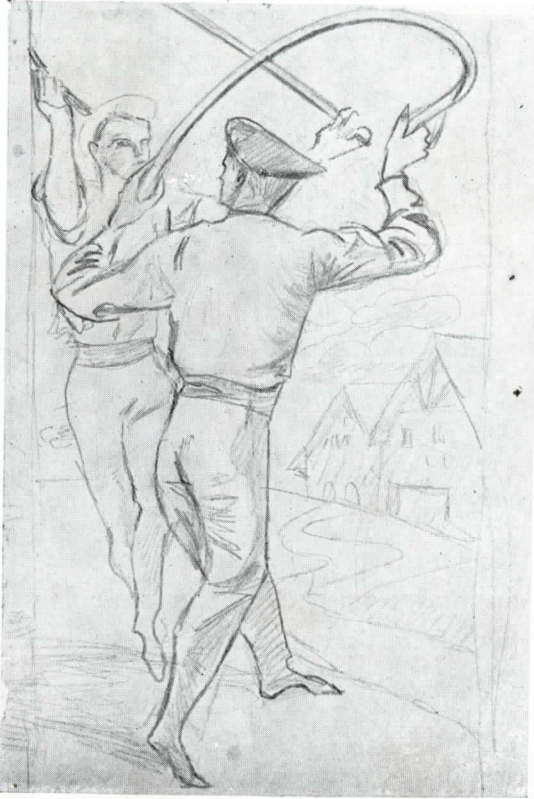
Euzkadi is very mountainous. The dance of the sticks is the ancient dance of the woodcutters of the forests. With its many variations it is the longest of all Basque dances.

Epaztadantza. (*Sword Dance*)

The sword dance comes second in popularity only to the dance of the Stick.

Txankarrenko (*One-footed dance*)

This dance, performed on one foot, illustrates perhaps more clearly than any other, the ritual embodied in these dances. At the conclusion of Txankarrenko, the performers raise one of their comrades in the air, as though he were a dead leader, the act signifying that his death is but the means of the renewal of life and fecundity in elemental nature.



Guipuzcoan Dances

The dances of Guipuzcoa are classics which have called forth the admiration of choreographers in every age. Noverre and Dauverbal tried to introduce them into the Paris Opera. These native forms of art have also been the subject of study and research by Guipuzcoans. As long ago as 1824 and 1825, Iztueta published two books, one dealing with the origin of the dances and how they should be performed and the other contains the tunes belonging to them. Charles Bordes considered these books unique in the literature of the world's folk lore.

Errebentzia (*The Curtsey*)

This dance, being a form of salutation, is always performed first and exhibits all the characteristics of the Guipuzcoan dance.

Makil-Dantza. (*Dance of the Stick*)

There are two variations — the major and the minor dance of the walking stick — and they differ very little from the Biscayan dance of the same kind.

Uztai Dantza. (*Hoop Dance*)

The hoop dance has its origin in certain rites associated with the month of May.

Ezpatadantza. (*Sword dance*)

Dancers with short swords perform in the market places, in processions or inside churches particularly on Corpus Christi day. The tune in five eighth tempo is typically Basque and is also exceptionally interesting from a purely musical standpoint.

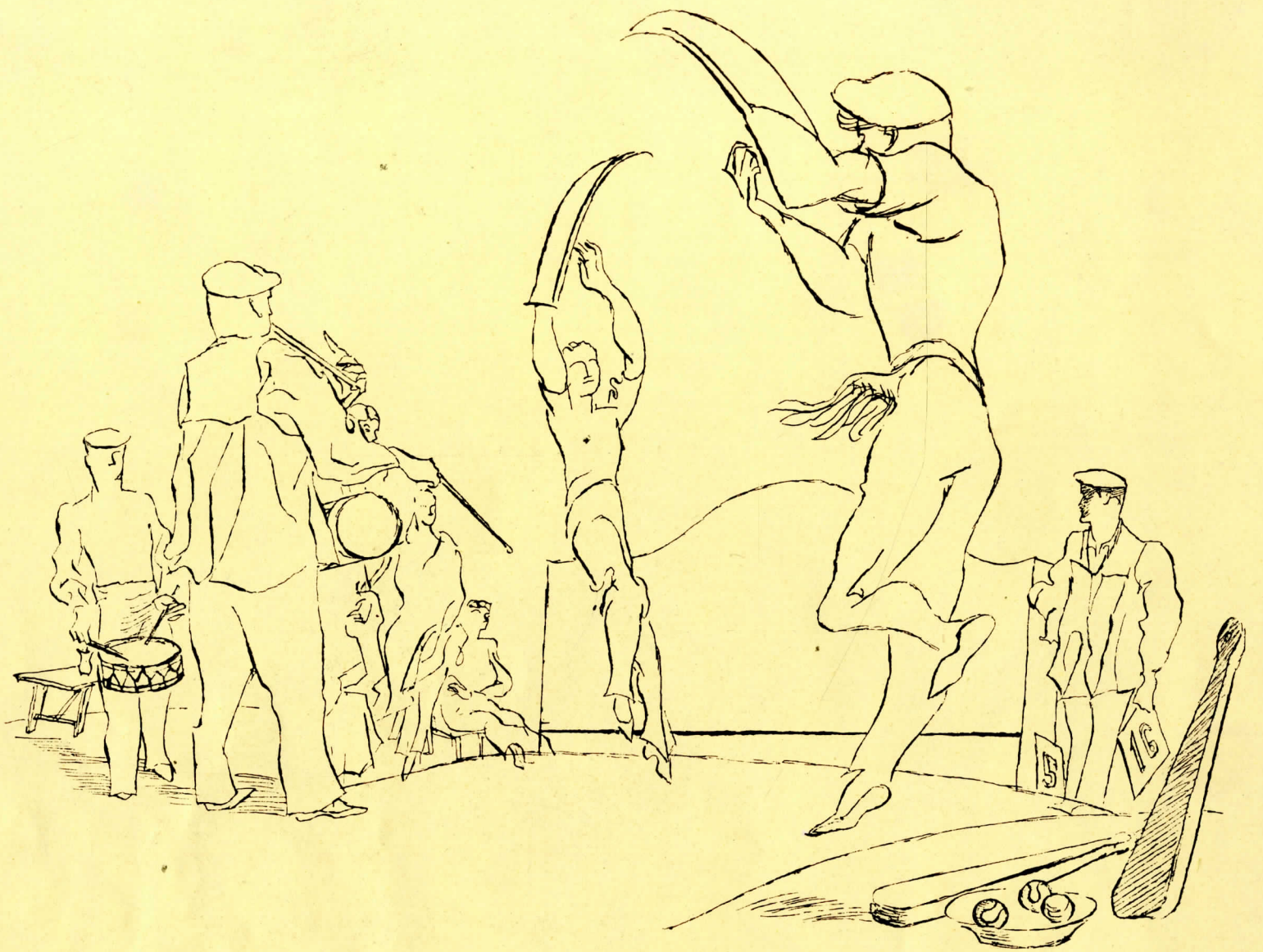
Jorrai Dantza. (*Dance of the hoe*)

This dance is similar to the Zagi Dantza of Navarre.

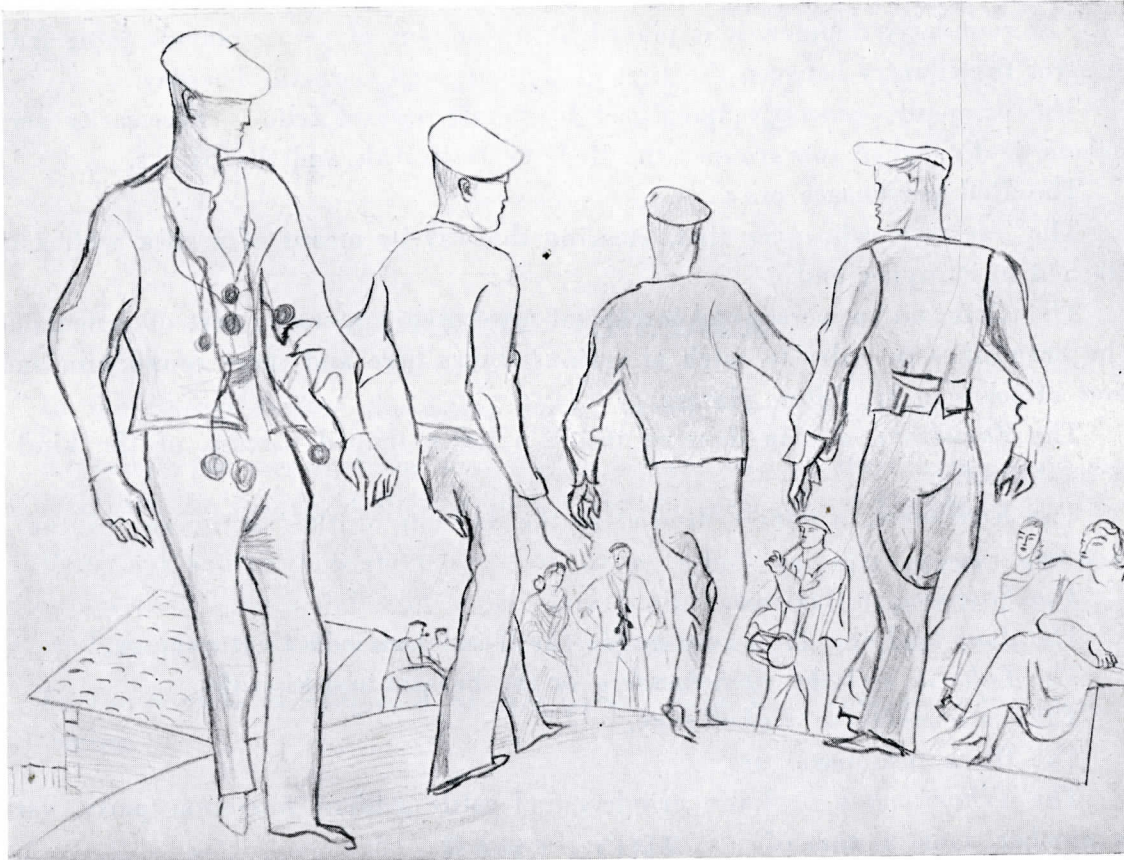
Belauntxingo. (*Knee dance*)

The most strenuous and exacting of all the Basque dances. On one occasion, according to tradition, two dancers dropped dead while performing this dance, a circumstance which has only enhanced its reputation among the Basques. Nowadays however it is danced in a simpler and less exhausting form.





Dances of Navarre



MUTIL-DANTZA (*The young men dance*)

Ceremonious greetings from the Bachelors.

« May you never die (aunitz urtez) ! » say they. Then immediately they dance the *mutil dantza* which is composed of several dances performed as a round. They are of a very primitive character, some of them bearing names of animals such as : Pig's eyes; young swallows; thrush; blackbird.

A recent innovation from the French is Xan-Petrika-Dantza (*Jean-Petit-qui-danse*) which the Basques perform in a circle and to which they have given a comic character, though its ritualistic significance — that juggling and magic are always on a par — has been carefully preserved.

ZAGI DANTZA (*Hide dance*)

It is the end of the festival. The drinkers, stupid with wine, are exhausted, but as soon as day breaks they must alas ! go to work in the fields and so they carry their hoes ready on their shoulders.

Masquerade of Zuberoa

This Masquerade is performed every year in the basque land of Zubea (Soule, in French). In roundelay manner, it is played by a company of young players going from town to town across the country between the first of January and Carnival Tuesday.

The company, generally integrated by young peasant fellows, necessarily very accurate dancers, is divided in two groups : the Reds or Beautifuls and the Blacks.

The Red personages are :

The *Txerrero*, who goes first, clearing the way by means of a stick with a flock of hair attached to its upper end.

The *Gatuzain*, a personage carrier of a peculiar apparatus, sort of articulated hook which he brandishes in order to catch at various things here and there round him and make every sort of jokes to his fellow players.

The *Zamalzain*, a man dancing inside a horse shaped carcass, of the kind of the English hobby-horse.

The *Kantiniera*, a dancer dressed in the fashion of the cantinières of the ancient French army.

The *Ensenari* or flag man.

The *Jaun* and the *Etchekandere* or the Gentleman and Gentlewoman.

The *Laboria* and the *Etchekandere* or the Peasant and his wife.

Their attendants or *Kukullariak*.

The Black personages are :

The *Tchorrotchak* or knife grinders and cattle gelders, numerous party, varying as to their number, same as that of

The *Kauteruak* or copper-smiths and the *Buhaminak* or gipsies.

THE PRINCIPAL PARTS OF THE PLAY

a) Once the company arrives to the gates of the town, takes place the assault to the barricade, after which the Red group perform different series of pas de ballet, before the *Jaun*, following to the visit they have had to pay to the town authorities. Then they return to the public place where this part of the ballet is ended with several of the well-known basque bonds or sauts basques, including the dance over a handkerchief held by two players.

b) The celebrated *Godalet Dantza*, danced by the *Reds* around a glass standing on the ground, half full of red wine. The *Zamalzain*, at the end of the dance, leaps over the the glass letting himself gently fall upon its ridges, but remains in this position only on one foot, while with the other he makes the sign of the Cross.

c) The *Jausti Branlia*. In this final comic ballet, the whole company plays in a jocular manner a sort of sarabande in the course of which the Black party, led by the *Tchorrotchak*, try to get hold of the *Zamalzain* on the purpose to act with his person in the fashion the implements they carry are meant for. They actually get him down and a pair of symbolic corks are produced and cast away to the airs. But the *Zamalzain* reaches up, with strengths afresh again, and in vivid and dignified features, attended by all his fellow dancers, he performs the vigorous and colorful dances which end the Masquerade of *Zuberoa*.

SKETCHES

LURRUN KRESALA

In the Basque tongue the living earth's breath is called *Lurrun*.

Kresala is the odour of the sea. So, as we are told by their name, these series of sketches deal with the people of the mountains and the seashores of *Euzkadi*.

Being our aim to show the basque art in its whole popular purity, we intend to present the spectator with a defile of songs, dances and scenes such as our people used to perform until the day the fatherland has been subjugated by international enemies.

Lurrun-Kresala is composed of two parts. Here is a summary description of the principal scenes.

PART ONE

a) MAIGANEKO (The dance on the table).

Performed every year, the first day of August, in the remote village of Mendexa, after different ceremonies following the banquet offered by the Mayor, who presents the spontaneous dancers with glasses of wine.

b) AURRESKU

The performance of this dance, of a noble and lordly character, only takes place on occasion of the great solemnities, after the Mayor's permission has been granted for. Specially in this dance, the passive participation of women in the basque dances is obvious.

c) The bell rings calling the fishermen to the sea, and the woman callers announce to their husbands that they must be ready to sail the fishing boats. The fishermen burdened with oars and fishing nets, exit singing *Ale Arrauntzean*. (We are going to row).

d) The *Txok* (ship's boys) dance the *txiripitona*. Then, the aldermen of the fishing village answer with the *txakolin* (Old men dance).

e) Song of the man to the baby (*Tilili ta talala*), followed by the ancient whalers' song (*Boga Boga*), heard from aloof, and finally, a cradle song.

f) The dance of the candle, to the tune of *txiruliruli*, and the shades dance, very popular with nocturnal revellers.

g) The choir of the Bilbao *anguleros*. Fishers of *angulas*, wormlike, very little and white sort of fish, like bits of white thread.

h) *Deun Agate Abestiya*. In Ste. Aghate day's eve, groups of young men used to go from house to house in the countryside, singing these most ancient songs. The ladies of the house presented them with food. When the homes were in mourning, the visitor prayed.

i) Love song to the suffering Basque mother.

PART TWO

Some of the scenes which took place when weddings were celebrated in the mountains of Euzkadi.

a) Arrival of the cortege of young girls attending the bridegroom to the wife's house.

b) Symbolic dance of the apples (*Sagar-Dantza*).

c) Arrival of the wedding chattels cart, and its attendants. Among these note the venerable old peasants, carriers of the shrouds to be used by the newly married young people, wouldn't they have money enough for shrouds to be bought in their death's day.

d) *Erreberentzia*. Dance and song praying the Heavens for the perpetuation of the Basque race.

e) *Ezpatza Dantza*. The dance of the swords, intended to chase the Devil.

f) *Toberak*. Greeting serenade to the newly married couple.

g) Hymn praising the excellencies of the *Basetxe*. (Homes of the Basque countryside).

h) War dance. (The most popular among Basque dances). It is performed to the tune of *ator mutil etxera* (Come back home, young man).

KAXARRANKA (*Coffer Dance*)

It is the moment before dawn. Two shadowy figures move against the background of the sky. They are the « *deikariak* » (Basque word) the women who go the round calling the fishermen and begging them in the name of God to get up and begin fishing.

The scene changes completely. It is high festival on the Basque coast, and there is merrymaking in the harbour. Crews of thirteen oarsmen in « *traineras* », the long boats of the Basques, rival each other in a sport which displays the stamina of the Basque.

KAXARRANKA
(Feast in the port)



SIRIMIRI
(Fishermen of Bilbao)

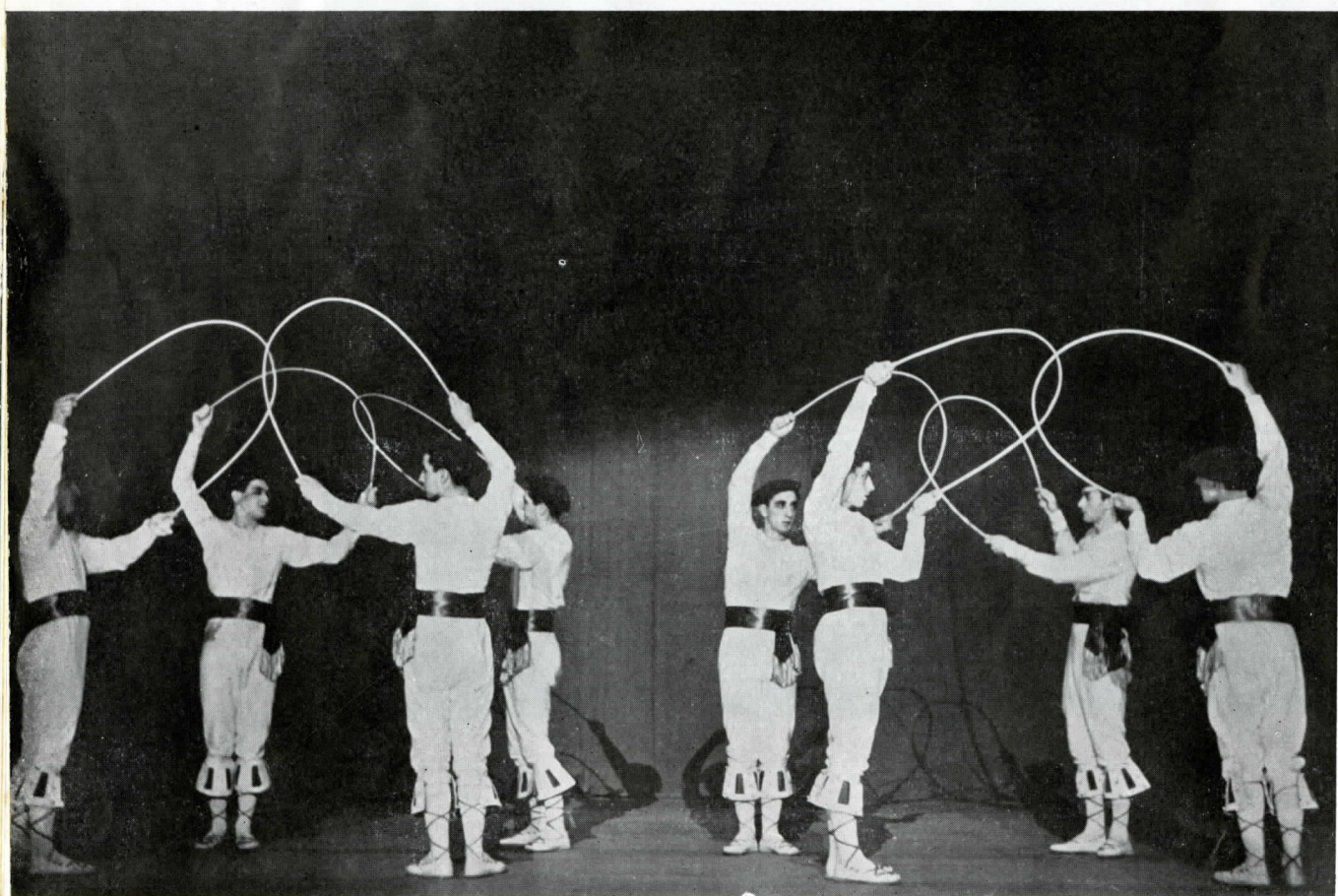




THE NATIONAL BASQUE CHOIR
CONDUCTED BY OLAIZOLA TAR GABIREL



LAU DANTZAK
(The Apple Dance)



UZTAI DANTZA
(Hoop Dance)

The winning crew arrives triumphant and immediately the people break into the joyful step of the *Kaxarrankā*, the traditional dance of the little seaport of Lekeitio (Biscaye) performed every year by the new President of the fishermen's Guild, among the joyful crowd of the fishing folk, which rejoice of the Presidential nomination for the entering year. He greets them while he is dancing the ritual President's dance on the top of the coffer that the Guild's treasury.

EGUN-ZARRAK (*Farewell to life*)

A banquet is taking place; it is attended only by old men, each believing that he will die during the year. At the banquet they bid farewell to life.

This scene is based on a tradition handed down in a village of Guipuzkoa.

DEPENAK (*Prows*)

In the drowsy little harbour young fisherlads are at work. Some foreign tourists appear. They are phrenologists who are making a study of the Basque people and wish to take the measure of the lads' heads...

The ensuing conflict almost provokes an international crisis but ends in an insignificant local tragedy.

KALEZ-KALE (*Through the streets*)

Girls and boys are dancing the jolly *Biribilketa* in the streets and suddenly, into their midst, rushes the « *Zezenusko* » (fire-bull), whose horns are harmless and whose fury is but sound.

GERNIKA

1860...

Gernika, the political capital of the Basques, is en fête; it is the day when Parliament reassembles under the tree of Gernika to consider in the manner of a true democracy measures for the benefit of the people.

They gather under the shadow of the Sacred Oak, symbol of their liberty, to reaffirm, as generations of their forefathers have done, the national and christian character of the race.

The people join in the hymn which every Basque knows.

But in 1937...

SIRI MIRI (*Drizzle*)

It is a cold dismal night. A drizzling rain (called in Bilbao « Siri Miri ») is falling ceaselessly.

Drunkards are staggering from tavern to tavern.

The « sereno » calls out the hour and the state of the weather. The angula catchers get ready to fish the night through for those little shiny white fish that are one of the choicest delicacies of the Basque table.

AINTZA'KO ERESERKIA (*Heroic Chorale*)

High overhead in the gold and azure field of an immense sky a miraculous white red and green emblem appears.

It is the flag of the Basques, which, faded by the great storm, seems to cover the monument raised to those who died for the liberty of the fatherland.

Little by little old men, women, shepherds, sailors and at last the whole people take up the song of faith in the common ideal.

At length the song swells into a heroic chorale full of the majesty of grief, as the shades of the dead flit across the sky...

ERIOZ-ERA (*The march to Death*)

How sweet life used to be in Euzkadi! Everything was so peaceful and everyone so loving and so hard-working in those little white homes nestling in the hills or dreaming over their reflections in the sea.

Then over the sky passed the modern horsemen of the Apocalypse...

And the soldiers, « gudaris », with a smile on their lips marched away to death that for future generations there might be a Euzkadi better and happier still.

This final couplet was sung by the « guadaris » as they went to the battle.

GABON (*Noël*)

A little Christmas scene for children. Images of Santa Claus provide the theme for some traditional airs sung by the Basques on the anniversary of the Birth of the Child Jesus.

AKER-LANDA (*Witch revels*)

Witches, sorcerers, and all traffickers in black magic hold their revels, as they did long ago in pagan times, and finally execute the ancient war dance (Ezpata Dantza) of the Basque people.

SIASKA ONDUAN (*Basque Cradle Song*)

« My little child I love you - once
« I love you — twice;
« But the Man who made you
« I love him twenty times. »



ARIN-ARIN (*Fandango*)



INTERLUDES

GOIXALDI (*Festival Morn*)

At the peep of dawn flute players (txistularis) usher in the festival with jolly tunes as they go from house to house awakening their neighbours, whilst the church bells summon the faithful to mass.

DEUN AGATE (*Saint Agatha's Roundelay*)

It is St. Agatha's eve. Groups of young people wander from house to house singing an old roundelay. They give greeting to the occupants and then beg alms for the performance of pious works. Villagers give provisions; townfolk give money. But in front of houses where families are in mourning the song is not sung; only a prayer is offered for the eternal repose of the dead.

MAIGANEKO (*Table dance*)

In Mendexa, a little Basque village backed by mountains and facing the sea, a fair is held on August the first, the feast of St Peter in Chains, and there, after nightfall, the inhabitants dance the Maiganeko in a back room of the rustic table. By his side the garde cham pêtre doles out wine to the tunes of a flute player (txistulari). Suddenly, at a given signal from the mayor, guests jump onto the table and dance this old measure.

ILGABA (*Mourning*)

A funeral procession. Txenango, the nearest neighbour of the dead man performs the pious duty of lifting a tile from the roof of the stricken house in order that his soul may pass through to heaven. In this interlude Txenango bears away the soul in a crystal vase.

The procession includes other typical Basque figures — the herb woman (la Serora) suspected of being a witch, the noisy and distracted wailing women, and the carriers of the candles of remembrance and the sand glass. Each time the glass is turned they murmur the ominous words : « Every hour wounds, the last hour kills. »



AITATXO (*Little father*)

Home from the sea, the sailor takes his tiny first-born son tenderly in his arms as if he were handling a fragile rose. This rough man, whose kisses hitherto have been few and brusque, now touches the cheek of his little son with lips that are as soft as the petals of a flower, and he sings :

Sleep, my son, sleep,
Two bonbons I'll give you,
One now, the other after,
If you fall sound asleep.
Yes, yes;
No, no.
When I see your little eyes
I think them stars in Paradise.

ONAZEZ (*Grief*)

A woman, heartbroken, sings an old Basque story, telling how her lover, who went to the fighting, has not yet returned.

LORE (*The flower*)

Lore, the little peasant girl with the golden hair, is carrying the bouquet of violets which her fiance has just given her. She would not give it away to the richest man in the world for the flowers still have the kiss which he has pressed upon their petals.

Dear flower, it is in vain,
You try to hide from me,
By choosing to be born
In a humble garden plot;
I find you easily,
Your fragrance betrays you.

Oh why are you so modest ?
Modesty is a virtue,
To have too much, a fault;
Yet one can be too forward;
For know, lest you should know not,
There is a mean in all things.

BIOTZ-APALA (*Humble Heart*)

Beautiful Politena has rejected one after the other proposals of marriage from a soldier, an intellectual, a sailor, a fop, a bigot, a wealthy man and a singer. They have all made the most of their respective merits, but Politena, a true Basque, silent when she feels most deeply, makes no reply to their advances, for she is in love with a type of man very difficult to find on this earth.

The tunes are all popular airs, that for the fop being the famous « Branle le Basque » by Couperin.



STOCK-PIECES

OF THE

BASQUE CHORALE

(The following songs are written with their English translation.)

ITXASOAN LAÑO DAGO

Itxasoan laño dago
Baiona'ko alderaño
Nik zu zaitut maitiago
Txoriak bere umeak baño

There's fog on the sea as far as Bayonne
I love you still more than the birds love their young

Gure oroitz aita dago
Lañopean gaberaño
Nik zu zaitut maitiago
Arraitxoak ura baño

Through the fog all day long we think of our
[father
I love you still more than the fish love the water.

BOGA ! BOGA !

Boga ! boga ! mariñela
Joan biar degu urrutira
Bai, Indietara.
Ez det nik ikusiko.
Zure kai ederra
Agur Ondarroa'ko
Itxaso basterra

Row, sailors row
Far we have to go
Even to the Indies
We shall never see
Your lovely sands again
Dear Basque coast
Lovely shores, farewell !

NI EZ NAIZ ZOMORRUA

Ni ez naiz zomorrua, izanagatik lau begi.

Come here, don't run away from me, for I am not
[the devil

Atoz, atoz, onara, etzuzela igesi.

To be that, I should have to have two pairs of eyes.

MATXINTXO

Ay ! zer gizon zurra da Matxintxo gurea
Praka zartzoak eta ona umorea
Igaz artorik ez ta aurten ill andrea.
Zer bizi modu dok ori Matxintxo gurea.

Ay ! and what a miser is our good Martin
With his old pair of pants and his good humour
All last year his maize he did not harvest.
Now he's a widower, what sort of life leads he ?

La La, La La, etc.
Ez dot iñoiz ikusi gure Matxintxo lotan
Orduan bere al dauko pipea ezpanetan
Pipeak iltzen dautso barruki gosea
Pipa ori ezker bizi, da Matxintxo gurea.

Never, never have I seen our Martin sleeping
I'm sure that with that pipe always 'twixt his lips
He deadens the hunger gnawing at his stomach.
But it's thanks to it that our good Martin is alive.

DRINGILINDRON

Dringilin-dron, gaur gabon
Zakela betea yaukat
Eta besteak or konpon.
Mazkelo bete aza egosi
Ori zuri ta gorriak
Bereala iruntzi nentzazan
Azkenengo oriak.
Iru ortzeko tresnatxo baten
Morokil ore bailitzan
Ezti lapiko anditxo bati
Barrua uts-uts ein neutzan.
Dringilin-dron, gaur gabon
Zakela betea yaukat
Eta besteak or konpon

Dringilindron, Christmas night
My pocket is full, let the others
Foud for themselves as they can.
Here is good soup
Red white and yellow
In a jiffy I swallow
With the scraps on my fork.
I have soused a fat crust
In a big pot of honey
Which I carefully brushed
Free of dust and of straw.
Dringilindron, Christmas night
My pocket is full, let the others
Foud for themselves as they can.

OI BETHLEEM !

Oi Bethléem ! ala egun zure garayak.
Oi Bethléem !
Ongi bai-du dizdiratzen
Zuganik eldu den argiak
Betetzen du bazter guziak
Oi Bethléem, oi Bethléem !

Artzainekin
Eldu naiz zeugana leiaz
Artzainekin
Ek bezela naiz egin
Adoratzen zaitut Mesias
Eta maite biotz guziaz
Artzainekin, artzainekin.

Hail Bethlehem : This is thine anniversary.
Hail Bethlehem !
The light that emanates from thee
Shines with a brilliance rare
Flooding earth's corners everywhere
Hail Bethlehem ! Hail Bethlehem !

With shepherds now
Behold me kneeling at thy feet
With shepherds now.
With them I come and, like them,
I adore thee Messiah,
And from my heart I love thee
Kneeling here among the shepherds.

AGILANDO

Din-don Din-don.
Din-don Din-don
Aramaio'ko mutikotxoak
Drisk drask !
Gaztañak berdin, ere olluak
Gura ditugunak
Gora Birgiña Maria !
Agilando erretxilando,
Amar intxaur ta zortzi gaztaina
Aren gainean lau sagar
Guk degu altzoa zabal-zabal.

Ding dong Ding dong
Ding dong Ding dong
We're young folk of Aramayone
Dring Drask !
What we ask
Is chestnuts and chicken —
Hail to the Virgin Mary !

New Year's gifts make a luncheon,
Ten walnuts, eight chestnuts,
And four rosy apples,
Now we've something to munch on.



AIZAK, I, PRAIXKU

Aizak, i, Praixkutxo, Praixku, zer diok ?
Ardoari geitxo, Praixkutxo, eraiten diok.
Oitura itxusi orri esten ez-padiok.
Aurten iretzat aña ardorik etziok.
Matzaren zumo gozoa, beti duk on
Goizean, gabea, t'arratz aldean.
Lotara joatean, gero eznatzean
Noiz-nai, al-danean.

Hallo there, François, how goes it ?
You drink too much, François,
If you don't break off that vice
Your whole vintage won't suffice.
Sparkling wine is good
Morning and noon and night,
So, on rising and on going to bed,
Drink your pleasure — within measure.

AHAIRE ZAHAR HUNTAN

Ahaire zahar huntan bi berset berririk
Alegrantzi areki khantatu nahitik
Bihotza libaturik pena orotorik
Desir nian maitia beitut gogaturik.

Would that I might sing this olden tune
To verses new and sing it joyously
To ease my oerfraught heart of all its pain.

LOA LOA

Loa Loa tuxuntxurrun berde
Loa loa masusta,
Aita gurea Gazteitz'en da
Ama mandoan artuta.
Aita gureak diru asko du
Ama bidean salduta.
Loa loa txuntxurrun berde
Loa loa masusta,
Aita gurea Gazteitz'en da
Ama mandoan artuta.
Loa, loa
Kun, Kun, Kun, Kun.

Sleep, sleep
Sleep, sleep
Father is gone to Vitoria
With mother behind on the mule;
Father has lots of money
For he sold our mother *en route*.
Sleep, sleep
Father is gone to Vitoria
With mother behind on the mule.
Sleep, sleep.

AMATXO

Neure amatxok dauka
Bijotz laztantxo bat
Gozorik gozoena
Bera de neretzat.
Maitasun bizbizija
Dizagu, ama, neri
Bijotz bojotzez ere
Nai dizut nik zuri.

My little mother
Loves me so dearly,
Tenderly she loves
Me above all,
Cherish me, mother,
In thy boundless love
And I'll cherish thee
With all my heart.

EGUBERRI ABESTIA

Nork orain esan lezake gure Kriadorea
Adan'en eta Eva'ren dela sucesorea.
Jesus maitea, neure maitea
Ongi etorria zerala, gure Redentorea.

At this time of Christmas who would believe
Our Creator is descended from Adam and Eve?
Jesus beloved, my beloved One,
Welcome on earth, our Redeemer.

TXERU

Txeru kartzelan dago, damia kanpuan
Txeru'k gura leukela, ba'lego albuan.
Txeru!
Artakamara, Motxoliñua, Domingullua, larailon.

Txeru is in prison, his dame is outside,
Txeru would much like to have her inside.
Ay! Txeru
Artakamara, Motxolino, Domingullo, larailon.

AKERRA IKUSI DEGU

Akerra ikusi degu baratzean jaten,
Makilla ikusi degu aker ori jotzen.
Makillak akerra, akerrak artoa, akerra ken,
Baratzetik akerra ken, ken, ken, ken, ken.
Sua ikusi degu makill ori erretzen,
Ura ikusi degu su ori itzaltzen.
Urak sua, suak makilla,
Makillak akerra, akerrak artoa.
Akerra ken, baratzatik akerra ken.

We have seen the goat, browsing in the meadow,
We have seen the stick, belabouring the goat,
The stick on the goat, the goat in the maize.
Get out of it, goat, get out, get out, get out.
We have seen the fire, burning the stick,
We have seen the water, quenching the fire,
Water on the fire, the fire on the stick,
The stick on the goat, the goat in the maize.
Get out of it, goat, get out, get out, get out.

ITUNA

Oi Edurnetxo maitia
Len biotz alaia !...
Zer donala ta el-dujan
Ain gogorra ituna ?...
Goratu bijotza
Aurpegia alaitu
Posik ibilli ta
Ikusiko den
Bixitza donan on ederra.

Ah! dearest
You were once so happy,
What can have happened
To make you so sad?
Pluck up your courage
And face life bravely,
Be content
And you shall see
How wonderful life is.

GOIKO MENDIJA

Goiko mendijan edurra dago
Errekaldian izotza.
Neu zeugandik azke nago
Ta pozik daukat bijotza.
Goiko mendijan edurra dago
Errekaldian izotza.

Deep snow masks the mountain's crest,
The rivers are frozen.
I am free of you now and my heart is at rest.
Deep snow masks the mountain's crest,
The rivers are frozen.



MAITASUN ATSEKABEA

Maitasun oñazea
Bai dala andija !
Orain ezautzen dot
Bere atsekabea.
Ezpalitz maitasuna
Ain oñazekorra
Esango ez neutzeke
Maite zaitudala.
Maitasun oñazea
Bai dala andija !

Oh! the heartache
In unhappy love,
Now I know
All its bitterness;
If love did not engender
So great grief,
I would not tell you now
How much I love you.
Oh! the heartache
In unhappy love.

AGUR MARIA

Hail Mary full of grace
The Lord is with thee
Blessed are thee amongst women
Blessed is the fruit of thy wombs Jesus
Holy Mary, Mother of God
Pray for our sinners, now and at the hour of our
[death.
Amen.

GOIZEAN-ON

Goizean on arratsean on
Matsaren zumoa beti duk on.
Etxera abia ta joan ezin,
Erori eta bertan etzin
Bériz abia ta joan ezin
Erori eta bertan etzin.
La la la...
Erori eta bertan etzin.
la la la...

All morning, all evening
The wine has smelt good;
Now, a shot at going home;
A fall, and you're flat;
Another shot for your house;
Another fall, and that's that;
La, la, la
You fall and lie flat,
La la la.

BIGARREN KALEZ-KALE

Txomin ! jo zak trompeta !
Patxi ! nun dek konketa ?
Edaririk ezpaldin bada
Ekarri bete-ta ja-jai !
Txakur txiki gorritxo bat
Paltatu zait neri,
Artaz baliatzen dena
Ongi bizi bedi,
Kliskitin, klaskitin
Arrosa ta krabelin,
Artaz baliatzen dena
Ongi bizi bedi.

Dominic, blow your trumpet,
François, where's your horn;
If there is nought to drink
Bring it full... ja-jai.
I've lost a tiny dog
Quite a tiny red dog,
Long live whoever
May find it.
Eliskitin, klaskitin
Roses and pinks...
Long live whoever
May find it.





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