

Atsolorra (Atsolorra)

A pain announces childbirth, hope.
Before it was one body, now it's two.
The baby's cry has awakened the crowd.
The community waits to hold the newborn.

New blood, breath of air for our body.
Let's hold the mother, let's take care of her empty womb.
We are one more from today.
Welcome, leap into the wide world.

Carried by the community,
from generation to generation;
from those we have been, to those who you are,
life
continues.

Lyrics: Onintza Enbeita
Music: AMAK

Luzaroan (For a long time)

How can I explain
my connection to you.
How can I describe in words
what I have felt inside!

Sweet moments
Difficult moments
lived in a festive atmosphere.

For a long time
by my side
you have had me and
I have had you on my lap.

For a long time you have been
between my hands,
as we caressed each other
as we become one.

For a long time you have been
in my arms,
you have held me and I have held you
tenderly.

For a long time
you have been a part of me
and we have touched
and we have carressed each other.

Lyrics and music: AMAK

Gona gorria (Red skirt)

Summer evening,
mistless night.
The wind makes
what I'm wearing dance.

Summer evening,
I feel like dancing
with this light piece of cloth
that makes me feel free.

Red, red, red skirt
sewn by seven tailors.
Red, red, red skirt
garment without gender.

Without anyone insulting me
I would like to wear it.
Without insulting anyone
free, liberated.

In freedom!

Red, red, red skirt
without prejudice.
Red, red, red skirt
genderless garment.

Lyrics and music: AMAK

Erabil nazazu (Use me)

I preserve it
You preserve it
We preserve it, loving it.

I use it
You use it
We use it, speaking it.

I Live
You Live
Let's live, in Basque from the heart.

Lyrics and music: AMAK

Bai, ama (Yes, Mum)

The edge of your skirt, When your fingers
my log in the middle of the sea, were a comb
my shadow, that brushed my hair
my refuge. behind my ear.

You show up at night in my dreams,
you kiss my forehead and you leave again.

You leave your scent in my sheets,
but when I open my eyes it's gone.

How many times, Now it's me
looking at my hands, who takes your place
yours tell me, Mum
have appeared. how can I move on.

Mother, Woman, Carer, Worker
how can I be all this at once.

I'd like to feel your hand on my chin
and hear "hold your head up".

On my skin is your skin I'm going to go forward
In my voice is With my head held up high.
your voice. Yes, Mum.
Yes, Mum

Lyrics: Karmele Jaio
Music: AMAK

Amorra zaitez (Get angry)

-1-

Laugh, woman!
Show a smile,
laugh even if you haven't slept,
be happy in front of people,
smile at the child,
go to work in a good mood.
Is it a choice
that nothing makes you angry?

-2-

Another woman has been murdered
Will she be the last?
It goes from bad to worse
who is hungry.
Tears, whirlwind,
What is it? It is not grief.
Who is alive
can be enraged.

-3-

Clench your fist in rage
and hit the table hard
It is not the same a
friend or an enemy.
If the opinion of the world
turns against you,
calm down and give it
a serene smile.

-4-

A tear can be
the reflection of your inner self.
The smile awakens
a similar glance.
When the inner emotion
is rage.
Why hide it
if it comes from us?

Lyrics: Onintza Enbeita
Music: AMAK

Zure izena (Your name)

Today I found you
in an old photo
working in the vegetable plot
with an apron around your waist.

Woman married to the land,
How do I not know your name?

In your hands is
the seed of life
but your word
has been silenced for centuries.

Who are you? I would like to hear your voice,
the speech of unspoken words.

Woman without a name
in a land of few words.

I want to ask you
the names of the trees,
the plants, the fruits, the mountains;
but I also want to know your surnames.

We don't know who you are
but here is your legacy:
you have taken care of a whole village,
woman from the farmhouse.

Lyrics: Karmele Jaio
Music: AMAK

Egiaren arnasa (The breath of truth)

In 1936, there was so much fuss.
They wanted to do away with Olaberria using hatred.
The desire for freedom hurt them.
They wanted to make everyone think like them
and they could not.

Both Bujanda and Lasa were executed.
We want to rekindle your breath.
They wanted you forgotten,
we won't let it happen.
Villagers killing each other... it's not humane.

A teenager and a father,
leaving four small children and a widow.

With the village priest as bandleader
at Franco's victory celebration in front of the church.
The profit of some brought misery to others.
Is this how we sum up the memory of the people.

The perpetrators of those atrocities
have never been judged by anyone.
Let us tell the truth of that time
and history will sentence them.

Lyrics: Olaran Elkarte
Music: Unknown author
Adaptation: AMAK

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