

Wohin soll denn die Reise gehn? Where should the journey go?

Hiking and travel songs can evoke different moods, as they are often steeped in tradition, tell of the desire to conquer the world, but also of the farewells of those left behind.

Singing unites peoples.

Special Thanks to:

Kamilla Szij, Hungary (living in Budapest)

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Anka Lesniak, Poland (living in Gdansk)



Kimegyek az útra / I'm going out on the road

Proposal from Kamilla, Hungary

Vocals: Nagyajtay Zsuzsanna, Hungary

Video: Kamilla, Hungary

Kimegyek az útra,
lenézek az úton.
Látom édesemet,
ő es lát engemet.

Akarom szólítani,
szánom búsítani,
Úgyis megszólítom
egy szóval, kettővel.

Ne menj el, édesem,
ne hagyj el engemet!
Sír a szívem érted,
majd' meghalok érted.

Könnyű a pókháló,
az is megtart engem,
Csak egy hajszálon is
hozzád ránthatsz engem.

Te túl, rózsám, te túl
a világ erdején,
De én jóval innet,
a bánat mezején.

Indulj el egy úton,
én is egy másikon,
Hol egymást találjuk,
egymásnak se szóljunk.

Aki minket meglát,
mit fog az mondani?
Azt fogja gondolni,
idegenek vagyunk.

refrén:
Idegenek vagyunk,
szeretetet tartunk,
Ahol összegyűlünk,
ketten szeretkezünk.

I'm going out on the road,
I look down the road.
I see my honey,
and she sees me.

I want to call him,
I want to make you sad,
I'm going to call him anyway
With one word or two.

Don't go away, sweetheart,
don't leave me!
My heart cries for you,
I'm dying for you.

It's easy to cobweb,
it will keep me,
Just by a hair of my head
You can drag me to you.

You too, my rose, you too
the forest of the world,
But I am far from here,
in the field of sorrow.

Start on a path,
I'll go on another,
Where we find each other,
Let us not speak to each other.

Whoever sees us,
what will he say?
They will think,
we are strangers.

refrain:
We are strangers,
we hold love,
Where we gather,
we two make love.

This love song is bitter and sweet at the same time, like love itself.



**Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust /
Hiking is the miller's delight**

Proposal from Angela Lubič, Germany
video & whistled song: Angela Lubič, Germany

|:Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust:|
Das W a n d e r n
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein
|:Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein:|
Das W a n d e r n

|:Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt:|
Vom W a s s e r
Das hat nicht Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht
|:ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht:|
Vom W a s s e r

|:Das sehn wir auch den Rädern an:|
Den R ä d e r n
Die gar nicht gerne stille steh'n
|:und sich bei Tag nicht müde drehn:|
Die R ä d e r

|:Die Steine selbst so schwer sie sind:|
Die S t e i n e
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Rhein
|:Und wollen gar noch schneller sein:|
Die S t e i n e

|:O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust:|
O W a n d e r n
Herr Meistewqr und Frau Meisterin
|:Laßt mich in Frieden weiterziehn:|
Und w a n d e r n

|:Hiking is the miller's delight:|
The w a n d e r i n g
That must be a bad miller
|:He never thought of wandering:|
The w a n d e r i n g

|:We learnt it from the water:|
From the w a t e r
That has no rest day or night
|:Is always intent on wandering:|
Of the w a t e r

|:We can see that in the wheels too.:|
The w h e e l s
Who do not like to stand still
|:And don't get tired during the day:|
The w h e e l s

|:The stones themselves, heavy as they are:|
The s t o n e s
They dance with the lively Rhine
|:And want to be even faster:|
The s t o n e s

|:O wandering, wandering, my delight:|
O h i k i n g
Mr Master and Mrs Master
|:Let me go on in peace:|
And w a n d e r

I remember this typical hiking song very well, which we often sang or whistled in my childhood.



The ants go marching

Proposal from Mia Cannon, Australia
video & vocals: Mia Cannon & Marie Urzi

The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his thumb
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by three,
The little one stops to climb a tree
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four,
The little one stops to shut the door
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five,
The little one stops to take a dive
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching six by six,
The little one stops to pick up sticks
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven,
The little one stops to pray to heaven
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight,
The little one stops to roller skate
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine,
The little one stops to check the time
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching ten by ten,
The little one stops to shout „The End“,
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain.

“Ants Go Marching” pulls some of its lyrics from “When Johnny Comes Marching Home,” a Civil War-era song that celebrated soldiers’ return from the war. Irish-American composer Patrick Gilmore is credited for writing the tune that was published by the Library of Congress in 1863 under a pseudonym.



Walk through the woods

Proposal from Sanyon Kim, Korea/Germany
vocals: Sanyon Kim, Korea/Germany
video: Angela Lubič, Germany

숲속을 걸어요 산새들이 속삭이는 길

숲속을 걸어요 꽃 향기가 그윽한 길

해님도 쉬었다 가는 길 다람쥐가 넘나드는 길

정다운 얼굴로 우리 모두 숲속을 걸어요

숲속을 걸어요 맑은 바람 솔바람 이는

숲속을 걸어요 도랑물이 노래하는 길

달님도 쉬었다 가는 길 산노루가 넘나드는 길

웃음 띤 얼굴로 우리 모두 숲속을 걸어요

Walk through the woods,

a path whispered by mountain birds

Walk through the woods, scented with flowers

The path where the sun rests and goes

The path where the squirrels cross

We all walk in the woods, with our faces solemn

Walk in the woods, clear breeze,

breeze in the air

We walk in the woods, the ditch water sings

The moon rests and goes

The roe deer crosses the road

We all walk in the forest with smiling faces.

*The song is very popular, everyone knows it.
Everyone learned the song at school, even though the song is older than I am.*



**Wenn die bunten Fahnen wehen /
When the colorful flags are waving**

**Proposal from Angela Lubič, Germany
Video & vocals: Angela Lubič, Germany**

Wenn die bunten Fahnen wehen, geht die Fahrt wohl übers Meer
Woll'n wir ferne Länder sehen, fällt der Abschied uns nicht schwer

Leuchtet die Sonne, ziehen die Wolken
Klingen die Lieder weit übers Meer
Leuchtet die Sonne, ziehen die Wolken
Klingen die Lieder weit übers Meer

Sonnenschein ist unsere Wonne, wie er lacht am lichten Tag
Doch es geht auch ohne Sonne, wenn sie mal nicht scheinen mag

Blasen die Stürme, brausen die Wellen
Singen wir mit dem Sturm unser Lied
Blasen die Stürme, brausen die Wellen
Singen wir mit dem Sturm unser Lied

Wenn die bunten Fahnen wehen, geht die Fahrt wohl übers Meer
Woll'n wir ferne Länder sehen, fällt der Abschied uns nicht schwer

Leuchtet die Sonne, ziehen die Wolken
Klingen die Lieder weit übers Meer
Leuchtet die Sonne, ziehen die Wolken
Klingen die Lieder weit übers Meer

When the colorful flags are waving, the journey goes well across the sea
When we want to see distant lands, it's not hard to say goodbye

When the sun is shining, the clouds are moving
Songs are ringing far across the sea
When the sun is shining, the clouds are moving
Songs are ringing far across the sea

Sunshine is our delight, how it laughs on a bright day
But we can do without the sun, if it doesn't want to shine

The storms blow, the waves roar
Let's sing our song with the storm
The storms blow, the waves roar
Let's sing our song with the storm

When the colorful flags are waving, the voyage goes well across the sea
When we want to see distant lands, it's not hard to say goodbye

When the sun is shining, the clouds are moving
Songs are ringing far across the sea
When the sun is shining, the clouds are moving
Songs are ringing far across the sea

My grandmother liked to sing this song to us, even though it was forbidden in GDR during my childhood. That's why it has stayed in my memory and i even remember the 2nd voice.



**Սարերի հովին մեռնեմ
I'd die for the Mountain Wind**

Proposal from Ana Maria Ohan, Syria
(Forced displaced during the 1915 Armenian Genocide)

Video & vocals: Ana Maria Ohan, Syria

Սարերի հովին մեռնեմ,
Հովին մեռնեմ, հովին մեռնեմ,
Իմ եարի բոյին մեռնեմ,
Բոյին մեռնեմ, բոյին մեռնեմ:

Մի տարի է չեմ տեսել,
Տեսնողի, եա՛ր, աչքին մեռնեմ.

Կայնել եմ գալ չեմ կարող,
Գալ չեմ կարող, գալ չեմ կարող,

Լցուել եմ՝ լալ չեմ կարող,
Լալ չեմ կարող, լալ չեմ կարող:

I would die for the wind of the mountains,
the wind of the mountains

I would die for my love's tall stature, tall stature

I have not seen him in a year.

I would die for the pair of eyes that saw him last

I'm standing, yet standing still,

I cannot move forward,

I'm filled with sorrow, yet so full that I cannot cry.

This song reminds me of a home, a feeling of belonging and sadness at the same time. It's a collective memory of genocide that stays within the generations as my grandfather would say (a second generation survivor) because there's no other explanation of why I would feel such love and pain towards a country I've never lived in or even experienced its culture or people.



Metsämiehen laulu / Hunters song

**Proposal from Pia Männikkö, Finland
Video & vocals: Pia Männikkö, Finland**

Metsämiehen laulu

Terve, metsä, terve, vuori,
Terve, metsän ruhtinas!
Täss' on tyttös uljas, nuori;
Esiin käy hän, voimaa täys',
Kuin tuima tunturin tuuli.

Metsän tyttö tahdon olla,
Sankar' jylhän kuusiston,
Tapiolan vainiolla
Karhun kanssa painii lyön,
Ja maailma unholaan jääköön.

lhana on täällä rauha,
Urhea on taistelo:
Myrsky käy ja metsä pauhaa,
Tulta iskee pitkäinen
Ja kuusi ryskyen kaatuu.

Metsän tyttö tahdon olla,
Sankar' jylhän kuusiston,
Tapiolan vainiolla
Karhun kanssa painii lyön,
Ja maailma unholaan jääköön

Hunter's Song

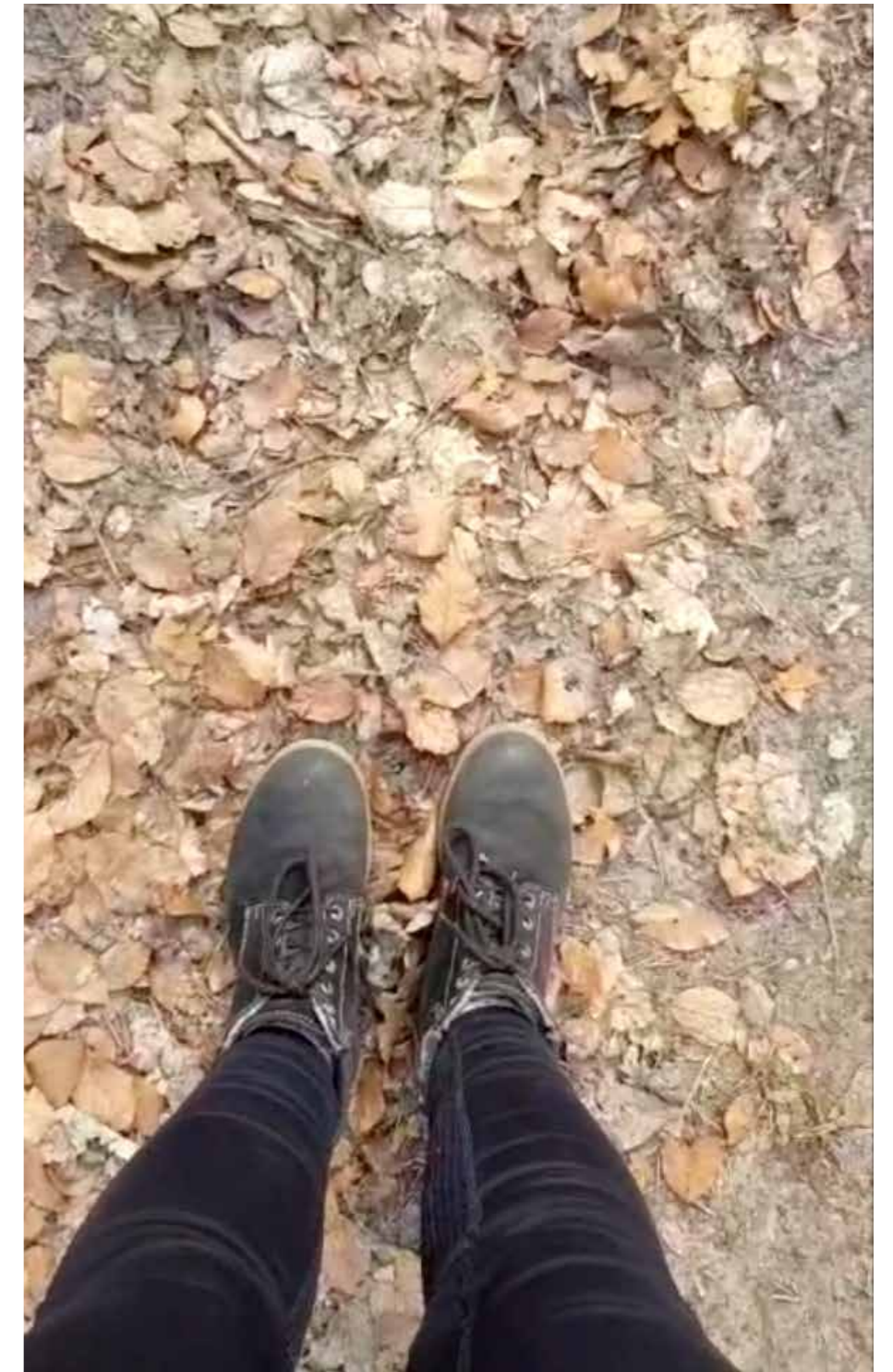
Hello, forest, hello, mountain
Hello, the king of the forest!
This is your daughter noble and young
He appears, full of power
Like the grim wind of a fell

The daughter of the forest I want to be
The hero of the rough sprucewood
On Tapiola's fields
I wrestle with a bear
And the world is forgotten

Lovely here is the peace
Valiant here is the fight
Storm goes and the forest roars
The long one (refers to lightning, I think) hits fire
And spruce crashes down

The daughter of the forest I want to be
The hero of the rough sprucewood
On Tapiola's fields
I wrestle with a bear
And the world is forgotten

I like this song because it makes me think about the nature in Kuusamo, northern Finland, where I grew up. There are still areas in Kuusamo which are in natural state, wilderness, free of human touch. All the nature's and weather's elements are very present. The song also makes me think of the previous Finnish generations who lived as part of nature without modern comforts, they had to know and respect nature to survive. The lyrics also has some old language and words that are not so commonly used anymore, it is quite nostalgic song.



**Promenons-nous dans les bois Let's
Let`s walk in the woods**

**Proposal from Ellen Lubič, France
video & vocals: Ellen Lubič, France**

Promenons-nous dans les bois
Pendant que le loup n'y est pas
Si le loup y était
Il nous mangerait
Mais comme il n'y est pas
Il nous mangera pas
Loup y es-tu ? Entends-tu ? Que fais-tu ?

Le loup :
Je mets ma culotte

Promenons-nous dans les bois
Pendant que le loup n'y est pas
Si le loup y était
Il nous mangerait
Mais comme il n'y est pas
Il nous mangera pas
Loup y es-tu ? Entends-tu ? Que fais-tu ?

Le loup :
Je mets mes chaussettes

Promenons-nous dans les bois
Pendant que le loup n'y est pas
Si le loup y était
Il nous mangerait
Mais comme il n'y est pas
Il nous mangera pas
Loup y es-tu ? Entends-tu ? Que fais-tu ?

Le loup :
Je mets ma chemise

Promenons-nous dans les bois
Pendant que le loup n'y est pas
Si le loup y était
Il nous mangerait
Mais comme il n'y est pas
Il nous mangera pas
Loup y es-tu ? Entends-tu ? Que fais-tu ?

Le loup :
C'est bon j'arrive j'arrive

Let's take a walk in the woods
While the wolf is away
If the wolf was there
He'd eat us
But since it's not
He won't eat us
Wolf, are you there? Can you hear? What do you do?

The wolf:
I'm putting on my panties

Let's take a walk in the woods
While the wolf is away
If the wolf was there
He'd eat us
But since it's not
He won't eat us
Wolf, are you there? Can you hear? What do you do?

The wolf:
I'm putting on my socks

Let's take a walk in the woods
While the wolf is away
If the wolf was there
He'd eat us
But since it's not
He won't eat us
Wolf, are you there? Can you hear? What do you do?

The wolf:
I'm putting on my shirt

Let's take a walk in the woods
While the wolf is away
If the wolf was there
He'd eat us
But since it's not
He won't eat us
Wolf, are you there? Can you hear? What do you do?

Wolf:
I'm coming, I'm coming

I grew up bilingual (French/German). Translated into German, the song would be comparable to the song „Who is afraid of the bogeyman“. As a child, this song was very exciting and fun! Every walk in the woods became an adventure and the hours flew by!



Canción de caminantes / Wayfarers' song

song by María Elena Walsh

Proposal from Patricia Pisani, Argentina
Video and vocals: Patricia Pisani, Argentina

Porque el camino es árido y desalienta
Porque tenemos miedo de andar a tientas
Porque esperando a solas poco se alcanza
Valen mas dos temores que una esperanza

Dame la mano y vamos ya
Dame la mano y vamos ya

Si por delicadeza perdí mi vida
Quiero ganar la tuya por decidida
Porque el silencio es cruel, peligroso el viaje
Yo te doy mi canción, tu me das coraje

Dame la mano y vamos ya
Dame la mano y vamos ya

Ánimo nos daremos a cada paso
Ánimo compartiendo la sed y el vaso
Ánimo que aunque hallamos envejecido
Siempre el dolor parece recién nacido

Dame la mano y vamos ya
Dame la mano y vamos ya

Porque la vida es poca la muerte mucha
Porque no hay guerra, pero sigue la lucha
Siempre nos separaron los que dominan
Pero sabemos que hoy eso se termina

Dame la mano y vamos ya
Dame la mano y vamos ya
Dame la mano y vamos ya
Dame la mano y vamos ya
Dame la mano y vamos ya
Dame la mano y vamos ya

Because the road is barren and discouraging
Because we are afraid to grope our way
Because waiting alone will achieve little
Two fears are worth more than one hope

Give me your hand and let's go now
Give me your hand and let's go now

If for delicacy I lost my life
I want to win yours for decidedly
Because silence is cruel, the journey is dangerous
I give you my song, you give me courage

Give me your hand and let's go now
Give me your hand and let's go now

I'll give you my song, you give me courage
Courage sharing the thirst and the glass
I'll give you courage that even though we've grown old
Pain always seems like a newborn

Give me your hand and let's go now
Give me your hand and let's go now

Because life is little and death is much
Because there is no war, but the fight goes on
We have always been separated by those who dominate
But we know that today that ends

Give me your hand and let's go now
Give me your hand and let's go now
Give me your hand and let's go now
Give me your hand and let's go now
Give me your hand and let's go now
Give me your hand and let's go now

María Elena Walsh was an Argentinian poet, writer, singer, composer, playwright and journalist who wrote many songs for children. The song „Wayfarers´song“ has the poetically expressed message of walking together to be stronger against those in power.



Remedium / To get on a random train

song by Maryla Rodowicz

**Proposal from Alicja Kujawska, Poland
vocals: Alicja Kujawska, Poland
video: Angela Lubič, Germany**

Światem zaczęła rządzić jesień
Topi go w żółci i czerwieni
A ja tak pragnę czemu nie wiem
Uciec pociągiem od jesieni

Uciec pociągiem od przyjaciół
Wrogów rachunków telefonów
Nie trzeba długo się namyślać
Wystarczy tylko wybiec z domu i

:| Wsiąść do pociągu byle jakiego
Nie dbać o bagaż nie dbać o bilet
Ściskając w ręku kamyk zielony
Patrzeć jak wszystko zostaje w tyle |:

W taką podróż chcę wyruszyć
Gdy podły nastrój i pogoda
Zostawić łóżko ciebie szafę
Niczego mi nie będzie szkoda

Zegary staną niepotrzebne
Pogubię wszystkie kalendarze
W taką podróż chcę wyruszyć
Tylko czy kiedyś się odważę

Wsiąść do pociągu byle jakiego
Nie dbać o bagaż nie dbać o bilet
Ściskając w ręku kamyk zielony
Patrzeć jak wszystko zostaje w tyle

Autumn has started to rule the world
It drowns the world in the yellow and red
and I don't know why I want to
escape from the autumn by train

To escape by train from friends,
enemies, bills, phone calls.
It doesn't need a lot of thinking it over.
You just need to run out of the house and

:| To get on a random train
Don't care about the luggage, don't care about the ticket
Squeezing a green pebble in your hand
Watching as everything remains behind |:

I want to embark on such a journey
when the mood and weather are bad
To leave the bed, you, the wardrobe
I will not feel sorry for anything.

Needless clocks will stop
I will lose all calendars
I want to embark on such a journey
but will I ever be brave enough?

:| To get on a random train
Don't care about the luggage, don't care about the ticket
Squeezing a green pebble in your hand
Watching as everything remains behind |:



[矢野顯子 / Yashi no mi / Coconut

Lyricist: SHIMAZAKI, Touson

Composer: OONAKA, Toraji, in 1936

Proposal from Haruka Kobayashi, Japan/Germany

vocals: Haruka Kobayashi, Japan/Germany

Video: Ahmad Azar, Iran/Germany

名も知らぬ 遠き鳥より
流れ寄る 椰子の実一
故郷の 岸を離れて
汝はそも 波に幾月
旧の樹は 生いや茂れる
枝はなお 影をやなせる
われもまた 渚を枕
ひとり身の 浮寝の旅ぞ

実をとりて 胸にあつれば
新たなり 流離の憂い
海の日 沈むを見れば
激り落つ 異郷の涙

思いやる 八重の汐々
いずれの日にか 国に帰らん
椰子の実一つ 椰子の実一つ

From a distant island that does not even know the name
One coconut has been washed away
Far from hometown coast
How long have you been shaken by the waves?

The born tree will be in good health
The branches will still be thick enough to make shadows
I like sleeping on the beach just like you
I am traveling alone, not making a family

I tried to put the coconut on my chest.
I felt the loneliness that has flown far.
I saw the sunset set in the sea,
My tears came to my head when I was in an unknown place

I think it is a wave come and return
One day I want to go back home

Such beautiful words, so sad, so full of love.

This song describes a traveler who finds a coconut that drifted from an island far away, and thinks of his hometown.

During the war, it became popular among Japanese soldiers.



**Jak dobrze nam zdobywać góry /
How well we conquer mountains**

**Proposal from Izabella Goldstein, Poland/Germany
vocals: Izabella Goldstein, Poland/Germany
video: Angela Lubič, Germany**

Jak dobrze nam zdobywać góry
I młodą piersią chłonać wiatr
Prężnymi stopy deptać chmury
I palce ranić o szczyt Tatr

:| Mieć w uszach szum
Strumieni śpiew
A w żyłach rozświetnioną krew
Hejże hej hejże ha
Żyjmy więc póki czas
Bo kto wie bo kto wie
Kiedy znowu ujrzę was |:

Jak dobrze nam głęboką nocą
Wędrować jasną wstęgą szos
Patrzeć jak gwiazdy niebo złocą
I czekać co przyniesie los

:| Mieć w uszach szum
Strumieni śpiew
A w żyłach rozświetnioną krew
Hejże hej hejże ha
Żyjmy więc póki czas
Bo kto wie bo kto wie
Kiedy znowu ujrzę was |:

Jak dobrze nam po wielkich szczytach
Wracać w doliny w progi swe
Przyjaciół jasne twarze witać
O młoda duszo raduj się

:| Mieć w uszach szum
Strumieni śpiew
A w żyłach rozświetnioną krew
Hejże hej hejże ha
Żyjmy więc póki czas
Bo kto wie bo kto wie
Kiedy znowu ujrzę was |:

How good it is for us to climb mountains
And with our young breasts to soak up the wind
And with our feet to tread the clouds
And with our toes to scrape the peaks of the Tatras

:| To have in their ears the hum
Streams singing
And the blood in my veins is rushing
Hey hey hey hey ha
So let's live while there's time
Because who knows
When I'll see you again |:

How good it is for us in the deep night
To wander along the bright ribbon of roads
To watch the stars gild the sky
And wait to see what fate brings

:| To have in their ears the hum
Streams singing
And the blood in my veins is rushing
Hey hey hey hey ha
So let's live while there's time
Because who knows
When I'll see you again |:

How good it is for us after great summits
To return to the valleys on our doorstep
To greet our friends with bright faces
O young soul, rejoice

:| To have in their ears the hum
Streams singing
And the blood in my veins is rushing
Hey hey hey hey ha
So let's live while there's time
Because who knows
When I'll see you again |:



Ella luno bussó

**Proposal from Sabrina Baldacchini, Italy
vocals: Sabrina Baldacchini, Italy
video: Angela Lubič, Germany**

E la luna bussò alle porte del buio
„Fammi entrare“, lui rispose di no

E la luna bussò dove c'era il silenzio
Ma una voce sguaiata disse „Non è più tempo“

Quindi spalancò le finestre del vento e se ne andò
A cercare un po' più in là
Qualche cosa da fare
Dopo avere pianto un po'
Per un altro no, per un altro no
Che le disse il mare
Che le disse il mare

E la luna bussò su due occhiali da sole
Quello sguardo non si accorse di lei
Ed allora provò ad un party in piscina
Senza invito non entra nemmeno la luna

Quindi rotolò su champagne e caviale e se ne andò
A cercare un po' più in là
Qualche cosa da fare
Dopo avere pianto un po' per un altro no
Per un altro no di un cameriere

E allora giù
Quasi per caso
Più vicino ai marciapiedi
Dove è vero quel che vedi
E allora giù
Senza bussare
Tra le ciglia di un bambino
Per potersi addormentare

E allora giù
Fra stracci e amore
Dove è un lusso la fortuna
C'è bisogno della luna
E allora giù
Giù, giù

E allora giù
Quasi per caso
Più vicino ai marciapiedi
Dove è vero quel che vedi
E allora giù, giù
Senza bussare
Tra le ciglia di un bambino

Per potersi addormentare
E allora giù
Fra stracci e amore
Dove è un lusso la fortuna
C'è bisogno della luna

E allora giù
Giù
Giù, giù, giù, giù
Giù

And the moon knocked on the doors of darkness
„Let me in“, he answered no

And the moon knocked where there was silence
But a booming voice said „It's no longer time“

So he threw open the windows of the wind and
went away
To look a little further
Some things to do
After crying a little for another no
That the sea told her
That the sea told her

And the moon knocked on two sunglasses
That look didn't notice her
And then she tried a pool party
Without an invitation not even the moon enters

So she rolled on champagne and caviar and left
To look a little further
Something to do
After crying a little for another no
For another no from a waiter

And then down
Almost by chance
Closer to the pavements
Where it's true what you see
And then down
Without knocking
Between the eyelashes of a child
To fall asleep

And then down
Among rags and love
Where fortune is a luxury
You need the moon
And then down
Down, down

And then down
Almost by chance
Closer to the pavements
Where it's true what you see
And then down, down
Without knocking
Between the eyelashes of a child

So that you can fall asleep
And then down
Among rags and love
Where fortune is a luxury
You need the moon

And then down
Down
Down, down, down
Down

This song makes me cry. I remember it from the 50ies



Dawno, Dawno / A long, long time ago

**Proposal from Irina Becker, Poland
vocals & video: Irina Becker and her sister Krystyna Koronkiewicz,
Poland and Canada**

Dawno, dawno,

ile to już będzie lat?

Pustym stepem po bogactwo szliśmy w świat.

Dzisiaj mamy kapelusze pełne dziur,

starą derkę, lichego pasa, przetarty sznur.

Blednie noc, milczy step,

wstaje dzień w gęstej mgle.

A long, long time ago,

how many years has it been?

We walked the empty steppe for riches into the world.

Today we have hats full of holes,

An old blanket, a flimsy belt, a worn out rope.

The night fades, the steppe falls silent,

the day rises in a thick fog.

Unfortunately, we see each other very rarely. Last year, our sister died and we cried a lot, but we also laughed and sang a lot. We sang this song for our sister.



**Wędrowali szewcy /
Shoemakers were wandering**

Proposal from Alicja Kujawska, Poland
vocals: Alicja Kujawska, Poland
video: Angela Lubič, Germany

Wędrowali szewcy przez zielony las,

Nie mieli pieniędzy, ale mieli czas.

Wędrowali rypcium pypcium

I śpiewali rypcium pypcium,

Nie mieli pieniędzy, ale mieli czas.

Wędrowali krawcy przez zielony las,

Nie mieli pieniędzy, ale mieli czas.

Wędrowali rypcium pypcium

I śpiewali rypcium pypcium,

Nie mieli pieniędzy, ale mieli czas.

Wędrowali kupcy przez zielony las,

Nie mieli pieniędzy, ale mieli czas.

Wędrowali rypcium pypcium

I śpiewali rypcium pypcium,

Nie mieli pieniędzy, ale mieli czas.

The cobblers wandered through the green forest,

They had no money, but they had time.

They wandered by rhyming pypcium

And they sang rypcium pypcium,

They had no money, but they had time.

They wandered the tailors through the green forest,

They had no money, but they had time.

They wandered by rhyme pypcium pypcium

And they sang rypcium pypcium,

They had no money, but they had time.

Wandered the merchants through the green forest,

They had no money, but they had time.

They wandered by rhyme pypcium pypcium

And they sang rypcium pypcium,

They had no money, but they had time.

