

Touré Kunda (Senegal)
Track 1 – “Fatou Yo” (I Am Fatou)

Mandango

Fatou yo su diadialano
Fatou Faye Faye Fatou
Fatou klema oundio
Fatou yo si diadialano

Boutou mbele Boutou mbele
O mami sera
O mami casse

Ja cana canfa boulodi
Foyer zorola sodiaye
Sodia sodia ina gambia
Coco inako soyango

English

I am Fatou, the pretty Fatou
Oh Fatou
Like all the children of the world
I am lucky to have this pretty name

I am happy and will surely grow up
I will grow up like everybody else
Like the little elephants and the little
Giraffes that I will always love

They will all sing with me and with you
Sing with me
Fatou saye!
Saye Fatou!

Colibri (Chile/USA)
Track 2 – La Mariposa (The Butterfly)

Spanish

Vengan a cantar la morenada
Que empieza a sonar
Como el vuelo de una mariposa
Vamos todos a bailar
Con las manos
Con los pies
La morenada

English

Come and sing the morenada
That begins to play
Like the flight of a butterfly
We will all dance
With our hands
With our feet
The morenada

Cedella Marley & Taj Mahal (Jamaica/USA)
Track 3 – Three Little Birds

Chorus:

Don't worry about a thing
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright
Don't worry about a thing
'Cause every little thing is gonna be a alright

Rise up this morning
Smile with the rising sun
Three little birds sit by my doorstep
Singin' sweet songs of melodies pure and true
Singing, "This is my message to you!"

Trevor Adamson (Australia)
Track 4 – Nyanpi Matilda (Waltzing Matilda)

Pitjantjatjara
Ultja-tjara kutju urungka ngura tjunu kulpingka
Wiltsa uninga panya
Munu nyakula inkagi billy pailirytjaku
Nyuntu Matilda nyanpi ngayula

Chorus:
Nyanpi Matilda nyanpi Matilda
Nyuntu Matilda nyanpi ngayula
Munu nyakula inkangi billy pailirinytjaku
Nyuntu Matilda nyanpi ngayula

Tjip Kutju wirkanu mina tijikintijikitja
Watingu pakara witinu munu
Yakutjangka tjunkula pukultu
Inkangi nyuntu Matilda nyanpi ngayula

(Chorus)

Mayatja pitjangu nyanytjunga tatiralta
Pulitjamjnu kulu one, two, three
Nganakun tjipi ultjangka tjarpa tjunu
Nyuntu Matilda nyanpi ngayula

(Chorus)

Watingku wangkara wankanin witalwiya
Urungka warara katingu munu kuruntu
Kuwari urungka wangka nyilta
Nyuntu Matilda nyanpi ngayula

Chorus:
Nyanpi Matilda nyanpi Matilda
Nyuntu Matilda nyanpi ngayula
Muny krunutu kumari urungka wangkanyilta
Nyunta Matilda nyapi ngayula

English

Once a jolly swagman* camp'd by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah* tree,
And he sang as he watch'd and waited till his billy* boiled,
"Who'll come a' waltzing Matilda with me?"

Chorus:

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda,
You'll come a' waltzing Matilda with me.
And he sang as he watch'd and waited till his billy boiled,
You'll come a' waltzing Matilda with me.

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong.*
Up jump'd the swagman and grabbed him with glee.
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck* in his tuckerbag,*
"You'll come a' waltzing Matilda with me."

(Chorus)

Up came the squatter* mounted in his thoroughbred.
Down came the troopers, one, two, three.
"Whose that jolly jumbuck you've got in you tucker bag?
You'll come a' waltzing Matilda with me."

(Chorus)

Up jump'd the swagman, sprang into the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive" said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
"You'll come a' waltzing Matilda with me."

(Chorus)

Up jump'd the swagman, sprang into the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive" said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong
"You'll come a' waltzing Matilda with me."

(Chorus)

Swagman = hobo
Billy = water
Billabong = waterhole
Coolibah = type of tree
Jumbuck = young sheep
Tuckerbag = food sack

Teresa Doyle (Canada)
Track 5 – Home by Barna

In Scarlateglen there lived a lass
And every morning after mass
She would go and take a glass
Before going home by Barna
We won't go home along the road
For fear that we might tax the rogue
We won't go home along the road
We'll go home by Barna

We won't go home across the fields
The big thorn needles will stick in our heels
We won't go home across the fields
We'll go home by Barna
We won't go home the milk boreen*
The night is bright we might be seen
We won't go home the milk boreen
We'll go home by Barna

We won't go home along the bay
The tinker's * camp is on the way
We won't go home along the bay
We'll go home by Barna
We won't go home along the main
The swoogh is sure to rise again
We won't go home along the main
We'll go home by Barna

We won't go home along the shore
For fear we hear the banshee roar
We won't go home along the shore
For fear we hear the banshee roar
We won't go home along the shore
We'll go home by Barna
We won't go home along the strand
We might disturb the fairy band
We won't go home along the strand
We'll go home by Barna

Milk boreen = cow path

Tinkers = the traveling folk in Ireland, much like the Gypsies

Buckwheat Zydeco (USA)
Track 6 – Mardi Gras Mambo

Down in New Orleans
Where the blues was born
It takes a cool cat
To blow a horn
On Lasalie and Pampart Street
The combo plays with the mambo beat

Chorus:
Mardi gras mambo, mambo, mambo
Mardi gras mambo, mambo, mambo
Mardi gras mambo down in New Orleans

In a grey town where the cats all meet
They mardi gras mambo, with the beat
Jolly Chief was the Zulu king
And truck on down to the mambo swing

Glykeria (Greece) Track 7 – Tik Tik Tak

Greek

Tik tik tiki tiki tak Kani I kardia mou
San se vlepo Na dia venis
Tik tik tiki tiki tak
Thelo pouli mou
No mandevo pou pigenis

Thelo pouli mou na se rotiso
Fovoume mi se disarestiso
Giati otan sou milo
Archizi tis kardias

To tiki tiki tiki tak
Tik tik tiki tiki tak Kani I kardia mou
San me gelio
Me kitazis
Tik tik tiki tiki tak
Trelo pouli mou
Ama panda me pirazis

English

Tik tik tiki tiki tak goes my heartbeat
When I see you pass by
Tik tik tiki tiki tak
I want, my sweet-bird
To guess where you are going

My sweet-bird
I want to ask you
But I am afraid of displeasing you
Why, when I speak to you
My heart starts beating

Tik tik tiki tiki tak
It's my heartbeat
When you look at me laughing
Tik tik tiki tiki tak
My crazy sweet-bird
When you tease me

Manu Chao (France) Track 8 – Bongo Bong

Mama was queen of the mambo
Papa was king of the Congo
Deep down in the jungle
I started bangin' my first bongo
Every monkey'd like to be
In my place instead of me
'Cause I'm the king of bongo baby
I'm the king of bongo bong

I went to the big town
Where there is a lot of sound
From the jungle to the city
Looking for a bigger crown
So I play my boogie
For the people of big city
But they don't go crazy
When I'm banging on my boogie

I'm the king of the bongo, king of the bongo bong
Hear me when I come, baby
King of the bongo, king of the bongo bong

They say that I'm a clown
Making too much dirty sound
They say there is no place
For little monkey in this town
Nobody'd like to be
In my place instead of me
'Cause nobody go crazy
When I'm banging on my boogie

(Chorus)

Banging on my bongo
All that swing belongs to me
I'm so happy there's nobody
In my place instead of me
I'm a king without a crown
Hanging loose in a big town

But I'm the king of bongo baby
I'm the king of bongo bong

Ricardo Lemvo & Makina Loca (Congo)
Track 9 – Boom Boom Tarara

Spanish

Mi primo de Nueva York
Dice que es una mentira
Porque la bomba es de Puerto Rico

Dice que allí en Miami
Hay rumba en Calle Ocho
Esto yo no lo dudo
Pero la timba es de l'Havana

Chorus:
Oye hermanito
Prepararme los cueros
Hay viene bomba boom boom
Y esta bomba no es de Boston

Para mi gente en Santo Domingo
Colombia y Venezuela
Le traigo bomba boom boom
Con todito meu corazao

Por eso yo te repito
Prepararme los cueros
Hay viene bomba boom boom
Y lo canto par el mundo entero

(Chorus 2x)

Mama aye
Boom boom tarara, boom boom
Papa aye
Boom boom tarara, boom boom

English

My cousin in New York
Says that there is bomba in Manhattan
I tell him it's a lie
Because the bomba is from Puerto Rico

He says that down in Miami

There's a rumba in Calle Ocho

I don't doubt it
But timba is from Havana

Chorus:
Listen, little brother
Prepare them drum skins
Here comes bomba boom boom
And this bomba is not from Boston

For my people in Santo Domingo
Colombia and Venezuela
I bring you bomba boom boom
With all of my heart

That's why I say again
Prepare the drum skins
Here comes bomba boom boom
And I sing for the whole world

(Chorus 2x)

Mama aye
Boom boom tarara boom boom
Papa aye
Boom boom tarara, boom boom

Nazaré Pereira (Brazil)
Track 10 – Bonjour Pra Você (Good Morning to You)

Portugese & Patuá

Fui em Clevelândia do Norte
Do meu quiredo Amapá
Mas la o frio era forte
Eu precisava esquentar

Atravessei Diuba
Atravessei Diuba
Para o lado francês
Pra tomar um tafiá

E quando chequei la
Falei meu português
Mochê nau entendeu
Eu falei un poquinho francês

Chorus:
Bonjour mochê (mochê)
Como ca va (ca va)
Vou bien merci (merci)
Mochê comme
esta (comme esta)

Mochê vem tomar
Um taflá-amubui

English

I went to Clevelândia do Norte*
In my lovely Amapá,*
But it was really cold there
And I needed to get warm.

I crossed Diuba,*
I crossed Diuba
Into the French side
To drink a Tafiá.*

When I got there
I spoke Portugese.
Mochê could not understand me,
So I spoke some French:

Chorus:

“Good morning mochê,” (good morning)

“How are you?” (how are you)

“I am doing well, thank you! (thank you)

And how about you?” (and you?)

“Mochê* let’s go drink

Some tafiá-amubui*”

Clevelândia do Norte = A Brazilian town on the border with French Guiana.

Amapá = The Brazilian state bordering French Guiana.

Diuba = The river which sets the border between Brazil and French Guiana.

Tafiá = A typical Brazilian drink made by the Indians to get warm

Mochê = “Sir” in French Guianese dialect.

Tafiá –Amubuí = A typical French Guianese drink

Shlomo Gronich and the Sheba Choir (Ethiopia & Israel)
Track 11 – Zichronot M' Africa (Memories of Africa)

Hebrew

Nichnasnu l'tzeepor g'dola im knafyim mee-barzel,
Eema ktsat bachta v'aba rov hazman shatak.
Achar kach hu amar lee: ben, hachutza tistakel,
Achchav shamayim ananim, ba-sof zeh eretz Yisrael.

Basefer has'farim catuv shehee tova,
Chalav efshar lishtot sham m'toch ha'adama.
Avraham aveenu asa bah et habreet,
Umekomenu sham, Elohim al zeh hichlit.

Nichnasnu l'tzeepor g'dola im knafayim mee-barzel,
Eema ktsat bachta v'aba rov hazman shatak.
Hu yada shekol ma sheh haya holech l'hishtanot,
Shalom lach Africa, hakol b'yom echad nimchak.

Hayom hu m'chapes poh et Yitschak aveenu,
Midaber k'tsat lifamin al ha'aretz ba ha'eenu.
Mazkir sheh lo haya sham tov, et zeh anee yode'a,
Ach b'einav anee ro'eh, hu k'tsat mitga'age'a.

Nichnasu l'tzeepor g'dola im knafayim mee-barzel,
Eema ktsat bachta v'aba rov hazman shatak.
Hadlet nis'gara al kol ma sheh haya,
Zichronot m' Africa shel ra'av ve'shel avak.

English

We stepped into a great big bird
With enormous iron wings
Mama softly cried, and papa never said a thing
Then once he turned to me and said
"Son, take a look around
Although the sky is full of clouds
You'll soon see Israel on the ground."

The Bible says the land is very good and sweet
It flows with milk and honey
From every mountain peak

Sometimes, he speaks to me
Of the land we used to live in

Reminding me of hardships there
Of dust and drought he tells
But how he's longing in his eyes
I can see very well

Eric Bibb & Needed Time with the Deacons (USA)
Track 12– Just Keep Goin' On

Chorus:

Just keep goin' on
Just keep goin' on
Just keep goin' on
Just keep goin' on

Take every knock as a boost
And every stumbling block as a stepping stone
Lift up your head and hold your own
Just keep goin' on

(Chorus)

I say to every young woman
Also to every young man
Some times you get discouraged
Don't stop and wring your hands
Your privilege cannot be taken
Your rights cannot be banned
If someone like me can make it
I know you can