

Poems in Sardinian Language

performance

by Barbara Loi



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Poems in Sardinian languages and translation

SU SCIALLU E MAMMA MIA

*Premia rioria
du tengu in su coru
su sciallu de mamma
Du castiu e d'onoru
poita appu biu
su marl e su scelu
torren(li {d) ess'arriu,
c'un tui cantendi*

*mu ttos de amori
ogni peccadori
non torriri a peccai.*

*Ogni peccadori
non .pecchiri prusu
poita su perd on u
in Issu ari agatau
de su logu mau
sarvau sia ggiai.*

*Can tara, e su sciallu
con is frocchitus suus
unu ballu fariant(a)
torrendi abbasti e assusu.*

*Unu ballu fariant(a)
e tui mamma cara
a manu pigara
su coru m'alirgasta
unu pensieru mau,
mi fuiri e sa menti
bolibeni a sa genti
e tottus is fraris tuusu*

*A tottus is fraris tuus
tui bisi custu sciallu
su soli esti giallu
calori t(i) ara donai.*

*E intantu cantasta
e su cantu tuu
no mindappai a' 'scaresci prusu.*

*Gioia, dolori bessiri,
pensendirf bia e morta
(sudariu moi du portara)
manta nieda du portara
su coru miu anuggiau
chi sciallu tantu amau
non poriri asciutai
lacrimas sconfurtaras
comenti is dis passaras.*

The shawl of my mother

precious jewel I keep it in my heart
Mom's shawl
I look at it and I honor it
because I saw the sea and the sky
coming back from the river with you
singing love songs
and you said, every sinner -
do not return to sin
let every sinner sin no more
because forgiveness in him found from
bad place will be saved
he sang, and the shawl with its bangs did
a dance coming back up and down a
dance he did
and you mother dear
by hand gripping my heart you cheer me
up a bad thought escapes from the mind
try to love the people and all your
brothers
To all your brothers
you see this shawl the sun is yellow
warmth will give you
and meanwhile singing and your singing
I will never forget it
joy and sorrow comes out thinking you
alive and dead shroud now has it
My heart saddened that the shawl so
loved can not dry
Discouraged tears
Like the days gone by

S'amori (d) esu pastori

*Freri miu delicau de candu t'appu biu
non pozzu abbarra chietu su coru m'as
pigau
de amori es (t) sconsolau, stella mia
noria
s'amori esti follia (macchiori)
o arregoni pru mana? Setziu
in sa terra prana
sa boxi tuavintendu
o funti campanedas de*

angionis(i) pascendi
castiu unu frori nou
spuntendi est'a sa vida
sa cara tua amada
m'apparidi a sa vista
de custu coru miu
arroghedu, arroghedu
ti du mandu in sa biddu
e tui in unu ricamu
de amori e teneresa
unu bistiri fais(i)
po ti fai cumpangia candu
ses(i) trista e anuggia
allirgari o pippia
druci arrosa de maiu
s'arriu t'esti portendi
s'alieno e su coraggiu
s'amori e su perdonu
de custu coru bonu
buffa cust'acqua frisca
chi siri t'ara asciuttai
non ti scoraggi mai
Su manti est(i) una titta
bianca de latti friscu
su xelu cu is sai istellas suas
luxinti comenti samirara tua
su soli in sas'aurora
de oru tottus is cosas
fairi diventai
comenti su toccai
da manus tuas graziosas
o sposa mia donosa
prestu apa torrai
boghendiri e su coru
affanusu e tristesa
contendi seu is diis!
Unu solittu (d) e canna
cun arrinegu fazzu
po incantai su coru
chi curriri
comenti cuaddu in piana
aspettami pippia aspetta
drugi e calma

The love of the Pastor

My delicate flower since I saw you I can
not remain quiet my heart you took me
and of love and disconsolate,
my honored star -
love is madness
or a greater reason
Sitting on the flat earth
I hear your voice
or are the bells of grazing lambs I look at
a new flower
That is coming to life your beloved face
appears in the sight
of my heart, little piece, little piece I send
it to you in the country
And you in an embroidery of love and
tenderness, when you are sad and
discouraged rejoice child
sweet rose of maggie the river is bringing
you
my breath and my courage love and
forgiveness
of this good heart drink this fresh water
that thirst will dry you never be
discouraged,
the mountain is a white udder
of fresh milk
the sky with its stars shine like your gaze
the sun of dawn
makes all the houses become golden as
the touch
Of your graceful hands O my
discouraged bride I'll be back soon to
take away your pain and sadness
I'm counting the days a reed pipe
I make myself to enchant the heart that is
running
Like a horse on the plain wait for me
baby
Stay sweet and calm

Cantu a boxi noa

*Cantu a boxi noa
Su cantu e sa terra mia
E in arregordu
Cantu a sa vida •
De tempus prus allirgus Candu
su coro e su poeta Biviada imbruscinau
de arena
Benerittas, aundi is aquas
Die nottl scioliant cantus a sa vida
Finzas a lompi a is portas de su celu
E benerittus tot'is fueddus
Surcaus de luxi forti
Cun sa speranza chi lom pant
A origas de Deus.*

*Cantu, con ogus limpius, de speranza
Chi maimorrara custu selitimentu
Aundi funti prenasjs'ariae is arrius
Chi hant allogai su verbu
ITe s' imitna tua eterna.*

Song at new voice

I sing with a new voice the song of my
land
and in the memory I sing to the life of the
happiest times
when the heart of the poet
lived covered with blessed earth where
the waters
day and night
melted songs to life until they reached
to the gates of heaven
And blessed are all the words ploughed
by strong light with the hope
That they reach the ears of God
I sing with eyes full of hope
that never dies this feeling where the air
and the rivers are full that have kept the
word of your eternal soul