

Francis Xavier Oliveira
1971
Gitam Jhelo. Garland of Songs.
Mandos and Dulpodas. Book 1.

Printed by
B.X. Furtado & Sons
Dhobitalao, Bombay (Mumbai)

Aiz hem pustok uzvaddak kaddunk amkam vholdd sontos ani obhinam bhogta. Ami rauntav Konkani Bhas uloitole ani ti apli Maim-bhas mhunn manum ghetele hem pustok khoxalkaien vapuddtole mhunn. Ami amchea Goeant muntam: “Xiumtim mogrim ghe rê tuka, Sukh ani sontos dhi rê maca.”

Miho Lee has defined the “musical form” of all the *deknnis*, *dulpods* and *mandos* on this website. She was born in Seoul, Korea. She studied music at the Seoul National University and then migrated to Vienna where she studied Music-Science (Musikwissenschaft), Theatre-Science (Theaterwissenschaft) and German Studies (Germanistik) at the University of Vienna, where she graduated with an M.A. She is at present (2005) working on her Ph.D. Thesis and is also Lecturer for Korean Language and Literature at the University of Vienna.

I have not been able to contact the author Francis Xavier Oliveira nor to get his biographical data. Since this publication is no longer available for sale, I am taking the risk of publishing his research on this website and am including extracts from the preface to his “Gitam Ghelo”.

“ Ho ‘Gitam Ghelo’ porgptun anv mukhar addtam sabar borim ani koutik vinchun kaddelim Goenchim gitam, novim toxim adlim, jea udexim tim sodankal uronk anitogonk amcheam ghorabeanim. (...)”

“Maka dubau nam, jednam hem pustok ‘Gitam Ghelo’ poddot ekachea hatant, eok pattim sorchonam tachi bhett korunk apleam mogacheank:- aplea moguiak, aple potinink, apleam bhurgeank, khuinsorui tim asoun. Hea pasot, zaitoch tokos gheun ho ‘Gitam Ghelo’ toear kela sogleank to mandonk, amcheam Gitancho mog ani ugddas amcheam ghorabeani sodonkal uronk. Zaito mhunntelet hea ‘Gitam Jheleant’ zaitinch adlim podam asat. Hem khorem, punn eok jhelo kortolo zalear, tantum jinsanchim fhulam zaieo-zuieo, xinvtim-mogrim-abolim ghalchi goroz poddta, vholdik korun dom’domit fhulanchi, ani bauleam chanfeancho pormoll somponam. To urta. --- oxench angai goddta. Borim gitam, borim podam toxim dulpodam anga vinnleant, sobitai choddonk ani amchim Goenchim podam sodankal togonk, tonddar uronk, zantteam ani nentteanche motint gollonk, visor poddo nastanam. (...)”

“Ani xekim, hea mojea ‘Gitam Ghelo’ pustokar upkar attoitam team sabar Goenchim Gitam goddpeancho, zanchim nanvam acher dilean and sabar zonnanchim nan, jednam gomonam konn team gitanche goddpi te.” (...)

“Xekim, hem mojem ‘Gitam Jhelo’ bhettoitam mojea mogall ani moipaxi mam’ Professor Dr. Marian José Saldanha (de Uccassaim¹)-aka, zannem sogllem aplem jivit sarlam voir kaddunk amchi bhas – Konkani.”

The plural of *deknni* in Konkani remains the same, that of *dulpod* is *dulpodam* and that of *manddo* is *mandde*. In English it is *deknnis* and *dulpods* in the plural, *mando* in the singular and *mandos* in the plural.

¹ The village Uccassaim near Mapusa in the Taluka Bardez has the PIN Goa 403 507.

First Line of Deknnis, Dulpods and Mandos
arranged in alphabetical order

001. Adeus korcho vellu Paulo (*Mando*)
002. Aiz anv bhair sorlam (*Mando*) (+2a)
003. Alot, dolot, jelot tem ailem (*Dulpod*) (+3a)
004. Amchea sezra cheddum aslem (*Dulpod*)
005. Anjo mhunn tum sorgincho (*Mando*)
006. Cheddvanchi amizadu korcheaku (*Mando*)
007. Don-tin muinem zaletre passar (*Mando*)
008. Doriachea larari (*Mando*)
009. Dove rozericho kollo (*Mando*)
010. Eok dis bhagint anv gelolim (*Mando*)
011. Ghorantulim bhair sorlim (*Mando*)
012. Goeam Abril Maia muineant (*Mando*)
013. Irmão manank pattim dovorunum (*Mando*)
014. Kedinch chintlem naim-rê moga (*Mando*)
015. Kedinch chintunk naslolem (*Mando*)
016. Kitem bobali (*Mando*)
017. Kitem-rê khobor (*Mando*)
018. Laguim paulo-rê mhuino Maiacho (*Mando*)
019. Neketr tum uzvaddachem (*Mando*)
020. Papan sangon maka dilem (*Mando*)
021. Poilich bhatt amchi Iskolan (*Mando*)
022. Principio nixttur mojea moga (*Mando*)
023. Retrato anjea-rê sarkeacho (*Mando*)
024. Sobit kensu mannier ghaltam (*Mando*)
025. Sobit mojea bella formoza (*Mando*)
026. Sontap distai kazareanche (*Mando*)
027. Sontos bogta-rê jivako (*Mando*)
028. Sonvsar charuch-rê disancho (*Mando*)
029. Sorlam mukhar kornuchak kantar (*Mando*)
030. Tambdde rozad tuje pole (*Mando*)
031. Tedus babddo Caitan kori chintest rudan (*Mando*) (+31a)
032. Ucassaim to chodd sobit ganv (*Mando*) (*not yet translated*)
033. Ugddas eta Natalanch' ratricho (*Mando*)
034. Ugddas etoch tuzo maka (*Mando*) (*not yet translated*)

Lyrics and translation

Adeus Korcho Vellu Paulo

The time has come to say goodbye

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 70 - 71

Lyrics and Music:

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Dialogue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Adeus korcho vellu paulo,

The time has come to say goodbye.

Hem mojem kalliz-rê fapsota.

This heart of mine is crying.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Voch voche-rê roddunaka,

Go, go, my love, don't cry,

Devu feliz kortolo tuka. (bis)

God will make you happy.

Forsan adeus tumkam kortam,

I am reluctantly saying goodbye to you all,

Fugar zaun dukhanim roddotam.

I shed tears with deep emotion,

Itule martir anv bhogitam,

I am suffering such pangs of martyrdom,

Hem mojem dhuk tumkam bhettoitam. (Chusmo/ Refrain)

I am dedicating my sorrows to you all.

Sangat kabar zalear zaum,

Even though our friendship comes to an end,

Dhoni Dev feliz tuka koruum.

May God make you happy.

Tuji felecidad'chouncheak,

To see your happiness,

Rautaum-rê ami oregunum. (Chusmo/ Refrain)

We are waiting with deep pride.

+

Aiz Anv Bhair Sorlam Korunk Gainam (Goenkari)

I have come out today to sing a song

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 22 - 23

Lyrics and Music: F.X. Oliveira

Date: About 1971

Musical form: Binary

Literary form: Narrative

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Aiz anv bhair sorlam korunk gaeam,
I have come out today to sing a song,
Tumi aikat hem sintidan.
Please listen to it very carefully.
Tumi vhodd zaxeat tumchea xikpan,
You 'all may be very learned people,
Zoddun man, onod, sonvsarant.
Earning fame and applause in this world,
Kiteak upkarot xikop tumchem,
What is the use of all your studies,
Zorui Maim-dhes tumi soddlem.
If you have left your mother-land.
Sezari heun tor bhurgeak poslolem,
If the neighbour can bring up your child,
(*If you neighbour comes and adopts your child*)
Nirbhag avoi bapaichem!
How unfortunate for parents.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Visro naka ixtta,
Do not forget, my friend,
Tuzo Maim-dhes rauta,
Your motherland is waiting,
Sudarop korunk aplem,
To improve herself.
Bhair tuvem kitleim tor nanv zoddlem.
However famous you may be in a foreign country,
Goem tem Maim-dhes tujem!
Goa is your motherland!

Anga toxem tea amchea Goeam,
Here as well as in our Goa,
Goenkaram modem ekvott nam;
There is (will be) no unity among Goans,
Zorui tankam aiz konn pavonam,
If nobody comes to their aid today,
Rebekar vazouk duetam!
To play duets on a fiddle.
Torui asat vhodd sabar Goenkar,
Yet there are a great many Goans,
Sogllech mhunntat apunn liddar.
Who all say that they are leaders.
Chodd zatoch kuzner, kam'zata pirder,

*Too many cooks spoil the broth,
Dista aiz Goeant poilear!
So it seems if one looks around Goa today.*

Chusmo/ Refrain:

*Kiteim kor tum ixtta, Goem soddi naka,
Whatever you do my friend, do not leave Goa,
Portugal nhoi-rê tuka,
Portugal is not for you.
Zaitem bhair zoddlem, bangarui mell'lem,
However much you may earn abroad, be it even gold,
Mellchem nam Goem tujem!
You will not get your Goa.*

*Soglleam vattani kapaz Goenkar,
Goans are smart in every field,
Oxem mandta sogllo sonvsar,
So believes the whole world.
Cinema chitrar distat uxar,
They look so smart on the cinema screen,
Gomta Amchem Noxib pollelear.
You can tell that if you watch the film "Amchem Noxib".
Punn noxiban nam tem mellonam,
You will not get what is not destined for you.
Goeam amchea sovostkai nam,
There is no happiness in our Goa.
Vhodd zalear xikpan, zoddlear pasun man,
You may be highly educated and even earn fame,
Kelear Maim-bhaxek opman.
(What is the use of it) If you have gone against your mother tongue.*

Chusmo/ Refrain:

*Inglez, Francez xiklear, Portugezui taslear,
If you study English, French and speak fluent Portuguese,
Latinm pasun uloilear,
Even if you speak Latin,
Tem tujem dhesh, Goa, chint ixtta,
Always keep in mind that Goa is your motherland.
Konkani visro naka!
Do not forget Konkani.*

+

Alot, Dolot, Jelot Tem Ailem (Cheddum Forsugelem)
She came swaying from side to side (Francis's daughter)

Type: Dulpod

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 26 - 27

Lyrics and Music: Dioginho D'Mello. Music arranged: Cruz-Noronha

Date: About 1971

Musical form: Binary
Literary form: Narrative
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by: Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 26.05.2005

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Alot, dolot jelot ailem,
She came swaying from side to side,
Kalliz hem bhuloilem.
This enchanted my heart.
Uddot, doddot, moddot tem ailem.
She came, jumping, bending and swaying.
“Kett” korun gelem.
And suddenly she went away.

Sodanch amger tem etalem,
She would always come to our place,
Maka polleun murgott´talem,
She would blush when she looked at me,
Ani kuch korun mozo beij gheun politalem.
And she would run off after a fleeting kiss.
Cheddum Forsugelem!
Francis’s daughter!

(*Chusmo/ Refrain*)

Maka polloun tem anstalem,
She would smile when she saw me,
Mojea gopant tem bostalem,
She would snuggle in my embrace,
Maka mogare sukha, dukha mhuntalem,
She would say “You are my life and my love”
Cheddum Forsugelem!
Francis’s daughter!

(*Chusmo/ Refrain*)

Janot neson tem bonvtalem,
She would go about well dressed,
Kumpas marun tem choltalem;
She had a rhythmic walk;
Ani vaddeantleam cheddeank dolle moddtalem,
And she would wink at the boys in the village,
Cheddum Forsugelem! (*Chusmo/ Refrain*)
Francis’s daughter!

(*Chusmo/ Refrain*)

Cheddeank dektoch pisautalem,
She would go crazy when she saw boys,

Vengent dhorunk axetalem,
She would long to embrace them,
Ani Maim anv kaz´rachim zaleam mhunntalem,
She would tell her mother that she was ready for marriage
Cheddum Forsugelem! (Chusmo/ Refrain)
Francis’s daughter!

(Chusmo/ Refrain)

Kazrak tem suskartalem,
She would sigh thinking of marriage,
Mogache ulas soddtalem,
She would sigh, sighs of love,
Novre sahir zaianam mhunn koplam foddalem,
She would beat her brow when the prospective grooms did not agree,
Cheddum Forsugelem!
Francis’s daughter !

(Chusmo/ Refrain)

Zonelacher tem bostalem,
She would sit at the window,
Fantio kensancheo ghaltalem,
She would pleat her hair,
Ani vattentleam cheddeank fiunnim martalem,
She would whistle at the boys passing by,
Cheddum Forsugelem!
Francis’s daughter!

(Chusmo/ Refrain)

Cheddvam lagim zogoddtalem,
She would quarrel with other girls,
Kensteank dhorun aloitalem,
She would shake them by the hair,
Novre tumkanch koxe-te bultat mhunntalem,
“Why should boys be attracted only to you“ she would say,
Cheddum Forsugelem!
Francis’s daughter!

(Chusmo/ Refrain)

Cotrinanger tem vetalem,
She would go to Catherine’s house,
Taka khobor tem sangtalem,
She would tell her the news,
Ani guddantlim tantiam chorun polltalem,
She would go off with the eggs from the hen coop,
Cheddum Forsugelem!
Francis’s daughter!

(Chusmo/ Refrain)

+

Amchea Sezra Cheddum Aslem (Cheddum Kongreanchem)

In our neighbourhood there was a girl (A flirty girl)

Type: Dulpod

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 60 - 61

Lyrics and Music: Dioginho D´Mello. Music arranged: Marian Rodrigues

Date: About 1971

Musical form: Binary

Literary form: Narrative/ Dialogue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by: Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 26.05.2005

Amchea sezra cheddum aslem,

There was a girl in our neighbourhood,

Novreank dektoch tem bhultalem;

When she saw a young man she would become passionate;

Fakannani tor vincharlem,

If she was asked jokingly,

Vincharteleak tem hem sangtalem:

She would reply in this way to the interrogator:

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Lover: Tuka moche zai bai?

Do you want shoes my girl?

Girl: Te naka maka:

No, I do not want any:

Lover: Tuka chepem ditam.

I will give you a hat.

Girl: Tem naka maka.

No, I do not want it.

Lover: Tuka lipstick zai bai?

Do you want a lipstick, my girl?

Girl: Ti naka maka.

No, I do not want it.

Lover: Tuka beijo ditam.

I will give you a kiss.

Girl: To zai maka!

I would like that !

Oxem sodanch tem kortalem,

She would always act in this way,

Novreank dektoch murgott´talem;

When she saw young men she would become passionate;

Kasfis neson tem bonvtalem,

She would go about smartly dressed,

Novrean dortoch, tem lojetalem:

When she was hugged by a young man, she felt shy (pretended to feel shy):

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Lover: Tuka powder zai bai`?

Do you want powder, my girl?

Girl: To naka maka.

No, I do not want it.

Lover: Tuka vistid ditam.

I will give you a dress.

Girl: To naka maka.

I do not want it.

Lover: Tuka misak vortam.

I will take you for Mass.

Girl: Tem naka maka.

No, I do not want that.

Lover: Tuka dansak vortam.

I will take you for a dance.

Girl: Tem zai maka!

Yes, I would like that!

Hem fam´ soglea ganvank zalem,

This news spread all over the village,

Goenkar cheddum mhunn kongreanchem!

That the Goan girl was a flirt!

Tem fhulu-re chanfeachem.

She was a champak flower.

Novre meulear, ulas soddtalem:

If she met young men, she would sigh with contentment.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Lover: Tuka bonvonk vortam.

I will take you for a walk.

Girl: Tem naka maka.

No, I do not want that.

Lover: Tuka ice-cream ditam.

I will give you ice cream.

Girl: Tem naka maka.

No, I do not want it.

Lover: Mando nach xikoitam.

I will teach you to dance the mando (Goan folk dance).

Girl: Tem naka maka.

No, I do not want that.

Lover: Tuka Twist nachoitam.

I will dance the Twist with you.

Girl: Tem zai maka!

Yes, I would like that !

Nachank vochonk tem bhultalem.

She would love to go for dances.

Cinema polleunk fultalem.
She would be excited to go to the cinema.
Aiz-kai dans jivit sukachem.
Today a dance is life of happiness.
Twist kortat tim man sonvsarachem !
Those who dance the twist belong to the world!

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Lover: Tuka fhulam ditam.
I will give your flowers.
Girl: Tim naka maka.
No, I do not want them.
Lover: Tuka choklet ditam.
I will give you a chocolate.
Girl: Ti naka maka.
No, I do not want it.
Lover: Kiss-proof lipstick ditam.
I will give you a kiss-proof lipstick.
Girl: Ti naka maka.
No, I do not want it.
Lover: Tiatr Cinemank vortam.
I will take you to the theatre (cinema).
Girl: Tem zai maka.
Yes, I would like that.

+

Anjo Mhunn Tum Sorgincho (Anjo Tum Sorgincho)
Because you are an angel from heaven

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 29

Lyrics and Music:

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Monologue (Nuptial Song)

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Anjo mhunn tum sorgincho,
Because you are an angel from heaven,
Uzvadd poddlo noketrancho.
The world was lit with the light of stars.
Amcho môgu ekthaim korcho,
May our love be joined together,
Kazrach' sakramento zoddcho.
May we blessed with the sacrament of marriage.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Nozo, nozo-rê mojean,

*I cannot live without you,
Tuje vinnem sonvsar tannum nozo.
I do not want to be in this world without you.*

Muzo gutt sanglolo tuka,
I have confided to you my secret,
Responder kelem naim maka.
You did not send me any reply.
Tuje vinn konn naim-rê moga,
There is no one else for me, but you, my love,
Sonvs'rant feliz kortol' maka. (Chusmo)
To make me happy in this world. (Refrain)

Dolleanch maulli mhunnon moji,
?
Dimbier adorar keloli ...
I had adored it on my knees.
Gonnim porim uddon geli,
It flew off like an eagle,
Dukhan ghalun otmo-kuddi. (Chusmo)
Plunging my soul and body in deep sorrow. (Refrain)

+

Cheddvanchi Amizad Korcheaku
To strike a friendship with girls

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 25
Lyrics: F.X. Oliveira. Music: Probably by F.X. Olivera
Date:
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Dialogue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Cheddvanchi amizad korcheaku,
To strike a friendship with girls,
Sonvsarant zobor sompi vastu.
Is the easiest thing in the world.
Parcel korun lenso, postant daddun chittu,
By sending a parcel of handkerchiefs and a letter by post,
Cheddvanchi sodonkal korchhi oxi amizadu.
Is the way to always get friendly with girls.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Lenso lenso, lenso lenso, lenso lenso,
Oh, kerchief, kerchief, kerchief, kerchief, kerchief, kerchief,
Veginch kor amcho ekvottu. Ai, Ahai.
Please get us together soon. Ai! ai!

Cholim/*Girls*:

Cheddeanchem sodanch hem kimasaum,

This is always a botheration with boys,

Somzotat cheddvam mhunn udaru,

They always think that girls have nothing else to do.

Amizad naim-rê chittir, nhoi mhunn tumchea lensar,

Friendship is not struck with a letter, nor with your handkerchief.

Zai zalear amkam, melltat he poixeak char !

If we really want one we get them for 4-a-penny (paisa).

Chole/*Chusmo/ Boys/ Chorus*:

Ai, A-hai, Lenso-lenso, Lenso-lenso, Lenso-lensar,

Ai,! Ai! Oh, Handkerchief-handkerchief, Handkerchief-handkerchief, Handkerchief-handkerchief,

Bexttench zai naka-gô ragar !

Do not lose your head for nothing.

Chole/*Boys*:

Pormollit fhulam modlem chanfem fhulu,

Among all the fragrant flowers you are a lotus,

Bangara porim tuje gunnu,

Your character is like gold.

Atam kiteak bai tum raulaim mattva bhairu,

Why are now outside the pandal, my dear?

Boro-so vistid ghalun sor bhitoru.

Wear a nice dress and come in.

Chusmo/*Refrain*:

Ai, A-hai, Lenso-lenso, Lenso-lenso, Lenso-lenso,

Ai! Ai! Kerchief-kerchief, kerchief-kerchief, kerchief-kerchief,

Veginch mellon dhi-gô beiju.

Meet me soon and give me a kiss.

+

Donn-tin Muinem Zaletrê Passar (Afrikacho Novro)

About two or three months have passed (A husband from Africa)

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 17

Lyrics and Music: F.X. Oliveira

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Monologue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Lourenço de Noronha, Vienna, 22. 04.2001

Donn-tin muinem zaletrê passar,

About two or three months have passed,

Afrikak thaun tuum Goeam ailear.
Since you (male) have come from Africa to Goa.
Poilich dixtt poddtoch tujea sarkear,
The moment I (female) looked at you for the first time,
Mogach balo boslo kallzar.
An arrow of love pierced my heart.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Rautam moga sukhan,
I am waiting with longing, my love,
Tuka gheunchea'(c) gopan,
To take you in my arms,
Khoxal dis sarunk ekvottan'.
To spend happy days together.

Circus, Tiatrak tum maka vortai,
You take me to the circus and theatre,
Moje lagim Inglez tum uloitai,
You speak English to me,
Tantum khapri bhas nhoi-rê kortai,
You mix it up with Khapri² -Language,
Sogllea lokak tum guspaitai!
And confuse all the people.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Sogllo lok polleta,
All the people are watching,
Mogach' koutam moga.
To see us loving, my love.
Kednam vengent gehen-so dista.
I feel like taking you in my embrace.

“Good Morning” mhunnlear “Jambo” kortai,
If I say “Good Morning”, you reply “Jambo”³,
“Namna-gani veve-iko?” mhunntai,
You say, “Namna-gani veve iko?”⁴
Oso maka pasun guspaitai.
You confuse me in that way.
Lokak ansoun ansoun martai!
You make the people shake with laughter.

² *Khapri* is a pejorative (derogative) term for Africans used by some Konkani speakers. A similar word also exists in Cap Verde, a former Portuguese colony in West Africa and is probably derived from *Kafir*, a term which was used for “unbelievers” by Muslims. Lourenco Noronha received this information from M/s Beatrice Gomes-Abreu from Brazil while she was his student in Kiswahili Literature in Vienna. Her field of research is Portuguese-Creole in Cap Verde. (L. Noronha).

³ Correct Kiswahili is “*Hujambo. Sijambo*”. (L. Noronha).

⁴ This is an Indian Sociolect-Kiswahili for “How do you do?” Correct Kiswahili is: “*U hali gani?*” (L. Noronha).

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Kazar zatoch moga,
When we get married,
Khapri bhas kor'naka,
Do not speak Khapri-Language,
Guspon nid poddchinam maka.
With all that confusion I shall not be able to sleep.

+

Donn-tin Muinem Zaletrê Passar (Afrikacho Novro)
About two or three months have passed (A husband from Africa)

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 17
Lyrics and Music: F.X. Oliveira
Date:
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Monologue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Lourenço de Noronha, Vienna, 22. 04.2001

Donn-tin muinem zaletrê passar,
About two or three months have passed,
Afrikak thaun tum Goeam ailear.
Since you (male) have come from Africa to Goa.
Poilich dixtt poddtoch tujea sarkear,
The moment I (female) looked at you for the first time,
Mogach balo boslo kallzar.
An arrow of love pierced my heart.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Rautam moga sukhan,
I am waiting with longing, my love,
Tuka gheunchea' (c) gopan,
To take you in my arms,
Khoxal dis sarunk ekvottan'.
To spend happy days together.

Circus, Tiatrak tum maka vortai,
You take me to the circus and theatre,
Moje lagim Inglez tum uloitai,
You speak English to me,
Tantum khapri bhas nhoi-rê kortai,
You mix it up with Khapri⁵ -Language,

⁵ *Khapri* is a pejorative (derogative) term for Africans used by some Konkani speakers. A similar word also exists in Cap Verde, a former Portuguese colony in West Africa and is probably derived from *Kafir*, a term which was used for "unbelievers" by

Sogllea lokak tum guspaitai!
And confuse all the people.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Sogllo lok polleta,
All the people are watching,
Mogach' koutam moga.
To see us loving, my love.
Kednam vengent gehen-so dista.
I feel like taking you in my embrace.

“Good Morning” mhunnlear “Jambo” kortai,
If I say “Good Morning”, you reply “Jambo”⁶,
“Namna-gani veve-iko?” mhunntai,
You say, “Namna-gani veve iko?”⁷
Oso maka pasun guspaitai.
You confuse me in that way.
Lokak ansoun ansoun martai!
You make the people shake with laughter.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Kazar zatoch moga,
When we get married,
Khapri bhas kor'naka,
Do not speak Khapri-Language,
Guspon nid poddchinam maka.
With all that confusion I shall not be able to sleep.

+

Doriachea Lharari (Another version)
Upon the waves of the sea

Type: Mando
Source: Lourdinho Barreto. Goemchem Git. Pustok 1, p. 58-59
Lyrics and Music:
Date:
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Monologue
Published 15.08.82. Printed by Pedro Barreto, Panaji
Translated by Lourenco Noronha, Vienna, 22.04.2001

Doriachea lharari,

Muslims. Lourenço de Noronha received this information from M/s Beatrice Gomes-Abreu from Brazil while she was his student in Kiswahili Literature in Vienna. Her field of research is Portuguese-Creole in Cap Verde. (L. Noronha).

⁶ Correct Kiswahili is “*Hujambo. Sijambo*”. (L. Noronha).

⁷ This is an Indian Sociolect-Kiswahili for “How do you do?” Correct Kiswahili is: “*U hali gani?*” (L. Noronha).

*Upon the waves of the sea,
Chondrimachea uzvaddari,
And in the light of the moon,
Hea mojea kensanchea fantieri,
Upon the pleath of my hair,
Jurar zatam Deva mukari.
I give an oath in the presence of God.*

*Chusmo/ Refrain:
Io rê moga, choi rê mhaka,
Come my love, look at me,
Mogache dolle lai rê mhaka.
Give me a loving look.*

*Anj(u) tum rê arkanj(u),
You are an angel, an archangel,
Kerobim adorad(u),
An adorable Cherubim,
Ho amcho ekuch mhum rê “Pacto”,
Since this is our only union,
Jurament(u) zaum dhi rê sagrad(u). (Chusmo)
Lay an oath and it will be sacred. (Refrain)*

*Rati nidênt hanv sopnetam,
When I sleep at night I dream,
Uttun abras diuncheak vetam,
Standing up I go to embrace you,
Zagim zaun rê fottoutam,
When I wake up I find myself deceived,
He martir tukach rê bhettoitam. (Chusmo)
These (my) sufferings I offer to you. (Refrain)*

+

Dove Rozericho Kollo
A bud of a white rose

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Olivera, Gitam Jhelo, Album 1, p. 13
Lyrics and Music:
Date:
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Monologue (Dialogue)
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Romano Abreu, Moira, June 2003

*Dove rozericho kollo,
A bud of a white rose,
Mojea mogan rê fhul'lolo.
Was flowered by my love.*

Modench dusman entrad zalo,
An enemy entered in between,
Mojea gopantulo velo.
And it was robbed from my bosom.

Chusmo/ *Refrain:*
Bhie naka tum mojea moga,
Do not be afraid (female), my love
Tuje vinnem sonvsar maka naka.
Without you I cannot live in this world.

Maiach' muineant chintalim anvum,
I (female) was thinking in the month of May,
Sukhan jietelim mhunnum,
That I would live in happiness.
Ekach eskandlak lagonum,
Because of only one scandal,
Gopantlo dilo soddunum.
I released you from my embrace.

Chusmo/ *Refrain:*
Anjea porim tum-rê sarkeacho,
You (male) are just like an angel,
Devan maka favonam-rê kelo.
God did not grant me your hand.

Sogllem sandddun môg kortam tuzo,
Above all I love you dear,
Kalliz gonddo diunum mozo.
I give my whole heart to you.
Mojean kazar zauncheak nezo,
You cannot get married to me,
Tum bai fuddar choi-gô tuzo.
Choose your own future, my lady.

Chusmo/ *Refrain:*
Ordeant mojea, ai! fugar zata.
Ouch! I am suffocating in my chest.
Tujeam kensanch' dunvor dhigô maka.
Give me the scent of your hair.

+

Eok Dis Bhagint Anv Gelolim
One day I went in the garden

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 56
Lyrics and Music:
Date:

Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Monologue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Romano Abreu, Moira, June 2003

Eok dis bhagint anv (female) gelolim,
One day I went into the garden.
Etanam donunch addlin abolim.
Whilst coming I brought just two abolim flowers with me.
Tim gheunum ghora etanam
When I was bringing them home,
Eka cholean magon velin.
One boy asked for them and took them with him.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Abolim anv sodanch addtolim,
I will always bring abolim flowers,
Tuka ditolim
And give them to you,
Tumgelea ghorant konnum asai-rê,
Is there anybody in your house
Fhulam malltolim.
Who wears flowers?

Tim ditanam anvum roddlim,
I wept when I gave them away
Tim maka mallunk zai mhunn addlolim.
I had brought them to wear them in my hair
Donunch utram motint goulin,
Just two words were in my mind
Tednam ankvar anv aslolim. (Chusmo)
I was then a young girl. (Refrain)

Zobor asli maka khoxi,
I had a great wish,
Tukodde kazar mum-rê zaunchi.
To marry you.
Dekhun anvum rautam tuka,
I am waiting for you,
Kaz'rach utor dhi-rê maka. (Chusmo/ Refrain)
Give me a promising word of marriage.

+

Ghorantulim Bhair Sorlim
I went out from my house

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 34-35
Lyrics and Music:

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Narrative (Monologue)

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Romano Abreu, Moira, June 2003

Ghorantulim bhair sorlim,
I left my house,
Janot neslolim, vaporar bosolim.
Having dressed well and entered a steam boat.
Sangok loz, jivak sontos.
It is a shame to tell, but I am feeling happy.
Hea tea pilota babako
Because of that Captain,
Lagon hancheam tonddant anvum poddlim.
I was the centre of gossip.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Naka, naka-rê zaie,
No, no my sister-in-law,
Vhoddlea derak sango naka!
Do not tell it to my eldest brother-in-law.

Barik chinelanch' chali,
Wearing sandals and walking in small steps,
Pilotu baban mojer mitti marli.
The Captain wanted me (lit. had an appetite)
Pilotu baban daddli chitti.
The Captain sent letters saying:
Soglo loku kortai viji,
All the people are alert,
Lokak fottoun yeo-gô tum aiz ratri. (Chusmo)
Come secretly tonight. (Refrain)

Filomena mojem nanv,
My name is Filomena,
Thouiachi bail anv, vollkota soglio ganv.
I am the capreuter's wife, the village knows me.
Maka kednanch visro naka.
Never forget me.
Mojem adres ghe-rê tuka,
You take my address
Putoch Zanzibar mell-rê tum heun maka. (Chusmo)
When you reach Zanzibar come and meet me. (Refrain)

+

Goeam Abril Maia Muineant

In Goa during the months of April and May

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 66-67

Lyrics and Music: Johnny Dias

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Monologue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Goeam Abril Maia muineant,
In Goa during the months of April and May,
Gitanche gonn'gonn dhdor ek vaddeant,
The sound of music resonates in every ward,
Xitoll varem ainneta maddantleant,
Cool breeze flows through the coconut palms,
Khoxalkai Goa tujeach gopant.
Goa, you have happiness in your arms.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Ha! To ugddas tea Goencho,
Oh! The memory of that Goa,
Tosoch team fhulam follancho,
As also of the flowers and berries,
Kednanch vechona motintulo.
Will never go out of my mind (I will never forget).
Ha! To ugddas tea Goencho,
Oh! The memory of that Goa,
Tosoch team ambiam ponnsancho,
As also of the mangoes and jackfruits,
Kednanch vechona motintulo.
Will never get out of my mind (I will never forget).

Suria ostomtoch sanjecho,
When the sun sets in the evening,
Veller zomo Ihana vhoddancho.
Young and old gather on the sea shore,
Suadik avaz aikotoch muzgacho,
When they hear the melodious sound of music,
Tantum gaz zigzikit Iharancho.
Intermingled with the sound of the waves.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Ha! To ugddas tea Goencho,
Oh! The memory of that Goa,
Tosoch team khoxal disancho,
As also of those happy days,
Kednanch vechonam motintulo.
Will never go out of my mind (I will never forget).
Ha! To ugddas tea Goencho,
Ah! The memory of that Goa,

Avaz tea rebek gum'ttancho,
The sound of the violin and drums,
Keddnanch vechonam motintulo.
Will never go out of my mind (I will never forget).

Polloun sobit surngar tuzo,
Looking at your beautiful appearance,
Porko-lok miroita jiu aplo ...
All are beaming with happiness,
Etoch avaz Mandiam-dulpodancho,
When we listen to the mandos and dulPods.
Thondd-gar jiu bonvddekarancho!
Is so pleasing to the people moving around.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Ha! To ugddas tea Goencho,
Oh! The memory of that Goa,
Tosoch team fhulam follancho,
As also of the flowers and berries,
Kednanch vechona motintulo ...
Will never go out of my mind (I will never forget).
Ha! To ugddas tea Goencho,
Ah! The memory of that Goa,
Tosoch team ambeam ponnSancho,
As also of the mangoes and jackfruits,
Kednanch vechona motintulo.
Will never go out of my mind (I will never forget).

+

Irmão Manank, Pattim Dovrunum
Leaving brother and sister behind

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Olivera, Gitam Jhelo, Album 1, p. 11

Lyrics and Musik:

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Monologue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Irmão manank, pattim dovrunum,
Leaving brother and sister behind,
Mukar amim sorleaum.
We have come forward.
Kainchu amcho trato nastanam,
Without us knowing each other, (?)
Ekthaim amim zaleany.
We have been joined together.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Xinvtim, mogrim, gehe-rê tuka,
Take these flowers, my love,
Sukh ani sontos dhire maka.
Give me peace and happiness.

Khoxi moji feliz-rê zanzchi,
My wish is to be happy,
Feliz tuka korchi.
And to make you happy.
Felecidad' soglleam jinsanchi,
Every kind of happiness,
Devan amkam diunchi. (Chusmo)
May God give us. (Refrain)

Borvanso mozo tujer dovortam,
I am placing my faith in you,
Utrar anv patietam.
I trust in your word.
Kalliz otmo tuka bhettoitam,
I am dedicating my heart and soul to you,
Gopant tuka ghetam. (Chusmo)
And taking you in my arms. (Refrain)

+

Kedinch Chintlem Naim-rê Moga
I did not ever think, my love

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 37

Lyrics and Music: F.X. Oliveira

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Monologue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Kedinch chintlem naim-rê moga,
I did not ever think, my love,
Tum sandunn bonvsi mhunn maka.
You would leave me and go about.
Atan ugddas korunre tuzo, rê moga,
And now as I think of you, my love,
Beij ghetam tujea lensacho.
I kiss your handkerchief.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Moga yeo-rê sanjecho,

*Come in the evenings, my love,
Papa mama naslolea vellaro.
When Papa and Mama are not at home.*

*Ixttam modlo tum mozo ixttu,
You are (the best) friend among (all) my friends.
Zalolea porim jardintulem fhulu.
Like a flower from the garden.
Sodanch marun tujer nodoru, rê-anjea,
Daily casting my eyes on you, my angel,
Anv soddtam ulas kallzantu!
I heave a sigh from the depth of my heart.*

*Chusmo/ Refrain:
Moga yeo rê tum amageru,
Come to our house, my love,
Papa Mama naslolea vellaru.
When Papa and Mama are not at home.*

*Poitoch tuzo retrat mezar,
When I see your photograph on the table,
Moga zatam tuka adorar.
I get to adore you, my love.
Sodanch bottam marun violar, rê-moga,
By striking cords on my violin (By playing music on my violin),
Dis sartam korun hem kantar:
I spend my days singing this song:*

*Chusmo/ Refrain:
Moga yeo-rê tum, sat horar,
Come at 7 o'clock, my love,
Gopant gheuncheak rautam anv zonelar.
I will be waiting at the window to take you in my arms.*

+

Kedinch Chintunk Naslolem
I never ever thought

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira, Gitam Jhelo, Album 1, p. 21
Date:
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Monologue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

*Kedinch chintunk naslolem,
I had never ever thought,
Traisanv korsi mhunn oslolem.*

*That you would deceive me this way,
Soglem korchem aslem tem korun,
After doing whatever had to be done,
Rê moga geloi maka sanddun.
You (male) left me and went away.*

*Chusmo/ Refrain:
Ghatkea ixtta, mellrêmaka,
Traacherous friend, please meet me,
Kalliz otmo bhettoila tuka.
I have dedicated my heart and soul to you.*

*Koslo estad ho mozo,
What sort of life is this,
Sogllo guneanv tea choracho,
It's all the fault of that rogue.
Kazar zata mhunnon sangtalo,
He was saying that he would marry me,
Derrepent pollon Kuwait gelo.
Suddenly he left for Kuwait.*

*Chusmo/ Refrain :
Ghatkea ixtta, soddsi maka,
Traacherous friend, if you leave me,
Moji birmot futt'teli tuka.
My curse will come on you.*

*Atam konn mozo fuddar,
Now, what is my future ?
Naka dista anink sonvsar.
I do not want to live in this world.
Mogak lagon kalliz abalar,
My heart is disturbed for the sake of love,
Fugar zaun, roddtam soddun suskar.
Letting out a sigh I cry with deep emotion.*

*Chusmo/ Refrain:
Ghatkea ixtta, choi-rê maka,
Look at me, you treacherous friend,
Kalliz fafson rautam tuka.
I wait for you with longing in my heart.*

+

Kitem Boball (Goenkar Te Goenkar)
What noise (Goans are Goans)

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 54-55
Lyrics and Music: F.X. Olivera

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Narrative / Patriotic Song

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Kitem boball, kitem ueli, koslo dis marekar,
What noise, what screams, what a dangerous day,
Gantta velean, amchea Goeant, ailetrê dhaozar.
Ten thousand enemies came down from the Ghats.
Amchi bhas zaite mhunnot khuim vortounam ti Konkanim.
Many were saying that Konkani was not their language,
Konkani upkarta ulouk fokot pietanam fennim.
*Konkani is useful only when you are drinking feni*⁸.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Dha ozarank amche pondra ozar,
For their ten thousand, our fifteen thousand!
Bonder gheun sorlet mukar,
Marched forward with a flag!
Dakhoilem Konkani mhunn amchi bhas,
And (We) showed them that Konkani is our mother language.
Ami, Goenkar te Goenkar.
We Goans, will always be Goans!

Hindu, Kristanv, Moir, Musolman,
Hindus, Christians, (Moir) and Muslims,
Ekttaim zaun tea Goeant,
Got together in Goa.
Borli zomat, korun sangat,
Gathered in large numbers showing unity,
Amchea tea Moddganvant ...
In Margão.
Oslem goddlenam mhunnot team,
“Events like this did not happen”, they said,
Portugezanchea tempar,
“In (during) Portuguese times”,
Amchem Goem mhunnot amkam zaem,
They said, “We want our Goa”,
Cholouk tachim karbar!“
„To run our affairs”.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Dha ozarank amche pondra ozar,
For their ten thousand, our fifteen thousand,
Bonder gheun sorlet mukhar,
Marched forward with a flag,
Dakoilem boll soglleank sobe mazar,

⁸ *Feni* is a strong drink distilled from cashew-fruit juice. (L. Noronha).

*And showed our mettle before everyone,
Ami, Goenkar te Goenkar!
We Goans, will always remain Goans!*

*Goem amchem, soglleank zaem,
Everyone wants our Goa,
Roma Udentechem,
The Rome of the East.
Aikon magnnem, Goenkaranchem,
Having heard the pleas (prayers) of the Goans,
Devan taka rak'chem ...
May God protect her.
Mautele asat chanfim fhulam,
There are those who will come decorated with flowers,
Goenkarank korunk gulam,
To make Goans their puppets,
Goenkar aiz mhunntat ravon ekvottan:
Goans say that by being united today.
Viva! United Goans!
Long live United Goans.*

*Chusmo/ Refrain:
Dha ozarank, amche pondra ozar,
For their ten thousand, our fifteen thousand,
Bonder gheun sor'ia mukhar ...
Let us march forward with our flag,
Dakouia boll soglleank sobe mazar,
Let us show our mettle before everyone,
Ami, Goenkar te Goenkar!
We Goans, are Goans.*

+

Kitem-rê Khobor

What's the news! What's going on!

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 68-69

Lyrics: F.X. Olivera. Music arr.: Cruz-Noronha

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Praise Song

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

*Kitem-rê khobor, kiteak goddbodd,
What is the news, what is all the noise for?
Goenchea xharant ... ?
In our land of Goa?
Goem veta sogleanchea dollean',*

*Everyone is jealous of Goa.
Goeam voir ghalam bensanv Devan,
God has showered his blessings on Goa.
Goem zaitem voir sortem, vavurlear ekvottan.
Goa would have improved a lot if we had worked together.*

*Chusmo/ Refrain:
Ekvott amcho, Goenkarancho, korcho-rê Devan,
May God make us all united,
Voir kaddunk ho estad amcho aiz hea sonvsarant.
To uplift our state in this world.*

*Goem tem amchem, soglleank tem zaem,
Everybody wants our Goa,
Motim Udentechem ... !
The Pearl of the East!
Xetam dongranim nettoilolem,
Made beautiful by its fields and hills,
Doria kinareo, xitoll varem,
Moonlight sparkling on its waves, and its cool breeze.
Hem choun sogottuch mhunntat Goem Bangarachem!
Saying this, everyone says that this is Golden Goa!*

*Chusmo/ Refrain:
Dhor Goenkaran, niz ekvottan,
All Goans with firm unity,
Goem samballchem,
Should save Goa.
Voir kaddun tem, thik Indiechem,
Uplifting this jewel of India,
Tem amchem Goem.
This, our Goa.*

*Asa mhunnlolem, liun dovorlolem,
It has been said and written down,
Bomboichea xharant ...
In the city of Bombay (Mumba)i:
Eklo Goenkar mogacheo chintam,
“One Goan will think of love,
Dog zonn Goenkar, rebek duetam,
Two Goans will play a duet on the violin,
Teg Goenkar ekthaim zatoch,
When three Goans gather together,
Sodanch Revolusanv.
There is always a revolution”.*

*Chusmo/ Refrain:
Ekvott amcho, Goenkarancho.
The unity of us Goans,
Korcho-rê Devan,*

Should be made by God.
Voir kaddunk ho estad amcho
Aiz hea sonvsarant!
To lift our state in this world!

Irlem-sem Goem, kitem fank tachim,
How famous is our little Goa.
Noketr Fanteavelem ...
Morning star!
Putam dhuvanim vhodd nanv zoddlam,
Her children have earned fame and honour,
Soglleam vattanim tem voir kaddlam,
They have elevated it in every way.
Goem sonvsarar ghalta
Uzvaddachim kirnam!
Goa is spreading its fame all over the world.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Vhodd ekvottan, dor Goenkaran,
To bind the Goans in a strong bond of unity,
Oxench vavurchem,
For this we must try,
Môg-moipasan, voir kaddunk aiz
Nanv Indiechem!
To bring up the name of India with love and understanding.

+

Laguim Paulo-rê Mhuino Maiacho (Goenchi – Tan)
The month of May is drawing near (Thirst for Goa)

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 19
Lyrics: Fr. Avertano Nazareth, Music: George da Silva
Date:
Musical form: Binary
Literary form: Descriptive
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Laguim paulo-rê mhuino Maiacho,
The month of May is drawing near,
Goenkar bhav mudansak Goeam vecho.
For our Goan brothers to go to Goa.
Baxi, gaddlo, agbotti bhorun loku,
Busses, trains and ships full of people,
Dhados-ponnan Goeam pautolo.
Will reach Goa full of happiness.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Sobit Goeam amcho Maimganv,
Beautiful Goa, our Motherland,
Tuka ami tanetanv.
We thirst for you.
Sogllea sonvs'rak ami ximpoddelear,
Even if we are spread all over the world,
Tuka visorchenanv.
We will never forget you.

Mazor soddit himsanninchi kortti,
A cat may ignore a shell of fish entrails,
Goenkar soddcheaku nan Goenchi mati.
But Goans will not forsake the soil of Goa.
Pottak lagon zaleanv ami pordhexi,
For the sake of our livelihood we are stranded in a foreign land,
Punn kallzant xizta tan Goenchi. (Chusmo)
But in our hearts we thirst for Goa. (Refrain)

Apleam put dhuvank ubauta Goem,
Goa yearns for its sons and daughters,
Amkam tem apoita aplea sovem,
She is calling us to herself.
Ami soglle ekthaim zaun Goeam vechem,
Let us all get together and go to Goa,
Ani thuinch amchem bhiradd korchem. (Chusmo)
And let us settle down there. (Refrain)

+

Neketr Tum Uzvaddachem

You are a bright star

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira, Gitam Jhelo, Album 1, p. 14

Lyrics and Music: F.X. Oliveira

Date:

Musical form: Binary

Literary form: Monologue

Published 1971. B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Neketr tum uzvaddachem,
You are a bright star,
Sobit fhul tum jardintlem.
A beautiful flower from the garden.
Devan maka nirmilolem,
God had destined for me,
Tum fhul gulabachem.
You, rose flower.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Av' Moriecha velar,
At Angelus time,
Bosoi tum zonelar,
You would be at your window,
Hatant gheun Hawaian Guitar,
With a Hawaian guitar in your hands,
Mhunnoi kor'ia kantar.
You would say, „Let us sing.“
Ek song, eok beij polear,
A kiss on my cheeks for every song,
Kori tum abrasar.
You would hug me.
Sodanch ek roz tem laun orddear,
You always had a rose on your chest,
Mhunnoi zanvia kazar.
You used to say, “Let us get married.”

Goeam team maddam modem,
In between the coconut groves of Goa,
Sodanch heun tum bostalem.
You would always come and sit,
Parvean porim amchem zoddem,
Our union like a pair of doves,
Mhunnon murgott'taleim. (Chusmo)
I used to feel and rejoice.

Kalliz sukh sontos mojem,
The happiness and joy of my heart,
Tuje maman pois kelem.
Has been ended by your mother.
Chondrimancher jurar zal'lem,
The vow we took under the moon,
Zatink tum visorleim. (Chusmo)
You forgot because of cast. (Refrain)

+

Papan Sangon Maka Dilem

My father told me

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 32

Lyrics and Music: F.X. Olivera

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Monologue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Papan sangon maka dilem,
My father told me,
Bangarache gunnu mhunnon tuje,
You had a golden character.
Tednam koll'lem, mumrê maka,
That is when I came to know,
Papan vinchun kaddla tuka.
That Papa had chosen you (male).

Chusmo/ *Refrain:*
Parvean porim zoddem dogainchem,
Our union is like that of a pair of doves,
Devan tacher bensanv ghalchem.
May God bless it.

Sodanch zon'lar sanje bostam,
Every evening I sit by the window,
Violacher bottam marun rautam.
I strum the violin and wait.
Chintun tujem, kantar koritam,
I sing a song thinking of you,
Moga tuji vatt polletam.
I wait for you, my love.

Chusmo/ *Refrain:*
Kednam et'lo, maka melltole,
When will you come and meet me,
Mojea kallizacho gonddo.
You, heart of my heart.

Anjea porim tujem sarkem,
You are just like an angel,
Fhulam bhitor fhul tum pormollachem.
You are the sweetest of all roses,
Istimasanv sogllea lokachem,
Everyone admires you.
Sundor mannink tum (female) mogachem!
You are the lovely jewel of my heart.

Chusmo/ *Refrain:*
Parveam porim zoddem-rê amchem,
Our union is like that of a pair of doves,
Devan tacher bensanv ghalchem!
May God bless it!

+

Poilich Bhatt Amchi Iskolan (Sopnant Dista Rupnnem)

We first offered ourselves to one another while or when in school (I see your countenance in my dreams)

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 33
Lyrics and Music: Michael Dias
Date: About 1971
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Monologue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Poilich bhett amchi iskolan,
We first offered ourselves to one another when in school,
Bhurgech ponnim poddleaum mogan,
We fell in love at a very tender age.
Zaitoch temp ami bonvleam sangatan,
We moved about with each other for a very long time,
Ekvott zoddunk chintun monan.
With marriage in mind.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Kalliz roddta dukhanchem ximpnnem,
My heart is weeping torrents of tears,
Sopnant dista tujem rupnnem.
I see your countenance in our mind.

Dis he sarunk lagat kottin,
I find it very difficult to spend the (these) days.
Kedinch chintunk naslem motin.
It had never occurred to me,
Dogaim vegllim zaleaum mhunnon zatin,
That we two were born of different castes.
Doxim kelin aiz familin. (Chusmo)
Our families have separated us. (Refrain)

Inocent hem kalliz mojem,
This innocent heart of mine,
Tujeach mogan nettoilolem.
Was attired in your love.
Roddta anv korun dukhanchem ximpnnem,
I cry torrents of tears,
Ingratponn chintun ghorcheanchem. (Chusmo/ Refrain)
Thinking of the ungratefulness of family members. (Refrain)

+

Principio Nixttur (Sonvs'rantlo Môg Sonvs'rant Urtolo)
A sad beginning (earthly love will remain on earth)

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 30

Lyrics: Nolasco Dias. Music:arr.: Manuel Alphonso
Date: About 1971
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Dialogue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Choli/ *Girl*:

Principio nixttur mojea moga,
The first thing (The first time we met), my love,
Anv kaim vollko naslim tuka,
I never knew you (I had never met you).
Mojea Primager vet'tea tempa,
When I went (used to go) to my cousin's place,
Kalliz mojem bhettoilolem tuka.
I had dedicated my heart to you.

Chusmo/ *Refrain*:

Sonvsrantlo môg sonvsrant urtolo.
Earthly love will remain on earth.
Fatar fator fuim punn dortolo,
Somewhere stone will remain on stone,
Tuzoch ghat tucachrê melltolo.
You will also encounter such treachery.

Cholo/ *Boy*:

Saibinn Conceisavanchea Festak,
For the feast of Our Lady of Immaculate Conception,
Tuvem maka kelolo convidar,
You had invited me.
Mozo môg tuka aslol' zalear,
If you loved me,
Kitea tuvem sanglem naim mojea Papak?
Why didn't you say so to my father?

Chusmo/ *Refrain*:

Sintiment tuzo tukach khatolo,
Your feelings will gnaw at your heart,
Rat-dis jiu tuzo sukun oitolo,
Your life will be wasted by the day,
Mozoch ghat zalear maka buztolo.
If the treachery is mine it will surely affect me.

Choli/ *Girl*:

Tosh'kon vaddlolim nuim-rêanv choli,
I'm not a girl who has been brought up in that way,
Maman maka sarki dilol' dekhi.
My mother brought me up in the proper way.
Tum vortoutai dekhun ignoranti,
Because you are ignorant,

Tuka mista koll'nam môg mhunnon gupti.
May be you do not know that love is sacred.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Sonvs'rantlo môg sonvs'rant urtolo,
Earthly love will remain on this earth,
Fatar fator fhuim pun portolo,
Somewhere stone will remain on stone,
Tuzoch ghat tukach-rê melltolo.
Your treachery will rebound on you.

+

Retrato Anjea-rê Sarkeacho

An image like that of an angel

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira, Gitam Jhelo, Album 1, p. 12

Lyrics and Music:

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Monologue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Retrato Anjea-rê sarkeacho,
An image like that of an angel,
Model ankvaram choliancho.
Like a spinster model,
Anj mojea kop'lantulo,
Angel from my chapel (heart),
Devan maka nirmilolo,
God had destined for me,
Moje mamank naka zalo.
But was rejected by my mother.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Ek punn fhulu nam,
There is not a single flower,
Ek punn zaddu nam,
There is not a single tree,
Amchi sortu roddu nastanam.
That does not cry over our (bad) luck.

Suria chondrim noketrancho,
Like the sun, the moon and the stars,
Ulas mojea-rê kallzacho,
Is the yearning of my heart,
Môg maka leal tuzo,
Is my true love for you.

Atam mojean ravo nezo,
I can no longer wait.
Devan sagrar tovui korcho.
May God bless that as well.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Dongrar zanvar punn nam,
There wasn't an animal on the hill,
Doriant masli punn nam.
Or fish in the sea,
Amchi sortu roddo nastanam.
That did not bemoan our (bad) luck.

Dev môg sagrar korchea vellar,
At the moment our love was blessed by God,
Suria chondrim ugtto zalo.
The sun shone and the moon peeped out.
Anj maka dixtti poddlo,
I saw an angel,
Ani maka sangon gelo,
Said to me and went away,
Devan sagrar kela mhunn soglo.
That God had blessed it all.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Mollbar noketr punn nam,
There isn't a single star in the sky,
Sonvs'rant suknem punn nam.
There isn't a bird anywhere,
Amchi sortu roddo nastanam.
That did not bemoan our luck.

+

Sôbit Kensu Mannier Ghaltam
I let my beautiful hair flow on my lap

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 20
Lyrics and Music:
Date:
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Monologue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Romano Abreu, Moira, June 2003

Sôbit kensu mannier ghaltam,
I let my beautiful hair flow on my lap
Moje versu kanatar kortam.
I sing my verses (song)

Tuzo ugddas etoch moga parar zatam,
I pause when I remember you
Lensak dukam pustam.
I wipe my tears with my handkerchief

Chusmo/ *Refrain*
Sukh sontosu, boglol' jivak,
I felt happiness and satisfaction
Abras beiju dilol' disa.
On the day you kissed and hugged me.

Ektthaim zalelea teadisa,
On the day of our union
Sontos boglol' mojea jivak.
I felt satisfaction to my life
Ho sintiment konn punn kurar korit ? Kotta!
Can anybody cure this grief? Alas!
Eksurponnanch' sukha. (Chusmo)
Happiness of loneliness. (Refrain)

Kiteak sanddun vetai maka,
Why are you leaving me and going away
Mojem vid dilolem tuka.
My life was devoted to you
Heun sorgincho Anju bhailean rauta dista.
I feel as if heavenly angels are waiting outside
Gheuncheak gopant maka. (Chusmo)
To embrace me. (Refrain)

+

Sôbit Mojea Bella Formoza
My most beautiful and perfect

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 76
Lyrics and Music:
Date:
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Monologue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Sôbit mojea bella formoza,
My most beautiful and pretty,
Kristalina flor corderoza.
Kristalina, you are a pink flower.
Sobit sorginchea mojea anjea,
My beautiful angel from heaven,
Thoddoch teomp zalo mogak amchea,

*Only a short while has elapsed for our love,
Ortalim suknnim sangtol' tuka.
The birds from the garden will tell you.*

Chusmo/ Refrain:

*Ortantulem fhulu hatant ghetam ,
I am holding a flower from the garden,
Moga tuzo ugddas korun roddtam,
I think of you and cry, my love,
Sangtolim ortantulim rozam.
The roses from the garden will tell you.*

*Inocento num-go tum bhurgem,
You are an innocent child,
Kristalina diamontichem.
Kristalina, my diamond.
Sarkem nialltam sodanch tujem,
I can always picture your countenance,
Deva lagim kortam anv magnnem,
I am offering prayers to the Lord,
Môg amcho samballcheaku tuvem. (Chusmo)
That you may preserve our love. (Refrain)*

*Sonvsar maka naka-so dista,
I feel as if this world is not for me,
Kristalina tum mojea moga.
Kristaklina, my love,
Orddear far boslear espadicho,
Should a sword pierce my heart,
Xirap ghaltolom muj' kallzacho,
My heart will set a curse on you,
Tum mojea kallizacho gonddo! (Chusmo)
You are the bouquet of my heart. (Refrain)*

+

Sontap Distai Kazareanche (Kazar Naka, Sangat Naka)
I hate the married ones (I do not want marriage, I do not want friendship)

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 53

Lyrics and Music: Antonio João Dias of Benaulim⁹ (Versions vary)

Date: about 1914

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Monologue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Romano Abreu, Moira, June 2003

⁹ He is also the author and composer of Sangatu moga tuzo.

Sontap distai kazareanche,
I hate the married ones
Mirmire yetai team randdanche.
We pity the widows.
Feliz disu ankvaranche
Happy are the unmarried ones,
Liberdadin khoxal sarche.
They pass the days happily and freely.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Kazar naka, sangat naka,
I do not want marriage, I do not want friendship
Ankvarponn borem disot' maka.
I like to continue to be a spinster.

Ankvarponnanch' mojea mukha,
You remind me of my days as a spinster.
Kiteak sanddun vetai maka.
Why are you leaving me
Moje thaim ingrat zai naka,
Do not forsake me
Tuje vinnem sonvsar naka. (Chusmo)
I cannot live without you. (Refrain)

Kazrach' khoxi maka asli,
I wanted to marry,
Mortifikar anvem keli.
I sacrificed it.
Pai-maink choli anv zaun eklim,
I am the only daughter of my parents,
Torui ankvar anvum raulim. (Chusmo)
And yet I remained a spinster. (Refrain)

+

Sontos Bogta-rê Jivako
My life is satisfied

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 59
Lyrics and Music:
Date:
Musical form: Ternary
Literary form: Monologue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Romano Abreu, Moira, June 2003

Sontos bogta-rê jivako,
I feel happy.
Uzvadd pettla hea ghorako.

This house is bright.
Dhadoskaen kaddcheak diso,
That we may pass our days in peace,
Magnnem ami korumia Devako.
Let us pray to God.

Chusmo/ Refrain:
Pormoll Jazumincho, mogreancho,
(Just as the) Scent of jasmine flowers
Sodanch Devan samballuncho.
May God always keep us in his care.

Ankvarponnum bollandunum,
After passing this spinter's life
Chol'la kurpechea bharanum.
By the grace of God,
Sangatachea ekvottanum,
We shall remain friends,
Gopant dorchem sodanch amchem monum. (Chusmo)
And always be united in thought. (Refrain)

Sakramento ekvottacho,
May the sacrament of union,
Zalea puro uzvaddacho.
Be one of full of lights
Sangat korun ek-mekacho,
Being friends of each other,
Sodanch ami feliz kadd'ia diso. (Chusmo)
We shall always pass our days happily. (Refrain)

+

Sonvsar Charuch-rê Disancho
This world is only for a few days

Type: Mando
Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 73
Lyrics and Music: Luis Manoel Menezes, Divar, Ilhas
Date:
Musical form: Binary
Literary form: Monologue
Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay
Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Sonvsar charuch-rê disancho,
This world is just for a few days (lit. This world is just of four days),
Ugddas vochnam montintulo.
Does not go out of my mind.

Chusmo / Refrain:

Ani keloleam korneancho Mar' Aninho,
And the things that happened, Marianinho,
Koxttam dogdancho.
Of our work and sufferings.

Segredanum kelol'ratu,
It was a secret affair,
Modench papan ghetlo ghatu.
Suddenly Papa betrayed us.
Zaite koxttu tuvem sonsle Mar' Aninho,
You suffered a lot, Marianinho,
Gorje viretu.
Without any fault of yours.

Kiteak vollvolaitai Saiba,
Why are you making us suffer, o Lord,
Kuddi ani otmean soitu,
Body and soul.
Kallzak bale martai satu Mar' Aninho,
You are piercing seven arrows in me, Marianinho,
Sodd'ia sangatu!
Let us part companionship.

+

Sorlam Mukhar, Koruncheak Kantar (Aminch Te Goenkar)
I have come forward to sing a song (We are Goans)

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 62-63

Lyrics and Music: F.X. Olivera

Date:

Musical form: Binary

Literary form: Patriotic Song

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

The words which are underlined should be sung by a group of singers.

Sorlam mukhar, koruncheak kantar,
I have come forward to sing a song:
Dakhounk Goenkarancho estad.
To show what Goans are made of.
Soglean te uxar, vortoun te Goenkar,
Being Goans, they are smart in every field.
Torui Goem soddlam padd.
Still (inspite of that) Goa has been left to rot.
Hea sonvsarant, bhogtat te vholdd man,
They earn their honours in this world,
Tankam hat dit'lo aiz konn nam.

*There is no one who can touch them today.
Torui te dublle, sogllea sanddlea,
Even though they are poor and forsaken by everyone,
Sot zalea sangat atam.
Let us know if that is true.*

Chusmo/ Refrain:

*Voiz, letrad, professor, konn te uxa,
Who are smart, the doctors, learned people, professors,
Sangat: Aminch te Goenkar!*

Tell us: It is we Goans!

*Kuzner, fitter, dorji, konn te uxa,
Who are smart, the cooks, mechanics, tailors,*

Sangat: Aminch te Goenkar!

Tell us: It is we Goans!

*Footbal, hockey khellan konn te uxa,
Who are smart in the games of football and hockey,*

Sangat: Aminch te Goenkar!

Tell us: It is we Goans!

*Muzgam modera voddle, Palakar nachonk poile,
The smartest musicians as also the dancers on the stage,*

Te konn? Te aminch Goenkar!

Who are they: It is we Goans.

*Aichea kallar teo modi chollear,
If those fashions go on today,
Naka dista anink sonvsar.
You feel as if you would not want to live in this world.*

*Mini tim dresam, nestat tim cheddvam,
Those mini dresses that are worn by the girls,*

Deklenam adlea tempar.

We did not see in those days.

*Saddieo nestat, penkott dakoitat,
They drape themselves in saris and expose their open waists,*

Ordem ang tanchem damponam.

Not even half their body is covered.

Cheddeanchim polloun oxir kalsavam,

By looking at the boys' narrow pants,

Hench kortat amchim cheddvam!

This is exactly what our girls do.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

*Cha-cha-cha, Twist nakkonk konn te exa,
Who are they who are smart in doing the cha-cha-cha and twist,
Sangat: Aminch te Goenkar!*

Tell us: It is we Goans!

*Mogachem duet korunk konn te uxa,
Who are smart in singing love duets,*

Sangat: Aminch te Goenkar!

Tell us: It is we Goans!

Enjiner, empregad, konn te uxor,
Who are smart, the engineers, clerks,
Sangat: Aminch te Goenkar!
Tell us: It is we Goans!
Ginean te vhoddle,
They are very clever,
Dusreank aiz voir kaddle,
They have uplifted others today.
Te konn? Te aminch Goenkar!
Who are they: It is we Goans!

Amche Goenkar, sogllea te uxor,
Our Goans are smart in everything.
Te veta thum bhogtat vhodd man.
They earn great honour wherever they go.
Reberkist voddle, kantaran poile.
They are good violinists, good singers,
'Udenteche Italian'.
They are the Italians of the East,
Vodd pinturan, toxo boroupan,
Good artists and writers,
Te porzolltat sogllea kam'an
They shine in whatever they undertake.
Pautoch te Goeam, sirvis konn dinam,
When they come back to Goa, nobody offers them jobs,
Tea voilean ghetat opman!
Over and above they get insulted.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Jinsanchem artinim konn te uxor,
Who are smart in the various arts,
Sangat: Aminch te Goenkar!
Tell us: It is we Goans!
Tarvarui sirvisen konn te uxor,
Who are smart for work on the ships,
Sangat: Aminch te Goenkar!
Tell us: It is we Goans!
Padri sermanv sangonk, konn te uxor,
Who are smart for preaching sermons,
Sangat: Aminch te Goenkar!
Tell us: It is we Goans!
Bailank pattim sortat,
They move from women (Meaning?),
Battlecho beij ghetat,
They love to have a drink,
Te konn? Te aminch Goenkar?
Who are they: It is we Goans!

+

Tambdde Rozad Tuje Pole
Your cheeks are red like roses

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 75

Lyrics and Music:

Date:

Musical form: Binary

Literary form: Dialogue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Romano Abreu, Moira, June 2003

Cheddo/ *Boy*:

Tambdde rozad tuje pole,

Your cheeks are red like roses,

Chouncheak distai kitle bore.

They are beautiful.

Papachem licens asa zalear polle,

See if your daddy is permitting you,

Kazar zanzvcheak moje kodde.

To get married with me.

Cheddun/ *Girl*:

Papachem licens asa-rê maka,

Daddy's permission is given to me,

Kazar zanzvcheak rautam tuka.

I am waiting to marry you.

Sang tori kednam kazar dorchem moga,

Tell me, my love, when our marriage should be held,

Vengent dhorunk rautam tuka.

I am waiting to embrace you.

Cheddo/ *Boy*:

Aikon tujim mogall utram,

Hearing your loving words,

Pois thaun tuka eok beij ditam.

I am sending you a flying kiss,

Tukach' lagon ankvar anvum raualam,

I remained a bachelor because of you,

Govai jardintulim fhulam.

These garden flowers are my witnesses.

Cheddun/ *Girl* :

Govai naka mojea anjea,

I don't want witnesses, my angel,

Mojem kalliz sangta maka.

My heart is whispering to me,

Abolim, rozam, xinvtim gehe-rê tuka,

Take these abolim, Marygold and Crysantemum for you,

Sukh sontos dhi-rê maka.

And give me joy and happiness.

+

Tedus Babddo Caitan Kori Chintest Rudan (Dev Kednanch Sanddinam)

The other day poor Caitan was very sad (God never forsakes us)

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira. Gitam Jhelo. Album 1, p. 50-51

Lyrics: F.X. Olivera. Music arr.: Cruz-Noronha

Date:

Musical form: Binary

Literary form: Dialogue

Published 1971. Printed by B.X. Furtado & Sons, Dhobitalao, Bombay

Translated by Alfred Noronha, Panaji, Goa, 22.12.2004

Tedus babddo Caitan kori chintest rudan,

The other day poor Caitan was complaining bitterly,

Zalin dontin vorsam asam bextto kuddant.

„It's about two or three years since I am living in the Club House.“

Sirvis nam zaum mortam sintimentan.

“I am very upset because I have no job.”

Supurlem Joan vochon fuddean, mhu-nnonk laglem luan,

Little João came to him and said to him quietly:

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Poi Irmanv tim suknnim kortat gaenam,

Look, my (elder) brother, those birds are singing songs,

Konn khan dita tankam ...?

Who gives them food to eat?

Poi zomir, rosroxit distat tim fhulam,

Look, the flowers on the ground are so healthy,

Konn ximpta tim zaddam ...?

Who waters those plants?

Poi mollbar jigjigtat chondrim noketram,

See how the moon and the stars shine in the sky,

Veller gaztat laram ...?

The waves are roaring on the beach.

Soglleem dita, chintlear govai amkam,

All this solemnly tells us,

Dev kednanch sanddinam !

God never forsakes us!

Veta thum aikotam, mhunnonk laglo Caitan,

I hear this wherever I go, said Caitan,

Veta thum lok magta, mozot diunk Serkaran;

Wherever I go I hear that the Government should help them,

Punn dublleank konn poinam hea sonvsarant ...

But nobody in this world looks after the poor people.

Surpulem Joan soddun suskar, tem luddbelem luan ...

Young João let out a sigh and whispered:

João:

Poi Irmanv, tea doriar bonvtat tim tarvam,
Look, my (elder) brother, at the ships that sail the seas,
Konn samballta tankam ... ?
Who looks after them?
Poi zongllant jietat sabar zanvaram,
Look at the animals that live in the forest,
Konn khann dita tankam ... ?
Who feeds them?

Ti maslli, tim pakram, suria, noketram,
The fish, the birds, the sun and the stars,
Mhunntat distat amkam ...
As if they say,
Tumi vortoun Devach' sobit rochnam,
Since you all are God's beautiful creation,
Dev kednanch sanddinam.
God never forsakes you.

Tujim utram aikon, mhunno laglo Caitan,
Hearing your words, said Caitan,
Sontos bogta kallzak, zor' dom' ddi nam hatant.
I feel very happy, even though I don't have a dime (paisa) in my hand.
Munxean vauron jieunk zai sonvsarant ...
Man must work and live in this world.
Bekar bonvon kaddche mhunn dis, hem sangonk nam Devan!
God did not tell us to be lazy and to do no work.

João:

Poi Irmanv, te bhagint fhul' leant tim fhulam,
Look, (elder) brother, flowers have blossomed in the garden,
Konn rong dita tankam ...
Who gave them their colours?
Poi molleant, tea dongrar, jinsanchim follam,
Look at the meadows, at those hills, where all kinds of berries grow,
Konn fors dita tankam ... ?
Who gives them the strength?

Dev korta, Dev dita, sogllem hem amkam,
God creates, God gives all this to us,
Munis hem somzonam ...
Man does not understand this.
Munxean chintlear mhunnto also sodam,
If man thinks, Alsu would always say,
Dev kednanch sanddinam!
God never forsakes us.

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Ugddas Eta Natalanch' Ratricho

I remember that Christmas night

Type: Mando

Source: F.X. Oliveira, Gitam Jhelo, Album 1, p. 18

Lyrics and Music: R.L. Dalgado

Date:

Musical form: Ternary

Literary form: Monologue

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Translated by Romano Abreu, Moira, June 2003

Ugddas eta Natalanch' ratricho,
I remember that Christmas night,
To dis amche amizadicho,
The day of our courtship.
Niall kor-rê moga Chondrimacho,
Think, my love, of the moon,
Attaplare tacher môgu amcho.
On which we vowed our love.

Chusmo/ Refrain:

Sintid nam-moga, lisavancher bogor tujer,
I can not concentrate on lessons but on you,
Dekhun punish dimbi ghaltam bankacher.
That is why I kneel on the bench as punishment.

Papan Goeam thaun addun maka,
Papa brought me from Goa.
Iskol xikonk ghatlem-rê Bandra,
He put me in school in Bandra.
Axetalim ek chitt borounk tuka,
I was longing to write a letter to you,
Kotta, Madri pattlean bonvtat amchea. (Chusmo)
Alas nuns are following us. (Refrain)

Goeam khobor gazteli avoi,
In Goa the news must have spread and echoed, Mother,
Baby Inglez xikta mhunn Bomboi,
That Baby is leaning English in Bombay.
Goeam rebek maka xikoitaloi,
In Goa you (male) were teaching me violin.
Ghara vetanam eok beij ditaloi. (Chusmo)
Before going home you used to give me a kiss.

Ratrich' nident anvum sopnetam,
At night I dream in sleep,
Ugddas eta lisanv kortanam,
I remember your when I am studying.
Moga tuje vinnem sukh maka nam,

My love, I am not happy without you.
Abras beiju tuka gehe ho Goeam. (Chusmo)
Embrace me, kiss me in Goa. (Refrain)

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