

Type: Mando

Source: J.A.A. Fernandes, vulgo: André Xett (1884-1980). Album Cantarancho. Song No. 36.

Bogtavaddo, opp. Saude Chapel, Chorão, Goa 403 102

Lyrics and Music: Probably by Gizelino Rebello (1875-1931) from Vernem as mentioned by José Pereira.

Date: Unknown

Musical Form: Ternary

Literary Form: Dialogue. I am not sure if I have attributed the roles correctly.

Published in this version in Album Cantarancho on 28.04.1953 and printed at the Cordialbail Press, Mangalore, Karnataka.

Translated by Antoniô Vicente de Noronha (1995-1982), House No. 321, Pandavaddo, Chorão, Goa 403 102, July 1981.

Boy:

Dove rozericho kollo,

A bud of a white rose,

Tujea mogan rê (*also gô*) fulolo,

Had blossomed with your love.

Moddench dusman entrad zaunum (*sung: Ekuch dusman entrad zalo*),

An enemy entered unexpected,

Mojea gopant(u)lo vello.

And snatched it away from my bosom.

Chusmo /Refrain:

Boy (?):

Biénaca, ai mojea moga,

Do not be afraid, you my Love.

Tuje vinem sovnsar maca naca.

This world is meaningless to me without you.

Girl:

Maichea¹⁴ muineant chintitalim aum,

I was thinking that in the month of May,

Suka borit jietelim munum,

I would live in happiness.

Ekach escand'lac lagunum,

On account of just one scandal,

Gopantlo dilo rê (*male*) soddunum.

I let you go away from my embrace.

Chusmo / Refrain:

Girl:

Anjea pôrim tum sarkeacho,

14 April and May are the hottest months of the year in Goa, just before the monsoon rains pour in June. These are also the so-called "holiday months" when Goans mainly from Mumbai come to Goa. This is also the time when boys and girls meet one another and propose. Goans tend to always find an occasion for a feast. A Konkani-Idiom says: *Bara muinem, terra festam*, The year has twelve months and thirteen feasts.

*You (male) are exactly like an angel, a true Angel,
Devan maca favo nam rê kello.
God did not destine you (male) for me.*

Boy:

*Soglem sandun môg cortam tujo,
I devote my love to you leaving everything,
Caliz gonddo diuno (pronounce diunu) mojo,
Giving you my whole heart.
Mojean cazar zauncheac nezo (or nozo).
I cannot get married,
Tum bai fuddar pollé tujo.
Take care of your future, my Lady.*

Chusmo / Refrain:

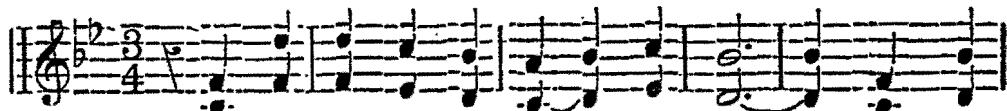
Boy:

*Ordeant mojea fugar zatta.
I am feeling suffocated in my breast.
Tujeam kensancho¹⁵ dumvôr dhi gô (female) maca.
Kindly give me the scent of your hair.*

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15 An Indian woman considers the hair on her head to be sacred. It is impolite to touch them. They appear in Mandos in the following Kontext "*Iea mojea kensache pantieri, jurar zatão Deva mukari*", meaning "With my hand - on these the hair on my head - I swear an oath in the presence of God."

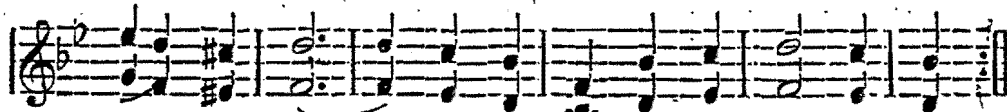
Doye rozericho collo



Dó - vé ro - zé - ri - cho col - ló, Mo - jea



mo - gan rê fu - lo - lo, Moddench dusman en -

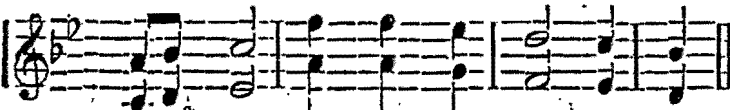


trad zau - num, Mo - jea go - fan - tu - lo vel - lo;

Chusmo



Bi - é - na - ca, ai mo - jea mo - ga Tu - jea



vi - nem sôvn - sar ma - ca na - ca.

- 2. Maiachea muineant ohintitalim ãum,
Suka bôrit jietelim munum,
Ekach escand'lac lagunum,
Gofantlo dilo rê soddunum.

Chusmo: Anjea pôrim tum sarkeacho,
Devan maca favo nam rê kello.

- 3. Soglem sandun môg cortam tujo,
Calliz gonddo diuno mojo,
Mojean cazar zaunoheac nezo,
Tum bai fuddar pollé gô tujo.

Chusmo: Ordeant mojea fugar zatta,
Tujeam kensancho dumvôr dhi gô maca.