



## Agur Xiberoa

Sorlekha ützirik gazte nintzalarik  
Parisen sarthü  
nintzan korajez betherik  
Plaseres gose eta bürían hartürik  
Behar niala alagera bizi  
Bostetan geroztik  
Nigar egiten dit  
Xiberua zuri

**Agur Xiberua**  
**Bazter güzietako xokhorik eijerrana**  
**Agur sorlekha**  
**Zuri ditit ene ametsik goxuenak**  
**Bihotzan ersitik**  
**Bostetan elki deitadazüt hasperena**  
**Zü ützi geroztik**  
**Bizi niz trixterik**  
**Abandonatürik**  
**Ez beita herririk**  
**Parisez besterik**  
**Zü bezalakorik.**

Palazio eijerretan gira alojatzen  
Eta segür goratik aide freska hartzen  
Gaiñ behera soginez beitzait üdüritzen  
Orhi ganen gañen nizala agitzen  
Bene ez dira heben  
Bazterrak berdatzen  
Txoriek khantatzen!

# NABO FOKU MUSIKALA

## Goodbye Xiberoa

I was young when I left my birthplace  
To be in Paris  
I was full of courage  
Pleasures and hunger in mind  
I need to live happily  
Since I was five years old  
I've cried  
to Xiberua

**Goodbye Xiberua**  
**The best of all the corners**  
**Goodbye homeland**  
**I have the sweetest dreams of you**  
**From the bottom of my heart**  
**At five, the feeling whispers**  
**Since I left**  
**I live in sadness**  
**Abandoned**  
**There's not a place**  
**Other than Paris**  
**Like you.**

We stay in beautiful palaces  
To breathe fresh air  
Speaking from the heights of Mt. Orhi  
Fills me from top to bottom with giddiness  
But there's not a corner  
that's not turning green  
and birds are singing!



# NABO FOKU MUSIKALA

**Agur Xiberua**  
Bazter güzietako xokhorik eijerrana  
Agur sorlekhia  
Zuri ditit ene ametsik goxuenak  
Bihotzan ersitik  
Bostetan elki deitadazüt hasperena  
Zü ützi geroztik  
Bizi niz trixterik  
Abandonatürük  
Ez beita herririk  
Parisez besterik  
Zü bezalakorik.

Ametsa, lagün neza ni Atharratzerat  
Ene azken egüna han igaraitea  
Orrhiko txoriaren khantüz behartzera  
Pharka ditzan nik egin nigarrak  
Hots, Xiberütarrak

Aintzinian gora  
Üxkaldün bandera.

**Agur Xiberua**  
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Ez beita herririk  
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**Goodbye Xiberua**  
The best of all the corners  
Goodbye homeland  
I have the sweetest dreams of you  
From the bottom of my heart  
At five, the feeling whispers  
Since I left  
I live in sadness  
Abandoned  
There's not a place  
Other than Paris  
Like you.

Dream, help me go to Atharratz (*town*)  
To spend my last day there  
To listen to the birds singing  
Leave me to cry for Pharka  
To say, the Xiberütarrak (*the people from Xiberoa*)  
It goes up in front  
The Basque flag

**Goodbye Xiberua**  
The best of all the corners  
Goodbye homeland  
I have the sweetest dreams of you  
From the bottom of my heart  
At five, the feeling whispers  
Since I left  
I live in sadness  
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There's not a place  
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