



NABO FOKU MUSIKALA

Xalbadorren Heriotzean

Adiskide bat bazen orotan bihotz behera.
Poesiaren hegoek sentimentuzko
bertsoek antzaldatzen zutena.
Plazetako kantari bakardadez josia,
hitzen lihoa iruten,
bere barnean irauten oinazez ikasia.

**Nun hago, zer larretan?
Urepeleko artzaina,
mendi hegaletan gora,
orhoitzapen den gerora,
ihesetan joan hintzana.**

Hesia urraturik libratu huen kanta,
lotura guztietarik gorputzaren mugetarik
aske sentittu nahirik.
Azken hatsa huela bertsoarik sakonena
nehoiz esan ezin diren
estalitako egien oihurik bortitzena.

**Nun hago, zer larretan?
Urepeleko artzaina,
mendi hegaletan gora,
orhoitzapen den gerora,
ihesetan joan hintzana.**

At Xalbador's Funeral

There was an endearing friend.
The wings of poetry were transformed
by sentimental verses.
A singer in the plaza full of solitude,
sewing the fabric of the words,
he learned to suffer inside himself.

**Where are you, in what pasture?
The shepherd of Urepel,
on the slopes of the mountains,
the memory will last
even though you ran away.**

The song that broke the fence,
wanting to be free from all connections
and limits of the body.
That last breath was the most profound
verse that he could never say
the most violent cry of covert truths.

**Where are you, in what pasture?
The shepherd of Urepel,
On the slopes of the mountains,
the memory will last
even though you ran away.**