

Mama Afrika

(Text from Music: Creole – English Translation)

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| <p>Rèl-o! Sanmba tande rèl-o! Sanmba nan Kiskeya ap mande poukisa... Pouki tout deblozay nan lakou Afrika? Pouki tout deblozay nan peyi Kiskeya?</p> | <p><i>Cries! The troubadour hears cries! The troubadour from the island of Haiti is asking why... Why all the chaos in lands of Afrika? Why all the chaos in the island of Haiti?</i></p> |
| <p>Rèl-o! Nou tande rèl-o! Timoun ape kriye: mama-ouwo! Rèl-o! Nou tande rèl-o! Granmoun ape rele: woh! Rèl-o! Nou tande rèl-o! Timoun, granmoun, timoun, granmoun! Nou tande rèl-o!</p> | <p><i>Cries! We hear cries! The young ones are yelling: oh mother! Cries! We hear cries! The grown ones are screaming: woh! Cries! We hear cries! All the young ones, all the grown ones! We hear cries!</i></p> |
| <p>Yo rele: "Mama, mama, mama, mama... Oh Mama Afrika! "Mama kote-ou mama, kote-ou? Mama, mama, mama, mama, Oh Mama Afrika!"</p> | <p><i>They are crying: "Mother, mother, mother, mother, Oh Mother Africa! Mother, where are you mother, where are you? Mother, mother, mother, mother, Oh Mother Africa!"</i></p> |
| <p>La jounen kon lannouit Se mizè, se traka... La jounen kon lannouit Se maladi, se lanmò... Se grangou, se la gè!</p> | <p><i>Day and night There is misery and nuisance Day and night There is illness and death There is hunger and war!</i></p> |
| <p>"Kote-ou, kote-ou mama? Kote-ou ye mama? Sanble ou pa tande!" Yo kriye, yo rele Yo rele, yo kriye... Kriye, yo rele: "Woh! Men kote ou ye? Sanble ou pa tande mama!!!"</p> | <p><i>"Where are you? Where are you mother? Oh but where mother? Perhaps you don't hear us?" They cry, they scream They scream, they cry They cry and yell: "Where, but where are you mother? Perhaps you don't hear us mother!!!"</i></p> |
| <p>"Woh! Mama Afrika... Sanble ou pa tande mama-ouwo! Mama Afrika, jan ou te bèl-o, Kote-ou?"</p> | <p><i>"Woh! Mother Africa... Perhaps you don't hear us oh dear mother! Mother Africa, but how you were so beautiful, where are you?"</i></p> |
| <p>Solèy leve, solèy kouche Anyen pa chanje</p> | <p><i>The sun rises, the sun sets Nothing is changing</i></p> |

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| <p>Roumble isit, roumble lòtbò Anyen pa deranje... Poukisa? Mizè-a la... Anyen pa chanje, anyen pa deranje... Mizè-a toujou la... Poukisa, poukisa, poukisa...?</p> <p>Doumbalele, doumba-yelele Afrika! Koukouka koun keye Afrika! Kekounkaye, koukaye Afrika! Pran kouraj oh mama! Pran kouraj Afrika Kenbe la oh Mama Afrika!</p> <p>Mama ou menm ki granmoun-o Wa di yo, wa di yo jan la vi a te bèl-o! Mama ou menm ki granmoun-o Wa di yo, wa di yo jan la vi-a te dous-o... Boul lò avèk diaman tap benyen la riviè Eya, eya, eya Mama Afrika! Zannimo tout koulè tap piafe nan fon bwa Eya, eya, oh Afrika!</p> <p>Rèl-o, Sanmba tande rèl-o! Oh Mama, rèl yo toujou la... Men yon jou kon jodi-a Tout rèl yo va kaba...</p> <p>Beni swa, beni swa Afrika... Beni swa, beni swa Kiskeya... Beni swa, beni swa Mama Afrika!</p> | <p><i>Meetings here, meetings there, Nothing is being bothered. The misery is there... why? Nothing is changing, nothing is bothered The misery is still there... Why, why, why...?</i></p> <p><i>Keep strength Africa! Hang on Afrika! Hang in there oh mother... Hang in there oh Mother Africa!</i></p> <p><i>Mother, you wise one, Tell them, tell them how beautiful life was! Mother, you wise one, Tell them, tell them how pleasant life was... Balls of diamonds were showering rivers Bravo, bravo, bravo Mother Africa! Animals of all colors were wandering the deep woods. Bravo, bravo Afrika!</i></p> <p><i>Cries, the troubadour hears cries! Oh Mother, the cries are still there... But one day like today All the cries will vanish...</i></p> <p><i>Blessed, blessed be Afrika Blessed, blessed be the Island of Haiti Blessed, blessed be Mother Afrika!</i></p> |
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Définition de "Mama Afrika"

L'Afrique, apparemment terre originaire de la vie et de l'humanité, devient de plus en plus terre de souffrance et de misère. De ce grand Continent, l'Occident ne reçoit que bruits de guerre et de tribulations, de famine, de génocide et de désolation. On discute, on en parle dans les grandes assemblées, mais les enfants d'Afrique continuent leur calvaire. Ils crient leur désespoir et leur envie de vivre à tous ceux qui, ici ou ailleurs, ont des oreilles pour entendre et un cœur pour comprendre.

-Gabriel T. Guillaume

Definition of "Mama Afrika"

Africa, apparently the original land of life and humanity, becomes more and more the land of suffering and misery. Of this vast continent, the West receives nothing but sounds of war and of tribulations, of famine, of genocide and of desolation. We discuss and speak of it in large assemblies, but the children of Africa continue their ordeal. They cry their desperation and strong will to live to all those, here and abroad, who have ears to hear and a heart to understand.