

L'ESTACA

L'avi Siset em parlava
de bon matí al portal
mentre el Sol esperàvem
i els carros vèiem passar.
Siset que no veus l'estaca
a on estem tots lligats?
Si no podem desfer-nos-en
mai no podrem caminar!

***Si estirem tots ella caurà
i molt de temps no pot durar,
segur que tomba,
tomba, tomba,
ben corcada deu ser ja.
Si tu l'estires fort per aquí,
i jo l'estiro fort per allà
segur que tomba,
tomba, tomba,
i ens podrem alliberar.***

Però Siset fa molt temps ja,
les mans se'm van escorxant,
i quan la força se me'n va
ella és més ampla i més gran.
Ben cert sé que està podrida
però és que Siset pesa tant,
que a cops la força m'oblida.
Torna'm a dir el seu cant!

[CHORUS]

L'avi Siset ja no diu res,
mal vent que se l'emportà,
ell qui sap a quin indret
i jo a sota el portal.
I mentre passen els nous vaillets
estiro el coll per cantar
el darrer cant que en Siset
el darrer que van ensenyar.

[CHORUS]

The old Siset talked to me
on the porch during dawn
while we waited for the sun
and watched the carts passing by.

Siset, don't you see the stake
to which we are all tied?
If we can not separate us from it,
then we can never walk!

**If we all pull, it will fall
and it will not endure for long,
it is sure that it falls, falls, falls,
it should already be well rotten.**

**If you pull hard here,
and I pull hard there,
it is sure that it falls, falls, falls,
and we can liberate ourselves.**

But, Siset, so much time has passed,
the hands are being flayed,
and when my strength goes away,
it will be wider and bigger.

I very well know that it is rotten,
but it is just, Siset, that it weighs so much
so that sometimes my strength leaves me.¹
Tell me your song again.

[CHORUS]

The old Siset now said nothing.
A bad wind came about
- he knows towards where -
and I went under the porch.

And while the new lads passed by,
I stretched my throat to sing
the last song of Siset,
the last that he taught me.

**If we all pull, it will fall
and it will not endure for long,
it is sure that it falls, falls, falls,
it should already be well rotten.**

**If you pull hard here,
and I pull hard there,
it is sure that it falls, falls, falls,
and we can liberate ourselves.**