

Fiamma Fumana "Di Madre In Figlia"

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I shall endure the storms
I shall smile to the April rains
I shall dry up to the early morning sun
Winter shall put me to sleep

I shall resist the century
I shall keep the ancient pathways
I shall not yield to the noise
I shall keep on singing

Through time
Mother to daughter
Song to song
Season to season to season to season

The earth shall give me strength
The fresh wind shall be my breath
Streams shall wash me
The moon shall show me the way

Long line of females
Keeping alive the secret flame
Shall keep on gathering
The herbs that heal

The cuckoo-flower for coughing and colds
The p'cun dulz for a raucous voice
The erba taca if you get St Anthony's fire
The cutting grass for wounds
Dandelion for stomach-ache
Polmonaria if you cannot breathe well
For the bile, erba fumar?ina
Rosemary if you are tired

You woods in the mountains
You stones smoothed by the river
You eternal waves of the sea
I shall not fail you

They shall never separate us
They shall not violate our secrets
They shall not loosen the ties

I shall keep on singing

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