

## Gure Musika, Nire Odola



I wake up to that same new sound,  
The txistus singing with the smack of the drum.  
They start their march all through the town,  
How could I forget! It's every year.

I jumped out of bed and I could hear them near.

I join my mom on the balcony,  
The players all come from the port of the sea.  
The melody speaks confidently and demands respect,  
This tradition holds strong, making the past and present connect.

I close my eyes and take it all in,  
As it makes me think of Euskal Musika and makes me reflect.  
It takes me back to when I was young absorbing everything I could,  
Dancing as a txiki and filling memories of music in my childhood.



The accordion or txistu always leading the melody,  
The group and I on stage or on the block as my family films me.  
It feels so natural to move to the beat,  
Generations of musicians and culture for it to reach me and lead my feet.



This feeling would stay with me even until now,  
My roots dig deep and grow when thinking of Bilbao.  
Growing up in Boise I thought I experienced it all,

But those Bilbao festivals showed me what I have missed in the dancing hall.

The stage is filled with various musicians,  
With instruments I have never seen.  
The Alboka horn dominates the treble without repetitions.

This basque horn with two pipes and two reeds,  
Blaring a high pitched tune that cannot be ignored,  
Bringing the audience back to the time of the horse and the sword.



This sound has played for centuries upon centuries,  
Alongside the Basque percussion accessories.



The Pandareta tambourine is essential to any song,  
The jingles synchronise as the player runs their fingers across the leather,  
To create that drawn out beat that is never too long.

Its rhythm reminds me of the txalaparta, the simple but powerful instrument.

This idiophone has two players and has become a tool of musical dialogue,  
A player maintains the beat while the other creates a matching treble increment.

It makes a powerful blend that far exceeds any prolog.

But music doesn't require the help of inanimate objects,  
It was first used just like the language of Euskera in speaking respects.



Bertsolarri is the art of improvised singing,  
People sing about their life, their passion, and more from the beginning.

Their voice carries stories in a poetic way,  
Reflecting by using Euskera, improvising and leaving nothing astray.

When I first heard it in Segura I was more than blown away,

Because they never care about competition,  
but sharing their story in a song they can convey.

This is my favorite musika, because it requires no tools to play,

But only a voice and a spirit you are willing to display.

This tradition has lived on for more than a millenia,  
Bringing crowds and families together, without judgment or media.

It represent my heart, and all that I love,



The cherishing music that has raised me, like my Aitxitxe that returns as a dove.



I thank him and my Ama for all that I know,  
For the culture and the music that surrounds me and that I'll never forgo.  
It's longevity proves its strength and power,  
From fiestas to home no matter the hour.



The musika that has come from Euskal Herria and reaches from Idaho to Arizona

Nire arimaren soinua da, nire hartzaroaren sustraiak, eta etxera konektatuta  
mantentzen nauen erritmoa.

(It is the sound of my soul, the roots of my childhood, and the beat that keeps me  
connected to home).