

Max Prener

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Homesick

(adapted from a song by Josef Reichl/Adalbert Riedl/Karl Klien)

I went on a journey, it teared me abroad.
overwhelmed by desire it took me away.
I didn't want to stay anymore, went away from my nest to see the world, here and there.

Homesick – when the day can't wait to turn into night.
Homesick – when you don't have tears to cry.
Homesick – when nothing can hold you anymore.
Homesick, homesick...

Settled in a town, now I miss everything,
Like a caged bird from the forest
And when it forces me to sing, I feel aggrieved the same moment: It doesn't sound as beautiful like at home.

I went on a journey, it teared me abroad.
Overwhelmed by desire it took me away.

It rains gently

(adapted from a folk song from Osliip/Uzlop)

Gently falls the rains gently on green hills.
On that hill, so cold, stands a tan.
Under that tree my little sister sits beside me.
She asks me: When, my brother, will you marry?
Little sister, long won't marry!
For three years I have to be a soldier.
I Gently falls the rains gently on green hills.

Oj oj oj Jelena!

(adapted from a burgenland croatian folk song)

Oj Jelena, Jelena, green apple!
Under her the glover is growing.

Jelena, the snooty girl, cuts it with a golden scythe with white pale hands.

With what Helena cuts, she baits the horses.
Eat, drink, eat, drink, my brother's horses!
Tomorrow you will wander far away,
new roads, longing for my for my sister-in-law (other option to translate: "bride")

Wither, wither, violet!

adapted from a croatian folk song

Wither, wither, violet, don't make me sad!
I planted you deep in my heart. But now I see, that someone else harvests you.

You are raised like a tulip among roses,
But all that for nothing, all I vain, woe is me!
Wither, wither, little dove, for I won't pick you as I do not need my heart anymore.

If you wither my little violet, you will see me crying.
I must not pick you, I won't stand it.
I raised you, despite heat, wind, thunder, snow and hail. Now someone else will have you, granted to see you
bosom.

Gila hopp! (The farmer's jacket)

(adapted from a folk song from Ödenburg/Sopron)

Once a upon a time a farmer walked through town.
He brought a piece of canvas.
When do you need it ready-made?
Till Sunday it has to be ready-made!
Then he went to his neighbour: Look at my stylish jacket!
But there is a tail missing! - To hell with the tailor!

Time after time

(Cyndi Lauper / Robert Hyman / Markus Prenner)

Almost every night I hear you deep inside in my conscience.
How did we came that far? It's pointless.
Again, awoken, alone with myself, afraid of a new day...
Then again – I do my best and I'm strong enough to face you again.
Poison for my day, and poison for my confidence.
You still keep me in prison, I feel your hands like spider webs.
What's the use in talking, I always come to the point, time after time.
Don't ask me, how I feel, for you know it exactly, time after time.

Scarcely awoken, got used to my daily business, pictures come up, knocking at my door, pictures, for those I could slap myself into my face.
They say: Watch out, it's going down. Begin to take care of your yourself.

Jankele, my boy

(adapted from a jiddish lullaby)

In every lullaby you can feel worry. Justly!
Many cannot sing their songs anymore. Jankele cannot hear any lullabies anymore. The „tate“ cannot sing anymore. And also no „baba“.

For all those, whose lullabies turned into funeral songs.

Please sleep now, my pretty little Jankele.
Close your little black eyes.
A little boy, with already all teeth
has to be sung into sleep by his tate (father)?

A big boy, with all teeth,
who will luckily become a schoolboy
who will learn love, worries and laughter,
wants to cry, when his father smiles at him?

Like I sit aside you, my little Jankerl,
I will sit aside you many a long night.
Will wake, pray, tremble, wait for you,
while you will be rambling around, dancing and laughing.

If you once find a love and move away,
if you once stay alone and keep to yourself,
If you struggle for luck or if luck comes to you,
My hand is there for you anytime, my boy!

My sweet Jankele, close your little eyes.
Out there your life is waiting for you curiously.
Don't be afraid, take a chance!

Vienna

(in german, croatian and hungarian)

Heat – you can cut the air with a knife.
Light – on hard floor.
People – threatening anonymously and cold.
Poison smeared and loud.
Boundless midnight

Pain – choking your heart
Shame – deep in the heart
A slave of your heart you've been
Silence – burning like hell.
Boundless midnight.

Guilt – heavy for so many years
Fear – on black skin
Frustration – drowning all passion
Self-regarding greed
Boundless midnight....
Tiramtiro!
(adapted from a folksong from Osip/Uzlop)

Now I am the most unfortunate man
My parents died
Mother lies in the dark grave, tiramtiro
And father on the battlefield.

I have no father and no mother,
Have no brother and no beloved.
Don't know, where to begin, tiramtiro,
I have to move on.

I left my yesterday,
but today it catches me up every night.
I just want to find a sleep tomorrow, tiramtiro
In which i can looking forward to dream.

Downthere fear was my shadow,
that fear choked my laughter.
That fear chased me away and guided me here, tiramtiro, and now I face your fear

Some pray and shoot,
others pray and die.
I don't pray, therefor I can't find any words, tiramtiro.
I just want to be again a human being.

I move on for ten days.
Me young guy, crying all day long.
Don't need no dew nor rain, tiramtiro
My eyes give me the water, I need.

Tiramito!

(adapted from a folksong from Oslip/Uzlop)

Now I am the most unfortunate man
My parents died
Mother lies in the dark grave, tiramtiro
And father on the battlefield.

I have no father and no mother,
Have no brother and no beloved.
Don't know, where to begin, tiramtiro,
I have to move on.

I left my yesterday,
but today it catches me up every night.
I just want to find a sleep tomorrow, tiramtiro
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Me young guy, crying all day long.
Don't need no dew nor rain, tiramtiro
My eyes give me the water, I need.

Funeral song

(adpoted from an folk song from Sauerbrunn)

Today I am red, tomorrow I am dead.
Today my cheeks are still rosy.
Today I am still lying in my father's bed.
And tomorrow my neighbours will come to chase me away.
They chase me far away, I am not allowed to come home again.
They chase me alone over the sea.
Ladies and Gentlemen! Close your eyes, so your devout souls may find peace.