

My beautiful village

Paroles et musique : Claude Noah

Huuuuum mon Ngoumou à moi
It's my beautiful village with crazy charm
Perched on the road to Akono
The cradle of so much love

Huuuuum mon Ngoumou à moi
C'est mon beau village au charme fou
Perché sur la route d'Akono
Le berceau de tant d'amour

Say, let me introduce you to my beautiful village
Cradle of my childhood, he saw me born,
On its red roads, where my dreams take flight,
Its ancient trees still remember my first laughter,
Like leaves in the wind, floating, ephemeral.

Where women sing while pounding plantain
Where men share the evening fire,
Where every corner still murmurs my name,
Like a sweet chorus that never fades,
The markets dance with colors, smells of spices,
And the warmth of smiles warms the space.

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You taught me the patience of the farmer,
The wisdom of the elder, in the sweetness of the hour,
My first loves bloomed under your skies,
Like the sun that caresses the fields, bright,
They felt the wet earth and hope,
Weaving dreams as the days go by, without leaving.

I carry within me your essence, your perfumes,
Like a bird's song in the morning that awakens,
The echo of your markets, the sweetness of your nights,
You are engraved in my flesh, in every beat,

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My Ngoumou, you are my living poetry,
My heart flies towards you, always radiant.

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And even if I go looking for other horizons,
My heart will remain tied to your horizons,
Ngoumou, my pride, my hidden treasure,
My eternal village, my song of always.

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