

Kada mucha tin su nochi

Den e nochi di deskanso, un mucha ta drumi
ta soña soño bunita di hubentut
yen di speransa di rikesa i salú

Den e nochi di tristesa un otro mucha ta pensando
Ta sintié será den trampa di skuridat
sin su preguntanan wordu kontestá dor di soledat

Den e nochi di flakesa un stoma ta gruña
e mucha ei na otro banda di nos mundu
No por drumi debi na hamber profundo

Den su anochi di desesperashon, no ta su stoma so:
e mucha ta hambrá tambe pa pas
pa inosensia, pa edukashon y pa amor den su kas

Den e nochi di speransa, mara nos mucha por tin fe;
ku no tin awe nochi so, i ku su preguntanan
tur lo wòrdu kontestá ora lus sali mañan

Every child has its night

In the night of rest, a child is sleeping
dreaming beautiful dreams of youth
full of the hope of riches and health

In the night of sadness another child is thinking
caught in the trap of darkness
with questions isolation does not answer

In the night of lack a stomach is growling
that child on the other side of our world
does not sleep due to a deep hunger

In its night of desperation, it is not just its stomach:
the child hungers also for peace
for innocence, education and love in its home

In the night of hope, may the child have faith;
that there is more than this night, and that its questions
will be answered
when light emerges
tomorrow