

FESTIVAL VAN VLAANDEREN MECHELEN PRESENTEERT

LUNALIA

ZA 25.04 – 14:30-15:00

16:00-16:30

Where the soul burns

Roots of Juniper

LOCATIE

Cultuurcentrum Mechelen

BEZETTING

Sofía Chacón, sopraan

Rosalie D'hollander, sopraan

Katelijne Malomgré, alt

Bernardo Beirão, tenor

Miguel Vasconcelos, bariton

Xavier Devillers, bas

Programma

Bernardo Beirão (1997)

Ignis spiritus

Miguel Vasconcelos (1998)

Ūa lhéngua

Katerina Gimón (1993)

Fire

Sofía Chacón (1998)

Manipura - Nana

Sofía Chacón (1998)

Svadhithana - Oda a los ancestros

Ralph Carmichael (1927-2021) arr. Mervyn Warren (1964)

There is a quiet place

Liedteksten

Bernardo Beirão

Ignis Spiritus

O ignis Spiritus paracliti,
vita vite omnis creature,
sanctus es vivificando formas.

Sanctus es unguendo periculose
fractos, sanctus es terendo
fetida vulnera.

*O fire of the Spirit and Defender,
the life of every life created:
Holy are you—giving life to every form.*

*Holy are you—anointing the critically
broken. Holy are you—cleansing
the festering wounds.*

Miguel Vasconcelos

Ua lhéngua

ũa lhéngua que quaije naide fala
i mui poucos sáben que eisiste,
nien por esso deixa de ser um
pedamiego de l mundo,
pequeinho ye berdade,
mas son siempre pequeinhas
las brechas
por adonde ampéçan
ls grandes sbarrulhos

Moeder, kekt nor m'n aende,
ze zen leeg, zonder liefde...
ze zen twiê vleugels
van een ouw mus
die nimmer kan vliege.

Moeder, kekt nor m'n oêge,
verloren in den emel,
verstùmd in stilte...
ze zen twiê vùnken uit et vuur

*A language
that almost no one speaks
and very few know exists
doesn't cease to be
a pillar of the world,
small it's true,
but it's always through
small cracks
that the great ruins begin.*

*Mother, look at my face,
they are empty, without love...
they are the two wings
of an old sparrow
that can never fly.*

*Mother, look at my eyes,
lost in the mist,
hushed in silence...
they are two sparks sprung from the fire,*

gesprünge, die ni schijne,
die 't ijs ni smelte.

*that do not shine,
that do not melt the ice.*

Moeder, kekt nor m'ne ziel, uitgedroëgd
van dörst, verloren oop... 't is en
bewaerkt veld waar aliën distels grūjje,
die in 't lève steke tot da 't verga.

*Mother, look at my soul, parched with
thirst, lost in the mist... it is a guarded
field where all thistles grow, that stick in
life until it perishes.*

Moeder, kekt nor mij! Kende ga mij
nog, moeder? Ik was ù kingt, vandaag
ne vent, mor 'k weet ni wie da'k zen.
Moeder! Kende mij nog, Moeder?

*Mother, look at me! Do you still know
me, Mother? I was your king, a man
today, but I don't know who I am.
Mother! Did you still know me, Mother?*

Zelfs gjj ni?

Don't you even?

Sofía Chacón

Manipura - Nana

RAM

Te voy a abrazar
Te voy a sacar las espinas
de tu boca de metal oxidado.
Ya! Ya no estás sola, estás a salvo.
Te voy a romper el miedo en trozos,
Y los convertiré en mandalas,
para que los puedas pintar
de amor incondicional.

RAM

*I'm going to hug you.
I'm going to pull the rusty metal thorns
out of your mouth.
Now! You're no longer alone,
you're safe.
I'm going to break your fear into pieces,
And turn them into mandalas, so you
can paint them with unconditional love.*

RAM

Te voy a llenar de color amarillo.
Te voy a suspirar granitos de arena
con los que volarás hasta mi corazón.
Ya no estás sola, estás a salvo.
Te voy a entregar la fuerza capaz
de parar a mil bisontes
para que rompas el hilo de oro.
Ya no estás vinculada,
ya no dependes de nadie.
Ya eres libre, estás a salvo.

RAM

*I'm going to fill you with yellow.
I'm going to whisper grains of sand to
you with which you'll fly to my heart.
You're no longer alone, you're safe.
I'm going to give you the strength to
stop a thousand bison so you can break
the golden thread. You're no longer
bound, you're no longer dependent on
anyone. You're free, you're safe.*

Sofía Chacón

Svadhithana - Oda a los ancestros

Ya ha pasado pero no sé si me
arrepientoal haber sacado
la araña del hilo.
No sé si se convierte en
costumbre el altibajo,
el altibajo que desata
pues ya las mareas están en calma.
Ya no hay sensaciones, sólo un póker
que no respira bajo el cielo.

De un mundo a otro, a mí me da igual,
al final todo es uno,
las barajas han sacado un as.

Lo malo es bueno y lo bueno
es más bueno,
qué nos puede deparar el futuro.
Qué nos puede deparar
ante tales sensaciones,
dejemos de subyacer en el manto,
y nos manchamos de mil colores.

Ya no hay sufrimiento,
pero por algo existirá.
Las oscuras emociones se emancipan
sobre un manto blanco,
un manto perfecto pero aburrido.
No le parece suficiente,
pues el Yan, está más profundo que el
inconsciente.

El tiempo se agota,
y yo me vuelvo loca,
la muerte angelical en mí se asoma.

*It's over, but I don't know if I regret
having pulled the spider
from the thread.
I don't know if the ups and downs
become a habit, the ups and downs that
it unleashes because the tides are calm.
There are no more sensations,
just a poker that
doesn't breathe under the sky.*

*From one world to another, it doesn't
matter to me, in the end,
it's all one, the cards have drawn an ace.*

*Bad is good and good
is even better,
what can the future hold for us?
What can such sensations hold for us?
Let's stop hiding behind the cloak,
and we'll stain ourselves
with a thousand colors.*

*There is no more suffering,
but it must exist for a reason.
Dark emotions are emancipated on a
white blanket,
a perfect but boring blanket.
It doesn't seem enough,
for the Yan is deeper than the
unconscious.*

*Time runs out,
and I go crazy,
the angelic death within me appears.*

Pero todo el árbol
al final siempre me apoya,
así que en el fondo no estoy sola.

*But the whole tree always
supports me in the end,
so deep down I'm not alone.*

Cojamos el manto y hagámoslo rodar,
hacer, mover, saltar y caminar.
Pues así la nube gris empieza a llorar,
llenando el corazón de libertad.

*Let's take the blanket and roll it,
make it, move it, jump it, and walk it.
For thus the gray cloud begins to cry,
filling the heart with freedom.*

Ya no hay sufrimiento,
pero por algo existirá.
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sobre un manto blanco,
un manto perfecto pero aburrido.
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Ralph Carmichael

There is a quiet place

There is a quiet place
Far from the rapid pace
Where God can soothe my troubled mind
Sheltered by tree and flower
There in my quiet hour
With Him my cares are left behind
Whether a garden small Or on a mountain tall
New strength and courage there I find
Then from this quiet place I go prepared to face
A new day with love for all mankind
Whether a garden small Or on a mountain tall
New strength and courage there I find
Then from this quiet place I go prepared to face
A new day with love for all mankind
Then from this quiet place
I go prepared to face
A new day with love for all mankind

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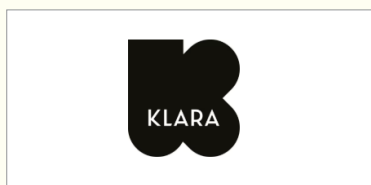
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