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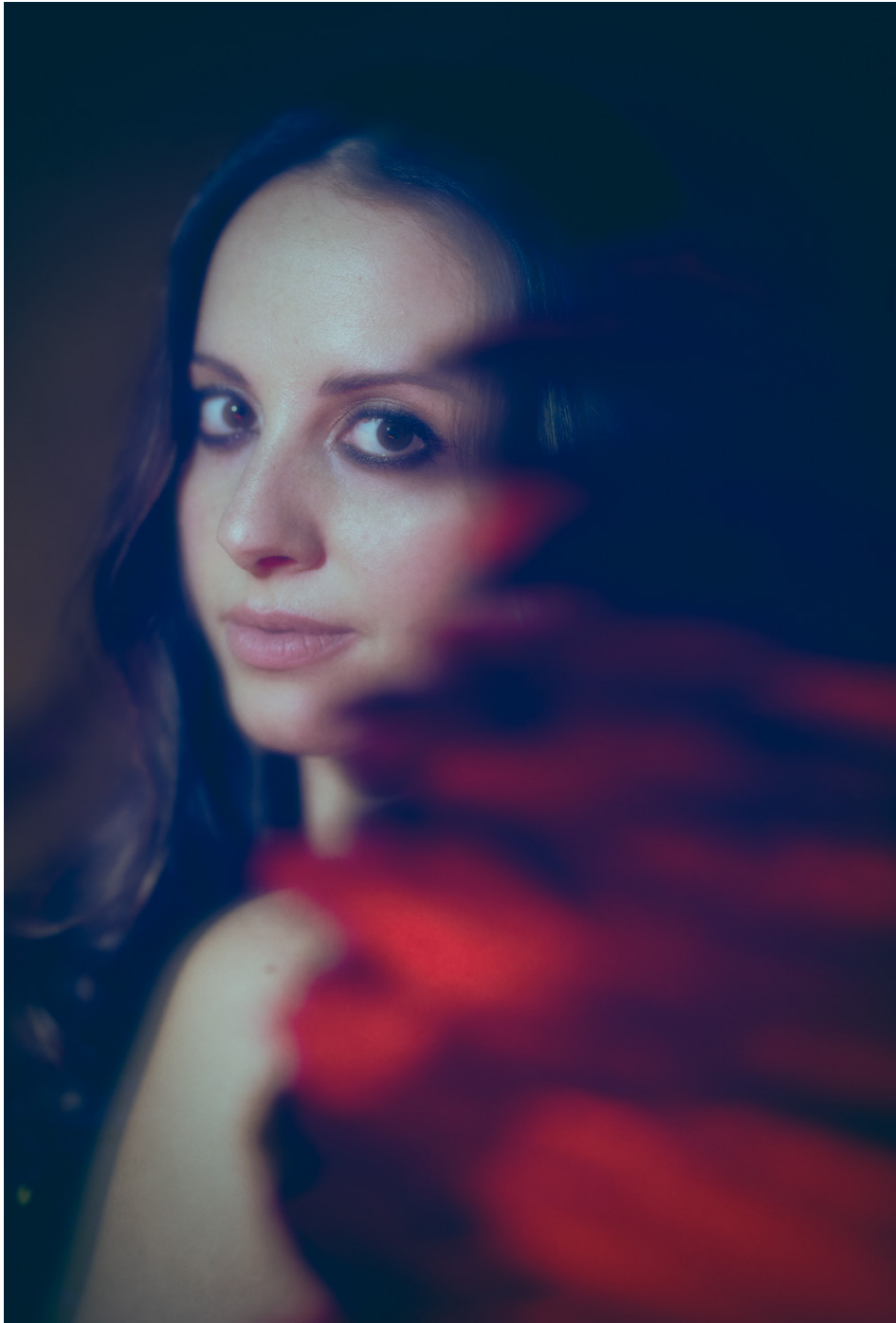
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LILIAN FARAHANI

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I WISH TO GO...
I WISH TO SEE...

“Folk music is the purest expression of sorrow, love, or joy, the most honest form of music making, and the purest form of singing. It is the beginning of all music”, says Lilian Farahani. Singing folk music from distant countries is akin to telling a story which connects the here and now with another world. After all, a beautiful story has often undergone a long journey. The fascinating Scheherazade exemplifies this like no other in *One Thousand and One Nights*: as she narrates her adventures to her husband, Prince Shahryar, thereby escaping the death penalty night after night, she draws upon a variety of Persian, Arabic, North African, and Indian sources that originated in medieval and even older times.

Sheherazade’s stories have traveled with people who ventured to distant lands in search of survival and new happiness, or were driven to continually journey onwards. In their hearts, these people carried a piece of their familiar world, their origin, with them. And so it happens that, in a dimly lit nocturnal setting, those stories are narrated by Scheherazade to her husband, both in prose and song. The husband, Prince Shahryar, listens and allows himself to be carried away by his thoughts.

Maurice Ravel’s song cycle *Shéhérazade* begins with such a journey into the imagination. The destination is the Asia of our dreams, where fantasy sleeps in a forest full of mystery. It is an Asia that really doesn’t exist, yet Lilian Farahani

believes this should not hinder our appreciation of the cycle: *“Despite the fact that one could accuse these songs of an exoticism that doesn’t fit the reality of today, they still bring us the charm of escaping to another world. Ravel manages this by presenting this world in a rich tapestry of sound, which captures every country and feeling, every atmosphere and temperature.”* Ravel’s songs were created around 1903, during a period of great fascination for everything that was distant in time or place. Ravel chose three out of a total of one hundred prose poems by Tristan Klingsor (pseudonym of Arthur Léon Leclère) with oriental themes.

In the first song, a threefold “Asia!” and marvelously evocative music draw us ever further eastward, while the poet discloses what he would wish to see in Persia, India, and China. For Lilian Farahani, it is as if Ravel raises the curtain again and again: *“You enter into a completely new scene and a new sound world each time, which truly transport you to a different world.”*

The allure of that other world resonates in the second song: we find ourselves in a palace where a harem lady or servant hears music from outside that evokes feelings of freedom and love. Finally, an androgynous young man passes by an inn where an admiring pair of eyes tries in vain to entice him inside with wine. He continues walking. Forward and always on the move, like many who have been migrating from one

region to another since the beginning of human existence, nomads played a crucial role in the spread of Indo-European languages and culture. Thus, the present-day Czech Republic and Slovakia were successively populated by Celts, Germanic tribes, and Slavs. Eastern Europe of today became the center of the Western world in the 14th century when Bohemian Charles IV was crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Later, these lands were conquered by the Austrians, and German became the dominant language. However, in the 19th century, the Czechs began to search for their roots, delving into their language, history, and culture.

In this regard, Antonín Dvořák played a significant role in developing the musical field. He sought suitable texts in the vernacular for a song cycle and discovered three Slovak poems and one Czech text that had not been previously set by other composers. He complemented the accompanying folk music with his own melodic and harmonic ideas, allowing his own style to blend with the folk elements in the cycle *V národním tónu* (In the Folk Tone).

Reza Vali employed a similar technique in his *Nine Persian Folk Songs* (set no. 2) by blending his own compositional style with the original folk melodies. In this music, we hear the sounds of Persia, a country which featured one of the oldest civilizations in human history and in which cities emerged around 4000 BC. That is why the German

philosopher Hegel referred to the Persians as ‘the first historical people.’ Persia ruled the largest empire ever to exist and was a world power for a long time, with its cultural influence stretching from Western Europe to Africa, India, China, and the Middle Eastern countries. The Greeks and Mongols attempted to conquer it, while nomadic tribes sought refuge there.

According to Reza Vali, born in 1952, the Persian musical tradition, with its improvised nature and distinctive rhythms, cannot be adequately captured in Western music notation. Vali studied in Tehran, Vienna, and Pittsburgh, where he eventually settled. In recent decades, his works have been discovered and performed worldwide. The music of Persian composer Reza Vali speaks to Lilian Farahani, giving her a sense of recognition: “I have finally found music that is an exact embodiment of the melting pot of backgrounds and education that I am myself. The Persian folk songs are the ultimate way to let the other culture speak within me, but it happens within the framework of Western compositional style and through the work of a composer who has moved and traveled and therefore, like me, encompasses both the East and the West.”

While the first civilization emerged in Persia, in South America, the first settlements were formed by people who had migrated from Asia thousands of years earlier. For

centuries, these peoples lived undisturbed until European colonization, which brought oppression, death and an influx of Africans, forcibly brought to the continent. The different population groups intermingled, and so did their music. Italian and Spanish immigrants, working as seasonal laborers, South American gauchos, and descendants of black slaves would gather in cafes and brothels to dance. Their candombes, habaneras, and milongas merged together to form the tango.

Astor Piazzolla, an immigrant’s son, became the great reformer of tango. He began his life as a nomad, moving from Argentina to New York and eventually returning. He sought the refinement and deepening of classical music, but the renowned composer and pedagogue Nadia Boulanger told him that his true future lay with tango. In his tango opera *Maria de Buenos Aires* a young woman, born ‘on a day when God was drunk’, ventures to the heart of Buenos Aires and survives there as a sex worker. Thieves and pimps cause her death, but her shadow gets a second chance and gives birth to a girl who can finally be who she is.

The tango found its way to Europe as well. In 1934, Kurt Weill incorporated this dance into his music for the play *Marie Galante*, which tells the story of a woman who is abducted from France to Panama and is forced into prostitution to gather the money for her return to her homeland. She, too,

is murdered. Weill composed an instrumental interlude for *Marie Galante*, which is a tango with a strong undertone of a habanera. French actor Roger Fernand later wrote lyrics for it under the pseudonym Roger Fernay, describing an idyllic island at the end of the world, where a good fairy welcomes anyone who arrives there, riding the waves in their little boat. The island ‘Youkali’ is a land of imagination, just like Ravel’s imagined Asia in *Shéhérazade*.

Death also hovers over ‘Alfonsina y el mar’ by Argentine composer Ariel Ramirez, a song famously performed by Mercedes Sosa. It is inspired by the suicide of poet Alfonsina Storni, a Swiss woman whose parents migrated to Argentina. Alfonsina, a storyteller like Sheherazade, seeks peace, beauty, and a new life at the bottom of the sea, in order to escape the horrors of breast cancer. On the other hand, the Sheherazade of 1001 Nights evokes the mysteries of distant lands, as a means of survival. However, both women are filled with the same powerful longing for a place where at present one doesn’t dwell but desires to be.

— Hein van Eekert



Shéhérazade

Text: Tristan Klingsor

Asie

Asie, Asie, Asie,
Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice
Où dort la fantaisie
Comme une impératrice,
En sa forêt tout emplie de mystère.
Asie,
Je voudrais m'en aller avec la goëlette
Qui se berce ce soir dans le port
Mystérieuse et solitaire
Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes
Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel d'or.

Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs,
En écoutant chanter la mer perverse
Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur.

Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse
Avec les minarets légers dans l'air ;
Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie
Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires ;
Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour
Et des prunelles brillantes de joie
En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges ;
Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours
Et des habits à longues franges.

Asie

*Asia, Asia, Asia,
Old marvellous land of ancient fairy tales
Where fantasy sleeps
Like an empress,
In her forest full of mystery.
Asia,
I'd like to go away with the boat
That rocks tonight in the harbour
Mysterious and solitary
And at last spreads her violet sails
Like a huge night bird in a golden sky.*

*I wish to set off for islands of flowers,
Listening to the sizzling sea sing
To an old enchanting rhythm.*

*I would like to see Damascus and the cities of Persia with light
minarets in the air;
I wish to see beautiful silk turbans
On black faces with bright teeth;
I wish to see eyes dark with love
And eyes shining with joy
In skins as yellow as oranges;
I wish to see garments of velvet
And clothes with long fringes.*

Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches
Tout entourées de barbe blanche ;
Je voudrais voir d'âpres marchands aux regards louches,
Et des cadis, et des vizirs
Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se penche
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.
Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et puis la Chine.
Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,
Et les princesses aux mains fines,
Et les lettrés qui se querellent
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté ;

*I wish to see pipes between lips
All surrounded by white beards;
I wish to see harsh merchants with shady eyes,
And cadis and viziers
Who with a single movement of their bending finger
Grant life or death as they please.
I would like to see Persia, and India, and then China.
The paunchy mandarins under the parasols,
And princesses with slender hands,
And the scholars who quarrel
About poetry and beauty;*

Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté
Et comme un voyageur étranger
Contempler à loisir des paysages peints
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin,
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger ;
Je voudrais voir des assassins souriants
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient.
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines ;
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang ;
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine.

*I wish to dwell in the enchanted palace
And like a foreign traveller
Leisurely contemplate on landscapes painted
On fabrics in pine frames,
With a character in the middle of an apple orchard;
I wish to see smiling assassins
The executioner who cuts an innocent neck
With his great Oriental curved sword.
I wish to see poor people and queens;
I wish to see roses and blood;
I'd like to see people die of love or hate.*

Et puis m'en revenir plus tard
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves,
En élevant comme Sindbad
Ma vieille tasse arabe
De temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres
Pour interrompre le conte avec art...

*And then come back later
To narrate my adventure to those curious about dreams
Raising my old Arab cup
From time to time
To my lips like Sinbad,
To artfully interrupt the tale ...*

La Flûte Enchantée

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.
Mais moi, je suis éveillée encore
Et j'écoute au dehors
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie.
Un air tour à tour languoureux ou frivole
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole
De la flûte vers ma joue
Comme un mystérieux baiser.

The Enchanted Flute

*The shadow is soft and my master sleeps
Wearing a conical silk cap
With his long yellow nose in his white beard.
But I'm still awake
And I listen outdoors
To a flute song that alternately
brings sadness and joy.
A tune both languorous or frivolous
That my beloved lover plays,
And as I approach the window
It seems to me that each note flies
From the flute to my cheek
Like a mysterious kiss.*

L'Indifférent

Tes yeux sont doux comme ceux d'une fille,
Jeune étranger,
Et la courbe fine
De ton beau visage de duvet ombragé
Est plus séduisante encore de ligne.
Ta lèvre chante sur le pas de ma porte
Une langue inconnue et charmante
Comme une musique fausse...
Entre !
Et que mon vin te reconforte...
Mais non, tu passes
Et de mon seuil je te vois t'éloigner
Me faisant un dernier geste avec grâce,
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et lasse...

The Indifferent One

*Your eyes are as soft as a girl's,
Young stranger,
And the fine curve
Of your beautiful face shadowed with down
Is even more seductive in its silhouette.
Your lip sings on my doorstep
An unknown and charming language
Like out of tune music ...
Come inside!
And may my wine comfort you ...
But no, you pass by
And from my threshold I see you depart
Making one last graceful gesture,
And your hip slightly bent
With your feminine and weary walk ...*

Nine Persian Folk Songs, Set No. 2

I.

Digáran ghorehye ghesmát háme *Others are destined*
Háma bár eysh zádánd *For happiness.*
Dele ma bood ke hám bár ghám zád *Only I am sad.*

Lay lay lay lay lay... *La la la la la...*

II.

Hay asemoon ábri shode *Ay, the clouds have appeared in the sky,*
Yarám náyamáde cekonom *My lover has not yet returned.*
Dárde ma dárde eshghe *I am heartbroken,*
Yarám náyamáde cekonom *My lover has not yet returned*

Ey atáshin del darom *Oh my burning love,*
Key meyaiy to yarom *When will you come my darling,*
Yarom yarom yarom yarom *Darling, darling, darling, darling*

III.

Cekonim ach cekonim *What should I do,*
Del báréchodo yad nákonim *To forget her,*
Ágár to oono doost nádari, *If you don't love her,*
Oono cera to yad miyari *Why do you always think about her?*
Chanom ghezi dochtár ghezi *Pretty girl,*
Dele máno to bordi háme *You took my heart,*
Dochtár ghezi *Pretty girl*

Cekonim, ach dele ma va námeshád *What shall I do? My heart is locked,*
Cera ke choshhal námeshád, *I am not happy,*
Ze fekre to dár nemiyam *I keep thinking about you,*
Chanom ghezi dokhtár ghezi *Pretty girl,*
Dele máno to bordi cera *Why have you stolen my heart,*
Chanom ghezi *Pretty girl,*
Toro *You!*

IV.

Humming *Humming*

V.

Syllabic *Syllabic*

Reza Vali about *Nine Persian Folk Songs, Set No. 2*

“Composed in 1981, *Nine Persian Folk Songs (Set No. 2)* is a component of my ongoing composition series inspired by Persian folk songs, which originated in 1978. Embracing both genuine folk melodies and imaginatively crafted songs in that tradition, the composition comprises nine folk songs. This album proudly presents the inaugural worldwide recording of the composition, featuring the remarkable interpretation by Lilian Farahani and Maurice Lammerts van Bueren.”

VI.

Ey ke nooriyo to imoone máni
Ey ke to noore do ceshmoone máni
Ey ke to joone máni
Yare aroome máni
Eshghe máni to
Kárde divoone mára
Chordo viroone mára
Gham be del daram
Agar chordo názarám

*You are the light of my house
You are the light of my eyes
You are the light of my life
You are the light of my love
You are my love
You make me go out of my mind
I'm suffering from this sadness
I'm ill
I have descended to nothingness*

Noore in chane to boodiyo co rafti
You are the light of this house and you are gone

VII.

Máno eshghe atáshin
Gham be del dar kámin
Atáshe soozani soozani

*My burning love
Sorrow has come to my heart
Like a fire*

Cekonom dar del daram
Ahe ghám yek dele nalani nalan

*What shall I do?
I have a great sorrow*

Atásh bar janom kárde wiranom
Ghám be del atáshe soozani soozani

*This love makes me restless
Sorrow in my heart like a fire*

Gham dar del darám karde bimarám
Atásh zád bár janám

*The sorrow in my heart has made me ill
Has broken me*

VIII.

Dochtár Shirazi joonom,
Dochtar Shirazi
Lába to bezar roo lábom,
Ta shávom razi

*Girl from Shiraz, my dear
Girl from Shiraz
Put your lips upon my lips,
Until I'm satisfied*

Lábamo michay cekoni
Biháya pesár
In lába nerchesh geroone
Sob biya, sháb nistám choone mán

*Why do you want my lips
You shameless man?
These lips have a high price
Come at night, in the morning I'm not home*

IX.

Yek golee gooshey chámán gooshey chámán
Taze shekofte taze shekofte
Ná dástom besh meereese besh meereese
Ná chosh meeyofte ná chosh meeyofte yar

*A flower on a tree
Has just bloomed
I can neither reach it
Nor does it fall by itself*

Mástom mástom mástom
Teeghet boreede dástom

*I am love-drunk
Your thorn has torn my hand*

Beeya berim shahe ceragh shahe ceragh
Áhdee bebándeem áhdee bebándeem
Hár kásee áhd beshkáne áhd beshkáne
Kámar nábándeem kámár nábándeem yar

*Let's go to the Shah-e-ceragh
And make a promise of love
We will not be engaged
If we break this promise*

Mástom mástom mástom
Teeghet boreede dástom

*I am love-drunk
Your thorn has torn my hand*



Dobrá noc

Text: Anonymous

Dobrá noc, má milá, dobrá noc,
nech ti je Pánboh sám na pomoc.
Dobrá noc, dobre spi,
nech sa ti snívajú milé sny.

Snívaj sa ti sničok, ach snívaj,
ked' staneš, sničoku veru daj,
že ťa ja milujem,
srdečko svoje ti darujem.

Good Night

*Good night, my dear, good night,
May the Lord himself watch over you.
Good night, sleep well,
May you dream pleasant dreams.*

*Dream your dreams, oh, dream your dreams,
When you awake from the dream,
Know that I love you
And I'll give you my heart.*

Žalo dievča, žalo trávu

Text: Anonymous

Žalo dievča, žalo trávu
neďaleko Temešváru,
keď našalo, poviazalo,
na šuhajka zavolalo:

“Šuhaj, šuhaj z druhej strany,
pod' mi dvíhať batoh trávy!”
Nech ti dvíha otec, máti,
nechce-li ťa za mňa dáti.

Ešte ťa len kolimbali,
už ťa za mňa slubovali:
ešte si len húsky pásala,
už si v mojom srdci riasla.

A Girl Was Mowing

*A girl was mowing, she was mowing the grass
not far from Temesvár,
Having reaped, she tied it, and
she called to the lad:*

*“Boy, boy on the other side,
come lift my pack of grass!”
Let your father and mother lift it for you,
if they won't give you away to me.*

*Already since you were in the cradle,
They've promised you to me:
While you were still just herding geese,
You have already grown in my heart.*

Ach, není, není tu

Text: Anonimous

Ach, není, není tu,
co by mě těšilo,
ach, není tu, není,
co mě těší.

Co mě těšovalo,
vodou uplynulo,
ach, není tu, není,
co mě těší!

Vždycky mně dávají,
co se mně nelíbí,
vždycky mně dávají,
co já nechci.

Dávají mně vdovce,
ten má jen půl srdce,
ach, není tu, není,
co mě těší.

Ach, není, není tu,
co by mě těšilo,
ach, není, není tu,
co mě těší!

Oh, it's not here

*Oh, it is not here, it is not here,
that would make me happy,
Oh, it's not here, it's not here,
That pleases me.*

*There's nothing that pleases me,
The water has flown,
Oh, it's not here, it's not here,
That pleases me.*

*They always give me,
what I don't wish for,
They always give me,
What I don't want.*

*They give me widowers,
Who are only half-hearted,
Oh, it's not here, it's not here,
That pleases me.*

*Oh, it's not here, it's not here,
that would make me happy,
Oh, it's not here, it's not here,
That pleases me!*

Ej, mám já koňa faku

Text: Anonimous

Ej, mám já koňa faku
Ej, mám já koňa faku, co ma dobre nosí,
po horách, po dolách, po studenej rosi.

Ej, mal som síkorenku, zlámala si nožku:
podaj mi, má milá, čerstvej vody trošku.

Ej, mal som frajerečku ako iskerečku:
ale ma sklamala, strela v jej' srdečku!

Hey, I've got a horse

*Hey, I've got a horse
Hey, I've got a horse that carries me well,
over mountains, over mines, over cold dew.*

*Hey, I had a lark, it broke its leg:
Give me, my dear, some fresh water.*

*Hey, I had a little glittery darling:
but she let me down, it's like a bullet in my heart!*

Youkali

Text: Roger Fernay

C'est presque au bout du monde

It's almost at the end of the world

Ma barque vagabonde

My boat wanders

Errant au gré de l'onde

Wandering on the waves

M'y conduisit un jour

Led me there one day

L'île est toute petite

The island is very small

Mais la fée qui l'habite

But the fairy who lives there

Gentiment nous invite

Kindly invites us

A en faire le tour

To take a tour

Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs

Youkali is the land of our desires

Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir

Youkali is happiness and pleasure

Youkali, c'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis

Youkali is the land where we leave all our worries behind

C'est dans notre nuit

It is in our night

Comme une éclaircie

Like a lightning bolt

L'étoile qu'on suit,

The star we follow,

C'est Youkali

It's Youkali

Youkali,
c'est le respect de tous les voeux échangés
Youkali, c'est le pays des beaux amours partagés
C'est l'espérance
Qui est au coeur de tous les humains
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain
Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs
Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie
Il n'y a pas de Youkali
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie
Il n'y a pas de Youkali

*Youkali,
is the respect of all vows exchanged
Youkali is the land of shared love
It's the hope
In the heart of every human being
The redemption
That we are all waiting for tomorrow
Youkali is the land of our desires
Youkali, it's happiness, it's pleasure
But it is a dream, a fantasy
There is no Youkali
But it's a dream, a folly
There is no Youkali*

Et la vie nous entraîne,
Lassante, quotidienne,
Et la pauvre âme humaine
Cherchant partout l'oubli
A pour quitter la terre
Su trouver le mystère
Où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali

*And life drags us along,
Weary, everyday,
And the poor human soul
Looking everywhere for oblivion
To leave the earth
To find the mystery
Where our dreams hide
In some Youkali*

Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs

Youkali is the land of our desires

Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir

Youkali is happiness and pleasure

Youkali, c'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis

Youkali is the land where we leave all our worries behind

C'est dans notre nuit

It is in our night

Comme une éclaircie

Like a lightning bolt

L'étoile qu'on suit,

The star we follow,

C'est Youkali

It's Youkali

Youkali,

Youkali,

c'est le respect de tous les voeux échangés

is the respect of all vows exchanged

Youkali, c'est le pays des beaux amours partagés

Youkali is the land of shared love

C'est l'espérance

It's the hope

Qui est au coeur de tous les humains

In the heart of every human being

La délivrance

The redemption

Que nous attendons tous pour demain

That we are all waiting for tomorrow

Youkali, c'est le pays de nos désirs

Youkali is the land of our desires

Youkali, c'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir

Youkali, it's happiness, it's pleasure

Mais c'est un rêve, une folie

But it is a dream, a fantasy

Il n'y a pas de Youkali

There is no Youkali

Mais c'est un rêve, une folie

But it's a dream, a folie

Il n'y a pas de Youkali !

There is no Youkali!



Oblivion (J'oublie)

Text: David McNeil

Lourds, soudain semblent lourds
les draps et velours de ton lit
quand j'oublie jusqu'à notre amour

Lourds, soudain semblent lourds
tes bras qui m'entourent
déjà dans la nuit

Mon bateau part, s'en va quelque part
les gens se séparent,
j'oublie, j'oublie

Tard, autre part dans un bar d'acajou
des violons nous rejouent
notre mélodie, j'oublie

Tard, on se sépare dans un joue contre joue
tout devient flou et
j'oublie, j'oublie

Court, le temps semble court
le compte à rebours d'une nuit
quand j'oublie jusqu'à notre amour

Oblivion (I forget)

*Heavy, suddenly they seem heavy
the sheets and velvet of your bed
when our love passes to oblivion*

*Suddenly they seem heavy
your arms around me
in the night*

*My boat is leaving, going somewhere
people get separated,
I forget, I forget.*

*Late, somewhere else in a mahogany bar
violins play our melody
our melody, I forget*

*Late, we part with a cheek against cheek
everything becomes a blur
I forget, I forget*

*Short, time seems short
the countdown of a night
when our love passes to oblivion*

Court, le temps semble court
tes doigts qui parcourent
ma ligne de vie.

Sans un regard,
des hommes on s'égare
sur un quai de gare,
j'oublie, j'oublie

*Short, time seems short
your fingers running through
my lifeline.*

*Without a glance,
men go astray
on a station platform,
I forget, I forget*

Chiquilín de Bachín

Text: Horacio Ferrer

Por las noches, cara sucia
de angelito con bluyín
vende rosas por las mesas
del boliche de Bachín

Si la luna brilla
sobre la Parilla
come luna y pan de hollín

Cada día en su tristeza
que no quiere amanecer
lo madruga un seis de enero
con la estrella del revés
y tres reyes gatos
roban sus zapatos
uno izquierdo y el otro itambién!

Chiquilín
dame un ramo de voz
así salgo a vender
mis vergüenzas en flor
baleame con tres rosas
que duelan a cuenta
del hambre que no te entendí
Chiquilín

Little Boy at Bachín's

*At night, a dirty face
of a little angel in blue jeans,
sells roses at the tables
of Bachín's diner*

*If the moon shines
over the grill
He eats moon rays and soot bread*

*Every day in his sadness
he doesn't want to wake up
He rises early on the sixth of January
with the star upside down
and Three Kings' cats
steal his shoes
the left one and the other one too!*

*Little boy
give me a bouquet of sound
so I can go out and sell
my shame in bloom
I'll be shot with three roses
so that it hurts on account
of your hunger that I didn't understand
Little boy*

Cada aurora, en la basura
con un pan y un tallarín
se fabrica un barrilete
para irse iy sigue aquí!
Es un hombre extraño
niño de mil años
que por dentro le enreda el piolín

Chiquilín
dame un ramo de voz
así salgo a vender
mis vergüenzas en flor
Baleame con tres rosas
que duelan a cuenta
del hambre que no te entendí
Chiquilín

*Every dawn, in the trash
with a loaf of bread and a noodle
a kite is made
to leave but he's still here!
It is a strange man,
a child of a thousand years
who is tangled up inside his wire*

*Little boy
give me a bouquet of voice
so I can go out and sell
my shame in bloom
I'll be shot with three roses
so that it hurts on account
of your hunger that I didn't understand
Little boy*



Yo soy María

Text: Horacio Ferrer

Yo soy María de Buenos Aires!
De Buenos Aires María
¿no ven quién soy yo?
María tango, María del arrabal!
María tango, María pasión fatal!
María del amor! De Buenos Aires soy yo!

Yo soy María de Buenos Aires
si en este barrio la
gente pregunta quién soy,
pronto muy bien lo sabrán
las hembras que me envidiarán,
y cada macho a mis pies
como un ratón en mi trampa ha de caer!

Yo soy María de Buenos Aires!
Soy la más bruja cantando
y amando también!
Si el bandoneón me
provoca... Tiará, tatá!
Le muerdo fuerte la boca... Tiará, tatá!
Con diez espasmos en flor
que yo tengo en mi ser!

I am María

*I am María from Buenos Aires!
From Buenos Aires María
Don't you see who I am?
María tango, María from the suburbs!
María tango, María fatal passion!
María of love! I am from Buenos Aires!*

*I am María of Buenos Aires
if in this neighbourhood
people ask who I am,
soon they will know very well
the females who will envy me,
and every macho man at my feet
like a mouse in my trap will fall!*

*I am María from Buenos Aires!
I am the most evil witch singing
and loving too!
If the bandoneon
provokes me ... Tiará, oeu!
I bite his mouth hard ... Tiará, oeu!
With ten blooming spasms
I have in my being!*

Siempre me digo “Dale María!”
cuando un misterio me
viene trepando en la voz!
Y canto un tango que nadie jamás cantó
y sueño un sueño que nadie jamás soñó,
porque el mañana es hoy
con el ayer después, che!

Yo soy María de Buenos Aires!
De Buenos Aires María yo soy, mi ciudad!
María tango, María del arrabal!
María tango, María pasión fatal!
María del amor! De Buenos Aires soy yo!

*I always say to myself “ Come on, María!
When a mystery
comes crawling in my voice!
And I sing a tango that nobody ever sang before
and I dream a dream that no one ever dreamed,
because tomorrow is today
with yesterday afterwards, hey!*

*I am María de Buenos Aires!
From Buenos Aires María I am, my city!
María tango, María from the suburbs!
María tango, María fatal passion!
María of love! I am from Buenos Aires!*

Alfonsina y el Mar

Text: Félix Luna

Por la blanda arena que lame el mar
Su pequeña huella no vuelve más
Un sendero solo de pena y silencio llegó
Hasta el agua profunda
Un sendero solo de penas mudas llegó
Hasta la espuma

Alfonsina and the Sea

*By the soft sand that licks the sea
Her small footprint returns no more
A path only of sorrow and silence reached
the deep water
A path only of mute sorrows reached
The foam*

Sabe Dios qué angustia te acompañó
Qué dolores viejos calló tu voz
Para recostarte arrullada en el canto de las
caracolas marinas
La canción que canta en el fondo oscuro del mar
La caracola

*God knows what anguish accompanied you
What old pains silenced your voice
To sleep cradled by the song of
The sea shells
The song that is sung in the dark depths of the sea
The seashell*

Te vas Alfonsina con tu soledad
¿Qué poemas nuevos fuiste a buscar?
Una voz antigua de viento y de sal
Te requiebra el alma y la está llevando
Y te vas hacia allá como en sueños
Dormida, Alfonsina, vestida de mar

*You're leaving Alfonsina, with your loneliness
What new poems did you go looking for?
An ancient voice of wind and salt
Is calling your soul and it's carrying it away
And you go as if in a dream
Asleep, Alfonsina, wrapped in the sea*

Cinco sirenitas te llevarán
Por caminos de algas y de coral
Y fosforescentes caballos marinos harán
Una ronda a tu lado
Y los habitantes del agua van a jugar
Pronto a tu lado

*Five little mermaids will take you
Along paths of seaweed and coral
And phosphorescent sea horses will make
A round by your side
And the inhabitants of the water will play
Soon by your side*

Bájame la lámpara un poco más
Déjame que duerma nodriza, en paz
Y si llama él no le digas que estoy
Dile que Alfonsina no vuelve
Y si llama él no le digas nunca que estoy
Di que me he ido

*Dim the lamp for me a little more
Let me sleep nurse, in peace
And if he calls don't tell him I'm here
Tell him Alfonsina's not coming back
And if he calls don't ever tell him I'm here
Say that I'm gone*

Te vas Alfonsina con tu soledad
¿Qué poemas nuevos fuiste a buscar?
Una voz antigua de viento y de sal
Te requiebra el alma y la está llevando
Y te vas hacia allá como en sueños
Dormida, Alfonsina, vestida de mar

*You're leaving Alfonsina, with your loneliness
What new poems did you go looking for?
An ancient voice of wind and salt
Is calling your soul and it's carrying it away
And you go as if in a dream
Asleep, Alfonsina, wrapped in the sea*

N

Lilian Farahani
soprano

Maurice Lammerts
van Bueren
piano; 1–20

Jeannette Landré
flute; 2, 18–20

Wilmar de Visser
double bass; 18–21

Santiago Cimadevilla
bandoneon; 18–21

total time: 64'39

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

Shéhérazade

- | | | |
|---|-------|--------------------|
| 1 | 10'12 | Asie |
| 2 | 3'08 | La flûte enchantée |
| 3 | 3'43 | L'indifférent |

Reza Vali (1952)

Nine Persian Folk Songs, Set no. 2

- | | | |
|----|------|------|
| 4 | 2'10 | I |
| 5 | 0'48 | II |
| 6 | 0'34 | III |
| 7 | 2'02 | IV |
| 8 | 1'16 | V |
| 9 | 1'15 | VI |
| 10 | 1'06 | VII |
| 11 | 2'25 | VIII |
| 12 | 1'57 | IX |



Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)

V národním tónu, opus 73

- | | | |
|----|------|----------------------|
| 13 | 3'23 | Dobrá noc, má milá |
| 14 | 1'57 | Žalo dievča |
| 15 | 3'34 | Ach, není tu |
| 16 | 1'48 | Ej, mám já koňa faku |

M

A

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)

- | | | |
|----|------|----------------|
| 17 | 5'44 | Youkali |
|----|------|----------------|

Astor Piazzolla (1921–1992)

- | | | |
|----|------|----------------------------|
| 18 | 4'02 | Oblivion (J'oublie) |
| 19 | 3'53 | Chiquilín de Bachín |
| 20 | 4'07 | Yo soy María |

Ariel Ramírez (1921–2010)

- | | | |
|----|------|---------------------------|
| 21 | 5'34 | Alfonsina y el mar |
|----|------|---------------------------|

D





WOMAN—the making of...

Lilian Farahani

Maurice Lammerts van Bueren

ZEF 9665

Concept: Lilian Farahani

Recorded at: Zeeuwse Concertzaal, Middelburg, November 2022, May, June and September 2023

Record & editing: Jakko van der Heijden, Concertstudio Middelburg

Piano technique: Naomi Schoot

Piano: Steinway D

Language coaching: Barbara Kits (French), Lukáš Zeman (Czech/Slovak), Reza Vali (Farsi),

Santiago Cimadevilla (Spanish)

Arrangements Piazzolla and Ramirez: Santiago Cimadevilla

Liner notes: Hein van Eekert

Song text translations: Lilian Farahani, Reza Vali (*Nine Persian Folk Songs, Set No. 2*)

Portrait photos: Ahmet Polat

Hair & make-up portraits: Shelley Lashley

Behind the scenes photos: Maurice Lammerts van Bueren

Design: Meeuw

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