

LYRICS

DIAVE

LÍDIA PUJOL

1.- MESSAGE

Lyrics: Jacques Prévert
Music: Dani Espasa / Lídia Pujol
Catalan translation: Miquel Desclot

Dani Espasa: Piano
Xavi Lozano: Trains and riau riau
Pep Coca: Counterbass
Antonio Sánchez: Sound effects and buzzer
Michael Weiss: Cymbals and catxixi
Lídia Pujol: Voice

The door that someone has opened,
the door that someone has closed again,
the chair where someone sat down,
the cat someone gave a stroke.

The fruit that someone has bitten,
the letter that someone has read,
the chair that someone has turned round,
the door that someone has opened.

The chair where someone sat down,
the letter that someone has read,
the chair that someone has turned round,
the door that someone has opened.

The way through someone still runs,
the forest that someone crosses over,
the river where someone jumps into,
the hospital where someone has died.

2.- IAIE

Lyrics: Jacques Prévert
Music: Òscar Roig

Dani Espasa: Piano
Xavi Lozano: Xeremies, nose whistle
Antonio Sánchez: Box, cymbals
Toni Xuclà: Twelve strings guitar
Pep Coca: Counterbass
Miquel Gil: Voices
Elvira Prado: Voices
Lídia Pujol: Voice

Turn round, turn round,
girls,
turn round all around the factories,
very soon you'll be inside,
turn round, turn round, turn round, turn round.

Fairies that came,
around your cradles,
fairies were paid,
by big house owners,
they told you the future,
and it wasn't nice.

You'll have a life of misery,
and will have many children,
many children,
that will have a life of misery,
and they'll have many children
that will have a life of misery,
and they'll have many children
many children,...

3.- MNÁ NA HÉIREANN

Lyrics: P. Ó Doirnín
Music: S. Ó Riada

Maria del Mar Casals: Celtic harp
Lidia Pujol: Voice

Tá bean in Éirinn,
a phronnfadh séad damh,
is mo sháith le n-ól.

Is tá bean in Éirinn,
is ba binne léithe,
mo rafla ceoil,
no seimn théid.

Atá bean in Éirinn,
is níorbh fhearr léi beo,
mise ag léimnigh,
no leagtha i gcré,
is mo tharr faoi fhód.

Tá bean in Éirinn,
a bheadh ag éad liom,
mur bhfaighinn ach póg.

O bhean ar aonach,
nach ait an scéala,
is mo dhaimh féin leo;
tá bean ab fhearr liom.

No cath is céad,
dhíobh nach bhfagham go deo,
is tá cailín spéiriúil,
ag fear gan Bhearla,
dubhfghrána cróin.

4.- THE LITTLE TREE

Tradicional Yiddish
Catalan translation: Maurici Farré
Group arrangements

Dani Espasa: Piano
Xavi Lozano: Moxeño
Antonio Sánchez: Cymbals, sound effects
Jordi Rallo: Indy tabs
Pep Coca: Counterbass
Toni Xuclà: Twelve strings guitar
Lídia Pujol: Voice

There is a little tree close to the way,
bended over the land,
from the little tree all birds,
fly far away.

Three to the north, three to the east,
some others to the south,
and leave the little tree alone,
abandoned to the bad weather.

And I say to my mother:
- "Don't torment me mum,
because suddenly,
I'll become a bird.

I want to get up to the little tree,
and I wish to move it to and fro,
with a song,
all winter time and even more".

And the mother, her eyes crying,
says to the child:
-"Oh, my God!, you'll be frozen,
if you stay over the little tree".

And I say to my mother,
looking at her beautiful eyes:
-"Never mind if it's cold,
I want to become a bird".

And the mother says crying:
-"Oh, my God!,
take this handkerchief,
don't catch a cold.

Shoes are here,
bad winter is coming,
wrap you up with this sheet,
don't make me suffer.

Take also the coat,
you're becoming mad,
do you want to be a guest,
between all those who rest?"

Lift up the wing, all the weight,
many, too many things
and mum has dressed,
the little bird.

And sadly I look
at my mum's eyes,
her love doesn't leave me
when I become a bird.

There is a little tree close to the way,
bended over the land,
from the little tree all birds,
fly far away.

5.- THE SHORTEST SONG

Lyrics: Jacques Prévert
Music: Dani Espasa
Catalan translation: Miquel Desclot

Dani Espasa: Piano
Xavi Lozano: Ocarina, fiscorn
Antonio Sánchez: Birds, plastic bottle
Lídia Pujol: Voice

The bird that sings inside my head,
and he repeats that I love you,
and he repeats that you love me,
the bird of the unfinished solo,
I'll kill him tomorrow morning.

6.- SONG INTO THE BLOOD

Lyrics: Jacques Prévert

Music: Dani Espasa

Dani Espasa: Piano

Xavi Lozano: Bansuri

There are big blood puddles in the world
where does he go all that widespread blood?
earth goes and goes round
goes round with her trees... her gardens... her houses...

There are big blood puddles in the world
where does all that widespread blood go?
it goes round with their big blood puddles
and everything alive goes round with her and bleed...

Earth
doesn't care
goes round and everything alive cries out
she doesn't care
and goes round
never stops going round
and blood never stops flowing...

Where does all that widespread blood go
murders blood... wars blood...
misery blood
children's blood quietly tortured
by father or mother
and men's blood tortured in prisons
and blood of men's head bleeding
in mental hospital cells
and bricklayer's blood
when bricklayer slips and falls down from the roof

Later on, all black,
you can still see a little bit of blood...

7- LIKE A SHINING STAR

Lyrics: Federico García Lorca
Music: Òscar Roig

Òscar Roig: Guitar, organ
Lídia Pujol: Voice

On leaving your house
to go to the church
remember you go out
like a shining star

8.- BABEL

Music: Òscar Roig

Toni Xuclà: Twelve strings guitar
Brian Dunning: Flute
Xavi Lozano: Moxeño
Òscar Roig: Programs
Lídia Pujol: Voice

9.- NIGHTINGALE

Traditional Catalan
Pre-arrangement: Brian Dunning
Arrangement: Dani Espasa
Voice arrangement "pat": Òscar Roig

Brian Dunning: Flute
Dani Espasa: Piano, cymbals
Toni Xuclà: Guitar
Antonio Sánchez: Efects
Miquel Gil: Charles
Lídia Pujol: Voice

Nightingale if you go to France, nightingale,
give my regards to my mother, nightingale,
flying, over a beautiful forest, nightingale.

Give my regards to my mother, nightingale,
but not to my father, nightingale.

Because he unhappily married me, nightingale,
he married me to a shepherd, nightingale.

He makes me to pasture the flock, nightingale,
and I have lost the cowbell, nightingale.

Another shepherd found it, nightingale,
-"shepherd give me back the cowbell", nightingale.

-"What do you give me in exchange?", nightingale,
-" a kiss and an embrace", nightingale.

Nightingale if you go to France, nightingale,
give my regards to my mother, nightingale.

10.- WAKES UP THE BRIDE

Lyrics: Federico García Lorca

Music: Òscar Roig

Òscar Roig: Guitar, chorus, programs

Xavi Lozano: Tube, rastabass

Lídia Pujol: Voice

Wakes up the bride,
the wedding morning,
wakes up!

Wakes up,
with long hair,
snow night-dress,
patent leather boots and silver,
jasmynes on the face.

Wakes up ,
with the green branch
of flowery love
wakes up,
with the stem
and the laurel's branch!
Oh shepherdess,
that the moon appears!
oh handsome fellow,
leave your hat round the olive grove!

I wish to embroider her a tree,
full of garnet ribbons
and each ribbon a love,
with Cheers all around

Wakes up the bride,
coming through the countryside
haunting the wedding,
with dahlias trays
and glory bread.

11.- Hat

Bonus track
Voice: Rosalia Pujol