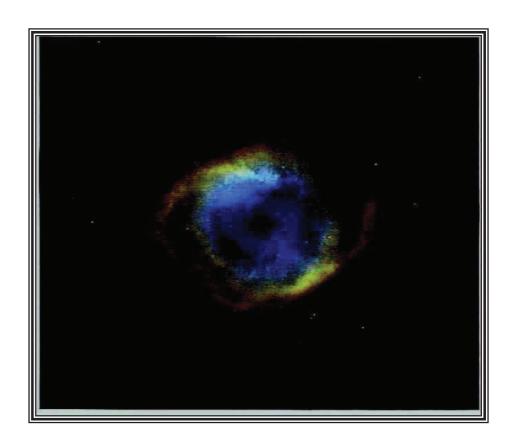
Marilena Zlatanou

BUT WE LIVE

A Secular Cantata based on seven poems by Rolf Jacobsen

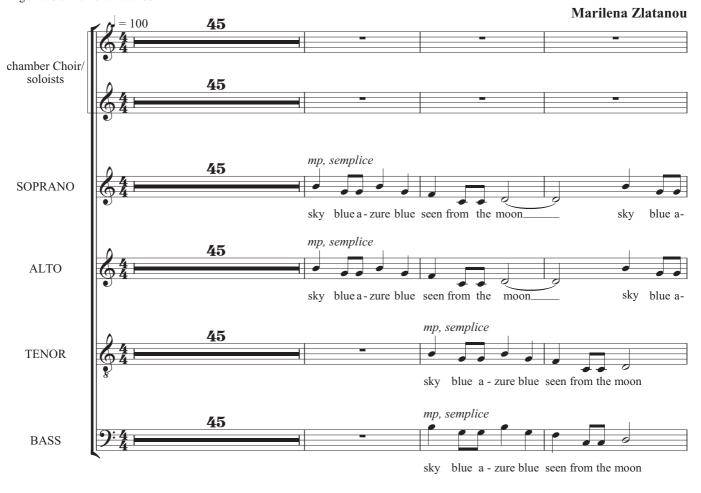
For mezzo-soprano soloist, viola soloist, chamber choir (or SAB soloists), SATB choir, string orchestra and one percussionist

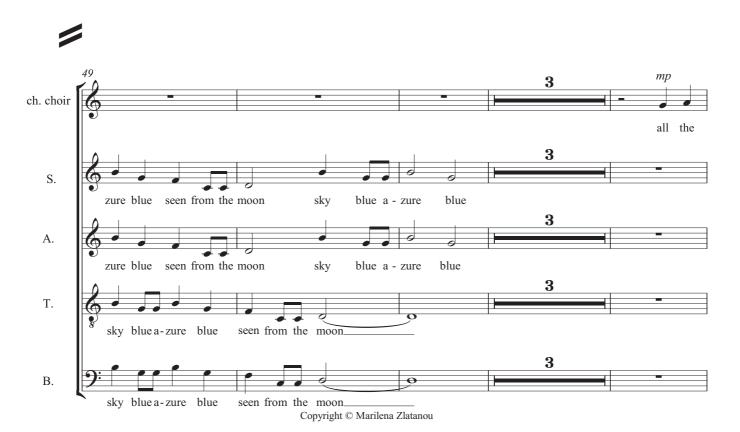
CHOIR SCORE



1. it is blue

Rolf Jacobsen Engl. transl.: Marilena Zlatanou choir score



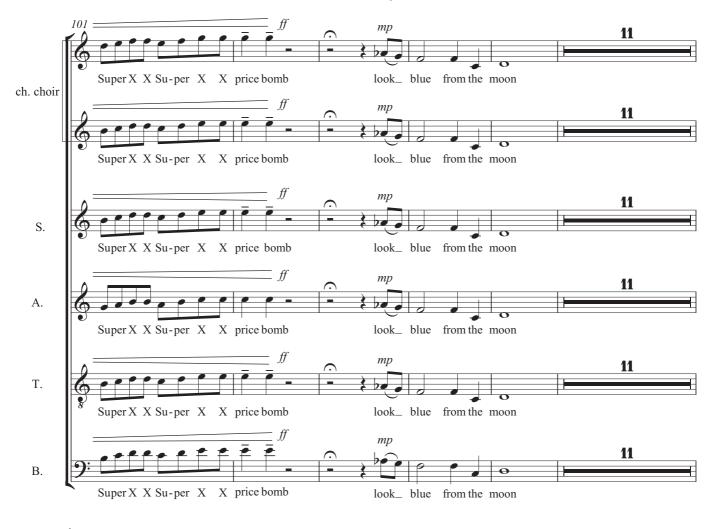
















love

my

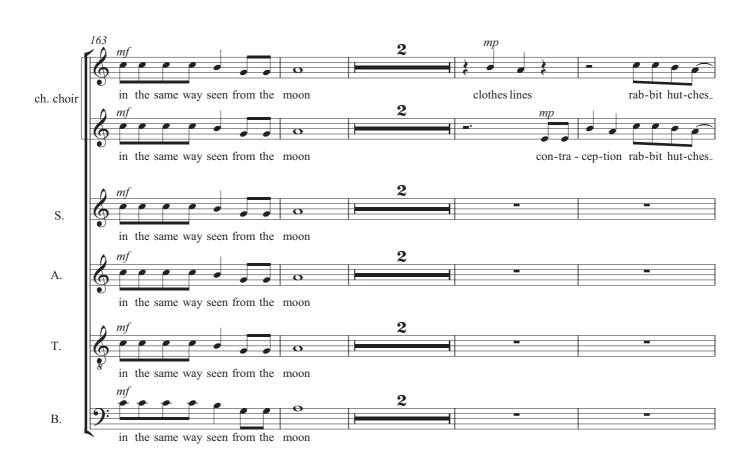
mouth

your

your mouth













2. hush

choir score

Rolf Jacobsen

Translated by Roger Greenwald.

From North in the World: Selected Poems of Rolf Jacobsen,





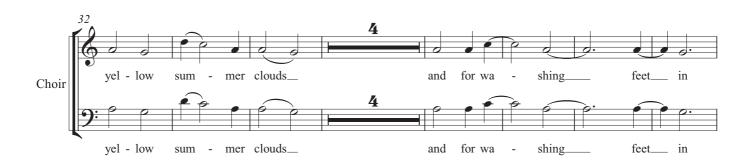


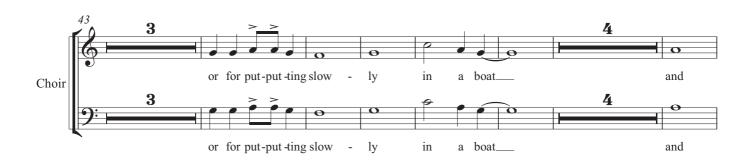


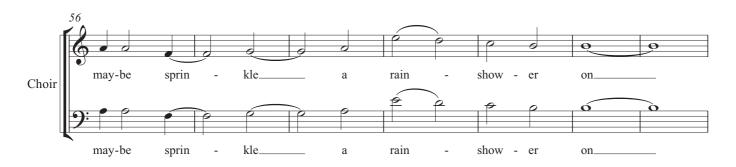
3. fresh water













BUT WE LIVE 6. Some

Rolf Jacobsen Translated by Roger Greenwald.

From North in the World: Selected Poems of Rolf Jacobsen,







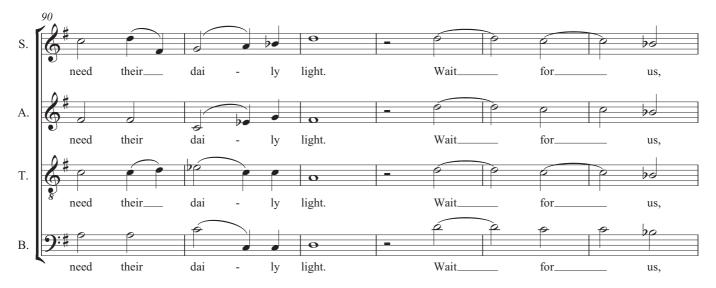


7. Wait for me

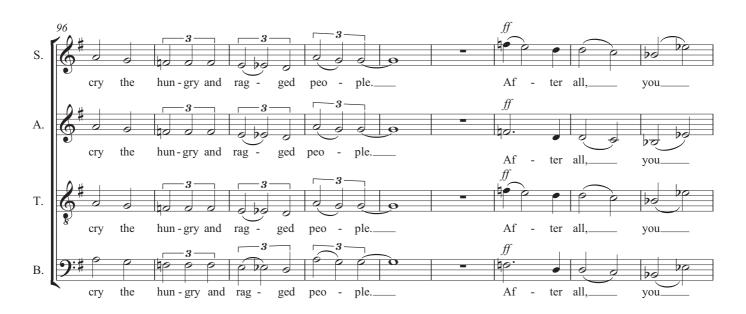




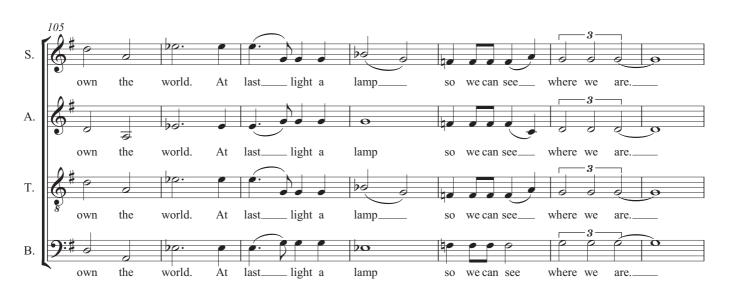






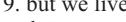




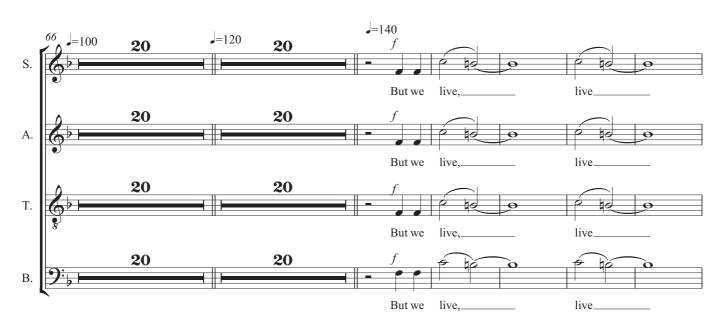


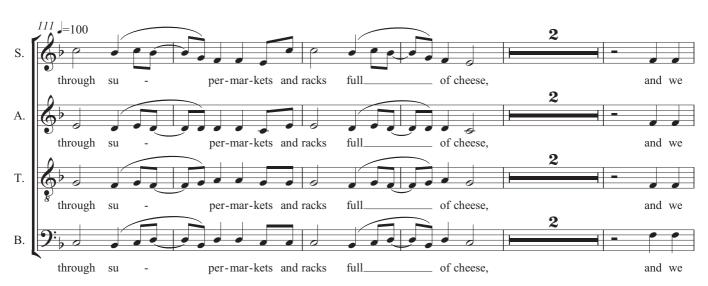


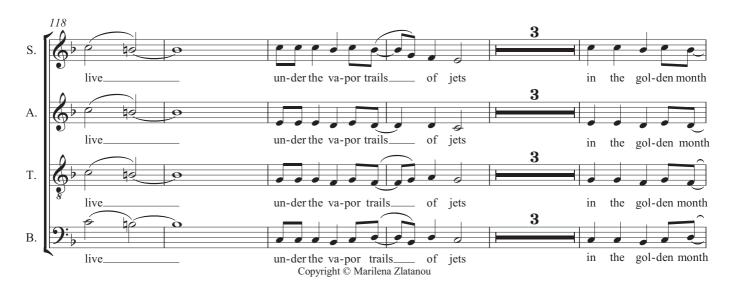
Rolf Jacobsen 9. but we live Engl. transl.: Robert Hedin

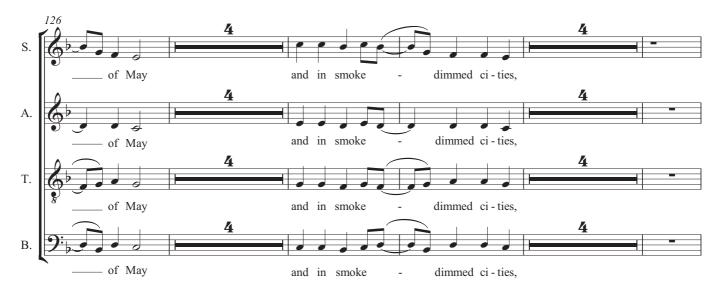


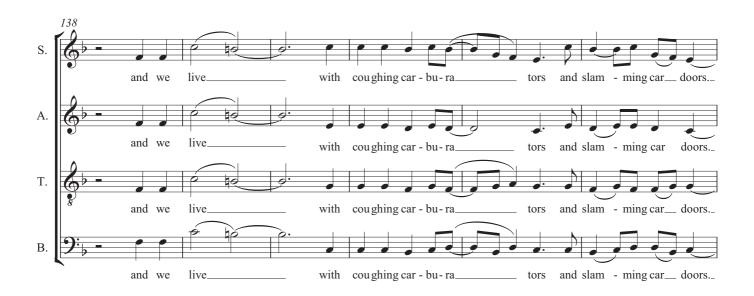


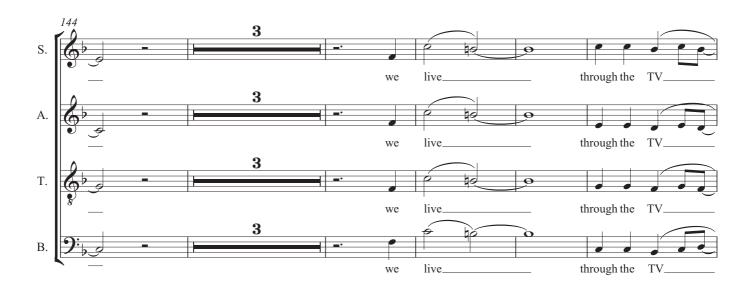


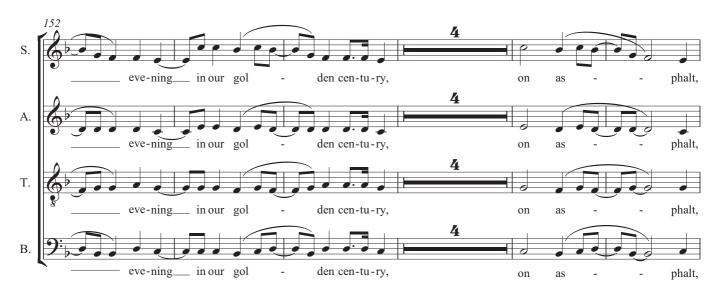


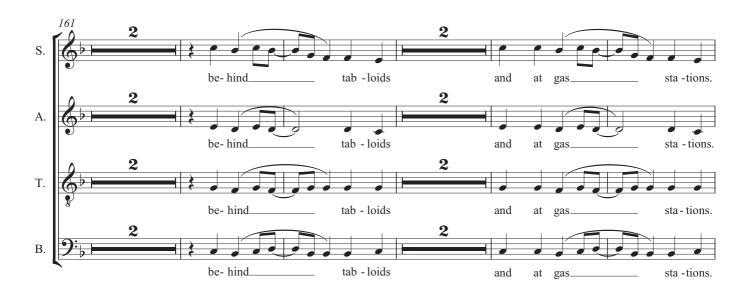




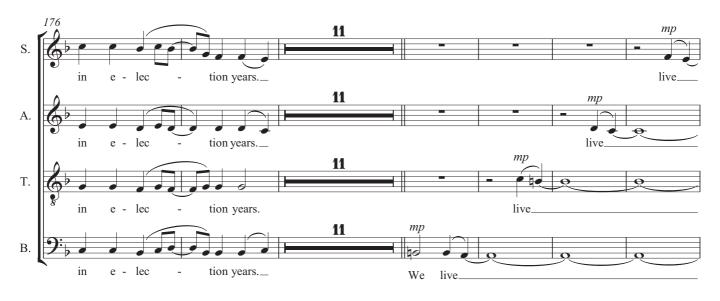


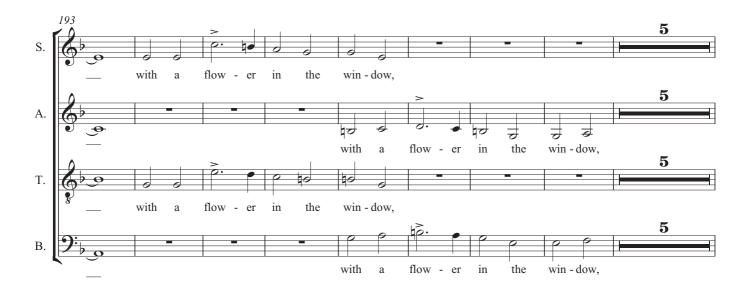


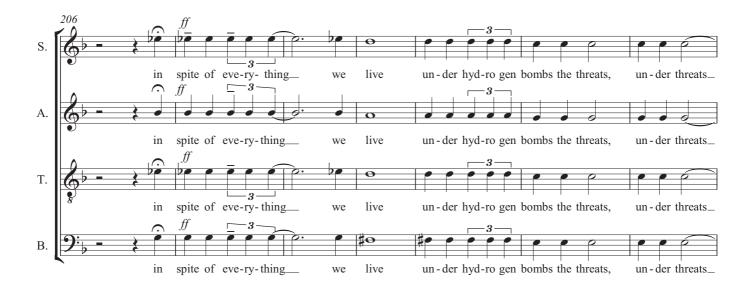


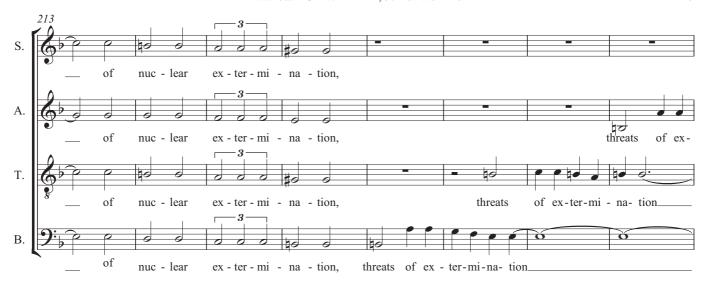


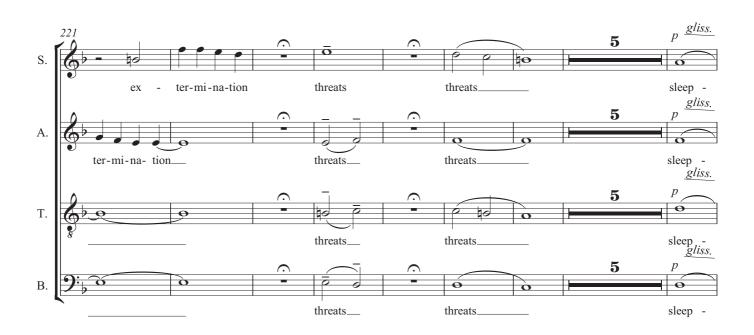


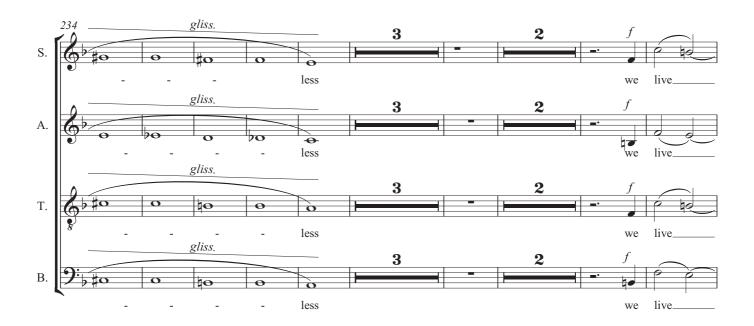


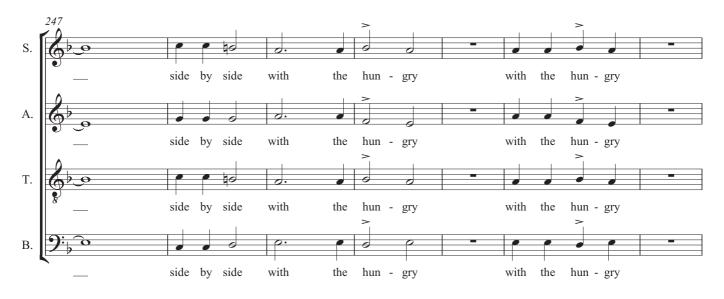


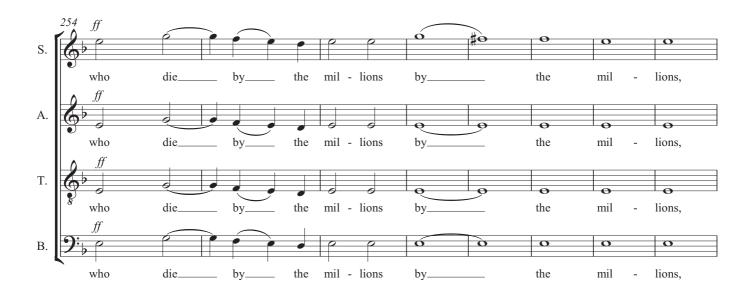


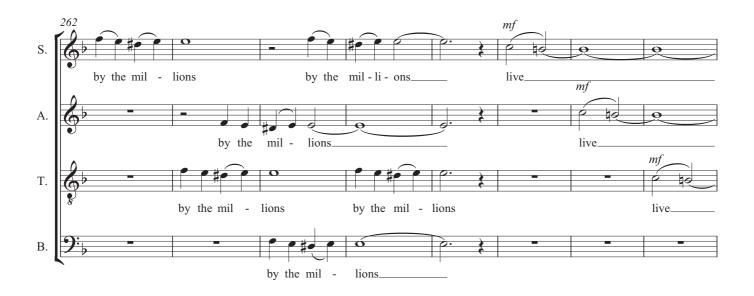




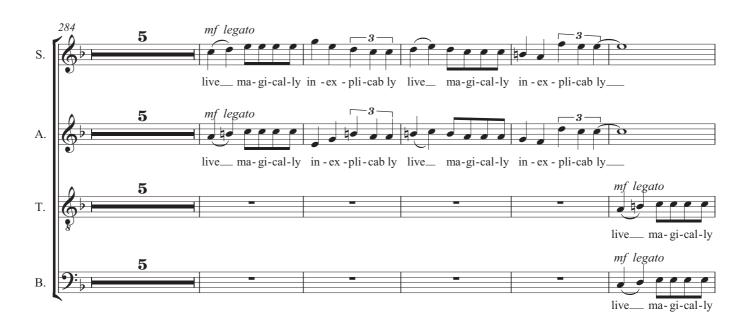


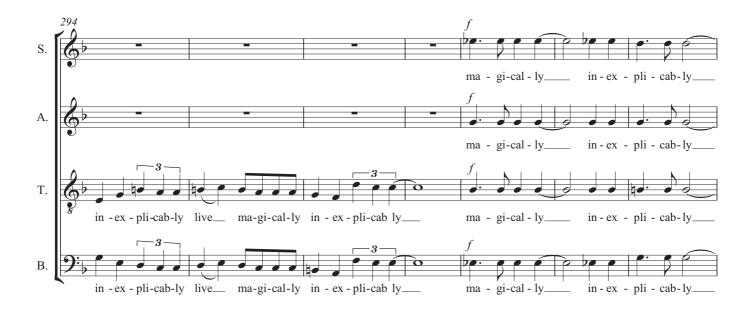


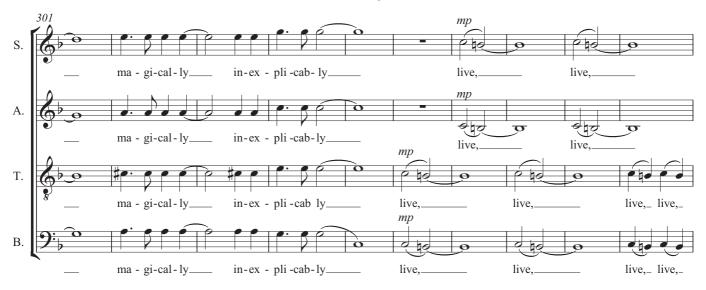


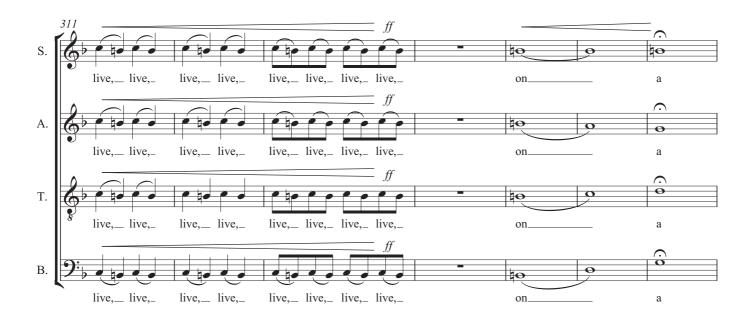


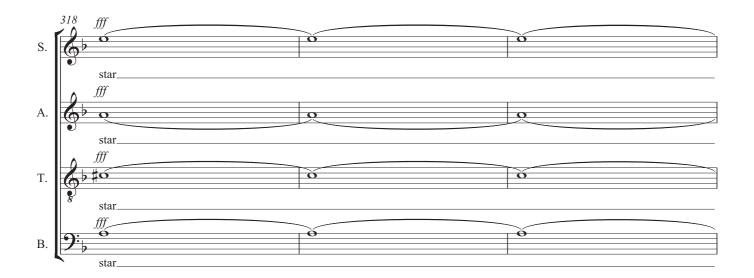


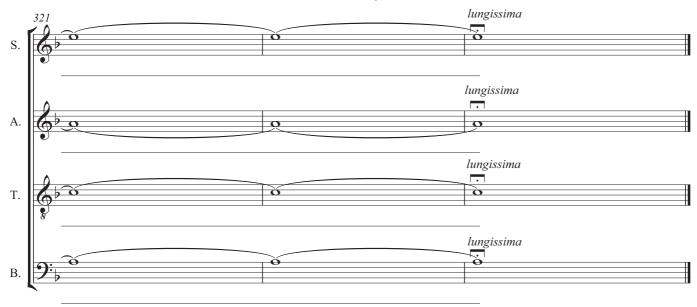












7 Poems by ROLF JACOBSEN, Nr.1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8 and 9 of Marilena Zlatanou's cantata: **But We Live**

DEN ER BLÅ -

- himmelblå asurblå sett fra månen, alle gatene (osende glohete) fattiggettoene ser blå ut fra månen der de drar i klosettsnorene og rotter piler over søppelfjellene ser det blått ut fra månen, ti mil med røde baklys som blodrypp de nye vaskemidlene Super XX prisbomben ser blå ut fra månen. Avsvidde trær hvor det har ligget en landsby ser blå ut fra månen, tante Sofie Fredrikstadbroen din munn min elskede blå blå likeledes sett fra månen klessnorer preventiver kaninbur frittsvevende i rommet dreiende sakte om deg selv asurblå blåere enn himmelen idetheletatt blå

HYSS - -

Hyss sier havet
Hyss sier den lille bølgen ved stranden –
hyss
ikke så voldsomme, ikke
så stolte ikke
så bemerkelsesverdige.
Hyss
sier bølgekammene som
flokker seg om forbergene
strandbrenningene. Hyss
sier de til menneskene
det er vår jord
vår evighet.

FERSKVANN

Ferskvann
er til å putte åser nedi
berghamrer og blå skog
og til å stappes full av gule
sommerskyer
og til å vaske bena i
eller putre langsomt i en båt
og kanskje drysse en liten regnskur oppå
som melis
og efterpå kan kveldsola komme og dyppe
ned
sin store skje
- - ummmm. Nei dette var for søtt.

IT IS BLUE (Engl. Transl.: M. Zlatanou)

- sky blue

azure blue seen from the moon, all the streets (steeming redhot) the ghettoes of the look blue from the moon where they flush the toilets and the rats scurry over the rubbish mountains it looks blue from the moon, ten miles of red rear-lights like blood droplets the new detergents super XX price bomb look blue from the moon. Scorched trees where a village once was look blue from the moon. aunt Sofie Fredrikstad-bridge your mouth my love blue blue in the same way seen from the moon clothes lines contraception rabbit hutches blueblue floating freely in space revolving slowly around itself azure blue bluer than the sky completelytotally blue

HUSH... (Engl. Transl.: Roger Greewald)

Hush says the ocean
Hush says the little wave at the shore - hush
not so violent, not
so proud not
so eager for attension.
Hush
say the breakers that
pile up at the headlands,
the surf at the beaches. Hush
they say to us it's our world
our eternity.

FRESH WATER (Engl. Transl.: M. Zlatanou)

Fresh water is for putting hills in mountain crests and blue forest and for stuffing full of yellow summer clouds and for washing feet in or for put-putting slowly in a boat and maybe sprinkle a rainshower on like icing sugar and afterwards the evening sun can come and dip its big spoon into. ...mmmmm. No, this is too sweet..

NOEN

Noen stiger ut av vårt liv, noen kommer inn i vårt liv, ubedt og setter seg ned, går likegyldige forbi, noen skjenker deg en rose, kjøper en ny bil, noen står deg meget nær, noen har du alt glemt, noen, noen er deg selv, noen har du aldri sett, noen spiser asparges, noen er barn. noen går opp på taket, sitter ved et bord. ligger i hengekøye, går med rød paraply, noen ser på deg, noen har aldri lagt merke til deg, noen vil holde deg i hånden, noen døde i natt, noen er andre, noen er deg, noen er ikke, noen er.

VENT PÅ MEG

Vent på meg sier sneglen. Ta det litt rolig da. Og se dere for: Jeg er våt på bena

Ho-ho sier gjøken, blåser i sitt horn. Vent vent. Det er noe vi har glemt.

Vent litt på meg sier snøskavlen på fjellet. Jeg må smelte først.

Heihei vent nå roper vinden, det kommer et lavtrykk til og jeg skal velte en lysmast i Valsøyfjord.

Vent vent på meg sier barnet ditt. Jeg ser deg ikke lenger. Jeg er redd.

Vent mine venner vent sier gamle jorden. Jeg har mine tider å passe. Mange land som skal ha sitt daglige lys.

Vent på oss sier de fillete og de sultne folkene.

Alt på jorden hører jo dere til. Tenn iallfall en lampe så vi kan se hvor vi er.

Vent på oss sier ordene. Ikke så fort. Dette skal bli et dikt.

SOME (Engl. Transl.: Roger Greewald)

Some Climb out of our lives, some come into our lives unasked and sit down, some pass by indifferently, some present you with a rose, buy a new car, some are very close to you, some you've already forgotten, some, someone is yourself, some you have never seen, some are eating asparagus, some are children. someone is going up on the roof, sitting at a table, lying in a hammock, walking with a red umbrella, some are looking at you, some have never noticed you, some want to hold your hand, some died tonight, some are others, some are you, some are not. some are.

WAIT FOR ME (Engl. Transl. Olav Grinde)

Wait for me says the snail. Why such haste. I come when I can; remember my feet are still wet.

Far in its forest the cuckoo sings its song. Wait-wait, hu-hu, wait wait, there's something you forgot...

Wait for me, wait for me, says the snowdrift on the mountain. ... I have to melt first.

Hey-hey, wait now, wait wait, shouts the wind. There's another storm coming, and I have to blow down another light tower Up near Valsøyfjord.

Wait for me,... cries (your) the child. I can't see you anymore. I'm scared.

Friends, wait for me, wait up a bit, says old Earth. I have my timetables to watch.

Many lands that need their daily light.

Wait for us, wait for us, cry the hungry and ragged people.

After all, you own the world. At last light a lamp so we can see where we are.

...

Wait for us, the words plead. Not so fast, not so fast. This ought to be $\ a\ poem\dots$

(some words from this translation, marked ..., were omitted in the music, because they were not in the original poem. MZ)

DINE TANKER, DET DU GJORDE - -

Dine tanker, det du gjorde skal ikke dø men dine håp skal dø, din glede dine behov skal dø, dine ønsker, krav dø men ikke det du fikk gjort, det du fikk gjort, tross alt fikk gjort, skammelig det er lite men det lever. skulde vært mer, det lever men det du ønsker skal dø, dine håp skal dø snart, men det du tenkte, hva tenkte du, skal leve og hva gjorde du, fordømt, ja hva gjorde du

YOUR THOUGHTS. YOUR DEEDS

(Engl. Transl.: Olav Grinde)

Your thoughts, your deeds shall not die but your hopes will die, your joy your needs shall die, your desires, demands die but not what you did, what you did despite everything did, shamefully little it is. but it lives. should have been more. it lives but vour desires shall die, your hopes shall die soon, but your thoughts, what were your thoughts, shall live and what did you do, damn, yes, what did you do

MEN VI LEVER --

- Men vi lever

- du.

gjennem supermarkedene og ostehyllene, og vi lever under jetflystripene i mais gyllenmåned

under jetflystripene i mais gyllenmåned og i røk-omslørte byer,

og vi lever med host i forgasseren og smell i bildørene.

Vi lever

gjennem TV-kvelden i det gylne sekel, over asfalten, bak ukebladene og på bensinstasjonene.

Vi lever

i statistikkene og i matrikkelnumret når det er valgår.

Vi lever med en blomst i vinduet,

tross alt lever vi under

hydrogenbombenes nukleare kjemi-

utdryddelsestrusler, søvn-

løshet vi lever

sideomside med de sultne de som

dør i millionvis, lever

med en tretthet i vår tanke, lever

ennu, lever

magisk uforklarlig lever

lever

på en stjerne.

BUT WE LIVE - - (Engl. Transl.: Robert Hedin)

- But we live

-- you.

through supermarkets and racks full of cheese, and we live

under the vapour trails of jets in the golden month of May and in smoke-dimmed cities,

and we live with coughing carburators

and slamming car doors.

We live

through the TV evening in our golden century, on asphalt, behind tabloids and at gas stations We live

as statistics and as registration numbers

in election years.

We live with a flower in the window, in spite of everything we live under the hydrogen-bombs the threats of nuclear extermination, sleep-

less we live

side by side with the hungry who

die by the millions, live

with a weariness to our thoughts, live

still, live

magically inexplicably live

live on a star.