



Lyrics
Cæcilie Norby “Arabesque”
ACT 9723-2

1. THE DEAD PRINCESS (M. Ravel/ C. Norby)

Dance - 'til death you'll dance like a haunted swan
Red - Your shoes are red like the roses you forget
when the limelight disappears
You're bound to
Dance - 'til death you'll dance like a long-lost lamb
Blue - your lips are blue like the icy heartless truth
Bursted dreams on broken glass
Gone in a flash
Once the sky was wide
Pink as princess pride
Once the wind was smooth
Blowing only youth
Your heart became black as the sea
But yet so unfree - So unfree
Dance - Till death you'll dance like a haunted swan
Red - Your shoes are red like the drops of blood you shed
when your eyes had no more tears
You're bound to
Dance - Last step you dance lost in solitude
Thin - so paper thin is the space between your skin
and your thousand pounding veins
Look you became - Some hollow name -
Face in a frame

2. WHOLLY EARTH (A. Lincoln)

Oh the holy earth's a mural
Seen from way up high
Abstracted, natural, bas relief
Witnessed from the sky
Clouds that cast a single shadow
drifting, moving on the ground
creating an illusion as the world's go round
Places where the folks inhabit
have a geometric grace
Circled, squared, sometimes triangled,
ruled with lines and space
Water ways and craggy mountains
Seemingly reveal a plan
just as if somebody drew it
with a great big giant hand
Life's a repetition, it's an action of repeat
Act of doing, act of saying
something bitter, something sweet
Acts of Life that keeps occurring
ghosts appearing through the sound
waving at us from a distance
cause the whole wide world is round
and round and round and round
Yes the whole wide world is round

People live before us leave a memory behind:
Action done and action written
Acts impressed upon our mind
Forming, moving in a circle
ghosts appearing through the sound.....

3. NO AIR (E. Satie/ C. Norby)

Stormy sentences fly from your mouth
No air
Accusations all gather in clouds
No air
Thirty-store buildings of cries and complaints
And thirty-four cyclones that keep you insane
And I
I watch the odd ballet your body performs
and I smile
Aching adjectives, negative nouns
No air
Absurd scenery - Where are the clowns?
No air
Towers constructed on yesterdays lies
You threaten to crash them in front of my eyes
And I,
I listen instead to your melody
with my eyes closed

4. NO PHRASE (E. Satie/ C. Norby)

Sleepy breathing landscapes
Slowly waving flesh shapes
You are hunting dreams across my eyebrows
- my souls house
Watch you in the moonshine
slalom down my waistline
You have travelled miles across my snow-land
with slow hands
My skin, my bones
my brain, my soul invite you
My seventh sense, my last defense
despise you
I want you more than I can phrase
I love you more than I can phrase
My arms, my knees, my ears, my teeth
invite you
My seventh sense, my weak defense
Despise you
Tattooing my cold feet
Celtic signs and poetry
Black volcanic heat waves
steaming from my soul caves
My arms, my knees, my ears, my teeth
invite you
My seventh sense, my raw defense
Invite you
I love you more than I can phrase
I want you more than I can phrase
My skin, my bones
my brain, my soul invite you
My seventh sense, my last defense
despise you

5. BEI MIR BIST DU SCHJEIN (S. Secunda/S. Cahn)

Bei mir bist du schjein,
please let me explain
Bei mir bist du schjein
means that you're grand
Bei mir bist du schjein,
again and again
It means you're the fairest in the land
I could say bella, bella,
even: wunderbar
Each language only helps me
to tell you how grand you are
I've tried to explain,
bei mir bist du schjein
So kiss me, and say you understand

6. THE TEARS OF BILLIE BLUE (C. Debussy/ C. Norby)

The tears of Billie Blue
as fine as flowers' morning dew
as frail as dying butterflies
That's how she cries
A young, naive and long legged girl
Lost in this world:
She loved him endlessly
Thought "Book of Heart" was ABC
Cause every word was poetry in her ears:
He said: "You're the almighty angel I just longed for
A powerful princess I want to write songs for.."
And so she listened.....
Could not resist him.....
Imagine kissing.....
And one fine day she'd tell him:
"...mine, oh mine, he's only mine"
Girl, blue-eyed girl
Struggling hard to solve Life's strange mysteries
Girl, foolish girl
Slave yourself and make a king of him
Soul, unwise soul
Loose yourself not once, not twice but always
Girl, lonely girl
Somewhere over the rainbow
Out of the shadow - like in a song -
your prince will come
Still loves him endlessly
No magic fairies 1-2-3
But Billie's smiling
Inside she's crying so sad
And that's why
she always stays blue

7. WOMEN OF SANTIAGO (L. Danielsson/ C. Norby)

There's a place I know
where senora Zargas girls go
where they wait for the red moon to rise,
tie their dancing shoes and set their passion free
There is blood in the air
'round that little old gipsy dance square
Smell of gunpowder, sweat and good wine
Soon colored cards decide each destiny
Women of Santiago

Feel the southern winds blow
It's time to tango - Time to crush a heart
Women of Santiago
Always dance with heads up high
Through the sweet and sour - 'til they die
As the rhythms rise
jealousy allures like cats eyes
Every step - a knife in the wound
A choreography of language from the heart
Women of Santiago
Feel the southern winds blow
It is time to tango - Time to crush a heart
Women of Santiago
Always dance with heads up high
Through blessed and cursed - 'til they die
There's a place they say
where senora Zargas girls stay
'til the sunrise reveals every sin
And laughter lets the new day begin

8. PAVANE (G. Fauré/ C. Norby)

Far away the music starts to play
a sad and simple phrase we know
Soothing sound - that nails us to the ground
The moon is upside down - it flows
Persian scales recite old fairy tales
compose a Seven Veils Rondo
View this land: white dusty dunes of sand
In resonance the grains will blow
Caravans against the red horizon line,
I hear each bell in every camels loaded burden
Strange melody flirting -
Well, I am not certain -
But tell me: Is this for real?
Listen soul, this symphony of gold
An arabesque unfolds - a dream
Silky air and velvet tones compare
to nothing or nowhere we've been
Caravan against the deep arabian night,
I hear each bell in every camels loaded burden
Strange melody flirting -
Well, I am not certain -
but tell me: Is this for real?
Far away the music starts to play
wild future songs we didn't know
Soothing sounds - hear Gaya's spinning 'round
Her beings are all bound to grow

9. SCHEHERAZADE (N. Rimsky Korsakov/ C. Norby)

There's a tale Scheherazade doesn't tell
There is one secret story she is keeping to herself
In the thousands of words she has spoken
not one is revealing the truth
In the moonlight she opens her mind
There's a new blooming wonderland of fantasy to find
graceful hands will be dancing 'till sunrise,
fine lyrics illumining her eyes
She's the goddess of poems and tales
but she's not, if her bright imaginations once should fail
If her well should run empty,
her Muse dry out simply

at nine hundred ninety
She loses it all
Scheherazade feeds the Sultan's romance
A broken trance:
and her wise head will fall
She's a phoenix of fables and plays
But tonight she will have to prove it to her fiancé
She will make him imagine
he's Sultan Aladdin
and she is his Jasmine
Their love will go on
Scheherazade - freed the bright nightingale
Her final tale
counting 1001.....That's the secret she keeps to herself.....

10. I WILL SAY GOODBYE (M. Legrand)

I will say goodbye - I will walk away
I will speak the words - You will have me say
I will walk away - I will walk alone
I will not look back - For I turn to stone
More than just farewell - more than just goodbye
It will be as if we'd never met
You will hear the words - you will have me say
You would have me say
You are not my love -
you are not my love, My love
I will say goodbye - I will close the door
I will close my eyes - I will love no more

11. SIMPLE THEME (C. Norby)

My feet are lifting off the ground
The street becomes a distant sound
I swear, this twilight trip's a whiz
It's rare you get a view like this
I just wanna get there - I just wanna get there in time
Nobody can stop me - when I'm hanging up here - I feel fine
Some days gravity are low
Depends on fantasy and flow
Makes you wanna drop the heavy weight of stones
These days - with ozone in your bones
I just wanna get there - I just wanna get there in time
Nobody can stop me - when I'm hanging up here - I feel fine

12. HVIRVELVINDEN (M. Legrand/ retelling in danish: C. Norby)

Rundt, som en stor spiral i cirkler
Som et hjul, der går i spind
Uden start og uden ende
En gigantisk lukket ring
Som en snebold ned ad bjerget
Som en Tivoli ballon
Som en karussel der drejer
I sæson efter sæson
Som et ur med levende visere
Et utømmeligt timeglas
og jorden som et æble i det stille univers
En evig uro i sig selv
Hvirvelvinden i din sjæl
Som en mørk tunnel du følger til du møder endnu én
Under jorden i en hule, Ingen sol, kun kolde sten

Som en dør, der står og klapper i en uforsonlig drøm
Som krusninger på vandet i den varme Juli strøm
Som et ur med levende visere. Et utømmeligt timeglas
og jorden som et æble i det stille univers
En evig uro i sig selv
Hvirvelvinden i din sjæl
Nøgler klirrer i din lomme. Ord der synger i dit hoved
Hvorfor blev det aldrig sommer? Blev den revet op med rod?
Elskende vandrer trygt langs stranden. Fodspor i det våde sand
Stadig høres en fjern trommen eller klapper tidens tand?
Billeder hænger i entréen og fragmenter af en sang
Glemte folk og glemte navne. Var de levende engang?
Da du vidste det var ovre, tog du efterårsfarvel
Fra det øjeblik, der glemte du farven i hans sjæl
Som en stor spiral i cirkler. Som et hjul, der går i spind
Uden start og uden ende. En gigantisk lukket ring
En dag, der aldrig går på held.
En evig uro i sig selv
Hvirvelvinde i din sjæl

13. FOREVER YOU (L. Danielsson/ C. Norby)

One spring ago
we sensed some cupids flow
Last year in May
frail love came here to stay
One day in June
one hazy afternoon
where daffodils did sigh
we found the clear blue sky
Right there love purged time so:
Forever you'll stay mine
Be it winter
Be it dark clouds
Be it nightmares full of ghosts
Through the wild waves
through the snow storms
We will always be each others coasts

Bonus Track: HOW OFT (E. Norby/ W. Shakespeare)

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st
the wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
to kiss the tender inward of thy hand
whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
at the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
and situation with those dancing chips
o'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

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