

DREAMER'S SONG

Chor. Paul Boizot, music "Per Ser Cantada En La Meva Nit" by Arianna Savall from "Bella Terra". Mp3 available from Amazon mp3* and iTunes. The lyrics are a poem by the Catalan poet Salvador Espriu – though I did not know this, or their meaning, when I choreographed the dance.

There is a video of me demonstrating this dance at <http://www.paulboizot.co.uk/videos.htm>

Formation; circle. Rhythm 2/4, but syncopated — steps are two beats unless marked quick (q) = 1 beat.. Style – light on the feet, especially on the quick steps in part 1, with some looseness or bounce in the knees, to go with the feel given by the syncopated rhythm. The looseness in the knees is particularly important for the "triangles" in part 2. Start with the singing.

1. Arms V \rightarrow R, L, R, \leftarrow L q, \rightarrow R q; L, R, \leftarrow sL, Rxf q, repl. L q. x 4.
2. \uparrow R, L, R, L gradually raising arms high over these 4 steps; \downarrow unjoined 4 steps back out to L.o.D whilst turning 360° clockwise and gradually lowering almost straight arms R, L, R, L; arms V rejoined "triangles" \rightarrow sR, Lxf, sR, \leftarrow sL; Rxf, sL, \rightarrow sR, \leftarrow sL. x 2

Ending — last time through there is instrumental music instead of vocal as you restart part 1. Do part 1 x 2 to this, then the normal 4 times to end, except that the music runs out a bit sharply, so slow down on the Rxf step (an alternative which I first used was; leave out the very last two q steps and turn the preceding side-step into a slow sway).

Translation of lyrics – from the CD booklet

Song to be sung in my night

Wandering in the silent water of my dream.

I, alone, and the shadow of the cypress trees,
waiting for me
through the looking-glass water
of my dream.

Stone and wind: could you
swerve my course
from the relentless crystal pass
of the water of my dream?

In the distant reaches
of a deep and voiceless night,
I am drowning in the torment
of the water of my dream.

Alternative translation from

<http://www.cancioneros.com/nc/2625/4/to-be-sung-in-my-night-salvador-espriu-raimon>

Lost in the silent
water of my dream.

I alone, and the shade
of the cypresses, which awaits me
inside the mirror of the water
of my dream.

Stone, wind: could you
take me away from the continuous
crystal step, of the water
of my dream?

Beyond a deep night,
without voices, I drown
in the pain of the water
of my dream.

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