

# Concert Dedicated to the Proclamation of the Republic of Latvia

19 November 2022

<b>National anthem of Latvia</b>	Latvian mixed choir “Meluzīna”, Luxembourg
<b>Celebratory address</b>	Marija Fadula, Chair of the “Luxembourg-Latvia” Association
<b>Award of the “Mārtiņš” prize</b>	
<b>KaLve</b>	Poem, Arnolds Seckinger
<b><i>Joka pēc alfabēts</i></b>	Song, Renārs Kaupers European School, Luxembourg
<b>KaLve</b>	Poem, Valters Grandovskis
<b><i>Latvijas zelts</i></b>	Song, Ginta Rūse European School, Luxembourg
<b>Dictation contest awards</b>	Gita Krastiņa
<b>Celebratory address</b>	Dr. Henri Diederich, Honorary Consul of Latvia in Luxembourg
<b><i>Vairāk nekā</i></b>	Song, Knuts Skujenieks / Jānis Lūsēns Latvian mixed choir “Meluzīna”, Luxembourg
<b><i>Mans mantojums</i></b>	Poem, Ārija Elksne
<b>Mon héritage</b> Que serait le mois de mai sans bouleaux verts, Que serait le mois de septembre sans les châtaignes et les glands, Que serait notre Lettonie sans les arbres, Sans bosquets, sans coutures bleues de forêts ?  Cette terre est tissée de racines d'arbres, L'air est chanté par le bruissement des arbres. Et la charrue de soleil glissent sur les cimes des forêts, Et la roue dorée de la lune roule.  Qu'ai-je hérité de mes ancêtres ? Pas de titres, pas de bagues en or. Seuls leurs sapins, chênes et érables Les chemins de ma vie chantent dans le vent.	
<b><i>Pār pļaviņu</i></b>	Folk song Latvian children’s folkloric ensemble “Mazās dzērves”, Luxembourg
<b><i>Es tev dāvinu strazdu būri</i></b>	Poem, Imants Ziedonis
<b>Birdhouse</b> Far away in Vidzeme, in a white birch tree My dream blackbirds winter there. I ask you: let us go there in spring To look at them.  If they are frozen (And they will definitely be frozen:  They were my blackbirds, Your blackbirds were not there) – And if they are frozen, Give them to the cats!  But perhaps let’s go there in spring And see what is there In that birdhouse. Devil knows, Your blackbirds might be there, too. Maybe tiny blackbird babies were born this winter?	
<b><i>Jaunākās ziņas</i></b>	Poem, Jānis Baltvilks
<b>Dernières nouvelles</b> Dernières nouvelles de Pāvilsta : La mer se réveille à quatre heures du matin.  Dernières nouvelles de Carnikava : Un ruisseau s’est échappé de son ravin.  Les dernières nouvelles de Varakļāni : On dit qu'un loup blanc s'est aventuré des terres basses.  Les dernières nouvelles de Bolderāja : Une sauterelle s’est cognée contre une grenouille.  Et tout dernières nouvelles de Daugavpils : Un papillon silencieux, bleu clair.	
<b><i>Šūpuļdziesma un Varavīksnes lokos</i></b>	Vineta Līce Flute: Sofija Norvele, Piano: Jūlija Norvele
<b><i>Atlidojot</i></b>	Poem, Eva Vārpa
<b>flying home</b> I see my house in the field my cross, my ants path my rain cloud and my post box  scrub me with birch leave twigs wash me with fog and rain pour steam over the airport runway cleanse me from the road  meet me like a clothesline where my life flutters in the wind I can wear it again – clean and white  once you taught me freedom but I walked out on you like a lover who hurts a little too much tell me: are you going to take me back with gnarled fingers and wrinkled skin  scrub me with birch leave twigs wash me with fog and rain pour steam over the airport runway take farawayness out of me  the plane takes off above a clear-cut I fly away like a felled forest transformed into a wooden floor  boats on the lips of waves shine like clean shirts  scrub me with birch leave twigs wash me with fog and rain pour steam over the airport runway free the farawayness in me	
<b><i>Aria</i></b>	Jānis Mediņš Saxophone: Ilze Lejiņa-Ormēna Piano: Kristīne Ozoliņa
<b><i>Tev par pilsoni, pasaule, nederu</i></b>	Poem, Māra Zālīte
<b>I can’t become a citizen of the world,</b> though I have passports and maps in my pocket, because I know that I must be in Latvia in August, December, March.  Unless I’m there, hazel trees won’t blossom, Unless I’m there, mushrooms won’t pop up, because without me Christmas won’t arrive in a decorated sleigh dear world, that will be the consequence.  I’m not a citizen to you, world, though I have visas and charters in my pocket, because I know that Latvia awaits me in January, June, March.  Unless I’m there, hazel trees won’t blossom, Unless I’m there, dogs and cats will freeze, Unless I’m there, Jonny won’t come On a shivering foal Dear world, that will be the consequence.  I am not a citizen to you, world, though I have passports and maps in my pocket, because I know that Latvia awaits me in September, November, March.  Unless I’m there, hazel trees won’t blossom, Unless I’m there, harsh winds will put out Candles at the river-shore, Dear world, that will be the consequence.	
<b><i>Rīta un vakara dziesma</i></b>	Song, Rasa Bugavičute-Pēce / Raimonds Tiguls Latvian mixed choir “Meluzīna”, Luxembourg
<b><i>Skaņu balsu es palaidu</i></b>	Folk song Latvian folkloric ensemble “Dzērves”, Luxembourg
<b><i>Nav latviskums rūtainos brunčos</i></b>	Poem, Ārija Elksne
<b>It is not a checkered skirt that makes you Latvian,</b> Nor your simple yellow pastalas you wear. Rather your knowing that with honor And light we will forebear. With our old tunes in choir. And our folk songs that swell, The serpent that grinds flour in the sea, The serpent will grind us as well. We must become like seafarers We need a bright Star that shines, And illuminates the fate of our nation For us to think about, and not whine. No, the struggle is not over yet, Only the fighters can cease, Each kin brings forth its Hero Who the Enemy will defeat.	
<b><i>Melanholiskais valsis</i></b>	Emīls Dārziņš Violin: Liene Barons Accompanied by Eslingen orchestra
<b><i>Mēs nākam iz zaļās zāles</i></b> <b>Nous venons de l'herbe verte,</b> Nous venons d'une nuit sombre, Où un garçon git au bord de la route Tué et non enterré.  Nous venons des jardins de la Lune, Du jeu des étoiles et du Soleil. Du silence des pierres, Des chants mélodieux d’un oiseau.  Nous venons de la blancheur du pommier, Des brumes denses de l'éternité, Et nous arrivons à ce moment précis, Quand notre vie doit commencer.  Nous venons de la fumée des granges, De la rouille rouge des épées. Ne pleure pas, orphelin, ne pleure pas, La chanson est notre mère.  Ne pleure pas, cher frère, ne pleure pas, La chanson deviendra notre patrie. Quand la patrie est partagée, La chanson deviendra notre patrie.	
<b><i>Vysi ļaudis brīnījās</i></b>	Folk song Postfolk band “Rudzurika” and the mixed choir “Meluzīna”
<b><i>Mums ticis viszilākais ezers</i></b>	Poem, Laimonis Vāczemnieks
<b>Nous avons le lac le plus bleu,</b> Et le champ de blé le plus roux, Le plus blanc des bosquets de bouleaux, Le pain de seigle le plus noir. Et c’est la Lettonie qui a Les plus saints des cieux, C’est la plus belle terre  que Dieu nous donna à nous.	
<b><i>Mazais letiņš</i></b>	Song, “Čikāgas pieciņi” Latvian children’s folkloric ensemble “Mazās dzērves”, Luxembourg
<b><i>Esmu ierakstīta bērzu grāmatā</i></b>	Poem, Olga Lisovska
<b>I am written in a white birch book.</b> I am inside the mighty bellows of fir trees. Now I can safely wander in the world. The record will remain. Indelibly. Life, as we say, should not pass in vain. Only you should not be missed.	
<b><i>Virš galvas mūžīgs Piena ceļš</i></b>	Song, Māra Zālīte / Imants Kalniņš Joint choir of the participants
<b>Participants</b> Latvian mixed choir “Meluzīna” European school choir Latvian folkloric ensemble “Dzērves” Latvian children’s folkloric ensemble “Mazās dzērves” Postfolk band “Rudzurika” Eslingen orchestra Soloists  Poems were read by	Conductor Jūlija Norvele Director Evija Avotiņa Bandleader Aiga Ožehovska Bandleader Aiga Ožehovska Bandleader Aiga Ožehovska Director Liene Barons Sofija Norvele Ilze Lejiņa-Ormēna Liene Barons Valters Grandovskis Arnolds Seckinger Sandra Spūle Sanita Steinberga Uldis Priede Inese Egle Uldis Poļakovs Laura Feldhūne Members of “Mazās dzērves”
<b>Creative team</b> Direction Poem translations Poster design	Aiga Ožehovska Dens Dimiņš, Inese Egle Uldis Poļakovs Liene Barons