"A Filipina's Diaspora"
a Voice Recital by Aretha Angcao, soprano

A butterfly's journey is fundamentally solitary. It begins as a lone egg on a leaf, hatches into a caterpillar, and then encases itself in the pupa or chrysalis where the final transformation takes shape.

This process is not only difficult but arduous, a life-or-death undertaking that must be endured in isolation. Yet, it is the necessary crucible for flight. Once emerged, the butterfly flits alone from flower to flower throughout the day, only gathering in groups to rest when the night falls.

The migration of Filipinos is a parallel, worldwide phenomenon, driven by the need for better employment and higher living wages. Filipinos constitute a vast number of migrant workers and students who choose to seek opportunities abroad, often despite the exorbitant costs and inherent hardship.

A Filipino's diaspora is a solitary exile, a life lived far from family and loved ones. Like the butterfly in its chrysalis, they find themselves in a foreign country, working long hours and enduring the pain of profound loneliness and separation.

They make the ultimate exchange: sacrificing the comfort of home for the 'wings' of opportunity—the promise of a better future.

The songs for this recital were curated to best represent several aspects of Filipino diaspora and culture and the connections I found to Western classical music.

Recital Programme

"Morgen" from Four Songs Op. 27 (Richard Strauss)
"Après un rêve" from Trois Mélodies Op. (Gabriel Fauré) 1878
"Clair de lune" from Deux Mélodies Op. 46 (Gabriel Fauré) 1887
"Fleur jetée" from Quatre Mélodies Op. 39 (Gabriel Fauré)1884
"La Capinera" (Julius Benedict)

"Ah, je ris de me voir" / The Jewel Song from Faust (Charles Gounod) 1859
"Ah! Je veux vivre" from Roméo et Juliette (Charles Gounod) 1865
"Quando me n vo" /Musetta's Waltz from La Boheme (Giacomo Puccini) 1896
"Allerseelen"from 8 Songs Op. 10 (Richard Strauss) 1885
"Mutya ng Pasig (Nicanor Abelardo) 1926

"Stars and the Moon" from Songs for a New World (Jason Robert Brown) 1995
"Someone Like You" from Jekyll and Hyde (Frank Wildhorn) 1990
"Spark of Creation" from Children of Eden (Stephen Schwartz) 1996

Performers

Aretha Angcao, soprano
Prof. Noriko Yasuda, piano
Imsongdi Imsong, piano
Hanxiao Zhou, flute

Band:
Aretha Angcao, soprano
Nic Adams, bass
Amy Mantis, guitar
Manuel Puerta, drums
Imsongdi Imsong, piano

Program Notes and Translations:

"Morgen" from Four Songs Op. 27 (Richard Strauss)

In Philippine society, family and romantic relationships are highly valued, with fidelity and the goal of finding one s soulmate seen as defining life moments. ***Marriage, monogamy,*** *and the* ***family unit*** *remain cornerstones considered essential for an orderly society. While some may deem these traditional structures outdated, the profound desire to find that one person who will give life meaning still motivates a majority of Filipinos.*

Morgen	Tomorrow
Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde, Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ... Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen, Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen, Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen, Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen ...	*And tomorrow the sun will shine again* *And on the path that I shall take,* *It will unite us, happy ones, again,* *Amid this same sun-breathing earth ...* *And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,* *We shall quietly and slowly descend,* *Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,* *And the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us ...*

"Après un rêve" from Trois Mélodies Op. (Gabriel Fauré)

*While Filipino culture is known for many positive traits like **hospitality (**Bayanihan**)** and **strong family ties**, the core emotion of Aprés un rêvealigns strongly with a specific concept in Filipino emotional vocabulary: **longing and lamentation (Hinaing).***

Après un reve	After a dream
Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage, Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore, Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore; Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière, Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues, Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues. Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes, Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges; Reviens, reviens, radieuse, Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!	*In sleep made sweet by a vision of you* *I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,* *Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,* *You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;* *You called me and I departed the earth* *To flee with you toward the light,* *The heavens parted their clouds for us,* *We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial fires.* *Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!* *I summon you, O night, give me back your delusions;* *Return, return in radiance,* *Return, O mysterious night!*

"Clair de lune" from Deux Mélodies Op. 46 (Gabriel Fauré)

*Pervasive and constant, the moon holds an essential place in Filipino culture. Countless narratives celebrate its beauty and feature **mythical creatures** that emerge under its ethereal light. This ancient reverence for the moon's power persists into the present; many Filipinos continue to closely observe its phases and tidal cycles, maintaining the belief that these **cosmic rhythms** influence important life decisions regarding family, health, and livelihood.*

Clair de Lune	Moonlight
Votre âme est un paysage choisi Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.	Your soul is a chosen landscape Bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers, Playing the lute and dancing and almost Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune, Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,	Singing as they go in a minor key Of conquering love and life's favours, They do not seem to believe in their fortune And their song mingles with the light of the moon,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau, Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau, Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.	The calm light of the moon, sad and fair, That sets the birds dreaming in the trees And the fountains sobbing in their rapture, Tall and svelte amid marble statues.

"Fleur jetée" from Quatre Mélodies Op. 39 (Gabriel Fauré)

*In old Filipino romances, the **"flower"** serves as a potent symbol for the delicate "lady," embodying the strict expectations of **femininity and grace***

*traditionally associated with the Filipina. Yet, this idealized image is fragile. Once a woman **falls from grace**—a common turn in tragedies—she is often utterly shunned by her family and friends. It is profoundly difficult for a Filipina to **regain societal standing** once she has been judged undesirable, regardless of the reason for her exile.*

Fleur jetee	Discarded flower
Emporte ma folie	*Bear away my folly*
Au gré du vent,	*At the whim of the wind,*
Fleur en chantant cueillie	*Flower, plucked while singing*
Et jetée en rêvant.	*And discarded while dreaming.*
– Emporte ma folie	*Bear away my folly*
Au gré du vent!	*At the whim of the wind!*
Comme la fleur fauchée	*Like a scythed flower*
Périt l'amour.	*Love perishes.*
La main qui t'a touchée	*The hand that touched you*
Fuit ma main sans retour.	*Shuns my hand for ever.*
– Comme la fleur fauchée,	*Like a scythed flower*
Périt l'amour!	*Love perishes!*
Que le vent qui te sèche,	*May the wind that withers you,*
Ô pauvre fleur,	*O poor flower,*
Tout à l'heure si fraîche	*So fresh just now*
Et demain sans couleur!	*But tomorrow faded,*
– Que le vent qui te sèche,	*May the wind that withers you,*
Sèche mon cœur!	*Wither my heart!*

"La Capinera" (Julius Benedict)

*Like the blackcap in other parts of the world, the **maya"** in the Philippines is a small bird that often symbolizes **young love**, renowned for its cheerful and delightful tune. It's a familiar sound, singing both at the break of dawn and in the early hours of dusk. Its lovely chirping often*

serves as the natural alarm clock for farmers, signaling the start of a long day of work in the fields.

La Capinera	The Blackcap
Col ritornar del dolce	*With the return of the sweet*
April tu torni pur, o mia gentil	*April you return to my kind*
E vieni a dir la tua canzon	*And come to sing your song*
Fra vaghi fior del mio veron	*Among the lovely flowers of my veranda*
Tua voce un tal piacer mi	
Fa che di cantar desio mi da	*Your voice gives me such pleasure*
Cantiam insiem mi guida	*It makes me desire to sing*
Tu cantiam l'amor la gioventu	*Let s sing together, guide me*
	You sing about love, youth
Cantiam l'amor la gioventu	
Insiem insiem cantiam	*Let s sing about love, youth*
La la la la La la	*Together, together let s sing*
Gioventu l'amor cantiam!	*La la la la La la*
	Youth, love, let s sing!
Salutan te l'erbe ed I fior	
In quell'arcan linguaggio lor	*The grass and flowers greet you*
Del venticel il mormorar	*In their secret language*
Un bacio sol cercar ti par	*The whisper of the breeze*
	Seems to seek only a kiss from you
E mentre il cor vicin a te	
D'un gaudio ho	*And while my heart is close to you*
Pien ch'uman non e	*I am filled with joy*
	That is not entirely human
Io vo cantar mi guida tu	
Cantiam l'amor la gioventu	*I want to sing, you guide me*
Cantiam l'amor la gioventu	*Let s sing about love, youth*
Insiem insiem cantiam	*Let s sing about love, youth*
La la la la La la	*Together, together let s sing*
Gioventu l'amor cantiam!	*La la la la La la*
	Youth, love, let s sing.

"Ah, je ris de me voir" / The Jewel Song from Faust (Charles Gounod) 1859

Imelda Marcos *is a famous Filipino politician and patron of the arts known for her enormous collection of shoes and regalia. Despite allegations of ill-gotten wealth, Marcos was instrumental in the construction of the* ***Cultural Center of the Philippines*** *and the revival of the music scene in Manila during the presidency of her late husband, Ferdinand Marcos.*

This focus on opulent display calls to mind the scene in the "Jewel Song," where Marguerite is enthralled by the jewels left for her by Mephistopheles. She looks at the bracelets, rings, and necklaces inside the casket and tries them on one by one. ***I imagine a powerful semblance between Marguerite and Imelda Marcos as they both revel in these external signs of wealth, even at the risk of damnation and persecution.***

Ah! Je ris de me voir	Ah! I laugh to see myself
Marguerite	**Marguerite**
Ah! je ris de me voir si belle en ce miroir. Ah! je ris de me voir si belle en ce miroir.	*Ah, I laugh to see myself* *so beautiful in this mirror.* *Ah, I laugh to see myself* *so beautiful in this mirror.*
Est-ce toi, Marguerite, est-ce toi? Réponds-moi, réponds-moi, Réponds, réponds, réponds vite!	*Is it you, Marguerite, it is you?* *Answer me, answer me,* *Respond, respond, respond quickly!*
Non! Non! ce n'est plus toi! Non...non, ce n'est plus ton visage; C'est la fille d'un roi; c'est la fille d'un roi!	*No! No! It's no longer you!* *No... no, it's no longer your face;* *It's the daughter of a king!*

C'est la fille d'un roi; c'est la fille d'un roi!	*It's the daughter of a king!*
	It's no longer you.
Ce n'est plus toi.	*It's no longer you.*
Ce n'est plus toi.	*One must bow to her as she*
Qu'on salut au passage!	*passes!*
Ah s'il était ici!	*Ah, if only he were here!*
S'il me voyait ainsi!	*If he should see me thus!*
Comme une demoiselle,	*Like a lady,*
Il me trouverait belle.	*He would find me so beautiful*
Ah! Comme une demoiselle,	*Ah! Like a lady,*
il me trouverait belle.	*He would find me so beautiful.*

"Ah! Je veux vivre" from Roméo et Juliette (Charles Gounod) 1865

Marriage *in the Philippines is often viewed less as a bond of eternal love between two individuals and more as a* ***pragmatic merger*** *of two families and their assets. Historically, and still in many affluent circles today, it is not uncommon for families to choose the person their children will marry, a practice seen across many classic narratives. Furthermore, because* ***divorce is not legal*** *in the Philippines, couples frequently remain in unhappy marriages to preserve the family's reputation, a necessity especially prevalent among the wealthy.*

Je veux vivre!	I want to live!
Juliette	**Juliette**
Ah!	*Ah!*
Je veux vivre	*I want to live*
Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre;	*In this dream that intoxicates me*
Ce jour encore,	*Again this day!*
Douce flamme,	*Sweet flame,*

Je te garde dans mon âme Comme un trésor! Cette ivresse De jeunesse Ne dure, hélas, qu'un jour! Puis vient l'heure Où l'on pleure, Le cœur cède à l'amour, Et le bonheur fuit sans retour. Ah! Je veux vivre Dans ce rêve qui m'enivre; Ce jour encore, Douce flamme, Je te garde dans mon âme Comme un trésor! Loin de l'hiver morose Laisse-moi sommeiller Avant de l'effeuiller. Ah! Douce flamme, Garde mon trésor Longtemps encore!	*I keep you in my soul* *Like a treasure!* *This intoxication* *Of youth* *Alas, don't last just one day!* *Then the time comes* *When we cry* *The heart gives way to love* *And happiness flees without return.* *Ah!* *I want to live* *In this dream that intoxicates me* *Again this day!* *Sweet flame,* *I keep you in my soul* *Like a treasure!* *Away from the gloomy winter* *Let me sleep* *Before stripping it.* *Ah! Sweet flame,* *Stay in my soul like a sweet treasure* *For a long time, again!*

"Quando me n vo" /Musetta's Waltz from La Boheme (Giacomo Puccini) 1896

***Musetta**, the vibrant bohemian in Puccini s opera La Bohème, shares unexpected parallels with **Maria Clara**, the central, tragic heroine of José Rizal s Philippine novel, Noli Me Tángere.*

Both Maria Clara and Musetta hold a central, ***magnetic influence over the men*** *and the social scenes of their respective narratives, making them far more than just passive love interests.* ***Maria Clara,*** *through her idealized beauty and impeccable moral reputation, acts as the luminous center of 19th-century colonial Filipino society. She represents a coveted prize—the essence of Filipina virtue.*

Despite their contrasting lifestyles, both women ultimately exercise their strongest agency through moments of sacrifice and profound human compassion. Maria Clara, though seemingly passive throughout the novel, makes the powerful and final choice to enter the convent to protect her mother's reputation, ***sacrificing her own happiness and life in the process. This act, while tragic, is a demonstration of her inner moral strength***

Likewise, ***Musetta****, the pragmatic socialite who rarely parts with her riches, shows unexpected* ***generosity when Mimì is dying****. Her decision to immediately sell her cherished earrings—her tools of trade and symbols of her independence—to pay for heat and medicine demonstrates a deep, unselfish care for her friend's well-being.*

This shared capacity for ***selfless action****, which overrides their external roles, reveals an essential, human nobility* ***common to both the chaste saint and the spirited woman.***

Quando m'en vo	When I go my way
Musetta	***Musetta***
Quando m'en vo soletta per la via, La gente sosta e mira E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me	*When I go my way,* *when I go my way alone along the street* *the people stop and look...*

Da capo a pie'... Ed assaporo allor la bramosia Sottil, che da gli occhi traspira E dai palesi vezzi intender sa Alle occulte beltà. Così l'effluvio del desìo tutta m'aggira, Felice mi fa! E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi Da me tanto rifuggi? So ben le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir, Ma ti senti morir!	*and seek my beauty in me,* *they examine me from head to foot.* *And I savor the subtle desire* *which leaks out from their eyes* *and from my obvious charms they try to know* *the hidden beauty.* *Thus, the scent of desire surrounds me,* *it makes me happy!* *And you who know, who remember and are consumed,* *do you so much want to avoid me?* *I well know:* *you don't want to speak your anguish,* *you don't want to speak it, I know well,* *but you feel yourself dying.*

"Allerseelen" from 8 Songs Op. 10 (Richard Strauss) 1885

*In the Philippines, **All Souls Day** (on **November 2**) is not just a holiday—it is a deeply meaningful national event. As a recognized public holiday, it brings the country to a pause, allowing families the time to gather and celebrate the lives of their departed loved ones. The day is spent at the gravesite, where families meticulously clean and adorn the resting places, transforming cemeteries into vibrant gathering spots. This communion*

often involves bringing elaborate pots of food, which are shared among the living family members in a festive atmosphere. For Filipinos working overseas, this tradition holds such significance that many spend considerable sums on airfare just to be home for this cherished annual reunion.

Allerseelen	All Souls' Day
Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden, Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei, Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden, Wie einst im Mai. Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke, Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei, Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke, wie einst im Mai. Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe, Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei, Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,Wie einst im Mai.	*Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,* *Bring in the last red asters,* *And let us talk of love again* *As once in May.* *Give me your hand to press in secret,* *And if people see, I do not care,* *Give me but one of your sweet glances* *As once in May.* *Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,* *One day each year is devoted to the dead;* *Come to my heart and so be mine again, as once in May.*

"Mutya ng Pasig" (Nicanor Abelardo) 1926

*"Mutya ng Pasig" is a classic Filipino art song, or **kundiman**, composed by Nicanor Abelardo in 1926. The title refers to a legendary figure in Filipino folklore: the Muse (**Mutya**—meaning pearl, charm, or jewel) of the Pasig River. The song tells of this "**mutya**," who appears in the full moonlight lamenting her lost kingdom and love. This tragic tale of a lost ideal often inspires metaphorical interpretation; it is widely viewed as a*

poignant allegory for the ***loss of the country's freedom and cultural identity under foreign influence****. The song thus stands as both a beautiful piece of music and a powerful cultural commentary.*

Mutya ng Pasig	The Jewel of the Pasig
Kung gabing ang buwan Sa langit ay nakadungaw; Tila ginigising ng habagat Sa kanyang pagtulog sa tubig; Ang isang larawang puti at busilak Nalugay ang buhok na animo'y agos; Ito ang Mutya ng Pasig, Ito ang Mutya ng Pasig. Sa kanyang pagsiklot Sa maputing bula Kasabay ang awit Kasabay ang tula: Dati akong paraluman Sa kaharian ng pag-ibig Ang pag-ibig ng mamatay Naglaho rin ang kaharian. Ang lakas ko ay nalipat Sa puso't dibdib ng lahat; Kung nais ninyong ako'y mabuhay Pag-ibig ko'y inyong ibigay.	*When at night the moon* *in the sky looks over;* *As if the South wind awakens it* *as it sleeps on the water;* *A vision of immaculate and pure whiteness* *with hair let loose like flowing water;* *This is the Jewel of Pasig,* *This is the Jewel of Pasig.* *As she moves* *in the white foam of bubbles* *With a song* *With poetry:* *I was once a muse* *in the kingdom of love* *When love died* *the kingdom vanished* *My strength was put into* *the hearts of everyone;* *If you wish me to live* *Share my love.*

"Stars and the Moon" from Songs for a New World (Jason Robert Brown) 1995

The song "Stars and Moon" explores the difficult ***choice between following one's heart and pursuing practical necessity.*** *The narrative centers on a woman who rejects a genuine, yet impoverished, dreamer in favor of a man who offers the promise of wealth and fame. In the end, however, she realizes that the allure of luxury—a life defined by* ***yachts, champagne, and parties****—is ultimately dull and empty when compared to the value of a life spent with someone who offers true, selfless love.*

*The concept of the "****mail-order bride****" is not new in the Philippines. For decades, marriage brokers have facilitated the arranged marriages of Filipinas—often seeking a better life—to foreign men. Tragically, many of these women would become victims of domestic violence and exploitation, highlighting the severe risks inherent in this scheme.*

To protect its female citizens, the Philippines government enacted ***Republic Act 10906, known as the Anti Mail-Order Spouse Act****. This legislation provides stronger measures against unlawful practices, businesses, and schemes that involve matching or offering Filipinos to foreign nationals for the purposes of marriage or common-law partnership.*

"Stars and the Moon" from *Songs for a New World*

I met a man without a dollar to his name
Who had no traits of any value but his smile
I met a man who had no yearn or claim to fame
Who was content to let life pass him for a while
And I was sure that all I ever wanted
Was a life like the movie stars led
And he kissed me right here
And he said:

"I'll give you stars and the moon and a soul to guide you
And a promise I'll never go
I'll give you hope to bring out all the life inside you
And the strength that will help you grow
I'll give you truth and a future that's twenty times better
Than any Hollywood plot"
And I thought, "You know
I'd rather have a yacht"

I met a man who lived his life out on the road
Who left a wife and kids in Portland on a whim

I met a man whose fire and passion always showed
with him
But I was sure that all I ever wanted
Was a life that was scripted and planned
And he said, "But you don't understand—"

"I'll give you stars and the moon and the open highway
And a river beneath your feet
I'll give you days full of dreams if you travel my way
And a summer you can't repeat
I'll give you nights full of passion and days of adventure
No strings, just warm summer rain"
And I thought, "You know
I'd rather have champagne".

I met a man who had a fortune in the bank
Who had retired at age thirty, set for life
I met a man and didn't know which stars to thank
And then he asked one day if I would be his wife
And I looked up, and all I could think of
Was the life I had dreamt I would live
And I said to him, "What will you give?"

"I'll give you cars and a townhouse in Turtle Bay
And a fur and a diamond ring,
And we'll be married in Spain on my yacht today,
And we'll honeymoon in Beijing,
And you'll meet stars at the parties I throw at my villas
In Nice and Paris in June".

And I thought, "Okay"
And I took a breath
And I got my yacht
And the years went by
And it never changed
And it never grew
And I never dreamed
And I woke one day
And I looked around
And I thought, ***"My God,***
I ll never have the moon."

"Someone Like You" from Jekyll and Hyde (Frank Wildhorn) 1990

The central similarity between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and aspects of Filipino culture lies in the theme of ***duality*** *and the repression of one's true nature to maintain a respectable social facade.*

Just as Dr. Jekyll was obsessed with his public reputation and avoiding shame, Filipinos place immense importance on cultural values like ***Hiya*** *(a sense of shame/propriety/dignity) and* ***Delicadeza*** *(a sense of honor and decency). This can lead to the repression or avoidance of conflict*

*(**Pakikisama**) to maintain social harmony, even at the cost of addressing internal or external problems honestly.*

*Research points to the duality of the **Filipino hospitality** coexisting with the harsh realities of poverty, or the community spirit of **Bayanihan** contrasting within the rise of **individualism**. These contradictions are instances of dual natures struggling within the national and individual identity of Filipinos.*

The pressure to uphold the highly moral, communal, and respectful "Jekyll persona in public may lead to a tension between one's outward behavior and one's private reality, much like Jekyll's respectable life was a cover for Hyde's secret activities.

Someone Like You" from Jekyll and Hyde

Lucy:

I peer through windows,
Watch life go by,
Dream of tomorrow,
And wonder "why"?

The past is holding me,
Keeping life at bay,
I wander lost in yesterday,
Wanting to fly -
But scared to try.

But if someone like you
Found someone like me,
Then suddenly
Nothing would ever be the same!

My heart would take wing,
And I'd feel so alive -

If someone like you
Found me!

So many secrets
I've longed to share!
All I have needed
Is someone there,

To help me see a world
I've never seen before -
A love to open every door,
To set me free,
So I can soar!

If someone like you
Found someone like me,
Then suddenly
Nothing would ever be the same!

There'd be a new way to live,
A new life to love,
If someone like you
Found me!

"Spark of Creation" from Children of Eden (Stephen Schwartz) 1996

Filipinos have a strong belief in a higher power. Faith and religion form a large part of Filipino culture and influences many of the social norms and practices of the country. While Children of Eden is a loose interpretation of ***Genesis****, its exploration of a demanding but ultimately* ***forgiving Father*** *and the importance of* ***prayer and sacrifice*** *aligns with the deep spiritual grounding and* ***Catholic*** *tradition present in the Philippines.*

“Spark of Creation” from *Children of Eden*

Eve:

I've got an itching on the tips of my fingers.
I've got a boiling in the back of my brain.
I've got a hunger burning inside me, cannot be denied.
I’ve got the feeling that the Father who made us,
When he was kindling the pulse in my veins,
He left a tiny spark of the fire, smoldering inside.

The spark of creation, is flickering within me.
The spark of creation, is blazing in my blood.
A bit of the fire that lit up the stars,
And breathed life into the mud, the first inspiration:
The spark of creation.

I see a mountain and I want to climb it.
I see a river and I want to leave shore.
Where there was nothing let there be something
Something made by me.

There are things waiting for me to invent them,
There are worlds waiting for me to explore,
I am an echo of the eternal cry of
Let there be:

The spark of creation, burning bright within me.
The spark of creation, won't let me rest at all.
Until I discover or build or uncover,
A thing that I can call, my celebration,
Of the spark of creation.

The spark of creation, may it burn forever.
The spark of creation, I am a keeper of the flame.
We think all we want is a lifetime of leisure,
Each perfect day the same,
Endless vacation.

Well, that's alright if you're a kind of crustacean,
But when you're born with an imagination,
Sooner or later, you're feeling the fire,
Get higher and higher,
The spark of creation.

"A Filipina's Diaspora"
a Voice Recital by Aretha Angcao, soprano
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Graduate Performance Diploma in Voice
Studio Teacher: Prof. Cailin Manson

Translations: https://oxfordsong.org/, https://www.lyricopera.org/, https://filipinokundimans.blogspot.com