

The Dutchman and his Australian Rose

Music & lyrics: Corina Grotenhuis-Klerkx

Once upon a time there was a handsome young man
who lived in a cold, cold land.
He was restless and wanted to explore the world
so he flew to fairy dreamland.
He packed up his guitar and he left on a plane
and Down Under he found land so fine.
In the mythical Dreamtime beyond time and space
with roses with petals divine.

Chorus:

The Dutchman and his Australian Rose,
they met and fell in love.
A promise was made, their wedding vows,
in the presence of the Lord above.
The Dutchman and his Australian Rose
in the valley of the timeless tales.
They nourished their garden and planted new seeds
and three tiny flowers arose.
The Dutchman and his Australian Rose
are still standing strong today.

They left the pretty valley of the timeless tales
and found the meadows of a fruitful land.
It was there that the small ones could grow tall and strong
and were promised life full and grand.
The two little maidens and the younger lad grew
and proved really smart and very strong.
The winds of the future blew their leaves far away
in the direction they would all belong.

Chorus.

And he played his guitar and he sung a great song,
his Australian rose, she would smile.
And she painted their lives with a stroke of her brush
and walked with them for many a mile.
Now the flowerchildren they grew up, settled down,
while the loved ones turned silvery grey.
They lived happily ever after in their Dreamtime dreams
and are still standing strong today.

Chorus.

The Dutchman and his Australian Rose:

*Liefdeslied, sprookjesachtige song voor een 50-jarig
huwelijksjubileum. Als jongeman vertrok hij naar Australië
en daar vond hij de vrouw van zijn dromen, zijn
'Australian Rose'.*

Fathom

Music & lyrics: Corina Grotenhuis-Klerkx

He's lost, so very lost.
Can't seem to find his way in this grown-up world.
I've reached out... many, many times, but he's looking in
the wrong direction.
Indulging himself in all that is sinful,
hanging around his mendacious pals.
Yet I can't let go... 'cause he's my boy.

He's stuck, so very stuck.

He's in the twilight zone, missing out on life.
Needs to realize that he's got to make a choice.
Seventeen and far from independent.
But it's hazy in his head and he often shuts the door,
but his eyes tell me that he wants more.
So I won't let go, 'cause he's my boy.

Chorus.

Maybe I'm looking for signals that are not there,
getting my hopes up and ignoring the obvious signs.
And feeling despair when reality kicks in,
I cannot fathom his mind,
shifting from doctor Jekyll to mister Hyde.
Maybe he has already missed his window of opportunity.
But I, I cannot accept that. How could I?
'Cause he's my boy.

I'm scared, so very scared,
Can't seem to reach him and bring him to the light.
Putting my faith to the test when caught on lies,
but I never lost my faith.
No more a child, almost a man,
forever linked to my mother's heart.
So I won't let go, 'cause he's my boy.

Chorus.

He's my boy.
My beautiful boy.
He's my boy.

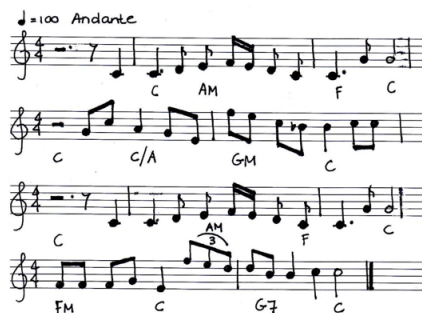
Fathom;

*Rouw- c.q. verwerkingssong over een moeder van een
volledig ontspoorde zoon, die ondanks haar angsten over
zijn welzijn en toekomst, hem niet los kan of wil laten. Ze
leeft tussen hoop en vrees.*

De Levensboom

Tekst & muziek: Corina GrotenhuisOKlerkx
Verwerkte Haiku's: Corine van Hal-Kraaij*

* Maar nu wordt alles één,
Levensboom, mijn atomen
Rusten in het zijn.



Vol van ambitie, altijd in de weer,
nieuwe uitdagingen trokken mij steeds aan.
Mijn geest was sterk, maar mijn lichaam kon niet meer.
Zekerheden vielen weg, verzaarden mijn bestaan.

Moe van het moe zijn, ziek van het ziek zijn.
Een ingelaste pauze, fase van de rust.
Tijd voor mijn herstel, afweer van de pijn.
Voor werk en ambitie niet meer toegerust.

Ik kijk omhoog naar je groene kruin,
houten armen grijpen naar het hemelblauw.
Wereldse ambities bloeien in mijn tuin,
zuchtend onder stress en strijd blijf ik plichtsgetrouw.

* Maar alles is al één
Levensboom, mijn atomen
Rusten in het zijn.

Rouwe ruwe rouw, verdriet van binnenuit.
Ik snak naar adem, de zware lucht slaat terneer.
Spanningen gaan over in ontluikende berusting.
Afscheid van ambities, afscheid van veel meer.

Muzikale Intermezzo

Maar tegengestelde krachten trekken aan mijn ziel
en beletten mij om mijn reis naar het 'zijn' te volmaken.
Verzet ik mij of volg ik de verdroomde klanken van mijn hart
in het volle vertrouwen dat ik in 'het zijn' zal geraken?

Ik kijk naar beneden door de takken heen.
Zie de oerstam, genezing van mijn zielenpijn.
Terugggevonden eenheid breekt mijn molensteen.
Ik laat mijn eierzucht los, geef me over aan het 'zijn'.

* Nu voelt alles één
Levensboom, mijn atomen
Rusten in het zijn.

Aloys' Song

Music & lyrics: Corina Grotenhuis-Klerkx

Many years have passed since we first met,
you walked towards my table, I'll never forget.
Tension in the air, promising passion and more,
with a frightening intensity I never experienced before.

The atmosphere filled with vibrations all around,
I felt like my feet would never again touch the ground.
I fully gave myself, no reserves at all,
feeling vulnerable, but also strong as I recall.

Chorus

High up above or deep down below,
hardly ever in between do my emotions flow.
You're steady as a rock, dependable and kind,
giving me a sense of security, which within myself I cannot find.
I may not say it often enough, but I want you to know
I don't take you for granted, even though it doesn't always show.
I love you and thank you for loving me for who I am.

Reflections of a lonely, rejected child come to mind.
The scars and hurt I find so hard to leave behind.
Frightened but brave with a deep intensity within,
there's a struggle for the beautiful harmony and peace to win.

I feel like I've come home whenever you're around,
and even when we quarrel the music has a peaceful sound.
For better, for worse, whatever the future will bring,
you love me just the way I am and try to understand the song
that I sing.

Chorus

Musical intermezzo

For better, for worse, to my intense lust for life you may cling.
For all the puzzling moments of sorrow and bliss that I may bring,
remember I love you, so please join me in life's song I must sing.

Chorus

De Levensboom (links):

Rouw- c.q. verwerkingssong voor vrouw (begin vijftig) die van haar arts te horen kreeg dat zij vanwege haar gezondheid haar huidige werk en haar toekomstambities vaarwel moest zeggen. Ze had daar vreselijk veel moeite mee en wilde door middel van een ceremonie met rituelen en een persoonlijk lied trachten om dit keerpunt in haar leven te accepteren en afscheid te nemen van haar oude leven. Op die manier maakte ze de overgang van een leven van 'doen' naar een leven van (rusten in het) 'zijn'. Op haar verzoek schreef ik tevens een blokfluitpartij (intro en intermezzo) die zij kon meespelen. Het lied is geïnspireerd op (een passage uit) de spirituele roman 'Lessen van de Oude Cheng' van Jan Verhaar.

Aloys' Song (rechts):

Liefdeslied, ter ere van een huwelijksjubileum. Zij is levenslustig, maar onzeker; hij is haar (nuchtere) rots.

Beautiful Avelyn

Music & lyrics: Corina Grotenhuis-Klerkx

Long before your day of birth
your mother dreamt of you,
a little girl with silky hair
(and) eyes like morning dew.

Your father couldn't wait to hold
his princess in his arms.
'Little hazelnut', he said,
'I'm dazzled by your charms.'

Chorus

Time and space intertwine,
our footprints in the sand.
Follow them and you will find
a loving, guiding hand.
May joy and beauty, hope and love
bring magic to your heart.
and shelter you from crudeness, hate,
despair and all dark art.
Fair maiden Avelyn, dream sweet.
Beautiful Avelyn, dream sweet.

Musical intermezzo.

Precious little Avelyn
may you always be
wild at heart, free within
a bright and sparkly star.

Refrain.

Beautiful Avelyn:

Geboortesong, lullaby/wiegelied ter ere van de geboorte van Avelyn, augustus 2016, waarin alle geluk, liefde, hoop en toekomstwensen van de ouders en voorouders zijn verwoord.

Cascade of Coins

Music & lyrics: Corina Grotenhuis-Klerkx

You say you love my funniness
and my kind and loving traits.
You know my storms blow over
so you patiently await.

You're my knight in shining armour
but I'm no damsel in distress.
Together we can follow the rainbow
and find our coins of bliss.

Chorus

Cascade,
cascade of coins.
Sounds like
falling coins.
Silver,
tinkling coins.

I listen to the raining of the silvery coins
as you pass them on to me.
A ritual that signifies our pledge today
and our love that's meant to be.

Refrain

Pouring them back into your hands of love
as a symbol of our solemn vows
to take care of each other during highs and lows
until the end of time.

Refrain

Cascade, cascade of coins.

Cascade of Coins:

Huwelijkssong (weddingsong) ter ere van ceremonieel huwelijk, 15 april 2017.

Het persoonlijk symbool van het bruidspaar was 'huwelijksmunten' ofwel 'geluksmunten'. Het lied verwoordt niet alleen wat zij voor elkaar betekenen (vanuit het perspectief van de bruid), maar beschrijft ook het muntenritueel rondom het jawoord en de symbolische betekenis daarvan. De titel 'Cascade of Coins' betekent 'Waterval van Munten'.

Wild Flower

Music & lyrics: Corina Grotenhuis-Klerkx

Felt-like leaves of fairy ivory grace
Ornate star with flower heads of gold
Parched earth or winter cold she'll face
Beauty for the sky to hold.

A special flower, wild and rare and strong
Cherishing the love she has found.
A raving beauty, struggling to belong,
an ancient song, a healing sound.

Chorus:

Beautiful wild flower,
she's of Asian descent,
symbol of her reborn hour,
daughter from the Orient.
Wild Birmese flower,
turn your face into the sun.

The young girl, she broke her mental chains,
adapting to the fickleness of life.
Not one spoken word or voice remains,
torn by a deep and inner strife.

Chorus.

Scars have cut her fragile, searching soul
and she cried a thousand painful tears,
but he stood by her, made her heart feel whole
love triumphant over fears.

Chorus.

Wild Birmese flower,
turn your face into the sun.

Wild Flower:

Verwerkingslied, met veel symboliek voor jonge vrouw.

Sweet Little Angel

Music: Emmanouil Levendis

Lyrics: Corina Grotenhuis-Klerkx

Sweet little angel
I loved you from the start.
Sweet little angel,
you're always in my heart.

Sweet little angel,
no footprints next to mine.
Sweet little angel,
memories held in time.

You live in my heart and I hear you in my dreams,
I know your soul is with me, to dry my teary streams.

Sweet little angel
high up in the sky.
Sweet little angel,
an angel never dies

You live in my heart and I hear you in my dreams,
I know your soul is with me, to dry my teary streams.

Sweet little angel
high up in the sky.
Sweet little angel,
an angel never dies.

Sweet little Angel:

Song voor overleden (ongeboren) kindjes.

Knight of Peace

Music & lyrics: Corina Grotenhuis-Klerkx

Long, long ago on a peaceful morn
a little knight called Axl was born.
'Bringer of piece', a well-chosen name,
love in our hearts like music came.

Sweet little Axl, run through the fields,
no need to raise your swords and shields.
Taste the sweet madness and dance in the rain,
(but) whatever you do, remember your name.

Chorus:

Run little Axl, with the winds of time,
find yourself a mountain and make the climb.
The forests, the hills, the water and the air,
feel the breeze of life running through your hair.
(and) Always remember your name says it all
and though you are young, you need to stand tall,
you're the knight, knight of peace.
You're the knight, knight of peace.

Fight for peace, fight for love,
paint a rainbow high above,
choose you battles wisely my sweet knight,
avoid the dark and reach for the light.

Sweet little Axl, run through the fields,
no need to raise your swords and shields.
Taste the sweet madness or dance in the rain,
(but) whatever you do, remember your name.

Knight of Peace

Geboortesong/naambetekenislied ter ere van de geboorte van Axl, juni 2018. Axl betekent 'Man van vrede' en in deze song worden aan de hand van de betekenis van zijn naam de toekomstwensen voor dit kleine mannetje tot uitdrukking gebracht.

Shared History

Music & lyrics: Corina Grotenhuis-Klerkx

I have a beautiful sister and that's why I'm content.
It's the reason I will always have a true and loving friend.
It doesn't matter if we're together or if we're miles apart,
my sister and I are always bound to each other's heart.

I can always turn to my sister when in silence or in fear,
and if I really need support, she raises her voice in cheer.
We tend to meet in the middle of a clashing view,
because she's the pinky purple to my ivory blue.

Chorus:

She knows all my secrets, my dark side and my tears,
but she'll still be there tomorrow and for the rest of years
Trading all my grapes for a ride in her little red car,
the young girls down under, in essence we still are.
Life holds a sweet and loving mystery,
founded on our shared history.

I think about my sister, and the past that we do share.
Linked through our ancestors, generations of love and care.
We are different flowers, a white lily and a rose,
rooted in the family garden, where our bloodline flows.

Chorus

Shared History

Song over de bijzondere band van zusjes (ode aan zusje, waarin vertelt wordt wat zij voor de ander betekent).