ЛЕЛЄКА

Сонце у Серці

Distance also has something to do with closeness. It's a long way from Berlin to Ukraine. And yet it can be present through a few chords, a few verses and melodies. Even more so: it can go on its own journey, embrace meandering thoughts, steer wandering emotions. LELÉKA play with these possibilities. Their idea of improvised folklore has so much jazz in its pedigree that they are able to act with a form of romanticism that resists absorption. Folk music has its performance, entails traditions, but leaves them the freedom to develop. Some songs are fantasies, others are reminders of the past that point beyond the old with the happy melancholy of the present. This creates power in the sounds, concentrated in the clarity of the voice, the reduction of a music that plays with the essence. It's a journey along the ridge of exaggeration. LELÉKA do this, unrestricted, ravishingly well.

Ralf Dombrowski

Thanks

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And of course we are very thankful to all of you, who support us on our Patreon and Crowdfunding platforms; to all of you, who love and spread our music. We love you all and create for you!

Vocals - Viktoria Leléka
Piano - Povel Widestrand
Double Bass - Thomas Kolarczyk
Drums - Jakob Hegner

Special guest [track 5]:
Vocals - Maria Stopnyk

Recording Studio - Studio of the Hans-Werner-Henze Music School
Recording - Peer Triebler
Mix - Jakob Hegner
Mastering - Marcin Bociński
English Translation of Lyrics - Christina Austin
Photos - Dovile Sermokas
Artwork - Paintings of Svitlana Starodubtseva
Design - Igor Polischuk

All lyrics in Ukrainian, English and German aswell as all links to streaming platforms:
https://www.leleka.de/music/sonceuserci

If you want to support us and get exclusive content, you are welcome to subscribe to our Patreon:
https://www.patreon.com/viktorialeleka

11. SONCE U SERCI
Sun in Heart

The sun hides behind the storm clouds
And everything around us turned gray.

People walk in sadness,
Because the light cannot be seen by anyone, anywhere,

But I have the sun in my heart
And I don´t care, that everywhere is a prison.

I will laugh in the eyes of misfortune
And let that misfortune itself be afraid of me.

Oh, I will go out to the mountain and sing
And I will gift the light in my heart to all.

“Oh good people, why are we all crying,
Why are we so poor and so unhappy?

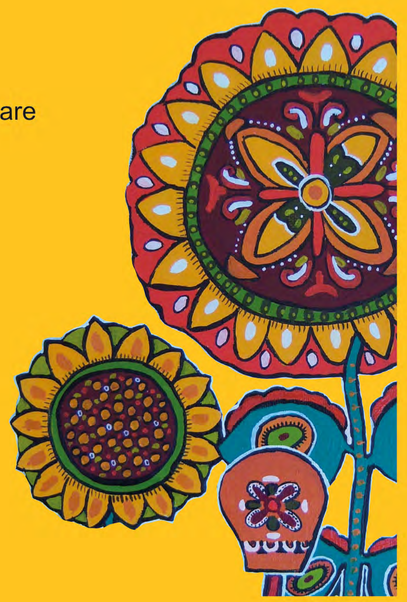
Let's dance and sing
And let everyone see the kind of people we are

Let everyone see the kind we are
And that this kind will never end.”

The sun hides behind the storm clouds
And everything around us turned gray,

But we have our own suns in our hearts
And the whole world is illuminated by this.

Music and lyrics by Viktoria Leléka



1. KARCHATA
Crows

Oh, on the mountain there are crows,
And in the valley, there are girls.
Cut down a tree, wherever you look, it’s all green.
Crows.

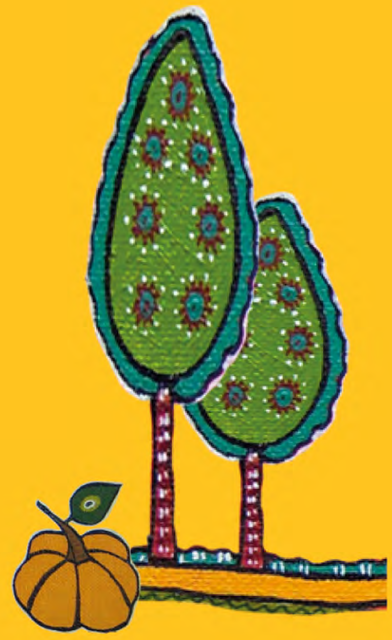
Out of nowhere came Ivanko,
Out of nowhere came Ivanko
Cut down a tree, wherever you look it’s all green.
Ivanko.

He scattered all the girls,
He took only Mariyka for himself
Cut down a tree, wherever you look it’s all green.
Took for himself.

He led her to a garden,
Picked berries for her.
Cut down a tree, wherever you look it´s all green.
Berries.

Eat, the berries Mariyka,
Forget that you were a virgin.
Cut down a tree, wherever you look it´s all green.
Virgin.

Ukrainian traditional song, arranged by Jakob Hegner



2. SIRKA POLYNJ
The Star Named Wormwood

I dissolve into the sky
In the golden haze.
Dead are the white letters
In the black book of the earth.

The wind sings to the wound
“Do you hear the star "Wormwood”?”
Surm‘s* voice, is my own
And my body, just a shadow.
A shadow where the iron screeches,
Where you can’t even be, not for a moment

“Dead, hear the voice!
Dead, our time has come!”

I am there and I am the voice
The voice of that hurts.

Music by Viktoria Leléka, Lyrics by Fedir Alexandrovich

This song is dedicated to the Chornobyl nuclear disaster and is inspired by the documentary "The Russian Woodpecker» (directed by Chad Gracia). After the explosion at the Chornobyl nuclear power plant, many began to say that the biblical prophecy about the "Wormwood" star has come true. ***Revelation 8:11, KJV:*** *"And the name of the star is called Wormwood: and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter."*

**old Ukrainian woodwind instrument*

Oh, the sister worked in the field, in the field,
The brother rode by on a horse – unrecognized by his sister

“Oh you, sister, sister, you have become so proud,
For I said "Hello!" and you stayed silent.”

“Oh my brother, brother, I did not become proud,
I didn't recognize you from behind my own tears.”

“Oh, you sister, sister, why did you become so old?
Have you already married off your sons and daughters?”

“I haven´t married off neither my sons nor my daughters,
For someone else’s rye I harvested, someone else’s dowry I tended.”

Ukrainian traditional song, arranged by LELÉKA

10. DOBRA DOLJA
Kind Fate

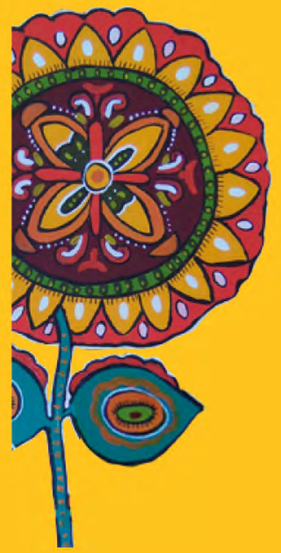
Already Halochka* is getting on the cart
And quietly asks her fate:

“If you, my fate, are kind, follow me.
And if you are bad, then swim with the water.

If you, my fate, are kind, walk with me forever,
And if you are bad, flow down with the river.“

Oh, the rabbit ran through the wood, jumping
The father-in-law asks his son-in-law, crying:
“Take me, my son-in-law beyond rivers,
I gift you, my child forever.”

Ukrainian traditional wedding song, arranged by LELÉKA
**trivialized version of the female name Halia*



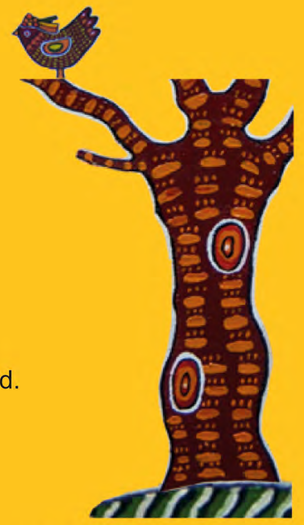
8. RUZHA
Rose

Oh, a rose is planted in the garden,
A man tells me that I'm not beautiful.
Well, let him speak, I am not sad.
To whom I am dear, the one, will like me.

I don't apply blush to my face
In the field, the sun blushes my cheeks
It embraced me from the front and from the side,
So, now I am a the girl, who's beauty is in and outside.

My mother rocked me in her Plakhta*,
Bathed me every day, near the well.
Oh, she bathed me but forgot to dry,
So I'll be beautiful until I die.

Ukrainian traditonal song, arranged by LELÉKA
**traditional ukrainian skirt*



9. SUCHIYJ DUB
Dry Oak

Oh, a dry oak has grown in the field, in the field,
One brother had love for his sister until he got married.

And as he got married, and took the widow,
Then he began to cast out his own sister.

"Didn't I cook for you, brother?
Why are you casting me out so that I have to go to serve?

Didn't I wash your shirts, brother?
Why are you casting me out so that I have go and suffer?"

3. SON
Sleep

Oh, sleep is pacing near the windows,
And slumber - near the woven fence.
The sleep asks the slumber:
"Where are we going to spend the night?"

"Where the house is warm,
Where the small child is -
We will spend the night
And lull the baby to sleep."

Oh, hum at the cat,
And place the slumber on the child,
The cat will purr,
The baby will sleep.

Ukrainian traditional song, arranged by LELÉKA

4. MARUSYN TATKO
Marusin's Father

Marusin´s own father
Keeps walking through the afterlife.

He walks through the afterlife
And asks the Lord God:

"Let me go, Lord, let me go home
To the green grass.

To the green grass
To the wedding of my child.

I'll look at her, all dressed up.
And at the right time."

She is dressed up like a lady
She sits alone, poor orphan girl.

Ukrainian traditional song, arranged by Viktoria Leléka

5./6. POLONYNA
Mountain Valley

On the high mountain valley
Scythemen scythe.
Young girls
Bring them water.

"Hey, I'm cutting the grass, grass
And the aftermath too.
Hey, I love a girl,
Young and interesting.

Hey, I'm cutting the grass, grass
Tall and small.
Hey, I love a girl,
Tall and thin.

Hey, when I think
About my sweetheart,
I, myself, don't know
How I cut the green grass,
For weak becomes my heart."

Ukrainian traditional song, arranged by LELÉKA

5. POLONYNA (ORIGINAL) FEAT. MARIA STOPNYK was sung by the talended Ukrainian actress and singer Maria Stopnyk, thanks to whom we discovered this song. This song wasn´t found by us in archives, books or records as usualy, but was transmitted to us by word of mouth, as in the old days.

7. DOLYNA SHYROKA
Wide Valley

Oh, I'll go to a valley,
To gaze at the Guelder-roses
The valley is wide,
The Guelder-roses high,
Her branches bending to the very soil.

And under that Guelder-rose
Stood a Cossack with a girl,
The girl cries,
Weeping tears of sorrow,
Cursing her fate:

"Oh, if I knew,
I would not marry but roam free
And in my father´s
And mother´s house,
bloom like a poppy.

But now I am forced to know it,
To curse you, my sweetheart,
And your family,
And father and mother,
To rebuke my fate."

Oh, I'll go to the valley,
To look upon the Guelder-roses once again.
The valley is wide,
The Guelder-roses are high,
And here I stand alone.

Ukrainian traditional song, arranged by LELÉKA