El mensaje más claro:

A compositional journey to the root of my voice as a singer-songwriter

Jelena Ćirić
Master of Music Candidate in Contemporary Performance (Voice)
Berklee College of Music, Valencia Campus
Culminating Experience Paper
Summer 2014

yo soy de los que van a ninguna parte... (translation by the author)

i am one of those who are going nowhere, those who, upon feeling love, know they have arrived. i come from where they read me, not from where they mention me. i am searching for the same as you: peace, love, the happiness of being among my own, to watch my daughter grow up, to fully enjoy the time I have with my parents.

i renounce, by writing, climbing the ladder, distance, the stars. all of my faith is placed on laying my foundations and if I think of growing, it will always be downward, to find the taproot, the clearest message.

if you ever feel that I am addressing you directly, be certain that it is so and don't hesitate to contradict me. i am recounting that which I have just seen – felt – of the universe that lives within us: we are not so different, only sometimes distant.

you passing by here is not chance, i am learning a lesson with this meeting; don't leave me with a white notebook God doesn't let us stay silent.









Figure 1: Bridge of "Carried". Flute melody and chord progression from "Žubor voda žuborila".



Figure 2: Excerpt of "Mile moje". Transcription of original melody, with bass playing second voice.



Figure 3: Excerpt of "Mile moje". Traditional melody with newly composed bass line and harmony.

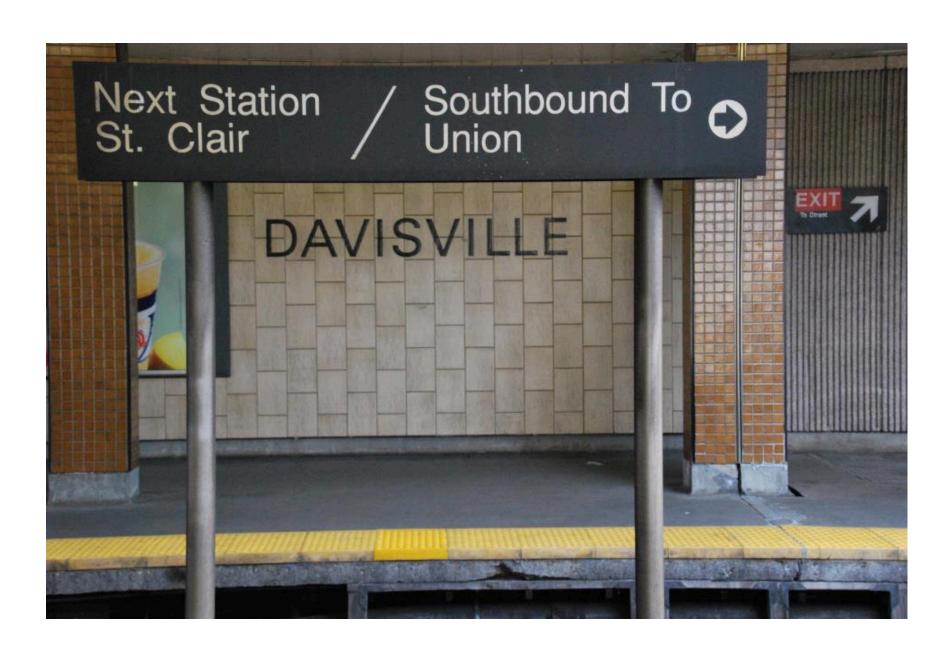
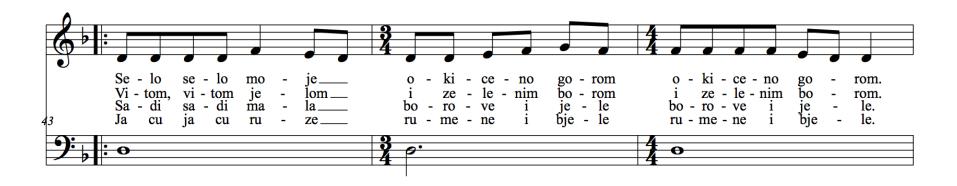




Figure 4: "Davisville" cello part excerpt.





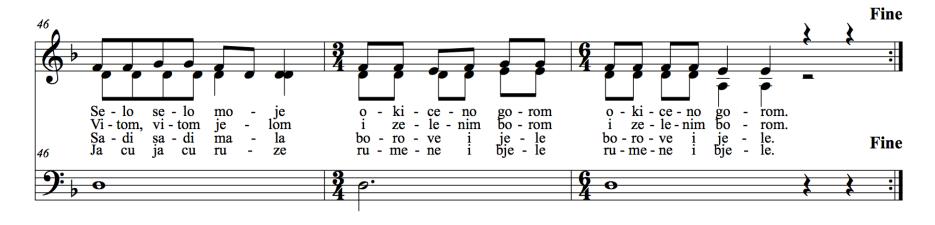


Figure 5: "Selo, selo moje" transcription.

Traditional Serbian lyrics:

Selo, selo moje okićeno gorom, okićeno groom. Vitom, vitom jelom i zelenim borom, i zelenim borom. Sadi, sadi mala borove i jele, borove i jele. Ja ću, ja ću ruže, rumene i bjele, rumene i bjele.

Translation:

My village, decorated by the mountain, by the tall fir and green pine.
Plant, little girl, pines and firs,
I will (plant) roses, red and white.

Original lyrics:

Cradled by the mountains of blood red stone, Pines stretch their branches over buried bone. You're only there to visit, but the welcome is warm, And a party breaks out like the day you were born.

Faces shine brightly lit by burning oak.
This is the promised land, can you see it through the smoke?
Give away the songs you've been clutching in your hands,
They're the waning roses of the promised land.



Original first verse:

Black thumbs, blue hands. Stuck in a city you can't stand. Strangers staring in the streets, Secrets hiding in the sheets.

You rent a room, it's pretty bare, You're barely ever there. You go where you are led, Empty heart or empty bed.

Revised:

Black thumbs, blue hands, Stuck in a city you can't stand. Strangers staring in the streets.

You're only ever there
To hide your secrets in the sheets.



