

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 12 June 2022 3.00pm

Michael Mofidian bass-baritone

Keval Shah piano

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Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Lastu lainehilla Op. 17 No. 7 (1902)

Illalle Op. 17 No. 6 (1898)

Fågellek Op. 17 No. 3 (1891)

Kyssens hopp Op. 13 No. 2 (1892)

Våren flyktar hastigt Op. 13 No. 4 (1891)

Soluppgång Op. 37 No. 3 (1902)

Dolce far niente Op. 61 No. 6 (1910)

From *Twelfth Night* Op. 60 (1909)

Come away, death • Hey ho, the wind and the rain

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

4 Serious Songs Op. 121 (1896)

Denn es gehet dem Menschen • Ich wandte mich •

O Tod • Wenn ich mit Menschen

Jean Sibelius

Demanten på marssnön Op. 36 No. 6 (1900)

Svarta rosor Op. 36 No. 1 (1899)

Den första kyssten Op. 37 No. 1 (1900)

Säv, säv, susa Op. 36 No. 4 (1900)

Im Feld ein Mädchen singt Op. 50 No. 3 (1906)

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte Op. 37 No. 5 (1901)

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Sibelius once declared that his 'songs can also be sung without words. They are not so dependent on words as the songs of many other composers.' We may dare to disagree. For language and poetry clearly resonated deep within Sibelius's creative consciousness throughout his life.

The composer, born in Hämeenlinna, just north of Helsinki, into a comfortable, middle-class Swedish-speaking home, eagerly learnt Finnish at school; but is said to have reverted to Swedish whenever he had something really important to say. And the linguistically attuned will notice that only the first two songs this afternoon are in the Finnish language.

There's something special about Sibelius's writing here. 'Illale' ('To Evening') is as elusive as dusk: the vocal line lightly carries the highly inflected, vowel-rich language. The word '*ilta*' is Finnish for 'evening', and was also the name of the fiancée of the poet, AW Forsman – a nice double-entendre for the twilight hour. The last song of the Op. 17 set, 'Lastu lainehilla', the first song we hear this afternoon, is addressed to a piece of driftwood – a setting of verse by Ilmari Kianto which was clearly irresistible to Sibelius, with its simple runic metre and its alliteration.

Sibelius wrote no fewer than 100 songs throughout his creative life: from ten years before his First Symphony, to the very last year of his life, when he composed a transcription for strings and harp of 'Come away, death', one of his great Shakespeare settings. It was to *Twelfth Night* which Sibelius had turned, even as he was working on his Fourth Symphony. Daniel M Grimley, in his recent study, *Jean Sibelius: Life, Music, Silence*, comments on the emotional volatility of the composer's diary notes at this time: 'part blackly humorous and ironic, part nihilistic, and part gentle self-parody'. Luxuriant melancholy shifts to blustery good humour in 'Hey ho, the wind and the rain'.

But Sibelius's greatest songs are settings of his beloved Swedish-language poets. They inspired in him music lively with multi-faceted modernism, and a resonant exploration of sexuality – all within the typically *angst*-filled self-examination of Nordic song. And they are vibrant with a sense of mankind's place within the world of nature.

Nowhere more so than in the second group of songs to be performed this afternoon. Here, Sibelius comes face to face with his most dearly beloved poet, Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Nature's external manifestations are deeply internalised within the poet's writing, and then externalised anew in the composer's musical responses.

These characteristics are most strikingly present in this second group of songs. 'Den första kyssten' was written at the same time as the Second Symphony and the Violin Concerto. When a girl questions the evening star about her first kiss, the star both rejoices and weeps. The sweep of the melody rises to the stellar regions of the voice; and the star's reply casts a fleeting Wagnerian shadow. And for full-scale, if sensuously veiled, erotica, there is Runeberg's 'Flickan kom ifrån sin älskings möte': a girl returning

from her tryst with her lover, her hands and lips red, as with the juice of wild berries – and, finally, with pale cheeks. The graphic exchanges between voice and piano ratchet up the tension and the erotic fervour.

Ernst Josephson, the innovative Swedish poet and painter, is the voice behind one of Sibelius's greatest songs, 'Svarta rosor'. Sorrow's roses are black as night; its thorns yield rancour and pain – as the beauty of the rising arch of melody yields to murmuring modulations, and the piano trembles with desperation.

'Demanten på marssnön' ('Diamonds in the March snow') again close-focuses and exquisitely distils the beauty of human mortality as reflected in nature. In Josef Julius Wecksell's poem, a snow crystal, enraptured by the sun, dies in its gaze. But death here does not cast a shadow over life's fulfilment; rather, it is glorified in it as the voice shifts slowly into the major key, and sings in sustained serenity over minimal piano accompaniment.

Back to the first half of this recital, and the earlier Op. 13 songs of Sibelius, again setting his beloved Runeberg. In 'Kyssens hopp', the kisses whisper to each other in the poet's daydreams: this fragile, tender song was written during the composer's honeymoon in Karelia in the summer of 1892. Written two years earlier, 'Våren flyktar hastigt' captures in its short, elusive phrases the transience of love and life, both fleeing, in a catch of breath, as swiftly as spring and summer.

This is followed, after the radiant sunrise of 'Soluppgång', by a song which, like this afternoon's single German setting ('Im Feld ein Mädchen singt' – possibly intended by its publisher to promote Sibelius's work in Germany), appears to be in a non-Nordic language. But 'Dolce far niente', from Sibelius's stylistically sophisticated Op. 61, sets words by the Finn, Karl August Tavaststjerna, and is a sunlit pastoral of a love-song, tinted with a hint of Debussyan dappled light, revealing the music Sibelius was studying at the time.

'Fågellek', the third of the early Op. 17 set, wishes that the thrush, like the driftwood of 'Lastu lainehilla', would carry the lover's message on the wing. This buoyant song was played and much admired by Johannes Brahms. His own *4 Serious Songs* form the bridge in this programme between the two groups of Sibelius. Written at the height of his powers, the songs see Brahms setting Biblical texts from Ecclesiastes and Ecclesiasticus (in the German of Martin Luther) celebrating death as final release from life's pain – and declaring the supremacy of love from the New Testament's letter of St Paul to the Corinthians. Written very much as a personal confession, the songs' character, now melodic, now declamatory, echoes the language of Brahms's great predecessor Heinrich Schütz, and even looks ahead to Arnold Schoenberg, who was to be fascinated by these late works.

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Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Lastu lainehilla Op. 17 No. 7 (1902)

Ilmari Kianto

Mistä lastu
lainehilla?
Pilske pieni aallon päällä?
Yksiksensä illan suussa?
Virran vettä
vaeltamassa?

Tuolta lastu lainehilla,
Pilske pieni aallon päällä:
Pohjan lasten laitumilta,
Sinitunturin
tuvilta.

Siellä kulta hongan
kaasi,
Veisti, veisti sulho venhon:
Kohta vierii virran vettä
Neittä nuorta noutamaan!

Illalle Op. 17 No. 6 (1898)

AV Koskimies

Oi, terve! tumma, vieno tähti-
ilta,
Sun haaveellista hartauttas lemmin
Ja suortuvaisi yötä sorjaa hemmin,
Mi hulmuaapi kulmais kuulamilta.

Kun oisit, ilta, oi, se tenhosilta,
Mi sielun multa siirtäis
lentoisammin
Pois aatteen maille itse kun ma
emmin,
Ja siip' ei kanna aineen kahlehilta!

Ja itse oisin miekkoinen se päivä,
Mi uupuneena saisin luokses
liittää,
Kun taonnut on työ ja puuha
räivä,

Kun mustasiipi yö jo silmään
siittää
Ja laaksot, vuoret verhoo
harmaa häivä –
Oi, ilta armas, silloin luokses
kiittää!

Driftwood

Wand'ring wood, where do you
come from?
Secret signal on the water?
Briskly bobbing little sliver:
what may be the message you
bring me?

Wand'ring far upon the water,
wooden sliver, secret signal:
came from distant northern regions
where the moss-covered cabins
are.

Where my sweetheart felled the
fir tree,
built a boat to bring his bride home;
soon it wanders on the water,
soon this maiden meets her mate!

To evening

Welcome, dark, mild and starry
evening!
Your gentle fervour I adore
and caress the dark tresses
that flutter round your brow.

If only you were the magic bridge
that would carry my soul
away,
no longer
burdened
by the cares of life!

And if it were the happy day
when, overcome with
weariness, I might join you
when work is over and duty
done,

When night unfolds its black
wings
and a grey curtain falls over hill
and dale,
O evening, how I would hurry to
you!

Fågellek Op. 17 No. 3

(1891)

Karl August Tavaststjerna

Daggen har duggat,
Skymningen skuggat
Skogarnas björkar och
strändernas häll.
Djupt ur min lunga
Skyndar jag sjunga
Salltrastens lockton i lyssnande
kväll.

Kanske ur snåren
Bäras med kåren
Srånande tonfall min trängtan
till tröst,
Kanske jag kände
Hennes, som tände
Lågande längtan i sångarens
bröst!

Kanske hon finge
Kärlekens vinge,
Flög i min famn öfver sjöar och
mo;
Kanske vi kunde
Hinna den sjunde
Himlen tillsammans i aftonens
ro!

Kyssens hopp

Op. 13 No. 2 (1892)

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Där jag satt i drömmar vid en källa,
Hörde jag en kyss på mina läppar
Sakta tala till en annan detta:
'Se, hon kommer, se, se, den
blyga flickan
Kommer redan, inom några
stunder
Sitter jag på hennes rosenläppar:
Och hon bär mig troget hela
dagen,
Näns ej smaka på ett enda
smultron,
Att ej blanda mig med
smultronsaften,
Näns ej dricka ur den klara
källan,
Att ej krossa mig mot glaset
bräddar,

The birds' game

The dew has fallen,
twilight casts its shadow
on the birches in the forest and
the rocks on the shore.
From deep in my lungs
I hasten to sing
the enticing call of the thrush to
the listening evening.

Perhaps, from the bushes,
will be borne on the breeze
longing sounds to comfort my
yearning,
perhaps I should recognise
a sound from her who lit
the fire of longing in the singer's
breast!

Perhaps she would
fly on love's wings
into my embrace over lakes and
moor;
perhaps we could
reach seventh heaven
together in the calm of the
evening!

Kiss's hope

As I sat dreaming by a fountain,
I heard a kiss on my lips
say softly to another:
'Look where she comes, the shy
young girl
is almost here. In a few
moments
I will be sitting on her rosy lips
and she will carry me faithfully
around all day,
not daring to taste a single wild
strawberry
in case she mixes me with the
juice,
not daring to drink from the
clear fountain
in case she crushes me on the
glass's brim,

Näns ej viska ens ett ord om
kärlek,
Att ej fläkta mig från
rosenläppen.'

not daring to whisper even a
word of love
in case she blows me from her
rosy lips.'

Våren flyktar hastigt

Op. 13 No. 4 (1891)

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Våren flyktar hastigt,
Hastigare sommarn,
Hösten dröjer länge,
Vintern ännu längre.
Snart, I sköna kinder,
Skolen I förvissna
Och ej knoppas mera.
Gossen svarte åter:

Spring is swiftly flying

Spring is swiftly flying,
swifter still flies summer,
autumn is delaying
winter drags more slowly.
Soon the flower of girlhood
will forever wither,
ne'er again to blossom.
Then the heart makes an answer:

Än i höstens dagar
Gläda vårens minnen,
Än i vinterns dagar
Räcka sommarns skördar;
Fritt må våren flykta,
Fritt må kinden vissna,
Låt oss nu blott äska,
Låt oss nu blott kyssas.

Yet through autumn live
glad memories of springtime,
through the winter stretch
the harvestings of summer.
Spring may go a-flying,
cheeks for me may wither,
now's the time for loving,
now's the time for kissing.

Soluppgång Op. 37 No. 3

(1902)

Tor Hedberg

Under himlens purpurbrand
Ligga tysta sjö och land,
Det är gryningsstunden.
Snöig gren och frostvit
kvit
Tecka dig så segervist
Mot den röda grunden.

Sunrise

Beneath heaven's purple fire
silently lie lake and land;
it is the time of dawn.
Snow-covered branch and
frost-white twig
stand out prominently
from the red backdrop.

Riddarn står vid fönsterkärm,
Lyssnar efter stridens larm,
Trampar golvets tilja.
Men en smal och snövit hand
Kyler milt hans pannas brand,
Böjer mjukt hans vilja.

The knight stands by the window
listening for the sound of battle,
pacing the floor.
But a small, snow-white hand
gently cools his hot brow,
tenderly changing his resolve.

Riddarn sätter horn till
mun,
Bläser vilt I gryningsstund,
Over nejd som tiger.
Tonen klingar, klar och spröd,
Branden slockner, gyllenröd,
Solen sakta stiger.

The knight puts his horn to his
mouth,
and blows fiercely at the dawn,
over the silent land.
The note rings clear and fragile;
the fire slowly dies, golden red,
as the sun slowly rises.

Dolce far niente Op. 61

No. 6 (1910)

Karl August Tavaststjerna

Jag lefver min dag i drömmar,
En fest är mitt hvardagslag;
Af drömmarnas strömmar jag
sömmar
Och väfver åt lifvet behag.

Sweet idleness

I live my life in dreams,
a banquet is my daily work;
from the flow of dreams I
embroider
and weave beauty into my life.

Jag älskar på nytt, och jag hoppas,
Jag minns, och jag njuter och
minns
att dessa minuter
knoppas
hvad härligt och skönt det finns.

Once again I love, and I hope,
I remember and I enjoy, and I
realize
that these moments contain the
bud of
all the beauty and joy in existence.

From *Twelfth Night* Op. 60 (1909)

Come away, death

William Shakespeare

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Hey ho, the wind and the rain

William Shakespeare

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

4 Serious Songs Op. 121 (1896)

Liturgical text

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Denn es gehet dem Menschen
wie dem Vieh, wie dies stirbt,
so stirbt er auch, und haben
alle einerlei Odem; und der
Mensch hat nichts mehr
denn das Vieh; denn es ist
alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einen Ort; es
ist alles von Staub gemacht,
und wird wieder zu Staub.

Wer weiss, ob der Geist des
Menschen aufwärts fahre,
und der Odem des Viehes
unterwärts unter die
Erde fahre?

Darum sahe ich, dass nichts
bessers ist, denn dass der
Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner
Arbeit; denn das ist sein Teil.
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen,
dass er sehe, was nach ihm
geschehen wird?

Ich wandte mich

Ich wandte mich, und sahe an
alle, die Unrecht leiden unter
der Sonne; und siehe, da waren
Tränen derer, die Unrecht litten
und hatten keinen Tröster, und
die ihnen Unrecht täten, waren
zu mächtig, dass sie keinen
Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten, die
schon gestorben waren, mehr
als die Lebendigen, die noch

For that which befalleth the sons of men

For that which befalleth the
sons of men befalleth beasts;
as the one dieth, so dieth
the other; yea, they have all
one breath; so that a man hath
no pre-eminence above a
beast; for all is vanity.

All go unto one place; all
are of dust, and all turn to
dust again.

Who knoweth the spirit of
man goeth upward
and the spirit of the beast
that goeth downward to
the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there
is nothing better, than that a
man should rejoice in his own
works, for that is his portion.
For who shall bring him to
see what shall happen
after him?

So I returned

So I returned, and considered all
the oppressions that are done
under the sun; and behold the
tears of such as were oppressed,
and they had no comforter; and
on the side of their oppressors
there was power; but they had
no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead
which are already dead more
than the living which are

das Leben hatten.
Und der noch nicht ist, ist
besser als alle beide, und des
Bösen nicht inne wird, das unter
der Sonne geschieht.

O Tod

O Tod, wie bitter bist
du,
wenn an dich gedenket ein
Mensch, der gute Tage und
genug hat und ohne Sorge
lebet; und dem es wohl geht
in allen Dingen und noch
wohl essen mag!
O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem
Dürftigen, der da schwach
und alt ist, der in allen
Sorgen steckt, und nichts
Bessers zu hoffen, noch zu
erwarten hat!

Wenn ich mit Menschen

Wenn ich mit Menschen- und
mit Engelnzungen redete, und
hätte der Liebe nicht, so wär
ich ein tönend Erz, oder eine
klingende Schelle.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte
und wüsste alle Geheimnisse und
alle Erkenntnis, und hätte allen
Glauben, also, dass ich Berge
versetzte, und hätte der Liebe
nicht, so wäre ich nichts.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe
den Armen gäbe, und liesse
meinen Leib brennen, und
hätte der Liebe nicht, so wäre
mirs nichts nütze.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen
Spiegel in einem dunkeln
Worte, dann aber von Angesicht
zu Angesichte. Jetzt erkenne
ichs stückweise, dann aber
werd ichs erkennen, gleichwie
ich erkennet bin.

Nun aber bleibet Glaube,
Hoffnung, Liebe, diese drei;

yet alive.
Yea, better is he than both they,
which hath not yet been, who
hath not seen the evil work
that is done under the sun.

O death

O death, how bitter is the
remembrance
of thee to a man that
liveth at rest in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to
vex him, and that hath prosperity
in all things; yea, unto him that
is yet able to receive meat!
O death, acceptable is thy sentence
unto the needy and unto him
whose strength faileth, that is
now in the last age, and is vexed
with all things, and to him that
despaireth, and hath lost patience!

Though I speak with the tongues of men

Though I speak with the
tongues of men and of angels,
and have not charity, I am
become as sounding brass
or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of
prophecy, and understand all
mysteries, and all knowledge;
and though I have all faith, so that
I could remove mountains, and
have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all
my goods to feed the poor,
and though I give my body
to be burned, it profiteth
me nothing ...

For now we see through
a glass, darkly; but
then face to face:
now I know in part,
but then shall I know
even as also I am
known.

And now abideth faith,
hope, charity, these three;

aber die Liebe ist die grösseste
unter ihnen.

but the greatest of these
is charity.

Jean Sibelius

Demanten på marssnön Op. 36 No. 6 (1900)

Josef Julius Wecksell

På drivans snö där glimmar
En diamant så klar.
Ej fanns en tår, en pärla,
Som hörgre skimrat har.
Utav en hemlig längtan
Hon blänker himmelskt så:
Hom blickar emot solen,
Där skön den ses uppgå.

A diamond glitters brightly
on freshly fallen snow.
There are no tears more brilliant,
no pearls that shimmer so.
And, filled with secret longing,
the diamond's crystal eye
is flashing towards the sunrise,
that warms the eastern sky.

Vid foten av dess stråle
Till bedjande hon står
Och kysser den i kärlek
Och smälter i en tår.
O, sköna lott att älska
Det högsta livet ter,
Att stråla i dess solblick
Och dö, när skönst den ler!

It glows with adoration
before the rays so clear
embracing their reflection
and melting to a tear.
Oh, happy are those lovers
who worship what is most high,
and sparkle in the sunlight,
and thus adoring die!

Svarta rosor

Op. 36 No. 1 (1899)

Ernst Josephson

Säg, hvarför är du så ledsen i
dag,
Du, som alltid är så lustig och
glad?
Och inte är jag mera ledsen i dag
Än när jag tyckes dig lustig och
glad;
Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Tell me, why are you so sad
today,
You, who are always so
cheerful and happy?
And I am no more sad today
As when I appear to you
cheerful and happy;
For grief has roses black as night.

I mitt hjerta der växer ett
rosendeträd
Som aldrig nånsin vill lämna mig
fred,
Och på stjelkarne sitter det tagg
vid tagg,
Och det vållar mig ständigt
sveda och agg:
Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

In my heart a rose tree
grows
That will never leave me in
peace.
And on its branches sit thorn
upon thorn,
And it causes me constant pain
and bitterness;
For grief has roses black as night.

Men av rosor blir det en hel
klenod,
Än hvita som döden, än röda
som blod.
Det växer och växer. Jag tror
jag förgår,

But from roses come a whole
treasure,
White as death, red as
blood.
It grows and grows. I believe I
will perish,

I hjerträdets rötter det rycker
och slår;
Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

My heart-tree's roots wrench
and beat;
For grief has roses black as night.

Den första kyssen

Op. 37 No. 1 (1900)

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

På silvermolnets kant satt
aftonstjärnan.
Från lundens skymning frågte
henne tärnan:
Säg, aftonstjärna, vad i himlen
tänkes,
När första kyssen åt en älskling
skänkes?

The first kiss

The evening star sat on the
edge of a silver cloud.
From the dusk of the grove a
maiden asked her:
tell me, evening star, what is
thought in heaven
when the first kiss is given to a
lover?

Och himlens blyga dotter hördes
svara:
På jorden blickar ljusets
änglaskara,
Och ser sin egen sällhet speglad
åter;
Blott döden vänder ögat bort
och gråter.

And heaven's shy daughter was
heard to reply:
the angelic host of light looks
down onto the earth
and it sees its own joy
reflected:
only death turns its eyes aside
and weeps.

Säv, säv, susa Op. 36

No. 4 (1900)

Gustaf Fröding

Säv, säv, susa, våg, våg,
slå,
I sägen mig hvar Ingalill
Den unga månde gå?
Hon skrek som en vingskjuten
and,
När hon sjönk i sjön,
Det var när sista vår stod
grön.
De voro henne gramse vid
Östanålid,
Det tog hon sig så illa vid.
De voro henne gramse för gods
och gull
Och för hennes unga kärleks
skull.
De stucko en ögonsten med
tagg,
De kastade smuts i en liljas
dagg.
Så sjungen, sjungen sorgsång,
I sorgsna vagor små,
Säv, säv, susa,
Våg, våg, slå!

Sigh, rushes, sigh

Sigh, rushes, sigh, dash, dash,
spray!
Oh, tell me where sweet Ingalill
now takes her lonely way.
She screamed like a wing-
broken bird
when she sank from sight,
last spring when all was green
and bright.
They spent their wrath upon her
at Ostanalid,
ah, ill the day that saw the deed!
They coveted her lands and her
wealth in store,
to capture her tender love they
swore.
With thorns they bereft her of
her sight,
the dew of the lily was sullied
with blight.
So sing now, sing her death song,
ye waves in mournful lay,
sigh, rushes, sigh,
dash, dash, spray!

**Im Feld ein Mädchen
singt Op. 50 No. 3** (1906)

Margarete Susman

Vielleicht ist ihr Liebster gestorben,
Vielleicht ist ihr Glück verdorben,
Dass ihr Lied so traurig klingt.
Das Abendrot verglüht,
Die Weiden stehn und schweigen,
Und immer noch so eigen
Tönt fern das traurige Lied.
Der letzte Ton verklingt.
Ich möchte zu ihr gehen.
Wir müssten uns wohl verstehen,
Da sie so traurig singt.
Das Abendrot verglüht,
Die Weiden stehn und schweigen.

Richard Stokes

**Flickan kom ifrån sin
älsklings möte Op. 37
No. 5** (1901)

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings
möte,
Kom med röda händer. Modern
sade:
Varav rodna dina händer,
flicka?
Flickan sade: Jag har plockat
rosor,
Och på törnen stungit mina
händer.

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings
möte,
Kom med röda läppar. Modern
sade:
Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?
Flickan sade: Jag har ätit
hallon,
Och med saften målat mina
läppar.

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings
möte,
Kom med bleka kinder. Modern
sade:
Varav blekna dina kinder,
flicka?
Flickan sade: Red en grav, o
moder!
Göm mig där, och ställ ett kors
däröver,
Och på korset rista, som jag
säger:

**In the field a maiden
sings**

Perhaps her lover is dead;
perhaps her happiness is ended,
for her song is a sad one.
The sunset fades,
the woods become silent,
but ever, from far away,
the sorrowing song still sounds.
The last note dies.
I would like to go to her.
We would console one another,
so sadly does she sing.
The sunset fades,
the woods become silent.

**The girl came from her
lover's tryst**

The girl came from her lover's
tryst.
She came with red hands. Her
mother said:
Why are your hands red, O
daughter?
The girl said: I have been
picking roses,
and I pricked my hands on the
thorns.

Again she returned from her
lover's tryst.
She came with red lips. Her
mother said:
Why are your lips red, O daughter?
The girl said: I have been eating
raspberries,
and coloured my lips with their
juice.

Again she returned from her
lover's tryst.
She came with pale cheeks. Her
mother said:
Why are your cheeks pale, O
daughter?
The girl said: Prepare a grave, O
mother!
Hide me there, and place a
cross above it,
and, on the cross, carve what I
tell you:

En gång kom hon hem med röda
händer,
Ty de rodnat mellan älskarns
händer.
En gång kom hon hem med röda
läppar,
Ty de rodnat under älskarns
läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka
kinder,
Ty de bleknat genom älskarns
otro.

Once she came home with red
hands,
for they had reddened between
her lover's hands;
once she came home with red
lips,
for they had reddened from her
lover's lips.
Finally she came home with pale
cheeks;
for they had paled through her
lover's infidelity.

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