

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 13 October 2023
7.30pm

This concert is supported by the Rubinstein Circle

Lise Davidsen soprano
James Baillieu piano

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

5 songs Op. 69 (1900)

*Der gynger en Båd på Bølge • Til min Dreng •
Ved Moders Grav • Snegl, Snegl! • Drømme*

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

*Nacht • Schilflied • Die Nachtigall • Traumgekrönt •
Im Zimmer • Liebesode • Sommertage*

Interval

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die Musik D547 (1817)

Lachen und Weinen D777 (?1823)

Die junge Nonne D828 (1825)

Gretchen am Spinnrade D118 (1814)

Erlkönig D328 (1815)

Am Tage aller Seelen D343 (1816)

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Den första kysen Op. 37 No. 1 (1900)

Lasse liten Op. 37 No. 2 (1902)

Soluppgång Op. 37 No. 3 (1902)

Var det en dröm? Op. 37 No. 4 (1902)

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

Svarta rosor Op. 36 No. 1 (1899)



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Grieg's final two groups of songs (Opp. 69 and 70) were written in 1900, using texts by the Danish poet Otto Benzon. A prolific songwriter, Grieg felt these songs to be something of a departure – 'totally cosmopolitan', he wrote in a letter – and they do align more closely with contemporaneous European aesthetics than with the Norwegian landscape that inspired much of his music. The songs are varied in content and style: 'Der gynger en Båd på Bølge' pairs an all-too-bucolic depiction of a maiden on a boat with ominous foretellings that all is not well, while Grieg's harmonic wanderings bring out the cautionary aspect of the charming poem 'Til min Dreng', which Benzon wrote for his son while overseas in England. 'Ved Moders Grav' also addresses domestic, familial love. The contralto Astra Desmond, who introduced many of Grieg's songs to British audiences in the first half of the 20th Century, believed the poem to be 'unattractive to English ears, which are loth to hear too much about dead mothers'. But there is much to appreciate in the song's direct and open-hearted expression of grief, with its weighty, steady motion evoking the protagonist's heavy tears. Not unlike Sibelius's 'Lasse liten' (heard later on), Grieg's snail song 'Snegl, Snegl' compares the security of home with adventures in the wider world, and various details from the woodland scene spring vividly into musical life. The set ends with 'Drømme', a melancholy farewell to lost love.

Grieg died in 1907, at which point the young **Berg** was studying with Schoenberg in Vienna. By 1928, Berg had made his name with his first opera, *Wozzeck*, and had started work on a second, *Lulu*. Then in his 40s, he turned back to the many youthful songs he'd written over 20 years earlier, and from these compiled his *7 frühe Lieder*. The designation of 'early songs' is self-conscious: while celebrating and showcasing his early work, it also acknowledges the passing of time and subsequent major developments in his musical style. Berg produced an illuminating orchestration of the songs when he compiled them, and both versions were promptly premièred, but while the voice-piano score was published in 1928, the orchestral version was not published during his lifetime. The young Berg's immersion in the musical goings-on of *fin-de-siècle* Vienna is clear in the songs' various resonances with Mahler, Strauss and Wolf, while more localised moments – such as the use of the whole-tone scale in 'Nacht' – demonstrate the breadth of his early influences. The poets of the set are diverse, from Lenau and Storm – who had appealed to earlier generations of composers – to Hauptmann and Schlaf, early Rilke, and Berg's school friend Paul Hohenberg. Musically, the songs are full of sophisticated motivic workings, tightly-woven textures, and lyrical vocal lines.

Schubert's 'An die Musik' is a heartfelt song of thanks to music itself, and the following selection of Schubert classics represents a legacy that has brought inspiration, consolation and joy to subsequent

generations of musicians and listeners. 'Lachen und Weinen' shows off Schubert's characteristic major-minor magic as it teeters on the thresholds between laughter and tears, light and dark, love and loss. The protagonist of 'Die junge Nonne' sings of the storm that surrounds her, looking towards heavenly salvation. The piano writing is at once tumultuous and delicate, colourfully depicting both storm and church bell. Next comes Goethe's Gretchen, who obsesses over her lost love as relentlessly as her wheel spins: the poem's short lines and Schubert's constrained, mechanical piano writing conspire in their claustrophobic charting of the song's emotional course. Schubert's assigning of his first two opus numbers to 'Erlkönig' and 'Gretchen am Spinnrade' suggests he recognised their particular brilliance, and the tense storytelling of 'Erlkönig', with all its nuances in voice and tone, made it an instant hit. There are few Schubert songs sufficiently suffused with quietude to counterbalance the dramatic exuberance of the previous three, but 'Am Tage Aller Seelen' does just that. Comprising a simple, gentle piano basis and quiet, soaring vocal lines, it uses a strophic form that grants us two reprisals of the music as successive stanzas memorialise departed souls. The critic Richard Capell put it well in 1928: 'There was never a truer or more touching expression of simple devotion and of grief consoled and yet still near weeping'.

We return to the very beginning of the 20th Century for **Sibelius's** five Op. 37 songs. As with Grieg, matters of language were complex for Sibelius, whose mother tongue was Swedish but who became a musical and cultural figurehead for Finnish patriotism during the country's movement towards independence from Russia. Four Swedish poets are represented here, with the set bookended by poems of Runeberg, Sibelius's favourite. The second song, 'Lasse liten', is drawn from a fairy-tale by Topelius. The vocal line's repetitive contours and modal inflections make it seem like a folkish lullaby, while in the piano – which rarely leaves the bass clef – Sibelius deploys the sort of ominous, cross-rhythmic linear motion sometimes found rumbling at the bottom of his orchestral textures. The first, fourth and fifth songs are ardent love songs, packing extraordinary expressive power and dramatic momentum into their small forms. Tinged with eroticism and reminiscence, 'Den första kysen' ruminates on a first kiss, 'Var det en dröm?' on the transience of love. 'Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte' is a compelling, driving tale of a maiden returning thrice from a tryst, with repeating, modulating motifs capturing the draining of her colour from flushed red to deathly pale; the lack of any piano postlude makes the abrupt end all the more stark. The final song, 'Black roses' ('Svarta rosor'), is perhaps Sibelius's most famous song, and continues the colour symbolism with a darker twist: 'grief has roses black as night'.

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Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

5 songs Op. 69 (1900)

Otto Benzon

Der gynger en Båd på Bølge

Der gynger en Båd på
Bølge, og der er kun én
ombord,

Men det er den fagreste
Pigelig på hele den fagre
Jord.

Men Slangen, den slår sine
Bugter

Lyse så er hendes
Lokker som Agrenes
gyldne Strå.

Klare så er hendes Øjne
og milde som Himmelens
Blå.

Rød som den blussende
Rose så er hendes runde
Kind,

Ren som den rislende
Kilde er hendes Tanke og
Sind,

Og hendes Latter den er som
Fuglens Kvidren ved
Morgengry

Og hendes Smil som den
glade Sol, der bryder
igennem Sky.

Ja hun er den herligste
Pigelig på hele den herlige
Jord.

Og hun får såvist ikke
længe Lov at være ene
ombord,

For Slangen den slår sine
Bugter.

Til min Dreng

Min kære lille Gentleman,
min egen dejlige Dreng,
Nu ligger du vel og sover
så sødt i din lille
Seng.

Jeg ser dig tydeligt for mig,
som jeg så ofte dig så,

På Pudsen det lille Hoved,
på Tæppet de Hænder
små.

A boat on the waves is rocking

A boat on the waves is
rocking, with only one
person aboard

but it is the fairest of
maidens on all of this
fair earth.

But the serpent is
uncoiling.

Blond, oh so blond are
her locks: the gold of
the wheaten fields.

Clear, oh so clear are her
eyes, and mild as the
blue of the sky.

Red as the glowing roses,
such are her rounded
cheeks.

Pure as the rippling
fountain, such are her
mind and her soul.

And hear, her laughter is
like bird-song at dawn's
first light

and see, her smile like the
joyful sun, breaking
through the clouds.

Yes she is the loveliest
maiden fair, on all of
this lovely earth.

And she will surely not be
alone for long aboard
her boat.

For the serpent is
uncoiling.

To My son

My dear little gentleman, my
own and sweetest boy
now you'll be tucked in
and fast asleep in your
little bed.

I see you clearly before me,
as I have seen you before,
on the pillow your little
head, on the blanket
your little hands.

Men Fatter sidder i
England og Fatter han
sover ej,

Han sidder i England og
skriver et Fødselsdagsbrev
til dig,

Og det skal gå over salten
Sø og det skal gå over
Land

Og komme den to og
tyvende til min lille
Nielsemand.

Komme med alle de gode
Ønsker, det komme kan,

Ønsker om Lykke for
Drengen fra Drengens
Fattermand.

Gid du altid må tænke,
også når du blir
stor,

Så pænt som du gjorde som
lille Dreng der hjemme hos
Far og Mor.

Gid du altid må glædes
ved det, som Livet dig
gav,

Glædes ved dine Goder
og ikke komme med
Krav;

Huske at Lykken
finder ingen, som ej
forstod,

At den bestandig ligger
lige foran Ens
Fod.

Så til Lykke min kære,
min fine og gode
Dreng,

Du står som en lille
Forårsblomst i Livets den
grønne Eng,

Og Fattermand kan ej se
dig, men tænke på dig han
vil,

Og det vil han blive ved med,
sålænge som han er til.

But Father is in England,
and Father does not
sleep.

He's sitting in England,
writing a birthday letter
to you,

and it shall travel across
the salty sea and across
the land

and arrive on the twenty-
second to my little
Niels.

Arrive with all the best
wishes a letter can hold,

wishes of happiness for
my boy from his old
Father.

May your thoughts, even
when you grow up,
forever be

as pure as when you were
a boy with Mother and
Father.

May you always be happy
for that which life may
bring,

happy for every blessing,
and never make
demands,

remember that
happiness can't be
found by those that

don't understand that it
always is just before
one's feet.

Happy birthday, my dear
boy, my precious and
good boy,

you stand like a flower in
spring on the green
meadow of life.

And Father cannot be
with you, but think of
you he will,

and he will go on doing so
for as long as he lives.

Ved Moders Grav

Sov nu sødt, du lille
Mor,
Sov nu sødt i Kisten
inde,
Tunge vore Tårer rinde,
Mens vi stæde dig til Jord.

Mat er nu dit Øjes Glar,
Stum din kære milde
Stemme,
Ak, men vi skal ikke glemme,
Hvad for os du været har.

Aldrig bedre Hjærte slog,
Aldrig bedre Hjærte bristed,
Aldrig bedre Mor blev mistet,
Herren gav og Herren
tog.

Sov da, lille Mor, i
Fred,
Tak for hvad du var i
Livet,
Tak for Alt, hvad du har
givet
Af din rige
Kærlighed.

Snegl, Snegl!

Snegl, Snegl, kom ud af dit
Hus!
Kom, lille Snegl, kom ud af dit
Hus
Og se, hvor Verden er
skøn!
Se, hvor Blomsterne mylrer
frem
Hist over Engen i tætte
Klynger
Med Farve på Kind og
lysende Smil
Og hør, hvad Fuglen i Luften
synger,
Hør, hvad der hviskes i
Vindenes Sus.
Snegl, Snegl, kom ud af dit
Hus!

At Mother's grave

Rest in peace, o mother
dear,
rest in peace, there in
your coffin,
heavy are the tears that fall
as we lay you in your grave.

Faded are your radiant eyes
silenced is your sweet
dear voice,
ah, but we shall not forget
what you have meant to us.

Never beat a better heart,
never broke a better heart,
no one lost a better mother,
the Lord gave, the Lord
took.

Rest then, mother dear, in
peace,
thank you for being who
you were,
thank you for what you
have given
from the rich source of
your love.

Snail, Snail!

Snail, snail, come out of
your shell!
Come, little snail, come
out of your shell
and see how fair is the
world!
See the multitudes of
flowers
growing in clumps on the
meadow
with colourful faces and
bright smiles,
and hear what the birds
aloft are singing
hear what is whispered by
the wind.
Snail, snail, come out of
your shell!

Snegl, Snegl, bliv i dit Hus,
Bliv i dit Hus, du har jo et
Hus,
Du fik jo et Hus, som du vilde.

Du valgte jo selv, det husker
du vel,
At blive en lille, almindelig
Snegl,
Ingen af Skovens, de store,
sorte,
Frie, husvilde, nøgne Snegle.
Snegl, Snegl, bliv i dit Hus!
Luk dine Øjne for
Blomsternes Smil,
Tæt dine Øren for Fuglens
Sange,
Stæng dine Tanker for
Vindenes Sus.
Snegl, Snegl, bliv i dit Hus.

Drømme

Mit Alt var du blevet, min
dyreste Skat,
Min Sorg og min Glæde ved
Dag og ved Nat.
Du fyldte mit Sind og du
fængsled min Sans,
Du gød over Livet en Glød og
en Glans.

Jeg vidste jo godt, at du
aldrig blev min,
Men Drømmene kom, hvor
du kaldte mig din,
Livsalige Drømme, hvor du
var mig nær
Og rødmende røbed, du
havde mig kær.

Ak Drømmenes Eden kun
vared så kort,
Og Virkeligheden mig
vækked så hårdt,
Det var ikke mig, som din
Kærlighed vandt,
Da Dagningen dæmred og
Drømmene svandt.

Farvel da, I Drømme, som
døved min Sorg,
Farvel, du min Dronning fra
Drømmenes Borg,
Mit strålende Smykke i
svindende Kveld,
Min tabte Lykke, Farvel,
Farvel!

Snail, snail, stay in your shell.
Stay in your shell, since
you have one:
you were given a shell, as
you wanted.
You made your choice –
remember? –
to become a small and
common snail;
not a forest one: those
big, black,
free, roaming, naked snails.
Snail, snail, stay in your shell.
Shut your eyes to the
flowers' smiles
cover your ears to the
birdsong,
close you mind to the
whisp'ring wind.
Snail, snail, stay in your shell.

Dreams

My all you'd become, my
treasure so dear,
my pain and my joy, by
day and by night.
You filled my soul and
you bound my sense,
you gave to life its
warmth and glow.

I knew full well you were
never mine,
but in my dreams you
called me yours,
blessed dreams in which
you were near
and timidly told me you
held me dear.

The Eden of dreams was
oh so brief,
my awakening by life so
brusque,
it was not I who won your
love
as dawn broke and the
dreams with it.

Farewell then, dreams,
you soothed my pain;
farewell, my queen of the
palace of dreams,
my jewel bright in
dwindling eve,
my lost joy, farewell,
farewell!

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

7 Early Songs

Nacht

Carl Hauptmann

Night

Dämmern Wolken über
Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser
rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit
einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!

Clouds loom over night
and valley.
Mists hover, waters softly
murmur.
Now at once all is
unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

Weites Wunderland ist
aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge
traumhaft gross,
Stille Pfade silberlicht
talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoss.

A vast wonderland opens
up,
silvery mountains soar
dreamlike tall,
silent paths climb silver-
bright valleywards
from a hidden womb.

Und die hehre Welt so
traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am
Wege steht
Schattenschwarz – ein
Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.

And the glorious world so
dreamlike pure.
A silent beech-tree
stands by the wayside
shadow-black – a breath
from the distant grove
blows solitary soft.

Und aus tiefen Grundes
Düsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in
stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

And from the deep
valley's gloom
lights twinkle in the silent
night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

Schilflied

Nikolaus Lenau

Reed song

Auf geheimem Waldespfade
Schleich' ich gern im
Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Along a secret forest path
I love to steal in the
evening light
to the desolate reedy shore
and think, my girl, of you!

Wenn sich dann der Busch
verdüstert,
Rauscht das Rohr
geheimnisvoll,
Und es klaget und es flüstert,
Dass ich weinen, weinen
soll.

When the bushes then
grow dark,
the reeds pipe
mysteriously,
lamenting and whispering,
that I must weep, must
weep.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weiher untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

And I seem to hear
the soft sound of your voice,
and your lovely singing
drowning in the pond.

Die Nachtigall

Theodor Storm

The nightingale

Das macht, es hat die
Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht
gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen
Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

It is because the
nightingale
has sung throughout the
night,
that from the sweet
sound
of her echoing song
the roses have sprung up.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes
Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in
Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den
Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne
Glut
Und weiss nicht, was beginnen.

She was once a wild
creature,
now she wanders deep in
thought;
in her hand a summer
hat,
bearing in silence the
sun's heat,
not knowing what to do.

Das macht, es hat die
Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht
gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen
Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

It is because the
nightingale
has sung throughout the
night,
that from the sweet
sound
of her echoing song
the roses have sprung up.

Traumgekrönt

Rainer Maria Rilke

Crowned with dreams

Das war der Tag der weissen
Chrysanthemen, –
Mir bangte fast vor seiner
Pracht...
Und dann, dann kamst du
mir die Seele nehmen
Tief in der Nacht.

That was the day of the
white chrysanthemums –
its brilliance almost
frightened me...
And then, then you came
to take my soul
at the dead of night.

Mir war so bang, und du
kamst lieb und leise, –
Ich hatte grad im Traum an
dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis wie eine
Märchenweise
Erklang die Nacht...

I was so frightened, and you
came sweetly and gently,
I had been thinking of you
in my dreams.
You came, and soft as a
fairy tune
the night rang out...

Im Zimmer

Johannes Schlaf

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt so still
herein.
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und
loht.

So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen
Knie'n. –
So ist mir gut;
Wenn mein Auge so in
deinem ruht.

Wie leise die Minuten
ziehn!...

In the room

Autumn sunshine.
The lovely evening looks
in so silently.
A little red fire
crackles and blazes in the
hearth.

Like this! – with my head
on your knees. –
Like this I am content;
when my eyes rest in
yours like this.

How gently the minutes
pass!...

Liebesode

Otto Erich Hartleben

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen
wir selig ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte
der Sommerwind,
Und unsrer Atemzüge
Frieden
Trug er hinaus in die helle
Mondnacht. –

Und aus dem Garten tastete
zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer
Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle
Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so
reich an Sehnsucht!

Ode to love

In love's arms we fell
blissfully asleep.
The summer wind listened
at the open window,
and carried the peace of
our breathing
out into the moon-bright
night. –

And from the garden a
scent of roses
came timidly to our bed
of love
and gave us wonderful
dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich
in longing!

Sommertage

Paul Hohenberg

Nun ziehen Tage über die
Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer
Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die
Zeit.
Nun windet nächtens der
Herr
Sternenkränze mit seliger
Hand
Über Wander- und
Wunderland.

Summer days

Days, sent from blue
eternity,
journey now across the
world,
time drifts away in the
summer wind.
The Lord at night now
garlands
star-chains with his
blessed hand
across lands of
wandering and wonder.

O Herz, was kann in diesen
Tagen
Dein hellstes Wanderlied
denn sagen
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:
Im Wiesensang verstummt
die Brust,
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo
Bild um Bild
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz
erfüllt.

In these days, O heart,
what can
your brightest travel-
song say
of your deep, deep joy?
The heart falls silent in
the meadows' song,
words now cease when
image after image
comes to you and fills you
utterly.

Interval

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die Musik D547 (1817)

Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel
grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder
Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu
warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre
Welt entrückt.

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner
Harf entlossen,
Ein süßser, heiliger Akkord
von dir,
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten
mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir
dafür!

To music

O sweet art, in how many
a grey hour,
when I am caught in life's
tempestuous round,
have you kindled my
heart to loving warmth,
and borne me away to a
better world.

Often a sigh, escaping
your harp,
a chord of sweet celestial
harmony,
has opened a heaven of
better times,
O sweet art, for this I
thank you!

Lachen und Weinen

D777 (?1823)

Friedrich Rückert

Lachen und Weinen zu
jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so
mancherlei Grunde.
Morgens lacht' ich vor
Lust;
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu
jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb' auf so
mancherlei Grunde.
Abends weint' ich vor
Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit
Lachen,
Muss ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Laughter and tears

Laughter and tears at any
hour
arise in love from so
many different causes.
In the morning I laughed
with joy;
and why I now weep
in the evening light,
is unknown even to me.

Tears and laughter at any
hour
arise in love from so
many different causes.
In the evening I wept with
grief;
and why you can wake
in the morning with
laughter,
I must ask you, my heart.

Die junge Nonne D828

(1825)

Jakob Nikolaus Craigher de
Jachelutta

Wie braust durch die Wipfel
der heulende Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken – es
zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner – es
leuchtet der Blitz! –
Und finster die Nacht, wie
das Grab! –
Immerhin, immerhin!

So tobt' es auch jüngst noch
in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie
jetzo der Sturm!
Es bebten die Glieder, wie
jetzo das Haus!
Es flammte die Liebe, wie
jetzo der Blitz! –
Und finster die Brust, wie das
Grab! –

Nun tobe du wilder,
gewaltiger Sturm!
Im Herzen ist Friede, im
Herzen ist Ruh! –
Des Bräutigams harret die
liebende Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut –
Der ewigen Liebe getraut. –

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit
sehndem Blick;
Komm, himmlischer
Bräutigam!
hole die Braut!
Erlöse die Seele von
irdischer Haft! –
Horch! friedlich ertönet das
Glöcklein vom Turm;
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen
Höhn –
„Alleluja!“

The young nun

How the raging storm howls
through the treetops!
The rafters groan – the
house shudders!
The thunder rolls – the
lightning flashes! –
And the night is dark as
the tomb! –
So be it, so be it!

Not long ago a storm still
raged in me!
My life raged like the
storm now!
My limbs quaked like the
house now!
Love flashed like the
lightning now! –
And my heart was as dark
as the tomb! –

Rage on, you wild and
mighty storm!
In my heart is peace, in
my heart is calm! –
The loving bride awaits
the bridegroom,
purified by testing fire –
wedded to eternal love. –

I wait, my Saviour, with
longing gaze;
come, heavenly
bridegroom!
claim your bride!
Deliver her soul from
earthly bonds! –
Hark! the bell tolls peacefully
from the tower;
the sweet sound lures me
all-powerfully to eternal
heights –
'Halleluja!'

**Gretchen am
Spinnrade D118 (1814)**
*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

**Gretchen at the
spinning wheel**

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
life's like the grave;
the whole world
is turned to gall.

My poor head
is crazed,
my poor mind
shattered.

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
it's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing,
his noble form,
the smile on his lips,
the power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
of his words,
the touch of his hand,
and ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

My bosom
yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
and hold him,

and kiss him
to my heart's content,
and in his kisses
perish!

Erlkönig D328 (1815)
*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Wer reitet so spät durch
Nacht und Wind?

Es ist der Vater mit seinem
Kind;

Er hat den Knaben wohl in
dem Arm,

Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn
warm.

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so
bang dein Gesicht?“

„Siehst, Vater, du den
Erlkönig nicht?“

Den Erlenkönig mit Kron'
und Schweif?“

„Mein Sohn, es ist ein
Nebelstreif.“

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh
mit mir!

Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich
mit dir;

Manch' bunte Blumen sind
an dem Strand;

Meine Mutter hat manch
gülden Gewand.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und
hörest du nicht

Was Erlenkönig mir leise
verspricht?“

„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein
Kind;

In dürren Blättern säuselt der
Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit
mir gehn?“

Meine Töchter sollen dich
warten schön;

Meine Töchter führen den
nächtlichen Reihn,

Und wiegen und tanzen und
singen dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und
siehst du nicht dort

Erlkönigs Töchter am
düstern Ort?“

„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich
seh' es genau;

Es scheinen die alten Weiden
so grau.“

Erlking

Who rides so late through
night and wind?

It is the father with his
child;

he has the boy safe in his
arms,

he holds him close, he
keeps him warm.

'My son, why hide your
face in fear?'

'Can't you see the Erlking,
father?'

The Erlking with his
crown and robe?'

'My son, it is a streak of
mist.'

'You sweetest child, come
go with me!

Wondrous games I'll play
with you;

many bright flowers grow
on the shore;

my mother has many a
garment of gold.'

'Father, O father, can't
you hear

the Erlking's whispered
promises?'

'Be calm, stay calm, my
child,

the wind is rustling in
withered leaves.'

'Won't you come with me,
fine boy?'

My daughters shall take
good care of you;

my daughters lead the
nightly dance,

and will rock and dance
and sing you to sleep.'

'Father, O father, can't
you see

the Erlking's daughters
there in the gloom?'

'My son, my son, I can see
quite clearly:

it's the old willows
gleaming so grey.'

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt; Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt.“	'I love you, your beautiful figure excites me; and if you're not willing, I'll take you by force.'
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an! Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“	'Father, O father, he's seizing me now! The Erlking's done me harm!'

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind, Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind, Erreicht den Hof mit Müh und Not; In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.	The father shudders, swiftly he rides, with the groaning child in his arms, with a final effort he reaches home; the child lay dead in his arms.
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**Am Tage aller Seelen
D343 (1816)**

Johann Georg Jacobi

Ruhn in Frieden alle Seelen, Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen, Die vollendet süssen Traum, Lebenssatt, geboren kaum, Aus der Welt hinüber schieden: Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!	May all souls rest in peace, those whose fearful agony is ended, those whose sweet dreams are over, those who, weary of life, scarcely born, have departed the world: may all souls rest in peace!
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Und die gern im Rosengarten Bei dem Freudenbecher harrten, Aber dann, zur bösen Zeit, Schmeckten seine Bitterkeit: Alle die von hinnen schieden, Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!	And those who loved to linger in the rose-garden, drinking from the cup of pleasure, but then, when disaster struck, tasted its bitterness: all who have departed hence: may all souls rest in peace!
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**On the day of All
Souls**

Liebevoller Mädchen Seelen, Deren Tränen nicht zu zählen, Die ein falscher Freund verliess, Und die blinde Welt verstieß: Alle, die von hinnen schieden, Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!	The souls of girls in love, whose tears are without number, who, abandoned by a faithless lover, rejected the blind world. May all who have departed hence, may all souls rest in peace!
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Und die nie der Sonne lachten, Unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten, Gott, im reinen Himmelslicht, Einst zu sehn von Angesicht: Alle, die von hinnen schieden, Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!	And those who never smiled at the sun, who lay awake beneath the moon on beds of thorns, so that they might one day see God face to face in the pure light of heaven: may all who have departed hence, may all souls rest in peace!
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Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

**Den första kyssten The first kiss
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 kyssten åt en älskling skänkes?	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?
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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.
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Lasse liten Op. 37

No. 2 (1902)

Zachris Topelius

Världen är så stor, så stor,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Större än du nånsin
tror,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Det är hett och det är kallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Men Gud råder
överallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Många människor leva där,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Lycklig den som Gud harkär,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

När Guds engel med dig
går,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Ingen orm dig bita få,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Säg, var trives du nu
mest,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Borta bra men hemma
bäst,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

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.

Riddarn står vid fönsterkärm,
Lyssnar efter stridens
larm,
Trampar golvet's tilja.
Men en smal och snövit hand

Kyler milt hans pannas brand,
Böjer mjukt hans
vilja.

Little Lasse

The world is so big, so big,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Bigger then you can ever
imagine,
Lasse, little Lasse!

It is hot and it is cold,
Lasse, little Lasse!
But God councils us
everywhere,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Many people live there,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Happy he whom God loves,
Lasse, little Lasse!

When God's angel walks
with you,
Lasse, little Lasse!
No snake can bite you,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Say, where are you most
happy,
Lasse, little Lasse!
It's good to travel, but
home is best,
Lasse, little Lasse!

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.

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,
Blåser vilt I
gryningsstund,
Over nejd som tiger.
Tonen klingar, klar och
spröd,
Branden slockner,
gyllenröd,
Solen sakta stiger.

Var det en dröm?

Op. 37 No. 4 (1902)

Josef Julius Wecksell

Var det en dröm att ljuvt en
gång
Jag var ditt hjärtas
vän?
Jag minns det som en
tystnad sång,
Då strängen darrar
än.

Jag minns en törnros av dig
skänkt,
En blick så blyg och
öm;
Jag minns en avskedstår,
som blänkt.
Var allt, var allt en
dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så
kort
Uti en vårgrön
ängd,
Vars fågring hastigt vissnar
bort
För nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en
röst
Vid bittra tårars ström:
Göm djupt dess minne i ditt
bröst,
Det var din bästa dröm!

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.

Did I just dream?

Did I just dream that once
upon a time
I was the friend of your
heart?
I remember it like a
bygone song,
although its string still
vibrates.

I remember a rose, a gift
from you,
a glance so timid and
tender,
I remember a glistening
parting tear.
Was all this, all this just a
dream?

A dream as short as an
anemone's life
out in a green spring
meadow,
whose beauty fades away
before
a multitude of new flowers.

But often at night I hear a
voice
over a stream of bitter tears:
hide this memory deep
within your breast,
it was your finest dream!

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:

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.

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:

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.

Svarta rosor Op. 36 No. 1 Black roses
(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,
I hjertträdet rötter det
rycker och slår;
Ty sorgen har nattsvarta
rosor.

But from roses come a
whole treasure,
White as death, red as
blood.
It grows and grows. I
believe I will perish,
My heart-tree's roots
wrench and beat;
For grief has roses black
as night.