

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 15 December 2023
7.30pm

Nordic Songs

Miah Persson soprano
Magnus Svensson piano

Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927)

Vandraren from *Visor och stämningar* Op. 26 (1906-9)
I skogen from *Sånger och visor* (c.1888)
Fylgia Op. 16 No. 4 (1893-7)
I lönnens skymning Op. 37 No. 2 (1918)
Flickan knyter i Johannenatten Op. 4b No. 2 (1893)
Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte Op. 4b No. 1 (1893)
From *Visor och stämningar* Op. 26 (1906-9)

Gösta Nystroem (1890-1966)

Nattyxne • Jungfru Blond och Jungfru Brunett
Själ och landskap (1952)
Vitt land • Önskan • Bara hos den

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Våren flyktar hastigt Op. 13 No. 4 (1891)
Den första kyssen Op. 37 No. 1 (1900)
Bollspelet vid Trianon Op. 36 No. 3 (1899)
Säv, säv, susa Op. 36 No. 4 (1900)
Var det en dröm? Op. 37 No. 4 (1902)

Interval

Emil Sjögren (1853-1918)

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero Op. 6 No. 1 (pub. 1881)
Jahrlang möcht' ich so Dich halten from *6 Lieder aus Julius Wolff's Tannhäuser* Op. 12 (pub. 1884)
In dem Schatten meiner Locken Op. 6 No. 3 (pub. 1881)
Ich möchte schweben über Tal und Hügel from *6 Lieder aus Julius Wolff's Tannhäuser* Op. 12 (pub. 1884)

Lars-Erik Larsson (1908-1986)

Serenad (1946)
Skyn, blomman och en lärka (1946)
För vilsna fötter sjunger gräset (1946)
Kysande vind (1946)

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

To brune Øjne from *Hjertets melodier* Op. 5 (1864)
Det første møde from *4 Digte fra 'Fiskerjenten'* Op. 21 (1870-2)
Med en primula veris Op. 26 No. 4 (1876)
Den aergjerrige Op. 26 No. 3 (1876)
Modersorg Op. 15 No. 4 (1864-8)
Et Håb Op. 26 No. 1 (1876)
Ved Rondane Op. 33 No. 9 (1873-80)
Tak for dit råd from *4 Digte fra 'Fiskerjenten'* Op. 21 (1870-2)

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The programme has changed slightly since these programme notes were written.

Wilhelm Stenhammar was the most important Swedish composer of the period straddling the turn of the 20th Century, even if his allergy to self-promotion saw him champion the music of countless other Nordic composers at the expense of his own. Stenhammar studied piano in Berlin but was effectively self-taught as a composer. He was influenced strongly by Brahms but his music carried with it a Nordic reticence, melancholy and thrift that all grew more pronounced with age.

Stenhammar often accompanied the baritone John Forsell at the piano and his many songs display both practical knowledge and fastidious craftsmanship. His setting of Runeberg's *Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte* - made in 1893, long before Sibelius's version made the text internationally famous - was followed two years later by the Runeberg poem that completed his Opus 4b. Tonight we hear songs from throughout the composer's career, including excerpts from his most substantial cycle *Visor och stämningar* ('Visions and moods', 1906-9) and a song from the last decade of the composer's life: 'I lönnens skymning' ('In the maple's shade'), one of four Von Heidenstam settings from 1918.

Gösta Nystroem enjoyed a varied career as a gallery director, music critic, composer and singer. He studied in Copenhagen and Paris before returning to Sweden where he eventually settled in the coastal town of Sarö, just south of Gothenburg, from where he indulged his passion for the sea. That passion was reflected in Nystroem's love for Ebba Lindqvist's nautical poetry. Nystroem set three Lindqvist poems in 1950 as *Själ och landskap* ('Soul and landscape'), works in which music is entirely in service of text. The poems, allegorical visions of coast and expansive ocean, induced music of expressionistic power and harmonic richness.

Jean Sibelius used the folk singing techniques of his native Finland to transform the language of orchestral music. But Sibelius's songs predominantly set his mother tongue of Swedish. Stylistically, they grew from the soil of the Lutheran chorale before taking on elements of the salon romance, embracing magical modernity and emerging full circle with some of the mysterious power of Finland's rune singers.

Sibelius's Op. 37 set deals predominantly with death. Runeberg's *Den första kyssen* ('The first kiss') is fatalistic while 'Var det en dröm?' ('Did I just dream?') recedes into the sentiments of Josef Julius Wecksell's poem. Runeberg tended to draw direct melodies from Sibelius, as demonstrated by the seasoned-themed romance from his Op. 13 set, 'Våren flyktar hastigt' ('Spring is swiftly flying'). The Op. 36 songs heard tonight use words by Gustav Fröding; 'Bollspelet vid Trianon' is invested with cumulative foreboding and 'Säv, säv, susa' with strong musical imagery.

During **Emil Sjögren's** studies in Paris, the budding Swedish composer hosted an evening of song attended by Sibelius, who ranted ungraciously about the event in

his diaries. Sjögren may not have been a composer of major international significance but of his 200 songs, the best approach Grieg for freshness. His choice of poets was cosmopolitan. The *6 Tannhäuser Lieder* set Julius Wolff while the *7 Spanish Songs* Op. 6 set Emanuel Geibel and Paul Heyse (one of each here). The music betrays a strong German influence on Sjögren's work.

Lars-Erik Larsson is the only composer we hear from tonight born in the 20th Century, a biographical detail echoed in the eclecticism of his music and career. Larsson studied with Alban Berg in Vienna, worked as a producer at Swedish Radio and became the first professor of composition at the Royal College of Music in Stockholm. His aesthetic underwent many metamorphoses, from Nordic-Romantic to serial and back again. In 1946, Larsson set nine poems by his beloved Hjalmar Gullberg, four of which we hear tonight. Occasionally, beyond the lyrical sweep and neo-classical poise, we can detect the harmonic edge and melodic angularity found elsewhere in Larsson's work.

Edvard Grieg was the first Norwegian composer to write locally distinctive but internationally relevant music. Song enjoyed a privileged place in his predominantly lyrical aesthetic (he was married to a renowned Danish soprano, Nina Hagerup). Grieg's songs are direct, often constructed in strophic verses with a dominant melody line laid over a deft piano accompaniment. The composer was influenced by the lucid, intimate constructions of Schumann, Mendelssohn and Wolf but invested them with fresh air using devices lifted directly from Norwegian folk music, including echo effects and pedal notes.

Grieg's vision as a songwriter was wide. Tonight we open with a song from the composer's Op. 5 - 'To brune Øjne' ('Two brown eyes') sets Hans Christian Andersen and earnestly captures the composer's love for Nina as their relationship blossomed in Copenhagen. Not long after their marriage the couple lost a daughter, the emotional residue of which might have made its way into 'Modersorg' ('A mother's grief') with words by Christian Richardt.

Grieg's Op. 21 drew on Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson's novella *The Fisher Maiden* in 1870-2 and included the nature-idyll 'Det første møde' ('The first meeting') and the defiant 'Tak for dit råd' ('You may not approve'). Four years later the composer set five poems by his friend John Paulsen, the most celebrated being 'Med en primula veris' ('The first primrose') with its downward slipping chromatics. The galloping 'Den aergjerrige' is its predecessor in the set.

Poetry by Aasmund Olavsson Vinje inspired some of Grieg's greatest songs and in 1880 he completed his Op. 33 set of 12 Vinje settings, including the enraptured stillness of 'Ved Rondane', the text evoking hope and transported nostalgia.

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Andrew Mellor is author of *The Northern Silence - Journeys in Nordic Music and Culture* (Yale University Press)

Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927)

Vandraren from *Visor och stämningar* Op. 26

(1906-9)

Vilhelm Ekelund

Här ur mossiga klippans
famn uppväller
Ren och klar en melodisk
källas vatten,
Här ej ofta bedröddes
Gräset af
människofot.

Aldrig skönare
böjda grenar såg
jag
Sträcka bävande, fina bågar,
tyngda
Rikt at daggiga
rosors
Välluktberusande mängd.

Källa, du som vakande
mildt min sömn beskyddat,

Tyst och lätt hänsorlande
sakta silvervågen,
Dig beprlsade
skaldens
Korta melodiska sång.

Here from deep within the
mossy rocks wells up
pure and clear the water
of a melodious spring,
here the grass has not often
been trodden by human
foot.

Never have I seen more
beautifully arching
branches
stretch trembling, fine
curves, richly
weighed down with dewy
roses'
fragrant-intoxicating host.

Well-spring, you whose
vigil gently guards my
slumber,

soft and light silver wave,
quietly murmuring,
you have been extolled
by the minstrel's
short, melodious song.

I skogen from *Sånger och visor* (c.1888)

Albert Theodor Gellerstedt

Kärt är att råka dig,
nattviol,
Där blek du står ibland
gräsen
Och suckar ut efter sjenken
sol
Din doft, ditt innersta
väsen.

Ljuft är att höra din sång, du
trast,
Der högst i granen på
spaning
Du jublar ut under qvällens
rast
Om morgon rodnad din
aning.

In the forest
It's lovely to meet you,
violet of the night,
where palely you grow
among the trees
and sigh out after the sun
has set
your scent and your inner
being.
It's delightful to hear your
song, thrush,
when you look out from
high up in the trees,
you rejoice with the dying
of the day
at the dawn that will
break tomorrow.

Men lär mig, nattviol, blid
som din,
En sorg, när fröjd har gått
under!
Trast, lär mig tolka så glad
som din,
Min tro på ljusare
stunder!

Fylgia Op. 16 No. 4 (1893-7)

Gustaf Fröding

Fylgia, Fylgia, fly mig
ej,
När jag drags av det låga
mot dyn,
Du skygga, förnäma, sky mig
ej,
När med lumpna tankar
jag skymmer din veka
gestalt,
Som svävar i skönhet och
stjärnglans
Och drömmar av ljus för min
syn
Så nära mig,
Men så fjärran dock,
Som den fjärran, fjärran skyn,
Du eftertrådda, du
oåtkomliga,
Du flicka av skönhetslängtan,
Du väsen i dråkt av livets
skiraste silverskir
Med lyckliga drag och
kärlekens skäraste
törnrosskimmer i hyn.
Fylgia, Fylgia, fly mig
ej,
Du skygga, förnäma, sky mig
ej,
Du min
skönhetslängtan,
Som mot dagens
sorger
Är min skyddande tröst i
nattens syn!

But teach me, violet of
the night, shy like you,
your sorrow, when all joy
has departed!
Thrush, teach me to sing
the way you do
of my belief in happier
times!

Fylgia

Fylgia, Fylgia, do not
leave me,
when, enflamed, I'm
drawn into the mire,
skittish and noble one, do
not fly from me
when with base thoughts
I overshadow your
gentle self,
suspended in beauty and
starlight
and dreams of light
before my eyes,
so close to me,
but still as distant
as the far, far sky,
you, desired,
unreachable,
maiden of longed-for
beauty,
creature clothed in the
finest silver gossamer
with joyful aspect and the
rosiest blush of love on
your cheeks.
Fylgia, Fylgia, do not
leave me,
skittish and noble one, do
not fly from me,
my maiden of longed-for
beauty,
who protects me from the
day's sorrows
in my nightly visions!

I lönnens skymning

Op. 37 No. 2 (1918)

Verner von Heidenstam

I lönnens skymning står ett
lutat kors.
Där viskar det en röst
Så sakta som en fjärran
klockas sång:
'Vid den första skoveln mull
Mindes jag min ungdomstider,
Vid den andra mina synder.
När tredje gången mullen
föll,
Då mindes jag vart hjärtats
ord,
Var god och vänligt menad
gärning,
Vi bytte tyst som ödmjukt
blyga gåvor.
Det minnet blomster är i
mina händer,
Som friskt slå ut och aldrig
vissna.'

Flickan knyter i Johannenatten Op. 4b No. 2 (1893)

Johan Runeberg

Flickan knyter i
Johannenatten
Kring den gröna broddens
spåda stänglar
Silkestrådar utav skilda
färger,
Men på morgonstunden går
hon sedan
Dit att leta ut sin framtids
öden.

Nu, så hör, hur flickan där
beter sig:
Har den svarta, sorgens
stängel vuxit,
Talar hon och sörjer med de
andra.

Har den röda glädjens
stängel vuxit,
Talar hon och fröjdas med de
andra.

Har den gröna,
kärleksstängeln vuxit,
Tiger hon och fröjdas i sitt
hjärta.

In the maple's shade

In the maple's shade
stands a leaning cross.
There a voice whispers
as steady as a distant
bell's song:
'At the first turn of the soil
I remember my youth,
at the second my sins.
When the third clump
falls,
I remember my heart's
words,
be kind and
charitable,
as we silently exchanged
humble gifts.
The flowers of memory
are in my hands,
Which blossom anew and
never wither.'

On Midsummer Eve the girl fastens

On Midsummer Eve the
girl fastens
to the slender stems of
new grass
silken threads of different
hues;
next morning she goes
back at dawn
to discover her future
fortune.

Hear now how the girl
responds there:
if the black stem has grown,
the stem of sorrow,
she laments together
with the others.

If the rest stem has grown,
the stem of happiness,
she rejoices together with
the others.

If the green stem has grown,
the stem of love,
she keeps silent, and her
heart rejoices.

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte Op. 4b No. 1 (1893)

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.

From *Visor och stämningar* Op. 26 (1906-9)

Nattyxne

Erik Axel Karlfeldt

Över dig, yxne,
älskogsört,
Susade Veneris flyende
skört,
Daggen som lopp av den vita
foten
Göt dig i roten
Sin vårliga
vört.
Daggig hon kom av de långa
hav,
Daggig av lundarnas färska
sav,
Glidande sakta i
tungelnatten
Nyckfullt in mot de späda
vatten,
Sjönk som en svan
Ned mellan kasdun och
baldrian.

Veneris blomma,
nattviol,
Vinden dör bort som en matt
fiol,
Strängad med dvärgsnät
från grenar och ängar,
Strängad med strängar
Av sjunkande sol.
Vit är din kind, och all dagen
du gömt
Blicken för solen och lutat
och drömt.
Vet du ditt blod som en
jungfrus är blandat?
Vet du ditt drömliv som
hennes är andat
Renast och bäst
Blott som en doft vid en
tungelfest?

Veneris blomma,
nosserot,
Vinden far upp, som sov vid
din fot,
Ur mörkret ett lidelsens
stråkdrag svingar
På flädermusvingar
Mot månens klot.
Jungfrublomma, böj dina
knän,
Oskuld som brytes, dess doft
är från.
Vet du de skära drömmarnas
öde?
Djupt i din rot går ett hemligt
flöde,

Orchid

Above you, orchid,
honeyed flower,
billows Venus's flying
skirts,
the dew that fell from her
pale feet
penetrates your roots
and implants her vernal
stem.
Dewy she came from
boundless seas,
dewy with the grove's
fresh sap,
gliding slowly through the
darkness
playful through the gentle
waters,
she descended like a swan
between the reeds and
valerian.

Flower of Venus,
nocturnal violet,
the wind dies like a weary
violin,
strung with spider's silk from
branches and fields,
strung with strings
of the setting sun.
Your cheek is pale, all day
you hide,
you gaze at the sun and
slumber and dream.
Do you know your blood is
like the virgin's mixed?
Do you know your dreams,
like hers, are exhaled,
purest and best
as a perfume of dark
ecstasy?

Flower of Venus, root and
stem,
the wind rises from its
rest at your foot,
out of the darkness a
wave of longing rises
upon a bat's wings
towards the oval moon.
Virgin flower, bend your
knees,
purity defiled, its perfume
is rank.
Do you know the rose-
dream's fate?
Deep in your root flows a
hidden flood,

En jordbrygd skum,
Veneris blomma, Satyrium.

an earth-brewed foam,
flower of Venus, Satyrium.

Jungfru Blond och Jungfru Brunett

Bo Bergman

Jungfru Blond och jungfru
Brunett
Dansa med fingret på kjolen.
Så höstklar är luften och lätt,
lätt, lätt,
Lätt som de svingande
jungfrurnas klingande glädje
i solen.

Se på.
Nu höja de sig,
Nu böja de sig,
Och ögonen lysa och flätorna
slå
Och kinden har heta fläckar.
Men långt över ängens
gulnade vall
Står rymden kall,
Och nakna stå träd och
häckar.

O jungfrur, vi dansen I
än
Och sjungen och skratten?
Det faller en stjärna
igen,
Och snart kommer natten.
Den kommer som tjuven, när
ingen ser
Och ingen ber.
Som en rovfågelssvärm slår
den ner
Och förmörkar vägar och
vatten.

Jungfru Blond och jungfru
Brunett
Stanna förskrämda i
dansen.
Hur hemskt blev allting med
ett
I den sista döende glansen.
Det visslar i vinden och
smuger på tå
Och skrattar i ris och
dungar.
De stackars jungfrurna små
Skälva som fågelungar.

Miss Blond and Miss Brunette

Miss Blond and Miss
Brunette
lift their skirts as they dance.
Autumnal the air and
light, light
light as the swirling
maids' resounding joy in
the sun.

Look,
now they rise up,
now they bow,
and their eyes are bright
and plaits fly
and cheeks are flushed.
But far above the meadow's
yellowed grass
the sky is cold,
and trees and hedgerows
are bare.

Oh maidens, how can you
still
dance, sing and laugh?
Another shooting-star is
seen
and soon night will fall.
It comes like the thief,
when no one is looking
and no one asks.
It comes down like a
swarm of predators
and darkens paths and
waters.

Miss Blond and Miss
Brunette
stop terrified in their
dancing.
How ghastly everything
has suddenly become
in the last dying rays.
There howls the wind,
and sneaks on tiptoes,
and laughs in branches
and groves.
The poor little maidens
tremble like tiny birds.

Och vita i kinden, med flåtor som slå, slå, slå, Rusa de hemåt båda. Härute är villor och våda, Men hemma är världen en spiselvrå Och mor den enda i världen. Hon sitter så tyst och tvinnar och snor Och stirrar frysande In i de lysande glöden på härden.	And with pale cheeks, and flying plaits they rush homewards. Outside is confusion and danger but at home the world is a fireplace and mother is the only one in the world. She sits so quietly spinning her thread and stares, freezing, into the bright coals in the hearth.
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De gömma sitt hjärta hos mor Och kyssa den gamlas händer, Och timmarna rinna och kvälln blir stor, Det rasslar i brasans bränder. Men ute som troll på tå Det mumlande mörkret skrider: - Ni käraste jungfrur små, Jag tar er väl vad det lider...	They hide their hearts with mother and kiss the old one's hands, and the hours run by and the evening grows, and the fire crackles. But outside, like a troll on tiptoe, the murmuring darkness advances: Dearest little maidens, I shall have you in time...
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Gösta Nystroem (1890-1966)

From *Själ och landskap* (1952)

Ebba Lindqvist

Vitt land

Vitt land, tyst hav, mjuk snö
faller.
O, göm, göm mitt ansikte,
O, göm mitt hjärtas hemlighet!
Jag vet den blommar röd på
mina läppar;
Jag vet den brister fram ur
mina händer,
Att vem som helst kan röra
den.

Så må de se den!
Ty vad jag äger kan ingen,
Ingen ta ifrån mig!
Ej mer än tömma havet på
dess vatten,
Ej mer än lyfta
solen ifrån
himlen!
Och allt skall ha sin tid,
sitt liv, sin
undergång.

White land

White land, silent sea, soft
snow falls.
O hide my face,
O hide my heart's secret!
I know it blooms red on
my lips;
I know it ushers forth
from my hands
so that anyone can touch
it.

So let them see it!
For what I own no one,
no one can take from me!
No more than they can
empty the sea of water,
no more than they can
pluck the sun from the
sky!
And there is a time for
everything, for living
and dying.

Önskan

Och detta är min enda
önskan i kväll:
Jag vill bara luta mig emot
mörkret ett tag,
Känna havet stryka in över
min kind,
Eller strävt, hårt berg röra vid
min hud.
Och låta allting annat strös
för vinden,
Mitt liv för vinden,
Och sitta lutad länge emot
mörkrets rygg.

Bara hos den

Bara hos den vars oro
är större än min har jag
ro.
Så ger havet mig ro,
Det ensamma havet som
sjunger sin sång
Bortanför lust och nöd.
Så kommer jag i kväll till
dig,
Du hav som alla komma
till
Men ingenstans har själv att
gå.

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

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:

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.

A wish

And this is my only wish
tonight:
I only want to lean against
the darkness for a while,
feel the ocean caress my
cheek,
or rough, hard rock touch
my skin.
And let everything else
be thrown to the wind,
my life thrown to the wind,
and sit leaning long
against the darkness.

Only with you

Only with you whose
disquiet is greater than
mine do I feel calm.
But the sea calms me,
the lonely sea, singing its
song
beyond joy or hardship.
I shall come to you this
evening;
you are the sea to whom
all come
but you have nowhere to
go yourself.

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:

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.

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?

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.

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?

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.

Bollspelet vid Trianon

Op. 36 No. 3 (1899)

Gustaf Fröding

Det smattrar prat och slår
boll och skrattar

Emellan träden vid
Trianon,

Små markisinnor i
schäferhattar,

De le och gnola, lonlaridon.

Små markisinnor på höga
klackar,

De leka oskuld och
herdefest

För unga herdar med stela
nackar,

Vicomte Lindor,
monseigneur Alceste.

Men så med ett

Vid närmsta
stam

Stack grovt och brett
Ett huvud fram.

Vicomte skrek: 'Voilà la tête
là!'

Och monseigneur slog förbi
sin boll

Och 'Qu'est-ce que c'est?'
och 'Qui est la bête là?'

Det ljud i korus från alla
håll.

Ball game at Trianon

There is chattering, a ball
game and merriment

among the trees of the
Trianon.

Little marquises wearing
shepherdesse's hats

smile and hum 'Lonlaridon'.

Little marquises with
high-heeled shoes

play the innocent, at
being shepherdesse's

for young, stiff-necked
shepherds,

Viscount Lindor,
Monseigneur Alceste.

But suddenly,

from behind the nearest
tree,

a head sprang out,
coarse and broad.

The viscount shouted 'Look
at the head there!'

and Monseigneur missed
the ball;

and 'What is it?', and
'Who's that creature?'

was heard in chorus all
around.

Och näsor rynkas förnämt
koketta,

En hastig knyck i var nacke far
Och markisinnorna hoppa

lätta

Och bollen flyger från par till
par.

Men tyst därifrån

Med tunga fjät

Går dräggens son

Jourdan Coupe-
tête.

And noses are turned up
coquettishly;

heads given a toss,

and the marquises hop
lightly

and the ball flies from pair
to pair.

But silently from there,

with heavy footsteps,

goes the boy of the gutter,

Jordan with the broken
head.

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!

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!

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!

Interval

Emil Sjögren (1853-1918)

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero Op. 6 No. 1

(pub. 1881)

Emanuel Geibel

Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero,

Doch an andres denkt mein Herz.

Wenn du, muntres Ding, verständig

Meine Qual und sie empfändest,

Jeder Ton, den du entsendest,

Würde klagen meinen Schmerz.

Ring out, ring out, my tambourine

Ring out, ring out, my tambourine,

though my heart thinks of other things.

If you, blithe instrument, could understand

and feel my torment,

each one of your sounds would bewail my grief.

Bei des Tanzes Drehn und Neigen

Schlag' ich wild den Takt zum Reigen,

Dass nur die Gedanken schweigen,

Die mich mahnen an den Schmerz.

Ach, ihr Herrn, dann will im Schwingen

Oftmals mir die Brust zerspringen,

Und zum Angstschrei wird mein Singen,

Denn an andres denkt mein Herz.

Jahrlang möcht' ich so Dich halten from 6

Lieder aus Julius Wolff's

Tannhäuser

Op. 12 (pub. 1884)

Jahrlang möcht' ich so Dich halten,

So von Dir umschlungen sein,

Deiner Minne heimlich Walten

Strömet mächtig auf mich ein.

Über uns die Wipfel rauschen,

Vöglein hüpf't von Ast zu Ast,

Und die wilden Rosen lauschen, Was Du mir zu sagen hast.

As the dance whirls and dips,

I beat out wildly the dancers' rhythm,

simply in order to silence the thoughts

that remind me of my grief.

Ah, good sirs, while I whirl around,

my heart often feels like breaking,

and my song becomes a cry of anguish,

for my heart thinks of other things.

For years on end I'd love to hold you so

For years on end I'd love to hold you so,

and so be held in your own arms;

the secret working of your love

fills me with its might.

The treetops rustle above us.

Little birds flit from branch to branch,

and the wild roses listen to what you have to tell me.

Ach! sie hören wenig Worte,

Wenn wir uns in Armen ruhn,

An dem waldverschwiegnen Orte

Giebt es Holderes zu tun.

Rätsel blühen auf Deinem Munde,

Und glücklich, wer sie löst!

Hast in einer einz'gen Stunde Hunderte mir

eingeflösst.

Ah! They do not hear many words

when we lie in each other's arms,

in this now silent place.

There are more wondrous things to do.

Enigmas blossom on your lips,

and happy he who solves them!

In one single hour

you have filled me with hundreds.

**In dem Schatten
meiner Locken Op. 6**

No. 3 (pub. 1881)

Paul Heyse

In dem Schatten meiner
Locken
Schlief mir mein Geliebter
ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach
nein!

Sorglich strahlt' ich meine
krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie
zerzausen.

Lockenschatten,
Windessausen
Schlieferten den Liebsten ein.

Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach
nein!

Hören muss ich, wie ihn
gräme,
Dass er schmachtet schon
so lange,
Dass ihm Leben geb' und
nehme
Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich seine
Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir
ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? – Ach
nein!

**Ich möchte schweben
über Tal und Hügel
from 6 Lieder aus Julius
Wolff's Tannhäuser
Op. 12** (pub. 1884)

Ich möchte schweben über
Tal und Hügel,
Mit meiner Liebe Leid allein
zu sein.
Und nähmest Du der
Morgenröte Flügel,
Ich holte Dich mit meiner
Sehnsucht ein.

**In the Shadow of my
Tresses**

In the shadow of my
tresses
my lover has fallen
asleep.
Shall I wake him now? –
Ah no!

Carefully I combed my
curly tresses
early each morning,
but my efforts are in vain,
for the winds tousle them.

Shadowing tresses,
sighing breezes
have lulled my lover to
sleep.

Shall I wake him now? –
Ah no!

I shall have to hear how
he grieves,
how he has languished so
long,
how his whole life
depends
on these my dusky cheeks.
And he calls me his
snake,
and yet he fell asleep at
my side.
Shall I wake him now? –
Ah no!

**I'd like to float over
hill and vale**

I'd like to float over hill
and vale
to be alone with my love's
sorrow.
And were you to take the
wings of dawn,
I'd catch you up with my
longing.

Die winde sausen, und die
Wipfel rauschen,
Und von den Zweigen klingt
das alte Lied,
Dem alle Herzen auf der
Erde lauschen,
Dass nie von Leide sich die
Liebe schied.

The winds rush, and the
treetops rustle,
and the old song sounds
from the branches,
to which all hearts on
earth hearken,
that love was never
without sorrow.

Lars-Erik Larsson (1908-1986)

Serenad (1946)

Hjalmar Gullberg

Jag är höstens vind,
som plockar ner
kastanjeblad.
Jag har sökt din gata för att
sjunga serenad.
Månens lykta hänger
tänd och lyser mitt
bestyr.
Jag skall inte föreslå dig
några äventyr
Eller söka vinna dig med lätt
galanteri.
Jag är den som kommer,
när din sommar är
förbi.
Jag är den som kommer,
när ej mer du bjuds till
dans.
Jag är den som kommer
när ditt hår fått
silverglans.
Hädanefter stämmer jag för
dig mitt instrument.
Kom och öppna
fönsterluckan, hjärtevän,
på glänt!

Serenade

I am the autumn wind
that blows down the
chestnut leaves.
I have sought out your
street, to sing a serenade.
The illuminated lantern of
the moon hangs and
lights my task.
I shall not suggest to you
any adventures
or try to win you with
shallow gallantry.
I am the one who comes
when your summer is
over.
I am the one who comes
when you are no more
invited to dance.
I am the one who comes
when your hair is tinged
with grey.
Henceforth I shall tune
my instrument for you.
Come, open the window
shutter a little, my
heart's friend!

Skyn, blomman och en lärka (1946)

Hjalmar Gullberg

En sky går över landet
Med silveraktigt sken.
Var finns den sjö i landet
Som badat den så ren?
Vid vägen står en blomma:
Ur vilket vattendrag
Drack denna första blomma,
Som tyst slog ut i dag.

En lärka överbringar
Från jorden till det blå
Det vårbudskap som klingar
Ur minsta gräs och strå.
Var finns den klara källa,
Som gav den mod att fly
Dit upp och sväva mellan
En blomma och en sky?

Skyn, blomman och en lärka!

På nytt är världen ljus.
Men hopp finns ej att märka,
O ande, kring ditt hus!
Än ligger stum och öde
Din människonatur.
Var finner du ett flöde,
Aat dricka glädje ur?

För vilsna fötter sjunger gräset (1946)

Hjalmar Gullberg

För vilsna fötter sjunger gräset:
Jag är din matta var du går –
Räds ej, att natten förestår!
För vilsna fötter sjunger gräset:
Mot hemmet styr jag dina spår.

The cloud, the flower and the lark

A cloud floats above the land
with a silvery sheen.
Where is the sea that washed it so clean?
By the roadside stands a flower:
from which watercourse did this first flower drink that silently opened today?

A lark carries from earth to heaven the message of spring that sings from the humblest grass and straw.
Where is the clear source that gave it the courage to fly up there and soar between a flower and a cloud?

The cloud, the flower and the lark!

Again the world is brightness.
But there is no hope to be seen,
oh soul, around your house!
Your human nature lies empty and deserted.
Where is the stream from which you can drink happiness?

For feet that have gone astray the grass sings

For feet that have gone astray the grass sings:
I am your rug, wherever you walk,
fear not that night is approaching!
For feet that have gone astray the grass sings:
I guide your steps homewards.

För vilsna fötter sjunger gräset:
Under mitt täcke sänks din bår –
Räds ej, att natten förestår!
För vilsna fötter sjunger gräset:
Du går mot hemmet var du går.

Kyssande vind (1946)
Hjalmar Gullberg

Han kom som en vind.
Vad bryr sig en vind om förbud?
Han kysste din kind.
Han kysste allt blod till din hud.
Det borde ha stannat därvid:
Du var ju en annans.
Blott lånad en kväll i syrenernas tid
Och gullregnens månad.

Han kysste ditt öra, ditt hår.
Vad fäster en vind sig vid om han får?
På ögonen kysstes du blind.
Du ville förstås ej alls
I början besvara hans trånad.
Man snart låg din arm om hans hals
I gullregnens månad.

Från din mun har han kysst
Det sista av motstånd som fanns.
Din mun ligger tyst
Med halvöppna läppar mot hans.
Det kommer en vind och går
Och hela din världsbild rasar
För en fläkt av syrenernas vår
Och gullregnens klasar.

For feet that have gone astray the grass sings:
beneath my blanket sinks your bier,
fear not that night is approaching!
For feet that have gone astray the grass sings:
wherever you go, you are heading towards home.

Kiss of the wind

He came like a wind.
Does a wind care if a fruit is forbidden?
He kissed your cheek.
He kissed till your skin turned rosy.
It should have been left at that:
for you belonged to another.
Just borrowed one evening at the time of lilacs in the month of laburnum.

He kissed your ear, your hair.
What does the wind care if he is allowed?
He blinded your eyes with kisses.
At first, of course, you didn't want to react to his passion, not at all.
But soon your arm lay around his neck in the month of laburnum.

From your mouth he kissed away your very last resistance.
Your mouth lies silent with half-open lips against his.
A wind comes and goes and your whole world collapses all for a breath of lilacs in springtime and clusters of laburnum.

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

To brune Øjne from Hjertets melodier Op. 5

(1864)
Hans Christian Andersen

To brune Øjne jeg nylig så I dem mit Hjem og min Verden lå. Der flammed' Snillet og Barnets Fred; Jeg glemmer dem aldrig i Evighed!	Two brown eyes I have recently seen, they conceal my home and my whole life, they radiate friendship and childlike peace, they will never be out of my thoughts.
--	---

Det første møde from 4 Digte fra 'Fiskerjenten'

Op. 21 (1870-2)
Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Det første mødes sødme, Det er som sang i skogen, Det er som sang på vågan I solens sidste rødme, Det er som horn i uren De tonende sekunder Hvori vi med naturen Forenes i et under.	The sweetness of the first meeting is like a song in the forest, it is like a song on the wave in the dying rays of the sun, it is like a horn in the quarry; the sounding moments when we in nature are united in a miracle.
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Med en primula veris Op. 26 No. 4 (1876)

John Olaf Paulsen

Du Vårens milde, skønne Barn, Tag Vårens første Blomme, Og kast den ej, fordi du ved, At Somrens Roser komme.	Springtime's fair and gentle child, take the spring's first blossom, do not cast it aside until you know the summer's roses bloom.
Ak, vist er Somren lys og smuk Og rig er Livets Høst, Men Våren er den dejligste Med Elskovs Leg og Lyst.	For though the summer's light and fair, and rich the autumn of our life spring is fairest of them all with love's sport and games.
Og du og jeg, min ranke Mø, Står jo i Vårens Rødme! Så tag da min Blomst, Men giv igjen dit unge Hjertes Sødme.	And you and I, my dearest one, stand amidst spring's glowing dawn so take my flower within your hand and give again your gentle heart.

Den aergjerrige Op. 26 No. 3 (1876)

John Paulsen

I Haven her du hvisked engang, jeg var dig kjær. Nu ser du bort og tier: Du elsker mig ej mer. Du fulgte Ærens Stjerne og glemte Dalens Fred. Du steg i gyldne Sale men jeg var ikke med!	Once in this garden, you whispered: I love you. Now you look away, silent. You love me no more. You followed an ambitious star, forgot the peace of the valley. You walked through golden halls, but you didn't take me with you.
--	--

Kan Æren vel opveje et Hjertes ømme Tro! Alt har du nu, min Elskte, kun ikke Hjertets Ro! Jeg skal ej for dig skygge din Stjernehimlens Hvælv. Vel tabte jeg min Lykke; men du har tabt dig selv!	Can ambition ever sit together with a faithful love? You have everything now, my darling, except a peaceful heart! I shan't hide the starry truth from you. I may have lost my joy, but you have lost yourself.
--	--

Modersorg Op. 15 No. 4 (1864-8)

Christian Richardt

Så du ham min lille Dreng Med den lyse krøllede Lok? Så jeg på ham længe, Jeg så dog aldrig nok! Ak så tom, så tom, Så tom står nu hans lille Vugge, Mens mit stakkels Bryst Er fuldt af Sorg og dybe Sukke.	Do you see my little boy with his gentle curling locks? I have gazed upon him long but now I shall not see him more! Ah so empty, so empty, empty lies his little cradle and my proud chest is full of sorrow and deep woe.
Milde Jesus, du var hård, Da du tog ham bag Stjernerne små! Trængte du til Engle? Ak Jorden har så få! Gav du ham et Vingepar Og Himlens lyse Glæde? Hjælp da mig, som Ingen har, O hjælp mig til at græde!	Gentle Jesus, you were cruel to take him back beyond the stars! Did you need another angel? Alas, the earth has so few! Did you give him little wings? And heaven's shining joy? Help me, who has so little, oh help me to grieve and weep!

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Et håb Op. 26 No. 1

(1876)

John Paulsen

Jeg kunde juble for alle
Vinde
Min Glæde ud!
Vil man den forstå?
Nej, bedst jeg varsomt den
lukker
Inde her hos mig selv
I mit Hjertes Vrå.
Mit Hjerter brænder,
Det bæver,
banker
I Takten, o, til en
Jubelsang!
Mit Hoved
gløder
Af Vårens Tanken,
Hvor vild og lystelig
Deres Gang.

Foran mit Øre det bruser,
sjunger
Som Tonerne
Fra et Englekör.
Med tusind sladrende, søde
Tunger,
Det røber mig,
Hvad i Fremtid bor.
Ak! tør jeg tro det!
Jeg vil så gjerne.
Hvor Håbet flammer og
kaster Skin!
Ud fra det tause, det dunkle
Fjerne
En Stjerne stråler – og det er
min!

Ved Rondane Op. 33

No. 9 (1873-80)

Aasmund Olavsson Vinje

No ser eg atter slike fjell og
dalar
Som dei eg i min fyrste
ungdom såg,
Og same vind den heite
panna svalar;
Og gullet ligg på snjo som før
det låg.
Det er eit barnemål som til
meg talar,
Og gjer meg tankefull, men
endå fjåg.
Med ungdomsminne er den
tala blanda:
Det strøymer på meg, so eg
knapt kan anda.

Hope

My heart is singing a
song of gladness;
oh happiness!
Who such joy can tell?
My soul is ringing with
joyful
madness inexpressible:
lovers know it well.
My heart is burning,
and trembling, and
pounding,
with songs of triumph
and ecstasy!
Sweet thoughts of
springtime
and birdsong resounding,
like wild birds flying now
beckon me.

Hark to the sound as of
hymns enchanting;
such loveliness!
Like an angel choir.
All trace of sadness and
tears supplanting,
these happy melodies
thoughts of spring inspire.
Ah! shall I trust them?
They call me, invite me;
my heart is bursting with
hope sublime;
high in the heavens, each
moment more brightly,
a star is blazing and it is
mine!

At Rondane

Now I see again the
fellsides and the dales,
those which I saw in my
youth,
and the same wind chills
my brow;
and the gullies lie still
choked with snow.
It is as if a child's voice
spoke to me,
And made me thoughtful,
and then glad,
childhood's memories are
but an empty space,
It streams through me, till
I can barely breathe.

Ja, livet strøymer på meg
som det strøynde,
Når under snjo eg såg det
grøne strå.
Eg drøymer no som før eg
altid drøynde,
Når slike fjell eg såg i lufti
blå.
Eg gløymer dagsens strid
som før eg gløynde,
Når eg mot kveld av sol eit
glimt fekk sjå.
Eg finner vel eit hus som vil
meg hysa,
Når soli heim til notti vil meg
lysa.

Yes, life streams through
me, and so it streamed
as when I saw grass
through the snow
now I dream as I have
never dreamt before,
when I saw the fell sides
in the bluest air.
Forgetting the day's
strife, as I once forgot,
while at evening I
glimpsed the sun.
I will find a house where I
can shelter,
to which the light will lead
me at night.

Tak for dit råd from 4 Digte fra 'Fiskerjenten' Op. 21 (1870-2)

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Tak for dit Raad,
Men jeg lægger min Baad
Ind i Brændingens Brus
Til det fristende
Sus.
Om end Rejsen skal blive
den sidste, jeg gjør,
Jeg maa prøve, hvad ikke jeg
prøvede før.

Ej blot til Lyst
Jeg forlader din Kyst, ---
Jeg maa Storsjøen naa,
Jeg maa Havstyrten
faa,
Jeg maa Kjølen se, naar
det krængende
skjær',
Jeg maa friste, hvorlangt og
hvorlænge det bær'!

You may not approve

You may not approve,
but I'm steering my boat
into the burning breakers,
into the bracing howl of
the sea,
and even if it's the last
thing I do,
I must try what I never did
before.

It's not done lightly that
I leave your coast,
but I must reach the ocean,
I must feel the power of
the swell,
I must see the keel of the
boat while avoiding a
treacherous shoal,
I must see how long and
how far I can reach.

Translation of 'I skogen' by Margrethe Alexandroni. 'I lönnens skymning', 'Nattyxne', 'Med en primula veris', 'Modersorg' and 'Ved Rondane' by Daniel Grimley. 'Flickan knyter i Johannennatten' © 2003 Jerome Lester. Nystroem by Jerome Lester. 'Bollspelet vid Trianon' © 2002 John Atkinson. 'Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero' and 'In dem Schatten meiner Locken' by Richard Stokes © from The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf. Life, Letters, Lieder (Faber, 2021). 'Jahrlang möcht ich so Dich halten' and 'Ich möchte schweben über Tal und Hügel' by Richard Stokes. 'To brune Øjne' and 'Tak for dit råd' copyright © by Nigel Parker from The LiederNet Archive, lieder.net, printed with kind permission. 'Den aergjerrige' by William Jewson © BIS Records AB adapted by Claire Booth, printed with kind permission. 'Et håb' by William H Halverson.