

WIGMORE HALL 125

Monday 6 July 2026
1.00pm

Camilla Tilling soprano
Paul Rivinius piano

Emil Sjögren (1853-1918)

Kärleks-sånger Op. 50 (pub. 1909)

*No. 1 Du skulle få vad allra fagrast sänder •
No. 2 Giv icke rosor, skymning • No. 3 Tänd stjärnor*

Gunnar Frumerie (1908-1987)

Hjärtats Sånger Op. 27 (1942 rev. 1976)

*No. 1 När du sluter mina ögon • No. 2 Det blir vackert där
du går • No. 3 Saliga väntan • No. 4 Ur djupet av min själ •
No. 5 Du är min Afrodite • No. 6 Som en våg*

Gösta Nystroem (1890-1966)

Själ och landskap (1952)

I. Vitt land • II. Önskan • III. Bara hos den

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Kindertotenlieder (1901-4)

*Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n • Nun seh' ich wohl,
warum so dunkle Flammen • Wenn dein Mütterlein •
Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen • In diesem Wetter,
in diesem Braus*



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In March 1891, Mahler took up the post of chief opera conductor at the Stadttheater in Hamburg. That summer, he took a holiday through Denmark, Sweden and Norway, with a trusty *Baedeker* guide for company. Staying at the Grand Hotel in Christiania (as Oslo was then known), he espied the great Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen. The extent of Mahler's familiarity with contemporary Nordic music at the time is less clear, although he would later meet Sibelius on a visit to Helsinki in 1907, famously declaring that 'the symphony must be like the world. It must encompass everything.' By that time, Mahler was one of Europe's greatest symphonists, but he was an equally fine composer of songs. Songs – or *romanser* as they are called in Norwegian and Swedish (and *romancer* in Danish) – were particularly important in Scandinavian cultural life too, attesting to the close relationship between music and poetry around the turn of the century.

Born in Stockholm in 1853, **Sjögren** studied in Berlin, Munich and Vienna in the early 1880s and was a regular visitor to Paris until his death in 1918. He wrote around 200 songs in total, often showing the influence of Schumann, Grieg and Liszt, and alongside texts by Swedish, Danish and Norwegian poets (including, of course, Ibsen), he also set German translations by Hans Bethge of words by the Chinese poet, Li Tai-Po (just as Mahler did in *Das Lied von der Erde*). The *Kärleks-sånger* (Love Songs) take words by Jane Gernandt-Claine, one of the many talented Swedish women to establish literary careers around the turn of the century. As the wife of the French adventurer, Jules Claine, Gernandt-Claine travelled the world and filled her stories with evocative, exotic impressions of the people and places she encountered. Sjögren's music is rather more restrained, suggesting the emotional tenor of the turn-of-the-century European salon. He composed his *Kärleks-sånger* in 1909, the same year that the Swedish novelist, Selma Lagerlöf, became the first woman to receive the Nobel Prize in Literature. The first song is dedicated to the American soprano, Minnie Tracey, one of the first foreign singers to embrace the Scandinavian repertoire.

Frumerie (1908-87) received his first piano lessons from his mother, before going on to study piano and composition in Stockholm, Vienna and Paris. He wrote over 100 songs, many to words by Pär Lagerkvist, who would receive the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1951. As Frumerie recalled: 'Lagerkvist meant an enormous amount to me, and his poetry has always been a powerful source of inspiration for my vocal music ... Lagerkvist claims to not be musical but, when he recites his poems, he strikes the same tone that I do in my songs. I take pleasure in listening to him recite them, in how he emphasizes the words. And when I set his poetry, I try to capture an impression of an overall mood. Often I learn the words by heart, and often I let

the first line determine the mood of the whole piece. And then I proceed, bit by bit.' The *Hjärtats Sånger* (Songs of the Heart) date from 1942 and take poetry from a cycle of the same name by Lagerkvist. Frumerie's impressionistic musical language is the ideal foil to Lagerkvist's words, deftly drawing together both their delicate inner emotional worlds and their evocative outer landscapes.

Nystroem (1890-1966) was both a musician and a painter, and his studies took him from his native Sweden, first to Copenhagen and then – from 1920 to 1932 – to Paris. Throughout his life he was fascinated by the sea, which he described as 'a symbol of the free flight of the intellect'. He wrote a first cycle of *Sånger vid havet* (Songs by the Sea) in 1942, and exactly a decade later, he composed his *Själ och landskap* (Soul and Landscape) to words by Ebba Lindqvist, subtitling them *Nya sånger vid havet* (New Songs by the Sea). Lindqvist's life took her to New York during the Second World War, and subsequently to Lebanon and Kenya, although her poetry is probably best known for its lyric evocation of the islands and inlets of the rugged Swedish coast.

Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* are set to words by the German romantic poet, Friedrich Rückert, that were written in the wake of the death of his two children, Luise and Ernst, in 1833 and 1834. Rückert poured out his grief into an extraordinary sequence of 428 poems that were posthumously published only in 1871. 30 years later, Mahler set three of these texts, adding two more songs in 1904, shortly after the birth of his second daughter. Mahler's wife, Alma, feared he was tempting fate; their elder daughter, Maria, had been plagued by ill health from an early age, and would eventually die of diphtheria and scarlet fever, aged just four, in 1907. There is, though, no need to see the *Kindertotenlieder* as prophetic. Mahler himself had witnessed the death in childhood of several of his siblings, so Rückert's words would have struck him with particular force even before he became a father himself. Then, in 1901, he himself underwent emergency surgery after an intestinal haemorrhage that very nearly killed him. Understandably, he was filled with thoughts of his own mortality. The *Kindertotenlieder* were originally scored for voice and orchestra, but Mahler's delicate handling of timbre and sonority feels closer to the intimacy of chamber music, something is heightened when they are heard with piano accompaniment. What is perhaps most miraculous about the songs is their evocation not just of darkness and desolation, but of a fragile yet persistent reaching for light and hope, especially in the luminous closing bars of the fifth and final song of the cycle.

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Emil Sjögren (1853-1918)

Kärleks-sånger Op. 50 **Songs of Love**
(pub. 1909)
Jane Gernandt-Claine

**No. 1 Du skulle få vad
allra fagrast sänder** **You would have all
the beauty**

Du skulle få vad allra fagrast sänder Den solskensklara maj, om mina händer Blott kunde gripa allt det överflöd Av doft och skimmer, som min ungdom bjöd, När i en vårnatts långa, ljusa vaka En lönn sin rikedom av blom fick skaka Över de stigar, dit jag styrt min gång Och där den svala luften blev till sång, Som om en dämpad kör av näktergalar Fyllt fantasiens alla slott och salar Och sjungit sakta ifrån rosensnår Om all den ljuva lycka, som blev vår.	You would have all the beauty of that sunlit May, if my hands could but grasp the abundance of scent and shimmer my youth proffered, when, in the long, luminous wake of a spring evening, a maple shed its wealth of blossom over the path where my steps led and where the cool air turned to song, as though a muted choir of nightingales filled all fantasy's castles and halls and sang softly from the rosebushes about the happiness that was ours.
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**No. 2 Giv icke rosor,
skymning** **Do not give roses,
dusk**

Skymning, giv mig ej rosor, Blundande glömska mig giv. Dagen har varit dunkel Och svept i moln som mitt liv, Och jag sitter vid fönstret, Men kan ej se att sy; Längst därnere i väster brinner En rosensky, en rosensky, Som speglar sin glöd i min egen håg, Bortom tysta tankars sakta glidande tåg...	Dusk, do not give me roses, give me blind oblivion. The day was dark and overcast like my life, and though I sit by the window, I can barely see to sew; far away in the west burns a rose sky, a rose sky, which reflects its glow within my own mind beyond the sliding train of silent thoughts...
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Skymning, giv mig ej rosor, Glömska, glömska mig giv! Dagen är död och jag sydde En svepeduk till mitt liv, Men varför tändes en flamma, När det lider mot natt och höst, Varför går jag mot kvällen Med en purpurbrand i mitt bröst?	Dusk, do not give me roses, give me oblivion, oblivion! The day is dead and I sewed a shroud for my life, but why was a flame kindled as night and autumn drew near, why do I walk toward the evening with a crimson fire within my breast?
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No. 3 Tänd stjärnor

När mötets timma är inne, Ville jag hölja mitt hår I skugga och dunkel, Käre, då till dig jag går; Jag ville hölja mitt hjärta I sorgedok, att så matt Det slår i mitt bröst. Och jag längtar! Fräls mig från räds-lans natt.	When the meeting hour comes, I will cover my hair in shade and darkness, dearest, when I go to you; I will drape my heart in mourning, to muffle its beat within my breast. And I yearn! Deliver me from the night of fear.
Fräls mig, o, fräls mig, käre, Jag kan inte se för gråt, Kappan fastnar i törne Och kjolen, min kjol blir våt. Ibland tar jag miste om vägen, Jag vandrar en villsam stig. Tänd stjärnor över mitt huvud, Käre, jag går till dig! När mötets timma är inne, Ville jag hölja mitt hår I skugga och dunkel, Käre, då till dig jag går	Deliver me, oh deliver me, dearest, I cannot see for tears, my coat is caught in thorns and the skirt, my skirt, gets wet. Sometimes I lose my way and follow an overgrown path. Light up the stars above my head, dearest, I go to you! When the meeting hour comes, I will cover my hair in shade and darkness, dearest, when I go to you.

Gunnar Frumerie (1908-1987)

Hjärtats Sånger Op. 27 Songs of the Heart

(1942 rev. 1976)

Pär Lagerkvist

No. 1 När du sluter
mina ögon

When you close my
eyes

När du sluter mina ögon
Med din goda hand
Blir det bars ljust omkring fig
Som i soligt land.

When you close my eyes
with your gentle hand
there is only light around me
like a sun-filled land.

Du i skymning vill nig
sänka,
Men alit blir till
ljus!
Du kan intee annat skänka mig
Än ljus, blort tjus.

You want to plunge me
into dusk,
but everything becomes
light!
All you can ever give me
is light, only light.

No. 2 Det blir vackert
där du går

You make
everything beautiful

Det blir vackert där du
går,
Marken, stigen, stranden
som du följer,
Allt tycks ljusna,
glädjas, allt som ser
dig.

You make everything
beautiful,
the ground, the path, the
shore where you walk,
you bring light and
gladness to everything
that sees you.

Kan väl jorden glädjas
För att någon stiger på
den,
Trampar på den, en som den
älskar?

Can the earth feel gladness
because someone is
walking on it,
trampling on it, someone
whom it loves?

Fråga inte mig.
Jag ser blott skenet, hur det
dröjer kring dig,
Svävar över marken, som
om jorden log.

Don't ask me.
I only see the glow, how it
lingers around you,
hovers above the ground, as
if the earth were smiling.

Stig på den,
Son gläds afts se dig
lycklig.
Blott info hårt, som on du
visste att du var älskad.

Tread on the one
who rejoices to see you
happy.
But not too hard, as if you
knew you were loved.

No. 3 Saliga väntan

Blessed it is to wait

Saliga väntan på dig son
skall komma,
När i din själ den kärlek kan
blomma
Som med sin eld förtärer
mig.
Satiga väntan på dig, på
dig.

Blessed it is to wait for
you who shall come
when your soul is in
bloom with the love
that consumes me with
its fire.
Blessed it is to wait for
you, for you.

Himmelen vidgas, på jorden
är stilla!
Djupt i min själ är det stilla.
Bara den eld som förtärer
mig
Stiger or djupen att söka
dig.

The sky expands, the
earth is quiet!
Deep in my soul is silence.
Only the fire that
consumes me
rises from the depths to
seek you.

Och du skall komma, de heta
brander
Bliva till blommor i dina
händer,
Till en ovansklig vår hos
mig,
Då du skall visa: Jag älskar
dig.

And you will come, my
scorching fire
will be flowers in your
hands,
for me it will be spring
everlasting,
the day you whisper: I
love you.

No. 4 Ur djupet av min
själ

From the depths of
my soul

Ur djupet av min själ
Där det är vår hos mig.
Dir blomaterängar sti.
En blomst jag giver dig,
En lilja het son blod
Men ren och vit som snö.
Den leva kan hos dig
Och den hos dig kan dö.

From the depths of my soul
where spring resides,
with its flowery meadows,
I give you a flower,
a lily as fiery as blood
but pure and white as snow.
With you it can live
and with you it can die.

När bladen bredas ut
Och deras doft dig når,
Då vet du att min själ
Som ljusa ängder står.
Den vissnar i din hand,
På juv och älskad bår.
Ett minne blott hos dig
Utav en hjärtas
vår.

When its petals unfold
their scent will reach you,
and you'll know that my soul
is like meadows of light.
It fades in your hand
on a fair and beloved bier.
For you, a memory only,
from the springtime of
my heart.

No. 5 Du är min
Afrodite

You are my
Aphrodite

Du är min Afrodite,
Den ur havet födda,
Så ljus son vågens
driva
Av skum i solen
lyftad.

You are my Aphrodite,
born of the ocean's foam,
as fair as the white
crested waves
of ocean spray in the
sunshine.

Och mitt djupa, dunkla hav,
Mitt liv, min skumma gray,
Mitt hjärtas oro, tunga
ro,
Allt som i solen ej fått
bo.

And my deep, dark ocean,
my life, my dusky grave,
my heart's unrest,
ponderous rest,
everything that never
lived in the sun.

No. 6 Som en våg

Som en våg, sköljd upp mot
stranden,
Vilar du hos mig.
När jag smeker dig med
handen
Skälver havet in i
dig.
Djupa hav, som födde
dig.

Kom intill mig, nära till mig,
Djup som blivit du.
Detta som inom dig
skälver
Är ditt hjärta ju,
Är ett mänskohjärta ju.

Like a wave

Like a wave lapping
against the shore,
you are resting with me.
When I caress you with
my hand
the ocean inside you
trembles.
The deep ocean, that
bore you.

Come to me, come close,
the deep that became you.
This thing that trembles
inside you
is your heart,
your very human heart.

Gösta Nystroem (1890-1966)

Själ och landskap (1952)

Ebba Lindqvist

I. 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.

II. 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.

III. 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.

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.

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Kindertotenlieder (1901-4)

Friedrich Rückert

Nun will die Sonn' so hell aufgeh'n

Nun will die Sonn' so hell
aufgehn,
Als sei kein Unglück die
Nacht geschehn.

Das Unglück geschah nur
mir allein,
Die Sonne, sie scheint
allgemein.

Du musst nicht die Nacht in
dir verschränken,
Musst sie ins ew'ge Licht
versenken.

Ein Lämplein verlosch in
meinem Zelt,
Heil sei dem Freudenlicht
der Welt!

Now the sun will rise as bright

Now the sun will rise as
bright,
as though no misfortune
had befallen in the night.

The misfortune befell me
alone,
the sun, it shines on all
mankind.

You must not enclose the
night within you,
you must immerse it in
eternal light.

A little lamp went out in
my firmament,
hail to the joyful light of
the world!

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

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so dunkle Flammen

Nun seh' ich wohl, warum so
dunkle Flammen
Ihr sprühet mir in manchem
Augenblicke,
O Augen, gleichsam, um voll
in einem Blicke
Zu drängen eure ganze
Macht zusammen.

Dort ahnt' ich nicht, weil Nebel
mich umschwammen,
Gewoben vom
verblendenden Geschicke,
Dass sich der Strahl bereits
zur Heimkehr schicke
Dorthin, von wannen alle
Strahlen stammen.

Ihr wolltet mir mit eurem
Leuchten sagen:
Wir möchten nah dir bleiben
gerne,
Doch ist uns das vom
Schicksal abgeschlagen.

Sieh' uns nur an, denn bald
sind wir dir ferne.
Was dir nur Augen sind in
diesen Tagen,
In künft'gen Nächten sind es
dir nur Sterne.

Wenn dein Mütterlein

Wenn dein Mütterlein
Tritt zur Tür herein,
Und den Kopf ich drehe,
Ihr entgegen sehe,
Fällt auf ihr Gesicht
Erst der Blick mir nicht,
Sondern auf die Stelle,
Näher nach der Schwelle,
Dort, wo würde dein
Lieb Gesichtchen sein,
Wenn du freudenhelle
Trätest mit herein,
Wie sonst, mein Töchterlein.

Now I see clearly why you so often

Now I see clearly why you
so often
flash such dark flames at
me,
O eyes, to compress, as it
were, all your power
into a single
glance.

Yet I could not guess, for
mists surrounded me,
woven by fate to dazzle
me,
that your brightness was
already making for home,
towards that place
whence all light comes.

With your shining light
you wished to tell me:
we'd love to stay here by
your side,
but this our destiny
denies us.

Look at us well, for soon
we shall be far away.
What now are merely
eyes to you,
in nights to come shall be
merely stars.

When your dear mother

When your dear mother
comes in through the door
and I turn my head
to look at her,
my gaze falls first,
not on her face,
but on that place
nearer the threshold
where your
dear little face would be,
if you, bright-eyed,
were entering with her,
as you used, my daughter.

Wenn dein Mütterlein
Tritt zur Tür herein
Mit der Kerze Schimmer,
Ist es mir, als immer
Kämst du mit herein,
Huschtest hinterdrein,
Als wie sonst in's Zimmer.
O du, des Vaters Zelle,
Ach, zu schnelle
Erlosch'ner
Freudenschein!

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen

Oft denk' ich, sie sind nur
ausgegangen,
Bald werden sie wieder nach
Hause gelangen,
Der Tag ist schön, o sei nicht
bang,
Sie machen nur einen weiten
Gang.

Ja wohl, sie sind nur
ausgegangen,
Und werden jetzt nach
Hause gelangen,
O sei nicht bang, der Tag ist
schön,
Sie machen nur den Gang zu
jenen Höhn.

Sie sind uns nur voraus
gegangen
Und werden nicht wieder
nach Haus verlangen.
Wir holen sie ein auf jenen
Höhn
Im Sonnenschein, der Tag
ist schön auf jenen Höhn.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Braus

In diesem Wetter, in diesem
Braus,
Nie hätt' ich gesendet die
Kinder hinaus;
Man hat sie getragen,
getragen hinaus,
Ich durfte nichts dazu
sagen.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem
Saus,
Nie hätt' ich gelassen die
Kinder hinaus,
Ich fürchtete, sie
erkranken,
Das sind nun eitle
Gedanken.

When your dear mother
comes in through the door
with the flickering candle,
I always think
you are coming too,
stealing in behind her,
as you used.
O you, the joyful light,
ah, too soon extinguished,
of your father's flesh and
blood!

I often think they have only gone out

I often think they have
only gone out,
they will soon be coming
home again,
it is a beautiful day, ah, do
not be afraid,
they have only gone for a
long walk.

Yes, they have only gone
out
and will now be coming
home again,
do not be afraid, it is a
beautiful day,
they are only walking to
those hills.

They have merely gone
on ahead of us
and will not ask to come
home again,
we shall overtake them
on those hills
in the sunshine, the day is
beautiful on those hills.

In this weather, this raging storm

In this weather, this
raging storm,
I'd never have sent the
children out;
they were carried, carried
from the house,
there was nothing I could
say.

In this weather, this
howling gale,
I'd never have let the
children out;
I feared that they would
fall ill,
these are now but idle
thoughts.

In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus, Nie hätt' ich gelassen die Kinder hinaus, Ich sorgte, sie stürben morgen, Das ist nun nicht zu besorgen.	In this weather, this dreadful blast, I'd never have let the children out; I feared they might die next day, there is no cause for such fears now.
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In diesem Wetter, in diesem Graus, Nie hätt' ich gesendet die Kinder hinaus; Man hat sie hinaus getragen; Ich durfte nichts dazu sagen.	In this weather, this dreadful blast, I'd never have sent the children out; they were carried from the house, there was nothing I could say.
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In diesem Wetter, in diesem Saus, in diesem Braus, Sie ruhn, als wie in der Mutter Haus, Von keinem Sturm erschreckt, Von Gottes Hand bedeckt, Sie ruhn wie in der Mutter Haus.	In this weather, this howling gale, this raging storm, they rest, as if in their mother's house, frightened by no storm, protected by God's hand, they rest, as if in their mother's house.
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