



CD-637 STEREO

EDVARD GRIEG

The Complete Songs • Volume 1
including *Haugtussa* and *Lullaby for Blackie*

digital



Monica Groop, mezzo-soprano • Love Derwinger, piano

A BIS original dynamics recording

GRIEG, Edvard Hagerup (1843-1907)**Seks Digte, Op.4 (WH)****11'08**

- | | | |
|---|---|------|
| 1 | I. Die Waise (<i>Text: Adelbert von Chamisso</i>) | 2'28 |
| 2 | II. Morgenthau (<i>Text: Adelbert von Chamisso</i>) | 1'21 |
| 3 | III. Abschied (<i>Text: Heinrich Heine</i>) | 2'24 |
| 4 | IV. Jägerlied (<i>Text: J. Ludwig Uhland</i>) | 0'41 |
| 5 | V. Das alte Lied (<i>Text: Heinrich Heine</i>) | 2'17 |
| 6 | VI. Wo sind sie hin? (<i>Text: Heinrich Heine</i>) | 1'32 |
-

Hjertets Melodier, Op.5 (Texts: Hans Christian Andersen) (WH)**5'53**

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------------------|------|
| 7 | I. To brune Øjne | 1'05 |
| 8 | II. Du fatter ej Bølgernes evige Gang | 1'41 |
| 9 | III. Jeg elsker dig | 1'34 |
| 10 | IV. Min Tanke er et mægtig Fjeld | 1'17 |
-

Sex Digte af Ibsen, Op.25 (Texts: Henrik Ibsen) (WH)**11'40**

- | | | |
|----|----------------------|------|
| 11 | I. Spillemand | 2'07 |
| 12 | II. En Svane | 2'00 |
| 13 | III. Stambogsrime | 1'32 |
| 14 | IV. Med en Vandlilje | 1'52 |
| 15 | V. Borte! | 1'28 |
| 16 | VI. En Fuglevis | 2'14 |

Barnlige Sange.

Fra Nordahl Rolfsens "Læsebog", Op.61

13'15

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 17 | I. Havet (<i>Text: J. Nordahl Rolfsen</i>) (<i>Peters</i>) | 1'02 |
| 18 | II. Sang til Juletræet (<i>Text: J. Krohn</i>) (<i>Norsk Musikforlag</i>) | 2'26 |
| 19 | III. Lok (<i>Text: Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson</i>) (<i>Peters</i>) | 0'46 |
| 20 | IV. Fiskevise (<i>Text: P. Dass</i>) (<i>Christiania. Brødrene Hals's Musikforlag</i>) | 1'07 |
| 21 | V. Kveld-Sang for Blakken
(<i>Text: J. Nordahl Rolfsen</i>) (<i>Christiania. Brødrene Hals's Musikforlag</i>) | 2'34 |
| 22 | VI. De norske Fjælde
(<i>Text: J. Nordahl Rolfsen</i>) (<i>Christiania. Brødrene Hals's Musikforlag</i>) | 3'29 |
| 23 | VII. Faedrelands-Salme
(<i>Text: J. Nordahl Rolfsen, after Johan Ludvig Runeberg</i>) (<i>Norsk Musikforlag</i>) | 1'26 |
-

Haugtussa, Op.67 (*Text: Arne Garborg*) (WH)

25'47

- | | | |
|----|------------------------|------|
| 24 | I. Det Syng | 3'22 |
| 25 | II. Veslemøy | 2'44 |
| 26 | III. Blåbær-Li | 2'50 |
| 27 | IV. Møte | 4'10 |
| 28 | V. Elsk | 2'29 |
| 29 | VI. Killingdans | 1'32 |
| 30 | VII. Vond dag | 2'33 |
| 31 | VIII. Ved Gætle-Bekken | 5'31 |
-

Monica Groop, mezzo-soprano

Love Derwinger, piano

It is often claimed that **Edvard Grieg's** music was at its most effective in smaller forms, and even that his world-famous *Piano Concerto* (BIS-CD-113; original version BIS-CD-619) actually consists of a series of miniature gems. This may be true, but in such a manner he takes his place in the Nordic lyric tradition, which has for over two hundred years resulted in innumerable masterpieces in the more intimate genres of songs, piano pieces and chamber music, especially violin sonatas.

Grieg's piano pieces have justifiably become popular, and if his songs have not achieved the same degree of international recognition this is primarily on account of the language barrier. He wrote about 150 songs, the vast majority of them to Norwegian words. For his two earliest collections (Op.2 and Op.4), however, he still chose German texts — and here we find occasional reminiscences of Schubert and Schumann.

The reason why Grieg wrote so many songs was his love for his cousin Nina Hagerup. In the 1860s she had studied with the Danish singing teacher Carl Helstedt, and Grieg dedicated the *Seks Digte* (Six Poems), Op.4 (1864-64) to his fiancée; nevertheless, they are not love songs. An established singer, she was the ideal interpreter of her husband's songs — but other composers, including Frederick Delius, also dedicated songs to her. Nina was to become a major source of inspiration for Grieg throughout his career as a composer. They became engaged in 1864, and nobody could have received a finer engagement present than she: the third song from *Hjertets Melodier* (The Heart's Melodies), Op.5 (1864-65), *Jeg elsker dig* (I Love You) — one of Grieg's best-known songs, written in a corresponding rush of inspiration. For this group of songs he had chosen four of Hans Christian Andersen's most beautiful poems, and here for the first time he succeeded in finding an individual melodic style. This was not realized at the time: the music was printed by a publisher in Copenhagen, but at Grieg's own expense.

In many respects the Danish fairy-tale writer Andersen was just the opposite of the Norwegian Henrik Ibsen. Grieg brought them together by including poems by both in his Op.15 group of songs (c. 1865); later on, Grieg was to use Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* as the basis of his most familiar orchestral music. Grieg was to be inspired by Ibsen's poetry on a further occasion, in spring 1876 — this time not by its burlesque aspects or its flights of fantasy but by its austerity and seriousness — in the *Ses Digte* (Six Poems) of Op.25. *En Svane* (A Swan) has become the best-known of these short, autumnal tone pictures; in highly-charged

symbolic language the text relates how life's crises can only be overcome with the aid of music.

In summer 1894 Grieg came into contact with Nordahl Rolfsen's *Læsebog* (Reader) and was commissioned to set seven of its short poems to music. The intention was for the songs to be printed in the reader, but the composer became so inspired that the songs grew in scale and their emotional range exceeded what was foreseen. For this reason Grieg also published them independently as *Barnlige Sange* (Children's Songs), Op.61.

In May 1895 Arne Garborg's *Haugtussa*, a collection of 71 poems, was published. Grieg immediately read them at Troldhaugen, his home, and found that the poems were 'already set to music — it was only a question of writing them down'. As early as mid-June he was ready with twelve settings of the poems, and in the next year he sketched others. He presumably had a more ambitious collection of songs in mind, because he delayed publication. When *Haugtussa*, Op.67, was finally printed in 1867, however, he had only approved eight of the songs — but these were among the songs which Grieg regarded as his very best. He had entered completely into the destiny of the visionary girl Veslemøy. She was deeply influenced by the landscape around Jæren in the wild south-west of Norway. After being rejected by her lover she attempts to flee from the reality of life by means of contact with nature and the powers of the underworld. Grieg was greatly affected by the nature mysticism and composed the songs in a state of great inspiration — which resulted in some of Grieg's last songs also being his very finest.

Stig Jacobsson

Monica Groop (b.1958) has in recent years become one of Finland's most highly sought-after young singers. Following her success in the 1989 Cardiff Singer of the World Competition, she has received many invitations to perform internationally; since 1989 she has sung as a soloist at the Finnish National Opera. Monica Groop received her singing diploma from the Sibelius Academy in 1985 after studies with Kerttu Metsälä-Ignatius and graduated as a Doctor of Music the following year. She has appeared as a soloist with many Finnish choirs and orchestras and has performed at the Savonlinna Opera Festival since 1986. She appears on two other BIS records.

Love Derwinger (b. 1966) studied the piano with Professor Gunnar Hallhagen in Stockholm. He made his début with Liszt's *Second Piano Concerto* at the age of 17 and has since given concerts in many countries on both sides of the Atlantic. Love Derwinger has appeared with a number of leading artists including Ingvar Wixell, Nicolai Gedda and Manuela Wiesler. He has appeared in a concert broadcast on BBC television with Håkan Hardenberger and Christian Lindberg. He has formed a duo with Roland Pöntinen. Love Derwinger appears on ten other BIS records.

Es wird häufig hervorgehoben, daß **Edvard Grieg** im Kleinformat am wirkungsvollsten war, und daß sogar sein weltberühmtes *Klavierkonzert* (BIS-CD-113, BIS-CD-619 in der Originalfassung) eigentlich aus einer Perlenreihe Miniaturen besteht. Vielleicht stimmt dies, aber dadurch steht er auch an selbstverständlicher Stelle in jener nordischen, lyrischen Tradition, die im Laufe von zweihundert Jahren unzählige Meisterwerke des intimen Formats schuf: Lieder, Klavierwerke und Kammermusik, vor allem Violinsonaten.

Grieg wird zu Recht wegen seiner Klavierstücke geliebt, und wenn die Lieder nicht denselben internationalen Ruhm erlangt haben, hat dies wohl am ehesten sprachliche Gründe. Er schrieb etwas 150 Lieder, von denen die meisten auf norwegischer Lyrik bauen. Für seine frühesten Hefte, Op.2 und 4, wählte er aber noch deutsche Texte – und hier wird man nach wie vor manchmal an Schubert und Schumann erinnert.

Der Grund dafür, daß Grieg so viele Lieder schrieb, war, daß er sich in seine Kusine Nina Hagerup verliebt hatte. Sie hatte in den 1860er Jahren beim dänischen Gesangspädagogen Carl Helstedt studiert, und Grieg widmete die *Sechs Gedichte* Op.4 (1863-64) seiner Braut – aber es sind noch keine Liebeslieder. Sie war eine anerkannte Sängerin, der ideale Interpret der Lieder ihres Gatten – aber auch beispielsweise Frederick Delius widmete ihr eine Liedsammlung. Nina wurde während Griegs ganzer Karriere seine große Inspirationsquelle. Sie verlobten sich 1864, und wer bekam denn jemals ein schöneres Verlobungsgeschenk als sie: das dritte Lied aus *Melodien des Herzens* Op.5 (1864-65), *Ich liebe Dich* – eines der bekanntesten Lieder Griegs, in einem zusammenhängenden Rausch der Eingebung entstanden. Für diese Sammlung hatte er vier der allerschönsten Gedichte H.C. Andersens ausgesucht, und es gelang ihm zum erstenmal, einen eigenen melodischen

Stil zu finden. Man verstand ihn aber trotzdem nicht – die Noten wurden zwar von einem Kopenhagener Verlag gedruckt, aber auf Griegs eigene Kosten.

Der Norweger Henrik Ibsen war in vielem das Gegenteil des dänischen Märchendichters Andersen. Bei Grieg mußten sie aber miteinander zurechtkommen – die Lieder Op.15 (um 1865) enthalten Texte von beiden, und später schuf Grieg mit Ibsens *Peer Gynt* seine bekannteste Orchestermusik (1874-75). Noch einmal, im Frühling 1876, ließ sich Grieg von Ibsens Dichten inspirieren, diesmal aber nicht für Burleskes oder Phantasiefucht, sondern von dem schroffen Ernst der **Sechs Gedichte**, die er für sein Op.25 wählte. Am bekanntesten unter diesen kurzen, herbstlichen Stimmungsbildern wurde *Ein Schwan*, wo der Text in geladener Symbolsprache erzählt, daß die Krisen des Lebens nur durch die Musik zu überwinden sind.

Im Sommer 1894 lernte Grieg das Lesebuch von Nordahl Rolfsen kennen und bekam den Auftrag, daraus sieben kleine Gedichte zu vertonen. Ursprünglich wurde beabsichtigt, die Lieder im Buch abzdrukken, aber der Komponist wurde so inspiriert, daß die Lieder an Format wuchsen und einen größeren gefühlsmäßigen Ausdruck bekamen, als eigentlich gedacht war. Darum ließ Grieg sie auch in einem eigenen Heft drucken: **Kindliche Lieder** Op.61.

Im Mai 1895 erschienen die 71 Gedichte der Sammlung *Haugtussa* von Arne Garborg. Grieg las sie gleich zu Hause auf Troidhaugen, und fand sie „bereits vertont – man mußte sie nur niederschreiben“. Mitte Juni war er schon mit zwölf Gedichten fertig, und in den folgenden Jahren skizzierte er noch einige. Vermutlich stellte er sich ein umfassenderes Werk vor, da er mit der Veröffentlichung wartete. Als **Haugtussa** Op.67 1898 endlich im Druck erschien, hatte er nur acht Lieder für gut befunden, aber es handelte sich um Lieder, die er zum Besten zählte, das er jemals gemacht hatte. Er hatte sich ganz in das Schicksal des visionären Mädchens Velsemyø eingelebt. Sie war von der Gegend um Jæren im wilden südwestlichen Norwegen geprägt. Nachdem ihr Geliebter sie verschmäht hat, versucht sie nun, der harten Wirklichkeit des Lebens durch Kontakte mit den Mächten der Natur und der Unterwelt zu entfliehen. Die Naturmystik fesselte Grieg stark, und er schrieb die Lieder in einem künstlerischen Rausch – dadurch wurden einige seiner letzten Lieder auch seine allerschönsten.

Stig Jacobsson

Monica Groop (geb.1958) ist in den letzten Jahren zu einer der gesuchtesten finnischen Sängerinnen geworden. Nach ihrem Erfolg beim Wettbewerb „Singer of the World“ in Cardiff (1989) wurde sie für Aufführungen in aller Welt eingeladen; seit 1989 singt sie auch an der Finnischen Nationaloper. Nach Studien bei Kerttu Metsälä-Ignatius graduierte Monica Groop 1985 von der Sibelius-Akademie und 1986 bekam sie die Doktorwürde verliehen. Sie ist als Solistin bei vielen finnischen Chören und Orchestern aufgetreten und singt seit 1986 an den Opernfestspielen in Savonlinna. Sie erscheint auf zwei weiteren BIS-Platten.

Love Derwinger (geboren 1966) studierte Klavier bei Prof. Gunnar Hallhagen in Stockholm. Im Alter von 17 Jahren debütierte er mit Liszts *zweitem Klavierkonzert*; seither gab er Konzerte in vielen Ländern beiderseits des Atlantiks. Er trat mit vielen führenden Künstlern auf, darunter Ingvar Wixell, Nicolai Gedda und Manuela Wiesler. Im britischen Fernsehen erschien er in einem Konzert mit Håkan Hardenberger und Christian Lindberg zusammen. Mit Roland Pöntinen gründete er ein Klavierduo, das neben reinen Duokonzerten auch Poulencs *Doppelkonzert* mit dem Belgischen Rundfunkorchester spielte und mit dem Schlagzeugensemble Kroumata auftritt. Love Derwinger ist auf zehn weiteren BIS-Platten zu hören.

On a l'habitude de rappeler qu'**Edvard Grieg** était à son meilleur dans le petit format et que même son *concerto pour piano* (BIS-CD-113 et en version originale BIS-CD-619), célèbre dans le monde entier, est en fait un chapelet de miniatures. C'est peut-être juste mais Grieg occupe une place incontestable dans la tradition lyrique nordique qui, pendant deux cents ans, produisit d'innombrables chefs-d'œuvre dans les genres plus intimes: chansons, morceaux pour piano et musique de chambre, surtout des sonates pour violon.

On a aimé Grieg bien à raison pour ses morceaux pour piano et, que les chansons n'aient pas acquis une renommée internationale aussi grande dépend plutôt de la barrière créée par la langue. Grieg écrivit environ 150 chansons et une nette majorité d'entre elles sont composées sur de la poésie norvégienne. Mais il choisit des textes allemands pour ses deux

premiers recueils, les opus 2 et 4 — on y trouve encore ici quelques réminiscences de Schubert et de Schumann.

Grieg écrivit autant de chansons parce qu'il aimait sa cousine Nina Hagerup. Dans les années 1860, elle avait étudié le chant avec le professeur danois Carl Helstedt; Grieg dédia **Seks Digte** (Six Poèmes) op.4 (1863-64) à sa fiancée — mais ce ne sont pas encore des chansons d'amour. Nina était une cantatrice reconnue et l'interprète idéale des chansons de son mari — mais Frederick Delius, par exemple, lui dédia aussi un recueil. Nina fut la grande source d'inspiration de Grieg tout au long de sa carrière créative. Ils se fiancèrent en 1864 et qui a jamais reçu un plus beau cadeau de fiançailles qu'elle: la troisième chanson tirée de **Hjertets Melodier** (Mélodies du cœur) op.5 (1864-65) *Jeg elsker dig* (Je t'aime) — une des chansons les plus connues de Grieg, conçue dans l'enivrement de l'inspiration ressentie alors. Pour cette collection, il avait choisi quatre des plus beaux poèmes de H.C. Andersen et il réussit, pour la première fois, à trouver un style mélodique qui lui soit propre. Il ne fut pourtant pas compris pour cela — certes, la musique fut imprimée chez un éditeur à Copenhague, mais aux frais de Grieg.

Le Norvégien Henrik Ibsen était en mainte chose l'opposé du conteur danois Andersen mais Grieg les réunit ici: les chansons op.15 (environ 1865) renferment des poèmes des deux auteurs; plus tard, Grieg devait composer sa musique orchestrale la mieux connue avec *Peer Gynt* (1874-75) d'Ibsen. Au printemps de 1876, Grieg devait se laisser inspirer encore une fois par la poésie d'Ibsen; cette fois, il n'était pas question de fantasmes ni d'évasion fantaisiste mais bien d'apreté et de sérieux dans les **Sex Digte** (Six Poèmes) que Grieg choisit pour son opus 25. *En Svane* (Un Cygne) est devenu le plus connu de ces courts tableaux de genre automnaux et, au moyen d'un langage symbolique chargé, le texte raconte que les crises de la vie ne peuvent être vaincues qu'à l'aide de la musique.

Pendant l'été de 1894, Grieg vint en contact avec le *Nordahl Rolfsens Læsebog* (Livre de lecture de Nordahl Rolfsen) et il fut chargé d'en choisir sept petits poèmes et de les mettre en musique. On projetait d'abord d'imprimer les chansons dans le livre de lecture mais le compositeur fut si inspiré que les chansons se multiplièrent et exprimèrent plus d'épanchement que ce qui avait d'abord été prévu. C'est pourquoi Grieg les édita dans un propre recueil: **Barnlige Sange** op.61.

Les 71 poèmes de la collection de poèmes *Haugtussa* d'Arne Garborg furent publiés en mai 1895. Grieg les lut immédiatement chez lui à Troldhaugen et il trouva que les poèmes "étaient déjà mis en musique — il ne restait plus qu'à les coucher sur du papier à musique." Il avait terminé douze poèmes à la mi-juin et il en esquissa d'autres au cours des années suivantes. Il avait probablement pensé à des arrangements plus considérables car il en retarda la publication. Quand *Haugtussa* op.67 vint sous presse en 1898, Grieg n'avait quand même ratifié que huit chansons mais il les considérait comme les meilleures qu'il ait jamais composées.

Il s'était pénétré du destin de Veslemøy, la jeune fille visionnaire. Elle était empreinte des régions avoisinant Jæren dans le sud-ouest sauvage de la Norvège. Après avoir été rejetée par son amant, elle essaie d'échapper à la dure réalité de la vie au moyen de contacts avec les forces de la nature et des Enfers. Grieg fut intensément frappé par le mysticisme de la nature et il écrivit ses chansons en proie à une ivresse artistique — c'est ainsi que quelques-unes des dernières chansons de Grieg furent aussi ses toutes meilleures.

Stig Jacobsson

Monica Groop (1958-) est devenue ces dernières années une des jeunes cantatrices les plus en demande en Finlande. Depuis son succès au Concours international de chant de Cardiff en 1989, elle reçut plusieurs invitations de partout dans le monde; depuis 1989, elle est soliste à l'Opéra National Finlandais. Monica Groop reçut son diplôme de chant à l'Académie Sibelius en 1985 après avoir étudié avec Kerttu Metsälä-Ignatius; elle devenait docteur en musique l'année suivante. Elle a chanté en soliste avec plusieurs chœurs et orchestres finlandais et s'est produite au Festival d'opéra de Savonlinna depuis 1986. Elle a enregistré deux autres disques BIS.

Love Derwinger, piano, est né en 1966 et a étudié avec le professeur Gunnar Hallhagen à Stockholm. Il fit ses débuts à l'âge de 17 ans dans le *second concerto pour piano de Liszt* et il a donné depuis des concerts dans plusieurs pays des deux côtés de l'Atlantique. Love Derwinger s'est produit avec de nombreux artistes éminents dont Ingvar Wixell, Manuela Wiesler et Nicolai Gedda, il a participé à un concert télédiffusé de la BBC avec Håkan Hardenberger et Christian Lindberg et il a formé un duo avec Roland Pöntinen. Il a enregistré sur dix autres disques BIS.

Seks Digte, Op.4

1 Die Waise (*Adelbert von Chamisso*)

Sie haben mich geheissen nach Heidelbeeren geh'n:
ich habe nach den Beeren im Walde nicht geseh'n.
Ich bin hinaus gegangen zu meiner Mutter Grab,
woauf ich mich gesetzt und viel geweinet hab'.

„Wer sitzt auf meinem Hügel, von der die Thränen sind?
Ich bin's, o liebe Mutter, ich, dein verwaistes Kind.
Wer wird hinfort mich kleiden und flechten mir das Haar?
mit Liebeswort mir schmeicheln, wie's deine Weise war?“

„Geh' hin, o liebe Tochter, und finde dich darein,
es wird dir eine Zweite, statt meiner, Mutter sein.
Sie wird das Haar dir flechten und kleiden dich hinfort,
ein Jungling wird dir schmeicheln zartem Liebeswort.“

2 Morgenthau (*Adelbert von Chamisso*)

Wir wollten mit Kosen und Lieben
geniessen der köstlichen Nacht.
Wir sind doch die Stunden geblieben
es ist ja der Hahn schon erwacht.

Die Sonne, die bringt viel Leiden,
es weinet die scheidende Nacht;
ich also muss weinen und scheiden
es ist ja die Welt schon erwacht.

Ich Wollt' es gäb' keine Sonne,
als eben dein Auge so klar.
Wir weilen in Tag und in Wonne,
und schliefe die Welt immer dar.

3 Abschied (*Heinrich Heine*)

Das gelbe Laub erzittert,
es fallen die Blätter herab
ach, Alles, was hold und lieblich,
verwelkt und sinkt in's Grab.

The Orphan

They told me to go and pick bilberries:
I did not go and look for berries in the forest.
I went to my mother's grave,
And sat down on it and wept copiously.

‘Who is sitting on my mound, and whose are the tears?
It is I, dear mother, your orphaned child.
Who will dress me now and who will braid my hair?
Who will flatter me with endearments as you were wont to do?’

‘Let it go, dear daughter, accept what has happened,
A second mother will take my place.
She will braid your hair and she will dress you,
A young man will whisper endearments to you.’

Morning Dew

We wanted with love and caresses
To enjoy the delightful night.
But where have the hours gone?
The cockerel is already awake.

The sun brings much suffering
And the parting night weeps;
And I must weep and part
For the world has already awoken.

I wish the sun did not shine,
As your bright eye shone just now.
We tarry in the day and in bliss.
And the world ever sleeps there.

Parting

The golden foliage trembles
And the leaves fall.
Oh, all that is lovely and lovable
Fades and declines into the grave.

Die Wipfel des Waldes um flimmert
ein schmerzlicher Sonnenschein;
das mögen die letzten Küsse
des scheiden den Sommers sein.

Mir ist als müsst' ich weinen
aus tiefstem Herzensgrund;
dies Bild erinnert mich wieder
an unsre Abschiedsstund.

Ich musste dich verlassen
und wusstest du stürbest bald!
Ich war der scheidende Sommer,
du warst der sterbende Wald.

4 Jägerlied (*J. Ludwig Uhland*)

Kein' bessere Lust in dieser Zeit,
als durch den Wald zu dringen,
wo Drossel singt und Habicht schreit,
wo Hirsch' und Rehe springen.

O säss' mein Lieb' im Wipfel grün,
thät wie 'ne Drossel schlagen!
O spräng es, wie ein Reh', dahin,
dass ich es könnte jagen!

5 Das alte Lied (*Heinrich Heine*)

Es war ein alter König,
sein Herz war schwer, sein Herz war grau,
der arme alte König,
er nahm eine junge Frau.

Es war ein schöner Page,
blond war sein Haupt, leicht war sein Sinn,
er trug die seidne Schleppe
der jungen Königin.

Kennst du das alte Liedchen?
Es klingt so süß, es klingt so trüb!
Sie müssten beide sterben,
sie hatten sich viel zu lieb.

On the crest of the forest glimmer
Painful rays of sunlight;
They may be the final kisses
Of the departing summer.

I feel that I must weep
From the very depths of my heart;
This image reminds me again
Of the moment of our parting.

I had to leave you
Knowing that soon you would die!
I was the parting summer,
And you were the dying forest.

Hunting Song

No greater delight at this time
Than to push into the forest
Where the thrush sings and the hawk shrieks,
Where stags and roe deer run.

If only my love were perched on the green fringe
That one might strike her like a thrush
Oh that she ran there like a roe deer
That I might chase her!

The Old Song

There was an old king,
His heart was heavy, his heart was grey,
The poor old king,
He took a young wife.

There was a handsome page,
His head was blond, his mood was gay,
He carried the silken train
Of the young queen.

Do you know the old song?
It sounds so sweet, it sounds so sad!
Both of them had to die,
They loved each other far too much.

6 Wo sind sie hin? (*Heinrich Heine*)

Es ragt in's Meer der Runenstein,
da sitz' ich mit meinen Träumen.
Es pfeift der Wind, die Möwen schrei'n,
die Wellen, die wandern und schäumen.

Ich habe geliebt manch' schönes Kind,
und manchen guten Gesellen.

Wo sind sie hin? Es pfeift der Wind,
es schäumen und wandern die Wellen.

Where are they?

The rune stone towers in the sea
And I sit there with my dreams.
The wind whistles and the gulls shriek
And the waves roll and froth.

I have loved many a lovely child
And many a good apprentice.
Where are they now? The wind whistles
And the waves froth and roll.

Hjertets Melodier, Op.5 (*Hans Christian Andersen*)

7 To brune Øjne

To brune øjne jeg nylig saa,
i dem mit Hjem og min Verden laa,
der flammed Snillet og Barnets Fred;
jeg glemmer dem aldrig i Evighed!

Two Brown Eyes

Two brown eyes I recently spied
And in them lay my home and my world
There talent flamed and peace of the child;
I shall not forget them in eternity.

8 Du fatter ej Bølgenes evige Gang

Du fatter ej Bølgenes evige Gang,
ej Aanden, som svulmer i Tonernes Klang,
ej Følelsen dybt i Blomstens Duft,
Sollysets Flamme mod Storm og Luft,
de Fugles Kvidren af Længsel og Lyst,
og tror dog, Du fatter en Digers Bryst?

Der svulmer det mer end i Bølgens Gang,
der findes jo Kilden til hver en Sang,
der vokser Blomsten med evig Duft,
der brænder det uden den kølende Luft,
der kæmpe Aander i Længsel og Lyst,
de kæmpe mot Døden dybt i hans Bryst!

You Understand Not the Eternal Beating of the Waves

You understand not the eternal beating of the waves
Nor the spirit that dwells in the sound of the notes
Nor the feeling deep in the scent of the flowers,
The flame of the sun against storm and air
The longing and lust of the twittering birds
And yet you believe that you can grasp a poet's breast?

For it swells more than the beating waves,
And is the source of every song.
The flower grows there, its scent everlasting
And there is fire with no cooling air.
Spirits struggle there, longingly, lustfully,
Fighting with death, deep in his breast.

9 Jeg elsker dig!

Min Tankes Tanke ene Du er vorden,
Du er mit Hjertes første Kærlighed,
jeg elsker Dig, som ingen her paa Jorden.
Jeg elsker Dig i Tid og Evighed!

10 Min Tanke er et mægtigt Fjeld

Min Tanke er et mægtigt Fjeld,
der over Himlene gaar;
mit Hjerte er et Hav saa dybt,
hvor Bølge mot Bølge slaar.

Og Fjeldet løfter dit Billed
højt mod Himlens blaa.
Men selv Du lever i Hjertet,
hvor dybe Brændinger gaa.

Sex Digte af Ibsen, Op.25 (Henrik Ibsen)

11 Spillemand

Til hende stod mine tanker
hver en sommerlys nat,
men vejen den bar til elven
i det duggede orekrat.

Hej, kjender du gru og sange,
kan du kogle den dejliges sind,
så i store kirker og sale
hun mener att følge dig ind!

Jeg maned den våde af dybet;
han spilled mig bent fra gud,
men da jeg var bleven hans mester,
var hun min broders brud.

I store kirker og sale
mig selv jeg spilled ind,
og fossens gru og sange
veg aldrig fra mit sind.

I Love You

You have become the thought of my thoughts.
You are the first love of my heart.
And I love you like no-one on the earth.
I love you now and for ever.

My Thought is a Mighty Mountain

My thought is a mighty mountain,
That towers above the skies;
My heart is a sea so deep
Where wave beats against wave.

And the mountain bears up your image
High against the blue sky.
But you dwell in my heart
Where the deep waves break.

Six Poems by Ibsen

Fiddler

My thoughts were of her
Every light summer night,
But the road leads to the river
By the dewy alder.

Do you feel a shudder and anguish,
Can you bewitch her lovely senses,
So that into great churches and halls
She will be minded to enter with you.

I commend forth the spirit from the deep;
He led me away from God,
But when I became his master
She became my brother's bride.

Into great churches and halls
I played myself
And the shuddering and anguish of the falls
Was never far from my mind.

12 En svane

Min hvide svane
du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille
lod sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende
alfen, som sover,
altid lyttende
gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet,
da eder og øjne
var lønlige løgne,
ja da, da lod det!

I toners föden
du slutted din bane.
Du sang i døden;
du var dog en svane!

13 Stambogsrím

Jeg kaldte dig mit lykkebud;
jeg kaldte dig min stjerne,
Du blev da også sandt for Gud.
et lykkebud der gik gik ud:
en stjerne, ja et stjernesud,
der siukned i det fjerne.

14 Med en vandlilje

Se, Marie, hvad jeg bringer;
blomsten med de hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme båren
svam den drømmetung i våren.

Vil du den til hjemmet vie,
fæst den på dit bryst Marie;
bag dens blade da sig dølge
vil en dyb og stille bølge.

A Swan

My white swan
Silent and still.
Neither form nor drill
Gives promise of your voice.

Anxiously protecting
The sprite who sleeps,
Ever listening
You glided past.

But the last meeting
When oaths and promises
Were but lies
Then, then it was heard.

In the birth of those tones
You ended your path.
You sang in death;
For you were a swan.

Album Verse

I called you my bearer of good tidings;
I called you my star.
You were sent from God.
Good tidings went forth;
A star, a cascade of stars,
That died in the distance.

With a Water Lily

Look, Marie, what I bring
The flower with its white wings.
Floating on the gentle current
Dreamily it swam in the spring.

Will you take it home
And pin it to your bosom, Marie;
Behind its petals hides
A deep and calm wave.

Vogt dig, barn for tjernets strømme,
Farligt, farligt der at drømme!
Nøkken lader som han sover;
liljer leger ovenover.

Barn, din barm er tjernets strømme.
Farligt, farligt der at drømme,
liljer leger ovenover;
nøkken lader som han sover.

15 Borte!

De sidste gæster vi fulgte till grinden;
farvellets rester tog nattevinden.
I tifold øde lå haven og huset,
hvor toner søde mig nys berused.
Det var en fest kun før natten den sorte;
hun var en gæst kun, og nu er hun borte.

16 En Fuglevisse

Vi gik en dejlig vårdag alléen op og ned;
lokkende som en gåde var det forbudne sted.
Og vestenvinden vifted, og himlen var så blå;
I linden sad en fuglemor og sang for sine små.

Jeg malte digterbilleder med legende farvespil;
brune øjne lyste og lo og lytted til.

Over os kan vi høre hvor det tisker og ler;
men vi, vi tog et smukt farvel, og mødtes aldrig mer.
Og når jeg ensom driver alléen op og ned,
så har for de fjærede små folk jeg aldrig ro og fred.

Fru sparv har siddet og lyttet, men vi troskyldigt gik,

og gjort om os en vise og sat den i musik.
Den er i fuglemunde; thi under løvets tag
hvor næbbet sanger nynner om hin lyse forårs dag.

Child, be wary of the current in the brook,
Dangerous it is to dream there!
The watersprite pretends that he is sleeping;
Lilies play above.

Child, your breast is the current of the stream.
Dangerous it is to dream there!
Lilies play above,
The watersprite pretends that he is sleeping.

Gone!

We accompanied the last guests to the gate;
The night-wind took the last farewells.
Tenfold deserted lay harbour and house,
Where, previously, the music had intoxicated me.
It was a feast just before the black night;
She was only a guest and now she is gone.

A Bird Song

On a lovely spring day we walked up and down the avenue;
The forbidden step drew me like a mystery.
And the west wind blew and the sky was blue;
In the limetree a mother-bird sat and sang for her young.

I painted poetic images with playful brushstrokes;
Two brown eyes shone and smiled and listened.

Above us we can hear twittering and merriment;
But we two took a fond farewell and never met again.
And as I wander alone up and down the avenue
I am never left in peace by the little feathered creatures.

Mistress sparrow has been sitting and listening while we
innocently walked
And she has written a poem about us and set it to music.
It is in the birds' mouth; for under the leafy roof
Every beak sings of the bright spring day.

Barnlige Sange. Fra Nordahl Rolfsens "Læsebog", Op.61

Children's Songs

17 Havet (*J. Nordahl Rolfsen*)

Skjær og ø!
Hav og sjø
stadig paa døren trommer;
losen ligger med flag paa top
udenfor døren og lukker op
for alle skibe som kommer.

Skagerak,
mange tak!
du kan vaske om kindet;
Ishav, Nordsjø, Atlanterhav!
Sne og skodde og grund og grav
er hos alle at finde.

Ud fra led,
hus og fred
seiler de norske gutter;
pløjer sjøen og passer sit,
enten havet er blaat eller hvidt;
seiler til livet slutter.

18 Sang til juletræet (*Johan Krohn*)

Du grønne, glitrende tre god dag!
Velkommen, du, som vi ser saa gjerne,
med julelys og med norske flag
og højt i toppen den blanke stjerne!
Ja, den maa skinne, for den skal minne
oss om vår Gud.

Den første jul, i et fremmed land,
sin store stjerne Vorherre tendte;
den skulle vise vor jord, at han
den lille Jesus til verden sendte.
I stjernelansen gik engledansen
om Betlehem.

The Sea

Rocks and islands!
Sea and waves
Drum ever on the door;
The pilot is there with his flag raised
Outside the door and he unlocks it
For all the visiting ships.

Skagerak,
Many thanks!
You can wash your cheeks;
Arctic Ocean, North Sea, Atlantic!
Snow and fog and shoal and grave
Can be found in all of them.

Out from the channel
From home and from peace
They sail, Norwegian lads
Ploughing the sea and keeping watch
Whether the sea be blue or white;
Sailing until the end.

Song to the Christmas Tree

You green and glittering tree, good morning!
Welcome to you whom we love to see
With candles and the Norwegian flag
And on the top the shiny star!
Yes, let it shine, for it shall remind us
Of our God.

That first Christmas in a foreign land,
Our Lord lit his mighty star;
It was to show the earth that He
Sent the baby Jesus to the world.
By the light of the stars the angelic dance
Went round Bethlehem.

Om Jesusbarnet fortalte mor
saa mangen aften vi satt her hjemme;
vi kann hans bud og hans milde ord,
vi vet, at aldrig vi dem maa glemme.
Naar stjernen skinner, om ham oss minner
vort juletre!

19 Lok (*Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson*)

Kom, bukken til gutten,
kom, kalven til mor,
kom, mjauende katten
i snehvide skor,
om, andunger gule,
kom frem ifra skjulet,
kom, kyllinger smaa
som neppe kan gaa,
kom duerne mine
med fjærene fine!
Se græset er vaadt;
men solen gjør godt,
og tidlig, tidlig
er det paa sommern,
men rop paa hosten, saa kommer'n.

20 Fiskervise (*P. Dass*)

Det hænder vel ofte,
du kaster fra tofte
dit snøre fra bord,
men har ikke lykke
til flyndren at rykke
med angel og snor.
Ti flyndren, som laksen,
hun bider ei straksen,
er heller lidt sen.
Jeg kjender de drenge
som siddet har længe,
fik aldrig et ben.

Mother told us about the Jesus child
On so many evenings as we sat at home;
We know this message and his gentle words,
We know that we shall never forget them.
When the star shines, our Christmas tree
Reminds us of Him.

Call

Come goat to the lad,
Come calf to mother,
Come miewing cat
With snow-white shoes,
Come yellow ducklings,
Come out of the shed,
Come little kids
That can scarcely walk,
Come my doves
With your pretty feathers!
See, the grass is wet;
But the sun is warm
And it's early, so early
In the summer,
But call for autumn and it'll come.

Fisherman's Song

It is often the case
That from your bench you cast
Your line overboard
But do not have the joy
Of drawing up a flounder
On your hook and line.
For flounder and salmon
Do not bite straight away,
Preferring to wait.
I know lads
Who have sat for ages
And caught nothing at all.

Naar snøret er runden
og sænket til bunden,
staar lykken hos Gud.
Han giver ei skarnet;
kast derfor kun garnet
i Jesu navn ud!

Gud signe din engel,
at ei den har mangel
paa torsk eller skrei!
Og gid han maa føre
til dig og dit snøre
den levrede sei!

[21] Kveld-sang for Blakken (*J. Nordahl Rolfsen*)

Fola, fola, Blakken!
Nu er Blakken god og træt;
Blakken skall bli god og mæd;
fola, fola, Blakken!
Uf, den leie bakken
og den lange, stygge hei!
Den var rigtig dryg for dig,
du gamle, gamle Blakken.

Får han kasted frakken;
Blakken kan ei kaste sin,
svetter i det gamle skind,
den snilde, snilde, Blakken.
Snart skall Blakken sove,
Ikke mere slit i dag,
ikke mere sælegnag!
Og ikke mere traave!

Fola, fola, Blakken!
Gaar du ind i stalden din,
kommer vesle gutten ind
og klapper dig paa nakken.
Ser du gutten smile?
hører du det bud han har?
Han skal hilse dig fra far:
I morgen skal du hvile.

When the line is played out
And has sunk to the bottom
Success is in God's hands.
He does not give just anything;
So cast out your line
In Jesus' name!

God bless your hook
That it may not lack
Cod in shoals!
And may he lead
To you and your line
The lively sei.

Lullaby for Blackie

Come, come Blackie!
Now Blackie is very tired;
Blackie shall eat his fill;
Come, come Blackie!
Up the steep hill
And the broad, tiring heath!
Almost too much for you,
You old, old Blackie.

Father threw off his coat;
Blackie cannot throw his off,
Sweats inside his old skin,
Dear old Blackie.
Soon Blackie will sleep,
No more work today,
No more harness!
And no more pulling!

Come, come Blackie!
Go into your box
And the little lad will come
And stroke you on the neck.
Do you see the lad smile?
Do you hear his message?
He is to tell you from father:
Tomorrow you shall rest.

Drøm om det, du Blakken:
Bare æde, bare staa,
kanske rundt paa tunet gaa
med veslegut paa nakken.

22 De norske fjelde (*J. Nordahl Rolfsen*)

Ifald du følger mig over heien,
saa skal jeg vise dig sæterveien,
saa skal vi fare i fjeldet ind,
hvor solen gylder den hvide tind.

Vi har saa lidet af agerflekker,
og mere er det som skogen dækker;
men fjeldet dækker nog aller mest
i nord og sø og især i vest.

I Gudbrandsdalene først vi frister;
der vokser furu paa høje rister;
der faar vi krabbe os fod for fod;
saa har vi Rondane midt imod.

Og nord paa Dovre, paa vide vidder,
der er det Snehæta mægtig sidder;
hun sidder rumt paa sin dronningstol,
og hun har svøbt sig i sne og sol.

Men vil du vide, hvor bedst du finder
de fagre flyer, de fine tinder,
saa følg mig ind under Jotunfjeld
en rigtig skinnende sommerkveld.

Da skal vi sidde ved Glitretinden,
hvor skodden viger saa smaat for vinden;
da skal det hviske i hjertet dit:
"Aa nei, aa nei! aa er dette mit?"

23 Fædrelands-Salme (*J. Nordahl Rolfsen after Johan Ludvig Runeberg*) **Patriotic Hymn**

Du Herre som er sterk og stor,
du verge vore fædres jord!
Vær du vort skjold i fred og strid,
i sorgens og i glædens tid.

Dream about it Blackie:
Just eating and resting
And perhaps a walk around the place
With the lad on your neck.

The Norwegian Mountains

If you follow me over the heath,
I shall show you the summer path.
And we shall go up into the mountains
Where the sun gilds the white tops.

We have so few fields
For the forests cover much land;
But the mountains take up even more
To the north and south and specially to the west.

In Gudbrandsdal we trek first;
Where spruces grow on the high slopes;
There we climb, step by step;
And we are opposite Rondane.

And north on Dovre, on the wide spaces,
Where Snehæta mightily sits;
She sits there on her queenly throne,
And she has wrapped herself in snow and sunshine.

But if you would know where to find
The loveliest slopes, the finest peaks,
Follow me in beneath Jotunfjeld
On a bright summer's evening.

Then we shall sit at Glitretind
Where the mist is driven away by the wind;
Then it will whisper in your heart:
'Oh no, oh no! Oh is this mine?'

Her ser vi hvad oss huger bedst,
her har vi hvad vi elsker mest.
Det land ei findes, fjært og nær,
som er for oss hvad dette er.

Ja skjerm, o Gud, vort kjære land
fra fjeld til fjeld, fra strand til strand.
Sænk over det din milde vagt
lik morgendugg på engen lagt.

Haugtussa, Op.67 (Arne Garborg)

24 Det Syng

A veit du den Draum og veit du den Song,
so vil du Tonarne göyma;
og gilja det for deg so mang ein Gong,
rett aldri so kan du det glöyma.
hildrande du! med meg skal du bu,
i Blåhaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

Du skal ikkje fiela den mjuke Nott,
då Draumen slær ut sine Vengjer
i linnare Ljos en Dagen hev att,
og Tonar på mjukare Strengjer.
Det voggar um Li, det svævest av Strid,
og Dagen ei kjenner den Sæle Tid.

Du skal ikkje ræddas den Elskhug vill,
som syndar og græt og gløymer;
hans Famn er heit og hans Hug er mild
og Bjønner arge han tøymer.
hildrande du! med meg skal du bu,
i Blåhaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

25 Veslemøy

Ho er mager og myrk og mjå
med brune og reine Drag
og Augo djupe og grå
og stilslegt, drøymande Lag.

Here we see what we feel for most,
Here is what we love most.
There is no country near or far
That means to us what this means.

Protect, o God, our country dear
From peak to peak, from shore to shore.
Lay upon it your gentle guard
Like morning dew on the meadow.

Singing

Oh if you know the dream and know the song
You will want to hide the notes;
And if it bewitches you so many times
You will never forget it.
O magical you! With me you shall live,
On Blåhaugen you will spin your silver.

You shall not fear the mild night,
When dreams spread out their wings
In a milder light than that of day
And notes on softer strings.
The hill is cradled, strife is dampened
And the day does not know this time of bliss.

You shall not fear what love desires
Which sins and weeps and forgets;
Its embrace is hot and its temper is mild
And it tames the angry bear.
O magical you! With me you shall live
On Blåhaugen you shall spin your silver.

The Little Maid

She is thin and dark and slender
With brown and clear features
And eyes that are deep and grey
And a calm dreamy nature.

Det er som det halvt um halvt
låg ein Svevn yver heile ho;
i Rørsle, Tale og alt
ho hev denne døyvde Ro.

Under Panna fager, men låg
lyser Augo som bak ein Eim;
det er som dei strande såg
langt inn i ein annan Heim.

Berre Barmen gjeng sprengd og tung
og det bivrar um Munnen bleik.
Ho er skjelvande sped og veik
midti i det ho er ven og ung.

26 Blåbaer-Li

Nei sjå, kor det blåner her!
No ma me roa oss, Kyra!
nei, slike fine Bær,
og dei, som det berre kryr a!
Nei Maken eg hev kje set!
Sumt godt her er då tilfjells.
No vil eg eta meg mett,
her vil eg vera til Kvelds.

Men kom no den Bjønnen stor!
Her fekk bli Rom åt oss bæe.
Eg torde kje seia eit Ord
til slik ein røsjeleg Våe.
Eg sa berre ver so god!
No må du kje vera bijug!
Eg et deg so væl i Ro;
ta for deg etter din Hug.

Men var det den Reven rau,
so skuld' han få smaka Staven;
eg skulde banke han dau,
um so han var Bror til Paven.
Sligt skarve, harmelegt Sleng!
Han stel både Kje og Lam.
Men endå so fin han gjeng,
hev korkje Agg hell Skam.

It is as if, half and half,
A sleep lay upon her.
Her bearing, her voice, everything
Expresses a gentle peace.

Beneath her forehead, pretty but low
Her eyes shine as through steam,
As though they gazingly saw
Far beyond to another world.

But her breast is tense and heavy
And her pale mouth quivers.
She is shiveringly thin and weak
While still so fair and young.

Bilberry Slopes

Look how blue it is here!
Now we shall rest ourselves, cattle!
Oh, what fine berries
And such an abundance of them.
No, I have never seen anything like it!
How good it is here in the mountains.
Now I shall eat my fill;
Here I would stay until evening.

But if the big bear appeared!
There would have to be room for us both.
I would not dare say a word
To such a terrible beast.
I would say: 'berries; please have some!'
Do not be shy,
I will leave you in peace;
Please take whatever you want.'

But were it the red fox,
He would taste my stick;
I would beat him to death,
Though he were the Pope's brother.
Such a despicable, awful devil,
He takes both kids and lambs.
But yet he walks so proudly
Lacking regrets or shame.

Men var det den stygge Skrubb,
so arg og so hol som Futen,
eg tog mek ein Bjørkekubb
og gav han ein god på Snuten.
Han reiv sund Sauer og Lamm
for Mor mi så trådt og tidt;
ja sant! um han berre kom,
skuld' han so visst få sitt.

Men var det den snilde Gut,
der burte frå Skare-Brote,
han fekk vel ein på sin Trut,
men helst på ein annan Måte.
Å Töv, kva tenkjer eg på!
Det lid nok på Dagen alt.
Eg må til Buskapen sjå;
ho "Dokka" drøymer um Salt.

27 Møte

Ho sit ein Sunday lengtande i Li,
det strøymer på med desse søte Tankar,
og Hjerta fullt og tungt i Barmen bankar,
og Draumen vaknar, bivrande og blid.
Då gieng det som ei Hildring yver Nuten;
ho raudner heit; der kjem den vene Guten.

Burt vil ho göyma seg i Örska brå,
men stoggar tryllt og Augo mot han vender;
dei tek einannan i dei varme Hender
og stend so der og veit seg inkje Råd.
Då bryt ho ut i dette Undringsord:
"Men snille deg då... at du er så stor!"

Og som det lid til svalde Kveldings Stund,
alt meir og meir i Lengt dei saman søkjer,
og brådt um Hals den unge Arm seg krökjer
og øvre skjelv dei saman Munn mot Munn.
Alt svimrar burt. Og der i Kvelden varm
i heite Sæle søv ho i hans Arm.

But were it the wicked wolf,
As angry and mean as the bailiff,
I would take a birch club
And hit him hard on the jaw.
He is always destroying
My mother's sheep and lambs.
Yes indeed! If he would only come
He would receive his just reward.

But were it the nice lad
Who comes from Skare-Brote,
He would get one on the mouth
But preferably in a different way.
How silly, what am I thinking of!
The day is progressing...
I must go to the cattle
For 'Dokka' is dreaming of salt.

Meeting

She sits on Sunday on the hill
Filled with all these delightful thoughts,
And her full heart beats in her bosom
And a dream wakens, trembling and mild.
Then it is as though there was an apparition on the mountain;
She blushes; the handsome youth appears.

She would hide herself in her perplexity
But remains bewitched and turn her gaze towards him;
They grasp each other's warm hands
And stand there and know not what to do.
Then she exclaims in wonder:
'But you have grown so tall!'

And as the cool evening approaches
Ever more longingly they seek each other
And with young arms they suddenly embrace
And trembling mouth meets mouth.
Everything faints away. And in the warm evening
In pure bliss she sleeps in his arms.

28 Elsk

Den galne Guten min Hug hev dåra,
eg fangen sit som ein Fugl i Snåra;
den galne Guten, han gjeng so baus;
han veit, at Fuglien vil aldri laus.

Å gjev du batt med Bast og Bende,
å gjev du batt meg, so Bandi brende!
Å gjev du drog meg so fast til deg,
at heile Verdi kom burt for meg!

Ja kund' eg trola og kund' eg hekka,
eg vilde inn i den Guten veksa,
eg vilde veksa meg i deg inn
og vera berre hos Guten min.

Å du, som bur meg i Hjärta inne,
du Magti fekk yver alt mit Minne
kvart vesle Hugsviv som framum dreg,
det berre kviskrar um deg.

Um Soli lyser på Himlen blanke,
no ser hon deg, det er all min Tanke;
um Dagen dovnar og Skoming fell:
skal tru han tenkjer på meg i Kveld?

29 Killingdans

Å hipp og hoppe og tipp og toppe på denne Dag;
å nipp og nappe og tripp og trappe i slikt eit Lag.
Og er Kjæl-i-Sol, og det er Spel-i-Sol,
og det er Titr-i-Li, og det er Glitr-i-Li
og det er Kjæte og Lurveløte ein Solskins dag.

Å nupp i Nakken, og stup i Bakken og tipp på Tå;
å rekk i Ringen og svipp i Svingen og hopp-i-hå.
Og det er Sleik-i-Sol, og det er Leik-i-Sol,
og det er Glim-i-Li, og det er Stim-i-Li,
og det er Kvitter og Bekkje-Glitter og lognt i Krå.

Å trapp og tralle, og Puff i Skalle, den ska du ha!
Og snipp og snute, og Kyss på Trute, den kan du ta.
Og det er Rull-i-Ring, og det er Sull-i-Sving,
og det er Lett-på-Tå og det er Sprett-på-Tå,
og det er heisan og det er hoppсан og tralala!

Love

The wild lad has fooled my fancy
I am fast like a bird in a snare;
The wild lad walks so proudly;
He knows that the bird will never flee.

And should you bind me tight with cords
So tight that the cords burn.
And should you draw me so tight to you
That all the world disappeared.

If I knew how to do spells and magic
I would grow within the lad.
I would grow into you
And just be with my lad.

Oh you who bear me within your heart,
You have power over my will;
Each little memory that comes to mind
It only whispers of you.

When the sun shines in the sky
She looks at you, such is my thought;
When the day grows weary and dusk falls:
Will he be thinking of me this evening?

Kid's Dance

O skip and hop and trip and trop today;
O nip and nap and trip and trap in such a way.
And it's love in the sun and it's play in the sun
And it's song on the hill and it's bong on the hill
And it's longing and suchlike a sunny day.

And it's nip in the neck and fall down and tiptoe:
And in the ring and in the swing and hop and ho!
And it's fun in the sun and it's play in the sun,
And it's glimmering and it's stimmering
And it's twittering and glittering and peace in the corner.

And it's step and stop and a bang on the head for you.
And it's snip and snap and a kiss on the lips for you.
And it's roll in the ring and it's sing and it's swing
And up on our toes and spread your feet
And heigh and ho and tralala.

30 Vond Dag

Ho reknar Dag og Stund og seine Kveld
til Sunday kjem; han hev so trufast lova,
at um det regnde Småstein yver Fjell,
so skal dei finnast der i "Gjætarstova"
Men Sunday kjem og gjeng med Regn og Rusk;
ho eismal sit og graet attunder Busk.
Som Fuglen, såråd under varme Veng
so Blode tippar lik den heite Tåre,
ho dreg seg sjuk og skjelvande i Seng,
og vrid seg Notti lang i Gråten såre.
Det slit i Hjarta og det brenn på Kinn.
No må ho døy; ho miste Guten sin.

31 Ved Gjøtle-Bekken

Du surlande Bekk, du kurlande Bekk,
her ligg du og kosar deg varm og klår.
Og sprytar deg rein og glid yver Stein,
og sullar so godt og mullar so smått
og glitrar i Soli med mjuke Bår.
Å, her vil eg kvila, kvila.

Du tiklande Bekk, du siklande Bekk,
her gjeng du so glad i den ljose Li.
Med Klukk og med Klukk, med Song og med Sukk,
med Sus og med Dus gjenom lauvbygd Hus,
med underlegt Svall og med Svøveng blid.
Å, her vil eg drøyma, drøyma.

Du hullande Bekk, du sullande Bekk,
her fekk du Seng under Mosen mjuk.
Her drøymer du kurt og gløymer deg burt
og kviskrar og kved i den store Fred
med Svaling for Hugsott og Lengting sjuk.
Å, her vil eg minnst, minnst.

Du vildrande Bekk, du silrande Bekk,
kva tenkte du alt på din lange Veg?
Gjenom augde Rom? millom Busk og Blom?
Når i Jord du smatt, når du fann deg att?
Tru nokon du såg so eismal som eg.
Å, her vil eg gløyma, gløyma.

Unhappy Day

She reckons the days and hours and late evenings
Till Sunday shall come; he had so steadfastly promised
That even if it rained pebbles on the mountain
They would still meet in 'Gjætarstova'.
But Sunday comes and goes with rain and storm;
She sits alone and weeps beneath a bush.
Like a bird, wounded beneath its warm wing
So that blood drips like hot tears
She creeps to bed, shivering and ill
And tosses all night, weeping bitter tears.
Her heart is torn and her cheeks burn.
Now she must die; she has lost her young man.

At the Gjøtle Brook

You chattering brook, you gurgling brook
Here you lie keeping warm and clear
And you wash yourself clean and run over stones
And you take it easy and gently hum
And shine in the sunlight with gentle ripples.
'Oh here will I rest, will rest.'

You singing brook, you swinging brook,
You wander so joyfully on the hillside.
With clucking and clinking, with singing and sighing
With riots and revels in the leafy house,
With wondrous chatter and peaceful sleep.
Oh here will I dream, will dream.

You humming brook, you tinkling brook,
Here is your bed 'neath the soft moss.
Here your dreams are short and you forget
And whisper and sing in great peacefulness
With balm for cares and sickly longing.
Here I will recall, will recall.

You scurrying brook, you swirling brook
What did you think about on your long journey?
Through barren places? Between bushes and blooms?
When you have tasted earth; when you have found yourself?
Was anyone quite as alone as me?
Here I will forget, will forget.

Du tislande Bekk, du rislande Bekk,
du leikar i Lund, du sullar i Ro.
Og smiler mot Sol og lær i dit Skjøl
og vandrar so langt og lærer so mangt...
å syng kje um det, som eg tenkjer no.
Å, lat meg få blunda, blunda.

You hurrying brook, you scurrying brook,
You play in the meadow, you laze in peace.
And smile at the sun and laugh in your shelter
And wander so far and learn so much
And sing not of that which I am thinking now.
Oh let me shut my eyes, shut my eyes.

INSTRUMENTARIUM

Grand Piano: Steinway D

Recording data: 1993-08-13/15 at Järvenpää Concert Hall, Finland

Recording engineer: Robert von Bahr

2 Neumann U89 and 2 Neumann KM130 microphones; microphone amplifier by Didrik De Geer,
Stockholm; Fostex D-20 DAT recorder

Producer: Robert von Bahr

Digital editing: Jeffrey Ginn

Cover text: Stig Jacobsson

English translation: Andrew Barnett

German translation: Per Skans

French translation: Arlette Lemieux-Chené

Typesetting, lay-out: Kyllikki & Andrew Barnett, Compact Design Ltd.

Colour origination: Studio 90 Ltd., Leeds, England

BIS recordings can be ordered from our distributors worldwide.
If we have no representation in your country, please contact:
BIS Records AB, Stationsvägen 20, SE-184 50 Åkersberga, Sweden
Tel.: +46 8 544 102 30 Fax: +46 8 544 102 40
info@bis.se www.bis.se

© & © 1993, BIS Records AB



Monica Groop and Love Derwinger