**Text and translations for Sounding North  
Carice Singers at Oxford Lieder Festival 2018**

Programme

ICE  
Icelandic hymn (arr. Þorkell Sigurbjörnsson) – Heyr himna smiður  
NOR  
Edvard Grieg (1843-1907) – 4 Psalmer (4 Psalms), I. Hvad est du dog skjøn   
FIN  
Jean Sibelius (1865-1957) – Rakastava  
NOR  
Folk song from Vågå, Norway (arr. Eyvind Alnæs) – Jeg lagde mig så sildig  
FIN

Kaija Saariaho (b. 1952) – Nuits, Adieux  
SWE  
Whilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927) – Tre Körvisor (Three choral songs), I. September  
FIN  
Toivo Kuula (1883-1918) – Nuku  
DAN  
Per Nørgård (b. 1932) – Maya Danser  
FIN

Matthew Whittall (b. 1975) – Lauantaisauna  
SWE  
Karin Rehnqvist (b. 1957) – I Himmelen

Based on a Swedish folk chorale from Skattungbyn

Texts and translations

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| **Original language** | **English Translation** |
| **Heyr, himna smiður** [ICE]  Heyr himna smiður hvers skáldið biður. Komi mjúk til mín miskunnin þín. Því heit eg á þig, þú hefur skaptan mig. Eg er þrællinn þinn, þú ert Dróttinn minn.  Guð, heit eg á þig að þú græðir mig, minnst, mildingur mín, mest þurfum þín. Ryð þú, röðla gramur, ríklyndur og framur, hölds hverri sorg úr hjarta borg.  Gæt, mildingur, mín mest þurfum þín helst hverja stund á hölða grund. Set, meyjar mögur, málsefni fögur, öll er hjálp af þér, í hjarta mér.  Kolbeinn Tumason (1173-1207) | **Hear, smith of the heavens**  Hear, smith of the heavens, what the poet asks. May softly come unto me thy mercy. So I call on thee, for thou hast created me. I am thy slave, thou art my Lord.  God, I call on thee to heal me. Remember me, mild one, most we need thee. Drive out, O king of suns, generous and great, human every sorrow  from the city of the heart.  Watch over me, mild one, most we need thee, truly every moment in the world of men. Send us, son of the virgin, good causes, all aid is from thee, in my heart. |
| **Hvad est du dog skjøn** [NOR]Hvad est du dog skjøn,  Ja skøn, ja skøn Du allerlifligste Guds Søn! O du min Sulmait, Sulamit, Ja mit, ja mit, Alt, hvad jeg har er også dit.  Min Ven, du est min, Ja min, ja min; Så lad mig altid være din! Ja, evig vist, evig vist, Ja vist, ja vist! Du min skal blive her og hist.  Men tænk, jeg er her, Ja her, ja her; Iblandt så mange dragne Sværd! O så kom, Due! Kom Due! Ja kom, ja kom! I Klippens Rif er Ro og Rum.   Hans Adolf Brorson (1694-1764) | **How fair is Thy face** How fair is Thy face,  yea fair, yea fair Thou Son of God, Thou Prince of Grace! O Thou my Shulamite, sweet and kind,  yea kind, yea kind, All that I have is also Thine.  My Friend, Thou art mine,  yea mine, yea mine, For evermore let me be Thine. Thou canst me save, yea save yea save, yea save! Both here on earth and beyond the grave.  Remember my plight, yea plight, yea plight, yea plight; Around me hostile swords flash bright.  Fly hither, Dove of Grace apace, yea come, yea come! Among the rocks are peace and space  Translation by Percy Grainger |
| **Rakastava** [FIN]  Miss' on, kussa minun hyväni,  miss' asuvi armahani,  missä istuvi iloni,  kulla maalla marjaseni?  Ei kuulu ääntävän ahoilla,  lyövän leikkiä lehoissa,  ei kuulu saloilta soitto,  kukunta ei kunnahilta.  Oisko armas astumassa  marjani matelemassa,  oma kulta kulkemassa,  valkia vaeltamassa;  Toisin torveni puhuisi,  vaaran rinnat vastoaisi,  saisi salot sanelemista,  joka kumpu kukkumista,  lehot leikkiä pitäisi,  ahot ainaista iloa.  Täst' on kulta kulkenunna,  täst' on mennyt mielitietty,  tästä armas astununna,  valkia vaeltanunna;  täss' on astunut aholla,  tuoss' on istunut kivellä.  Kivi on paljo kirkkahampi,  paasi toistansa parempi  kangas kahta kaunihimpi,  lehto viittä lempiämpi,  korpi kuutta kukkahampi,  koko metsä mieluisampi,  tuon on kultani kulusta,  armahani astunnasta.  Hyvää iltaa lintuseni,  hyvää iltaa kultaseni,  hyvää iltaa nyt minun oma armahani!  Tanssi, tanssi lintuseni,  tanssi, tanssi kultaseni,  tanssi, tanssi nyt minun oma armahani!  Seiso, seiso lintuseni,  Seiso, seiso kultaseni,  Seiso, seiso nyt minun oma armahani!  Anna kättä lintuseni,  anna kättä kultaseni,  anna kättä nyt minun oma armahani!  Käsi kaulaan lintuseni,  käsi kaulaan kultaseni,  halausta kultaseni,  halausta nyt minun oma armahani!  Suuta, suuta lintuseni,  suuta, suuta kultaseni,  halausta lintuseni,  halausta nyt minun oma armahani!  Suuta, sutta, minun oma armahani!  Jää hyvästi lintuseni,  jää hyvästi kultaseni,  jää hyvästi lintuseni,  jää hyvästi nyt minun oma armahani!  Kanteletar (Finnish folk epic) | **The Lover**  Where is she, where is my darling, where dwells she now, my dearest? Where does she sit, my heart’s delight, in what land, my honey flower? Now nothing moves in the meadowlands, no-one plays in the pine woods, No voice is heard in the valley, No cuckoo calls from the valley. Does my sweetheart weary wander? Where does she walk by the water? Where are you my own beloved, Travelling untrodden paths? Loud my horn I will blow once more, Loud the hills will echo in answer, Till the message reaches the marshes. Were she here my horn would speak Till the treetops trembled, Every meadow awakened.  Here my darling has walked,  Here my true love has trodden, Here my sweetheart has stood, Here wearily wandered. Here she moved in the meadowland, There the rock where she rested, The rock much finer, much brighter, Better than other rocks, Heather twice as fragrant for her,  Woodland seems five times more leafy, Meadows far more full of flowers, All the forest far fairer Where my fair one’s foot has trodden, Where my darling one has walked.  So good evening, pretty birdling, So good evening, my honey flower, So good evening now, my own beloved! Dance, O dance my pretty birdling, Dance, O dance my honey flower, Dance, O dance now my own beloved! Stop, O stop my pretty birdling, Stop, O stop my honey flower, Stop, O stop now my own beloved! Give your hand, my pretty birdling,  Give your hand, my honey flower, Give your hand, my own beloved!  Hold me so, my pretty birdling,  Hold me so, my honey flower,  And embrace me, honey flower, And embrace me now my own beloved! Kiss me, kiss me pretty birdling Kiss me, kiss me my honey flower, And embrace me, pretty birdling. And embrace me now, my own beloved!  Kiss me, kiss me my own beloved,  Now Farewell, my pretty birdling, Now Farewell, my honey flower, Now Farewell, my pretty birdling, Now Farewell to you, my own beloved!  English Translation © Copyright Ondine |
| **Jeg ladge meg så sildig** [NOR]  Jeg lagde meg så sildig alt sent om en kveld,  jeg visste ingen kvide til at have;  så kom der da bud ifra kjæresten min, jeg måtte til henne vel fare. Ingen har jeg elsket over henne.  Så ganger jeg meg ut i høyen loft, som jeg pleiet van til at gjøre; der stander de jomfruer alt uti flokk og kleder min kjærest til døde. Ingen har jeg elsket over henne.  Så gikk jeg meg ut på grønne eng, der hørte jeg de klokker at ringe; ei annet jeg visste, ei annet jeg fornam, enn hjertet i stykker vilde springe. Ingen har jeg elsket over henne! | **I lay down so late**  Late one evening I lay myself down, Not a worry in the world was on me. I received word from my true love And to her I did go. No one have I ever loved like her.  I climbed to the loft, so high, like so many times before. There I saw a flock of maidens draping my love in funeral robes. No one have I ever loved like her.  I went into the green meadow where I heard the bells chiming. All I knew, and all that I could feel Was my heart, breaking in my chest. No one have I ever loved like her.  English translation Richard Hugh Peel |
| **Nuits, Adieux** [FR]  Dans l’air  s’arrache  de la terre  au noir la lumière et la crache  dans l’air  la nuit rêche jusqu’aux bords  des arbres   dans la terre  ... Nuit tu es venue les lumières ont poussé sur  les herbes, les pentes vidées de  lumière, les lumières  sont  devenues sombres ...  dans l’herbe  s’attachent  de la terre  au noir les grains les vagues  de la lumière  et les crachent dans l’herbe la nuit réelle jus- qu’au bord  des arbres sous la terre ...  Nuit, c’est cela chevelure  de noir reverend la lumiére n’est  que pour le définir  ainsi la nuit première pécéda le jour  Jacques Rouband, *Échanges de la lumiére*  Adieu, granit, tu deviendras fleur; adieu, fleur, tu deviendras colombe; adieu, colombe, tu seras femme; adieu femme, tu seras souffrance; adieu, homme, tu seras croyance; adieu, vous qui serez tout amour et prière.  Honoré de Balzac, *Sèraphîta* | **Nights, Farewell**  In the air the light flies out of the ground  into the darkness and spite it into the air. Night harsh in the ground up to the edge of the trees.  ... Night you have come, Lights have advanced over the grass, the slopes devoid of light, the lights have become dark    ...  In the grass seed, waves of light cling to the earth in the darkness and spit them out onto the grass, deep night up to the edge of the trees beneath the ground  ...  That’s what night is: a dark holy head of hair. The light is only to define it. Thus the first night gave way to day.  English translation © Copyright BBC  Farewell granite, you will become a flower; farewell flower, you will become a dove; farewell dove, you will become a woman; farewell woman, you will become pain; farewell man, you will become belief; farewell, you who will be all love and prayer.  English translation © Copyright BBC |
| **September** [DAN]  Alle de voksende skygger Har vævet sig sammen til en. Ensom på himmelen lyser en Stjærne så strålende ren. Skyerne have så tunge drømme, blomsterners øjne i duggråd svømme, underligt aftenviden suser i linden.  Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847-1885) | **September**  All the growing shadows have woven themselves into one. Alone in the sky shines a star so bright and pure. The clouds have so heavy dreams, dew flows from flowers’ eyes, and strangely sings the evening breeze sings in the linden tree. |
| **Nuku** [FIN]  Nuku, pieni lintusen’, kaino metsän kukkanen! Kaikk’on hiljaista, päivä maillensa laskeuu.  Nuku, lapsi äidin helmassa! Nuku, vanhaus, haudan reunala! Nuku, sairas,  sä, jonka elämä katkaistaan!  Nuku, sinä, joka uupuen uinumaan käyt rauhaa rukoilen! Sulje, sulje itkevä, silmä, silmä, sinervä umpehen!  Nuku, sydän sykkivä, keveästi tykkivä! Uinu unelmiin  suuriin, yleviin, onnekas!  Helmi Maria Selin (1874-1918) | **Sleep**  Sleep, O my little bird, my shy flower of the forest! All is quiet, all is still, day is drawing to a close.  Sleep, child, in thy mother’s lap! Sleep, ancient one, by the graveside! Sleep, sick man whose life is abruptly ended!  Sleep, thou who layest thee down to sleep praying for peace! Close, O close those weeping eyes, close thy blue eyes!  Sleep, O my beating heart, softly pulsing, Sleep in grand dreams, In noble dreams, thou happy one!  English translation Jaakko Mäntyjärvi |
| **Maya Danser** [DAN]  Se, Maya star så ene skønt hun har en mand. Er, da en blomst alene I sin blomsterstand? Hun finder ingen glæde under hjertets skat. Hør evigheden summer om os denne nat!  Sorgen, sorgen gæster alle. Ingen kan gå fri. I flæng slår sorgen os ned.  Se Maya danser for sin søn!  Sorg er jo alle stjerner som vi aldrig når. Ingen kan tage lykken den du kun kan få. Døden star kold iskold bagved alting kendt. Hvem ved hvad himmeldybet til dit liv har sendt?  Ole Sarvig (1921-1981) | **Maya Dances**  See, Maya stands alone, although she has a husband. Yet is a flower alone when standing among flowers? No pleasure can she find beneath the treasure of the heart. Listen, eternity murmurs around us on this night!  Sorrow, sorrow visits all. No one can escape. All in a row we are struck down by sorrow. See Maya dancing for her son!  Sorrow is all the stars we never reach. No one can take the happiness only you can have. Death stands stark and ice-cold behind everything familiar. Who knows what the depths of heaven have sent to your life?  English translation James Manley |
| **Lauantaisauna** [FIN]  Lauantaisauna. Paahtoleipä. Vaikenevan hämärän lapi jalkani etsii sinun jalkojasi, elämä tunnustelee elämää ja aamu on kaukana verhojen tuolla puolen.  Niilo Rauhala (b. 1936) | **Saturday Sauna**  Saturday sauna. Toast. Through the hushed twilight my foot reaches for yours, life seeking life, and morning is far away over beyond the curtain.  English translation Matthew Whittall |
| **I himmelen** [SWE]  I himmelen, I himmelen,  där Herren Gud själv bor, Hur härlig bliver sällheten,  hur outsägligt stor!  Där ansikte mot ansikte  jag evigt, evigt Gud får se, se Herren Sebaot.  I himmelen, I himmelen, vad klarhet, hög och ren! Ej själva solen liknar den  uti sitt middagssken.  Den sol, som aldrig nedergår och evigt oförmörkad står, är Herren Sebaot.  I himmelen, I himmelen, vad sälla utan tal! Av änglarna och helgonen, vad glans i ärans sal! min själ skall bliva dessa lik, av evighetens skatter rik, hos Herren Sebaot.  Laurentius Laurenttii Larinus (1577-1656) | **In Heaven’s Hall**  In heaven’s hall, in heaven’s hall, where the God the Lord resides, What utter joy, what pleasure there where happiness abides! And here are we, now face to face where God eternal fills the space,  the Lord of Hosts.  In heaven’s hall, in heaven’s hall, what crystal purity! Not even the sun in clarity can shine as bright as He.  Who is the sun that never sets, he never even darkened gets, He is the Lord of Hosts.  In heaven’s hall, in heaven’s hall, the blessed gather there! And there the saints and angels wear a sheen and haloed hair! My soul, your soul shall ever be Enriched for all eternity, by God the Lord of Hosts.  English translation Linda Schenck |