


Eva Gustavson



*Arias and Songs
with Orchestra*



*Norwegian Songs
with Piano*

Cambria 

Historical Series
2 Discs

RECORDING NOTES

CD- One

- [1] Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Arvid Fladmoe (1962)
- [2-5], [8-10] Honolulu Symphony Orchestra, cond. George Barati (1959)
- [6] Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Øyvind Fjeldstad (1955)
- [7], [13] Oslo Radio Orchestra, cond. Øyvind Berg (1963)
- [11-12],[15] Oslo Radio Orchestra, cond. Øyvind Berg (1955)
- [13] Oslo Radio Orchestra, cond. Øyvind Berg (1963)
- [14] Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Øyvind Fjeldstad (1964)
- [16] Oslo Radio Orchestra, cond. Øyvind Berg (1964)
- [17] Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra and Radio Choir, cond. Ole Windingstad (1956)

CD-Two

- [1-3] Oslo Radio, Accomp. Amund Raknerud (1951)
- [4-11] Univ. of Southern CA., Accomp. Gwendolyn Koldowsky (1960)
- [12-22] Oslo Radio, Accomp. Amund Raknerud

CREDITS

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Disc and tape transfers: Royce Malm
Digital Restoration: Lance Bowling

Note: *The source material for this CD is derived from early analog tapes and acetate discs. While every attempt has been made to minimize the technical imperfections of the original recordings, certain sound irregularities remain on several tracks.*

EVA GUSTAVSON

I would never have considered releasing a CD at this time in my life if it were not for my genuine friend and brilliant artist Miss Dorothy Warenskjold. "I simply won't allow you not to let people hear what you have done with your singing and your life," she said. "Please just sit down and tell about your life and career as you did in your book **Stjerneskudd** (Shooting Star). This will be of great help and an inspiration to young singers."

To be of help — that hit me! That's why we are here. So here goes. **Stjerneskudd** (published in Norway, 1983) here briefly translated with no place for many details.

I was born in Norway. I have always wondered where and how long ago the thread in my life, my music, originated. Norway gave me the stamina, America the opportunities. My mother will always have the biggest place in my heart. She descended from a family that belongs to the history of "good old Norway." Her grandfather built an iron factory on an estate of forested land with a sawmill that has benefited the family up to the present generation. She grew up in an 18th Century Manor home of twenty-five rooms with servants and gardeners. As my mother loved her parents, she loved her grandfather and we often visited his statue across from the railroad station in Drammen (a small city south of Oslo). We were all proud of his achievements. He constructed roads and railways and became a noted politician. I would have loved my grandmother. Because of all the music we inherited she must have dreamed of being a pianist. She had taken lessons from the famous composer, Edvard Grieg, who had predicted she would have a career as a pianist. But, of course, having a lot of children and running the large house made this impossible. Following the rules of proper society upbringing, she was sent to England in her early twenties to learn the King's English and to Germany for further culture. On the return voyage back to Norway, she met on the ship a young and charming man with a violin case under his arm. He was a violinist from the orchestra of the National Theater in Oslo (then Kristiania) returning from a study-trip to Leipzig. He was so charming she forgot all else.

Grandpa, at the estate, was anything but pleased when his beautiful, beloved and spoiled daughter returned home with a musician in her wake. He tried to talk her out of it but to no use. Married they were, with great pomp and ceremony. Mamma was happy as a lark, but Papa never felt welcome. He had been raised by a father who was consumed by a dark religion that preached fire and brimstone. It was a sad and strict upbringing which, of course, turned his hungry soul to music. A traveling minister taught him to play the guitar, and at age eight he became such a virtuoso that the Salvation Army asked him to be their conductor. His father could see nothing sinful about his little boy conducting the Salvation Army Band in the marketplace.

When his older brother left for America, he gave him a fiddle. Now — how to play it? A big battle ensued about money and jobs, but he won the battle by getting a free entry into the very modest Music Academy in Oslo. Luckily he studied with the best teacher in the country, and graduated at the age of 17. After a promising debut playing Berlioz' first Concerto, he ended up as first violinist and concert master of the newly opened National Theater in Oslo. Here he worked under great conductors like Edvard Grieg and Johan Svendsen.

"When we were in Switzerland" rang endlessly in our ears as children. It was the happiest time of their lives - Papa with his concerts and Mama with the newborn son. But World War I brought them back to Norway to little or nothing, and here is where I made my entrance. I bellowed so loud that a dear uncle said "Good lungs in that one. Maybe she'll become a singer."

"So much for my family background. Now, on to a shortened version of how little Eva became the singer. My first recollection is hanging upside down from the limb of an apple tree and desperately wishing to be in the circus. Instead, Mama sent me to ballet school with later tap dancing and acrobatics. There was always music in our house. Papa was forever practicing, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Tschaiikovksy, and Grieg. Mama tried to accompany him, but never to his satisfaction. Friends from his orchestra brought their instruments and there were evenings filled with music. Mama taught me piano from her repertoire of Grieg and Chopin, but, I wanted to sing! Then one day, completely unexpectedly, she took me to a famous cabaret star, an excellent

singer, who said, "Sing something for me." I didn't have much of a repertoire, but took what I thought was a very witty song about Women's Lib and marching. I marched around her furniture and crawled on hands and knees through eight verses and thought I was great. She smiled again and said, "Yes, you have something. A voice is there, but very rough and should be taken care of." Well, lessons cost money, and Papa, with his sensitive musical ears said, "No. That voice is not worth a penny." No money to get from his direction. But Mama took from her household money, modest and scarce as it was, and secretly, I got lessons. Papa should not know about that. This could not last long, however, and when I got an offer from a small place called Dovrehallen, well-known for its cabaret and revues although of dubious reputation, I simply grabbed it. I told myself I had to start someplace and here I would be the *Prima donna* in the fall revue. I would earn my own money, take singing lessons, get myself new clothes — Well, I signed the contract. Papa was furious, Mama wept, but I stubbornly stood by my decision.

I sang the opening song, followed it with tap-dancing and acrobatics. It was hard work, but I stuck to this for some seasons, later adding an accordion to accompany myself. Offers came from Denmark and I traveled all over that little country in cabarets. My colleagues were circus clowns, bicycle-acrobats, sword and fire eaters and a dancer with a big fat boa-constrictor called Peter. We became friends.

However, my singing did not advance. So I left the circuit, came home and started lessons with the money I had earned. My wonderful teacher worked with me so I could audition for a scholarship. And, incredible but true, I got it. The scholarship (called the Ruud Stipendium) had a marvelous committee of good former singers. They all advised me to stop all cabaret activities, study, and go into the classical repertoire. Stay at home and learn. This suited me very well. I was tired of all the traveling, and *all the daily training I had to do for the acrobatics* (but exercise in the morning I have kept up to this date).

Norway was desperately poor when I grew up. No opera, opera school or Academy to learn what I needed. Before, people had to leave the country to study. But now, because of World War II this was impossible. The borders were closed.



Debut in Dovrehallen, Oslo. I sang the opening song, followed with tap dancing, acrobatics, and later, adding an accordion (1938-39).



Bokken Lasson, my wonderful teacher and singing-mama.

Hitler had raped Norway. Everything was cold, dark and miserable. I took private lessons in singing, piano, languages, got myself a brilliant accompanist, Amund, my first love and wonderful accompanist, with whom I fell deeply in love. I learned a lot. One of our opera singers got permission to go to Stockholm for a couple of guest performances at their Opera. She returned with an invitation for me from Mr. Harald André, Director of the Stockholm Opera, to come and audition for the Opera School. With shaking knees I went to German headquarters, showed my invitation and asked for permission to go to Stockholm. I almost fainted when they gave me ten days. (This was in the early war years when they were a little more lenient for artists). A man of real power on my committee was also powerful in the underground. Of course I didn't know this at the time. Everything was so secret and dangerous he closed all the doors in his office and, almost whispering, told me what to do. I packed my suitcase, bringing whatever I could without arousing suspicion. I burned my bridges and will never forget the heartache of leaving all I loved, letting the train take me over the border to Sweden, away from my dark, beloved Norway.

The competition in Stockholm was very hard. Only twelve were accepted, Birgit Nilsson was one of us. Mr. André sent a message to the German Consulate in Stockholm asking permission for me to stay at the opera school. The German's answer was that I would be allowed to stay as long as the Opera School lasted. Mr. André showed me the paper — just a little yellow piece of paper, and the blessed man said, "That will be until Norway is free!" Now nothing could happen to my family by my staying. Next step: How to live? I obeyed the orders of my friend, "Go to the Allied Forces Headquarters, Norwegian refugee section. Ask for Mr. X. Change your passport to refugee status. Your scholarship will be paid into the underground (which really needed all the money they could get for helping political refugees) and you will get your monthly scholarship paid in Swedish money. Our couriers will keep contact." "Legally" I was allowed to stay on by H. André's help. But the way back to Norway was closed.

I found myself a room with an old spinster and threw myself into work at the world's best Opera School. (After 17 years of teaching at the University of Southern California, I take my hat off to them, but nothing can beat the Stockholm Opera School). Those original ten days became three years. Thank you, wonderful Sweden, you gave me two solid feet to stand on.

And then, The War's end! O God. What a day, when again I stood on Norwegian soil. The emotions cannot be described. I fell into the arms again of my wonderful accompanist, and with his help, gave my debut concert for a packed audience to great success. Now in short: The committee gave me a new scholarship and advised me to go to Italy. Milano was cold, miserable and bombed. Finding a place to live was near to impossible, but I finally found a tiny room with a bed and a wash stand. I also found my fantastic teacher Maestro Giuseppe Pais. I constantly ran up and down the streets for lessons (no streetcars, no autos). But oh, what I learned. And the operas - relearning in Italian from Swedish, and always by heart. I do remember one never to be forgotten incident: Kirsten Flagstad came for her first *Isolde* after the war to the newly opened La Scala, which had also been bombed. Never in my life had I experienced so much beauty. Her golden voice floated like a ribbon over the 100 man orchestra, and what a stately beauty to look at! And what a wonderful human being! She absolutely insisted on seeing where I lived. Oh no, no, no! But there she was, Scala *prima donna* in my dinky room, laughing and crying, "We'll meet again." (And so we did. The last time was in Götterdämmerung where we had a duet together, her farewell performance.) My wonderful Norwegian accompanist friend, Amund, came to see me, but just to say, "Eva, it will never work between us. You must go your way. I mine." It hurt terribly — now I had to become a singer.

Maestro Pais suggested I go to Paris to learn *Carmen* in French. (Of course he spoke only Italian). Well Paris, here I come. I worked with the stage director of the Opera Comique every day. I learned each step, each recitative, dance, castanets and all. Of course I knew the score from my work in Stockholm. I loved every day. But now it was at the end of my scholarship. My earthly belongings were a well used suitcase, a return ticket to Norway on a ship from Antwerp, plus two hardboiled eggs. There was a message from Oslo for me to stop on my way in Liège (Belgium), Brussels and Antwerp and audition at the Operas. Everything was arranged. So I jumped off the train in Liège, walked to the Opera and sang. Mr. D'Arcor, the director, said, "I'll take you for *Carmen*, *Amneris*, *Ball Masché*, *Werther* — well, he mumbled on and on. I almost fainted and said in my elegant French, "Are you nuts? I've never done these ladies on stage, just

small pieces here and there at the Stockholm Opera School." "Come and work with my people," he said. Then I jumped off the train in Brussels, ate up my two eggs and went on the stage at La Monnaie Opera and sang. He (whatever name!) said, "You can come here for guest performances, but stay in Liège." In Antwerp, the director said, "You come here and sing Wagner, but in Flemish." "No thank you. I've had more than enough, digesting French and Italian from Swedish. Can you please help me to my ship?"

To make it short, I ended up in Liège (after a summer of endless work on new roles. There were nine leading roles in one season. I worked night and day, but had good help. How I managed I don't know. But it all went well, the voice grew, I had no vocal problems. But an opera singer's life is 99% hard work and 1% glamour. Of course, nerves are always there, but physically one has to be strong as a bear. The greatest joy that spring was the invitation to come home to Oslo and sing *Carmen in Norwegian* at the National Theater. That *Carmen* was a victory and success I shall never forget. People were so frustrated after the war. *Carmen* was just what they needed. There were at least 35 sold-out houses with every standing place sold. They were hanging from the chandeliers. The Fire Department wrung their hands! King Haakon came with his whole entourage and we bowed and bowed again. Everybody was so overwhelmingly happy. (Here I take the liberty to mention that I am the only contemporary singer who has shaken hands with four generations of our Royalty: King Haakon, King Olav, King Harald and just recently could welcome our Crown Prince Haakon here in San Pedro's little Seaman's Church.) Now back to the National Theater. During one of the last performances, Mrs. Ruud, the widow of the man who gave me the scholarships, made her entrance into my dressing room. She was overloaded with diamonds and pearls, all in all very impressive. "You shall come with me to America." "No, thank you very much. I'm going south where I've just come from, to continue my French repertoire. I am to sing Dalila, Sapho and more." But NO. She talked to my committee, and she talked and talked, finally convincing them that I would be crazy if I didn't go. I was afraid, didn't know a soul in America, felt miserable to do what everybody, but me, thought was right. But I gave in, and my heart was left on the pier in Oslo and my body sailed to America.



*Appearing as Amneris (Verdi) in
Liège and Oslo (1947-48).*



Leonora in "La Favorita" (Donizetti). One of the nine leading roles I performed at the opera in Liège, Belgium (1947-1948).



One of the 300 performances of Carmen (Bizet) I did throughout Europe during the late 1940s thru the early 1960s.

I was invited on a brand new freighter with 12 passengers. It was great fun, even though we were stuck in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean with malfunctions. But finally, America, here I come. There was no Statue of Liberty. Galveston, Texas, offered us only stinking oil towers and dirt. Then the long Greyhound bus ride to Mrs. Ruud in Pittsburgh. She had a castle that cannot be described. Then on to New York. Let me talk straight to all young people. Do not go to a foreign country before you have all papers in order, contract, money, visa security. That everything went well with me is just a wonder from above. An important introduction from Kirsten Flagstad resulted in my audition for the world's foremost, most beloved and respected orchestra conductor, Arturo Toscanini. But before I came that far there were thousands of difficulties and a lot of agony and tears for me. I sang for him, finally, and he accepted me for his upcoming televised performance of *Aida*. He also took me under his wing and worked with me until he got his, and Verdi's picture of *Amneris*, my role. She has a tremendous span from bottom to top of vocal and emotional range, and he wanted it all. I got to work with a genius who radiated electricity and inspiration, yet also with a human warmth and kindness I never before or after have experienced. The performance was on N.B.C. and became a historic success. It is still available today on video and CD.

Confession: One is just a human being and not a machine. One does stupid things and pays and learns from them. I was the world's most lonely person, in all the millions in New York City. Suddenly, everything changed. Suddenly I was called the new STAR. Suddenly there were interviews, other auditions and contracts, new programs, all during the rehearsals with Toscanini. I had nerves on top of this running around non stop. Then there was the language, — so different from my school English. The New York accent was so different, I preferred to talk in French, but no use. I needed somebody to advise me, calm me down. I thought I met Mr. Wonderful, patient, charming, sweet, smart. My life took a terribly wrong turn. I had a contract coming up with Stockholm to sing a number of *Carmens* and roles like Wagner's *Waltraute* in *Götterdämmerung*. After that there was a contract to return to America for a long concert tour. Mr. "Wonderful" followed me to Stockholm, and I, or my idiot self, married him. In those days, there was no such thing as moving-in together. And sex is sex with its craving from the beginning of creation. It lasted six months and it was my life's biggest fiasco.



N.B.C. promotional photo during the 1949 television performance of Aida (Verdi) with Arturo Toscanini.

He turned out to be a psychopath, — sickly jealous of everybody and everything, would have me only for himself. I was afraid for my life. Carmen had sold out houses and should have been a festive victory, but for me it was hell just to be living. I fulfilled my contract in Stockholm, but I got sick. Turning my back on the world, I went home to Mama and Papa and put myself into hibernation. All thought of my rising career in America vanished.

After some months, the circus horse came out of hibernation to do a series of Carmens in Trondheim (up north in Norway). With my singing I was free again. And, later, my heart was also free when I met my Olaf. Olaf, with roots in Hardanger (West Norway) and a flourishing business in Hawaii, who said, "You must always sing or you are not the same Eva; MY EVA" The world was mine again. There was a new melody in my life, and my singing gained a deeper meaning. In 1956, Olav and I settled in San Pedro where I began concertizing on the West Coast, including a concert performance of Stravinsky's *Le Rossignol*, with the composer conducting. For 17 years, I was also professor of voice at the University of Southern California. I am most grateful to my husband and my beloved son Lars, who gave me a rich family life that I could combine with my art. Of course, every life has its share of sadness and loss. But these words spoken to me so long ago by my teacher Bokken Lasson have carried me through the years: "Happiness is not an event in a person's life, but a power in one's soul, If you are happy share it with others; if you are sad don't indulge in self pity and spread it around, but work so you forget yourself."

Now at the end of my singing career my life has come full circle. I have found pleasure and happiness in doing small cabaret programs with Opera parodies and songs I always loved in my heart.

Singing will never leave me as long as I can breathe. I don't need an audience. I sing for nature and for Thanks for being here.

Eva Gustavson Lagreid

SPECIAL THANKS

My deep, heartfelt thanks go to my brilliant friend, dear Dorothy Warenskjold, the actual instigator of this CD – for her numerous hours of help and advice artistically and technically spent in my home and in collaboration with my producer. My admiration for her deep insight in our Art has no limitation --- and to my long time wonderful friend Vivian Halvorsen for her beautiful translations of all the Norwegian Poems and about the composers. There are very few today who can master the many difficult Noregian dialects. Thank You Vivian, you did it again --- and to my life-long friend in Oslo, Ms. Maud Hurum, who gave me all the information about the Norwegian composers, who has an almost electronic brain to remember and have written down, where and when and with whom I performed over the continents, plus having preserved numerous valuable tapes. Thank you Maud! Always there --- and finally, I would like to dedicate this CD to my deceased husband and son, for their love, loyalty and inspiration to my Art. (Eva)



"Full Circle" - During the last two decades I have been performing "Cabaret" opera-parodies in Los Angeles and on Oslo television.



Rehearsing with my long time accompanist Kay Grantham for our recent performance at the Seamens' Church, San Pedro, CA (March, 2002).

CRITICAL ACCLAIM

Eva Gustavson, a musical and solid contralto with a genuine timbre.

Los Angeles Times, Ojai Festival (1957)

Miss Gustavson, with a voice of contralto richness and depth of color, succeeds in making her role dramatic and emotionally moving, especially in the last act.

Last Toscanini recording of "Aida" - Musical America (1957)

A strong and striking solo voice was the contralto Eva Gustavson.

San Francisco Examiner

A genuine contralto, both in range and quality. It is a meaty instrument resonant, strong and healthy at either extreme of its range ... an interesting singer ... Grieg's songs sung with admirable charm and insight in the original Norwegian

Albert Goldberg

Los Angeles Times (1958)

From *Monday Evening Concerts Grieg: Haugtussa*, cycle of 8 songs. "Musical poem series highlight of concert" Eva Gustavson sang them not only with affection but with an obviously profound feeling for their emotional atmosphere. Beyond this she brought to them a fine musical intelligence, (a combination of musicianship and technique) and, most important, a rich warm and velvety mezzosoprano of uncommon beauty."

Walter Arlen

Los Angeles Times (1958)

The maximum of satisfaction. (Aida-Amneris)

La Critique, Belgium (1947)

.. a voice as dark as a cloudy, moonless night, a musical and stage talent which makes her an ideal Carmen . . . sparkling with temperament.

Stockholmstidningen, Sweden (1949)

Her musical and dramatic talent satisfied every requirement and created an eminent Delilah.

Dagbladet, Norway (1950)

... a critic can only express his delight and admiration. Miss Gustavson belongs to the few who are made for a great career.

Morgenposten, Bergen, Norway (1950)

... the aria from (Herodiade) was received by the audience with a storm of applause

Ny Tid, Norway, (1950)

BIOGRAPHIES OF NORWEGIAN COMPOSERS

EDVARD GRIEG (1843 – 1907) was born in Bergen, where he also died. He was the son of the British Consul. Alexander Grieg (originally Greig) (1806-1875) whose family immigrated from Scotland in 1746. The mother, Gensine Judith Hagerup (1814-1875) was a pianist, and Edvard at first, studied with her. He was immediately drawn to the Norwegian Folk music, and his first small compositions caught the attention of the world renown Norwegian, Ole Bull, who advised him to study in Leipzig, where he went as a 15 year old, and stayed until 1862. He held his first concerts in Bergen. His studies continued in Copenhagen, and then came the sonatas for piano and violin, and also quite a few songs. The first song on this record, is from the years 1863-64 opus 5, the other from 1869 - opus 18, and the last from 1889 - opus 48. The Haugtussa songs opus 67, came during the years 1892-95. Grieg's art is especially influenced by the folk music from the west coast, but he always explains in detail, the relationship, when he harmonizes the traditional melodies. He had a select variety in his lyrics and he was creative, and laid a solid foundation for later musical development. Edvard Grieg, was the greatest of all the Norwegian composers.

EIVIND ALNAES (1872 – 1932) was born in Fredrikstad and died in Oslo, where he had studied at the Conservatory, under Iver Holter. In 1892-95 he studied in Leipzig, and returned to the capital as an organist and cantor. Later on he conducted several choirs, and was for a short time, the chairman of the Composers Association. He did two symphonies, one piano concerto, several violin suites and cantatas. However, he is probably best known for his ballads (ca. 100). The three Stuckenbergs songs opus 20 on this CD, were composed in 1913.

ARNE EGGEN (1881– 1955) was both an organist and a composer, and student of Catharinus Elling and Peter Lindeman, and studied in Leipzig in 1906-07. He received the Government stipend for artists in 1934, and was chairman of the Composers Association 1927-45. His operas are: “Olav Liljekrans” (H. Ibsen - 1931-40, performed June 1940); “Cymbelin” (Shakespeare - 1943-48); and “Liti Kirsti” (Garbara - 1915 performed January 1934). He did not put opus numbers on his work. He continued Edvard Grieg’s and Johan Svendsen’s national romance line, and became very popular with his beautiful melodies.

LUDWIG IRGENS JENSEN (1894 – 1969) studied literature and music theory, and made his debut as a composer in 1920, with 38 songs (opus 1 - 6). As an orchestral composer, he won 2nd prize in the Northern Section of Columbia’s recording company’s domestic competition. His most important work, is the dramatic symphony “Heimferd” in connection with Olav’s jubilee, in 1930, that was later written as an opera and performed on Det Norske Teater in 1947.

HARALD LIE (1902 –1942) came as a 21 year old to America where he was a mason, engineer and piano tuner, and then to Leipzig. In 1929, he became a student of Fartein Valen in Oslo, and in 1930, he made his debut with a piano concerto and a symphony. He did quite a few orchestral symphonies and songs. “Skinnvengbrev” (Oslo September 1939), is the most well know. Already in 1932 he got tuberculosis, and he spent his last years in Lillehammer.

TRANSLATIONS

CD-ONE

GLUCK - Orpheus

[1] *Che farò senza Euridice*

Che farò senza Euridice
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
Che farò, dove andrò,
Che farò senza il mio ben
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
Euridice, Euridice, oh Dio, rispondi, rispondi,
Son pure il tuo fedele, il tuo fedele.
Che farò senza Euridice,
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
Che farò, dove andrò,
Che farò senza il mio ben?
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?
Euridice, Euridice.
Ah, non m'avanza, più soccorso, più speranza
nè dal mondo, nè dal ciel.

Gluck - Orpheus

What shall I Do Without Euridice

What Shall I do without Euridice?
Where shall I go without my beloved?
Euridice, Oh God, answer me.
I am yours and faithful.
Euridice, Euridice.
Oh, she does not appear,
and being so humble,
there is no hope neither in the world,
nor in Heaven.
What shall I do without Euridice?
Where shall I go without my beloved?

MAHLER - Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen

Songs of a Wayfarer

[2] *Lieder eines fahrenden Gessellen*

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,
hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein
dunkles Kämmerlein!
Weine! Wein!' Um meinen Schatz!
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

When my sweetheart has a wedding,

When my sweetheart has a wedding,
has a gay wedding,
I will have my sad day!
I'll go into my little room,
dark little room,
weep, weep for my love,
for my dear love!

Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!
Verdorre nicht, verdorre nicht!
Vöglein Süß! Vöglein süß
Du singst auf grüner Heide!
Ach! Wie ist die Welt so schön!
Ziküth! Ziküth!

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!
Lenz ist ja vorbei!
Alles Singen ist nun aus!
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',
Denk ich an mein Leide!
An mein Leide!

[3] *Ging heut' morgen übers Feld*

Ging heut' morgen übers Feld,
Tau noch auf den Gräsern hing:
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:
>>Ei. du! Gelt?<<
Guten Morgen! Ei gelt? Du!
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Zink! Zink!
Schön und flink!
wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!

Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld
Hat mir lustig. guter Ding"
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling.
Klinge, kling.

Little blue flower! Little blue flower!
Do not wither, do not wither!
Sweet little bird, sweet little bird.
You sing on the green heath:
Ah! how beautiful is the world!
Ziküth! Ziküth!

Do not sing, do not bloom!
Spring is indeed over,
All singing has now ended.
In the evening, when I go to sleep,
I'll think of my sorrow,
of my sorrow.

I went this morning over the field

I went this morning over the field,
the dew still hung on the grass;
the merry finch spoke to me,
"Hey you. What do you think?
Good morning,! Hey what do you think? You!
Is it not a beautiful world?
Zink, Zink!
Beautiful and bright!
How the world pleases me!"

Also the blue bell in the field
has to me (gayly in good cheer,
With the little bells, kling, kling,
kling, kling, kling.)

Ihren Morgengruß geschellt:
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt!?
Kling, kling!
Schönes Ding!
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!
Heia!

Und da fing im Sonnenschein
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln an;
Alles Ton und Farbe gewann
Im Sonnenschein!
Blum' und vogel, Groß und Klein!
>>Guten Tag!<<
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?
Ei, du! Gelt!?
>>Schöne Welt!<<
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?!
Nein! Nein!
Das ich mein' ,
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen kann!

[4] *Ich hab' ein glühend Messer*

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer in meiner Brust,
O weh! O weh! Das schneid't so tief
In jede Freud' und jede Lust,
so tief, so tief!

Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!
Nimmer hält er Ruh' ,
Nimmer hält er Rast,
Nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht, wenn ich schlief!
O weh! o weh!

Wenn ich in den Himmel seh' ,
seh' ich zwei blaue Augen steh' n!
O weh! O weh!

Rung their morning greeting:
Is it not a beautiful world?
Kling, Kling!
Beautiful thing!
How the world pleases me!
Heia!"

And there in the sunshine
at once the world began to sparkle;
every thing gained tone and color
in the sunshine!
Flower and bird, great and small.
"Good day!"
Is it not a beautiful world?
Hey, you! What do you think?
"Beautiful world!"
Now does my happiness start perhaps?
No, no!
That I know,
it can never bloom for me.

I have a red-hot knife in my breast.

I have a red-hot knife in my breast.
Oh woe, oh woe! It cuts so deep
into every joy and every pleasure,
So deep, so deep!

Ah, what is that but an evil guest!
Never gives peace,
never gives rest,
neither by day, nor by night when I slept
Oh woe, oh woe!

When I look into the heavens,
I see two blue eyes!
Oh woe, oh woe!

Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh' ,
Seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar im Winde
O weh! O weh! (weh'n!
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'
Und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,
O weh! O weh!
Ich wollt' , ich läg' auf der schwarzen Bahr' .
Könnst' nimmer, nimmer die Augen auf machen!

[5] Die Zwei blauen Augen

Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,
Die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt
Da mußst' ich Abschied nehmen
Vom allerliebsten Platz!
O Augen, blau!
Warum habt ihr mich angeblickt?
Nun hab' ich ewig Leid und Grämen!

Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,
In stiller Nacht wohl über die dunkle Heide.
Hat mir niemand Ade gesagt,
Ade. Ade!
Mein Gesell war Lieb' und Leide!

Auf der Straße stand ein Lindenbaum,
Da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!
Unter dem Lindenbaum,
Der hat seine Blüten über mich geschneit,
Da wußt' ich nicht, wie das Leben tut,
War alles, alles wieder gut!
Alles! Alles!
Lieb' und Leid!
Und Welt und Traum!

When I go into the golden fields,
I see from afar her blond hair blowing in the wind!
Oh woe, oh woe!
When I wake up from my dream
and hear her silvery laughter ring,
oh woe, oh woe!
I wished I could lay on the black bier,
never to open my eyes again!

The two blue eyes of my love

The two blue eyes of my love
have sent me into the wide world.
Then must I take leave
Of the best beloved place.,
oh eyes, blue,
why have you looked at me?
Now have I everlasting pain and grief.

I have gone out into the still night,
in the still night right across the dark heath.
No one has said goodbye to me,
goodbye, goodbye;
my companion was love and pain.

In the street stands a linden tree:
there have I, for the first time, rested in sleep.
Under the linden tree,
which has snowed its blossoms over me,
there I knew not what life does;
all, all was good again -
all, all!
Love and pain,
and world and dream!

MEYERBEER[6] *Ah my son, from "The Prophet"*

Ah mon fils, sois beni
 Ta pauvre mère te fut plus chère
 que ta Bertha, que ton amour
 Ah mon fils, tu viens, hélas,
 de donner pour ta mère plus que la vie,
 en donnant ton bonheur.
 Ah mon fils que vers le ciel
 s'élève ma prière,
 et sois beni dans le Seigneur, ah!

[7] **Saint-Saens** -- "Samson et Dalila"*Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix,*

Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix comme s'ouvrent
 les fleurs
 Aux baisers de l'aurore!
 Mais ô mon bien-aimé, pour mieux sécher mes
 pleurs,
 Que ta voix parle encore!
 Dis-moi qu'à Dalila tu reviens pour jamais,
 Redis à ma tendresse Les serments d'autrefois,
 Ces serments que j'aimais!
 Ah! réponds à ma tendresse,
 Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!
 Réponds à ma tendresse!
 Ainsi qu'on voit des blés les épis onduler
 Sous la brise légère,
 Ainsi frémit mon coeur, prêt à se consoler
 A ta voix qui m'est chère!
 La flèche est moins rapide à porter le trépas,
 Que ne l'est ton amante à voler dans tes bras!
 Samson! Je t'aime.

Ah my son, from "The Prophet"

Ah, my son, be blessed
 Your poor mother to you was more dear
 than your Bertha, than your love.
 Ah my son you come, alas,
 from giving for your mother more than your life,
 by giving your happiness.
 Ah my son let up to heaven
 rise my prayer,
 and be blessed in the lord, Ah!

My heart opens to your voice

My heart opens to your voice as flowers open

To the kisses of the dawn!
 But, oh my beloved, to better dry my tears,

Let your voice speak again!
 Tell me that to Dalila you return for ever,
 Repeat to my tenderness the oaths of old times,
 These promises that I loved!
 Ah! Reply to my tenderness,
 Pour me, pour me the drunkenness!
 Answer my tenderness!
 As one sees the blades of wheat undulate
 Under the light breeze,
 Thus trembles my heart, ready to be consoled,
 At your voice which is dear to me!
 The arrow is less rapid in bringing death,
 Than is your lover to fly into your arms!
 Samson! I love you!

MASSENET - Three arias from Werther

[8] Les Lettres

Werther! Werther!
Qui n'aurait dit la place
que dans mon coeur il occupe aujourd'hui?
Depuis qu'il est parti, malgré moi, tout me lasse!

Et mon âme est pleine de lui!
Ces lettres! ces lettres!
Ah! Je les relis sans cesse
Avec quel charme mais aussi quelle tristesse!
Je devrais les détruire .. je ne puis!

"Je vous écris de ma petite chambre;
au ciel gris et lourd de Décembre
pèse sur moi comme un linceul,
et je suis seul! seul! Toujours seul!"

Ah! personne auprès de lui!
pas un seul témoignage de tendresse
ou même de pitié! Dieu!
Comment m'est venu ce triste courage,
d'ordonner cet exil et cet isolement?

"Des cris joyeux d'enfants
montent sous ma fenêtre.
Des cris d'enfants!
Et je pense à ce temps si doux
Où tous vos chers petits
jouaient autour de nous!
Ils m'oublieront peut-être?"

Non, Werther, dans leur souvenir
votre image reste vivante ..
et quand vous reviendrez
mais doit-il revenir?
Ah! ce dernier billet me glace
et m'épouvante!
"Tu m'as dit: à Noël,
et j'ai crié: jamais!

Letters

Werther! Werther!
Who could have told me of the place
that in my heart he occupies today?
Since he has departed, in spite of myself,
all wearies me!
And my soul is full of him!
These letters! these letters!
Ah! I read them over and over without ceasing
With what charm but also what sadness!
I ought to destroy them .. but I can't,

"I write to you from my little room;
a sky gray and lifeless in December
weighs on me like a shroud,
And I am alone! alone! always alone!"

Ah! no one is near to him!
not a single sign of tenderness
or even of pity! God!
How has this sad courage come to me,
to order this exile and this isolation?

"The happy cries of children
climb up to my window.
The cries of children!
And I think of this time so sweet
When all your dear little ones
played around us!
They will forget me perhaps?"

No Werther, in their remembrance
your image remains alive ...
and when you return ..
but should he return?
Ah! this last letter chills me
and frightens me!

On va bientôt connaître
Qui de nous disait vrai!
Mais si je ne dois reparaître,
Au jour fixé, devant toi,
ne m'accuse pas, pleure-moi!
Oui, de ces yeux si pleins de charmes,
ces lignes .. tu les reliras,
tu les mouilleras de tes larmes.
O Charlotte, et tu frémiras!
tu frémiras! tu frémiras!

[9] *Les Larmes*

Va! laisse couler mes larmes
elles font du bien, ma chérie!
Les larmes qu'on ne pleure pas,
dans notre âme retombent toutes,
et de leurs patientes gouttes
martèlent le coeur triste et las!
Sa résistance enfin s'épuise;
le coeur se creuse et s'affaiblit:
Il est trop grand, rien ne l'emplit;
et trop fragile, tout le brise!
Tout le brise!

[10] *La Priere*

Ah! Mon courage m'abandonne! Seigneur!
Seigneur Dieu! Seigneur!
J'ai suivi ta loi,
J'ai fait et veux faire toujours mon devoir,
en toi seul j'espère
car bien rude est l'épreuve
et bien faible est mon coeur!
Seigneur Dieu! etc.
Tu lis dans mon ame,
hélas! tout la blesse!
Prends pitié de moi,

"You have said" at Christmas time,
and I have cried: never!
It will soon be known
Which of us has said the truth!
But if I should not reappear,
On the fixed day, before you,
don't accuse me, cry for me!
Yes, your eyes so full of charm,
these lines .. you will read them again,
you will moisten them with your tears.
O Charlotte, and you will tremble!

Go! let my tears fall
they do me good, my dearest!
The tears that one cannot cry,
in our soul fall again whole,
and from their patient drops
torment my sad and weary heart!
Its resistance finally is exhausted;
my heart becomes hollow and grows weak:
It is too big, nothing fills it;
and too fragile, everything breaks it!
Everything breaks it!

Ah! my courage abandons me! Lord!
Lord God! Lord!
I have followed your law,
I have done and wish to do always my duty,
in you alone I hope
for very rugged is the test
and very feeble is my heart!
Lord God! etc.
You read in my soul,
Alas! everything wounds it!
Take pity on me,

soutiens ma faiblesse! Dieu bon!
Viens à mon secours! Entends ma prière!
Entends ma prière! O Dieu bon!
Dieu fort! O Dieu bon!
En toi seul j'espère!
Seigneur Dieu! Seigneur Dieu!

support my weakness! Benevolent God!
Come to my help! Hear my prayer!
Hear my, prayer! O benevolent God!
Mighty God! O benevolent God:
In you alone I hope!
Lord God! Lord God!

MASSENET - Sapho

[11] *Sapho (Fanny LeGrand) "Demain je partirai"*

"Demain je partirai puis qu'il le faut ...
Allons, mon coeur ne meurs pas a la tâche..
Je pleure, vraiment comme je suis lâche ..

Pauvre Sapho. A jamais j'ai perdu ma vie,
toute espérance m'est ravie . Tout bonheur a fui,
désormais je disparais du monde, Je m'exile ...

Je ne dois rien espérer maintenant.
Oublier sera difficile, Je l'aimais tant, ...
Je l'aimais tant.

Faut- il avoir aimé pour un jour tant souffrir ..
Faut-il avoir vécu de si-douces journées..
Pour renoncer a tout, s'en aller ... et mourir,
Sans l'espoir consolant des fautes pardonnées..

Hélas, Je l'aimais tant je l'aimais tant ...

Je comprends aujourd'hui j'aurais perdu son âme,
c'était le condamner a l'amère douleur,
J'aurais fait son malheur,
Hélas, je blasphémiais en me disant sa femme..

Lâbas, lâbas, un tout petit être frêle, innocent,
m'appelle d'une voix qui m'attire et me touche ..
Ce petit, c'est mon fils, cet être, c'est mon sang;
je veux le retrouver, entendre de sa bouche
ce doux nom de Maman ...

Tomorrow I will leave, because I must.
Alas, my heart is not crushed by doing so
I weep, certainly, because I am weak.

Poor Sapho, for ever I have ruined my life.
All hope is destroyed, all happiness is vanished.
From now on, I will disappear from the world.

I will lose myself, now I have no hope.
It will be hard to forget,
I loved him so much. I loved him so much.

Is it necessary to have loved and then one day
suffer so much?
Is it necessary to have lived such wonderful days,
renounce all .. go away and die,
without hope to be consoled and forgiven
for the mistakes?

I loved him so much. I loved him so much,
I understand today I would have lost his soul,
I would be condemning him to bitter sorrow,
I would cause his unhappiness
Alas, I blaspheme in calling myself his wife.

Over there, over there, a tiny frail little being,
innocent, calls me with a voice which entices
and touches me.
The little one, is my boy, his being is my blood.
I want to find him again and hear from his mouth
this sweet name of Mamma.

[12] LALO - De Tous Côtés, from "Le Roi d'Ys"

De tous côtés — j'aperçois dans la plaine
Les soldats par Karnac sous nos murs amenés!
O Mylio! Si la lutte est prochaine
De plus rudes combats en moi sont déchainés!
Lorsque je t'ai vu soudain reparaître
Vivant et superbe ainsi qu'autrefois,
Mon coeur aussitôt s'est pris à renaître
Au feu de tes yeux au son de ta voix!
Sans m'inquiéter de ceux que je blesse,
Au devant de toi j'ai voulu courir,
Et l'empotement de ma folle ivresse
A tout renié pour te conquérir!

Hélas chaque jour, qu'en pleurant je compte
Est venu venger l'oubli du devoir,
Mettant à mon front un peu plus de honte,
Laisant en mon âme un peu moins d'espoir.
C'est Rozenn, je le sens, qu'il aime et qu'il admire!
Oui, c'est elle qui reçoit les doux aveux qu'il soupire.
Et, si je le vois sourire, c'est qu'il l'aperçoit,
Hélas! Hélas! C'est qu'il l'aperçoit!
J'espère encor pourtant,
Oui, j'espère encor, si grande est ma démençe!

Quand je serai sans espérance,
Vous qui m'aurez frappée, implorez le destin!
L'amour, l'amour que rien ne lasse,
En ce jour fera place à la haine que rien n'éteint
Sans m'inquiéter de ceux que je blesse,
Au devant de toi j'ai voulu courir,
Et l'empotement de ma folle ivresse
A tout renié pour te conquérir!

From all sides — I observe in the plain
The soldiers from Karnac under our stricken walls!
O Mylio! If the struggle is near
More violent battles in me are let loose!
When I have seen you suddenly reappear
Vibrant and proud as before,
My heart immediately began to throb
In the fire of your eyes at the sound of your voice!
Without being disturbed about those I hurt,
Before him I wished to run,
And the passion of my wild intoxication
To all denied in order to conquer you!

Alas! Each day in crying I count,
is one to avenge the forgetting of duty,
putting in my face a little more shame,
Leaving in my soul a little less hope.
It is Rozenn, I feel it, that he loves and that
he admires!
Yes, it is she who receives the sweet declarations
that he sighs
And, if I see him smile, it is that he sees her
Alas! Alas! It is that he sees her!

I hope still however,
Yes, I hope still, so great is my madness!
When I shall be without hope,
You who will have struck me, you invoke destiny.
Love, Love that never tires,
in this day will make place for hatred that never dies.
Without being disturbed about those I hurt,

[13] BIZET - Habanera, from "Carmen"

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
Que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
Et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
S'il lui convient de refuser.
Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière,
L'un parle bien, L'autre se tait;
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère
Il n'a rien dit, mais il me plait.
L'amour est enfant de Bohême
Il n'a jamais, ja rmais connu de loi,
Si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime;
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!
Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!
L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l'aile et s'envola;
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre;
Tu ne l'attends plus, il est là!
Tout autour de toi, vite, vite,
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient;
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite;
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient!

Love is a wild bird
That no one can tame
And it is quite in vain that one calls him
if it suits him to refuse.
Nothing is to be done, threat or prayer,
One speaks well, the other is silent,
And it is the other that I prefer,
He said nothing, but I like him.
Love is a gypsy
It has never, never known any law,
If you do not love me, I love you;
If I love you, Take care!
But if I love you, if I love you, Take care!
The bird that you thought to surprise
Fluttered his wings and took flight.
Love is far, you can expect it.
You expect it no longer, it is here.
All around you, quickly, quickly,
It comes, it goes away, then it returns.
You think to hold it, it avoids you
You think to avoid it, it holds you.

[14] BIZET - *Chanson Bohême* - from "Carmen"

Les tringles des sistres tintaient
Avec un éclat métallique,
Et sur cette étrange musique
Les Zingarellas se levaient.
Tambours de Basque allaient leur train,
Et les guitares forcenées,
Grinçaient sous des mains obstinées,
Même chanson, même refrain,
Tra la la la, tra la la la.

The bars of the timbrels were ringing
With a metallic sound,
And over this strange music
The Gypsies sprang up.
Tambourines went fast,
And the furious guitars,
Were grating under obstinate hands,
Same songs, same refrain,
Tra la la la, tra la la la.,

Les anneaux de cuivre et d'argent
Reluisaient sur les peaux bistrées
D'orange et de rouge zébrées;
Les étoffes flottaient au vent.
La danse au chant se mariait,
D'abord indécise et timide,
Plus vive ensuite et plus rapide.
Celà montait, montait etc.
Tra la la la, etc.

The rings of copper and silver
Were shining on the swarthy skin
With orange and red, zebra-striped;
The fabric floated in the wind.
Dance and song are married,
At first indecise and faster,
It rose, rose, etc.
Tra la la la, etc.

Les bohémiens à tour de bras
De leurs instruments faisaient rage,
Et cet éblouissant tapage
Ensorcelait les Zingaras.
Sous le rythme de la chanson,
Ardenes, folles, enivrées,
Elles se laissaient, enfiévrées,
Emporter par le tourbillon!
Tra la la la, etc.

The Gypsies with all their might
With their instruments they did wonders,
And this dazzling uproar
Bewitched the Gypsies.
To the rhythm of the song,
Ardent, foolish, feverish,
They let themselves, intoxicated,
Be carried away by the whirlwind!
Tra la la la, etc.

C. DEBUSSY - L'Enfant Prodigue -
[15] *L'Année en vain chasse l'année (Air de Lia)*

L'Année en vain chasse l'année!
A chaque saison ramenée,
Leurs jeux et leurs ébats
M' attristent malgré moi,
Ils rouvrent ma blessure
Et mon chagrin s'accroît
Je viens chercher la grève solitaire.
Douleur involontaire! Efforts superflus!
Lia pleure toujours l'enfant qu' elle n'a plus!
Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as tu quittée?
En mon coeur maternel ton image est restée
Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as tu quittée?
Cependant les soirs étaient doux,
Dans la plaine d'ormes plantée
Quand sous la charge recoltée,

Year in vain follows year!
To each season brought back,
Their games and their frolics
Sadden me in spite of myself;
They reopen my wound and my grief is increased
...
I come to look for the solitary shore
Involuntary pain! Superfluous efforts!
Azaël! Azaël! Why have you left me?
In my maternal heart your image has stayed
Azaël! Azaël! year in vain follows year!
Meanwhile, the evenings were sweet,
In the plain planted with elms,
When under the harvested load,

On ramenait les grands boeufs roux.
Lorsque la tâche était finie,
Enfants, vieillards et serviteurs,
Ouvriers des champs ou pasteurs,
Louaient de dieu la main bénie
Ainsi les jours suivaient les jours.
Et dans la pieuse famille,
Le jeune homme et la jeune fille
Echangeaient leurs chastes amours.
D'autres ne sentent pas le poids de la vieillesse;
Heureux dans leurs enfants,
Ils voient couler les ans
Sans regret comme sans tristesse
Aux cœurs inconsolés que les temps sont
pesants!
Azaël! Azaël! Pourquoi m'as tu quittée?

EDWARD ELGAR

[16] Where Corals Lie - Richard Garnett

The deeps have music soft and low
When winds awake the airy spray,
It lures me, lures me on to go
And see the land where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,
When night is deep, and moon is high,
That music seeks and finds me still.
And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well;
But far the rapid fancies fly
To rolling worlds of wave and shell,
And all the lands where corals lie,.

Thy lips are like a sunset glow,
Thy smile is like a morning spy,
Yet leave me, leave me, let me go
And see the land where corals lie

The big red oxen were brought back
When the task was finished,
Children, old men and servants,
Workers of the fields or shepherds,
Praised, the blessed hand of God.
Thus days followed days.
And in the pious family
The young man and the young girl
Exchanged their chaste loves
Others do not feel the weight of old age;
happy in their children,
They see the years flow by
Without regret as without sadness ..
To unconsoled hearts how time is heavy!

Azaël! Azaël! Why have you left me?

[16] Sabbath Morning at Sea

The ship went on with solemn face:
To meet the darkness on the deep,
The solemn ship went onward,
I bowed down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward.

The new sight, the new wondrous sight!
The waters around me, turbulent,
The skies, impassive o'er me,
Calm in a moonless, sunless light,
As glorified by even the intent
Of holding the day glory!

Love me, sweet friends, this Sabbath day,
The sea sings round me while ye roll
Afar the hymn, unaltered,
And kneel, where once I knelt to pray,
And bless me deeper in your soul
Because your voice has faltered.

Without the stoled minister,
And chanting congregation,
God's Spirit shall give comfort, He
Who brooded soft on waters drear,
Creator on creation.

He shall assist me to look higher,
Where keep the saints, with harp and song,
An endless Sabbath morning,
And, on that sea commixed with fire,
Oft drop their eyelids raised too long
To the full Godhead's burning

[17] GRIEG - Aria fra Olav Trygvason

U-fullendt Drama av Bjørstjerne Bjørnson.
Solo og Kor for Orkester av Edvard Grieg

Vølven's aria og recitative; Scene II

Ei er det nok nevne ved navn Norner og Aser
Runer må ristes, galdres,
uvetter fra veien vises
de, som gå til Gudene, der har de leiret sig.
På sine horn tager de våre bøtter,
Ingen når Norner og Guder.

Koret synger: Æverdige Vølvæ,
reis dig og galdre,
Rensk Himmel og Jord med Odins ord,
Vølven: Onde mann's onde vetter,
I som kommer fra Syden,
hos Hel holdes den fest ham venter
Ædder et, Orme avl i hans sår ulivs yngel.
Hos hel, hunde l vorde ham onde,
Galskap slå eders ganer
så hans blod eder lyster,
hos Hel ei annen mat eder mette.
Onde mann's onde vetter,
I, som kommer fra Syden, hos Hel,
Hent eders mål i Norden, i Norden.

[17] GRIEG - Aria fra Olav Trygvason

The sorceress aria and recitative: Scene II

It is not enough to call the norms
and underworld creatures.
The runes have to be written, proclaimed.
The underworld creatures have
to be taken away from the path
that goes to our Gods,
where they have gathered.
On their horns, they are wearing our prayers,
so none will reach the norms and Gods.
Choir: Venerable sorceress, arise and proclaim,
purify the heavens and earth with Odins words.
The Sorceress: Evil man's evil spirits,
you who came from the south,
at Hel you will receive the feast that awaits you.
Eat poison, and snakes will grow in your sores.
In Hel, the dogs show their wrath,
and bare their teeth,
so the Christians blood is penetrated,
in Hel no other food is eaten in Hel,
Evil man's evil spirits. You who come from
the south, in Hel, there is food that awaits
you in the North, in the North. ...

kraftig du galdrer, rensk Himmel
Og Jord med Odins ord.
Vølven: Onde mann's, onde vetter,
I, som kommer fra Syden,
Hos Hel finnes den vei I fyller,
Vetter vekk fra Guders veie,
Tordnerens lyn Eder ramme,
Runestav skar jeg årle,
Odins Horg har den fostret,
Hos Hel, dryppe dens ord på Eder,
hos Hel, runer gå Lokes lue
frem til datterens døre,
Hos Hel, ete hvert ord de onde.

Koret synger: Galdrens ord fra Odin går
Til avgrunds dyp til himlens tak,
Bange gjør svaret fra begge.

Vølven: Svar jeg fikk fra Hel fra høyden,
I ængstesikke jeg.
Nu fare bønner, fri står veiene.
Den første beder jeg, den første beder jeg.
Guder, hellige Guder, er I her, da hør oss,
Hvor ligger loddet, avgjørelsens lodd,
Hvor hælder vekten, vishetens vekt?
Jeg, jeg beder: Vis mig Veldige,
Hvor møter I den onde Olav? Hvor, hvor?
Guder, hellige Guder, allvidende Guder,
Jeg, jeg beder, viet Odin fra ung alder
Ved ulvens hjerte, ved ravnens tunge,
Ved våkne netters varsels offre, jeg, jeg beder,
Vis mig Veldige,
hvor møter i den onde Olav, hvor?

The choir sings: Venerable sorceress, you
proclaim strongly, purify the heavens
and earth with Odins word.
The Sorceress: Evil man, evil spirits,
you Christians who come from the South,
In Hel you will find the path that awaits you.
Evil spirits away from the path of the Gods,
the thundering lightning will strike you.
Words from Odins altar.
In Hel, his words are poured onto you.
In Hel, the Runes go with Loke's flames
to the daughters door.
In Hel, eat each word you evil ones.

The Choir: Proclamation from Odin
goes from the abyss to heavens roof.
Fright is the answer from both.

The Sorceress: Answers I got from
Hel from on high. You are afraid, not I.
Prayers are there, the path is open.
The first, I will pray, the first I will pray.
Gods holy gods, are you here? Then hear us.

Where is our portion? What is our lot?
Who holds the scale? I implore you,
show me almighty. Where do we meet
the evil Olav? Where? Where?
Gods, holy Gods, all knowing Gods.
I, I pray, baptized to Odin from youth
by the heart of wolves, by the tongue
of ravens, at the watchful offering of the night,
I, I beg you, show me almighty, where
do I meet the evil Olav, where? Where?

OLAV TRYGVASON was a direct descendant of Norway's first King, Harald Hårfagre (872). As he was brought up in Russia, he would win his right to be King of Norway, — not by sword but by christianity. In this scene, the people with their sorceress are fighting for their belief and right to have their own Gods, like Thor, Odin and Loke, refusing to accept Trygvason and his christianity.

CD-TWO

GRIEG

[1] Du fatter ei bølgenes evige gang

Du fatter ei bølgenes evige gang,
ei ånden som svulmer I tonenes klang,
ei følelsen dypt I blomstens duft,
sollysets flame mot storm og luft.
de fugles kviddren av lengsel og lyst,
og tror dog du fatter en dikters bryst,
Og tror dog, og tror dog,
Du fatter en dikters bryst.

Der svulmer det mer enn I bølgenes klang,
der finnes jo kilden til hver en sang,
der voxer blomsten med evig duft,
der brender det uten den kjølede luft.
Der kjempe ånder I lengsel og lyst,
de kjempe mot døden dypt I hans bryst,
de kjempe mot døden,
de kjempe mot døden dypt I hans bryst.
H. C. Andersen

[2] Ungbirken

En ungbirk stander ved fjorden
og vannspeilet ganske nær.
Hvor stor og smukk den er vorden
de år jeg har boet her.
Nu løfter den hvite stamme
kronen fra bredden lav.
Men tro dog ei den vil bramme
Den vet ikke selv derav.

Du deilige birk, du kjære,
på dig vil jeg ofte se.
Gud give jeg måtte lære
hva du mig så smukt kan te:
At voxer I eget øie
nedad for hver en dag.
At krone og at opphøie
det vorder da Herrens sak.
Jørgen Moe.

You do not see the constant rolling of the waves.

You do not see the constant rolling of the waves,
nor the soul that swells in the sounding tones,
or the feelings deep within the flowers scent,
the flaming sun against the storm and air.
The birds chirping from longing and desire,
and believing you see what's in a poet's breast,
and believe it,
you understand a poet's breast.

It swells there more than in the music of the waves,
there is a meaning to every song,
where flowers grow with everlasting perfume,
where it burns without the cooling air.
Where the spirits fight with longing and lust,
they fight against death deep within the breast,
they fight against death deep within his breast.
H.C. Andersen

The Young Birch

A young birch stands by the fjord
and is reflected close by.
How large and beautiful it has grown
those years that I lived there.
Now it lifts its white strong crown
from the waters edge.
But it will never boast,
about its own beauty.

You beautiful birch, you dear,
I will feast my eyes on you.
God willing that I will learn,
what you so well can teach,
to grow in your image
downwards for every day.
To be crowned and proud,
To praise the Lord.
Jørgen Moe.

[3] Zur Rosenzeit

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht
Blühet ach, dem Hoffnungslosen,
dem der Gram der Seele bricht.
Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
als ich, Engel an dir hing,
auf das erste Knöpfchen lauernd
früh zu meinen Garten gienge,

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
noch zu deinem Füssen trug,
und vor deinem Angesichte
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug
Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
Meine Liebe trug euch nicht
Blühet ach, dem Hoffnungslosen,
dem der Gram der Seele bricht.
Goethe

Haugtussa Op. 67

[4] Det syng

Å veit du den draum og veit du den song
så vil du tonarna gøyma,
og gilja det for deg så mang ein gong,
reit aldri so kan du det gløyma,
A hildrande du, med meg skal du bu,
I Blåhaugen skal du din sylvrokk snu.

Du skal ikkje ræddas den elskhug vill
som syndar og græt og gløymer.
Hans famn er heit og hans hug er mild,
og bjønnen arge han tøymer.
Det voggar um li,
Det svævest av strid,
og dagen ei kjenner den saele tid.

The time of Roses

You faded sweet roses,
you did not bring her my love,
bloomed so, for the hopeless one
for whom the sorrow was brought to the soul.
Every day I am sadly thinking
as I, angel was yearning for you,
looking for the first little bud,
going early to my garden.

The flowers,
the fruit still were carried to your feet,
and in front of your face, hope in my heart,
ever beating.
You faded sweet roses,
you did not bring her my love,
bloomed so, for the hopeless one,
for whom the sorrow was brought to the soul.

Haugtusa Op. 67

It Sings

If you know the dream, and if you know the song,
you will always remember the music,
and it will haunt you for many a time,
you will never forget it.
Oh, temptress come live with me,
in my blue mountain home, you will spin your silver
spinning wheel.

Don't be afraid of the passion,
which sins and weeps and forgets.
His caress is warm and his mood gentle,
and the fury of a bear, he tames.
The slopes are so still, and strife within,
and the day will not know such bliss.

[5] Veslemøy

Ho er mager og myrk og mjå
med brune og reine drag,
og augo djupe og grå
og stilslegt, drøymande lag.
Det er som det halvt um halvt
låg ein svevn yver heile ho;
I rørsle, tale og alt
ho hev denn døyvde ro,
denne døyvde ro.

[6] Blåbærli

Nei sjå, kor det blåner her,
no må meg roa oss kyra.
Anei, slike fine bær
og dei som det berre kryr a'.
Nei maken eg hev kje sett,
Sumt godt her er då til fjells
no vil eg eta meg mett,
Her vil eg væra til kvelds

Men kom no den bjønne stor,
her fekk bli rom åt oss bæe
Eg torde kje seiga eit ord
til slik en røsjeleg vâe.
Eg sa berre: "vær so god,
no må du kje vaera bjug;
eg let deg so vael i ro,
ta for deg etter din hug."

Men var det den reven rau
so skuld han få smaka staven;
Eg skulde banka 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.

Veslemøy - Little maiden

She is frail, dark and silent,
with sunburned clear features,
and eyes so deep and grey,
With dreamlike, silent ways.
It is as if she is in a trance,
and wanders in her own world.
In movement peace and all,
she has an inner calm,
this trancelike peace.

Blåbærli - Blueberry Hill

Oh, see the mountain so blue,
Let's rest here, my cows.
Just look, such beautiful berries,
and oh so many there are.
The likes of these I have never seen.
There are good things here in the mountain,
now I want to eat my fill,
and here I will stay until evening.

But if a bear so big will come,
There will be room for us all.
I wouldn't say a word,
to such a fearsome beast.
I would only say, help yourself,
now don't be shy,
I will let you be in peace,
Just eat your fill, before you leave.

But if it were the fox that came,
then he would feel my wrath,
I would strike him dead,
even if he was the Pope's brother.
He steals both sheep and lamb,
even as nicely he walks,
he has no shame or remorse.

Men var det den snilde gut
der burte frå Skarebråte,
Han fekk vel ein på sin trut
men helst på ein annan måte.
A tøv, kva tenkjer eg på,
det lid nok på dagen alt;
eg må til buskapen sjå,
ho "Dokka" drøyer um salt.

[7] Møte

Ho sit ein Sunday lengtande i li,
det strøymer på med desse søte tankar,
og hjarta fullt og tungt I barmen bankar,
og draumen vaknar, bivrande og blid.
Då gjeng det som ein hildring yver nuten,
ho raudnar heit, der kjem den vene guten.

Burt vil ho gøyma seg I ørska brå,
men stoggar tryllt og augo mot ham vender.
dei tek ein annan I dei varme hender
og stend so der og veit seg inkje råd;
Då bryt hout I dette undringsord:
"Men snilde deg då, at du er så stor."

Og som det lid til svale kveldings stund,
alt meir og meir i lengt dei saman søkjer,
og brådt um hals den unge arm seg krøkjer,
og øre skjelv dei saman, munn mot munn.
Alt svimrar burt, og der I kvelden varm
i heite sæle søv ho I hans arm.

But if it were the handsome lad,
who lives there at Skarebrate,
he would also get one on his snoot,
but quite in a different way.
Oh, what nonsense I speak,
it is getting late in the day,
I have to tend to my herd,
my "Dokka" is dreaming of her salt.

Møte - The meeting

She sits in the hills one Sunday, longing,
the sweet thoughts come drifting upon her,
the heart is beating heavily and fast,
and the sweet dreams awaken with hope.
Suddenly the mountain is aglow,
She starts to blush, and there comes a handsome boy

She wants to hide, but suddenly turns,
and stops entranced, with eyes on him.
Their warm hands meet,
and they stand there close, not knowing what to do.
Then she bursts out with these words of wonder,
"But you dear boy, you are so tall."

As evening falls, so comes a soothing bliss,
together in their yearning, they seek each
other,
in passionate embrace, their dreams unfolding,
and dazed, together tremble, mouth to mouth.
All fades away, and there in the evening's
warmth,
She sleeps in his arms, in a blissful slumber.

[8] 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 fuglen vil aldri laus.
Å, gjev du batt meg 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 trolle og kund'eg heksa
eg vilde inn i den guten veksa,
eg vilde veksa meg i deg inn
og væra berre ljå guten min.

Å, du som bur meg I hjarta inne
du makti fekk yver allt mitt mine;
Kvart vesle hugsviv som framum dreg,
det berre kviskrar um deg, um deg ...

Um soli lyser på himlen blanke,
no ser ho deg, det er all mi tanke
Um dagen dovnar og skoming fell:
Skal tru han tenkjer på meg I kveld?

[9] Killingdåns

Å hipp og hoppe og tipp og toppe på denne dag,
å nipp og nappe og grippe oh trappe I slikt eit lag;
Og det 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 lurvelete ein solskinnsdag

Å nupp I nakken og stup I bakken og tipp på tå
Årekk 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 bekjegglitter, og lognt i krå.

Elsk - Love

The silly boy has caught my heart,
and it is caged like a bird in a snare.
The silly boy, he walks so proud,
he knows the bird will never fly.
Oh, if only you would bind me tightly,
and keep me until the bands do burn.
Oh, if you would draw me close to you,
so the whole world would leave me be.
Yes if I could work magic and be a witch,
I would go inside of you and work my magic,
and I would stay inside of you,
and never let you go, you boy of mine.

Oh, you that live within my heart,
you have the power over me forever.
Every little thought that you bring forth,
always whispers of you, of you.

When sunlight shines on the heavens above,
I see you there, you are always in my thoughts.
When day is ending, and evening falls,
I wonder, does he think of me tonight?

Killingdåns - Billygoat dance

Oh, hip and hop and tip and top, on this day,
And nip and nap and trip and trap, in such a group.
Oh, there is fun in the sun and there is play in the sun,
and there is shimmer in the lea and there is glimmer in
the lea,
and there is merrymaking and uproar on a sunny day.

Oh, a nip in the neck, and a dive in the hill, and on top
of the toe,
And a reach in the ring, and swish of the swing, and a jump.
And there is a lick of the sun, and there is fun in the sun,
and there is glitter in the lea and there is glow in the lea,
and there is chirping and stream glittering, and calm repose.

Å trapp og tralle og puff i skalle og den kan du ta,
a snipp og snute og kyss på trute og 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 ,...

[10] Vond dag

Ho reknar dag og stund og seine kveld
til sundag kjem, han hev so trufast, lova,
at um det regnde småstein yver fjell,
so skal dei finnast der i "Gjætar stova."
Men Sundag kjem og gjeng med regn og rusk;
Ho eismal sit og gret att under busk.

Som Fuglen, sårad under varme veng,
så blodet 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.

[11] Ved Gjætle 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;
A her vil eg kvila, kvila.

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

Oh, trap and song and a shove in the head, and that
you can take,
Oh, snip and snout and a kiss on the mouth, and that
you can take
and there is rolling in the ring, and there is sock in
the swing,
and its light on your toes and its flight on your toes,
And its oopse-daisy and its whoopse-daisy,
and tra-la-la,

Vond dag - Sad Day

She counted the days and hours and nights,
until Sunday came, he had promised faithfully,
that even if it rained pebbles over the mountain,
they would meet there, in the mountain home.
But Sunday came with rain and mist,
she sat alone and cried under a bush.
Like the bird wounded under a pulsing wing,
with blood dripping like burning tears.
Sick and shivering, she drags herself to bed,
and writhes in anguish with heavy sobs.
Her heart is aching and her cheeks are burning,
she wants to die, she has lost her boy.

By the Babbling Brook

You babblin brook, you rippling brook,
here you lie, cosy, warm and clear,
you spray is clean and glides over stones,
and humming so well and whispers a bit,
and glistens in the sun with soft ripples,
And here I will rest, rest.

You rollicking brook you rippling brook,
here you have a bed under the moss so soft,
here your dream at last, and forget the past,
and your whisper and sing, longing for peace,

med svaling for hugsott og lengting sjuk;
å her vil eg minnst, minnst.

Du vildrande bekk, du sildrande bekk,
kva tenkte du alt på din lange veg?
Gjenom aude rom, millom busk og blom?
når I jord du smatt, når du fann deg att?
Tru nokon du såg så eismal som eg?

Å, her vil eg gløyma, gløyma, gløyma.

Du tislande bekk, du rislande bekk,
du leikar i lund, du sullar i ro;
og smiler mot sol, og læer I ditt skjol,
og vandrar så langt og lærar so mangt.
å syng kje um det som eg tenkjer no ...
Å, lat meg få blunda, blunda .. blunda.
Arne Garborg

SONGS OF EYVIND ALNÆS

[12] Der du gjekk fyrre

Ditt fet gjev vengjer till foten min,
eg elsker lufta for anden din.
Der du gjekk fyrre eg etter finn,
d'er store dynar der du gjekk inn.
Det dansar alt det som du fekk sjå
d'er liv i steinen du trådte på .
I bergt og skog er det liv må tru;
d'er så dei tala som eg og du,
d'er så dei tala som eg og du.

[13] Lykken mellem to mennesker

Lykken mellem to mennesker
er hverken hu eller Hei; snarest er den
et ensomt gress
der ånder på stenet vei. Lykken mellem
to mennesker
er hverken kyss eller klapp; snarest er den
et skumrings sus

with strange sounding movements with longing,
and here I will reminisce, reminisce.

You rambling brook, you trickling brook,
what did you ponder on your way so long,
through lonely places, between bushes and flowers?
When into the earth you slipped, when you found
yourself?
Do you think someone saw one as lovely as I?

Oh, here I will forget, forget, forget

You whispering brook, you trickling brook
you play in the grove, you hum in peace,
and smile at the sun, and laugh as you run,
and travel so far, and make you so wise,
and sing about all my thoughts
Oh, let me sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.
Arne Garborg.

Where you went.

Your soul gives wings to my feet,
I love the air you breathe.
Where you went, I followed.
There are large openings where you entered.
There is dancing in everything you saw.
There is life in the stones you stepped on.
In the mountain and forest, there is life.
It is as if they talk like you and me.

Happiness between two people
The happiness between two people,
Is neither this nor that ...
It is more like a lonely grass,
That breathes on a rocky road.
Happiness between two people,
Is neither a kiss or caress,

der ånder hvor dagen slapp. Lykken mellem
to mennesker
er som den dunkle natt;
Stille, men med de tusinde taus e stjerner besatt.

[14] Nu brister i alle de kløfter

Nu brister i alle de kløfter
som sprengte og furet mitt sind.,
All verdens fagreste blomster
for sommerens sakte vind,
allverdens fagreste blomster for sommerens
sakte vind.,

Ti to som elsker hin annen
kan gjøre hin annen mer ond
enn alle de argeste fiender
som hevner sig jorden rundt
Ti to som elsker hin annen
kan læge de ondeste sar,
blott ved a se på hin annen
og glatte hin annens hår.

ARNE EGGEN

[15] So skal gjenta hava det.

Den fagre gjenta skal ut å blenkja
og læra gutarna stort å tenkja
Den fagre gjenta skal sviva ut
og te seg fram for den gilde gut.

Den væne gjenta skal slik ein hava
som henne frir frå I mold å grava;
den væne gjenta skal slik ein få
som henne setja kan høgt på strå.

Den beste gjenta skuld' alltid vera for den,
som kunde det beste gjera.
Den fagre gjenta skuld' få seg den,
som kan liit meir enn dei andre menn.
A.O. Vinje.

It is more like the breeze from twilight,
That breathes at the end of the day.
Happiness between two people,
Is like a twinkling night.
Still, but with a thousand live stars.

Bursting in all ravines.

It bursts in all ravines,
that pressured my troubled mind.
All the world's beautiful flowers,
in the soft summer wind.
For those who love each other,
can do each other more harm,
than all the bitter enemies,
that seek revenge around the world.
For those who love each other, can heal the
deepest wounds, just by looking at each other,
and stroking each other's hair

This is the way the girl should live.

This lovely girl will go out with a twinkle in her eye,
to teach the boys to strive for the best.
The beautiful girl shall try to find,
and show off for the wonderful boy.
The beautiful girl should always get
someone to keep her from working very hard.
The beautiful girl should get someone
That will put her on a pedestal.

The best girl should always be the one,
that will get the one that will be the best for her.
The beautiful girl should get the one,
that can be a little more than the other men.

[16] Som vind på heidi.

Son vind på heidi og som vatn i å
så for her att ein dag og kvarv ifrå.
Eg spyrkje meir um dagen kjem ell' gjeng,
må eg ditt auga klart som dagen sjå.
Kven førde deg, du fagre, hit I kveld?
Kven drog frå barm og augo, slør og tjeld?
Kven sende deg som vind av høge fjell,
og nørd I bringa mi so heit ein eld?

Kom skjenk meg vinen, raud som munnen din;
Kom hugge meg med røysti blod og linn;
For hugen min, ikveld er han so myrk
som lokkan, leikar um ditt lilje kinn.

Persisk stev ved Alexander Seippel

[17] Sumarkveld

Makelaust og mildt det syng og læt og ljomar
ut I kyrre kveld med mjuke tonebår.
Ut på engjom skin det dogg som blanke tår
av dei angefriske fine blad og blommar.

Dåm av lauv og blom som skin med leter bjarte
angar ifrå skog og over unge engjer.
I mi sjel det skjelv og dorrar liksom strengjer,
og en straum av blod det fløder mot mitt hjarta.
Tore Erjasaeter.

As the wind on the hills.

As the wind on the hills and the water in the stream,
so passed again another day.
I ask no more, if the days come or go
If only your eyes are as clear as the day will show.
Who brought you, your beauty, to me this eve.
Who brought forth the veil from my heart and eyes.
Who sent you as a wind from the mountain high,
and brought such fire into my breast.

Come pour me the wine as red as your lips.
Come embrace me with your soft, mild voice.
For my mind this eve, is as dark,
as your curls caressing your rosy cheeks.

Alexander Seippel

Summer evening

Wonderful and mild it sings and rings out in the
soft evening, with supple tones.
Out in the field it shines with dew, like bright tears,
on the perfumed fresh leaves and flowers.

The fragrance of leaves and flowers that shine from
the forest, and over the young fields.
I tremble and shiver in my soul, like strings, and
a stream of blood flows to my heart.
Tore Erjasaeter

[18] Skjoldmøy song

Sverdhogg I breide bringa,
munnen båd kald og blå;
Augo hakka or harde hausen,
det hugar meg best å sjå.

Blod yver nakne heidar,
ramneskrik under fjell,
lik yver blaute myrar,
Knivstyng og toresmell

Ramnehakk uti auga,
og storkna manneblod;
turre knokar I blodet lauga,
det gjever meg nattero.
L. Rui.

[19] Og dagar gjeng

Og dagar gjeng og dagar kjem,
eg ventar her endå;
og fåfengt er all gråt og bøn,
på leiting lyt eg gå.
I djupe dal, I bratte lid
eg søker dine steg,
og ber det upp dei aude fjell,
eg leita vil din veg.

Eg ser deg ofte i min draum,
ei stjerna still og klår;
eg kjender deg i hugen min
det fyrste drag av vår.
Som søte angen um meg slær
frå rauste blomster eng;
ditt mine um meg bylgja skal
når eg på leiting gjeng.
Olav Hurum

Skjoldmøy song

Sword blow in the chest so wide,
the mouth both cold and blue.
The eyes chopped out of the hard head,
it reminds me best to see.

Blood over bare hills,
ravens-cries under the mountains,
corpse over the soft marshes,
knife stab and thunder.

Ravens peck the eyes,
and man's congealed blood,
dried bones bathed in blood,
this give me peace at night
L. Rui

And Days Pass

And days pass and days come,
and I still wait,
and all in vain in weeping and prayer,
and in search I go.
In deep valleys and steep hills,
I search for your steps,
which lead up to the high mountain,
in search of you.

I see you often in my dreams,
a star so still and clear.
I know you in my heart,
the first breath of spring
As the sweet scent surrounds me,
from meadows filled with flowers,
my memory of you will surround me,
when I go searching for you.
Olav Hurum

[20] Solfager

Rundt om din panna som shimrar så hvitt
glånser ditt guldhår, ett knippe av strålar.
Glittrande ljus er linnet ditt,
solen din bild før mig målar,
Solfager øfver min skumma, skumma stig
du spridd.

Blicken ur hjärtat, så strålande klar,
huldrik på mig låt den signande falla;
sløsa dess värme du nog har kvar,
Solen ju räcker før alla; Solfager,
Soldager gjut kring min själ,
Min själ i kulna dar.
Bernhard Risberg.

LUDVIG IRGENS JENSEN

[21] Altar

Her er eit helga altar
for alle som ynskjer be.
Mange har søkt inntil det
og tagalle bøygte sitt kne.
Vi og kjem framåt med hjarta fullt
og snur oss den same leið
Vi vil berre ynskje for alle som ber:
A Gud, ver til for dei.

Dei må ikje tru på deg fåfengt,
Gjev deira voner held
Gjev dei må finne dei kjære som kvar
i dødens djupe kveld.
Gjev han er til den freden dei vonar å nå til slutt,
femnst av den må alle dei
som bad om det sårt og trutt.

Ja, der må vera ei åpen dør
for alle som heim vil snu,
Hjarta er fullt av bøn i kveld
for alle menneskes tru.
Haldis Moren

Sun Beauty

Around your brow that shines so white,
your golden hair glistens like a ray of beams.
Sparkling light is our disposition,
the sun is an image of you.
Sun beauty over my dark path you came.

The pictures in the heart, so radiantly clear,
let the blessing fall and spread the warmth,
that you have left.
the sun will reach all,
Sun beauty, Sun days will warm my soul
that once was cold.
Bernhard Risberg

The altar

Here is a holy altar,
for all who wish to pray.
Many have searched for this,
and humbly have bent their knees.
We also come forth with our hearts full,
and turn the same way.
We only hope that all who pray,
that God will be there for them.

They must not believe in you in vain,
but hold on to their faith.
May they find their dear ones
from death's deepest night,
May he be there
until they have peace until
the very end, embraced by him for all those,
who sought him so fervently.

Yes, there has to be an open door,
for all those who will return.
The heart is filled with prayers tonight,
for everyone's belief.
Haldis Moren

HARALD LIE

[22] Skinnvengbrev

Eg trudde eingong du hadde gøymt deg,
at både du og Gud ha gløymt meg,
og eg blei minst av dei skapte ting
Millom veggane var det audt,
uti hagane var det daudt,
graset sovna på eng og tuftir,
vatnet urgja på myr og greftir
og ikkje sjuga det gjenom skogan,
of ikkje flaksa det ivi mogan.
Det var kje stillt, og det kje liv;
det var eit helvet å væra til.

Då kom det bodet at du meg venta,
du vilde nå meg og til deg henta,
du vilde sjå meg, du vilde ha meg,
du vilde få meg, du vilde ta meg.

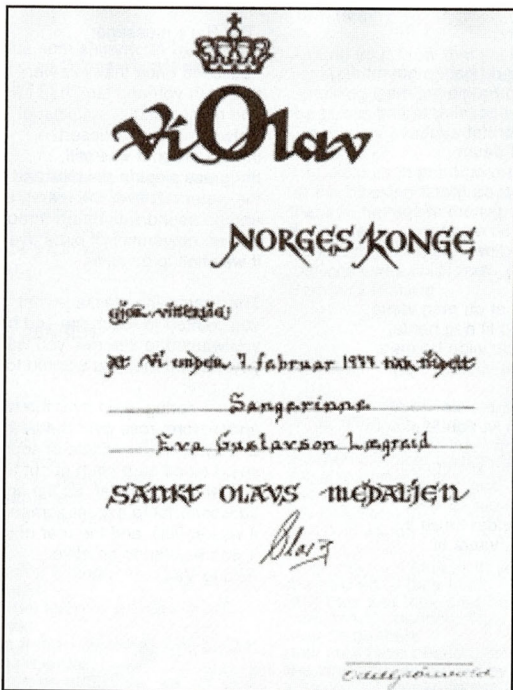
Då gjekk ein vår ivi blakke mogar,
då gjekk ein storm ivi daude skogar,
og eg stod midt upp i sus og song,
Ja, stod som bjørki i sevjegong,
so varm og linn du som våren er,
so sælt å venta på ein so kjær.
Det var so stillt, og det brusa liv,
Det var ein Himil å væra til.
Aslaug Vaa.

The Bat's message:

I believed once that you were hidden,
that both you and God had forgotten me,
and that I was the smallest of all creations.
Between walls so deserted,
in the garden it was still,
the grass slept in the hills and fields,
the water ran over the marsh and ditch,
and no sound was heard through the forest,
and no movement of birds over the hills,
it was hell to be alive.

Then came the message that you expected me,
you wanted to reach me and bring me to you,
you wanted to see me, you wanted me,
you wanted me, you wanted to take me.

Then a spring burst over the hills,
and a storm rose over the dead forest,
and I was in the middle of sounds and song,
yes, I stood as a birch about to come into leaf,
so warm and tender, as the spring,
so wonderful to expect someone you love.
It was so still, and the roar of life,
It was heaven to be alive.
Aslaug Vaa



Eva Gustavson received the St. Olav medal from King Olav in 1977. That same year she visited the King at his castle in Oslo and had the honor of thanking him personally.

CD-One - Arias and Songs with Orchestra

- [1] GLUCK - Orfeo "Che Faro" (4:02)
 MAHLER - Songs of a Wayfayer
- [2] When My Sweetheart has a wedding (3:30) [3] I went this morning over the field (3:48)
 [4] I have a red-hot knife in my breast (3:05) [5] The two blue eyes of my love ((4:55)
 [6] MEYERBEER - Le Prophete "Ah, mon fils" (3:10)
 [7] SAINT-SAËNS - Samson and Dalila "Mon coeur" (5:39)
 MASSENET - Werther
- [8] Les Letters (6:10) [9] Les Larmes (2:01) [10] La Priere (1:45)
 [11] MASSENET - Sapho "Demain je partirai" (5:41)
 [12] LALO - Le Roi d'Ys. Margareth "De tous côtés" (4:57)
 BIZET - Carmen [13] Habanera (5:00) [14] Chanson Boheme (3:34)
 [15] DEBUSSY L'enfant Prodigue Air de Lia "L'annést en vain" (4:47)
 ELGAR [16] Seapictures - "Where corals lie - Sabbath morning at Sea (8:33)
 [17] GRIEG - from Olav Trygvason - Vølvens Aria *Ei er det nok* (8:48)

CD-Two - Norwegian Songs with Piano

- EDVARD GRIEG
- [1] Du fatter ei bølgens evige gang, Op. 5 (1:44) [2] Ungbirken - Op. 18 (2:44)
 [3] Zur Rosenzeit, Op. 48 (3:20)
 Haugtussa
- [4] Det Syng, Op. 67 (2:26) [5] Veslemøy (1:13) [6] Blabærli (2:24) [7] Møte (3:55)
 [8] Elsk (2:27) [9] Killingdans (1:16) [10] Vond Dag (2:21) [11] Ved Gjøtlebekken (6:20)
 EYVIND ALNAES
- [12] Der du gikk fyrre Op. 26(3:38) [13] Lykken mellem to mennesker (2:27)
 [14] Nu brister i alle de kløfter (2:58)
 ARNE EGGEN
- [15] Den fagre jenta skal ut a blenkja (:59) [16] Som vind på heidi (2:21) [17] Sumarkveld (2:13)
 [18] Skjoldmøy song (1:27) [19] Og dagar gjeng (2:05) [20] Solfager (1:40)
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 [22] HARALD LIE - Skindvengbrev (4:38)

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[17] GRIEG - from Olav Trygvason - Vølvens Aria *Ei er det nok* (archival performance) (8:42)

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