

Peter Heise

(1830-1879)

Sange og romancer

Susanne Lange

sopran

Anne Øland

piano



dana
cord



Peter Heise

Peter Heise (1830-79)

Sange og romancer

Digte fra Middelalderen

gendigtede af Thor Lange (1874-75) 18:56

Poems from the Middle Ages –

(Re-created by Thor Lange)

[1] Hvorfor ville du spørge mig?

(Gammelhollandsk) 2:57

Why do You ask? (Old Dutch)

[2] Gammel fransk romance

(Gammelfransk) 3:48

Old French Ballad (Old French)

[3] Unge George Campbell

(Skotsk) 2:57

Young George Campbell (Scottish)

[4] Din fader skal ikke skænde

(Gammelhollandsk) 1:28

Your Father shall not scold (Old Dutch)

[5] Praskoviuschka

(Russisk) 2:07

Praskoviuschka (Russian)

[6] Sang

(Wachsmuth von Mühlhausen) 2:15

Song (Wachsmuth von Mühlhausen)

[7] Skønne fru Beatriz

(Spansk) 2:58

The Beautiful Mistress Beatriz (Spanish)

Gudruns Sorg.

Første sang om Gudrun af Den ældre Edda

(Oversat af H.G. Møller) (1871) 14:17

The Sorrow of Gudrun.

The first song about Gudrun from The Elder Edda

[8] Dengang var Gudrun beredt til

døden 1:36

Gudrun was ready for death

[9] Hos sad jarlers ædle hustruer 2:07

The earls' noble wives

[10] Da sagde Herborg, Hunelands

dronning 2:37

Thus said Herborg, the queen of Huneland

[11] Da sagde Gullrønd, Gjukes datter 1:41

Thus said Gullrønd, the daughter of Gjuke

[12] Én gang Gudrun end ham skued 1:33

Once again Gudrun saw him

[13] Da sagde Gudrun, Gjukes datter 4:37

Thus said Gudrun, the daughter of Gjuke

Farlige Drømme –

seks digte fra Holger Drachmanns

“Tannhäuser” (1877-78) 11:38

*Fatal Dreams – six poems from “Tannhäuser” by
Holger Drachmann*

[14] **Du lægger dig ned en aftenstund** 2:17

You lay down one evening

[15] **Hvor engen har foldet, ved mosens
bred** 1:14

At the bank of the moor

[16] **Det blinker med perler** 0:57

It is twinkling with pearls

[17] **Så lad sangen i salene bruse** 1:00

Then let song sound in the halls

[18] **I skoven er der så stille** 2:28

It is very quiet in the wood

[19] **Den blomstrende sommer** 2:07

The blossoming summer

[20] **Det glimter med perler** 1:10

It is twinkling with pearls

Dyvekes Sange

(Holger Drachmann) (1878-79) 19:46

The Songs of Dyveke (Holger Drachmann)

I Bergen:

[21] **Skal altid fæste mit hår under hue** 3:17

I must always bind my hair under a cap

[22] **Ak, hvem der havde en hue med fjer** 2:58

Oh, I wish I had a cap adorned with feathers

[23] **Hvad vil den mand med kæder på** 2:15

What does he want the man adorned with chains

[24] **Vildt, vildt, vildt suser blæsten** 3:51

Wildly whistles the wind

På Sælland:

[25] **Næppe tør jeg tale** 3:13

I hardly dare to speak

[26] **Det stiger, det stiger, det stiger herop** 1:38

Upwards, upwards it climbs

[27] **Se, nu er sommeren kommen** 2:18

Look, summer has come

Susanne Lange, sopran

Anne Øland, piano

Peter Heise (1830-79)

Sangkomponisten over dem alle af Susanne Lange

Peter Heise skrev i tidsrummet 1850-79 ca. 250 sange, som vi her i Danmark stadig bliver ved med at opføre; ja, i skrivende stund (oktober 1996) ser det ud til, at han opføres mere end i de sidste mange år. Hvad er grunden til, at en komponist, hvis produktion næsten udelukkende består af den klaverakkompagnerede romance, "overlever" i så udstrakt grad, når man ellers i øvrigt tager den danske sangs sørgelige tilstand i betragtning?

Først og fremmest naturligvis, at hans sange er fremragende. Hans tekstvalg er i det store og hele – specielt i den senere del af perioden – af meget høj kvalitet. Sangene er imidlertid ikke så enkle at synge, selvom de ser enkle ud. Teknik må der til! En sang som "Igennem bøgeskoven" – en af Heises allerdejlige sange – kræver et legato og en vejrtrækning, som kun den topprofessionelle sanger kan honorere. Alligevel er de samtidig taknemmelige at synge, fordi de er så umiddelbare i deres udtryk og så lette at få over til publikum. Heise vidste, hvad han gjorde, når han satte musik til de valgte tekster.

Peter Heise blev født i København i 1830 i en velhavende juristfamilie, og tilsyneladende uden de store sverdslag kunne han gå igang med at studere komposition både herhjemme og i Leipzig. Lige fra det allerførste opus er det sange, sange og næsten atter sange, han komponerer. Efter giftermålet og en årrække som lærer ved Sorø Akademi vender

Heise tilbage til København i 1865, og de "store" værker begynde at strømme fra ham: Verner og Malin, Blicher-sangene (med "Den unge lærkes forårssang"), Shakespeare-sangene, Bertran de Born-sangene, Sydlandske Sange, Engelske Sange, Aarestrup-sangene, operaen "Drot og Marsk" og de fire samlinger som vi har indspillet på denne CD: Digte fra Middelalderen, Gudruns Sorg, Farlige Drømme og Dyvekes Sange.

Dyvekes Sange blev Heises sidste værk. Han døde i 1879, endnu inden de var udkommet. Den trykte udgave bestod kun af de første seks sange – "Se, nu er sommeren kommen" var udeladt. Traditionen siger, at Heise selv mente, at sangcyklussen sluttede bedre på denne måde. Med al respekt for komponisten må jeg sige, at jeg ikke er enig! Jeg har opført disse sange så mange gange med og uden "Se, nu er...", og figuren bliver kun hel og afrundet med Dyvekes spadseretur i haven, inden de forgiftede kirsebær dukker op, sendt af Torben Oxe.

Holger Drachmann (1846-1908) er forfatter til Dyvekes Sange, som han skrev til Heise i det håb, at han ville sætte dem i musik. Heise valgte syv af de ti digte og skabte dermed en af de bedste sangcyklusser til en kvindelig sanger. Inspirationen til Drachmanns digte var **Farlige Drømme**. Teksterne til denne cyklus havde Heise sammensat af seks vignetter fra Drachmanns roman "Tannhäuser" (som kun har sit tema tilfælles med Wagners opera af samme navn). Digtene giver en fin skildring af stemningen i romanen.

Heise komponerede to udgaver af den 3. sang: "Det blinker med perler" (omend han kaldte version nr. 2 for "Det glimter med perler"). Sangen er først blevet trykt i forbindelse med Edition Wilhelm Hansens samlede udgave af Heises sange i 1990 og indspilles her for første gang.

Gudruns Sorg – endnu en perle i det begrænsede "kvindelige" repertoire – har tekst fra "Den ældre Edda". Historien er næsten den samme som i Wagners Nibelungens Ring – Sigurd (= Siegfried) er blevet dræbt af Gunnar (= Gunther) på grund af ringen, som giver magt. Gudrun og Sigurd har dog været gift væsentlig længere end hos Wagner, og Brynhildes rolle er lidt mere tvetydig. Heises evne til at trænge ind i teksternes univers viser sig i den tilbageholdte stemning, han får skabt, indtil Gudrun endelig giver efter for sin sorg og hævntørst.

Digte fra Middelalderen er ingen sangcyklus, men syv enkeltstående sange med Thor Langes gendigtninger af europæiske folkeviser. Det blev de eneste sange, som Heise nåede at komponere til Thor Langes tekster; det blev P. E. Lange-Müller, som kom til at høste frugten af Langes oversættelser i musikalsk henseende. Men disse syv sange er herlige, friske, stærke og går lige ind hos publikum ved opførelserne. George Campbells unge brud, pigen med roserne, Praskoviuschkas skæbne og navnlig Skønne fru Beatriz tager kegler hver gang.

Heises "skæbne" som komponist er, at han nærmest er totalt ukendt udenfor landets grænser. Det hænger naturligvis tæt sammen med det faktum, at hans værkliste næsten udelukkende

består af sange med danske tekster, og dansk er nu engang ikke et sprog, som ret mange taler. Jeg har i tidens løb sunget Heise på koncerter i udlandet og spillet hans musik for udenlandske kolleger, og alles reaktion har været: "Hvorfor kender vi ikke denne vidunderlige musik?" Sangerne (og pianisterne! for Heises klaverakkompagnementer er både en udfordring og en gave) er vilde for at opføre dem, men må alle give op overfor det svære danske sprog. De spørger efter oversættelser, men ligesom vi efterhånden er gået bort fra f.eks. at opføre russiske og tjekniske sange i oversættelse, må jeg indrømme, at jeg nødtigt vil høre Dyveke eller I gennem bøgeskoven på tysk eller engelsk!

Susanne Lange er født i København og uddannet på Det kgl. danske Musikkonservatorium og på Operaakademiet på Det kgl. Teater.

Susanne Lange har sunget opera på Det kgl. Teater, Den jyske Opera, Musikkdramatisk Teater, Undergrunden og L'Opéra de Nice. Hun har en omfattende koncertvirksomhed med lied- og kammerkoncerter, kirke- og orkesterkoncerter overalt i Danmark. Hun har endvidere givet koncerter i Paris, Nice, Bruxelles og New York.

Flere prominente danske komponister har skrevet musik til Susanne Lange – bl.a. Vagn Holmboe, Sven Erik Werner og Leif Thybo.

I 1989 modtog Susanne Lange Musikanmelder- ringens Kunstnerpris.

Tidligere indspillet på CD:

Kontrapunkt 32028/30. *Arnold Schönberg: Complete Lieder. Tove Lønskov, kl. 1989*

Point PCD 5085. *Poul Schierbeck: Häxa og Den kinesiske fløjte. Sønderjyllands Symfoniorkester. Michael Schönwandt, dir. 1988*

dacapo 8.224009. *Leif Thybo: Sonnengesang og Aus dem Stundenbuch. Grethe Krogh og Erik Lundkvist, orgel. 1994*

Koch schwann Musica Mundi CD 310 030 H1. *Albert Huybrechts: Deux Poèmes de Emil Verhaeren. Quatuor de l'Opéra National de Belgique. 1988*

Anne Øland er født på Fyn og uddannet på Det kgl. danske Musikkonservatorium med Professor Herman D. Koppel som lærer. Videregående studier hos Guido Agosti i Rom, Hans Leygraf i Salzburg og Nikita Magaloff i Geneve.

I 1977 havde Anne Øland debutkoncert i København, og samme år modtog hun Musik- anmelderriens Kunstnerpris. Hun har i øvrigt fået tildelt adskillige andre kunstnerpriser, deriblandt Jacob Gades legat 1976, stipendier fra Leonie Sonnings fond 1980, Tagea Brandts rejselegat 1986, Victor Schiølers Mindelegat, Walter Schrøders legat 1988 og i 1995 Carl Nielsen og Anne Marie Carl-Nielsens Legats Hæderspris.

I 1978 vandt Anne Øland 1. pris ved Nordisk Konkurrence for Unge Pianister, og hun havde i 1981 debut i Wigmore Hall i London.

Hun blev i 1981 ansat som docent ved Det kgl. danske Musikkonservatorium.

Anne Øland har en omfattende koncertvirksomhed både som solist og som kammermusiker. Hun har været solist ved flere torsdagskoncerter med Danmarks Radios Symfoniorkester, ligesom hun har spillet med de øvrige danske orkestre. Hun har koncerteret i Skandinavien, Island, Tyskland, Frankrig, England, Italien, Rusland og USA.

Tidligere indspillet på CD:

PACD 79-80. *Carl Nielsen. Samtlige værker for klaver. 1993 og 1994.*

CLASSCD 157. *Beethoven sonater, op.10 nr.3, op. 13 og op.110. 1996*

Peter Heise (1830-79)

The Leading Danish Composer of Songs by Susanne Lange

Peter Heise was born into a well-to-do family in Copenhagen in 1830 and this background enabled him to follow his inclination and talent for music in a professional manner from a very young age. Even as a boy he started composing and in 1852 went to Leipzig for further studies, having published his first opus in that same year. This first output consists of songs, as did most of Heise's work all through his life. He did write within other genres – e.g. the most significant Danish opera of the 19th century: **Drot og Marsk (King and Marshal)**, but his importance as *the* composer of Danish art song – the so-called *romancer* – is beyond any doubt.

The development from the fairly simple, often strophic, songs of Heise's early years to the songs of his last decade (some of which are recorded on this CD) is amazing. Not that he left the simplicity. There is nothing superfluous in neither songline nor accompaniment.

The four songcycles that we have chosen to record were – as mentioned above – all written within the last ten years of Heise's life and are wonderful examples of his mature style.

Digte fra Middelalderen (Poems from the Middle Ages) is not a songcycle in the sense that there is a story linking the seven songs, but they are seven delightful, fresh songs, each of them being a

small dramatic scene, very often a dialogue. The texts are medieval European poetry translated into Danish by Thor Lange, a great linguist who lived for many years in Russia and whose translations were the inspiration to many other Danish composers, notably P. E. Lange-Müller.

The text for **Gudruns Sorg (The Sorrow of Gudrun)** stems from **The Elder Edda** – a collection of Old Norse mythological and heroic poems, written in Iceland in the 9th-12th cc. The story is basically the same that Wagner used for *The Ring of the Nibelungen*. Sigurd (=Siegfried) has been slain by Gunnar (=Gunther) because of the ring, but unlike in *The Ring*, Gudrun and Sigurd have actually been married for quite some time and Brynhilde is behaving rather differently here.

Farlige Drømme (Fatal Dreams) is a songcycle in the sense that the poems are from a novel by Holger Drachmann (*Tannhäuser* – and no, it is not yet another Wagner opera in prose). Heise choose six vignettes heading six chapters and put them together into a cycle conveying the sense of doom and disaster that is abundant in the novel.

Heise did two settings of the third song: "It is twinkling with pearls". The second version was first printed in Edition Wilhelm Hansen's new Heise Edition from 1990 and is here recorded for the first time.

Heise's last composition was to be **Dyvekes Sange (The Songs of Dyveke)**. He died in 1879 at the age of 49 before the songs had been published. The

family chose to print only the first six songs leaving out "Se, nu er sommeren kommen" ("Look, summer has come"), claiming that Heise preferred the songcycle to finish that way. Having performed the songs many times in both versions I must say that I do not agree. The portrait of Dyveke is not complete without the last song!

The text is once again by Holger Drachmann who wrote the poems especially with Heise in mind, having heard his setting of *Farlige Drømme*.

Dyveke is a historical person, the mistress of King Christian II (1513-23), who died after having eaten poisoned cherries. Tradition tells us that she was killed by the King's vassal, Torben Oxe, who was in love with her himself, but the truth is probably that she was murdered because the King's brother-in-law, Charles V, wanted her and her mother out of the way for political reasons. Whatever the truth the love story between Christian and Dyveke has to this day remained one of the great Danish love stories.

During my career as a singer I have sung several recitals outside Denmark and wanting to show people abroad the best examples of Danish songs I have always chosen to sing songs by Peter Heise. The response has been overwhelming, as it is when I play recordings of his music for colleagues from abroad. They mourn the fact that the songs have Danish texts and that there are no translations for singing. Personally I do not like translations in art songs (e.g. who these days sing Tjaikovsky or Mussorgsky in translation?) and as most singers have that same opinion Heise's fate will probably be for ever to remain unknown outside Scandinavia.

Susanne Lange was born in Copenhagen and studied at The Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen and at The Operaschool of The Royal Theatre.

Susanne Lange has been engaged at The Royal Theatre, The Jutland Opera, Musikdramatisk Teater, Undergrunden and L'Opéra de Nice. She has over the years sung numerous recitals, church concerts and orchestral concerts all over Denmark and sung recitals also in Paris, Nice, Bruxelles and New York.

Several important Danish composers have written works especially for Susanne Lange – e.g. Vagn Holmboe, Sven Erik Werner and Leif Thybo.

In 1989 Susanne Lange received the *Danish Music Critics' Artist's Award*.

At present the following CDs are available:

Kontrapunkt 32028/30. *Arnold Schönberg: Complete Lieder. Tove Lønsvog, piano. 1989*

Point PCD 5085. *Poul Schierbeck: Håxa and The Chinese Flute. Sønderjyllands Symfoniorkester. Michael Schönwandt, cond. 1988*

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Koch schwann Musica Mundi CD 310 030 H1. *Albert Huybrechts: Deux Poèmes de Emil Verhaeren. Quatuor de l'Opéra National de Belgique. 1988*

Anne Øland was born on Funen and studied at The Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen under Professor Herman D. Koppel and after graduation continued her studies under Guido Agosti in Rome, Hans Leygraf in Salzburg and Nikita Magaloff in Geneva.

In 1977 Anne Øland gave her debut concert in Copenhagen and in the same year she received the *Danish Music Critics' Artist's Award*. In the following years she was awarded numerous Danish prizes and scholarships, including the *Carl Nielsen* and *Anne Marie Carl-Nielsen Award* which she received in 1995.

In 1978 Anne Øland won the first prize at the *Nordic Piano Competition* in Sweden which brought her to the attention of a wider public. In 1981 her international career began when she gave a recital at the Wigmore Hall in London.

As early as 1981 Anne Øland was appointed as an associate professor at The Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen. Apart from teaching up-and-coming young pianists she is very much in demand both as a soloist and chamber musician. She has appeared several times as a soloist with The Danish Radio Symphony Orchestra and with the other six Danish orchestras.

Anne Øland has been on concert tours in Scandinavia, Iceland, Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia and the USA.

At present the following CDs are available:

PACD 79-80. *Carl Nielsen. Complete Piano Works. 1993 and 1994*

CLASSCD 157. *Beethoven sonatas, op.10 no.3, op. 13 and op.110. 1996.*

Digte fra Middelalderen –
Gendigtede af Thor Lange

[1] Hvorfor ville du spørge mig?
(Gammelhollandsk)

Der gik tre favre jomfruer små igennem den grønne
lund,
og dem drev dug over hviden fod den sildige
aftenstund.
Den ene hun sang så frydefuldt, den anden var mod
i hu,
den tredje tog til at spørge: "Hvor er din fæstemand
nu?"
"Og hvorfor ville du spørge mig, det var min
bitreste nød.
Tre riddere vog min fæstemand, nu er han slagen
og død!"
"Og er han slagen, og er han død, du vorder aldrig
hans viv.
Så tag dig en anden fager svend, det glæder dit
unge liv."
"Og tog jeg en anden fager svend, så slog det mit
liv ihjel.
Farvel både fader og moder, du lillesøster, farvel.
De tued en grav op under en lind, så sørgelig på
den jeg ser.
Jeg ganger mig ud til den grønne lind, så kommer
jeg aldrig mer!"

Poems from the Middle Ages –
(Re-created by Thor Lange)

Why do You ask?
(Old Dutch)

Three lovely maidens went walking in the green
grove,
in the late evening the dew was drifting about their
white feet.
The first one sang so joyfully, the second one was
in a sad mood,
the third one asked: "Where is your fiancé
now?"
"Why do you ask? That is my most
bitter woe.
Three knights killed my fiancé, he is slain and
dead."
"And is he slain and is he dead, you will never
become his wife.
So accept another handsome lad and
be happy."
"If I accept another handsome lad it would
kill me.
Goodbye Father and Mother, and you, little sister,
farewell!
They dug a grave under a tree, I look at it with
sorrow.
I shall walk up to the tree and never come back
again"

Der skulle to søstre til kilden gå,
og Gai tog krukken at bære på,
imens Oriour på blomsterne så.
Det lufter i løv, det suser i træer,
og nu vil jeg kysse min hjertenskær!
Fra klosteret kom den lille Gerard;
han kyssede Gai, som vandkrukken bar,
og straks fik han elleve kys til svar.
Det lufter i løv...
"Gå hjem, Oriour, så stærkt som du kan!
de venter hjemme på krukken med vand;
men jeg vil tage Gerard til mand!"
Det lufter i løv...
Helt små var de skridt, Oriour hun tog,
så såre hun græd, sine hænder hun slog:
"Skam få du, søster, at hjem du mig jog"
Det lufter i løv...
"Du går med Gerard, og vel jeg det ser:
han kyssede én gang, han kyssede fler;
det tror jeg: du kommer vist aldrig mer!"
Det lufter i løv...
Gerard og Gai blev hinanden tro,
de gik til hans farmoder begge to,
hun lod deres bryllup med ære bo.
Det lufter i løv...

Two sisters went to the brook,
Gai carried the jar,
while Oriour was looking at the flowers.
The wind is playing with the leaves, the trees are
rustling,
and I will kiss my beloved.
From the monastery came little Gerard,
he kissed Gai who carried the jar,
immediately she gave him eleven kisses back.
The wind is playing...
"Go home, Oriour, as fast as you can!
they are waiting at home for the jar with water;
but I shall marry Gerard!"
The wind is playing...
Oriour went back with very small steps,
she cried, she wrung her hands:
"Shame on you sister, that you send me back!"
The wind is playing...
"You go with Gerard, and I see it well:
he kissed you once, he kissed you many times;
I know you will never come back again."
The wind is playing...
Gerard and Gai remained faithful to each other,
they went to his grandmother,
who celebrated their wedding.
The wind is playing...

[3] Unge George Campbell (Skotsk)

Højt op i fjeldet og dybt ned i dal
unge George Campbell red ud ved hanegal.
Så fri han red i sadlen, så stolt han red afsted.
Hans gode hest er kommen hjem, men han kom
ikke med.
Ud gik hans moder så sorigfuld i gård,
ud gik hans unge brud, hun rev sit gule hår:
"Så fri du red i sadlen, så stolt du red afsted;
din gode hest er kommen hjem, men du kom ikke
med!
Min eng ligger hen, og mit hø er ikke strøet.
Min lade står tom, og mit barn er ikke født.
Så fri du red i sadlen, så stolt som ingen fler.
Din gode hest er kommen hjem, du kommer aldrig
mer!"

[4] Din fader skal ikke skænde (Gammelhollandsk)

"Min skat, vil du med mig ride?
Mit liv, vil du med mig gå?
Min dejlighed, vil du mig vise,
hvor rødest roserne stå?"
"Og om jeg ville dig vise,
hvor rødest roserne stå:
min fader vil på mig skænde,
min moder, hun vil mig slå."
"Din fader skal ikke skænde!
Din moder skal ikke slå!
Alle de røde roser
dem se vi slet ikke på!"

Young George Campbell (Scottish)

As the cock crowed young George Campbell
mounted his horse.
He rode so free, he rode so proud.
His horse returned, but he didn't come back.
His mother went out so full of sorrow,
his young bride tore her golden hair:
"You rode so free, you rode so proud.
Your horse returned, but you didn't come back.
My meadow is barren, my hay is not spread.
My barn is empty and my child is not yet born.
You rode so free – as proud as nobody else.
Your horse returned, you will never come back.

Your Father shall not scold (Old Dutch)

"My love, do you want to come riding?
My life, do you want to go for a walk?
My fairest, will you show me where the roses are
most red?"
"If I showed you where the roses are most red
then my father would scold me, my mother would
hit me."
"Your father shall not scold, your mother shall not
hit you!
We just don't look at all at the red roses!"

[5] Praskoviuschka (Russisk)

I går aftes peb min vagtel, hele natten har den
skreget,
gennem mørket lød dens kalden.
Men i morges ganske tidlig hørte ingen mer til
fuglen,
i sit guldbur var den ikke.
Der har været store falke, de har taget vagtlen med
sig.
Og min egen Praskoviuschka, hun min lyse
Gregorievna,
hun har hulket hele natten.
Men i morges ganske tidlig hørte ingen mer til
pigen,
på sit kammer var hun ikke.
Der har været høje herrer, de har taget
Praskoviuschka.

[6] Sang (Wachsmuth von Mühlhausen)

Hun er så skær som den hvide sne,
hun er så fin med sit gule hår,
hun er så rank og så ren at se,
hun er det dejligste, jeg forstår!
Så lys en glæde, som nogen ved,
må gerne være de andre bered,
men jeg vil eje min kærlighed.
Vel tykkes solen mig blank og klar,
men bedre lys blev i hende lagt;
to glade øjne den frue har,
i dem jeg føler Guds milde magt!
Og lagde de kronen fra Rom for min fod,
men de ville tage mit bedste klenod:
den handel blev dem vist aldrig god!

Praskoviuschka (Russian)

Yesterday evening my quail was whining, all night
it screamed,
through the darkness you could hear it calling.
But very early this morning nobody heard the bird,
it could not be found in its golden cage.
Big falcons have taken the quail with them.
And my own Praskoviuschka, my fair Gregorievna,
she was crying all night.
But very early this morning nobody heard the girl,
she was not in her room anymore.
Powerful men have taken Praskoviuschka away.

Song (Wachsmuth von Mühlhausen)

She is as fair as the white snow,
she is so fine with her golden hair,
she is so tall and so pure to look at,
she is the most lovely I have ever seen!
The others can have as much happiness as they
deserve,
if only I can own my love.
Although the sun seems bright and clear,
a better light is within her;
two happy eyes my mistress possesses,
in them I feel God's gentle power!
And did they offer me the throne of Rome,
but wanted to take away my best gem
they would not make a good bargain!

[7] Skønne fru Beatriz (Spansk)

Der står et bryllup i Frankerig udi den stad Paris:
helt statelig ganger i dansen den skønne fru
Beatriz.

Hun dansed længe, hun dansed vel, hun dansede let
på tå.

Ude stod unge grev Martin og blidelig til hende så.
"Hør du det, unge grev Martin, og hør, hvad jeg
spørger dig!

Hvad enten ser du på dansen? Hvad heller ser du
på mig?"

"Slet ikke ser jeg på dansen, så mangen dans har
jeg trådt;

jeg ser på dig, for du er så skøn, og det gør mit
hjerte godt!"

"Og gør det dig godt, grev Martin, så tag mig og
før mig afsted!

Min mand er både gammel og stiv, han løber ikke
med!"

Der står et bryllup i Frankerig udi den stad Paris:
helt statelig ganger i dansen den skønne fru
Beatriz.

Gudruns Sorg.

Første sang om Gudrun af Den ældre Edda

[8] Dengang var Gudrun beredt til døden

Dengang var Gudrun beredt til døden,
da sorgfuld hun sad over Sigurds lig.
Ej sad hun og græd og med hænder slog;
ej hun klynked som andre kvinder.
Kløge jarler til hende kom,
varligt de bøjede den hårde vilje.
Dog kunne Gudrun ikke græde;
så hun sørgede, som om briste hun skulle.

The Beautiful Mistress Beatriz (Spanish)

At a wedding in France – in the town of Paris
the beautiful Mistress Beatriz is dancing.
She danced for a long time, she danced well.
Young Count Martin was watching her tenderly.
"Listen, Count Martin and hear what I'm asking
you!

Why are you looking at me and not at the
dancing?"

"I don't look at the dancing – I have danced
enough –

I look at you because you are so beautiful
and it makes my heart happy."

"If it makes you happy then take me away from
here.

My husband is old and stiff, he won't run after us."
At a wedding in France – in the town of Paris
the beautiful Mistress Beatriz is dancing.

The Sorrow of Gudrun.

The first song about Gudrun from The Elder Edda

Gudrun was ready for death at the time
when she full of sorrow sat by Sigurd's corpse.
She did not cry or beat with her hands;
she did not whimper like other women.
Wise earls came to her,
gently they bent her strong will.
And yet Gudrun could not cry;
thus she mourned as if she would burst.

[9] Hos sad jarlers ædle hustruer

Hos sad jarlers ædle hustruer,
smykkede med guld, ved Gudruns side.
Hver af dem sagde sin egen sorg,
den bitreste, som hun båret havde.
Da sagde Gjavløg, Gjukes søster:
"Blandt folk over mulde er jeg fattigst på glæde.
Fem mænd jeg så i døden segne,
tvende døtre, trende søstre, otte brødre,
jeg ene lever."
Dog kunne Gudrun ikke græde;
så mod var hun i hu over den døde mand,
så fuld af smerte ved fyrstens ligfærd.

[10] Da sagde Herborg, Hunelands dronning

Da sagde Herborg, Hunelands dronning:
"Jeg har en hårdere harm af fortælle.
Fjernt i sønden mine syv sønner
faldt på val med deres fader.
Med fader og moder og fire brødre
leged vinden på havets vove;
bølgen slog mod skibets planker.
Selv skulle jeg dem smykke, selv dem begrave,
og selv for deres helfart sørge.
Alt det jeg led i et eneste år,
og ingen talte et ord til trøst."
Dog kunne Gudrun ikke græde;
så mod var hun i hu over den døde mand,
så fuld af smerte ved fyrstens ligfærd.

The earls' noble wives,
adorned with gold, sat next to Gudrun.
Each of them told her own sorrow,
the most bitter that she had borne.
Thus said Gjavløg, the sister af Gjuke:
"Amongst all on earth I am the least happy.
Five husbands have I seen sink to their death,
two daughters, three sisters, eight brothers,
only I am alive."
And yet Gudrun could not cry,
she was so sad because of her dead husband,
so full of pain at the obsequies of the prince.

Thus said Herborg, the queen of Huneland:
"I have an even harder fate to tell you.
Far away in the south my seven sons
fell on the battlefield together with their father.
With father and mother and four brothers
the wind played on the waves of the ocean;
the wave beat against the planks of the ship.
I had to adorn them and to bury them myself
and to care for their descent to the land of the dead.
All this I suffered in one single year,
and no one said a word to comfort me".
And yet Gudrun could not cry;
she was so sad because of her dead husband,
so full of pain at the obsequies of the prince.

[11] Da sagde Gullrønd, Gjukes datter

Da sagde Gullrønd, Gjukes datter;
"Ej du mægter, fostermoder!
skønt vis du er, den unge viv at trøste."
Ej lod hun tilhulle fyrstens lig.
Lagnet strøg hun af Sigurds legem,
vendte hans kind mod Gudruns knæ:
"Se på din elskte; læg din mund til hans skæg,
som om du favnede fyrsten i live."

[12] Én gang Gudrun end ham skued

Én gang Gudrun end ham skued,
så blodet, som herskerens hår mon væde,
fyrstens strålende øjne slukte,
kongens bryst af sværdet kløvet.
Gudrun tilbage på bolstret segned,
løkkerne løstes, kinden rødmed,
tårer som regn randt over knæ.
Da græd Gudrun, Gjukes datter,
så tårerne løb fra øjets låg.

Thus said Gullrønd, the daughter of Gjuke:
"Although you are wise, fostermother,
you do not have the might to comfort the young wife."
She did not cover the body of the prince.
She removed the sheet from Sigurd's body,
turned his cheek against Gudrun's knee:
"Look at your beloved; press your mouth against
his beard,
just like you did when you embraced him when he
was alive."

Once again Gudrun saw him,
saw the blood that stained the ruler's hair,
the sparkling eyes of the prince were closed,
the breast of the king cleaved by the sword.
Gudrun sank back on the bolster,
her tresses untied themselves, her cheeks flushed,
tears like rain ran over her knees.
Then Gudrun, the daughter of Gjuke, cried,
so that tears ran from her eyelids.

[13] Da sagde Gudrun, Gjukes datter

Da sagde Gudrun, Gjukes datter:
"Så var min Sigurd blandt Gjukes sønner,
som løget, der gror op over græsset,
eller den blinkende sten, der drages på bånd,
som ædelsten over ædlinges skare.
Jeg monne kongens kæmper tykkes
herligere end alle Herjans diser.
Nu er jeg så liden, som løvet er på buskene ofte,
thi den ædle er død.
For borde jeg savner,
i seng jeg savner min fuldtro fælle.
Gjukes sønner volde min ve,
voldte deres søsters sorgfulde gråd.
Folkets land I lægge øde,
thi ej I holdt de svorne eder.
Ej skal du, Gunnar! guldet nyde;
ringene vil dig bane volde,
siden du Sigurd eder svor.
Ofte var glæden større i gårde,
da min Sigurd sadlede Grane,
og da de fore til Brynhild at fri,
den usalige kvind, i ulykkesstund."

Thus said Gudrun, the daughter of Gjuke:
"My Sigurd was amongst the sons of Gjuke
like the onion that grows over the grass,
or like the twinkling stone being strung
like the precious stone over the host of nobles.
The king's warriors considered me more beautiful
than all the goddesses in Herjan.
Now I am as small as the foilage on the bushes
for the noble is dead.
At my table, in my bed
I miss my faithful companion.
The sons of Gjuke cause my woe,
cause their sister's sorrowful weeping.
The land of the people you will lay waste
because you did not keep your sworn oaths:
You, Gunnar, shall not enjoy the gold;
the rings will cause your death
since you swore an oath to Sigurd.
Often happiness has been greater in this hall
as when my Sigurd saddled Grane,
and when they went off to propose to Brynhild,
that ill-fated woman, in the hour of calamity."

**Farlige Drømme –
seks digte fra Holger Drachmanns
“Tannhäuser”**

[14] Du lægger dig ned en aftenstund

Du lægger dig ned en aftenstund
og giver dig til at drømme;
søvnen er sød, og hvilen er sund,
og tankerne holdes i første blund i tømme.
Men eftersom nattens timer gå,
styrer du ud på må og få
i stærke og stride strømme.
Du vågner silde; for sent, min ven,
til at finde dig selv ved det gamle igen.
O hvilke gåder fra nattens grund,
hvilke sælsomme syner i søvnens blund,
o hvilke farlige drømme.

[15] Hvor engen har foldet, ved mosens bred

Hvor engen har foldet, ved mosens bred,
sit tæppe ud med et venligt: Sid ned!
bag hækken, som løfter sin skjærm mod solen,
der sad hun med blomster i skødet på kjolen.
Engen dufted og mosen med,
han rørte sig ikke ud af sit sted;
han så, hvor hun vikled, han så, hvor hun bandt,
tilsidst han i slyngningen selv sig fandt.

*Fatal Dreams –
six poems from “Tannhäuser”
by Holger Drachmann*

You lay down one evening
and start dreaming;
the sleep is sweet and the rest is sound
and your thoughts at first are curbed.
But as the hours of the night go by
you head out at random in strong turrents.
You wake up so late; too late, my friend
to find yourself in the old way again.
Oh what enigmas from the depths of the night
what strange visions in the slumber of sleep.
Oh what fatal dreams.

At the bank of the moor, where the meadow
has unfolded its carpet with a friendly: Sit down!
behind the hedge which raises its shield against the
sun,
there she sat with flowers spread out in the lap of
her dress.
The meadow smelt sweetly and so did the moor,
he never moved from his place;
he saw how she weaved and he saw how she
bound,
in the end he found himself inside the weaving.

[16] Det blinker med perler

Det blinker med perler, et glimmernet
er lagt over skoven;
skyen har netop for nylig grædt,
nu smiler månen foroven.
Fortrøst dig dog ikke til månens skin,
forvild dig ikke i skyggerne ind;
der vifter den farligste elvervind
gennem skoven.

It is twinkling with pearls, a glittering net
has been spread over the trees;
the cloud recently cried,
the moon is smiling above.
Do not trust in the light of the moon,
do not stray into the shadows;
the most dangerous elfinwind is blowing
through the wood.

[17] Så lad sangen i salene bruse

Så lad sangen i salene bruse,
sæt på bordene bægre frem,
lad os åbne for svimmelens sluse,
lad os sende forsagtheden hjem!
Nu er nydelsen nået til huse,
den har sat sig i højsædet fast;
på dens byden jeg vil mig beruse,
om så livet med lykken brast.

Then let song sound in the halls,
put out cups on the tables,
let us open for the floodgates of giddiness,
send despondency home!
Enjoyment has now reached this house,
it has taken the seat of honour,
at its command I will intoxicate myself
even if life and happiness should burst.

[18] I skoven er der så stille

I skoven er der så stille,
der rasler kun det gule blad;
nu kommer den stund, vi ville
som venner skilles ad.
Skoven luder med brinken brat,
vindfælden vakler, når vinden ta'er fat.
Nu kommer vintrens den lange hvile og længere nat.

It is very quiet in the wood
only the yellow leaf is rustling;
the time has now come when we
would part as friends.
The wood is stooping towards the precipice,
the windfall wobbles when the wind starts blowing.
The long rest and even longer night of winter has
come.

[19] Den blomstrende sommer

Den blomstrende sommer blev kædet til høst,
til død, hvad der var i live.
Sorg skal følge på lyst,
stille, du bankende bryst!
Kun de evige love skal blive.
Venner, ræk hånd over graven hen,
den døde kommer ej mer igen,
men ånden taler fra rummet,
når læben her er forstummet.

Appendix:

[20] Det glimter med perler

Det glimter med perler, et glimmernet
er lagt over skoven:
skyen har netop for nylig grædt,
nu smiler månen fra oven.
Fortrøst dig dog ikke til månens skin,
forvild dig ikke i skyggerne ind;
der vifter den farligste elfvind
gennem skoven.

The blossoming summer connected to autumn,
to death, what used to be alive.
Sorrow shall follow delight,
quiet, beating heart.
Only the eternal laws shall remain.
Friends, extend your hands over the grave,
the dead will not come back again,
but the spirit shall be talking from space
when this lip is silent.

It is twinkling with pearls, a glittering net
has been spread over the trees;
the cloud recently cried,
the moon is smiling above.
Do not trust in the light of the moon,
do not stray into the shadows;
the most dangerous elfinwind is blowing
through the wood.

[21] Skal altid fæste mit hår under hue

Skal altid fæste mit hår under hue,
tør aldrig binde en sløjfe deri;
ilde lugter den kræmmerstue –
hvem der som fuglen var fri!
Min moder var dog en stadselig frue;
kom, lille spejl, lad mig se.
De kaldte ved dåben mig "Due",
hun flyver helst i det fri.
De klokker ringe til ottesang,
nu bliver Dyvekes dag så lang;
og vil jeg af byen med moder gå,
dér spærre de bjerge så isengrå.
Men ude i haven står urter og blommer,
dér drømmer mit hjerte blandt zwibler og løg;
krydret dufter den liflige sommer,
og hjertet slår som en gøg.
Det slår mod min hånd, under huden det trommer,
det varsler så langt mig et liv.
Vær hilset, du fugl, mellem urter og blommer,
vær hilset, du kukkende gøg!

I must always bind my hair under a cap,
shall never dare to bind a bow in it;
the shopkeeper's room smells badly,
I wish I were free as a bird!
My mother used to be a handsome woman;
come, little mirror, let me have a look.
They christened me "Dove",
she would rather fly free.
The matins-bells are ringing,
Dyveke's day now grows so long;
and if I want to leave town with mother
the ice grey mountains block my way.
But in the garden grow herbs and flowers
there my heart dreams among the onion plants;
the lovely summer smells of spice
and my heart sings like a cuckoo.
It beats against my hand, it beats like a drum under
my skin,
it predicts me so long a life.
I greet you, bird, among herbs and flowers,
I greet you cuckooing cuckoo!

[22] Ak, hvem der havde en hue med fjer

Ak, hvem der havde en hue med fjer og brokade på,
og hvem der var klædt som en frue og skulle til
messe gå!

Og hvem der vel kunne age i karm
eller sidde til hest med falk over arm;
ak, hvem der blot ikke var Askepot,
men ejed et stensat slot!

Jeg sidder og øjnene lukker,
med hænderne lagt under knæ:
da længes jeg efter de dukker,
jeg havde som lille af træ,
dem pynted jeg ud efter eget sind
og redte dem i både zobel og skind;
ak, hvem der var barn mellem dukker igen
eller dukkerne fruere og mænd!

Så tog jeg den bedstes hue med fjer og brokade på
og redte mig ud som en frue, der agter i messe at gå.
Jeg aged til hove i hængende karm,
mig fulgte den ridder med falk over arm.
Ak nej, jeg må græde for ridder og slot,
jeg er jo kuns Askepot.

Oh, I wish I had a cap adorned with feathers and
brocade
and I wish I were dressed like a lady going to mass
and I wish I could ride in a carriage
or sit on horseback with a falcon on my arm.
Oh, I wish I were not a Cinderella
but owned a stone castle!
I sit and close my eyes
with my hands under my knee:
I long for the wooden dolls
I used to have as a little girl;
I dressed them after my whim,
dressed them in sable and furs;
oh I wish I were once more a child among dolls
or that the dolls were women and men.
I would put on the best cap with feathers and
brocade
and dress like a lady going to mass.
I would ride to court in a carriage,
followed by a knight with a falcon on his arm.
Oh no, I must weep for knight and castle,
I am only a mere Cinderella.

[23] Hvad vil den mand med kæder på

Hvad vil den mand med kæder på,
med gyldne kæder om sit bryst?
Hvorhen jeg går, hans øjne gå,
men taler han, så har hans røst en magt,
som jeg må lyde.
En kirkens mand, en adelsmand;
Gud ved, om duen var istand
den høgeham at bryde?
Og han er Prinsens kansler,
og Prinsen kommer hid!
Hvorledes ser en prins vel ud?
Må bære kæder vel på bryst
og lin om hals og sidenskrud;
men har hans tunge sådan røst,
som jomfruer må lyde?
Ak, her mutter Sigbrits bod
han sætter aldrig dog sin fod.
Hvad kunne vi ham byde?

What does he want the man adorned with chains,
with golden chains on his breast?
Wherever I go his eyes follow,
but when he speaks, his voice has a power
I must obey.
A man of the church, a nobleman;
Only God knows if the dove
is able to break the hawk's feathers.
And he is the chancellor of the prince
and the prince will be coming here!
I wonder what a prince looks like.
He must wear chains on his breast
and linen round his neck and silk robes;
but has his tongue such a voice
that virgins must obey?
Oh, he will never set foot
here in Mother Sigbrit's shop.
What could we offer him?

[24] Vildt, vildt, vildt suser blæsten

Vildt, vildt, vildt suser blæsten,
sommer er næsten draget af land.
Mod bryggerne skulper det sortnende vand;
jeg så ham på bryggen, den kongelige mand.
Hans øje var dybt som fjorden derude;
jeg kunne mig sænke derned.
På brystet det brede lå fløjelets pude;
jeg kunne mig hvile derved.
For foden jeg kunne ham falde med suk
og smile, om hånden min pande strøg.
De sagde så ofte, at duen var smuk.
Nu ved jeg først, hvem der er høg!
Vildt, vildt, vildt suser blæsten,
hvem der ved festen i aften var med!
Jeg blev vel på tærskelen stående ræd,
og dansed dog gerne afsted.
Hans øje var dybt som fjorden derude;
jeg kunne mig sænke derned.

[25] Næppe tør jeg tale

Næppe tør jeg tale, så vinker han brat;
kongen drømmer vågen, men værre dog ved nat;
ville så gerne sige ham, hvad mest jeg tænker på...
Jeg tænker på svundne dage; det kan han ej forstå!
Jeg drømte, jeg var en due og sattes med høg i bur,
for høgens funklende øjne jeg flygted med skræk
mod mur;
så bød han mig sikkert lejde, hvorhen jeg blot
havde lyst...
Så hugged han næbbets kårde igennem mit hvide bryst.
Våge må jeg stedse ved dag og ved nat,
vender jeg mig fra ham, så vågner han brat,
fatter mig i sit favnetag, som ville jeg fra ham gå...
Hans kys er glødende lue; jeg kan dem ej forstå.

Wildly whistles the wind,
summer is almost over.
The dark water splashes against the wharves;
I saw him, I saw him on the wharf,
the royal man.
His eye was as deep as the fiord out there;
I could sink myself into it.
Velvet covered his broad breast;
I could find my rest there.
With a sigh I could sink to his feet
and smile if his hand stroked my brow.
They often said that the dove was beautiful.
Now at last I know who is the hawk!
Wildly whistles the wind,
I wish I were present at the feast tonight!
I probably would stop petrified at the threshold,
and yet I would want to dance.
His eye was as deep as the fiord out there;
I could sink myself into it.

I hardly dare to speak before he stops me;
the King dreams awake but worse at night;
I want so much to tell him what I think of most...
I think of bygone days; that he does not understand!
I dreamt I was a dove put into the hawk's cage,
I fled to the wall from the hawk's glinting eyes;
he offered me a safeconduct wherever I wished to go...
then he slashed my white breast with his sword-like beak.
Always I must be awake by day and by night,
if I turn away from him he immediately awakes,
clutches me in his embrace as if I was going to
leave him...
His kisses are like glowing fire.
I do not understand them.

[26] Det stiger, det stiger, det stiger herop

Det stiger, det stiger, det stiger herop,
bækken vandrer mod fjeldet.
Det er uhørt leg.
Er jeg ældet? O nej,
jeg er fældet på vej,
jeg er angst for mit liv,
kunne dø for min kniv;
hvor er Kongens Dyveke henne?
Ved ej, kan ej selv hende kende.
De hvisler omkring mig som snoge,
må lukke mine øjenlåge;
de trykker min hånd,
jeg tør ej, jeg ved
jeg er angst, jeg er hed,
jeg er træt af mig selv,
af min leg er jeg led,
jeg er ræddelig stedt i den bitreste nød.
Jesus Maria, hvem der var død.

Upwards, upwards it climbs,
the brook wanders towards the mountain.
It is a game unheard of.
Have I grown old? Oh no,
I am cut down,
I fear for my life,
I could die by my knife;
where is the King's Dyveke now?
I do not know,
I do not recognize her anymore.
Around me they hiss like snakes,
I have to close my eyes,
they press my hand,
I dare not, I know
I am afraid, I am hot,
I am weary of myself,
I loathe my game,
I stand in my bitter distress.
Jesus Maria, I wish I were dead.

[27] Se, nu er sommeren kommen

Se, nu er sommeren kommen,
kirsebærfrugten er moden;
i havens snirklede gange
flytter jeg silkefoden.
Silke har jeg mig spundet
ud af min ungdoms glæde,
silke fra hoved til foden,
ved ikke hvor jeg tør træde;
elsker de dyre stene,
elsker de gyldne spanger;
ligner vist gyldenlakken,
som med sin armod pranger.
Holdes til huse bundet,
vogtes mod snigende slanger,
ville så gerne snakke lidt med de andre fanger.
Se, nu er sommeren kommen,
træernes frugt er moden.
Sommeren har sine storme,
frugterne drysses for foden.
Fy, hvilke stygge tanker.
Vinden får vifte dem ud,
vinden får slutte min vise...
dér kommer slotsherrens bud!

Look, summer has come,
the cherries are ripe;
in the garden's tortuous path
I move my silken shoes.
I have spun silk
from the joys of my youth,
silk from head to foot,
I do not know where I dare to tread;
I love the precious stones,
love the golden footbridges;
I must look like the wallflower
flaunting her poverty.
They keep me locked up in the house,
they guard me against sneaking snakes,
I only wish to talk for a bit
with the other prisoners.
Look, summer has come,
the fruit of the trees is ripe.
The summer has its storms,
the fruit falls to our feet.
Stop, such wicked thoughts.
The wind must blow them away,
the wind must finish my song...
Here comes the messenger from the castellan!

English translation by Susanne Lange.



Recorded at Focus Recording Studio 2., 3., 7. and 8. October 1996

Recording Engineer & Producer: Jesper Jørgensen, Helikon

Photos: Marianne Grøndahl

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Sange og romancer

Digte fra Middelalderengenindtagede af Thor Lange (1874-75) 18:56
Poems from the Middle Ages - (Re-created by Thor Lange)

- [1] **Hvorfor ville du spørge mig?** (Gammelhollandsk) 2:57
Why do You ask? (Old Dutch)
- [2] **Gammel fransk romance** (Gammelfransk) 3:48
Old French Ballad (Old French)
- [3] **Unge George Campbell** (Skotsk) 2:57
Young George Campbell (Scottish)
- [4] **Din fader skal ikke skænde** (Gammelhollandsk) 1:28
Your Father shall not scold (Old Dutch)
- [5] **Praskoviuschka** (Russisk) 2:07
Praskoviuschka (Russian)
- [6] **Sang** (Wachsmuth von Mühlhausen) 2:15
Song (Wachsmuth von Mühlhausen)
- [7] **Skønne fru Beatriz** (Spansk) 2:58
The Beautiful Mistress Beatriz (Spanish)

Gudruns Sorg.

Første sang om Gudrun af Den ældre Edda
(Oversat af H.G. Møller) (1871) 14:17
The Sorrow of Gudrun.
The first song about Gudrun from The Elder Edda

- [8] **Dengang var Gudrun beredt til døden** 1:36
Gudrun was ready for death
- [9] **Hos sad jarlens ædle hustruer** 2:07
The earls' noble wives
- [10] **Da sagde Herborg, Hunelands dronning** 2:37
Thus said Herborg, the queen of Huneland
- [11] **Da sagde Gullrønd, Gjukes datter** 1:41
Thus said Gullrønd, the daughter of Gjuke
- [12] **En gang Gudrun end ham skued** 1:33
Once again Gudrun saw him
- [13] **Da sagde Gudrun, Gjukes datter** 4:37
Thus said Gudrun, the daughter of Gjuke

Farlige Drømme -
seks digte fra Holger Drachmanns "Tannhäuser"
(1877-78) 11:38

Fatal Dreams -
six poems from "Tannhäuser" by Holger Drachmann
[14] **Du lægger dig ned en aftenstund** 2:17

- You lay down one evening*
- [15] **Hvor engen har foldet, ved mosens bred** 1:14
At the bank of the moor, where the meadow has unfolded
- [16] **Det blinker med perler** 0:57
It is twinkling with pearls
- [17] **Så lad sangen i salene bruse** 1:00
Then let song sound in the halls
- [18] **I skoven er der så stille** 2:28
It is very quiet in the wood
- [19] **Den blomstrende sommer** 2:07
The blossoming summer

[20] **Det glimter med perler** 1:10
It is twinkling with pearls

Dyvekes Sange (Holger Drachmann) (1878-79) 19:46
The Songs of Dyveke (Holger Drachmann)

- I Bergen:
- [21] **Skal altid fæste mit hår under hue** 3:17
I must always bind my hair under a cap
- [22] **Ak, hvem der havde en hue med fjer** 2:58
Oh, I wish I had a cap adorned with feathers
- [23] **Hvad vil den mand med kæder på** 2:15
What does he want the man adorned with chains
- [24] **Vildt, vildt, vildt suser blæsten** 3:51
Wildly whistles the wind

- På Sælland:
- [25] **Næppe tør jeg tale** 3:13
I hardly dare to speak
- [26] **Det stiger, det stiger, det stiger herop** 1:38
Upwards, upwards it climbs
- [27] **Se, nu er sommeren kommen** 2:18
Look, summer has come

Susanne Lange,
sopran
Anne Øland,
piano

dana
cord