

**3 Sangar, Op. 8**

**En vacker höstdag**  
*Sven Adolf Hedlund*

Säg dock, om ej en sådan dag är skön?  
Hur tyst och stilla! Intet löfblad skälfter;  
En ensam fogel qvitrar; nyfödd grön  
Står gräsets matta; högblå himmel hälfter  
Sig kring en jord, som uti andakt beder  
Och fridfullt glad till hvila sig bereder.

**Vi ses igen**  
*Viktor Rydberg*

Och vårsol lyste vid österns bryn,  
när riddarns son gick igenom byn.

I dörrn till hyddan där under lind  
stod liten flicka med rosig kind.

Och gossen sade: god morgon du!  
och kysste henne i samma nu.

De voro morgnade båda nyss,  
och frisk som morgonen var hans kyss.

Långt skall jag färdas, du lilla vän,  
men glöm mig icke! Vi ses igen.

Så sade gossen och log och gick. -  
Hon glömde aldrig den kyss hon fick,

hon glömde aldrig, hur skön han var,  
hur trofast lyste hans ögonpar,

hur käckt på böljande lockar satt  
hans fjädervajande junkerhatt.

Hon växte upp, och hon mindes än  
de ord av gossen: vi ses igen.

Hon växte upp och var glad och skön,  
fick lyss till mången en kärleksbön,

och många friare kommo, men  
hon sade endast: jag har en vän.

Och åren svunno med hastigt lopp,  
men tiden störde ej hennes hopp.

Och hennes vår, hennes sommar svann;  
hon tänkte glad: vi få se varann.

**Beautiful Autumn Day**  
*tr. Jonathan Spatola-Knoll*

Would you not say that such a day is beautiful?  
How quiet and still! Not a leaf shakes;  
A lonely bird twitters; Newborn green  
is the carpet of grass; The high blue sky halfway  
Encircles the earth, which out of devotion prays  
And peacefully and happily prepares to rest.

**We Will Meet Again**  
*tr. Jonathan Spatola-Knoll*

And the spring sun shone on the eastern edge  
When the knight's son walked through the village.

In the doorway to the hut under the linden tree  
stood a little girl with a rosy cheek.

And the boy said: Good morning to you!  
And kissed her at the same time.

They had both just woken up,  
And fresh as the morning was his kiss!

Far must I travel, you little friend,  
But forget me not! We will meet again.

So said the boy, smiled, and left.  
She never forgot the kiss she got.

She never forgot how beautiful he was,  
How faithfully his eyes gleamed,

How boldly on his flowing locks sat  
His feather-waving junker hat.

She grew up, and she remembered still  
The words of the boy: we will meet again.

She grew up and was happy and beautiful,  
And many prayers of love were answered.

And many suitors came but  
she only said: I have a friend.

And the years passed by at a rapid pace,  
But time did not disturb her hope.

And her spring, her summer disappeared,  
She thought happily: we will see each other.

Hon tänkte än i sin ålders höst:  
vi mötas åter, det är min tröst.

Och in i döden hon tänkte än:  
vad jag är lycklig! Vi ses igen.

### **Visa en vårmorgon**

*Johan Ludvig Runeberg*

Högre uppsteg dagen  
glädjen och behagen  
väcktes ur sin långa vinterdvala.

Vårens krans blev bunden  
göken gol i lunden  
och kring hyddan flög min kända svala.

Luften ljöd och skogen  
minsta fågel trogen  
och i stämmor spåda hjärtats brand.

### **Minnen**

*Author unknown*

I stunder, flyktiga och korta,  
Då lifvet log med vänligt hopp,  
I åren ej för alltid borta,  
Fast snabbt som floden far ert lopp.  
Jag minns det minsta som fått smycka  
Mitt lif och hvad mitt hjärta vann,  
Den gyllne tråd af stilla lycka,  
Som Nornan huldrikt åt mig spann.  
Mitt bröst en säker tillflykt blifvit  
För allt, som gjort mitt lif så rikt,  
Djupt in i själen jag det skrifvit:  
Ett trolldomsord i eldskrift likt.  
Men intet tungomål beskriver  
Den värld af under natten ter.  
Då slöjan sakta lyftad blifver  
Från tusen bilder, dem jag ser.

### **Helga Maria**

*tr: from Latin unknown*

Helga Maria, du som är vorden  
moder på jorden.  
Du har lidit som vi!  
Du delade vår smärta,  
trösta nu vårt hjerta,  
På knä vi di bedja: stå oss bi.  
Helga Maria, torka våra tårar  
och vår smärta, Maria,  
Maria, bed din son för oss! Amen!

She still thought in the autumn of old age:  
We will meet again, that is my solace.

And into death she thought,  
How fortunate I am! We will meet again.

### **Song on a Spring Morning**

*tr: Jonathan Spatola-Knoll*

Higher rises the day,  
Joy and pleasure  
are awakened from their long winter sleep.

The spring's wreath was bound,  
The cuckoo chirped in the grove  
And around the cottage flew my familiar swallow.

The air resounded and the forest,  
The smallest bird faithful  
And in parts the heart's fire was diluted.

### **Memories**

*tr: Jonathan Spatola-Knoll*

In moments, fleeting and short,  
When life smiled with kindly hope,  
In years not forever gone,  
As quickly as the river takes its course.  
I at least remember how  
My life and what my heart won, was graced  
With the golden thread of calm happiness  
As the Norn\* graciously span me around.  
My breast a safe refuge has become  
For everything that made my life so rich,  
Deep in my soul I wrote it:  
Like a magic word written in fire.  
But no language describes  
How the world appears at night.  
Then the veil is gently lifted,  
From a thousand images, the ones I see.

### **Holy Mary**

*tr: Laura Loge*

Holy Mary, you who are the world's  
mother on Earth.  
You have suffered as we have!  
You shared our pain,  
now comfort our hearts,  
On our knees we pray: Stand by us.  
Holy Mary dry our tears  
and our pain, Maria,  
Mary pray to your son for us! Amen!

**Fjäriln***Elias Stehlstedt*

Du lilla fjäril som flyger och far  
och brådtom har,  
och full utaf lefnadslust spritter,  
Det tycks som du blott fått ditt unga lif  
till tidsfördrif,  
att leka bäst du gitter.

Du tycker väl ej det är ledsamt det,  
jag sämre vet,  
dock, ej på vår lefnadslust klagom,  
Tänk om du hade som myran en stack  
att dras med, ack!  
Du finge då sprätta så lagom!

**Efter en sommerfugl***Andreas Jynge*

Sommerfuglen min, med vingerne fine,  
røde og brune og røde og blaa,  
finder du da ingen af blomsterne dine?

Sommerfuglen min, med vingerne fine,  
sæt dig nu der paa det svaiende straa.

Sommerfuglen min, jeg vil ikke skræmme dig--  
vil bare naa dig, vil bare faa dig, vil bare gjemme dig!

Der havde jeg dig næsten, og saa fløi du din vei.

**Vogt på dit øie***Holger Drachmann*

Hvergang du var gået, så tænkte jeg på  
— O mine rolige drømme! —  
på alt, hvad jeg vilde du skulde forstå;  
aldrig til læben kan ordet nå',  
dine øjne varsler mig fare.  
Der brænder en spørgende ild i dit blik.  
Jeg tør ikke svare.

Hvi vil du forfølge den flygtende så?  
— O mine rolige drømme! —  
Hvergang du berører den klirrende slå,  
det er, som jeg skulde i angst forgå;  
hvi kan dog den leg dig fornøje?  
Men fødtes du stærk, så benyt ej din magt.  
Vogt på dit øje!

**The Butterfly***tr. Laura Loge*

You little butterfly who flies and flits about  
and is always in a hurry,  
and filled with zest for life,  
It appears you just got your young life  
as a simple way to pass the time,  
to play about as best you can.

Don't you think it is a little sad,  
I don't know,  
though, I'm not complaining about your zest for life,  
Think if you had a hill, like the ant,  
to be afflicted by, alas!  
You would find you would travel a bit slower!

**Chasing a Butterfly***tr. Laura Loge*

My butterfly with lovely wings,  
Red and brown and red and blue,  
Can't you find any of your flowers?

My butterfly with lovely wings,  
settle down there on that swaying piece of straw.

My butterfly, I don't want to scare you,  
I just want to catch you, to get you, to hide you!

I almost had you there, and then you flew away.

**Be careful of your eyes***tr. Laura Loge*

Every time you left, I thought about it  
— Oh my gentle dreams! —  
about everything I wanted you to understand;  
the words never reached my lips,  
your eyes warned me of danger.  
There burns a questioning fire in your gaze,  
which I dare not answer.

Who will you pursue with this fleeting vision?  
— Oh my gentle dreams! —  
Each time you touch the tinkling beat,  
it is as if I should do without, in angst;  
how can it please you then?  
But if you are strong, then don't use your power.  
Be careful of your eyes!

## **Den dag kjem aldri**

*A. O. Vinje*

Den dag kjem aldri at eg deg gløymer,  
for um eg søver, eg um deg drøymer.  
Um nott og dag er du like nær,  
og best eg ser deg når myrkt det er.

Du leikar kringom meg der eg vankar.  
Eg høyrer deg når mitt hjarta bankar.  
Du støtt meg fylgjer på ferdi mi,  
som skuggen gjeng etter soli si.

I kvar som gjeng og som rid og køyrer,  
d'er deg eg ser; deg i alt eg høyrer:  
I song og fløyte- og felelåt,  
men endå best i min eigen gråt.

## **Blåklommer**

*Anonymous*

Se blåklommer ringer over os to,  
Guds engle vinger omsuser vor tro,  
stem tonerne op lad harperne klinge!  
Os lykke de bringe,  
Hvor vi skal bygge og bo.

## **Vuggevise**

*Ewald Sundberg*

Sov min prindsesse, sov ind!  
Tystnet er vårnattens vind.  
Stilnet er suset i trær,  
bierne summer ei mer.  
Slottet har lagt sig til ro,  
ene så sidder vi to  
badet i sølv månens skin,  
sov, min prindsesse, sov ind.

Sølv månen skinner så tyst  
over dit åndende bryst,  
Snor om dit hoved en krans,  
fyllder dit øie med glans.  
Øiet så kysser jeg du,  
søvnen skal vugge dig nu,  
sænke dig drømme i sind,  
sov, min prindsesse, sov ind.

Hånden din liden og fin,  
tager jeg stille i min,  
kysser de fingre så små,  
kysser de øine så blå.  
Længslerne vugger en tyst  
toneflugt gjennom mit bryst.  
Tonen er du i mit sind,  
sov, min prindsesse, sov ind.

## **The Day will Never Come**

*tr. Laura Loge*

The day will never come that I forget you,  
Because even if I sleep, I dream about you.  
You are close by both night and day,  
And I see you best when it is dark.

You play around me wherever I roam.  
I hear you when my heart beats.  
You always follow me on all my travels,  
Like a shadow follows the sun.

In everyone around me all the time,  
It is you I see; you are all I hear:  
In song and flute and fiddle tune,  
But mostly in my own weeping.

## **Bluebells**

*tr. Laura Loge*

See the bluebells ringing over the two of us,  
God's angel wings surround our faith,  
Raise your voices, let the harps ring!  
They bring us happiness,  
Where we will build and live.

## **Lullaby**

*tr. Laura Loge*

Sleep my princess, sleep well!  
The spring night's wind has silenced.  
The breeze in the trees has stilled,  
the bees no longer buzz.  
The castle has gone to bed,  
we two sit alone  
bathed in the glow of the silver moon,  
Sleep my princess, sleep well.

The silver moon shines so quietly  
over your breathing breast,  
A crown encircles your head,  
filling your eyes with radiance.  
So I kiss your eyes,  
sleep shall rock you now,  
sink into the dreams in your mind,  
Sleep my princess, sleep well.

Your little, fine hand,  
I take gently in mine,  
I kiss your small fingers,  
I kiss your eyes, so blue.  
Longing rocks as a silent  
echo through my breast.  
You are the echo in my mind,  
Sleep my princess, sleep well.

**Fra “Jonsoknatt”**

*Hans Henrik Holm*

Eg krislar deg med smørblom på høkehy  
Kvart eit blad du nappar vár,  
tél um din kjærast ein gard kan by,  
vert prost eller fatigkar.  
Men finn du ein firkløver gjøymd burt i gras,  
skal du pers'an i boki til stas.  
Vår lagnad flyg lik hauk yver reirfugl og stegg  
med kniv-klør som daudljås-egg.

**Gammel Melodi**

text by Thor Lange

Langt, langt fra mit land en gang,  
igennem et fremmed bals  
forvirrede brusen klang  
en yndefuld hjemlig vals!

Brat balsal og søjler sank,  
al udenlandsk pragt forsvandt!  
Ung, strålende, varm og blank  
glemt kærlighed genoprandt!

Selv ung og livsalig varm,  
fornam jeg omkring min hals  
et tryk af en elsket arm,  
i takt af den blide vals!

**O, havde jeg fuglen sin vinge**

*Johan Selnes*

O, havde jeg fuglen sin vinge  
Og sang min tone så skøn.  
Da skulde jeg didut mig svinge,  
Hvor skogen står duftende grøn!  
Da skulde jeg sommerbud bring  
Hver vinterdag mørk og lang.  
Da skulde min vårsang kling  
Som deiligste klokkeklang!  
Da skulde mig intet tvinge  
Hernede på jordisk vis.  
O! havde jeg fuglen sin vinge  
Da fløj jeg til paradis!

**Blomstersanking**

*Andreas Jynge*

Blåveis og bjerkegren,  
harelab med fløiels ben,  
soløi og frystlestrå,  
lyse fioler blå,  
hvitveis og maiguld,  
kurven er fuld!

**From “Midsummer Night”**

*tr. Laura Loge*

I'll tickle you with buttercup on the high tundra  
every blade of grass you pick is yours,  
tell your beloved what a garden can offer,  
whether you are a dean or a poor man.  
But if you find a four-leafed clover hidden in the grass,  
you will become an important person, all decked out.  
Our fate flies like hawks over nesting birds and sparrows  
with knife-sharp claws like deathly blades.

**Old Melody**

*tr. Laura Loge*

Far, far from my homeland one time,  
In the middle of a foreign ball  
While the confusing roar resounded  
Played a graceful familiar waltz!

The steep ballroom and columns sank,  
All foreign splendor disappeared!  
Young, radiant, warm and shiny  
Forgotten love rekindled!

Even feeling young and far too warm,  
I felt around my neck  
A touch of a beloved arm,  
To the beat of the gentle waltz!

**Oh, if I had the Wings of a Bird**

*tr. Laura Loge*

Oh, if I had the wings of a bird  
And sang with such a beautiful voice.  
Then I would brandish it out there  
Where the forest stands fragrantly green.  
Then I would bring news of summer  
Every dark, long winter's day.  
Then my spring song would ring  
Like the loveliest tolling bell!  
Then I would not be constrained  
Down here by earthly ways.  
Oh! If I had the wings of a bird  
I would fly to paradise!

**Gathering Flowers**

*tr. Laura Loge*

Blue anemone and birch branch,  
cotton weed with velvet stem,  
sunflower and ever-grass,  
light blue violets,  
white anemone and golden saxifrage,  
the basket is full!

**Barcarole***M. B. Landstad*

Bryt, bryt, bryt,  
vilde hav mot øens kyst!  
Løp derind med en flok av bølger  
og bryt dette steile bryst.

Min sorg er så våndefuld stor,  
som den jammer du har i din barm.  
Å syng dine såre ord,  
mens du løfter med vælde din arm!

For din bølge har tårens dryss  
over smertens ulmende vé.  
De dage, der lektes under solens kyss,  
får jeg aldrig på jord at se.  
Jeg har elsket og tabt.  
Å! mit hjerte for sorg kun blev skapt.

Bryt, bryt, bryt, vilde hav,  
der du stormer hen.  
I din klages sus, midt i bølgenes brus,  
jeg drømmer min drøm igjen.

**Barcarole***Alfred Tennyson*

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!  
[I have love and lost]  
[Oh, my heart has been formed with sorrow.]

Break, break, break  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.