

Texts & Translations

O, la ei svinde

Christian Winther

O, lad ei svinde
timen unyttet bort!
Nornerne spinde,
tvundet af Rødt og Sort,
livstraaden alt for kort, —
tad den ei svinde!

Elskede, Kjære!
Kom til mit stille Bryst;
jeg vil jo bære
dig og din Sorg og Lyst,
hvil i min Arm saa tyst, —
Elskede, Kjære!

Lyksalighed

Zacharias Topelius

Kom, du kjære,
kom du blide væsen uden navn!
Duft livsalig ved min side,
straal indved min favn!
Se, vi bor i evig skønne,
dybe dalers ro,
Altid unge sommergrønne,
fjernt fra ufreds bo.

Sig, hvem er du,
fagre skygge paa min triste vei?
Nær dig eller fjern,
jeg altid længter op mod dig.
Snart i jubel, snart i lede,
sol, dog graat i graat;
Snart i tungsind, snart i glæde,
nat dog himmelsk blaad.

Oh, Don't Let the Hours Fade Away

Translation by Laura Loge & Steven Luksan

Oh, don't let the hours
fade away unused!
The Norns spin,
twisted in red and black,
the thread of life all too short, —
don't let it fade away!

Beloved, darling!
Come to my gentle breast;
Of course, I will carry
you and your sorrow and desire,
rest in my arms so quietly, —
Beloved, darling!

Bliss

Translation by Steven Luksan

Come, my dear,
come, you gentle being without a name!
The gentle fragrance by my side,
shining in my embrace!
See, we live in eternal beauty,
the peace of deep valleys,
Endless summertime,
long removed from conflict.

Say, who are you,
beautiful shadow on my sad path?
Near to you or far,
I always long for you.
Now in joy, now in sorrow,
sun, yet tears in the darkness;
Now in melancholy, now in happiness,
night, yet heavenly blue.

The Golden Sunbeams

Gorge Graff, Jr.

The Golden sunbeams fall as tenderly
on sacred violets hidden in the grass,
as on the stately tall and haughty rose
whose ling'ring perfume holds you as you pass.

A Cradle Song

Marion Norris Gleason

When the little moon tilts in the garden of night
She tumbles out soft baby dreams.
They scamper down star-bordered paths of delight
And set sail on the milky way streams.
As they float along through the star dust mists
They sleepily sing the while,
We're on quest for the love of the world which hides
In the curve of a sleeping babe's smile.
Smile, little drowsy one, sleep.

Gudrids Romance

Fra *Leif Erikson*

Conrad Thuland

Vi spøjte og lo, da han afsked tog
og i solskin glad over vesterhav drog.
Hver falk og hver maage, som fløi over sjø,
bar Leif bud fra hans islandsmø.

Men aarene gik,
ei bud jeg fik,
og taarerne randt,
og haabet svandt.

Vi spøjte og lo sidst vi sammen sad,
men siden jeg aldri var glad.

Urolig som hav er en kvindes sind,
det bølger under hver brusende vind.
Men kommer der stille, hun dølger sin sorg
dybt inde i mindernes borg.

Og taarer, som randt
da haabets svandt,
i mindernes høst
gi'r fred og trøst.

Og taarerne randt den gang haabet svandt,
men siden jeg dulgte min sorg.

Thou art the sunbeam and I the flow'r
that lives alone in light that comes from thee
of my desire alone is my thought born
that passing by you linger on with me.

The little dreams sail through the star dust mists
To the slumber sea, quiet and deep.
And then they steer for the island of love
Where my own little dream lies asleep.
So smile, little drowsy one, grant them their quest,
For the light of the morning comes soon,
When the love-laden dreams must go back to their beds
In the heart of the tip-tilted moon.
Smile, little drowsy one, sleep.

Gudrid's Romance

From *Leif Erikson*

Translation by Steven Luksan

We joked and we laughed when he left
and in merry sunshine sailed o'er the western sea.
Every falcon and gull that flew over the ocean,
brought Leif tidings from his Icelandic maiden.

But the years passed,
and I received no reply,
and tears flowed,
and hope was lost.

We joked and we laughed when we last sat together,
but I have not been happy since.

Unsettled like the sea is a woman's mind,
it undulates with every rushing wind.
But in silence she hides her grief
deep in the fortress of her memories.

And tears, which flowed
when hope was lost,
in fading memories
give peace and comfort.

And tears flowed when hope was lost,
but I have since hidden my grief.

Gammel melodi

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!

Blåkløkker

Anonymous

Se blåkløkker 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.

Fra “Jonsoknatt”

Fra *Vonir i blømetid*

Hans Henrik Holm

Eg krislar deg med smørblom på høkehy.
Kvart eit blad du nappar vár,
tél um din kjærast ein gard kann 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.

Old Melody

Translation by 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!

Bluebells

Translation by 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.

From “Midsummer Night”

From *Hope in Blossom Time*

Translation by 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.

I skogen

Bjørnsterne Bjørnson

I skogen småguttén gikk dagen lang,
gikk dagen lang;
der hadde han hørt slik en underlig sang,
underlig sang.

Guttén en fløyte av selju skar,
av selju skar -
og prøvde om tonen der inne var,
der inne var.

Tonen den hvisket og nevnte seg,
og nevnte seg,
men best som han lydde, den løp sin vej,
den løp sin vej.

Ofte, han blundet, den til ham smøg,
den til ham smøg,
og over hans panne med elskov strøk,
med elskov strøk.

Vilde den fange, og våkned bratt,
og våkned bratt;
men tonen hang fast i den bleke natt,
den bleke natt.

"Herre min Gud, tak mig der inn,
tak mig der inn,
ti tonen har fått mitt hele sinn,
mitt hele sinn."

Herren han svared: "den er din ven,
den er din ven;
skønt aldri en time du ejer den,
du ejer den.

Alle de andre dog litt forslår,
dog litt forslår,
mot denne du søker, men aldri når,
men aldri når."

In the Forest

Translation by Laura Loge

In the forest, the boy walked all day,
walked all day;
he heard such a strange song there,
strange song.

The boy whittled a flute of willow,
whittled of willow -
and tried it out to see what music was in it,
was in it.

The music whispered and made itself known,
and made itself known,
but as he tried to play, it played its own tune,
it played its own tune.

Often, he slumbered, it came to him,
it came to him,
and stroked his forehead lovingly,
stroked lovingly.

He wanted to catch it, and suddenly awoke,
and suddenly awoke;
but the music hung in the pale night air,
in the pale night.

"Lord my God, take me in,
take me in,
since the music has taken my whole being,
my whole being."

The Lord answered: "it is your friend,
it is your friend;
although you will never master it,
you master it.

All of the others offer few suggestions,
offer few suggestions,
about that which you seek, but never reach,
but never reach."

Ave Maria

Fra *Lilja*

Broder Eysteinn – Fredrik Paasche

Lyt, Maria! Dig himlene hilser Ave Maria!
Du bedste av kvinder, miskunds kilde,
du dybe, du rene!
Han som er engles og menneskers konge,
han som om alle verdener favner,
bøier sig til dit bryst det skjære, signende mø!
Du jorderigs ære!

Gutten står på dæk

Fra *Kantate ved hundreårs festligheterne for den første norske utvandring til Amerika*

Vilhelm Krag

Gutten står på dæk og skuer
ind mod kysten der den svinder.
Brandt er hver en bro, som binder,
og i sindet smerten luer.

Ikke brød mor Norge gav ham,
mangen drøm tog hun ifra ham.
Nys han jages bort fra hjemmet
som en overflødig frammet.
Men fagert er landet.

Og han knytter sine nærver:
han skal ingen tårer fælde,
når de svinder Norges fjelde.
Trodsen hård om munden bæver.

Hei, lad svinde og lad fare,
lad ham dø og glemmes bare,
her han fattig står på færd
ud mod vide, vide verden.
Men fagert er landet.

Ave Maria

From *The Lily*

Translation by Laura Loge

Listen, Maria! The heavens greet you Ave Maria!
You most blessed of women, mercy's spring,
you deep and pure being!
He, who is king of all angels and people,
He, who all the world embraces,
bends to your breast the clear, blessed maiden!
You are honored by all on earth!

The Boy Stands on the Deck

From *Cantata for the Centennial Celebrations of the First Norwegian Emigration to America*

Translation by Laura Loge

The boy stands on the deck and looks
in toward the coast as it slowly disappears.
Every bridge that binds him there has burned,
and the pain burns in his mind.

Mother Norway gave him no bread,
she took many dreams from him.
Taking the hint, he is driven away from home
as a superfluous advancement.
But the country is beautiful.

And he steals his nerves:
he will not let any tears fall,
when they lose sight of Norway's mountains.
Despite his determination, his lips tremble.

Hey, let it fade away and let it go,
let him die and only forget,
here he stands, poor, beginning the journey
out into the wide, wide world.
But the country is beautiful.

En vacker höstdag

Sven Adolf Hedlund

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

In the New Home

From *Norwegian-American Centennial Cantata*

B. J. Rothnem

Deep in the forest, on sun-showered plain,
The Northmen are building their homes once again.
'Tis clearing the woods, 'tis breaking the sod,
In want and in trial, yet trusting in God.

In loneliness often their hearts live once more
In far away Northland: they walk as before
To church in the valley and sing with the rest
Then pray they for all that in Norway was best.

A Beautiful Autumn Day

Translation by 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.

But banish all dreaming, there's work to be done!
So toil they from daybreak till setting of sun;
And win for their children a homeland all fair,
With schools and with churches, in answer to pray'r.

America gave, but she also received
a culture through ages of progress achieved.
And this be her greatness, her gift and renown:
A people's devotion to God! This be our crown!