



DMA Recital I

Helen Becqué, Collaborative Piano

Maeve Palmer, soprano
Chelsea Van Pelt, soprano

March 4th, 2023 7:30pm
Walter Hall

PROGRAMME

Sieben frühe Lieder

1. Nacht
2. Schilflied
3. Die Nachtigall
4. Traumgekrönt
5. Im Zimmer
6. Liebesode
7. Sommertage

Alban Berg
(1885-1935)

Ariettes Oubliées

1. C'est l'extase langoureuse
2. Il pleure dans mon cœur
3. L'ombre des arbres
4. Chevaux de bois
5. Green
6. Spleen

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Colombine Dansons la Gigue

Régine Poldowski
(1879-1932)

INTERMISSION

L'heure exquise En sourdine

Régine Poldowski
(1879-1932)

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

Die Nacht, Opus 10 nr.3
Ständchen, Opus 17 nr.2
Ich trage meine Minne, Opus 32 nr.1
Du meines Herzens Krönelein, Opus 21 nr.2
Mein Auge, Opus 37 nr.4

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Five Songs, Opus 37
1. Den första kyssen
2. Lasse Liten
3. Soluppgång
4. Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte
5. Var det en dröm?

Jean Sibelius
(1865-1957)

This recital is in partial fulfilment of the Doctor of Musical Arts in Collaborative Piano

Helen Becqué is a student of Steven Philcox.

Belgian pianist Helen Becqué gave her European début at the age of nine, and has since been noted for her consistently thoughtful and emotionally-committed performances which have made her an increasingly sought-after artist in Europe and North America. Helen is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory in Brussels Belgium, where she studied with Boyan Vodenitcharov. She also completed post-graduate studies at the München Hochschule für Musik und Theater in Germany under the tutelage of Helmut Deutsch and Fritz Schwinghammer. Contemporary music has featured frequently in Helen's collaborations and programming. She has been involved in many world premieres and recordings of new music, including Maarten Van Ingelgem's *Pianoconcerto* with the Kortrijks Symfonisch Orkest, *Three Songs from the Tang Dynasty* by Alice Ping Ye Ho, and *Sur Incises* by Pierre Boulez with the Royal Conservatory New Music Ensemble. Helen has been a faculty member at the Hochschule for Music und Theater Nürnberg-Augsburg in Germany and currently is a doctoral student studying with Steven Philcox at the University of Toronto.

Sieben frühe Lieder – Alban Berg

<p>Nacht</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Carl Hauptmann</p> <p>Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal. Nebel schweben. Wasser rauschen sacht. Nun entschleiert sich's mit einem Mal. O gib acht! gib acht! Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan, Silbern ragen Berge traumhaft groß, Stille Pfade silberlicht talan Aus verborg'nem Schoß. Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein. Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege steht Schattenschwarz – ein Hauch vom fernen Hain Einsam leise weht. Und aus tiefen Grundes Düsterheit Blinken Lichter auf in stummer Nacht. Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit! O gib acht! gib acht!</p>	<p>Night</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p>Clouds loom over night and valley. Mists hover, waters softly murmur. Now at once all is unveiled. O take heed! take heed! A vast wonderland opens up, Silvery mountains soar dreamlike tall, Silent paths climb silver-bright valleywards From a hidden womb. And the glorious world so dreamlike pure. A silent beech-tree stands by the wayside Shadow-black – a breath from the distant grove Blows solitary soft. And from the deep valley's gloom Lights twinkle in the silent night. Drink soul! drink solitude! O take heed! take heed!</p>
---	---

<p>Schilflied</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Nikolaus Lenau</p> <p>Auf geheimem Waldespfade Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein An das öde Schilfgestade, Mädchen, und gedenke dein! Wenn sich dann der Busch verdüstert, Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll, Und es klaget und es flüstert, Daß ich weinen, weinen soll. Und ich mein', ich höre wehen Leise deiner Stimme Klang, Und im Weiher untergehen Deinen lieblichen Gesang.</p>	<p>Reed song</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p>Along a secret forest path I love to steal in the evening light To the desolate reedy shore And think, my girl, of you! When the bushes then grow dark, The reeds pipe mysteriously, Lamenting and whispering, That I must weep, must weep. And I seem to hear the soft sound Of your voice, And your lovely singing Drowning in the pond.</p>
---	--

<p>Die Nachtigall</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Theodor Storm</p> <p>Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall Die ganze Nacht gesungen; Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall, Da sind in Hall und Widerhall Die Rosen aufgesprungen. Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut, Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen; Trägt in der Hand den Sommerhut Und duldet still der Sonne Glut</p>	<p>The nightingale</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p>It is because the nightingale Has sung throughout the night, That from the sweet sound Of her echoing song The roses have sprung up. She was once a wild creature, Now she wanders deep in thought; In her hand a summer hat, Bearing in silence the sun's heat,</p>
--	--

Und weiß nicht, was beginnen. Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall Die ganze Nacht gesungen; Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall, Da sind in Hall und Widerhall Die Rosen aufgesprungen.	Not knowing what to do. It is because the nightingale Has sung throughout the night, That from the sweet sound Of her echoing song The roses have sprung up.
--	---

Traumgekrönt Rainer Maria Rilke Das war der Tag der weißen Chrysanthemen, — mir bangte fast vor seiner Pracht ... Und dann, dann kamst du mir die Seele nehmen tief in der Nacht. Mir war so bang, und du kamst lieb und leise, — ich hatte grad im Traum an dich gedacht. Du kamst, und leis wie eine Märchenweise erklang die Nacht ...	Crowned with dreams English Translation © Richard Stokes That was the day of the white chrysanthemums — Its brilliance almost frightened me ... And then, then you came to take my soul at the dead of night. I was so frightened, and you came sweetly and gently, — I had been thinking of you in my dreams. You came, and soft as a fairy tune the night rang out ...
---	--

Im Zimmer Johannes Schlaf Herbstsonnenschein. Der liebe Abend blickt so still herein. Ein Feuerlein rot Knistert im Ofenloch und loht. So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n. – So ist mir gut; Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht. Wie leise die Minuten ziehn! ...	In the room English Translation © Richard Stokes Autumn sunshine. The lovely evening looks in so silently. A little red fire Crackles and blazes in the hearth. Like this! – With my head on your knees. – Like this I am content; When my eyes rest in yours like this. How gently the minutes pass!
---	--

Liebesode Otto Erich Hartleben Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein. Am offnen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind, und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht. – Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett Und gab uns wundervolle Träume, Träume des Rausches – so reich an Sehnsucht!	Ode to love English Translation © Richard Stokes In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep. The summer wind listened at the open window, and carried the peace of our breathing out into the moon-bright night. – And from the garden a scent of roses came timidly to our bed of love and gave us wonderful dreams, ecstatic dreams – so rich in longing!
--	---

Sommertage	Summer days
------------	-------------

Paul Hohenberg	English Translation © Richard Stokes
<p>Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt, gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit, im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit. Nun windet nächtens der Herr Sternenkranze mit seliger Hand über Wander- und Wunderland. O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen dein hellstes Wanderlied denn sagen von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust: Im Wiesensang verstummt die Brust, nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.</p>	<p>Days, sent from blue eternity, journey now across the world, time drifts away in the summer wind. The Lord at night now garlands star-chains with his blessed hand across lands of wandering and wonder. In these days, O heart, what can your brightest travel-song say of your deep, deep joy? The heart falls silent in the meadows' song, words now cease when image after image comes to you and fills you utterly.</p>

Ariettes Oubliées – Claude Debussy

<p>C'est l'extase langoureuse</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Paul Verlaine</p> <p>C'est l'extase langoureuse, C'est la fatigue amoureuse, C'est tous les frissons des bois Parmi l'étreinte des brises, C'est, vers les ramures grises, Le chœur des petites voix. Ô le frêle et frais murmure! Cela gazouille et susurre, Cela ressemble au cri doux Que l'herbe agitée expire ... Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire, Le roulis sourd des cailloux. Cette âme qui se lamente En cette plainte dormante C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas? La mienne, dis, et la tienne, Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?</p>	<p>It is languorous rapture</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p>It is languorous rapture, It is amorous fatigue, It is all the tremors of the forest In the breezes' embrace, It is, around the grey branches, The choir of tiny voices. O the delicate, fresh murmuring! The warbling and whispering, It is like the soft cry The ruffled grass gives out ... You might take it for the muffled sound Of pebbles in the swirling stream. This soul which grieves In this subdued lament, It is ours, is it not? Mine, and yours too, Breathing out our humble hymn On this warm evening, soft and low?</p>
--	---

<p>Il pleure dans mon cœur</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Paul Verlaine</p> <p>Il pleure dans mon cœur Comme il pleut sur la ville; Quelle est cette langueur Qui pénète mon cœur? Ô bruit doux de la pluie Par terre et sur les toits! Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie Ô le bruit de la pluie!</p>	<p>Tears fall in my heart</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p>Tears fall in my heart As rain falls on the town; What is this torpor Pervading my heart? Ah, the soft sound of rain On the ground and roofs! For a listless heart, Ah, the sound of the rain!</p>
--	--

<p>Il pleure sans raison Dans ce cœur qui s'éccore. Quoi! nulle trahison? ... Ce deuil est sans raison. C'est bien la pire peine De ne savoir pourquoi Sans amour et sans haine, Mon cœur a tant de peine.</p>	<p>Tears fall without reason In this disheartened heart. What! Was there no treason? ... This grief's without reason. And the worst pain of all Must be not to know why Without love and without hate My heart feels such pain.</p>
---	--

<p>L'ombre des arbres Paul Verlaine L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée Meurt comme de la fumée Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles, Se plaignent les tourterelles. Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême Te mira blême toi-même, Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées Tes espérances noyées!</p>	<p>The shadow of trees English Translation © Richard Stokes The shadow of trees in the misty stream Dies like smoke, While up above, in the real branches, The turtle-doves lament. How this faded landscape, O traveller, Watched you yourself fade, And how sadly in the lofty leaves Your drowned hopes were weeping!</p>
--	---

<p>Chevaux de bois Paul Verlaine Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois, Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours, Tournez souvent et tournez toujours, Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois. L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche, Le gars en noir et la fille en rose, L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose, Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche. Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur, Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois Clignote l'œil du filou sournois, Tournez au son du piston vainqueur! C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête: Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête, Du mal en masse et du bien en foule. Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin D'user jamais de nuls éperons Pour commander à vos galops ronds: Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin. Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme, Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe De gais buveurs que leur soif affame. Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours D'astres en or se vêt lentement. L'église tinte un glas tristement. Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!</p>	<p>Merry-go-round English Translation © Richard Stokes Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses, Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times, Turn often and turn for evermore Turn and turn to the oboe's sound. The red-faced child and the pale mother, The lad in black and the girl in pink, One down-to-earth, the other showing off, Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou. Turn, turn, horses of their hearts, While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing As you whirl about and whirl around, Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet! Astonishing how drunk it makes you, Riding like this in this foolish fair: With an empty stomach and an aching head, Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun! Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need The help of any spur To make your horses gallop round: Turn, turn, without hope of hay. And hurry on, horses of their souls: Nightfall already calls them to supper And disperses the crowd of happy revellers, Ravenous with thirst. Turn, turn! The velvet sky Is slowly decked with golden stars. The church bell tolls a mournful knell— Turn to the joyful sound of drums!</p>
--	--

<p>Green</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Paul Verlaine</p> <p> Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous. Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux. J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front. Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront. Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers; Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête, Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez. </p>	<p>Green</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p> Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds, And here too is my heart that beats just for you. Do not tear it with your two white hands And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes. I come all covered still with the dew Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze. Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet, Dream of dear moments that will soothe it. On your young breast let me cradle my head Still ringing with your recent kisses; After love's sweet tumult grant it peace, And let me sleep a while, since you rest. </p>
--	--

<p>Spleen</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Paul Verlaine</p> <p> Les roses étaient toutes rouges Et les lierres étaient tout noirs. Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges, Renaissent tous mes désespoirs. Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre, La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux. Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est d'attendre!— Quelque fuite atroce de vous. Du houx à la feuille vernie Et du luisant buis je suis las, Et de la campagne infinie Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas! </p>	<p>Spleen</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p> All the roses were red And the ivy was all black. Dear, at your slightest move, All my despair revives. The sky was too blue, too tender, The sea too green, the air too mild. I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!— One of your agonizing departures. I am weary of the glossy holly, Of the gleaming box-tree too, And the boundless countryside And everything, alas, but you! </p>
---	---

Régine Poldowski

<p>Colombine</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Paul Verlaine</p> <p> Léandre le sot, Pierrot qui d'un saut, De puce Franchit le buisson, Cassandre sous son Capuce, Arlequin aussi, Cet aigrefin si Fantasque </p>	<p>Colombine</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p> Foolish Leander, Pierrot who with a flea- Hop Leaps the brushwood, Pantaloons beneath His cloak, Harlequin too, That swindler so Bizarre </p>
---	--

Aux costumes fous, Ses yeux luisants sous Son masque, - Do, mi, sol, mi, fa, - Tout ce monde va, Rit, chante Et danse devant Une belle enfant Méchante Dont les yeux pervers Comme les yeux verts Des chattes Gardent leurs appas Et disent: "À bas Les pattes!" - Eux ils vont toujours! - Fatidique cours Des astres, Oh! dis-moi vers quels Mornes ou cruels Désastres L'implacable enfant, Presto et relevant Ses jupes, La rose au chapeau, Conduit son troupeau De dupes?	In his crazy clothes, With eyes aglow behind His mask, - Do re mi fa sol, - See all of them go, Laugh, sing, And dance before A sweet and naughty Child Whose pernicious eyes, Like the green eyes Of cats, Keep their charms And say: 'Keep your Hands off!' - On and on they go! Like the fateful course Of stars, Oh! tell me, towards which Dull or savage Wreckage Is the implacable child, Nimbly lifting Her skirts, With a flower in her hat, Leading her herd Of fools?
---	--

Dansons la Gigue!	Let's dance the jig!
Paul Verlaine	English Translation © Richard Stokes
J'aimais surtout ses jolis yeux Plus clairs que l'étoile des cieux, J'aimais ses yeux malicieux.	I loved above all her comely eyes, Clearer than the star of the skies, I loved her malicious eyes.
Dansons la gigue!	Let's dance the jig!
Elle avait des façons vraiment De désoler un pauvre amant, Que c'en était vraiment charmant!	She truly had fashions To ravage a poor lover, Which was truly charming!
Dansons la gigue!	Let's dance the jig!
Mais je trouve encore meilleur Le baiser de sa bouche en fleur Depuis qu'elle est morte à mon cœur.	But I find still better The kiss from her mouth in flower Since she is dead to my heart.
Dansons la gigue!	Let's dance the jig!
Je me souviens, je me souviens	I remember, I remember

Des heures et des entretiens, Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens. Dansons la gigue!	Hours and discussions, And this is the best of my possessions. Let's dance the jig!
--	---

L'heure exquise	Exquisite hour
Paul Verlaine	English Translation © Richard Stokes

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...
Ô bien aimée.
L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.
Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...
O my beloved.
The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...
Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illuminates...
Exquisite hour.

En sourdine	Muted
Paul Verlaine	English Translation © Richard Stokes

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.
Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.
Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.
Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.
Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet.
Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine.
Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.
Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.
And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Richard Strauss

<p>Die Nacht</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Hermann von Gilm</p> <p>Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht, Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise, Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise, Nun gib Acht! Alle Lichter dieser Welt, Alle Blumen, alle Farben Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben Weg vom Feld. Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold, Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms Weg das Gold. Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch: Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele, O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle Dich mir auch.</p>	<p>Night</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p>Night steps from the woods, Slips softly from the trees, Gazes about her in a wide arc, Now beware! All the lights of this world, All the flowers, all the colours She extinguishes and steals the sheaves From the field. She takes all that is fair, Takes the silver from the stream, Takes from the cathedral's copper roof The gold. The bush stands plundered: Draw closer, soul to soul, Ah the night, I fear, will steal You too from me.</p>
---	---

<p>Ständchen</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Adolf Friedrich von Schack</p> <p>Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind, Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken! Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken; Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt, Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!</p> <p>Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht, Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen, Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht, Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen! Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.</p> <p>Sitz nieder! Hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll Unter den Lindenbäumen. Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll Von unseren Küssen träumen Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht, Hoch glühn von den Wonneschauern der Nacht.</p>	<p>Serenade</p> <p style="text-align: right;">English Translation © Richard Stokes</p> <p>Open up, open up! but softly, my child, So that no one's roused from slumber! The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly moves A leaf on the bushes and hedges; Gently, my love, so nothing shall stir, Gently with your hand as you lift the latch!</p> <p>With steps as light as the steps of elves, As they hop their way over flowers, Flit out into the moonlit night, Slip out to me in the garden! The flowers are fragrant in sleep By the rippling brook, only love is awake.</p> <p>Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here Beneath the linden trees. The nightingale above us Shall dream of our kisses And the rose, when it wakes at dawn, Shall glow from our night's rapture.</p>
--	---

Ich trage meine Minne	I bear my love
-----------------------	----------------

Karl Friedrich Henckell	English Translation © Richard Stokes
<p>Ich trage meine Minne Vor Wonne stumm Im Herzen und im Sinne Mit mir herum. Ja, daß ich dich gefunden, Du liebes Kind, Das freut mich alle Tage, Die mir beschieden sind. Und ob auch der Himmel trübe, Kohlschwarz die Nacht, Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe Goldsonnige Pracht. Und lügt auch die Welt in Sünden, So tut mir's weh— Die arge muß erblinden Vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.</p>	<p>I bear my love In silent bliss About with me In heart and mind. Yes, that I have found you, Sweet child, Will cheer me all My allotted days. Though the sky be dim, And the night pitch-black, My love shines brightly In golden splendour. And though the world lies and sins, And it hurts to see it so— The bad world must be blinded By your snowy innocence.</p>

Du meines Herzens Krönelein	You, my heart's coronet
Felix Dahn	English Translation © Richard Stokes

Mein Auge	My eye
Richard Dehmel	English Translation © Sharon Krebs

Mein Auge du! -- Wie war ich doch so blind an Herz und Sinn, eh' Du dich mir gesellt, und wie durchströmt mich jetzt so licht, so lind verklärt der Abglanz dieser ganzen Welt!	in heart and spirit, before you joined your path with mine, and how I am now flooded so brightly, so gently transfigured, by the reflected splendour of this whole world!
--	---

5 Songs, Opus 37 – Jean Sibelius

Den Första Kyssen Johan Ludvig Runeberg På silvermolnets kant satt aftonstjärnan, Från lundens skymning frågte henne tärnan: Säg, aftonstjärna, vad i himlen tänkes, När första kyssen åt en älskling skänkes? Och himlens blyga dotter hördes svara: På jorden blickar ljusets änglaskara, Och ser sin egen sällhet speglad åter; Blott döden vänder ögat bort -- och gråter.	The First Kiss Anon. The evening star sat on the rim of silver mist. From the shadowy grove the maiden asked her: Tell me, evening star, what do they think in heaven when you give the first kiss to your lover? And heaven's shy daughter was heard to answer: The angels of light look toward the earth and see their own bliss reflected back; only death turns his eyes away and weeps.
---	--

Lasse liten Zachris Topelius Världen är så stor, så stor, Lasse, Lasse liten! Större än du nånsin tror, Lasse, Lasse liten! Det är hett och det är kallt, Lasse, Lasse liten Men Gud råder överallt, Lasse, Lasse liten! Många mänskor leva där, Lasse, Lasse liten! Lycklig den som Gud harkär, Lasse, Lasse liten! När Guds angel med dig går, Lasse, Lasse liten! Ingen orm dig bita få, Lasse, Lasse liten! Säg, var trives du nu mest, Lasse, Lasse liten! Borta bra men hemma bäst, Lasse, Lasse liten!	Little Lasse English Translation © John Atkinson The world is so big, so big, Lasse, little Lasse! Bigger than you can ever imagine, Lasse, little Lasse! It is hot and it is cold, Lasse, little Lasse But God counsels us everywhere, Lasse, little Lasse! Many people live there, Lasse, little Lasse! Happy he whom God loves, Lasse, little Lasse! When God's angel walks with you, Lasse, little Lasse, No snake can bite you, Lasse, little Lasse! Say, where are you most happy Lasse, little Lasse! It's good to travel, but home is best, Lasse, little Lasse
--	--

<p>Soluppgång</p> <p>Tor Hedberg</p> <p>Under himlens purpurbrand Ligga tysta sjö och land, Det är gryningsstunden. Snöig gren och frostvit kvist Tecka sig så segervisst Mot den röda grunden.</p> <p>Riddarn står vid fönsterkarm, Lyssnar efter stridens larm, Trampar golvets tilja. Men en smal och snövit hand Kyler milt hans pannas brand, Böjer mjukt hans vilja.tenderly</p> <p>Riddarn sätter horn till mun, Blåser vilt i gryningsstund, Över nejd som tiger. Tonen klingar, klar och spröd, Branden stocknar, gyllenröd, Solen sakta stiger.</p>	<p>Sunrise</p> <p>English Translation © John Atkinson</p> <p>Beneath heaven's purple fire silently lie lake and land; it is the time of dawn. Snow-covered branch and frost-white twig stand out prominently from the red backdrop.</p> <p>The knight stands by the window listening for the sound of battle, pacing the floor. But a small, snow-white hand gently cools his hot brow, tenderly changing his resolve.</p> <p>The knight puts his horn to his mouth, and blows fiercely at the dawn, over the silent land. The note rings clear and fragile; the fire slowly dies, golden red, as the sun slowly rises.</p>
--	--

<p>Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte</p> <p>Johan Ludvig Runeberg</p> <p>Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte, kom med röda händer. Modern sade: "Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?" Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat rosor och på törnen stungit mina händer." Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte, kom med röda läppar. Modern sade: "Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?" Flickan sade: "Jag har ätit hallon och med saften målat mina läppar." Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte, kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade: "Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?" Flickan sade: "Red en grav, o moder! Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver, och på korset rista, som jag säger: En gång kom hon hem med röda händer, ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer. En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar, ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar. Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder, ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro."</p>	<p>The maiden came from her lover's tryst</p> <p>English Translation © Maria Forsström</p> <p>The maiden came from her lover's tryst, Came with red hands. The mother said: "Whence redden your hands, maiden?" The maiden said: "I have picked roses And stung my hands on the thorns." Again she came from her lover's tryst, Came with red lips. The Mother said: "Whence redden your lips, maiden?" The maiden said: "I have eaten raspberries And with the juices painted my lips." Again she came from her lover's tryst, Came with pale cheeks. Her mother said: "Whence pale your cheeks, maiden?" The maiden said: "Make me a grave, o mother! Hide me there and put a cross on top, And on the cross carve, what I say: Once she came home with red hands, Since they had reddened between her lover's hands. Once she came home with red lips, Since they reddened under her lover's lips. Lastly she came home with pale cheeks,</p>
---	---

	Since they had paled with her lover's unfaithfulness.
--	---

Var det en dröm?	Was it a dream?
Joseph Julius Wecksell	English Translation © Lynn Steele
<p>Var det en dröm, att ljukt en gång Jag var ditt hjärtas vän? Jag minns det som en tystnad sång, Då strängen darrar än.</p> <p>Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt, En blick så blyg och öm; Jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt. Var allt, var allt en dröm?</p> <p>En dröm lik sippans liv så kort Uti en vågrön ängd, Vars fägring hastigt vissnar bort För nya blommors mängd.</p> <p>Men mången natt jag hör en röst Vid bittra tårars ström: Göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst, Det var din bästa dröm!</p>	<p>Was it a dream that once, in a wonderful time, I was your heart's true love? I remember it as a song fallen silent, of which the strains still echo.</p> <p>I remember a rose you tossed, a glance so shy and tender; I remember a sparkling tear when we parted. Was it all, all a dream?</p> <p>A dream as brief as the life of a cowslip in a green meadow in springtime, whose beauty soon withers away before a crowd of new flowers.</p> <p>But many a night I hear a voice through the flood of my bitter tears: hide this memory deep in your heart, it was your best dream!</p>