

## Langs ei Å (Beside the Stream) from 12 Songs,

Op.33, No.5

Du skog! som [bøyer]1 deg imot  
og kysser denne svarte å,  
som grever av di hjarterot  
og ned i fanget vil deg få.

Lik deg eg mang ein munde sjå  
og allerhelst i livsens vår,  
at han den handi kyste på,  
som slog hans verste hjartesår.

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## Beside the Stream

You forest! that bends down  
and kisses the black river  
which digs at the root of your heart.  
There, like a trap, it will snare you.  
Like you, I had many desires,  
especially in the springtime of life.  
But he who kissed my hand  
was the one who broke my heart.

## Våren (The Last Spring) from 12 Songs, Op.33, No. 2

Edward Greig set Norwegian poet and journalist Vinje's poem to music. In Vinje's poem, the speaker describes the beauty of the countryside in spring, after the snow of winter -- he thinks he might be seeing it for the last time. He talks of melting snow, emerald meadows, and glittering sunbeams. Now that he is parting from the earth, he hears mysterious singing coming from the ground. The poem ends on an affirmative note, with the realization that the sunlight and raptures of spring are still there to enjoy and possibly take to the afterlife.

### “Våren” (Norwegian)

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Vetren at sjaa for Vaaren at røma;  
Heggen med Tre som der Blomar var paa eg atter saag bløma.  
Enno ein Gong fekk eg Isen at sjaa fraa Landet at fljota,  
Snjoen at braana, og Fossen i Aa at fyssa og brjota.

Graset det grønne eg enno ein Gong fekk skoda med blomar [eg seier hei]1  
enno eg hørde at Vaarfuglen song mot Sol og mot Sumar.  
[Enno ein Gong den Velsignad eg fekk, at Gauken eg hørde,  
enno ein Gong ut paa Aakren eg gjekk, der Plogen dei kjørde.

Enno ein Gong fekk eg skoda meg varm paa Lufti og Engi;  
Jordi at sjaa som med lengtande Barm at sukka i Sængi.  
Vaarsky at leika der til og ifraa, og Skybankar krulla,  
so ut av Banken tok Tora til slaa og kralla og rulla.

Saagiddren endaa meg unntest at sjaa paa Vaarbakken dansa.  
Fivreld at floksa og fjuka ifraa, der Blomar seg kransa.  
Alt dette Vaarliv eg atter fekk sjaa, som sidan eg miste.  
Men eg er tungsam og spyrja meg maa: tru det er det siste?

Lat det so vera: Eg myket av Vænt i Livet fekk njota.  
Meire eg fekk en eg hadde fortent, og Alting maa trjota.]1  
Eingong eg sjølv i den vaarlege Eim, som mettar mit Auga,  
eingong eg der vil meg finna ein Heim og symjande lauga.

Alt det som Vaaren imøte meg bar, og Blomen eg plukkad',  
Federnes Aander eg trudde det var, som dansad' og sukkad'.  
Derfor eg fann millom Bjørkar og Bar i Vaaren ei Gaata;

derfor det Ljod i den Fløyta eg skar, meg tyktest at graata.

### “Våren” (Last Spring; English)

Yes, once again winter’s face would I see  
to Spring’s glory waning,  
whitethorn outspreading its clusters so free  
in beauty enchaining.

Once more behold from the earth day by day  
the ice disappearing,  
snow melting fast and in thunder and spray  
the river, careering.

Emerald meadows, your flow’rets I’ll spy  
and hail each new comer;  
listen again to the lark in the sky  
who warbles of summer.

Glittering sunbeams how fain would I watch  
on bright hillocks glancing,  
butterflies seeking from blossoms to snatch  
their treasures while dancing.

Spring’s many joys once again would I taste  
before they fade forever.  
But, heavy-hearted, I feel that I haste

from this world to sever.

So be it then! yet in Nature so fair  
much bliss I could find me;  
over and past is my plentiful share,  
I leave all behind me.

Once more I’m drawn to the Spring-gladdened  
vale  
that stilleth my longing;  
there I find sunlight and rest without fail,  
and raptures come thronging.

All unto which here the Spring giveth birth,  
each flow’r I have riven,  
seems to me now I am parting from the earth  
a spirit from Heaven.

Therefore I hear all around from the ground  
mysterious singing,  
music from reeds that of old I made sound,  
like sighs faintly ringing.

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### Solveig's song from Peer Gynt

Peer Gynt is a charming but lazy and arrogant peasant youth who leaves home to seek his fortune. Confident of success, he has one disastrous adventure after another. In one, he attends the wedding of a wealthy young woman he himself would like to have married. There he meets Solveig, who falls in love with him. Peer Gynt impulsively abducts the bride from her wedding celebration and subsequently abandons her to embark upon a series of fantastic voyages around the world, finding wealth and fame but never happiness. Finally, old and disillusioned, he returns to Norway, where Solveig, ever faithful and loving, welcomes him home, and he is redeemed.

In Solveig's song, she sings of how she will wait for him, no matter what.

### Kanske vil der gå både (Solveig's song)

Kanske vil der gå både vinter og vår,  
og neste sommer med, og det hele år; --  
men engang vil du komme, det ved jeg vist;  
og jeg skal nok vente, for det lovte jeg sidst.

Gud styrke dig hvor du i verden går!  
Gud glæde dig, hvis du for hans fodskammel står!  
Her skal jeg vente til du kommer igen;  
og venter du hist oppe, vi træffes der, min ven!

Both winter and spring may pass,  
And the next summer and the whole year, as well.  
But someday you will return. I know this for sure,  
And I shall wait for you, as I promised.

God strengthen you where you go in the world,  
God give you joy, if you stand before His footstool.  
Here I shall wait until you come again,  
And if you wait above, we'll meet again there, my  
friend!

## **Berceuse de Jocelyn** (Jocelyn's lullaby) by Benjamin Godard

Jocelyn's lullaby (Berceuse de Jocelyn) is an aria in the opera "Jocelyn" by the 19th-century French composer Benjamin Godard.

This is the story of a young man who intended to become a priest but was cast out of the seminary by the Revolution.

He falls in love with a young girl. Later, he's recalled to the order by his dying bishop, and ultimately renounces his love and becomes a parish priest. The opera is remembered for Godard's most enduring composition, the berceuse (lullaby), which is currently most frequently played as an instrumental solo.

### **Berceuse**

Oh do not wake up yet  
So that a beautiful angel in your dream  
Can unroll his long golden thread,  
And allows the day to end.  
Sleep, sleep, the day has barely begun.  
Holy Virgin, watch over him.

Under the wing of the Lord, far from the noise of the crowd  
Like a sacred flood that gently flows  
We have seen day pass after day  
Without ever tiring of imploring his help.

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## **Élégie** by Jules Massenet

Ô, doux printemps d'autre fois, vertes saisons,  
Vous avez fui pour toujours!  
Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu;  
Je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des oiseaux!  
En emportant mon bonheur, mon bonheur...  
Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé!

Et c'est en vain que le printemps revient  
Oui, sans retour,  
avec toi, le gai soleil,  
Les jours riants sont partis!  
Comme en mon coeur tout est sombre et glacé!  
Tout est flétri pour toujours!

Oh, sweet springs of old, green seasons,  
You have fled forever!  
I no longer see the blue sky;  
I no longer hear the joyful songs of the birds!  
My happiness has been taken away.  
Oh beloved, you have gone!

And it is in vain that spring returns!  
Yes, without returning again  
The laughing days with you in the gay sun have  
gone!  
How dark and frozen is my heart!  
Everything is withered forever!

**“Où voulez-vous aller?”** by Charles Gounod

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
Le pavillon de moire,  
Le gouvernail d'or fin;  
J'ai pour lest une orange,  
Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Est-ce dans la Baltique?  
Dans la mer Pacifique?  
Dans l'île de Java?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
Cueillir la fleur de neige  
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,  
A la rive fidèle,  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
– Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère,  
Au pays des amours.

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
Where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
The breeze about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,  
The pennant of watered silk,  
The rudder of finest gold;  
For ballast I've an orange,  
For sail an angel's wing,  
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Perhaps the Baltic,  
Or the Pacific  
Or the Isle of Java?  
Or else to Norway,  
To pluck the snow flower  
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Take me, said the pretty maid,  
To fidelity's shore  
Where love endures forever.  
– That shore, my sweet,  
Is scarcely known  
In the realm of love.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

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**"The Sweetest Lad Was Jamie"** - 25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108, No 5

The sweetest lad was Jamie,  
The sweetest, the dearest,  
And well did Jamie love me,  
And not a fault has he.

Yet one he had, it spoke his praise,  
He knew not woman's wish to tease,  
He knew not all our silly ways,  
Alas! The woe to me!

For though I loved my Jamie,  
Sincerely and dearly,  
Yet often when he wooed me,  
I held my head on high;

And huffed and toss'd with saucy air,  
And danc'd with Donald at the fair,  
And plac'd his ribbon in my hair  
And Jamie! Pass'd him by.

So when the war-pipes sounded,  
Dear Jamie, he left me,  
And now some other maiden  
Will Jamie turn to woo.

My heart will break, and well it may,  
For who would word of pity say  
To her who threw a heart away,  
So faithful and so true!

Oh! Knew he how I loved him,  
Sincerely and dearly;  
And I would fly to meet him!  
Oh! Happy were the day!

Some kind, kind friend, oh, come between,  
And tell him of my alter'd mien!  
That Jeanie has not Jeanie been  
Since Jamie went away.

William Smyth (1765-1849)

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**"O, How Can I Be Blithe and Glad"** - 25 Scottish Songs, Op. 108, No 14

O how can I be blythe and glad,  
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,  
When the bonie lad that I lo'e best  
Is o'er the hills and far awa!

It's no the frosty winter wind,  
It's no the driving drift and snaw;  
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,  
To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,

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**"When Far From the Home"** - 20 Irish Songs, WoO 153, No.11

When far from the home of your youth we have  
rang'd,  
How fondly we think of the days that are past;  
Their image through changes is ever unchang'd,  
Wherever our lot may be cast.  
I muse on the features of those whom I lov'd;  
The farewell of friendship I yet seem to hear:  
The scenes I remember where oft I have rov'd,  
The songs that delighted my ear.

In slumbers their music some vision recalls,  
And oft I implore it a moment to stay;  
But, ah! Soon the measure in soft cadence falls,  
I wake, and the sound dies away.  
How sad the reverse, - once I wept but in dreams,

by David Thomson

My friends they hae disown'd me a';  
But I hae one will take my part,  
The bonie lad that's far awa.

O weary Winter soon will pass,  
And Spring will clead the birkenshaw;  
And all my tears shall be tears of joy  
And he'll be hame that's far awa.

Robert Burns (1759-1796) , "The Bonie  
Lad That's Far Awa", 1788

The dawn then awoke me to hope and delight;  
Now hope never comes with the morning's gay  
beams,  
And joy is a phantom of night.

Oh! Sleep, how enchanting the power of thy wand,  
More swift are thy pinions than fancy e'er spread;  
For back o'er the ocean of time they expand,  
And bring us to scenes that are fled.  
Tho' hope never comes with the morning's gay  
beams,  
Tho' long o'er the desert of life I may roam,  
Oh! Let thy soft magic still waft me in dreams  
To all the lov'd scenes of my home.

**“The Elfin Fairies”** - 12 Irish Songs, WoO 154, No. 1

We fairy elves in secret dells,  
All day contrive our magic spells,  
Till sable night o’ercast the sky,  
And through the airy regions fly,  
By Cynthia’s light so clear:

Around the earth ere dawn of day,  
On high we win our easy way;  
Sometimes the lawns to earth inviting,  
On the velvet turf alighting;  
So light, so light,

So light o’er pliant stalks we fleet,  
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,  
But shakes as if for fear.

**REFRAIN**

So light, so light,  
So light o’er pliant stalks we fleet,  
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,  
But shakes as if for fear.

By David Thomson

And if no bus’ness calls from home  
Around the wheeling globe to roam;  
We to some flow’ry meadow stray,  
And sing and dance the night away,  
Around our Fairy Queen.

Then we our mushroom board prepare,  
The gather’d sweets of flow’rs our fare,  
The dewy nectar round distilling,  
All our hairbell goblets filling;  
Good night, good night:

Good night we say, then sink to rest  
Upon some lily’s downy breast,  
By mortal eyes unseen.

**REFRAIN**

Good night, good night:  
Good night we say, then sink to rest  
Upon some lily’s downy breast,  
By mortal eyes unseen.