

# Texts and Translations

## A Note from the Conductor

Sweden has one of the world's most eloquent and sophisticated choral voices, which emerged with the nationalist romantic era of the late nineteenth century. Composers like Jacob Axel Josephson flourished writing for men's choruses in the popular Germanic style. A more individual national tradition developed thanks to Wilhelm Stenhammar, embracing the poetry of Verner von Heidenstam and the Dane Jens Peter Jacobsen. Meanwhile, Otto Olsson reigned supreme as a church organist and composer of florid, complex polyphony worthy of the great academies and conservatories in more southern lands. And the great tradition of men's choral singing was championed by the great conductor Hugo Alfvén.

Beginning in the 1920s, Swedish composers began stretching their wings. Note, for example, the impressionism of Hildor Lundvik, the almost orchestral writing of David Wikander, and the sumptuous harmonies of Oskar Lindberg. Other composers ensured that folksongs and folk-styles survived, including the redoubtable Alfvén, the lyrical Åke Malmfors, and Jan Håkan Åberg, whose work on today's concert is a folksong from Sweden's central Dalarna region. Yet folksong is never far from the internationalists, and more advanced harmonies sprinkle through the more traditional composers.

By the late twentieth century, Sweden had emerged as an international powerhouse of classical music, especially for choir. Among the results of that global connection was a broader outlook in composers' choices of text. A minimalistic handling of silences, sparse texture, and repeating motives is heard in the works of Lars Johan Werle, Jan Sandström, and (no relation) Sven-David Sandström. The latter's student, Fredrik Sixten, has become one of the world's leading composers of church music, and he writes in a style that at times recalls the sophisticated international approach of Olsson. Similarly, conductor/composers like Robert Sund continue to imaginatively extend the old folksong traditions, even if the tune you'll hear today is of eighteenth-century Irish origin. Sweden continues to deftly blend the old and the new into an always thrilling choral music scene. We feel honored to present a few gems for you today.

– Gary D. Cannon, Conductor

All translations by Gary D. Cannon except where noted

## Sverige (1905)

Sweden

Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871–1927)

Sverige, Sverige, Sverige, fosterland,  
vår längtans bygd, vårt hem på jorden!  
Nu spela skällorna, där härar lysts av brand,  
och dåd blev saga, men med hand vid hand  
svär än ditt folk som förr de gamla trohetsorden.

Fall, julesnö, och susa, djupa mo!  
Brinn, österstjärna, genom junikvällen!  
Sverige, moder! Bliv vår strid, vår ro,  
du land, där våra barn en gång få bo  
och våra fäder sova under kyrkohällen.

—Verner von Heidenstam (1859–1940), from *Ett folk*

Sweden, Sweden, Sweden, motherland,  
our longed-for land, our home on earth!  
Now chime bells where past armies lit fire,  
and their deeds became sagas, with hand in hand  
your people swear the ancient creeds.

Fall, Christmas snow, and whisper in the deep forest!  
Burn, Easter star, in the June night!  
Sweden, mother! Be our fight, our peace,  
O land, where our children one day will live  
and our fathers sleep beneath the churchyard.

## **Tre körvisor (1890)**

*Three Choral Songs*

Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871–1927)

### **September**

Alle de voksende Skygger  
har vævet sig sammen til en,  
ensom paa Himmelen lyser  
en Strjerne saa straalende ran.  
Skyerne have saa tunge Drømme,  
Blomsternes Øjne i Duggraad svømme,  
underligt Aftenvinden  
suser i Linden.

### **I seraillets have**

Rosen sænker sit Hoved, tungt  
af Dug og Duft,  
og Pinjerne svaje saa tyst og mat  
i lumre Luft.  
Kilderne vælte det tunge Sølv  
i døsig Ro,  
Minareterne pege mod Himlen op  
i Tyrketro,  
og Halvmaanen driver saa jævnt afsted  
over det jævne Blaa  
og den kysser Rosers og Liljers Flok,  
alle de Blomster smaa  
i Seraillets Have,  
i Seraillets Have.

### **Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Dattersøn, o ja!**

Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Dattersøn, o ja!  
og en Kiste med mange, mange Penge,  
saa havde jeg vel ogsaa havt en Datter, o ja!  
og Hus og Hjem og Marker og Enge.

Havde jeg, o havde jeg en Datterlil, o ja!  
og Hus og Hjem og Marker og Enge,  
saa havde jeg vel ogsaa havt en Kærrest, o ja!  
med Kister med mange, mange Penge.

—Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847–1885)

## **I himmelen, i himmelen**

*In Heaven, in Heaven*

I himmelen, i himmelen,  
där Herren Gud själv bor,  
hur härlig bliver sällheten,  
hur outsägligt stor,  
där ansikte mot ansikte  
jag evigt, evigt Gud får se,  
se Herren Sebaot.

### **September**

All the lengthening shadows  
have woven themselves into one,  
alone in the sky shines  
a star so radiantly pure.  
Clouds have such heavy dreams,  
flowers' eyes overflow with dew,  
the strange evening wind  
sighs through the linden tree.

### **In the Seraglio Garden**

The rose lowers its head, heavy  
with dew and scent,  
and the pines sway so silent and faint  
in the sultry air.  
The fountains pour their heavy silver  
in sleepy tranquility,  
minarets point up to the heavens  
in a Turkish faith,  
and the half-moon drifts smoothly across  
over the evening blue  
and kisses the beds of roses and lilies,  
all the tiny flowers  
in the seraglio garden,  
in the seraglio garden.

### **If I Had, O if I Had a Grandson, O Yes!**

If I had, O if I had a daughter's son [grandson], O yes!  
and a treasure chest with many, many coins,  
then I would have surely had a daughter, O yes!  
and a house and home and fields and meadows.

If I'd had, O if I'd had a little daughter, O yes!  
and a house and a home and fields and meadows,  
then I would have surely had a lover, O yes!  
and treasure chests with many, many coins.

Dalarna folksong, arranged by Jan Håkan Åberg (1916–2012)

In Heaven, in Heaven,  
where the Lord God himself dwells,  
how glorious will be the happiness,  
how unspeakably great,  
where face to face  
I will forever, forever see God,  
see the Lord of Sabaoth [Heaven's armies].

I himmelen, i himmelen,  
vad klarhet hög och ren!  
Ej själva solen liknar den  
uti sitt middagssken.  
Den sol, som aldrig nedergår  
och evigt oförmörkad står,  
är Herren Sebaot.

In Heaven, in Heaven,  
what clarity exalted and pure!  
Even the sun itself cannot compare  
with its midday blazing.  
The sun that never sets  
and forever against dimness stands  
is the Lord of Sabaoth.

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## ***Sanctus* (1994)**

Jan Sandström (b. 1954)

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Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus,  
pleni sunt cæli et terra gloria tua.

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Holy, holy, holy Lord God,  
full are the heavens and earth of your glory.

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## ***Ave maris stella* (1919)**

Otto Olsson (1879–1964)

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Ave maris stella,  
Dei Mater alma,  
atque semper Virgo,  
felix cæli porta.  
Amen.

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Hail, star of the sea,  
of God the nurturing mother,  
but always virgin,  
joyous gate to Heaven.  
Amen.

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## ***Ave maris stella* (2009)**

Fredrik Sixten (b. 1962)

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Ave maris stella  
Dei mater alma  
atque semper virgo  
felix cæli porta.

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Hail, star of the sea,  
of God the nurturing mother,  
but always virgin,  
joyous gate to Heaven.

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabrielis ore  
funda nos in pace  
mutans Evæ nomen.

Receiving that greeting  
from Gabriel's mouth,  
establish us in peace,  
transforming Eve's name.

Solve vincla reis,  
profer lumen cæcis,  
mala nostra pelle,  
bona cuncta posce.

Unbind the chains of sinners,  
bring light to the blind,  
banish our evil,  
ask for us all good things.

Monstra te esse matrem,  
sumat per te preces  
qui pro nobis natus  
tulit esse tuus.

Show yourself to be a mother,  
may he, through you, accept prayers,  
he who, born for us,  
accepted to be yours.

Virgo singularis  
omnes mitis  
nos culpis solutos  
mites fac et castos.

Unique virgin,  
meek above all others,  
release us from our sins,  
make us meek and chaste.

Vitam præsta puram,  
iter para tutum,  
ut videntes Jesum  
semper, collætetur.

Render life pure;  
prepare a safe path,  
such that, seeing Jesus,  
always we may rejoice together.

Sit laus Deo Patri  
summo Christo decus  
spiritui Sancto  
honor tribus unus.  
Amen!

## Vårsång (1894)

*Spring Song*

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Vårliga vindar draga  
skyarnes dok, det tunga,  
undan för solens unga  
blick, för dess strålars glans.  
Jublande lärkor glada  
nicka vid vänligt möte,  
sippor ur drivans sköte  
lyfta sin blyga krans.

Vårliga vindar jaga  
och ur de ungas sinne  
sorgerna bort, där inne  
klingar blott hoppets tröst.  
Blommor där knoppas, svaga,  
späda, dem göm, omsider  
kransen av sippor sprider  
glädje kring kyligt bröst.

—Frithiof Grafström (1827–1883)

Praise be to God the Father,  
highest glory to Christ,  
and to the Holy Spirit:  
to all three, honor as to one.  
Amen.

—Jacob Axel Josephson (1818–1900)

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Spring winds pull  
the heavy clouds about,  
outside of the sun's young  
view, and its brilliant beams.  
Rejoicing, happy larks  
nod a friendly greeting,  
out of the snow drifts' laps the anemones  
lift their timid crowns.

Spring winds chase  
and out of the the youth's mind  
sorrow leaves, in there  
rings only the comfort of hope.  
Flowers with buds, faint,  
delicate, hidden, at long last  
the crowns of the anemones spread  
joy among the cold breasts.

—Translated by Laura Loge

## Orpheus (1989)

Lars Johan Werle (1926–2001)

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*In sweet music is such art:*  
Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountaintops that freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did sing;  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers  
There had made a lasting spring.  
Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art:  
Killing care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

—William Shakespeare (1564–1616), from *Henry VIII*

## Och jungfrun hon går i ringen

*The Maiden Joins the Dance*

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Och jungfrun hon går i ringen med rödan gullband.  
Det binder hon om sin kärastes arm.  
Men kära min lilla jungfru, knyt inte så hårdt.  
Jag ämnar ej att rymma bort.  
Och jungfrun hon går och lossar på rödan gullband.  
Så hastigt den skälmen åt skogen då sprang.  
Då sköto de efter honom med femton gevär.  
Och vill ni mig något, så ha ni mig här.

Swedish folkdance, arranged by Hugo Alfvén (1872–1960)

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And the maiden joins the dance with a red-yellow ribbon.  
She ties it around her sweetheart's arm.  
“But my dear little maiden, tie it not so tight.  
I do not intend to run away.”  
And the maiden loosens the red-yellow ribbon.  
And hastily the scoundrel runs into the forest.  
And they shoot after him with fifteen rifles.  
“And if you want me, I am here.”

## Stjärntändningen (1922)

*Starlight*

Nu är bröllopstimmen och brudarnas stund,  
och stjärnorna brinna så nära  
att plockas de kunde från fästets rund  
åt brudar i kronan att bära.

Stilla står tiden och under hans häls  
mötas de kommandes väg, och de dödas.  
Barn af natten, i som skolen födas,  
stjärnornas tinder dröje öfver er själ!

—Verner von Heidenstam (1859–1940)

## Som ett blommande mandelträd (1946)

*Like a Blooming Almond Tree*

Som ett blommande mandelträd  
är hon som jag har kär.  
Sjung du vind, sjung sakta för mig  
om hur ljuvlig hon är.

Som ett blommande mandelträd,  
så späd, så ljus och skär.  
Bara du, ömmaste morgonvind,  
vet hur ljuvlig hon är.

Som ett blommande mandelträd  
är hon som jag har kär.  
När det mörknar så tungt omkring mig  
kan hon väl leva här?

—Pär Lagerkvist (1891–1974)

## Gammal nederländare (1945)

*Old Netherlanders*

Det är inte roligt att stå  
och bulta längre, Katinka.  
Månen lyser och vädren gå,  
och de frusna stjärnorna blinka.  
Min knoge är röd, min näsa blå.  
Se så, lyft nu på dörrens klinka.

Glänta på dörren och låt mig få  
tak över huvut, din slinka.  
Du skall duka ett bord med små  
förgyllda koppar som vinka.  
Öl och brännvin och ost för två  
och så en fet och rykande skinka.

—Bo Bergman (1869–1967)

Oskar Lindberg (1887–1955)

Now is the wedding hour and the bride's moment,  
and the stars burn so near  
that they could be plucked from heaven's dome  
as a bridal crown to be worn.

Time stands still and under his heel  
those yet to come meet the dead.  
Children of the night, those yet unborn,  
starlight forever guards your souls!

Hildor Lundvik (1885–1951)

Like a blossoming almond tree  
is she whom I love.  
Sing, you wind, sing slowly for me  
about how lovely she is.

Like a blossoming almond tree  
so tender, so light and pure —  
only you, most tender morning wind,  
know how lovely she is.

Like a blossoming almond tree  
is she whom I love.  
When it darkens so heavily around me  
can she stand to live here?

Åke Malmfors (1918–1951)

It's not fun to stand  
and knock so long, Katinka.  
The moon shines and the weather goes,  
and the frozen stars blink.  
My knuckle is red, my nose is blue.  
See fit to lift the door latch.

Open the door slightly and let me have  
a roof over my head, you wench!  
You should set the table with little  
gilded cups that welcome.  
Ale and schnapps and cheese for two  
and then a fat and smoky ham.

## **To See a World (2007)**

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Sven-David Sandström (1942–2019)

To see a World in a Grain of Sand  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
And Eternity in an hour.

—William Blake (1757–1872)

## **Kung Liljekonvalje (1924)**

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*King Lily-of-the-Valley*

Kung Liljekonvalje av dungen,  
Kung Liljekonvalje är vit som snö,  
nu sörjer unga kungen  
Prinsessan Liljekonvaljemö.

Kung Liljekonvalje han sänker  
sitt sorgsna huvud så tungt och vekt,  
och silverhjälm blanker  
i sommarskymningen blekt.

Kring bårens spindelvävar  
från rökelsekaren med blomsterstoff  
en virak sakta svävar,  
all skogen är full av doft.

Från björkens gungande krona,  
från vindens vaggande gröna hus  
små sorgevisor tona,  
all skogen är uppfylld av sus.

Det susar ett bud genom dälden  
om kungssorg bland viskande blad,  
i skogen vida välden  
från liljekonvaljernas huvudstad.

—Gustaf Fröding (1860–1911)

David Wikander (1884–1955)

King Lily-of-the-valley of the grove,  
King Lily-of-the-valley is white as snow,  
now mourns the young king  
for the maiden Princess Lily-of-the-valley.

King Lily-of-the-valley, he lowers  
his sorrowful head, so heavy and weak,  
and his silver helm shines  
in the pale summer twilight.

Around the bier of spider-webs  
from the censer of flower-scent  
incense gently wafts,  
all the forest is full of fragrance.

From the birch's swaying top,  
from the wind's cradling green house  
small sorrow-songs sound,  
all the forest is filled with murmurs.

The murmur is a message through the realm,  
of kingly grief among the whispering leaves,  
to the forest's wide empire  
from the lily-of-the-valleys' capital.

## **Sveriges flagga (1925)**

*Sweden's Flag*

Hugo Alfvén (1872–1960)

Flamma stolt mot dunkla skyar  
lik en glimt av sommarns sol  
över Sverges skogar, berg och byar,  
över vattnen av viol,  
du som sjunger när du bredes,  
som vår gamla lyckas tolk:  
“Solen lyser! Solen lyser!  
Ingen vredes åska slog vårt tappra folk!”

Flamma högt vår kärleks tecken,  
värm oss, när det blåser kallt!  
Stråla ur be blåa vecken  
kärlek mera stark än allt!  
Sverges flagga, Sverges ära,  
fornklenod och framtidstolk,  
Gud är med oss, Gud är med oss,  
Han skall bära stark vårt fria svenska folk.

—Karl Gustav Ossiannilsson (1875–1970)

Flame proudly against dark skies  
like a glimpse of summer sun  
over Sweden's forests, mountains, and villages,  
over violet waters,  
you who sing when you are unfurled,  
who proclaims our ancient successes:  
“The sun shines! The sun shines!  
No wrathful thunder strikes our brave people!”

Flame high, our sign of love,  
warm us when the winds blow cold!  
Shine out from the blue folds  
love more powerful than all!  
Sweden's flag, Sweden's honor,  
ancient treasure and future's foreteller,  
God is with us, God is with us,  
He shall firmly bear us, the free Swedish people.

## **The Drunken Sailor (1978)**

arranged by Robert Sund (1872–1960)

What shall we do with the drunken sailor, earlye in the morning?  
Hooray and up she rises, earlye in the morning.  
Put him in the longboat 'til he's sober, earlye in the morning.  
Pull out the plug and wet him all over, earlye in the morning.  
Put him in the scuppers with a hosepipe on him, earlye in the morning.  
Heave him by the leg in a running bowlin', earlye in the morning.

—18th century Irish sea shanty