

The background of the entire image is a solid teal color. Overlaid on this is a large, dark, almost black, abstract shape that resembles a cloud or a splash of ink. This shape has irregular, feathered edges and contains some internal texture and lighter patches, giving it a sense of depth and movement. It is centered on the page and serves as a backdrop for the text.

POUL ROVSING OLSEN

Songs

Bruun Hyldig Duo

POUL ROVSING OLSEN (1922–1982)

Songs

Bruun Hyldig Duo:

Hetna Regitze Bruun, *mezzo-soprano*

Kristoffer Hyldig, *piano*

feat.

Steffen Bruun, *bass*

Ulla Miilmann, *flute*

Lyse sange (Light Songs), Op. 19 (1951)

for soprano and piano (Poems by Mogens Garde)..... 8:16

- | | | |
|-----|-----------------------|------|
| [1] | No. 1, Postkort | 1:08 |
| [2] | No. 2, Du | 2:00 |
| [3] | No. 3, Efterår | 1:27 |
| [4] | No. 4, Skymåne | 3:41 |

Four Songs, Op. 7 (1946–47)

for mezzo-soprano and piano (Poems by William Blake)..... 5:33

- | | | |
|-----|----------------------------------|------|
| [5] | No. 1, My Pretty Rose-Tree | 1:28 |
| [6] | No. 2, The Blossom | 1:08 |
| [7] | No. 3, Love's Secret | 1:41 |
| [8] | No. 4, The Sick Rose | 1:16 |

Two Prophetic Songs, Op. 16 (1950)

for mezzo-soprano and piano (Poems by William Blake)..... 6:02

- | | | |
|------|----------------------------------|------|
| [9] | No. 1, The Garden of Love | 2:31 |
| [10] | No. 2, Come, O Lamb of God | 3:31 |

To tyske sange (Two German Songs), Op. 36 (1955–56)

for bass and piano (Poems by Rainer Maria Rilke)..... 5:56

- | | | |
|------|-----------------------------|------|
| [11] | No. 1, O Leben, Leben | 2:11 |
| [12] | No. 2, Liebeslied | 3:45 |

To Lagerkvist-sange (Two Lagerkvist Songs), Op. 15 (1949)

for mezzo-soprano and piano (Poems by Pär Lagerkvist)..... 4:13

- | | | |
|------|---|------|
| [13] | No. 1, Dina Ögon | 2:08 |
| [14] | No. 2, Som ett blommande mandelträd | 2:05 |

Deux mélodies, Op. 84 (1981)

for bass and piano (Poems by Charles Baudelaire)..... 8:02

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|------|------------------------------|------|
| [15] | No. 1, Parfum exotique | 4:22 |
| [16] | No. 2, De profundis | 3:40 |

Aftonsånger (Evening Songs), Op. 30 (1954)

for mezzo-soprano and flute (Poems by Pär Lagerkvist)..... 12:20

- | | | |
|------|--|------|
| [17] | No. 1, Skuggor skrider | 2:38 |
| [18] | No. 2, Övergiven | 4:01 |
| [19] | No. 3, Ökenlandet vid de dödas sjö | 3:25 |
| [20] | No. 4, Omgiven av tomhet | 2:16 |

Tre danske sange (Three Danish Songs), Op. 39 (1957)

for mezzo-soprano and piano 7:39

21 1. Under måneskåret (Mogens Garde) 2:36

22 2. Havens morgen (Paul la Cour) 1:41

23 3. En ublodig sang om Hærvejen (Frank Jæger) 3:22

Små sange (Little Songs), Op. 37 (1941–56)

for voice and piano 9:07

24 No. 1, Mis Kræsenkat (Anne Jacobi) 0:35

25 No. 2, Hua-Hua (Anne Jacobi) 0:28

26 No. 3, Heden (Steen St. Blicher) 3:58

27 No. 4, Marias vuggesang (Preben Thomsen) 1:33

28 No. 5, Pjerrots vise (Gustav Lehmann) 2:33

feat. Elvira Josephine Toquer Bruun, *girl soprano* (nos. 1-2); Steffen Bruun (no. 3); Hetna
Regitze Bruun (no. 4 without accompaniment, no. 5)

Total: 67:08

World premiere recordings, except 13 - 14

POUL ROVSING OLSEN'S SONGS by Teresa Waskowska

Poul Rovsing Olsen (1922-1982) had a special feeling for the human voice – and it did not come from strangers: his mother sang; she was a pupil of Lauritz Melchior, and was also a distant relation of the famous tenor. His father, a company director, played the cello and piano. In the family home there were often musical evenings with programmes with the main emphasis on songs by Mozart, Schubert and Schumann, Weyse, Heise, Lange Müller and Carl Nielsen.

At an early age Poul Rovsing Olsen took lessons in ear training and piano, and his obvious musical talent was ensured a harmonious development. He graduated in piano and music theory from the Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen, and in law from Copenhagen University, after which he went to Paris and continued his musical training with the renowned teacher Nadia Boulanger and the famous composer Olivier Messiaen. In parallel with this Rovsing Olsen frequented the Parisian Musée de l'Homme, where he could immerse himself in the music of faraway peoples, with which he had been much preoccupied since his high school years; an interest which later in life made Rovsing Olsen an internationally recognized ethnomusicologist who went on research trips to the Persian Gulf, India, Greenland and Egypt. There he studied the local music and song traditions and made recordings of the songs of the pearl divers of Bahrain and the traditional Greenlandic songs.

Rovsing Olsen's list of works comprises 85 numbers, including songs, piano pieces, chamber music, orchestral works, ballets and the operas *Belisa* and *Usher*. Taken together, this oeuvre constitutes a continuous stylistic development with its origins in the stringent neoclassical way of writing and gradually incorporates sonorities and structural experiences from western modernism as well as non-western musical cultures. At first compositional attention is concentrated around the rhythmic profiles. In time the expressive side of melody and dynamics is also strengthened. This is evident for example in songs to texts by William Blake, Pär Lagerkvist, Rainer Maria Rilke and Charles Baudelaire.

To write music for a poem is to mix blood with a poet, said Poul Rovsing Olsen. With his songs he provides proof for the claim. The current release comprises all Rovsing Olsen's songs with piano as well as *Aftonsånger* (Evening Songs) to poems by the Swedish writer Pär Lagerkvist for



Poul Rovsing Olsen

mezzo-soprano and flute. Almost all these songs were composed in the period 1946-1957. In subsequent years Rovsing Olsen increasingly worked with modernist and oriental elements, and the classic song type yielded place to instrumental compositions. Now the singing voice was included in new instrumental constellations and modes of expression. Not until 1981, just one year before his death, did Rovsing Olsen return to the piano-accompanied song with *Deux mélodies* op. 84, to texts by the French poet Charles Baudelaire. This was to be the last work in the composer's life.

Light Songs Op. 19 came about as a token of friendship with the nature-lyrical poet Mogens Garde (1917-2005). They were composed in February-March 1951. Of the choice of texts Rovsing Olsen said that after setting two dramatic poems by William Blake to music, he was looking for some lighter verses for his next songs, and the choice fell on the texts from Mogens Garde's poetry collection *The light in the dust*.

It was a happy choice which resulted in four lively songs that excel in their supple melodic lines and evocative piano sounds. The composer himself gives them the mood designations 'roguishly' (*Postcard*), 'tenderly' (*You*), 'floridly' (*Autumn anyway*) and 'poetically' (*Cloud moon*), and that is how they are experienced. The press received the composition positively and wrote of "small, fresh, energetic songs in which music and words complemented each other in the best possible way" (*Berlingske Tidende*). This assessment also persisted with a new performance in 1954, when one could read in the same newspaper that "the slight but young and graceful verses form the starting point for music that gives them fine life and poetry of sound".

Four Songs Op. 7 to texts by the English poet William Blake (1757-1827) were composed in March 1946 and March-April 1947 and dedicated to the composer's mother. Blake was a poet, printer and painter. The encounter with his art and reflections on life took on an existential significance for Poul Rovsing Olsen, who described this universal genius as "a revolutionary mystic". Blake's poems stand out with unique clarity and succinctly express great, powerful, emotionally charged messages. The four that Rovsing Olsen chose for his songs are *My Pretty Rose Tree*, *The Blossom*, *Love's Secret* and *The Sick Rose*. These are not cheerful verses, but painful words about love's longing and its ruin, which Rovsing Olsen arrays in moving music.

Two Prophetic Songs Op. 16 were composed in 1950 at the urging of the Danish contralto Jolanda Rodio, who gave them their first performance the same year. Here too the composer used texts by William Blake. The poet was a strong opponent of any kind of prescriptive religion. *The Garden of Love* and *Come, O Lamb of God* are two dramatic poems about love that is destroyed by religious orthodoxy and the consciousness of sin. With his music Rovsing Olsen writes his way directly into the essence of the poems.

The songs aroused attention. The reviewers wrote that there was “a direct experience of the text and a carefully calculated use of the musical imagination in these songs” (*Socialdemokraten*), and that the composition “was nothing less than a breakthrough, an unfolding of freedom and feeling” (*Berlingske Tidende*).

Two German songs Op. 36 comprises the poems *O Leben, Leben* and *Liebeslied* by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926). They were set to music respectively in December 1956 and October 1955 and received their public baptism of fire in a performance on DR radio on 16 February 1960. It was said of Rilke that his poems were the very essence of poetry. Melancholy thoughts on life, death, love and art, and on the anxiety and rootlessness of modern man, fill the writings of Rilke. There are drama and sadness, intensity and fervency in his verses, which Rovsing Olsen brings to life with expressively charged melodic lines and powerful rhythms.

The **Two Lagerkvist songs** Op. 15 were written in August-September 1949, and had their first performance in October the same year. As is evident from the title, two poems by the Swedish writer Pär Lagerkvist (1891-1974) were chosen by Rovsing Olsen as the basis of his songs. The first, *Dina Ögon* (Your Eyes), is characterized by despondency and loneliness. The world is so cold and harsh, you must not see it, says the text. In the second poem, which is titled *Som ett blommande mandelträd* (Like an almond tree in blossom), everything seems bright and wonderful, love and beauty go hand in hand. But the darkness falls heavily all around, and fear comes stealing in. “She who is dear to me, can she live here?” the poem asks. These expressive verses are borne up sensitively by Rovsing Olsen’s music, where the singing voice and the piano engage in harmonic interaction and the contrasting moods are depicted with a powerful feeling for the spirit of the texts.

The work aroused different reactions in Swedish and Danish newspapers. All the reviewers, however, seemed to agree that the piano part in *Som ett blommande mandelträd* was “superb” and “magnificently done”.

Deux mélodies op. 84. It all began with Poul Rovsing Olsen being captivated by the American writer Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849). Through him he discovered Poe’s French translator Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867), himself an eminent poet. The texts in *Deux mélodies* come from Baudelaire’s poetry collection *Les Fleurs du Mal* (The Flowers of Evil), considered a milestone in the history of poetry. The work – with its central themes of depravation, the erotic, desolation and death – was quickly seen as immoral and brought both writer and publisher major problems. In *Deux mélodies* Rovsing Olsen used the poems *Parfum exotique* (Exotic perfume) and *De Profundis*. Two poems and two different moods which for the composer become two different worlds of sound.

In *Parfum exotique* it is the erotic scent of the beloved’s warm breasts that conjures up dreams of enchanting faraway places and “happy shores”. The text is clad in gentle, melodious music with the dream-image borne up by the delicate tones of the piano.

De Profundis borrows its title from Psalm 130, which gives the text a religious tinge. It is a cry for mercy in a cold, comfortless world. And it becomes a dramatic song where the powerful chords of the piano underscore the sombre mood.

Deux mélodies were written for and dedicated to the Danish bass Ulrik Cold. They were performed for the first time on 13 December 1981. Afterwards the newspaper *Berlingske Tidende* gave this summary of the songs: “The tonal basis which many young composers have been struggling to find in recent years is for Rovsing Olsen firmly rooted in melody. Many different scales – pentatonic, hexatonic or chromatic – provide the foundations for his songs and give power to an expressive singing voice and material for the sound of the piano.”

Aftonsånger (Evening Songs) Op. 30, is yet another Lagerkvist setting from Rovsing Olsen. This time the texts have been taken from the writer’s poetry collection *Aftonland* (*Evening Land*). The four songs were composed in the period January–February 1954 and intended for a mezzo-soprano with a flute as the only accompanying instrument. The composer writes of the work: “The music seeks neither the brilliant nor the virtuosic, but unfolds with subtle expressive nuances

within the framework of an intimate language. *Övergiven* (abandoned), *öde* (desolate), *tomhet* (emptiness) are core words in these texts about human loneliness. And from these words the music has drawn its inspiration."

We are dealing with highly depressive songs here. The torches all go out, there is emptiness everywhere. Bare peaks, empty valleys, a land without birds – who lived here once? Everyone has fled. "I am all alone" says one of the texts. With his original configuration of voice and flute Røvsing Olsen strikes the tone of gloomy hopelessness.

With **Three Danish songs** Op. 39, written in 1957, we are back with Danish poetry. Mogens Garde appears here again, and he is joined by Paul la Cour (born Poul la Cour, 1902-1956) and Frank Jæger (1926-1977). All three represent the generation before modernism. Mogens Garde's poem *Under Måneskåret* (Beneath the moon's swath) is from the collection *Opbrud* (Departures). Poul la Cour's poem *Havens Morgen* (Morning of the garden) is from the poetry collection *Levende Vande* (Living Waters). Frank Jæger is represented here by a poem *En ublodig sang om hævejen* (A bloodless song of the military road) from the collection *Dydige digte* (Virtuous poems). These are three situation poems whose different moods the composers is able to give suitable musical clothing.

Little songs Op. 37 are intended for various purposes, and their composition was scattered over a long period from 1941 to 1956. They have no more in common than that their texts are written in Danish. *Mis Kræsenkat* (Puss Particular) and *Hua-hua* (both from 1951) with texts by Anne Jacobi, are children's songs that are included in a book about language learning with the title *Læs med det samme, en ABC* (The Read Right Away ABC). *Marias vuggesang* (Mary's Cradle Song) (1956) for soprano solo was written for Preben Thomsen's radio play *Maria og Magdalene* (Mary and Magdalene) and performed for the first time in the Radio Theatre programme of 23 December 1956. *Pjerrots vise* (Pierrot's song) has a text by Gustav Lehrmann and was composed for the TV play *Drømmemageren* (The Dream-Maker), which was premiered on DR TV on 16 April 1953. *Heden* (The heath) was composed in 1941 to a text by the Danish poet Steen Steensen Blicher (1782-1848). In both words and music it is the most classical song on this release.

© Teresa Waskowska is a musicologist and was for several years a music critic for the newspapers Berlingske Tidende and Politiken

BRUUN HYLDIG DUO consists of mezzo-soprano Hetna Regitze Bruun and pianist Kristoffer Hyldig, who since 2006 have appeared together in mainly 20th century repertoire and Messiaen's vocal music in particular. They have made appearances in Denmark, Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy and the USA. Concerts in Denmark count several festivals and numerous performances at Musikhuset Aarhus and DR Koncerthuset. In England the duo appeared at the prestigious Leeds *Lieder+* festival to great success. The duo made a breakthrough with the recording of the Messiaen cycle *Harawi* in 2008 on an acclaimed Naxos release. Their CD 'Skønne perler' was released by Naxos Denmark in 2010, featuring works by Danish 20th century composers. In 2014 came a third CD, featuring more vocal works by Messiaen, released by Naxos.

Hetna Regitze Bruun has a diploma from the Royal Danish Academy of Music and made her debut from the soloist class at the Royal Academy of Music, Aarhus, under Bodil Øland. She has appeared on the The Royal Opera, The Royal Theatre's new scene, Takkelloftet, and on The Funen Opera. In addition, she has been a soloist with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra, the Danish National Chamber Orchestra, Aarhus Symphony Orchestra and Malmö Symphony Orchestra. Hetna often features in innovative projects around classical music such as the leading role as a singing Wagner valkyrie in the art movie *Feature* by Shezad Dawood, shown at Tate Modern in London. Today she runs and performs in the successful opera companies Home Opera, based in Berlin, and Home Opera Switzerland. **Kristoffer Hyldig** made his debut in 2010 at the Royal Danish Academy of Music after studies under Professor Niklas Sivelöv and Tove Lønskov. Kristoffer Hyldig is an active musician in Danish music life and appears in concerts and festivals both as soloist, chamber musician and accompanist. He has given concerts in Italy, Germany, Poland and at Carnegie Hall in New York. Since 2006, he has featured on recordings of lieder, chamber music and solo works by Debussy, Ravel, Messiaen, Bent Sørensen and Hindemith. As a soloist, Kristoffer has appeared with Aalborg Symphony Orchestra, CPH Phil and The Royal Danish Orchestra. In the latter case with Michael Boder in Messiaen's *Turangalila* symphony. He received the jury's special prize in the EU Piano Competition in 2009 and has been awarded several grants such as the Jakob Gade's Grant, the Léonie Sonning Scholarship and the Danish Music Critics' Artist Prize.



Bruun Hyldig Duo

Photo: © Lisbeth Holten

The bass **Steffen Bruun** graduated from the Royal Danish Academy of Music, Copenhagen and the Opera Academy in Sydney in 2005. That same year he made his debut as the Emperor in Stravinsky's *The Nightingale* on The Funen Opera and, later on, he has taken on, among others, Sarastro in Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, the bass parts of Monteverdi's operas, Leone in Handel's *Tamerlano*, *Don Inigo* in Ravel's *L'Heure espagnole* and as Comte de Grioux in Massenet's *Manon* at the Copenhagen Opera Festival onstage with Patricia Petibon. He is moreover involved with the performance concept Home Opera as both singer and presenter. Steffen Bruun is even an esteemed concert singer in the great oratorios by Bach, Schütz, Haydn, Handel and Mozart. On CD, Steffen is featured as the Watchman in Carl Nielsen's *Maskarade* as well as the premiere recording of Paul von Klenau's 9th Symphony, both with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra under Michael Schönwandt and released by Dacapo.

Ulla Miilmann is Principal flutist of the Danish National Symphony Orchestra – a position she has held since 1994. Already during her college years Ulla Miilmann attracted attention and was selected Denmark's representative in the European Broadcasting Union's 'Concerts for Young Soloists'. She is a prizewinner in several competitions, among others the prestigious 'Flute – Talk' competition in Chicago. Ulla Miilmann has appeared as a soloist with Denmark's leading orchestras and has toured in Asia. She has worked as a chamber musician in Scandinavia with respected soloists and ensembles such as the Danish National Symphony Orchestra's Wind Quintet, Katrine Gislinge, Lars Ulrik Mortensen and Gidon Kremer. As the first ever Danish soloist she received an American Grammy nomination in 2007 for 'Best Soloist Performance with an Orchestra' for her recording of Ole Schmidt's Flute Concerto (Dacapo). Ulla Miilmann has received the Jakob Gade Award and the Danish Music Critics' Artist Prize.

Poul Rovsing Olsen (1922-1982) havde en særlig indføling i menneskestemmen. Det kom ikke fra fremmede. Hans mor sang, var elev af Lauritz Melchior, og langt ude også i familie med den berømte tenor. Faderen, som var virksomhedsleder, spillede cello og klaver. Hjemme hos familien blev der tit afholdt musikaftener med programmer hovedsageligt samlet om sange af Mozart, Schubert og Schumann, Weyse, Heise, Lange Müller og Carl Nielsen.

Poul Rovsing Olsen modtog tidligt undervisning i hørelære og klaver, og hans åbenlyse musiktalent blev sikret en harmonisk udvikling. Han fik afgangseksamen i klaver og musikteori fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og en kandidatgrad i jura fra Københavns Universitet, hvorefter han drog til Paris og fortsatte sin musikalske skoling hos den navnkundige pædagog Nadia Boulanger og den berømte komponist Olivier Messiaen. Parallelt hermed frekventerede Rovsing Olsen det parisiske Musée de l'Homme hvor han kunne fordybe sig i de fjerne folkeslags musik, som han havde været meget optaget af siden gymnasiet. En interesse, som senere i livet gjorde Rovsing Olsen til en internationalt anerkendt musiketnolog med forskningsrejser til Den Arabiske Golf, Indien, Grønland og Ægypten. Her studerede han de lokale musik- og sangtraditioner og foretog optagelser af både perlefiskernes sange fra Bahrain og de traditionelle grønlandske sange.

Rovsing Olsens værkfortegnelse omfatter 85 numre, herunder sange, klaverstykker, kammermusik, orkesterværker, balletter, operaerne *Belisa* og *Usher*. Samlet set tegner denne produktion en kontinuerlig stilistisk udvikling, der tager sit udspring i den stringente nyklassiske skrivemåde og gradvist inddrager klanglige og strukturelle erfaringer fra den vestlige modernisme og fra de ikke-vestlige musikkulturer. Den kompositoriske opmærksomhed samles i begyndelsen omkring de rytmiske profileringer. Med tiden styrkes også den ekspressive side af melodikken og dynamikken. Det gør sig bl.a. gældende i sange til tekster af William Blake, Pär Lagerkvist, Rainer Maria Rilke og Charles Baudelaire.

At skrive musik til et digt er at blande blod med en digter, sagde Poul Rovsing Olsen. Med sine sange fører han bevis for påstanden. Den aktuelle publikation omfatter samtlige Rovsing Olsens

sange med klaver samt *Aftonsånger* til digte af den svenske forfatter Pär Lagerkvist for mezzosopran og fløjte. Så godt som alle disse sange er komponeret i perioden 1946-1957. I de efterfølgende år indarbejder Rovsing Olsen i stigende grad de modernistiske og orientalske elementer, og den klassiske sangtype viger pladsen for instrumentale kompositioner. Sangstemmen indgår nu i nye instrumentale konstellationer og udtryksformer. Først i 1981, blot et år før sin død, vender Rovsing Olsen tilbage til den klaverledsagede sang med *Deux Mélodies* op. 84, til tekster af den franske digter Charles Baudelaire. Det skulle blive det næstsidste værk i komponistens liv.

Lyse sange op. 19 er komponeret i venskab til digteren, naturlyrikeren Mogens Garde (1917-2005). De blev til i februar-marts 1951. Om valget af teksterne fortalte Rovsing Olsen, at han efter at have sat to dramatiske digte af William Blake i musik søgte nogle lysere strofer til sine næste sange, og valget faldt på teksterne fra Mogens Gardes digtsamling *Lyset i støvet*.

Det var et lykkeligt valg, der resulterede i fire livlige sange, som udmærker sig ved smidige melodilinjier og malende klaverklange. Komponisten selv giver dem stemningsbetegnelserne 'skælnsk' (*Postkort*), 'ømt' (*Du*), 'blomstrende' (*Efterår alligevel*) og 'poetisk' (*Skymåne*), og sådan opleves de. Pressen tog godt imod kompositionen og skrev om "friske og oplagte småsange, hvor musik og ord på bedste vis supplerede hinanden" (Berlingske Tidende). Denne bedømmelse holdt også ved en ny opførelse i 1954, hvor man i samme avis kunne læse, at "de spinkle, men unge og graciøse vers danner udspringet for en musik, der tilfører dem fint liv og klanglig poesi".

Fire sange op. 7 til tekster af den engelske digter William Blake (1757-1827) er komponeret i marts 1946 og marts-april 1947 og tilegnet komponistens mor. Blake var digter, grafiker og maler. Mødet med hans kunst og livsbetragtninger fik eksistentiel betydning for Poul Rovsing Olsen, der omtalte dette universalgeni som "en revolutionær mystiker". Blakes digte fremstår med enestående klarhed, og i kort form fremfører de store, stærkt følelsesladede budskaber. De fire af dem, som Rovsing Olsen vælger til sine sange, hedder *My Pretty Rose-Tree*, *The Blossom*, *Love's Secret* og *The Sick Rose*. Det er ikke muntre vers, men smertefulde ord om kærlighedens længsel og undergang, som Rovsing Olsen iklæder gribende toner.

Two Prophetic Songs op. 16 er blevet til i 1950 på opfordring af den danske alt Jolanda Rodio, som uropførte dem samme år. Også her anvender komponisten tekster af William Blake. Digteren var en stor modstander af enhver form for lovreligion. *The Garden of Love* og *Come, O Lamb of God* er to dramatiske digte om kærlighed, der ødelægges af religiøs lovtænkning og syndsbevidsthed. Og Rovsing Olsen skriver sig med sin musik direkte ind i digtenes inderste.

Sangene vakte opsigt. Anmelderne skrev, at der var "umiddelbar oplevelse af teksten og velberegnet musikalsk fantasi i disse sange" (Socialdemokraten), og at kompositionen "var intet mindre end et gennembrud, en fri og følt udfoldelse" (Berlingske Tidende).

To tyske sange op. 36 omfatter digte *O Leben, Leben* og *Liebeslied* af den tysksprogede forfatter Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926). De blev sat i musik i henholdsvis december 1956 og oktober 1955 og fik deres offentlige ilddeb ved en opførelse i Danmarks Radio den 16. februar 1960. Om Rilke blev der sagt, at hans digte var selve indbegrebet af poesi. Det er sørgmodige tanker om livet, døden, kærligheden og kunsten og om det moderne menneskes angst og rodløshed, der fylder Rilkes digtning. Der er drama og vemod, intensitet og inderlighed i hans strofer, som Rovsing Olsen forløser med udtryksmættede melodiske linjer og stærke rytmer.

To Lagerkvist-sange op. 15 er blevet til i august-september 1949, og allerede i oktober samme år fik de deres første opførelse. Som det fremgår af titlen er det to digte af den svenske forfatter Pär Lagerkvist (1891-1974), Rovsing Olsen vælger som forlæg for sine sange. Det første, *Dina Ögon* (*Dine Øjne*), er præget af mismod og ensomhed. Verden er så kold og hård, du skal ikke se på den, siger teksten. I det andet digt, der hedder *Som ett blommande mandelträd* (*Som et blomstrende mandeltræ*), synes alt at være lyst og vidunderligt, forelskelse og skønhed følges ad. Men mørket sænker sig tungt omkring, og angsten sniger sig ind. Mon hun, som er mig kær, mon hun kan leve her? spørges der i digtet. Disse udtrykksfulde strofer bæres følsomt af Rovsing Olsens musik, hvor sangstemme og klaver indgår i et harmonisk samspil, og de kontrasterende stemninger tegnes med stærk indlevelse i teksternes ånd.

Værket fremkaldte forskelligartede reaktioner i svenske og danske aviser. Alle anmeldere syntes dog at være enige om, at klaverpartiet i *Som ett blommande mandelträd* var "yppeeligt" og "storartet gjort".

Deux mélodies op. 84. Det begyndte med, at Poul Rovsing Olsen blev indfanget af den amerikanske forfatter Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849). Gennem ham opdagede han Poes franske oversætter Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867), som selv var en digter af rang. Teksterne i *Deux mélodies* stammer fra Baudelaire's digtsamling *Les Fleurs du Mal* (på dansk: *Syndens Blomster*, overs. fra 1921, eller *Helvedsblomsterne*, overs. fra 1997), som anses for at være en milepæl i digtningens historie. Værkets tematik med fordærvelse, erotik, trøstesløshed og død som et omdrejningspunkt blev hurtigt anset for umoralsk og skaffede både forfatter og forlægger store problemer. I *Deux mélodies* anvender Rovsing Olsen digtene *Parfum exotique* (*Ekstotisk Duft*) og *De Profundis*. To digte og to forskellige stemninger, som hos komponisten bliver til to forskellige klangverdener.

I *Parfume exotique* er det erotisk duft af den elskedes hede bryster, der fremkalder drømme om fortryllende fjerne egne og lykkelige kyster. Teksten iklædes mild og melodøs musik, hvor drømmebilledet bæres af klaverets delikate klange.

De Profundis låner titel fra Salmernes Bog, 130, hvilket giver teksten et religiøst anstrøg. Det er en anrøelse om barmhjertighed i en kold, trøstesløs verden. Og det bliver til en dramatisk sang, hvor klaverets kraftige akkorder understreger den dunkle stemning.

Deux mélodies er skrevet til og tilegnet den danske bas-sanger Ulrik Cold. De blev opført første gang den 13. december 1981. Efterfølgende gav avisen Berlingske Tidende denne opsummering af sangene: "Det tonale grundlag, som mange unge komponister i disse år søger at tilkæmpe sig, er hos Rovsing Olsen trykt forankret i melodien. Mange forskellige skalaer – femtonige, sekstonige eller kromatiske – danner grundlaget for hans sange og giver kraft til en udtrykksfuld sangstemme og stof til klaverets klange."

Aftonsånger (*Aftensange*) op. 30, er endnu en Lagerkvist-komposition fra Rovsing Olsens hånd, denne gang er teksterne hentet i forfatterens digtsamling *Aftonland* (*Aftenland*). De fire sange er komponeret i perioden januar-februar 1954 og er tænkt for en mezzosopran med fløjte som eneste akkompagnerende instrument. Komponisten skriver således om værket: "Musikken søger hverken det brillante eller det virtuose, men udfolder sig med subtile udtryksnuancer inden for et intimt sprogs rammer. 'Övergiven' (forladt), 'öde' (øde), 'tomhet' (tomhed) er kerneord i disse tekster om menneskets ensomhed. Og fra disse ord har musikken modtaget sin inspiration."

Det er meget depressive sange, vi har at gøre med her. Faklerne er slukket, der er tomhed alle steder. Nøgne tinder, tomme dale, et fugleløst land, hvem levede her engang? Alle er flygtet. "Jeg er aldeles ensom" lyder det i en af teksterne. Med sin originale sammensætning af stemme og fløjte rammer Rovsing Olsen den dystre håbløshed.

Med **Tre danske sange** op. 39 fra 1957 er vi tilbage ved dansk lyrik. Mogens Garde går her igen, og han får selskab af Paul la Cour (født Poul la Cour, 1902-1956) og Frank Jæger (1926-1977). Alle tre repræsenterer generationen før modernismen. Mogens Gardes digt *Under Måneskåret* stammer fra samlingen *Opbrud*. Poul la Cours digt *Havens Morgen* er fra digtsamlingen *Levende Vande*. Frank Jæger er her repræsenteret ved *En ublodig sang om Hærvejen* fra samlingen *Dydige digte*. Det er tre situationsbilleder, hvis forskelligartede stemninger komponisten formår at give en passende musikalsk ikklædning.

Små sange op. 37 er beregnet til forskellige formål og komponeret spredt over en lang periode fra 1941 til 1956. De har ikke andet til fælles, end at teksterne til dem er skrevet på dansk. *Mis Kræsenkat* og *Hua-hua* (begge fra 1951) med tekster af Anne Jacobi er børnesange, som indgår i en bog til sprogindlæring med titlen *Læs med det samme, en ABC*. *Marias Vuggesang* (1956) for sopran solo er skrevet til Preben Thomsens hørespil *Maria og Magdalene* og udført for første gang i Radioteatret den 23. december 1956. *Pjerrots vise* har tekst af Gustav Lehmann og er komponeret til tv-spillet *Drømmemageren*, som fik premiere i Danmarks Radios TV den 16. april 1953. *Heden* er komponeret i 1941 til tekst af den danske digter Steen Steensen Blicher (1782-1848). Både i ord og toner er det den mest klassiske sang i denne udgivelse.

© Teresa Waskowska er musikforsker og var i en årrække musikkritiker ved dagbladene Berlingske Tidende og Politiken

BRUUN HYLDIG DUO består af mezzosopranen Hetna Regitze Bruun og pianisten Kristoffer Hyldig, som siden 2006 har optrådt sammen med fokus på det 20. århundredes og særligt Olivier Messiaens vokalmusik. Sammen har de optrådt i både Danmark, England, Tyskland, Frankrig, Italien og USA. Herhjemme har de givet koncerter på Hindsgavl Festivalen, Oremandsgaard Kammermusikfestival, Holmboe i Horsens, Statens Museum for Kunst og adskillige gange i Musikhuset Aarhus og DR Koncerthuset. I England optrådte duoen ved den fremtrædende festival *Leeds Lieder+* med stor succes. Duoen fik et gennembrud med indspilningen af Messiaens sangcyklus *Harawi* i 2008 på en anmelderrost Naxos-udgivelse. Duoens anden cd 'Skønne perler' udkom på Naxos i 2010 med værker af danske komponister fra det 20. århundrede. I 2014 udkom duoens tredje cd med flere vokalværker af Messiaen for pladeselskabet Naxos International. **Hetna Regitze Bruun** er diplomuddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og debuterede fra solistklassen i 2008 på Det Jyske Musikkonservatorium hos Bodil Øland. Hun har optrådt på Operaen, Det Kgl. Teaters Nye Scene – Takkelloftet og på Den Fynske Opera. Derudover har hun været solist med DR SymfoniOrkestret, DR UnderholdningsOrkestret, Aarhus Symfoniorkester og Malmö Symfoniorkester. Hetna medvirker ofte i nytænkende projekter med klassisk musik; hun havde f.eks. en hovedrolle som syngende "Wagner-valkyrie" i kunsten *Feature* af instruktør Shezad Dawood, der bl.a. blev vist på Tate Modern i London. I dag driver hun det succesrige operakompagni Home Opera med base i Berlin og Home Opera Switzerland, hvor hun begge steder også selv optræder som udøvende kunstner. **Kristoffer Hyldig** debuterede i 2010 på Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium efter studier hos professor Niklas Sivelöv og Tove Lønskov. Kristoffer Hyldig er meget aktiv i dansk musikliv og spiller jævnligt i musikforeninger og på festivaler, både som solist, kammermusiker og akkompagnatør og har derudover givet koncerter i Italien, Tyskland, Polen og Carnegie Hall, New York. Siden 2006 har han udgivet indspilninger med lieder, kammermusik og soloværker af bl.a. Debussy, Ravel, Messiaen, Bent Sørensen og Hindemith. Som solist har han optrådt med bl.a. Aalborg Symfoniorkester, CPH Phil og Det Kongelige Kapel. Sidstnævnte med Michael Boder i Messiaens *Turangalila*-symfoni. Han fik juryens specialpris i EU Piano Competition 2009 og har derudover fået tildelt flere priser, heriblandt Jakob Gades store legat, Léonie Sonnings Musikfondsstipendium og Musik anmelderrings Kunstnerpris.



Bruun Hyldig Duo and Steffen Bruun (right)

Photo: © Lisbeth Holten

Bassen **Steffen Bruun** er uddannet på Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium samt ved Operaakademiet i Sydney i 2005. Samme år debuterede han som Kejseren i Stravinskij's *Nattergalen* på Den Fynske Opera, og har senere varetaget bl.a. Sarastro i Mozarts *Tryllefløjten*, baspartierne i Monteverdis operaer, Leone i Händels *Tamerlano*, Don Inigo i Ravels *L'Heure espagnole* og Comte de Grieux i Massenets *Manon* på CPH Opera Festival, hvor han flankerede Patricia Petibon. Han er desuden en del af konceptet Home Opera, hvor han er en yndet sanger og konferencier. Derudover er Steffen Bruun en skattet oratoriesolist og kan jævnligt høres i de store oratorier af Bach, Schütz, Haydn, Händel og Mozart. På CD medvirker Steffen som Vægteren i Nielsens *Maskarade* samt på premiereindspilningen af Paul von Klenaus 9. Symfoni, begge med DR SymfoniOrkestret og Michael Schönwandt og udgivet af Dacapo.

Ulla Miilmann er solofløjtenist i DR SymfoniOrkestret, hvor hun tiltrådte som orkestrets første kvindelige soloblæser i 1994. Allerede i sin skoletid gjorde Ulla Miilmann sig bemærket og blev udtaget som repræsentant for Danmark i EBU's koncert for unge solister. Hun er prisvinder i flere konkurrencer, bl.a. i den anerkendte internationale fløjtekonkurrence 'Flute – Talk' i Chicago. Ulla har optrådt som solist med landets førende orkestre samt turneret i Asien. Hun har arbejdet som kammermusiker i Skandinavien med anerkendte musikere og ensembler som DR SymfoniOrkestrets Blæserkvintet, Katrine Gislinge, Lars Ulrik Mortensen og Gidon Kremer. Som den første danske solist nogensinde modtog Ulla Miilmann i 2007 en amerikansk Grammy-nominering i kategorien 'Bedste solistiske præstation med orkester' for indspilningen af Ole Schmidts Fløjtekoncert (Dacapo). Ulla Miilmann har blandt andet modtaget Jakob Gades æreslegat og Musikanmelderingens Kunstnerpris.

LYSE SANGE, OP. 19 (1951)

Mogens Garde, fra 'Lyset i støvet' (1950)

Postkort

- [1] I dag er vejret poseblåt.
og har mos på maven.
Vorherre leger
han slår grønne streger
på blåt papir.
Spurve dratter
små hvide klatter
og synger til.

Der er klokker i luften
og sol. Vifter af smil bryder frem
som et vers om Gammelfars øjne.

Du

- [2] Din pande hviler nu
mod min hals der endnu banker.
Træt og tryk og du

og jeg. Din hvisken når
som frøcorn mine tanker.
Bag dit vindue står

et månelys, og langt
strækker skyggers spil på puden.
Der er bygeblankt

i syrenernes hegnet
i aften. Grenen mod ruden
har en hud af regn.

LIGHT SONGS, OP. 19, (1951)

Mogens Garde, from *The light in the dust*, transl.
James Manley

Postcard

Today the weather is laundry-blue
and moss grows on its belly.
The Good Lord jokes
and draws green strokes
on blue paper.
Sparrows drop
small white plops
and sing along.

There are bells in the air
and sun. Waves of smiles break out
like a poem about Granddad's eyes.

You

Your brow is resting now
against my neck, still beating.
Tired and snug and you

and I. Your whispers reach
my thoughts like floating seeds.
Behind your window shines

a moonbeam and lengthens
the play of shadows on the pillows.
Shower-glossed this evening

the hedge of lilacs.
The branch against the windowpane
has a skin of rain.

Efterår alligevel

- [3] Der blomstrer for fanden
en mælkebøtte påny.
Den strutter af farve og saft
mod stengærdets bly.

Hun bøjer sig ned
med sol i sit hår
og plukker den gule hilsen
fra den døde vår.

Bryd den, knæk den
kast den på jorden hen.
Rejs dig, fremmede pige,
giv mig mit hjerte igen.

Skymåne

- [4] Måneskiven sejler sløret
drukner i et vand af skyer.
Kun en flig står sparsom, hvid
i den tempelhøje nat,
i den rene stjernemat.
Det er sene stjerners tid.

I en ubehersket flygten
mod dit øjes dybe grund
driver månen frem sit spejl
mellem lådne natteskyer,
fange mellem himlens skyer,
Se, nu tabte den sit spejl!

Månesejlet daler, daler
glimtvis gennem senårsmulm
standser lydløst, løser op

Autumn after all

Damned if a dandelion
isn't blooming new,
flaring against the leaden wall
lush in its golden hue.

Now she bows down
with sun in her hair
and plucks the yellow messenger
of a spring that isn't there.

Break it, snap it,
throw it down and then,
stand up, stranger girl,
give me your heart again.

Cloud moon

The round moon sails, shrouded,
drowning in a lake of clouds.
Only a sliver stands spare and clear
in the temple-towering night,
in the pure starry night.
The time of the late stars is here.

In its wild unruly flight
into the deep well of your eye
the moon drives its mirror on
through the fleecy night-time clouds,
prisoner of heaven's clouds.
Look, now its sail is gone!

The moon-sail comes floating down
glimmering through the late-year gloom,
quietly lands and silently leaves

af sin puppes trådenet,
spinder månestrålelet
nettet om din pigekrop.

FOUR SONGS, OP. 7 (1946-47)

William Blake, from 'Songs of Innocence
and Experience' (1794) and 'Notebook' (c. 1793)

My Pretty Rose-Tree

- [5] A flower was offer'd to me,
Such a flower as May never bore;
But I said "I've a Pretty Rose-tree,"
And I passed the sweet flower o'er.
Then I went to my Pretty Rose-tree,
To tend her by the day and by night;
But my Rose turn'd away with jealousy,
And her thorns were my only delight.

The Blossom

- [6] Merry, Merry Sparrow!
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Sees you swift as arrow
Seek your cradle narrow
Near my Bosom.
Pretty, Pretty Robin!
Under leaves so green
A happy Blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing.
Pretty, Pretty Robin,
Near my Bosom.

the cloud-web of its cocoon,
then moonbeam-light its gossamer
around your young girl's body weaves.

FOUR SONGS, OP. 7 (1946-47)

William Blake, fra 'Sange og uskyld og erfaring'
og 'Notebook'; overs. Ib Johansen

Mit smukke rosentræ

En blomst blev mig tilbudt,
Skønnere end nogen blomst i maj.
Men jeg afslog den resolut:
Smuk som mit rosentræ var den ej.
Under rosentræet slog jeg mig ned
For at passe det dag & nat.
Rosens skinsyge gav mig dog aldrig fred,
Og dens torne var al min skat.

Blomsten

Muntre, muntre spurv!
Under det grønne bladhang
En blomst med lyst
Ser dig, rap som en pil,
Søge din vugge trang
Tæt ved mit bryst.
Kønne, kønne rødkælk!
Under det grønne bladhang
En blomst med lyst
Hører på dine suk,
Kønne, kønne rødkælk,
Tæt ved mit bryst.

Love's Secret

(Notebook)

- [7] Never seek to tell thy love
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.
I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears -
Ah, she doth depart.
Soon as she was gone from me
A traveller came by
Silently, invisibly -
O, was no deny.

The Sick Rose

- [8] O rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm.
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

TWO PROPHETIC SONGS, OP. 16 (1950)

William Blake

The Garden of Love

(from *Songs of Experience*)

- [9] I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:

Elskovs hemmelighed

(Notebook)

Sig aldrig hvad din elskov er,
Elskov ingen kan sætte på ord;
For ganske blidt blæser vinden hér
Med alt du stille, usynligt erfór.
Jeg gav min elskov, min elskov ord:
Hele hjertet lagde jeg blot.
Skælvende, kold, hér hvor angst kun bór,
Forlod hun mig kort og godt.
Kort efter hun havde mig forladt,
Sneg en rejsende sig ind,
Og stille, usynligt tog han fat:
Med et suk gav hun sig hen.

Den syge rose

Åh, rose du er syg.
Den usynlige orm,
Der flyver om natten
I hylende storm,
Har fundet din glædesseng,
Blussende rød.
Og dens mørke lønlige elskov
Bliver din død.

TWO PROPHETIC SONGS, OP. 16 (1950)

William Blake

Kærlighedshaven

(fra *Sange om erfaring*, overs. Ib Johansen)

Jeg gik til kærlighedshaven
Og så et forunderligt syn:

A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And "Thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turn'd to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore;

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

Come, O Lamb of God

(from *The Prophetic Books, 'Jerusalem'*)

[10] O thou Lamb of God, and take away the remembrance of Sin!

To sin, and to hide the Sin in sweet deceit, is lovely:
To sin in the open face of day is cruel and

pitiless; But
To record the Sin for a reproach, to let the Sun
go down

In a remembrance of the Sin, is a woe and
a horror,

A brooder of an Evil Day, and a Sun rising in blood.
Come then, O Lamb of God, and take away
the remembrance of Sin!

Et kapel var bygget derinde,
Hvor jeg plejed' at lege i græsset.

Og kappellets porte var låst
Og "Du må ikke" skrevet på døren.
Så gik jeg til kærlighedshaven,
Der plejed' at vimle med blomster.

Og der var ikke andet end grave
Og gravsten, hvor blomster stod før:
Og sortklædte præster som ubudne gæster
Bandt torne-kæder om alle glæder.

Kom, åh du Guds lam

(fra *The Prophetic Books, 'Jerusalem'*, overs. Ib Johansen)

Kom, åh du Guds lam, lad al Synd blot være glemt.
At Synde og skjule sin Synd i sødt bedrag, det
er yndigt!

At Synde ved højlys dag, det er grusomt &
ubarmhjertigt. Men
Til skam at indprente sin Synd, lade Solen gå ned
Til Synds ihukommelse, dette er ve & våde:
Udklækker en ækel dag og en Sol, der står op i blod!
Kom da, åh Guds lam, lad al Synd blot være glemt.

TWO GERMAN SONGS, OP. 36 (1955-56)

Rainer Maria Rilke

O Leben Leben

(fra *Entwürfe*)

[11] O Leben Leben, wunderliche Zeit
von Widerspruch zu Widerspruche reichend
im Gange oft so schlecht so schwer so schleichend
und dann auf einmal, mit unsäglich weit
entspannten Flügeln, einem Engel gleichend:
O unerklärlichste, o Lebenszeit.

Von allen großgewagten Existenzen
kann einer glühender und kühner sein?
Wir stehn und stemmen uns an unsre Grenzen
und reißen ein Unkenntliches herein,

Liebeslied

(fra *Neue Gedichte*, 1907)

[12] Wie soll ich meine Seele halten, daß
sie nicht an deine rührt? Wie soll ich sie
hinheben über dich zu andern Dingen?
Ach gerne möchte ich sie bei irgendwas
Verlorenem im Dunkel unterbringen
an einer fremden stillen Stelle, die
nicht weiterschwingt, wenn deine Tiefen
schwingen.

Doch alles, was uns anrührt, dich und mich,
nimmt uns zusammen wie ein Bogenstrich,
der aus zwei Saiten eine Stimme zieht.
Auf welches Instrument sind wir gespannt?
Und welcher Geiger hat uns in der Hand?
O süßes Lied.

TO TYSKE SANGE, OP. 36 (1955-56)

Rainer Maria Rilke

Time-of-a-lifetime Life

(from *Entwürfe*, transl. J.B. Leishman)

Time-of-a-lifetime Life, that can extend
from contradiction into contradiction!
Now hard and slow beyond all malediction,
now suddenly outspreading to ascend
wide angel-wings beyond all benediction:
O life-time, life-time, hard to comprehend!

Which of the daringly-devised creations
can beat us in our fiery enterprise?
We stand and strain against our limitations
and wrest things in we cannot recognise.

Love Song

(from *New Poems*, transl. by Norbert Ruebsaat)

How shall I hold my soul so that it
does not touch yours? How shall I lift it
up over you so it reaches other things?
Oh, how I long to store my soul
with something dark and lost
in a foreign becalmed place that does not
vibrate when your depths vibrate.
But all that touches you and touches me
contracts us like a bow
that from two strings draws forth a single voice.
Upon which instrument are we two strung?
And who, pray, is the fiddler who holds us in
his hand?

Oh sweetful song.

TO LAGERKVIST-SANGE, OP. 15 (1949)

Pär Lagerkvist

Dina Ögon

(fra *Ångest*, 1916)

- [13] Dina ögon äro så bara,
Fryser du inte om dem?
Så kall och hård är världen,
Du skall inte se på den!
Dina ögon äro så bara,
Se in i min själ med dem.
O källor, djupa och klara,
Två människors ensliga hem.

Som ett blommande mandelträd

(fra *Den lyckliges väg*, 1921)

- [14] 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 nu mörknar så tungt omkring mig,
kan hon väl leva här?

TWO LAGERKVIST SONGS, OP. 15 (1949)

Pär Lagerkvist, transl. by James Manley

Eyes

(from *Anguish*)

Your eyes are so naked,
Don't they feel the chill?
The world is so cold and hard,
You must not look at it!
Your eyes are so naked,
Look in my soul with them.
O deep springs and clear,
Two people's solitary home.

Like an almond tree in blossom

(from *The Way of the Happy One*)

Like an almond tree in blossom
is she who is dear to me.
Sing, o wind, sing gently for me
how fair is she?

Like an almond tree in blossom,
tender, bright and delicate.
Only the gentlest morning breeze
knows how fair is she.

Like an almond tree in blossom
is she who is dear to me.
Now as the darkness grows heavy around me,
live here, can she?

DEUX MÉLODIES, OP. 84 (1981)

Charles Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal* (1857)

Parfum exotique

- [15] Quand, les deux yeux fermés,
en un soir chaud d'automne,
Je respire l'odeur de ton sein chaleureux,
Je vois se dérouler des rivages heureux
Qu'éblouissent les feux d'un soleil monotone;

Une île paresseuse où la nature donne
Des arbres singuliers et des fruits savoureux;
Des hommes dont le corps est mince et vigoureux,
Et des femmes dont l'œil par sa franchise étonne.

Guidé par ton odeur vers de charmants climats
Je vois un port rempli de voiles de mâts
Encor tout fatigués par la vague marine,

Pendant que le parfum des verts tamariniers,
Qui circule dans l'air et m'enfle la narine,
Se mêle dans mon âme au chant des mariniers.

De profundis

- [16] J'implore ta pitié, Toi, l'unique que j'aime,
Du fond du gouffre obscur où mon cœur est tombé.
C'est un univers morne à l'horizon plombé,
Où nagent dans la nuit l'horreur et le blasphème;

Un soleil sans chaleur plane au-dessus six mois,
Et les six autres mois la nuit couvre la terre;

DEUX MÉLODIES, OP. 84 (1981)

Charles Baudelaire, *The Flowers of Evil*, transl. by William Aeggler, Academy Library Guild, 1954

Exotic Perfume

When, with both my eyes closed,
on a hot autumn night,
I inhale the fragrance of your warm breast
I see happy shores spread out before me,
On which shines a dazzling and monotonous sun;

A lazy isle to which nature has given
Singular trees, savory fruits,
Men with bodies vigorous and slender,
And women in whose eyes shines a startling candor.

Guided by your fragrance to these charming
countries,

I see a port filled with sails and rigging
Still utterly wearied by the waves of the sea,

While the perfume of the green tamarinds,
That permeates the air, and elates my nostrils,
Is mingled in my soul with the sailors' chanteys.

De profundis

I beg pity of Thee, the only one I love,
From the depths of the dark pit where my heart
has fallen,
It's a gloomy world with a leaden horizon,
Where through the night swim horror and blasphemy;
A frigid sun floats overhead six months,
And the other six months darkness covers the land;

C'est un pays plus nu que la terre polaire;
– Ni bêtes, ni ruisseaux, ni verdure, ni bois!

Or il n'est pas d'horreur au monde qui surpasse
La froide cruauté de ce soleil de glace
Et cette immense nuit semblable au vieux Chaos;

Je jalouse le sort des plus vils animaux
Qui peuvent se plonger dans un sommeil stupide,
Tant l'écheveau du temps lentement se dévide!

AFTONSÅNGER, OP. 30 (1954)

Pär Lagerkvist, *Aftonland* (1953)

Skuggor skrider genom mina riken

- [17] Skuggor skrider genom mina riken,
slocknade ljusgestalter.
Bergen lyfter sine öda tinnar.
Det är aska på dem efter eldar.

Fågellöst, övergivet land.
Vem levde engång här?
Slocknade facklor bärs genom dalar,
genom tomma dalar.
Facklor som förlorad sin låga i rymdens tomhet,
i en rymd utan morgon och afton.

Övergiven

- [18] Övergiven av morgonhimlen och stjärnorna,
av sommergräset och det friska våregnet,
av alla det levandes källspring.

Övergiven.
Alle har de flytt,

30

It's a land more bleak than the polar wastes
— Neither beasts, nor streams, nor verdure, nor woods!

But no horror in the world can surpass
The cold cruelty of that glacial sun
And this vast night which is like old Chaos;

I envy the lot of the lowest animals
Who are able to sink into a stupid sleep,
So slowly does the skein of time unwind!

EVENING SONGS, OP. 30 (1954)

Pär Lagerkvist, *Evening Land*, transl. by James
Manley

Shadows glide through my kingdoms

Shadows glide through my kingdoms
extinguished figures of light.
The mountains raise their desolate peaks.
There is ash on them after fires.

Birdless, abandoned land.
Who once lived here?
Doused torches are borne through valleys,
through empty valleys.
Torches that lost their flames in the void of space,
in a space without morning and evening.

Abandoned

Abandoned by the morning sky and the stars,
by the summer grass and the fresh spring rain,
by all the wellsprings of the living.

Abandoned.
They have all fled away,

alla mina vänner,
sommarvinden,
det daggiga gräset om morgonen,
lukten i skogen efter regnet,
jag är aldeles ensam.

Ökenlandet vid de dödas sjö

- [19] I ökenlandet, vid de dödas sjö,
i ensamhetens månlandskap –
Vad har min tanke at göra vid dessa salt-
stränder?
Varför svävar min själ över denna gråa
vattenspegel
som har blyets och likens färg.
Rop skulle höras. Men hörs inte.
Tält skulle tas ner,
kameler lastas i gryningen.
Men allt er tystnad.
Öknens närmar sig försiktigt med sin döde strand
och det orörliga vattnet rör sig inte.
Bara min själ svävar över dess spetälskgråa yta
på outtröttliga trötta vingar.

Omgiven av tomhet

- [20] Omgiven av tomhet
så som en stjärnbild av rymden,
med oändliga avstånd mellan sina ljuspunkter,
mellan de tidlösa uppenbarelserna av sig själv.

Så lever i fullkomlig jämvikt,
i död fulländning,

all my friends,
the summer wind,
the dewy grass in the morning,
the smell of the forest after the rain,
I am all alone.

The desert land by the lake of the dead

In the desert land by the lake of the dead,
in the moon landscape of loneliness –
what have my thoughts to do on these salt
beaches?
Why does my soul hover over this grey water
surface
the colour of lead and corpses?
Cries should be heard. But are not heard.
Tents should be taken down,
camels loaded at dawn.
But all is silence.
The desert draws cautiously closer with its
dead shore
and the unmoving water does not stir.
Only my soul hovers over its leper-grey face
on inexhaustible exhausted wings.

Surrounded by emptiness

Surrounded by emptiness
like a constellation in space,
with endless distances between its points of light,
between the timeless revelations of itself.

Thus lives in perfect balance,
in dead perfection,

Sanningen om det stora Intet.
Tomhetens själ.

Så som en stjärnbild
med en bortglömd gudomlighets namn.

TRE DANSKE SANGE, OP. 39 (1957)

Under måneskåret

(Mogens Garde, fra *Opbrud*)

[21] Her under måneskåret
har sneen drukket blod
hvor de slagtede fåret.

Da solen sank bag skove
blandt røde skyer i blåt
hang dyrets sorte klove

og hoved slapt fra slæden
bag nordbaggen der trygt
gav sig tid til sin æden

før dens skridt lokked ringen
af livets bjældeklang
frem fra klokken på bringen.

Havens Morgen

(Paul la Cour, fra *Levende Vande*)

[22] Graa af Dugg er Haven,
drivende, som dukket
op af Underverden
med sit Taageflor.
Solens Løvehoved

the truth of the great Nothing.
The soul of emptiness.

Like a constellation in space
with some forgotten godhead's name.

THREE DANISH SONGS, OP. 39 (1957)

Transl. by James Manley

Beneath the moon's swath

(Mogens Garde, from *Departures*)

Here beneath the moon's swath
the snow has drunk blood
where they slaughtered the sheep.

When the sun sank behind the woods
among red clouds in blue
the animal's big hooves

and head hung slackly from the sledge
behind the ford pony calmly
taking the time to eat

before its hoofbeats coaxed the ring
of the jingle of life
from the bell on its chest.

Garden morning

(Paul la Cour, from *Living Waters*)

Grey with dew is the garden,
dripping as if rising
up from the underworld
with its veil of mist.
The lion's head of the sun

luder over Græsset,
hvor den slikker Duggen
som en Dyremor.

Fuglehjertet vaagner
som et Vand, den store
Stilhed tørstigt hæver
i den sprøde Stund,
og imens han tømmer
sine Hænders Bæger,
glitrer Sangens Vellyd
om den tavses Mund.

En ublodig sang om Hærvejen

(Frank Jæger, fra *Dydige Digte*)

[23] Hærvejen peger mod syd,
og sydover gik jeg.
Sjokkede gennem Jyllands lyng og sand,
hilste høfligt og overrasket
paa et venligt faar, der havde
revet sig løs ligesom jeg.

Her ligger jeg
ved siden af Hærvejen
som en af hine fjerne,
ak altfor fremmede soldater,
der fandt en ublid død
netop paa dette sted.
Ublidt og uværdigt døde han
af pokker eller børnesaar eller druk.
(O, havde et sværd dog skilt
hans hoved fra kroppen

stoops over the grass
where it licks up the dew
like an animal mother.

The heart of the bird awakes
like a lake that the great
silence thirstily raises
in the crisp hour,
and while he drains
the beaker of his hands
the sweetness of the song glints
at the mouth of the silent one.

A bloodless song of the military road

(Frank Jæger, from *Virtuous Poems*)

The military road points south,
and southward I went.
Shuffled through Jutland's heath and sand,
greeted, polite and surprised,
a friendly sheep who had
torn itself loose like me.

Here I lie
by the side of the military road
like one of those distant,
oh far too foreign soldiers
who met a cruel death
at this very place.
Harshly and unworthily he died
of pox, impetigo or drink.
(O if only a sword had severed
his head from his body

eller idetmindste hugget
bagen af ham).

Her ligger jeg
iført mit legemes hud
og en sovepose.
Jeg er toogtyve
og fri for pokker og lus,
lykkeligt fri for alt
undtagen glæden over at ligge her
ved siden af Hærvejen.

Her døde engang en soldat,
og her tabte en stud,
der blev drevet mod syd,
maaske engang en overflødig klat.
(O jydesvigerfar,
forstaar du mig nu).

SMÅ SANGE, OP. 37 (1941-1956)

Mis Kræsenkat

(Anne Jacobi, fra *Læs med det samme, en ABC*)

[24] Mis, Mis, Misse/kat,
den er meget kræsen,
den får fløde i min hat,
flødeskind om næsen

Men når det er nat,
løber den der/ude,
og så får den måneskin
om sin sorte snude.

or at the very least
chopped his behind off).

Here I lie
dressed in the skin of my body
and a sleeping bag.
I'm twenty-two years old
and free of pox and lice,
happily free of everything
except the joy of lying her
at the side of the military road.

Here a soldier died once,
and here perhaps an ox,
driven towards the south,
dropped a superfluous dollop.
(O my Jutland father-in-law,
do you understand me now).

LITTLE SONGS, OP. 37 (1941-1956)

Transl. by James Manley

Puss Particular

(Anne Jacobi, from *The Read Right Away ABC*)

Puss, Puss, Pussycat,
it's very particular,
it gets cream in my hat,
and skin of cream on its nose.

But when it is night,
it runs out there
and then it gets moonlight
around its black nose.

Hua-Hua

(Anne Jacobi, fra *Læs med det samme ABC*)

[25] Jeg er Hua-Hua
min kjole er af siv.
Jeg går en tur i solen
og leger med min kniv.

Min hud er sort som pløre,
Jeg går på bare ben,
og om mit ene øre
har jeg en snor med sten

Heden

(Steen St. Blicher, fra *Jyllandsrejse i seks døgn. Digte. Anden Deel*)

[26] Eensom jeg laae paa min lynggro'de Bakke,
Stormenes Brusen hen over mig gik,
Mossede Gravsteen var under min Nakke,
Oppe i Skyerne dvelte mit Blik.

Frydede mig, at de tusinde Tunger
Kvæde i evigt, uendeligt Chor;
Og at utallige Læber udsjunger
Hymnen til ham, som i Himlene boer.

Da svam en Taare af Fryd i mit Øje
Over den Gnist, som opvarmed' min Aand;
Gladelig flagred' den op mod det Høje,
Vældig løsrevet af jordiske Baand.

Ak! men jeg følte, at jordiske Sjæle
Drømme kun dunkelt om Himlenes Fryd;
Og at selv Digterens stærkeste Mæle
Er kun en fage hendøende Lyd.

Hua-Hua

(Anne Jacobi, from *The Read Right Away ABC*)

I am Hua-Hua,
my dress is of rushes.
I go for a walk in the sun
and play with my knife.

My skin is black as mud,
I walk with bare legs,
and around one ear
I have a string of stones.

The Heath

(Steen St. Blicher, from *Jutland journey in six days. Poems. Part Two*)

Alone I lay on my heather-clad hill.
The roar of the storm rushed over me,
A mossy tombstone beneath my head
As up in the clouds my gaze was fixed.

I rejoiced that the thousand tongues
Sing in an endless eternal choir;
That numberless lips are singing
An anthem to Him that in Heaven dwells.

A tear of joy swam in my eye
For this spark that warmed my soul;
Joyful it flew up to the heavens,
Rent by its strength from earthly bonds.

O! But I felt that earthly spirits
Dream but darkly of heavenly joy;
And even the poet's words of power
Are but a faint and fading sound.

Men det formørker ej Sangerens Blikke,
Om han forfølges af Daarernes Hær;
Kjærligheds Digter! Kun du vil vist ikke
Trykke paa Tornen, hans Hjerte er nær.

Søn udaf Danmark, vor kjærlige Moder!
Vi have diet eet Fødelands Bryst.
Elsk dog mit Hjerte, min elskede Broder!
Om du ej altid kan elske min Røst.

Marias vuggesang

(Preben Thomsen, fra jule-radiospillet *Maria og Magdalene*, 1956)

[27] Jeg vil ikke
be' dig om at smile,
men græde
må du ikke.
Du skal sove
endnu kan du sove
hvile i mit skød.

Dreng
lille dreng
vil du græde
kender du da os?
Jeg vil
jeg vil så gerne
lære dig at le
men du må hjælpe mig.

Dreng
lille dreng
du skal sove

But that cannot darken the gaze of the singer
Pursued though he be by an army of fools;
Poet of love! You alone will not cruelly
Press home the thorn that lies close to his heart.

O son of Denmark, our loving mother!
We two have sucked from a single fount.
Love then my heart, beloved brother!
Care not that my song cannot always please.

Mary's Cradle Song

(Preben Thomsen, from the Christmas radio play *Mary and Magdalene*)

Tell you to smile
I will not,
but cry – cry
you must not.
You must sleep
still you can sleep,
and in my bosom rest.

Boy
little boy
would you weep?
Do you know us?
I want,
I want so much to
teach you to smile
but you must help me.

Boy,
little boy
you must sleep

lyset kysser din mund
Mørket er mægtigt
du skal le det i møde
for lyset er i din mund.

Pjerrots vise

(Gustav Lehrmann, fra tv-spillet *Drømme-mageren*, 1953)

[28] Stol ej på månen, min ven,
den gemmer sig bort fra dit blik.
Juni – og somren med den –
er mild som forelsket musik

Stol ej på månen, min ven,
den møder dig bare med spot.
Juni – og somren med den –
har pyntet med stjerner sit slot.

Stol ej på månen, min ven,
den narrer dig gang efter gang.
Juni – og somren med den –
skal fyldes af fuglenes sang.

Stol ej på månen, min ven,
den fisker kun skyer og luft.
Juni – og somren med den –
har glemsel i rosernes duft.

Stol ej på månen, min ven,
dens stråler er genskin og løgn.
Juni – og somren med den –
er blot et par flygtende døgn.

The light kisses your mouth
The darkness is full of might
you must smile in its face
for the light is in your mouth.

Pierrot's song

(Gustav Lehrmann, from the TV play *The Dream-Maker*)

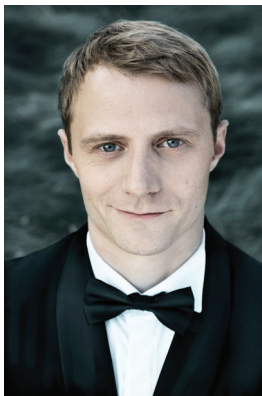
Trust not the moon, my friend,
it hides away from your gaze.
June – and the summer with it –
are as gentle as music in love

Trust not the moon, my friend,
it meets you with mocking gaze.
June – and the summer with it –
have decked out their castles with stars.

Trust not the moon, my friend,
it fools you again and again.
June – and the summer with it –
must be full of the song of birds.

Trust not the moon, my friend,
it fishes for clouds and for air.
June – and the summer with it –
will be lost with the scent of the rose.

Trust not the moon, my friend,
its beams are reflections and lies.
June – and the summer with it –
are but days that are few and will pass.



Hetna Regitze Bruun, Steffen Bruun
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DDD

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Editing: Preben Iwan and Mette Due

Mix and mastering: Preben Iwan

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