



CD-88 STEREO



FINNISH VOCAL MUSIC

TARU VALJAKKA,
soprano

JORMA HYNINEN,
baritone

RALF GOTHÓNI,
piano

A BIS original dynamics recording

FINNISH VOCAL MUSIC

MELARTIN, Erkki (1875-1937)

- [1] **Minä metsän polkuja kuljen op.4 n:o 1** (*Eino Leino*) (*K.F. Wasenius*) 1'33
Along Forest Paths I Wander, Op.4 No.2
- [2] **Sirkan häämatka op.15 n:o 2** (*Eino Leino*) (*Westerlund*) 1'33
The Grasshopper's Wedding Journey, Op.15 No.2

PALMGREN, Selim (1877-1951)

- [3] **Sjöfararen vid milan** (*Gustaf Fröding*) (*Westerlund*) 2'29
The Charcoal Burner
- [4] **I vassen** (*Osvald Sirén*) (*Fazer*) 2'12
In the Rushes
- [5] **Kesäinen riemuretki op.106 n:o 3** (*Larin Kyösti*) (*Westerlund*) 1'07
Happy Summer Journey

KILPINEN, Yrjö (1892-1959)

- Spielmannslieder op.77** (*Albert Sergel*) (*Bote & Bock*) (14'28)
Minstrel's Songs, Op.77
- [6] **Ihr ewigen Sterne** 1'26
You Eternal Stars
- [7] **Eingeschneite stille Felder** 2'09
Silent Snow-covered Fields
- [8] **Spiel ich wo zum Tanze auf** 0'54
I Play where there's Dancing
- [9] **Tanzlied** 0'56
Choral Dance

[10]	Spielmannssehnen Minstrel's Longing		2'02
[11]	Vor Tau und Tag In the Dewy Morn		2'45
[12]	Wenn der Wein nicht wär... If there Were no Wine...		1'14
[13]	Ich sang mich durch das deutsche Land I Sang my Way through German Land		2'33
	SALMENHAARA, Erkki (b. 1941)		
	Kolme japanilaista laulua (1960/64)	(M/s)	(4'25)
	Three Japanese Songs		
[14]	The Fine Rain (<i>Shinkichi Yamamura</i>)		1'27
[15]	After the Kiss (<i>Rofu Miki</i>)		0'57
[16]	In the Blue Sky (<i>Bocho Yamamura</i>)		1'55
	BERGMAN, Erik (b. 1911)		
[17]	Serenad op.35 n:o 1 (<i>Hjalmar Gullberg</i>)	(Fazer)	1'58
	Serenade, Op.35 No.1		
[18]	Si drömmaren kommer där op.21 n:o 1 (<i>Gustaf Fröding</i>)	(Fazer)	2'15
	See the Dreamer Coming There, Op.21 No.1		
[19]	Jäntblig op.21 n:o 3 (<i>Gustaf Fröding</i>)	(Fazer)	1'23
	A Maid's Glance		

	RAUTAVAARA, Einojuhani (b. 1928)	
	Three Sonnets of Shakespeare, Op.14 (Fazer)	(6'31)
	(William Shakespeare)	
[20]	LXXIII. That Time of Year Thou Mayst in me Behold	2'43
[21]	XII. When I do Count the Clock that Tells the Time	2'10
[22]	XVIII. Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?	1'32
	MADETOJA, Leevi (1887-1947)	
[23]	Tule kanssani op.9 n:o 3 (L. Onerva) (Westerlund)	2'06
	Come with me, Op.9 No.3	
[24]	Heijaa, heijaa! op.60 n:o 1 (L. Onerva) (Westerlund)	3'12
	Swing, Swing!, Op.60 No.1	
[25]	Luulit, ma katselin sua... op.68 n:o 3 (L. Onerva) (Westerlund)	2'53
	You Thought I was Watching You..., Op.68 No.3	
[26]	Lähdettyäs op.2 n:o 1 (V.A. Koskenniemi) (Westerlund)	2'41
	Since You Left Me, Op.2 No.1	
[27]	Yrtit tummat op.9 n:o 1 (L. Onerva) (Westerlund)	3'09
	Dark Herbs, Op.9 No.1	
	PYLKKÄNEN, Tauno (b. 1918)	
	Kuoleman joutsen op.21 (Aino Kallas) (Fazer)	(11'35)
	The Swan of Death, Op.21	
[28]	Kuoleman joutsen	2'30
	The Swan of Death	
[29]	Pastorale	3'44
	Pastorale	
[30]	Viimeinen kehtolaulu	1'38
	The Last Cradle Song	

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| [31] | Taivainen rekiretki
Heavenly Sleigh Ride | 0'58 |
| [32] | Joutsenlaulu
Swansong | 2'33 |
| KUUSISTO, Ilkka (b. 1935)
Suomalainen vieraanvara (1970) (<i>Reseptit Helena Vuorenjuuren kirjasta "Tulkaa meille"</i>) (M/s)
Finnish Husbandry (<i>Recipes from Helena Vuorenjuuri's book "Come over to our place"</i>) | | |
| [33] | Piirakka
Pasty | 1'18 |
| [34] | Nopeatekoinen piirakan kuori
Quick-to-prepare Pasty Crust | 2'02 |
| [35] | Lahden Mummin lihapiirakka
Grandma from Lahti's Meat Pasty | 1'28 |
| [36] | Syksyn sienipiirakan täyte
Autumn Mushroom Pasty Filling | 1'29 |
| [37] | Päätökseksi
In Conclusion | 0'39 |

Jorma Hynninen, baritone (Tracks 1-22)
Taru Valjakka, soprano (Tracks 23-37)
Ralf Gothóni, piano

The first independent fruits of Finnish lyrical song date from approximately the middle of the last century. The strongest expression artistically is heard in the songs of Sibelius from before and after the turn of the century. It was the lot of Sibelius's generation and of many younger composers to be "suspected" of the maestro's influence. This feature remains a persistent starting-point with foreign critics, even in their judgements of Finnish music in the 1970's.

Erkki Melartin (1875-1937) won considerable, if short-lived acclaim at the beginning of the century for a symphonic output bearing the stamp of Viennese late romanticism. The range of Melartin's works — a hundred piano compositions and some two hundred songs — suffers from unevenness. The best parts of his orchestral and piano compositions impress judges favourably as a stylistic example of the period. An extensive knowledge of literature helped the composer in his choice of subject. However, only certain much-loved, delicate bursts of feeling have endured repeated listening without fading. The songs *Along forest paths I wander* and *The grasshopper's wedding journey* are evidence of the composer's feeling for melody and his lively humour.

Selim Palmgren (1877-1951), "the Chopin of the North", is comparable in some respects to Franz Liszt. He studied in Germany (under Busoni) and absorbed influences during his wide travels in Europe. Palmgren won acclaim as an obliging piano virtuoso in salons and the most notable achievements among his piano compositions are faithfully rooted in the German piano concerto of the Romantic period. The composer's style was characterised by a gallantry and eloquence that did not always leave room for the expression of deeper feelings. The influence of French impressionism helped the composer in many places to move away from the conventional Romantic solutions under the sway of which several of the Romances were born. Some of the songs for male choir are of the very best, and among the solo songs, the lilting *In the rushes* and the jolting *Charcoal burner* are masterly miniatures.

The international career of **Yrjö Kilpinen** (1892-1959) began in Germany, where this productive composer was acclaimed as a master worthy of Schubert, Brahms and Wolf. The starting-point of this composer is the whole range of the

German Romantic Lied from the joy of the Wanderer to autumnal melancholy and the death agony. Kilpinen's devotion to German poetry was noted with satisfaction in the *Vaterland* of the 1930's. After the Lied-singer Gerhard Hüsch's tireless efforts to make the Finn known moreover, the composer's popularity lasted through the fateful years of the Third Reich. In the various periods of Kilpinen's work one encounters familiar alternations of the basic emotions. The *Spielmannslieder* (Minstrel's Songs) of 1933, to poems of Albert Sergel, come as a moment of respite from the absorption with death at the beginning of the decade. This cycle reflects the desperate aimlessness of the wanderer (*Eingeschneite stille Felder*), the carefreeness of the singer or the angular "vagabond waltz" of the *Tanzlied*.

The position of **Erkki Salmenhaara** (b.1941) in Finnish music of the 1960's was an interesting one. Teachers at the Sibelius Academy and Helsinki University were delighted at the untrammelled development of this young man. As the "infant prodigy" of Finnish music he followed the main European currents carefully.

Salmenhaara's part in the new wave of Finnish music did not however remain at this level of "correspondence"; he reveals his experiences of the world in his music. It is admittedly full of contradictions, but the young composer proved himself a productive symphonic writer. The symphony was old-fashioned — at least in the opinion of the *avant-garde*.

The paternal guidance of Joonas Kokkonen may have influenced his attraction to the form, whilst the friendship of György Ligeti has provided stimuli both for his theoretical conception and his artistic expression. Whether experimental or leaning on tradition, Salmenhaara's next work is always eagerly awaited. His *Symphony No.2*, *Requiem profanum*, *Le bateau ivre* and *Piano Sonata No.2* are among the most distinguished pieces of Finnish music.

Associate Professor at Helsinki University and chairman of the Association of Finnish Composers, Salmenhaara composed his *Three Japanese Songs* in 1964. Their impressionistic quality has been achieved with the resources of traditional Western song.

Erik Bergman (b.1911) is “seen” in Finnish music as professor of composition at the Sibelius Academy from 1963-76 and the dynamic leader of the Swedish-language male voice choir. He has been “heard” as the introducer to Finland of twelve-tone technique, serialist principles, speech-choir technique and guided improvisation.

Erik Bergman’s international reputation has been increased by many music festivals, and for example by the Zürich Chamber Choir, the Hamburg Kammer-solisten and the Cambridge University Choir. Among the composer’s teachers, Heinz Thiessen provided the grounding in basic skills whilst Wladimir Vogel later opened the way to new technical means of expression. As time passed, Bergman, in his constant quest for new impulses, has been stimulated by the cultural traditions of exotic countries. An interest for example in the rhythmic potential of percussion instruments and the effects within the range of the human voice have led to the composer’s development of new musical notations. Erik Bergman has refused to become a slave to fashionable constructivist models. He is constantly in search of music; maxims collected on paper have no life.

The songs on this CD date from the years 1946-50. The content of the *Serenade* is not that of the traditional evening song: “...I am the one who comes, your hair to shining silver turned”. And the despair caused by the maiden’s glance in the third song is decked in a humour evocative of Bellman’s lute two hundred years ago.

If Erik Bergman is the “composer by commission”, then **Einojuhani Rautavaara** (b.1928) is the successful “composer for competitions”. These rough labels should be understood charitably and against the external background of the successes the two composers have achieved.

At the intimation of his teacher Aarre Merikanto, Rautavaara continued his studies abroad in the New World in the stimulating company of Copland, Persichetti and Sessions. An exchange of ideas with Wladimir Vogel confirmed the absolute necessity of technical mastery. Melodic and harmonic elements supplanted the identifiably Russian rhythmic force. Since 1976 Rautavaara has been professor of composition at the Sibelius Academy.

Rautavaara's production has surprisingly many different aspects. The habitual listener to Ludwig van Beethoven in the concert hall may wonder at the composer's uncompromising idiom but be carried away on the next occasion by the neo-romantic features of a piano concerto. *A Requiem in our Time*, winning a competition in the United States in 1954, was the proud introduction of its creator. This work may still be the most performed post-war Finnish composition in the international repertoire. In the following works, the "non-Darmstadt quality" was considered a defect, but purged of the plague of "isms", the composer's works from the 1950's have been reassessed and favourably judged.

Einojuhani Rautavaara's attachment to the formal possibilities of the sonnet has led him to Shakespeare and Rilke amongst others. The verses of Shakespeare produced the *Three Sonnets* of 1952. In the last sonnet, the melancholy of the love songs bursts into proud animation; sudden gloom is an interesting dramatic device and the composer's "protest" against the basically phlegmatic quality of Finnish song lyrics.

Leevi Madetoja (1887-1947) was in fact a composer of orchestral music, a refined master of tonal colour, whose melodies have sprung from the basic soil of Nordic folk song. Madetoja, who composed independent symphonies during the period of Sibelius's dominance, assimilated French impressionism to his own Nordic harmonic vision. His orchestra had a restrained and limpid sound in contrast to the massive rhythmical outbursts of the time. An unnecessary question: what would Leevi Madetoja's position in the world of music be, if the ballet *Okon fuoko* had appeared two decades earlier?

Leevi Madetoja's comparatively limited output of solo songs perhaps reveals most clearly the composer's genius for expressing feelings. Madetoja wrote some of his most beautiful songs to poems by his wife, L. Onerva. Sometimes the inspiration was in the other direction: the text to the song *Heijaa, heijaa* came after the music.

Tauno Pykkänen (b.1918) is exclusively an operatic figure. His talents in the sphere of musical drama are perhaps inherited: the composer's mother was a well-known actress. Tauno Pykkänen's early love for Italian *verismo* and the Slavic

melodic line has naturally attracted him to the human voice. Familiarity with the history of the Nordic countries has provided the composer with many impulses, one successful example of this being the ballet *Kaarina Maununtytär*.

Tauno Pykkänen has the ability to create atmosphere by means of melody. In this respect, the one-act opera *Varjo* (The Shadow) from 1954 brings Menotti to mind. The song cycle *Kuoleman joutsen* (The Swan of Death) from 1954 contains a sensitive evocation of the atmosphere of death to texts by the composer's favourite poet, Aino Kallas.

Ilkka Kuusisto (b.1935), chorister, composer and theatre conductor, is one of the humorous figures of Finnish music, a musician who has purposefully cultivated this golden gift. *Pie recipes* were seen as a light-hearted jest, whilst the *Muumi* opera was received as a contribution to the extension of children's culture. The opera *Miehen kylkiluu* (Man's Rib, 1977) showed that for Ilkka Kuusisto humour is a serious matter. The natural lines of the melody and the lively orchestral score, eschewing all shocks for their own sake, have won popularity. These qualities can be sampled in the "pies", these eastern specialities of Finnish cuisine...

Raimo Lintuniemi

Taru Valjakka has sung with the Finnish National Opera since 1969. Her teachers have been Antti Koskinen, Gerald Moore and Erik Werba. Since her concert and opera débuts (1964) she has joined the ranks of the most heavily engaged artists: she has worked all over the world with artists such as Erich Leinsdorf, Antal Doráti, Jan Krenz and Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos. She appears on 4 other BIS recordings.

Jorma Hynninen is today one of the best known Finnish singers, both in Finland and abroad. He has received considerable international acclaim as a profound Lied singer and as an outstanding and versatile interpreter of operatic rôles. He came to public attention by winning the National Song Contest at Lappeenranta in 1969 and by his engagement as a baritone with the Finnish National Opera the following year. He has sung in numerous concerts all over the world and made guest performances in the world's most famous opera houses. Since autumn 1984 he has

been the artistic director of the Finnish National Opera. He appears on 8 other BIS records.

Ralf Gothóni was born in Finland in 1946. He started studying the violin at the age of three and followed this with the piano at five. He studied the piano at the Sibelius Academy with Tapani Valsta, in West Germany with Detlev Kraus and with Erwin László in Switzerland. He first appeared with an orchestra at the age of 17 and made his official début at the Jyväskylä festival in 1967. He has since given piano recitals, appeared as soloist with orchestras and played chamber music as well as accompanying singers both in Finland and abroad. He appears on 8 other BIS records.



Ralf Gothóni

Jorma Hynninen



Taru Valjakka

1. Minä metsän polkuja kuljen

Minä metsän polkuja kuljen
kesän illalla aatteissain,
ja riemusta rintani paisuu
ja ma laulelen, laulelen vain.
Tuolla metsässä vaaran alla,
oli kummia äskettäin
niin vinoa,
ihmeellistä all' lehvien vihreäin!
Minä miekkonen vain sen tiedän,
minä vaan, sekä muuan muu
ja lehdon lempivä kerttu,
ja tuoksuva tuomipuu.

2. Sirkan häämatka

Mikä on laulu lainehilla,
soitto aalloilla sorea?
Laiva aaltoja ajavi,
häävene vesiä käypi.
Kenen on kulta kulkemassa,
kenen on häätuulet hämyssä?
Sirkan on vesillä venho,
sirkan tuoma tuhto puulla.
Kuka on kulta heinäsirkan?
Lepinkäinen leppälintu.
Minne matka miekkosien?
Saarelle selälliselle,
terhenniemen tanterelle!

1. Along Forest Paths I Wander

Along forest paths I wander
At the close of a summer's day.
And with joy my heart is swelling
And I'm singing, I'm singing my way.
In the forest beneath a mountain
A spirit was lately seen —
A gentle and wonderful vision
Beneath the foliage green.
I alone had the fortune to see him,
I alone and another with me;
And the woodland's own favourite warbler
And the sweet-scented wild cherry tree.

2. The Grasshopper's Wedding Journey

What is the singing gently swelling,
The surging music that sounds so fair,
The boat that glides through the billows,
The wedding boat over the water?
Whose is the sweetheart on the journey?
Whose is the wedding breeze in the twilight?
The grasshopper's keel is on the water,
The grasshopper brought the rower's thwart.
Who is the sweetheart of the grasshopper?
The redstart and the butcher-bird.
Where are the children of fortune going?
To the island of lying akimbo,
To a field on a hapless holm.

3. Sjöfararen vid milan

Vid milan har jag vaktat i vinter och vår
och längtat, längtat till havet i många,
många år,
långt bort, långt bort, långt bort från min
gammalmans möda.
Från havet, från havet, från havet är den
vind, som i tallarna går,
från havet är den vind som leker med
stoftet från milan,
som står med mull över kolen, som glöda.

Vid milan har jag vaktat i vinter och vår
och längtat, längtat till havet i många,
många år,
bort, långt bort, långt bort från min
gammalmans möda.

4. I vassen

Vågorna vagga min vita båt
av och an, av och an, av och an,
vagga mig, vagga mig ensam, ensam i
vassen.
Vågorna gnola sin klagande låt,
gnola för mig, gnola om dig,
viskande minnen, viskande minnen i vassen.

Ack, om jag kunde brista i gråt,
gråta mig tröst, gråta mig trött,
vyssjad av vågor i vassen!

Vågorna vagga min vita båt,
av och an, av och an, av och an,
vagga mig, vagga mig ensam, ensam i
vassen.

3. The Charcoal Burner

By my kiln I've watched in winter and
spring,
Pining, pining for the sea for many long
years,
Far away, far away, far away from an old
man's labour.
From the sea, from the sea, from the sea,
comes the wind that blows in the pines;
From the sea comes the wind that plays
with the dust
From the kiln that stands with earth on the
glowing coals.
By my kiln I've watched in winter and
spring,
Pining, pining for the sea for many long
years,
Far away, far away, far away from an old
man's labour.

4. In the Rushes

The waves are cradling my white boat
To and fro, to and fro, to and fro,
Cradle me, cradle me alone, alone in the
rushes.
The waves are humming their plaintive song
Humming for me, humming for you,
Whispering memories, whispering memories
in the rushes.
Oh if I only could burst into tears,
Cry for relief, cry myself weary,
Rocked by the waves in the rushes.
The waves are cradling my white boat
To and fro, to and fro, to and fro,
Cradle me, cradle me alone, alone in the
rushes.

5. Kesäinen riemuretki

Läpi laaksojen virrat jo pauhaa,
laine lainetta kuohuttaa,
ei koskella ennen rauhaa
kuin meressä se kylpeä saa.

Lyö myrsky purjelaivaan,
kesän kukkeus vihannoi
kotirannoill' alla siintävän taivaan
lokin kirmaus kuohusta soi.

Kylät, kaupungit rannoilla hohtaa,
maat kaukaiset kangastaa,
ulapan yli tie kun johtaa,
mut rakkahin, mut rakkahin on oma maa.

SPIELMANNSLIEDER

6. Ihr ewigen Sterne

Ihr ewigen Sterne wandert Jahr um Jahre
in ewigen Kreisen, ohne Rast und Ruh.
So geht mein Wandern einsam durch die
Lande —
wohin? — wozu?

7. Eingeschneite stille Felder

Eingeschneite stille Felder dehnen sich um
meinen Weg.
Unter meinen Nägelschuben knirscht der
eisbezogene Steg.
Winterblanke Sterne stehen stumm in ihrer
kalten Höh,
Brummt der Wind mir in die Ohren:
Winterkälte, Winterweh...
Droben starren dunkle Wälder, in der Luft
ein Rabenschrei.
Und ich wandre wegverloren, heimatlos und
vogelfrei...

5. Happy Summer Journey

Through the valleys the rivers come surging,
Wave stirring upon wave;
They remain untouched by respite
Before they can breathe in the sea,

Strike, storm, the sailing boat,
Summer's bloom is green;
On the home shore beneath an azure sky
The darting seagull makes his agitated call.

Villages, towns gleam on the shore,
Distant lands loom before the eye;
The way leads over the open sea,
But dearest, dearest is the home country.

MINSTREL'S SONGS

6. You Eternal Stars

You eternal stars wander from year to year
In eternal cycles without peace or respite;
So are my solitary wanderings through the
land —
Whither? — wherefore?

7. Silent Snow-covered Fields

Silent snow-covered fields surround my
path,
Under my studded boots, crackles the ice-
bound track.
Winter-bright stars stand silent in their cold
heights;
The wind soughs in my ears: winter cold,
winter woe...
Above me tower murky forests, in the sky a
raven shrieks,
And I wander quite forlorn, homeless and
free as a bird...

8. Spiel ich wo zum Tanze auf

Spiel ich wo zum Tanze auf,
Laß ich meine Blicke schweifen,
wenn die Hände weich in Moll flüsternde
Akkorde greifen.

Manches Dirnlein wird verzagt,
schlägt verschämt die Augen nieder,
und das junge Herzchen klopft schneller
unterm roten Mieder.

Ladet dann der Sternenglanz
nächtlich zu verschwieg'nem Kosen,
ist die schönste Dirne mein hinter Dorn und
Heckenrosen.

9. Tanzlied

Nun wind um deine Stirne den vollen
Rosenkranz!

Nun schürz' dich, blanke Dirne,
und komm mit mir zum Tanz!

Der Mond grüßt durch die Zweige, die Linde
schauert sacht;
da singt und klingt die Geige hell jauchzend
durch die Nacht.

Da springen wir den Reihen in lustig tollem
Schritt:
es hüpf't vor Lust uns zweien das Herz im
Takte mit.

8. I Play where there's Dancing

I play where there's dancing,
I let my gaze wander,
When soft hands form mournful whispering
chords.

Many a maid becomes bashful,
Closes her eyes in confusion,
And her young heart beats faster under the
red bodice.

Then nightly the starlight
Invites discreet caresses,
And the fairest maid is mine, behind rose
and briar.

9. Choral Dance

Now bind the full rose garland round your
brow!

Tuck up your skirt, bright maiden,
And come with me to the dance!

The moon gazes on through the branches,
the linden shakes gently;
And the fiddle rings and sings clearly,
Making merry through the night.

Then we skip in line, with merry, frantic
steps:
Our two hearts leap in time together.

10. Spielmannssehnen

Küssen und Kosen steht euch an.
Wer nähme ernst den Fiedelmann!
Und ist mir doch so bitterweh,
wenn ich zwei Liebesleute seh verschwiegen
unter Linden.

Ach Glück und Liebe, wie fern, wie fern!
Und möchte doch so bittergern eine treue
Seele finden...

11. Vor Tau und Tag

Der Frost in letzter Nacht hat alle Blüten
umgebracht vor Tau und Tag.
Das war ein helles Glühn — und war ein
blumenstilles Blühn
in einem Mädchenherzen.
Er sprach ein Wort in Scherzen, das klang
so kalt, ihr Herz erfror,
Und keiner weiß, was sie verlor vor Tau
und Tag.

12. Wenn der Wein nicht wär...

Wenn der Wein nicht wär,
und die Mäd'el dazu,
und zu Hause der dumpfe Frieden,
und der Rost an den Nägeln der
Wanderschuh',
und der Schwalbenflug nach Süden:
dann hieß' ich längst Herr Pfarr-vikar,

fern von Sorgen und Sünde,
stäche den Leuten den Seelenstar
und hätte die fetteste Pfründe.

10. Minstrel's Longing

Caressing and kissing suit you well,
Who takes the fiddler in earnest!
And yet it feels so bitter,
When I see two lovers hidden beneath the
lindens.

Oh Joy and Love, how far away, how far!
And oh how gladly one would find a faithful
soul...

11. In the Dewy Morn

Last night's frost destroyed all the blossoms
in the dewy morn.
There was a clear gleam — there was a
silent bursting flower
In the heart of a maiden.
He spoke a word in jest; it rang so coldly,
her heart froze,
And no-one knows what she lost in the dewy
morn.

12. If there were no Wine...

If there were no wine
And no maids either,
And at home a gloomy peace
And rust on the nails of my walking boots,

And the swallows flew to the south,
Then my name long since had been Mr.
Village Parson,
Far from sorrow and sin,
Piercing the darkness of men's souls
And holding the fattest living.

13. Ich sang mich durch das deutsche Land

Ich sang mich durch das deutsche Land,
vom Belt bis zu den Donauquellen,
und manch Dukatlein steckte man ins
Wams dem lustigen Gesellen.

Und war ein Leben hier wie dort: bei
Weibervolk und kühlem Wein
da mußte all das blanke Gold in einer
Nacht verschlemmet sein.

So laß ich nichts auf dieser Welt als eine
Handvoll roter Lieder;
die streut ich in den losen Wind und fand
sie auf den Gassen wieder.

Und lieg ich einst im Heidegrund, dann
pfeift noch über meinem Grabe
ein Wanderbuch die Melodie, die ich einmal
gesungen habe.

13. I sang my way through German Land

I sang my way through German land, from
the Belt to the source of the Danube,
And many a ducat was thrust inside the
doublet of the merry fellow.

A life was wasted here and there, with
women and well-chilled wine;
Then all one's shining gold was squandered
in a night.

So I leave nothing in this world, but a
handful of glowing songs.
I strewed them on the wanton wind and
found them again in the allies.

If ever I lie in heathen ground, then over
my grave will sound
A wandering journeyman whistling a song
that once I sang.

KOLME JAPANILAISTA LAULUA (THREE JAPANESE SONGS)

14. The Fine Rain

In the morning as the fine rain falls,
A phantom dog comes creeping along.
Making tea and drinking it alone,
I have a phantom cat jump on my lap.
For a moment, in a dream lane,
I plant bamboos,
Lay flat stepping-stones,
And listen to the wind.
The cloud scurries by, and it is night;
I close the tangible window
And go to bed.

15. After the Kiss

"Are you asleep?"

"No," she says.

In May, and mid-day.

Blossoming.

Under the sun.

On the grass by the lake,

"I'd die like this, eyes closed," she says.

16. In the Blue Sky

In the blue sky,

Fish were swimming.

In time with my sighs, deep drawn,

Fish were swimming.

Fins of the fish were glittering.

Here, there, aimlessly,

Lots of fish were swimming.

In the blue sky,

Fish were swimming.

And those fish had each a heart...

17. Serenad

Jag är höstens vind som plockar ner
kastanjeblad.

Jag har sökt din gata för att sjunga serenad.
Månens lykta hänger tänd och lyser mitt
bestyr.

Jag kan inte föreslå dig några äventyr,
eller söka vinna dig med lätt galanteri.

17. Serenade

I am the autumn wind, who pulls down
chestnut leaves;

I've sought your street to sing a serenade.
The moon's lantern hangs aglow and shines
on my concerns —

I cannot suggest any escapades to you,
Or try to win you with light gallantry.

Jag är den som kommer, när din sommar
är förbi.

Jag är den som kommer, när ej mer du
bjuds till dans.

Jag är den som kommer, när ditt hår fått
silvergians.

Hädanefter stämmer jag för dig mitt
instrument.

Kom och öppna fönsterluckan hjärtevän på
glänt!

Kom, kom!

18. Si drömmaren kommer där

Si drömmaren kommer där, sit huvud mot
bröstit sänkt han bär.

På enslige stigar vill drömmaren vandra och
är icke lik oss andra.

Han drömmer drömmar, som hädiskt ljuga,
att sol och måne och stjärnor för honom
buga.

Han är vår faders käre son,
kommer och låter oss slå'n!
Kommer och låter oss slå'n!
Si drömmaren!

19. Jäntblig

Och akten er för jäntor och deras falska
blig,

det är en falsker jäntas blig, som haver
krossat mig,

med blig har hon betagit mig, med blig har
hon bedragit mig.

I am the one who comes when your summer
is gone;

I am the one who comes when you're
asked to dance no more;

I am the one who comes when your hair has
a silver glow —

In future I tune my instrument for you,

Come throw the shutters open wide, my
dearest friend,

Come, come!

18. See the Dreamer Coming there

See the dreamer coming there, with head
sunk on his breast —

On solitary paths the dreamer will wander,
and is not like us others.

He dreams his blasphemous, lying dreams,
That sun and moon and stars before him
bow.

He is our father's dearest son —
Come let us smite him!
Come let us smite him!
See the dreamer!

19. A Maid's Glance

And beware of maids with their false-
hearted glances,

It's false maiden's glance that has brought
me down.

With a glance she's disarmed me, with a
glance she's deceived me;

Hon bligade åt alla, hon bligade åt mig, hon lovade att följa mig på livets tunga stig,	She glanced at all men, she glanced at me. She swore to walk with me on life's heavy road,
men kom en ann och vinkade, hon neg och bleg och blinkade. Hon neg och bleg åt alla och sade alltid ja, ty allesamman gossarna, dem ville jäntan ha, må raggen ta allt nigande och blinkande och bligande!	But another one came and waved, She curtsied and looked and winked — She curtsied and looked at all men And always said yes, For this maiden wanted all the young men; The devil take all the curtsies and winks and glances!
Och nu så är vi gifta och nu så är hon min,	And now then we're married and so she's mine,
varenda kväll går hon på dans med hjärtevännen sin, sen går hon hem och dänger mig, jag tror jag går och hänger mig, hänger mig.	Every single evening she's off dancing with her sweetheart, And then she comes home and wallops me. I think I'll go and hang myself, and hang myself.

THREE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE

20. Sonnet LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals all up in rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire.

Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

21. Sonnet XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty I do question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

22. Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd:
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

23. Tule kanssani

Tule kanssani lehtohon kultaisaan,
tule leikkihin kukkien kanssa!
Suvituoksut tuntuvi tuulissa,
maa helkkyvi hohteissansa.

Ketoruusut kastehin kimmeltää,
ja virrassa laineet laulaa,
ja lainehen rannalla lemmikit
sinisilkistä kiertää paulaa.

Kera ruusujen vaieten vietämme
unijuhlia lehvien alla,
ja unhohon jääkööt taivas ja maa
ja huolien hyinen halla!

24. Heijaa, heijaa!

Kultainen kehto, purppuralaiva unelman
prinssiä pienoista vie.

Keinuos, keinuos hiljaa, hiljaa;
kaunis on unelman saarihin tie.

Keinuos, keinuos hiljaa, hiljaa;
kaunis on unelman saarihin tie.

Heijaa, heijaa, tähdet jo taivaalla lie.
Heijaa, heijaa, tähdet jo taivaalla lie.

Tuutios tummaista, lempeä tuuli, laulaos
lau luja purjepuu!

Toisin laulavi elämän laine,
kun tää lauluni unhoittuu.

Toisin laulavi elämän laine,
kun tää lauluni unhoittuu.

Heijaa, heijaa, taivaalta katsovi kuu.

Heijaa, heijaa, taivaalta katsovi kuu.

Come with me

Come with me to the golden grove,
Come to play with the flowers;
We feel summer's scents in the wind,
The earth rings as it shimmers.

The wild roses glisten in the dew
And the ripples sing in the brook,
And, on the water's edge, blue silk
Forget-me-nots spin their snare.

Among the silent roses we hold
Our dream feast in the leafy shade;
And let us forget heaven and earth
And the irksome chilly frost.

24. Swing, Swing!

Golden cradle, purple ship,
carry the little dream prince;

Gently rocking, gently rocking —
Fair is the road to the island of dreams;

Gently rocking, gently rocking —
Fair is the road to the island of dreams.

Swing, swing, the stars are in the heavens,
Swing, swing, the stars are in the heavens.

Rock sweetly gentle wind, sing your song,
sailing timbers.

The surge of life sings another song,
When this, my song, is forgotten.

The surge of life sings another song,
When this, my song, is forgotten.

Swing, swing, the moon looks down from
the heavens,

Swing, swing, the moon looks down from
the heavens.

25. Luulit, ma katselin sua...

Luulit, ma katselin sua, kun minun silmäni
loisti:

katselin kadotettua... Katselin hattaravuoria,

katselin tähtien merta, siltoja taivahan
kaaren.

Siellä, ah, siellä näin kerta onneni saaren...

Luulit, ma kuiskasin sulle, kun minun
ääneni värjyi:

kuiskasin kadotetulle... Haastelin harpulle
aaltojen,

soivalle ilmojen tuulin, sykkeelle syksyisen
taulun...

Sieltä, ah, kerta ma kuulin onneni laulun...

26. Lähdettyäs

Lähdettyäs armahani,
oi kaikki on niin hiljaiseksi käynyt:
ilta varhemmin on hämärtäynyt,
myöhemmin on noussut aamun koi.

Niinkö katoatkin elostain,
niin kuin kaikki muu, niin menneheksi?
Sieluni miks kauneutesi keksi
sinut jälleen, jälleen yöhön kadottain?

Kerran, tiedän, helmaan suuren yön
vaipuu sydämeni liioin lyönyt,
Vaan, oi, näinkö varhain tulee yö nyt,
näinkö varhain vaikenitkin syön?

25. You thought I was watching you...

You thought I was watching you, when my
eyes were shining:

I was watching one forlorn... I was
watching mountains of cloud,

I was watching a sea of stars, bridges on the
vault of heaven...

There, ah, there I once saw my island of
joy...

You thought I was whispering to you, when
my voice was trembling:

I was whispering to one forlorn... I spoke to
the harp of waves,

To the playing of the breeze in the air, to
the pulse of an autumn picture...

There, ah, once I heard my song of joy...

26. Since you left me

Since you left me, o my beloved,
How all things have fallen silent;
The evening has darkened earlier,
The dawn has risen later.

So you too pass from my life,
Like everything else you must go?
And why did my soul see your beauty
After you had vanished into the night.

27. Yrtit tummat

Yrtit tummat etelän yössä,
miksi te katsotte silmääni niin?
Riutuen kaipaa raskas rinta
hankien valkeaan kaupunkiin.
Yrtit tummat etelän yössä,
vieras on teille mun murheeni syy.
Kaukana, kaukana pohjolan mailla
kanervakankahat kyynteltyy.

KUOLEMAN JOUTSEN

28. Kuoleman joutsen

Ui Kuoleman kalpea joutsen taas tummassa
virrassaan,

vaan kuka sen joikunan kuuli, ei huoli hän
hurmasta Maan.

Jo kahdesti Kuoleman joutsen olet joikunut
kattoni päältä,
kun kolmannesti sun kuulen, oma läsnä on
lähtöni täältä,
oma läsnä on lähtöni täältä.

Ui Kuoleman kalpea joutsen taas tummassa
virrassaan,

vaan kuka sen joikunan kuuli, ei huoli hän
hurmasta Maan,
ei huoli hän hurmasta Maan.

27. Dark Herbs

Dark herbs in the southern night,
Why do you gaze thus into my eyes?
Pining, my heavy heart is longing
For the white town of the snows.
Dark herbs of the southern night,
The cause of my longing is unknown to you.
Far, far away in northern lands
The heather moors well with tears.

THE SWAN OF DEATH

28. The Swan of Death

The pale Swan of Death is swimming again
in his dark stream,

But whoever hears his song, cares not for
the charms of this world.

Twice now Swan of Death, you've sung
under my roof;

When I hear you a third time my own
departure is at hand;

When I hear you a third time my own
departure is at hand.

The pale Swan of Death is swimming again
in his dark stream,

But whoever hears his song, cares not for
the charms of this world.

29. Pastorale

Vaikene, vaivattu sieluni, ja valmistu
vastaanottamaan Herraa, Vapahtajaasi,
ole kuuntelevainen ja kuulas, ja hiljaa aivan!
Kun viheriä vilja vainiolla nukkuu,

Hän tulee unikukkasten kupuja pitkin,
Tähdät eivät taivu hänen askeltensa alla,
heinä ei huoju,
nuoku ei nukkuvu valmu
Hän on vaivattujen Vapahtaja,
unettomille Hän tuo unen.

Maan uumenissa Hän aukaisee uudet
vesisuonet,

Hän täyttää sielusi lähteet uhoavalla vedellä.

Kaste on langennut yli katajaisen laitumen,
sorsa on kaislikossa vaiti,
ja lampaatkin lepäävät,
yli katajaisen kankaan hiipii yö.
Luoja! anna luoduillesi armo ja rauha!

30. Viimeinen kehtolaulu

Laulan teille unta uutta,
haudan hiekan hiljaisuutta,
liekö lasteni vilu?

Unten utu maata mataa,
tähtisumu hautaan sataa,
vieläkö lasteni vilu?

Riistan tulen rinnastani,
tuskan polton povestani,
ei enää lasteni vilu.

Laulan teille unta uutta,
haudan hiekan hiljaisuutta.

29. Pastorale

Hush, my restless soul and prepare to meet
Lord and Redeemer,
Be watchful and serene and quite silent!
When the green corn is sleeping in the
meadow,

He comes over the heads of the poppies.
The ears do not bend beneath His tread,
The hay does not move,
The sleeping poppies do not sway;
He is the Redeemer of the oppressed,
He brings sleep to the sleepless.

In the bowels of the earth, He opens new
liquid veins;

He fills the springs of your soul with
refreshing water.

The dew has fallen on the juniper meadow,
The duck is silent in the reeds
And the sheep are at rest.
Over the juniper heath steals the night;
Lord, give Thy creation mercy and peace.

30. The Last Cradle Song

I sing for you a new sleep,
The silence of the sand of the grave,
Perhaps you are cold, my children?

Sleep's haze lies on the earth,
The stars rain on the grave,
Are you still cold, my children?

I sing for your new sleep,
The silence of the sand of the grave.

31. Taivainen rekiretki

Hopoti, hopoti, hopoti hoi!
Hepo pilviä pinkoo,
kulkuset soi, kulkuset soi...
Rekeen tähtiä sinkoo.
Hopoti, hopoti, hopoti hoi!
Taivaan rantaan saakka kuut ja auringot
karkeloi,
kepeä juoksijan taakka:
kolme kaunistasta lasta.
Kulkuset soi, kulkuset soi.
Luoja katsoo akkunasta.
Enkelit juoksijan talliin vie,
antaa kultakauraa, hopea härmässä tähtein
tie,
hopoti hoi, hopoti hoi!
Taivas riemusta nauraa. — Kulkuset soi,
kulkuset soi.
Hopoti, hopoti, hopoti hoi —, hopoti hoi!

32. Joutsenlaulu

Ennen sammumistaan liekki leimahtaa,
ennen kuolemaansa joutsen joikuu.
Lienen liekki, joutsenlintu lienen,
kuolo, sammuminen mua vartoo.
Salat syvimmat ma hautaan vien,
jollen joutsenlauluani laulaa saa.
Kohoo korkealla liekki sydämen.
Laula, joutsen, viime laulus laula!
hehkurinta, aallon helmaan vaivu,
hehkurinta aallon helmaan vaivu!
Ennen sammumistaan liekki leimahtaa,
ennen kuolemaansa joutsen joikuu.

31. Heavenly Sleigh Ride

Hopoti, hopoti, hopoti hoi!
The horse dashes through the clouds,
Sleigh bells ring, sleigh bells ring...
Stars fly round the sleigh.
Hopoti, hopoti, hopoti hoi!
As far as the horizon, suns and moons are
playing,
Light is the burden of the trotting horse:
Three beautiful children.
Sleigh bells ring, sleigh bells ring.
The Creator watches from a window,
The angels take the horse to the stables,
And feed him oats of cold — silvery way
with a starry frost,
Hopoti hoi, hopoti hoi!
Heaven laughs in joy — sleigh bells ring,
sleigh bells ring...
Hopoti, hopoti, hopoti hoi —, hopoti hoi!

32. Swansong

Before it burns out the flame blazes,
Before it dies the swan sings.
I may be the flame, I may be the swan,
Death, extinction are waiting for me.
I'll carry the deepest secrets to the grave,
If I cannot sing my swansong.
Raise high the flame, heart.
Sing, swan, your last song, sing!
Only then, proud neck, bend,
And sink, glowing breast, into the bosom of
the waves.

SUOMALAINEN VIERAANVARA

33. Piirakka

Suomalaisen piirakan alkujuuret ovat luultavasti venäjältä, mistä olemme saaneet leivinuuninkin. Mutta piirakka on hyvin vanha, se oli jo ennen leipää. Ensimmäinen leipä on saattanut olla ohut piirakan kuori. Piirakoita on varmasti leivottu jo tuhansia vuosia.

34. Nopeatekoinen piirakan kuori

4 dl vehnä jauhoja, 1 1/3 dl öljyä, 3/4 dl maitoa, 1/2 tl suolaa.

Taikina on ällistyttävän yksinkertainen valmistaa, ällistyttävän yksinkertainen valmistaa.

Kaaviloi taikina kahden vaha- tai voipaperin välissä.

Taikinaa voi käyttää melkein mihin tahansa suolaiseen piirakkaan, ilman suolaa — tietenkin myös makeisiin piirakoihin.

Sekoita vain kaikki ainekset lusikalla kulhossa.

Taikina on heti valmis leivottavaksi.

FINNISH HUSBANDRY

33. Pasty

The origins of the Finnish pasty are apparently Russian, As are those of our baking oven. The pasty, however, is extremely old; It was actually in existence before bread. The first loaf could well have been the crust of a pasty; Pasties have certainly been baked for thousands of years.

34. Quick-to-prepare Pasty Crust

1/2 lb flour, 1/4 pint oil, 1/8 pint milk, 1/2 tsp salt.

The dough is amazingly simple to prepare, amazingly simple to prepare.

Just mix all the ingredients in a basin with a spoon

And the dough is immediately ready for baking.

Roll out the dough between two pieces of wax- or greaseproof paper.

The dough can be used for almost any savoury pasty,

And, without salt of course, for sweet pasties too.

35. Lahden Mummin lihapiirakka

Ei siinä ole mitään mausteniksia,
sillä se on aivan tavallinen lihapiirakka
tehtäväksi lauantaina.

Niin, että sunnuntaina on kaapista
haettavissa

ihanaa ruokaisaa piirakkaa.

Voitaikinan täytteenä on: 1 dl riisiä,

3 kovaksi keitettyä munaa,
keitettyä lihaa sekä 3 rkl voita.

Tavallisesti Lahden Mummi käytti tätä
reseptiä.

36. Syksyn sienipiirakan täyte

Valmista sienimuhennos käyttämällä tuoreita
tai umpioituja sieniä.

Herkkusienetkin tietenkin käyvät.

Käristä voissa pekonikuutioita, silputtua
sipulia ja sieniä.

Anna kiehua hiljalleen kannen alla ja lisää

kermaa, kernaasti hapanta kermaa.

Mausteeksi suolaa pippuria persiljaa ja tilliä.

Tämä on venäläinen sienimuhennos.

37. Päätökseksi

Suomalaisen piirakan alkujuuret ovat
luultavasti venäjältä,

mistä olemme saaneet leivinuuninkin.

Suomalaisen keittion on syytä elättää tätä
hyvää erikois-piirettään.

35. Grandma from Lahti's Meat Pasty

Here there are no seasoning refinements.

This is a perfectly normal meat pasty, to be
made on a Saturday.

So that on Sunday there's a lovely, delicious
pasty

To take from the larder.

Pie filling: 3 oz rice, 3 hard-boiled eggs,

Cooked meat and 3 tbsps butter.

Grandma from Lahti usually used this
recipe.

36. Autumn Mushroom Pasty Filling

Prepare a mushroom mixture using fresh or
tinned mushrooms;

Ordinary fried mushrooms are of course
suitable.

Fry some bacon cubes, chopped onions and
mushrooms in butter.

Let them simmer gently under a lid, and
then add

Cream, preferably sour cream.

For seasoning use salt, pepper, parsley and
dill.

This is a Russian mushroom mixture.

37. In Conclusion

The origins of the Finnish pasty are
apparently Russian,

As are those of our baking oven.

Finnish cuisine should preserve this fine
speciality.

INSTRUMENTARIUM:

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Piano technician: Greger Hallin

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- MELARTIN, Erkki** (1875-1937)
- [1] Minä metsän polkuja kuljen (*K.F. Wasenius*) 1'33
- [2] Sirkan häämatka (*Westerlund*) 1'33
- PALMGREN, Selim** (1877-1951)
- [3] Sjöfararen vid milan (*Westerlund*) 2'29
- [4] I vassen (*Fazer*) 2'12
- [5] Kesäinen riemuretki (*Westerlund*) 1'07
- KILPINEN, Yrjö** (1892-1959)
- [6] - [13] Spielmannslieder (Minstrel's Songs) (*Bote & Bock*) 14'28
- SALMENHAARA, Erkki** (b. 1941)
- [14] - [16] Kolme japanilaista laulua (Three Japanese Songs) (*M/s*) 4'25
- BERGMAN, Erik** (b. 1911)
- [17] Serenad (*Fazer*) 1'58
- [18] Si drömmaren kommer där (*Fazer*) 2'15
- [19] Jäntblig (*Fazer*) 1'23
- RAUTAVAARA, Einojuhani** (b. 1928)
- [20] - [22] Three Sonnets of Shakespeare (*Fazer*) 6'31
- MADETOJA, Leevi** (1887-1947)
- [23] Tule kanssani (*Westerlund*) 2'06
- [24] Heijaa, heijaa! (*Westerlund*) 3'12
- [25] Luulit, ma katselin sua... (*Westerlund*) 2'53
- [26] Lähdettyäs (*Westerlund*) 2'41
- [27] Yrtit tummat (*Westerlund*) 3'09
- PYLKKÄNEN, Tauno** (b. 1918)
- [28] - [32] Kuoleman joutsen (The Swan of Death) (*Fazer*) 11'35
- KUUSISTO, Ilkka** (b. 1935)
- [33] - [37] Suomalainen vieraanvara (Finnish Husbandry) (*M/s*) 7'04
- Jorma Hynninen**, baritone (1-22); **Taru Valjakka**, soprano (23-37)
- Ralf Gothóni**, piano