

Alison Trainer
Final Doctorate Recital Prospectus
March 7, 2015

Robert Schumann: *Frauenlieben und Leben*

Peter Heise: *Dyveke's Sange*

Edvard Grieg: *Haugtussa*

It is becoming rare that audiences have the opportunity to hear song cycles in their entirety outside of academic circles. The trend in recital programming today is to choose a theme, and program individual songs pertaining to that theme. This can create artistically fascinating recital programs, and is perhaps better suited to our 21st Century attention spans. However, there is much to be learned from studying song cycles in their entirety. I have chosen to focus on three song cycles from the Romantic period, each of which is unified by a corresponding cycle of poetry, written and composed by men, but with a female protagonist in the first person. All three of these cycles offer intimate portraits of these three women in profoundly emotional moments. I believe that Heise and Grieg followed Schumann's lead by creating their own cycles not only about a woman's emotional experience, but also told from the first person perspective.

Robert Schumann was born into a literary family in Zwickau, Germany in 1810. As a child, he spent a great deal of time in his father's bookshop, and by the age of thirteen began compiling books of poetry, some of which he wrote himself. He had very strong opinions about the direction he believed German music should go, and at 23, he founded the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, in which he and respected fellow musicians wrote about music and literature.¹

¹ Richard Miller, *Singing Schumann: An Interpretive Guide for Singers* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1999), p.3.

Schumann wrote *Frauenlieben und Leben* during his prolific "Lieder Year" in 1840. 138 of his 250 songs were written during this explosively creative year. Surely anticipating his own hoped-for wedding to Clara Wieck, he chose deeply romantic, sentimental poems by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838), also entitled *Frauenlieben und Leben*. Many of these poems mirror the sentiments that Clara and Robert expressed in their letters to each other, at times almost word for word, so it makes sense that Robert would have had a powerful attraction to these poems.² The cycle is unified by poet, subject matter, and voice: the poems are all from the first person perspective, a woman expressing the story of her romantic love. The cycle is also unified by close key relationships: the key scheme moves from Bb major to Eb major, to C minor back to Eb major, to Bb major to G major, then D major to D minor, and returns to the original Bb major in the postlude. Several of the songs do not have a prelude, so the songs flow from one to the next, with a continual sense of forward motion.³ Even the songs that are set strophically give one the sense that they are through-composed, because of an unrelenting forward motion in the accompaniment, and the ongoing conversation between the piano part and vocal part. The intimacy of the text is underscored by soft dynamics throughout the score.

Schumann spent the first ten years of his composition career writing almost exclusively for solo piano. Schumann's own virtuosity on the piano and composition experience allowed him to compose more lyrically for the piano than heard before from previous song composers. Certainly the technical advancements to the pianoforte also served Schumann well, and allowed him to create more colors and orchestral sounds in his compositions. Hans Joachim Moses states that in Schumann's songwriting, the piano often functions "to express the inexpressible, to voice a meaning that the words of the poet can only suggest".⁴ Schumann's melodies are often divided between the voice and the piano part, and sometimes the piano part is more compelling and dominant than the vocal line. Schumann's greatest contributions to

² Lorraine Gorrell, *The Nineteenth-Century German Lied* (New Jersey: Amadeus Press, LLC), p.162.

³ Gorrell, op.cit. pp.162-165.

⁴ Gorrell, op.cit. p.147.

the genre of Romantic German Lieder were his enlargement of the role of the piano, and increased interdependence between the piano and voice. Also noteworthy is his increased harmonic vocabulary, and harmonic rhythm that is faster than Schubert's or Beethoven's, and is indicative of the gradual shift from classical to romantic style.⁵

Since *Frauenlieben und Leben* is so well known, in this Prospectus, I will present only a brief, succinct description of each song, and save more detailed descriptions for the Heise and Grieg songs. There are two short almost identical verses in the cycle's first song, "Seit ich ihn gesehen" (Since I first saw him). The meter is 3/4 and we immediately hear the off-kilter emphasis on the second beat of each bar, giving the listener a sense that the protagonist has lost her emotional equilibrium. The tempo is Larghetto, and the dynamic marks never rise above piano. The postlude matches the first three bars of the song almost identically. The second song, "Er, der Herrlichste von allen" (He, the most wonderful of all) is in the key of Eb major, in 4/4 meter, and marked "Innig" and "Lebhaft." The form is ABACA, but the feeling is through-composed, as the repeated block chords create a driving force from beginning to end. The third song, "Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben" (I cannot fathom it, cannot believe it) is marked Forte and "Mit Leidenschaft" (passion). It is set in 3/8 and in the relative minor key of C minor. It is worth noting that the mode is minor all the way up until the postlude, when the piano shifts to the parallel C major. The fourth song, "Du Ring an meinem Finger" (You ring on my finger), shifts back to the relative major key, Eb Major, in 4/4, in simple ternary form, and again marked piano and "innig." The fifth song, "Helft mir, ihr Schwestern" (Help me, sisters), captures the excitement and nervousness of a bride preparing for her wedding. The opening bar reminds listeners instantly of Schumann's song "Widmung" from his *Myrten* cycle (Op. 25), which was his wedding gift to Clara. The meter is 4/4, the key is B flat major, and the song is in simple ternary form. The dynamic mark is mezzo forte, rare for this cycle, and the tempo is "ziemlich schnell" (fairly fast). The sixth song, "Süsser Freund" (Sweet Friend), marked "Langsam, mit innigem Ausdruck," presents a stark contrast to the preceding song. Schumann begins the

⁵ Gorrell, op.cit. p.144.

song with tonal ambiguity, not settling into G major until the vocal line arrives there in m.3. The seventh song, "An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust" (On my heart, on my breast) is an idealized display of the joy of new motherhood. The meter is 6/8 and the key is D major, and again we see the mark "innig," this time with "frölich" (joyful). The final song, "Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan" (Now you have for the first time caused me pain), is a dirge, with just one short verse. Set in D minor in an adagio, square 4/4 meter, the piano part is a slow, stark, and static march. The postlude is an almost identical return to the first 21 bars of the cycle, without the singer. Of course this unifies the cycle, but more than that, it causes the listener to remember and reflect back on the emotional journey she has just undergone. Perhaps it also seeks to show that there is life after her grief. Indeed, in the ninth poem of Chamisso's set, which Schumann chose to omit, the woman is now a grandmother, reflecting back on her life and giving advice to her granddaughter on her wedding day.

The glaring, unavoidable performance problem with *Frauenlieben und Leben* is our modern day reaction to the text. The poetry is extremely sentimental and antiquated, and inherently distasteful to almost everyone who reads or hears it today. In his *Geschichte der deutschen Lyrik von Goethe bis Heine* (1988), Gerhard Kaiser approaches Schumann's setting of Chamisso's poems dismissively, calling them the grossly sentimental "love lyrics" of the time, and "Devotionskitch":

"Here daughters of the citizenry could find their womanly role in life sketched out for them, from first love, through wedding, motherhood, and widowhood, to old age and death...They portray a man's wishful image of woman, prescribing to the point of embarrassment her path to exemplary status through subjugation to man. She finds fulfillment in self-sacrificing service to him and in glorifying him."⁶

Kaiser's reaction matches the current general sentiment about these poems. When artists perform these songs today, they often approach their programming choices apologetically and with a disclaimer.⁷ Yet,

⁶ Kristina Muxfeldt, "Frauenlieben und Leben Now and Then," *19th-Century Music*, Vol. 25, No. 1, p.28.

⁷ Elissa S. Guralnick, "Ah Clara, I am not worthy of your love: Rereading 'Frauenlieben und Leben', The Poetry and the Music," *Music & Letters*, Vol. 87, No. 4, pp.580-605.

these songs have not diminished in their popularity. On the contrary, *Frauenlieben und Leben* continues to be regularly programmed and frequently recorded. If the text is so dreadfully off-putting, why do modern singers, pianists, and audiences continue to appreciate these songs? In her superb article, "*Frauenlieben und Leben* Now and Then," Kristina Muxfeldt encourages us to look beyond our adverse reaction to the text: "We might consider the alternative—namely that what alienates today, because it was taken for granted then, would have passed unnoticed in many a reader, allowing other elements to speak. No doubt there is truth in both perspectives, but the latter view more readily encourages us to look beyond the obstructed surface of the poems, to consider what else might have been going on in—and around—them."⁸ It is worth a deeper look at these "other elements" to find out what gives *Frauenlieben und Leben* continued interest and appeal.

In her article entitled "'Ah, Clara, I am not worthy of your love': Re-reading 'Frauenlieben und Leben,' the Poetry and the Music," Elissa S. Guralnick argues that in setting *Frauenlieben und Leben*, Schumann discovered the subtext in Chamisso's poems, and he developed and revealed this subtext in the piano accompaniment. In this subtext we hear the heroine's anxiety, ambivalence, independence, and pride, traits that are not explicitly expressed in the words alone.

"Although the heroine of the poems manifestly aspires to be humble and submissive, as was widely expected of women in her day, she emerges, to those who read closely, as more independent and spirited than she herself knows. By shaping details in his songs' vocal lines, Schumann captures the heroine's independence of spirit, as well as her resentment when her husband proves unequal to her high expectations, and by casting the piano as her heroine's husband, Schumann gives voice to a man's inner fears of disappointing or injuring the woman he loves. Schumann's music thus offers a penetrating insight into the *Frauenlieben und Leben* poems, even while expressing the composer's own deep anxieties, on the eve of his marriage,

⁸ Muxfeldt, op.cit., p.29.

about his worthiness to wed the prodigiously gifted and Clara Wieck."⁹ Certainly, there is much to explore in these songs beyond the initial reading of and reaction to the text.

For a soprano who wishes to sing *Frauenlieben und Leben*, the question of whether or not to sing the cycle in the original keys is a difficult one. The songs are indeed quite low, and never really bloom in a register that is flattering to a soprano. Schumann composed *Frauenlieben und Leben* as a clear cycle, with specific key relationships and a piano part that requires significant technical ability. In answer to the question of performing songs in the original key, Schumann said "The composer hits upon the correct key immediately, much as the painter chooses his colors, without giving much thought to it."¹⁰ For these reasons, I trust Schumann's original setting and sing *Frauenlieben und Leben* in the original keys.

If there are countless opinions and seemingly endless scholarship on the life and work of Robert Schumann, the opposite is true for Danish composer Peter Heise. Peter Heise was a Danish composer and organist who lived from 1830 to 1875. His music is not well known outside of Scandinavia, and within Denmark he is best known for his folk song settings and his only opera, *Drot og Marsk* (King and Marshal). As did all serious composers at that time, he lived and studied in Leipzig, learning the Germanic style of Lieder composition. He is said to have admired Schumann above all other composers.¹¹ While he was certainly influenced by his study of German lieder, his compositions are distinctly Scandinavian, and he made great strides in creating a sound that was uniquely Danish, paving the way for following Danish composers. And yet, many of his 226 songs, his one symphony and many chamber works are largely forgotten. *Dyveke's Sange* was his final work, and was published posthumously in 1879.

The source of the text is the most uniquely fascinating aspect of Heise's *Dyveke's Sange*. Heise chose to set texts by Danish poet Holger Drachmann (1846-1908). Drachmann was a well known painter and romantic poet, and many Scandinavian composers set his texts, including Edvard Grieg. Like the

⁹ Guralnick, op.cit. pp.580-605.

¹⁰ Gorrell, op.cit. p.152.

¹¹ <http://www.kvinfo.dk/side/597/bio/625/origin/170/> (Translated from Danish by Birgitte Arendal).

texts for *Frauenlieben und Leben*, Drachmann's poems tell a story from a woman's first person perspective, as imagined by a male poet. These songs shift from expressions of deep, personal passions to more traditional Scandinavian subjects, such as the arrival of summer. Unlike the protagonist of *Frauenlieben und Leben*, Dyveke was a real person in history and these poems are based on her story.

Dyveke (Little Dove) Willomsdatter was born in Bergen, Norway in 1490. She lived with her mother Sigbrit in Bergen, Norway until she became Prince Christian's mistress (later King Christian 2nd of Denmark (1481-1559)) and they both followed him to Oslo, where he was Regent, and later to Copenhagen, when he became King in 1513. The relationship had many political overtones and was met with condemnation from the public and nobility alike. It was enormously controversial that Dyveke's mother - a woman, a foreigner, and the mother of the king's mistress - became one of the king's closest political advisors. This not only caused unrest among the Danish nobility, but also gave rise to a major political showdown. Envoys from the Emperor Maximilian in 1516 came to Denmark to demand that Dyveke immediately leave the country. The Emperor threatened that an "accident" would happen to Dyveke if the King did not send her away. The King maintained the relationship despite these threats, and refused to send her or Sigbrit out of the country. Dyveke died suddenly in 1517, and while there is no proof and much speculation, the generally accepted belief in Denmark still today is that she ate a poisoned cherry, given to her by Torben Oxe, a messenger of the Emperor. For his presumed guilt, King Christian had him executed. While alive, Dyveke was the subject of much disdain, but after her death, she became a frequent subject of poetry and art in Denmark.¹²

The only major challenge these pieces present to the performer is the Danish language. It would be impossible to do justice to the poetry without studying with a native Danish speaker. The vocal range is not extreme and is comfortably situated within the lyric soprano range. The harmony is fairly straightforward, and the structure and form of the songs, while creatively and uniquely rendered, stays within the realm of romantic composition. The first song, "Skal Altid Faeste mit hår under Hue" (Must

¹² <http://www.kvinfo.dk/side/597/bio/625/origin/170/>. (Translated from Danish by Birgitte Arendal).

always fasten my hair beneath my cap) begins in 3/8 time and is marked *Andantino* and piano. Dyveke sings about her desire to fly free like a bird. We hear trills imitating bird sounds (frequent in Scandinavian music, including the songs of Edvard Grieg) and high flying arpeggios in the piano. The form is a straightforward ternary, and the A section harmony is simple, alternating between tonic and dominant in E flat Major. The A section sounds almost like a classical piano sonata, and only in the B section is chromaticism introduced. As is typical of Heise, the B section is abruptly in a different key and meter: G minor and 6/8. Often in Heise's songs a prominent bass line stays connected to the tonic key while moving through chromaticism in the chords above. The harmonic direction is almost always clearly broadcast by the bass line in Heise's songs. Heise employs Schumannesque preludes, interludes, and postludes, and often the melodic material is shared between the voice and piano, as in Schumann's songs. Heise's songs frequently sound operatic, with many high notes held with a fermata at final cadences. Another interesting characteristic heard frequently throughout the cycle, is that every time Heise repeats a stanza or returns to an A section, even if the harmony and the melody are mostly the same, the texture of the piano part is different. It is frequently a significant textural difference: arpeggios instead of chords, filled out harmonies, or an emphasis on different beats. The melodic line will keep the same contours in its return, but the text is always through composed, so Heise frequently alters note values and emphasis based entirely on the different text. While I am not fluent in Danish, it seems to me that whenever possible, Heise preferred to alter the melody before placing emphasis on an unimportant word or syllable. Thus, no return to an A section in any of his songs is ever identical.

The second song, in 3/4 and marked *Allegro molto marcato*, is called "Ah, Hvem Der Havde En Hue" (Ah, if I only had a cap). It is in ternary form, with a very short B section in 2/4, F Major, and marked *molto lento*. There is a short bridge leading back into the A section, which is also another abrupt meter and tempo change. Heise switches back to 3/4, still in F Major, and marks *molto accelerando* and *tempo con fuoco*. Dyveke expresses her desire to be a high class lady, at the same time as wishing she could retreat into the easy, safe world of being a child. She refers to herself as "Cinderella."

The third song, "Hvad vil den mand med kæder på" (What does that man want?), is in common time, marked *Agitato, ma non troppo*, and in D Major. The fast arpeggios in the piano part support a declamatory, operatic melody. It is set in simple ternary form, and this time the B section is in the same key of D major. The texture changes dramatically, with sparse, slow chords in a recitative-like short B section. Dyveke sees the Prince's Chancellor, and realizes this means the Prince is coming. With the excitement and nervousness of a child, she dreams of how he might look.

The fourth song is the most dramatically interesting in the cycle. Set in a very flexible version of ternary form, "Vildt, Vildt, Vildt Suser Blaesten" (Wild, wild, wild rushes the wind) tells the story of Dyveke seeing Prince Christian from afar, and reveals the tumultuous, passionate, and tender feelings she has towards him. Heise's tempo, key, and texture changes are abrupt and wide ranging, as are the emotions depicted in the text. He switches between 4/4 and 6/8 several times throughout, and the key scheme is E minor to B major, back to E minor, and then ending in E major. Heise is very specific in his tempo marks, which vary from *Allegro appassionato* to *Lento*.

The fifth song, "Næppe tør jeg tale" (I hardly dare speak), is the first song set strophically in the cycle, with three very similar verses. It remains in common time and D minor, and the only trait that separates it stylistically from a Schubert song is an out-of-tempo operatic outburst in the last phrase of each verse. She speaks of her growing passion for the Prince, and her confusion and fear.

The sixth song is also strophic, but so short, fast, and intense that it sounds through composed. In "Det Stiger" (It rises up), Dyveke almost shouts her fear of being killed, but also her own feeling that she might not be able to stop herself from suicide. It is set in an aggressive *Allegro* 6/4 in the key of F minor, and Heise effectively creates a sense of her panic and desire to escape somehow, even through death.

A seventh song entitled "Su, nu er sommeren kommen" (See, now the summer has come) was published separately, in 1896. It is only available in the public music library in Copenhagen, or in pdf

form from the online Petrucci Music Library.¹³ It is not included in any of the published versions in the United States or elsewhere in Europe, but it is recorded with the Dyveke's Sange in several Danish recordings. It sounds gentle and light, a relief from the emotional intensity of the previous song. It is a peaceful, hopeful harmonic ending to the cycle, and yet we are left with the fearful sounds of *Det Stiger* ringing in our ears. The last line of the song expresses that she sees the messenger coming...the messenger who ultimately delivers her death.

Fellow Scandinavian composer Edvard Grieg was born in 1843 in Bergen, Norway. He came from a musical and literary family. In 1858, at the age of 15, Grieg went to study piano and composition at the conservatory in Leipzig. He took advantage of the free student admission to concerts, and was introduced to a wide range of musical styles. His early composition workbooks, which are currently displayed in the Bergen Public Library, reveal an "early tendency towards extensive chromaticism."¹⁴

Grieg, like Schumann, was a highly talented pianist and wrote many pieces for solo piano. A lifelong fan of Schumann, his influence can be heard throughout Grieg's songs, including frequent use of word painting, his inclusion of preludes and postludes, and the importance of the piano as a absolute collaborator with the voice, sometimes narrating, sharing the melodic line, sometimes continuing and expanding the poetic thought, and occasionally even contradicting the text. In 1884, Grieg published an essay expressing his admiration, respect, and awe for Schumann, the "master."¹⁵ Many of his observations about Schumann's songs could also be applied to his own songs: "With Schumann, the poetic conception plays the leading part to such an extent that musical considerations technically important are subordinated, if not entirely neglected...(Unlike) Schubert, with Schumann, one must understand the art of 'reading between the lines' - of interpreting a half-told tale."¹⁶ Like Schumann, Grieg was very concerned

¹³ http://petrucci.mus.auth.gr/imglnks/usimg/7/74/IMSLP102454-PMLP103879-heise_dyveke_se_somm.pdf.

¹⁴ Beryl Foster, *The Songs of Edvard Grieg* (Vermont: Gower Publishing Company, 1990), p. 8.

¹⁵ Edvard Grieg, "Robert Schumann," *The Century Magazine*, Januray 1894, pp.440-449.

¹⁶Foster, op.cit. p.10.

with the voice. Perhaps his marriage to his wife Nina, whom he claimed was the best interpreter of his songs, contributed to his enormous output of songs and the careful attention he paid to the voice. Late in Grieg's career, and long after Robert Schumann's death, he had the pleasure of meeting hearing Clara in concert, meeting her in person, and corresponding with her.¹⁷ After years of studying in Leipzig and living in Copenhagen, setting many German and Danish texts, Grieg returned to Norway and became committed to developing his own romantic Norwegian musical style. *Haugtussa* (meaning "girl of the spirits who live in the hill") was written in 1895 by Arne Garborg, a teacher, writer, and linguist. The lyric poem cycle was written in the Landsmol language, which was a combination of rural dialects codified into a language in the 1840's.¹⁸ The modern version of Landsmol is "Norwegian Nynorsk," which is the language most commonly spoken in Norway today. *Haugtussa* tells the story of Veslemøy ("little maid"), and throughout the cycle Garborg explores the themes of good versus evil, light versus darkness, Christianity versus trolldom and superstition, unrequited love, and triumph over temptation. Veslemøy has "second sight," meaning she can see spirits, trolls, and even the devil. This sets her apart from society, and she feels very isolated. Veslemøy is a "seter-girl" (shepherdess), so she must follow her flocks in the Spring and Summer. Garborg employs a wide variety of poetic meters and rhyme schemes and even dance rhythms to create the mood of each poem.¹⁹

For singers and pianists, *Haugtussa* presents several challenges: Fewer than five million people in the world speak Norwegian, which is certainly the reason why more singers do not approach Grieg's wonderful songs. German and English singing translations do exist, but they are disappointing. Six out of eight songs in *Haugtussa* are set strophically; only numbers five and eight are through-composed. It takes a dedicated actress and a commitment to the text to convey meaning and varied emotion in performance when song after song is strophic. Like *Frauenlieben und Leben*, *Haugtussa* is composed in the mezzo

¹⁷ Grieg, Edvard. *Letters to Colleagues and Friends*. Ed & Trans. Finn Benestad (Peer Gynt Press, 2000).

¹⁸ "Brief History of the Norwegian Language: A Summary of 1500 Years." <http://www.norwaves.com/brief-history-norwegian-language-summary-1500-years.html>.

¹⁹ Foster, op.cit. p. 218.

soprano range, but high sopranos are frequently compelled to perform it. Since the piano texture is never heavy, if the singer has enough warmth and color in the lower and middle registers, it can be effectively, if perhaps less comfortably, sung by a soprano. Given the incredibly vast color palette that Grieg creates with his unique harmonic and melodic language, it is inadvisable to transpose these songs, as that would risk altering their effect.

Garborg's *Haugtussa* contains seventy poems, of which Grieg chose twelve to set, later reducing his cycle to eight songs to complete his published version of *Haugtussa*. Most of the poems Grieg chose are from the first section of Garborg's *Haugtussa*, entitled *Sumar I fjellet* (Summer on the mountain). Grieg sets these songs in the same order as in Garborg's book, but he takes great liberties with the structure and stanzas he chooses to set, drastically reducing some of the poems and even changing some words.²⁰ These songs describe Veslemøy's unrequited love for Jon, which invites comparison to Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, but also merits a loose comparison to *Frauenlieben und Leben* and *Dyveke's Sange* because the story is told from the female character's first person perspective.

The first song is "Det syng" (The singing), which refers to the sound of the "misty, silent sea, enticing the girl into the Blue Hill, where in turning her silver spinning wheel, she can forget earthly things."²¹ As throughout the cycle, Grieg chooses only the most alliterative, rhythmic, inherently musical stanzas to set. "Det syng" is in D minor, in 6/8 meter, and marked *Allegretto con moto*. The song opens with tonal ambiguity, which immediately creates a mystical mood, and trills in the treble range, which is frequently noted as one of Grieg's favorite musical flourishes. The second song is entitled "Veslemøy." It contains two stanzas, and the text describes her character and appearance in detail, underscored by a simple, unsophisticated melody. Set in E minor and 4/4 time, the tempo is "Allegretto molto espressivo."

²⁰ Foster, op.cit. p. 219.

²¹ Foster, op.cit. p.221.

Grieg introduces moments of "modal rather than minor tonality," and he underscores Veslemøy's "otherness" with continued chromaticism and dissonance.²²

The third song, "Blåbaer-Li" (Blueberry Hill) is a joyful depiction of Veslemøy at her happiest, eating blueberries and describing what she would do to any wild animals who approached her. Veslemøy explains that she would give the "nice boy from Skare-Brote" similar treatment to the animals, "but preferably in another way!" Grieg sets the text in a declamatory fashion, and the piano flourishes and bright F major key establish the cheerful mood. Grieg incorporates his favorite extended harmonies, with 9ths and 13ths. I do not have access to the original manuscript, which is housed in Bergen, but Beryl Foster points out that in his early drafts, one can see how he perfects and alters the text setting in order to maintain the dance rhythm and correct syllable emphasis.²³ Grieg's final printed version of his fourth song, "Møte" (Meeting), includes only the first two and last of Garborg's eleven stanzas. Set in F major in 4/4 time, it is marked "Andante espressivo." In this song, Veslemøy tells of Jon's visit to her. She shyly listens to him talk, and they end up spending the night in each other's arms. This song contains the most chromatic movement thus far in the cycle and Grieg uses "rising melodic sequences" to depict Veslemøy intensifying emotions.²⁴

"Elsk" (Love) is the fifth song in the cycle. Veslemøy revels in her memories of Jon and excitedly anticipates his promised return visit. Grieg sets five of the seven stanzas, in the form of a theme and variations. The melody is similar to the previous song, "Møte," but this time set in a minor key. This song contains troubled harmonies, hinting at what is to come, chromaticism, and Grieg's beloved dominant 7th, 9th, and 11th chords. The postlude is in C major, perhaps signifying Veslemøy's glimmer of hope.²⁵

²² Foster, op. cit. p. 222.

²³ Foster, op. cit. p. 222.

²⁴ Foster, op.cit. p.224.

²⁵ Foster, op.cit. p.227.

"Killingdans" (Little Goats' Dance) is the most lighthearted, upbeat song in the cycle. While frequently printed in G flat Major, the original manuscript and critical edition show that Grieg composed this song G Major. This makes much more sense, given the bright, light nature of the song. This song is full of charming alliteration and onomatopoeic word play, as Veslemøy enjoys the sounds of her goats' names, and calls to them. Grieg creates variations in color by using the modal-sounding sharpened fourth scale degree in the accompaniment, flattened sevenths, and dominant 13th chords.²⁶ In "Killingdans," Grieg immitates a traditional "Lokk," one of the more interesting and complex traditional folk song forms that shepherds have used to call in their animals for the past 2,000 years in Norway.²⁷

"Vond dag" (Evil day) is the seventh song in the cycle. Grieg published only the first and last of seven stanzas. This beautiful song tells of Veslemøy's despair at Jon's broken promise, and her humiliation and grief over her lost love. The melody is motivically similar to "Møte" and "Elsk," and set in F minor.²⁸ Not surprisingly, the accompaniment is full of anguished dissonance, chromaticism, and harmonies that struggle to resolve. Foster describes "Ved Gjoetle-bekken" (By the gently brook), the last song in the cycle, as "the consumation, not just of the *Haugtussa* cycle, but of the whole of Grieg's song-writing art. Here are all the now familiar elements - pedal notes, echoes, melodic sequences, changes of tempo, chords of the 7th, 9th, 11th, and 13th, sliding modulations, interruptions of the music, the portrayal of water - but all woven together in such artless simplicity as to make the song a masterpiece."²⁹ Grieg sets five stanzas, four of which use the same musical material. The flowing vocal melody implies the brook to which Veslemøy is speaks. Once again, as in the first song, she is lulled to the Blue Hill where she may forget her sorrows and find happiness. The keys are continually shifting, and the tonality is frequently blurred. The cycle ends with Veslemøy's implied acceptance and resignation, as she rests on

²⁶ Foster, op.cit. p. 228.

²⁷ Foster, op. cit. pp. 3-10.

²⁸ Foster, op. cit. p. 229.

²⁹ Foster, op. cit. p. 229.

a bed of soft grass. Grieg set an additional six complete songs and partial sketches of several others which were never published. Beryl Foster discusses these additional songs and sketches in her book *The Songs of Edvard Grieg*. Grieg's wife Nina accompanied Sylvia Larsen Schierbeck in the first public performance of *Haugtussa* in 1924. Grieg himself believed that *Haugtussa* was his best body of work.³⁰

³⁰ Foster, op. cit. p. 245.

Bibliography

Books

- Acker, Paul & Larrington, Carolyne. *The Poetic Edda: Essays on Old Norse Mythology*. New York: Routledge, 2002.
- Benestad, Finn. *Edvard Grieg: The Man and the Artist*. University of Nebraska Press, 1988.
- Daverio, John. *Robert Schumann: Herald of a New Poetic Age*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1997.
- Foster, Beryl. *The Songs of Edvard Grieg*. Vermont: Gower Publishing Company, 1990.
- Gorrell, Lorraine. *The Nineteenth-Century German Lied*. New Jersey: Amadeus Press, LLC., 1993.
- Grieg, Edvard. *Letters to Colleagues and Friends*. Ed & Trans. Finn Benestad, Peer Gynt Press, 2000
- Hallmark, Rufus. *Frauenlieben und Leben: Chamisso's Poems and Schumann's Songs*. Oxford University Press, 2014.
- Horton, John. *Scandinavian Music: A Short History*, Greenwood Press, 1975.
- Malin, Yonatan. *Songs in Motion: Rhythm and Meter in the German Lied*. Oxford University Press, 2014.
- Miller, Richard. *Singing Schumann: An Interpretive Guide for Performers*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1999.
- Schumann, Robert. *On Music and Musicians*. Ed. Konrad Wolff, Trans. Paul Rosenfeld, New York: Pantheon, 1946.
- Schumann, Robert and Schumann, Clara. *The Marriage Diaries of Robert and Clara Schumann*. Ed. Gerd Nauhaus, Trans. Paul Ostwald, Northeastern University Press, 1993.
- Smith, Frederick. *Nordic Art Music from the Middle Ages to the Millennium*. Westport, CT: Praeger Publishers, 2002.
- Wingell, Richard. *Writing about Music: An Introductory Guide*. New Jersey: Prentice Hall, Inc., 1997.

Articles

- Dal, Erik and Pihl, Lis. "Scandinavian Folk Music: A Survey," *Journal of the International Folk Music Council*, Vol. 8, 1956, pp. 6-11.

- Desmond, Astra. "The songs of Edvard Grieg," *Music & Letters*, Vol. 22, No. 4, October 1941, pp. 333-357.
- Foss, Hubert J. "Concerning Classical Song: V - Grieg," *The Musical Times*, Vol. 84, No. 1199, pp. 11-12.
- Grieg, Edvard. "Robert Schumann," *The Century Magazine*, January 1894, pp.440-449.
- Guralnick, Elissa S. "'Ah, Clara, I am not worthy of your love': Rereading 'Frauenlieben und Leben,' the Poetry and the Music." *Music & Letters*, Vol. 87, no. 4, November 2006, pp. 580-605.
- Turchin, Barbara. "Schumann's Song Cycles: The cycle within the song," *19th-Century Music*, Vol 8, No. 3, Spring 1985, p. 232.
- Werner, Hildegard. "Edvard Grieg's Silver Wedding." *The Musical Times and Singing Class Circular*, 1892, pp. 497-497.

Web Sites

- "Brief History of the Norwegian Language: A Summary of 1500 Years." NorWaves.com, <http://www.norwaves.com/brief-history-norwegian-language-summary-1500-years.html>.
- "Dyveke's Sange." Holger Drachmann, trans. Brigitte Arendal, http://conquest.imslp.info/files/imglnks/usimg/c/ce/IMSLP49283-PMLP103879-heise_dyveke_ot.pdf.
- "Dyveke Willomsdatter, 1490-1517." kvinfo.dk, Ingrid Skovsmose Jensen, Trans. Brigitte Arendal. <http://www.kvinfo.dk/side/597/bio/625/>.
- "Su, nu er sommeren kommen." http://petrucci.mus.auth.gr/imglnks/usimg/7/74/IMSLP102454-PMLP103879-heise_dyveke_se_somm.pdf.

Editions

- Robert Schumann, *Frauenlieben und Leben*, Op. 42, (G. Henle 184, Ed. Kazuko Osawa, 2002).
- Robert Schumann, *Frauenlieben und Leben*, Op. 42, (Bärenreiter, Kassel, 2014).
- Peter Heise, *Dyveke's Sange*, (Copenhagen: Wilhelm Hansen, 1879).
- Peter Heise, *Dyveke's Sange*, (Copenhagen: Nordiske Vorlag, 1896).
- Edvard Grieg, *Haugtussa*, Op. 67, (Copenhagen: Wilhelm Hansen, 1908).

Appendix I

Text & Translations: Dyvekes sange

Translated by Camilla Bygge & Birgitte Arendal

1. Skal altid fæste mit Hår under Hue

Skal altid fæste mit Hår under Hue,
Tør aldrig binde en Sløjfe deri;
Ilde lugter den Kræmmerstue -
Hvem der som Fuglen var fri!
Min Moder var dog en stadselig Frue;
Kom, lille Spejl, lad mig se.
De kaldte ved Dåben mig "Due",
Hun flyver helst i det fri.

De Klokker ringe til Ottesang,
Nu bliver Dyvekes Dag så lang;
Og vil jeg af Byen med Moder gå,
Dér spærre de Bjerger så isengrån.

Men ude i Haven står Urter og Blommer,
Dér drømmer mit Hjerte blandt Zwibler og Løg;
Krydret dufter den liflige Sommer,
Og Hjertet slår som en Gøg.
Det slår mod min Hånd, under Huden det
trommer,
Det varsler så langt, så langt mig et Liv.
Vær hilset, du Fugl, mellem Urter og Blommer,
vær hilset, vær hilset du kukkende Gøg!

2. Ak, hvem der havde en Hue

Ak, hvem der havde en Hue
Med Fjer og Brokade på,
Og hvem der var klædt som en Frue
Og skulle til Messe gå!
Og hvem der vel kunne age i Karm
Eller sidde til Hest med Falk over Arm;
Ak, hvem der blot ikke var Askepot,
Men ejed' et stensat Slot!

Must always fasten my hair 'neath my cap

Must always fasten my hair 'neath my cap,
dare never tie a ribbon therein;
the shop smells foul -
oh to be free like the bird!
My mother was a stately lady;
come, little mirror, and let me see.
At my christening they called me "Dove",
she would rather fly free.

The bells are ringing for matins,
now Dyveke's day will be so long;
and if I wish to leave the town with mother,
the irongrey mountains bar our path.

But out in the garden grow herbs and flowers,
there my heart dreams among onions and bulbs;
spicily fragrant the delightful summer,
and the heart throbs like a cuckoo.
It beats against my hand, and drums under the
skin,
it promises a long life for me.
Greetings, bird, among herbs and plums,
greetings, you warbling cuckoos!

Ah, who but had a cap

Ah, who but had a cap
with feathers and brocade,
and who but were dressed as a lady,
and was going to mass!
And who but could drive in a chaise
or ride a horse with a falcon on my arm;
ah, who but wasn't a Cinderella,
but owned a castle of stone!

Jeg sidder og Øjnene lukker,
Med Hænderne lagt under Knæ;
Da længes jeg efter de Dukker,
Jeg havde som lille af Træ;
Dem pyntet jeg ud efter eget Sind
Og redte dem i både Zobel og Skind;
Ak, hvem der var Barn mellem Dukker igen -
Eller Dukkerne Fruer og Mænd!

Så tog jeg den bedstes Hue
Med Fjer og Brokade på
Og redte mig ud som en Frue,
Der agter i Messe at gå.
Jeg aged til Hove i hængende Karm,
Mig fulgte den ridder med Falk over Arm.
Ak nej, jeg må græde for Ridder og Slot,
Jeg er jo kuns Askepot.

3. Hvad vil den Mand med Kæder på,

Hvad vil den Mand med Kæder på,
Med gyldne Kæder om sit Bryst?
Hvorhen jeg går, hans Øjne gå,
Men taler han, så har hans Røst
En Magt som jeg må lyde.
En Kirkens Mand, en Adelsmand;
Gud ved, om Duen var istand
Den Høgeham at bryde?

...Og han er Prinsens Kansler,
Og Prinsen kommer hid!

Hvorledes ser en Prins vel ud?
Må bære Kæder vel på Bryst
Og Lin om Hals og Sidenskrud;
Men har hans tunge sådan Røst,
Som Jomfruer må lyde?
Ak, her i Mutter Sigbrits Bod
Han sætter aldrig dog sin Fod.
Hvad kunne vi ham byde?

4. Vildt, vildt, vildt suser Blæsten

Vildt, vildt, vildt suser Blæsten,
Sommer er næsten draget af Land.

I sit, closing my eyes,
with my hands under my knees;
and I long for the wooden dolls,
I had as a child;
I dressed them up as I would,
adorned them in sable and furs;
ah, who but was a child amongst dolls again -
or the dolls were ladies and men!

Then I'd take the best one's cap
with feathers and brocade
and adorn myself as a lady
who is going to mass.
I'd go to court in a sedan chair,
followed by a knight with a falcon on his arm.
Ah no, I must weep for knight and castle,
I am but Cinderella.

What does he want, that man with the chains

What does he want, that man with the chains,
with golden chains upon his breast?
Wherever I go, his eyes follow,
but when he speaks, his voice has
a power that I must obey.
A man of the church, a nobleman;
God knows if the dove
could breach that hawk-skin?

...And he is the prince's chancellor,
and the prince is coming here!

How does a prince look like, I wonder?
He must bear chains upon his breast, I suppose,
and linen around his neck and silken robes;
but will his voice have such a might,
that maidens must obey?
Alas, here in mother Sigbrit's shop
he will never set his foot.
What would we have to offer him?

Wild, wild, wild rushes the wind

Wild, wild, wild rushes the wind,
summer has almost left the land.

Mod Bryggerne skvulper det sortnende Vand;
Jeg så ham på Bryggen, den kongelige Mand.

Hans Øje var dybt som Fjorden derude;
Jeg kunne mig sænke derned.
På Brystet det brede lå fløjelets Bude;
Jeg kunne mig hvile derved.

For Foden jeg kunne ham falde med Suk
Og smile, om Hånden min Pande strøg.
De sagde så ofte, at Duen var smuk.
Nu ved jeg først, hvem der er Høg!

Vildt, vildt, vildt suser Blæsten,
Hvem der ved Festen iaften var med!
Jeg blev vel på Tærskelen stående ræd, -
Og dansed' dog gerne afsted!

Hans Øje var dybt som Fjorden derude;
Jeg kunne mig sænke derned.

5. Næppe tør jeg tale

Næppe tør jeg tale,
Så vinker han brat;
Kongen drømmer vågen,
Men værre dog ved Nat;
Ville så gerne sige ham,
Hvad mest jeg tænker på...
Jeg tænker på svundne Dage:
Det kan han ej forstå!

Jeg drømte, jeg var en Due
Og sattes med Høg i Bur,
For Høgens funklende Øje
Jeg flygted' med Skræk mod Mur;
Så bød han mig sikkert Lejde,
Hvorhen jeg blot havde Lyst...
Så hugged han Næbbets Kårde
Igennem mit hvide Bryst.

Våge må jeg stedse
Ved Dag og ved Nat,
Vender jeg mig fra ham,
Så vågner han brat,

The blackening waters lap against the quay;
I saw him on the quay, that royal man.

His eye was as deep as the fjord out there;
I could sink myself into it.
His broad chest was a velvet pillow;
I could rest upon it.

At his feet I could fall with a sigh
and smile, should his hand caress my brow.
Often they said that the dove was fair.
Now I know, who is the hawk!

Wild, wild, wild rushes the wind,
could I but attend the ball tonight!
I'd stand on the threshold, afraid, -
and yet would so like to dance!

His eye was as deep as the fjord out there;
I could sink myself into it.

Hardly dare I speak

Hardly dare I speak,
'fore sudden he waves;
the king dreams awake,
and yet worse by night;
would so like to tell him
what I think about the most...
I think of days gone by:
he cannot understand it!

I dreamt, that I was a dove,
and caged with a hawk,
from the hawk's glittering eyes
I fled 'gainst the wall in fear;
then he offered me safe-conduct
wherever I might desire...
then he thrust his rapier beak
through my white breast.

Ever must I wake
by day and by night,
if I turn from him,
he wakens suddenly,

Fatter mig i sit Favnetag,
Som ville jeg fra ham gå...
Hans Kys er glødende Lue;
Jeg kan dem ej forstå.

clasps me in his embrace,
as if I would leave him...
his kisses are burning flame;
I cannot understand them.

6. Det stiger, det stiger, det stiger herop

It rises, it rises, it rises up here

Det stiger, det stiger, det stiger herop;
Bækken vandrer mod Fjældet.
Det er uhørt Leg; er jeg ældet? o nej,
Jeg er fældet paa Vej,
Jeg er angst for mit Liv,
Kunde dø for min Kniv;
Hvor er Kongens Dyveke henne? -
Véd ej, kan ej selv hende kende.

It rises, it rises, it rises up here,
the brook wanders towards the mountain.
It's an unheard-of game; Have I aged? Oh no,
I am struck down on the road,
I'm afraid for my life,
I could die for my knife;
where has the King's own Dyveke gone?
I know not, do not recognize her myself.

De hvisler omkring mig som Snoge,
Maa lukke mine Øjenlaage;
De trykker min Haand,
Jeg tør ej, jeg véd -
Jeg er angst, jeg er hed,
Jeg er træt af min glans, af min Leg er jeg led;
Jeg er ræddelig stedt i den bitreste Nød.

They hiss about me like grass snakes,
I must close my eyelids;
they press my hand,
I dare not, I know -
I'm afraid, I am hot,
I have tired of myself, have grown loath of my
game;^
I am cruelly placed in the bitterest need.

Jesus Maria, hvem der var død!

Jesus Mary, would I were dead!

7. Se, nu er Sommeren kommen

Se, nu er Sommeren kommen,
Kirsebærfrugten er moden;
I Havens snirklede Gange
Flytter jeg Silkefoden.

Silke har jeg mig spundet
Ud af min Ungdoms Glæde,
Silke fra Hoved til Foden -
Ved ikke, hvor jeg tør træde;

Elsker de dyre Stene,
Elsker de gyldne Spanger;
Ligner vist Gyldenlakken,
Som med sin Armod pranger.

Holdes til Huset bundet,
Vogtes mod snigende Slanger, -
Ville så gerne snakke
Lidt med de andre Fanger.

Se, nu er Sommeren kommen,
Træernes frugt er moden.
Sommeren har sine Storme,
Frugterne drysses for Foden.

Fy, hvilke stygge Tanker.
Vinden får vifte dem ud,
Vinden får slutte min Vise ...
Dèr kommer Slotsherrens Bud!

Look, now summer has come

Look, now summer has come,
the cherries are ripe;
on the meandering garden paths
I move my silken foot.

I have spun silk
out of the joy of my youth,
silk from my head to my feet -
know not where I dare tread;

love precious stones,
love golden buckles;
must look like the wallflower,
gaudy in her poverty.

Am kept bound to the house,
guarded from cunning serpents, -
would so like to speak a little
to the other prisoners.

Look, now summer has come,
the fruit on the trees is ripe.
Summer has its storms,
the fruit falls at my feet.

Shame, such ugly thoughts.
The wind must waft them away,
the wind must end my ditty ...
there comes his Lordship's messenger!

Appendix II

Haugtussa

Song Cycle by Edvard Grieg (1843 - 1907)

Translated by Lynn Steele

1. Det syng

Aa veit du den Draum, og veit du den Song,
so vil du Tonane gøyme;
og gilja det for deg so mang ein Gong,
rett aldri so kann du det gløyme.

Aa hildrande du!
Med meg skal du bu;
i Blaahaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

Du skal ikkje fæle den mjuke Nott,
daa Draumen slær ut sine Vengir
i linnare Ljos enn Dagen hev aatt
og Tonar fraa stillare Strengir.

Det voggar um [Lid]1,
det svævest av Strid,
og Dagen ei kjenner den Sæle-Tid.

Du skal ikkje ræddast den Elskhug vill,
som syndar og græt og gløymer;
hans Famn er heit og hans Hug er mild,
og Bjørnen arge han tøymer.

Aa hildrande du!
Med meg skal du bu;
i Blaahaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

2. Veslemøy

Ho er mager og myrk og mjaa
Med brune og reine Drag
Og Augo djupe og graa'
Og stilslegt, drøymande Lag.
Det er som det halvt um halvt
Laag ein Svevn yver heile ho;
I Rørsle, Tale og alt
Ho hev denne døyvde Ro.

Under Panna fager, men laag

It sings

Oh, if you know the dream, and if you know the song,
you will always retain the notes.
and though time and again you may go astray,
you will never be able to forget.

Oh you enchantress!
you shall live with me,
on Blue Mountain you shall turn your silver spinning
wheel.

You shall not fear the gentle night
when the dream spreads out its wings
to softer strains than daylight can offer,
and music from more delicate strings.
The hill rocks us gently;
all strife fades away,
and daylight does not know these hours of bliss.

You shall not tremble at fiery passion,
that sins and weeps and forgets.
His arms are hungry, his heart is meek,
and he can tame wild bears.
Oh you enchantress!
you shall live with me,
on Blue Mountain you shall turn your silver spinning
wheel.

The little maid

She is small and dark and slender
with dusky, pure features
and deep gray eyes
and a soft and dreamy manner.
It is almost as though
a spell lay over her.
In her movements, in her speech
there is this muted calm.

Beneath her forehead, lovely but low,

Lyser Augo som bak ein Eim;
Det er som dei stirande saag
Langt inn i ein annan Heim.

Berre Barmen gjeng sprengd og tung,
Og det bivrar um Munnen bleik.
Ho er skjelvande sped og veik,
Midt i det ho er ven og ung.

3. Blåbær-Li

Nei sjaa, kor det blaaner her!
No maa me roe oss, Kyra!
Aa nei, slike fine Bær,
og dei, som det berre kryr a'!
Nei Maken [hev eg]1 kje sét!
Sùmmt godt her er daa til Fjells.
No vil eg eta meg mett;
her vil eg vera til Kvelds!

Men kom no den [Bjørnen]2 stor!
- Her fekk bli Rom aat oss baae.
Eg torde kje seia eit Ord
til slik ein [rysjeleg]3 Vaae.
Eg sa berre: "ver so god!
No maa du kje vera bljug!
Eg læt deg so vel i Ro;
tak for deg etter din Hug."

Men var det den Reven [raud]4,
so skuld' han faa smaka Staven;
eg skulde banke han [daud]5,
um so han var Bror til Paven.
Slikt skarve, harmelegt Sleng!
Han stèl baade Kje og Lam.
Men endaa so fin han gjeng
[og]6 hev korkje Agg hell Skam.

Men var det den stygge Skrubb,
so arg og so hol som Futen, --
eg tok meg ein Bjørkekubb
og gav han ein god paa Snuten.
Han reiv sund Sauir og [Lomb]7
for Mor mi so traadt og tidt;
ja sant! um han berre kom,
[so]6 skuld' han so visst faa sitt.

Men var det den snilde Gut

her eyes shine as if through a mist.
They seem to be staring
deep into another world.

Only her breast is tight and heavy,
and there is a quiver about her pale mouth.
She is tremblingly frail and delicate,
and at the same time, charming and young.

Blueberry Hill

Just look how blue it is here!
Now, my cows, we can rest.
Oh, what splendid berries
the hillside's fairly teaming with them!
Never have I seen the like!
How good it is on the mountain.
Now I shall eat my fill;
I shall stay here till evening!

But what if the great bear should come!
There's room here for both of us.
I'd never dare say a word
to such a splendid fellow.
I'd say only: "Help yourself!
Now you mustn't be shy.
I won't bother you a bit;
take as much as you like."

But if it were the red fox,
he'd get a taste of my stick;
I would strike him dead
even if he were the Pope's brother.
Such a sly, scheming rascal!
He steals both cows and lambs,
And even though he is so handsome,
he has neither pride nor shame.

But if it were the wicked wolf,
as mean and mad as the bailiff,
I'd take myself a birch club
and fetch him one on the snout.
He's forever slaughtering
Mother's sheep and lambs;
Oh yes, just let him show his face,
he'll get what's coming to him!

But if it were the nice boy

der burte fraa Skare-Brôte,
han fekk vel ein paa sin Trut, --
men helst paa ein annan Maate.
Aa Tøv, kva tenkjer eg paa!
Det lid nok paa Dagen alt..
Eg maa til Buskapen sjaa; --
ho "Dokka" drøymmer um Salt.

4. Møte

Ho sit ein Sundag lengtande i [Lid]1;
det strøymmer paa med desse søte Tankar;
og Hjarta fullt og tungt i Barmen bankar,
og Draumen vaknar, bivrande og blid.
Daa gjeng det som ei Hildring yvi Nuten;
ho raudnar heit; -- der kjem den vene Guten.

Burt vil ho gøyme seg i Ørska braa,
men stoggar tryllt og Augo mot han vender;
dei tek einannan i dei varme Hender
og stend so der og veit seg inkje Raad.
Daa bryt ho ut i dette Undringsord:
«men snilde deg daa... at du er so stor!»

Og som det lid ti svale Kveldings Stund,
alt meir og meir i Lengt dei saman søkjer;
og braadt um Hals den unge Arm seg krøkjer,
og øre skjelv dei saman Munn mot Munn.
Alt svimrar burt. Og der i Kvelden varm
i heite Sæle søv ho i hans Arm.

5. Elsk

Den galne Guten min Hug hev daara;
eg fanga sit som ein Fugl i Snøra;
den galne Guten, han gjeng so baus;
han veit at Fuglen vil aldri laus.

Aa gjev du batt meg med Bast og Bende;
aa gjev du batt meg so Bandi brende!
Aa gjev du drog meg so fast til deg,
at heile Verdi kom burt for meg!

[Ja kunde rett eg mi Runelekse]1,
eg vilde inn i den Guten vekse;
eg vilde vekse meg i deg inn,
og vera berre [hjaa]2 Guten min.

from over in Skare-Brôte,
He too would get something on the mouth,
but, I hope, something quite different.
Oh, rubbish, what am I thinking of!
The day is getting on..
I'd better see to the herd;
there's "Dolly" dreaming of salt.

Meeting

One Sunday she sits pensive on the hillside,
while sweet thoughts flow over her,
and her heart beats full and heavy in her breast,
and a shy dream awakens within her.
Suddenly, enchantment steals along the hilltop.
She blushes red; there he comes, the boy she loves.

She wants to hide in her confusion,
but timidly she raises her eyes to him;
their warm hands reach out for one another,
and they stand there, neither knowing what to say.
Then she bursts out in admiration:
"My, how tall you are!"

And as the day moves softly into evening,
they turn to each other full of longing,
their young arms wind around each other's necks,
and trembling mouth meets mouth.
Everything shimmers away, and in the warm evening
She falls blissfully asleep in his arms.

Love

The crazy boy has bewitched my mind.
I am caught like a bird in a net.
The crazy boy, he struts so confidently.
He knows the bird won't try to escape.

Oh, if only you would beat me with rushes,
beat me till they burned to ashes!
If only you would draw me so tightly to yourself
that the whole world vanished for me!

If I could work magic, do witchcraft,
I would like to grow inside that boy,
I would like to grow inside you,
and be only with my own boy.

*

Aa du som bur meg i Hjarta inne,
du Magti fekk [yvi]3 alt mitt Minne;
kvart vesle Hùgsvìv som framum dreg,
det berre kviskrar um deg, um deg.

Um Soli lyser paa Himlen blanke,
no ser ho deg, det er all min Tanke;
um Dagen dovnar og Skùming fell:
skal tru han tenkjer paa meg i Kveld?

6. Killingsdans

Aa hipp og hoppe
og tipp og toppe
paa denne Dag;
aa nipp og nappe
og tripp og trappe
i slikt eit Lag.
Og det er Kjæl-i-Sol,
og det er Spel-i-Sol,
og det er Titr-i-[Lid]1,
og det er Glitr-i-[Lid]1,
og det er Kjæte
og Lurvelæte
ein Solskindag.

Aa nupp i Nakken,
og stup i Bakken
og tipp paa Taa;
aa rekk i Ringen
og svipp i Svingen
og hopp-i-haa.
Og det er Steik-i-Sol,
og det er Leik-i-Sol,
og det er Glim-i-[Lid]1,
og det er Stim-i-[Lid]1,
og det er Kvitter
og Bekkje-Glitter
og lognt i Kraa.

Aa trapp og tralle,
og Puff i Skalle,
den skal du ha!
Og snipp og snute,
og Kyss paa Trute,
den kan du ta.
Og det er Rull-i-Ring,

*

Oh, you who live deep in my heart,
you have taken hold of my thoughts,
so that every fluttering fancy
whispers only of you, of you.

When the sun shines from the brilliant sky,
she sees you, who are in my every thought.
When the day sinks and darkness falls:
Will he really think of me tonight?

Little goats' dance

Oh hip and hop,
and tip, and top,
on such a day.
Oh nip and nap,
and trip and trap,
in just this way.
And it's stay-in-the-sun,
and it's play-in-the-sun,
and it's shimmer-on-the-hill,
and it's glimmer-on-the-hill,
and it's laughter
and commotion
on a sunny day.

Oh a nip on the neck,
and a dip to the slope,
and all on tiptoe.
Oh run in a ring,
and trip and swing,
and heigh-ho.
And it's lick-in-the-sun,
and it's lie-in-the-sun,
and it's joy-on-the-hill,
and it's noise-on-the-hill,
and it's twittering
and glittering
and a quiet corner.

Oh trip and trap,
and a tap on the noggin
is what you'll get!
Oh snip and snap,
and a kiss on the nose,
this you can take.
And it's roll-in-a-ring,

og det er Sull-i-Sving,
og det er Lett-paa-Taa,
og det er Sprett-paa-Taa,
og det er hei-san
og det er hopp-san
og tra-la-la.

and it's song-in-a-swing,
and it's up-on-your-toes,
and it's speed-on-your-toes,
and it's heisa,
and it's hoppsa,
and tra-la-la.

7. Vond Dag

Ho reknar Dag og Stund og seine Kveld
til Sundag kjem; han hev so trufast lova,
at um det regnde Smaastein [yvi]1 Fjell,
so skal dei finnast der i "Gjætarstova".
Men Sundag kjem og gjeng med Regn og Rusk;
ho eismal sit og græt attunder Busk.

Evil Day

She counts the days and hours and endless evenings
till Sunday comes; he has promised so faithfully
that even if hailstones fall on the mountaintop
they will meet in the "Gjætarstova."
But Sunday comes and goes in rain and mist;
she sits all alone, weeping, under the bushes.

Som Fuglen, saarad under varme Veng
so [Blodet]2 tippa lik den heite [Taara]3,
ho dreg seg sjuk og skjelvande i Seng,
og vrid seg Natti lang i Graaten saare.
Det slit i Hjarta og det brenn paa Kinn.
No maa ho døy; ho miste Guten sin.

As a bird, wounded beneath its wing,
drips blood, so her hot tears fall.
She drags herself sick and shivering home to bed,
and tosses and sobs all night long.
Her heart is broken and her cheeks are burning.
Now she must die; she has lost her lover.

8. Ved Gjætle-Bekken

Du surlande Bekk,
du kurlande Bekk,
her ligg du og kosar deg varm og klar.
Og [speglar]1 deg rein
og glid [yvi]2 Stein,
og sullar so godt
og mullar so smaatt
og glitrar i Soli med mjuke Baar'.
- Aa, her vil eg [kvile, kvile]3.

By Gjætle Brook

You swirling brook,
you rippling brook,
you flow along so warm and clear.
And splash yourself clean,
and glide over stones,
and sing and whisper
so softly to yourself,
and glitter in the sunlight with your soft waves
Oh, here I shall rest, rest.

Du tiklande Bekk,
du siklande Bekk,
her gjeng du so glad i den ljose Li.
Med Klunk og med Klukk,
med Song og med Sukk,
med Sus og med Dus
gjennom lauvbygt Hus,
med underlegt Svall og med Svæving blid.
- Aa, her vil eg drøyma, drøyma.

You tickling brook,
you trickling brook,
you run so gaily along the bright slope.
With splashing and gurgling,
with singing and sighing,
with rustling and murmuring
through your leafy house,
with a wonderful surge and a restful sleep
Oh, here I shall dream, dream.

Du hullande Bekk,
du sullande Bekk,

You whispering brook,
you humming brook,

her fekk du Seng under Mosen mjuk.
Her drøymmer du kurt
og gløymer deg burt
og kviskrar og kved
i den store Fred
med Svaling for Hugsott og Lengting sjuk.
- Aa, her vil eg minnast, minnast.

Du vildrande Bekk,
du sildrande Bekk,
kva tenkte du alt paa din lange Veg?
Gjennom aude Rom?
millom Busk og Blom?
Naar i Jord du smatt,
naar du fann deg att?
Tru nokon du saag so eismal som eg?
- Aa, her vil eg gløyma, gløyma.

Du tislande Bekk,
du rislande Bekk,
du leikar i Lund, du sullar i Ro.
Og smiler mot Sol
og lær i dit Skjol,
og vandrar so langt
og lærer so mangt,
aa syng kje um det, som eg tenkjer no.
- Aa, lat meg faa blunda, blunda!

you make your bed beneath the soft moss.
Here you dream
and lose yourself,
and whisper and sing
in the great stillness,
with healing for heartache and sick longing
Oh, here I shall remember, remember.

You wandering brook,
you foaming brook,
what did you think about on your long journey?
Through empty spaces,
among bushes and flowers?
When you slipped into the earth,
when you found your way out?
Did you ever see anyone so much alone as I am?
Oh, here I shall forget, forget.

You hissing brook,
you rippling brook,
you play in the branches, you sing in the stillness.
And smile at the sun,
and laugh in your solitude,
and wander so far
and learn so much,
oh, do not sing of what I am thinking now.
Oh, let me close my eyes!