



LAWO
CLASSICS

Jean
Sibelius
Orchestral Songs

Marianne Beate Kleveland – mezzo-soprano
Norwegian Radio Orchestra
Petr Popelka – conductor

I was only eighteen the first time I held the score of a song by Jean Sibelius in my hands, his much-loved *Svarta rosor*. Of course I was far too young to be able to shape this dramatic, intense and all-embracing song in a proper manner, but I was immediately captivated by its tonal language and the profound depth of the text. I sensed that here was a treasure trove of songs in which I could identify with the composer's symbiosis of text and music. And it turned out to be correct. Every time I came across a new Sibelius song, it made a deep impression, both the music and the text, and soon a number of them were a part of my repertoire. *Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte*, *Illalle*, *Den första kyssten* and *Se'n har jag ej frågat mera*, together with *Svarta rosor*, became some of my favourite songs, and with the passing years I increasingly felt that they were right for my voice. I often included them in concert programmes, and singing them was always a gratifying experience.

As my career has progressed, I have had the chance to make numerous recordings featuring a variety of repertoires, and I have always felt the desire to record the songs of Sibelius. A wonderful opportunity presented itself when the Norwegian Radio Orchestra with Chief Conductor Petr Popelka expressed its willingness to be part of such a recording. Virtually all Sibelius songs are written for voice and piano, but many of them seem as though made for orchestral sounds and instrumental subtlety. Therefore a number of his finest songs have fortunately been orchestrated, and it is these editions we have used for this recording. A few of the orchestrations were done by Sibelius himself, one by his contemporary, Simon Parmet (né Pergament), while several were orchestrated by his own son-in-law, conductor Jussi Jalas.

The songs of Sibelius are at the centre of his list of compositions. His first published work was the song *Serenade* from 1888. Here he already used a poem of Johan Ludvig Runeberg, a poet who was to become the most important contributor to the 109 songs Sibelius composed. They are largely collected in eight opus numbers, without necessarily having any common threads or general themes. Sibelius studied in Vienna towards the end of the 1890s, and even though he is regarded as a forward-looking symphony composer, his songs carry on the tradition of the past and the German masters. We hear echoes of Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner in this music.

This album presents orchestrated songs of Sibelius from four opus numbers: 17, 36, 37 and 38.

Although Sibelius wrote most of his songs to Swedish texts, in opus 17 we find two Finnish poems — *Illalle* and *Lastu lainehilla*. The opus was composed between 1891 and 1904. The songs in this opus have a lighter quality, especially *En slända*, distinguished by its longer a capella vocalise sections and vibrating tones, but also the songs *Fågellek* and *Sov in!*. The one that particularly stands out in opus 17 is *Se'n har jag ej frågat mera*. With its serious text, sad melody and high climax, it is in form and content quite typical for the later songs of Sibelius.

Opus 36 and 37 contain the most popular audience favourites from the composer's output. Opus 36 was written towards the end of the 1890s, while opus 37 was composed in 1904. Here we have many splendid depictions of nature (*Marssnön*, *Demanten på marssnön* and *Soluppgång*), but also ardent love songs with betrayal and the pain of



love as themes (*Svarta rosor*, *Säv, säv, susa*, *Var det en dröm?* and *Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte*).

Opus 38 was composed in 1903. These songs were also written originally for voice and piano, but Sibelius made his own orchestral versions. In form and melody they are well-suited to the orchestral format, and, in particular, the sweeping and dramatic *Höstkväll*. Here the singer has a superb opportunity to showcase her voice in almost Wagnerian style. *På verandan vid havet* is also filled with dramatic musical intensity, while *I natten* is more subdued, mystical and dreamlike.

From the very beginning, the songs of Sibelius were embraced by performers, audience and critics, and they are the favourite of many. The Scandinavian language can be challenging for

some, since most of the songs are in Swedish. Here I received magnificent help in polishing my pronunciation from Professor Barbro Marklund, whom I thank most sincerely!

– Marianne Beate Kielland
(Translated by Jim Skurdall)

Höstkväll, op. 38, nr. 1

Text: Viktor Rydberg (1828–1895)
Translation: Rosa Newmarch

Solen går ned, och molnen vandra
med vefullt sinne
hän över skummande sjö, över
susande skogars skymning.
Måsen skriar på ödsligt skår,
falken dväljes i klyftans skygd:
trött att jaga han gömt sin näbb i
vingens av skurar tyngda dun.

Solen gick ned, det mörknar allt mer
över moens furor,
mörknar om bergen, där ränniln suckar i
ljung ock mossor.
Tvinsjukt dröjer ett gulblekt sken
över västliga kullars rand,
dagens hviskande avsked tonar
sorgset i tätande skuggor bort.

Regnets fall på hällarna sorlar
av vemodssägner
födda av molnens jordkringsvävande
skumma tankar;
sjöns emot stranden brutna våg
brusar av dunkla ödens gång;
röster, skälvande hemska av smärta,
ropa i stormen ur skogens djup.

Ensamt ute i öde nejd, mot fuktig klippa
lutad, står förtrollad en vandrare,
lyss och njuter.
Känner hans själ en samklang med
sången, som höjes av stjärnlös natt?
Dör hans ve som en sakta ton i
höstens väldiga sorgedikt?

Gloaming draws on, and mournful clouds
in the West are sailing
Low over the wind-swept lake,
While the shivering Woods grow dusky.
Seabirds call over the barren marsh;
On the crag sits the falcon free,
Tired of chasing he tucks his beak
Beneath his warm and downy wing.

Gloaming has come: more sombre and
grey grow the distant pinewoods,
Darker the mountains, the night wind
wails over the moss grown moorland.
Soon will dwindle you ashen light over the
vanishing western hills.
Daylight whispers of farewells,
Grieving to perish and mingle with shades
of night.

Softly falls the silvery rain,
Sorrowful rings its burden
Borne from the far-off gloomy realms of
the misty cloudland;
Wildly the billows lash the strand,
Telling of direful destinies;
Voices, trembling with fear and anguish,
answer the waves from the forest depths.

All alone in the solitude,
Amid the rocks and spindrift,
silent standeth a wanderer, rapt
Exultant!
Say, is his soul at one with the song of
the wind and the starless night?
Does his grief seem a cry that's lost,
amid the stormladen autumn dirge?

På verandan vid havet, op. 38, nr. 2

Text: Viktor Rydberg (1828–1895)
Translation: © David McCleery, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive

Minns du de skimrande böljornas suck,
att vid målet de hunnit
endast en jordisk kust, icke det
evigas strand?
Minns du ett vemodsknen från himlens
ovanskliga stjärnor?
Ack, åt förgängelsens lott skatta de även till slut.
Minns du en tystnad, då allt var som sänkt
i oändlighetsträngtan,
stränder och himmel och hav, allt som
i aning om Gud?

I natten, op. 38, nr. 3

Text: Viktor Rydberg (1828–1895)
Translation: Marianne Beate Kielland

Tyst är lunden och sjön, som kysst
strandens somnade ros, är tyst.
Aftonskimret, som mildt besken
tempelkullen, har bleknat ren
stilla, drömmande stilla.

Tysta stjärnor ur havet gå,
stilla palmernas kronor stå,
sen därunder i myrteneskog,
vinden suckade nyss och dog
stilla, drömmande, stilla.

Trött najad har på mossig bädd,
sjunkit ned vid sin urnas brädd,
sövd av sorlande källans sus:
barmen häves i månens ljus
stilla, drömmande, stilla.

Medan hon ser i ljuvlig dröm
stelnad, kristallren, tidens ström
och all världen från ve och harm
sömnad in på Allfaders arm.
stilla, drömmande, stilla.

Do you remember the sigh of the shimmering
waves, how they came to an end
At a terrestrial coast, and not at
the beach of eternity?
Do you remember the melancholic light shining
from heaven's immortal stars?
Alas, their final destiny was to burn out and die.
Do you remember a silence, where everything
sank into infinite yearning,
Sand, sea and sky, and everything
created by God?

Quiet is the grove and quiet is the sea,
who just kissed a dormant rose on the beach.
The afterglow, that gently lit the
temple hill, has already faded;
silent as a dream.

Silent stars rise from the sea,
the palm crowns standing in silence,
after falling in the myrtle forest,
the wind just sighed and died,
silent as a dream.

A tired Naiad on his mossy bed,
sank to rest beside his urn
anesthetised by the sound of a murmuring source:
his chest rises in the moonlight
silent as a dream.

While he sees in a beautiful dream
the stream of time, crystallised,
and the whole world, free from all pain
dormant in the arms of the Almighty Father
silent as a dream.

Se'n har jag ej frågat mera, op. 17, nr. 1

Text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)
Translation: © Laura Prichard, reprinted with permission from the LiederNet Archive

Hvarför är så flyktig våren,
Hvarför dröjer sommarn icke?
Så jag tänkte fordom ofta,
Frågte, utan svar, av mången.

Se'n den älskade mig svikit,
Se'n till köld hans värme blivit,
All hans sommar blivit vinter,
Se'n har jag ej frågat mera,
Känt blott djupt uti mitt sinne,
Att det sköna är förgängligt,
Att det ljuva icke dröjer.

Why is spring so transitory,
Why does summer not linger?
So I have often wondered,
Asked, without answer, of many.

Since the one who loved me betrayed me,
Since to cold, his warmth became,
All his summer turned into winter,
Since then I haven't asked anymore about that,
And felt, deep in my heart,
That the beautiful is transitory,
That the lovely does not last.

Sov in!, op. 17, nr. 2

Text: Karl August Tavaststjerna (1860–1898)
Translation: Marianne Beate Kielland

Min bleka sjukling skall luta
i tankar mot kudden sin kind,
och ögonen skall hon sluta
och låta sinnena njuta
av kärlekens sommarvind.
Min bleka sjukling, sov in!

Sov in i de ljuva och ömma,
bekymrade tankar som strömma
kring sjuklingen min!
Hvar plåga skall så du glömma
för vårliga dofter, som tömma
sin hälsa i lugnad sinn',

Sov roligt på kudden din,
så skall du ånyo drömma
om alt hvad en kärlek kan gömma,
— min bleka sjukling, sov in!

The little patient now must rest his cheek
full of thoughts on the pillow
and his eyes must be closed
the senses shall enjoy
the summer breeze of love.
My little patient, just sleep!

Fall asleep to the light, gentle and
caring thoughts that flow
around my little patient!
You must now forget all the pain,
for scents of spring now pour into
your calmed mind.

Sleep comfortably on your pillow,
so you can dream again
of all that can be hidden in love,
— my little patient, just sleep!

Fågellek, op. 17, nr. 3

Text: Karl August Tavaststjerna (1860–1898)
Translation: Marianne Beate Kielland

Daggen har duggat,
skymningen skuggat
skogarnas björkar och strändernas håll.
Djupt ur min lunga
skyndar jag sjunga
salltrastens lockton i lyssnande kväll.

Kanske ur snåren
bäras med kåren
srånande tonfall min trängtan till tröst,
kanske jag kände
hennes, som tände
lågande längtan i sångarens bröst!

Kanske hon finge
kärlekens vinge,
flög i min famn över sjöar och mo;
kanske vi kunde
hinna den sjunde
himlen tillsammans i aftonens ro!

The dew has evaporated,
twilight has shrouded
forest birches and beach cliffs.
Deep down from my lungs
I hasten to sing
luring songs of the thrush into the listening evening.

Maybe from the bush
carried with the wind
are longing sounds to comfort my yearning,
maybe I would recognize her
who set fire to
a burning longing in the singer's chest!

Maybe she could fly
with the wings of love
into my arms over lakes and meadows;
maybe we together could
reach the seventh heaven
in the tranquil evening.

En slända, op. 17, nr. 5

Text: Oscar Levantin (1862–1906)
Translation: Anon.

Du vackra slända, som till mig flög in,
när tyngst min längtan över boken drömde,
du kom med hela sommarn till mitt sinn.
Du kom och jag allt gammalt svärmod glömde.
Blott dig jag såg, min dag jag lycklig dömde,
du vackra slända.

Men bäst jag jublade, att du var min
och livets skänk i sång på knä berömde,
du flög den samma väg som du kom in,
du trolska slända.

All avskedsgråt i välgångsord förrinn!
Ej beska fauns i bågarn, som vi tömde.
Att du var sol, jag skugga blott vi glömde.
Flyg ljus, flyg blå, än sommarlycka finn,
välsignade, som en gång varit min,
min vackra slända.

You, beautiful dragonfly that flew in to me
when my longing was deepest, reading my book,
you came to my soul with all of summer.
You came and I forgot all my old sorrow.
Just from seeing you, I judged my day as happy,
o beautiful dragonfly.

But when I was most jubilant that you were mine
and praised life's gift on my knees,
you flew out the same way you had come in,
o bewitching dragonfly.

Tears of parting ran into words of farewell,
no bitterness was in the cup we drank clean.
We forgot you were sun and I was only shadow.
Fly light one, blue one, may summer's joys you find,
you blessed one, who once were mine,
my beautiful dragonfly.

Illalle, op. 17, nr. 6

Text: Aukusti Valdemar Koskimies (1856–1929)
Translation: Maria Pelikan

Oi, terve! tumma, vieno tähti-ilta,
Sun haaveellista hartauttas lemmin
Ja suortuvaisi yötä sorjaa hemmin,
Mi hulmuaapi kulmais kuulamilta.

Kun oisit, ilta, oi, se tenhosilta,
Mi sielun multa siirtäis lentoisammin
Pois aatteen maille itse kun ma emmin,
Ja siip' ei kanna aineen kahlelilta!

Ja itse oisin miekkoinen se päivä,
Mi uupuneena saisin luokses liittää,
Kun taonnut on työ ja puuha räivä,

Kun mustasiipi yö jo silmään siittää
Ja laaksot, vuoret verhoon harmaa häivä –
Oi, ilta armas, silloin luokses kiittää!

Come, gentle evening, come in starlit splendor,
Your fragrant hair so soft and darkly gleaming!
Oh, let me feel it round my forehead streaming!
Let me be wrapped in silence, warm and tender!

Across your bridge of magic, smooth and slender,
My soul would travel towards a land of dreaming,
No longer burdened, sad, or heavy seeming,
Then cares of life I'd willingly surrender!

The light itself whose bonds you daily sever,
Would flee, exhausted, seeking out those places
Where your soft hand all toil and strain erases.

And, weary of life's clamor and endeavor,
I, too, have greatly yearned for your embraces.
Oh, quiet evening, let me rest forever!

Lastu lainehilla, op. 17, nr. 7

Text: Ilmari Kianto (1874–1970)
Translation: Maria Pelikan

Mistä lastu lainehilla?
Pilske pieni aalon päällä?
Yksiksensä illan suussa?
Virran vettä vaeltamassa?

Tuolta lastu lainehilla,
Pilske pieni aallon päällä:
Pohjan lasten laiturilta,
Sinitunturin tuvilta.

Siellä kulta hongan kaasi,
Veisti, veisti sulho venhon:
Kohta vierii virran vettä,
Neittä nuorta noutamaan!

Wandering wood, where do you come from?
Secret signal on the water?
Briskly bobbing little sliver:
What may be the message you bring me?

Wandering far upon the water,
Wooden sliver, secret signal:
Came from distant northern regions
Where the moss-covered cabins are.

Where my sweetheart felled the fir tree,
Built a boat to bring his bride home;
Soon it wanders on the water,
Soon this maiden meets her mate!

Svarta rosor, op. 36, nr. 1

Text: Ernst Josephson (1851–1906)
Translation: © Anna Hersey, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive

Säg, varför är du så ledsen i dag,
du, som alltid är så lustig och glad?
Och inte är jag mera ledsen i dag
än när jag tyckes dig lustig och glad;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

I mitt hjärta där växer ett rosendeträd,
som aldrig nånsin vill lämna mig fred,
och på stjälkarna sitter det tagg vid tagg,
och det vållar mig ständigt sveda och agg;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Men av rosor blir det en hel klenod,
än vita som döden, än röda som blod.
Det växer och växer. Jag tror jag förgår,
i hjärträdets rötter det rycker och slår;
ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.

Tell me, why are you so sad today,
You, who are always so cheerful and happy?
And I am no more sad today
As when I appear to you cheerful and happy;
For grief has roses black as night.

In my heart a rose tree grows
That will never leave me in peace.
And on its branches sit thorn upon thorn,
And it causes me constant pain and bitterness;
For grief has roses black as night.

But from roses come a whole treasure,
White as death, red as blood.
It grows and grows. I believe I will perish,
My heart-tree's roots wrench and beat;
For grief has roses black as night.

Men min fågel märks dock icke, op. 36, nr. 2

Text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)
Translation: © Laura Prichard, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive

Svanen speglas ren i sundet,
knipans vita vingar vana,
lärkan höres högt i höjden,
spovens rop kring kärret rullar,
våren samlar sina skaror,
får sin fågelflock tillbaka,
väntar dem med sol och värme,
lockar dem med långa dagar.

Och jag, arma flicka, fiker,
söker skingra saknans mörker,
värda värmen i mitt sinne,
vill som våren vänlig vara,
synas ljus som sommardagen.
Och jag gläds, fast sorgen gnager,
ler, fast tåren trängs i ögat,
men min fågel märks dock icke.

The swan is reflected cleanly in the sound,
The goldeneye's white wings whiz by,
The lark is heard loudly from high above,
The godwit's shout rolls over the waves,
Spring marshals its troops,
Herds its bird-flock back together,
Waiting for them with sunshine and warmth
Attracting them with longer days.

And I, a poor girl, envy them,
Seek to dispel the shadow of absence,
Nuture the warmth in my mind,
Seek to be as welcoming as spring,
As bright as a summer's day.
And I'm happy, although my longing gnaws at me,
I laugh, but with a tear in my eye,
For my bird hasn't returned yet.

Säv, säv, susa, op. 36, nr. 4

Text: Gustaf Fröding (1860–1911)
Translation: © David McCleery, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive

Säv, säv, susa,
våg, våg, slå,
i sägen mig hvar Ingalill
den unga mände gå?

Hon skrek som en vingskjuten and,
när hon sjönk i sjön,
det var när sista vår stod grön.

De voro henne gramse vid Östanålid,
det tog hon sig så illa vid.

De voro henne gramse för gods och gull
och för hennes unga kärleks skull.

De stucko en ögonsten med tagg,
de kastade smuts i en liljas dagg.

Så sjungen, sjungen sorgsång,
i sorgsna vågor små,
säv, säv, susa,
våg, våg, slå!

Marssnön, op. 36, nr. 5

Text: Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)
Translation: Marianne Beate Kielland

Den svala snön därute faller
och täcker marken mer och mer,
de lägga sig de hvita stjärnor
i varv på varv längs jorden ner.

Håll slutet än, o vår! ditt öga,
sov gott i blid och vänlig snö –
dess mäktigare skall du blomma,
dess rikare skall sen du dö.

Reed, reed, rustle
Wave, wave, crash.
Can you tell me where
Young Ingalill might have gone?

She screamed like a duck with a broken wing,
as she sank into the sea;
That was the last spring, when all was green.

They turned against her at Östanålid
She took that to heart so badly.

They begrudged her wealth and her gold
And her young heart full of love.

They stuck thorns in the object of her desire
And threw dirt at the lily dew.

So sing, o sing this song of sorrow
O small waves of sadness
Reed, reed, rustle
Wave, wave, crash!

The cool snow outside falls
and increasingly covers the ground,
the white snow stars descend
in layers on the ground.

Keep your eyes closed, O Spring,
sleep well under gentle and friendly snow –
even more you then shall flourish,
even richer in time you will die.

Demanten på marssnön, op. 36, nr. 6

Text: Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)
Translation: © Anna Hersey, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive

På drivans snö där glimmer
en diamant så klar.
Ej fanns en tår, en pärla,
som högre skimrat har.

Utav en hemlig längtan
hon blinker himmelskt så:
hon blickar emot solen,
där skön den ses uppgå.

Vid foten av dess stråle
tillbedjande hon står
och kysser den i kärlek
och smälter i en tår.

O, sköna lott att älska
det högsta livet ter,
att stråla i dess solblick
och dö, när skönst den ler!

Den första kyssen, op. 37, nr. 1

Text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)
Translation: © David McCleery, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive

På silvermolnets kant satt aftonstjärnan,
från lundens skymning frågte henne tärnan:
”Säg, aftonstjärna, vad i himlen tänkes,
när första kyssen åt en älskling skänkes?”
Och himlens blyga dotter hördes svara:
”På jorden blickar ljusets änglaskara,
och ser sin egen sällhet speglad åter;
blott döden vänder ögat bort – och gråter.”

On the driven snow there glimmers
a diamond so bright.
Never was there a tear, a pearl,
that shimmered as bright.

Out of a secret longing
she shines towards heaven:
she gazes at the sun,
where it rises in beauty.

At the foot of these rays
she stands adoring,
and kisses it with love
and melts into a teardrop.

Oh beautiful fate, to love
the highest that life has to offer,
to sparkle in this glimpse of the sun
and die, when it smiles so beautifully.

As the evening star sat on the edge of the silver-lined cloud
The maiden asked her from the twilit grove:
“Tell me, evening star, what do they think in heaven
When a lover receives her first kiss?”
And heaven's bashful daughter replied:
“The angels look to earth
And see the reflection of their bliss.
Only death turns away, and weeps.”

Soluppgång, op. 37, nr. 3

Text: Tor Hedberg (1862–1931)
Translation: © David McCleery, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive

Under himlens purpurbrand
Ligga tysta sjö och land,
Det är gryningsstunden.
Snöig gren och frostvit kvist
Tecka sig så segervisst
Mot den röda grunden.

Riddarn står vid fönsterkarm,
Lyssnar efter stridens larm,
Trampar golvets tilja.
Men en smal och snövit hand
Kyler milt hans pannas brand,
Böjer mjukt hans vilja.

Riddarn sätter horn till mun,
Blåser vilt i gryningsstund,
Över nejd som tiger.
Tonen klingar, klar och spröd,
Branden slocknar, gyllenröd,
Solen sakta stiger.

Var det en dröm?, op. 37, nr. 4

Text: Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)
Translation: © David McCleery, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive

Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
då strängen darrar än.

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,
en blick så blyg och öm;
jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt.
Var allt, var allt en dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort
uti en vågrön ängd,
vars fågring hastigt vissnar bort
för nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst
vid bittra tårars ström:
göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
det var din bästa dröm!

Beneath heaven's purple fire
Silently lie lake and land;
It is the time of dawn.
Snow-covered branch and frost-white twig
Stand out prominently
From the red backdrop.

The knight stands by the window
listening for the sound of battle,
pacing the floor.
But a small, snow-white hand
gently cools his hot brow,
changing his resolve.

The knight puts his horn to his mouth,
and blows fiercely at the dawn,
over the silent land.
The note rings clear and fragile;
The fire slowly dies, golden red,
As the sun slowly rises.

Was it a dream, that once upon a blissful time
I was your heart's friend?
I remember it like a silent song
Whose melody still lingers on.

I remember you gave me a rose
With a look so shy and tender,
I remember the glistening of a parting tear.
Was it all just a dream?

A dream like a wildflower's life,
So brief in the verdant meadow,
Whose beauty quickly withers away
Within an ocean of new flowers

But on many a night I hear a voice
Through a stream of bitter tears.
Hide this memory deep in your heart
For this was your best dream.

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte, op. 37, nr. 5

Text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)
Translation: © Anna Hersey, reprinted
with permission from the LiederNet Archive

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda händer. – Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat rosor
och på törnen stungit mina händer."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda läppar. – Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har ätit hallon
och med saften målat mina läppar."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med bleka kinder. – Modern sade:
"Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Red en grav, o moder!
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,
och på korset rista, som jag säger:

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,
ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro."

The girl returned from meeting her lover,
returned with red hands. Her mother said:
"What has made your hands red, girl?"
The girl said: "I was picking roses
and pricked my hands on the thorns."

Again she returned from meeting her lover,
returned with red lips. Her mother said:
"What reddened your lips, girl?"
The girl said: "I was eating raspberries
and with the juice I stained my lips."

Again she returned from meeting her lover,
came with pale cheeks. Her mother said:
"What has made your cheeks so pale, girl?"
The girl said: "Oh mother, dig a grave for me,
Hide me there and set a cross above,
And on the cross write as I tell you:

Once she came home with red hands,
they had turned red between her lover's hands.
Once she came home with red lips,
they had turned red beneath her lover's lips.
Finally she came home with pale cheeks,
they had turned pale at her lover's betrayal."



Marianne Beate Kielland – Mezzo-soprano

“A singer with such charisma challenged her colleagues.” (Dreh-Punkt-Kultur) Mezzo-soprano Marianne Beate Kielland is famous for her strong stage presence and musical integrity. Gramophone Magazine writes about her: “The mezzo-soprano is quite outstanding: strong, firm, sensitive in modulations, imaginative in her treatment of words, with a voice pure in quality, wide in range and unfalteringly true in intonation.”

She graduated from the Norwegian Academy of Music, where she studied with Svein Bjørkøy. Her other teachers have included Oren Brown and Barbara Bonney. Considered today one of Europe’s leading singers, she performs regularly on major concert stages in Europe, America and The East with conductors such as Masaaki Suzuki, Andrew Manze, Petr Popelka, Michel Corboz, Leonardo Alarcon, Herbert Blomstedt, Jordi Savall, Rinaldo Alessandrini, Fabio Biondi and René Jacobs.

In 2012 she received a Grammy nomination in the category ‘Best Classical Vocal Solo’ for her recording of *Veslemøy Synsk* by the composer Olav Anton Thommessen. In 2021 she received a prestigious OPUS Klassik nomination in the category ‘Female Singer of the Year’ for her recording of Schumann Lieder. With more than sixty other albums in addition to a demanding concert schedule, Marianne Beate Kielland is established as an exceptional performer with a wide-ranging repertoire from baroque to contemporary.

Together with pianist Nils Anders Mortensen she has previously released 11 recordings on the LAWO Classics label: *Früh* (LWC1033), *Sæle jolekveld* (LWC1040), *Grieg* (LWC1059), *Young Elling* (LWC1072), *The New Song* (LWC1097), *Whispering Mozart* (LWC1111), *Songs: Kielland/Dørumsgaard* (LWC1145), *Einsamkeit — Songs by Mahler* (LWC1157), *Eivind Groven Songs* (LWC1178), *Schumann Lieder* (LWC1197) with baritone Johannes Weisser, and *Så kort ein sommar menneske har — Songs by Gisle Kverndokk* (LWC1220). In 2015 she released *Påsketid* (LWC1077) with violinist Elise Båtnes and organist Kåre Nordstoga, in 2017 *Terra Nova* (LWC1125) with composer and pianist Jan Gunnar Hoff, in 2020 *The Lofoten Oratorio* by Ketil Bjørnstad (LWC1202) with Lofoten Voices and MinEnsemblet, and in 2022 *Lamento* (LWC1226), a collection of baroque laments, with Oslo Circles.

Petr Popelka – Conductor

Petr Popelka has been Chief Conductor of the Norwegian Radio Orchestra since the autumn of 2020, and since September 2022 Chief Conductor as well of Prague Radio Symphony Orchestra. He has conducted most of the major Norwegian orchestras and made several appearances at the Norwegian National Opera and Ballet. Formerly double bassist with Staatskapelle Dresden, today he is in frequent demand as conductor on leading opera stages. Based in both Hamburg and Prague, Popelka has had a meteoric rise, with invitations from a growing number of Europe's foremost orchestras.

Petr Popelka is known for his insight and infectious enthusiasm whatever the music — with the Norwegian Radio Orchestra this has run the gamut from Viennese classicism to Norwegian pop artists. He has a special place in his heart for the most avant-garde music and he is himself a respected composer.

Norwegian Radio Orchestra

The Norwegian Radio Orchestra is known as an orchestra for “the whole land” and is today regarded with a unique combination of respect and affection by its music-loving public. With its remarkably diverse repertoire, this is no doubt the orchestra most heard throughout the land – on the radio, on television, and online, and at various diverse venues around the country.

It is a flexible orchestra, performing everything from symphonic and contemporary classical music to pop, rock, folk, and jazz. Each year the orchestra performs together with internationally acclaimed artists at the Nobel Peace Prize Concert, which is aired to millions of viewers worldwide. Those with whom the orchestra has collaborated in recent years include the Kaizers Orchestra, Mari Boine, Jarle Bernhoft, Diamanda Galàs, Renée Fleming, Andrew Manze, Anna Netrebko, and Gregory Porter.

The Norwegian Radio Orchestra was founded by the Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation in 1946. Its first conductor, Øivind Bergh, led the ensemble in a series of concerts from the broadcasting company's main studio, establishing the basis of its popularity and securing its status as a national treasure. The orchestra continues to perform in the context of important media events. It is comprised of highly talented classical instrumentalists, yet its musical philosophy has remained the same: versatility, a light-hearted approach, curiosity for all kinds of music, and an unwillingness to pigeonhole musical styles. Petr Popelka is currently Chief Conductor.





Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

- 01** Höstkväll, op. 38 nr. 1__04:31
Text: Viktor Rydberg (1828–1895)
- 02** På verandan vid havet,
op. 38, nr. 2__03:06
Text: Viktor Rydberg (1828–1895)
- 03** I natten, op. 38, nr. 3__04:06
Text: Viktor Rydberg (1828–1895)
- 04** Se'n har jag ej frågat mera,
op. 17, nr. 1__02:16
Text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)
- 05** Sov in!, op. 17, nr. 2__02:11
Text: Karl August Tavaststjerna (1860–1898)
Orchestration: Ernest Pingoud (1887–1942)
- 06** Fågellek, op. 17, nr. 3__01:47
Text: Karl August Tavaststjerna (1860–1898)
Orchestration: Ernest Pingoud (1887–1942)
- 07** En slända, op. 17, nr. 5__04:38
Text: Oscar Levertin (1862–1906)
Orchestration: Jussi Jalas (1908–1985)
- 08** Illalle, op. 17, nr. 6__01:21
Text: Aukusti Valdemar Koskimies (1856–1929)
Orchestration: Jussi Jalas (1908–1985)
- 09** Lastu lainehilla,
op. 17, nr. 7__01:16
Text: Ilmari Kianto (1874–1970)
Orchestration: Jussi Jalas (1908–1985)
- 10** Svarta rosor,
op. 36, nr. 1__02:01
Text: Ernst Josephson (1851–1906)
Orchestration: Simon Parmet (1897–1969)
- 11** Men min fågel märks
dock icke, op. 36, nr. 2__02:17
Text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)
Orchestration: Colin Matthews (*1946)
- 12** Säv, säv, susa,
op. 36, nr. 4__02:31
Text: Gustaf Fröding (1860–1911)
Orchestration: Kim Borg (1919–2000)
- 13** Marssnön, op. 36, nr. 5__01:29
Text: Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)
Orchestration: Jussi Jalas (1908–1985)
- 14** Demanten på marssnön,
op. 36, nr. 6__01:55
Text: Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)
- 15** Den första kyssen,
op. 37, nr. 1__01:46
Text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)
Orchestration: Ivar Hellman (1891–1994)
- 16** Soluppgång,
op. 37, nr. 3__02:06
Text: Tor Hedberg (1862–1931)
- 17** Var det en dröm?,
op. 37, nr. 4__01:46
Text: Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)
Orchestration: Jussi Jalas (1908–1985)
- 18** Flickan kom ifrån sin
älsklings möte,
op. 37, nr. 5__03:09
Text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–1877)
Orchestration: Ernest Pingoud (1887–1942)

RECORDED IN NRK RADIO CONCERT HALL,
OSLO, 9–12 FEBRUARY 2021

PRODUCER: **VEGARD LANDAAS**
BALANCE ENGINEER: **THOMAS WOLDEN**
EDITING: **VEGARD LANDAAS**
MASTERING: **THOMAS WOLDEN**
BOOKLET NOTES: **MARIANNE BEATE KIELLAND**
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: **JIM SKURDALL**
BOOKLET EDITOR: **HEGE WOLLENG**
COVER DESIGN: **ANNA-JULIA GRANBERG / BLUNDERBUSS**
COVER AND ARTIST PHOTOS (KIELLAND): **DAVID DAWSON**
SESSION PHOTO: **THOMAS WOLDEN**
ARTIST PHOTO (POPELKA): **NRK**
ARTIST PHOTO (KORK): **JULIA MARIE NAGLESTAD**

THIS RECORDING HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE WITH SUPPORT FROM:
ARTS COUNCIL NORWAY / THE AUDIO AND VISUAL FUND
FUND FOR PERFORMING ARTISTS

LAWO LWC1239 © 2022 LAWO © 2022
LAWO CLASSICS www.lawo.no