



CARL NIELSEN

sung by
the Danish National Choirs

conducted by
**Michael Schönwandt, Phillip Faber
& Susanne Wendt**

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Michael Schønwandt, *conductor*

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Phillip Faber, *conductor*

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Susanne Wendt, *conductor*

[1](#) **Der er et yndigt land** (A fair and lovely land), CNW 351 (1924) 1:50
version for mixed choir

[2](#) **Hjemve (Underlige aftenlufte!)**
(Homesickness: 'Odd and unknown evening breezes'), CNW 205 (1924) 3:58
version for mixed choir

From **To skolesange** (Two School Songs) (1929)
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for mixed choir

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for choir SSAT

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(Serenade: 'Gladly we listen when music may carry'), CNW 349 (1907) 3:05
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for choir ATB

From **To skolesange** (Two School Songs) (1929)
[8](#) **Nu er for stakket tid forbi** (It's over for a short respite), CNW 344 1:38
for mixed choir

[9](#) **Det bødes der for i lange år** (You suffer throughout an age of pain), CNW 357 (1887) 2:48
for male choir

[10](#) **Aftenstemning (Alt skoven sig fordunkler)**
(Evening: The woods are dimly listening), CNW 359 2:23
for male choir

[11](#) **Påskeliljen (Påskeblomst! en dråbe stærk)**
(The Daffodil: 'Easter bloom! A potent drink'), CNW 361 (1910) 2:47
for male choir

[12](#) **Barnets sang (Kom, i dag må alle synge)**
(Children's Song: 'Come today and join the chorus'), CNW 301 (1905) 1:53
for children's choir

[13](#) **Grøn er vårens hæk** (Springtime hedge is green), CNW 268 2:53
for children's choir

[14](#) **Jeg ved en lærkerede** (Two larks in love have nested), CNW 262 (1924) 2:08
for children's choir

[15](#) **Solen er så rød, mor** (Look! the sun is red, mum), CNW 263 (1924) 2:35
for children's choir

16	Sangen til Danmark (Som en rejselysten flåde) (The Song to Denmark: 'There's a fleet of floating islands'), CNW 237 (1920)..... 4:53 <i>version for mixed choir</i>
	Arrangement of Kantate ved Aarhus Landsudstillings åbningshøjtidelighed 1909 (Cantata for the Opening Ceremony of the National Exhibition in Aarhus 1909) (1913) <i>for mixed choir</i>
17	Danmark, du kornblonde datter (Denmark, ye corn-golden daughter), CNW 342..... 3:40
18	Skummende lå havet (Foaming high, the waters rushed heavily ashore), CNW 341 1:14
19	Fædrelandssang (Du danske mand! af al din magt) (Danish Patriotic Song: 'Sing, Danish man! With all your might'), CNW 288 (1906) 2:18 <i>version for male choir</i>
20	Til snapsen i "Bel Canto" (Endskønt jeg ganske sikkert ved) (To the Schnapps in 'Bel Canto': 'Although I'm more convinced than not'), CNW 360 (1909)..... 1:01 <i>for male choir</i>
21	Den danske sang er en ung, blond pige (The Danish song is a fair young maiden), CNW 271 (1926/27)..... 2:46 <i>for male choir</i>
22	Nu sol i øst oprinder mild (Now sun arises in the East), CNW 186 (1914)..... 1:50 <i>version for girls' choir</i>
23	Jeg lægger mig så trygt til ro (In peace, I lay me down to sleep), CNW 269 (1924) 1:49 <i>for girls' choir</i>
24	Hjemve (Underlige aftenlufte!) (Homesickness: 'Odd and unknown evening breezes'), CNW 205 (1924) 3:51 <i>for girls' choir</i>
25	Der er et yndigt land (A fair and lovely land), CNW 351 (1924) 2:17 <i>version for girls' choir</i>

Total: 63:29

FROM A SONGWRITER'S WORKSHOP *by Jens Cornelius*

Carl Nielsen's large production of around 300 songs – including a hundred for choirs – comes in many forms. In this collection we hear both choral versions of the best known Carl Nielsen songs and rarer or even unknown choral songs.

The framework is provided by Carl Nielsen's fine proposal for a new Danish national anthem. In Denmark since the middle of the nineteenth century, two melodies have been used, the royal anthem *King Christian stood by the lofty mast* and the more 'civilian' *A fair and lovely land*. The original melody for the latter, by H.E. Krøyer from 1835, with its angular rhythms and melodic leaps, is not so singable. In 1923 Carl Nielsen made a striking exception to his principle of not ousting a melody that had already established itself. In this case, however, he thought he had to make the attempt for musical reasons. "It's a difficult matter, since force of habit is strong, and it is probably true that it is not actually a musical question but something quite different," he told the press before a people's choir of a whole 900 singers gave his new melody its first performance. "The nation takes up a song and makes it a national anthem. No power on earth can prevent that; and when that happens it reflects the mood of the times much more than literary or musical taste. I consider that such a melody is more a symbol – like the flag, the cross or what have you – and therefore it does not have to be 'good' in and of itself; but ... well, now I am trying myself; so much for human logic!"

Carl Nielsen's beautiful melody is the essence of his popular national style. Simple and straightforward, based on stepwise motion and with a peaceful character. Perhaps it hits off the style too well and with its gentleness does not live up to the dramatic expression in the poet-king Oehlenschläger's words about the champions of the past, the assaults on foemen, King and Country. Despite many attempts Carl Nielsen's melody has therefore never come close to knocking Krøyer's from its perch – perhaps it will succeed this time, in connection with the 150th anniversary of Nielsen's birth?

Carl Nielsen's many well-loved songs from the 1910s and 1920s were as a rule composed as monophonic melodies with piano accompaniment. But the songs already became popular

among Danish choirs in Nielsen's own time, and polyphonic versions began to spread. Carl Nielsen himself did some of the arrangements and had plans to do more. Among the popular songs he himself arranged for choir are *There's a fleet of floating islands*, *Odd and unknown evening breezes* and *I take with a smile my burden*. The last two originally come from the watershed collection *A Score of Danish Songs* which Nielsen made in 1915-17 in collaboration with the hymnodist Thomas Laub.

Over the next few years Nielsen's Danish songs made such a great impression on the population that he was often sent verses and asked to set them to music. This is how one of the most popular of the songs, *The Danish song is a fair young maiden*, was written in 1925 for an occasional text by Kai Hoffmann.

In the musical life of our time the mixed choir of men's and women's voices is the norm. This was not the case in Carl Nielsen's time, when male choirs were more widespread than today, and when polyphonic music was often written for school choirs.

Some of Nielsen's earliest choral songs were for male choir. *You suffer throughout an age of pain* was written in 1887 at the urging of his music theory teacher, Orla Rosenhoff. The verses are by J.P. Jacobsen, who was Carl Nielsen's favourite poet at the time.

At the time the male voice choir was commonly used not least in cantatas. From his *Cantata for the Opening Ceremony of the National Exhibition in Aarhus (1909)* Nielsen later took two sections and published them for mixed choir. However, *Foaming high, the waters* first had to have a new text that did not concentrate so much on the city of Aarhus.

Sing, Danish man is probably the most appropriate of all the songs for male choir. It was written as the opening number for the Tivoli Revue in 1906, and the poet Holger Drachmann's liberal use of national symbols might today cast some doubt on the seriousness of the song. It was not perceived that way in Nielsen's time, when *Sing, Danish man* was one of his most popular songs. He made six arrangements of it, including this one for male choir. Today the song has been judged as dated and has been removed from the High School Song Book, the current canon for "the Danish national treasury of song".

On the other hand another song for male choir, *The Daffodil*, has gained currency as a monophonic community song and is established today – with a slightly different text selection – as one of the most well loved Danish hymns, *Easter bloom, what wilt thou here*.

For the newly founded Copenhagen male choir Bel Canto Carl Nielsen wrote the beautiful *Evening* in 1908 and the next year supplied the same choir with an absolutely profane drinking song for use after the choir rehearsals, *To the Schnapps in 'Bel Canto'*. But male-choir singing declined in Denmark in the course of the twentieth century, among other reasons as a result of an anti-elitist attitude that made the academic male choirs seem self-important and a gender equality policy that replaced the worker's singing clubs with mixed choirs; a development that Carl Nielsen himself also chose to support.

Some of the songs on this album are entirely unknown today, even to Carl Nielsen fans. The two school songs *Flower pollen from profusion* and *It's over for a short respite* were written in May 1929 as a commission from the school Birkerød Statsskole and supplied within a few days so they were ready for the end of the summer term. Although they are school songs, they are arranged for adult voices, because the pupils could go on to the school leaving exam. Today, with their artful texts by Viggo Stuckenbergh, they have passed out of use in the school (although the composer had been promised that "your music will always sound out here – also one day when we no longer have the good fortune and joy to count yourself among us").

Siskin song for the unusual configuration SSAT is a virtuoso piece to teasing verses by Emil Aarestrup about an absent-minded nerd who has no time for dalliance. But today the title of the song has become an obstacle, for the name of the bird "siskin" is no longer understood as synonymous with an impertinent person. *Come, God's angel, silent Death* has an unusual ensemble, ATB, and like *Siskin song* was written for the Madrigal Choir of the Cecilia Society which, under the leadership of Nielsen's future conductor colleague (and rival) at the Royal Theatre, Frederik Rung, worked with Italian Renaissance music and urged the composers of the time to write in the old style.

Serenade is related to the seductive serenades in triple time by Carl Nielsen's older colleague P.E. Lange-Müller, the Nestor of Danish musical life after 1900. Or perhaps it is rather a nod to the lately deceased Peter Heise, the most significant Danish composer of 'romances' in the nineteenth century. For Nielsen wrote *Serenade* in honour of Heise's widow, who held singing soirées in her home. Carl Nielsen's *Serenade*, however, has unmistakable features, including the archaic final cadence, which neither Heise nor Lange-Müller could have written.

Two children's songs which are among Carl Nielsen's very best known compositions in Denmark were also made in versions for child's choir: *Look, the sun is red* and *Two larks in love*

have nested. The wholly forgotten *Children's song* from 1915 is one of the two songs Carl Nielsen wrote in support of Child Welfare Day. And the goodnight song *In peace I lay me down to sleep* as well as the morning hymn *Now sun arises in the east* make sense, of course, in a choral version for high voices, but it is less obvious that Nielsen made versions for children's choir of the song about the homesick cosmopolitan traveller, *Odd and unknown evening breezes*, and *Springtime hedge is green*, which is about a love-hungry young man. That Nielsen wrote a version of *A fair and lovely land* for children's choir on the other hand shows how keen he was to make an impact with his new national anthem. He left us a whole seven different arrangements plus drafts for even more. And surely many people today would wish that the Danish national anthem had been written by the national composer, Carl Nielsen?

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THE PERFORMERS

The Danish National Vocal Ensemble consists of 18 professional full-time singers who, since the debut in 2007, have taken on everything from Early music and Baroque to Romantic works and demanding new music. The singers are experienced soloists who bring expression and life to the music. Works that require strong individual performances therefore feature high on the list; because it's all about personal commitment and precision whether performing modern works like Messiaen's *Cinq Rechants* for 12 solo voices or Monteverdi's *Maria Vespers*. Several composers of today have written music for the DNVE, among others Sven-David Sandström, Peter Bruun and Sunleif Rasmussen. The ensemble has a small but exquisite discography. The singers have recently received the Diapason d'Or for the Messiaen release *L'amour et la foi*, and the ensemble can also boast of having received a German ECHO Prize for best innovative choral CD and nominations for an American Grammy as well as a Gramophone Award.

The Danish National Concert Choir is a professional Danish choir of 74 singers, founded in 1932. It has since won great international recognition in more or less all classical genres and epochs. Alongside the Classical-Romantic repertoire for choir and orchestra, contemporary

music has always been conspicuously profiled by the choir. Among other works, Per Nørgård's 3rd Symphony was written for the choir as were works by Henze, Stockhausen, Sandström, Ligeti, Berio, Penderecki and MacMillan. The Danish National Concert Choir has sung with most of the Danish orchestras and, throughout all the years, as a regular partner with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra at the DR Thursday Concerts. The choir also collaborates with the Tivoli Symphony Orchestra (Copenhagen Phil), Concerto Copenhagen and others. On CD the choir features in works such as Mahler's 8th Symphony, Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem*, Per Nørgård's 3rd Symphony, *Maskarade* by Carl Nielsen and Rued Langgaard's *Music of the Spheres*.

Michael Schönwandt was Music Director at the Royal Danish Theatre from 2000 until May 2011. He has conducted regularly there since his debut in 1979. Alongside this, he was Chief Conductor of Collegium Musicum since the foundation of the orchestra in 1981. From 2010-2013 Michael Schönwandt was Chief Conductor and Artistic Director of the Netherlands Radio Chamber Philharmonic in Amsterdam, and as of September 2015 he is Chief Conductor of Opéra Orchestre National Montpellier. In 1987 and 1988 he was the first Scandinavian conductor ever to conduct at the festival in Bayreuth, and in 1992-1998 he was Chief Conductor of the Berlin Symphony Orchestra. From 1989-2000 he was Principal Guest Conductor of the Danish National Symphony Orchestra. Michael Schönwandt, a much sought-after conductor at many international concert and opera houses, appears on several recordings, among others in major works by Carl Nielsen for Dacapo: The complete symphonies (both CD and DVD) and the operas *Maskarade* (CD) and *Saul and David* (DVD). Moreover, Decca's DVD recording of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung* with the Royal Danish Opera. In 2011 Michael Schönwandt was appointed Commander of the Order of the Dannebrog.

The Danish National Girls Choir was founded in 1938 and consists today of 50 girls aged 16 to 21. Since the beginning, the Danish National Girls Choir has been known for its interpretations of the *Danish song*. The choir is known by most of the Danish population, and it can be encountered all year round at nationwide concerts as well as on several of DR's radio channels and on the TV channel DR K in 'Song of the day'. The Danish National Girls Choir is touring on a regular basis to many parts of the world. The Danish National Girls Choir is used to performing

in many different contexts and concert forms – from church concerts in to outdoor events at the Roskilde Festival and at large-scale concerts in the DR Concert Hall with among others the Danish National Symphony Orchestra. The Danish National Girls Choir is the last step of the DR Choir School and functions as the school's elite ensemble.

Phillip Faber born 1984 and since 2013 is chief conductor of the Danish National Girls Choir. He graduated as a composer from the Royal Danish Academy of Music in 2011 and took a master's degree in Choral Conducting from under Fredrik Malmberg from Kungliga Musikhögskolan in Stockholm in 2014. Previously Phillip Faber was conductor of, among others, Värmland Nations Choir in Uppsala, Sweden, FUK Landskoret, The Danish Boys Choir and Kammerkoret Cantabile. As its chief conductor Phillip Faber consolidates the Danish National Girls Choir an ambitious future in the musical landscape in Denmark as abroad.

Danish National Junior Choir and **Danish National Children's Choir** are part of DR's Choir School, founded in 2001. Today the school counts more than 200 children and young divided between the DR's 'Sprout Choir' (age 6-8), Danish National Childrens Choir (age 9-11) and Danish National Junior Choir (age 12-16). The Choir school is the bottom rung of a continuous choral food chain – from the six-year-old children who start in the 'Sprout Choir' to the adult singers in DR's professional choirs – an unbroken succession of elite choirs in all age groups, where able singers can develop their talent for the benefit of the musical scene and the public. Leader of the school and conductor of all the choirs is **Susanne Wendt**. Through the work and development of the DR Choir School she has built up a music pedagogical knowledge and method without comparison.

FRA EN SANGSKRIVERS VÆRKSTED af Jens Cornelius

Carl Niensens store produktion på omkring 300 sange – heraf 100 for kor – giver sig mange udslag. I denne samling hører man både korudgaver af de mest kendte Carl Nielsen-sange og mere sjældne eller ligefrem ukendte korsange.

Rammen er Carl Niensens smukke bud på en ny dansk nationalsang. I Danmark har man siden midten af 1800-tallet anvendt to melodier, kongesangen *Kong Christian stod ved højen Mast* og den mere civile *Der er et yndigt land*. Sidstnævntes oprindelige melodi af H.E. Krøyer fra 1835 er med sine kantede rytmer og melodiske spring ikke så sangbar. Carl Nielsen gjorde i 1923 en markant undtagelse fra sit princip om ikke at udkonkurrere en melodi, der allerede havde etableret sig. I dette tilfælde mente han dog, at han af musikalske grunde var nødt til at gøre forsøget. "Sagen er jo vanskelig, da Vanens Magt er stor, og man i Virkeligheden maa give dem Ret, der mener, at det egentlig ikke er et musikalsk Spørgsmaal, men noget helt andet", udtalte han til pressen, inden et folkekor på hele 900 sangere uropførte hans nye melodi. "Folket griber en Sang og gør den til Nationalsang, uden at nogen Magt kan forhindre det, og naar det sker, er det langt mere en Tidsstemning, end en litterær eller musikalsk Smag, der gør Udslaget. Jeg indrømmer, at en saadan Melodi mere er et Symbol – ligesom Flaget, Korset o.l. – og behøver ikke at være 'god' i sig selv, men ja, nu forsøger jeg altsaa alligevel, saaledes er menneskelig Logik!"

Carl Niensens smukke melodi er essensen af hans folkelige stil. Enkel og jævn, bygget på trinvis bevægelser og med en fredsommelig karakter. Måske rammer den netop stilen for godt og lever med sin mildhed ikke op til de dramatiske udtryk i digterkongen Oehlenschlägers ord om fordums kæmper, fjenders mén, drot og fædreland. Trods mange forsøg har Carl Niensens melodi derfor aldrig været i nærheden af at slå Krøyers af pinden – måske det lykkes denne gang, i forbindelse med 150-året for Niensens fødsel?

Carl Niensens mange folkelige sange fra 1910'erne og 1920'erne blev som regel komponeret som enstemmige melodier med klaverakkompagnement. Men allerede i Niensens egen tid blev sangene populære blandt danske kor, og flerstemmige versioner begyndte at brede sig. Carl Nielsen selv lavede nogle af arrangementerne og havde planer om at lave flere. Blandt de

populære sange, han selv arrangerede for kor, er *Som en rejselysten flåde*, *Underlige aftenluft* og *Jeg bærer med smil min byrde*. De to sidstnævnte stammer oprindeligt fra den skelsættende samling *En snes danske viser*, som Nielsen lavede i 1915-17 i samarbejde med salmekomponisten Thomas Laub.

De følgende år gjorde Niensens folkelige sange så stort indtryk på befolkningen, at han ofte fik tilsendt vers og blev bedt om at sætte en melodi til. På den måde blev en af de mest populære sange til, *Den danske sang er en ung, blond pige*, skrevet i 1925 til en lejlighedstekst af Kai Hoffmann.

I vor tids musikliv er det blandede kor af herre- og damestemmer, der er normalen. Sådan var det ikke på Carl Niensens tid, hvor mandskor var mere udbredte end i dag, og hvor der oftere blev skrevet flerstemmige musik for skolekor.

Nogle af Niensens tidligste korsange var for mandskor. *Det bødes der for i lange år* er skrevet i 1887 på opfordring fra hans teorilærer, Orla Rosenhoff. Versene er af J.P. Jacobsen, der på den tid var Carl Niensens yndlingsdigter.

Mandskor var dengang ikke mindst almindeligt til kantatebrug. Fra kantaten *Aarhus Landsudstillings åbningshøjtidelighed* (1909) tog Nielsen senere to afsnit og udgav dem for blandet kor. *Skummende lå havet* måtte dog først have en ny tekst, der ikke koncentrerede sig så meget om byen Aarhus.

Du danske mand er nok den mest oplagte af alle at synge for mandskor. Den blev skrevet som åbningsnummer til Tivoli Revyen 1906, og sammenholdt med at digteren Holger Drachmann her ikke holder sig tilbage med brugen af nationalsymboler, kan det måske skabe tvivl om sangens seriositet. Sådan blev det ikke opfattet på Niensens tid, hvor *Du danske mand* var en af hans allermest populære sange. Han lavede seks arrangementer af den, bl.a. dette for mandskor. I dag er sangen dømt utidssvarende og røget ud af Højskolesangbogen, den gældende kanon for "den danske sangskat".

Til gengæld blev en anden mandskorsang, *Påskeliljen*, udbredt som enstemmig fællessang og er i dag – med et lidt andet tekstudvalg – etableret som en af de mest elskede danske salmer, *Påskeblomst, hvad vil du her*.

Til det nystiftede københavnske mandskor Bel Canto skrev Carl Nielsen i 1908 den smukke *Aftenstemning* og forsynede året efter samme kor med en absolut profan drikkeviser til brug

efter korprøverne, *Til snapsen i Bel Canto*. Men mandskorsangen sygnede hen i Danmark i løbet af 1900-tallet, bl.a. som følge af en anti-elitær indstilling, der fik de akademiske mandskor til at fremstå selvhøjtidelige, og en ligestillingspolitik, der erstattede de mandlige arbejdersangforeninger med blandede kor. En udvikling, Carl Nielsen også selv valgte at støtte.

Nogle af sangene på dette album er i dag helt ukendte, selv for Carl Nielsen-fans. De to skolesange *Blomsterstøv fra Blomsterbæger* og *Nu er for stakket tid forbi* blev skrevet i maj 1929 på bestilling fra Birkerød Statsskole og leveret på få dage, så de var klar til sommerens skoleafslutning. Selv om det er skolesange, er de arrangeret for voksne stemmer, fordi eleverne kunne fortsætte til studentereksamen. I dag er sangene med de kunstfærdige tekster af Viggo Stuckenbergs gået ud af brug på skolen (selv om komponisten var blevet lovet, at "Deres Toner vil altid lyde herude – ogsaa engang, naar vi ikke mere har den Lykke og Glæde at tælle Dem selv i blandt os").

Sidskensang for den usædvanlige besætning SSAT er en virtuos sats til drilske vers af Emil Aarestrup om en distræt nørd, der går glip af erotikken. Men sangens titel er i dag blevet en forhindring, for fuglenavnet "sisken" forstås ikke længere som synonym for en næsvis person. Også *Kom, Gudsengel, stille død* har en usædvanlig besætning, ATB, og blev ligesom *Sidskensang* skrevet til Cæciliaforeningens Madrigalkor, der under ledelse af Niensens kommende kapelmesterkollega (og rival) på Det Kongelige Teater, Frederik Rung, beskæftigede sig med italiensk renæssancemusik og opfordrede tidens komponister til at skrive i gammel stil.

Serenade er beslægtet med de indsmigrende serenader i tredelt taktart af Carl Niensens ældre kollega, P.E. Lange-Müller, dansk musiklivs nestor efter år 1900. Eller måske er den snarere en hilsen til den afdøde Peter Heise, 1800-tallets betydeligste danske romancekomponist. Nielsen skrev nemlig *Serenaden* til ære for Heises enke, der afholdt sangselskaber i sit hjem. Carl Niensens *Serenade* har dog umiskendelige træk, bl.a. den arkaiske kadence til slut, som hverken Heise eller Lange-Müller kunne have fundet på.

To børnesange, der i Danmark er nogle af Carl Niensens allermest kendte kompositioner, lavede han også i versioner for børnekor: *Solen er så rød, mor* og *Jeg ved en lærkerede*. Den helt glemte *Barnets sang* fra 1915 er en af de to sange, Carl Nielsen skrev til støtte for Børnehjælpsdagen. Også godnatsangen *Jeg lægger mig så trygt til ro* og morgensalmen *Nu sol i øst oprinder mild* giver naturlig mening i en korudgave for lyse stemmer, mens det er mindre oplagt, at Nielsen lavede børnekorversioner af sangen om verdensmandens hjemve, *Underlige aftenluft*, og *Grøn*

er *vårens hækk*, der handler om en kærlighedshungrende ung mand. At Nielsen skrev en udgave af *Der er et yndigt land* for børnekor understreger derimod, hvor ivrig han var efter at slå sin nye nationalsang fast. Han efterlod sig hele syv forskellige arrangementer plus udkast til endnu flere. Og mon ikke mange i dag ville ønske, at den danske nationalsang var skrevet af nationalkomponisten, Carl Nielsen?

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DE MEDVIRKENDE

DR VokalEnsemblet består af 18 professionelle fuldtidssangere, der siden debuten i 2007 har taget livtag med alt fra tidlig musik og barok til romantiske værker og krævende ny musik. Sangerne er erfarne solister, som bringer udtryk og liv ind i musikken. Derfor står værker, der kræver stærke individuelle præstationer, højt på listen hos ensemblet; for det handler om personligt engagement og præcision, hvad enten det er moderne værker som Messiaens *Cinq Rechants* for 12 solostemmer eller Monteverdis *Mariavesper*, der opføres. Flere nulevende komponister har skrevet specielt til DR VokalEnsemblet, fx Sven-David Sandström, Peter Bruun og Sunleif Rasmussen. Ensemblet har en mindre, men udsøgt diskografi. Sangerne har for nylig fået en Diapason d'Or for Messiaen-udgivelsen *L'amour et la foi*, og ensemblet kan desuden bryste sig af at have modtaget en tysk ECHO Preis for bedste innovative kor-cd samt nomineringer til både en amerikansk Grammy og en Gramophone Award.

DR KoncertKoret er et professionelt dansk kor med i alt 74 sangere grundlagt i 1932. Det har siden vundet stor international anerkendelse inden for stor set alle klassiske genrer og epoker. Foruden det klassisk-romantiske koncertrepertoire for kor og orkester har den ny musik altid stået markant for DR KoncertKoret. Bl.a. er Per Nørgårds symfoni nr. 3 skrevet til koret, lige som det er tilfældet med værker af Henze, Stockhausen, Sandström, Ligeti, Berio, Penderecki, MacMillan. DR KoncertKoret har sunget med de fleste danske orkestre foruden den faste partner DR SymfoniOrkestret ved DR's Torsdagskoncerter. Ud over DRs egne ensembler samarbejder koret også med Tivolis Symfoniorkester (Copenhagen Phil), Concerto Copenhagen m.fl.

På cd medvirker DR KoncertKoret i bl.a. Mahlers 8. Symfoni, Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem*, Per Nørgårds 3. Symfoni, korværker af Carl Nielsen samt Rued Langgaards *Sfærernes musik*.

Michael Schönwandt var fra 2000 og frem til maj 2011 chefdirigent ved Det Kongelige Teater, hvor han har dirigeret fast siden sin debut i 1979. Sideløbende har han været chefdirigent for Collegium Musicum siden orkestrets grundlæggelse i 1981. Fra 2010-13 var Michael Schönwandt chefdirigent for og kunstnerisk leder af Den Hollandske Radios Kammerfilharmon i Amsterdam, og fra 2015 er han tiltrådt som chefdirigent for Operaen og Nationalorkestret i Montpellier. I 1987 og 1988 dirigerede han som den første skandinaviske dirigent nogensinde ved festspillene i Bayreuth, og i 1992-1998 var han chefdirigent for Berliner Sinfonie-Orchester. Fra 1989 til 2000 var han DR Symfoniorkestrets 1. gæstedirigent. Michael Schönwandt, der er en anerkendt og efterspurgt dirigent i talrige internationale koncert- og operahuse, medvirker på et stort antal cd- og dvd-indspilninger, bl.a. i store værker af Carl Nielsen for Dacapo: Alle symfonierne samt operaerne *Maskarade* (CD) og *Saul og David* (DVD); derudover bl.a. også Decca's dvd-udgivelse af Wagners *Nibelungens ring* med Det Kongelige Kapel. Michael Schönwandt blev i 2011 udnævnt til Kommandør af Dannebrog.

DR PigeKoret blev oprettet i 1938 og består i dag af 50 piger i alderen 16-21 år. DR PigeKoret har siden begyndelsen været særlig kendt for sine fortolkninger og udgaver af den danske sang. Koret er kendt i størstedelen af den danske befolkning og kan opleves året rundt ved koncerter i hele landet, ligesom de dagligt kan opleves på flere af DRs radiokanaler samt på DR K med 'Dagens Sang'. DR PigeKoret drager ofte på turné, og turene går lige fra Maribo til Murmansk. DR PigeKoret er vant til at optræde i mange forskellige sammenhænge – lige fra kirkekoncerter i provinsen til udendørs events på Roskilde Festival og til store koncerter i Koncertsalen med bl.a. DR SymfoniOrkestret. DR PigeKoret er sidste del af DR Korskolens og fungerer som korskolens eliteensemble.

Phillip Faber er født i 1984 og har siden 2013 været chefdirigent for DR PigeKoret. Han er uddannet komponist fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium i 2011 og afsluttede en master som kordirigent ved Fredrik Malmberg på Kungliga Musikhögskolan i Stockholm i 2014.

Phillip har tidligere været fast dirigent for Värmlands Nations Kör i Uppsala og har tidligere også været dirigent for blandt andre FUK Landskoret Det Danske Drengekor, Glostrup Sangforenings Mandskor af 1883, Gentofte og Jægersborg kirkers Pigekor og Kammerkoret Cantabile. Som chefdirigent sikrer Phillip Faber DR PigeKoret – både kunstnerisk og klangligt – en ambitiøs fremtid i det musikalske landskab såvel nationalt som internationalt.

DR JuniorKoret og DR BørneKoret er en del af DR Korskolen. Skolen blev oprettet i 2001 og tæller i dag over 200 børn og unge fordelt i DR SpireKoret (6-8 år), DR BørneKoret (9-11 år) og DR JuniorKoret (12- 16 år). Korskolen er nederste led i en sammenhængende korfødekæde – fra de 6-årige børn, der starter i DR SpireKoret til de voksne sangere i DR's professionelle kor – en ubrudt linie af elitekor inden for alle aldersgrupper, hvor dygtige sangere kan udvikle talentet til glæde for musiklivet og publikum. Leder af DR Korskolen – og dirigent for korene – er **Susanne Wendt**. Gennem arbejdet og udviklingen af DR Korskolen har Susanne opbygget en musikpædagogisk indsigt og metode uden sidestykke.

Der er et yndigt land

(Adam Oehlschläger)

- 1 Der er et yndigt land,
det står med brede bøge,
nær salten Østerstrand;
det bugter sig i bakke, dal,
det hedder gamle Danmark,
og det er Frejas sal.

Der sad i fordums tid
de harniskklædte kæmper,
udhvilede fra strid;
så drog de frem til fjenders mén,
nu hvile deres bene
bag højens bavgast.

Det land endnu er skönt,
thi blå sig søen bælder,
og løvet står så grønt;
og ædle kvinder, skønne møer
og mænd og raske svende
bebo de danskes øer.

Hjemve

(Adam Oehlschläger)

- 2 Underlige aftenlufter!
hvorhen vinker I min hu?
milde, lune blomsterdufter!
sig, hvorhen I bølger nu.
Går I over hviden strand
til mit elskte fødeland?
vil I dér med eders bølger
tolke, hvad mit hjerte dølgjer?

A fair and lovely land

(Adam Oehlschläger)

A fair and lovely land
With staunch and tow'ring beechwood
Beside the Baltic strand;
The rolling hill and dale enthrall,
Is known as good old Denmark,
And this is Freya's hall.

'Twas here in days of yore,
The armoured heroes gathered
To rest from mortal war;
Then onward marched to strike the foe,
They linger on in peace now,
The barrow mounds below.

This land is beauteous still,
By azure sea encircled,
So green the wood and hill;
And noble women, pretty maids
And fearless men inhabit
These isles and verdant glades.

Homesickness

(Adam Oehlschläger)

Odd and unknown evening breezes!
Will you raise my longing mind?
Scent of flowers mildly pleases!
Say, whereunto do you wind?
Passing over whiter strand
My beloved native land?
Will you there in silent waving
Tell them how my heart's behaving?

Stille, stille, hisset gynger
båden mellem siv og krat;
sødt en mø ved cithren synger
i den tavse, lune nat.
Hvilke toner, milde lyst,
hvor du strømmer i mit bryst!
Men hvad savner jeg og græder,
mens hun dog så venligt kvæder?

Det er ej den danske tunge,
det er ej de vante ord,
ikke dem, jeg hørte sjunge,
hvor ved hytten træet gror.
Bedre er de vel måske,
ak, men det er ikke de!
bedre tror jeg vist, hun kvæder;
men – tilgiver, at jeg græder!

Tidlig misted jeg min moder,
o, det gjorde mig så vél!
Danmark er min anden moder,
skal jeg mer min moder se?
Livet er så svagt og kort,
skæbnen vinker længer bort,
skal jeg med den sidste varme
trykke mig i hendes arme.

Blomsterstøv fra blomsterbæger

(Viggo Stuckenberg)

3 Blomsterstøv fra blomsterbæger
tumbles op og ned;
barnesind, som ingen hæger,
vejres langt af led.
Støvet ved ej, hvor det bæres,

Hush, oh hush! The boat is yonder
With the rush and brush in sight;
Damsel songs will sweetly wander
Through the soft and silent night.
What a tune! A gentle zest
Floods delightfully my breast!
Then, what do I miss, descanting
On her pleasant way of chanting?

This is not the Danish wording,
These are not the wonted sounds,
Not the ones that I've been herding
In my childhood's wooded grounds.
Better will they ring, maybe,
But alas, no good for me!
Better though her tune is sweeping,
But forgive at least my weeping.

Early on I lost my mother,
Oh such woe that brought to me!
Denmark is my second mother,
Shall I e'er my mother see?
Life is weak as well as short,
Fate may give a far retort.
Shall I e'er the end then face her,
In that fading heat embrace her?

Flower pollen from profusion

(Viggo Stuckenberg)

Flower pollen from profusion
Gambols high and low;
Every child's mind in seclusion
Wafts away, we know.
Pollen knows not of direction,

finder muld eller fortæres, –
vogt dit snille, du, som har det,
av det vel og vær det!

Du har tusind ting at lære,
før du bliver klog.
Mindst det: at tælle, skære
og forstå en bog;
større: Arbejdet at ære,
medgang, modgang støt at tære,
i hvad så du får at bære, –
størst: dig selv at være!

Du skal ikke tro, at skolen
er en lektiegård,
hvor du bleges, medens solen
over verden står,
Lektier må vi alle slide,
men fra bogens døde Side
strømmer det, som dult står skrevet:
Livet fuldest levet!

Det har nok en del at sige,
om du kender Kain
og det strøg af jorderige,
som får hyppigst regn.
Bedre er det, om du nemmer
det, som Kain i sindet gemmer;
alt det Liv, en dråbe føder,
når en byge bløder.

Ej blot videns tunge skatte,
Kundskabs rige guld,
ej blot det at kunne fatte

Finding mould or sheer abjection,
Guard your skill if you possess it,
Cultivate, don't mess it!

Learning many things comes prior
To your getting wise.
Least: to grasp a book, desire
Doing exercise;
Greater: labour to admire,
Good or bad luck to acquire
To whate'er you may aspire,
Greatest: be entire!

Don't believe that school is only
Lessons round about,
Where you pale while working lonely
When the sun is out.
Lessons were our task for ages,
But from books' unfeeling pages
Flows what secret was when written:
May your life be smitten!

Some will say it may be urgent
If you know of Cain,
And of all the world's divergent
Quantities of rain.
Better were if you detected
What it was that Cain rejected;
All the life a drop is bearing
When a shower's faring.

Not just comprehension's treasure,
Wisdom's plenteous gold,
Not just being apt to measure

sol og mand og muld,
– lær dig sandhed, eet at agte,
lær din sjæl alt skønt at magte,
da har skolen dig for livet
livets bedste givet!

Sidskensang

(Emil Aarestrup)

4 Du er, min tro, en underlig pøg,
Så fin og klog,
Du læser så mangan lærdmands bog,
og dog –

Og dog har du hverken mod eller list;
Hvad blir' det til sidst?
At sukke og se på en rosenkvist –
jovist!

Dertil må nok høre en dygtig forstand.
Ej, ej! hvor kan
en pige få lyst til så underlig mand,
som han?

At skrive et vers, og citharen slå –
Nå, nå! lad gå! –
Er godt, men ej nok! det må vi forstå,
vi små.

Vel klæder det smukt, at herren er bly;
Men ræddes og fly,
Når glutten er ene, og Skoven har Ly:
O fy!

Sun and man and mould,
Learn how truth must be respected,
Learn how beauty is reflected,
Then for life the school has thriven
And its best has given!

Siskin Song

(Emil Aarestrup)

You are, in truth, a curious pet,
So fine and set,
You're reading whichever book you get,
And yet –

And yet you are neither daring nor sly;
What happens? And Why?
To look at a rosebud, and then to sigh –
Oh my!

For that you have filled up your brain to the brim.
Oh yes! What whim
Can make a girl fancy a fellow so prim
As him?

To zither, to work on a verse at night –
Come, come! All right! –
Not ample! But we comprehend despite
We're light.

Becoming it is, a man who is shy;
But frightened you fly
The damsel's alone in the woods by and by:
Oh fie!

Så har vi fugle en anden manér;
Man ser, man ler,
forfølger hinanden, og kyskes og ber'
om mer.

Højest ærede! Gør du ligeså;
det lykkes mål
Der ser jeg den søde pige jo stå:
Nu gå!

Serenade

(Hother Ploug)

5 Gerne vi lytter, når strængene bringer
Sjælen fra højere verdener bud;
gerne vi løftes på tonernes vinger
op over jordlivets tåge og slud;
gerne de dansende rytmer vi følger,
slyngende sammen, øret til lyst, –
helst vi dog selv skabe tonernes bølger,
ånder dem ud af det bankende bryst.

Sangen er løftelse, sangen er glæde,
Sangen forfrisker som sommerens vind,
Sangen hussvaler i arbejdets hede,
Sangen bær trøst til det ængstede sind;
mest, når i rytternes kampe vor stemme
slynger sig tæt i de andres favn,
når harmonierne lader os glemme,
at der på jorden er mislyd og savn.

Takket da være den frue, som stævner
til sig de unges frejdige Kor,
fatter den trolddom, tonerne evner
ene at lægge om digterens ord:

Birds have a totally different style;
somewhile we smile,
Pursuing each other, we'll kiss and resile:
No guile.

Dear Sir! Like us you must let it show:
Success will grow!
I see the fair maiden waiting below:
Now go!

Serenade

(Hother Ploug)

Gladly we listen when music may carry
Messages up from on high for our souls,
Gladly we're lifted in order to tarry
Far above worldly life's nebulous roles,
Gladly we follow the rhythm in dancing,
Closely embrace as feelings rejoice,
But we prefer making tones, all entrancing,
Singing them out at the top of our voice.

Singing's elation, and singing is pleasure,
Singing refreshes like winds of a kind,
Singing makes labour feel almost like leisure,
Singing can comfort the worrisome mind,
Mostly when voices in rhythm are fighting
And with each other in joy succeed,
With all these harmonies let us be slighting
That in the world there is discord and need.

Thanks to the lady who's kindly inviting
Young people's choir, for all to be heard,
She who can grasp the magic uniting
music around the poetical word.

Takket for velkomstens smil fra dit sæde,
lyttende øre, årvågen sans,
takket for timerne, rige på glæde,
festlige aftner i tonernes glans.

Jeg bærer med smil min byrde

(Jeppe Aakjær)

6 Jeg bærer med smil min byrde,
jeg drager med sang mit læs;
jeg er som den vilde hyrde,
der genner sit kvæg på græs.

Se, duggen driver fra nord
hen over det bøjede korn,
mens solen stiger af jorden
imellem oksernes horn.

Jeg ser over tindrende marker
og langt mod den blånende fjord,
jeg stirrer på sejlene arker,
men finder ej talkende ord.

Jeg slænger skalmejen for munden;
jeg trækker så lang dens lyd,
at kilderne klukker i lunden,
og bukkene bræger af fryd.

Hvor kan I dog gruble og græde,
så længe Guds himmel er blå!
Mit hjerte skælver af glæde,
blot duggen dynker et strå.

Thank you for welcoming smiles, with their treasure,
Hearken, all ears, alert to the bones,
Thank you for hours so rich in their pleasure,
Jubilant evenings with beautiful tones.

I take with a smile my burden

(Jeppe Aakjær)

I take with a smile my burden,
I bear with a song my load;
I feel how the shepherd's guerdon
Is cattle and grass – and a goad.

From north the dewdrops are driven
Cross countryside covered with corn;
As vault of darkness is riven,
'Tween ox-horns sunlight is born!

I look over fields that are gleaming
Afar t'ward a blue-tinted bay,
I gaze at the thundercloud steaming,
But words can't express what I'd say.

I sling the old shawm to my lips where
I blow it at length so bright,
That brooks begin gurgling and drip there,
While billygoats bleat from delight!

– Say, how can you possibly ponder,
As long as the heavens are blue!
My heart will tremble with wonder
As long as grass gathers dew.

Kom, Gudsengel, stille død

(Emil Aarestrup)

7 Kom, Gudsengel, stille død,
læg mig hen til ro og hvile.
Læg mig i min moders skød
under mos og tårepile.

Jeg er træt af dagens blå,
træt af nattens stjernetåge.
Tornekransen har jeg på,
o jeg kan ej længer våge.

Jeg har grublet mig så sløv
på den svære livets gåde.
Jeg er bleven ør og døv
og kan intet mere råde.

Hjertet, som så ungt og fast
banked i sin smerte,
med sin sidste lykke brast;
koldt er nu mit hjerte.

Nu er for stakket tid forbi

(Viggo Stuckenborg)

8 Nu er for stakket tid forbi
dit slid, du stakkels lille,
nu kan du gå, nu er du fri,
skal ikke sidde stille!
nu kan du trøstigt råbe op,
og, dersom du kan nå det,
slå luftspring over skovens top,
– gør hvad du vill du må det!

Come, God's angel, silent Death

(Emil Aarestrup)

Come, God's angel, silent Death,
Lay me, mother's knee my pillow
When in peace I've ceased my breath,
Under moss and weeping willow.

I am sick of daylight blue,
Sick of night-time's starry yonder –
Crown of thorns I'm wearing, too,
Can no longer watch and wander –

I may ponder more and more
Over riddles of existence
Till I'm deaf and dizzy or
Lead myself as at a distance.

It was young and firm, my heart,
In its pain a-pounding,
With my bliss it fell apart;
Coldness now abounding.

It's over for a short respite

(Viggo Stuckenborg)

It's over for a short respite
Your drudgery and letters,
Now you may go all free and wight,
And cast away your fetters!
Now you may holler when you please
And, if you can or want to,
Do somersaults above the trees,
– There's no-one here to daunt you!

Ak! stakket Tid! – Nej, knap så lang
er hele vint'ren skåret,
som blot en dag i skov og vang
med solblæst gennem håret.
Lad skoleåret rinde smukt,
til hælften kun det frommer,
om ej du høster rigest frugt
i ferien, som kommer!

Gå over eng, stå ved en å,
når solen stille daler,
hør myggen summe, gedden slå,
se højt mod himlens svaler!
Der lægges blot så dyr en skat
hver aften over enge,
fred, lykke, livsmod – grib den fat,
at du kan glædes længe!

Og kom så, når på ny du må
Skovskyggers løvtag bytte
med skolens faste murstensvrå,
hvor du skal arbejd skøtte,
og smelt i, hvad du der får fat,
et ekko af de klange,
du fanged dig en sommernat,
mens å randt under spange!

Det bødes der for i lange år

(J.P. Jacobsen)

- 9 Det bødes der for i lange år,
som kun var en stakket glæde;
det smiler man frem i flygtig stund,
man bort kan i år ej græde.
Der rinder sorg, rinder harm af roser røde.

Ah, short respite! No, barely so
Is winter time created
As but one day in woods to go
Windblown and sunshine-sated.
So let the school year thus elapse,
Though half of it be wasted,
Or else you never had, perhaps,
The fruit of summer tasted!

Cross over mead to stream or dike
As sunset softly follows,
Hear buzz of gnat, hear flip of pike,
Look in the sky for swallows!
Each evening over lake and mead
Is set a priceless treasure,
Calm, glee, and spirits – let them lead
So long may be your pleasure!

Come back then when again you must
Exchange the forest twilight
With red-brick school and so adjust
To where there's work in highlight,
Melt into that and grasp it right,
That echo, an expression
Of what you seized one summer night
While streams did purl and freshen!

You suffer throughout an age of pain

(J.P. Jacobsen)

You suffer throughout an age of pain
For what was a moment's pleasure;
However you smile in a fleeting while,
Tears are still beyond all measure.
There trickles woe, trickles wrath from ruby roses.

Der ages på lykkens gyldne hjul
så fast, at en intet sandser;
men sorgens trælsomme tunge læs
det venter os dog, når vi standser.
Der rinder sorg ...

Der leves i lyst som halvt i drøm,
men sorgen har ingen drømme:
Med vågne øjne den på dig seer,
øjne som sugende strømme.
Der rinder sorg ...

Ej smilet vil lyse din dag i seng,
men tåren har gode stunder;
thi smil er glans kun af det, der er,
gråd skyggen af det, der gik under.
Der rinder sorg ...

Aftenstemning

(Carsten Hauch)

- 10 Alt skoven sig fordunkler;
den gyldne stjerne funkler
på himlen ren og blid,
sin ret naturen kræver,
og over engen svæver
den hvide Damp ved aftenstid.

Hvor rolig jorden hviler
bag nattens slør og smiler
så mild og sommervarm,
fast lig et stille Kammer,
hvori al dagens Jammer
forglemmes skal i søvnens arm.

You're driving the golden wheel of luck
So fast it's beyond sensation;
But sorrow's toilsome and heavy load
Awaits us, though, at debarkation.
There trickles woe ...

You live in desire like half a dream, –
But grief has no ways of dreaming:
With eyes awake it keeps watching you,
Eyes so absorbingly streaming.
There trickles woe ...

No smile ever lighted your day to bed,
But tears might achieve this wonder;
For smiles are seen just, of that which is,
Tears, shadow of that which went under.
There trickles woe ...

Evening

(Carsten Hauch)

The woods are dimly listening,
The golden stars are glistening
In heaven mild and pure;
As nature is exhaling,
At eventide goes sailing
A misty whiteness o'er the moor.

How calm the Earth reposes
In veils of night, and dozes
From summer warmth so deep;
Like such a shrine you see it
While mis'ry is – so be it –
Forgotten in the arms of sleep.

Påskeliljen

(N.F.S. Grundtvig)

11 Påskeblomst! en dråbe stærk
drak jeg af dit gule bæger,
og som ved et underværk
den mig hæver, vederkvæger:
Hanegal og morgensang,
synes mig, af den udsprang;
vågnende jeg ser de døde
i en påske-morgenrøde.

O! hvor est du mig dog kær,
Bondeblomst fra landsbyhave,
mer end rosen est du værd,
påskeblomst på fædres grave!
Du forkynder mig en vår,
ja, et helligt jubelår,
som hver ædel blomst af døde
skal forklaret igenføde.

Vinterstorm og hagl og regn
suser, bruser over jorden;
men jeg stander som et tegn
for en blomstertid i Norden.
Nægte man mig med foragt
rosenduft og sommerprag!
Lige godt, når dem jeg fryder,
som har kær, hvad jeg betyder!

Barnet sang

(Johannes Dam)

12 Kom, i dag må alle synge,
målet er en vise værd,
vi skal jage livets tyngne

The Daffodil

(N.F.S. Grundtvig)

Easter bloom! A potent drink
From your yellow cup conveys me
Quite a marvel and, I think,
Will refresh me and will raise me:
Thus the swan's wing, swan song teems
Out of everything, it seems;
Wakening I shall see the perished
Throughout Easter dawn be cherished.

Oh, how dear you are to me,
Garden bloom for village peasant!
More than roses' worth to be
On our fathers' graves at present!
True your message is of spring,
Of the jubilee you bring,
Gives each noble dead protection
And transfigured resurrection!

Winter gale and rain and hail
Roar across the whole creation;
But I'm standing as a tale
Of a flow'ring in our nation.
On me nature never spent
Summer splendour, roses' scent!
Just as well that they're elated
Who love all I've vindicated!

Children's song

(Johannes Dam)

Come today and join the chorus,
End and mean's a ditty's worth,
We shall drive away before us

bort med glade toners hær,
mane vint'rens mørke tider
bort med lyse stemmers klang –
medens forårsdagen lider,
vil vi synge barnets sang.

Dersom selv du nogensinde
dybt i barneøjne så,
skimtet har du vist derinde
skær af himlens lyse blå –
så', hvor denne lille himmel
skifte kan fra smil til gråd,
smile som en stjernevimmel,
græde som en sky så våd.

Fylde barnets sind med glæde,
det er din og alles sag,
Barneøjne må ej græde,
derfor synger vi i Dag.
Og hver gang dit øje hviler
på et barn, du selv har kær,
tænk så på, et andet smiler,
glad for det, du gav det her.

Grøn er vårens hæk

(Poul Martin Møller)

13 Grøn er vårens hæk,
Kåben kastes væk,
jomfruer sig alt på volden sole;
luften er så smuk,
deres længselssuk
kendes let på deres silkekjole.

Weight of life with tones and mirth,
Banish winter's dark morasses
By our voices light and strong –
As the lovely spring day passes
We shall sing this children's song.

When you looked yourself, if ever,
Deeply into children's eyes,
You'll have glimpsed it, for you never
missed that sky-blue light arise –
See how this small heaven switches
Smiles can change to tears so loud,
Smiles like starry vault of riches,
Cries like any rainy cloud.

Filling children's minds with pleasure
This is up to one and all,
Children's eyes are such a treasure,
Therefore songs today enthrall.
And whene'er your glance reposes
On a child who's dear to you,
Ponder how that smile discloses
All the joy you gave him, too.

Springtime hedge is green

(Poul Martin Møller)

Springtime hedge is green,
Cloaks are no more seen,
Sun on rampart maiden cheek caresses;
Oh, how light the air,
Yearning sighs out there
Clearly show themselves on silken dresses.

Nu har viben æg,
Pilen dygtig skæg,
og violen småt på volden pipper;
gåsen sine små
lærer flittig gå,
Skaden vindig med sin hale vipper.

Svenden med sin brud
går i haven ud,
på de grønne sko hun synes danse;
ak, hvor er hun let,
foden er så net.
Pogen sælger til dem grønne kranser.

Storken er så travl
højt på bondens gavl,
og de røde fødder næbbet slibe;
høkren med sin viv
går for tidsfordriv
med sin sølvbeslagne merskumpibe.

Hulde piger små,
røde, hvide, blå,
sende deres blikke rundt som pile,
og som krigerflag
i det kælneslag
silkebånd fra liljenakken ile.

Aftnen driver på,
mens de skønne gå,
bare de dem ikke skal forkøle.
Hvilken yndig strøm,
barmen blir så øm,
man mit hjerte kan på vesten føle.

Eggs the lapwing lays,
Pussy willow sways,
Violets are peeping out so slightly;
Busily the geese
Teach their young in peace,
Magpie wagging tail quite impolitely.

Journeyman and wife
Join the garden life,
In her pale green shoes she's almost dancing;
How her charms suffice,
Slender foot so nice.
Lads then sell them garlands, how entrancing.

Busily the stork
Stalks a balanced walk,
Whets its beak above the farmer's gable;
Grocer with his spouse,
Glad to leave the house,
Puffs his meerscham pipe whenever able.

Damsels fair anew,
Red and white and blue,
Send their glances out like arrows flying,
And like flags of fame
In the am'rous game
Silken bands from lily necks are hieing.

Eventide is near,
Beauties disappear,
Do not catch a cold is my desire.
What a lovely flow,
Gentle spirits glow,
And my heart is beating even higher.

I den tavse nat,
som en stor dukat,
månen stænker guld på alle grene.
Ak, de skønne svandt
jo fra hver en kant.
Det er tungt, man skal gå hjem alene.

Jeg ved en lærkerede

(Harald Bergstedt)

[14] Jeg ved en lærkerede
Jeg siger ikke mer'.
Den findes på en hede,
et sted, som ingen ser.

I reden er der unger,
og ungerne har dun.
De pipper, de har tunger
og reden er så lun.

Og de to gamle lærker,
de flyver tæt omkring.
Jeg tænkte nok, de mærker,
jeg gør dem ingenting.

Jeg lurer bag en slåen.
Der står jeg ganske nær.
Jeg rækker mig på tåen
og holder på mit vej.

For ræven han vil bide,
og drengen samle bær.
Men ingen skal få vide,
hvor lærkereden er.

In the night the moon
Silently has strewn
Coins of gold on boughs forever present.
Ah, the beauties left,
I'm of hope bereft.
Going home alone is so unpleasant.

Two larks in love have nested

(Harald Bergstedt)

Two larks in love have nested,
I know, and say no more;
On heathy soil they've quested
Some place that no one saw.

The nestlings are so downy,
Of sweet and lively form.
They're chirping, small and brown,
The nest is oh, so warm.

The parents guard their steading
But do not raise alarm.
They know for sure my treading
Won't do them any harm.

I hide behind a hummock.
I'm very, very near.
I'm lying on my stomach
Alert with eye and ear.

For boy will gather berry,
And fox he comes to bite.
That's why I am so wary
And keep my lips shut tight.

Solen er så rød, mor

(Harald Bergstedt)

15 Solen er så rød, mor,
og skoven blir så sort
Nu er solen død, mor,
og dagen gået bort.
Ræven går derude, mor,
vi låser vores gang.
Kom, sæt dig ved min pude, mor,
og syng en lille sang.

Himlen er så stor, mor,
med klare stjerner på.
Hvem monstro der bor, mor,
på stjernen i det blå?
Tror du, der er drenge, mor,
der titter ned til mig?
Og tror du, de har senge, mor,
og sover li'som jeg?

Hvorfor blir det nat, mor?
og kold og bitter vind?
Hør den lille kat, mor,
den mjaver og vil ind.
Mågerne og ternerne
har ingen sted at bo.
Å hør, nu synger stjernerne.
De synger mig til ro.

Sangen til Danmark

(Helge Rode)

16 Som en rejselysten flåde
ankret op ved Jyllands bro
under vejrs og vindes nåde

Look! the sun is red, mum

(Harald Bergstedt)

Look! The sun is red, mum,
The woods are growing black.
Now the sun is dead, mum,
And never turning back.
Foxes pass the willow, mum,
Do lock the hallway door.
Come, sit beside my pillow, mum,
And sing a little more!

Look! How great the sky, mum,
With shining stars at night.
Who will live and die, mum,
Upon a star so bright?
Could there be a fellow, mum,
Who takes a look at me?
And does he sleep and dwell, oh mum,
In bedding? Could it be?

Why is night like that, mum,
A bitter, windy spin.
Listen to the cat, mum,
It's mewling to get in!
Gulls and terns are winging now
To find a place to rest.
Oh hark, the stars are singing how
My sleep will suit me best!

The Song to Denmark

(Helge Rode)

There's a fleet of floating islands
Anchored up by Jutland's pier
With a dream of hidden highlands,

ligger landet dybt i ro.
Hårdt går hav mod bro og stavn,
moder Danmarks stille navn.
Hør, hvor blidt det klinger!
Hvor vi stod, og hvor vi gik,
kom dit navn som sød musik
blødt på hvide vinger.

Havombruset yngler landet.
Tusind øer gik af havn,
lod sig bære bort af vandet,
for at bære Danmarks navn.
Muntert frem til livets dyst
gennem mulm og strålelyst.
Hil jer vore skibe!
Flaget blaffer rødt og hvidt.
Her er Danmark, dit og mit,
med sin kølvandsstribet.

Hav og muld skal dansken pløje.
Venner! Hvad vi fik for muld!
Bølgelandets runde høje
tavlet ud i grønt og guld.
Lærken klatrer fra sin seng
i den morgenvåde eng
ad sin jakobsstige.
Men de lyse nætters skær
over stille bøgetræer
åbner himmerige.

Hør det! Husk det, alle danske!
Klar og frodig er vor ånd.
Sproget slutter som en handske
om en fast og venlig hånd.

Keen on trav'ling far from here.
Hamm'ring hard at stems, the sea
Meets with Denmark's name alee.
Oh, its tone is tender!
Where we stood, where'er we came,
Did the music of thy name
Make our minds surrender.

Seas a-roaring, land a-breeding,
Many islands sailed away
On the ocean's wave while feeding
Denmark to the present day.
Onward through a lifelong fight,
Whether murk or noonday light.
Hail the ships! Be greeted!
Flags a-flutter, red and white.
This is Denmark, feel the might
Of its wake repeated.

Sea and soil the Danes will furrow.
Friends! How splendid is our mould!
Undulating barrows thorough
Scen'ry chequered green and gold.
Skylark climbing from his bed,
Up his Jacob's ladder led
O'er the dew-soaked heather.
By the gleam of northern night
Over beeches, silent sight,
Heaven sings together.

Keep that mem'ry, see it, hear it:
Clear and fervent is our mind.
Fitting is the speech and spirit
Hand-in-glove, both firm and kind.

Værn med vid, hvad helt er vort.
Sig kun sandhed, jævnt og kort,
gladest ved det milde.
Danskens lov i strid og fred
være ret og billighed,
som kong Volmer ville.

Vinterklart og sommerbroget,
morgenmuntert, skumringssvøbt,
ligefremt og latterkroget,
smilbestrålet, tåredøbt.
Det er Danmarks frie sprog,
uden tryk af fremmed åg
frejdig Freja taler.
Eget brød til egen dug,
Danmarks hvede, Danmarks rug,
Dybbøl mølle maler.

Danmark, du kornblonde datter (L.C. Nielsen)

- 17 Danmark, du kornblonde datter
af den mandlige muld og det moderlige hav,
avlet under himle så høje,
at de blånende blev i dit øje:
Vi hilser dig fra havets og muldens rige favn;
vi bringer vore sejre, vor gernings fulde gavn,
Moder, til ære for dit navn!

Danmark, du sangmilde søster
til det solrige syd og det vinterlige nord,
vokset her, hvor isbjerge smelted',
da de mødtes med våren og vælted:

Guard with wit what shall remain.
Tell the truth, but short and plain,
Happy with its mildness.
Old king Volmer laid the trust:
Danish law is fair and just,
Contrary to wildness.

Winter-bright and summer-coloured,
Morning-merry, twilight-swept,
Lashing-straight and laughter-hollered,
Smile-illumèd, sorrow-wept.
This is how we freely spoke,
Unrestrained by foreign yoke,
Freya's words reminding.
Bake the bread your own shall eat;
Denmark's rye and Denmark's wheat
Dybbøl mill is grinding.

Denmark, ye corn-golden daughter (L.C. Nielsen)

Denmark, ye corn-golden daughter
Of the male and rich mould and the open female sea,
Born below the heavens so soaring
That your eyes became blue from exploring:
We hail you from the sea, from the mould,
from where we came,
We bring you our success, and our action, and our aim,
Mother, in honour of your name!

Denmark, ye song-smiling sister
Of the sun-shining South, of the cold and wintry North,
Growing up where icebergs have vanished
As they met with the spring and were banished:

Vi lægger dig fra norden og syden i vort blod
det bedste, vi har evnet, det største, vi forstod,
Moder, som hyldest til din fod!

Danmark, du frugtbar datter
af den favnende blæst og den føjelige blomst,
modnet under storme så stride,
at du ved, hvad af smerte man kan lide:
Vi fæster dig af blomster, som dufter vildt af vår,
af aks fra vore agre, af løv fra lund og gård,
Moder, en majkrans om dit hår!

Skummende lå havet (Olaf Hansen)

- 18 Skummende lå havet og skylled imod strand.
Hej, for en fest! Hvor der dansedes der!
Stænk og fager fråde fra det grålige vand
svæved i regnbuefarvet skær.

Hist hvor alting larmed, jeg standsed tavs og stum,
blikket fløj ud, ingen fæste det fik.
Bølgedal og bølgetop og flyvende skum,
stunder, som kom, og som forgik.

Du dansk mand! af al din magt! (Holger Drachmann)

- 19 Du danske mand! af al din magt
syng ud om vor gamle mor!
En krans af hav og fjord blev lagt
om huset, hvor hun bor:
Mod grønne, side strande
går stærke, stride vande,

We bring you from the North, from the South, and
from our lives
The best of that to which almost everybody strives,
Mother, our tribute now arrives!

Denmark, ye most fecund daughter
Of the wind that embraced and the flower that gave in,
Ripened during tempests so forceful
That you see even pain can be remorseful.
From fragrant, vernal flowers we'll bind for you to wear
With ears from golden acres, with leafage bright and fair,
Mother, a wreath around your hair!

Foaming high, the waters rushed heavily ashore (Olaf Hansen)

Foaming high, the waters rushed heavily ashore.
Hey, this is fun! What a ballroom right there!
Spray and gurgling white-tops with a guttural roar
Floated in rainbow-coloured air.

There, before the maelstrom, silent, dumb stood I,
Eyes flashed around, thoughts were running astray.
Trough and crest of waves, and sea foam flying up high,
Moments that came and passed away.

Sing, Danish man! With all your might (Holger Drachmann)

Sing, Danish man! With all your might
In praise of our mother, sing!
The sea and bay in blue and white
Her house will always ring:
The forceful ocean reaches
T'ward verdant coasts and beaches,

og over kornets guldglans
står vikingestenen vagt!

Syng ud! – og sorg fra fortids nat
bli'r smil på hver glædesdag,
vor himmel skifter farve brat,
men aldrig folkets flag.
Som Danmarks blide kvinder
har røde-hvide kinder,
så lyser livets friskhed
fra frihedens dyre skat.

Vort gamle land! af al vor magt
vi øger din rigdoms ring,
går fremad sejgt og uforsagt,
om ej i store spring.
Og furer ploven landet,
så skurer kølen vandet:
Støt står den danske sømand
på havet sin viking-vagt.

Til snapsen i "Bel Canto" *(Aage Berntsen)*

20 Endskønt jeg ganske sikkert ved,
at du er falsk som du er hed,
at du i morgen plager mig,
dog kære, behager mig,
du ligefrem betager mig,
jeg tager dig,
(drikker) Ah – !
og klager ej.

And over golden corn fields
Stands Viking menhir upright!

Sing out, may grief from passing night
Be joy with each happy day,
Our sky will change its colours' bright,
But ne'er our flag, we say.
As girls bespeak you, blushing
In rosy cheeks' new flushing,
The way to freedom's treasure
The freshness of life will light.

Our ancient land! with all our might,
Increasing your ways and means
We'll stride along, in ample fight
Though not through greater scenes.
As steely ploughs do furrow,
So keels at sea are thorough:
The Danish hand stands steady,
A Viking on watch all right.

To the Schnapps in 'Bel Canto' *(Aage Berntsen)*

Although I'm more convinced than not
That you're as false as you are hot,
Tomorrow you'll be teasing me,
My dear, yet you are pleasing me,
You're through and through appeasing me,
I'm seizing ye,
[drinking] Ah – !
You're easing me.

Den danske sang er en ung blond pige *(Kai Hoffmann)*

21 Den danske sang er en ung blond pige
hun går og nynner i Danmarks hus,
hun er et barn af det havblå rige
hvor bøge lytter til bølgers brus.
Den danske sang når den dybest klinger,
hår klang af klokke, af sværd og skjold.
I mod os bruser på brede vinger
en saga tone fra hedenold.

All Sjællands ynde og Jyllands vælde,
de tvende klange af blidt og hårdt,
skal sangen rumme for ret at melde
om, hvad der inderst er os og vort.
Og tider skifter, og sæder mildnes,
men kunst og kamp kræver stadig stål,
det alterbål, hvor vor sjæl skal ildnes
det flammer hedest i Bjarkemål.

Så syng da, Danmark, lad hjertet tale,
thi hjertesproget er vers og sang,
og lære kan vi af nattergalen,
af lærken over den grønne vang.
Og blæsten suser sin vilde vise,
og stranden drøner sit højtidskvad,
fra hedens lyng som fra stadens flise
skal sangen løfte sig ung og glad.

Nu sol i øst oprinder mild *(C.J. Brandt)*

22 Nu sol i øst oprinder mild;
min sjæl, til Gud dig skynd,

The Danish song is a fair young maiden *(Kai Hoffmann)*

The Danish song is a fair young maiden
A-humming all through the nation's hall,
Of deep blue offspring, emotion-laden,
Where beech tree hearkens the billows call.
The Danish song with its passion racing,
A bell resounding, the battle's chime,
It floods our senses, all thought embracing,
A saga's echo from heathen time.

All Zealand's grace and all Jutland's powers,
The cloven timbre of mild and tough,
Our song must have these respective towers,
For us to feel it is good enough.
As times are changing our manners mellow,
But struggling arts crave a spine of steel;
In altar fires flaming white and yellow,
The legends' forge shall our souls anneal.

Let Denmark sing! Make its heart outspoken,
For heartfelt language is song and verse,
The nightingale is thereof a token
Like skylarks gathering to rehearse.
The high wind whistles its wrathful ditty,
The shoreline booms out its solemn song;
From heather moor as from crowded city
The song still rises forever young.

Now sun arises in the East *(C.J. Brandt)*

Now sun arises in the East;
My soul, to God you win,

bed, han i dag dig frelse vil
fra skade, skam og synd!

Vor tunge stå han nådig bi,
den fly fra løgn og tvist;
vort øje frelse han og fri
fra fjendens argelist.

Han rens ud vort hjerte godt
i hver en lønlig vrå,
at kødets lyst i stort og småt
ej magt skal med os få.

Så vi, når dagen svinder hen
for nattens skygge bred,
må synge glad Guds pris igen
og tage mod hans fred.

Jeg lægger mig så trygt til ro
(*Christian Winther*)

23 Jeg lægger mig så trygt til ro
som fuglen hist i skove,
thi du min Gud, du våger jo
for mig når jeg vil sove!

Hav tak for dagen lys og klar
for hver dens lys og glæde!
Hjælp alle dem som smerter har,
trøst alle dem som græde!

Hold i din varetægt, o Gud!
mig selv og mine kære
og styrk mig, så jeg dine bud
kan tro og lydige være!

Pray he will save you as the least
From evil, shame and sin!

Our tongue in mercy stand he by,
So lies and broil may flee;
And his redeeming love, our eye
From hostile ruse set free!

Purge he our heart and make it fresh
In any closet nook,
So great or small a lust of flesh
Us never overtook!

So we, as daylight fades away
To shadows of the night,
May sing our praise of God today
His peace may be our plight.

In peace, I lay me down to sleep
(*Christian Winther*)

In peace, I lay me down to sleep
As birds they do in number;
For you, my Lord, your watch do keep,
O'er my approaching slumber!

I thank you for the day so bright,
Which gives us all such pleasure!
Help all who are in pain tonight,
Your comfort be their treasure!

Keep in your care, oh God above!
Myself and all my dearest –
And keep me in eternal love
To your commandments nearest!

Hjemve

(*Adam Oehlenschläger*)

24 Underlige aftenluft!
hvorhen vinker I min hu?
milde, lune blomsterdufte!
sig, hvorhen I bølgjer nu.
Går I over hviden strand
til mit elskte fødeland?
vil I dér med eders bølger
tolke, hvad mit hjerte dølger?

Matte sol, bag bjergets stene
luerød du daler ned;
og nu sidder jeg alene
i min dunkle ensomhed.
Hjemme var der intet fjeld;
ak, så er jeg ude vel,
skal i nat ej barnligt blunde
i min Herthas grønne lunde.

Stille, stille, hisset gynger
båden mellem siv og krat;
sødt en mø ved cithren synger
i den tavse, lune nat.
Hvilke toner, milde lyst,
hvor du strømmer i mit bryst!
Men hvad savner jeg og græder,
mens hun dog så venligt kvæder?

Tager ej min sang for andet
end et ufrivilligt suk!
længselsfuldt heniler vandet,
aftnen er så blid og smuk.
Mangen sådan aftenstund

Homesickness

(*Adam Oehlenschläger*)

Odd and unknown evening breezes!
Will you raise my longing mind?
Scent of flowers mildly pleases!
Say, whereunto do you wind?
Passing over whiter strand
My beloved native land?
Will you there in silent waving
Tell them how my heart's behaving?

Misty now behind the mountain,
Flaming red the sun goes down;
Yet, I dwell beside the fountain
With a dark and lonesome frown.
Lonely fells are not my home,
Even so it's here I roam,
In my Hertha's holts no user,
Nor tonight a childlike snoozer.

Hush, oh hush! The boat is yonder
With the rush and brush in sight;
Damsel songs will sweetly wander
Through the soft and silent night.
What a tune! A gentle zest
Floods delightfully my breast!
Then, what do I miss, descanting
On her pleasant way of chanting?

Take my plaintive singing only
For an unintended sigh!
In this evening, mild and lonely,
Wistful streams are heing by,
Often such an eventide

sad jeg i min kære lund;
mindet vender nu tilbage,
det var årsag i min klage.

Der er et yndigt land

(Adam Oehlenschläger)

²⁵ Der er et yndigt land,
det står med brede bøge,
nær salten østerstrand;
det bugter sig i bakke, dal,
det hedder gamle Danmark,
og det er Frejas sal.

Der sad i fordums tid
de harniskklædte kæmper,
udhvilede fra strid;
så drog de frem til fjenders mén,
nu hvile deres bene
bag højens bautasten.

Det land endnu er skønt,
thi blå sig søen bælder,
og løvet står så grønt;
og ædle kvinder, skønne møer
og Mænd og raske Svende
bebo de danskes øer.

Hil Drot og fædreland!
Hil hver en danneborger,
Som virker hvad han kan.
Vort gamle Danmark skal bestå,
Så længe bøgen spejler
Sin top i bølgen blå.

Saw me in my holt abide;
Mem'ries are right now prevailing,
This for certain caused my wailing.

A fair and lovely land

(Adam Oehlenschläger)

A fair and lovely land
With staunch and tow'ring beechwood
Beside the Baltic strand;
The rolling hill and dale enthrall,
Is known as good old Denmark,
And this is Freya's hall.

'Twas here in days of yore,
The armoured heroes gathered
To rest from mortal war;
Then onward marched to strike the foe,
They linger on in peace now,
The barrow mounds below.

This land is beauteous still,
By azure sea encircled,
So green the wood and hill;
And noble women, pretty maids
And fearless men inhabit
These isles and verdant glades.

Hail king and fatherland!
Hail every Danish burgher
Who works with eager hand!
So long the azure waters pure
Reflect the tow'ring beechwood
Old Denmark shall endure.

DDD

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Editing: Mette Due and Preben Iwan

Recording engineer, mix and mastering: Preben Iwan

Executive choir producers: Ivar Munk (Vocal Ensemble and Concert Choir)
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DANMARKS NATIONALE
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Dacapo Records, Denmark's national record label, was founded in 1986 with the purpose of releasing the best of Danish music past and present. The majority of our recordings are world premieres, and we are dedicated to producing music of the highest international standards.

