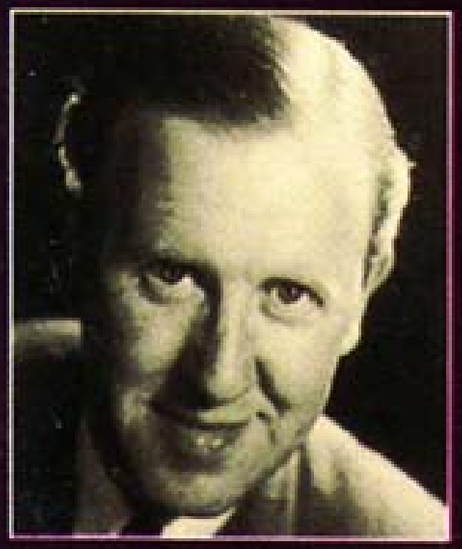
Aksel Schiøtz

The Complete Aksel Schiøtz Recordings 1933-1946

Schumann
"Dichterliebe"
and songs by Brahms, Grieg and Bellman (all 1946)



VOL 3

danacord

Aksel Schiøtz

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)
Dichterliebe. Op. 48 (Heinrich Heine)

[1] Im wunderschönen Monat Mai *1:15*
[2] Am meinen Tränen spriessen *0:56*
[3] Die Rose, die Lilie *0:34*
[4] Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' *1:35*
HMV DB 6270 2EA 10834-1

[5] Ich will meine Seele tauchen *0:55*
[6] Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome *1:58*
[7] Ich grolle nicht *1:47*
HMV DB 6270 2EA 10835-1

[8] Und wüssten's die Blumen *1:13*
[9] Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen *1:17*
[10] Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen *1:38*
HMV DB 6271 2EA 10836-1

[11] Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen *0:54*
[12] Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen *1:40*
[13] Ich hab' im Traum geweinet *2:00*
HMV DB 6271 2EA 10837-1

[14] Allnächtlich im Traume *1:46*
[15] Aus alten Märchen winkt es *2:28*
HMV DB 6272 2EA 10838-1

[16] Die alten, bösen Lieder *4:20*
HMV DB 6272 2EA 10839-1

Gerald Moore, piano
Recorded London January 10, 1946

Johannes Brahms (1833 - 1897)

[17] Die Mainacht. Op. 43 no. 2 *3:28*
(Hölty) *May Night*
HMV 7EBK 1005 OEA 10827-1
Recorded London January 7, 1946

[18] Sonntag Op. 47 no. 3 *1:39*
(Uhland) *Sunday*
[19] Ständchen. Op. 106 no. 1 *1:32*
(Kugler) *Serenade*
HMV 7EBK 1005 OEA 10828-1

Gerald Moore, piano
Recorded London January 8, 1946

Edvard Grieg (1843 - 1907)

[20] Vær hilset, I Damer. Op. 49 no. 3 *3:04*
(Drachmann) *Be greeted, Ladies*
HMV 7EBK 1005 OEA 10830-1

[21] Foraarsregn. Op. 49 no. 6 *2:47*
(Drachmann) *Spring Rain*
HMV 7EBK 1005 OEA 10829-1

[22] En Digters sidste Sang. Op. 18 no. 3 *3:08*
(H. C. Andersen) *A Poet's Last Song*
HMV X 7203 OEA 10831-1

Gerald Moore, piano
Recorded London January 8, 1946

Carl Michael Bellman (1745-1795)

Six Lute Songs
(music adapted by and texts by C M Bellman)

[23] Käraste bröder *3:01*

Dearest brothers
HMV X 6998 OSB 2663-1

[24] Gubben är gammal *3:16*

Old age is with me
HMV X 6998 OSB 2664-1

[25] Så lunka vi så småningom *3:13*

So tipsy we are taking leave
HMV X 6999 OSB 2666-1

[26] Hör klockorna med ängsligt dån *2:42*

Hear bells give out a fearful boom
HMV X 6999 OSB 2665-1

[27] Joachim uti Babylon *3:03*

Joachim lived in Babylon
HMV X 7000 OSB 2667-2

[28] Vila vid denna källa *2:49*

Sit down around the spring here
HMV X 7000 OSB 2668-1

Ulrik Neumann, guitar
Recorded Stockholm May 9, 1946

Diderik Buxtehude (1637-1707)

[29] Aperite mihi portas justitiae *8:03*

Elsa Sigfuss, contralto, Holger Nørgaard, bass
Else Marie Bruun and Julius Koppel, violins,
Torben Anton Svendsen, cello and Mogens
Wöldike, harpsichord
HMV Z 292 2CS2489-2/2CS2490-2

Recorded Copenhagen May 22, 1946

Produced by Gerd Schiøtz and Arne Helman
Executive producer: Jesper Buhl

Transferred at the Abbey Road Studios by
Andrew Walter

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Texts *p 19*

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Aksel Schiøtz's article ©Gerd Schiøtz 1970.

Aksel Schiøtz 1906 - 1975

Aksel Schiøtz blev født i Roskilde 1. september 1906, hvor han voksede op i et dansk kulturmiljø. Efter studentereksament 1924 læste han dansk og engelsk ved Københavns Universitet og blev cand. mag. i 1930. Han blev i 1931 gift med Gerd Haugsted.

Lige fra gymnasieårene havde han en fin mezzo tenor-stemme. Og stor sangglæde. Mogens Wöldike optog ham som tenor i sit nydannede Københavns Drenge- og Mandskor og gav Schiøtz solo-opgaver i oratoriemusikken. I 1936 gav Aksel Schiøtz sin første sangaften.

His Master's Voice, London, opdagede Schiøtz i 1938 og lagde grunden til den lysende grammofonkarriere, som denne CD serie pány gør tilgængelig.

Med den militære besættelse af Danmark d. 9. april 1940 blev Schiøtz afskåret fra en international karriere som Lied- og oratoriesanger. Hans grammofonplader havde imidlertid givet ham en central position herhjemme. Schiøtz sang opera og operette i hovedstaden, men kunne tillige give sangaftener for fulde huse overalt i landet. Han bidrog med kunstneriske midler til den folkelige og moralske selvbesindelse, som tiden kaldte på.

I 1945 blev de gamle kontakter med engelsk musikliv med held genoplivet. Set med grammophile øjne er det Aksel Schiøtz' og Gerald Moores "Die schöne Müllerin" og "Dichterliebe" der vejer tungest. Men for Schiøtz selv har det uden tvivl været en gylden oplevelse at synge i Glyndebourne i Brittens "The Rape of Lucretia".

Efteråret 1946 diagnosticeres en svulst på hørenerven. Operationen medfører, at Aksel Schiøtz' højre ansigtshalvdel lammes. Kan han komme til at synge igen? Al sund fornuft må svare nej.

Trods alle odds lykkes det Schiøtz, med utrolig viljestyrke at træne sig op til en bevægende come-back koncert i København i 1948.

Den lyse, varme tenorrøst er tabt. Som sanger, nu i barytonalt leje, bliver han særligt værdsat af musikere og kendere – Casals, Pears, Sascha Schneider og mange andre, der lægger større vægt på kunstnerisk sandhed end på oprindelig skønhed.

I 1955 indleder Aksel Schiøtz en ny livsgerning som professor i sangkunst ved universiteterne i Minnesota, i Toronto (1958-60) og i Colorado (1960-68). Ikke mindst hans "master classes", der afholdes mange steder i Nordamerika, vidner om det ry han opnår ved sin undervisning.

En professorstilling i København tilbydes Aksel Schiøtz i 1968. Skønt han er glad for kaldelsen, giver posten i længden ikke mulighed for at frugtbargøre hans indsigt og formidlingsevne, erhvervet i lyse og mørke tider.

Aksel Schiøtz dør i 1975.

Introduktion

Det er et stort ønske jeg får opfyldt med denne samlede genudgivelse af Aksel Schiøtz' grammofonindspilninger.

Jeg er rørt over, at bestyrelserne for Velux Fonden af 1981, Augustinus Fonden og Carl Nielsen og Anne Marie Carl-Nielsens Legat har vist forståelse for at bevare Aksel Schiøtz' sangkunst, så den fortsat kan glæde musikelskere der bevæges af stemmen og af fortolkningerne.

De fleste optagelser har været genudgivet på LP, men disse er forældede, også i den forstand at de ikke rigtig har ydet originaloptagelserne retfærdighed. Når jeg nu hører de overførsler, som EMI-studiernes dygtige "chief engineer", hr Andrew Walter, har forestået på grundlag af tidlige, velbevarede presninger, mindes man om, hvor gode de oprindelige optagelser var. (Der står næsten altid "take-1" på dem, hvilket er til ære både for Aksel Schiøtz og for dem der skar pladerne.) Det var HMV i London, der opdagede Aksel Schiøtz' stemme, så det glæder mig, at CD-serien produceres i samarbejde med EMI-Abbey Road Studierne i London.

Serien er komplet frem til begivenhederne i 1946, da Aksel Schiøtz med nød og næppe overlevede en operation, der lammede den ene ansigtshalvdel. Hans kamp for at komme sig og for at komme til at synge igen har også jeg været følelsesmæssigt stærkt involveret i. Men det er to vidt forskellige perioder, det nok er klogt at holde hver for sig.

Så hermed forelægges tenoren Aksel Schiøtz' samlede pladeproduktion samt nogle ukendte optagelser fra perioden, som jeg har autoriseret til udgivelse. Måtte pladerne komme dem i hænde, som vil få den største glæde af dem!

Gerd Schiøtz

Aksel Schiøtz om Schumann

Schumann valgte seksten digte af Heines digtsamling *Lyrisches Intermezzo* og skabte sin *Dichterliebe* af dem. Schumann giver meget mere detaljeret instruktion end Schubert om, hvordan han vil have sin musik foredraget. Man skulle tro, at det derved blev lettere for udøveren, men af en eller anden grund finder i det mindste jeg fortolkningen af Schuberts sange mere ligetil og tættere ved min egen kunstneriske opfattelse. Det tog mig temmelig lang tid at trænge ind i *Dichterliebe*-kredsens subtile detaljer.

Schumanns dybe forståelse og medleven i Heinepoesiens tanker og følelser er noget helt enestående. Kun i nogle af Hugo Wolfs Mörike- og Goethekompositioner møder man en lignende harmoni i poetisk opfattelse af ord og musik.

Der er en mere intim musikalsk forbindelse mellem de enkelte sange i *Dichterliebe* end i sangene i Schuberts to sangkredse. Derfor bør der næsten ingen pauser være mellem sangene. Det beror til en vis grad på den foregående sangs karakter, hvor stort ophold man skal gøre.

De første fem sange danner en enhed i lyrisk følelse, som det ville være forkert at bryde. De er stærkt følte kærlighedssange, men i den fjerde sang, "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' ", må sangeren gøre det klart, at det drejer sig om ulykkelig kærlighed: "Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich! so muss ich weinen bitterlich". Mollterzen i denne frase giver den en klagende vemod, som understreges af det ritardando, som Schumann foreskriver. Den glade store sekst, som indleder Beethovens "Ich liebe dich" med dens overdådige lykkeudbrud og kærlighedserklæringer, er i skarp kontrast til Schumanns bedrøvede og skuffede "ich liebe dich".

Der er et pludseligt skift til den barytonale,

dramatiske karakter i de næste to sange, "Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome", og "Ich grolle nicht". I den første må sangeren give en levende beskrivelse af katadralens vældige arkitektur, som er så glimrende beskrevet i det kantede, staccato motiv i akkompagnementet. I anden del, "Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis", må både sanger og akkompagnatør give indtryk af, at de lytter til orgelmusikken *inde* i domkirken, og det må fremstilles i meget legato fraseringer. Den tredje del af sangen er faktisk efterspillet, og her må udøveren give et klart indtryk af, at man har forladt kirken igen. Med den dybe klokkeklang i akkompagnementet må sangeren igen give en følelse af, at han lytter.

Den vilde fortvivlelse i "Ich grolle nicht", (den samme bitre trods, som udtrykkes i "Die böse Farbe" i Schuberts *Die schöne Müllerin*), opnås bedst ved at overartikulere de tyske ord "grolle", "Diamanten-pracht", "Schlang' " og "elend". "Grolle" er nøgleordet. Selvom den ulykkelige elsker siger "Ich grolle *nicht*" mange gange må grundfølelsen i sangen være, at han til trods derfor netop bærer nag. På denne måde kommer Heines ironi i digtet til udtryk.

Den pludselige overgang til nummer otte, "Und wüssten's die Blumen", fra det voldsomt dramatiske til det mildt lyriske udtryk, er noget af det vanskeligste i hele sangkredsen. Akkompagnatøren må først begynde, når sangeren både teknisk og mentalt har gjort sig parat til denne overgang. De må indøve den mange, mange gange, for at den kan lykkes.

Schumann var jo selv pianist, og han har skabt nogle meget komplicerede akkompagnementer. "Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen" er et af de vanskeligste med alle passager, der efterligner fløjter og violiner i højre hånd og gjaldende trompeter i venstre. Og for at gøre vanskelighederne endnu større for både sanger og pianist, angiver han et "ikke for hurtigt" tempo.

I slutningen af andet vers bliver bondemusikken fra bryllupsoptoget så stærk, at den truer med at drukne stemmen, som udtrykkeligt er markeret *piano*. Den rigtige virkning af dette opnår man ved at understrege "schluchzen" og "stöhnen" med en slags hulkende accent.

Nummer ti, "Hör ich das Liedchen klingen", kunne i og for sig være en klaversolo, hvortil en ganske enkel sangstemme er tilføjet. De tre melodiske linjer udtrykkes klart i akkompagnementet, selvom det ikke er nemt at afgøre, hvilken af dem der er den "lille sang, hun sang".

Nummer elleve, "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen", er i den muntre stemning, som de tyske studenterviser har, og den bryder den vemodige grundtone i sangcyklen. Dog må sangeren i slutningen af sangen slå det fast for tilhørerne, at det drejer sig om den velkendte sørgelige historie om ugengældt kærlighed.

Heine fortæller denne historie i få, enkle træk, og det er sangerens sag at gengive digterens idé i et tempo, som ikke er for hurtigt. Jeg tror, at jeg i overensstemmelse med Schumanns nøjagtige angivelser tør foreslå et accelerando i de sidste ni takter.

Nr. tolv, "Am leuchtende Sommermorgen", er endnu et eksempel på en sang, hvor klaveakkompagnementet er den dominerende del. Man mindes bestandigt om, at Schumann var pianist. Dette er et "Klavierstück", hvori sangerens opgave er at tilpasse stemmepartiets melodiske linje til de skønne passager i klaverpartiet.

Nu følger der to "drømmesange": Nr. tretten, "Ich hab' im Traum geweint" og nr. fjorten, "Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich". Det synes naturligt at foreslå en sløret, klagende stemmeklang i hele første sang med dens staccato akkorder og de legato efterligninger af sangstemmens fraser en uvirkelig drømmeatmosfære i begge disse sange. Jeg vil foreslå, at man anvender en noget lysere

klang i "Allnächtlich im Traume" for at undgå en monoton virkning efter den "hjertebankende" "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet". Den unge mand synger ligesom i Schuberts "Frühlingstraum" om den lykkelige drøm. Det er først, da han vågner op til den bitre virkelighed, at han opdager, at han har glemt hvad der kunne have trøstet ham i hans elendighed.

I nr. femten, "Aus alten Märchen winkt es" ønsker digteren, at han kunne vende tilbage til det dejlige eventyrland, han beskriver, men alt svinder bort som morgentågerne, som letter for den opgående sol.

I nr. seksten udtrykker de fanfareagtige indledende akkorder til "Die alten, bösen Lieder" digterens beslutning om at begrave sin kærlighed. Sangeren har brug for al sin intensitet og alle de klangfarver, han kan mønstre, til at udtrykke fortvivlelsen og lidenskaben i denne sang. Med et bittert resignationens suk ønsker han at glemme dem helt. Sangeren må søge at levendegøre den eventyragtige vision af den enorme kiste, som bæres bort af tolv kæmper, ikke med håndbevægelser, men ved at understrege nøgleordene: "bösen", "Träume", "Sarg", "Heidelberger Fass", "Riesen", "der starke Christoph" – og ved at accentuere de tunge skridt i sørgemarchen med sin sang.

I slutningen retter sangeren et spørgsmål til sine tilhørere – "Wisst Ihr warum der Sarg wohl so gross und schwer mag sein?" – og derpå besvarer han det selv – "Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe und meinen Schmerz hinein".

Det skønne, udtryksfulde klaverefterspil genkalder stemningen fra mange af de foregående sange, og det indeholder al den vemodige og poetiske kærlighed, som findes i *Dichterliebe*. Sangeren må forsøge at genopleve alle de følelser, han har prøvet at udtrykke i disse seksten perler af sange, men han må *stå helt stille*, mens han sammen med publikum lytter til efterspillet.

Oversat af Gerd Schiøtz

1946 - optagelserne i London

Sættet med "Dichterliebe" fik, ligesom "Die schöne Müllerin" fra november 1945, succes. Begge værker kunne erhverves i usædvanligt smukke albums, som viste at HMV var på det rene med at her havde man noget særligt at tilbyde.

Gerhard Hüsch, den fine tyske baryton, havde før krigen indsunget begge værker, men uden samme tekstnære indlevelse som Schiøtz. Af "Dichterliebe" var der også en ældre fransk indspilning med Panzéra og Cortot som nød anseelse. Panzéra roste offentligt det nye pladesæt og kaldte det "utroligt". Også den dengang ganske unge Fischer-Dieskau beundrede Aksel Schiøtz' liederplader. – Siden er der unægtelig kommet mange fortolkninger på markedet, så der skal nok bruges lidt fantasi for at yngre årgange kan forstå hvor megen opsigt Aksel Schiøtz dengang vakte med sin liedsang.

"Dichterliebe" *er*, som Schiøtz er inde på, et vanskeligt værk. Schumann er i flere henseender meddigter. Han arrangerede en collage af Heines indbyrdes usammenhængende digte, så der skabes illusion af et psykologisk forløb. Og, ikke mindre vigtigt, han komponerede substans og ægthed ind i digtene, hvoraf mange er ubetydelige eller uoprigtige (det afsluttende, ikke mindst). Sangeren har derfor et krav at opfylde, det at iagttage Schumanns hårfine balance, så forløbet hverken underspilles eller overspilles (det sidste ville nok være det værste). Det er, som altid hos Schiøtz, en balance som kommer indefra, fra sindet.

Walter Legge var producer, som også på "Die schöne Müllerin". Han havde mange planer for Schiøtz' kommende grammofonrepertoire. Brahms' sange var underrepræsenteret på grammofon, så de tre sange det blev til, var egentlig tænkt som forløber for meget mere.

Brahms-sangene og de tre sange af Grieg blev, med én undtagelse ("En digters sidste sang"), aldrig udsendt som lakplader. De kom ud i 50ernes slutning overført til en 17cm plade EP. Vi har måttet korrigere bassen her, for at den klanglige forskel ikke skulle blive for udtalt.

Grieg, Flagstad og Schiøtz

De tre Grieg-sange her var på Schiøtz' repertoire ved en række koncerter i Norge i 1945. Det var en ny oplevelse for ham at måtte synge for halvtomme sale i den norske provins. Krigen havde forhindret at han var et kendt navn i Norge.

I forbindelse med en af disse koncertrejser var Schiøtz husgæst i Kirsten Flagstads hjem. Flagstad havde en vanskelig periode dengang af private årsager og nød hjerteligt Schiøtz' selskab. De har haft nok at snakke om, de to. Uundgåeligt måtte Griegs sange komme på tapetet. Schiøtz udtalte sin beundring for den store dames Grieg-sang. Nogle af hendes allerbedste Grieg-indsyngninger blev jo foretaget i København i 1930erne (og findes på Danacord DACOCD 325). Jo da, svarede så Flagstad, men min stemme er simpelthen for stor til at kunne få de fine nuancer frem som du har.

De havde begge ret. Mange af Griegs kendteste sange enten har, eller er blevet forsynet med orkesterledsagelse og virker godt i stort format (og hvem der ikke har hørt Flagstad i koncertsalen, kan ikke udfra pladerne gøre sig begreb om *hvor* stor og fyldig hendes stemme var). På den anden side er der en betragtelig del af Griegs sange som er tænkt for en ikke-stor stemme som Nina Griegs, og som har intime kvaliteter.

De tre sange her hører ikke til de kendteste. Holger Drachmann, denne mærkelige karaktersvage og splittede digter, var nær ven med Edvard og Nina Grieg, og Grieg skrev mange Drachmannsange. "Sangenes Bog" fra 1889 indledes med et tilegnelsesdigt til Grieg-parret: "Tag disse friske Sange, læg dem ved Eders Bryst..." Derefter kommer "Foraarsregn", som er god Drachmann og blev fin Grieg. "Vær hilset, I Damer" er fra "Ranker og Roser" 1879 og er af poseuren Drachmann, som med tiden er blevet ulidelig. Også hos Grieg bliver det mest til deklamation. Men Schiøtz har åbenbart følt sig tiltrukket af sangen. Det var ellers sjældent han gik efter det friskfyragtige, skønt han som person havde det i sig (det kom med bravour frem i "Farinelli").

"En Digters sidste Sang" skrev H.C. Andersen som 40-årig, ikke som gammel mand.

Buxtehude, Britten og Ferrier

Idet jeg gerne vil gemme Bellman-sangene, er vi pludselig fremme ved Aksel Schiøtz allersidste grammofonplade før den farlige operation i Stockholm. Det er et stykke dansk musik, for det er sikkert at Buxtehude komponerede kantaten i den periode han virkede i Helsingør, dvs o.1665. Man kan vist konstatere at Buxtehude skriver meget instrumentalt for stemmerne. Desto finere må pladen siges at være. Schiøtz er her lige med to andre gode stemmer. Alligevel præger han klanghelheden, således at denne plade vakte opsigt og fik mange pladeintesserede, ikke mindst i USA, til at opdage Schiøtz.

Grammofonhistorisk hører "Aperite mihi" til en samlet indsats fra dansk side – med organisten Finn Viderø og dirigenten Mogens Wöldike som ledende skikkelser. I denne series 1. del findes yderligere en komposition af Buxtehude sunget af Schiøtz.

Sommeren 1946 gik med prøvearbejde til og opførelse af Benjamin Brittens "The Rape of Lucretia" på operaen i Glyndebourne. Ernest Ansermet dirigerede. Schiøtz' rolle var "Male Chorus",

et fortællende parti. Fornyet efterforskning har ikke ført til, at optagelser med Schiøtz er blevet fremdraget. Kathleen Ferrier sang i titelpartiet. De to havde tidligere sunget sammen i "Messias" og i "Missa solemnis". I Glyndebourne sluttede de venskab, og efter de sidste opførelser af Brittens værk fulgte Ferrier med Schiøtz til Danmark for at holde ferie.

At netop de to blev gode kammerater, føles som noget så absolut rigtigt, også af mange af os andre, der fulgte med på afstand. De to oplevede vi som de sangere der frem for nogen ikke blot sang med stemmen, også med sindet. Begge fik karrieren kraftigt forkortet på grund af sygdom.

Bellman

Det var i maj 1946 Aksel Schiøtz og Ulrik Neumann i Stockholm optog de seks Bellman-viser (ikke 1945, som det siges i Nationaldiskotekets Schiøtz-fortegnelse). Schiøtz kunne ikke få en bedre makker til disse optagelser end netop Ulrik Neumann, som fornemt digter musikalsk med. Tag "Joachim uti Babylon", hvor guitarspillet udfolder sig med små, men sigende dynamiske og rytmiske varianter som bidrager til den ironiske pointering. I den sidste af viserne synger Neumann duet med Schiøtz i "valdhornenes klang". Han var en elegant musiker, som vi alle holdt af.

Glyndebourne June 1946.
Left to right standing: Otakar Krauss, Kathleen Ferrier, Aksel Schiøtz and Rudolph Bing
Sitting: Benjamin Britten, Erik Crozier, Nancy Evans and Ernset Ansermet

Iflg Gerd Schiøtz havde både hun selv og Aksel Schiøtz i deres unge år lejlighed til at høre den vidt berømte Sven Scholander, sin tids Bellmansanger frem for nogen. I "Hör klockarna..." illustrerede Scholander klokkebevægelsen med sin guitar. Men kun få er kommet af sted med at dramatisere de bellmanske situationer uden at havne i forgrovelsen. Med det kunstkyndige publikum Bellman selv havde, må vi gå ud fra at hans virkemidler her været finslebne.

Noget lignende tør man lægge til grund når det gælder den musikalske fortolkning. Bellman var samtidig med Mozart, begge udfolder klassicismens sidste blomstring. Ville vi acceptere en opførelse af en af Mozarts mol-symfonier i halvt tempo og med indlagte støn og hulk? Naturligvis ikke.

Tilsvarende må der tages afstand fra en Bellmanmanér som grasserede i Sverige for en snes år siden, og som gådefuldt blev taget for gode varer. Bellmans melodilinje og hans rytme blev mishandlet under det påskud at man derved kunne nå ind til den medlidende og dybe Bellman, hidtil formummet bag pudder og paryk. Således havnede viserne i den famøse stil som kaldes verisme. Stilen kender vi fra Leoncavallo, hvis Bajads privat lider frygteligt når han kryber i koften. Men det er det værste man kan gøre mod Bellman, at synge ham sentimentalt. Bellmans kvalitetsmærke er netop at han er hævet over sentimentalitet.

(I det engelsksprogede afsnit af noterne har jeg forsøgt en art- og stilbestemmelse af Bellmans kunst, beregnet for et ikke-skandinavisk publikum. Interesserede kan læse med dér.)

Er det et socialpolitisk anliggende der konfunderer de ellers så stilsikre svenskere? I Sverige er "fylleri" ikke noget man spøger med. Bellman er ikke "politisk korrekt"!

Danske digtere har heller ikke været plaget af et politisk korrekt syn på druk. Et Bellman-relevant eksempel kunne være "Det blomstrende slagsmål" af Tom Kristensen. Også her hæves et beruset værtshusslagsmål op i en musisk og mytologisk sfære.

Robert Storm Petersens "13 øre" har afsæt i et Bellman-motiv: at få "på kridt", jfr Fredmans Ep. nr 70, "Charon i luren tutar", som den dag i dag overfortolkes romantisk, eller endog som Kristuslidelse! Storms lille mand stirrer ned i kanalens sorte vand: "Det må være koldt at være rødspætte." Fredman siger det samme, blot med mere dramatisk kulisse. I begge tekster punkteres dødsvisionen af den afsluttende pointe.

Lige fra studenterårene elskede Schiøtz Bellmans viser, han holdt ved dem livet igennem, og i sen fase indsang han to serier af dem på LP. Jeg har i Studenterforeningen hørt ham synge en anden af de viser hvor ironien er sat på spidsen: "Drick ur ditt glas, döden på dig väntar" (Ep. 30). Visen varierer "Gubben är gammal": Movits ligger syg med TB, og Fredman provokerer med en surrealistisk udmaling af hvor elendig Movits ser ud. Der sluttes med spørgsmålet "Vill du dö?" som Movits besvarer "Nej, gutår!" Schiøtz sang de sidste ord kraftfuldt og livsbekræftende, hvilket jo er stilsikker Bellman-forståelse.

Men så havde Aksel Schiøtz som person meget af den Bellmanske fandenivoldskhed i sig. "Giver du op? – Nej!"

Aksel Schiøtz 1906 - 1975

Aksel Schiøtz was born in Roskilde, Denmark, 1906. M.A. in modern languages after studies at the University of Copenhagen 1924-30. Married to Gerd Haugsted 1931.

Aksel Schiøtz had a fine mezzo tenor voice which he loved to display, at parties or in church. Mogens Wöldike, the choral conductor, made him a tenor member of the Copenhagen Boys' and Male Choir, and he was entrusted with oratorio solos. Schiøtz's first song recital was in 1936.

In 1938 Aksel Schiøtz was discovered by His Master's Voice, London. The much admired recorded legacy is revived in this CD series.

On April 9th, 1940, Denmark was seized by Hitler. An international career in Lied and oratorio must be postponed. However, the records had made a reputation for Schiøtz in Denmark. He became the best loved classical singer ever, equally popular with high and low. He appeared in opera and operetta, and had recitals all over the country at full houses. With his artistry he made a fine contribution to that democratic and moral stand called for by the times.

After the war the old ties with British musical life were succesfully taken up. With Gerald Moore Schiøtz recorded "Die schöne Müllerin" and "Dichterliebe", and he appeared in the first performances of Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia" at Glyndebourne.

Aksel Schiøtz survived a tumor acusticus operation in 1946, but half his face was left lame. Could he ever sing again? Common sense said no. But, contrary to all reason, Aksel Schiøtz succeeded by sheer will-power to fight his way to a come-back recital in 1948, a moving event.

The sheen of the voice had gone. As a singer, now a baritone, he was perhaps now best appreciated by musicians and connaisseurs – Casals, Pears, Sascha Schneider among them – who rated artistic truth before original beauty.

In 1955 Aksel Schiøtz enters a new career, that of professor in art song, at universities in Minnesota, in Toronto (1958-60), and in Colorado (1960-68). Master classes are held all over North America, contributing to his reputation as a teacher.

A job as professor in Copenhagen is offered to Aksel Schiøtz in 1968. Though Aksel Schiøtz is pleased by the calling, it turns out that Denmark does not know how to make good use of his artistic and educational potential.

Aksel Schiøtz dies in 1975.

Introduction

This collected edition af Aksel Schiøtz's recordings means the fulfilment of a great wish of mine.

It touches me that the boards of Velux Fonden af 1981, Augustinus Fonden and Carl Nielsen og Anne Marie Carl-Nielsens Legat have sympathized with the wish to perpetuate Aksel Schiøtz's art.

Most of the recordings were issued on LPs, but they are now obsolete, nor have those transfers been as good as the originals. Listening now to the fresh and clean transfer made from fine early pressings by Mr Andrew Walter, chief engineer of the EMI Abbey Road Studios, one is reminded how good the originals were. (They carry, most of the time, "take-1" on them, which is to the credit of Aksel Schiøtz as well as the engineers). It was HMV in London who discovered Aksel Schiøtz and made him one of their artists, so it pleases me that the CDs are produced in collaboration with the EMI Abbey Road Studios.

The series is complete up till late 1946 when Aksel Schiøtz barely survived an operation which left half his face lame. His struggle to recover and to resume singing I, too, was involved in with natural strong feelings. But there were two separate periods, which must wisely be kept apart.

So what is presented now are the complete recordings of Aksel Schiøtz, the tenor. Included are unknown documentary recordings from those times, authorized for issue by me. I hope that the CDs will come into the hands of those who will love them best!

Gerd Schiøtz

Aksel Schiøtz on Schumann

From Heine's collection of poems *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, Schumann chose sixteen poems and formed his *Dichterliebe* (Poet's Love) cycle around them. Schumann gives much more detailed indications of how he wants his music performed than Schubert does. One would think that the performer would find it easier, but for some reason, I, at least, find the interpretation of Schubert's songs more obvious and closer to my own artistic mentality. It took me quite some time to penetrate the subtleties of the *Dichterliebe* cycle. Now it has become a standard part of my repertoire.

Schumann's deep understanding of and sympathy with the thoughts and emotions in Heine's poetry are stunning. Only in some of Hugo Wolf's Mörike and Goethe settings will you meet a similar harmony of poetic feeling between words and music.

There is a closer musical connection between the separate songs in *Dichterliebe* than between those in Schubert's two cycles. Therefore, there should be almost no pause between the songs. To some extent the break depends on the character of the preceding song.

The first five songs form a unity of lyrical feeling that would be wrong to break. They are intense love songs, but by the fourth song, "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh", the singer must make it clear that he is singing about unhappy love: "Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich! so muss ich weinen bitterlich". The minor third of the phrase gives it a plaintiveness that is emphasized by the ritardando proscribed by Schumann. The happy major sixth that begins Beethoven's "Ich liebe dich" with its exuberant outbursts, are declarations of happy love and are in sharp contrast to Schumann's sad and deceptive "Ich liebe dich".

There is an abrupt change to the dramatic baritone character of the next two songs, "Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome" and "Ich grolle nicht". In the first one the singer must give a vivid description of the structure of the cathedral, so admirably painted in the angular, jerky figure of the accompaniment. In the second part, "Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis", both the singer and the accompanist must give the impression that they are listening to the organ playing *inside* the cathedral, and they must try to illustrate this in very long phrasing. The third part of the song forms a sort of postlude, and the performers should convey the distinct picture of having left the church again. With the deep ring of the enormous bell in the accompaniment, the singer should again convey a feeling of listening.

The wild despair of "Ich grolle nicht" (the bitterness and resignation is the same expressed in "Die böse Farbe" of Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin*) is brought out by overarticulating the German words "grolle," "Diamantenpracht", "Schlang' ", and "elend". "Grolle" is the key word. Even though the unhappy lover says "Ich grolle nicht" several times, the prevailing feeling of the song should be that in spite of this he *does* bear a grudge. In this way the irony of Heine's poem is made obvious.

The sudden transition to number eight, "Und wüssten's die Blumen", from the violent dramatic to the mild lyrical expression, is one of the hardest in the cycle. Only when the singer has made all his preparations for the attack, both technically and mentally, may the pianist begin. The two must rehearse this many, many times.

Schumann was a pianist himself, and he created some very complex accompaniments. "Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen" is one of the most difficult in the cycle, with its runs imitating flutes and violins in the right hand and trumpets blaring in the left. To add to the interpretational difficulties for both singer and pianist, he indicates a "not too fast" tempo. At the end of the second verse the rustic music of the wedding procession becomes so loud that it threatens to drown the voice, which intentionally is marked *piano*. The true effect is obtained by putting a "sobbing" accent on "schluchzen" and "stöhnen".

Number ten, "Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen" could be a small piano solo in itself, to which a simple vocal line has been added.

The three melodic lines clearly stand out in the accompaniment, though it is not easy to decide which one is the "little song she sang."

Number eleven, "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen", is in the gay and robust mood of the German "Studentenkorps" singing and breaks the languid feeling of the cycle. In the end, however, the singer has to make it clear to his audience that it is the familiar sad story of unrequited love.

Heine tells this story in a few simple statements. It is up to the singer to make the poet's ideas clear to the audience in a tempo that is not too fast. I think it is in accordance with Schumann's meticulous indications to suggest an accelerando during the last nine bars.

Number twelve, "Am leuchtende Sommermorgen", is another example of a song with a predominating piano part. Again and again we are reminded of the fact that Schumann was a pianist. This is a Klavierstück. The singer must fit the vocal line to the beautiful patterns in the piano part.

Two "dream" songs follow: number thirteen, "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet", and number fourteen, "Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich". It seems obvious to suggest a veiled sobbing voice throughout the first song with its staccato chords and the legato imitations of the vocal phrase before the third stanza.

The performer must attempt to create the unreal atmosphere of a dream in both these songs. To avoid the monotony of the sad heart-throbbing of "Ich hab' im Traum geweinet," I suggest a slightly brighter tone of voice in "Allnächtlich im Traume." As in Schubert's "Frühlingstraum", the young man is singing about a happy dream. It is only when he wakes to bitter reality that he has forgotten everything that might have soothed his misery.

In number fifteen, "Aus alten Märchen winkt es", the poet wishes he could return to the wonderful "never-never land" that he describes, but everything disappears as the mists fade in the rising sun. In number sixteen, the fanfarelike opening chords of "Die alten, bösen Lieder" express the poet's transfiguration. The singer needs all the intensity and sad shadings of his voice to express the despair and passion of "Die alten, bösen Lieder". With a sigh of bitter resignation, he wishes to forget them and bury them. To the fairy-tale vision of the huge coffin being carried away by twelve giants, the singer must give life, not with gestures, but by stressing the key words – "bösen", "Träume", "Sarg", "Heidelberger Fass", "Riesen", "der starke Christoph" – and by accenting the heavy steps of the funeral march in his singing.

At the end of this song the singer asks a question of his listeners – "Wisst ihr warum der Sarg wohl so gross und schwer mag sein?" – and then gives the answer – "Ich senk' auch meine Liebe und meinen Schmerz hinein". The beautiful and expressive piano postlude recalls the mood of previous songs. It encompasses all the misery and poetic love of *Dichterliebe*. The singer should try to relive all the emotions he has been trying to express in these sixteen gems of song, and he should *stand still* while he listens, together with his audience, to the postlude.

from "The Singer and his Art" 1970

The 1946 London Recordings

The "Dichterliebe" set was a success, as was "Die schöne Müllerin" from November 1945. Both were available in unusually decorative albums, illustrating that HMV were aware that they were marketing something that was really good.

Gerhard Hüsch, the fine German baritone, had recorded both these cycles before WWII. His records were held in high regard, though the songs were not in the right keys and not so detailed interpreted as with Schiøtz. Of "Dichterliebe" there was a French set with Panzéra and Cortot, also a fine achievement. Still, Panzéra made it known that he was enthusiastic about Schiøtz' recording, calling it "unbelievable". And the very young Fischer-Dieskau admired Schiøtz's singing. – Since those days so many recordings have been issued that younger people must use their imagination to understand how successful were Aksel Schiøtz's recordings 50 years ago.

As Schiøtz remarks in the essay above, "Dichterliebe" is indeed a difficult work for a singer. Schumann was involved in the text, because he made a pattern or collage out of Heine's not interrelated poems so as to create an illusion of psychological progression. And, even more important, with his music he imparted to the poems a meaningfulness and truth which many of the texts did not possess, being either insignificant or insincere. The singer must be at pains not to upset Schumann's very careful balance so that the course is held firmly. One false step may show up the caricature inherent in some of Heine's poems. – With Schiøtz, this balance comes naturally, from inside the singer.

The producer was, as with the Schubert songs, Walter Legge. He was busily planning Schiøtz's future recordings. Brahms's songs were not adequately represented by the grammophone. The

three items here were thus considered a first instalment of things to come.

Those Brahms and the three Grieg songs were – except the Andersen song – never issued as 78s. When they finally appeared, in the 1950s, they were on an EP. (We had to adjust the bass here, to minimize the difference in sound.)

Grieg, Flagstad, and Schiøtz

The Grieg songs were programmed by Schiøtz when he toured in Norway in 1945. It was a new experience for him to perform for half-empty halls. Because of the war he was not known outside Oslo.

On one of his visits to Norway Schiøtz was a house-guest in Kirsten Flagstad's home. Flagstad had a difficult time then, so she heartily enjoyed Schiøtz's visit. The two of them had a lot to talk about. Inevitably they touched upon Grieg. Schiøtz praised the great lady's Grieg performances. Some of her best Grieg records were made in Copenhagen during the 1930s (and available on Danacord DACOCD 325). Well, yes, Flagstad said, but you know, my voice is really too big to bring out the fine details you command.

Both were right, of course. Many of Grieg's best known songs have original orchestral dress, others were arranged with orchestral support, and can be very effective (and if you never heard Flagstad in the concert hall, you cannot begin to imagine *how* big and full her voice really was). But many of Grieg's songs were conceived for a small voice like his wife's, and these have intimate qualitites.

The three songs on this CD are not among the better known. The Danish poet, Holger Drachmann, who would write exquisite love poetry today, and the worst trash ever heard of tomorrow, was a close friend of the Griegs, and Grieg composed many Drachmann poems. His "Book of Songs" of 1889 opens with a poetic dedication to Edvard and Nina Grieg, "Take these new poems, put them to your breast..." After that comes the present "Spring Rain", which is fine Drachmann and no less fine Grieg. "Be greeted, Ladies" is something else. This poet loved to pose as an itinerant singer, soldier or whatever. A hundred years ago such posing was accepted. However, this poem became rhetorical in Grieg's music, too. Schiøtz must have felt attracted to this song, though he was rarely after that kind of bravado. But he did have a strain of it in his person. It came out with much charm when he played "Farinelli" on the stage (vol 9).

"A Poet's Last Song" was written by Hans Christian Andersen when he was forty. It is not from his old age.

Buxtehude, Britten, and Ferrier

Buxtehude's cantata "Aperite mihi" was Schiøtz's last recording before the dangerous operation in the autumn of 1946. The piece is Danish music, being composed while Buxtehude held a post at Elsinore. The composer treats the voices rather like instruments, but even so there is fine singing here, Schiøtz being one out of three. Still, the sound of his voice comes through is such a way that many record collectors discovered Schiøtz from this recording.

During the 1940s Danish HMV made a worthy effort to put Buxtehude on disc, so that his qualitites could be made known to record collectors. Finn Viderø, the organist, and Mogens Wöldike, the conductor, were leading artists in the project. In vol 1 is found another Buxtehude work recorded by Schiøtz and Wöldike.

The summer of 1946 found Schiøtz at Glyndebourne, rehearsing and performing in Brit-

ten's "The Rape of Lucretia", in which he alternated with Peter Pears in the part called "Male Chorus". Kathleen Ferrier was one of the Lucretias. Ferrier and Schiøtz had already performed together in the Messiah and in Missa Solemnis. Glyndebourne deepened their friendship, and when the Lucretia-season had come to an end Ferrier travelled with Schiøtz to have a holiday in Denmark.

The careers af both these singers were cut short by illness. Many people in Denmark looked upon Ferrier and Schiøtz as the singers who sang with their souls, not just their voices.

Aksel Schiøtz and Kathleen Ferrier strolling down the Copenhagen pedestrian street "Strøget".

Bellman's Songs, A Unique Art

If there is one Swedish king well-known outside Scandinavia it has to be Gustavus III, because he is shot in Verdi's "A Masked Ball". King Gustavus was a lover of the arts, not least the theatre. He had baroque stages put into two of his castles (Drottningholm and Gripsholm). He was also an admirer and protector of Bellman, a Stockholm creator and performer of lyrical-dramatic songs in the spirit of high comedy.

What little is known about Bellman the man is hardly worth knowing, to which he agreed. But he was a unique artist, and was aware of it.

Most of the tunes were not original compositions of his. He freely borrowed airs and dance tunes of the day and adapted them brilliantly for his poetry. The first of the six songs vividly depicts drunken dancing among social outcasts, and this is staged to the strains of a stately minuet composed by J.H. Roman for a royal event! That kind of contrast will not be perceived today, but it was originally one of the elements of parody which are at the bottom of Bellman's art.

Three of the six songs are from the collection "Fredman's Songs". They represent early genres: a party drinking song [25], a mock pompous funeral of "a knight of the Order of Bacchus" [26], and an ironic biblical story [27].

The remaining songs are from "Fredman's Epistles" (1790). These are more complex, being an original art form.

Once there was a real Fredman in Stockholm. He was a clockmaker, alderman of his guild, and by royal appointment maintainer of official clocks. Perhaps because of a very unhappy marriage Fredman went to the dogs, lost everything he had attained, and died a miserable alcoholic in 1767.

Bellman resurrected that poor fellow and made him his artistic mouth-piece. The songs are epistles like Paul's epistles to Christians. Fredman is turned into a poet and singer who spreads the word of alcoholic high spirits, spirituality with a difference.

The other characters of the songs may, or may not, originate from real people in the Old City of Stockholm in the 1760s. In that period Bellman was an observer of the merry, or may be not so merry, tavern life. However, those low-life people, drunkards and easy bar girls, are elevated into a sphere of muses – dancing, playing, singing. Their brawls and whoring, even, are poetically illuminated.

Those figures do indeed represent basic humanity, but not as distinctive personalities. They should be seen as participants in a mythological masked ball, they do not show their faces, except for a contorted one, also a mask, and except for their eyes. So this invention of Bellman's is close to the commedia dell'arte of Renaissance Italy, or for that matter to Aristophanic comedy which was, from the beginning, steeped in drunkenness and sex.

As with Mozart's da Ponte operas in which sexuality is the driving force of the action, bourgeois morality has taken a dim view of the lustiness of Bellman's poetic universe. Even tabooed angles as parents' sexuality are brought into play.

And the ultimate taboo of illness and death is a motif ever present, often as an intangible shadow, at times in brutal, vivid shape. Rather than cynicism, this seems to be a reflection of oversensitivity, soreness, in the artist and is handled without any sentimentality whatsoever.

The 1770s were Bellman's most fertile period when the majority of his great songs were created. He performed them, doing one-man-shows, sometimes before the King, but mostly in the houses of art-loving citizens, polite society as we say. How did those people stand for the roughness and immorality of the matter of such songs? Simply: the songs had the elegance and poetry of great art. As Kellgren, the editor of the books, wrote: stylishness makes all the difference.

Bellman's performances must have been stylish. They were said to be detailed and with dramatic nerve, though with tasteful restraint. Bellman also imitated the sounds of various instruments other than the lute or cittra he played himself. These effects, one dare say, were executed most elegantly, too.

Towards the end of his life Bellman had spent his money, his talents, and his health. He died of tuberculosis, but not till after his books had come out. In the last of the epistles he has Fredman step down gracefully. This is the last song here, too.

The high spirits, the poetic luminosity, and the unquenchable vitality of Bellman's songs make them one of the finest contributions to European art song. (More Bellman to follow in vol 5.)

Schumann: Dichterliebe
(Heine)

[1] Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the beautiful month of May
when all the buds were sprouting,
that was when love
rose in my heart.

In the beautiful month of May
when all the birds were singing
then I confessed to her
my love and my longing.

[2] Am meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenck' ich dir die Blumen all'
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

From my tears grow
many blossoming flowers.
And my sighs become
a nightingale choir.

And if you love me, child,
I will give you all flowers,
and before your window will sound
the song of the nightingale.

[3] Die Rose, die Liebe, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, Die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.
Ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I loved them all blissfully.
I love them no more, I love only
the little, the fine, the pure, the one,
she, most blissful, is in one
rose and lily and dove and sun.
I love only
the little, the fine, the pure, the one.

[4] Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

When I look into your eyes
any painful memory disappers,
but when I kiss your mouth
I am cured of any malady.

Wenn ich mich lehn' and deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: "Ich liebe dich!"
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

When I lean on your breast
I feel a heavenly bliss,
but when you say "I love you"
tears overcome me.

[**5**] Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

I will baptize my soul
in the chalice of the lily.
The lily, with singing breath
will make a song about my beloved.

The song should quiver and tremble
like the kiss from her mouth
which she once gave me
in a moment of wonderful sweetness.

[**6**] Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom, da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Englein
Um unsre Liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

In the Rhine, holy river,
there is mirrored in its waves
with its grand cathedral
the grand and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral there is a portrait
painted on golden leather,
in the wilderness of my life
it has friendly lightened.

Flowers and angels hover
around the Holy Mother,
the eyes, the lips, the cheeks
are exactly like the loved one's.

[**7**] Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.
Das weiss ich längst.

I bear no grudge, even if the heart should break,
Love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However glittering your diamonds,
there is no light in your heart's night.
That I have learnt.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

I bear no grudge, even if the heart should break.
I saw you in my dreams
and saw the night in your heart chamber
and saw the serpent gnawing at your heart,
I saw, my love, how miserable you are.
I bear no grudge.

[8] Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

If all the flowers small
knew the deep wound in my heart
they would join me crying
to ease my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
how ill and sorrowful I am
they would joyfully send
a health-inspiring song.

And if the golden stars
knew about my sorrow
they would descend
and speak to me in comfort.

But none of them could know,
one only knows my pain,
she has broken it, herself,
broken my heart.

[9] Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Da ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

Your hear flutes and violins,
trumpets cutting in,
I think she, my heart's only love,
is dancing her wedding-dance.

You hear the music booming
from shawm and kettle-drum,
but in between, sobbing and mourning
from the lovely angels small.

[10] Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Da einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzensdrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh.

When I hear the song
that once my loved one sang,
my breast will go to pieces
from wild aches.

A dark longing drives me
up to woodclad hill,
there dissolves in tears
my unspeakable pang.

[11] Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen anderen erwählt;
Der andere liebt eine andre
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wenn sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

A youth is in love with a maiden,
who has picked somebody else;
But he in turn loves another
and has in fact married her.

The maiden now from anger
takes whomsoever
she happens to meet by chance.
The youth is lost in this.

That is an old story,
though it is always new,
and he who is in it
will suffer a broken heart.

[12] Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schaun mitleidig mich an;
„Sei unserer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann!"

On a bright summer morning
I walk in the garden around.
The flowers whisper and murmur,
but I remain silent.

The flowers whisper and murmur
and look with pity at me;
"Be not angry with our sister,
you mourning, pale man!"

[13] Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wärst mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

I have cried in my dream.
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke up, and the tears
were still streaming down my cheek.

I have cried in my dream.
I dreamt that you left me.
I woke up, and I cried
bitterly for a long time.

I have cried in my dream,
I dreamt that you loved me still.
I woke up, and still
my flood of tears is streaming.

[14] Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüssen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süssen Füssen.

Du sehest mich an wehmütiglich,
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort,
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Cypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,
Und 's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

Every night I see you in dreams,
I see you greet me so friendly,
and loudly weeping I throw myself
at your sweet feet.

You look at me so sadly
and shake your fair little head.
From your eyes steal
pearl-tear-drops.

You whisper to me a secret message
and give me a bunch of cypresses.
I wake up, the flowers have gone
and the message I have forgotten.

[15] Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland.

Wo bunte Blumen blühen,
Im goldnen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

From old fairy-tales comes
a white hand beckoning.
There is singing and there is music
from an enchanted world.

Where many-coloured flowers blossom
in the golden evening light
and glow with a lovely smell
with a face like a bride's.

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodein,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein,
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen
Und dort mein Herz erfreun
Und aller Qual entnommen
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum;
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfliesst's wie eitel Schaum.

[16] Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bös' und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben;
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht, was;
Der Sarg muß sein noch grösser,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

And green trees sing
ancient melodies,
the winds make secret music
and birds flutter to it.

And in the mist rise
fantasy visions from the earth,
they dance to airy dance tunes
in a mysterious chorus.

And blue sparks are burning
on every leave and twig,
and red lights are swirling
in strange, mad circles.

And loud springs break their way
through wild, ancient marble,
and mysteriously the brooks
make reflections.

O could I go there
and make my heart happy,
have all anguish taken away from me,
and be free and blessed!

Alas, that wondrous land
I often see in my dream.
But with the morning-sun
it disappears as vain froth.

The ancient scary songs,
the wicked and evil dreams,
we had better bury them;
bring a large coffin.

In it I put a great deal,
I will not yet tell what,
the coffin must be larger
than the Barrel of Heidelberg.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muß sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

Wißt ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

Bring also a bier
and boards firm and thick,
but it must be longer
than the Bridge of Mainz.

And bring me then twelve giants,
they have to be even stronger
than strong Christoph
in Cologne Cathedral.

They must lift the coffin
and sink it in the sea,
for a large coffin
must find a vast grave.

Do you know why the coffin
should be so large and heavy?
I also sunk with it
my love and my pain.

[17] Die Mainacht

Wann der silberne Mond durch die Gesträuche
blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den Rasen
streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.

Überhüllet von Laub girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.

When the silvery moon glimmers through bushes,
strewing its slumber light over the grass,
when the nightingale is fluting,
I roam sorrowfully from bush to bush.

Hidden in leafage a pair of doves coo
in ecstasy before me, but I turn away,
looking for deeper shadows,
and tears of loneliness come out.

When shall I find you, smiling vision,
beaming like dawn into my soul?
And the tears of loneliness
quiver burningly down my cheek.

Ludwig Hölty

[18] Sonntag

So hab' ich doch die ganze Woche
Mein feines Liebchen nicht gesehn,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl vor der Türe stehn:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, ich wär' heute bei ihr!

So will mir doch die ganze Woche
Das Lachen nicht vergehn,
Ich sah es an einem Sonntag
Wohl in die Kirche gehn:
Das tausendschöne Jungfräulein,
Das tausendschöne Herzelein,
Wollte Gott, ich wär' heüte bei ihr!

Volkslied

For a whole week now
I have not seen my sweetheart.
I saw her on Sunday
standing before the door.
She is one in a thousand,
my beautiful, dearly loved girl,
would God that I were with her today!

So for a whole week now
I shall laugh for joy.
I saw her on a Sunday
entering the church.
She is one in a thousand,
my beautiful, dearly loved girl,
would God that I were with her today!

[19] Ständchen

Der Mond steht über dem Berge,
So recht für verliebte Leut';
Im Garten rieselt ein Brunnen,
Sonst Stille weit und breit.

Neben der Mauer im Schatten,
Da stehn der Studenten drei
Mit Flöt' und Geig' und Zither
Und singen und spielen dabei.

Die Klänge schleichen der Schönsten
Sacht in den Traum hinein,
Sie schaut den blonden Geliebten
Und lispelt: „Vergiss nicht mein!"

Franz Kugler

The moon is over the mountain,
so right for people in love.
In the garden a well is purling,
otherwise silence far and wide.

In the shadow of the wall
three students are standing,
with flute, fidle and zither,
they are singing and playing.

The sounds are stealing softly
into the beauty's dream.
She sees her blond lover
and whispers "Forget me not!"

[20] Vær hilset, I Damer

Vær hilset, I Damer, langs Højsalens Bænke;
Hvad vover jeg farende Svend?
Hvad drister min Fod sig,
Hvad trøster mit Mod sig,
Paa hvad tør min Tanke vel tænke?
At drikke den Vin, som I lader mig skænke,
At lægge min Haand i den fangende Lænke,
Sig: er det ej hovedløs Sag? –
I ser mig i Aften,
I saa' mig i Dag;
At komme og gaa er den Farendes Sag.

Saa væver vi Vadmel og lægger det sammen,
De Store saa godt som de Smaa,
Og danser og synger i Fællig og Gammen:
Væve Vadmel og lægge sammen
Og lade Skytterne gaa.

Hør, Tonerne kalde; forlad Eders Bænke
Og følg kun den farende Svend!
Med ham er hver Glæde
I Aften til Stede
Foruden al Arglist og Rænke.
Han fører Jer Dans, naar I blot vil betænke:
I fanger ham ikke i Baand eller Lænke,
Han taaler, som Fuglen, ej Aag. –
I bandt ham for ofte,
Til sidst blev han klog;
Tilgiv ham, men Tanken maa have et Sprog.

Saa væver vi Vadmel og lægger det sammen.
En Skytte er Svenden som faa.
Hvor herligt at synge i Fællig og Gammen:
Væve Vadmel og lægge sammen –
Og lad saa Skytten kun gaa!

Holger Drachmann, fra "Ranker og Roser" 1879

Be greeted, Ladies

Be greeted, ladies, seated in this lofty hall!
How dare I, a travelling singer?
What ventures my foot,
what pluck has my spirit,
what dare my fantasy think of?
To drink the wine you fill my cup with,
to risk capture in your soft chains
say: would that that not be rash?
You see me tonight,
you saw me today:
to come and to go is the traveller's way.

We are weaving the yarn and folding together,
the big girls as well as the small.
We dance and we sing happy together.
Weaving the yarn, folding together
and making the shuttles go.

Listen, the strains are calling: leave your benches
and follow the travelling singer!
With him every pleasure
tonight is here with us,
apart from any dishonest intention.
He will lead your dance, but remember this:
he is not to be caught in ribbon or chain,
he cannot bear to be caged like a bird.
You tried too often,
he got wise to you:
Pardon him, the thought must be spoken.

We are weaving...

(Note: Drachmann quotes an old singing-game here, but he adds an untranslatable play on the words "skytlerne" (shuttles) and "skytterne" (gamekeepers), which does not seem to be a good poetic idea anyway. AS modifies the Danish text on this point.)

[21] Foraarsregn
Det klinger som fra fine Instrumenter,
Og bøjer Du det grønne Blad til Side,
Saa ser Du Parkens Alfer, hvor de glide
Med spæde Hænder over Strengelegen:
O Strengeleg! min Ungdoms dyre Minde!
Da gik jeg som berust af Vaarens Bad
Og sang hen for mig selv saa sjæleglad,
Og lyttende stod Busk og Blomst og Blad,
Mens Fuglen flagred til sin Elskerinde.

Det klinger nu, som da, fra fine Strenge,
Det suser sagte gennem spæde Blade;
Se, Busken ryster sig, og en Kaskade
Af Perletoner triller over Gruset:
Jeg føjer Taarer selv til Regnens Toner!
Kom, kom hver Alf, som skjuler sig bag Blad;
Den Foraarsregn gør sund, gør sjæleglad,
Om end en Vemod dirrer i det Kvad,
Som Træet nikker til med tunge Kroner!

Holger Drachmann

Spring Rain
It sounds as from fine instruments,
and if you move the green leaves aside
you'll see elves playing in the park
with tiny hands touching the strings.
What string music! Precious, youthful memory!
Then I was drunk from bathing in springtime
and I sang to myself so happily,
and bush and flower and leaf were listening
while the bird fluttered to his loved one.

Once more it sounds as if from delicate strings,
it rustles quietly between tiny leaves:
see the bush shakes and lets a cascade
of pearly tones trill over the gravel;
I add tears of my own to the music of the rain.
Come, come every elf hiding behind leaves,
such spring rain makes you healthy and happy,
although some sadness quivers in the song
to which the tree is nodding with its heavy crown.

[22] En Digters sidste Sang
Løft mig kun bort, Du stærke Død,
Til Aandens store Lande,
Jeg gik den Vei, som Gud mig bød,
Fremad med opreist Pande,
Alt hvad jeg gav, Gud, det var Dit,
Min Rigdom ei jeg vidste;
Hvad jeg har øvet, er kun lidt,
Jeg sang, som Fugl fra Qviste.

Farvel, hver Rose frisk og rød,
Farvel, I mine Kjære!
Løft mig kun bort, Du stærke Død,
Skjøndt her er godt at være!
Hav Tak, o Gud, for hvad Du gav,
Hav Tak for hvad der kommer!
Flyv Død, hen over Tidens Hav,
Bort, til en evig Sommer.

Hans Christian Andersen 1845

A Poet's Last Song
Take me away, you strong death,
to the wide spaces of the spirit,
I took the road God bid me take,
forward, with raised forehead,
all that I gave, God, that was yours,
my treasure I did not fathom;
my endeavour was so small,
I was singing as a bird on branches.

Farewell, every rose fresh and red,
Farewell, my loved ones!
Take me away, you strong death,
though it is good to be here!
Thank you, God, for what you gave,
thank you for what is to come!
Fly death, over the sea of time,
away, to an eternal summer!

[23] Fredmans Epistel No 9

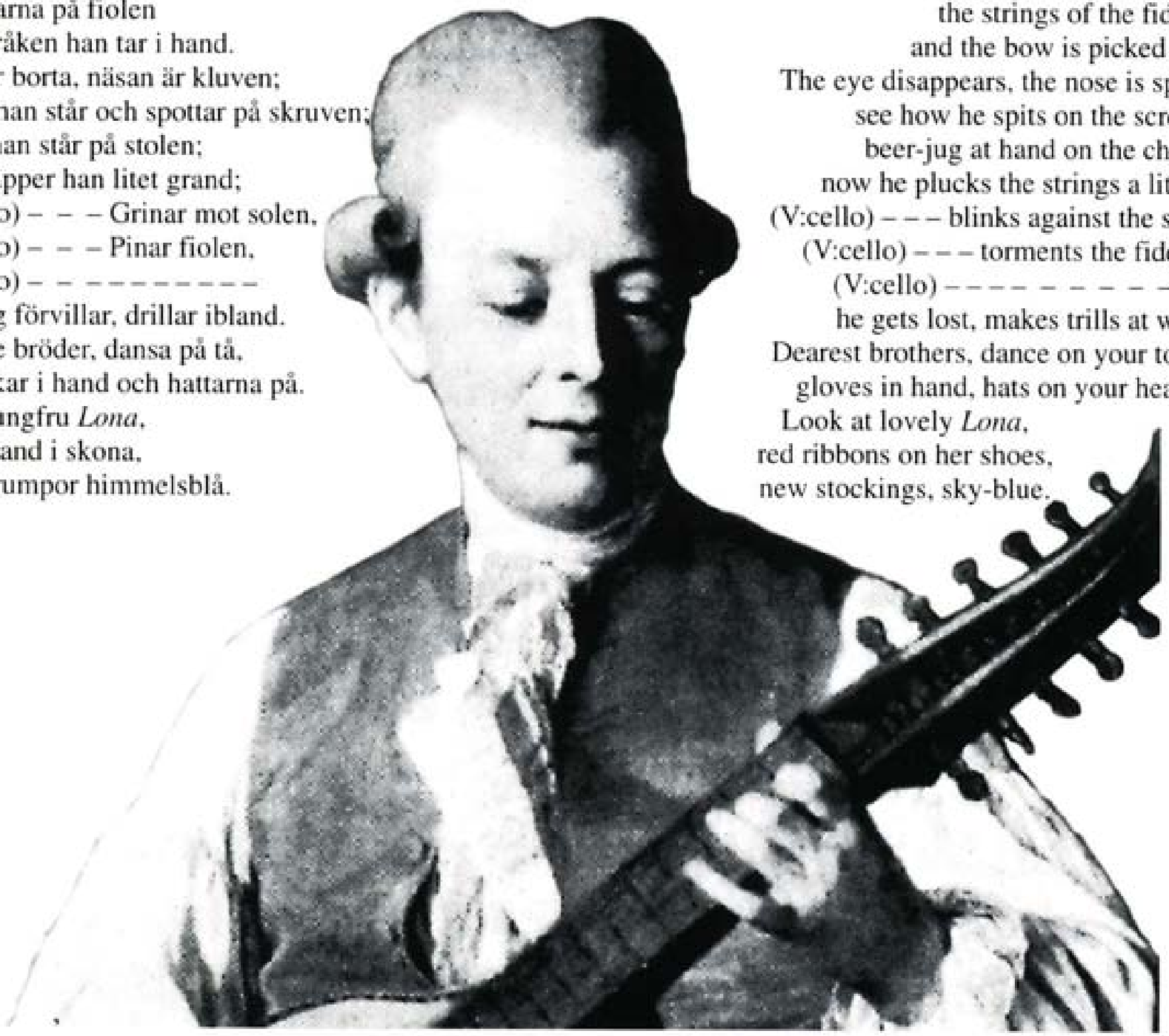
Till Gumman på Thermopolium Boreale och hennes jungfrur.

Käraste bröder, systrar och vänner,
Si fader *Berg* han skruvar og spänner
Strängarna på fiolen
Och stråken han tar i hand.
Ögat är borta, näsan är kluven;
Si hur han står och spottar på skruven;
Ölkannan står på stolen;
Nu knäpper han litet grand;
(V:cello) – – – Grinar mot solen,
(V:cello) – – – Pinar fiolen,
(V:cello) – – – – – – – – – –
Han sig förvillar, drillar ibland.
Käraste bröder, dansa på tå,
Handskar i hand och hattarna på.
Si på jungfru *Lona*,
Röda band i skona,
Nya strumpor himmelsblå.

Fredman's Epistle no 9

For the Madam at Thermopolium Boreale and her Maidens.

Dearest, brothers, sisters, and friends,
see father *Berg* is tightening and tuning
the strings of the fiddle
and the bow is picked up.
The eye disappears, the nose is split,
see how he spits on the screw;
beer-jug at hand on the chair;
now he plucks the strings a little;
(V:cello) – – – blinks against the sun,
(V:cello) – – – torments the fiddle,
(V:cello) – – – – – – – – – – –
he gets lost, makes trills at will.
Dearest brothers, dance on your toes,
gloves in hand, hats on your heads.
Look at lovely *Lona*,
red ribbons on her shoes,
new stockings, sky-blue.



Bellman

Si *Jergen Puckel* fläktar med hatten,
Pipan i mun, och brännvin som vatten
Dricker han och gör fukter
Med huvud och hand och fot;
Guldguler rock med styva ducriner;
Tätt uti nacken hårpiskan hänger;
Ryggen i hundra bukter,
Och kindbenen stå som klot;
(V:cello) – – – Gapar på noten,
(V:cello) – – – Skrapar med foten,
(V:cello) – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –
Pipan han stoppar, hoppar emot.
Käraste systrar, alltid honnett;
Bröderna dansa jämt menuett,
hela natten fulla.
Rak i livet, *Ulla*,
Ge nu hand, håll takten rätt!

Hej, mina flickor, lyfta på kjolen,
Dansa och skratta! Hör basfiolen!
Ge fader *Berg* konfonium
Och Hoglands med gröna blan!
Hör, fader *Berg*, säg du, vad hon heter,
Hon där vid skänken vindögd och feter!
Gumman på Thermopolium,
Hon är det, ja ta mig fan.
(V:cello) – – –Trumpen och blinder,
(V:cello) – – – Gumpen är trinder
(V:cello) – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –
Halsfräs, min gumma! Brumma, dulcian!
Käraste bröder, här är behag,
Här är musik och flickor var dag,
Här är Bacchus buden,
Här är kärleksguden,
Här är allting, här är jag.

See *Jergen Puckel* ("Hunchback") fanning with his hat,
pipe in mouth, and spirits he drinks
like water, while gesturing
with head and hand and foot;
gold-yellow coat, horse-hair stiff,
the pigtail is hanging close to his neck,
his back makes a hundred bends,
cheek-bones stand out like billiard balls;
(V:cello) – – – he yells with the music,
(V:cello) – – – scrapes with his foot,
(V:cello) – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –
he fills his pipe and jumps into the dance.
Dear sisters, decent as always,
the brothers dance the minuet all the time,
drunk all night.
Back straight, *Ulla*,
give hand now, keep time!

Hey, my girls, lift up your dresses,
dance and laugh! Hear the bass violin!
Hand father *Berg* a glass of punch
and some straight wine for a chaser!
Listen, father *Berg*, who did you say she was,
the one at the bar, fat and squinting!
The old girl of Thermopolium,
by the devil, you are right!
(V:cello) – – – sulky and cross-eyed,
(V:cello) – – – the rump is plump
(V:cello) – – – – – – – – – – – – – – –
Nice frills, old gal! Hum, dulcian! (= bassoon)
Dearest brothers, here are delights,
here are music and girls every day,
here Bacchus is invited,
here's the goddess of love,
here's everything, here am I.

[24] Fredmans Epistel No 27

Som är dess sista tankar.

Gubben är gammal, urverket dras,
Visaren visar, timman ilar.
Döden sitt timglas har ställt vid mitt glas,
Kring buteljen strött sina pilar.
Törstig jag skådar min stjärna och sol.
Vandringsman, hör nu min basfiol!
(V:cllo) – – –*Movitz*, din tjänare vilar.

Klaraste sköte, ljuvliga barm!
Sorgligt de blommors liv föröddes,
Som gav min far, till min sveda och harm,
Vällust i den säng, där jag föddes.
Men båda sova. Gutår i förtret!
Sjung, *Movitz*, sjung om hur ögat gret
(V:cllo) – – –Vid de cypresser som ströddes.

Raglande skugga, brusiger min,
Skapad att Bacchus gå til handa,
Bläddriger tunga av brännvin och vin –
Känn där far min, känn där hans anda!
Fröja och Bacchus gav kring den et sken.
Movitz, lät bland mina fäders ben
(V:cllo) – – – Detta mitt stoft få sig blanda!

Fredman's Epistle no 27,

being his last thoughts.

Old age is with me, the clockwork is wound,
the hands show the time, the hour rushes.
Death has placed his hourglass with my glass,
strewn his arrows around the bottle.
Thirsty I view my star and my sun.
Wanderer, hear my bass violin!
(V:cello) – – –*Movits*, your friend is resting.

Clearest womb, loveliest bosom!
Pitiful the waste of those blossoms
which gave my father, to my smart and my harm,
lust in the bed I was born in.
Both are asleep. Let's drink to the hurt!
Sing, *Movitz*, sing of the tearful eye
(V:cello) – – – when cypresses were strewn.

Tottering shadow, blotchy face,
brought into life for serving Bacchus,
blistered tongue from spirits and wine –
smell, my friend, smell his breath!
Though hallowed by Freïa and Bacchus.
Movitz, let with ancestral bones
(V:cello) – – – my dust be finally mingled!

[25] Fredmans Sång Nr 21

Måltidssång

Så lunka vi så småningom
från Bacchi buller och tumult,
när döden ropar: Granne kom,
ditt timglas är nu fullt.
Du gubbe fäll din krycka ner,
och du, du yngling, lyd min lag,
den skönsta nymf som åt dig ler
inunder armen tag.
Tycker du att graven är för djup,
nå välan, så tag dig då en sup,
tag dig sen dito en, dito två, dito tre,
så dör du nöjdare.

Du vid din remmare och press,
rödbrusig och med hatt på sned,
snart skrider fram din likprocess
i några svarta led;
och du som pratar där så stort,
med band och stjärnor på din rock,
ren snickarn kistan färdig gjort,
och hyvlar på dess lock.
Tycker du etc.

Men du som med en trumpen min,
bland riglar, galler, järn och lås,
dig vilar på ditt penningskrin,
inom din stängda bås;
och du som svartsjuk slår i kras
buteljer, speglar och pokal;
bjud nu god natt, drick ut ditt glas,
och hälsa din rival.
Tycker du etc.

Fredman's song no 21

Dinner Song

So tipsy we are taking leave
from Bacchus's wild and noisy feast,
when Death calls out: Neighbour come,
empty is your hour-glass!
Old boy, you lay your crutches down,
and you, my youth, obey you must,
the fairest nymph who smiles at you,
you'll take her willing arm.
If you think that the grave is dark and deep,
all right then, take another drink,
after that ditto one, ditto two, ditto three –
you'll die much happier.

You, by your rummer-glass and press,
blotchy and with your hat aslant,
your funeral procession soon
in black rows will set off.
And you who have so big a mouth,
with stripes and stars upon your coat,
the joiner has your coffin made,
is planing now the lid.
If you think...

But you who, with forbidding face,
among your iron bars and locks
are resting on your money-shrine
inside your locked-up house.
And you who jealous always crush
the bottles, mirrors, glasses all,
say now good-night and take your glass,
drink to your rival's health.
If you think...

Men du som med en ärlig min
plär dina vänner häda jämt,
och dem förtalar vid ditt vin,
och det liksom på skämt,
och du som ej försvarer dem,
fastän ur deras flaskor du,
du väl kan slicka dina fem,
vad svarar du väl nu?
Tycker du etc.

Säg är du nöjd, min granne säg,
så prisa världen nu till slut;
om vi ha en och samma väg,
så följoms åt; drick ut.
Men först med vinet rött och vitt
för vår värdinna bugom oss,
och halkom sen i graven fritt,
vid aftonstjärnans bloss.
Tycker du etc.

[26] Fredmans Sång nr 6

Över brännvinsbrännaren Lundholm

Hör klockorna med ängsligt dån
nu ringa för en Bacchi son,
för riddarn Lundholm där i vrån,
av döden uppsluken!
Se ordensperuken,
se stjärnan på'n!

Hör klockorna vid mörksens tull!
Sov, gamle Lundholm, sov lull lull.
Cupido sjunger vid din mull:
Om nånsin din maka
skull' kysst på din haka,
hon blivit full.

But you who put on an honest face
while defaming many of your friends,
and slander them at your wine,
pretending it is all a joke,
and you who don't defend the friends
although you of their bottles full
at least five have licked clean,
how do you defend yourself?
If you think...

Are you satisfied, my neighbour, say,
so in the end the world we praise.
The same way we shall have to go,
we'll go together: drink!
But first with wine both red and white
to our hostess we must bow,
then tumbling freely down the grave
by the flaring evening star.
If you think...

Fredman's song no 6

At the Bier of Brandy Distiller Lundholm.

Hear bells give out a fearful boom,
ringing for a son of Bacchus,
for the knighted Lundholm in the corner,
by death devoured!
See the wig of our order,
see the star on't!

Hear the bells at the dark custom's gate!
Sleep, old Lundblom, lulla, lulla.
Cupid sings to your ashes:
If ever your spouse
put a kiss on your chin
she'd have got drunk.

Din morgonsol brann sällan klar,
din middag blott en skymning var,
din näsa aftonrodnan bar,
så rödlätt och trinder
av mörkblåa kinder
hon skugga har.

Så slås din kammardörr i lås,
din ordenskåpa, kors och krås
i jorden multna och förgås.
Din kista man rörer,
ta i, kommendörer,
trompetare, blås!

Your morning-sun was rarely bright,
your noon was but a twilight dusk,
your nose wore the evening red,
so plump and so rosy,
on it your dark-blue cheeks
a shadow cast.

And now your chamber-door is slammed.
Your knightly coat, cross, and frills,
all will rot into nothing.
Your coffin is lifted,
take hold, commanders,
trumpeter: blow!

[27] Fredmans Sång nr 41

Joachim uti Babylon
hade en hustru Susanna.
|:Töm vår kanna;:|
skål för dess person!
Joachim var en genomärliger man,
frun lika ärliger också som han;
|:fru Susanna:|
många hjärtan vann.

Joachim var för riker spord,
kunde traktera sin nästa,
|:ge till bästa:|
vid ett dukat bord;
frun uti huset vann så mycket behag,
hungriga friare varendaste dag.
|:Hurra gubbar:|
i så lustigt lag!

Fredman's song no 41

Joachim lived in Babylon,
had a wife named Susanna.
|:Drain our pitcher,:|
here's to her good name!
Joachim was an honourable man,
quite as honourable was his wife,
|:Mrs Susanna:|
many hearts she won.

Joachim was a well-to-do man,
could treat well his neighbour,
|:at his table:|
he was generous,
the lady of the house was so popular,
hungry wooers were there every day.
|:Hurrah fellows,:|
such gay company!

Käraste bröder, hör nu då på
vad den frun månde hända:
|:två upptända:|
kring om henne gå.
Gubbarna flåsa, krypa tyst om varann;
skönheten fanns just där kärleken brann.
|:Fru Susanna:|
trogen var sin man.

Joachims trädgård var med maner;
lusthus, tapeter av siden.
|:Middagstiden:|
gick Susanna ner.
Ekar och lindar stodo runt om en damm.
Sköna Susanna hon plaska och sam.
|:När hon plaska,:|
skymta liljor fram.

Ner uti blomstergården nu
gingo allena två bovar,
|:slogo lovar:|
kring vår lilla fru.
Hej, sade boven till den andra så slem,
hej, det är middag, kom låt oss gå hem.
|:Två kanaljer:|
i var enda lem!

Väl förstår man gubbarna nog,
vad de hade i sinne;
|:vita linne:|
ögat lätt bedrog.
Ögat drog hjärtat, men Susanna drog allt.
Lås var för porten, det var så befallt.
|:Hurra gubbar!:|
Blodet bliver kallt.

Så var sakens sammanhang,
himlen Susanna belöna,
|:bland de sköna:|
har hon dubbel rang.
Klinga med glasen, låt oss leva väl!
Vackra små hjärtan uti tankar och själ.
|:Lät oss dricka:|
utan larm och gräl.

All of you brothers, listen to this,
hear what happened to the lady:
|:two excited men:|
did not leave her side.
The old men were moaning, crept wordless around,
beauty was present where love was afire.
|:Mrs Susanna:|
faithful kept her vow.

Joachim's garden was exquisite,
arbour, tapestries of fine silk.
|:When it noon was:|
there Susanna went.
Oaks and lime-trees stood round a pool.
Fair Susanna she plashingly swam.
|:In her plashing:|
lilies could be seen.

Into the flower-garden now
those two rascals came sneaking,
|:peeping slyly:|
at our little wife.
Well, said the one to the other bad guy,
it's dinner-time, so let's go home.
|:Two true rascals:|
in ev'ry single limb.

What the old men had in mind,
that is easily guessed here,
|:whitest linen:|
will catch and cheat the eye.
The eye caught the heart, but Susanna caught on.
Lock on the gate, that was ordered now.
|:Hurrah fellows,:|
the blood is cooling off.

That is the story, complete and true,
heaven reward Susanna,
|:of all women:|
she has double rank.
Clink your glasses, let's drink to us!
Nice little hearts in our minds and souls.
|:Let us drink now:|
without a noisy row.

[28] Fredmans Epistel No 82

Eller oförmodade avsked, förkunnat vid Ulla Winblads frukost en sommarmorgon i det gröna. (Pastoral)

Vila vid denna källa!
Vår lilla frukost vi framställa:
Rött vin med pimpinella
Och en nyss skjuten beckasin.
Klang, vad buteljer, *Ulla*,
I våra korgar överstfulla
Tömda i gräset rulla,
Och känn vad ångan dunstar fin!
Ditt middagsvin
Sku vi ur krusen hälla
Med glättig min.
Vila vid denna källa!
Hör våra valthorns klang, kusin,
(Corno) – – Valthornens klang, kusin!

Äntlig i detta gröna
Får du mitt sista avsked röna;
Ulla, farväl, min sköna,
Vid alla instrumenters ljud!
Fredman ser i minuten
Sig till naturens skuld förbruten,
Clotho ren ur syrtuten
Avklippt en knapp vid Charons bud.
Kom, hjärtats gud,
Att Fröja ätt belöna
Med Bacchi skrud!
Äntlig i detta gröna
Stod *Ulla* sista gången brud,
(Corno) – – – Den sista gången brud.

Fredman's Epistle no 82

or unexpected taking leave, announced at Ulla Winblad's picnic lunch one summer morning. (A Pastoral)

Sit down around the spring here,
arrange our little picnic lunch:
we have red wine with burnet
and a fine snipe newly shot.
Cheers, what bottles, *Ulla*,
from our well-filled baskets
emptied in the grass are rolling,
and sense the fine smell of the haze!
Your noon-time wine
from mugs should be poured down
with happy smiles.
Sit down around the spring here!
Hear the sound of our horns, cousin,
(Corno.) – – – the sound of our horns, cousin!

Finally, in this green,
I announce my last farewell –
Ulla, good-bye, my beauty,
to the sound of every instrument.
Fredman now realizes
his debt to nature has fallen due,
Clotho already scissored
a cloak button, by Charon's command.
Come, god of the heart,
reward Freia's offspring
with Bacchus's vesture!
Finally, in this green
Ulla was for the last time a bride,
(Corno.) – – – for the last time a bride.

[29] Aperite mihi portas justitiae

Aperite mihi portas justitiae,
ingressus in eas
confitebor domino.

(Aperite,) haec porta domini,
justi intrabunt in eam.

(Aperite,) haec est dies,
quam fecit dominus;
exultemus et laetemur in ea,
alleluja!

O domine, salvum me fac,
o domine, bene prosperare!
(Haec est dies, quam fecit dominus.)

Benedictus, qui venit in nomine domini.

Ps 118, v 19-20 and v 24-26

19 Open me the gates of righteousness
that I may go into them and give thanks unto
the Lord.

20 This is the gate of the Lord, the righteous
shall enter into it.

24 This is the day which the Lord hath made:
we will rejoice and be glad in it.

25 Help me now, o Lord. O Lord, send us now
prosperity.

26 Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the
Lord.

Mogens Wöldike

Ulrik Neumann

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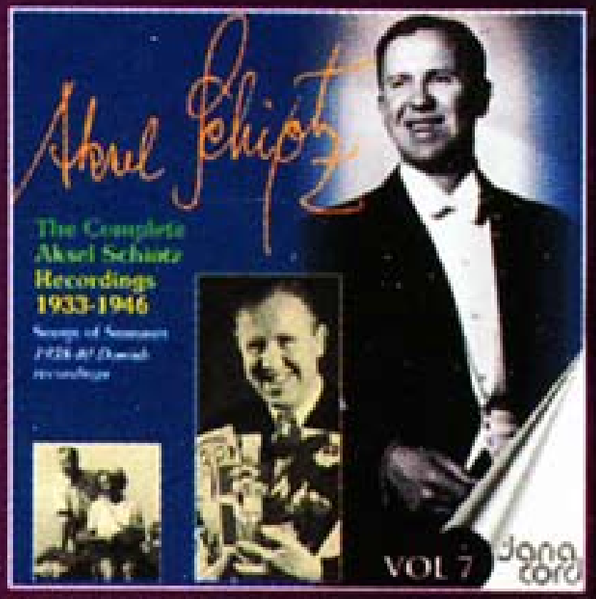
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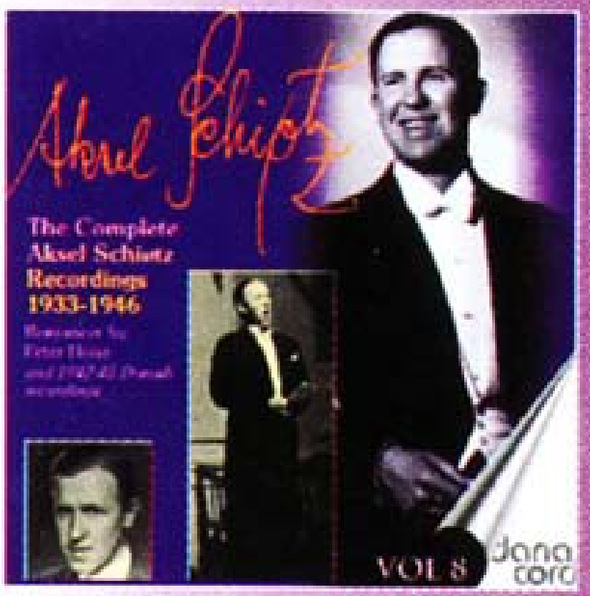
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Aksel Schiøtz Vol. 3

DACOCD 453

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MONO ADD

Total playing time
68:45

Produced by
Gerd Schiøtz
and Arne Helman
Executive producer:
Jesper Buhl

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COMPACT disc DIGITAL AUDIO

Aksel Schiøtz

Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)

Dichterliebe (Heinrich Heine) **Op. 48**

[1] **Im wunderschönen Monat Mai** *1:15*
[2] **Am meinen Tränen spriessen** *0:56*
[3] **Die Rose, die Lilie** *0:34*
[4] **Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'** *1:35*
HMV DB 6270 2EA 10834-1

[5] **Ich will meine Seele tauchen** *0:55*
[6] **Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome** *1:58*
[7] **Ich grolle nicht** *1:47*
HMV DB 6270 2EA 10835-1

[8] **Und wüssten's die Blumen** *1:13*
[9] **Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen** *1:17*
[10] **Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen** *1:38*
HMV DB 6271 2EA 10836-1

[11] **Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen** *0:54*
[12] **Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen** *1:40*
[13] **Ich hab' im Traum geweinet** *2:00*
HMV DB 6271 2EA 10837-1

[14] **Allnächtlich im Traume** *1:46*
[15] **Aus alten Märchen winkt es** *2:28*
HMV DB 6272 2EA 10838-1

[16] **Die alten, bösen Lieder** *4:20*
HMV DB 6272 2EA 10839-1

Gerald Moore, piano
Recorded London January 10, 1946

Johannes Brahms (1833 – 1897)

[17] **Die Mainacht. Op. 43 no. 2** (Hölty) *3:28*
HMV 7EBK 1005 OEA 10827-1
Recorded London January 7, 1946

[18] **Sonntag Op. 47 no. 3** (Uhland) *1:39*
[19] **Ständchen. Op. 106 no. 1** (Kugler) *1:32*
HMV 7EBK 1005 OEA 10828-1

Gerald Moore, piano
Recorded London January 8, 1946

dana cord

Edvard Grieg (1843 – 1907)

[20] **Vær hilset, I Damer. Op. 49 no. 3** *3:04*
(Drachmann) *Be greeted, Ladies*
HMV 7EBK 1005 OEA 10830-1

[21] **Foraarsregn. Op. 49 no. 6** *2:47*
(Drachmann) *Spring Rain*
HMV 7EBK 1005 OEA 10829-1

[22] **En Digters sidste Sang. Op. 18 no. 3** *3:08*
(H. C. Andersen) *A Poet's Last Song*
HMV X 7203 OEA 10831-1

Gerald Moore, piano
Recorded London January 8, 1946

Carl Michael Bellman (1745 – 1795)

[23] **Käraste bröder** *Dearest brothers 3:01*
HMV X 6998 OSB 2663-1

[24] **Gubben är gammal** *Old age is with me 3:16*
HMV X 6998 OSB 2664-1

[25] **Så lunka vi så småningom** *3:13*
So tipsy we are taking leave
HMV X 6999 OSB 2666-1

[26] **Hör klockorna med ängsligt dån** *2:42*
Hear bells give out a fearful boom
HMV X 6999 OSB 2665-1

[27] **Joachim uti Babylon** *3:03*
Joachim lived in Babylon
HMV X 7000 OSB 2667-2

[28] **Vila vid denna källa** *2:49*
Sit down around the spring here
HMV X 7000 OSB 2668-1

Ulrik Neumann, guitar
Recorded Stockholm May 9, 1946

Diderik Buxtehude (1637-1707)

[29] **Aperite mihi portas justitiae** *8:03*
Elsa Sigfuss, contralto, Holger Nørgaard, bass, Else Marie Bruun and Julius Koppel, violins, Torben Anton Svendsen, cello and Mogens Wöldike, harpsichord
HMV Z 292 2CS2489-2/2CS2490-2
Recorded Copenhagen May 22, 1946

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Aksel Schiøtz Vol. 3

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