

Rued Langgaard Songs



Louise McClelland Jacobsen
Kristian Riisager



Rued Langgaard (1893–1952)

Songs

Louise McClelland Jacobsen, soprano

Kristian Riisager, piano

1	Hvad lærken sang! (What the Lark Sang!), BVN 35 (Carl Andersen) (1908)	2:25
	Fire sange (Four Songs), BVN 67 (1914)	7:55
2	Du blomst i dug (You dew-drenched flower) (J.P. Jacobsen)	1:22
3	Alle de voksende skygger (All the deepening shadows) (J.P. Jacobsen)	2:24
4	Gammel melodi (Old Melody) (Thor Lange)	1:43
5	En sommerklang (A Summer Sound) (Rued Langgaard)	2:13
	Russiske sange (Russian Songs), BVN 126 (Thor Lange) (1916)	13:38
6	Intet ly (No Shelter) (Ukraine)	2:40
7	Sigøjnervise (Gypsy Song) (Southern Russian)	1:18
8	Flugt (Flight) (Ukraine) (rev. 1940s)	1:16
9	Mens du kan, kys mildt på mund (While You Still Can, Kiss on the Lips) (Ukraine)	1:16
10	Sus ikke for mig (Don't rustle for me) (Ukraine)	2:08
11	Dansemelodi (Dance Tune) (Ukraine) (rev. 1940s)	1:01
12	Stakkels, stakkels lille pige (Poor, Poor Young Girl) (Ukraine)	2:15
13	Ak, du tid (Ah Time) (Ukraine)	1:42
	Fra Fire sange (From Four Songs), BVN 100 (1915)	
14	Vi tænkte slet ikke på nogeting (Our thoughts were simply on nothing at all) (Vilhelm Krag)	2:43
15	Min moder (My Mother), BVN 5 (Anon.) (1906)	2:05
16	Jeg beder ej om guldets glød (I do not ask for gold's bright glow), BVN 31 (Chr. K.F. Molbech) (1908)	3:24
	Sommer (Fire sangtonebilleder) (Summer, Four Song Tone Pictures), BVN 139 (Rued Langgaard) (1917)	13:57
17	Byger drager med regn og plask (Swiftly showers pass splashing by)	1:49
18	Aftnen svøber sin skumringskåbe (Evening wraps its cloak of twilight)	3:56
19	Luften er svalet af torden og regn (The air is cooled by thunder and rain)	4:41
20	Solblink, vajende flag (Glinting sun, waving flags)	3:31
	Sange af Jenny Blicher-Clausen (Songs by Jenny Blicher-Clausen), BVN 66 (Jenny Blicher-Clausen) (1914)	13:38
21	Det rinder med dug (The dew is running)	3:05
22	Alle de små klokker de ringe i dale (Morgen) (All the small bells they ring in the valleys (Morning))	1:34
23	Du natsværmerdronning fine (You queen moth so fine)	3:04
24	Alle de små klokker de ringe i dale (Aften) (All the small bells they ring in the valleys (Evening))	2:36
25	Og det var den mørke blåregn (There was dark wisteria growing)	3:20

Total 59:35

World premiere recordings, except 3–5, 16 and 25



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The Soul-Ringing of Distant Bells

By Esben Tange

Rued Langgaard is a composer who surprises. Having experienced one of his works, it is very likely that the next one you encounter will be entirely different. This is true of his songs to Danish texts, some of which are now available for the first time on record. In these songs, from his early days as a hyper-talented teenager through to his first works as a young visionary in his early twenties, we come close to him, both as a composer and as a human being.

During this period Langgaard achieved the greatest success of his life, when his lengthy *Symphony No. 1, Cliffside Pastorals* was performed by the Berlin Philharmonic when he was just 19. A few months later, during the summer of 1913, Langgaard found himself in Kyrkult in Sweden, where he fell in love with Dora From, who was the same age as him. Their affections appeared mutual, but in the real world, Rued and Dora never became a couple. Instead, this encounter became a landmark, a bittersweet experience filled with melancholy and a dream about redemp-

tion. It is this potent range of emotions that can be found, in particular, in his songs to Danish texts.

In *Fire sange (Four Songs)* and *Russiske sange (Russian Songs)* we witness Rued Langgaard as a Romantic expressionist. Even if the musical language is backward looking, towards the world of yesterday in which Langgaard had been born, as an only child in a Victorian religious home in Copenhagen in the 1890s, he shows himself to be a composer filled with bold storytelling and strong emotional eruptions. This is most originally illustrated in the first of the *Fire sange*, in which we are thrown into an ecstatic dream world from the beginning of the first song, 'Du blomst i dug' (You dew-drenched flower).

In *Sommer (Summer)* and *Sange af Jenny Blicher-Clausen (Songs by Jenny Blicher-Clausen)* we experience, to a greater extent, Langgaard as an artist of mood, in which space and time are as one, and the eternity of the moment presents itself. As an impressionist, he allows his music to devour a single word, a thought or an image. Here, anything can happen. This is especially so in the song tone pictures of *Sommer*, for which Langgaard himself wrote the texts. In 'Luften er svalet

af torden og regn' ('The air is cooled by thunder and rain'), we sense the magic of a deserted room with gently fluttering curtains in the evening breeze.

Finally, there is also a selection of earlier songs that provide a glimpse into the thought-world that shaped the pure young Langgaard. Here, too, love is a key-word, but in contrast to the songs from a few years later, deeply felt love is not questioned.

Life stands at the ready in 'Hvad lærken sang!' ('What the Lark Sang!'), composed by Langgaard when he was 15 years old. This Romantic text by Carl Andersen takes the viewpoint of a lark soaring high in the sky on a spring day, observing two lovers picking red roses. Upon closer examination, it becomes evident that the young man is plucking roses from the girl's red mouth. With a text-aligned vocal line and a sparkling, brilliant piano part, Langgaard demonstrates his mastery of the Classical-Romantic song tradition perfectly.

Fire sange (Four Songs) originate from the early phase of Langgaard's songwriting journey which had begun with his unhappy love for Dora, only to be followed by the death of his father, Siegfried, a few

months later. This constituted a significant loss in multiple ways, given that Siegfried was the person with whom Langgaard had the strongest artistic connection. During this very period, Langgaard started to nurture a musical world that was both poetic and intimate, fostering a distinct appreciation for the emotional depth and spirituality inherent in poetry.

In the course of just a few years, Langgaard composed about 120 songs, and with *Fire sange* we are whirled directly into some of the most important of his themes: painful longing and farewell. It's very clear in the first two songs, both to texts by the young J.P. Jacobsen. In the first composition, the verses are inspired by Jacobsen's inaugural novella, offering us a glimpse into the profound yearning for love through the perspective of the young woman Thora, as she experiences the delicate sensation of a dew-covered flower. In the second song, the perspective is diametrically opposite. Here we find ourselves at the beloved Asalis's grave, where all is lost, and nature laments the love that never came to fruition.

Purely musically, Langgaard conveys the two poles of 'Du blomst i dug' ('You dew-drenched flower') by crafting an

aspirational, porous music in which the voice moves between extremes, from the ethereal to the most heartfelt. And in 'Alle de voksende skygger' ('All the Deepening Shadows') he allows the music to tiptoe stealthily, with a restrained, hovering piano accompaniment, adding an air of mystery to this graveside scene.

Langgaard originally imagined a trio of songs, in which 'En sommerklang' ('A Summer Sound'), featuring his own words, would follow the pair to texts by J.P. Jacobsen. With refined and 'nacreous' music, Langgaard unveils the fleeting nature of the poetic phrase, 'summer sound', turning himself towards distant horizons as he bids a nostalgic farewell to the summer.

Finally, Langgaard included 'Gammel melodi' ('Old Melody') as the penultimate song. Thor Lange's text narrates a loving encounter on the dance floor. Still, it is intriguing that we hear the waltzing music as if through a veil. Despite the music's sensuality, Langgaard was looking back in *Fire sange*: they represent a dream of a love that barely existed.

In the eight *Russiske sange* (*Russian Songs*) we meet figures who are in thrall to their senses, each representing an emo-

tional extreme. The texts are adaptations of poetry from, predominantly, Ukraine. They have the character of folk songs, engaging in a play with masks that has evidently resonated with Langgaard's dramatic instincts. This is already clear in the first two songs.

The musical language in 'Intet ly' ('No Shelter') is archaic, chilling, and exudes deep loneliness. Grief sings out while two lost souls perish on the wild heath. 'Sigøjnervise' ('Gypsy Song') features, by contrast, explosive music. A sparkling piano voice ignites the singer and sets the cosmos in motion. With a text which tells of an 'I' who 'stands on Heaven's arch, igniting Earth and Sea in bright flames', a direct line is drawn to Langgaard's doomsday opera, *Antikrist*, in which 'the great whore' makes the stars to fall into a 'nocturnal abyss'.

In the two songs which follow, we meet a Rued Langgaard in great mental form. 'Flugt' ('Flight') offers furious light music, in which we follow a young girl who sprints through whipping rain to meet her lover. In 'Mens du kan, kys mildt på mund' ('While You Still Can, Kiss on the Lips') the sun breaks through, accompanied by mild rocking bells ringing as the girl recounts a heart that blossoms and the joy of being

kissed tenderly on the mouth as long as love endures. All this is swept away in the following song, 'Sus ikke for mig' ('Don't rustle for me'), in which a mournful soul, accompanied by a tragic, dark musical backdrop, implores nature to be quiet.

In the next two songs we experience two widely different portraits of young women. 'Dansemelodi' ('Dance Tune') is about a girl with many lovers, and the mood is high. Lively accents drive the music forward until the exuberant narrative reaches an abrupt ending when the girl's parents grab and physically punish their disobedient daughter. In 'Stakkels, stakkels lille pige' ('Poor, Poor Young Girl'), all hope is lost from the very first note. To an accompaniment in the sombre minor, in which the notes fall like heavy steps towards the grave, we meet a disillusioned young girl for whom love has been lost. In the last Russian song, 'Ak, du tid' ('Ah Time'), the point of view is once again that of a lark, singing joyously high in the sky. But this time, the happiness is only present as a contrast. Despite the proud waltzing music, we are confronted with a defeat: the 23-year-old Langgaard looks back, here, at the time that has passed and the love that remained unfulfilled.

In the autumn of 1915, Langgaard composed a series of songs to poems by the Norwegian Vilhelm Krag who, as a neo-romantic, cultivated subjective experiences, feelings and imagination. This is notably so of 'Vi tænkte slet ikke på nogen ting' ('Our thoughts were simply on nothing at all'). In this work, Langgaard crafted a melodramatic scene. In the introduction, where the music is light and lively, we meet an untroubled pair of lovers in the midst of a bright summer evening. But the next day, everything has changed. Now dark autumn shadows envelop the musical setting, and death takes the deserted young man by the arm. This is Gothic eeriness in a miniature form.

'Min moder' ('My Mother') and 'Jeg beder ej om guldets glød' ('I do not ask for gold's bright glow'), are love-filled songs composed by Rued Langgaard as a young teenager. Filled with tenderness, 'Min moder' focuses on a mother's love and pure-hearted gratitude for life. 'Jeg beder ej om guldets glød' was composed a year later when Langgaard was 14 and reveals Langgaard's future expression of an inner yearning for love. Through the interplay between the harmonically rich piano part and the vocal line, this song exemplifies

authentic Lieder-art. It serves as a pivotal piece, bearing witness to the depths of Rued Langgaard's heart.

In the four song-tone-pictures *Sommer* (*Summer*), Rued Langgaard takes us on holiday to Skåne in Sweden. The texts of the first three songs were written by Langgaard in July 1917, in the Swedish health-spa town Tyringe, and in the final song, we find ourselves on the ferry approaching the harbour in Helsingborg. Langgaard started composing the music in November, looking back at the summer as though through a shaken mirror. One moment, we witness a realistic reportage; the next, perception turns into pure emotion. In 'Byger drager med regn og plask' ('Swiftly showers pass splashing by'), which Langgaard originally marked, 'Smiling with an undercurrent of ecstasy', the focal point is the anticipatory excitement before the reception of a guest who arrives on the train in showery weather. With animated repetitions in the piano, the composer builds excitement, prompting the singer to gaze upward, dreaming of the blue sky and an early dance.

The glance is also turned towards the sky in 'Aftnen svøber sin skumringskåbe' ('Evening wraps its cloak of twilight'). The

piano creates the illusion of bell-ringing while, with paper-thin music, Langgaard quietly conjures a magical atmosphere. With an upward-striving melodic line and a text that speaks of a 'muted oscillation from the soul-ringing of distant bells' we find ourselves immersed in a religious sphere.

The magic culminates in 'Luften er svalet af torden og regn' ('The air is cooled by thunder and rain'). With a solemn piano accompaniment in which the notes flow continuously, the music gains weight. At the same time, the composer paints a picture of an empty room and lost love. We find ourselves in the transition between evening and night, where nature 'hums of summer and farewell'. The sensation of abandonment is monumental.

In the closing song, 'Solblink, vajende flag' ('Glinting sun, waving flags'), the grip is loosened. With gently rippling music, Langgaard gives himself up to a childhood's excited arrival in Helsingborg. It's a blend of nostalgia and modernity, infused with humour. The underlying tone is Romantic, but with a sudden leaping melody and a whimsical advertising slogan, 'Mazettis Ögonkakao' ('Mazetti's Eye Cocoa'), we are transported into a Cubist

world, where reality is turned on its head in delightful surprise.

The five *Sange af Jenny Blicher-Clausen* (*Songs by Jenny Blicher-Clausen*) are profound soul music with finely crafted poems originating from Blicher-Clausen's verse novel, *Violin. Et nutidsdigt med et forspil og intermezzoer* (*Violin. A Poem of the Present with a Prelude and Intermezzi*) (1900). This romantically charged text is about a woman who, bound in a marriage, feels stifled as an artist, which clearly resonated with Langgaard, who, after a year of dramatic emotional fluctuations, now faced the experience of loneliness.

The songs were sketched in the course of three March days in 1914; not having composed songs to Danish texts for six years, Langgaard now combines language and song in a refined manner. Like a hypnotist, Langgaard works with repetitions and minimal shifts, which appeal to a broad range of senses. In the first song, 'Det rinder med dug' ('The dew is running'), this is expressed through the imagery of dew, which flows gently in both the piano and the text, revolving around tears and drops of blood, catching 'a thousand colours in the shadow'. From here it opens into the mind's innermost part, where all

thoughts vanish in a 'cry for happiness' in an art form in which nature and the psyche are closely bound.

This also applies to a high degree in the third song, 'Du natsværmerdrønning fine' ('You queen moth so fine'), where we experience a poetic synthesis as the most delicate, fragile dreams merge with the dust from nocturnal moth wings. Here, in the midst of the night, mystery prevails, and the musical language is hushed. Before and after 'Du natsværmerdrønning fine' Langgaard has placed two songs with the same text: 'Alle de små klokker de ringe i dale' ('All the small bells they ring in the valleys'). In the first, we hear an illusion, the sound of bright morning bells, and in the other, the sonorous bells of the evening, that chime again and again at a tranquil pace. This is music of eternity, painting a landscape, a valley in a distant mountain region. Nature becomes a church in which one can immerse their soul.

The final song, 'Og det var den mørke blåregn' ('There was dark wisteria growing'), is an elegy in which thoughts of the unhappy are gathered in a dense, dark blue rain, pierced by rose thorns. The piano is, again, the vehicle for a

bell-concert, this time with the finest silver bells which gradually die down and become one with the stars – at the same time a crucifixion and a resurrection in the hereafter.

Born in 1997, **Louise McClelland Jacobsen** is a soprano hailing from both Denmark and New Zealand, currently residing in Copenhagen. She has completed her studies at esteemed institutions including the Royal Danish Academy of Music, the Opera Academy and the Hochschule für Musik und Theater in Hamburg. In 2023, Jacobsen marked her debut on the theatrical stage at the Royal Danish Theatre, portraying the role of the 5th maiden in Strauss's *Elektra*. Commencing from the 2023/24 season, she secures her position within the theatre's Young Artist Ensemble, embracing characters like the High Priestess in Verdi's *Aida* and Pamina in Mozart's *The Magic Flute*. She is a sought-after concert singer and has achieved significant success in oratorios, operas and Lieder and has left a remarkable imprint as soloist in concerts, gracing prestigious ensembles including the Danish National Symphony Orchestra, Jönköping Sinfonietta, Royal Danish

Orchestra and Concerto Copenhagen. In 2021, she won the inaugural Rued Langgaard Competition alongside pianist Kristian Riisager.

Kristian Riisager, born in 1996, has received training at Klaverskolen Gradus in Aarhus, Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler in Berlin and the Royal Danish Academy of Music, where he has been studying in the Soloist Class since 2023. Since 2022, he has held the title of Visiting Artist at the Ingesund Piano Center in Sweden. In 2022, he released his debut album *A Testament to Hope - Piano Works by Beethoven*, which received a 6-star review in the magazine *Piano News*. In 2014, he clinched victory at the Music Without Limits competition in Lithuania and the Unge Spiller Klassisk in Aarhus. Additionally, he has earned accolades at the Berlingske's Classical Music Competition and the Danish Steinway Festival.



Louise McClelland Jacobsen and Kristian Riisager

Fjerne klokkers sjæleringning

Af Esben Tange

Rued Langgaard er en komponist, der overrasker. Har man hørt et værk, er der stor sandsynlighed for, at det næste, man hører, er helt anderledes. Det gælder også hans dansksprogede sange, hvoraf en del nu for første gang kan opleves i en professionel indspilning. I netop disse sange, der strækker sig fra tiden som hyper begavet teenagekomponist og frem til de første visionære ungdomsår, hvor Rued Langgaard var i begyndelsen af tyverne, kommer vi helt tæt på ham. Både som komponist og menneske.

I disse år oplever Rued Langgaard sit livs største succes, da han som 19-årig får sin timelange *Symfoni nr. 1, Klippepastoraler* opført med Berliner Filharmonikerne. Nogle få måneder efter – i sommeren 1913 – bliver Rued Langgaard i Kyrkhult i Sverige forelsket i den jævnaldrende Dora From. Følelserne lader til at være gensidige, men der er tale om uforløst kærlighed, og Dora og Rued bliver aldrig et par i virkelighedens verden. Til gengæld sætter det skelsættende møde sig som en bittersød erfaring, melankoli og en drøm

om forløsning. Netop denne voldsomme spændvidde er i særlig grad gældende for de dansksprogede sange.

I *Fire sange* og *Russiske sange* oplever vi Rued Langgaard som en romantisk ekspressionist. Selvom tonesproget er tilbageskuende mod den verden af i går, som Rued Langgaard blev født ind i som enebarn i et religiøst klunketidshjem i København i 1890'erne, så er musikken fuld af frimodig fortællelyst og med stærke emotionelle udladninger. Mest originalt i *Fire sange*, hvor vi lige fra begyndelsen af den første sang 'Du blomst i dug' slynges ind i en ekstatiske drømmeverden.

I *Sommer* og *Sange af Jenny Blicher-Clausen* oplever vi i højere grad Rued Langgaard som en stemningskunstner, hvor rum og tid går i ét, og hvor øjeblikket evighed byder sig til. Som en impressionist lader Langgaard sin musik opsluge af et enkelt ord, en tanke eller et billede. Her kan alt ske. Det gælder især sangtonerbillederne *Sommer*, hvor Langgaard selv har skrevet teksten, og hvor vi i 'Luften er svalet af torden og regn' fornemmer magien i et forladt værelse med let blafrende gardiner i aftenviden.

Endelig er der også et udvalg af tidlige sange, hvor vi får indblik i den tankeverden,

der prægede den purunge Rued Langgaard. Også her er kærlighed et kodeord, og i modsætning til sangene fra nogle få år efter anfægtes den dybtføjte kærlighed ikke.

Livet står på spring i 'Hvad lærken sang!', komponeret af den 15-årige Langgaard. Perspektivet i den romantiske tekst af Carl Andersen er lærkens, der højt på himlen en forårsdag ser to elskende plukke røde roser. Ved nærmere øjesyn viser det sig dog, at den unge mand plukker roser af pigens røde mund. Med en tekstnær vokallinje og en perlende brillant klaverstemme viser Langgaard, at han mestrer den klassisk-romantiske liedtradition til perfektion.

Fire sange er fra begyndelsen af Rued Langgaards lieder-år, der kickstartes af den uheldige forelskelse i Dora og falder sammen med, at Rued Langgaards far, Siegfried Langgaard, dør nogle få måneder senere. Der var i mere end én forstand tale om et tab, da Siegfried var den, der stod Rued nærmest rent kunstnerisk. Netop på dette tidspunkt begynder Rued at dyrke et poetisk og intimt musikalsk univers, og han udvikler en særlig forståelse for den følsomme og åndelighed, der er at finde i poesien.

I løbet af nogle få år komponerer Rued Langgaard omkring 120 sange, og med *Fire sange* hvirvles vi direkte ind i nogle af de vigtigste temaer for Langgaard: smertefulde længsel og afsked. Det står lysende klart med de to første sange, der begge er til tekster af den unge J.P. Jacobsen. I den første sang stammer ordene fra J.P. Jacobsens debutnovelle, hvor vi med den unge kvinde Thora og sansningen af en blomst i dug får indblik i den dybeste kærligheds længsel. I den anden sang er perspektivet diametralt modsat. Her står vi ved den elskede Asalis grav, hvor alt er tabt og naturen begræder den kærlighed, der aldrig blev.

Rent musikalsk udtrykker Rued Langgaard de to poler ved i 'Du blomst i dug' at komponere en higende porøs musik, hvor vokalen bevæger sig i ekstremer mellem det florige og det mest inderlige. Og ved i 'Alle de voksende skygger' at lade musikken gå på listefødder med en tilbageholdt, svævende klaversats, der tilfører denne gravscene et skær af mystik.

Rued Langgaard forestillede sig oprindeligt en samling på tre sange, hvor 'En sommerklang' med hans egen tekst fulgte lige efter de to J.P. Jacobsen sange. Med en forfinet perlemorsmusik udfolder Langgaard her den flygtige natur i det poetiske

ord "sommerklang", vender sig mod fjerne horisonter og siger et nostalgisk farvel til sommeren.

Siden tilføjede Langgaard 'Gammel melodi' som den næstsidste sang. I Thor Langes tekst berettes om et kærligt møde på et dansegulv. Tankevækkende er det dog, at den valsende musik høres som gennem et slør. Trods musikken sanselighed ser Rued Langgaard tilbage i *Fire sange*. En drøm om en kærlighed, der knap har eksisteret.

I de otte *Russiske sange* møder vi figurer, der er i deres sansers vold, og hver især repræsenterer de følelsesmæssige poler. Teksterne, der er gendigtninger af poesi fra overvejende Ukraine, har karakter af folkevise, og en leg med masker har tydeligvis talt til Langgaards dramatiske side. Det står allerede klart i de to første sange.

Tonesproget i 'Intet ly' er arkaisk, kuldslået og emmer af dyb ensomhed. Sorgen synges ud, alt imens to fortabte sjæle går til på den vilde hede. I 'Sigøjnervise' er der til gengæld tale om en eksplosiv musik. En gnistrende klaverstemme antænder sangeren og sætter kosmos i bevægelse. Med en tekst, der beretter om et "jeg", der "står på himlens bue, tænder jord og hav i lys lue" går der en direkte linje frem til Lang-

gaards dommedagsopera *Antikrist*, hvor "Den store skøge" lader stjernerne falde i en "Afgrundsnat".

I de to følgende sange møder vi en Rued Langgaard i mental storform. 'Flugt' er forrygende let musik, hvor vi animeret af den piskende regn følger en ung pige i fuldt firspring på vej mod sin elsker. I 'Mens du kan, kys mildt på mund' er solen brudt igenem, og akkompagneret af mildt vuggende klokkeklang beretter pigen om hjertet, der springer ud og om at lade sig kysse mildt på mund, så længe kærligheden er der. Alt dette ryddes af vejen i den følgende sang 'Sus ikke for mig', hvor en sorgfuld sjæl akkompagneret af en tragisk, mørk musik bønfalder naturen om at tie.

I de næste to sange oplever vi to vidt forskellige portrætter af unge kvinder. I 'Dansemelodi' om pigen med de mange elskere er humøret højt. Livfulde accenter driver musikken frem, lige indtil den overstadige fortælling får en brat ende, da pigens forældre griber til korporlig afstraffelse af deres frække datter. I 'Stakkels, stakkels lille pige' er alt håb til gengæld ude lige fra første tone. Til et akkompagnement i dunkel mol, hvor tonerne falder som tunge skridt mod graven, møder vi en desillusioneret ung pige, for hvem kærligheden er tabt.

I den sidste russiske sang, 'Ak, du tid', er perspektivet igen lærken, der synger af glæde højt på himlen. Men denne gang kun som kontrast. Trods den stolt valsende musik har vi at gøre med en deroute. Den 23-årige Langgaard ser her tilbage på tiden, der er gået, og kærligheden som ikke blev fanget.

Rued Langgaard komponerede i efteråret 1915 en række sange til digte af norske Vilhelm Krag, der som nyromantiker dyrkede subjektive oplevelser, følelser og fantasi. Det gælder i højeste grad også 'Vi tænkte slet ikke på nogen ting'. Her har Langgaard skabt en melodramatisk scene. I indledningen, hvor musikken er let og lystig, møder vi et ubekymret forelsket par i den lyse sommernat. Men næste dag er alt forandret. Der falder nu mørke efterårs-skygger ind over den musikalske sats, og døden tager den svigtede unge mand under armen. Gotisk uhygge i det lille format.

'Min moder' og 'Jeg beder ej om guldets glød' er kærlighedsfyldte sange komponeret af Rued Langgaard som stor dreng. I den sødmefyldte 'Min moder' drejer det sig om moderkærlighed og en uskyldsn taknemmelighed for livet. I 'Jeg beder ej om guldets glød' – komponeret godt et år efter som 14-årig – ser Rued

Langgaard nu ind i fremtiden og udtrykker en inderlig kærlighedslængsel.

Med et fortættet samspil mellem den harmonisk rige klaversats og den vokale linje er der tale om ægte liedkunst. Og en nøglesang, der vidner om dybderne i Rued Langgaards hjerte.

I de fire sangtonebilleder *Sommer* tager Rued Langgaard os med på ferie i Skåne. Teksterne til de tre første sange skrev Langgaard i juli måned 1917 i kurbyen Tyringe, og i den sidste sang er vi på vej ind med færgen i havnen i Helsingborg. Musikken skrev Langgaard dog først i november måned, hvor han ser tilbage på sommeren som gennem et rystet spejl. Det ene øjeblik er vi vidne til virkelighedsnær reportage, det næste øjeblik slår sansningen over i ren følelse.

I 'Byger drager med regn og plask', som Langgaard oprindelig forsynede med karakterbetegnelsen "Smilende med en understrøm af ekstase", er omdrejningspunktet den forventningsfulde anspændthed inden modtagelsen af en gæst, der ankommer med toget i bygevejr. Med animerede tonegentagelser i klaveret bygges spændingen op og giver anledning til, at sangeren vender blikket opad og drømmer sig bort til synet af blå himmel og en snarlig dans.

I 'Aftnen svøber sin skumringskåbe' er blikket også vendt mod himlen. Klaveret illuderer et klokkespil, og med en papirstynd, tyst musik skaber Langgaard en magisk stemning. Og med en opadstræbende melodilinjé og en tekst, der fortæller om "dæmpet svingning fra fjerne klokkers sjæleringning", befinder vi os i en religiøs sfære.

Magien kulminerer i 'Luften en svalet af torden og regn'. Med en gravitetisk klaver-sats, hvor tonerne strækker sig i en ubrudt strøm, får musikken mere tyngde. Samtidig udmales billedet af et tomt værelse og en svunden kærlighed. Vi er i overgangen mellem aften og nat, hvor naturen "nynner om sommer og savn". Forladthedsfølelsen er monumental.

I den sidste sang, 'Solblink, vajende flag', løses grebet. Med en blidt perlede musik giver Langgaard sig hen til barn-dommens lystfyldte ankomst til Helsingborg. På samme tid nostalgi og modernitet tilsat humor. Grundtonen er romantisk, men med en pludseligt springende melodistemme og et underfundigt reklame-slogan – "Mazettis Ögonkakao" – er vi også i kubisternes verden, hvor virkeligheden foredrøjes på forunderlig vis.

De fem *Sange af Jenny Blicher-Clausen* er dyb sjælemusik med fintfølede digte,

der stammer fra Jenny Blicher-Clausens versroman *Violin. Et nutidsdigt med et forspil og intermezzoer* (1900). Den romantisk følelsesladede tekst om en kvinde, der bundet i et ægteskab føler sig stækket som kunstner, har tydeligvis appelleret til Rued Langgaard, der efter et år med dramatiske følelsesmæssige udsving nu kender til oplevelsen af ensomhed.

Sangene er skitseret i løbet af tre martsdage i 1914, og efter ikke at have komponeret sange med dansk tekst i seks år forener Langgaard nu det sproglige og sanglige på raffineret vis. Som en hypnotisør arbejder Langgaard med gentagelser og minimale forskydninger, der appellerer til en bred vifte af sanser.

I den første sang, 'Det rinder med dug', kommer det til udtryk igennem duggen, der foruden at løbe i en blid strøm i klaverstemmen også opleves i teksten, der kredser om tårer og bloddråber og "fanger tusinde farver i skyggen". Herfra er der åbent ind til sindets inderste, hvor alle tanker forsvinder i et 'skrig efter lykke' i en kunststart, hvor natur og psyke er nært forbundne.

Det gælder i høj grad også den tredje sang, 'Du natsværmerdrønning fine', hvor vi oplever en poetisk syntese, når de fineste skrøbelige drømme og støvet fra natlige

sommerfuglevinger går i et. Her midt i naturen råder mystikken, og tonesproget er tyst. Før og efter 'Du natsværmerdrønning fine' har Langgaard placeret to sange med samme tekst: 'Alle de små klokker de ringe i dale'. I den første illuderes lyden af lyse morgenklokker og i den anden malmfulde aftenklokker, der gentages igen og igen i roligt tempo. Der er tale om evighedsmusik, hvor der males et landskab op i en dal i en fjern bjergegn. Naturen bliver en kirke, hvori mennesket kan sænke sin sjæl.

Den sidste sang, 'Og det var den mørke blåregn', er en elegi, hvor den ulykkelige tanker samles i en tæt, mørk blåregn, spiddet af rosens torne. Klaveret bliver igen medie for en klokkekoncert. Nu med de fineste sølvklokker, der til slut dør ud og bliver et med stjernerne. På samme tid en korsfæstelse og en genopstandelse i det hinsides.

Louise McClelland Jacobsen (f. 1997) er en dansk-newzealandsk sopran med base i København. Hun er uddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium, Operaakademiet i København samt Hochschule für Musik und Theater i Hamburg. Louise McClelland Jacobsen fik sin scene-debut på Det Kongelige Teater som 5. pige i Strauss' *Elektra* i marts 2023. Fra sæsonen

2023/24 er hun medlem af teatrets Young Artist Ensemble, hvor hun blandt andet har roller som tempelsangerinde i Verdis *Aida* og Pamina i Mozarts *Tryllefløjten*. Hun er en eftertragtet koncertsanger og har nydt stor succes i oratorier, operaer og lieder. Hun har allerede gjort sig bemærket som koncertsolist med blandt andre DR Symfoniorkestret, Jönköping Sinfonietta, Det Kongelige Kapel og Concerto Copenhagen. I 2021 vandt hun sammen med pianisten Kristian Riisager den første udgave af Rued Langgaard-konkurrencen.

Kristian Riisager (f. 1996) er uddannet ved Klaverskolen Gradus i Aarhus, Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler i Berlin samt Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium i København, hvor han siden 2023 har studeret i Solistklassen. Siden 2022 har han været Visiting Artist ved Ingesund Piano Center i Sverige. Han udgav i 2022 debutalbummet *A Testament to Hope – Piano Works by Beethoven*, der modtog en 6-stjernet anmeldelse i klavermagasinet Piano News. I 2014 vandt han Music Without Limits i Litauen og Unge Spiller Klassisk i Aarhus. Derudover er han prisvinder af Berlinskis Klassiske Musikkonkurrence og den danske Steinway Festival.

- 1 Det var en yndig forårsstund,
Blidt drømte land og sø,
Og blæsten tog sig orlov
Og svang sig langt fra ø,
Men lærken blev og sang derhjemme,
Ja, lærken blev og sang derhjemme:
- "Højt løfter mig mit vingepar,
Dog dalen dybt jeg ser.
Dernede ser jeg tvende,
Hvor busken kærligt ler –
Jeg tror, de plukke røde roser,
Så lifflige, så søde roser.
- Ej! Ungersvenden plukker dem
Af pigens søde mund;
Hun bytter dem mod andre
Fra elskovs fagre lund –
Men aldrig, aldrig end jeg skued'
De roser, der så dejligt lued!"
- 2 Du blomst i dug
Hvisk mig drømmene dine.
Er der i dem den samme luft,
Den samme sælsomme elverlandsduft,
Som i mine?
Og hvisker, sukker og klager det der
Gennem døende duft og blundende skær,
Gennem vågnende klang, gennem spirende sang:
I længsel,
I længsel jeg lever!
- 3 Alle de voksende skygger
Har vævet sig sammen til en,
Ensom på himmelen lyser
En stjerne så strålende ren,
Skyerne have så tunge drømme,
Blomsternes øjne i duggråd svømme,
Underligt aftenvinden
Suser i linden.
- 1 A lovely day in spring in dreams
So sweet lay lake and land,
The wind took leave and swung away
From many an island's strand,
The lark though stayed at home and sang,
The lark, yes, stayed at home and sang:
- 'High up I lift my pair of wings,
In deep dale though I see.
Below I see a couple
Where bushes smile at me –
I think they're picking bright-red roses,
Such beautiful, such sweet red roses.
- Ah! See, the youth is picking them
From her lips' treasure trove,
She's changing them for others
That grow in love's fair grove –
Though never never have I seen
Red roses with so fine a sheen!"
- 2 You dew-drenched flower
Whisper to me all your dreams.
Is there in them the selfsame air,
The land of the Elves' strange scent
As in mine?
And is there a whispering, sighing and moaning
Through fading fragrance and dozing glimmer,
Through waking sounds, through swelling song:
In longing,
In longing I live!
- 3 All the deepening shadows
Have woven themselves into one,
High in the sky's the sole blaze of
A star that gleams pure next to none,
Heavy the dreams that the clouds are dreaming,
Drenched now with dew-tears all flower-eyes streaming,
Strangely the evening wind now
Sighs in the linden.
- 4 Langt, langt fra mit land engang
igennem et fremmed bals
forvirrede brusen klang
en yndefuld hjemlig vals.
- Brat balsal og søjler sank,
al udenlandsk pragt forsvandt;
ung, strålende varm og blank
glemt kærlighed genoprandt.
- Selv ung og livsalig varm
fornam jeg omkring min hals
et tryk af en elsket arm
i takt med den blide vals.
- 5 Så sagte fin en sommerklang!
Så sagte fin til jubelsang
den vældigt stiger!
Dog bort den viger –
Som sagte sus der spredte sig
som vingesus, den hilser dig
før bort den svinder.
- 6 Mørke nat og vilde vide veje,
ingen lykke fik vi to i øje.
- Intet ly for svenden og hans pige,
intet her, kun hist i himmerige.
- På den øde mark vi vil os lægge,
til to blomster vi forvandles begge.
- Som to blomster gro vi frem af sandet,
men os selv har onde ord forbandet.
- Stå de blomster på den vilde hede,
hvo dem ser, en bøn skal for os bede.
- 4 Far, far from my land long ago –
though all of a foreign ball's
confusing murmuring hum, I made out
a lovely, familiar waltz.
- The fine ballroom just sank away,
gone was the splendid decor;
young, gleaming and warm with life
forgotten love surfaced once more.
- Blissfully warm and young,
Around my neck there seemed to build
a pressure of some well-loved arm
in time with the waltz's lilt.
- 5 So soft and fine a summer sound!
So soft and fine for a song of joy
that rises greatly!
Away though it fades –
Like a gentle murmur spreading
like beating wings, it greets you
before away it dies.
- 6 Darkest night and wild wide road,
We two had no joy bestowed.
- No shelter here for youth or maid,
Joy on earth will us evade.
- On empty wastes we'll lay our head
Till we're transformed to flowers instead.
- Like flowers we'll grow out of the sand,
but evil words us two have damned.
- On the wild moor the flowers will stay,
A prayer will those who see them say.

- 7 Heja, heja! Falder mulm på vilde veje,
sol og måne for Natascha neje.
Hoja, hoja! Strål, sigøjnerpigens øje,
nattens stjerner for min fod sig bøje.
Halla, halla! Fra min barm skal sløret falde,
hedest er min skønhed over alle.
Hu-a, hu-a! Op jeg står på himlens bue,
tænder jord og hav i lys og lue.
- 7 Heyhey, heyhey! On wild roads the earth is strewn,
Before Natascha bow sun and moon.
Hoho, hoho! Gypsy girl let your eyes gleam bright,
The stars bow down at my feet tonight.
Haha, haha! Let fall my breast-veil,
my beauty will make all others pale.
Hoo-ah, hoo-ah! I stand on the arc of the sky,
light earth in sea in flames so high.
- 10 Sus ikke for mig, du skovens eg,
for sorrig gør mig om hjertet veg.
Sus ikke, gran, over kloftens rand,
for langt jeg går fra mit fædreland.
Sus ikke, el, under bakkehæld,
for fremmed mand har det ikke vel.
Sus ikke, ensomme birketræ,
for jeg har hverken ly eller læ.
- 10 Don't rustle for me, you old oak tree,
for grief takes my heart's strength from me.
Don't rustle, pine, by the deep abyss
Soon I my fatherland shall miss.
Don't rustle, alder, out on the slope,
for unknown men have but little hope.
Don't rustle, birch tree all alone,
for I have neither shelter nor home.
- 8 Øs, du regn, øs ned, du regn,
så væg og rude klunger,
over pyt og grøft og hegn
i raske hop jeg springer.
Mig har højt på løftet oppe
moder lukket inde;
ud af gluggen tør jeg hoppe
for min ven at finde.
Øs, du regn, øs hurtigt ned,
at sol og lys kan spille;
fra min skat og kærlighed
kan ingen magt mig skille.
Nu holdt regnen op at falde,
nu skal solen skinne;
ven, du bedste ven af alle,
kys nu din veninde!
- 8 Pour, you rain, pour down, you rain,
so wall and window sing,
over puddle, ditch and wall
with mighty leaps I'll spring.
I'm high up in our attic room
my mother's turned the key;
through the hatch I dare to leap,
my friend's awaiting me.
Pour, you rain, pour quickly down,
so sun and light can play;
me from my love and treasure
no power can keep away.
Now the rain's stopped falling,
the sun will start to shine;
Friend, best friend of all my friends,
tell me you are mine!
- 11 Hej, min skrænt ved piledammen,
hvor jeg gik med Mischko sammen;
stadigt jeg på Mischko så,
til jeg, bums, i vandet lå.
Bælte og særk og underkjole
lod jeg rask til tørring sole,
men for min stump silkebånd
skar min mor en pilevånd.
Av, det sved i ryg og lænder;
prygl for ham, som knap jeg kender!
Selv gør jeg jo aldrig fjas,
blot med Petro, Paul og Vlas.
Fritz, Trofim, Vasjûk og svende,
som Iván, omkring mig rende;
men, da far jog Martin væk,
blev der ømt, hvor jeg fik smæk!
- 11 Hey, my slope by the willow pond,
where with Mischko I was fond;
my eyes from Mischko did not stray,
till, whoosh, in the water there I lay.
Belt and shift and slip I shed
in the sun to dry did spread,
but for my piece of silken band
my mother cut a willow wand.
Ow, how back and loins did glow,
a whipping for one I hardly know!
I never dally, not at all,
except with Petro, Paul and Vlas.
Trofim, Vasjûk and also Fritz,
and Iván who around me flits;
but when Dad chased Mart away,
my poor skin was made to pay!
- 9 Hej, du sol og himmel blå bag efter regn og slud; 9
hej, I tusind blomster små, mit hjerte springer ud!
Skinner blomst en stakket stund på kirsebær og hylde;
mens du kan, kys mildt på mund for trofast elskovs
skyld!
Mangen blomst i blæst faldt ned, og få kun satte bær;
lille, søde kærlighed, hold af mig, som jeg er!
- 9 Hey, you sun and sky so blue when rain and sleet are through;
hey, you thousand tiny flowers, my heart is opening too!
On elder and on cherry tree the blossom time is brief;
while you still can, kiss on the lips, for love gives way to grief!
Many a blossom wind will take, and berries grow from few;
Take me as I am, sweet love, and our love will be true!
- 12 Ak, min ven, sin le på marken hvæsser,
og jeg selv min ko på marken græsser.
Grædt jeg har og savnet,
kysset tit og favnet;
hvad har al den elskov gavnet?
Røde blomst i græs og grønne blade,
folk har sagt, du vil mig helt forlade.
Alle folk det sige,
og jeg selv tillige;
stakkels, stakkels lille pig!
- 12 Ah, my friend his scythe does keenly wield,
and I graze my cow out in the field.
I have cried and grieved
kissed and been deceived,
what has all that love achieved?
Red flower in the grass and full-green leaves
Folk have said you'll leave me there to grieve.
All folk make this claim,
I too do the same:
Poor, poor young girl – what a shame!

- 13 Lærken synger dagen lang,
for Gud har undt den stemme;
selv jeg synger kun min sang,
at sorgen jeg må glemme.
- Rinde bækkens bølger små,
der følger stadig flere;
når min ungdoms dage gå,
jeg ser dem aldrig mere.
- Ak, du tid, som fra mig gled,
før bejled' jeg til mange;
lokke må man kærlighed
for kærlighed at fange.
- 14 Vi tænkte slet ikke på nogeting –
hverken på Gud eller pokker.
Vi glemte så ganske at snakke fra
både til præst og til klokker.
- Hvor sol strødde stråler og linden sit løv,
der vandred' vi glade og trygge –
endskønt jeg vidste, at bag mig gik støt
min egen tungsindige skygge.
- Vi tænkte slet ikke på nogeting,
hverken på Gud eller pokker.
Men hvor vi kom hen, stod der blomster og lo
i store forundrede flokker.
- Så lo vi igen til de blomster blå,
så hvisked' vi sammen den lyse nat.
Men næste dag var hun borte,
og høsten var kommen brat.
- Da vendte jeg mig til skyggen,
han stod borti mørket og lo:
"Se så! Nu kan vi jo atter
vandre isammen, vi to!"
- Da tog jeg hans arm, den var knoklet og hård,
og hans mund var sluknet og sløv.
- 13 Hear the lark sing all day long,
will so on the morrow,
I can only hope my song
helps me forget my sorrow.
- Though the stream's small ripples pass
others will replace them,
when my youth's days fade like grass,
time will have effaced them.
- Ah time, who have slipped away,
once I courted many;
love must be enticed they say
if one is to have any.
- 14 Our thoughts were simply on nothing at all –
neither on God or the devil.
We quite forgot to both vicar and dean
to talk our way out on the level.
- Where sun strew its rays and lime its leaves
we roamed with no thought of the morrow –
although I knew that behind me came
my shadow so burdened with sorrow.
- Our thoughts were simply on nothing at all,
neither on God or the devil.
Wherever we went though flowers did smile
in wonder at us on the revel.
- Then we smiled back at every blue flower,
and whispered together the light night through.
Next day though she no more was there,
and autumn began to chill too.
- Then to my shadow I now did turn,
he stood smiling there in the dark:
'Well it would seem that the two of us can
once more on our shared walks embark!'
- I then took his arm, it was bony and hard,
his mouth it was lifeless and dulled.
- Hans kappe var sømmet af sommerens
store, syngende løv.
- Og ind i oktoberens skumrende kvæld
sammen i tavshed vi vanke.
Han synger sin gamle, tungsindige sang.
Jeg går kun og falder i tanker.
- 15 Hvem tog mig først i sin kærlige arm
og lagde mig ømt til sin bløde barm
og læsked' min tunge og holdt mig varm,
min moder.
- Hvem sad ved min vugge med smilende mund
ved nat og ved dag fra stund til stund
og nynnede' og lullede' mig sødt i søvn,
min moder.
- Hvem foldede mine små hænder i løn
og lærte mig at bede min aftenbøn
med tak til Gud Fader og til Gud Søn,
min moder.
- 16 Jeg beder ej om guldets glød,
Den har kun liden varme,
Jeg beder om en mund så rød
Og om to hvide arme.
- Jeg beder ej om ærens krans,
Hvorom sig mængden flokker,
Jeg beder om et øjes glans
Og om en krans af lokker.
- Jeg beder ej om mangt et år
Førend det sidste kommer,
Jeg beder om en yndig vår
Og om en elskovssommer.
- Jeg beder ej om lykkens vind,
Om glædens raske sejler,
Jeg beder om det dybe sind,
Hvori min sjæl sig spejler.
- His cloak was sewn of large singing leaves
that he from the summer had culled.
- And into October's twilighting eve
together in silence we wander.
He's singing his old sorrow-burdened song.
I walk by his side and I ponder.
- 15 Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.
- Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.
- Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.
- 16 I do not ask for gold's bright glow,
Its warmth cannot enfold me,
I ask but for a mouth so red
And two white arms to hold me.
- I do not ask for laurel wreath,
And glory's empty clutter,
I ask but for a gleaming eye
And wreaths of curls that flutter.
- I do not ask for many a year
Before the last in number,
I ask but for a lovely spring
And for a love-filled summer.
- I do not ask for fortune's wind
By joy's swift craft's selected,
I ask but for the mind full deep
In which my soul's reflected.

- 17 Byger drager med regn og plask,
himlen titter frem i smug,
hvide skyer sejler frem,
smyger sig mod himlens dug.
- Og frisk der dufter kløver!
Jeg fremad iler at toget nå,
står på perronen at tage imod,
iled' herved i opholdsvøj:
Toget må man nok vente på!
- Sol deroppe lad dig se
bag perlemorsslør af regndråbeglans –
skin efter regn at vi må gå,
og skue dit blånende smil som i dans!
- 17 Swiftly showers pass splashing by,
secretly the sky peeps out,
white clouds gradually appear,
heaven's canvas they now scout.
- And there's a scent of clover!
I hurry on to reach the train,
stand on the platform to see it arrive
hurried on down between the showers:
Hope I won't have to wait in vain!
- The sun up there lets you be seen
behind pearly veil of a raindrop trance –
after rain, sunshine so we may go
and see your smile of blue as in a dance!
- 18 Aftnen svøber sin skumringskåbe
om gran og sky.
Der hviskes fra birken her ved bænken:
"Kæmp ...!" genlyder i dæmpet svingning
fra fjerne klokkers sjæleringning – –
Der brister en dråbe fin –
en engletåre i ætrenes lin –
født af et svindende blånende smil ...
- 18 Evening wraps its cloak of twilight
around pine and cloud.
There is a whisper from the birch here at the bench:
"Fight...!" echoes in muted oscillation
from the soul-ringing of distant bells – –
A fine drop bursts
an angel's tear in the ether's linen –
born of a fading blue-growing smile ...
- 19 Luften er svalet af torden og regn,
vimplen i blæsten slår smæld,
Oppe er himlen så høstkølig klar,
nede går skyer mod kvæld –
- In the room here deserted and empty
Curtains flutter like veils
at the draught that pulls in the open room
where daylight slowly pales –
- And whispers in parting in the corner there:
Dream then of me and the time where the notes
were like hymns in the room here
to quivering pale-red roses ...
- 20 Solblink, vajende flag
nedover asfaltflader,
søfriske briser fra Øresund
ud over stadens gader –
skingre fløjt fra tog som går
ved havnen "Färjan", "Hamnpavillionen"
vimse dragere på togperronen –
og hist på et hus en vældig reklame:
"Mazettis Ögonkakao!"
Men over den hele vrimmel
svøber den lyse sommerhimmel
sit blålige slør af dis –
- 20 Glinting sun, waving flags
above surfaces of asphalt,
sea-fresh breezes from the Sound,
over the city streets –
high-pitched whistle of moving train
by the harbour 'Färjan', 'Hamnpavillionen'
bustling porters on the train platform –
and there on a house a huge poster:
'Mazettis Ögonkakao!'
But over the hustle and cry
the cloak of the light summer sky
its bluish veil of mist –
- 21 Det rinder med dug over græsset,
rinder over vildrosens rødmende blad – –
alle mine tanker rinder ud i den ene:
Gid jeg var glad!
- Det bløder under vildrosens blade!
Duggen fanger tusinde farver i skyggen –
alle mine tanker forbløder i et eneste
skrig efter lykken!
- 21 The dew is running over the grass,
running over the blushing leaf of the wild rose – –
all my thoughts run together into one:
If only I were glad!
- It is bleeding under the leaves of the wild rose!
The dew catches a thousand colours in the shadow –
all my thoughts bleed together into one
cry for happiness!
- 22/24 Alle de små klokker, de ringe i dale – –
Jeg sidder og hører, hvordan de stemmer
med kvægets bjælder, som ringer deroppe,
stiger mod bjergenes toppe
og svinder i højfjeldsdalen!
Alle de små klokker, de ringe i dale – –
- 22/24 All the small bells, they ring in the valleys – –
I sit listening to how they blend
with the cattle bells ringing up there,
rising to the mountain summits
and fading away in the alpine valley!
All the small bells, they ring in the valleys – –

23 Du natsværmerdrønning fine,
hvis bløde vinger flagre så tyst!
Kom, sæt dig her på mit hvide bryst!
Dér gemmer jeg drømmene mine – –

Du unge natsværmerfrue!
Sig, ved du af, som du gynger dér,
at under dig bruser en bølgehær,
dér brænder en kraterlue – ?

Som støv fra natsværmervinger
er drømmene – de, som over mig lå –
de tåler ikke at tages på
af nogen hårdhændet finger.

Om dem skal tavsheden falde
som tætte slør! – Men natsværmerbrud,
som sidder og køler min hede hud,
til dig vil jeg hviske dem alle – – !

25 Og det var den mørke blåregn,
som groede om muren tæt,
hun tog hans tavseste tanker
og samlede til en buket.

Hun dryssede dem ned ad muren
i bedenes bægerrad –
dér stak den blomstrende rose
dem fast med sit kroneblad –

Dér fangede konvallen dem siden
i duften bag rosenslå
og ringede den ud i natten
med tusinde klokker små –

23 You queen moth so fine,
with soft wings that flutter so softly!
Come, settle on my white breast!
That is where I hid my dreams – –

You young moth lady!
Say, do you know, as you rock there,
that under you a host of waves are roaring,
that a blazing crater is burning there –?

Like dust of moth-wings
dreams are – those that lay over me –
they cannot withstand being touched
by any insensitive finger.

Around them silence will fall
like tight-meshed veils! – But, night-moth bride,
who sit cooling my hot skin,
to you will I whisper them all – – !

25 There was dark wisteria growing
so densely close to the wall,
his quietest of thoughts she gathered
and made a bouquet of them all.

Down over the wall them scattered
to the calyx-rows of the flowers
the flowering rose impaled them
and halted their downward showers –

There Solomon's seal then caught them
in the scent by the rose-bushed wall
and into the night did chime them
with thousands of bells so small –

DDD

Recorded at Konservatoriets Koncertsal, Copenhagen, on 14–16, 22 January 2023

Recording producer and engineer: Ragnheiður Jónsdóttir
Editing, mixing and mastering: Ragnheiður Jónsdóttir

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The Soul-Ringing of Distant Bells, by Esben Tange, translated from the Danish
by Colin Roth

English translation of song texts by John Irons (The Rued Langgaard Edition). The translations attempt to convey the content and feel of the original poems, which does not necessarily mean that they can replace the originals in performances of the songs.

Proofreaders: Jens Fink-Jensen, Hayden Jones

Photo p. 11 © Alexander Banck-Petersen

Publisher: The Rued Langgaard Edition (critical edition by Ole Ugilt Jensen and Bendt Viinholt Nielsen), published by Edition Wilhelm Hansen, www.wisemusicclassical.com

With support from Aage og Johanne Louis-Hansens Fond, Augustinus Fonden,
Langgaard-Fonden and Solistforeningen af 1921



AAGE OG JOHANNE
LOUIS-HANSENS FOND



AUGUSTINUS FONDEN
EST. 1917 (L. HANSEN 1911)

SOLIST



FORENINGEN

OF 1921



8.224754 www.dacapo-records.dk

Dacapo Records is supported by the Danish Arts Foundation

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