

Hop River Chamber Music

Song Texts & Translations, 24 July 2025

Julie Reumert, soprano

3 Songs by Jean Sibelius

Illalle (To Evening, 1898)

Finnish text: August Valdemar Forsman-Koskimies (1856–1929)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte (The girl came from her lover's tryst, 1901)

Swedish text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804–77)

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

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

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

The girl came from her lover's tryst,
Came back with hands all red. Her mother asked:
'What made your hands so red, girl?'
The girl replied: 'I was picking roses
and pricked my hands on the thorns.'

Again she came from her lover's tryst,
Came back with lips all red. Her mother asked:
'What makes your lips so red, girl?'
The girl replied: 'I was eating berries
And painted my lips with the juice.'

Again she came from her lover's tryst,
Came back with cheeks all pale. Her mother asked:
'What makes your cheeks so pale, girl?'
The girl replied: 'Oh mother, dig a grave,
Hide me in it and raise a cross,
And on the cross write what I say:

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

Once she came home with hands all red,
For they had reddened between her lover's hands.
Once she came home with lips all red,
For they had reddened beneath her lover's lips.
At last she came home with cheeks all pale,
For they had paled by her lover's betrayal.'

Var det en dröm? (Was it a dream?, 1902)

Swedish text: Josef Julius Wecksell (1838–1907)

Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gang
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
åsträngen darrar än.
Jag minns en trnros av dig skänkt,
en blick såblyg och öm;
jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt.
Var allt, var allt en dröm?
En dröm lik sippans liv så kort
uti en vårgrün ängd,
vars fägring hastigt vissnar bort
för nya blommors mängd.
Men mången natt jag hör en röst
vid bittra tårars ström:
göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
det var din bästa dröm!

Was it a dream that once, in bliss,
I was your heart's true friend?
I recall it as a song long past,
Though the string still trembles.
I recall a rose received from you,
A glance so shy and tender;
I recall a glistening parting tear.
Was it all, was it all a dream?
A dream as brief as an anemone's life
In a spring meadow green,
Whose beauty quickly fades away
Replaced by hosts of new flowers.
But many a night I hear a voice
By the stream of bitter tears:
Hide its memory deep in your heart.
It was your best dream!

3 Songs by Hugo Wolf

Das verlassene Mägdlein (The forsaken servant-girl, 1888)

German text: Eduard Mörike (1804–75) Translation: SKL

Früh, wann die Hähne kräh'n,
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,
Muß ich am Herde stehn,
Muß Feuer zünden.

Early, when roosters crow,
Before the stars fade,
I must stand at the stove,
Must light the fire.

Schön ist der Flammen Schein,
Es springen die Funken.
Ich schaue so darein,
In Leid versunken.

Lovely is the glow of flames,
The sparks fly;
I gaze at them,
Sunk in sorrow.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Daß ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.

Suddenly, I recall
The faithless boy,
That in the night
I dreamed of.

Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzet hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran—
O ging' er wieder!

Tear after tear then
wells and falls;
So the day begins—
Oh, may it end!

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh (All Have Gone to Rest, O heart, 1890)

German text from Spanish source: Emanuel Geibel

Translation: Richard Stokes

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh, Alle schlafen, nur nicht du.	All have gone to rest, O heart, All are sleeping, all but you.
Denn der hoffnungslose Kummer Scheucht von deinem Bett den Schummer, Und dein Sinnen schweift in stummer Sorge seiner Liebe zu.	For hopeless grief Banishes slumber from your bed, And your thoughts fly in speechless Sorrow to their love.

Heut' nacht erhob ich mich um Mitternacht (Tonight I rose at midnight, 1896)

German text from Italian source: Paul Heyse

Translation: Richard Stokes

Heut' nacht erhob ich mich um Mitternacht, Da war mein Herz mir heimlich fortgeschlichen. Ich frug: Herz, wohin strmt du so mit Macht? Es sprach: Nur Euch zu sehn, sei es entwichen. Nun sieh, wie muss es um mein Lieben stehn: Mein Herz entweicht der Brust, um dich zu sehn!	Tonight I rose at midnight, And found my heart had secretly slipped away. I asked: Heart, where are you pounding to so fast? It said it had only stolen away to see you. Now you can see the force of my love: My heart steals from my breast to see you!
--	--

2 Songs by Jean Sibelius

Fågellek (Play of the birds, 1891)

Swedish text: Karl August Tavaststjerna (1860–98)

Daggen har duggat, skymningen skuggat skogarnas björkar och strändernas håll. Djupt ur min lunga skyndar jag sjunga talltrastens lockton i lyssnande kväll.	The dew has fallen, Twilight cast a shadow Over the birches in the forest And rocks on the water's edge, From deep in my lungs I hasten to sing The enticing call of the thrush To the listening evening.
Kanske ur snåren bäras med kåren trånande tonfall min trängtan till tröst, kanske jag kände hennes, som tände lågande längtan i sångarens bröst!	Maybe from the bushes Will be borne on the breeze Longing sounds To comfort my yearning. Maybe I should recognize A sound from her who lit The fire of longing In the singer's breast!

Kanske hon finge	Maybe she would
kärlekens vinge.	Fly on love's wings
Flög i min famn	Into my embrace
över sjöar och mo:	Over lakes and moor:
Kanske vi kunde	Maybe we could
hinna den sjunde	Reach the seventh
himlen tillsammans	Heaven together
i aftonens ro.	In the calm of the evening.

Vilse (Astray, 1898, rev. 1902)

Swedish text: Karl August Tavaststjerna

Vi gingo väl vilse ifrån varann, vart togo de andra vägen?	We strayed apart from each other, Where did the others go?
Jag ropar i skogen vag jag kan, men du står och låtsar förlägen.	I call in the forest as loud as I can, But you stand and pretend to be shy.
Blott eko det svarar: hallå, hallå! Och gäckande skrattar en skata, men himmeln blir plötsligen dubbelt så blå, och vi höra upp att prata.	Only the echo answers: hallo, hallo! And a magpie screeches mockingly But the sky is suddenly twice as blue And we stop talking.
Säg, skulle din puls slå takt till min, när samtalet går, så staccato?	Say, would your pulse keep time with mine When the conversation is so staccato?
Min kärlek, min kärlek tar våldsamt mitt sinn', jag glömmmer att känna som Plato.	My love, my love takes me by storm, I forget to feel like Plato.
Jag ser i ditt öga, jag forskar och ser, llerna vidgas och slutas, pupi och när du ett ögonblick strålande ler, kunde ett helgon mutas.	I look in your eyes, I search and see Your pupils enlarge and close, And when for an instant you smile so sweetly Even a saint might fall.

Finnish & Swedish texts, with English translations by unnamed translators, are from *The Sibelius Edition/Songs* (BIS Records, 2008, discs 1&2). Limited column-width in this concert insert necessitates breaking lines in the texts of some Swedish poems. Knowing no Swedish, I cannot be sure that line breaks in Swedish correspond to those in English.

Save for much of *Illalle*, translations in this insert give only the sense of the text and do not preserve its rhyme-structure.