

http://www.naxos.com/catalogue/item.asp?item_code=8.572871**[1] Jean Sibelius (1865-1957): Vapautettu kuningatar op. 48***Paavo Cajander (1846-1913)*

On vuoren huipulla linna, se katsovi laaksohon,
 Mut' niinkuin hauta yllä ja kolkko se on eloton:
 Lukoss' on rautaportit, valon väkettä sielt' ei näy,
 Vaan ääneti niin kuin aaveet, sen tornissa vahdit käy.
 Välin yö kun tyyntyy, ja aurinko mailt' on pois,
 on niin kuin laulua hellää ja vienoa sieltä sois;;
 Kuningatar siellä laulaa, niin kerrotaan,
 Mut ken hän on sekä mistä, ei tiedä ainoakaan.
 Sanotaan on hän ollut maan valtija ylhäinen,,
 Ja kauneudestaan kuulu yli merten mannerten;
 Mut aamu kerran kun koitti hän hävinnyt on pois...
 Yöt päivät vahtivi saalistaan linnan herra nyt..
 Vaan kun vartijat nukkuu ja tyynenä saapuu yö,
 Kuningattaren rinta silloin vapahammin lyö,
 Hän yölle laulavi murheitaan,
 Kadotettua kauneuttansa, toiveitaan.

Tuli nuorukainen kerran ja saapui linnan luo,
 ja linnasta laulut kuuli oli tuttuja laulut nuo.
 Käy sydämeen nyt outo tuli
 Povensa syytty jälleen hän laulaa,
 Hän lähtevi maalleen ja laulaa kansalleen.
 Ja on kuin ilma lämmin nyt hengähtäis yli maan,
 Runoruhtinas intouneena koskevi kanneltaan..
 Ei ennen kuultu soitto [sen kielillä] karkeloi, ,
 Valtavat elon tunteet maine lempi soi.
 Ken tuost ei hurmautuisi? Ken [enää] kylmäks jäis?
 Ken miekkaa nyt ei tahkois, ken keihästä ei terästäis?
 Mut kuningatar laulavi linnassa murheitaan;
 Vapauttaja viel' on poissa, ties saapuuko milloinkaan!

Oi saapuu, saapuu! Sankari kiirehtii,
 kypärästä välkkyvi päivä, miekasta kuu sädehtii:
 Hän huutavi kansalleen!!
 "Pelastettava maan on äiti, Ken nyt mua seuraa ken?"
 "Oi turhaa, pois on poissa!" Hän astuvi eespäin vaan.
 "Oi, surmasi helmaan kiidät!" Ei katso hän taakseenkaan.
 Ylös vuoren rinnettä nousee, jo saapuvi linnan luo,
 Sadan miehen voimat hällä, kun ryntävi urho tuo.
 Jo rautaportit murtuu, jo aukevi haudan suu,
 Sen vartijajoukko jo huojuu, kuin rajuilmassa puu.
 Jo lehtiä oksia taittuu, jo kaatuvii runkokin,
 kuin rytömetsän kautta kulkevi sankarin tie.
 "Ja nyt olet vapaa, äiti! Tule päivän valkeuteen, ,
 nyt mennyt on pitkä yö! Taas syytyvi silmäs tuike
 Ja voi sitä ken hiuskarvaa nyt päästäsi notkistaa!"
 Ja linnasta hän taluttaapi kuningattaren ilmoillen.
 Ja vastaan kansan joukko jo rientää riemuillen.
 Ja on kuin laulua vienoa ja hellää taaskin sois,
 Mut on se aamulaulua, iäks' yö on mennyt pois.

The Captive Queen, Op. 48

On the hilltop lay a castle, looking down into the valley,
 But, like the dreary and desolate grave, it was lifeless:
 It's iron gates were locked, from there no light could be seen,
 Just the guards in its tower, as silent as ghosts.
 Sometimes in the calm of night, when the sun had left the land,
 It was as though a tender and gentle song thence came;
 It was said that a queen sings there,
 But no one knew who she was and where she was from.
 She was rumoured to be the country's proud ruler,
 Her beauty was fabled across land and sea;
 But once, when morning dawned, she was missing...
 The lord of the castle watched over his prey, night and day.
 Only when the guards were asleep and the calm night fell,
 Would the queen's heart beat more freely,
 She sang to the night of her sorrow,
 Of her lost beauty and hopes.

There once came a young man, arriving at the castle,
 And the songs he heard from the castle were familiar to him.
 He had such a strange feeling in his heart
 With fire in his breast he sang once more,
 He returned to his country and sang to his people.
 And it was as though a warm breeze now passed over the land,
 The prince of poets was inspired to take up his kantele again.
 A tune, never before heard, danced forth from its strings,
 Its lustre and love struck powerful, life-giving emotions.
 Who could resist their charms? Who could remain unmoved?
 Whose sword and spear could stay unsharpened?
 But the queen in the castle sang of her distress;
 Her liberator was still absent; would he ever come?

Oh, he's coming, he's coming! The hero made haste,
 Daylight sparkled from his helmet and moonlight from his sword:
 He called out to his people!
 'The mother of our country must be saved; who will follow me?'
 'It's in vain, what's gone is gone!' He merely forged ahead.
 'Oh, you hasten to your demise!' He did not look back.
 He climbed the hill, and arrived at the castle,
 The hero rushed in with the strength of a hundred men.
 Already the iron gates burst open, the mouth of the grave opened,
 Its guards were shaken like a tree in a storm.
 The leaves and branches bent, the trunk crashed down;
 The hero advanced as if through a fallen forest.
 'And now, mother you are free! Come to the daylight,
 Now the long night is over! Your eyes start to sparkle anew
 And woe betide anyone who touches a hair on your head!'
 And he led the queen out from the castle into the open.
 Towards them a throng was already rushing joyfully.
 And, it seemed, the tender and gentle song was heard again.
 But it was the morning song; the night had passed forever.

English translation by Andrew Barnett

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[2] Claude Debussy (1862-1918): Invocation

Alphonse de Lamartine (1790-1869)

Élevez-vous, voix de mon âme,
avec l'aurore, avec la nuit!
Élancez-vous comme la flamme,
répandez-vous comme le bruit!
Flottez sur l'aile des nuages,
mêlez-vous aux vents, aux orages,
au tonnerre, au fracas des flots;
l'homme en vain ferme sa paupière;
l'hymne éternel de la prière
trouvera partout des échos!

solo

Élevez-vous dans le silence
à l'heure où dans l'ombre du soir
la lampe des nuits se balance,
quand le prêtre éteint l'encensoir;
élevez-vous aux bords des ondes
dans ces solitudes profondes
où Dieu se révèle à la foi!
Chantez dans mes heures funèbres:
Amour, il n'est point de ténèbres,
point de solitude avec toi!

Élevez-vous, voix de mon âme,
avec l'aurore, avec la nuit!
L'homme en vain ferme sa paupière;
l'hymne éternel de la prière
trouvera partout des échos!

[3] Richard Strauss (1864-1949): Mittagsruhe

From *Tageszeiten*, Op. 76

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Über Bergen, Fluß und Talen,
stiller Lust und tiefen Qualen
webet heimlich, schillert, Strahlen!
Sinnend ruht des Tags Gewühle
in der dunkelblauen Schwüle,
und die ewigen Gefühle,
was dir selber unbewußt,
treten heimlich, groß und leise
aus der Wirrung fester Gleise,
aus der unbewachten Brust
in die stillen, weiten Kreise.

[4] Anton Bruckner (1824-1896): Helgoland

August Silberstein (1827-1900)

Hoch auf der Nordsee, am fernesten Rand,
erscheinen die Schiffe, gleich Wolken gesenkt;
in wogenden Wellen, die Segel gespannt,

Rise up, voice of my soul,
with the dawn, with the night!
Burst forth like a flame,
radiate like sound!
Float on the wings of clouds,
mingle with the wind, with storms,
with thunder, with the crashing waves;
in vain does man close his eyes,
the eternal hymn of prayer
will everywhere be echoed!

solo

Rise up in the silence,
at the hour when, in the shadow of dusk,
the night-time lantern swings,
when the priest dampens the censer;
rise up to the water's edge
in those vast wildernesses
where God reveals himself to faith!
Sing during my final hours:
Love, there is no darkness,
no loneliness when you are there!

Rise up, voice of my soul,
with the dawn, with the night!
In vain does man close his eyes;
the eternal hymn of prayer
will everywhere be echoed!

English translation by Susannah Howe

Over mountains, river and valleys,
quiet happiness and deep torment,
a shimmering haze weaves its secret.
The turmoil of the day pauses to reflect
in the deep blue sultriness,
and eternal emotions —
that of which you yourself are unaware —
step quietly, mysteriously and portentously
out of the suspension of well-worn paths,
out of your unguarded breast,
into the spacious stillness.

English translation by Susan Baxter

Out on the North Sea, on the farthest horizon
the ships appear like louring clouds;
across the billowing waves, with sails unfurled

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zum Eiland der Sachsen der Römer sich lenkt!

O weh um die Stätten, so heilig gewahrt,
die friedlichen Hütten, von Bäumen umlaubt!
Es wissen die Siedler von feindlicher Fahrt!
Was Lebens noch wert, auch Leben sie raubt!

So eilen die Zagen zum Ufer herbei,
was nützt durch Tränen zur Ferne geblickt;
da ringet den Besten vom Busen sich frei
die brünstige Bitte zum Himmel geschickt:

Der du in den Wolken thronest,
den Donner in deiner Hand,
und über Stürmen wohnest,
sei du uns zugewandt!

Laß toben grause Wetter,
des Blitzes Feuerrot,
die Feinde dort zerschmetter!
Allvater! Ein Erretter
aus Tod und bitt'rer Not!
Vater!

Und siehe, die Welle, die wogend sich warf,
sie steigt empor mit gischtendem Schaum,
es heben die Winde sich sausend und scharf,
die lichtesten Segel verdunkeln im Raum!

Die Schrecken des Meeres sie ringen sich los,
zerbrechen die Maste, zerbersten den Bug;
der flammenden Pfeile erblitzend Geschoß,
das trifft sie in Donners hinhallendem Flug.

Nun, Gegner, Erbeuter, als Beute ihr bleibt,
gesunken zu Tiefen, geschleudert zum Sand,
das Wrackgut der Schiffe zur Insel nun treibt!
O Herrgott, dich preiset frei Helgoland!

[5] Franz Schubert (1797-1828): Gesang der Geister über den Wassern, D714

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Des Menschen Seele
gleicht dem Wasser:
Vom Himmel kommt es,
zum Himmel steigt es,
und wieder nieder
zur Erde muß es,
ewig wechselnd.

Strömt von der hohen,
steilen Felswand
der reine Strahl,
dann sträubt er lieblich

the Romans are heading for the isle of the Saxons!

Alas for the places held in sacred trust,
the peaceful huts nestled midst leafy trees!
The villagers are apprised of the enemy's voyage.
It will take everything worth living for, and even life itself!

And so the fearful people hurry to the shore —
but what use is scanning the horizon through their tears?
From even the stoutest heart is wrung
this fervent prayer to heaven:

You, who are enthroned among the clouds,
who hold the thunder in your hand,
you who dwell above the storms,
turn your face towards us.

Unleash terrible weather,
lightning's fiery red,
smash yonder enemy!
Father of all! A saviour
from death and dire distress!
Father!

And lo, the tossing wave
now rears up in a mass of spray and foam;
an icy, rushing wind gets up;
darkness o'er shadows even the brightest of the sails!

The terrors of the deep are unleashed —
they splinter the mast, burst asunder the bow;
in the thunder's echoing wake
the flaming arrows' lightning-shot strikes home.

Now, enemies, pirates, as you yourselves are plunder —
sunk in the depths, hurled onto the sand,
the flotsam from the ships drifts towards the isle!
O Lord God, Heligoland, in freedom, praises you!

English translation by Susan Baxter

The human soul
is like water:
it comes from heaven,
it rises to heaven,
and again it must
descend to earth
in an eternal alternation.

If the pure jet of water
streams from the tall,
steep rock face,
it dissolves into enchanting

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in Wolkenwellen
zum glatten Fels,
und leicht empfangen
wallt er verschleiernd,
leisrauschend
zur Tiefe nieder.

Ragen Klippen
dem Sturz entgegen,
schäumt er unmutig
stufenweise
zum Abgrund.

Im flachen Bette
schleicht er das Wiesental hin,
und in dem glatten See
weiden ihr Antlitz
alle Gestirne.

Wind ist der Welle
lieblicher Buhler;
Wind mischt von Grund aus
schäumende Wellen.¹

Seele des Menschen,
wie gleichst du dem Wasser!
Schicksal des Menschen,
wie gleichst zu dem Wind!

¹ Goethe: Wogen

[6] Edvard Grieg (1843-1907): Landkjenning op. 31
Björnstene Björnson (1832-1910)

Og det var Olaf Trygvason, stvæned over Nordsjø fram
op mod sit unge kongerige, som ikke ventet ham.
Fik han saa første synet: "Hvad er dette for mur i Havbrynet?"

Og det var Olaf Trygvason, landet syntes ganske stængt,
alle hans unge Kongelængsler følte mod Klippen sprængt,
indtil en skald opdaged hvide kupler og spir i skylaget

Og det var Olaf Trygvason, syntes han med engang saag
graasprængte , gamle templemure, snehvide hvælv derpaa.
Længtes han da saa saare med sin unge trostaa indenfore.

Landet sig aabned, vaar der var, durende af fossebrus,
stormvejr og Havdøn rundt omkring dem, sælsom var skogens sus
Orgler och klokker hørtet Kongen saa sig om, kongen henførtes

solo

„Her er Grunden funden, funden, tempel-hvælv et trost Her Helved!
Aanden bæver, hjerte fyldes, her den største kun kan hyldes
Gid min tro staa stærk som grunden, stigeren som jøkelrunden.
Aanden naa naturens højde, fyldt av ham, som sammanføjde”

waves of vapour
against the smooth rock
and, gently received,
it makes its way, murmuring softly
and veiling the rock,
into the depths.

If cliffs jut out
into its headlong descent,
it foams in displeasure
step by step
into the abyss.

It steals across the meadowed valley
in a smooth bed,
and all the stars
cast their reflections
in the smooth lake.

The wind is the waves'
delightful lover;
the wind whips up foaming waves
from the depths.

Human soul,
how much you resemble water!
Human fate,
how much you resemble the wind!

English translation by Susan Baxter

And it was Olaf Trygvason, steering over the north sea forth!
Far towards his kingly new possessions; No one awaited him
Soon, too, he distant spied them: "What mounts darkly aloft yon horizon?"

And it was Olaf Trygvason; Void of access seemed the land,
all his newbudded royal wishes Frustrated on the strand.
Till, poetlike, a bard's gaze fair white steeples discerned the blue clouds piercing

And it was Olaf Trygvason, suddenly seemed he clear to see.
Hightowering grayish walls of temples, with snowwhite turrets crowned,
seized him a yearning mighty, with his kindred to stand in land so splendid

Spread out lay all in springtide bloom, waterfalls loud roaring near.
Over the sea fierce tempests battled, stillness the forests filled
Organs and chimes resounded. And the monarch spake, spellbound enchanted

solo

"Here we find the true foundations, temple vaultings, hell defying!
Souls are trembling, hearts are beating, here the highest to be praising.
May my faith be firmly grounded, like the glaciers crystal summit
stand sublime in light and pureness, filled of God alone and only"

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Olfas bøn vi alle dage, nu som alle dage "aanden bæver, hjertet fyldes,
Her kun den største hylde
Gid min tro staa stærk som grunden, stigeren som jøkelrunden
Aanden naa naturens højde, fyldt av ham, som sammanføjde
Fyldt av ham, fyldt av ham"

[7] Richard Wagner (1813-1883): Das Liebesmahl der Apostel (finale)

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Chor der Jünger

Welch Brausen erfüllt die Luft?
Welch Tönen, welch Klingen!
Bewegt sich nicht die Stätte, wo wir stehen?
Gegrüßt sei uns, du Geist des Herrn,
den wir erlehnt, du heiliger Geist!
Dich fühlen wir das Haupt umwehen,
mächtig erfüllst du unsere Seele

Die 12 Apostel

Kleinmüthige! Hörst an, was jetzt der Geist zu künden uns gebeut!
Laßt drohen die Menschen, laßt drohen sie wider euch!
Ihr werdet sie besiegen mit dem Worte! Höret an!
Die in Verzagtheit ihr euch trennen wolltet,
geht auseinander, um voll Siegesmuth ein Jeder seine Bahn zu wallen!
Ist denn Jerusalem die Welt? Blickt doch um euch!
Seht die unzähligen Völker dieser Erde,
die der Verkündigung des Wortes harren!
Seht die Beherrscherin der Welt, seht Rom!
Dort wird dem Worte Macht,
die ganze Welt gleich einen Lichtstrahl durchdringen

Chor der Jünger

So sei's! Gott will es so!

Die 12 Apostel

Seid einig denn, wo ihr euch trefft!
Gemeinsam sei euch Hab und Gut!
Und freudig zeuget aller Welt von eures Heilandes Wunderthat!

Chor der Jünger

Der uns das Wort, das herrliche, gelehret,
giebt uns den Muth, es freudig kundzuthun.
Wir sind bereit, in alle Welt zu ziehen,
kräftig zu trotzen jeder Schmach und Noth!
Das Wort des Herrn soll allen Völkern werden,
damit sein Preis in allen Zungen tön!
So will es Gott, der seinen Sohn uns sandte,
der uns beschiednen seinen heiligen Geist,
so will es Gott der seinen Sohn uns gesandt,
der seinen heiligen Gesit uns beschied!
So will es Gott!
Der uns das Wort, das herrliche, gelehret,
giebt uns den Muth, es freudig kundzuthun!
Wir sind bereit, in alle Welt zu ziehen,

Olaf-like, we all implore him, when before the Highest bending:
"Souls are trembling, hearts are beating, here the highest to be praising.
May our faith be firmly grounded, like the glaciers crystal summit
stand sublime in light and pureness, filled of God alone and only,
God Alone!"

Chorus of Disciples

What rushing fills the air?
What a sound! What ringing!
Is the floor not moving beneath our feet?
Hail, Spirit of the Lord,
for whom we have pleaded, Holy Spirit!
We can feel you moving about our heads,
you are filling us with your power.

The 12 Apostles

O fainthearted ones, hear now what the Spirit commands us to proclaim!
Let people utter threats, let them utter threats against you!
You will overcome them with the Word. Give ear!
Let those of you who wished to part from us in despondency
disperse, to go your separate ways filled with triumph!
Is Jerusalem the world? Look around you!
Behold the countless peoples of this earth,
who are waiting for the Word to be proclaimed!
Behold the ruler of the world, behold Rome!
There the Word will gain in strength,
it will penetrate the whole world like a ray of light.

Chorus of Disciples

So be it! God wills it so.

The 12 Apostles

Be of one mind, wherever you come together.
Hold your possessions in common
and testify joyfully to everyone about your Saviour's miraculous deeds!

Chorus of Disciples

The one who taught us the glorious Word
gives us the courage, joyfully to proclaim it.
We are prepared to go into all the world
and brave every disgrace and affliction.
The word of the Lord shall be given to all peoples,
that his praise might resound in every tongue.
This is the will of God, who sent us His Son,
and granted us His Holy Spirit.
This is the will of God, who has sent us His Son,
and has granted us his Holy Spirit.
This is God's will!
The one who taught us the glorious Word
gives us the courage, joyfully to proclaim it.
We are prepared to go into all the world

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kräftig zu trotzen jeder Schmach und Noth!
Das Wort des Herrn soll allen Völkern werden,
damit sein Preis in allen Zungen tön!
So will es Gott, der seinen Sohn uns sandte,
der uns beschieden seinen heiligen Geist.
Denn ihm ist alle Herrlichkeit
von Ewigkeit zum Ewigkeit.

and brave every disgrace and affliction.
The word of the Lord shall be given to all peoples,
that his praise might resound in every tongue.
This is the will of God, who sent us His Son,
and granted us His Holy Spirit.
For His is the glory
for ever and ever.

English translation by Susan Baxter