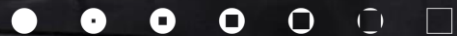


THE BOUNDARY - SEEKING SONG COMPOSER

Rued Langgaard's songs

Berit Johansen Tange (piano) and Signe Asmussen Manuitt (song)



THE ROYAL DANISH
ACADEMY OF MUSIC

THE CONTEXT

- Danish composer and organist Rued Langgaard (1893-1952)
- Composed more than 125 mostly unknown songs to Danish, German and Norwegian lyrics
- Pushing the limits of musical expression and practicality

THE BOUNDARY SEEKING SONG COMPOSER

Du Blomst i Dug

Af "Fire Sange", BVN 67, 1914

Tekst: J.P. Jacobsen, 1847-85

Du Blomst i Dug!

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 vaagnende Klang, gennem spirende Sang:

I Længsel,

I længsel jeg lever!

You Dew-Drenched Flower

From "Four Songs", BVN 67, 1914

Lyrics: Jens Peter Jacobsen, 1847-85

You dew-drenched flower!

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!

THE BOUNDARY SEEKING SONG COMPOSER

Det er en morgen som en vældig tone

*Af "Ungdom, 6 norske Sange", BVN 340, 1947-48
Tekst: Ewald Sundberg, 1886-1967*

Det er en morgen som en vældig tone,
og jeg er kun en enkelt klang deri . .
Det bruser for mit øre, – bruser, bruser, –
en vild og vaartung seiers-symfoni.
Det er som brus av verdensrummets vande,
som brus av lysets straalefraad, –
og jorden den er bare som en baad
paa fart mot nye have, nye lande.

Nu varsles dagen ind. Der stiger rødme
til himmelhvælvets vaarnatsbleke kind . .
Hør træerne, hvor de suser, hvor de suser,
og fuglekoret falder ind.
Lysbølger bryter alt om østens lande,
og sender sprøit og gyldent skum
i flammevifter mot det store rum.
Vi seiler ind paa morgenrødens vande.

It is a Morning like some Mighty Music

*From "Youth, 6 Norwegian Songs", BVN 340, 1947-48
Lyrics: Ewald Sundberg, 1886-1967*

It is a morning like some mighty music,
And I am but a single tone within ...
It sounds within my ear – it's sounding, sounding, –
a wild, spring-laden victor's symphony.
It's like the roar of universal waters,
the roar of great cascading rays of light, –
and all the earth is simply like a boat
that sails to unknown oceans, unknown lands.

And now the day is summoned. Blushing rises
to the great vault of heaven's spring-pale cheek ...
Just hear the trees all souging, gently souging,
and how the chorus of the birds joins in.
And waves of light refract lands to the east,
and scatter spray and golden foam
in wafts of flame up into endless space.
We're sailing thither on the waves of morning.

THE BOUNDARY SEEKING SONG COMPOSER

Melodi

BVN 86, 1914/41

Tekst: Elisabeth Varshjenèvsky ved Thor Lange, 1851-1915

O, dybe Øjne, Øjne brune
med uforklarlig Glans deri,
med Vredenslyn, med Glimt af Lune,
men Dæmring mest af Fantasi.

Ak, Øjne, stundom barnefromme
og hvasse snart som slebet Staal,
for jordisk Elskov næsten tomme
med Himlens Drømmesyn til Maal.

Jeg elsker Jer, endskønt jeg viger;
for mig jert Lys blev ikke tændt,
men ofte til mig selv jeg siger:
Gid jeg Jer aldrig havde kendt!

Melody

BVN 86, 1914/41

Lyrics: Elisabeth Varshjenèvsky by Thor Lange 1851-1915

Oh deep brown eyes, oh eyes of brown
that gleam so undefinably,
with glimpse of humour, sudden frown
but most a hint of fantasy.

Oh eyes, so childlike, innocent
yet also sharp as whetted steel,
on worldly love so little bent
with heaven's dreams their great appeal.

I love you, though I draw away;
your light has not been lit for me,
but often to myself I say:
I wish those eyes I ne'er did see!

THE BOUNDARY SEEKING SONG COMPOSER

Solblink, vajende Flag

Af "Sommer, Fire Sangtonebilleder", BVN 139, 1917

Tekst: Rued Langgaard, 1893-1952

Solblink, vajende Flag
nedover Asfalt-Flader,
søfriske Briser fra Øresund,
udover Stadens Gader –
skingre Fløjt fra Tog som gaar
ved Havnen "Färjan", "Hamnpavillionen"
vimse Dragere paa Togperronen –
og hist paa et Hus en vældig Reklame:
"Mazettis Ögonkakao"!
Men over den hele Vrimmel
svøber den lyse Sommerhimmel
sit blaalige Slør af Dis –

Glinting Sun, Waving Flags

From "Summer, Four Sung Tone Pictures", BVN 139, 1917

Lyrics: Rued Langgaard, 1893-1952

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 –

THE BOUNDARY SEEKING SONG COMPOSER

Für dich!

BVN 44, 1909

Tekst: Emil Rittershaus, 1834-97

Dich lieb' ich heiß, wie ich auf Erden
Noch nimmermehr ein Weib geliebt,
Und nimmer kann mir Frieden werden,
Wenn nicht dein Herz mir Frieden giebt.
Darf ich auf deine Liebe hoffen?
Ist mein dein Herz? O Liebste, sprich!—
Des Himmels Pforten sprengt' ich offen
Für dich!
Dein Bildnis schaut in meine Träume,
Wenn leis die Nacht den Schleier webt,
Wenn durch des Äthers blaue Räume
Die Legion der Sterne schwebt.
Dein Bildnis seh' ich mich umschweben
Auch dann noch, wenn die Nacht verstrich. —
Mein ganzes Sein, mein ganzes Leben
Für dich!

For your sake!

BVN 44, 1909

Lyrics: E. Rittershaus, 1834-97

I love you warmly as I have never yet
loved a woman here on earth,
and I shall never find peace
unless your heart gives me peace.
Can I hope for your love?
Is my heart yours? O darling, speak! —
Often I should burst open the gates of heaven
for your sake! —
Your image appears in my dreams
when silently night weaves its veil.
when through the blue spaces of the ether
the legion of stars floats.
Your image I see floating around me
still when night is smoothed out —
my whole being, my whole life
for your sake!

THE BOUNDARY SEEKING SONG COMPOSER

Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht

Af "Lyrisches Intermezzo", BVN 101, 1915

Tekst: H. Heine, 1797-1856

Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht.

Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum,
Drin singt die junge Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe,
Ich hör es sogar im Traum.

Death is the cool night

From "Lyrical Interlude", BVN 101, 1915

Lyrics: H. Heine, 1797-1856

Death is the cool night,
life is the hot day.
Soon it will be dark, I'm sleepy,
the day has made me tired.

Over my bed rises a tree,
in it sings the young nightingale;
She sings of nothing but love,
I hear it even in dreams.

The Boundary Seeking Song Composer

RUED LANGGAARD'S SONGS

Berit Johansen Tange (piano)

Signe Asmussen Manuitt (song)

