

## **Tina Kiberg: Take my Heart**

### **(Shortened English translations of the Danish and Swedish song texts)**

#### **Carl Nielsen: Apple Blossom** (Ludvig Holstein)

The apple blossom is the sweetheart of the sun; it lives and dies in the sun's company. First the sun gives the blossom its golden glow, but it falls from the tree when the sunshine has given way to the red light of evening.

#### **Carl Nielsen: Summer Song** (Ludvig Holstein)

Summer has come, with blue skies and the apple trees in flower. The cuckoo cries out in the distant woods and the nightingale replies. Clouds drift high above the fields, promising a rich harvest. The whole world dreams of a joy that is unattainable.

#### **Carl Nielsen: A Nature Study** (H.C. Andersen)

A delightful sketch of a tiny garden with just one gooseberry bush: The mother has hung out the bedclothes to air and the children enjoy the sunshine while they eat their lunch. The rooster crows, but the heat gets the better of the children and they fall asleep in the sun.

#### **P.E. Lange-Müller: The Water-Lily** (V. Bergsøe)

Why do the water-lily's leaves close in at nighttime? Does it sink down to the land of dreams? Is that why it disappears into the forest depths under the light of the evening star? And what would happen if it opened up again, just once?

#### **P.E. Lange-Müller: Shine Forth, Bright Sun** (Thor Lange; after a medieval German original)

Oh, that the sun would usher in the spring and reunite two lovers! Not until God permits it will the deep snow melt on the mountain-tops. But when He does and the world is green again I shall go to my dearest love.

#### **Leo Estvad: Summer Night** (Hans Hartvig Seedorff Petersen)

The summer night returns, the thrush sings in the bushes; the stars shine bright, the moon is white. My lonely heart is full of longing and the river of my dreams flows back to whence it came, to the heart that has deserted mine.

**J.C. Gebauer: Where the Road Bends** (Hans Christian Andersen)

A fond, ironic picture of an old country cottage: A mother sits in her chair, playing with the red-cheeked baby in her lap. The cat arches its back and the mother pats the baby's cheek; sweetly it falls asleep in its cradle, dreaming of angels.

**C.E.F. Weyse: Barcarole** (J.L. Heiberg)

The night is so silent, the air is so clear; the moon shines on the lake, the sound of the waves lulls the heart to rest. Plaintive sighing ceases, while gusts of wind blow all cares away.

**Carl Mortensen: Lullaby** (Chr. Richardt)

Sleep, my child, while I rock you in your cradle. I can see you growing up and stepping forth into the world, but never forget your infant innocence. I will shield you from the thorn of pain and guard the red rose of your happiness; so wake up smiling in your cosy nest!

**Folksong from Langeland** (Fritz Andersen)

Joyful birdsong gives way to silence in the tranquillity of the forest. Amidst such peace and quiet, heartfelt longing does not speak aloud. The village bell announces the coming of evening; mist rises from the fields and lakes and the sounds of nature are subdued.

**Hugo Alfvén: Take my Heart** (Tove Ditlevsen)

Take my heart gently in your hands, for it has loved and it has suffered—now it is yours! It can feel pain and can often forget—but never that it is yours. It was so strong and proud, this heart of mine, yet now it can be broken—but only by you.

**Bengt Ahlfors: If You Have Songs, My Dear** (Bengt Ahlfors)

If you have songs, my dear, sing them now while you can, for tomorrow it may be too late. If you will love, my dear, love now while you can, for tomorrow it may be too late. If you will live, my dear, live now while you can, for tomorrow it may be too late.

**Ture Rangström: Pan** (Bo Bergman)

The forest god leans idly on a branch, but when he begins to play his pipes the whole world listens to his music. Lust for life awakens, strong and good, and my blood sings in the summertime.

**Ture Rangström: The Wind and the Tree** (Bo Bergman)

Do you suppose I can forget you? I can never forget! I was the tree you made to sing but you are the wind that blows as it pleases. Now the summer is past; but do not suppose I ever forgot, though summer and youth are now over.

**Folksong from Gotland** (Anonymous)

In our garden flowers and berries grow; come, meet me there! Let me bind a garland for you and put it in your hair. The sun goes down but hope rises higher; you are dearer to me than all the flowers in our garden.

**Gösta Nystroem: Soul and Landscape** (Ebba Lindqvist)

*White Land.* Snow falls on the white land and the silent sea. My heart keeps a secret that no one can take from me. All things have their time.

*The Wish.* My only wish tonight: To lean against the dark a while, to feel the sea caress my cheek and let all else—my life—be blown away.

*Only the Restless, Lonely Sea...* Only the restless, lonely sea can give me rest. All men, like me tonight, come to the sea; itself it has nowhere to go.