

SIMAX  
classics

CATHARINUS ELLING  
*Hangtussa*  
AND GERMAN LIEDER

ANN-HELEN MOEN, SOPRANO  
GUNILLA SÜSSMANN, PIANO

## Catharinus Elling (1858-1942)

<b>Haugtussa (Garborg), Op. 52</b>	<b>09:38</b>
1 Elsk	01:27
2 Haren	01:41
3 Prøve	01:01
4 Sporven	01:16
5 Raadlaus	03:01
6 Vinter-Storm	01:12

<b>Haugtussa (Garborg), Op. 60</b>	<b>10:01</b>
7 Ved Gjøttle-Bekken	02:17
8 Elskhugssong	02:20
9 Uro	01:06
10 Dokka	01:39
11 Den, som fekk gløyma	01:26
12 Killingdans	01:13

13 Somren sovnet i vintrens favn (Bjørnson), Op. 53	02:51
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<b>Album, Op. 12</b>	<b>24:31</b>
14 Edward (Herder)	02:58
15 Süsster Tod (Herder)	02:49
16 Frühlingslied (Uhland)	01:17
17 Da wo der Fluss (Burns)	02:02
18 Wollt er nur fragen! (Burns)	00:50
19 Morgens steh ich auf (Heine)	01:15
20 Vergiftet sind meine Lieder (Heine)	00:59
21 Nachts in der Kajüte I (Heine)	02:22
22 Nachts in der Kajüte II (Heine)	00:59
23 Allnächtlich im Traume (Heine)	02:16
24 Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege (Heine)	01:31
25 Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend (Heine)	02:03
26 Reinigung (Heine)	03:10

**Ann-Helen Moen, soprano**  
**Gunilla Süßmann, piano**

*"A young Norwegian musician by the name of Catharinus Elling recently [...] sent me a substantial pile of manuscripts to look at. This sort of consignment is not uncommon, and since the quantity generally far surpasses the quality, I must honestly admit that, from experience, I did not open the package with much anticipation. My surprise and delight was therefore great when, after a few bars, I realized that here was lyrical talent of the highest order. I simply could not read, play or hum enough of the jubilant joie de vivre, natural freshness and soulful sincerity which arose in broad musical flight from that richly endowed musician's bosom. [...]"*  
 (Edvard Grieg in *Bergens Tidende*, 14 March 1885)

Catharinus Elling was born in Oslo on 13 September 1858, the fourth of seven siblings, of whom only four reached adulthood. Their father Andreas Schaft Elling (1819-1872) and mother Pauline Bangsboe (1826-1905) were both from northern Jutland in Denmark. Andreas Elling was a printer and at the time Catharinus was born he was employed as foreman in the renowned firm Rasmus Hviids Enke, whose publications included the newspaper *Morgenbladet*. Catharinus was a lively child; he was successful at school and highly musical. Music had an important place in the life of the family; Elling's father played the cello and his mother the piano, and they both sang. Catharinus received his first lessons at the age of six, taught first by his mother and later by the composer Birgit Lund (1843-1913). When Catharinus' father died in 1872 the family finances suffered and they were forced to sell their home in Tollbodgaten in order that Catharinus and his siblings could continue their education.

Music was not Elling's only interest, as we can tell from his choice of studies. In 1876 he embarked on philological studies which included history, English and French; the year after, however, he had scraped together enough money to travel to Leipzig where he studied piano at the conservatoire. The money ran out in 1878, however, and Elling, disappointed, had to return home where he continued his philological studies. It was around this time that his oldest existing compositions appeared, among them musical poems for string orchestra, and a number of piano pieces and songs. In 1881 one of his compositions was performed in public for the first time. He also embarked on a career as a music critic. His breakthrough came in 1885 following a very favourable article by Grieg in the newspaper *Bergens Tidende* (quoted above). The reason for the article was Elling's difficult position as a composer in Oslo. He was not able to get his music performed or published, and his application for a state grant to continue his

studies had been turned down for the fourth time. He decided to take a chance – as many had done before him – and sent a letter to Grieg with his manuscripts. Grieg was enthusiastic about the music and sent a letter of recommendation to the pianist Erika Nissen who had been elected that same year to the committee which awarded state grants. She had in fact nominated Elling for the committee that year, but had been turned down; with the support of Grieg, however, in addition to a better knowledge of which tricks and secrets to use, it would be easier “to ensure that he receives the grant next year.”

Grieg was to prove the key to Elling's career. In 1886 Elling travelled to Berlin on the Houen grant (quite possibly to Nissen's credit) with a letter of recommendation from Grieg to apply to Heinrich von Herzogenberg's (1843-1900) master class at the Hochschule für Musik in Berlin. Herzogenberg was impressed by Elling's compositions and allowed him to study with him for a year.

Elling's letters to Grieg give an idea of his ideas about music at that time; among other things he mentions having just heard Bruckner's Symphony no. 7 in E:

*“There is hardly any organic development. The individual ideas are placed sided by side without being dependent on one another. The adagio is very long – Schubert is a child in comparison. It is ridiculous to see Bruckner being compared with Beethoven. It would probably never have happened, had it not been for the fact that the Wagnerians needed a symphonist to pit forces against Brahms. [...] These Wagnerians are quite stupid. Why*

*[should I] not be permitted to enjoy a work such as Brahms' new [fourth] symphony, which contains so much genuine beauty, when they offer their idol all manner of tributes?”*

Elling writes that during his studies has become very fond of Mozart and has developed a boundless admiration for Beethoven, but with Wagner it is almost the opposite:

*“I [...] have the highest regard for his ideas, [but] as a result of constantly listening [to] Mozart and Beethoven, his formal shortcomings, certainly in his later works, have become remarkably apparent, and I have a thorn in my side for Our Lord since he equipped the man with such overwhelming power of ideas without giving him an equally astute sensitivity to form. Had it been the case one might have understood Liszt's remark that ‘[Wagner] towers above the others like Montblanc over its rivals’, no; Beethoven, Beethoven!”*

In the spring of 1889 Elling travelled back to Oslo to give a concert of his own music, assisted by, among others, Erika Nissen and his own sister Jacoba. In September he married Ulla Ramm (born 1863) from Sogndal. In 1882 she had travelled to the USA, but returned after just two years. During her stay she had been taught massage, so when the newly-weds moved back to Berlin right after the wedding, she opened what proved to be a successful massage institute. Ulla's income was sufficient to keep the family, and Catharinus could dedicate himself entirely to composing. During his time in Berlin Elling became acquainted with several other

Norwegians, including Hans Gude and his sons Olav and Nils. Through his friendship with Herzogenberg and his wife he became acquainted with Brahms and his circle of friends. Elling was doubtless happy in Berlin, but Ulla could not stand the “Prussians”; when their only child was ready to start school in 1896, the family moved back to Oslo. Elling soon became associated with the music conservatoire as a teacher of theory; his subsequent students included Fartein Valen, David Monrad Johansen and Pauline Hall. During this period several of his largest works were conceived, including the oratorio *Den forlorne søn* and *Kong Inge og Gregorius Dagssøn* for tenor, male choir and orchestra.

Even though Elling did not use folk melodies in his music, he nevertheless became increasingly interested in Norwegian folk music after his return to Norway. In 1898 he received a grant to travel and collect folk tunes, first in Setesdal, and later in other parts of the country. This work became very important to Elling, who after 1905 and on his many journeys around Norway transcribed some 1400 folk tunes, thus offering the largest contribution in this field since Lindemann's. His method was artistic rather than scientific, adapting the material as he saw fit. Despite the fact that this put him in opposition with folk music researchers, he was nonetheless praised for his contribution.

The larger works he composed during this period were the flute concerto (1916) and the violin concerto (1918) dedicated to Bjarne Brustad. One of his very last works is a piano piece aptly entitled *Resignasjon* (Resignation) from 1927. Elling died on 8 January 1942 in Oslo.

Elling's compositional style is conventional and he never departed from a romantic musical idiom. His ideals are borrowed from the German school as it is manifested in the music of Schubert via Mendelssohn and Schumann to Brahms. His output covers most genres; he composed two symphonies (1890, 1897) as well as other works for orchestra, chamber music, some 200 songs and many choral pieces, piano pieces and the opera *Taras Bulba*.

The songs on this recording can be divided into two different categories. The first includes Elling's early songs from op. 12 setting poems and translations by German romantic poets, while the second category consists of setting of contemporary Norwegian poetry.

### **SANGER TIL ARNE GARBORGS HAUGTUSSA opp. 52 (1895) and 60 (1896/99)**

Elling composed his first set of *Haugtussa* songs soon after Garborg's book was published in May 1895 (probably neither Elling nor Grieg was aware that they were both involved on a similar project) and they received their first performance that autumn together with the 3 *Sange til Bjørnsons 'En Dag'* op. 53. The *Haugtussa* songs were particularly well received and the reviewer for *Morgenbladet* remarked that “powerful language, sprightly rhythms and bold humour act as a breath of fresh air from the sea and from the mountains.” *Haugtussa* tells the story of Veslemøy, a shepherdess from Jæren, who falls in love with Jon of Skarabrået whom she cannot have since she is a poor farmer's daughter. The life of the people of Jæren is also an important element of the cycle of poems. In Elling's work the duality between inward

mood and outward portrayal of nature comes across clearly.

The poems *Elsk* (no. 1), *Sporven* (no. 5), *Killingdans* (no. 12) and *Ved Gjætle-Bekken* (no. 7) were set by both Elling and Grieg; in the case of the last of these four poems we can see that Grieg may have been right when he commented to Röntgen that the music was in essence already there; it only needed to be written down. Both settings open with a semiquaver figure in the right hand (the trickling brook), and the left hand and the voice follow on. The vocal register is similar in both pieces, although the voice parts are almost a mirror image of each other. Grieg's version probably leaves a more lasting impression than Elling's.

One particular feature becomes apparent when comparing the two: Grieg's setting is more dramatically concentrated. Elling seems to strive for a poetic, lyrical core in both his textual interpretations and in his choice of texts. It is uncertain whether Elling conceived the two volumes of his *Haugtussa* songs as a complete cycle. The two opuses differ in their metrical and harmonic construction; in op. 52 there is a more contrasting composition of metrical elements but only three keys (F, A and G), whereas op. 60 is dominated by triple time-signatures and the keys of the four central songs form a chromatic row from E flat, and the first and the last songs both have D as their home key.

Of the songs in the first collection *Haren* and *Sporven* in particular achieved popularity; the latter featured on recital programmes until the 1960s according to Pauline Hall in an article written to mark the hundredth anniversary of Elling's birth.

#### **VINTERSANG FROM 3 SANGE TIL BJØRNSONS EN DAG op. 53 (1895)**

Ella, "she with the plait", is the name of the main character in Bjørnson's novel from 1893. At the age of fifteen she becomes enamoured of the highly talented singer Aksel Årø, but things do not quite fall into place. It is not until many years later, following her unhappy marriage to Hjalmar Olsen, that Ella and Aksel meet again. Despite a passionate reigniting of their love affair, Aksel lets her down again. Ella is given but one blissful day with the love of her life. During a sleigh ride Aksel sings Vinterville to her, the third and last of the songs he sings to her, symbolizing how "dreams bind together two summers: that which was, and that which slowly builds up anew, thanks to reawakened dreams."

#### **CATHARINUS ELLING ALBUM op. 12**

This opus is a collection of songs composed during the first half of the 1880s. The texts are for the most part taken from German romantic poets and from three Scottish folk songs translated into German. The first song *Edward* (1884) is a bloody ballad in the form of a dialogue between the nobleman Edward and his mother. Originally a Scottish folk song from Thomas Percy's collection, it is here set to a German translation by Herder. Elling has set only the first six (of fourteen) stanzas, finishing with the stanza in which Edward admits to having killed his father; the final stanzas in which Edward condemns his family to poverty and his mother to hell have been omitted (the last line of the ballad suggests that it might have been his mother who asked him to kill his father, see for example Brahms op. 75 no. 1).

*Süsser Tod* (1881) is a setting of another translation by Herder, from the jester's song (*Come away, come away, death*) in the fourth scene of Act II of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night, Or What You Will*. This brief song demonstrates Elling's ability to avoid exaggerated use of effects (one of his strongest qualities). In *Frühlingslaube* (1881), the mood becomes fresh and light with Schumanesque touches (such as parallel diatonic tenths above a pedal point).

The two next songs are translations of poems by the Scottish poet Robert Burns (who is probably best known for *Auld Lang Syne*). *Da wo der Fluss* (The Gallant Weaver) (1885) is the resigned love song, to her true love, of the victim of an arranged marriage, while *Wollt er nur fragen* (Jamie, come try me) has a much more flirtatious character.

The other songs in op. 12 are set to texts by Heine, one of Elling's most important sources of inspiration in his younger years; all of these settings were composed in 1880 and 81. The texts are taken from Heine's large collection *Buch der Lieder* (1817-1826). Although it may simply be coincidence, a feature common to almost all of these songs is the triplet figuration in the accompaniment – even though they perform different functions: in *Morgens steh' ich auf* the triplets illustrate the nocturnal unrest of the lovesick character; in *Vergiftet sind meine Lieder* they represent the restless smouldering of jealousy and anger. In *Nachts in der Kajüte* (Elling divides the poem into two parts) the sea is portrayed – gently undulating in the first part, wild and stormy in the second. *Allnächtlich im Traume* and *Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege* both describe a vision

in which a loved one appears; in the first, in F minor, a deeply missed, departed sweetheart (the cypress branch symbolizes corporeal death); in the second, in F major, the image is a happier one: the memory of a love which will never be forgotten. The opening of *Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend* shares certain similarities with Grieg's *Til Våren* (op. 43 no. 6), although it was probably composed some years before Grieg's famous piano piece. Precisely which songs Elling sent to Grieg with his first letter we do not know. The last song on this recording, *Reinigung* (the only song in the collection which was composed in 1880), combines the two themes most central to the Heine part of the opus – water and dreams about love.

Audun Jonassen  
(Translation: Andrew Smith)



«Catharinus Elling heder en ung norsk musiker som nylig [...] har sendt mig en veldig hoben manuskripter til gjennomsyn. Den slags sendinger hører ikke til sjeldenhederne, men da kvantiteten i almindelighed så fuldstændig kvæler kvaliteten, tilstår jeg ærlig, at jeg, klog af erfaring, just ikke åbnede pakken i stor spenning. Hvor stor var derfor min overraskelse og glæde, da få takter viste mig, at jeg stod ligeoverfor en lyrisk begavelse af høj rang. Jeg kunde ikke læse, spille, nynne mig mæt på al denne jublende livsglæde, denne naturfriskhed og sjælfulde inderlighed, som i bred musikalsk flugt sang fra et rigt, svulmende sangerbryst. [...]»

(Edvard Grieg i *Bergens Tidende* 14.03.1885)

Catharinus Elling ble født i Oslo den 13. september 1858, som den fjerde i rekken av syv søsken, hvorav fire vokste opp. Faren Andreas Schaft Elling (1819-1872) og moren Pauline Bangsboe (1826-1905), var begge av nordjyllandsk avstamning. Andreas Elling var boktrykker og da Catharinus ble født, var han faktor i firmaet Rasmus Hviids Enke som blant annet ga ut Morgenbladet, og var et kjent navn i byen. Catharinus var en livlig unge, men dyktig på skolen og svært musikalsk. Musikken hadde en viktig plass i familiens liv, Ellings far spilte cello, hans mor piano og begge sang. Catharinus fikk sin første undervisning av sin mor fra seksårsalderen og senere også av komponisten Birgit Lund (1843-1913). Da faren døde i 1872 ble familiens økonomi satt på hodet, og huset i Tollbodgaten måtte selges for at Catharinus og søsknene skulle kunne fortsette utdannelsen.

At musikken ikke var det eneste for Elling bevitner hans utdanningsvalg. I 1876 tok han

fatt på et filologisk studium, bestående av historie, engelsk og fransk, men året etter hadde han skrappt sammen nok penger til et opphold ved konservatoriet i Leipzig hvor han studerte klaverspill. Pengene tok slutt allerede i juli 1878, og en skuffet Elling måtte vende nesen hjem og fortsette filologistudiene. Det er fra denne tiden de tidligste bevarte komposisjonene begynner å dukke opp, blant annet to musikalske dikt for strykeorkester, en del klaverstykker og sanger. I 1881 ble for første gang en av hans komposisjoner fremført offentlig. Han begynte også sin karriere som musikkritiker på denne tiden. I 1885 får han sitt gjennombrudd gjennom en svært fordelaktig artikkel av Grieg i *Bergens Tidende* (sitter ovenfor). Artikkelens årsak finner seg i Ellings svært vanskelige stilling som komponist i Oslo. Han fikk hverken oppført eller utgitt sine verker, og hans søknad om statsstipendium for videre studier var for fjerde gang blitt avslått. Han tok dermed sjansen, som så mange andre, og sendte et brev med vedlagte

manuskripter til Edvard Grieg. Grieg ble meget begeistret for verkene og sendte et fordelaktig brev til pianisten Erika Nissen som samme år blitt valgt som medlem av komiteen for utdeling av statens stipendier. Hun hadde faktisk foreslått Ellings navn til komiteen samme år, men var blitt avvist, men med Griegs støtte, samt bedre kjennskap til de «triks og knep» som ble benyttet, vil det bli lettere «at drive igjennom at han faar Stipendiet næste Aar.»

Grieg skulle bli nøkkelen for Ellings karriere. Med et anbefalingsbrev fra ham samt Houens legat for to år (det er mulig dette var Nissens fortjeneste), reiste han i 1886 til Berlin for å forsøke å komme inn i Heinrich von Herzogenbergs (1843-1900) mesterklasse ved Hochschule für Musik i Berlin. Herzogenberg var begeistret for Ellings komposisjoner og Elling studerte hos ham i et år.

Brevene til Grieg gir oss et bilde av Ellings musikksyn i denne perioden. Han nevner blant annet at han nettopp har hørt Bruckners E-dur symfoni (nr. 7):

*«Om organisk udvikling er der såatsige ikke tale. De enkelte tanker stilles ved siden af hinanden uden at være betinget af hinanden. Desuden er adagio'n et rent nedustrum [sic] af længde – mod dette er Schubert et barn. Latterligt er det at se Bruckner sammenliget med Beethoven. Vilde vel heller ikke voret skeet, hvis man ikke fra Wagnerianernes side havde trængt en symfoniker at stille op [mot] Brahms. [...] Disse Wagnerianere er jo aldeles tullede. Hvorfor [skulle jeg] ikke kunne glæde mig over et værk som Brahms nye [4.] symfoni, der dog indeholder såmeget ægte*

*skjønt, på samme tid som de yder sin afgang al mulig skyldig tribut.»*

Han skriver at han i løpet av oppholdet har blitt svært glad i Mozart og utviklet en grenseløs beundring for Beethoven, men at det med Wagner er det omtrent motsatt:

*«Jeg [...] nærer den høieste beundring for hans idéer, [men] gjennom denne stadige høren [av] Mozart og Beethovens, [er] hans formelle mangler, ialfald i hans senere arbeider, blevet mig påfaldende klare, og jeg har et lite horn i siden til vorherre, fordi han kunde nævne at udruste manden med en sådan overvældende idékraft uden at give ham et ligeså skarpt formelt blik. Havde det været tilfælde kunde man tilnød have forstået Liszts ytring at 'W[agner] rager op over de andre som Montblanc over sine rivaler', nei Beethoven, Beethoven!»*

Våren 1889 dro Elling tilbake til Oslo for å holde en konsert med egne verker, assistert av blant andre Erika Nissen og hans søster Jacoba. I september giftet han seg med Ulla Ramm (født 1863) fra Sogndal. Hun hadde i 1882 reist til USA, men returnerte etter bare to år. Under hennes opphold hadde hun fått undervisning i massasje, så når de nygifte flyttet tilbake til Berlin rett etter bryllupet, åpnet hun et massasjeinstitutt som viste seg å bli vellykket. Hun kunne dermed stå for familiens underhold, slik at Catharinus kunne vie seg helt til komponeringen. Elling hadde under sitt opphold i Berlin kontakt med mange nordmenn, Hans Gude og hans to sønner Olav og Nils, samt en «bureauchef» Bull m/familie. Gjennom vennskapet med Herzogenberg og hans kone knyttet han kontakter blant annet til Brahms og hans krets.

Elling var antakelig lykkelig i Berlin, men Ulla kunne ikke fordra «preusserne» og da deres eneste barn i 1896 var skolemodent flyttet familien tilbake til Oslo. Elling ble snart tilknyttet musikkonservatoriet som lærer i teorifag og underviste senere blant annet Fartein Valen, David Monrad Johansen og Pauline Hall. I denne perioden ble flere av hans størst anlagte verk unnfanget, oratoriet *Den forlorne søn* og *Kong Inge* og *Gregorius Dagssøn* for tenor, mannskor og orkester.

Selv om Elling aldri benyttet folkemelodier i sine verker ble han etter hjemkomsten til Norge stadig mer opptatt av den norske folkemusikken. Han fikk i 1898 stipendium for å reise og samle folketoner, først i Setesdal, senere i andre deler av landet. Det ble dette som ble viktigst for Elling etter 1905 og på sine reiser rundt omkring i Norge skrev han ned omtrent 1400 folketoner, og la med det ned den største innsatsen på dette feltet siden Lindemann. Hans metode var ikke vitenskapsmannens, men kunstnerens og han omskrev gjerne melodier etter eget forgodtbefinnende. Selv om han på grunn av dette havnet i opposisjon til andre ledende folkemusikkkforskere, blir han allikevel rosende omtalt i avisene for sin innsats.

Av større verk fra denne perioden komponerte han kun flyttekonserten (1916), fiolinkonserten (1918) tilegnet Bjarne Brustad. Et av hans aller siste verk er et klaverstykk med den talende tittel *Resignasjon* (1927). Elling døde den 8. januar 1942 i Oslo.

Ellings kompositoriske stil er tradisjonell og han beveger seg aldri bort fra det romantiske tonespråk. Idealene er hentet fra den tyske

stilen, slik den fremkommer fra Schubert gjennom Mendelssohn og Schumann frem til Brahms. Hans produksjon omfatter de fleste sjangre; han komponerte to symfonier (1890, 1897) i tillegg til andre orkesterverk, kammermusikk, rundt 200 sanger og mange korverk, klaverstykker og operaen *Taras Bulba*.

Sangene på denne utgivelsen kan deles i to ulike kategorier, den første er de tidlige sangene fra Op. 12 skrevet til tekster og gjendiktninger av tyske romantiske diktere, mens de øvrige er skrevet til norsk samtidslyrikk.

### **SANGER TIL ARNE GARBORGS HAUGTUSSA opp. 52 (1895) og 60 (1896/99)**

Elling tonesatte det første settet med *Haugtussa-sanger* rett etter at Garborgs bok ble publisert i mai 1895 (verken han eller Grieg var sannsynligvis klar over at de begge holdt på med det samme prosjektet samtidig) og sangene ble urframført samme høst, sammen med 3 *Sange til Bjørnsons 'En Dag'* op. 53. Særlig *Haugtussa-sangene* ble godt mottatt og Morgenbladets anmelder påpeker at det "kraftige Sprog, spænstige Rhythmer og djærve humor virker som et friskt Pust fra Havet og Fjeldet." Haugtussa omhandler Veslemøy, ei gjeterjente fra Jæren, som blir forelsket i Jon fra Skarabråtet som hun ikke kan få da hun er husmannsjente. Jæren og folkelivet der er også en meget viktig del av diktverket. Hos Elling er denne todelingen mellom indre stemninger og ytre naturskildringer tydelig.

*Elsk* (nr. 1), *Sporven* (nr. 5), *Killingdans* (nr. 12) og *Ved Gjætle-Bekken* (nr. 7) er tekstene som



benyttes både av Elling og Grieg, og særlig i sistnevnte ser vi at Grieg kan ha rett når han skrev til Röntgen at musikken egentlig allerede var komponert, det var bare å skrive den ned: Begge åpner med en sekstendelsfigur i pianistens høyre hånd (bakkens sildring) mens bass og stemme følger etter. Vi finner at stemmelagene i denne sangen er felles hos begge komponister, men de er ulikt utført og melodiene deres følger hver sin nesten speilvendte kurve. Griegs versjon gir nok et mer dvelende inntrykk enn Ellings.

Et aspekt som trer klart frem når man sammenligner Ellings versjon mot Griegs er at sistnevntes i større grad er dramatisk fortettet. Elling synes mer å strebe etter en poetisk og lyrisk kjerne i både sine tekstfortolkninger og i sitt tekstutvalg. Om Elling tenkte Haugtussa-sangene som en samlet syklus er usikkert. De metriske og harmoniske elementene (taktart og toneart) skiller de to opusene seg fra hverandre. I op. 52 finner vi en mer kontrastfylt sammensetning av det metriske, men bare tre grunntoner (*f*, *a* og *g*), mens op. 60 domineres av tre delte taktarter og toneartene i de fire midterste sangene danner en kromatisk rekke fra *ess*, den første og siste sangen har begge *d* som sin grunntone.

Av sangene i den første samlingen var det særlig *Haren* og i særdeleshet *Sporven* som slo best an, sistnevnte holdt seg faktisk på programmene frem til 1960-tallet i følge Pauline Hall i en artikkel til 100-årsmarkeringen for hans fødsel.

### VINTERSAK FRA 3 SANGE TIL BJØRNSONS ÉN DAG op. 53 (1895)

Ella, «henne med fletten» kalles

hovedpersonen i Bjørnsons fortelling fra 1893. Hun forelsker seg som 15-åring i den meget dyktige sangeren Aksel Årø, men ting faller ikke helt på plass. Først mange år senere, etter et ulykkelig ekteskap med Hjalmar Olsen, møtes Aksel og Ella igjen, men til tross for en hjertelig innledning til det fornyede kjærlighetsforholdet svikter Aksel henne igjen. Kun én lykkelig dag får Ella med sitt livs kjærlighet, en sleddetur hvor Aksel synger *Vinterville*, den tredje og siste av sangene han synger til henne, som symboliserer hvordan «drømmene binder to somre sammen, den som var, og den som langsomt bygger seg opp på ny, takket være drømmene som hadde våket.»

### CATHARINUS ELLING ALBUM Op. 12

Dette opuset er en samling sanger komponert i første halvdel av 1880-årene. Det er i hovedsak tyske romantiske diktere samt tre skotske folkesanger i tysk gjendiktning. Den første sangen *Edward* (1884) er en blodig ballade i form av en dialog mellom adelsmannen Edward og hans mor. Opprinnelig en skotsk folkesang fra Thomas Percys samling, men her gjendiktet av Herder. Elling har kun tonesatt de første 6 strofene (av 14) og avslutter med strofen hvor Edward innrømmer å ha drept sin far, de siste strofene hvor Edward fordømmer sin familie til fattigdom og sin mor til helvete er utelatt (balladens siste linje antyder om at det kan ha vært moren som ba ham ta livet av faren kan, se f. eks. Brahms Op. 75 nr 1).

*Süsser Tod* (1881) er også en gjendiktning av Herder, denne gang er teksten hentet fra Shakespeares *Helligtrekongersnatt*, nærmere bestemt klovnens sang fra fjerde scene i akt 2

(*Come away, come away, death*). Denne lille sangen viser klart Ellings evne til ikke å overdrive virkemidlene (en av hans virkelig sterke sider). Med *Frühlingsglaube* (1881) endres karakteren. En frisk og lys stemning med en del schumannske trekk i stemmeføringene (parallelle diatoniske desimer mot et orgelpunkt).

De to neste sangene er begge gjendiktninger av den skotske dikteren Robert Burns (kanskje mest kjent for *Auld Lang Syne*). *Da wo der Fluss* (The Gallant Weaver) (1885) er en tvangsgiftet pikes resignerte kjærlighetssang om den hun egentlig elsker mens *Wollt er nur fragen* (*Jamie, come try me*) er av en langt mer flørtende karakter.

De øvrige sangene i dette opuset er til tekster av Heine, en av Ellings viktigste inspirasjonskilder i hans unge år, og alle er komponert i 1880 - 81. Samtlige er hentet fra Heines gigantsamling *Buch der Lieder* (1817 - 1826). Et sammentreff kan hende, men et vesentlig fellestrekk for nesten alle disse sangen er triolunderdelingen i akkompagnementet, selv om de utgjør selvstendige funksjoner; i *Morgens steh' ich auf* er det den kjærlighetsssykes nattlige uro, i *Vergiftet sind meine Lieder* er det sjalusien og sinnets ulmende rystninger. I *Nachts in der Kajüte* (Elling deler dette diktet i to sanger) er det havet som skildres, først den myke vuggingen i den første sangen, siden det stormfulle og ville. *Allnächtlich im Traume* og *Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege* handler begge om drømmesyn hvor en elsket dukker opp, i den første i f-moll, en dypt savnet avdød kjæreste (syppressgrenen symboliserer den kjødelige død) i den andre, i F-dur, er bildet

lykkelig; et kjærlighetsminne som aldri blir glemt. Åpningen av *Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend* har visse likhetstrekk med Griegs *Til Våren* (Op. 43 nr 6), men er etter all sannsynlighet komponert noen år før dette berømte pianostykket. Nøyaktig hvilke sanger Elling la ved sitt første brev til Grieg vites ikke. Den avsluttende sangen, *Reinigung* (den eneste av sangene i samlingen som ble komponert i 1880), kombinerer de to temaene som er mest sentrale i Heine-delen i dette opuset, vannet og drømmer om kjærlighet.

Audun Jonassen

## Haugtussa sanger, op. 52

Arne Gaborg (1851-1924)

### Elsk

Den galne guten min hug hev dåra,  
eg fangen sit som ein fugl i snåra;  
den galne guten, han gjeng so baus;  
han veit, at fuglen vil aldri laus.

Å gjev du batt meg med bast og bende,  
å gjev du batt meg so bandi brende!  
Å gjev du drog meg so fast til deg,  
at heile verdi kom burt for meg!

Ja kund' eg trolle og kund eg heksa,  
eg vilde inn i den guten veksa;  
eg vilde veka meg i deg inn  
og vera berre hjå guten min.

### Haren

Å stakkars vesle hare,  
so fin og silkeklædd,  
Gud veit kor du hev fare,  
med di du er so rædd?  
Du spretter og du skvetter  
so hovdelaus i kring;  
kva er det du renner etter  
og snøgg i hol deg sting,  
arme ting!

Her er so god ein sumar  
med hus i kvar ein busk  
og lauv og friske kumar  
åt slik ein liten trusk.  
No skal me vera kvate  
i slik ei solskinsstund;  
no skal me vera late  
og taka oss i lund  
lette, lette blund.

Du er so brun og lekker  
i sumarkjolen din;  
d'er berre du for klekk  
er te vera guten min.  
Men vil du glad meg gjera,  
so hoppa her i li,  
og vener skal me vera  
og vener skal me bli  
all vår, all vår tid.

### Love

The silly boy has captured my heart  
I am caught like a bird in a snare.  
The silly boy, he strides so surely;  
he knows the bird will never take flight.

Oh, if only you would bind me tightly,  
if only you would bind me so the wicker burns!  
If only you would pull me so tightly to you  
that the whole world would vanish for me!

Yes, if I could work magic and do witchcraft,  
I would grow inside the boy;  
I would grow inside you,  
and be only with my boy.

### The Hare

Oh, poor little hare,  
so fine and dressed in silk,  
God knows where you have been,  
since you are so frightened?  
You skip and you jump  
around mindlessly;  
what are you chasing  
before quickly hiding in your hole,  
you poor thing?

Here the summer is so lovely  
and keeps homes in every bush  
and leaves and fresh shoots  
for such a little dear.  
Now let us be frisky  
in such a sunny time;  
Now let us be lazy  
and in the grove  
take a tiny nap.

You are so brown and lovely  
in your summer suit;  
it is just that you are too little  
to be my boy.  
But if you want to make me happy,  
then jump here on the slopes,  
and we shall be friends  
and friends we shall stay  
all our days.

### Prøve

Fanden sit med si bok på kne,  
ritar med blodet raue,  
set sine teikn på tvers og sne  
for levande og daude.  
Sist kjem dei nye som no skal med inn i flokken.

Fram dei møter for høge stol,  
mullande bøni tung;  
fanden gaper med halsen hól  
etter bå gamall og ung.  
Vil de på denne fyre-jol inn i flokken?

Ein etter annan dei svarar Ja;  
det tykkjer fanden món;  
upp dei steller seg då i rad  
liksom til konfirmasjon.  
Prøvast dei må før han vil dei ha inn i flokken.

### Sporven

Småsporven gjeng i tune  
og tippar konn og ribbar strå  
og hev so god ein une  
og lær åt katten grå.  
Pip, pip, det so seg lagar alle dagar  
at Monsemann meg jagar,  
men kan meg aldri få.

Eg er så lett på vengen,  
og Mons må sleikja seg um trut;  
kvitt, kvitt, den gamle drengen,  
han fekk so mang ei sut.  
Og um i vide ringar hauken svingar,  
eg burt meg kverv og kringar  
og slepp av leiken ut

Eg liver dagen lette  
og er fornøgd, å ja, å ja!  
Kvar dag eg fær mi mette  
som eg det best vil ha.  
Pytt, pytt, tarv aldri røa! Nok i løa!  
Der ligg den rike grøda;  
der kan eg berre ta.

Og tidt eg fær i joli  
ein godbit fin av Veslemøy;  
og frys det, hev eg sjol  
i det gode varme høy.

Og so, kvitt-kvitt, go-mår'n!

### Test

The devil sits with his book on his knee,  
writing in red blood,  
and puts his signs from side to side  
for the living and the dead.  
Lastly, come the new members of his flock.

Forwards to the throne they come,  
mumbling a weighty prayer;  
the devil gapes his hollow throat  
for both old and young.  
Do you want to join the flock this Advent?

One after the other, they answer yes;  
this gives the Devil pleasure;  
they line up  
as if for confirmation.  
They must be tested before he wants them in his herd.

### The sparrow

The little sparrow strolls in the yard  
and nibbles corn and plucks the straw;  
he is of such good spirit  
and laughs at the grey cat.  
Tweet, tweet, it happens every day  
that Monsemann chases me  
but can never catch me.

I am so fleet of flight  
and Mons must lick his lips;  
chirp, chirp, the old boy,  
he got so many worries.  
And the hawk hovers in wide circles,  
I run around the corner  
and get out from the game.

I live an easy life  
and am content, oh yes, oh yes!  
I get my food every day  
as I would like it best.  
Pah, who needs for food! Enough in the barn!  
There lies a rich crop  
that I can take.

I often get at Christmas  
a lovely snack from Veslemøy;  
and even if it freezes, I have a hiding place  
in the nice warm hay.

And then, chirp, chirp, good morning,



So kjem våren;  
då fri på vengen båren  
eg byggjer reir på øy.

### Rådlaus

Å gode min gut, å vene min gut,  
nei burte frå deg held eg aldri ut.  
Alt dreg meg og dreg til deg og til deg,  
og kor eg vil gå, eg minnast deg må  
og tåra brenn som den beste lut.  
Å, aldri meir kann eg trivast.

Å snille min gut, å gjæve min gut,  
for deg so gav eg min siste klut.  
Ja var du meg god, so gav eg mitt blod,  
um deg ditt viv, so gav eg mitt liv,  
og var eg fekk fri av den minste sut.  
Å du, som eg trudde av hjarta!

So trygg og varm i din gode arm  
eg gløymde sorg og eg gløymde harm.  
Men aldri meir eg finna deg må  
og aldri meir deg i augo sjå,  
og gråten brenn i min kjøvde barm.  
Å nei! At du kunde svika.

Kor skal eg meg snu; kven skal eg vel tru;  
eg finn kje veg og eg finn kje bru.  
Alt vendest til naud, eg ynskjer meg daud;  
kor skal eg vel av utan djupt i grav;  
for alt eg hadde, so var det du.  
Å! Aldri ein glad dag meire.

### Vinter-Storm

Å lat det bura og lat det braka,  
lat huse rista og tufti skaka!  
Lat brotna alting, som brotna kann!  
Det døyver tankarne litegrand.

Um stormen tok både hus og hytte,  
det vart eit bål, då eg mindre sytte;  
um jordi gav seg i djupe grund,  
då fekk eg gløyma ei liti stund.

Um sky datt ned, som på himlen flakkar,  
um have braut yver alle bakkar,  
ja um all verdi seg søkte ned,  
so var det slutt og so vart her fred.

so comes the Spring;  
then free on my wings,  
on an island I build my nest.

### Rudderless

Oh my good boy, my handsome boy,  
I cannot stand being parted from you.  
Everything pulls me and pulls to you and to you,  
and wherever I go I am reminded of you  
and the tears burn like bitter lye.  
Oh, I will never be happy again.

Oh, my kind boy, my grand boy,  
for you I would give my last piece of cloth.  
Yes, if you were good to me I would give my blood,  
and if I were your wife I would give my life;  
with you I would be released from the smallest of worries.  
Oh dear, I believed from my heart!

So safe and warm in your kind arm  
I forgot sorrow and I forgot harm.  
But I may never find you again  
and never again look you in the eye,  
and my sobbing burns in my choked bosom.  
Oh no! How could you let me down?

Where shall I turn to? Who can I believe?  
I cannot find a way and I cannot find a bridge.  
Everything turns to misery, I wish I was dead;  
Where shall I go but to my deep grave;  
for you were all I had.  
Oh! Never again a happy day.

### Winter Storm

Oh, let it rumble and let it crash,  
let the house shiver and the rafters shake!  
Let everything breakable break!  
It soothes my mind a little.

If the storm took both my house and cabin,  
there would be a time of less complaint;  
if the earth gave into a deep abyss,  
it would allow me to forget for a little while.

If the dancing clouds fell down,  
if the sea washed away the hills,  
yes, if the whole world collapsed,  
it would be over and there would be peace.

## Haugtussa sanger, op. 60

Arne Gaborg

### Ved Gjøtø-Bekken

Du surlande bekk,  
du kurlande bekk,  
her ligg du og kosar deg varm og klår.  
Og speglar deg rein  
og glid yver stein  
og sullar so godt  
og mullar so smått  
og glitrar i soli med mjuke bår!  
Å, her vil vil eg kvila, kvila.

Du tiklande bekk,  
du siklande bekk,  
her gjeng du so glad i den ljose li.  
Med klunk og med klukk,  
med song og med sukk,  
med sus og med dus  
gjenom lauvbygd hus,  
med underlegt svall og med svæving blid.  
Å, her vil eg drøyma, drøyma.

Du hullande bekk,  
du sullande bekk,  
her fekk du seng under mosen mjuk.  
Her drøymer du kurt  
og gløymer deg burt  
og kviskrar og kved  
i den store fred  
med svaling for hugsott og lengting sjuk.  
Å, her vil eg minnast, minnast.

Du surlande bekk,  
du kurlande bekk,  
her ligg du og kosar deg rein og klår.  
Og speglar deg rein  
og glid yver stein  
og sullar so godt  
og mullar so smått  
og glitrar i soli med mjuke bår!  
Å, her vil eg kvila, kvila.

### By Gjøtø brook

You rippling brook,  
you swirling brook,  
here you lie happy, all warm and clear,  
and admire your own cleanliness,  
and glide over stones,  
and sing so well,  
and murmur a little,  
and glitter in the sunlight with your soft waves.  
Oh, here I shall rest.

You tickling brook,  
you trickling brook,  
here flow you so cheerily along the bright slope.  
With babbling and gurgling,  
with singing and sighing,  
with rustling and levity  
through your leafy house,  
with curious gossip and gentle sleep.  
Oh, here I shall dream, dream.

You warbling brook,  
you humming brook,  
you make your bed beneath the soft moss.  
Here you dream  
and lose yourself,  
and whisper and sing  
in the great stillness,  
with healing for heartache and sick longing  
Oh, here I shall remember, remember.

You swirling brook,  
you rippling brook,  
you flow along so warm and clear.  
And glisten yourself clean,  
and glide over stones,  
and sing and whisper  
so softly to yourself,  
and glitter in the sunlight with your soft waves  
Oh, here I shall rest, rest.

## Elskhugssong

Å du, som bur meg i hjarta inne,  
du makti fekk yver alt mitt minne;  
kvar vesle hugsviv, som framom dreg,  
det berre kviskrar um deg, um deg.

Um soli lyser på himlen blanke,  
no ser ho deg, det er all min tanke;  
um dagen dovnar og skoming fell:  
Skal tru han tenkjer på meg i kveld?

Um vinden strid yver heii susar,  
det gule håre ditt visst han krusar;  
um regnet dryp med sin døyvde gråt,  
so stakkars guten, no vert du våt,  
no vert du våt.

Å berre timarne vilde skrida,  
og berre dagarne vilde lida;  
men eg vil kveda og vera glad;  
for um sundag kjem han, tra-la, tra-la,  
um sundag kjem han, tra-la, tra-la.

## Uro

Kor skal det gå meg, når Gud eg gløymer,  
og hjarta sjukt seg i elskhug drøymer?  
Kor skal det gå meg so sant og visst  
når burt meg sjølv eg so reint hev misst?

Og aldri kan eg meg atter vinna,  
og aldri meir kan eg til meg finna;  
so væl er stengd både von og veg;  
eg måtte finna meg sjølv i deg.

## Dokka

Å Dokka, å Dokka,  
snilde kui mi!  
Når gråten kjem i desse dagar seine,  
so kom og kjæl meg du med kinne reine;  
du er so god, du er so hjarteblid.

Ja berre du meg fylgjer her i li,  
so er eg endå ikkje reint åleine.  
Og kjære seg meg, trur du det er von.  
Seg trur du eg må tenkja på han Jon?

## Love song

Oh, you who live deep in my heart,  
you have the power over my thoughts,  
so that every fluttering fancy  
whispers only of you, of you.

When the sun shines from the brilliant sky,  
it sees you, that is all I can think about;  
when the day gets lazy and dusk falls:  
I wonder, will he think of me tonight?

When the wind blows across the heath,  
it surely curls your yellow hair;  
when the rain drops fall, quietly weeping,  
my poor boy, you will get wet,  
you will get wet.

If only the hours would fly,  
and if only the days would pass;  
but I will sing and be joyful;  
for he will be here on Sunday, tra-la, tra-la,  
he will be here on Sunday, tra-la, tra-la.

## Unrest

What, indeed, will happen to me when I forget God,  
and my heart becomes ill of longing?  
What will indeed happen to me  
when I have completely lost myself?

And I can never again win myself back,  
and I can never again find my way;  
so well are both hope and road closed;  
I had to find myself in you.

## Dokka

Oh Dokka, oh Dokka,  
my lovely cow!  
When the tears flow these days,  
come and caress me with your clean cheek;  
you are so kind, you are such a gentle heart.

Yes, as long as you are with me,  
I am not completely alone.  
And my dearest, do you think there is hope?  
Tell me if I may think of John?

## Den, som fekk gløyma

Den minste minning, eg um deg møter,  
so tungt det tek meg, so sårt det grøter;  
det minste orde, eg høyra må,  
med hjartegråt gjeng eg derifrå.

Eg skulde aldri den suti gøyma,  
når so det var, at eg måtte gløyma;  
eg skulde aldri gå sjuk i kring,  
når eg fekk gløyma den eine ting.

## Killingdans

Å hipp og hoppe,  
og tipp og toppe  
på denne dag;  
å nipp og nappe  
og trip og trappe  
i slikt øit lag.  
Og det er kjæl-i-sol,  
og det er spel-i-sol,  
og det er titr-i-li,  
og det er glitr-i-li,  
og det er kjæte og lurvelæte  
ein solskinsdag.

Å nupp i nakken,  
og stup i bakken  
og tipp på tå;  
å rekk i ringen  
og svipp i svingen  
og hopp-i-hå.  
Og det er sleik-i-sol,  
og det er leik-i-sol,  
og det er glim-i-li,  
og det er stim-i-li,  
og det er kvitter og bekkje-glitter  
og lognt i krå.

Å trapp og tralle,  
og puff i skalle,  
den skal du ha.  
Og snipp og snute  
og kyss på trute,  
den kan du ta.  
Og det er rull-i-ring,  
og det er sull-i-sving,  
og det er lett-på-tå,  
og det er sprett-på-tå,  
og det er heisan, og det er hoppsan  
og tra-la-la.

## If only I could forget

The tiniest little thing that reminds me of you,  
how hard it hits me, how sore it makes me feel;  
the tiniest little word I hear,  
I walk away with a weeping heart.

I should never have kept that pain,  
since I had to forget;  
I should never have walked around ill,  
had I been able to forget that one thing.

## Kid's dance

Oh hip and hop,  
and tip and top,  
on this day.  
Oh nip and nap,  
and trip and trap,  
in such a way.  
And it's pet-in-the-sun,  
and it's play-in-the-sun,  
and it's laughter-on-the-hill,  
and it's glitter-on-the-hill,  
and it's tickling and fun  
on a sunny day.

Oh nip on the neck,  
and dive down the slope,  
and tip on toe.  
Oh join the ring  
and swoop and swing,  
and hop-in-ho.  
And it's lick-in-the-sun,  
and it's skip-in-the-sun,  
and it's glimmer-on-the-hill,  
and it's fun-on-the-hill,  
and it's twitter and brook's glitter  
and quiet in the nook.

Oh trip and trolly,  
and bang the head,  
is what you'll get!  
Oh snip and snout,  
and kiss the mouth,  
this you can take.  
And it's roll-in-a-ring,  
and it's song-in-a-swing,  
and it's light-on-toes,  
and it's spring-on-toes,  
and it's heisa, and it's hoppsa,  
and tra-la-la.

## Somren sovnet i vintrens favn, Op. 53

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832-1910)

Somren sovnet i vintrens favn,  
vintren reiste seg, dækked til,  
"Rolig", sa han til elvens spil,  
"Rolig", sa han til gård og havn.  
Tause blev de så skogerne.  
Hjemme hørtes kun slogerne.

Al den ting som var somren kjær,  
fint forventes til næste gang;  
hvile fik det for al sin trang,  
markens spirer og vand og træer.  
Gjemtes som kjæernen i nødderne,  
mulden smuldred om rødderne.

Alt, hvad somren av sygdom led,  
pestfrø over dens liv og frugt,  
vintren dræbte i frost og flugt,  
vågne skal hun i fjældblå fred,  
toet av sneen og vindene,  
hilset af sundhet i sindene.

Over den sovendes høstgå bryn  
vintren strødde så fager drøm,  
stjernehøj, hvidhvid i nordlys-strøm  
bår den hende fra syn til syn  
gjennem de lange døgnene  
frém til hun opsløg øynene.

Han, som skjældtes for ond og vred,  
lever for det, han ej får se;  
han, som skjældtes for morder,  
hjan skjærmer og tor hvert år vort land,  
gjemmer sig så i fjældene,  
til det blir kaldt om kvældene.

## Summer dosed off in Winter's arms

Summer dosed off in Winter's arms,  
Winter stood up, covered her,  
"Easy", he told the river's play,  
"Easy", he told farms and ports.  
The woods became silent.  
At home only the sound of threshing was heard.

Everything which was dear to Summer,  
was carefully stored until next time;  
it got as much rest as it desired,  
the field's shoots, the water and trees.  
Hidden like the nut's kernel,  
the mould crumbled around the roots.

All the illnesses that Summer suffered,  
seeds of disease over her life and fruits,  
Winter killed through frost and flight,  
she will wake up in mountain-blue peace,  
cleansed by snow and wind,  
greeted by a soundness of mind.

Over the sleeping one's autumn-grey brow,  
Winter scattered so beautiful a dream;  
high in the stars, brilliant in the northern light,  
it carried her from vision to vision  
through the long days and nights  
up until she opened her eyes.

He, who was named evil and angry,  
lives for what he will never see;  
he, who was named a murderer,  
he protects and cleanses our land every year,  
then hides in the mountains,  
waiting until the evenings grow cold.

## Album, op. 12

### Edward

Scottish trad. from  
Herder's Stimmen der Völker

Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so roth  
Edward, Edward,  
Dein Schwert, wie ist's von Blut so roth,  
und gehst so traurig her, O?

O ich hab geschlagen meinen Geier todt  
Mutter, Mutter,  
o, ich hab geschlagen meinen Geier todt,  
und keinen habe ich wie er, O.

Dein's Geiers Blut ist nicht so roth  
Edward, Edward,  
dein Geiers Blut ist nicht so roth,  
mein Sohn, bekenn' mir frei, O!

O ich hab geschlagen mein Rothross todt  
Mutter, Mutter,  
o ich hab geschlagen mein Rothross todt,  
und's war so stolz und treu, O.

Dein Ross war alt und hast's nicht noth  
Edward, Edward,  
Dein Ross war alt und hast's nicht noth,  
Dich drückt ein ander Schmerz, O.

O ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater todt  
Mutter, Mutter,  
O ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater todt,  
und weh ist mein Herz, O!

### Edward

How is it that your sword is so red with blood,  
Edward, Edward,  
how is it that your sword is so red with blood,  
and that you walk about so sadly, O?

O, I have struck dead my hawk,  
Mother, Mother,  
o, I have struck dead my hawk  
and have none like him, O.

Your hawk's blood is not so red  
Edward, Edward,  
your hawk's blood is not so red,  
my son, confess to me freely, O!

O, I have struck dead my roan steed,  
Mother, Mother,  
O, I have struck dead my roan steed  
and he was proud and true, O.

Your steed was old and you do not need it  
Edward, Edward,  
your steed was old and you do not need it,  
another pain weighs on you, O.

O, I have struck dead my father,  
Mother, Mother,  
O, I have struck dead my father  
and my heart aches, O!

### Edward (orig.)

Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,  
Edward, Edward?  
Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,  
And why sae sad gang ye, O?

O, I hae kill'd my hawk sae gude,  
Mither, mither;  
O, I have kill'd my hawk sae gude,  
And I had nae mair but he, O!

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
Edward, Edward?  
Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
My dear son I tell thee, O!

O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,  
Mither, mither;  
O, I hae kill'd my red-roan steed,  
That erst wa sae fair and free, O!

Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,  
Edward, Edward?  
Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,  
Some other dole ye dree, O!

O, I hae slain my father dear,  
Mither, mither;  
O, I hae slain my father dear,  
Alas, and wae is me, O!

### Süsser Tod

from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* in Herder's *Stimmen der Völker*

Süsser Tod komm,  
komm, senk mich nieder in's kühle Grab!  
Brich o Herz!  
Stirb fromm der süssen Tyrannin ab!

Mein Gruftgewand schneeweiss und rein lieg es fertig!  
Kein Bräut'gam hüllte je sich drein so fröhlich.

Blumen nicht keine Blum' süss  
sollt ihr auf schwarzen Sarg mir streun!  
Thränen nicht, kein Thränlein fliess',  
wo sanft wird ruhn mein Todten bein!

Ach, tausend Seufzer schwer...  
Nein, ihr meinen,  
legt mich hin, wo kein Liebender kommt weinen.

### Frühlingsglaube

Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862)

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
sie säuzeln und weben Tag und Nacht,  
sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!  
Nun armes Herze, sei nicht bang!  
Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem dag,  
man weiss nicht was noch werden mag,  
das Blühnen will nicht enden.  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Thal:  
Nun, armes Herz vergiss der Qual!  
Nun muss sich Alles wenden.

### Sweet death

Come, sweet death,  
come and lower me down into the cold grave!  
Break, oh heart!  
Die from the sweet tyranness!

My snow-white and pure shroud lies ready!  
No bridegroom wrapped himself in it so happily.

No flowers, no sweet flower  
on my black coffin let there be strewn!  
No tears, no little tears flow  
where my dead bones softly rest!

Oh, a thousand heavy sighs...  
No, my friends,  
lay me there, where no loved ones come weeping.

### Faith in spring

The gentle breezes are awakened,  
they rustle and weave day and night,  
and reach every corner.  
Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sound!  
Now, poor heart, do not be scared!  
Now all, all must turn.

The world grows more beautiful with every day,  
one knows not what may still come,  
the blooming never ends.  
The farthest, deepest valley blooms:  
Now, poor heart, forget the pain!  
Now all, all must turn.

### Da wo der Fluss

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

Da wo der Fluss zum Meere fliesst,  
wo manche schöne Blume spriesst,  
da wohnt er, den mein Herz geniesst,  
da wohnt ein schöner Weber.

Der Freier hatt' ich an die neun  
mit Geld und Gut und Edelstein  
so wollten um mein Herz sie frein,  
ich schenkte es dem Weber.

Der Vater gab sein Wort zum Pfand  
dem, der besass das meiste Land.  
Nicht ohne Herz geb ich die Hand,  
ich gebe sie dem Weber.

So lang noch eine Blume spriesst,  
so lang die saat in Aehren schiebst,  
so lang' mein Herz den Lenz geniesst  
werd' lieben ich den Weber.

### Wollt' er nur fragen

Robert Burns

Wollt' er nur fragen,  
Wollt' er nur fragen!  
Wenn er mich haben wollt',  
müsst' er doch sagen!

Wenn er mich bitten sollt',  
könnt ich's versagen?  
Wenn er mich haben wollt',  
müsst er doch fragen!

Wenn er mich küssen sollt',  
könnt ich da klagen?  
Wenn er mich haben wollt',  
müsst er doch fragen!

Wollt' er nur fragen,  
wollt' er nur fragen.  
Wenn er mich haben wollt'  
müsst er doch fragen.

### There where the river

There where the river flows into the sea  
where many a beautiful flower grows,  
there lives he, who my heart enjoys,  
there lives a handsome weaver.

I had nine suitors  
with money, property and gemstone  
with which they courted my heart;  
I gave it to the weaver.

The father gave his word as token  
to the one who owned the most land.  
Not without heart do I give my hand,  
I give it to the weaver.

As long as another flower grows,  
so long as the seed shoots into corn,  
so long as my heart enjoys the Spring  
I will love the weaver.

### Would he only ask

Would he only ask,  
Would he only ask!  
If he wants me,  
then he must say so!

If he would beg me,  
would I refuse?  
If he wants me,  
then he must ask!

If he would kiss me,  
would I complain?  
If he wants me,  
then he must ask!

Would he only ask,  
would he only ask.  
If he wants me,  
then he must ask.

### The gallant weaver (orig.)

Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,  
by mony a flower and spreading tree,  
there lives a lad, the lad for me,  
he is a gallant weaver.

O, I had wooers aught or nine,  
they gied me rings and ribbons fine;  
and I was fear'd my heart wad tine,  
and I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,  
to gie the lad that has the land.  
But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
and give it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
while bees delight in opening flowers,  
while corn grows green in summer showers  
I love my gallant weaver.

### Jamie, come try me, (orig.)

Jamie, come try me,  
Jamie, come try me,  
If thou would win my love,  
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,  
Could I deny thee?  
If thou would win my love,  
Jamie, come try me!

If thou should kiss me, love,  
Wha could espy thee?  
If thou wad be my love,  
Jamie, come try me!

Jamie, come try me,  
Jamie, come try me,  
If thou would win my love,  
Jamie, come try me.

**Morgens steh' ich auf**  
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:  
Kommt Feinsliebchen heut?  
Abends sink ich hin und klage:  
Ausblieb sie auch heut.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer  
lieg' ich schlaflos, wach;  
träumend wie im halben Schummer,  
wandle ich bei Tag.

**Vergiftet sind meine Lieder**  
Heinrich Heine

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder;  
wie könnt es anders sein?  
Du hast mir ja Gift gegossen  
in's blühende Leben hinein.

Vergiftet sind meine Lieder;  
wie könnt es anders sein?  
Ich trage im Herzen viel Schlangen  
und Dich, Geliebte mein.

**Nachts in der Kajüte - I**  
Heinrich Heine

Eingewiegt von Meereswellen,  
und von träumen den Gedanken  
lieg' ich still in der Kajüte,  
in dem dunkeln Winkelbette.

Durch die off'ne Luke schau ich  
droben hoch die hellen Sterne,  
die geliebten, süssen Augen  
meiner süssen Vielgeliebten.

Die Geliebten, süssen Augen  
wachen über meinem Haupte,  
und sie blinken und sie winken  
aus der blauen Himmelsdecke.

Nach der blauen Himmelsdecke  
schau ich selig lange Stunden  
bis ein weisser Nebelschleier  
mir verhüllt die lieben Augen.

**I get up in the mornings**

I get up in the mornings and ask:  
comes my love today?  
I go to bed in the evenings and lament:  
she didn't come today either.

At night with my worry,  
I lie sleepless, awake;  
dreaming, as if half asleep,  
I wander through the day.

**My songs are poisoned**

My songs are poisoned;  
how could it be otherwise?  
For you have poured poison  
into my blossoming life.

My songs are poisoned;  
how could it be otherwise?  
In my heart I carry many snakes  
and you, my beloved.

**At night in the cabin - I**

Cradled by the sea waves  
and by dreams and thoughts,  
I lie quiet in the cabin  
in my dark corner berth.

Through the open hatch I see  
the bright stars up high,  
the beloved, sweet eyes  
of my sweet much-beloved.

The beloved, sweet eyes  
watch over my head,  
and they blink and wink  
from the blue celestial ceiling.

At the blue celestial ceiling  
I gaze blissfully for long hours  
until a veil of white mist  
shrouds the beloved eyes from me.

**Nachts in der Kajüte - II**  
Heinrich Heine

An die bretterne Schiffswand,  
wo mein träumen des Haupts liegt,  
branden die Wellen, die wilden Wellen,  
sie rauschen und murmeln mir heimlich ins Ohr.

"Bethörter Geselle!  
Dein arm ist kurz,  
und der Himmel ist weit,  
und die Sterne droben  
sind festgenagelt mit goldnen Nägeln.  
Vergebliches Sehnen,  
vergebliches Seufzen,  
das beste wäre, du schliefest ein."

**Allnächtlich in Traume**  
Heinrich Heine

Allnächtlich in Traume seh' ich dich,  
und sehe dich freundlich grüssen.  
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich  
zu deinen süssen Füssen.

Du siehst mich an wehmüthiglich  
und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;  
aus deinen Augen schleichen sich  
die Perlenthährnentröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort,  
und giebst mir den Strauss von Cypressen.  
Ich wache auf und der Strauss ist fort,  
und das Wort hab' ich vergessen.

**Wenn ich auf der Lager liege**  
Heinrich Heine

Wenn ich auf der Lager liege,  
in Nacht und Kissen gehüllt,  
so schwebt mir vor ein süsses  
Anmuthig liebes Bild.

Wenn mir der stille Schummer  
geschlossen die Augen kaum,  
so schleicht das Bild sich leise  
hinein in meinen Traum.

Doch mit dem Traum des Morgens  
zerrinnt es nimmermehr;  
dann trag' ich es im Herzen  
den ganzen Tag umher.

**At night in the cabin - II**

Against the ship's wooden hull  
where my dreaming head lies,  
crash the waves, the wild waves,  
they roar and murmur secretly in my ear:

"Bewitched journeyman!  
Your arm is short  
and the sky is wide,  
and the stars above  
are hammered fast with golden nails.  
Pointless longing,  
pointless sighing,  
it would be best if you went to sleep."

**Nightly in dreams**

Nightly in dreams I see you,  
and see you greet friendly.  
And loudly bursting into tears I throw myself  
at your sweet feet.

You look at me sadly  
and shake your blonde head;  
from your eyes creep  
pearly tear drops.

You say a soft word to me secretly,  
and give me a sprig of cypress.  
I wake up, the sprig is gone  
and I have forgotten the word.

**When I lie in bed**

When I lie in bed,  
wrapped in night and pillows,  
then floats before me a sweet,  
graceful loving image.

When silent slumber  
has just closed my eyes,  
then the image creeps softly  
into my dream.

Though, with the morning dream,  
it never fades again;  
then I carry it around in my heart  
all day.

## Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend

Heinrich Heine

Dämmernd liegt der Sommerabend  
über Wald und grünen Wiesen;  
goldner Mond im blauen Himmel  
strahlt herunter duftig labend.

An dem Bache zirpt die Grille  
und es regt sich in dem Wasser  
und der Wanderer hört ein Plätschern  
und ein Athmen in der Stille.

Dorten an dem Bach alleine  
badet sich die schöne Elfe  
arm und Nacken weiss und lieblich  
schimmern in dem Mondenscheine.

## Reinigung

Heinrich Heine

Bleib' du in deiner Meerestiefe  
wahnsinniger Traum,  
der du einst so manche Nacht  
mein Herz mit falschem Glück gequält hast.  
Und jetzt, als Seegespenst,  
sogar am hellen Tag mich bedrohest.

Bleb' du dort unten in Ewigkeit,  
und ich werfe noch zu dir hinab  
all meine Schmerzen und Sünden  
und die schellen Kappe der Thorheit,  
die so lange mein Haupt umklingelt.

Und die kalte, gleissende Schlangenhaut der Heuchelei,  
die mir so lang' die Seele umwunden,  
die kranke Seele,  
die gottverleugnende, engelverleugnende unselige Seele.

Hoiho! Hoiho!  
Da kommt der Wind,  
die Segel auf!  
Sie flattern und schwell'n!  
Über die stillverderbliche Fläche  
eilet das Schiff  
und es jauchzt die befreite Seele.

## At twilight summer evening lies

At twilight summer evening lies  
over forest and green pasture;  
the golden moon in the blue sky  
shines down misty and refreshing.

On the brook chirps the cricket  
and something moves in the water  
and the wanderer hears a splash  
and a breath in the silence.

There, alone on the brook,  
bathes a beautiful elf;  
arm and neck, white and lovely,  
shimmering in the moonlight.

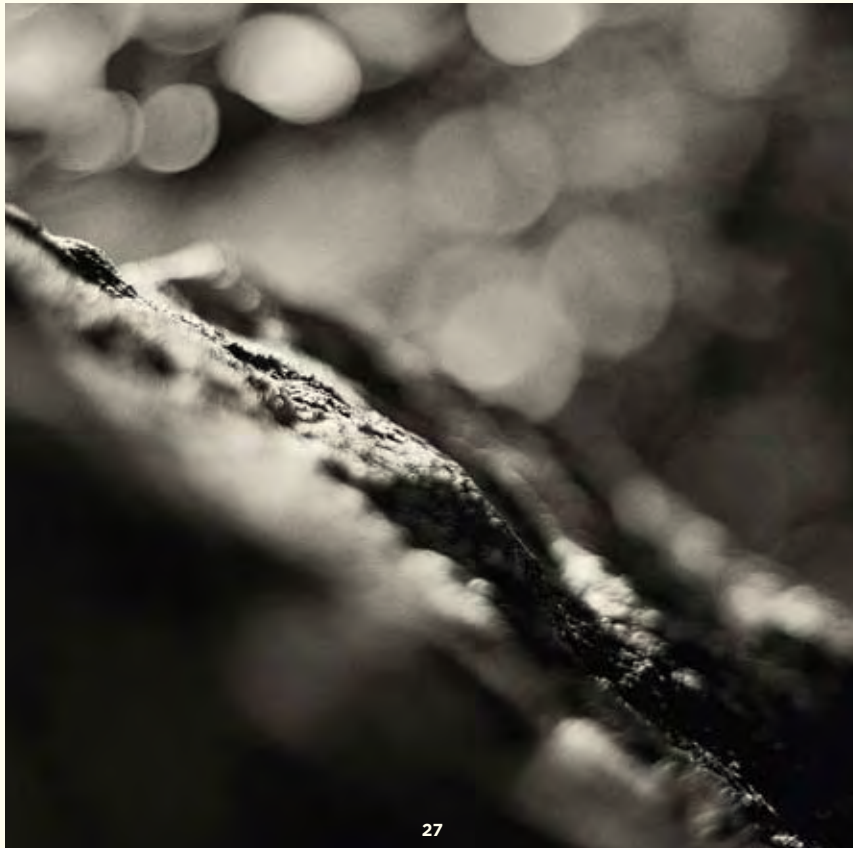
## Purification

Remain in your sea depths,  
insane dream,  
where you once, for so many nights,  
tortured my heart with false happiness.  
And now, as a sea ghost,  
you threaten me even in daylight.

Remain there below for eternity!  
Again I cast down to you  
all my sorrows and sins,  
and the ringing jester's hat  
that have jingled around my head for so long.

And the cold, glistening snake's skin of hypocrisy  
that has entwined my soul so long,  
my sick soul,  
my God-denying, angel-denying wretched soul.

Hoi-ho! Hoi-ho!  
Here comes the wind,  
up with the sails!  
They flap and billow!  
Over the quiet fragile expanse  
hastens the ship  
and the emancipated soul rejoices.





## MY ENCOUNTER WITH CATHARINUS

When I first became acquainted with Elling's songs it was love at first hearing. I was on a treasure hunt at the Norwegian National Music Library, looking through unknown Norwegian songs. Some way into the pile of scores I came across Elling's *Elsk* from *Haugtussa* – I was sure I had struck gold. My heart beat faster and faster as I uncovered one gem after another, and my pulse was high when I played and sang the songs for friends and family. The response was overwhelming.

We can hear in his music that Brahms, Schumann and Mendelssohn were among his greatest sources of inspiration. Nonetheless there is no doubt of his Norwegian belonging. This is naturally most apparent in his songs from *Haugtussa* and the beautiful setting of a poem by Bjørnson, *Somren Sovnet i Vintrens Favn* (Summer dosed off in Winter's arms). The German songs are full-blooded Lieder and I feel they bear comparison with the best Lieder by any German composer of the period.

Why, then, are these songs not better known? Perhaps Elling arrived on the scene too late. Grieg, Schumann, Brahms and many others had already been producing wonderful Lieder and romantic songs for some time; Elling's music was not revolutionary, and even though his songs received fantastic reviews in Oslo and Bergen, they were overshadowed by the great masters and were forgotten – until now. They have been uncovered and I hope that all who hear this recording will play it to others, and thus help reinstate Catharinus Elling to the position he deserves for his songs in the history of Norwegian music. They will certainly remain in my concert repertoire for the rest of my career.

Ann-Helen Moen

## MITT MØTE MED CATHARINUS

Da jeg for første gang ble kjent med Ellings sanger, var det kjærlighet fra første tone. Jeg var på skattejakt i Norsk musikksamling og bladde gjennom ukjente norske sanger. Da jeg et stykke ned i bunken av noter kom over Ellings *Elsk* fra *Haugtussa*, var det ikke tvil i min sjel at jeg hadde funnet gull. Hjertet banket bare fortere og fortere da den ene perlen etter den andre dukket opp, og pulsen var høy da jeg spilte og sang gjennom sangene for venner og familie. Responsen var overveldende fra alle hold.

Vi hører i tonespråket at Brahms, Schumann og Mendelssohn var store inspiratorer. Det er likevel ikke tvil om hans norske tilhørighet. Dette er naturligvis mest framtrepende i hans romanser fra *Haugtussa* og den nydelige sangen til vinteren til tekst av Bjørnson – *Somren Sovnet i Vintrens Favn*. De tyske sangene er fullblods Lieder og jeg synes de kan stå side ved side med det beste som er skrevet av tyske komponister fra denne epoken.

Så hvorfor er ikke disse sangene bedre kjent? Kanskje var Elling litt sent ute. Grieg, Schumann og Brahms m.fl. hadde i lengre tid strødd om seg med fantastiske Lieder og Romanser; Elling var ikke nyskapende i sin tid, og selv om sangene fikk strålende anmeldelser både i Oslo og Bergen, kom de i skyggen av de store mesterne og gikk i glemmeboken – til nå. Dvalen er over og jeg håper alle som hører platen vil spille den også for andre, for på den måten kan vi sammen være med på å gi Catharinus Elling den posisjonen i norsk musikkhistorie hans sanger fortjener. De kommer til å forbli på mitt konsertrepertoar resten av min karriere.

Ann-Helen Moen



**Ann-Helen Moen** was born in Molde, Norway, and is a graduate of the Grieg Academy in Bergen and The Royal Danish Opera Academy in Copenhagen. She studies with Susanna Eken. Prizes include Norway's most prestigious singing award, the Esso prize, and a special prize at the Belvedere competition, Vienna.

Operatic engagements include Donna Elvira *Don Giovanni* with Philippe Jordan, Pamina *Die Zauberflöte* with Arnold Östmann, Sandrina *La Finta Giardiniera* (all by Mozart), the title role in Handel's *Semele* and Anne Trulove in Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* for Opera Graz, Austria; Semele and Almirena *Rinaldo* with William Christie in Zurich; the title role in Monteverdi's *Poppea* in Braunschweig, Sandrina in Hanover and Anne Trulove in Trieste.

In Norway, she has sung Pamina, Zerlina *Don Giovanni* and Nina in the world premiere of Glenn Erik Haugland's *Rebekka* for the Norwegian Opera and Tatyana in Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, Micaëla and Laura Wingfield in Antonio Bibalo's *The Glass Menagerie* for Den Nye Opera in Bergen.

Ann-Helen sings chamber music and oratorios frequently and has performed in concert halls, churches and festivals all over Europe and in the USA, where she made her debut at the Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall as part of *The Andsnes Project* in 2005.

[www.annhelenmoen.com](http://www.annhelenmoen.com)

**Ann-Helen Moen** er født i Molde og har sin utdannelse fra Griegakademiet i Bergen og Det Kgl. Danske Operaakademi i København. Hun studerer hos Susanna Eken. Hun har mottatt Norges mest prestisjefylte utmerkelse for sangere, Esso-prisen, og en spesialpris i Belvedere-konkurransen i Wien.

Operaengasjementer inkluderer Donna Elvira *Don Giovanni* med Philippe Jordan, Pamina *Tryllefløyten* med Arnold Östmann, Sandrina *La Finta Giardiniera* (alle av Mozart), tittelrollen i Händels *Semele* og Anne Trulove i Stravinskys *The Rake's Progress* ved operaen i Graz, Østerrike; Semele og Almirena *Rinaldo* med William Christie i Zürich; tittelrollen i Monteverdis *Poppeas Kroning* i Braunschweig, Sandrina i Hannover og Anne Trulove i Trieste.

I Norge har hun sunget Pamina, Zerlina *Don Giovanni* og Nina i verdenspremiere på Glenn Erik Hauglands *Rebekka* ved Den Norske Opera og Tatyana i Tchaikovskys *Eugene Onegin*, Micaëla i *Carmen* og Laura Wingfield i Antonio Bibalos *Glassmenasjeriet* ved Den Nye Opera i Bergen.

Ann-Helen synger kammermusikk og oratorier jevnlig og har optrådt i konsertsaler, kirker og festivaler over hele Europa og i USA, hvor hun debuterte i The Zankel Hall i Carnegie Hall som en del av *The Andsnes Project* i 2005.

[www.annhelenmoen.com](http://www.annhelenmoen.com)



**Gunilla Süssmann** (b 1977 in Bergen) is one of the most sought after Norwegian pianists of her generation. In recent years her international career has been increasingly growing and Süssmann is highly acclaimed by both audience and press. Within Norway she has been awarded numerous prizes and awards, and in 2006 she was nominated for Les révélations Internationales d'année at Midem, Cannes.

She is a regular guest at the major festivals in Norway as well as abroad, and is a popular soloist with main orchestras in Norway and Europe. She has given recitals in Concertgebouw, Wigmore Hall, throughout Europe, in Asia, South-America and USA. In 2005 she released her solo-CD "Tockà", to overwhelming reviews worldwide, and further releases include a.o. "Malinconia" with cellist Tanja Tetzlaff and "Romances" with soprano Solveig Kringleborn. Both received exceptional reviews and attention.

Chamber music has a special and dear place in her heart, and she collaborates regularly with musicians such as Tanja Tetzlaff, Solveig Kringleborn, Lars Anders Tomter and Raphael Wallfisch. Her repertoire includes works from Bach to Messiaen, Crumb and contemporary composers, but her heart lies in the romantic era.

[www.gunillasusmann.no](http://www.gunillasusmann.no)

**Gunilla Süssmann** (f. 1977 i Bergen) er en av de mest etterspurte norske pianister i sin generasjon. I de senere år har hennes internasjonale karriere blitt stadig viktigere, og Süssmann lovprises av både publikum og presse. Hun har mottatt en rekke priser i Norge, og ble i 2006 nominert til den prestisjetunge Les révélations Internationales d'année under Midem, Cannes.

Süssmann er jevnlig gjest ved de største festivalene i Norge og utlandet, og er en populær solist med hovedorkestrene i Norge og Europa. Hun har gitt recitals i Concertgebouw, Wigmore Hall, over hele Europa, i Asia, Sør-Amerika og USA. I 2005 ga hun ut sin solo-CD «Tockà» til overstrømmende kritikker over hele verden. Videre har hun også bidratt på bl.a. «Malinconia» med cellisten Tanja Tetzaff og «Romances» med Solveig Kringlebotn, begge utgivelsene mottok eksepsjonelle kritikker.

Kammermusikk har en spesiell plass i hennes hjerte og hun samarbeider jevnlig med musikere som Tanja Tetzlaff, Solveig Kringlebotn, Lars Anders Tomter og Raphael Wallfisch. Repertoaret hennes spenner fra Bach til Messiaen, Crumb og nålevende komponister, men hjertet hennes ligger i den romantiske tidsepoke.

[www.gunillasusmann.no](http://www.gunillasusmann.no)



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Producer, engineer and editor: Sean Lewis  
Piano technician: Thron Irby

Liner notes: Audun Jonassen  
Translation: Andrew Smith  
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