



FOLK STORIES

Songs by Beethoven, Britten,
Mahler, Respighi, Sibelius a.o.

**Cora Burggraaf
& Simon Lepper**

Liza Ferschtman, Floris Mijnders

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Cora Burggraaf & Simon Lepper

with Liza Ferschtman
and Floris Mijnders

Cora Burggraaf mezzo-soprano

Simon Lepper piano

Liza Ferschtman violin*

Floris Mijnders cello*

*Beethoven: from Irish Folksongs WoO 152 + 153

TRADITIONAL

[1] Spoken folk text: A Sprig of Thyme **1:39**

JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

[2] no. 13 Marienwürmchen (from **Volks-Kinderlieder**) **1:48**

[3] no. 6 Da unten im Tale (from **Deutsche Volkslieder**) **1:54**

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)

[4] no. 6 Sad and luckless (from **Irish Folksongs WoO 153**) **3:46**

[5] no. 1 The Return to Ulster (from **Irish Folksongs WoO 152**) **4:47**

[6] no. 11 Thou Emblem of Faith (from **Irish Folksongs WoO 152**) **3:18**

[7] no. 8 Come draw we round (from **Irish Folksongs WoO 152**) **1:29**

GUSTAV MAHLER (1860-1911)

from **Des Knaben Wunderhorn**

[8] no. 4 Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht **2:07**

[9] no.10 Lob des hohen Verstandes **2:58**

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)

[10] The Plough Boy **1:41**

[11] O Waly, Waly **3:51**

[12] The bonny Earl o' Moray **2:30**

[13] Il est quelqu'un sur terre **5:18**

[14] Quand j'étais chez mon père **2:05**

OTTORINO RESPIGHI (1879-1936)

from **Quattro liriche: Antica poesia popolare armena**

- [15] No, non è morto il figlio tuo **2:04**
[16] La mamma è come il pane caldo **0:59**
[17] Io sono il madre **3:15**

BÉLA BARTÓK (1881-1945)

- [18] no. 2 Régi keserves (from **20 Hungarian Folksongs**) **2:53**
[19] no. 3 Aszszonyok, aszszonyok (from 8 **Hungarian Folksongs**) **1:00**
[20] no. 2 Istenem, istenem (from 8 **Hungarian Folksongs**) **1:39**
[21] no. 5 Ha kimegyek arr' a magos tetőre (from 8 **Hungarian Folksongs**) **1:18**

JEAN SIBELIUS (1865-1957)

- [22] Den forsta kyssten op. 37 no. 1 (from **Five Songs**) **2:00**
[23] Säv, säv, susa op. 36 no. 4 (from **Six Songs**) **2:27**
[24] Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte op. 37 no. 5 (from **Five Songs**) **3:05**

bonus track

JAN VOGEL (1902-1983)

- [25] Ketelbinkie **3:12**

total time 63:07

Folk Stories

Not long ago, I organized a party that some fellow singers came to after a performance in Salzburg. If you are lucky enough that it isn't raining, the weather can be beautiful in Salzburg, and this was one of those sultry summer evenings. The barbecue worked well, the beer and wine flowed. A few Russian and Ukrainian singers had come and brought their own bottle of vodka. It wasn't long before they finished it and went on to beer.

It was a long night. At about two, when just a small group was left, the singing finally began. (It takes a while before a singer will spontaneously break out in song. If you ask a professional singer to "Sing something for us", you're not likely to get your wish. It must be some sort of professional deformity.) First came the national anthems. Then the Ukrainian singer began to sing – with

full voice and total devotion - other folk songs from his country, and soon his wife joined in. Everyone sat in silence, listening.

The melancholy of the music took hold of the listeners and even the singer himself. Maybe it had to do with the feeling of nostalgia that singing folk songs evokes, the feeling that you belong somewhere? Or maybe it was the straightforward and simple presentation of the songs. In any case, they fitted in perfectly – in the wee hours of the morning and with empty bottles surrounding us.

For a long time, I've wanted to give song recitals a more direct form, to make the distance between the performer and listener as small as possible, so that the listener has the feeling of attending a private party given by the singer. There are all kinds of ways to try this, and the

choice of repertoire can help. Many classical composers were fascinated with folk texts and music. They were inspired by the universal character of the texts, by the simple, direct and basic expression of collective emotions. By the informality of them. Through their classical arrangements these composers have turned the folk songs into 'art songs' and hence they ended up on the concert platform. The composers sought in this way to preserve the tradition, to breathe new life into the songs and to give them a right of existence that went beyond their national borders. But it also took the texts and melodies away from their natural habitat: the living room and pub.

It's not easy to define on paper what precisely folk songs are. Tear-jerkers? Children's songs? Fairy tales? Instinctively, you can easily categorise a song as a folk song,

probably because they are passed down generation after generation, and have become a part of the national culture.

The songs of Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and of Sibelius are strictly speaking not folk songs, yet there is something very "folkish" about both their texts and music. I very much wanted to add these songs, and who knows, maybe one day they will make it as folk songs!

Cora Burggraaf

I would like to thank the wonderful Simon Lepper, Liza Ferschtman and Floris Mijnders for their collaboration on this project. A special thank you to Gabriël Oostvogel from concert hall De Doelen and to Panni Pinter and Catherina Ungvari.

2. Marienwürmchen

Marienwürmchen,
setze dich auf meine Hand,
Ich tu' dir nichts zuleide.
Es soll dir nichts zuleid geschehn,
Will nur deine bunten Flügel sehn,
Bunte Flügel meine Freude.

Marienwürmchen, fliege weg,
Dein Häuschen brennt, die Kinder schrein
So sehre, wie so sehre.
Die böse Spinne spinnt sie ein,
Marienwürmchen, flieg hinein,
Deine Kinder schreien sehre.

Marienwürmchen,
fliege hin zu Nachbars Kind,
Sie tun dir nichts zuleide.
Es soll dir ja kein Leid geschehn,
Sie wollen deine bunten Flügel sehn,
Und grüß sie alle beide.

text from Folk poetry or song tradition:

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Ladybird

Ladybird, sit on my hand -
I will do you no harm.
No harm shall come to you;
I only wish to see your colorful wings:
your colorful wings are my joy.

Ladybird, fly away,
your house is burning, your children are
crying so much, so much. The evil spider
is spinning her web around them;
Ladybird, fly home,
your children are crying so.

Ladybird, fly to the neighbor's children,
They will do you no harm.
No harm will come to you:
they only wish to see your colorful wings,
and greet them both for me.

3. Da unten im Tale

Da unten im Tale
Läuft's Wasser so trüb,
Und i kann dir's net sagen,
I hab' di so lieb.

Sprichst allweil von Liebe,
Sprichst allweil von Treu',
Und a bissele Falschheit
Is auch wohl dabei.

Und wenn i dir's zehnmal sag,
Daß i di lieb und mag,
Und du willst nit verstehn,
Muß i halt weitergehn.

Für die Zeit, wo du gliebt mi hast,
Da dank i dir schön,
Und i wünsch, daß dir's anderswo
Besser mag gehn.

text from Folk poetry or song tradition

4. Sad and luckless

Sad and luckless was the season,
When to court fair Ellen flew,

3. Down in the valley

Down in the valley there
the water flows so sadly,
and I can't tell you
that I love you so.

You always speak of love,
you always speak of fidelity,
but a bit of falsehood
is always there too.

And if I tell you ten times,
that I love and like you,
and you do not want to understand,
then I will have to move on.

For the time that you have loved me,
I thank you kindly,
and I wish that somewhere else
things may go better for you.

Flew from Love, and Peace, and Reason,
Worlds to see of promise new.
Back she comes - each grace is finer,
Ev'ry charm that crowds adore,
All the form divine, diviner -
But the heart is there no more.

Oh! 'tis gone, the temper even,
Careless nature, artless ease!
All that makes retirement heaven -
Pleasing, without toil to please,
Hope no more, sweet lark, to cheer her,
Vain to her these echoing skies -
Bloom non more, ye violets, near her,
Yours are charms she would not prize.

Ellen! Go where crowds admire thee,
Chariots rattle, torches blaze;
Here our dull content would tire thee,
Worthless be our village praise.
Go! Yet oh, that Thought's soft season
Ellen's heart might but restore!
Hard the task - whate'er the reason -
Hard the task to love no more.

by William Smyth (1765-1849)

5. The Return to Ulster

Once again, but how chang'd since my wanderings began
I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann,
And the pines of Clanbrasil resound to the roar
That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.
Alas! My poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown,
High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown;
The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew,
The land was an Eden, for fancy was new.
I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire
At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre:
To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear,
But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

text by Sir Walter Scott, (1771-1832)

6. Thou Emblem of Faith

Thou emblem of faith, thou sweet pledge of a passion,
That heav'n has ordain'd for an happier than me;
On the hand of the fair go resume thy lov'd station
And bask in the beam that is lavish'd on thee.

And when some past scene thy remembrance recalling,
Her bosom shall rise to the tear that is falling,
With the transport of love may no anguish combine,
But the bliss be all hers, and the suff'ring all mine.

A mourner, a suff'rer, a wand'rer, a stranger,
In sickness, in sadness, in pain, or in danger,
Next that heart would I wear thee till its last pang was o'er,
Then togheter we'd sink, and I'd part thee no more.

text by John Philpot Curran (1750-1817)

7. Come draw we round a cheerful ring

Come draw we round a cheerful ring
And broach the foaming ale,
And let the merry maiden sing,
The beldame tell her tale:
And let the sightless harper sit
The blazing faggot by;
And let the jester vent his wit,
His tricks the urchin try.

Who shakes the door with angry din;
And would admitted be?
No, Gossip Winter, snug within,
We have no room for thee.

Go, scud it o'er Killarney's lake,
And shake the willows bare;
The water-elf his sport doth take,
Thou'lt find a comrade there.

Will o' the Wisp skips in the dell,
The owl hoots on the tree,
They hold their nightly vigil well,
And so the while will we.
Then strike we up the rousing glee,
And pass the beaker round,
While ev'ry head right merrily
Is moving to the sound.

text by Joanna Baillie (1762-1851)

8. Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht

Dort oben am Berg, in dem hohen Haus,
Da gucket ein fein's lieb's Mäd'el heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

“Mein Herze ist wund,
komm Schätze mach'g gesund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich verwundet!

Who has thought up this song?

Up there on the mountain, in a high-up house,
a lovely, darling girl looks out of the window.
She does not live there:
she is the daughter of the innkeeper,
and she lives on the green meadow.

“My heart is sore!
Come, my treasure, make it well again!
Your dark brown eyes
have wounded me.

Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund.”

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen.

text from Folk poetry or song tradition:

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

9. Lob des hohen Verstands

Einstmals in einem tiefen Tal
Kukuk und Nachtigall
Täten ein Wett' anschlagen:
Zu singen um das Meisterstück,
Gewinn' es Kunst, gewinn' es Glück:
Dank soll er davon tragen.

Der Kukuk sprach: "So dir's gefällt,
Hab' ich den Richter wählt",
Und tät gleich den Esel ernennen.
"Denn weil er hat zwei Ohren groß,

Your rosy mouth
makes hearts healthy.
It makes youth wise,
brings the dead to life,
gives health to the ill.”

Who has thought up this pretty little song then?
It was brought over the water by three geese -
two grey and one white -
and if you cannot sing the little song,
they will whistle it for you!

In praise of higher understanding

Once in a deep valley,
The cuckoo and the nightingale
Had a contest:
To sing the Masterpiece.
To win by art or to win by luck,
Fame would the victor gain.

The cuckoo said: "If it pleases you,
I will nominate the judge."
And he named the donkey right away.
"Since he has two huge ears,

So kann er hören desto bos
Und, was recht ist, kennen!”

Sie flogen vor den Richter bald.
Wie dem die Sache ward erzählt,
Schuf er, sie sollten singen.
Die Nachtigall sang lieblich aus!
Der Esel sprach: “Du machst mir’s kraus!
Du machst mir’s kraus! I-ja! I-ja!
Ich kann’s in Kopf nicht bringen!”

Der Kukuk drauf fing an geschwind
Sein Sang durch Terz und Quart und Quint.
Dem Esel g’fiels, er sprach nur
“Wart! Wart! Wart!
Dein Urteil will ich sprechen,
Wohl sungen hast du, Nachtigall!
Aber Kukuk, singst gut Choral!

Und hältst den Takt fein innen!
Das sprech’ ich nach mein’ hoh’n Verstand!
Und kost’ es gleich ein ganzes Land,
So laß ich’s dich gewinnen!”

text from Folk poetry or song tradition:

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

He can hear so much better
And will know what is correct.”

They soon flew before the judge
And when the issue was explained to him,
He told them they should sing.
The nightingale sang out sweetly!
The donkey said: You make me dizzy!
You make me dizzy! Eee-yah!
I can’t get it into my head!

The cuckoo then quickly started
his song through thirds and fourths and fifths;
The donkey found it pleasing, and only said
Wait! Wait! Wait!
I will pronounce judgement now.
Well have you sung, Nightingale!
But, Cuckoo, you sing a good chorale!

And you keep the rhythm finely and internally!
Thus I say according to my sublime understanding,
And, although it may cost an entire land,
I will let you win!

10. The Plough Boy

A flaxen-headed cowboy, as simple as may be,
And next a merry ploughboy, I whistled o'er the lea;
But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
And soon I'll be a butler, and whey my jolly face.
When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip the trademen's bill,
My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill;
When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little ploughboy that whistled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but, when I've made the pelf,
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in myself;
Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose;
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell my noes.
I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph, with speeches charm the
ear;
And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll sit down a peer;
In court or city honours, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the little ploughboy that whistled o'er the lea.

text from Folk poetry or song tradition

11. O Waly, Waly

The water is wide I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay,
A-gathering flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended, and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O! love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new;
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

text from Folk poetry or song tradition: Somerset folk song

12. The bonny Earl o' Moray

Ye Hielands and ye Lowlands,
O where hae ye been?
Thay hae slain the Earl o' Moray,
And laid him on the green.

He was a braw gallant
And he rade at the ring;
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray
He might have been a king.

O lang will his Lady
Look frae the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray
Come soundin' thru' the toon . . .

O wae tae ye, Huntley,
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade ye bring him wi' you
And forbade ye him to slay.

He was a braw gallant
And he played at the glove;
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray
He was the Queen's love.

Text from Folk poetry or song tradition

13. Il est quelqu'un sur terre

Il est quelqu'un sur terre,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,

There is someone in the world

There is someone in the world,
Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,

Il est quelqu'un sur terre,
Vers qui me rêves vont.

Il est dans la vallée,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
Il est dans la vallée,
Un moulin près du pont.

L'amour y moude sa graine,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
L'amour y moude sa graine,
Tant que le jour est long.

La nuit vers les étoiles,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
La nuit vers les étoiles,
Soupire sa chanson.

La roue s'y est brisée.
Va, mon rouet!

There is someone in the world
To whom my dreams incline.

There is in the valley,
Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
There is in the valley,
A windmill by the bridge.

Love grinds the barley there,
Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
Love grinds the barley there,
For as long as is the day.

Night turns towards the stars,
Turn, little wheel!
Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
Night turns towards the stars,
And sings her song.

The wheel there is broken.
Turn, little wheel!

Docile, tourne, va ton train,
et dis, tout bas, ton doux refrain,
La rou' s'y est brisée.
Finie est la chanson.

text from Folk poetry or song tradition

14. Quand j'étais chez mon père

Quand j'étais chez mon père,
apprenti pastoureau,
il m'a mis dans la lande,
pour garder les troupeaux.

Troupeaux, troupeaux,
je n'en avais guère.
Troupeaux, troupeaux,
je n'en avais biaux.

Mais je n'en avais guère,
je n'avais qu'trois agneaux;
et le loup de la plaine
m'a mangé le plus biau.

Il était si vorace
n'a laissé que la piau,
n'a laissé que la queue,
pour mettre à mon chapiau.

Gently turn, go your way,
and whisper your sweet refrain,
The wheel there is broken.
The song is at an end.

When I lived with my father

When I lived with my father
As an apprentice shepherd,
He sent me to the moor
To look after the sheep.

Sheep, sheep,
I had but a few.
Sheep, sheep,
I had none that were bonny.

No, I had but a few,
I had but three lambs;
And the wolf from the plain
Ate the finest of those.

He was so ravenous
He left only the pelt,
He left only the tail
To put on my hat.

Mais des os de la bête
me fis un chalumiau
pour jouer à la fete,
à la fêt' du hamiau.

Pour fair' danser l'village,
dessous le grand ormiu,
et les jeun's et les vieilles,
les pieds dans les sabiots.

text from Folk poetry or song tradition

15. No, non è morto il figlio tuo

No, non è morto il figlio tuo;
Oh, non è morto, non è morto.
Se n'è andato pel giardino:
Ha raccolto tante rose;
Se n'è inghirlandata la fronte:
Ed ora dorme al loro dolce odore.

text after Constant Zarian

16. La mamma è come il pane caldo

La mamma è come il pane caldo:
Chi ne mangia si sente pago.
Il babbo è come il vino schietto:
Chi ne beve si sente ebbro.

But the bones of the animal
Made me a pipe
To play at the fair,
At the village fair.

So the village could dance
Beneath the great elm,
Young women and old
With clogs on their feet.

No, your child is not dead

No, your child is not dead.
Down in the garden he wandered:
There he gathered many roses;
And bound them round his forehead in a
garland: And now he is sleeping in their
caressing fragrance.

My mother is like bread that is newbaked

My mother is like bread that is newbaked:
he who eats it loses his hunger.
My father is like wine, strong and pure:
he who drinks of it will soon be tipsy.

Il fratello è come il sole:
Esso schiara monti e valli.

text after Constant Zarian

17. Io sono il madre

Io sono la Madre...
Per sempre, per sempre è partito
Il Figliuolo mio crocefisso.
Io sono la Madre...
Ho le pupille, ho le pupille fisse
Su la strada senza fine,
Dov'è passato il mio Signore.
Io sono il Cuore, dolore e lagrima,
Il pianto di colui ch'è morto.
Io sono la Madre, Mariam,
L'ora dell'angoscia che freme d'intorno,
La mano lucente del mio Figliuolo
Che si è crocefisso.
Io sono la Madre.

text after Constant Zarian

18. Régi keserves

Olyan árva vagyok, mint út mellett az ág,
Kinek minden ember nekimenyen s levág;
Az én éltémnek es most úgy vagyon sorsa,
Mer bokros búbánat azt igen futkossa.

My brother is like the sun:
for he's shining over mountain and valley.

I am the mother

I am the mother.
Forever He is gone
my crucified son.
I am the mother...
with straining eyes I gaze
down the road that is unending
where My Lord was passing.
I am the heart, the tears and sorrow,
the mourning of Him who is dead.
I am the mother, Maria,
the hour of anguish that trembles around us,
the shining hand of my son
who has been crucified.
I am the mother.

Old Lament

I am as lonely as the bough along the road
Which everyone stumbles into and cuts off;
The destiny of my life now is just the same,
Because it is interwoven with thorny grief.

Hervadni kezdettem, mint őszzel a rósza,
kinek nincsen sohutt semmi pártfogója;
Addig menyek, addig a kerek ég alatt,
Valamíg megnyugszom fekete föld alatt.

text from Folk poetry or song tradition

19. Aszszonyok, aszszonyok

Aszszonyok, aszszonyok, had' legyenek társatok,
Gyermekruhát mosni mivel én is tudok.
Sohse láttam léánybört hogy' árultak vóna,
S a timárok kordovánnak készítettek vóna.

Anyámtól a kontyot sokszor kértem vóna,
Ha keze botjától nem irtóztam vóna;
Ebek ugatásán gyakran örvendeztem,
A legények jönnek, magamban azt véltem.

text from Folk poetry or song tradition

20. Istenem, istenem, áraszd meg a vizet

Istenem, istenem, áraszd meg a vizet,
Had' vigyen el engem apám kapujára;
Apám kapujáról anyám asztalára,
Had' tudják meg immán,
kinek adtak férhez.

I began to wither like the rose in autumn,
Who has no patron ever anywhere
I will keep going under the firmament,
Until I get rest under the black earth.

Women, women

Women, women, listen, let me share your labour.
I can rinse and rub as well as any neighbour.
Soft as silk and white as milk, maids as sweet
as honey. Such I never saw for sale, no, not for
any money!

If my mother's wrath I had not so much dreaded,
I'd have begg'd her blessing, and by now be
wedded. Dogs begin to bark and loud is my heart
drumming. Hark! Along the street the village
lads are coming.

Coldly runs the river

Coldly runs the river, reedy banks o'erflowing,
River, bear me homeward, stormy floods, enfold
me. Bear me to my mother, to my father's
threshold. Let them see my bridegroom, see to
whom they sold me.

Cifra katonának,
nagy hegyi tolvajnak,
Ki most és oda van kérésztútálani;
Kérésztútálani, embéert legyilkolni,
Egy pénzér, kettőér nem szán vert ontani.
text from Folk poetry or song tradition

21. Ha kimegyek arr' a magos tetőre

Ha kimegyek arr' a magos tetőre,
Találok én szeretőre kettőre.
Ej, baj, baj, baj, de nagy baj,
Hogy a babám szive olyan mint a vaj!

Nem kell nekem sem a kettő, sem az egy,
Azt szeretem, aki eddig szeretett.
Ej, baj, baj, baj, de nagy baj,
Hogy a babám szive olyan mint a vaj!
text from Folk poetry or song tradition

22. Den första kyssen

På silvermolnets kant satt aftonstjärnan,
från lundens skymning frågte henne tärnan:
Säg, aftonstjärna, vad i himlen tänkes,
när första kyssen åt en älskling skänkes?
Och himlens blyga dotter hördes svara:

He's a worthless soldier, Robber and
mountebank. Close by the mountain
road even now he's hiding.
Murdering travellers, if it can profit him.
Then with his stolen wealth careless comes
riding home.

If I climb

If I climb the rocky mountains all day through,
Sure I'll find my sweetheart waiting, maybe two.
Ah me, love's free, will not stray.
Why my darling's so soft hearted, who can say?

Try and blame me, fickle name me, if you will;
She who loved me first shall prove me,
faithful still.
Ah me, love's free, not stray.
Why my darling's so soft hearted who can say?

The first kiss

The evening star sat on the rim of silver mist.
From the shadowy grove the maiden asked her:
Tell me, evening star, what do they think in
heaven
when you give the first kiss to your lover?

På jorden blickar ljusets änglaskara,
och ser sin egen sällhet speglad åter;
blott döden vänder ögat bort och gråter.
text by Johan Ludvig Runeberg (1804-1877)

23. Säv, säv, susa

Säf, säf, susa,
Våg, våg, slå,
I sägen mig hvar Ingalill
den unga månde gå?

Hon skrek som en vingskjuten and,
när hon sjönk i sjön,
Det var när sista vår stod grön.

De voro henne gramse vid Östanålid,
Det tog hon sig så illa vid.

De voro henne gramse för gods och gull
Och för hennes unga kärleks skull.

De stucko en ögonsten med tagg,
De kastade smuts i en liljas dagg.

Så sjungen, sjungen sorgsång,
I sorgsna vågor små,

And heaven's shy daughter was heard to answer:
The angels of light look toward the earth
and see their own bliss reflected back;
only death turns his eyes away and weeps.

Reeds, reeds, whisper

Reeds, reeds, whisper;
waves, waves, lap.
Are you telling me where
young Ingalill has gone?

She cried out like a wounded duck when she
sank into the lake.
It was when the spring was last green.

They were envious of her at Östanålid,
She took it so deeply to heart.

They envied her wealth and worldly goods,
And her young love.

They pierced an eyeball with thorns.
They spattered filth on a lily's dew.

So sing your lament,
you small, sad waves,

Säf, säf, susa,
Våg, våg, slå!

text by Gustaf Fröding (1860-1911)

24. Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte

Flickan kom från sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda händer. Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat rosor
och på törnen stungit mina händer."

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

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

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.

Reeds, reeds, whisper;
waves, waves, lap.

The girl came from meeting her lover

The girl came from meeting her lover,
came with her hands all red. Said her mother:
"What has made your hands so red, girl?"
Said the girl: "I was picking roses
and pricked my hands on the thorns."

Again she came from meeting her lover,
came with her lips all red. Said her mother:
"What has made your lips so red, girl?"
Said the girl: "I was eating raspberries
and stained my lips with the juice."

Again she came from meeting her lover,
came with her cheeks all pale. Said her mother:
"What has made your cheeks so pale, girl?"
Said the girl: "Oh mother, dig a grave for me,
Hide me there and set a cross above,
And on the cross write as I tell you:

Once she came home with her hands all red;
they had turned red between her lover's hands.

En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,
ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.”

bonus track

25. Ketelbinkie

Toen wij van Rotterdam vertrokken,
met de 'Edam' een ouwe schuit,
met kakkerlakken in de midscheeps
en rattennesten in 't vooruit,
Toen hadden we een kleine jongen
als ketelbink bij ons aan boord
die voor den eersten keer naar zee ging
en nooit van haaien had gehoord...

Die van zijn moeder aan de kade
wat schuchter lachend afscheid nam,
omdat-ie haar niet durfde zoenen,
die straatjongen uit Rotterdam...

Hij werd gescholden door de stokers
omdat-ie van den eersten dag,
toen wij maar net de pier uit waren,
al zeeziek in het focsle lag...
en met jenever en citroenen

Once she came home with her lips all red;
they had turned red beneath her lover's lips.
The last time she came home with her cheeks
all pale; they had turned pale at her lover's
faithlessness.”

werd hij weer op den been gebracht,
want zieke zeelui zijn nadeelig
en brengen schade aan de vracht...

Als-ie dan sjouwend met z'n ketels
van de kombuis naar voren kwam,
dan was het net een brokkie wanhoop,
die straatjongen uit Rotterdam.

Wanneer hij 's avonds in zijn kooi lag
en na zijn sjouwen eind'lijk sliep,
dan schold de man, die 'wacht-te-kooi' had
omdat-ie om z'n moeder riep...
Toen is-ie op 'n mooie morgen,
't was in den Stillen Oceaan,
terwijl ze brulden om hun koffie,
niet van zijn kooigoed opgestaan.

En toen de stuurman met kinine
en wonderolie bij hem kwam,
vroeg hij een voorschot op z'n gage
voor 't ouwe mensch in Rotterdam.

In zeildoek en rooster baren
werd hij dien dag op 't luik gezet,
da kapitein lichtte zijn petje
en sprak met grocstem een gebed.
En met een 'Eén-twee-drie-in-Godsnaam'
ging 't ketelbinkie overboord,
die 't ouwetje niet durfde zoenen
omdat dat niet bij zeelui hoort.

De man een extra mokkie schoot-an
en 't ouwe mensch een telegram
dat was het einde van een zeeman
die straatjongen uit Rotterdam.



Simon Lepper

This High Definition Surround Recording was Produced, Engineered and Edited by Bert van der Wolf of NorthStar Recording Services, using the 'High Quality Musical Surround Mastering' principle. The basis of this recording principle is a realistic and holographic 3 dimensional representation of the musical instruments, voices and recording venue, according to traditional concert practice. For most older music this means a frontal representation of the musical performance, but such that width and depth of the ensemble and acoustic characteristics of the hall do resemble 'real life' as much as possible. Some older compositions, and many contemporary works do specifically ask for placement of musical instruments and voices over the full 360 degrees sound scape, and in these cases the recording is as realistic as possible, within the limits of the 5.1 Surround Sound standard. This requires a very innovative use of all 6 loudspeakers and the use of completely matched, full frequency range loudspeakers for all 5 discrete channels. A complementary sub-woofer, for the ultra low frequencies under 40Hz, is highly recommended to maximally benefit from the sound quality of this recording.

This recording was produced with the use of Sonodore microphones, Avalon Acoustic monitoring, Siltech Mono-Crystal cabling and dCS Converters.



NORTHSTAR
RECORDING
by **BERT VAN DER WOLF**

www.northstarconsult.nl



de doelen

Concert- en
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