

Danish String Quartet & Danish National Girls' Choir

- Notes and texts -

Allemande, 1. movement, Partita for 8 voices (choir) 6'
Caroline Shaw

Note (Caroline Shaw):

Partita is a simple piece. Born of a love of surface and structure, of the human voice, of dancing and tired ligaments, of music, and of our basic desire to draw a line from one point to another. Most of Partita is wordless.

Pige, 1. movement (string quartet) 5'
Lotta Wennäkoski

**String Quartet no. 14 in D Minor, D 810, Death and the maiden,
II. Andante con moto (theme) (string quartet) 2'**
Franz Schubert

Pann heilaga kross (choir) 7'
Anna Thorvaldsdottir, arr. Thomas Bryla

Pann heilaga kross vor herra bar,
á holdi hans voru dauðleg sár.
Fyrir oss alla hann fullnað gjörði,
vér urðum ei keyptir með öðru verði.

Því hlýðið, kæru kristnir menn,
hvað kennir oss öllum skriftin senn.
Þeir sem vist á himnum hljóta,
herrans þínu þeir verða að njóta.

Einasta Guði sé æra og dýrð,
er sinn son sendi hingað á jörð.
Hann stýri og stjórni oss öllum saman,
svo vér hann óttumst og elskum.

Amen.

English translation:

*On the holy cross our Lord,
on his flesh were mortal wounds.
For all of us he accomplished this,
we were not redeemed for a lesser price.*

*Therefore, dear Christians,
this we all teach of his scripture.
Those who receive heavenly glory,
the love of the Lord they must enjoy.*

*One God is glory everlasting,
his song is sent here on earth.
He leads and guides us together,
we serve him with reverence and love.*

Amen.

Kisti du kom (choir & string quartet) 3'
Swedish trad., arr. Rune Tonsgaard Sørensen

Kisti du kom du nog vill du väl svänga
Ser jag rätt på dig så har du nog lust
Kisti du kom du nog vil du väl svänga
Ser jag rätt på dig så har du nog lust

Jam da di dej då da di di la di dej ja
Jam da dy dej da di di del la di då
Jam da di dej då da di di la di dej ja
Jam da dy dej da di di del la di då

Kisti du kom du nog vil du väl svänga
Ser jag rätt på dig så har du nog lust
Kisti du kom du nog vil du väl svänga
Ser jag rätt på dig så har du nog lust

Jam da di dej då da di di la di dej ja
Jam da dy dej da di di del la di då
Jam da di dej då da di di la di dej ja
Jam da dy dej da di di del la di då

Kisti du kom - ahhh
Kisti du kom - ahhh
Kisti du kom - ahhh
Kisti du kom - ahhh

Kisti du kom - ahhh
Kisti du kom – ahhh

Uti vår hage där växa blå bär
Kom hjärtans fröjd
Vill du mig något så träffas vi där.
Kom liljor och akvileja, kom rosor och salvia
Kom ljuva krusmynta, kom hjärtans fröjd!

Kisti du kom du nog vil du väl svänga
Ser jeg rätt på dig så har du nog lust

Jam da di dej då da di di la di dej ja
Jam da dy dej da di di del la di då
Jam da di dej då da di di la di dej ja
Jam da dy dej da di di del la di då

English translation:

*Kisti, you came, you probably want to dance
If I read you right, you surely want to
Kisti, you came, you probably want to dance
If I read you right, you surely want to*

Jam da di dej då da di di la di dej ja...

*Out in our meadow where blueberries grow
Come, heart's delight
If you want to reach me, we'll meet there.
Come lilies and columbine, come roses and salvia
Come sweet curly mint, come, heart's delight!*

*Kisti, you came, you probably want to dance
If I read you right, you surely want to*

Jam da di dej då da di di la di dej ja...

Dronning Dagmar ligger udi Ribe syg (choir & string quartet) 3'
Danish trad., arr. Rune Tonsgaard Sørensen

Dronning Dagmar ligger udi Ribe syg,
til Ringsted lader hun sig vente;
alle de fruer, i Danmark er,
dem lader hun til sig hente.
Udi Ringsted hviles dronning Dagmar.

De ledte hende ud, de ledte hende ind,
det blev jo længer og værre:
"Imedens det kan ej bedre vorde,
I sender bud efter min herre!"

Dankongen slog det tavlbord sammen,
at alle de terninger sjunge.
"Forbyde det Gud i Himmerig,
at Dagmar skulle dø så unge!"

Dronning Dagmar rejser sig af båren op,
hendes øjne var blodige røde:
"O ve, o ve, min ædelig herre!
hvi gjorde I mig den møde?"

Den første bøn, jeg eder beder,
den vider I mig så gerne:
alle fredløse mænd, dem giver I fred
og alle fanger er jerne!

Den tredje bøn, jeg eder beder,
den vider I mig så gerne:
lader I Knud, min yngste søn,
konning i Danmark være!

Nu er det tid, jeg farer herfra,
jeg må ikke længer lide,
nu ganger Himmerigs klokker for mig,
Guds engle efter mig bide.
Udi Ringsted hviles dronning Dagmar.

English translation:

*Queen Dagmar lies in Ribe, sorely ill,
To Ringsted she is borne in pain;
All noblewomen throughout the land
She bids be brought to her again.
In Ringsted now rests Queen Dagmar.*

*They led her out and led her in,
Her suffering grew deeper and graver:
"Since no relief is granted me,
Send word at once for my dear lord!"*

*The Danish King struck hard the board,
Till all the dice rang clear and strong:
"God in His heaven forbid this fate—
That Dagmar die so young, so wrong!"*

*Queen Dagmar rose upon her bier,
Her eyes were crimson, red with pain:
"Alas, alas, my noble lord,
Why have you brought me sorrow so great?*

*The first request I ask of thee,
Grant it freely, grant it well:
Give peace to all the outlawed men,
And loose each captive from his cell.*

*The third request I ask of thee,
Grant it freely, grant it well:
Let Knud, my youngest, wear the crown,
I pray, the King of Denmark be!"**

*Now is the hour that I must go,
here, I may endure no longer;
The bells of heaven ring for me,
God's angels draw my soul ever nearer.
In Ringsted now rests Queen Dagmar.*

Once a Shoemaker (choir & string quartet) 4'
Rune Tonsgaard Sørensen

How far (choir) 4'
Astrid Sonne

And so (choir & string quartet) 5'
Caroline Shaw, arr. Charlotte Rowan

Note from Caroline Shaw:

The lyrics for "And So" are in conversation with Robert Burns' "Red, Red Rose," with the history of roses in poetry, and, in a way, with Gertrude Stein, Billy Joel, Shakespeare, and existentialism. I don't want to explain the meaning of the song too much, since I'm still finding different corners in it and I like the ambiguity of certain lines and harmonies. It may be a song about love, or it may be about loss, or it may simply be about the act of writing and listening to music. The orchestral writing for "And So" is spare and quiet, almost like the sound of someone writing a simple song at the piano.

would a song by another name
sound as sweet and true
would all the reds be just the same
or violets as blue
if you were gone would words still flow

and would they rhyme with you
if you were gone would i still know
how to love and how to grow
and how the vowel threads through.

and so they say the saying goes
a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a tired rhyme
but in the verse there's always time.

would scansion cease to mark the beats
if i went away
would a syllable interrupt the feet
of tetrametric iambs
when i am gone and it is calm
listen
and i will sing a tune of love and life and of the ocean's prose and the
poetry of a
red,
red,
rose,
that's newly sprung in june.

and so you say the saying goes
a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
is a rose
is a rose
is how I'm
keeping track of time.

when a' the seas rise high, my dear
and the rocks melt with the sun
will the memory of us
still rhyme with anyone
will we still tune our violins
will we still sing of roses
will we exist at all, my love,
or will we fade to stanzas of
the dust that i suppose is
all we were and all we'll be.

and so the saying "so it goes"
depends a lot on if a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose
is a rose is a rose is a thing sublime
and so we stay, on borrowed time

Captain O'Kane (string quartet) 3'

Turlough O' Carolan, arr. Danish String Quartet

Tit er jeg glad og et brudestykke (choir & string quartet) 6'

Carl Nielsen/B.S. Ingemann, Dansk trad., arr. Rune Tonsgaard Sørensen

Tit er jeg glad og vil dog gerne græde,
thi intet hjerte deler helt min glæde.
Tit er jeg sorrigfuld og må dog le,
at ingen skal den bange tåre se.

Tit elsker jeg, og vil dog gerne sukke;
tit hjertet må sig tavst og strengt tillukke.
Tit harmes jeg, og dog jeg smile må,
thi det er dårer, som jeg harmes på.

Tit er jeg varm, og isner i min varme;
thi verden favner mig med frosne arme.
Tit er jeg kold - og rødmer dog derved;
thi verden slukker ej min kærlighed.

O du, som ene dele kan min glæde!
du ved hvis barm jeg turde frit udgræde!
O, hvis du kendte, hvis du elsked mig,
jeg kunne være, som jeg er - hos dig.

Tit er jeg varm, og isner i min varme;
thi verden favner mig med frosne arme.
Tit er jeg kold - og rødmer dog derved;
thi verden slukker ej min kærlighed.

English translation:

*Oft I am glad, and yet I long to weep,
For no one shares my joy in fullness deep.
Oft I am sorrowful, yet still must smile,
Lest any see my fearful tear awhile.*

*Oft do I love, and yet I softly sigh;
Oft must my heart in silence close and lie.
Oft I grow angry, yet I smile instead,
For it is fools on whom my anger's shed.*

*Oft I am warm, yet tremble in my fire,
For frozen arms the world around me wire.
Oft I am cold—and blush in spite of this,
For still the world cannot my love dismiss.*

*O you alone who share my joy's true part,
You know the breast where I could bare my heart.*

*O if you knew me, loved me as I am,
With you I could be wholly, simply, I.*

*Oft I am warm, yet tremble in my fire,
For frozen arms the world around me wire.
Oft I am cold—and blush in spite of this,
For still the world cannot my love dismiss.*

- INTERMISSION -

in wildness

David Lang (choir & string quartet) 30'

- words by David Lang (after Henry David Thoreau and Hans Christian Andersen)

1. introduction to wildness (instrumental)

2. we wish to speak

we wish to speak a word for nature
for absolute freedom and wildness

we wish to be inhabitants
a part of nature
rather than members of society

we wish to make an extreme statement
an emphatic one

for there are enough champions of civilization
every one of you will take care of that

we have met with few people
in the course of our lives
who understood the art of walking
that is, of taking walks

these days, most expeditions are but tours
and come round again at evening
to the place from which we set out
half the walk is but retracing our steps

we should go forth on even the shortest walk
in the spirit of undying adventure
never to return

if you are ready to leave your father and mother
your brother and sister
your husband
your wife
your son
your daughter
your friends
and never see them again

if you have paid your debts
and made your will
and settled all your affairs
and are free

then you are ready for a walk

3. no wealth can buy

no wealth can buy the freedom
which is the capital in this profession
it comes only by the grace of god
it requires a direct dispensation from heaven
to become a walker

some people, it is true
can remember some walks they took ten years ago
in which they were so blessed to lose themselves
for half an hour in the woods
but we know very well
they have confined themselves to the highway
ever since

no doubt temperament
and age
have a good deal to do with it
as we grow older
our ability to sit still
increases

we grow vespertinal in our habits
as the evening of life approaches
till at last we come forth only just before sundown
and get all the walk that we require in half an hour

the walking of which we speak

has nothing in it akin to exercise
but is itself the enterprise and adventure of the day

if you would get exercise
go in search of the springs of life
those springs are bubbling up in far-off pastures
unsought

4. we will walk

our love, our life
come with us
it is so still
it is so clear
come with us
we will walk
in the forest
among the fallen flowers

the fresh smell of the forest
the nightingale
everything we want is here

the forest is inside us
the nightingale is inside us
the stillness is inside us
in the forest
among the fallen flowers

our love, our life
come with us
we are so still
we are so clear
come with us

5. nowadays

nowadays
almost all the improvements
so called
the building of houses
the cutting down of the forest
deform the landscape
and make it more tame
more cheap

people and their affairs
church and state and school
trade and commerce
manufactures and agriculture
even politics

the most alarming of them all
we are pleased to see
how little space they occupy
in the landscape

politics is but a narrow field

we pass from it
as from a field into the forest
and it is forgotten

at present
the best part of the land
is not private property
the landscape is not owned

possibly the day will come
when it will be partitioned off
and walking shall be construed to mean
trespassing on some gentleman's grounds

to enjoy a thing exclusively
is to exclude yourself
from the true enjoyment of it

let us improve our opportunities, then
before the evil days come

6. old tree

old tree
let it stand
until it dies of its old age
it has seen so many things
it could tell us
we have seen it
full of flowers
old tree
let it stand

we are walking
we know, we feel, we sense
we know this walk will lead us home
when this tree
is full of flowers
we will know that we are home
old tree
let it stand
let no one cut it down

7. the preservation of the world

in wildness is the preservation of the world

every tree sends its roots forth
in search of the wild

cities import it at any price
we plow and sail for it

from the forest and the wilderness
come the tonics and the barks
which brace us all

we believe in the forest
we believe in the meadow
we believe in the night
in which the corn grows

give us a wildness
whose glance no civilization can endure
wild lands where none have settled
we are ready

all good things are wild and free

there is something servile
in the habit of seeking after
a law which we may obey

those of us who take the liberty to live
are superior to all the laws

8. we took a walk

we took a walk the other afternoon
we saw the setting sun
such a light as we could not have imagined
the air was so warm
the air was so serene

this was not a solitary phenomenon
never to happen again
it will happen forever and ever
an infinite number of evenings
and it will cheer and reassure
the latest child that walks there

we walked in so pure and bright a light
gilding the withered grass and leaves
so softly and serenely bright
we thought we had never bathed
in such a golden flood

so we walk

till one day the sun will shine
more brightly than ever it has done
till one day the sun will shine
into our minds and hearts
till one day the sun
will light up our whole lives
with a great awakening light
as warm and serene and golden
as on a river bank in autumn