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HUGO ALFVÉN
AND HIS
A CAPPELLA CHORAL MUSIC

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HUGO ALFVÉN
AND HIS
***A CAPPELLA* CHORAL MUSIC**

by

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Treatise

Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of
The University of Texas at Austin
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of the Requirements
for the Degree of

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Dedication

Dedicated to the members of Orphei Drängar,
with much gratitude, appreciation, and affection.

Preface and Acknowledgements

There are many reasons why this project came into being. As the grandson of a Swedish immigrant, and a person whose extended families, both mother's side and father's side, regularly celebrate their Swedish heritage, I have always had a general interest in Sweden and its culture. This interest is probably what led me to purchase, during my final year as an undergraduate student, a set of three recordings by the Uppsala Akademisk Kammarkör, titled *Swedish A Cappella, Vol. 1, 2, and 3*. The first three songs on Volume 1 are songs by Alfvén: *Aftonen*, *Glädjens blomster*, and *Dalvisa*. I found these songs extremely compelling.

As I found more information about Alfvén, I learned that some of his pieces had been published in English translation, but that virtually all of the scholarly research on Swedish choral music focused on the choral music of the second half of the 20th century, and that very little had been written about Alfvén in English. So, there existed an opportunity to provide more detailed information about a composer who was an important early figure in an active and respected choral tradition, and whose music had received some exposure in the United States, but whose life and background had not been thoroughly examined.

In September 2004, I traveled to Stockholm, Sweden, to begin a three month research trip devoted to learning about Hugo Alfvén. One of the main accomplishments of the trip was the collection of a copy of every *a cappella* choral work that Alfvén wrote, including the different versions for mixed choir and men's choir. This proved to be more difficult than originally anticipated, as many of the songs are out of print, and the main libraries in Stockholm and Uppsala did not have complete collections of Alfvén's works.

While in Stockholm, I also became a member of Orphei Drängar, the Uppsala men's choir that Alfvén directed for 37 years. I performed with them on their tour to Central Europe in October, and also for their *Capricen* concerts in December. The membership in Orphei Drängar allowed me to learn much about their history and about the history of men's choir singing in Sweden, and also to perform several of Alfvén's songs.

The most important thing that I learned about Alfvén during my research trip is that he holds a special place in the hearts and minds of Swedes. While he is mostly unknown in the United States, virtually every Swede that I spoke with, musician and non-musician alike, knew who he was. Further, the mention of his name would cause them to react with a certain happy affection, as if they had been reminded of a great uncle or family friend that they remember from childhood, but had not seen recently. One way to describe his standing with Swedes to American readers would be to ask the readers to imagine a combination of Aaron Copland, whose music somehow embodies traits that seem specifically American, with the popular recognizability of John Phillip Sousa, whose *The Stars and Stripes Forever* is a standard part of national celebrations and is easily recognized by most people in this country.

Because of the limited resources written in English, I felt a broad survey of his life and *a cappella* music would be the most beneficial contribution I could make to English speaking musicians' understanding of this important Swedish musical figure. Thus, this document contains a brief biography of his life, highlighting the aspects that relate to his *a cappella* music, a general survey of his *a cappella* music, translations of all the texts of his *a cappella* music, and a general pronunciation guide for the Swedish language. This treatise does not include detailed information about his choral music that is accompanied by instruments or about his instrumental works. My hope is that the information in this document will enable choral conductors outside of Sweden to be able to perform his *a cappella* music.

There are many people without whom the completion of this project would not have been possible. First and foremost, I thank my family and my friends for their continual support and encouragement, and my advisors, James Morrow and K. M. Knittel, for their help and guidance. Thank you also to my brothers in Orphei Drängar and their director Robert Sund for allowing me to join the choir, and for their tremendous hospitality and friendship. Thank you to OD brother and STIM chief librarian, Gustaf Bergel, for his continuous assistance with my research, and for answering so many of my questions, and to Alfvén scholar and president of The Hugo Alfvén Society, Jan Olof Rudén, for his insights and interest in my project. Thank you to Helena Karlsson and Sharon Berg for their assistance with the large amount of translation work, and to my Stockholm apartment mates, Finn, Glenn, and Margareta, and my friends at Folkuniversitet, who answered many questions and helped me with my Swedish. Very special thanks must be given to the University of Texas Swedish Studies Excellence

Endowment, which provided the majority of the funding that made my research trip possible. Finally, I thank the members of my June 2006 recital choir, who energetically gave of their time, voice, and spirit to present a concert of Alfvén's music.

HUGO ALFVÉN AND HIS
A CAPPELLA CHORAL MUSIC

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Nathan Joel Leaf, D.M.A.

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Supervisors: K. M. Knittel and James Morrow

Hugo Alfvén (1872-1960), as a composer and conductor, has left an indelible mark on Swedish choral music. While his compositional output includes works in a wide variety of genres, it is his work with choirs and with choral music, and most specifically, his choral arrangements of Swedish folk songs, that are considered his most significant contribution to Swedish music. His legacy lives on in the choirs that he directed and in the music that these choirs sing. Several of his folksong arrangements are still a part of the standard repertoire for Swedish choirs.

In order to facilitate an understanding of his impact on Swedish choral music, this document presents a brief biography of his life and work as a composer, discusses his work with the choirs that he directed (most notably the men's choir Orphei Drängar and the mixed choir Siljankören), and offers a descriptive survey of his *a cappella* choral music. Also included in this document are appendices containing a complete listing of his *a cappella* works for choir, English translations of his *a cappella* works, and a pronunciation guide for the Swedish language.

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Chapter 1: Introduction

Hugo Alfvén (1872-1960), as a composer and conductor, has left an indelible mark on Swedish music, most specifically on Swedish choral music. While his compositional output includes five symphonies, three orchestral rhapsodies, two ballets, and a variety of smaller instrumental works and works for chamber ensembles, his vocal works comprise one oratorio, nine cantatas for choir and instruments, close to seventy songs for solo voice, and over a hundred compositions and arrangements for *a cappella* choir. Alfvén was one of three important Swedish composers, along with Wilhelm Peterson-Berger and Wilhelm Stenhammar, who emerged at the very end of 19th century. These three are credited as being the first Swedish symphonic composers of any real significance, and, to some degree, with revitalizing the country's compositional life.

A skilled painter who contemplated a career as an artist early in his life, Alfvén composed instrumental music that is notable for its colorful, picturesque orchestral shadings. Much of his music is programmatic. In a radio interview late in his life, Alfvén describes his fourth symphony by saying, “This, too, is program music; nearly everything I have written is. I must see it in my mind's eye.”¹ Through his use of Swedish folk melodies, both in choral arrangements and in instrumental works, and through his skill in orchestration, he became the embodiment of Swedish national romanticism in the first part of the 20th century.

¹Per Lindfors, ed., *Hugo Alfvén berättar: Radiointervjuer utgivna av Per Lindfors* (Stockholm: Natur och Kultur, 1966): 127, (All translations mine except where noted.)

He is affectionately and nostalgically remembered by older and middle-aged Swedes for his music and also for his somewhat grandiose personality. However, his orchestral works are not part of the standard repertoire for Swedish orchestras. Rather, it is his work with choirs and with choral music, and most specifically, his choral arrangements of Swedish folk songs, that are considered his most significant contribution to Swedish music. His legacy lives on in the choirs that he directed and in the music that these choirs sing. Several of his folksong arrangements are still a part of the standard repertoire for many Swedish choirs. In order to facilitate an understanding of the impact that his music had on Swedish choral music, this document will present a brief history of his life and work as a composer, discuss his work with choirs that he directed (most notably Orphei Drängar, the men's choir from Uppsala), and offer a descriptive survey of his *a cappella* choral music.

Chapter 2: Biography

Hugo Alfvén was born May 1, 1872 in Stockholm, the fourth of six children.² His parents were Baptists, and his father, a highly regarded tailor, was also a church choir director. Alfvén's childhood summers were usually spent with relatives in the Stockholm archipelago, a common place for nature-loving Swedes, especially those from Stockholm, to spend several weeks during the long days of the Swedish summer. His memories of these times on the archipelago would be a source of inspiration for some of his later compositions.

He began piano study in 1883, but soon after changed to violin. After one year of violin lessons, he was sent to study with Johan Lindberg, a violin teacher at the music conservatory in Stockholm. In 1887, he was accepted as a pupil at the conservatory, continuing his work on violin and also taking up studies in harmony and, beginning in 1991, in composition and counterpoint. During this time he also began studies in painting. In the summers from 1887-1890, he studied violin with Lindberg outside of Stockholm in the rural towns of Säter and Visby. These summer study trips to the country provided some of his first opportunities to encounter folksongs, as sung by the people from the regions where the songs originate.

² The principle Alfvén biographies are Sven E. Svensson's *Hugo Alfvén som människa och konstnär*, published in 1946, and Lennart Hedwall's *Hugo Alfvén: En svensk tonsättares liv och verk*, published in 1973. Rudén considers the Hedwall book, written along with Rudén's own thematic index of Alfvén's works as part of a 100th anniversary celebration of Alfvén's birth, to be the better of the two. Sources in English are limited. They include an entry in the *New Groves Dictionary of Music and Musicians* and a small pamphlet, titled *Hugo Alfvén*, authored by Hedwall, and published by the Swedish Music Information Center. The text from the pamphlet, which includes a thorough timeline of Alfvén's life, and a brief descriptive summary of his works, can be found, along with other information in English, on the Hugo Alfvén Society website: www.alfvensallskapet.se. Information from the timeline was used significantly in this treatise.

The year 1891 marks the beginning of a significant and formative period in Alfvén's life and career. Having secured a job as a second violinist in the Hovkapellet (opera orchestra) the previous year, he began violin lessons with Lars Zetterkvist, the Hovkapellet concertmaster and professor of violin at the conservatory, and his first studies in counterpoint and composition with Johan Lindegren. He studied with both teachers until 1897. In 1892 Alfvén decided to abandon his studies in painting in order to fully devote himself to music. Over the next several years, he began to emerge both as a solo violinist and composer. His first composition, *Visa (Song)*, for voice and piano, was published in 1893. His first symphony was completed in 1897. He was awarded various state scholarships, and he studied in many places throughout Continental Europe, including Italy and Germany. Scholarship awards and subsequent travel would continue for several years into the new century.

Alfvén's breakthrough as a composer came in February 1899, with the premier of his second symphony, performed at the Royal Opera, and conducted by Wilhelm Stenhammar. The success of this performance led to many new opportunities for Alfvén, including concerts, violin students, and commissions, among them an immediate state commission for *Sekelskifteskantaten (Cantata for the Turn of the Century)*, written for choir and orchestra. In 1903, he was appointed teacher of composition and orchestration at the music conservatory in Stockholm. He immediately requested time off because of a travel scholarship, and then resigned in December in order to continue to study, travel, and compose without ever having actually taken up the post. The period from 1899 to 1910 was a productive period for Alfvén. He established himself as one of the leading composers in the country, and also began to work as a conductor. He wrote several of his

most important works during this period, including his third symphony; his sole oratorio, *Herrens bön (The Lord's Prayer)*; *Midsommarvaka (Mid-summer Vigil)*; and *Uppsalarhapsodi (Uppsala rhapsody)*. He also composed many songs for solo voice.

It was in this time period that Alfvén began to write *a cappella* music. In 1900 Alfvén composed his first two *a cappella* songs: *Frihetssång (Song of Freedom)* and *Lugn i tron (Calm in Faith)*. While both are for male choir, they are of a very different character. *Lugn i tron*, written for a Christmas publication, is a generally homophonic piece, about three minutes in length, with warm, sustained harmonies and a fair amount of chromaticism, set in an andante tempo. *Frihetssång*, along with Alfvén's *Här är landet (Here Is the Country)* from 1901, were written in the style of the traditional Swedish male quartet military march. Homophonic and harmonically simple, these songs made good use of the traditional Swedish men's choir sound, which consisted of full-throated, aggressive singing with very little vibrato, and with tenors that would sing always in full voice, regardless of how high the pitches were.³

From 1900-1910, Alfvén composed eight original songs for *a cappella* choir, and also completed five folk song arrangements. However, the most significant event during this period regarding his *a cappella* choral work is the beginning of his association with the Siljan Choir. The year was 1904, and Alfvén was in Leksand, a country town on the banks of Lake Siljan, about 150 miles northwest of Stockholm, attending a young

³ Leif Jonsson has written about the history of University Swedish male quartet singing in the 19th century, in a book titled *Ljusets riddarvakt: 1800-talets studentsång utövad som offentlig samhällskonst (The Light's Noble Guard: Nineteenth Century Student Song Practice as Public Art)*. This style of singing has a significant presence in the history of Swedish choral music. Some contemporary Swedish musicians speculate that elements of this early singing style can be heard in the characteristics of sound of modern Swedish choirs.

people's temperance meeting. The school teacher who was leading the Leksand community choir asked if Alfvén would direct them on the days he was there. Alfvén consented, and quickly arranged a little concert in the church consisting of songs by the choir and songs played by Alfvén on the violin. The choir mostly sang folksongs, including Alfvén's first two folksong arrangements, *Och hör du unga Dora* (*Listen, Young Dora*) and *Herr Peders sjöresa* (*Mr. Peder's Sea Voyage*). They also gave the premier performance of the mixed choir version of *Frihetssång*. The choir was made up of people from the Leksand and Mora parish choirs, two of the five area community choirs that would eventually combine to make up what came to be called Siljankören (The Siljan Choir). Following this concert, Alfvén was asked to serve as the permanent director for the choir, even though he did not live in the region. During the next several years, he regularly traveled to the region, often rehearsing with two or three of the choirs at a time, as was possible, until putting them all together for one or two dress rehearsals before a concert.

As Alfvén worked with the people in the choir, he became somewhat enamored with, as he would later describe it, the choir's "mysterious solidarity with the Swedish folksongs...above all the melancholy" and its "fine ear for the language's purity, style, and nobility."⁴ The significant effect that the singing of these rural choristers would have on him is foreshadowed by an account of Alfvén's first trip to Leksand. It was the summer of 1898, and Alfvén was taking lessons at his violin teacher's summer house in Säter. While on a bicycle trip to Leksand, Alfvén heard some singing by some of the local residents. As one of his friends later recalled, "The powerful hymn singing in the

church gripped him deeply.” In particular, “he was enchanted by the healthy, young voices in Leksand’s church choir, which he had by chance heard practicing in the school.”⁵ Indeed, the cosmopolitan composer Alfvén must have found something compelling in the voices from the country towns around Lake Siljan – he directed Siljankören for more than fifty years.

In the thematic index of Alfvén’s works, Jan Olof Rudén has divided Alfvén’s compositional career into three main periods: everything up to 1910, 1910-1939, 1939-1960. As Rudén states in the introduction, “...composer Hugo Alfvén was mature when he made his debut before a wider audience with his first symphony in the winter of 1897. After that, he broke new ground but did not change appreciably as a composer. The division of his life into three phases...is therefore conditioned more by outward circumstances than by any radical changes in his style as a composer.”⁶ The first period (the years up to 1910) can be described as a period of study, travel, development and arrival at compositional maturity, and work as an independent composer.

The second period, 1910-1939, is most significantly defined by his appointment, in 1910, as the Director of Music at Uppsala University. This is notable also because this appointment enabled him also to be elected to lead the Uppsala men’s choir Orphei Drängar (OD) that same year. Initially, the membership of OD desired another candidate, not only for the University appointment, but also to be their director. One factor in the choir’s disapproval was Alfvén’s perceived unfamiliarity with Uppsala-style quartet

⁴ Per Lindfors, ed., *Hugo Alfvén berättar*: 99.

⁵ Gunnar Ternhag and Jan Olof Rudén, ed., *Hugo Alfvén: en vägvisare* (Stockholm: Gidlunds Förlag, 2003): 156.

⁶ Jan Olof Rudén, ed., *Hugo Alfvén: Musical Works and Thematic Index* (Stockholm: Nordiska Musikförlaget/Edition Wilhelm Hansen, 1972): xix.

singing, which consisted mostly of serenading songs and the patriotic, “fatherland” songs, or “shout-hymns,” as Alfvén sometimes called them. This was in spite of the fact that he had written pieces such as *Frihetssång* and *Här är landet*, the latter having even been premiered in 1901 by OD’s rival Uppsala choir, Allmänna Sången.

Regardless, following his election as OD director, Alfvén worked to further familiarize himself with their tradition and held it in some regard, as is evidenced by the fact that he continued to program works by the traditional composers. At the same time, however, Alfvén also brought new works to the group, works designed to develop the men’s chorus as an artistic medium. It is significant that the first work he introduced to the group was Luigi Cherubini’s *Requiem*, a contrapuntally conceived work by a foreign composer.

Considering the traditional repertoire and sound of the Uppsala men’s choirs at that time, it is not difficult to understand why Alfvén’s *Gustaf Frödings jordafärd* (*Gustaf Frödings Funeral Procession*) was considered somewhat revolutionary in men’s chorus music when it was first performed in 1911.⁷ Verner von Heidenstam had written the poem in honor of the famous Swedish poet Gustaf Fröding, who had just died. He sent the poem to Alfvén with the request that Alfvén compose a song using that text for OD to sing at the funeral. Alfvén received the request on Friday, and the funeral was to be on Sunday, two days later. So, the next day (Saturday) Alfvén quickly wrote the piece, got the OD boys together to rehearse, rehearsing until past midnight. On the Sunday, they went to Stockholm to sing at the funeral.

⁷ Gunnar Ternhag and Jan Olof Rudén, ed., *Hugo Alfvén: en vägvisare*: 168.

The reason for and manner in which the piece came into being and was performed plays a definite role as to why this piece is regarded as significant – nobody can discuss the work without discussing the story behind it. That said, the music itself does represent a departure from the style of piece that would typically have been sung by an Uppsala men’s choir. The most significant reason for this is the amount of specific, purposeful expression that is written into the score. There are variations in tempi, articulation, and mode, and hardly a measure goes by without a change in dynamic. Alfvén clearly intended to create specific, emotional moods with the sound and with the harmonies. This is what made this piece so different from the “shout-hymns” written and arranged by his compositional predecessors. This is a piece with an artistic and expressive intent, which makes full use of the text’s expressive potential.

The song is in four distinct sections, beginning and ending with the first stanza of text, which is set to the same music both times, a dark, dirge-like G minor. Minor and diminished harmonies, as well as a measure-long low G pedal tone, depict the funeral march. Additionally, Alfvén utilizes word painting (for example, repetition of the phrase “en efter en” (one after the other) and accents on the text describing the heavily striking bells) to dramatize the specific meanings of the text.

Then, with the second stanza of text, Alfvén gives a completely different atmosphere. The song changes to the major mode, and has a slightly faster tempo. With several added-note harmonies, it paints a light, wistfully reminiscent scene of summer, flowers and tranquility.

The third section outlines E flat major, in a heroic display of the poet entering heaven. A variety of harmonic modulations lead to a resolution in a strong, bright G

major, which strongly contrasts with the return of the opening, dark G minor section and the repeat of the first stanza of text.

Characteristics of the traditional men's chorus style are clearly evident in this song, most notably in the heroic third section. For example, the homophonic nature of the piece is consistent with the traditional style. At the same time, the variation of mood, changes of key and mode, and expressive intent of the piece mark a departure from some of the constraints of that tradition.

Alfvén's purpose in this departure is spelled out more clearly in an oft-quoted extemporaneous talk he gave to Orphei Drängar in Malmö while on the way to a music festival in Stuttgart.

We can no longer remain in the classic quartet, for that would be the death of men's choir singing. That form only seeks expression for general moods. But in our time, the music strives all the more toward specific expression. We must search out new means of expression using the characteristics of our time. We need new harmonic combinations and new sound functions, which deepen men's choir song and place it on a higher level. The old means of expression are not sufficient to express the new time's feelings of happiness, sorrow, hate, despair, and so forth. "Father Berg" suggests that I handle the men's choir voices instrumentally. Yes, by all means, for the voice is an instrument, just like every other music instrument. But I know that I as well as every other modern working composer write very singable and accessible music for the different vocal ranges, above all the first tenors, than what one did during the old Swedish quartet composition time. Think only of certain Wennerberg-like hymns with their trying first tenor part or about "Våren är kommen," with the prolonged high B flat. Such do not use the singing voice properly, and besides, sound pressed and not beautiful.

The modern composer's...writing utilizes other challenges, namely a rather complicated chromaticism....This is the supposed "instrumental" writing style, which is both good for songs and better suited for the spontaneous expression of the voice than the old writing style. But the songs have not followed sufficiently with the music progress of the time, and the singers' ears still have difficulty in correctly finding the value of semitones. This is a crevice between quartet singing and the music that is written today. This division must cease to exist....

It is in this work that OD has put all its strength, and I feel and know that in this endeavor I have my choir with me....And in the end it will be shown that the new quartet song – which in Sweden ought to permanently gather its nourishment out of the old roots, the classic quartet song’s strong and joyfully satisfying spirit – irresistibly spirals up with new aesthetic value like a fine rose, which stretches itself toward heaven striking out its petals.⁸

It is important to note that Alfvén was not the only Swedish composer who considered the men’s choir singing to be lagging behind the advances of the current compositional trends. Alfvén’s acknowledgement of the state of men’s choir singing as compared to other musical genres was a commonly held idea among advanced musicians. Alfvén, as the director of the foremost men’s choir in the country, was the one in a position to effect change most directly.

It is also true that that Alfvén did think of the vocal ensemble orchestrally. He worked to build each of his choirs into “en orkester av röster” (an orchestra of voices), a term which has become synonymous with OD, and is the title of the 2003 publication detailing their 150 year history. While he wrote most of his songs for men’s choir, he professed his preference for the sound possibilities of the mixed choir, at least in regards to the folksongs, stating that it is “very easy to transfer a men’s choir piece to mixed choir, but God save me from doing the opposite. It is like sneaking around in a suit that is too small.”⁹ This gives some further insight into his concept of choral sound. He desired that his songs should have both light and dark elements in the sound, and he wrote choral pieces that would help him achieve this goal with the choirs that he directed.

⁸ The portions of Alfvén’s speech given here are based on translations of two sources: Hedwall’s 1973 biography, p. 351, and the Ternhag/Rudén guide from 2003, p. 167-168. Both of these sources use Alfvén’s autobiography as their source.

⁹ Gunnar Ternhag and Jan Olof Rudén, ed., *Hugo Alfvén: en vägvisare*: 164.

The development of these concepts can be seen in a group of three pieces that he wrote in 1933. *Gryning vid havet* (*Dawn by the Sea*), *Min kära* (*My Dear*), and *Vaggvisa* (*Lullaby*), all for men's choir, were written within the space of about a week in early August, and are considered three of his finest works for male choir. All three are very different in character. According to Hedwall, *Gryning vid havet* is "impressive primarily because of its dynamic character and its extraordinary tones...here you can definitely talk about the male chorus as a vocal orchestra." Its "saturated" effect is additionally created through an extensive use of humming, and a series of shifting, parallel chords.¹⁰ *Min kära* is a bit more intimate, written on a smaller scale. *Vaggvisa* is of a different temperament all together. It is a somber composition, using a stark text. He also wrote a setting of *Vaggvisa* for mixed choir, which is discussed in detail later. Hedwall suggests that the mixed choir version does more justice to the song by allowing for greater dimension to the tonal picture.¹¹

It is fitting that these three pieces be considered some of his best writing for men's chorus. In a certain way, they are indicative of a change of focus in his professional career. Up to then, the composition of *a cappella* music had not been his top priority. Since his appointment at Uppsala in 1910, he had kept a busy schedule with his duties as Director of Music, as the conductor of multiple choirs, and as an orchestral composer of national prominence. His compositions during this period include his fourth symphony (1921), the ballet *Bergakungen* (which Rudén considers his best orchestral

¹⁰ Lennart Hedwall, *Hugo Alfvén: En Svensk tonsättares liv och verk* (Stockholm: P. A. Norstedt & Söners Förlag, 1973): 358; (Translated by Helena Karlsson).

¹¹ *ibid.*: 358-359.

work) (1923), several cantatas commissioned for festival occasions, and *Dalarapsodi* (1931).

Dalarapsodi, however, was the last orchestral piece of significance that he wrote. In the next three years, he wrote some incidental music and some film music, but then wrote no more orchestral music until the completion of the first movement of his fifth symphony in 1942. It took him ten more years to write the rest of this symphony, a work with which, ultimately, he was not satisfied. There are a variety of factors that contributed to this. Ideas of modern compositional styles had taken hold in Sweden, and by then, Alfvén's national romanticism was considered old-fashioned.

Additionally, there were personal factors that affected his compositional work. He was nearing his retirement from his duties at Uppsala, and, in 1936, he divorced his wife of 26 years and remarried. Another significant factor was Alfvén's tendency for getting himself into financial difficulties. The details of these difficulties can be found in the letter correspondence between Alfvén and Eric Westberg, a friend and fellow composer who was also the head of the Swedish copyright organization, STIM. Alfvén was suffering some negative financial effects from his divorce, and his well-cultivated tastes would sometimes cause him to spend beyond his means. Westberg would, time and again, come to his aid, only to have Alfvén spend the money inappropriately. A telling incident is discussed in letters from August 1939, when, in the midst of Westberg doing his best to hold back creditors, Alfvén purchased a very expensive luxury car. Alfvén's reply to Westberg's admonishment about the purchase is most interesting, insofar as the *a cappella* music is concerned. After expressing his remorse about the whole incident, he explained that he "intended to make payments...completely through

choir compositions, which for me are the compositional work that give the greatest income.”¹²

Alfvén’s compositional output closely corresponds to such a sentiment. His songs of 1933 were the beginning of a period of much more consistent output of *a cappella* songs and folksong arrangements. His output of folksong arrangements had increased during the 1930’s (from 1930-1937, he did ten arrangements, which is at least twice as many as any previous decade). Beginning in 1938, the rate of production increased again, this time dramatically. From 1938-1943, he arranged twenty-nine folksongs. Most of them he arranged in two versions, one for mixed choir and one for men’s choir. His production of originally composed *a cappella* songs also shows an increase during the 1930’s and early 1940’s. The difference is not nearly as dramatic as it is with the folksongs, but the rate of composition is more consistent than in previous years. What is more significant, besides the slight increase, is the increase in the percentage of the composed songs for mixed choir, or songs where he wrote arrangements for both mixed choir and men’s choir.

This increased song production continued through 1943, and came to an end in 1944. Alfvén, then in his seventies, had retired from his University duties in 1939 and had moved with his wife to a house in Leksand. He continued as director of Orphei Drängar until 1947, although after his move to Leksand, his assistant director took on more and more of the regular rehearsal duties. He also continued to direct the Siljan Choir.

¹² Gunnar Ternhag and Jan Olof Rudén, ed., *Hugo Alfvén: en vägvisare*: 160.

After 1944, Alfvén wrote four more *a cappella* songs, and completed one final folksong arrangement. His surge of *a cappella* song production having come to an end, he found other ways to fill his time. In addition to working on his fifth symphony, he spent several years writing his memoirs. He also wrote a variety of smaller instrumental pieces and film music, and continued to make appearances at public occasions, as he was still a prominent national figure. In 1954, he conducted his own *Midsommarvaka* and a suite of music from his ballet *Bergakungen* with Hovkapellet, the orchestra with which he had begun his professional playing career in 1890, in Sweden's first recording of classical music done in stereo. In February of 1957, at the age of 84, he completed his final work, the ballet *Den förlorade sonen* (The Prodigal Son). He died in 1960, and is buried in the Leksand cemetery, on a hill facing the Siljan Lake.

Chapter 3: Composed Songs

Alfvén composed forty-five songs for a *cappella* choir: twenty-five specifically for male choir, five specifically for mixed choir, thirteen in versions for both mixed choir and male choir, one song for children's choir, and one song for the combination of children's choir and men's choir.¹³ A majority of his songs written for male choir come between 1910 and 1947, during his time as director of Orphei Drängar (OD). As has been previously stated, he felt he had a greater need to write new things in order to advance the men's choir genre, and that is where he focused much of his song writing energies.

Several of the men's choir pieces that he wrote before his time as OD director, such as *Frihetssång* and *Här är landet* were written with the military-style men's choir sound in mind. *Vårens vandring* (*The Wanderings of Spring*) and *Marsch* (*March*), both written in 1908, also fall into the same category. Another song, *Harrgärstösa i äppelapla* (*The Mansion Girl from Äppelapla*), written in 1904, is not a militaristic song, but rather is a light and playful, humorous song that uses a variety of plays on words and nonsense syllables. However, two of his early pieces show some of the artistic traits that he would soon introduce to OD. *Lugn i tron* (*Calm in Faith*), written in 1900, and the atmospheric *Afton* (*Evening*), written in 1909 for men's choir and baritone solo, are both warm, sonorous settings whose chromaticism and close harmonies require a certain level of musical sophistication.

Following his 1911 *Gustaf Frödings jordafärd*, until 1933, Alfvén composed nine songs solely for men's choir. *En visa om troheten* (*A Song About Faith*) is an imaginative setting of a humorous, sentimental text. It is light in character and is not often sung (Hedwall described it as belonging to the “forgotten” Alfvén songs). *Serenad – Lindagull* (*Serenade – Lindagull*) and *Natt* (*Night*) are written for men's choir and soloist (tenor and baritone, respectively). *Serenad*, set in an *allegretto* $\frac{3}{4}$ meter, was one of Alfvén's more popular songs. The tenor solo, although relatively straightforward, does require a singer of some skill, mostly due to the high range of the part, including the dramatic high C in the final stanza. *Natt* is a short, atmospheric song, similar in many ways to the previously mentioned *Afton*. The chorus hums an accompaniment throughout, supporting the soloist singing the melody.

Two other songs from this period are *För Sverige!* (*For Sweden!*), a patriotic march song written in 1925, and *En visa om barnens ö på “Barnens Dag”* (*A Song About the Children's Island on “The Day of Children”*), written in 1923 for a special “Day of Children” celebration. The most notable feature is that it is written for the combination of men's choir and children's choir, with the children's choir singing verses one and three, the men singing verse two, and both choirs combining to sing the fourth verse.

The most significant work for men's choir from this period is his *Fem Sånger för Manskör, Op. 42* (*Five Songs for Men's Choir*), published in 1926.. The fact that he gave these songs an opus number indicates that he considered this set to be something of importance. Hedwall describes the set as “very heterogeneous,” although all of the songs

¹³ A complete list of Alfvén's *a cappella* works is given in Appendix I. The complete texts and translations of Alfvén's *a cappella* composed songs and folksong arrangements are given in Appendices B and C.

are about the same length (2-3 minutes), and some of them share similar Alfvén characteristics. The set consists of one folksong arrangement, *Prövningen* (*The Test*), three original songs by Alfvén, titled *Väcksång* (*Wake Up Song*), *Värmlandsvisan* (*The Song of Värmland*), and *En jägares vårsång* (*A Hunter's Spring Song*), and a fifth song, *Vallgossens visa* (*The Song of the Shepherd Boy*) that Alfvén arranged based on a 19th-century song composed by the famous compiler of folksongs, Erik Gustaf Geijer.

Set for choir and tenor solo, *Värmlandsvisan's* text is an homage to a country region in central Sweden. It was one of the more popular songs of the set. *Prövningen* is a relatively simple and straightforward song for choir and baritone solo. It was probably used mostly as an opportunity for the soloist to charm the female listeners with the romantic text. *En jägares vårsång* and *Väcksång* use texts by the same poet, Gottfrid Salwén, who was a friend of Alfvén. *En jägares vårsång* is a lively celebration of the coming spring, and Alfvén's setting is rhythmic and energetic. The text of *Väcksång* is probably the most notable aspect of this song. Although such aggressive, pro-war language (for example, "away with the senses' stale peace") was common in the quartets of the 19th century, it is a bit overdone and out-of-place in this set. In *Vallgossens visa*, Alfvén adds a light dance melody to the choral parts, while the tenor soloist sings Geijer's original text and melody.

Many of the composed songs written after 1933 were set for both men's choir and mixed choir. The nine songs that he wrote specifically for men's choir are not particularly unique, nor do they show any new advancement in compositional ideas. The most significant men's choir piece from this period is probably his 1941 rearrangement of Orphei Drängar's organizational song *Hör i Orphei Drängar*. The words and music were

originally written by the famed 18th-century Swedish minstrel Carl Michael Bellman.¹⁴ Alfvén had done one arrangement in 1926, but found it unsatisfactory. His 1941 arrangement is not published. Rather, as he instructed on the cover of the manuscript, it is for use solely by members of Orphei Drängar. His version of the song is still used by Orphei Drängar, sung at the beginning of every concert (the choir has opened concerts with a version of the Bellman song since its inception in 1853) and at other special occasions, such as the introduction of new members.

Other men's choir songs from this period include the playful *Tattare-Emma* (*Gypsy Emma*), *Mitt i en blomstermånad* (*In The Midst of the Month of Flowers*), which was written in 1943 to celebrate King Gustaf V's 85th birthday, and *Champagnevinet* (*The Champagne Wine*), a lively setting of a popular text.

Composed songs for mixed choir were not a high priority for Alfvén until later in his life. Before 1933, he wrote only five mixed chorus *a cappella* songs, and four of these were adaptations of his own previous works to mixed choir settings. These include the mixed choir version of *Frihetssång*, premiered in Leksand in 1904, the 1927 adaptation of the military-style *Här är landet* (*Here is the country*) from the 1901 men's choir version, and the unpublished *Julhymn* (*Christmas Anthem*), using text by Edvard Evers and adapted from his 1908 *Julsång* (*Christmas Song*) for solo voice and piano.¹⁵

¹⁴ Bellman (1740-1795) is a legendary Swedish figure. Considered one of Sweden's greatest poets, he went from a respectable upbringing to live a Bohemian life as a musician and song writer. His songs are innovative and clever and, while many of them focus on themes such as the joy of drunkenness and the quest for sexual pleasure, they often give tender and sincere insight to more profound issues such as love, life, and death. One of his main works is a collection of songs titled *Fredmans epistler* (*Epistles of Fredman*). Alfvén set two songs from this collection: *Hör I Orphei Drängar* and *Vår Ulla låg i sängen och sov*.

¹⁵ The unpublished choral arrangement *Julhymn*, with text by Edvard Evers, is called *Julsång* in some publications, including the thematic index of Alfvén's works. This can be confusing, because Alfvén later

The fourth of these early adaptations is *Sverges Flagga* (*Sweden's Flag*), one of Alfvén's most well-known and often sung composed songs. A patriotic piece that Alfvén championed as a replacement for the Swedish national anthem (which Alfvén did not particularly like), he wrote the original version for men's choir for the first celebration of Sweden's flag day on June 6, 1916. The mixed choir version came ten years later, in 1926. The two-verse song is well crafted, building very nicely to a strong finish at the end of each verse.

The one early *a cappella* song that Alfvén originally conceived for mixed choir is *Motett* (*Motet*), written in 1914 to commemorate the inauguration of Nathan Söderblom as the archbishop of Sweden. As the title implies, it is not really a song at all, but a piece intended for use in worship. The motet alternates two musically identical homophonic sections in a minor, with two musically identical polyphonic harmonizations of a cantus firmus melody. These polyphonic sections are more similar in style to parts of Alfvén's oratorio and cantata compositions, and are the only examples of this style of writing in his *a cappella* works. In his biography of Alfvén, Hedwall laments that Alfvén did not do more polyphonic writing in his *a cappella* music, stating that Alfvén "seems to have sacrificed artfulness for the sake of the immediate expression" in an attempt to create an "art for the people."¹⁶ In any event, this work stands alone in Alfvén's production as the sole *a cappella* piece written in the church motet style of the time, and as the only piece Alfvén originally conceived for mixed choir before 1933.

published another choral piece titled *Julsång*, using a text by Knut Nyblom. Alfvén's manuscript of the choral setting of the Evers text gives the title as *Julhymn*.

¹⁶ Lennart Hedwall, *Hugo Alfvén*: 347.

Alfvén's mixed choir version of *Vaggvisa* sets a notably stark text to ponderous, somber music, with a tempo indication of "Grave." The melody is supported by a steadily oscillating hummed accompaniment. What is particularly notable is the voicing that Alfvén uses in his adaptation for mixed choir. In the version for men's chorus, Alfvén gives the melody to the baritones throughout, achieving the four-part accompaniment with parts for first tenors, second tenors, and divided second basses. In the mixed choir version, he achieves the four-part accompaniment through dividing the basses and sopranos, and assigns both the tenors and altos to the melody, which they sing in the same octave. Altos and tenors singing in the same octave creates a very unique tonal color, and in this case it adds intensity to the melodic line. Further, the use of the unison in the first two verses allows the third verse, where they change to singing the melody in octaves, to have a stronger effect, an effect that is not present in the men's choir version, where the baritones remain on the melody throughout, always in unison.

Alfvén had not used this technique in his *a cappella* songs before this piece, but used it again in several songs afterwards, including *Papillon*, *Eldsång*, *Aftonen*, *Stemning*, and the folksong arrangement *Herr Tideman och lilla Rosa*. Although he also did arrangements of each of these songs for men's choir, Alfvén appreciated the potential for variations of color when writing for mixed choir, stating in one interview, "I like most the

EXAMPLE 3.1: *Vaggvisa* – measures 1-5, men’s choir version

Musical score for men's choir version of *Vaggvisa*, measures 1-5. The score is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major, and marked *Grave*. It features three parts: Tenor, Baritone, and Bass. The Tenor part begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and the instruction *con bocca chiusa*. The Baritone part begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and the instruction *espr.*. The Bass part begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and the instruction *con bocca chiusa*. The lyrics are: "Dag- en blir natt, nat-ten blir dag, ing - en-ting giv, ___".

EXAMPLE 3.2: *Vaggvisa* – measures 1-5, mixed choir version

Musical score for mixed choir version of *Vaggvisa*, measures 1-5. The score is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major, and marked *Grave*. It features four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The Soprano part begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and the instruction *con bocca chiusa*. The Alto part begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and the instruction *espr.*. The Tenor part begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and the instruction *espr.*. The Bass part begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and the instruction *con bocca chiusa*. The lyrics are: "Da- gen blir natt, Nat-ten blir dag, ing - en-ting giv, ___".

songs for mixed choir. There, one can bring light into the music. And light and dark must always be in a composition....”¹⁷ As a composer who placed a high priority on elements of color and shading, he must have found this technique a valuable tool that was not available when writing for men’s voices alone.

¹⁷ Gunnar Ternhag and Jan Olof Rudén, ed., *Hugo Alfvén: en vägvisare*: 164.

The atmospheric *Aftonen* (*The Evening*), written in 1942, is probably Alfvén's composed song that is most well known to American choral musicians. It is one of a handful of Alfvén pieces that has been published with an English translation. *Aftonen* represents quintessential Alfvénian-style romanticism, with Herman Sätherberg's short text as an ideal vehicle for Alfvén to paint a scenic, sonic landscape.

Written in 1942, the piece is not given a specific dedication, nor is there direct evidence that it was written for a specific purpose. Alfvén biographer Lennart Hedwall suggests that Alfvén wrote it to encourage national pride and unity during the difficult times of the Second World War. After discovering with his 1941 song titled *To Arms* that the military style songs and texts that were so beloved at the turn of the century were now old fashioned and no longer effective, Hedwall postulates that Alfvén turned instead towards a song and text that would create "in its saturated setting a sound of nostalgia, which appears like a dream about a forever lost past."¹⁸

The opening sustained chords, in a traditional pastoral key of F major, establish the mood of the quiet forest and the clear sky. Following the text about the shepherd's horns singing their lullaby, Alfvén portrays the horns, through a series of flowing triplet rhythms passed between the soprano and alto voices, and supported through sustained notes in the men's voices. This motive, which Alfvén borrowed from some of his own film score music from the previous decade, is the defining feature of the piece. It is used three different times, and its appearance divides the song into three distinct sections.

At the beginning of the second section, with the text "kvällsolns bloss" ("the evening sun's blush"), Alfvén again uses his technique of setting the alto and tenor

together in unison on the melody, accompanied by the sopranos singing in thirds. All the parts slowly descend, as the text describes the sun slowly sinking down into the sea. From here, he goes to the shepherd's horn motive again, this time a bit lower in the vocal range, and with the thirds passed between the soprano and tenor parts.

The final section describes the echoes ringing around the valley. As the choir moves into the third and concluding shepherd's horn section, Alfvén utilizes a very subtle, yet poignant effect. The ending of the section of text and the beginning of the shepherd's horn section overlap, so to speak, so that the first triplet of the now familiar horn motive is not there. It is covered up by the ending of the previous statement, much in the same way the first part of an echo is never heard because it is covered up by the ending of the sound that made it.

¹⁸ Lennart Hedwall, *Hugo Alfvén: En Svensk tonsättares liv och verk*: 363.

EXAMPLE 3.3: Aftonen – verse 1, measures 12-14, mixed choir version

Musical score for Example 3.3, measures 12-14, mixed choir version. The score is in 4/4 time and B-flat major. It features four vocal parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The lyrics are "lul - lar." repeated. The tempo is marked *con bocca chiusa* (mm) and the dynamics are *pp*. The Soprano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in measure 14. The Alto part includes two triplets of eighth notes in measures 13 and 14. The Tenor part has a whole note in measure 13 and a half note in measure 14. The Bass part has a whole note in measure 13 and a half note in measure 14. A rehearsal mark '8' is placed at the beginning of the Tenor and Bass staves.

EXAMPLE 3.4: Aftonen – verse 3, measures 40-42, mixed choir version

Musical score for Example 3.4, measures 40-42, mixed choir version. The score is in 4/4 time and B-flat major. It features four vocal parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The lyrics are "nej - den far..." repeated. The tempo is marked *con bocca chiusa* (mm) and the dynamics are *pp*. The Soprano part includes a triplet of eighth notes in measure 42. The Alto part includes two triplets of eighth notes in measures 41 and 42. The Tenor part has a whole note in measure 41 and a half note in measure 42. The Bass part has a whole note in measure 41 and a half note in measure 42. A rehearsal mark '8' is placed at the beginning of the Tenor and Bass staves.

One other unique contribution to the composed songs for mixed choir is *Papillon*, written in 1936. Although he also did a version for men's choir at the same time, this mixed choir version is significant because it is scored for divided soprano, alto, and tenor parts. There is no bass part. The reason for this is rather obvious when one looks at the music. "Papillon" is the French word for "butterfly", and Alfvén uses the lighter sound created by the absence of bass voices, along with a *leggiero* $\frac{3}{4}$ meter, to create the sense of the dancing, fluttering butterfly. This voicing is certainly rare in choral repertoire, and is especially notable for Alfvén, given his history with men's choir composition. The voicing creates a sound that a men's chorus is not capable of achieving.

The text by Gustaf Alexanderson is in five stanzas and describes the life cycle of the butterfly, beginning in the spring. The first two stanzas use mostly the same music, with some rhythmic differences to accommodate the text. Both begin with the unison upbeat on the word "papillon", a distinctive feature of the text.

The third verse then changes musically from the first two. The tenors lead with a fluttering, skipping melody, to which the sopranos respond. Alfvén repeats the gesture one step higher, and adds the alto to the tenor melody in unison, yet another example of Alfvén's use of this color. The end of the third stanza is extended through repetition of text to highlight the butterfly's unceasing fluttering.

Further, the third verse functions to build dramatic tension. Alfvén was a dramatic person, both musically and personally, and had a very acute sense of how to create a natural and effective sense of dramatic presentation. His music, even the music without text, often is about telling a story. Alfvén utilizes the change of pattern in the text as an opportunity to change the music, and subtly builds the story's dramatic tension

through the use of the sequence in the third stanza towards the sudden dose of stark reality that we find in the fourth stanza, where the piece suddenly shifts to the minor mode, and the tempo slows to a solemn andante.

With the final verse, the word “papillon” returns as the initial word in the verse, and correspondingly, we have the return of the now familiar music from first two verses. This return gives an interesting perspective on what the text presents as a somber conclusion to the story. Musically, it functions as a recapitulation, bringing a sense of closure to the piece. Dramatically, it suggests that the death of the butterfly is a natural part of the cycle of life, and connects the listener back to the beginning so that the cycle may start over again.

Chapter 4: Folksong Arrangements

In the third volume of his autobiography, Alfvén says:

During my research in the folksong literature I had encountered a great many wonderful, beautiful songs, which had been forgotten, doomed to die in archives and old collections. Thirty-five of them I have, up to now, successfully rescued through arrangements for mixed choir and for men's choir and through selection from the many verses those to make a convincing whole [story], appropriate for concert performance.¹⁹

While this statement is to some extent true, things that Alfvén says himself must sometimes be taken with a grain of salt. As a person with a somewhat grandiose personality, Alfvén was occasionally prone to exaggeration in order to make a good story. To illustrate his personality, one can consider the form of his very lengthy autobiography, which totals well over 1,000 pages, and which he wrote over a period of about eight years in four volumes, structured in order to mimic the structure of a symphony, with the different volumes having the titles *The First Movement*, *Tempo Furioso*, *In Major and Minor*, and *Finale*. Jan Olof Rudén, editor of the thematic index of Alfvén's works, gave a valuable insight into Alfvén's personality when he said that he reads the autobiographical volumes more for inspiration, and less for research.²⁰ Alfvén truly was a dramatist, both personally and musically.

Alfvén's personality aside, it is probably true that some of the songs Alfvén set would have been forgotten and left unused. Yet, it is also true that Swedish composers had previously set many of them in choral arrangements, and that folksongs were frequently sung by choirs such as the ones Alfvén directed. So, he wasn't doing

¹⁹ Gunnar Ternhag and Jan Olof Rudén, ed., *Hugo Alfvén: en vägvisare*: 162.

²⁰ Jan Olof Rudén, Interview with author: 1 December, 2004.

something new or unique by arranging these songs. On the contrary, he was adding contributions to what was already an established tradition.

Further, Alfvén's notion of "research" must be put into perspective. His purpose was not to go out into the remote regions of his country to transcribe and record folk melodies in order to create an accurate record of rural musical culture. Rather, his motivations were much less musicologically pure. He often was in need of money, and, while he did have practical need for arrangements in both men's choir and mixed choir versions, he often wrote two versions in order to sell more copies. His "research" consisted mostly of using folk tunes from previously assembled collections or from choral arrangements that were already known. Many of the texts that he used were from the Geijer-Afzelius collection, one of the foremost collections of Swedish folk texts, which was compiled in the late 19th century.²¹

The circumstances leading to their creation do not, however, diminish their musical value, or the value that they maintain with contemporary Swedish choral singers. Due to the combination of his own personal aesthetic and advanced compositional skill, his knowledge of the tunes, and his familiarity with and admiration for the places and people from where the melodies came, Alfvén's arrangements are generally better in quality than the arrangements of his predecessors in the genre, most of whom were choir leaders who arranged songs, but were not composers of any technical merit. His arrangements are practical and accessible for use by choirs with less than professional levels of skill. At the same time, they are of a high compositional quality that has allowed them to remain musically fresh and, thus, in the standard repertoire. As

musicologist Gunnar Ternhag says, they have a quality that makes them more durable than other folksong arrangements; singers will not tire of these arrangements.²²

It is helpful to consider Alfvén's thoughts regarding the setting of the folksong arrangements. His own words give some insight into his process of arranging these songs. In a radio interview very late in his life he says:

Even when I worked with folksongs I thought orchestrally...so it happened that the songs were able to be real compositional works. Most are polyphonically conceived, although they appear homophonic. But the foundation that every voice is designed as an independent melody is what makes them all so easy to sing. When I begin with a song, the melodic perspective is what I consider first. From that, it gives out its own harmony, which, accordingly, is the songs own inner-living sound and not something forced by me. From that comes also the feeling for the voices character and the role of the text.²³

In another interview, he sums up his approach by saying:

I try to find the harmony that grows out of the melody's own perspective...to handle [the melodies] like a flower, where I, with the help of the harmony, tried to depict the landscape where the flower has grown up.²⁴

Despite these statements, Alfvén's settings should not be considered "authentic" folk songs: as a body of works, they most certainly have harmonic and coloristic features that are notably Alfvén. Many authentic versions would have unison singers with a fiddle accompaniment or an accordion (a concept that Alfvén abhorred, even suggesting once that all accordions should be slashed to shreds and thrown into the pigsty because that is where they sound most at home). Rather, the melodies are accompanied by romantic harmonies that grew out of the era in which they were arranged.

²¹ E. G. Geijer and A. A. Afzelius, ed., *Svenska Folkvisor, Vol. I & II*, (Stockholm: Z. Hægströms Förlagsexpedition, 1880).

²² Gunnar Ternhag and Jan Olof Rudén, ed., *Hugo Alfvén: en vägvisare*: 156.

²³ *ibid.*: 163-164.

For the most part, the folksongs may be divided into two main categories: ballads and dance songs. By definition, the ballads tell some type of narrative story. Many of these stories are very old, dating from medieval times, and although they vary in topic and mood, they are often melancholy, sad, or even tragic. The stories can be very long, comprised of twenty, thirty or even forty verses. The traditional 18th and 19th century arrangements of these songs were strophically conceived, and verses could be added or left out to make the song and the story as long and detailed or as short and compact as was desired. The verses themselves tend to be rather short. The typical (but by no means exclusive) formula, as shown in the example below, is that each verse has four lines of text. Lines one and three further the plot of the story, and lines two and four serve as a refrain. Often these refrain lines give some sort of overall commentary about the story or some lesson that can be learned from the story.

HERR MALMSTENS DRÖM

Herr Malmsten han drömde en dröm om en natt
 -så lustelig locker man liljorna.-
 Han drömde hans kärastes hjärta det brast.
 För älskogsfullt han sörjde henne.

Herr Malmsten han red sig allt upp till by,
 -så lustelig locker man liljorna.-
 Där möter han jungfrun på båren så ny.
 För älskogsfullt han sörjde henne.

Herr Malmsten han ständar både vit och röd
 -så lustelig locker man liljorna.-
 Han stack sig i sidan, sig själver till död.
 För älskogsfullt han sörjde henne.

MR. BRONZESTONE'S DREAM

Mr. Bronzestone dreamed a dream one night
 -the lilies entice one so pleasurably -
 He dreamed of his beloved's burning heart.
 He grieved for her too lovingly.

Mr. Bronzestone rode up to the village,
 -the lilies entice one so pleasurably -
 There he met the maiden in the coffin so new.
 He grieved for her too lovingly.

Mr. Bronzestone stood firm both white and red,
 -the lilies entice one so pleasurably -
 He stabbed himself in the side until he died.
 He grieved for her too lovingly.

²⁴ Per Lindfors, ed., *Hugo Alfvén berättar*: 100.

The rhyme scheme for this folksong is ABAC, where the only verses that rhyme are one and three, the two that further the text. This rhyme scheme is common, but one also finds ABAB, where the two lines of refrain also rhyme. Of particular interest in this example is the second line, which suggests Herr Malmsten's thoughts of a new life through death, foreshadowing his suicide. In this example, the meaning of the refrain lines is not clear at first, but through the development of the plot, their subtle meaning becomes clear. However, this is not always the case. Sometimes the meaning of the refrain lines remains unclear, especially in settings where many of the verses are not used, and much of the detail of the story is left out.

Ballads comprise a large majority of Alfvén's folksong output. His arrangements of ballads can be divided into two groups: strophically conceived arrangements and through composed arrangements. The strophically conceived arrangements follow in the tradition of the 19th century folksong arranging practices, as all the verses used receive the same harmonization, much like a hymn. Alfvén differs from the previous tradition, though, because he specifies which verses will be used – he does not give the option to add, subtract, or exchange verses. Alfvén's earliest arrangements are ballads that fall into this category. They include *Herr Peders sjöresa* and *Och hör du unga Dora* from 1904 and *Skön Anna (Beautiful Anna)* from 1908.

Another early arrangement that falls into this category is *Dalvisa (Dalarna Ballad)*, which was arranged in 1910 and is one of his most well-known settings. It is set in the key of G minor, which may seem a bit surprising considering the content of the first stanza of text. The minor key gives the song a certain sense of melancholy and realism that seems to stay ever-present, even in the expression of happier ideas. A

distinctive feature of the piece is the parallel chords between the men and women's parts that occur in measures 18-20, and again in the second verse in measures 46-48. They are distinctive especially because they provide a notably thinner texture, including some open 5th harmonies, than the music that comes before or that follows after. The chords' stark quality highlights the text in those places, both the joyful thanks expressed in the first stanza, and the reality of difficult times expressed in the second. On the whole, this piece is a good example of typical Alfvén harmonic language, due to a significant amount of chromaticism, and also to the typical rich choral sound that he evoked in his voicing for mixed choir.

EXAMPLE 4.1: *Dalvisa* – measures 16-20, mixed choir version

The musical score for 'Dalvisa' measures 16-20 is presented in a two-staff format. The upper staff is for the vocal line, and the lower staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is D minor (two flats) and the time signature is 3/8. The vocal line begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a melodic line with lyrics: 'da! Gud gläd - je och styr - ke de män som där bo, Gud bo, ja, Gud'. The piano accompaniment also starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Glädjens blomster (*Flowers of Joy*), from 1938, is musically similar to *Dalvisa* in rich sonority and chromatic shadings. Set in the key of D minor, it contains the same characteristics of melancholy and realism, qualities that are reflected in the text. The song is one verse long, and is typically sung through twice in performance to make it a more reasonable performance length. *Glädjens blomster* is very often sung still today. Rudén describes it as one of four of Alfvén's folksongs, along with *Uti vår hage* (*In Our*

Pasture), *Och jungfru hon går i ringen* (*A Maiden Goes Into the Ring*), and *Tjuv och tjuv det ska du heta* (*Thief You Are, and Thief You Shall Be Called*) that every Swedish chorister can sing by heart.

Som stjärnan uppå himmelen så klar was published in March of 1952, a few weeks before Alfvén's 80th birthday. Just one verse long, it was the last folksong arrangement Alfvén would publish. It is notable for its brevity and also for the fact that the soprano soloist sings the melody and text throughout the entire song, while the chorus is assigned the role of a four-part humming accompaniment. The effect of the humming, though not unique to this song, is significant – it adds a certain wistful nostalgic quality to the plaintive melody and text. Yet it is still Alfvén's harmonic language that is the essence of the piece. He writes with the efficiency of an elder statesman – there is nothing extraneous and each chord has expressive purpose. Its power of expression comes through its direct, simple harmonies, through which Alfvén expresses much in just a few measures.

Many consider the strophic ballad *Uti vår hage*, arranged in 1923, to be Alfvén's most beloved song, and an arrangement that truly captures the essence of the Swedish folk spirit. In her 1994 article "Uti vår hage: Några anteckningar kring den "svenskaste" av kör-visor" ("Uti vår hage: Some Notes on the Most Swedish of Choir Songs"), musicologist Märta Ramsten estimates that she probably has sung Alfvén's arrangement a couple thousand times, and that it has been in the repertoire of virtually every choir in which she has been.²⁵ Hedwall describes Alfvén's final ending, which modulates to a

²⁵ Märta Ramsten, "Uti vår hage: Några anteckningar kring den 'svenskaste' av kör-visor," *Alfvéniana*, Vol. 1, (1994): 3.

very satisfying major modality, as so well-known that “it is hard not to add [the modulation] even when singing the song in unison...it has become a folksong in itself.”²⁶

The textual images presented in the three short verses and refrain are nostalgic and heart-warming. While it is a love song, it also depicts a playful celebration of both nature and of the Swedish summertime. Summer is a special time for Swedes, who, after having to endure the cold and dark winter, when the sun is up very few hours, if at all, spend much time outside in the mildly warm summer sun that, in some parts of the country, stays up for twenty-four continuous hours. A very specific image is found in the second verse. Traditionally, for summer celebrations (such as *midsommar* – a highly celebrated observance of the summer solstice), country girls would ornament themselves for the festivities by picking wild flowers, and binding them into a wreath to be worn in their hair. Thus, the offer to make a wreath of flowers, as stated in the song, is a tender and significant gesture, not unlike an offer to make one’s beloved a traditional piece of jewelry.

The song is set in the minor mode, which, as has been stated, is typical of Swedish folksongs. The combination of the minor key and Alfvén’s harmonic language creates an aura of wistful reminiscence. It should be noted that Alfvén was not the first person to arrange this folksong, and Ramsten even suggests that he may have based his arrangement largely on an earlier setting by Hugo Lutteman. In any case, Alfvén’s arrangement is the one that has kept its place in the repertoire. One of the main reasons it has done so is the aforementioned ending, which, after the third verse and refrain, modulates to the major mode and repeats the refrain one additional time. This ending is

²⁶ Lennart Hedwall, *Hugo Alfvén*: 370.

completely the construction of Alfvén; it has no roots in the actual folksong, or in any earlier arrangements. The modulation to major is not common to Alfvén's output, and this addition, where the melancholy and longing of the minor mode is relieved by a modulation to the major mode, may be part of what has made the song so beloved.

About sixty percent of the ballads that Alfvén arranged belong to the through composed category. Many of them deal with romantic relationships, and contain dialogue between two people. The dialogue provided Alfvén a natural opportunity to vary the compositional texture, moving the melody among the different voice parts so as to indicate the different characters in the story. Additionally, in most of these ballads, Alfvén selected between three and five verses to make the story. As such, the stories are more detailed and have more opportunity for dramatic expression than stories with just one or two verses. The verses tend to be rather short, and so the songs tend to be short as well. Many are about two minutes long, some even shorter. A few are about three minutes long, but not longer.

One typical example is four-verse ballad entitled *Herr Tideman och lilla Rosa* (*Mr. Tideman and little Rosa*). For the sake of easy reference, the text and translation are included here:

HERR TIDEMAN OCH LILLA ROSA

Rosa lilla talte till sin broder så,
under lidan:
“Vad sporde du för nytt uppå tinget i går?”
Så sent om en aftons tider.

“Ej annat horde jag uppå tinget i går,
under lidan
Men Tideman är döder och lagd uppå bår”.
Så sent om en aftons tider.

Rosa lilla föll så blek ned till jord,
under lidan.
Hon talte på så länge icke ett ord.
Så sent om en aftons tider.

De ringde för Herr Tideman i östra kyrkogård,
under lidan.
De ringde för lilla Rosa i väster därifrån.
Så sent om en aftons tider.

MR. TIDEMAN AND LITTLE ROSA

Little Rosa talked with her brother,
by and by
“What news did you learn at the hearing yesterday?”
So late in the afternoon.

“I heard nothing else at the hearing yesterday,
by and by
but Tideman is dead and laid upon the bier.”
So late in the afternoon.

Little Rosa fell, pale, down on the ground,
by and by.
She said not a word for so long
So late in the afternoon.

They rang the bells for Mr. Tideman in the eastern
churchyard, by and by.
They rang for little Rosa in the western, then.
So late in the afternoon.

The mixed choir version of the song is set in G minor, which is one of Alfvén's most commonly used keys for mixed choir arrangements. It is marked *andante* at the beginning, with the basses (and initially the altos) holding sustained open 5th of G and D, rather low in their range, setting the somber mood of the piece. The longer note values that the basses tend to have throughout the song help to reinforce this mood. The dialogue between the two characters is handled in a simple yet effective manner, having the sopranos sing the melody in the first verse, where Rosa is the speaker, and the basses in the second verse, where her brother is the main speaker. In the second verse, Alfvén accentuates the dramatic tension in the story with a new tempo marking of *piu mosso*, *agitato*. Further, while the basses are singing the melody, Alfvén portrays Rosa's anxiety through the words and agitated rhythms sung by the upper voices. He highlights this anxiety through a simple yet dramatically effective shift of the rhythm in the third measure of this verse, making the upper voices wait a half of a beat longer before their

entrance on the word “Vad?” (what?), an entrance that is also marked with a *sforzando*, suggesting that Rosa can hardly bear waiting any longer to hear the news. Further, as she learns of the death, the sopranos ascend higher and higher in pitch, to the highest pitches in the song. These “shrieking” notes contrast very strongly with the low, rich tessitura established in the beginning, and returned to at the end of the piece.

The agitated tempo continues through the beginning of the third verse, until the ritard at the text “she said not a word”, which is sung softly and ends back in the original andante tempo. The final stanza is begun *piu lento*, with the basses, singing on the syllables “bing, bång”, rather low in their range, imitating the funeral bells ringing for Mr. Tideman. The sopranos are also mimicking bells at the beginning of the verse, although it is not until the very end, when the sad twist in the plot is revealed, that the audience understands what this means, that funeral bells are ringing also for Rosa. The altos and tenors begin the verse singing the melody in unison, another example of Alfvén’s preference for this unique timbre that he uses so often in the composed songs. In the last half of the verse, the melody returns to the sopranos, while the basses continue to toll the low bells, and the altos and tenors fill out the harmonies to the end of the song.

EXAMPLE 4.2: Herr Tideman och lilla Rosa – measures 15-28, mixed choir version

Più mosso, agitato

System 1:

Soprano: "Du hör - de på ting - et vad?" un - der

Alto: "Du hör - de på ting - et vad?" un - der

Bass: "Ej an - nat hör - de jag up - på ting - et i - går," un - der

System 2:

Soprano: li - dan. "Herr Ti - de - man är dö - der, är dö -

Alto: li - dan, un - der li - dan. "Herr Ti - de - man är dö - der, är dö -

Bass: li - dan, "men Ti - de - man är dö - der och lagd up - på

System 3:

Soprano: der!" så sent om en af - tons ti - der.

Alto: der!" så sent om en af - tons ti - der.

Bass: bär." Så sent om en af - tons ti - der.

As per usual, Alfvén also arranged a men’s chorus version of this folksong at the same time. The versions are identical in scope, in the use of the text, and in the use of tempo, dynamic, and expression indications. The men’s version is set in C minor, and, as one would expect, Alfvén has used some different voicings that are more appropriate to the range and to the sound of a men’s choir. Since there are no women’s voices to sing Rosa’s dialogue, Alfvén assigns that to the highest available voice part, the first tenors, and has the lowest voice part sing Rosa’s brother’s dialogue. In the final verse, Alfvén assigns the melody to the baritones, in place of the tenor/alto combination.²⁷

There are many ballads involving relationships between a man and a woman that follow the same basic design, including *Herr Apelbrand och Lena lilla* (*Mr. Applefire and Little Lena*), *Herr Fröjdenborg och fröken Adelin* (*Mr. Joycastle and Maiden Adelin*), *Herr Malmstens dröm* (*Mr. Bronzestone’s Dream*), and *Jungfrun i blå skogen* (*The Maiden in the Blue Forest*). All four of these, as well as *Herr Tideman och lilla Rosa*, are folksongs found in the Geijer-Afzelius collection, and Alfvén did all of them in arrangements for mixed choir and for men’s choir. The subject matter for each of them is serious, and some of the refrain lines say very somber things, such as “For she was in dread of the wild forest,” “It seems to me it is hard to live,” or, as seen above in *Herr Malmstens dröm*, “He grieved for her too lovingly.”

²⁷ For more information on the comparison between Alfvén’s folksong arrangements for mixed choir and for men’s choir, refer to Jörgen Grundström’s treatise *Uti vår hage: En jämförelse mellan Hugo Alfvén’s folkvisearrangemang för blandad kör och manskör* (*Uti vår hage: A comparison between Hugo Alfvén’s folksong arrangements for mixed choir and men’s choir*), which is available at the library of Uppsala University’s musicology department (Institutionen för musikvetenskap).

Herr Peder och liten Kerstin (Mr. Peder and little Kerstin) follows this same design as well, although the similarity is difficult to discern if one does not know the original folk tale. The three verses that Alfvén set are as follows:

HERR PEDER OCH LILLA KERSTIN

Herr Peder och liten Kerstin de sutto över bord
-Den älskog vilje vi begynna-
De talte så många skämtsamma ord.
Allrakärasten min, jag kan eder aldrig förglömma.

Herr Peder han talar till liten Kerstin så:

-Den älskog vilje vi begynna-
“Vårt bröllop, det skall om söndag stå
Allrakärasten min, jag kan eder aldrig förglömma.

Liten Kerstin hon går i brudhuset in

-Den älskog vilje vi begynna-
Det rann en ros på bägge hennes kind.
Allrakärasten min, jag kan eder aldrig förglömma.

MR. PETER AND LITTLE KERSTIN

Mr. Peder and little Kerstin sit at the table
-We want to begin the romance-
They spoke so many humorous words,
My most beloved, I can never forget you.

Mr. Peder spoke to little Kerstin so:

-We want to begin the romance-
“Our wedding will be on Sunday.”
My most beloved, I can never forget you.

Little Kerstin went into the bridal house

-We want to begin the romance-
There ran a rose on both her cheeks.
My most beloved, I can never forget you.

The verses above are numbers 1, 2, and 22 of the 47 verses listed in the Geijer-Afzelius collection. The story as told in these three verses seems rather charming, and Alfvén’s musical setting augment’s this character of the text. The mixed choir version is set in a minor, the men’s choir version in C minor. The first and third verses have received the same harmonization, with the sopranos on the melody (first tenors in the men’s choir version) and a Picardy third on the final chord. The second verse has the tenors on the melody (baritones in the men’s choir version) and has a light, off-the-beat accompaniment figure in the other voice parts, which includes a tender, chromatically-descending group of parallel chords in the seventh and eighth measures of the verse, where they are echoing the text “till liten Kerstin så.” Overall, the effect of Alfvén’s arrangement is rather delightful.

However, the 47 verses of the original folk tale paint quite a different story. Obviously, there is much more detail than can be presented in Alfvén's three verses, but even the main facts of the story are different. As read in the Geijer-Afzelius collection, the wedding is not between Peder and Kerstin, but between Peder and a different maiden. In that collection, the first words of the third line in the second verse are "Mitt bröllop" (My wedding) instead of "Vårt bröllop" (Our Wedding). Verses 3-21 fill in the details so that we know when Kerstin enters the bridal house in verse 22, she does not blush because of the innocence of a pure maiden on her wedding night. Rather, she has entered the bridal house of another woman, who has married her beloved, and she is jealous and angry. Alfvén's motivations in setting the story as he did are not known, except that, as he had said, in his settings, he tried to make a complete story out of just a few verses. His word substitution shows further that Alfvén was not striving for a historical understanding of folk music in his work with folksongs. Rather, he set them as he liked, and in a way that he thought choirs would find usable.

Inga liten kvarnpiga (Little Inga Milkmaid) is a light and lovely piece that, in its F major setting, sheds some of the melancholy weight of the previous songs. In *Linden (The Linden Tree)*, Alfvén displays his belief in the tremendous expressive potential of the folksong literature. The song consistently shifts between major and minor. In a comment about this arrangement Alfvén states that he tried to portray changes from the deepest despair to the sunniest happiness through harmonic means only. While the effect may be a little overworked in this song, it goes to further show that Alfvén not only tried

to supply a general interpretation of the text, but that his settings also sometimes included his own personal opinion about the meaning of the text.²⁸

While there are a few through-composed ballads that are not directly about romantic relationship, their topics express similar feelings. This is particularly true of songs such as *Konungabarnen (Royal Children)*, which deals with the love between a brother and sister, and *Två turturduvor (Two Turtledoves)*, whose very sad text is about missing a beloved companion. It is also true of *Herr Olof i älvornas dans (Herr Olof in the Dance of the Elves)* which, as the title suggests, borders between a dance song and a ballad. Alfvén has set the text in a *vivace* $\frac{3}{4}$ meter, and added a ritornello at the beginning and end of the song.

As opposed to the arrangements of ballads, arrangements of dance songs make up a smaller proportion of Alfvén folksong output. Sixteen of his arrangements can be classified as dance songs (eleven different songs, five of which are set for both mixed choir and men's choir), and they range from straightforward settings of the tune to more complex settings with a variety of textures and use of polyphonic writing in addition to the standard homophony. Further, the dance song texts offer a contrast of mood to the overwhelmingly somber ballads. All the dance songs are in major keys, and most of them have lively rhythms set to quick tempi. Many of them are traditionally labeled as a "danslek," which translates to "dance game," and one can see in the texts that they are intended to be playful and fun. While Alfvén's settings are intended for concert use, the original folk dances would have been sung while dancing, most typically in a circle around the maypole as part of a summer celebration.

²⁸ Lennart Hedwall, *Hugo Alfvén*: 370.

Although there are fewer arrangements of dance songs, a greater percentage of the dance songs remain in use. *Kulldansen (Maiden Dance)*, for men's choir, was one of the more popular arrangements, and is an example of the simpler, straightforward settings. The text is short, and Alfvén sets the song in two verses, using the same text both times. The tempo is indicated as *polskatempo, friskt* (polka tempo, heartily), and the first tenors sing the melody throughout, while the lower voices supply a swinging accompaniment figure underneath. Excitement is built through the multiple repetitions of the word “kullo” (maiden) on eighth notes, where the dynamic goes down to piano, and builds through a series of crescendi and decrescendi to the forte shout of “hej” (hey!) at the start of the last line. *Kulldansen* is one of the songs found in Orphei Drängar's newly compiled organizational songbook, and is often sung at festive choir gatherings. *Kom, Sköna Flicka (Come Beautiful Girl)* is a simple waltz whose soft ending provides an opportunity for the male singers to woo the ladies. Like *Kulldansen*, it is a straightforward setting, with a simple text that is repeated several times over.

Several of Alfvén's most popular dance arrangements are more freely arranged. *Tjuv och tjuv, det ska du heta (You Are a Thief, and Thief You Shall Be Called)*, like *Kulldansen* and *Kom Sköna Flicka*, has a very short, playful text.

TJUV OCH TJUV, DET SKA DU HETA
 Tjuv, ja tjuv, det ska du heta.
 för du stal min lilla vän,
 men jag har den ljuva trösten,
 att jag får 'na snart igen.
 Tror jag, tra la la

Thief, yes thief, that you shall be called,
 for you stole my beloved.
 But, I have a beautiful belief
 that I will soon get her back again.
 So I think, tra la la.

However, Alfvén treats *Tjuv och tjuv* with much more variety. It is one of his most popular settings, and is fun to sing. Rather than starting directly with the tune, Alfvén

begins the song with an eight-measure introduction, all based on the dominant harmony. The sopranos then lightly sing the melody, while the other parts hum an accompaniment. They all then join together to sing the “tra-la-la”, which is laughingly repeated several times. Alfvén then inserts a key change, from B flat major to D major, using the material of the introduction again, this time as transition material in the new key. Following the transition, the basses take up the melody, with the other parts providing a more rhythmically intense off-beat accompaniment. The “tra-la-la” text is again extended, this time even further to serve as a transition back to the original key of B flat. The text is then sung a third time, this time with everyone singing the text. Alfvén then gives the song a proportionally long ending, with a lively exchange between the men and the women. The ending builds to a fortissimo, and then slows and softens, so the momentum comes to a complete stop. Alfvén then ends the song with a lively final statement, almost like a wink, using the text “men jag får ‘na snart igen” (but I will soon get her back again).

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen (*A Maiden Goes in the Ring*) and *Anders, han var en hurtiger dräng* (*Anders, he was a lively lad*) are two freely arranged dance songs with longer, narrative texts. *Och jungfrun hon går i ringen* is one of a handful of Alfvén pieces that has been published in English translation, and as such, is familiar to some non-Swedish choral musicians. The ring that the maiden joins is descriptive of traditional *midsommar* dances, where group dancing around the may pole was a part of the normal festivities. The main feature of this piece is the whirling excitement of the dance, which Alfvén generates initially through the rhythmically-energized accompaniment parts, and later through close canonic imitation of the melody. *Anders, han var en hurtiger dräng* is

very much like a ballad in many ways. The detailed text differs from the ballad texts in that it contains no lines of text that repeat in every verse. The three verses are set with a rhythmic vitality sung at Alfvén's indicated *Hambopolsketempo* (Polka dance tempo).

Some other notable freely arranged dances include *Nigare-polska* (*Low Polka*) and *Trindskallarna* (*Fatheads*). The text for *Trindskallarna* was rewritten by Gottfrid Kallstenius, at Alfvén's request, into something which Alfvén found easier to set.

There are four folksongs that do not fit in the classifications of dance songs or ballads. Two of them are marching songs, *Folkmarsch från Dalarna* (*Folk March From Dalarna*) and the more well known *Oxbergsmarschen* (*Oxberg March*). The third is a prayer-like setting entitled *Min födelsedag* (*My Birthday*). The fourth is a drinking song, *Gammal Brännvinslåt från Mora* (*Old Wine Song From Mora*).²⁹

²⁹ Drinking songs are a significant tradition in Sweden, and each region has a few of its own original tunes and texts. They are especially common at University, when students who have left home get together with other students that have come from the same area.

Chapter 5: Conclusion

Swedish musicologist Gunnar Ternhag may have put it best when he described Hugo Alfvén's contribution to folk songs in the Swedish choral literature as "new wine in old wineskins."³⁰ And to some degree, this can also be applied to his entire body of *cappella* music. Even as he professed his desire to bring men's choral singing up to modern standards, and worked to achieve that, he himself did not find value in the very new styles of music, such as atonality, that were being developed in the first part of the 20th century. Rather, he remained in a romantic aesthetic throughout his career, so that by the 1930's, and certainly in the 1940's, his music was considered old-fashioned.

Perhaps, though, it is this exact set of circumstances that has allowed him to attain his stature as the composer who is considered to have captured the nature of the Swedish people in the character of his songs. The soulfully emotive qualities of Alfvén's rich choral harmonies are a fitting match for the depth of feeling found in the stories of the folksong texts, and the nostalgic and sentimental qualities that are at the core of his choral music are what people remember and what has been found to retain its value.

Additionally, his admiration for folk music is attested to through his frequent use of it in his orchestral writing as well as his choral arrangements.

Above all, it is Alfvén's body of folksong arrangements for choir that has secured his place in Swedish musical history. These are the songs of his that are most often performed today, in formal performances, and also at other informal gatherings of singers. These are the songs that cause Swedes to smile when his name is mentioned.

These are the songs which Swedish choristers know by heart, and which Swedes who are not choristers are able to recognize, and hum along to the melody. His legacy is that of a choir leader and choral arranger who was able to capture in his music the essence of that which is most and uniquely Swedish.

³⁰ Gunnar Ternhag and Jan Olof Rudén, ed., *Hugo Alfvén: en vägvisare*: 166.

Appendix A: List of Songs

TABLE A.1: Alfvén's *a cappella* composed songs

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>YEAR</u>	<u>FORCES</u>
Lugn i tron	1900	men's choir
Frihetssång *	1900	mixed or men's choir
Här är landet *	1901	mixed or men's choir
Harrgårstösa i äppelapla #	1904	men's choir
Marsch #	1908	men's choir
Vårens vandring #	1908	men's choir
Julhymn (Evers)	1908	mixed choir
Afton	1909	men's choir/bar. solo
Gustaf Frödings jordafärd, Op. 29	1911	men's choir
Motett, Op. 52 *	1914	mixed choir/organ ad lib
Sveriges flagga * #	1916	mixed or men's choir
En visa om troheten	1917	men's choir
Serenad (Lindagull) #	1920	men's choir/ten. solo
En visa om Barnens ö på Barnens dag	1923	children's choir men's choir
Väcksång (Fem sånger, #1)	1923	men's choir
En jägares vårsång (Fem sånger, #5) #	1923	men's choir
För Sverige!	1925	men's choir
Vallgossens visa (Fem sånger, #2)	1926	men's choir
Hör, I Orphei Drängar (Fredmans Epistel No. 14)	1926/ 1941	men's choir
Barnens bön för fäderneslandet	1930	children's choir
Natt	1930	men's choir/bar. solo
Gryning vid havet # ‡	1933	men's choir
Min kära #	1933	men's choir
Vaggvisa * #	1933	mixed or men's choir
Julsång (Nyblom) *	1934	mixed choir
Hymn till Sverige	1935	men's choir
Eldsång, Op. 51	1935	mixed or men's choir
Psalm *	1935	mixed choir
Papillon * # ^	1936	mixed or men's choir
Sång till Stockholm	1936	mixed or men's choir
Midsommarlåt i Leksand *	1937	mixed choir
Stemning * #	1938	mixed or men's choir
Vår Ulla låg I sängen och sov # (Fredmans Epistel No. 36)	1939	men's choir
Tattare-Emma	1939	men's choir
Endräkt – en sång I orostiden	1940	men's choir
Berceuse #	1940	men's choir/ten. solo
Taltrasten * #	1941	mixed or men's choir
Vårsång "Maj"	1941	mixed or men's choir
Aftonen * # ^ ‡	1942	mixed or men's choir

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>YEAR</u>	<u>FORCES</u>
Mitt i en blomstermånad #	1943	men's choir
Till SHT	1944	men's choir
Nordens länder * #	1944	mixed or men's choir
Champagnevinet #	1949	men's choir
Sången till Folkare #	1951	men's choir
Roslagsvår * #	1954	mixed or men's choir
Festsång till Arla Coldinu-orden	1955	men's choir

TABLE A.2: Alfvén's *a cappella* folk song arrangements

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>YEAR</u>	<u>FORCES</u>
Herr Peders sjöresa	1904	mixed choir
Och hör du unga Dora	1904	mixed choir
Skön Anna	1908	mixed choir
Dalvisa * # ^ ‡	1910	mixed or men's choir
Oxbergsmarschen	1910	mixed or men's choir
Gammal brännvinslåt från Mora	1913	mixed or men's choir
Mandom mod och morske män	1916	men's choir
Min födelsedag	1920	mixed choir
Vallvisa från Älvdalen	1923	mixed choir/sop. solo
Uti vår hage * #	1923	mixed or men's choir
Prövningen (Fem sånger, #3)	1925	men's choir
Värmlandsvisan (Fem sånger, #4)	1926	men's choir/ten. solo
Två turturduvor	1930	men's choir/bar. solo
Kung Gösta och dalkarlarna	1931	men's choir
Måns Stenbocks visa	1931	men's choir
Nigarepolska * #	1933	mixed or men's choir
Trindskallarna * #	1933	mixed or men's choir
Rosor och violer *	1934	mixed choir
Saetergjentens söndag * #	1934	mixed or men's choir
Och inte vill jag sörja *	1936	mixed or men's choir
Djupt i havet *	1937	mixed choir
Sankt Staffans visa *	1937	mixed choir/sop solo
Duvans sång på liljekvist * #	1938	mixed or men's choir
Glädjens blomster * # ^	1938	mixed or men's choir
Kosack-vaggvisa * #	1938	mixed or men's choir
Lilla Rosa * #	1938	mixed or men's choir
Kom sköna flicka	1939	men's choir
Oväntad bröllopgäst *	1939	mixed choir
Vi ska ställa till en rolig dans * #	1939	mixed or men's choir

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>YEAR</u>	<u>FORCES</u>
Herr Fröjdenborg och fröken Adelin * #	1940	mixed or men's choir
Herr Peder och liten Kerstin * #	1940	mixed or men's choir
Herr Tideman och lilla Rosa * #	1940	mixed or men's choir
Konungabarnen * #	1940	mixed or men's choir
Kulldansen #	1941	men's choir
Simon i Sälle *	1941	mixed choir
Tjuv och tjuv det skall du heta *	1941	mixed choir
Klang min vackra bjällra *	1941	mixed choir
Anders, han var en hurtiger dräng * #	1941	mixed or men's choir
Herr Redevall * #	1941	mixed or men's choir
Och Jungfrun hon går i ringen * # ^	1941	mixed or men's choir
Inga liten kvarnpiga *	1942	mixed choir
Stolts Margareta *	1942	mixed choir
Vedergällningen *	1942	mixed choir/sop solo
Herr Apelbrand och Lena lilla * #	1942	mixed or men's choir
Jungfrun i blå skogen * #	1942	mixed or men's choir
De sju gullborgarna * #	1943	mixed or men's choir
Herr Malmstens dröm * #	1943	mixed or men's choir
Herr Olof i älvornas dans * #	1943	mixed or men's choir
Lindormen * #	1943	mixed or men's choir
Rosilias sorg * #	1943	mixed or men's choir
Rövaren Brun * #	1943	mixed or men's choir
Linden * #	1944	mixed or men's choir
Som stjärnan uppå himmelen så klar *	1952	mixed choir/sop solo

* - mixed choir version available from Gehrman's Publishing (www.gehrmans.se)

- men's choir version available from Gehrman's Publishing (www.gehrmans.se)

^ - mixed choir version in English translation available from Walton Publishing (www.waltonmusic.com)

‡ - men's choir version in English translation available from Walton Publishing (www.waltonmusic.com)

Appendix B: Texts and Translations of Composed Songs³¹

AFTON

Kom, du, o sångens gud, och stäm min själ,
som strängarna jag stämmer på min luta!
Jag aftonsoln vill säga mitt farväl
den glans som guldbelägger nu min ruta.

O se, o se fjärdarna i stilla aftonglöd
hör, sista susningen i skogens toppar,
den första viskningen om natt och död
bland hagens björkar, åkerns vallmoknoppar,
den första om natt och död.

Men än mot stranden löjan lekfullt slår,
och vikens spegel bryts af gyllne ringar,
tills Venus, silfverblek Venus, på himlen står,
och nattens fågel lifter tysta vingar.

-Daniel Fallström

AFTONEN

Skogen står tyst, himlen är klar.
Hör, huru tjusande vallhornet lullar.
Kvällsolns bloss sig stilla sänker,
Sänker sig ner uti den lugna, klara våg.
Ibland dälдер, gröna kullar eko kring nejden far...

- Herman Säterberg

BARNENS BÖN FÖR FÄDERNESLANDET

O, Gud, bevara vårt fädernesland
vårt dyra, älskade hem!
Vår freliga bygd, vår lugna strand,
o, Gud, beskyda dem!
Vår moders hydda, vår faders gård,
vår barndoms vagga, vår ungdoms vård,
beskräma dem med din hand!
Bevara vår fosterland!
Vi äro fattiga barn och små som blommor
på livets stig, och intet är, som vi här förmå,
allenast bedja till dig.
O, Gud, som hör de spädas röst, var du vår stryka,
var du vår tröst, vårt värn, vårt ljus, vårt dygd!
Välsigna vår fosterbygd!

-Zacharias Topelius

EVENING

Come, o god of song, and tune my spirit,
as I tune the strings on my lute!
I shall say my farewell to the afternoon sun,
the glow that now gilds my windowpane.

Oh, see the mountains in the calm evening's glow
Hear, the last murmuring in the tops of the forest,
the first whispers of night and death
among the grove's birches, the field's poppy buds,
the first of night and death.

But on the shore the bleak playfully strike,
and the bay's mirror is broken golden rings,
until Venus, pale-as-silver Venus, stands in heaven,
and the night's bird lifts its silent wings.

THE EVENING

The forest is still, the sky is clear.
Hear how enchanting shepherd's horns sing lullabies.
The evening sun's blush silently sinks,
Sinks down into the calm, clear waves.
Among the valleys and green hills the echo
resounds near and far...

CHILDREN'S PRAYER FOR THE HOMELAND

O God, protect our homeland,
Our priceless, beloved home!
Our peaceful dwelling, our calm shore,
O God, protect them!
Our mother's cabin, our father's farm,
Our childhood's cradle, our youth's care,
Prune them with your hand!
Protect our homeland!
We are poor children and small as the flowers
on the path of life, and there is nothing we can do,
except pray to you.
O God, who hears the voice of youth, be our strength,
be our comfort, our safeguard, our light, our virtue!
Bless our native home!

³¹ All song texts were translated by the author, and edited by Sharon Berg, Assistant Professor of Scandinavian Studies at Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota.

BERCEUSE

Dofta, dofta vit syren uti nattens timmar,
nytänd måne, strö ditt sken, som i solvglans
glimmar,
se, min kära drömmar där på bänken,
blond och skär, medan klövern ångar
ifrån fält och vågnar.

Dofta stilla, vit syren, stör ej hennes drömmar,
nytänd måne, strö ditt sken uti gyllne strömmar,
stänk kring hennes blonda hår gloria av ljus och vår,
medan ljuvlig skrider natt i pingstens tider.

-Emil Kléen

CHAMPAGNEVINET

Drick! de förflyga, de susande pärlorna: drick!
Skynda! det ljuva, det ädla, det höga söker du
fåfängt, se'n anden förgick.
Dåren, so fäste vid skummet sitt öga,
vatten blott vatten, på läpparna fick.

Njut! de försvinna, de tjusande stunderna: njut!

Ytterst förfinade, känslan och löjet
reta och domna i samma minut.
Snappa i flykten behaget och nöjet:
högst är raketen i det han går ut.

Snar är på jorden den rusande glädjen, ack, snar!
Fångad av ynglingens spända förhoppning än ur
en druva, förädlad och rar,
än från en mun, lik en ros i sin knoppning,
strax till sitt hem över molnen hon far.

-Frans Michaël Franzén

ELDSÅNG

Eld, du skall tära mig!
Eld, du kan icke förfära mig!
Endast min kropp du förbränner.
Anden, som bodde däri, stiger mot rymderna fri.

Ljuvliga tröst! Jag vill le.
I, mina jordiska vänner, fröjdens och ropen ej ve!
Sätten för minnets och saknadens skull min urna
i mull!

-Fredrik Nycander

BERCEUSE

Smell sweet, white lilacs, through the night's hour,
newly-lit moon, spread your glow that gleams like
silver,
see, my dear one dreams there on the bench,
blond and pure, while the clover steams
from field and waves.

Smell softly, white lilacs, do not disturb her dreams,
newly-lit moon, spread your glow in golden streams,
drop around her blond hair a halo of light and spring,
while lovely night advances in Whitsuntide's time.

CHAMPAGNE WINE

Drink! The fleeting, the murmuring pearls: Drink!
Hurry! The lovely, the noble, the high you seek in
vain, since the other perished.
Fool, his eye so fastened upon the foam,
Water, merely water, on his lips received.

Enjoy life! They disappear, the enchanting moments:

Enjoy life!
Most refined, the feelings and the scorn
stimulate and numb in the same minute.
Snatch in the flight the comfort and pleasure:
The rocket is highest at the moment it burns out.

Quick on the earth is the rushing joy, ah, quick!
Captured by the youth's taut hope even from
a grape, noble and rare,
even from a mouth, like a rose in its budding
Straight to her home above the clouds she goes.

FIRE SONG

Fire, you shall consume me!
Fire, you can not scare me!
You burn only my body.
The spirit, which lived within rises toward the free
realm.
Lovely solace! I want to smile.
My earthly friend, rejoice and do not cry in woe!
For the sake of memory and longing set my urn
in the earth!

ENDRÄKT

Det är fullkomnat: så blev till slut vårt folk
dock svetsat tillsammans, förintat är allt,
som oss söndrat förut och slocknad är
tvedräktsflamman.

Det krävdes att våldets förhärjande våg
sig mot fränders kust skulle välva för att tvinga till
endräkt vår splittrade håg "det kan gälla
var stund och själva."

Och skulle vår ofärds timma slå,
ej split nu mäktar oss skilja.
I järnfast tätnade led vi stå:
ett folk, ett mål, en vilja.
Vi veta vad fädernas arv är oss värdt
och villigt vart offer vi bära,
vi kämpa för allt som är heligt och kärt,
för Sverges frihet och ära.

-Anders Grape

FEM SÅNGER, #1 - VÄCKSÅNG

Leende fält, ödsliga hed
lär oss led efter led älska det egna hemmets härd

ja, mera än penningar värd!
Nu är fienden redan här, med svek som vapen.

Räds hans list och hans lumpna guld,
bliv mot Sverige trogen och huld!

Susande skog, busande flod
gjut i vårt hjärteblod kärlek till eget härlige land,
ja, knuten med klippfasta band!
Bort med sinnenas unkna frid,
upp till fosterländsk strid!
Bort med avund, mummel och knot,
upp till kamp emot Österns hot!

-Gottfrid Salwén

FEM SÅNGER, #2 - VALLGOSENS VISA

På berget jag sitter. Runt om mig allt tiger:
i kvällen jag sjunger för mig själv.

Tra-la-la-la, aha.

Skyhög furan över mig stiger,
i djupet fradgar den strida älv.

Och högt är berget och tyst är skogen;
enslig är kvällen, ensam är jag.

Tra-la-la-la, aha.

-Erik Gustaf Geijer

CONCORD

It is perfect. Thus were our people finally
bonded together, everything is destroyed,
that before separated us and extinguished are
the flames of discord.

That the devastating wave of violence should
break against the kin's coast was required to force
our splintered mind to unity, "Our moment
and our self may be at stake."

And should the hour of our misfortune be struck,
no divide will be able to separate us.
In iron-strong bands we stand joined:
one people, one voice, one will.
We know what our father's inheritance is worth to us
and willingly we bear our sacrifice,
We struggle for all that is sacred and dear,
for Sweden's freedom and honor.

FIVE SONGS, #1 - WAKENING SONG

Smiling field, deserted moorland
Teach generation after generation to love our own
home's hearth,

yes, it is worth more than money!
The enemy is now already here with deceit as his
weapon.

Shun his craftiness and his worthless gold
to Sweden be faithful and true!

Murmuring forest, babbling river
Instill in our heart's blood a love for our own
glorious country, knotted with a strong band!
Away with the senses' stale peace,
up for the fatherland's struggle!
Away with envy, mumblings, and grumblings,
up to fight against the threat from the East.

FIVE SONGS, #2 - SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG

I sit on the mountain. All is quiet around me:
in the evening I sing to myself.

Tra-la-la-la, aha.

Towering pines rise over me,
in the depths the strong river foams.

And the mountain is high and the forest is quiet;
the evening is solitary, I am lonely.

Tra-la-la-la, aha.

FEM SÅNGER, #3 - PRÖVNINGEN

Jungfrun gick sig åt lunden i rosenskog
hon skulle tvätta tvinne.
Här sjunger en näktergal för vår jungfru.

Hon såg den sol upprinna,
hon såg de riddare glimma.
"Jungfru skön, lova mig din tro
jungfru skön, trolova nu mig!
Rödaste guld, det giver jag dig.

Jag tjänar uti konungens gård i rosenskog.
Den yppersta riddaren skall du få."
Här sjunger en näktergal för vår jungfru.
-Folksong text

FEM SÅNGER, #4 - VÄRMLANDSVISAN

Ack, Värmland, du sköna, du härliga land
du krona bland Svea rikets länder!
Ja, om jag komme mitt i det förlovade land,
till Värmland ändå jag återvänder.
Ja, där vill jag leva, ja där vill jag dö;
om en gång ifrån Värmland jag tager mig en mö,
så vet jag, att aldrig jag mig ångrar.
-Axel Fryxell

FEM SÅNGER, #5 - EN JÄGARES VÅRSÅNG

Nu spricka knopparna och lysa topparna av
björk i brunt och rödt.
På himlen skönare en skiftning grönare kan ses
i kvällens ljus.
I klara sjöarna har solen öarna från vinterns
böja lost.
Nu glittra vågorna i varma lågorna
av himlens aftonglöd.
Jag enkla jägare min fyllda bägare för våren,
för våren höja vill.
-Gottfrid Salwén

FESTSÅNG TILL ARLA COLDINU ORDEN

Coldinbröder, lyssnen till signalen!
Följ med oss, i vårt glada sångartåg!
Till vårt muntra lag i sångarsalen,
efter fyllda plikter, står vår håg!
Låt sången klinga friskt, låt skämtet flöda!
Kredensa bägarn efter dagens möda!
Drick vänners skål och njut i full drag
i Arla Coldins glada brödralag.
-Olof Wahlström

FIVE SONGS, #3 - THE TEST

A maiden went to the glade in the forest of roses
She was to wash thread.
Here a nightingale sings for our maiden.

She saw the sun rise,
She saw the knights glimmer.
"Fair maiden, promise to be faithful,
Fair maiden, pledge to me your troth!
Finest gold I give to you.

I serve in the king's estate in the forest of roses
The finest knight shall you have."
Hear a nightingale sings for our maiden.

FIVE SONGS, #4 - THE SONG OF VÄRMLAND

Oh Värmland, you fair, you magnificent land
the crown among all Sweden's lands!
Yes, though I should come to the promised land
I would return to Värmland.
Yes, there would I live and there would I die
And should I take a bride from Värmland
I know that I would never regret it.

FIVE SONGS, #5 - A HUNTER'S SPRING SONG

Now the buds burst and the tops of the birches shine
in brown and red.
In beautiful heaven, a growing green can be seen in
the evening light.
In the clear lake the sun has released the islands from
winter's subjugation.
Now the waves gleam in the warm flame of heaven's
evening glow.
I, the simple hunter, will raise my chalice high for
spring.

CELEBRATION SONG FOR THE ORDER OF
ARLA COLDINU

Coldin brothers, listen to the signal!
Follow with us, in our happy singing procession!
Our cheerful humor in the singing hall,
after our duties are fulfilled, matches with our mood!
Let the song sound lustily, let the jokes flow!
Taste the goblets after the day's labor!
Drink toasts to friends and enjoy full draughts
in Arla Coldin's happy brotherhood.

FOSTERLANDS PSALM

Bevara, Gud, vårt fosterland
håll öfver det din starkhets hand,
var du dess hägn i strid som frid,
i sorgen och i glädjens tid.
Här se vi hvad vi skatta lärt,
hvad vi på jorden hålla kärt;
ej fjärrans finns en bygd, ej när,
som är för oss hvad denna är.
Beskydda detta kära land, från haf till haf,
från stand till strand;
sänk öfver det din milda vård,
som sommardagg på rosegård.
Välsigna hvarje trofast själ,
som önskar det af hjärtat väl,
men slå hvart onskans uppsåt ned,
som vill dess fall och stör dess fred.

-Johan Ludvig Runeberg

FATHERLAND'S SONG

Protect, God, our fatherland
Hold over it your strong hand
Be its defense in battle as in peace,
in sorrow and in glad times.
Here we see what we learned to value,
what we hold dear on earth;
Neither far is found a town, nor near,
which is for us what this one is.
Protect that dear land, from sea to sea,
from shore to shore;
Send over it your mild care,
like a summer day in the rose garden.
Bless every true spirit,
which from the heart wishes it well,
But strike down every wicked intentions,
which want it to fail and disturbs the peace.

FREDMANS EPISTEL NO. 14

see HÖR, I ORPHEI DRÄNGAR

FREDMANS EPISTEL NO. 36

see VÅR ULLA LÅG I SÄNGEN OCH SOV

FRIHETSSÅNG (FRIHETEN)

Frihet är det bästa ting,
som sökas kan all världen kring
för den henne rätt kan bära.
Gud har dig givit sinn och själ;
var hellre fri än annans träl,
ty frihet följer ära.

O, ädle svensk, du statt nu fast
och bättre det, som fordom brast,
du låte dig ej förvända.
Du våge din hals och så din hand,
att frälsa ditt eget fädernesland.
Gud må dig tröst väl sända!

-Biskop Tomas Simonsson

FREEDOM'S SONG

Freedom is the best thing
that can be found all the world around
for the one who can truly bear her.
God has given you mind and spirit;
better to be free than an other's servant,
for freedom follows honor.

O, noble Swedes, you stand now firm
and better that, than that which before fell short,
you did not let yourselves be frightened.
You risk your throat and your hand,
to save your own fatherland.
God's will surely send you his comfort!

FÖR SVERIGE!

Vi kallades ut från fredliga värv
och ställdes med vapen i hand,
att skydda vårt hem för var fiende djärv,
att värna och vakta vårt land.
För Sverige vi gått från hem och gård
vid klockornas moning "kom an!"
De våra vi lämnat i landets vård,
nu hjälpa vi alla varann.
Vi svenske män med hurtigt mod
stå vakt så i solsken som frost.
För Sverige med fröjd vi offra vårt blod,
för Sverige vi dö på vår post!

-Inez Lindberg

GRYNING VID HAVET

Blankt som en sköld av koppar och stål ligger havet,
men djupt under ytan går strömmen stark.
Allt är så tyst, som om livet själv låg begravet
under de nattsvarta åsarnas mark.
Stiger ej morgonen snart över bergen?
Himlen är röd,
det är hot i den vredesrodnande färgen.
Stormen skall komma, stormen från havet,
Stormen som ryter, skrattar, stormen som slår,
manligt härlig, härlig och stark!

-Sten Selander

GUSTAF FRÖDINGS JORDAFÄRD

Bort gå de,
stumma skrida de,
en efter en till skuggornas värld.
Klockorna dåna. Tungt slå de,
mullra och kvida de,
sjunga sin sång till de dödas färd.

Sommar var du och blommande vår,
säfvens sus vid sjöarnas stränder.
Sof, vår sångare, sof på din bår,
lyft på tusendes händer!

Skald, stig genom nattens dörr
kungarak till skuggornas skara!
Oförgängligt strängaspelet, ditt silfverklara,
ljuder ännu för oss som förr.

-Verner von Heidenstam

FOR SWEDEN!

We were called out from peaceful tasks
and stood with weapons in hand,
to protect our home from our daring foe
to guard and watch over our country.
For Sweden we left home and homestead
with the bells sounding "onward!"
To us was entrusted the country's care
now we all help each other.
We Swedish men with quick courage
Stand watch in sunshine and in frost.
For Sweden, we offer our blood with joy,
For Sweden we die at our post!

DAWN BY THE SEA

Smooth as a shield of copper and steel lies the sea,
but deep under the surface goes the strong current.
All is so quiet, as if life itself lay buried
under the black-as-night earth of the hills.
Shall not the morning rise soon over the mountain?
The sky is red,
there is a threat in its angrily reddening color.
The storm will come, the storm from the sea,
The storm that roars, laughs, the storm that strikes,
manfully glorious, glorious and strong!

GUSTAF FRÖDING'S FUNERAL PROCESSION

Away they go,
They silently glide
one after the other to the world of shadows.
The bells clang. Heavily, they strike.
They boom and chime
Singing their songs to the procession of death.

Summer you were, and flowering spring,
And the sigh of the reeds by the lake.
Sleep our songster, sleep on your bier,
Carried on the hands of thousands!

Poet, pass through night's door,
Tall as a king to the multitude of shadows!
Imperishable stringed instruments, your silver tones
Still sound for us as before.

HARRGÅRSÖSA I ÄPPELAPLA

Dä satt å sang i e äppelapla,
där apeläppla hang grannt i ra,
filinkeli lät e lät i tōppen,
tilideli, trilla drilla gla.
“Hva hetter du där i äppelapla mä
vackerlåta i mun?” sa ja.
Da sang dä “lideli lidelalla,”
dä drilla te sōm e lärk å sa:
“Ja hetter Astri af Astrakanien,
ja hetter Lideli Lidela...”
dä titta fram sōm ett apeläpple
i apeltōpp mälla äppelbla.
-Gustaf Fröding

HYMN TILL SVERGE

Sverige, du skönaste land på jorden;
Sverige, våra hjärtans hem i nordens;
Sverige, än står stenen i grönan dal
över Svithiods ättartal.
Än högre dina savoöar över blånanda hav och sjöar,
där solens ljus lyser över fädernegravarnas grus
och våra barn vid sommartider leka i blommande
lider.
Här plöja våra plogar svenska torp och gården,
här skapa berg och skogar ny kraft för världen.
Här bygger vår andes tro, sin himmelsbro.
Svithiod, vår urgamla, fria stam, till nya värv,
ny ära fram!
Än talar frihetens röst i dina dalar högt,
än vakta dina malmfasta fjällar
vid flammade norrskenseldar.
Svenska kvinnor och män,
i hug och möda för stål och gröda,
i rosenängan, i hjältesängen Sverige,
Sverige skall leva än.
-Hugo Tigerschiöld

THE MANSION GIRL IN THE APPLE TREE

There sat and sang in an apple tree,
There apples hung grandly in rows,
“filinkeli” sounded a tune from the top,
“tilideli” trills gladly came down.
“What is your name, there in the apple tree with
a beautiful sound in the mouth,” I said.
She sang then “lideli lidelalla”
She trilled like a lark and said:
“My name is Astri of Astrakanien,
I am called Lideli Lidela...”
she peeked out like an apple
in the apple tree tops between apple blossoms.

SONG TO SWEDEN

Sweden, you most beautiful land on earth;
Sweden, our heart's home in the north;
Sweden, the stone still stands in the green dale
over Svithiod's lineage.
Still higher stand your islands over blue seas and
lakes
where sunlight shines over the soil of our father's
graves,
and our children play in the passing bloom of
summer.
Here our plow's till Swedish fields and farms
Here the mountains and forests produce new power
for the world
Here our spirit's faith is built, its bridge to heaven.
Svithiod, our ancient, free lineage, to new tasks,
to new honor, onward!
Freedom's voice still speaks in your high dales,
still your solid stone mountains keep watch,
with flaming gleaming northern fire.
Swedish women and men,
in our minds and our toil for steel and crops,
in the rose trail, in the heroic songs - Sweden,
Sweden shall live on.

HÄR ÄR LANDET

Hör, vad budskap bringar vinden
nordanfrån från skog och fjäll?
Lyss, vad sagor kväder linden

vemodfullt kring bygdens tjäll?
Här är landet, faderslandet, som förstå vi lärt.

Här är landet, moderslandet, som oss är så kärt.

Sjung, o vind från nordanfjällen,
dina sånger lära vi!
Klinga, sång från kära ställen,
med vår själ i harmoni!
Här är landet, faderslandet, som förstå vi lärt.

Här är landet, moderslandet, som oss är så kärt.

-Wilhelm Nordin

HÖR, I ORPHEI DRÄNGAR

Hör, i Orphei Drängar,
stämmen edra strängar;
knäppen alla, pling, pling, plang,
till Apollos pris.
I, som till exempel
uti Fröjas tempel
nederfalla pling, pling, plang,
följen er kapolis!

I, som pröven gammalt öl, gutår!
eder önskas fuktigt silverhår,
pling, pling, plang,
och en strupa som förmår!

Frukta intet dunder!
Under över under;
bågarn blänker, pling, pling, plang
klar som en juvel.
Spegla dig! Ditt hjärta
skall bli kvitt all smärta,
när du tänker, pling, pling, plang
blott på sång och spel.

Ej i vatten, nej i cypervin
paradiset blommar, min kusin,
pling, pling, plang,
sätt dig neder, håll god min!

-Carl Michael Bellman

HERE IS THE LAND

Hear, what message brings the north wind
from forest and mountain?
Listen, what stories, full of sadness, tells the linden
tree

around the countryside's humble dwellings?
Here is the land, our father's land, which we learned
to understand.

Here is the land, our mother's land, which to us is so
beloved.

Sing, o wind from the northern mountains,
your songs we learn!
Resound, song from the beloved place
with our spirits in harmony!
Here is the land, our father's land, which we learned
to understand.

Here is the land, our mother's land, which to us is so
beloved.

HEAR, SERVANTS OF ORPHEUS

Hear, servants of Orpheus
Tune your strings,
Pluck your lyres, pling, pling, plang
to Apollo's praise.
You who, for example,
within Fröja's shrine
worship, pling, pling, plang
follow yet your whims!

You, who quaff your ancient ale, cheers!
May you live to be silver-haired,
pling, pling, plang
and have a capable throat!

Fear not the thunder!
Wonder upon wonder;
The tankard glitters, pling, pling, plang
shining like a jewel.
See your reflection! Your heart
will be free of all pain
when you think pling, pling, plang
only about song and play.

Not in water, but in Cyprus wine,
Paradise is blooming, my cousin,
pling, pling, plang
Sit yourself down, have good cheer!

JULHYMN (JULSÅNG)

Nu sjunga änglar i himmelens höjd:
God jul! God jul!
Och alla Guds barn stämma in med fröjd:
God jul! God jul!
I Betlehem lyser på härbergets strå, från synder ren,
en stjärna för alla, för alla de stjärnor små:
Guds klarhets sken.
Nu går från himlen till jorden en led så blid
där goda Guds änglar gå upp och ned
med frid och fröjd.

-Edvard Evers

JULSÅNG

Se, julens stjärna strålar klar i tysta vinterkvällen;

vår ungdoms fröjd du ständigt var,
när du från himlapelen ditt sken spred över land
och stad att göra mänskan god och glad.

Lys, stjärna, lys och bringa fröjd till jordens
barn från himlens höjd! Lys, stjärna, lys!
I ålderdomens sena höst, när livets timmar dala,
du, julens stjärna, ger oss tröst,
du kan om lyckan tala.

Ack, skänk oss jordefrid och ro,
lär oss på evigheten tro!

Lys, stjärna, lys och bringa fröjd till jordens
barn från himlens höjd! Lys, stjärna, lys!

-Knut Nyblom

LINDAGULL, LINDAGULL LILLA

Lindagull, Lindagull lilla
alferna viska i vilande park
natten är tindrande, stilla,
blommornas doft är så stark.

Lindagull, Lindagull låna
örat åt skälvande strängars musik,
låt mig, när stjärnorna blåna,
kyssa din florslöjas flik.

Runt om oss eldflugor sväva,
röda som sagornas rödaste skatt,
så omkring Lindagull bäva
längtan och kärlek i natt.

-Bertel Gripenberg

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM

Now sing angels in the heights of heaven
Merry Christmas!
And all God's children join, with joy, in the singing:
Merry Christmas!
In Bethlehem, in a bed of straw, unstained by sin,
shines one star for all, for all the small stars:
The glow of God's clear light.
Now, from heaven to earth, lies a way so mild
where God's good angels go up and down
with peace and joy.

CHRISTMAS SONG

See, the star of Christmas shines clear in the quiet
winter evening;

You were the steadfast joy of our youth,
When you spread your glow from the vaults of
heaven over land and city to make humankind
good and happy.

Shine, star, shine and bring joy to the earth's children
from the heights of heaven! Shine, star, shine!
In old age's late autumn, when life's hours decline,
you, the star of Christmas, give us faith,
you can speak of happiness.

Ah, give us peace on earth and tranquility,
Teach us eternal faith.

Shine, star, shine and bring joy to the earth's children
from the heights of heaven! Shine, star, shine!

LITTLE LINDAGULL

Lindagull, little Lindagull,
The elves whisper in the park in repose,
The night is sparkling, calm,
The scent of flowers is so strong.

Lindagull, Lindagull, lend
your ear to the music of trembling strings,
And when the stars grow blue,
let me kiss the hem of your veil.

Round us the glow-worms hover,
Red as fable's reddest treasure,
So around Lindagull shudder
longing and love tonight.

LUGN I TRON

När skuggor jorden hölja, när dagens buller dör,
och blott av flodens bölja ett dunkelt brus jag hör,
från bädden jag mig höjer och Zions harpa tar.
Ditt lov min själ förnöjer, o Skapare och Far!

Och sjärnorna, som tindra i himlens blåa hus,
och vågorna, som glindra i månens helga ljus,
och asparne, som bäva med sakta suckars ljud,
och skuggorna som sväva, allt priser dig, O Gud!

Och paradisiskt stänker en glädjedagg min hy.
I själen ro sig sänker och sorg och smärtor fly.
Likt regnbegjutna stänglar mitt hjärta lyfter sig,
och alla mörkrets änglar förmå ej mer mot mig.

-Erik Johan Stagnelius

MARSCH

För Gud och sanning,
rätt och ära är hvarje man en född soldat;
och för sin plikt att vapen bära det är den bästa
hjälteedat.

Den något vet att älska mer än lifvet,
den något vet att frukta mer än döden,
svag för ingendera, han har det rätta krigsmaner.

-Erik Gustaf Geijer

CALM IN FAITH

When shadows veil the earth, when the day's
clamor dies
and only from the river's waves I hear a deep
murmur,
from the bed I raise myself and take Zion's harp.
Your love gratifies my soul, Creator and Father!

And the stars, which shine in heaven's blue house,
And the waves, which glimmer in the moon's holy
light,
And the aspens, which tremble with soft sighing
sounds,
And the shadows, which float, all praise you, O God!

And the heavenly drops gladden my complexion,
Peace sinks into my soul and sorrow and pain flee,
Like rain-stiffened stems my heart lifts itself,
and all the darkness's angels can do nothing against
me.

MARCH

For God and truth,
right and honor, every man is a born soldier;
and to bear arms for his duty is the best
heroism.

He who knows something to love more than life,
He who knows something to fear more than death,
Weak before neither, he has the right spirit for war.

MIDSOMMARLÅT I LEKSAND

Nu drar midsommar in uti Dalarnes land;
nu det grönskar på Siljans förlovade strand.
Se på ängarnas prakt under himmelens sky,

hur det blommar i budom och by!
Hör den klingande gång utav fåglarnas sång!
Hör vad drillar, o hör, ifrån hagarnas kör!
Allt vad levande är, är en jublande här
uti Leksand i midsommarns tid.

Nu är midsommarfröjd i vart hjärta och sinn;
nu de blommande själarnas högtid går in,
och det spirande arvet från fädernas tid
i vår hembygd skall mogna i frid.
Allt vad ungt är och käckt och med livet i släkt,
allt vad skönast vi drömt,
allt vad renast vi gömt, allt vad ädlast vi
tro, må det grönska och gro
uti Leksand i midsommarns tid.

-Samuel Gabrielsson

MIN KÄRA

Min kära är fin som en liten prinsessa,
som vänaste blomma i markerna står.
Och håret är sol kring min kärastes hjässa,

det lyser av sol, där hon går.

Min kära är mjuk som sälgarnas hängen
och skär som äppelblommen en vår.
Hennes gång är som rådjurets gång över ängen,
som vindens gång över blommande snår.

Min kära är allt, som är vackert och härligt,
all solsken i världen, all faget och kärligt!

allt ljuvligt, du anar och vet.
Och livet är bara en skimrande fjäril,
och jorden är bara ett flödande käril
av jubel och lycksalighet.

-Sten Selander

MID-SUMMER TUNE IN LEKSAND

Now mid-summer approaches out in Dalarna;
Now it is greening on Lake Siljan's promised shore.
See in the meadow's magnificence under heaven's
sky,

how it blooms in countryside and village.
Hear the ringing gait of the bird's song
Hear what trills, o hear, from the pasture's choir!
All that is living is a rejoicing host
out in Leksand in mid-summer's time.

Now mid-summer joy is in our heart and senses;
now the festival of the blooming souls begins,
and the budding heritage from our father's time
in our homes shall ripen in peace.
All that is young and dashing and of lively blood,
all the most beautiful we dreamed,
all the most pure we hid, all the most noble we
believe, may it be green and grow
out in Leksand in mid-summer's time.

MY SWEETHEART

My sweetheart is fine as a little princess,
as the most delicate bloom in the meadow.
And her hair is like the sun round my sweetheart's
head,
it shines like the sun wherever she walks.

My sweetheart is soft as the pussy willow
and pink as the apple bloom in spring.
She trips like a deer across the meadow,
like the wind blowing over the blooming brush.

My dear is all that is lovely and fine,
all the sun in the world, all that is beauty and
sweetness!

All that is delightful that you sense and know.
And life is only a shimmering butterfly,
and the earth is only an abundant cornucopia
of joy and of bliss.

MITT I EN BLOMSTERMÅNAD

Ett gammalt träd står grön på nytt,
när vintern är förgäten.
Det minns gestalter som har flytt
och glömda fåglars läten.
Förbi drog härar med standar
och grannens gård blev rånad.
Ett gammalt träd står ensamt kvar
mitt i en blomstermånad.

Nu styrker och förnöjer oss
det träd som ingen fällde.
Av fritt beslut vi böjer oss
för junis herravälde.
Mitt i en värld av eld och då
finns rum för fågelreden.
En blomstermånads älsklingsson
har rädat oss åt freden.

Vi är ett folk som tiger helst;
så är vi svenskar lagda.
De ord som kunde oss ha frälst,
blir oftast outsagda.
Vår bästa sång blir evigt stum,
fast den har ej sin like.
Men i vårt hjärta finns ett rum:
där är ditt kungarike!

-Hjalmar Gullberg

IN THE MIDST OF A MONTH OF FLOWERS

An old tree stands green anew,
when winter has died away.
It reminds one of figures that have moved away
and forgotten birds' sound.
Past marched the armies with their standards
and the neighbor's farm was robbed.
An old tree stands left alone
in the midst of a month of flowers.

Now it strengthens and satisfies us,
the tree which no one felled.
Of free will we bow ourselves
to June's supremacy.
In the midst of a world of fire and thunder
there is space for the bird's nest.
A flower month's beloved son
has delivered us to peace.

We are a people who prefer to keep silent;
We Swedes are made thus.
The words that could have saved us
are most often unsaid.
Our best song becomes eternally silent,
although it does not have its equal.
But in our heart there is a space:
there is your royal kingdom!

MOTETT

Väktare på Sions murar, skåda vidden av ditt kall!

Inför den, som prövar njurar, räkningskap du göra
skall.

Vårda Kristi får och lamm, träd med
herdastaven fram, vaksam, fridsam, lyckosam!
Skriv det konungsliga budet tidigt i de ungas bröst,
Låt av nådan utgå ljudet till de ångerfullas tröst!
Vilsefördas ledsven var, svagas tillflykt och försvar

och de armas vän och far!

Var på tidens tecken vaken, var vid dess fördärv
ej ljum!

Låt den helga ljusastaken icke stötas från sitt rum!

Bäva ej i stormig tid, manligt emot elvar strid,

tåligt, Kristi smälekid!

Dig den högste Herden lede,
du, som lede skall hans hjord!

Dig han styrke och berede
med sin Anda och sitt ord!

Give han, vars kors du bar, dig en krona evigt klar,

när din kamp du kämpat har!

- Johan Olof Wallin

NATT

Natten är kall och klar, domnat är dagens brus;
allting, som är och var, ser jag i stjärneljus.
Glädje, som sorgen närt, sorg, som mitt liv förtärt,

allting så fjärran står, tystnaden ensam rår.

-Gustaf Alexanderson

MOTET

Guards on Zion's walls, behold the scope of your
mission!

Before that which tests your kidneys, you shall be
held accountable.

Tend Christ's sheep and lambs, Go with the
shepherd's staff, vigilant, peaceful, prosperous!
Write the royal law early in the breasts of the young,
By grace allow the sound to comfort the repentant!
Be a guide to the lost, refuge and defense for the
weak,
and friend and father of the poor!

Be alert to the signs of the age, be not indifferent to
its decay!

Let not the holy candlestick be removed from its
place!

Do not tremble in the stormy time, manfully oppose
the current,

patiently suffer Christ's disgrace!

May the highest Shepherd lead you,
you, who shall lead his flock!

May he strengthen and prepare you
with his Spirit and his word!

May he, whose cross you bear, give you a crown
eternally clear,
when you have fought your battle!

NIGHT

The night is cold and clear, the day's bustle is stilled;
everything that is and was, I see in the star light.

Joy, which nourished sorrow, sorrow, which
consumed my life,

everything is so far away, the silence alone reigns.

NORDENS LÄNDER

Danmarks öar, Sveriges dalar,
Norges fjäll och Islands sagoö,
Finlands djupa skogar talar med en röst, som
ej kan dö.

Kör av ädla lyror säger oss vad Norden ande är.

Ingen strupe, ingen stämma äger samma klang,
som Nordens stämma bär.

Ingen kan till tystnad tvinga denna röst,
som är vår andes liv.

Stormtids klockor må oss sammanringa,
väcka oss ur dvalands tidsfördriv!

Låt oss ta varandras händer, låt oss stiga ur
vår ensamhet,

Nordens sköna syskonländer, slutna i gemensamhet!

Samma skyar speglar våra vatten,
och av lövens gröna fång flätas i den ljusa natten
samma kransar än vid sång.

Sjung oss samman sent omsider!

Nordens stämma, stolt och hel,
ljuda skall till tiders tider om den jord,
som är vår arvedel.

- *Hans Dhejne*

PAPILLON

Papillon dansar i solens ljus
lätt som blommornas älva
dansar i livslust och glädjerus;
vingarna skimra och skälva.

Papillon kom som ett bud om vår
vintern var tung att bära
vår solens glans om vingarna står.
Papillon, solbarn, kära.

Blomman knoppas och vecklas ut,
vissnar och frukter sätter.
Papillon dansar var minut,
fladdrar dagar och nätter.

Hösten kommer, soln går bort.
Vingarna vilja ej bära.
Sommarens ljuvliga dag var så kort;
Papillon, döden är nära.

Papillon ännu så munter nyss,
ångest och köld förnimmer;
darrar och somnar vid dödens kyss
lätt under kvällssols skimmer.

- *Gustaf Alexanderson*

THE COUNTRIES OF THE NORTH

Denmark's islands, Sweden's meadows
Norway's mountains and Iceland's legendary island.
Finland's deep forests speak with a voice that
cannot die.

A choir of noble lyres tells us of the spirit of the
North.

No throat, no voice possesses the same sound,
as the voice of the North carries.

None can compel this voice to silence,
which is the life of our spirit.

A stormy time's bells call us together,
wake us from the pastimes of lethargy.

Let us take each other's hands, let us step out
of our solitude,

The North's beautiful sibling lands, bound by a
common purpose!

The same skies reflect our water,
and from armfuls of green leaves, in the light night
the same wreaths are still braided with songs.

Sing us together at long last!

The voice of the North, proud and whole,
shall sing to the end of the time of this land,
which is our inheritance.

BUTTERFLY

The butterfly dances in the light of the sun
Light as the flower fairy
Dancing for joy of life, for ecstasy;
Its wings shimmer and tremble.

The butterfly came like a herald of spring,
Winter was heavy to bear
The spring sun is bright on its wings.
Butterfly, child of the sun, dear one.

The flower buds and blooms,
Withers and yields to its seeds.
The butterfly dances unceasingly,
Flutters by day and by night.

The autumn comes, the sun in gone.
Your wings will not carry you.
Summer's lovely day was so short;
Butterfly, death is near.

Butterfly, still so happy until now,
Senses the chill and worry;
Trembles and sleeps at death's kiss,
Lightly in the flickering evening sun.

PRÖVNINGEN

see FEM SÅNGER, #3

PSALM

O, Herre, låt din röst mig höra få,
om vägen leder rätt! O, Herre, var min tröst,
att jag må stå i kampen stark till slut.

O, Herre, giv mig makt att handla stort,
om och jag lida må! O, Herre, var min vakt,
att vad jag gjort må bli i död min frid!

O, Herre, stärk min tro, mig luttring giv
att vilan nå hos dig!
O, Herre, giv mig ro och när mig bliv,
låt dina portar upp.

- Per Jönsson Rösjö

ROSLAGSVÅR

Solen sjunker i sjön till ro,
och svalan landar i murat bo.
Aftonrodnan brinner och aftonbrisens drar,
och Adam och Eva står par om par.
Johansson, hör du gökarna?
Johansson, häng med i krökarna!
Johansson, ser du lökarna?
Se hur alla björkar slagit ut!
Johansson, hör du strängarna?
Johansson, var med i svängarna!
Johansson, ser du ängarna?
Häggen doftar redan vid vår knut!

Skynda dig, skynda dig, skogen kläder sig.
Alla fåglar kvittrar, alla fjärdar glittrar.
Skynda dig, skynda dig, marken gläder sig.
Öppna dina sinnen allt vad du förmår!
Skynda dig, skynda dig, doften sprider sig.
Alla blommor knoppas, alla flickor hoppas.
Skynda dig, skynda dig, jorden vrider sig,
flyktig är vår korta Roslagsvår.
Johansson, ser du båkarna?
Johansson, kom rör på påkarna!
Johansson, hör du stråkarna?
Kort är våren, snart så är den slut.

Daggen glittrar på gräs och strå,
och sommarskymningen lättar på.
Morgonrodnan stiger vid morgonbrisens drag,

och snart skall det vara en annan dag.
-Alf Henrikson

SONG

O, Lord, let me hear your voice tell
whether the way is right. O, Lord, be my comfort
That I may stand strong to the end in the struggle.

O, Lord, give me strength to be strong
even if I must suffer. O, Lord, be my guard,
That my actions may be my peace in death!

O, Lord, strengthen my faith, Give me perseverance
to reach a resting place with you!
O, Lord, give me peace and be near me,
Open up your gates.

SPRING IN ROSLAGEN

The sun sinks in the sea to peace,
and the swallows land in the built-up nest.
The evening red burns and the evening breeze draws,
and Adam and Eve stand by pairs.
Johansson, do you hear the cuckoo?
Johansson, follow along in the turns!
Johansson, do you see the daffodils?
See how all the birches are leafing!
Johansson, do you hear the strings?
Johansson, join in the dance!
Johansson, do you see the meadows?
The cherry tree already scents our porch!

Hurry, hurry, the forest is celebrating.
All the birds are twittering, the sea is glittering,
Hurry, hurry, the earth is rejoicing.
Open your senses as much as you can!
Hurry, hurry, the scent is spreading.
Hurry, hurry, the earth is turning,
Hurry, hurry, the earth is turning,
fleeting is our short Roslag's spring.
Johansson, do you see the beacons?
Johansson, swing your legs!
Johansson, do you hear the fiddles?
Spring is short, soon it will be over.

The day glitters on the grass and straw
and summer twilight lightens upon us.
The morning red comes in with the breath of the
morning breeze,
and soon it shall be another day.

SERANAD

see LINDAGULL, LINDAGULL LILLA

STEMNING (in Norwegian)

All de voksende Skygger
har vævet sig sammen til en,
ensom paa Himmelen lyser
en Stjerne saa straalende ren,
Skyerne have saa tunge Drømme,
Blomsternes Øjne i Duggraad svømme
underligt Aftenvinden susser i Linden.

-Jens Peter Jacobsen

STEMNING (in Swedish)

Skymningens glidande skuggor ha vävt sig
tillsamman till en,
ensam på himmelen lyser en stjärna så strålande ren,
skyarna vandra med tunga drömmar,
daggan från blommornas ögon strömmar,
vemodigt aftonviden susar i linden.

-Jens Peter Jacobsen

SVERGES FLAGGA

Flamma stolt mot dunkla skyar
lik en glimt av sommarns sol
över Sverges dalar, skogar, berg och byar
över vattnen av viol,
du, som sjunger, när du breder
som vår gamla lyckas tolk:
"Solen lyser!
Ingen vredes åska slog vårt tappra folk!"

Flamma högt vår kärleks tacken,
värm oss, när det blåser kallt!
Stråla ur de blåa vecken
kärlek mera stark än allt!
Sverges flagga, Sverges ära,
fornklenod och framtidstolk,
Gud är med oss,
Han skall bära stark vårt fria svenska folk.

-Karl Gustaf Ossiannilsson

SERENADE

MOOD

All the growing shadows
have woven themselves into one,
Alone in the sky shines
a star so radiantly pure.
The clouds have such heavy dreams.
Dew flows in the flowers' eyes,
And strangely sighs the evening breeze in the
linden tree.

Dusk's growing shadows have woven
themselves into one,
Alone in the sky shines a star so radiantly pure.
The clouds have such heavy dreams.
Dew flows from flowers' eyes,
And sadly sighs the evening breeze in the lime tree.

SWEDEN'S FLAG

Flaming bright against darkening skies
Like a glimpse of the summer sun
Over Sweden's dales, forests, mountains, and villages
over the purple water,
You, who sing when you are unfurled
as the voice of our ancient happiness.
"The sun shines!
No angry thunder struck our brave people!"

Burn brightly, our sign of love,
warm us when the wind is cold!
Shine out of the blue folds
a love stronger than all!
Sweden's flag, Sweden's honor,
ancient treasure and future's harbinger,
God is with us,
He will strongly bear our free Swedish people.

SÅNG TILL STOCKHOLM

Du är oss alla kär, vår riksklenod, vår sköna stad.

Din borg mot rymden bär
Tre kronors gyllne klöverblad.
Hör bruset, se Norrström!
Var annorstädes räcks en famn mer öppen,
kärleksöm,
än Mälarfjärd och Saltsjöhamn!

Men djupblått skymningsljus,
som dröjer kvar kring Söders berg och
Skeppsbrons gavel hus,
är vår, är Stockholms egen färg.
Vid Bellmans Djurgårdsek,
i sommarkvällen söka vi med lutans strängalek

vår stads, vår gömda melodi.
Du är oss alla kär, vår riksklenod, vår sköna stad.

-Gunnar Fant

SÅNGEN TILL FOLKARE

Över mörka åsar till blommande dal
träden in i Folkares lövade sal!
Ser du hur sjöarna blänka?
En bergsmansgård sover i drömmande ro
vid teger, ett sentida bo.
Gammalt och nytt här sig länka.

I majstången hänger jag midsommmarkrans.
Hör spelmännens låtar, som bjuda till dans!
Solen har kommit tillbaka.
I halvskumma natten gå hyttornas bloss långt ut
över bygden med hälsning till oss
från män i nattskiftets vaka.

Våra marker ge oss i järnbäraland
båda gröda och malm, med givmild hand,
av bröd och stål blir det karlar.
Vi gå man ur huse att värna vår nejd,
vi ha förr ridit ut mången blodig fejd,

på vårdkasens bud vi svarar.

-Carl Axel Norrgren

SONG TO STOCKHOLM

You are most dear to us, our national treasure, our
beautiful city.

Your castle holds up against the open space
a cloverleaf of three gold crowns.
Hear the roar, see the northern stream!
Where else is a more open, loving embrace extended

than Mälarfjärd and Saltsjöhamn!

But the deep blue light of the dusk sky,
that still lingers around Söder's hill and
Skeppsbron's great house,
is our, is Stockholm's own color.
By Bellman's animal garden
in the summer evening we search with lute strings
playing
our city's, our hidden melody.
You are most dear to us, our national treasure, our
beautiful city.

SONG TO THE PEOPLE

Over the dark ridges to the blooming dale,
Enter into the people's leafing hall!
Do you see how the seas glitter?
A mountain farm sleeps in dreaming peace
next to a strip of tilled land, a present-day home.
Old and new have joined together.

I hang a midsummer wreath on the maypole,
Hear the musician's sound, which invites us to dance!
The sun has returned,
In the half-darkened night the cabin's light shines far
over the village as a greeting to us
from men on the night watch.

Our earth gives to us in iron-rich lands
both crops and ore, with a generous hand,
From bread and steel are men made.
We all go from our homes to protect our neighbors,
We have made it through many bloody difficulties
before,
We answer our beacon's call.

TALTRASTEN

Han sitter i en yvig tall i furuskogens gömma,
han kan ej såsom lärkan slå bland skyarna sin drill;
men djupt i skogens sus och svall där älskar
han att drömma,
att tala på sitt eget språk och sjunga som han vill.

Och mången främling stannar nog och hör hur
trasten talar,
men fattar icke stämmans klang ur furudungen sval.

Vi enkla folk bland ås och skog,
vi barn av karga Dalar förstå
och älska sången av vår hembygds näktergal,
-Kerstin Hed (Hilda Gunilla Olsson)

TATTARE-EMMA

Den grannesta flicka därhemma, pina å dö
ä Måns Tattares svartöjda Emma, e däjeli mö!

Hennes hår dä ä svart somdi mörkesta nätter!
Å dä underlit då, att längtar ätterä?

Når speleman inne på logen drillar en dans,
ä Tattare Emma från skogen den licksta som fanns
Te si, ho ä kringest i svingande vänningar,
når storpolksa går, så dä vischar i klänningar!

Å gubben han säger därhemma, att en ä dum,
som håller åv Tattare-Emma. Va bryr en sej um
att Tattare-Måns, hennes far, ä en stackare,
som skälles för skojare, tjuvstryk å rackare.
-Jeremias i Tröslösa (Levi Rickson)

THE SONG THRUSH

He sits in a thick pine in the pine forest's hiding
place,
He cannot send his warble among the clouds like the
lark;
but deep in the forest's sighs and swells he loves
to dream,
to speak in his own language and sing as he pleases.

And many foreigners stand and hear how the
song thrush speaks,
but do not discern the voice's sound from the forest
swell.

We simple folk among the ridges and forest,
we children of barren Dala understand
and love the song of our home region's nightingale.

GYPSY EMMA

The finest looking girl at home, torment and death
Is Måns the gypsy's black-eyed Emma, a lovely
maiden!

Her hair was as black as the darkest night!
Is it strange, then, to long for her?

When the fiddler in the barn warbles a dance
Gypsy Emma from the forest is the finest there is
Te, si, hear in the circle the swinging friends,
when the great polka plays, so her clothes swish!

The old man at home says that one is foolish
to fall for Gypsy Emma. What does one care
that Gypsy-Måns, her father, is a wretch
who is cursed as a swindler, thief and scoundrel.

TILL S.H.T..

Ädla Samfund, när på dig vi tänka,
ur vår strupe självmant väller sång,
glädje tårar i vårt öga blänka,
och vi känna blodets böljegång.
Lyckoskapare, vårt hjärta sväller,
när din port slås upp till riddarslag
och vi skåda glädjens immorteller
blomma rikt i Bröders anletsdrag.
När Kapitlets sorl mot taket stiger
under protokollets vilda färd eller
Mästarn talar tankediger,
då är stunden dock att leva värd.
Här vi trycka fasta brodershänder
och se in i orädd brodersblick,
som i redlig vänskap ljust sig tänder
efter ädelt riddersmanna skick.
I vår Ordens vänskapshav vi dränka sorg,
pedanteri och annat tvång.
Ädla Samfund, när på dig vi tänka,
ur vår strupe självmant väller sång.

-Gottfrid Kallstenius

VAGGVISA

Dagen blir natt, natten blir dag,
ingenting giv, ingenting tag,
allting glider mot döden.

Fröet blir frukt, och frukten blir frö,
blommorna blomma och dofta och dö
allting glider mot döden.

Livet förbleknar och blir till en dröm
allt är en dröm, blunda och glöm
allting glider mot döden.

-Erik Blomberg

TO S.H.T.

Noble Society, when we think upon you,
Song wells up of its own accord from our throats,
tears of joy gleam in our eyes,
and we feel our blood swell.
Creator of happiness, our heart swells,
when your door opens to chivalrous men
and we behold the eternally fresh flowers of joy
blooming richly in our brothers' faces.
When our Chapter's murmuring rises to the roof
during the ceremony's wild procession or
the Master speaks profoundly,
then is the moment still worth living.
Here we firmly shake our brothers' hands
and look into unthreatening brothers' eyes,
in which the joy of honest friendship is lit
according to the customs of noble chivalry.
In our Order's sea of friendship we drown sorrow,
pedantry and other constraints.
Noble society, when we think upon you,
Song wells up of its own accord from our throats.

LULLABY

Day becomes night, night becomes day,
Give nothing and take nothing,
Everything glides towards death.

Seeds become fruit and fruit becomes seeds
Flowers bloom and give scent and die,
Everything glides towards death.

Life grows pale and becomes like a dream,
everything is a dream, close your eyes and forget,
everything glides towards death.

EN VISA OM "BARNENS Ö" PÅ
"BARNENS DAG"

Det ligger en ö vid en glittrande fjärd,
ett sommarbarnshem utan like,
för tusende små ifrån storstadens värld
ett underbart sagornas rike:
Det ligger därborts långt östan om sol
och västan om månen, den klara,
med sångar och lekar till trollfars fiol
och långdans av älvornas skara.

Dit längta och tränga från gatornas prang

de bleka små jäntor och drängar;
dit drömma de sig: ut till havsvindars sång,
till skogssus och blommande ängar –
Så giv oss din hjälp att till drömmarnas ö
än flera få jublande fara!
Därute bland solstänk på blånande sjö,
därute är härligt att vara!

Vi äro så blyga, vi äro så små
men våga dock tralla och sjunga,
och sången den gäller, det kan ni förså
vår ö och de tusende unga.
Så giv oss din hjälp att till drömmarnas ö
än flera få jublande fara!
Därute bland solstänk på blånande sjö,
därute är härligt att vara!

-Cyrus Granér

A SONG ABOUT THE CHILDREN'S ISLAND ON
"THE DAY OF CHILDREN"

There lies an island by a glittering bay,
a child's summer home without equal,
for thousands of the small from the big city world
a wonderful fairy-tale kingdom:
It lies far away to the east of the sun
and west of the clear moon,
with songs and games to the troll father's fiddle
and the long-line dance by the elf troupe.

Your longing and jostling in the streets' narrow
alleys

the pale small lasses and lads;
They dream of that place: out on the sea wind's song
to the forest's sigh and blooming meadows
So give us your help so that to dreamer's island
still more may jubilantly travel!
Out there among the sunbeams on the blue sea
Out where it is glorious to be!

We are so shy, we are so small
but still dare to warble and sing,
and the song tells about, as you may understand,
Our island and the thousand young ones.
So give us your help so that to dreamer's island
still more may jubilantly travel!
Out there among the sunbeams on the blue sea
Out where it is glorious to be!

EN VISA OM TROHETEN

Och har du funnit en fager mö
och lof var henne bli trogen,
små eder brytas som svajigt rö och löftet,
det går åt skogen.
Ty rundt kring de många och redliga männen
stå flickor i ringdans och ropa på vännen.
Och en vill ja veta som då håller ord,
om han möter en skönare jänta uppå jord
än den han har lofvat bli trogen.

Och har du funnit en riker fru
och lofvar henne bli trogen,
då får du roligt jag säger hu
med gyllne ringen på knogen.
Då måste du alltid noga dig akta,
ty hon har ju medel på troheten vakta;
och dig vill jag se om du håller ditt ord,
om du fångar en rikars kvinna på jord
än den du för pengar är trogen.

Men har du funnit dit hjärtas vän
och lofvar henne bli trogen,
då kan du ge dig båd den och den
och sälta handen till plogen.
Ty midt i de många flickarnas skara i
grunden en enda din egen kan vara;
och då kan det ske på den rullande jord
att i trots av de många du håller ditt ord
och ens icke vet du är trogen.

-Erik Brogren

A SONG ABOUT FAITHFULNESS

If you have found a fair maiden
and promise to her to be faithful,
small oaths are broken as swaying reeds,
And promises fly away to the forests.
For round about the many and upright men
stand girls in the ring dance and call out to friends.
And I would like to meet one, who keeps his word,
when he meets a more beautiful girl upon the earth
than her to whom he has promised to be true.

And if you have found a rich lady
and promise to her to be faithful,
then you'll have fun, I say to you,
with gold rings on your knuckles.
Then you must always take great care,
for she has means to keep watch over your faith;
and I will see if you keep your word,
if you catch a richer woman on earth
Than the one to whom you are faithful for money.

But if you have found your heart's friend
and promised to her to be faithful,
then you can give yourselves to each other
and set your hand to the plow.
For in the midst of the multitude of many girls
in fact only one can be your own;
and there can it happen on the rolling earth
that in spite of the many you kept your word
and but one knows you are faithful.

VÅR ULLA LÅG I SÄNGEN OCH SOV

Vår Ulla låg i sängen och sov med handen under öra,

och ingen mer än krögarn fick lov på nyckelhålet
röra.

Utanför på krogen, bror, var det så tyst som om
natten;

intet öl fanns, om du tror, nej, knappt en
droppa vatten!

Tyst på tå, så nöjd och kvick,
kring sängen gubben vandra',
tog på täcket, log och gick och viska med de andra.

Ulla snarka', frös och sparka', täcket över
huvu't drog,
kröp inunder med ett dunder, vände sig och log.

En änglahy, en leende mun, ett blottat bröst av våda,

ack, himmel, ack, var timma och
stund nytt paradiset bebåda!
Men av all naturens prakt,
hjärtat till vållust och plåga,
röjde mest sin ljuva makt två ögons vackra låga.

Såg hon upp, förtjustes allt;
och blunda hon med öga,
rördes blodet varmt och kallt,
med suckar till det höga.
Maken tunga till att sjunga
och en röst så skär och klar
och så böjlig finns omöjlig – det sa krögarnfar.

-Carl Michael Bellman

VÅRENS VANDRING

Nu hvisslar det i snåren, nu skimrar det i sky,

och stromfladdrad våren drar glad från by till by.

På stugans knut hon bankar med hvithyllt liten hand,

då vika tunga tankar för sång från solens land.

Och gamla visor strömma från röda läppars par,
och unga hjärtan drömma som förr i vårens dar.

-Daniel Fallström

OUR ULLA LAY IN BED AND SLEPT

Our Ulla laid in bed and slept with the hand under her
ear,

And nobody besides the innkeeper was allowed to
touch the lock

Outside in the pub, brother, it was as silent as at night

There was no beer, if you can believe, no, hardly a
drop of water!

Silent on tiptoe, so satisfied and quick
around the bed the old fellow walked,
touched the bedspread, smiled and went to whispered
with the others

Ulla snored, froze and kicked, dragged the bedspread
over her head
Crept under it with a noise, turned over and smiled.

An angel's complexion, a smiling mouth, a breast
exposed by chance,

ah, heaven, ah, each hour and
moment announces a new paradise!

But of all nature's splendor
for the heart's pleasure and pain,
it shows most its lovely power in two eyes' beautiful
flames.

She looked up, delighted by everything
and blinked her eyes,
the blood was stirred warm and cold
with sighs to the heavens.

The likes of her tongue that sings
and her voice so pure and clear
and supple is impossible to find – that said the
innkeeper.

THE WANDERING OF SPRING

Now it whistles in the brush, now it shimmers in the
clouds,

and fluttering bird-filled spring goes with joy from
town to town.

On the cabin's corner she banks with a fair little
hand,

Then the heavy thoughts yield to songs from the
sun's land.

And old songs flow from pairs of red lips,
and young hearts dream as before in the days of
spring.

VÅRSÅNG

See FEM SÅNGER, #5 - *EN JÄGARES VÅRSÅNG*

VÅRSÅNG "MAJ"

Det är fågringsens tid, det är vår, det är maj,
det är grönska och strålande sol.
Under bugande björkarnas ljusgröna svaj
knoppas liljekonvalj och viol.
Och de bära i ljuvliga dofter sitt lov,
medan fåglarna sjunga i dur
till den härskares pris,
som har grundat sitt hov ibland alar och susande fur.

Sitt då icke och grubbla din glädje ihjäl,
gå med brusande bäckar i takt ut i våren och
låt den få lyfta din själ med sin stora, oändliga makt!

-Kerstin Hed (Hilda Gunilla Olsson)

SPRING SONG "MAY"

It is beauty's own time, it is spring, it is May,
Things become green and the sun is beaming.
Under the bowing birches' green light sway
the lily of the valley and violets are budding.
And they bear in lovely scents their promise,
while the birds sing in major
to the Master's praise,
Who has established his court among alders and
sighing trees.
Don't sit there and contemplate your joy to death
step in time with the bubbling streams into the spring
and let your spirit be lifted by its great, infinite
power!

VÄCKSÅNG

see FEM SÅNGER, #1

Appendix C: Texts and Translations of Folksong Arrangements³²

ANDERS, HAN VAR EN HURTIGER DRÄNG

Anders, han var en hurtiger dräng,
flitiger som en myra,
och stor var son som den grovaste karl,
stark var han väl som fyra.
Munter och gla' hurtig han va',
flickorna tyckte, han var så rar.
Lita på mej! En får han sej,
det kan jag tryggt bedyra.

Anders var blyg och suckade:
"Ack, den som en flicka hade!"
Så kom han in i flickornas ringen,
höjde sin röst och sade:
"Söta små flickor! En vill jag ha;
vilken utav eder får kag nu ta?"
"Anders, ta mej!" skreko de alla glade.

"Nej," sade Anders, "tåcka behag,
de röra mig så föga."
Då fick han se, var Anna lill' satt
med tårar i sitt öga.
Ack tänkte Anders, glad i sitt sinn',
du, lilla Anna, du ska bli min.
"Vill du mig ha?" Hon svarte: "Ja!"
Så går det till att fria.

DALVISA

Om sommaren sköna, när marken hon gläds,
vid Dala två älvarna vida
från Tunaå strand åt Gagnefmäns näs,
hur fagert att ro och att rida!
Gud glädje och styrke de män, som där bo,
ja, Gud glädje och styrke de män, som där bo,
vid älvom, på berg och i dalom

I Dalarna bodde, i Dalarna bor
bland armod än trohet och ära:
ett släkte, som håller den ed, som det svor,
och pilar i vapnet ses bära.
Det blandat med bark icke sällan sit bröd,
men mäktiga herrar dock funno sit stöd
hos fattiga männer i Dalom

ANDERS, HE WAS A LIVELY LAD

Anders, he was a lively lad,
busy as an ant,
He was as large as the thickest man,
He was as strong as four men.
Cheerful and happy and lively was he,
And the girls all thought he was special.
Trust me in this, one will be his,
I can assure you of that.

Anders was shy and he sighed,
"Ah, if I only had a girl."
Then he entered the girls' ring,
lifted his voice and said,
"Dear little girls, I would like to choose one,"
"Which of you shall I choose?"
"Anders, take me!" they all shrieked in joy.

"No," said Anders. "Their charms do not
move me at all."
Then he noticed little Anna sitting
with tears in her eyes.
Oh, thought Anders, moved with joy at last,
you, little Anna, you shall be mine.
"Will you be mine?" She answered, "Yes!"
That is the way of proposals.

DALARNA BALLAD

In the beauty of summer, when the earth rejoices,
In Dala two rivers wide
from Tunaå's shore to Gagnefmän's point,
How splendid it is to row and ride!
God, gladden and strengthen those who live there,
yes, gladden and strengthen those who live there,
By the river, on the mountain, and in the valley.

In Dalarna there lived, in Dalarna there lives
amidst the misery – faithfulness and honor:
A kinfolk which keeps the oath it swore,
And which does bear arrows in its coat of arms.
Often did it make its bread with bark,
But mighty lords, yet, drew support
from the poor people of the valley.

³² All song texts were translated by the author, and edited by Sharon Berg, Assistant Professor of Scandinavian Studies at Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota.

DJUPT I HAVET

Djupt i havet på demantehällen
Necken vilar i grönan sal.
Natten tärnor spänna mörka pellen
över skog, över berg och dal.
Kvällen härlig står, i svartan högtidsskrud;
när och fjärran ej en susning,
intet ljud stör det lugn över nejden rår,
när havets kung ur gyllne borgen går.

“Över dväljs du, klaraste bland stjärnor,
i den blånande skymningsstund?
Du, som fordom en bland jordens tärnor,
var min brud uti havets grund.
Och när hjärtat brann vid mina ömma slag,
smög så blyg, så skön,
de tjusande behag mot min barm i den svala flod,
och gyllne harpan stum på vågan stod.”

DUVANS SÅNG PÅ LILJEKVIST

Det sitter en duva på liljekvist
i midsommarstider.
Hon sjunger så fagert om Jesu Krist.
I himmelen är en stor glädje.

Hon sjunger och sjunger alltså
i midsommarstider.
“Det väntas en jungfru till himmelen i år.”
I himmelen är en stor glädje.

Och jungfrun vart döder och lades på bår
i midsommarstider.
Och jungfrur och tärnor de krusa' hennes hår.
I himmelen är en stor glädje.

De lade den jungfrun i svartan mull,
i midsommarstider.
Och själva Gud Fader han var hennes huld.
I himmelen är en stor glädje.

DEEP IN THE SEA

Deep in the sea at the rock of Demante
The water-sprite rests in the green hall.
The maidens of the night stretch darkness
over forest, over mountain and valley.
The evening thus stands, in black festival garb;
near and far there is no murmur,
no sound disturbs the calm over the surroundings
when the sea's king goes from the golden castle.

“Over the depths you, clearest among the stars,
in the twilight hour that is turning blue?”
You, who formerly one of earth's maidens,
was my bride at the bottom of the sea.
And when the heart burned with my tender beat,
so bashful, so pure, crept.
The charming pleasure toward my breast in the
swallow river,
and the golden harps stood mute on the waves.

THE SONG OF A DOVE ON A LILY SPRIG

There sits a dove on a lily sprig
in midsummer's time.
She sings so fairly about Jesus Christ.
In heaven there is a great joy.

She sings and sings
in midsummer's time.
“It is waiting for a maiden to go to heaven this year.”
In heaven there is a great joy.

A maiden was dead and was laid on a bier
in midsummer's time.
And girls and maidens curled her hair.
In heaven there is a great joy.

They laid the maiden in the black earth,
in midsummer's time.
And God the Father himself looked kindly upon her.
In heaven there is a great joy.

EN JÄGARES VÅRSÅNG

Nu spricka knopparna och lysa topparna av
björk I brunt och rödt.
På himlen skönare en skiftning grönare kan ses
i kvällens ljus.
I klara sjöarna har solen öarna från vinterns
böja lost.
Nu glittra vågorna i varma lågorna
av himlens aftonglöd.
Jag enkla jägare min fyllda bägare för våren,
för våren höja vill.

GAMMAL BRÄNNVINSLÅT FRÅN MORA

Få mi litä uppi kosu!
Jen gång å jen gång till! Tra la la...

GLÄDJENS BLOMSTER

Glädjens blomster i jordens mull,
ack, visst aldrig gro!
Kärlek själv ju försåtlig är
för ditt hjärtas ro.
Men där ovan, för hopp och tro
blomstra de evigt friska.
Hör du ej hu andar
ljuvt om den til hjärtat viska?

HERR APELBRAND OCH LENA LILLA

Hertig Apelbrand rider på Lena lillas gård
Vore jag själv ung som en lilja!
Lena lilla ute för honom månne stå.
Nog minnes du det, jungfru Lena.

“Hör du, lilla Lena, vad jag dig säga må”:
Vore jag själv ung som en lilja!
“Dig vill jag lova min ära och min tro.”
Nog minnes du det, jungfru Lena.

“Din ära och din tro jag passar inte på,”
Vore jag själv ung som en lilja!
“dem aktar jag dom dammet under mina skor.”
Nog minnes du det, jungfru Lena.

Hertig Apelbrand had svängde sin gångare grå,
Vore jag själv ung som en lilja!
Så vred rider han från Lena lillas gård.
Nog minnes du det, jungfru Lena.

A HUNTER'S SPRING SONG

Now the buds burst and the tops of the birch
shine in brown and red.
In the more beautiful heaven a changing green can be
seen in the evening's light.
In the clear sea, the sun has released the islands
from winter's grip.
Now waves glitter in the warm flame of heaven's
afternoon glow.
I a single hunter will raise my full chalice for spring,
will raise a toast to the spring.

OLD SCHAPPS SONG FROM MORA

Give me a little!
Again and again! Tra la la...

FLOWERS OF JOY

Flowers of joy in the muck of the earth,
alas, will never grow!
And love itself is treacherous
to the peace of the heart.
But there above, for hope and faith
they flower eternally.
Can you not hear how the spirits
whisper gently of them to the heart?

MR. APPLEFIRE AND LITTLE LENA

Duke Applefire rides by little Lena's garden
Were I young as a lily!
Little Lena stood out there for him
Surely you will remember that, maiden Lena.

“Listen, little Lena, what I must say to you,”
Were I young as a lily!
“To you I want to promise my honor and loyalty.”
Surely you will remember that, maiden Lena.

“Your honor and loyalty do not suit me,”
Were I young as a lily!
“I value them as the dust beneath my shoes.”
Surely you will remember that, maiden Lena.

Duke Applefire turned his gray steed,
Were I young as a lily!
So angrily he rode from little Lena's garden.
Surely you will remember that, maiden Lena.

HERR FRÖJDENBORG OCH FRÖKEN ADELIN
Fröken Adelin hon gångar sig i rosendegård,
för allt vad som kärt är i världen,
att hämta de rosor, vita och blå.
Mig tyckes det är tungt till att leva.

Hon plockade rosor, både vita och blå,
för allt vad som kärt är i världen,
att binda hertig Fröjdenborg en krans därutav.
Mig tyckes det är tungt till att leva.

Han klappar Adelin på rosende kind,
för allt vad som kärt är i världen,
Ack, give du vore allrakärestan min!
Mig tyckes det är tungt till att leva.

HERR MALMSTENS DRÖM
Herr Malmsten han drömde en dröm om en natt
-så lustelig locker man liljorna-
Han drömde hans kärastes hjärta det brast.
För älskogsfullt han sörjde henne.

Herr Malmsten han red sig allt upp till by,
-så lustelig locker man liljorna-
Där möter han jungfrun på båren så ny.
För älskogsfullt han sörjde henne.

Herr Malmsten han ständar både vit och röd
-så lustelig locker man liljorna-
Han stack sig i sedan, sig själver till död.
För älskogsfullt han sörjde henne.

HERR OLAF I ÄLVORNAS DANS
Den dansen går väl, den går så väl uti lunden.

Herr Olof had red sig utom en otta,
och så kom han in i älvedansstim.
Ja, den dansen går så väl uti lunden.

Och älvejungfru räcker vit hand ifrån sig:
"Kom, kom herren Olof, tråd dansen med mig!"
Den dansen går så väl uti lunden.

"Och inte jag vill, och inte jag må;
i morgon skall mitt bröllop stå."
Den dansen går så väl uti lunden.

Den dansen går väl, den går så väl uti lunden.

MR. JOYCASTLE AND MISS ADELIN
Maiden Adelin walked in the rose garden,
for all that is dear in the world,
to gather the roses, white and blue.
It seems to me it is hard to live.

She picked roses, both white and blue,
for all that is dear in the world,
with them to bind Duke Joycastle a crown.
It seems to me it is hard to live.

He pecks Adelin on her rosy cheek,
for all that is loved is in the world,
Ah, that you would be my beloved!
It seems to me it is hard to live.

MR. BRONZESTONE'S DREAM
Mr. Bronzestone dreamed a dream one night
-the lilies entice one so pleasurably -
He dreamed of his beloved's burning heart.
He grieved for her too lovingly.

Mr. Bronzestone rode up to the village,
-the lilies entice one so pleasurably -
There he met the maiden in the coffin so new.
He grieved for her too lovingly.

Mr. Bronzestone stood firm both white and red,
-the lilies entice one so pleasurably -
He stabbed himself then until he died.
He grieved for her too lovingly.

MR. OLAF AND THE DANCE OF THE ELVES
The dance goes well, it goes so well in the grove.

Mr. Olaf rode out in the early morning,
and then he came into the sound of the elf dance.
The dance goes so well in the grove.

And elf maidens stretched out their white hands,
"Come, come Mr. Olof, dance with me!"
The dance goes so well in the grove.

"I don't want to, I must not;
tomorrow will be my wedding day."
The dance goes so well in the grove.

The dance goes well, it goes so will in the grove.

HERR PEDER OCH LILLA KERSTIN

Herr Peder och liten Kerstin de sutto över bord
-Den älskog vilje vi begynna-
De talte så många skämtsamma ord.
Allrakärasten min, jag kan eder aldrig förglömma.

Herr Peder han talar till liten Kerstin så:
-Den älskog vilje vi begynna-
"Vårt bröllop, det skall om söndag stå."
Allrakärasten min, jag kan eder aldrig förglömma.

Liten Kerstin hon gångar i brudhuset in
-Den älskog vilje vi begynna-
Det rann en ros på bägge hennes kind.
Allrakärasten min, jag kan eder aldrig förglömma.

HERR PEDERS SJÖRESA

Det var den unge herr Peder,
han kammar och krusar sitt hår;
så gångar han sig för sin föstermor,
frågte henne, vad död han skull' få.

"Och inte så dör du på sotesäng,
och inte blir du slagen I krig;
men akta dig väl för de böljorna blå,
att de ej förråda ditt liv!"

"Och dör jag inte på sotesäng,
ej heller blir slagen I krig,
not aktar jag mig för de böljorna blå,
att de ej förråda mitt liv."

MR. PETER AND LITTLE KERSTIN

Mr. Peter and little Kerstin sit at the table
-We want to begin the romance-
They spoke so many humorous words.
My most beloved, I can never forget you.

Mr. Peter spoke to little Kerstin so:
-We want to begin the romance-
"Our wedding will be on Sunday."
My most beloved, I can never forget you.

Little Kerstin went into the bridal house
-We want to begin the romance-
There ran a rose on both her cheeks.
My most beloved, I can never forget you.

MR. PETER'S SEA VOYAGE

There was a young man Peter,
he combed and curled his hair;
he went to his grandmother,
asked her what kind of death he would have.

"You won't die on a bed of soot,
you won't be struck down in a war;
but be careful of the blue waves,
that they don't betray your life!"

"I won't die in a bed of soot,
nor be struck down in a war,
Certainly, I will be careful of the blue waves,
that they will not betray my life."

HERR REDEVALL

Herr Redevall han sadlar gångaren grå
så lifter han lilla Lisa därpå.
Hå, hå! Nå, nå! Så lifter han lilla Lisa därpå.

Och när som de kommo i rosende lund,
Där lyste lilla Lisa att vila sig en stund.
Hå, hå! Nå, nå!
Där lyste lilla Lisa att vila sig en stund.

Och Redevall han tjänte sin fästemo i tro,
han hämtade vatten i sölvspända skor.
Hå, hå! Nå, nå!
Had hämtade vatten i sölvspända skor.

Herr Redevall han gick sig till rinnande ström,
Där satt liten fågel i trädet och sjöng.
Hå, hå! Nå, nå!
Där satt liten fågel i trädet och sjöng.

Och liten fågel han sjunger alltså,
att Lisa lill' var död med sönerna små.
Hå, hå! Nå, nå!
att Lisa lill' var död med sönerna små.

HERR TIDEMAN OCH LILLA ROSA

Rosa lilla talte till sin broder så, under lidan:
"Vad sporde du för nytt uppå tinget i går?"
Så sent om en aftons tider.

"Ej annat horde jag uppå tinget i går,
under lidan,
Men Tideman är döder och lagd uppå bår".
Så sent om en aftons tider.

Rosa lilla föll så blek ned till jord under lidan.
Hon talte på så länge icke ett ord.
Så sent om en aftons tider.

De ringde för Herr Tideman i östra kyrkogård,
under lidan.
De ringde för lilla Rosa i väster därifrån.
Så sent om en aftons tider.

MR. REDEVALL

Mr. Redevall saddled a gray steed
and he lifted little Lisa up onto it.
Ho, ho! No, no! And he lifted little Lisa up onto it.

And just as they came in the flowering grove,
There asked little Lisa to rest a moment.
Ho, ho! No, no!
There asked little Lisa to rest a moment.

And Redevall served his fiancée faithfully,
he drew the water in silver-buckled shoes.
Ho, ho! No, no!
He drew the water in silver-buckled shoes.

Mr. Redevall went to the running stream
There a little bird sat in the tree and sang.
Ho, ho! No, no!
There a little bird sat in the tree and sang.

And a little bird also sang
that little Lisa was dead with her small sons.
Ho, ho! No, no!
that little Lisa was dead with her small sons.

MR. TIDEMAN AND LITTLE ROSA

Little Rosa talked with her brother, by and by,
"What news did you learn at the hearing yesterday?"
So late in the afternoon.

"I heard nothing else at the hearing yesterday,
by and by,
but Tideman is dead and laid upon the bier."
So late in the afternoon.

Little Rosa fell, pale, down on the ground, by and by.
She said not a word for so long.
So late in the afternoon.

They rang the bells for Mr. Tideman in the eastern
churchyard, by and by.
They rang for little Rosa in the western, then.
So late in the afternoon.

INGA LITEN KVARNPIGA

“Inga lill’, kväd visan för mig!
Mitt unga liv det vill jag giva dig.”
In inunder ekelund så grönan.

“Ditt eget unga liv det passer jag ej på,
men nog kan jag kväda visan ändå.”
In inunder ekelund så grönan.

Inga lilla satte sig på rödan gullstol,
och konungen själv satte guldkronan på.
In inunder ekelund så grönan.

JUNGFRUN I BLÅ SKOGEN

Och jungfrun hon skulle åt stugan gå
-linden darrar uti lunden-
Så tog hon den vägen åt skogen blå.
Ty hon var i vildskoga vånda.

Och när som hon kom till skogen den blå
-linden darrar uti lunden-
då mötte där henne ulven den grå.
Ty hon var i vildskoga vånda.

“Och kära du ulver, du bit inte mig!”
-linden darrar uti lunden-
“Min röda gullkrona den vill jag giva dig.”
Ty hon var i vildskoga vånda.

Din röda gullkrona jag passar inte på”
-Linden darrar uti lunden-
“ditt unga liv det måste nu gå.”
Ty hon var i vildskoga vånda.

Och ungersven sadlar sin gångare röd.
-linden darrar uti lunden-
Han red litet fortare än fågeln han flög
Ty hon var i vildskoga vånda.

“Gud tröste, Gud bättr mig ungersven!”
-Linden darrar uti lunden-
“Min jungfru är borta, min häst är förränd.”
Ty hon var i vildskoga vånda.

LITTLE INGA MILLMAIDEN

“Little Inga, write a song for me!
My young life I will give to you.”
Within the oak grove so green

“Your own young life I do not care for
but I can still write a song for you.”
Within the oak grove so green.

Little Inga sat on the red throne
and the king himself placed the gold crown on her.
Within the oak grove so green.

THE MAIDEN IN THE BLUE FOREST

A maiden went to go to the cabin
-the linden quivers in the grove-
She took the way to the blue forest.
For she was in dread of the wild forest.

And when she came to the blue forest
-the linden quivers in the grove-
she met there the grey wolf.
For she was in dread of the wild forest.

“Dear wolf, you will not bite me!”
-the linden quivers in the grove-
“My red golden crown I will give you.”
For she was in dread of the wild forest.

“I won’t accept your red golden crown”
-the linden quivers in the grove-
“your young life must now go.”
For she was in dread of the wild forest.

A young lad saddled his red steed.
-the linden quivers in the grove-
He rode a little faster than the birds flew
For she was in dread of the wild forest.

“God comfort, God strengthen me, a young lad!”
-the linden quivers in the grove-
“My maiden is gone, my horse is exhausted.”
For she was in dread of the wild forest.

KLANG, MIN VACKRA BJÄLLRA
Klang, min vackra bjällra, i den sena kväll!
Spring, min raska fåle, över mo och fjäll!
Hemåt ila vi med vindens snabba fart,
där så vila vi i mjuka armar snart,
och vår lycka ingen må förtycka.

Alla kvällens norrsken flämta där i skyn,
alla sälla minnen skymta för min syn.

Klang, min vackra...

Hej, galopp det går på insjöns silvertak!
Hejda loppet ej för varje liten vak!
Långa djupa fjärdar brusa under oss,
många ljuva världars ljus i stjärnors bloss
vackra glimma uti isens strimma.

Höjden är så klar, och klart är djupet ock;
dö, det är visst gott, men leva bättre dock.

KOM, SKÖNA FLICKA...
Kom sköna flicka, valsa med mej,
Mitt uti danser kysser jag lilla dej!
Valsa med mej, tjo, hopp, och hej!
Sånger du nej, hänger jag mej!
Kom, sköna flicka, valsa med mej,
nekar du kanske säj?

KONUNGABARNEN
Jag gick mig ut en midsommarsdag,
Då gräsen och örterna gro.
Det var två ädla konungabarn,
De lov'de varann sin tro.

“Ack hur skall jag till eder komma?
Jag ser ingen väg här fram.”
“Vi tända ljuset i lyktan,
Då simmer du här fram.”

Det var den leda trollkärigen,
Gud låte henne få skam!
Hon släckte ut ljuset i lyktan,
Så konungasonen han sank.

Och jungfrun den döde tar uti famn,
Hon tryckte hans mun till sin mun.
Stor ymka var det, att se därpå
De båda sjönko till grund.

RING, MY BEAUTIFUL BELL
Ring, my beautiful bells, in the late evening!
Run, my quick colt, over sand and mountain!
To home we dash with the wind's quick speed,
There we will soon rest in soft arms,
And our happiness will not feel amiss.

The evening's northern lights flicker in the sky,
all the blessed memories shine before my eyes.

Ring, my beautiful...

Hey, we gallop on the lake's silver roof!
Don't stop the race for every little hole in the ice!
Long, deep bays swell under us,
many lovely world's light in the star's torch
beautiful glimmer in the ice's streak.

The heights are so clear, and clear is the deep also;
To die is certainly good, but to live is better yet.

COME, BEAUTIFUL GIRL
Come beautiful girl, waltz with me,
While we dance I will kiss you!
Dance with me, shout, hop, and cheer!
If you say no, I will hang myself!
Come beautiful girl, waltz with me,
Will you refuse?

KING CHILDREN
I went out one mid-summer's day,
where the grass and plants grow.
There were two noble royal children,
they promised each other their faith.

Ah, how shall I come to you?
I see no way from here.”
“We light a light in the lantern,
that floods you to here.”

There was a wicked old troll woman,
God let her be shamed!
She put out the light in the lantern,
So that the king's son sank.

And the maiden then took the dead one her arms,
She pressed his mouth to hers.
A great pity it was to behold
They both sank to the bottom.

KOSACK – VAGGVISA

Sov, min lilla, vackra gosse, Bajoskjki bajo.
Klara månen går på himlen, smeker dig till ro.

Snart till sagans land du hinner över drömmens bro.
Slut ditt öga, dröm så ljuvligt, Bajosjki bajo.

Terek emot branta stranden vreda böljor slår.
Lömsk tjerkes med dolk i handen lurar i sitt snår,

Men din far, så stark och modig, värnar om vårt bo,

Skyddar oss. Sov lugnt, min älskling, Bajosjki bajo.

COSSACK LULLABY

Sleep, my little, beautiful lad, Bajoskjki bajo.
The clear moon is in the heavens,
caressing you to peace

Soon you reach the story's land over dream's bridge.
Shut your eyes, dream so lively, Bajosjki bajo.

The Terek strikes in angry waves against the shore.
A sly Turkess with a dagger in hand lies waiting in
the bush,

But your father, so strong and courageous,
protects our home,

Protects us. Sleep calmly, my dear one, Bajosjki bajo.

KULLDANSEN

Å vill int' du, så vill fäll ja',
så vill ja' dansa mä kulla.
Kullo, kullo, kullo, kullo, kullo,
hej, dansa mä kulla.
Ja' vill dansa mä min kulla.

MAIDEN (from Dalecarlia) DANCE

If you don't want to, I do,
I want to dance with the maid.
Maiden, maiden, maiden, maiden,
Hej, dance with the maid.
I would dance with my maiden.

KUNG GÖSTA OCH DALKARLARN(Achk score) KING GÖSTA AND THE DALECARLIAN MEN

Kung Gösta rider till Dalarna,
han tinger med dalkarlar sin,
Men Christiern ligger för Södermalm,
Han äter stulna svin.
Christiern sitter i Stockholms slot
och dricker båd' mjöd och vin.

King Gösta rode to Dalarna,
he engaged his Dalecarlian men,
But Christiern lies at Södermalm,
He eats stolen pigs,
Christiern sits in Stockholm's castle
And drinks both mead and wine.

“Och hören I mine dalekarlar,
Allt vad jag bjuder uppå;
Och viljen I väl mig följa till Stockholm
att slå de jutlar blå?
Viljen I väl mig följa till Stockholm
och slå de jutlar blå?

Listen my Dalecarlian men
to all that I enjoin upon;
Will you follow me to Stockholm
to strike down the Jutlanders blue?
Will you follow me to Stockholm
to strike down the Jutlanders blue?

Då svara alla de dalekarlar,
de svarade allt för ty:
“Viljen I vara vår hövidsman
allt inför Stockholms by?
“Viljen I vara vår hövidsman
allt inför Stockholms by?

Then answered all the Dalecarlian men,
they answered all for:
“Will you be our leader
in the village of Stockholm?
Will you be our leader
in the village of Stockholm?”

De dalekarlar börja sig hasta
allt inför Stockholms by.
Flera där voro de dalepilar
än hagel faller av sky,
Flera där voro de dalepilar
än hagel faller av sky,

The Dalecarlian men began to hasten
all to Stockholm's village.
There were more arrows of Dalarna
than hail falls from the sky,
There were more arrows of Dalarna
than hail falls from the sky.

Kung Gösta rider på högan häst
på fältet av och an:
“Hav tack I dalekarlar
för all eder trohet sann.”
“Hav tack I dalekarlar
för all eder trohet sann.”

King Gösta rode rides on a high horse
on and in the field;
“Have thanks Dalecarlian men
for all your loyalty true.”
“Have thanks Dalecarlian men
for all your loyalty true.”

“I haven med mig ståndat
Nu som trogne Svenske män;
Vill Gud mig livet unna,
Jag gör eder gott igen”
“Vill Gud mig livet unna,
Jag gör eder gott igen.”

“You have stood with me
now as true Swedish men;
If God will grant me long life
I will repay you.”
“If God will grant me long life
I will repay you.”

LILLA ROSA

Rosa lilla tjänte på konungens gård
-med äran och med dygd-
och där tjänte hon uti åtta runda år.
I vinnen väl bade rosor och liljor.

De talte så mycket om kärlekens harm
-med äran och med dygd-
Till dess de sutto döde uti varannans famn.
I vinnen väl bade rosor och liljor.

Det växte upp liljor på bägge deras grav
-med äran och med dygd-
de växte tillsammans med alla sina blad.
I vinnen väl bade rosor och liljor.

LINDEN

“Jag var mig så liten, jag miste min mor,
min fader han gav mig i styvmoders våld.”
I år så blir det en sommar.

“Och jag hade bröder båd’ stora och små;
som’ a skapte hon til björnar, i skogen att gå.”
I år så blir det en sommar.

“Och som’ a skapte hon till ulvar grå;
mig skapte hon till en lind på en slätt till att stå.”
I år så blir det en sommar.

Det kom en kungason där gångande:
“Här ståndar du, Guds fred, kära lind så grön!”
I år så blir det en sommar.

Så tog han på hennes fagrade blad,
så rann det där upp en jungfru så klar.
I år så blir det en sommar.

LITTLE ROSA

Little Rosa worked in the king’s garden
-with honor and with virtue-
and there she worked for eight long years.
and won both roses and lilies.

They talked so much about the difficulties of love
-with honor and with virtue-
Till they sank dead into each other’s embrace.
and won both roses and lilies.

Lilies grew up on both their graves
-with honor and with virtue-
they grew together with all their leaves.
and won both roses and lilies.

THE LINDEN

“I was so little when I lost my mother,
my father put me in care of my stepmother.”
This year there will be a summer.

“I had brothers, both big and small;
Whom she turned into bears in the forest.”
This year there will be a summer.

“And whom she turned into grey wolves;
Me she turned into a linden on a plain.”
This year there will be a summer.

There came a prince that way;
“Here you stand, God’s peace, dear green lime tree!”
This year there will be a summer.

Then he took her loveliest leaf,
and there appeared a beautiful maiden.
This year there will be a summer.

LINDORMEN

Lindormen rinner sig åt farstugan in,
och de lekte
Han sjunger så fagert om kärasten sin.
Och de lekte uti nätter och alla sina dagar.

“Och kära I min jungfru, I loven mig tro!”
Och de lekte
“I lunden där vilja vi båda bygga och bo.”
Och de lekte uti nätter och alla sina dagar.

Och där sovo de, tills dager vardt ljus,
och de lekte
och när som de vaknade, var det ett kungahus.
Och de lekte uti nätter och alla sina dagar.

Och lindormen stod upp han lovade sin Gud
och de lekte,
“Nu är jag så god människa, som jag har vart förut!”
Och de lekte uti nätter och alla sina dagar.

MANDOM MOD OCH MORSKE MÄN (FOLKSMARSCH FRÅN DALARNA)

Mandom mod och morska män
finns i gamla Sver'ge än,
Kraft i arm och mod i barm,
ungdomsvarm i bardalarm.
Ögon blå då och då le i blomsterdalar där!

Nord, du jordens jättelem,
Nord, du milda hjärtans hem.

Toner än från forna dar ljuda där i skog och dal,
Vilda som en storm på haf, milda, som en tår på grav.
Lyssnen då, vänner, på hemländsk hundraårig sang!

Lyssnen, älsken, lären den, sjungen,
sjung den själfva se'n.

MIN FÖDELSEDAG

Min födelsedag förtjänar att jag ett tacksamhetsljud
till himmelen sänder att prisa min Gud,
som skapat mig väl
att jag av hans hander fått lemmar och själ.

Och om jag ej mer min födslodag ser,
så ske som Du vill!
Jag haver i tankar från jorden mig skilt.
Bered mig i tid
att lyfta mitt ankar och fara i frid.

THE LINDWORM (a small dragon)

The lindworm slithered into the cabin,
and they played
He sang so beautifully about his beloved.
And they played in the night and all of their days.

“Oh my dear maiden, love me truly!”
And they played
“In the grove we will both build and live.”
And they played in the night and all of their days.

And there they slept, until the days became light,
and they played
and when they woke, it was a castle.
And they played in the night and all of their days.

And the lindworm stood up and praised God
and they played
“Now I am just as much a person as I was before!”
And they played in the night and all of their days.

BRAVERY COURAGE AND BOLD MEN (FOLK MARCH FROM DALARNA)

Bravery, courage, and bold men
are found in old Sweden,
Strong in arm and courageous in the breast,
Youthful warmth in the songs of the bards
Their blue eyes smile now and then in the
flowered dales!

To the North, home of the giants of the Earth,
To the North, home of the mild hearts.

The sounds of earlier times ring in the forest and dale
Wild as a storm on the sea, mild as a tear on a grave.
Listen, friend, to the homeland's hundred-year-old
song!
Listen, dear, learn it, sing,
sing it yourself later on.

MY BIRTHDAY

My birthday deserves that I a thankful sound
to heaven send to praise my God,
who made me well
that I from his hands have received limbs and soul.

And if I see my birthday no more
Your will be done!
I have in my thoughts departed from the earth.
I have prepared myself in time
to raise my anchor and sail in peace.

MÅNS STENBOCKS VISA

Kung Fredrik I Danmark han satt på sin stol,
Stort buller mände han göra:
"Om jag är en konung, som jag var I fjol,
så skall jag de Svenske förgöra."

Kung Carol han är nu fjärran om lands,
Av nästan alla förlåten.
Jag vill men hans rike begynna en dans
fast det skall kosta mig platen.

Den Rävenclo började med stort rop
de svenske manner förakta:
"Måns Stenbock, kom hit med din lilla hop,
Dina getter måste jag slakta."

"Jag kommer, vänta mig var en dag,
men getter haver jag inga;
de äro alla bockar som jag,
på din rygg så skola de springa."

Måns Stenbock förde sina manner i fält,
Som bockar begynte de stånga,
de slogo tolvtusende jutar ihjäl
och fångade gravligen många.

Gud Fader, Guds Son och den Helige And'
vare prisad förutan all ände,
som oss och vårt älskade fädernesland
har frälsat ur detta elände!

NIGARE-POLSKA

Hej, Tomtegubbar, slån i glasen
och låt oss lustiga vara!
En liten tid vi leva här med mycken möda
och stort besvär.

OCH HÖR DU UNGA DORA

Och hör du unga Dora,
vill du gifta dig i år?
I år är det åtta åren gångna förbi uti rosor.

Ja, väl vill jag gifta mig,
men aldrig med dig!
Jag har en vän på böljorna,
som kommer igen uti rosor.

MÅNS STENBOCK'S SONG

King Fredrik in Denmark sat on his chair,
He gave a mighty roar;
"If I am a king, as I was last year,
I shall destroy the Swedes."

King Carol is now far away out of the country
almost completely deserted.
I would begin a dance with his kingdom
although it will cost me my life.

The Rävenclo began with a great shout
to scorn the Swedish men.
"Måns Stenbock, come here with your little band,
I must slaughter your guests."

"I am coming, watch for me any day,
but I have no goats;
they are all bucks like me,
and on your back they shall leap."

Måns Stenbock his men in the field,
they began like bucks to gore,
they struck twelve thousand Jutlanders to death
and many were caught in the grave.

God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
be praised without end,
who us and our beloved fatherland
has saved from this misery!

LOW POLKA

Hi old man Tomte, strike the glasses
and let us be merry!
The little time we live comes with much toil
and great difficulties.

LISTEN, YOUNG DORA

Listen, young Dora,
do you want to be married this year?
This year eight years have passed you by in the roses.

Yes, of course I want to marry,
but never with you!
I have a friend on the waves
who is coming again in the roses.

OCH INTE VILL JAG SÖRJA

Och inte vill jag sörja, men sörja ändå
Han kommer väl igen om ett år eller två.
När liljorna de blomstra i marken,
han kommer väl igen,
min hjärtans lilla vän, för kärleken slutar så sena.

I DON'T WISH TO GRIEVE

I don't wish to grieve, but I grieve yet
He will come again in one or two years.
When the lilies bloom in the land
he will surely come again
my heart's little friend, for love ends.

OCH JUNGFRUN HON GÅR I RINGEN

Och jungfrun hon går i ringen med rödan gullband.
Det binder hon om sin kärastes arm.
Men kära min lilla jungfru knyt inte så hårdt.
Jag ämnar ej att rymma bort.
Och jungfru hon går och lossar på rödan gullband.
Så hastigt den skälmen åt skogen då sprang.
Då sköto de efter honom med femton gevär.
Och vill ni mig något, så ha ni mig här.

AND A MAIDEN JOINS THE RING

A maiden joins the ring with a red ribbon.
She ties it on her sweetheart's arm.
"My dear little maiden, don't tie so tight,
I do not intend to flee."
The maiden unties the red ribbon,
And instantly, the villain ran into the woods.
They shot after him with fifteen rifles.
"And if you want me, I am here."

OVÄNTAD BRÖLLOPSGÄST

Och jungfrun står på hög berg,
såg ner i djupa sjö;
Så fick hon se skepp kommande;
det var ett ridarskepp.

THE UNINVITED WEDDING GUEST

A maiden stands on a high mountain,
saw down in the deep sea;
She was able to see a ship coming;
it was a knight's ship.

Det var den skönaste ridare,
som uppå skeppet var,
Han ville den jungfrun trolova sig,
så unger som han var.

It was the most beautiful knight,
who was upon the ship,
He wanted to be engaged to the maiden,
as young as he was.

Och ungersven drager de gullringar fem
och sätter på jungfruns hand,
"Trolova mig, du lilla vän,
det är vårt kärleksband!"

And the lad drew five gold rings
and put them on the maiden's hand,
"Marry me, dear friend,
this is our love band!"

OXBERGSMARSCHEN

Lotir ås sint djivir,
jändest tjyri bjön a rividh fåjt å läsman kum,
präst å knikt skatt ska a.

Berit tom e pundjen,
wisält er e Mas e twundjin åjt i Syrmanland
min no stjer tjåkan dra.
Berit du a knavun we,
drajint wåndlost där I bort a fe;
djeti gät ful musån, skaver du.
Swält å frjos kan katut wa,
men te tiddja am i nug fe bra,
warint rällås, Bussin min wåss nu.

OXBERG MARCH (Dialect song from Dalecarlia)

The fields not firmly allotted,
a bear has felled our only cow,
The bailiff and the constable are coming,
Priest and knave want their tax
Britta, the purse is empty,
Dreadful times, Mats had to go south
With some artifacts, the sledge pulls.
Britta, you have been industrious,
Do not weep shamelessly when I have gone.
The goat can eat moss and you eat bark.
Starve and freeze can be problematic,
But we are too well-off to beg,
Do not be at a loss, God bless us.

PRÖVNINGEN

Jungfrun gick sig åt lunden i rosensskog
hon skulle tvätta tvinne.
Här sjunger en näktergal för vår jungfru.
Hon såg den sol upprinna,
hon såg de riddare glimma.

“Jungfru skön, lova mig din tro
jungfru skön, trolova nu mig!
Rödaste guld, det giver jag dig.
Jag tjänar uti konungens gård i rosensskog.
Den yppersta riddaren skall du få.”
Här sjunger en näktergal för vår jungfru.

ROSILIAS SORG

Rosilia sitter i kammaren sin – uti lunden.
Så sorgelig faller hon tårar uppå kind.
För lekt haver hon med konungasonen den unga.

Rosilia hon gångar i rosende lund – uti lunden.
Där lyster henne att vila en stund.
För lekt haver hon med konungasonen den unga.

Rosilia tager sin harpa utav gull – uti lunden.
Det lyster henne spela, för hon var sorgfull.
För lekt haver hon med konungasonen den unga.

ROSOR OCH VIOLER

Behagar ungersven att taga sig en mö/dans
ibland de rosor och violer?
Rosorna små, blommorna blå
allt vad ditt hjärta önskar att få,
rosor och violer.

Behagar ungersven att taga sig en kyss
ibland de rosor och violer?
Rosorna små...

THE TEST

A maiden went to the glade in the forest of roses
She was to wash thread.
Here a nightingale sings for our maiden,
She saw the sun rise,
She saw the glimmer of knights.

“Fair maiden, promise to be faithful,
Fair maiden, pledge to me your troth!
Finest gold I give to you.
I serve in the king’s estate in the forest of roses
The finest knight shall you have.”
Hear a nightingale sings for our maiden.

ROSILIA’S SORROW

Rosilia sits in her room – in the grove.
So sadly fall her tears upon her cheek.
For she has played with the young prince.

Rosilia walks in the flowering grove – in the grove.
There she intends to rest a moment.
For she has played with the young prince.

Rosilia takes her harp of gold – in the grove.
There she intends to play, for she was full of sorrow.
For she has played with the young prince.

ROSES AND VIOLETS

Young lad, do you wish to have a dance
among the roses and violets?
The small roses, the blue blossoms
all that your heart desires to have,
roses and violets.

Young lad, do you wish to have a kiss
among the roses and violets?
The small roses...

RÖVAREN BRUN

Brun had rider sig till jungfruns gård
-Brun sover allena-
Ute för honom jungfrun star.
Det blåser och det regnar nordast uti fjällen,
där vila ock tre nordmän.

“Och hör du, min jungfru, vad jag säger dig:”
-Brun sover allena-
“och vill du nu resa av landet med mig?”
Det blåser och det regnar nordast uti fjällen,
där vila ock tre nordmän.

Men jungfrun tog upp sin förgyllande kniv
-Brun sover allena-
så stack hon den i Bruns unga liv.
Det blåser och det regnar nordast uti fjällen,
där vila ock tre nordmän.

“Och ligg nu här båd för hund och för ram!”
-Brun sover allena-
“Ännu skall jag bära mitt jungfrunamn.”
Det blåser och det regnar nordast uti fjällen,
där vila ock tre nordmän.

SANKT STAFFANS VISA

Staffan var en stalledräng,
-vi tackom nu så gärna
han vattna' sina fålar fem,
allt för den ljusa stjärnan.
Ingen dagar synes än;
stjärnorna på himmelen de blänka.

Nu är eld uti var spis
-vi tackom nu så gärna
och julegröt och julegris,
allt för den ljusa stjärnan.
Ingen dagar synes än;
stjärnorna på himmelen de blänka.

Nu är fröjd uti vart hus
-vi tackom nu så gärna
och julegran och juleljus,
allt för den ljusa stjärnan.
Ingen dagar synes än;
stjärnorna på himmelen de blänka.

THE ROBBER BROWN

Brown rode to the maiden's garden
-Brown sleeps alone-
The maiden stood outside for him.
It blew and rained in the northern mountains,
there rest three northern men.

“Listen, my maiden, to what I say to you.”
-Brown sleeps alone-
“will you travel away with me?”
It blew and rained in the northern mountains,
there rest three northern men.

But the maiden took her gilded knife
-Brown sleeps alone-
and she stabbed it into Brown's young body.
It blew and rained in the northern mountains,
there rest three northern men.

“And now lie here both for dogs and for paws!”
-Brown sleeps alone-
“I shall still bear my maiden name.”
It blew and rained in the northern mountains,
there rest three northern men.

SAINT STEVEN'S SONG

Stephen was a stable boy
-we now give many thanks
he brought water to his five colts
all in the light of the stars.
No daylight had yet appeared;
The stars in the heavens glitter.

Now the fire is in the fireplace
-we now give many thanks
and Christmas porridge and Christmas ham
all in the light of the stars.
No daylight has yet appeared;
The stars in the heavens glitter.

Now joy is in our house
-we now give many thanks
and Christmas trees and Christmas lights,
all in the light of the stars.
No daylight has yet appeared;
The stars in the heavens glitter.

SIMON I SÄLLE

Här kommer Simon i Sälle
här komma redeliga herrar,
här komma Södermänner alla.

Så gladelig rider Simon i Sälle,
Så gladelig rida redeliga herrar,
Så gladelig rida Södermänner alla.

Här dansar skräddarmästarn med sin fru,
Kom fram, du mästare, låt oss se
om du kan dansa vackert som vi!

Sig gladde av hjärtat vår nyfikna stad.
Där fanns ej en enda, som inte var glad
När svärfar och svärmor med hela sin skara

dess tullportar nalkades utan all fara.
Kanonerna dundrande höjde sitt ljud.
Musköterna smattrade välkomna bud.

DE SJU GULLBORGARNA

Hertig Hillebrand han rider på grevens gård
-uti lunden-
Och rika grevens dotter för honom ute står.
Den jag haver tingat i min ungdom.

“Och hör du, sköna jungfru, vad jag säger dig:”
-uti lunden-
“Har du lust att följa utav landet med mig?”
Den jag haver tingat i min ungdom.

“Hur skall jag kunna följa av landet med dig?”
-uti lunden,-
“Här äro så många, som akta på mig.”
Den jag haver tingat i min ungdom.

Men ungersven tog jungfrun allt uti sin famn
-uti lunden-
gav henne gullkrona och drottninganamn.
Den jag haver tingat i min ungdom.

SIMON AND HIS MEN

Here comes Simon with his company
here comes the loyal men,
here come all the Söder men.

So cheerfully rides Simon with his company,
so cheerfully ride the loyal men,
so cheerfully ride all the Söder men.

Here dances the master tailor with his wife,
Come to the front, master, let us see
if you can dance as beautifully as we!

Glad to the heart is our curious city.
Where there is no end to our happiness
Where mother-in-law and father-in-law
with the whole crowd
its toll door draws near without danger.
The cannons thunder out their loud sound,
The muskets' clatter give welcome.

THE SEVEN GOLD CASTLES

Duke Hillebrand rode in the count's garden
-in the grove-
And the rich count's daughter stood outside for him.
The one I had won in my youth.

“Listen, beautiful maiden, what I say to you,”
-in the grove-
“Do you desire to go away with me?”
The one I had won in my youth.

“How could I go away with you?”
-in the grove-
“Here there are many who watch over me.”
The one I had won in my youth.

But the young man took the maiden in his arm
-in the grove-
and gave her a gold crown and a queen's name.
The one I had won in my youth.

SKÖN ANNA

Skön Anna hon går sig åt sjöstrand,
hon skådar sig om så vida;
till henne så kom det en fager unger man,
han talade till henne så blida.
“God dag, lilla Anna, så fager och fin,
en bön jag nu må begära;
om du ville följa av landet med mig,
och bliva min hjärinnerli’ kära.”

Inte jag det vill och inte jag det kan,
ej heller må ni sådant begära;
ty här är så mången riddareson,
som mig haver bjudit sin ära.”

“Och bjude er sin ära vem som bjuda vill,
med mig så skolen i nu följa,
ja, följa mig bort i främmande land,
den rödaste gullkronan att bära.”

SOM STJÄRNAN UPPÅ HIMMELEN SÅ KLAR

Som stjärnan uppå himmelen så klar,
hon längtar till sitt rum,
så längtar jag till dig, min lilla vän
var timma och var stund.
Var timma är som en månad lång
en månad som ett år
så längtar jag till dig, min lilla vän,
fast jag dig aldrig får.

BEAUTIFUL ANNA

Beautiful Anna goes to the lake shore,
she looks all around;
to her came a fair young man,
he spoke to her so mild.
“Good day, little Anna, so fair and fine,
a prayer, now, I feel is required;
if you want to follow me out of this land,
and become my dear beloved.”

I don’t want to do that, and I cannot do that,
nor must you ask it of me;
for here are so many noblemen,
which have offered me their honor.”

“They may offer you their honor as they like,
But with me you should now follow
yes, follow me away to a strange land,
to wear the finest gold crown.”

AS THE STAR IN HEAVEN SO CLEAR

As the stars in heaven so clear
longs for her space,
so I long for you, my little friend,
each hour and each moment.
Each hour is as a long month,
a month is as a year,
so I long for you, my little friend,
though I shall never have you.

STOLTS MARGARETA

Herr Peder han rider allt in på sin gård,
hans sporrar som silver månd glimma.
Stolts Margareta springer i kammarn in,
så strida hennes tårar månde rinna.
Lönligt bar hon sorgen.

Stolts Margareta kasta gullsax i skrin,
det klinga' i femton gullringar.
Så månde hon till herr Peder gå in,
så strida hennes tårar månde rinna.
Lönligt bar hon sorgen.

“Och hörer du, herr Peder, du giver mig lov,
du giver mig lov till att resa!
Ty jag haver sport min fader vara sjuk,
och jag vill gärna honom besöka.”
Lönligt bar hon sorgen.

Stolts Margareta rider på sin kära faders gård,
hon var så en dägelig blomma.
Där födde hon då de sönerna två,
själv ligger hon döder på en tilja.
Lönligt bar hon sorgen.

SÄTERJENTENS SÖNDAG

På solen jag ser, den stiger så klar,
mot högmässotimman det lider.
Ack den, som en stund fick önska sig
kvar bland folk
som på kyrkoväg skriker!
När solskivan stigit så högt den kan nå
på fjället, som lyser i flamman,
då vet jag, i dalen klockorna gå,
då ringe i tornet det samman.

Vad gagnar det väl, att boken jag tar
och höjer i säterlid sången?
Mitt loft är för högt, och tonen den far
med bönen i höjden förgången.
Ack, finge i dag jag blanda min röst
med alla de övrigas stämman.
Gud give, det snart må lida mot host,
Gud give, jag snart vore hemma.

TJUV OCH TJUV, DET SKA DU HETA

Tjuv, ja tjuv, det ska du heta.
för du stal min lilla vän,
men jag har den ljuva trösten,
att jag får 'na snart igen.
Tror jag, tra la la

PROUD MARGARETA

Mr. Peder rode into his farm,
his spurs gleamed like a silver moon.
Proud Margareta ran into the room,
so bitterly her tears would flow.
Secretly she bears her sorrow.

Proud Margareta tossed the gold scissor into the chest
it clinked against fifteen gold rings.
She had to go in to Mr. Peder,
so bitterly her tears would flow.
Secretly she bears her sorrow.

“Listen, Mr. Peder, give me permission,
you must give me permission to travel!”
For I have learned that my father is sick,
and I would like to visit him.”
Secretly she bears her sorrow.

Proud Margareta rode into her dear father's garden,
she was she a beautiful flower.
There she gave birth to her two sons;
she herself lay dead on a board.
Secretly she bears her sorrow.

THE MOUNTAIN FARM GIRL'S SUNDAY

I look upon the sun, it shines so clear,
it is approaching festival time.
Ah the one who could, wish for herself an hour
among the people
Walking on the path to the church!
When the sun disk sticks so high it can reach
on the mountains, which light in flames
so I know, in the valley the bells ring,
there ring in the tower together.

What good does it do to pick up my book
And raise the song on the mountain farm?
My loft is too high, and the sound is lost
in the heights with the prayers.
Ah, if only today I could blend my voice
with all the other voices.
God grant that autumn would soon come,
God grant that I would soon be at home.

THIEF YOU SHALL BE CALLED

Thief, yes thief, that you shall be called,
for you stole my beloved.
But, I have a beautiful belief
that I will soon get her back again.
So I think, tra la la.

TRINDSKALLARNA

Trindskallar ä vi allihopa,
alla människor i hela Europa,
hur om vår lärdom än vi ropa,
hur vår stolthet än gör sig bred.
Somliga arma, andra rika,
ä vi likafullt varandra ganska lika:
lätt är det nog att fred predika,
svårare det är att hålla fred.

Trindskallar ä vi hela hopen,
gamla gubben såväl som unge glopen.
När vi ä andra gräva gropen,
trilla själva vi däri ned.

TVÅ TURTURDUVOR

Två turturduvor hade växt upp is samma skog.
Så kom där en falk och den ena borttog,
Den andra duvan sörgde sig till döden.

UTI VÅR HAGE

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 saliveja,
Kom ljuva krusmynta, kom hjärtans fröjd!

Fagra små blommor där bjuda till dans,
Kom hjärtans fröjd!
Vill du så binder jag åt dig en krans,
Kom liljor...

Uti vår hage finns blommor och bär.
Kom hjärtans fröjd!
Men utav alla du kärast mig, är.
Kom liljor...

VALLVISA

Limu, limu, limu,
Gud låt solen skina över bergena blå,
över kullorna små,
som i skogen ska gå om sommaren.

FATHEADS

Fatheads are we, every last one,
All people in all of Europe,
However much we boast of learning,
However proud we feel ourselves.
Some of us poor and others rich,
Yet we are much the same.
It is easy to preach peace,
It is harder to keep peace.

Fatheads are we, every last one,
The old man and the lusty lad.
When we dig pits for others,
We fall into them ourselves.

TWO TURTLEDOVES

Two turtle doves had grown up in the same forest.
A falcon came and took one away,
The other dove grieved itself to death.

OUT IN OUR PASTURE

In our meadow the blueberries grow,
Come, heart's delight!
If you want me, our tryst will be there.
Come lilies and columbine,
Come roses and salvia,
Come lovely catmint, come heart's delight!

Lovely little flowers there invite us to dance,
Come, heart's delight!
If you want, I will make you a wreath.
Come lilies...

In our meadow there are flowers and berries.
Come heart's delight!
But you are dearer to me than all else.
Come lilies...

PASTURE SONG

Limu, limu, limu,
God, let the sun shine over the blue mountains,
over the small hills,
In the forest it shall be as in summer.

VEDERGÄLLNINGEN

“Om alla berg och dalar de voro utav gull,
allt vatten vore vändt uti vin,
allt sammans ville jag våga för din skull,
du som är allrakärasten min.”

“Är det då sant du säger för mig,
du vill bli allrakärasten min;
du följer mig hem på min kära faders gård,
och bedes med äran om mig.”

“Jag var hos din kära fader i går,
din fader han svara mig nej.
Skön jungfrun tager nu rådet av sig själv
och följer utav landet med mig.”

VI SKA STÄLLA TILL EN ROLIGER DANS

Vi ska' ställa till en roligere dans,
och vi ska' binda både krona och krans te' dansen.

Hej, hopp! En roligere dans!
Hej, hopp! Både krona och krans te' dansen!

Vacker är du, när du dansar och ler,
och vacker, när du uppå kärasten ser, du lilla.
Hej, hopp! Du dansar och ler!
Hej, hopp! På kärasten ser, du lilla!

VÄCKSÅNG (*Fem Sånger, #1*)

Leende fält, ödsliga hed,
lära oss led efter led älska det egna hemmets härd
ja, mera än penningar värd!
Nu är fienden redan här, med svek som vapen.

Räds hans list och hans lumpna guld,
bliv mot Sverige trogen och huld!

Susande skog, busande flod,
gjut i vårt hjärteblod kärlek till eget härlige land,
ja, knuten med klippfasta band!
Bort med sinness' stale frid,
upp till fosterländsk strid!
Bort med avund, mummel och knot,
upp till kamp emot Österns hot!

THE RETRIBUTION

“If all the mountains and dales were made of gold,
all the water was turned into wine,
all the same, I would risk everything for your sake,
as you are dearest to me.”

“Is it true what you say to me?
If you want be my dearest one;
follow me home to my father's farm,
and honorably ask for me.”

“I was with your dear father yesterday,
Your father answered me no
Beautiful maiden, take your own path now,
and follow with me out of the country.”

WE SHALL ARRANGE A MORE FUN DANCE

We shall arrange a more fun dance,
and we shall bind both a crown and a wreath for the
dance.

Hey, hop! A more fun dance!
Hey, hop! Both a crown and a wreath for the dance!

You are beautiful when you dance and smile
beautiful when you look upon your beloved, dear.
Hey, hop! You dance and smile!
Hey, hop! Look upon your beloved, dear.

WAKENING SONG

Smiling field, deserted moorland,
Teach generation after generation the love of our own
home's hearth is worth more than money!
The enemy is now already here with deceit as the
weapon.

Shun his craftiness and his worthless gold,
be faithful and true to Sweden!

Murmuring forest, babbling river,
Pour in the blood of our hearts love for our own
glorious country, knotted with a strong band!
Away with the senses' stale peace,
up for the fatherland's struggle!
Away with envy, mumblings, and grumblings,
up to fight against the threat from the East!

VÄRMLANDSVISAN (*Fem Sånger, #4*)

Ack, Värmland, du sköna, du härliga land,
du krona bland Svea rikets länder!

Ja, om jag komme mitt i det förlovade land,
till Värmland ändå jag återvänder.

Ja, där vill jag leva, ja där vill jag dö;
om en gång ifrån Värmland jag tager mig en mö,
så vet jag, att aldrig jag mig ångrar.

VÄRMLANDS SONG

Oh Värmland, you fair, you magnificent land,
the crown among all Sweden's lands!

And should I come to the promised land
I would return to Värmland.

Yes, there would I live and there would I die;
And should I someday take a bride from Värmland,
I know that I never would regret it.

Å INTE WILL JAG SÖRJA

see – OCH INTE VILL JAG SÖRJA

Appendix D: Swedish Pronunciation Guide

Notes about the Swedish language and about this pronunciation guide:

The Swedish alphabet consists of 29 letters. The first 26 are the same as the English alphabet. The letter *w* is rarely used, and, in a dictionary, is intermixed with the letter *v*. The final three letters of the alphabet are, in alphabetical order, the vowels *å*, *ä*, and *ö*. These three letters are independent of the letters *a* and *o*.

International Phonetic Alphabet (IPA) symbols have been used in the charts below. The written descriptions provide more precise nuance to the general descriptions that the IPA symbols provide. With the exception of the IPA symbols in the labeled IPA column of the charts, all IPA symbols have been enclosed with [] brackets.

In Swedish, the terms “long vowels” and “short vowels” are literal. When spoken, vowels that are classified as long are sustained for greater length of time than vowels that are classified as short. In music, of course, the length of time that a vowel is sustained is determined by the value of the note to which that vowel is assigned. So, although the length of a vowel in sung Swedish is determined by the note values in the music, the grammatical classification of a vowel as long or short will have a subtle effect on the pronunciation. Long vowels should be sustained as long as possible, with the following consonant considered as part of the next syllable. Short vowels that are followed by double consonants (i.e. gg, tt) should be slightly shortened, and the following double consonants slightly lengthened in a manner similar to the way double consonants are lengthened in Italian. The consonant combination *ck* is also sung in this manner. A word of caution: the lengthening of the consonants in singing should be a subtle nuance. It should not be accented or overdone, and should always be kept within the boundaries of good musical taste.

The symbol [ː] has been used to show where vowels or consonants are lengthened.

Vowels

Letter	Specific usage:	IPA	Description	Examples
a	followed by one consonant EXCEPT in unstressed final syllable	aː	long; open, back vowel; similar English <i>father</i> , with slightly rounded lips	Dala [dɑː la] talar [taː lar]
a	followed by two consonants OR in unstressed final syllable	a	short; open, front vowel	alla [alː a] afton [af ton] pratar [praː tar]

Letter	Specific usage:	IPA	Description	Examples
e	followed by one consonant EXCEPT in unstressed final syllable	e:	long; closed, front, pure vowel, as in German <i>den</i>	ren [re:n]
e	followed by two consonants OR in unstressed final syllable	ɛ	short; mid-open, front vowel, as in English <i>bed</i> ; slightly neutralized towards a schwa sound in unstressed final syllables	detta [dɛt: a]
i	followed by one consonant EXCEPT in unstressed final syllable	i:	long; closed, front vowel, as in English <i>be</i>	giva [ji: va]
i	followed by two consonants OR in unstressed final syllable	ɪ	short; half-closed, front vowel; more open than closed [i], but slightly more closed than English [ɪ] found in the English word <i>it</i>	flicka [flɪk: a]
o	followed by one consonant OR final in word EXCEPT in unstressed final syllable	o:	long; very closed, back vowel; as in German <i>froh</i>	dom [do:m]
o	followed by two consonants OR in unstressed final syllable	ɔ	short; half-open, back vowel; similar to English <i>awe</i> , but slightly more closed	pojke [pɔj kɛ]

Letter	Specific usage:	IPA	Description	Examples
u	followed by one consonant EXCEPT in unstressed final syllable	u:	long; half-closed, front vowel; no English or German equivalent; tongue position is similar to [e]; lips are slightly open, but not rounded outward, with the upper lip tight against the upper teeth; similar to [y:], as below, but with the different lip position	hus [hʊ:s]
u	in unstressed final syllable OR final in word	ʊ	shorter, unstressed version of [u:]; slightly more open than [ʊ:]	furu [fʊ: rʊ]
u	followed by two consonants	ø	short; half-open, middle vowel; no English or German equivalent; similar to English schwa [ə], but with rounded lips and a slightly lower tongue	lust [løst]
y	followed by one consonant EXCEPT in unstressed final syllable	y:	long; closed, front vowel, with tightly rounded lips, as in German <i>für</i> ; tongue position is [i]; lip position is very rounded [u]	ny [ny:]
y	followed by two consonants OR in unstressed final syllable OR final in word	ʏ	short; half-closed, front vowel, as in German <i>müssen</i> ; tongue position is [ɪ]; lip position is [ʊ]	tyst [tvst]

Letter	Specific Usage:	IPA	Description	Examples
å	followed by one consonant OR final in word EXCEPT in unstressed final syllable	o:	long; very closed, back vowel, as in German <i>froh</i>	går [go:r]
å	followed by two consonants OR in unstressed final syllable	ɔ	short; half-open, back vowel; similar to English <i>awe</i> , but slightly more closed	sång [sɔŋ]
ä	followed by one consonant EXCEPT in unstressed final syllable	ɛ:	long; half-open front vowel, as in English <i>bed</i> , but with length	själ [ʃɛ:l]
ä	followed by two consonants OR in unstressed final syllable OR final in word	ɛ	short; half-open front vowel, as in English <i>bed</i>	älva [ɛl va]
ä(r)	är followed by a vowel OR är final	æ:(r)	long; open, front vowel, with no English or German equivalent; similar to [ɛ:], but with a taller, more open mouth in an [a] position	där [dæ:r] kära [çæ: ra]
ä(r)	är followed by a consonant	æ(r)	short; open, front vowel, with no English or German equivalent; similar to [ɛ:], but with a taller, more open mouth in an [a] position	färg [færj]

Letter	Specific Usage:	IPA	Description	Examples
ö	followed by one consonant EXCEPT in unstressed final syllable	ø:	long; half-closed, front vowel; similar to German <i>schön</i> ; tongue position is [e]; lip position is [o]	löv [lø:v]
ö	followed by two consonants OR in unstressed final syllable OR final in word	ø	short; half-open, front vowel; more open than [ø:], as above, but not as open as [œ], as below; similar to German <i>könnt</i> , but slightly more closed	höst [høst]
ör(r)	ör followed by a vowel OR ör final	œ:(r)	long; open, front vowel; similar to German <i>könnt</i> , but slightly more open; tongue position is [ε]; lip position is between [ɔ] and [ɑ]	hör [hœ:r]
ör(r)	ör followed by a consonant	œ(r)	short; half-open, front vowel; similar to German <i>könnt</i> ; tongue position is [ε]; lip position is [ɔ]	hörn [hœrn]

Consonants

Letter	Specific usage:	IPA	Description	Examples
b		b	as in English <i>boy</i>	bor [bo:r]
c		k	as in English <i>king</i>	klar [kla:r]
ch		ʃ	retroflex; similar to English <i>sh</i> , but with the tip of the tongue curled back; lower in pitch than English <i>sh</i>	chef [ʃe:f]
ck		k:	as in English <i>king</i>	flicka [fli:k a]
d		d	as in English <i>deep</i> , but more forward, with tongue against the back of the upper teeth	dag [da:g]
f		f	as in English <i>fun</i>	från [fro:n]
g	before <i>a, o, u, å</i> , or unstressed <i>e</i>	g	hard; as in English <i>good</i>	går [go:r] fågel [fo: gəl]
g	before <i>e, i, y, ä</i> , or <i>ö</i>	j	soft; as in English <i>yes</i> , but slightly more forward; in singing, can occasionally have a slight fricative sound for expressive purposes	giva [ji: va]
g	after <i>l</i> or <i>r</i>	j	soft; the [j] after <i>l</i> or <i>r</i> is unstressed, care must be taken so that it does not sound like a separate syllable	berg [bɛrj] (one syllable)
gj		j	soft; as in English <i>yes</i> , but slightly more forward; in singing, can occasionally have a slight fricative sound for expressive purposes	gjort [jɔrt]
gn		ŋn	[ŋ] is pronounced <i>ng</i> , as in English <i>hang</i>	regn [rɛŋn]
gt		kt	when the letter <i>g</i> precedes the letter <i>t</i> , the <i>g</i> is pronounced [k]	sagt [sakt]
h		h	as in English <i>hot</i>	hem [hɛm]
hj		j	<i>h</i> is silent; pronounced [j] as in English <i>yes</i> , but slightly more forward; in singing, can occasionally have a slight fricative sound for expressive purposes	hjärta [jær ta]

Letter	Specific usage:	IPA	Description	Examples
j		j	as in English <i>yes</i> , but slightly more forward; in singing, can occasionally have a slight fricative sound for expressive purposes	jag [ja:g]
k	before <i>a, o, u, å</i> OR consonant	k	hard; as in English <i>king</i>	kall [kal:] klar [kla:r]
k	before <i>e, i, y, ä, ö</i>	ç	soft; unvoiced fricative, similar to German <i>ich</i> , but more forward with faster air; halfway between German <i>ich</i> and English <i>sh</i>	kära [çæ: ra]
kj		ç	soft; unvoiced fricative, similar to German <i>ich</i> , but more forward with faster air; halfway between German <i>ich</i> and English <i>sh</i>	kjol [ço:l]
l		l	as in English <i>leaf</i> , but with the tongue slightly more forward	löv [lø:v]
lj		j	l is silent; pronounced [j] as in English <i>yes</i> , but slightly more forward; in singing, can occasionally have a slight fricative sound for expressive purposes	ljus [jʉ:s]
m		m	as in English <i>me</i>	mat [ma:t]
n		n	as in English <i>no</i> , with the tongue slightly more forward	ny [ny:]
ng		ŋ	as in English <i>ng</i> , with no hard g sound following	sång [sɔŋ]
p		p	as in English <i>pop</i>	panna [pan: a]
q		k	as in English <i>king</i>	qu [kʉ:]
r		r	similar to English <i>r</i> , but rolled	ren [ren]
rd		rd̥	retroflex <i>d</i> ; similar to English <i>d</i> , but with the tip of the tongue curled back	bord [bɔ rd̥]

Letter	Specific usage:	IPA	Description	
rs		ʂ	retroflex; similar to English <i>sh</i> , but with the tip of the tongue curled back; lower in pitch than English <i>sh</i>	Lars [laʂ]
rt		ɾ	retroflex <i>t</i> ; similar to English <i>t</i> , but with the tip of the tongue curled back	borta [bɔɾt a]
s		s	unvoiced; as in English <i>see</i> (never pronounced as voiced <i>z</i>)	se [se]
sch si(on) sj skj stj		ʂ	retroflex; similar to English <i>sh</i> , but with the tip of the tongue curled back; lower in pitch than English <i>sh</i>	sju [ʂ] stjärna [ʂær na] konversion [kɔn vɛ ʂo:n]
sk	before <i>a, o, u, å</i> OR consonant	sk	as in English <i>brisk</i>	skall [skal:]
sk	before <i>e, i, y, ä, ö</i>	ʂ	retroflex; similar to English <i>sh</i> , but with the tip of the tongue curled back; lower in pitch than English <i>sh</i>	sken [ʂe:n]
sp/st		sp/st	as in English <i>spread</i> or <i>stand</i> ; never pronounced as <i>shp/shst</i> , as in German <i>spiel</i> or <i>stille</i>	spela [spe: la] strid [stri:d]
t		t	as in English <i>top</i>	takt [takt]
ti(on)		ʂ	retroflex; similar to English <i>sh</i> , but with the tip of the tongue curled back; lower in pitch than English <i>sh</i>	konversation [kɔn vɛ ʂe ʂon]
tj		ɕ	soft; unvoiced fricative, similar to German <i>ich</i> , but more forward with faster air; halfway between German <i>ich</i> and English <i>sh</i>	tjuv [ɕt:v]
v		v	as in English <i>vine</i>	vad [va:d]
w		v	as in English <i>vine</i>	Wien [vi:n]
x		ks	as in English <i>tax</i>	lax [la:ks]
z		s	unvoiced; as in English <i>see</i> (never pronounced as voiced <i>z</i>)	zon [so:n]

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Vita

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