

February 9, 2017 at 8:00pm
Princeton University Chapel

8TH PERFORMANCE OF THE 123RD SEASON / HISTORY IN THE MUSIC MAKING

ESTONIAN PHILHARMONIC CHAMBER CHOIR
KASPARS PUTNIŅŠ, Artistic Director and Chief Conductor

“NORTHERN LAND & SPIRIT”

ARVO PÄRT (b. 1935)

Solfeggio

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY (1840 – 1893)

from 9 Sacred Pieces

Cherubim’s Song, No. 3

Blessed Are They Whom Thou Hast Chosen, No. 7

Now the Heavenly Powers, No. 9

ARVO PÄRT

Nunc dimittis

The Woman with the Alabaster Box

Dopo la vittoria

—INTERMISSION—

VELJO TORMIS (1930 – 2017)

Tornikell minu külas (“The Tower Bell in My Village”)

JEAN SIBELIUS (1865 – 1957)

Sydämeni laulu (“Song of My Heart), from *Partsongs*, Op. 18, No. 6

Rakastava (“The Lover”), Op. 14

Saarella palaa (“Fire on the Island”), from *Partsongs*, Op. 18, No. 4

VELJO TORMIS

Raua needmine (“Curse Upon Iron”)

ESTONIAN PHILHARMONIC CHAMBER CHOIR

KASPARS PUTNIŅŠ, Artistic Director and Chief Conductor

Soprano

Karolis Kaljuste
Karoliina Kriis
Hele-Mall Leego
Annika Lõhmus
Kristine Muldma
Miina Pärn
Ülle Tuisk

Alto

Anna Dõtõna
Maarja Helstein
Ave Hännikäinen
Susanna Paabumets
Marianne Päma
Karin Salumäe

Tenor

Madis Enson
Kaido Janke
Raul Mikson
Sander Sokk
Toomas Tohert
Joosep Trumm

Bass

Ott Kask
Kaarel Kukk
Aarne Talvik
Henry Tiisma
Tõnu Tormis
Olari Viikholm
Rainer Vilu

Heli Jürgenson – choir master
Esper Linnamägi – manager

Steve Martin – tour manager

Northern Land & Spirit

By Anne Prommik

Translated by Helen Põldmäe

Crisp sceneries of the North and a cool outlook on life are clearly present in this choral music program which combines the music of Arvo Pärt, the most often-played living composer, with music of Veljo Tormis who draws on the Estonian folk song tradition, and the romantic choral music of Finnish and Russian composers whose work has deeply influenced Estonian music culture. Arvo Pärt has had a powerful impact on 20th century music. His most performed pieces today are written in his original *tintinnabuli* style (*tintinnabulum* – Latin for small bells). The music created in this style is extremely concentrated: simple repeated rhythms, slow moving melodies and triads are combined with complicated polyphonic movement. The *tintinnabuli* style also expresses the composer's world view, a very personal and

deeply felt approach to life based on Christian values, religious practice and a search for truth, beauty and purity. Pärt's earlier compositions are perhaps less well known. However, the dramatic ideas, concentrated musical material and refined form inherent in these works are clearly evident, and have become hallmarks of Pärt's musical output.

Solfeggio (1963)

ARVO PÄRT (b. 1935)

The *a cappella* choral work *Solfeggio*, composed in 1963 and premiered in 1964 is, despite its apparent simplicity, quite unique in Pärt's opus and it also helps us understand his later works. *Solfeggio* is the only work on this concert which predates Pärt's *tintinnabuli* period, although the simplicity of its conception - the notes of the C Major scale in overlapping sequence and with frequent octave displacement - is entirely characteristic.

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

from 9 Sacred Pieces (1884–85) **PYOTR TCHAIKOVSKY (1840 – 1893)**

In this program, the music of the Russian Romantic composer Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky is juxtaposed with Pärt's early work, accentuating the richness of his passionate and melodious church music. Tchaikovsky's best-known choral works are his *Vespers Service* and *Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom*. The cycle of **9 Sacred Pieces** for mixed choir stands out for its cunning usage of thematic material. Thanks to an originality of vocal writing the composer succeeds in highlighting the dignified beauty of Russian Orthodox church music practice. Tchaikovsky wrote the cycle between November 1884 and the summer of 1885, and the words were adapted by Tchaikovsky from Russian liturgical texts. The first performance of the cycle took place on March 1, 1886 in the Moscow Conservatory at an evening concert of church music by the Russian Choral Society, conducted by Dmitry Orlov. The composer wrote that "one of Moscow's best church choirs performed a programme,

which I put together, of various new compositions from the realm of church music. Some of my new church pieces were included, and were sung very well."

Nunc dimittis (2001) **The Woman with the** **Alabaster Box (1997)** **Dopo la vittoria (1996)** **ARVO PÄRT**

The a capella *Nunc dimittis* for mixed choir of 2001, also known under the name of Simeon's canticle, employs material from the Gospel of St. Luke. When Simeon sees the little Messiah brought into a temple to be christened and circumcised, he sings a song of praise. The work was commissioned by St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, which hosts one of the best church choirs in Scotland. Along with the *Magnificat*, the *Nunc dimittis* lies at the center of the Anglican Evensong, and is a component of many vespers services.

The Woman with the Alabaster Box for mixed choir a cappella was commissioned for the 350th

anniversary of the Karlstad Diocese in Sweden in 1997. The work sets to music the story of a woman according to the Gospel of St. Matthew. She came to Jesus when he had supper at the leper Simon's house. She poured a vial of valuable ointment on Jesus. The disciples were upset by the woman's act, finding her deed a waste of costly perfume which could have been sold and the money used to help the poor. But Jesus calmed them, saying

"Why do you bother this woman? The poor will always be around you, but I shall not. By anointing my body, she prepared it for my funeral."

According to Arvo Pärt it is not always easy to find suitable words for a musical composition. For example, it took the composer six years to find a text for his *Dopo la vittoria*. The city of Milan had commissioned the work for the 1600th anniversary of the death of St. Ambrose. Pärt has said:



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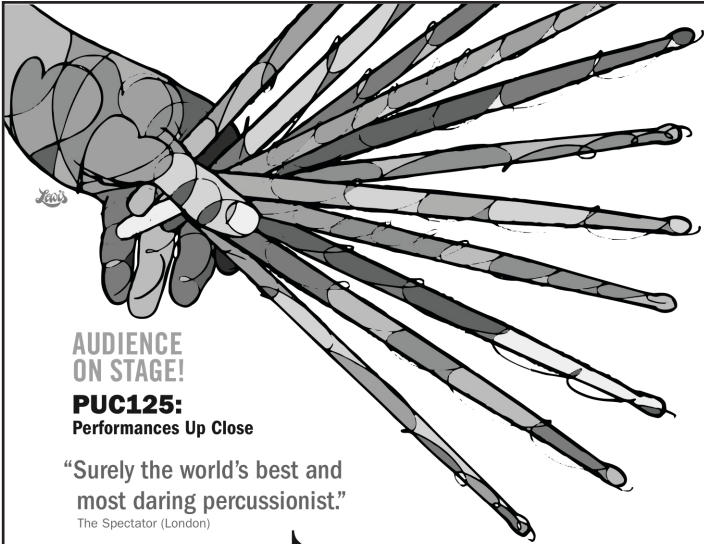
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ABOUT THE PROGRAM

"By chance I discovered an old church music encyclopaedia written in Russian. In it I found the story of Ambrosius and the scene of St Augustinus' baptism, performed by Ambrosius. This description fascinated me, and my decision was made promptly ... So I used the unaltered Russian text [translated into Italian] and took its first line to become the title of the work. Its phrasing, dating from the year 1903, sounded to me almost like a poem in prose. The depiction itself has the form of a short

two-person scenario, Ambrosius baptizing Augustinus. What I found particularly special and unusual in this story is the fact that Ambrosius, whilst the ceremony was in full swing, began to sing his *Te Deum*, and Augustinus joined in, easily continuing the chant as if he had known it forever. And they sang the *Te Deum* antiphonally to the end. I was fascinated and deeply influenced by this scene, with two giants of Western culture and Christianity full of spontaneous joy and inspiration,



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and now felt able to accomplish the commissioned work for the City of Milano in a relatively short time.”

Tornikell minu külas (1978)

Raua needmine (1972)

VELJO TORMIS (1930–2017)

The second half of the program is framed by works by one of Estonia’s most outstanding choral composers, Veljo Tormis, who died just a few weeks ago on January 21, 2017. Tormis composed almost exclusively for the voice – songs, cycles, and large-scale compositions for different choruses, stage works and cycles of solo songs, single and instrumental pieces. Almost all his choral music is connected with the ancient folk song of Estonians and other Finnic peoples. His best-known compositions are the *Curse Upon Iron (Raua needmine)* and the cycles *Estonian Calendar Songs (Eesti kalendrilaulud)* and *Forgotten Peoples (Unustatud rahvad)* on the motifs of Livonian, Votic, Izhorian, Ingrian Finnish, Vepsian and Karelian folklore.

Veljo Tormis has explained that for him all music begins from words, he needs a text to start composing. He has emphasized that he cannot (or does not want to) write music for pleasure or entertainment. His music always has something to say about the world, nature, men, and people. Tormis is a master of choral sound and large-scale choral composition and his colorful, nearly orchestral style of writing for voices creates remarkable effects.

The Tower Bell in My Village

(Tornikell minu külas) is a concerto for mixed choir, cantor and bell accompaniment based on a libretto by Juhan Viiding which derives from poems by Fernando Pessoa. Tormis composed the work to attract attention to the state of old churches and the preservation of cultural heritage in Estonia. The piece was composed in 1978 for the Ellerhein Chamber Choir (now called the Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir) at the request of its conductor, Tõnu Kaljuste, to spotlight the protection of the Estonian heritage and old churches. The piece was first performed during

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

the Ellerhein Chamber Choir tour in Western Estonia and the islands in July and August 1978.

One of Tormis' best known works, *Curse Upon Iron (Raua needmine)* was born after the composer had seen a shamanic rite on stage. Veljo Tormis has said:

"The idea was in my mind for years, before I found a perfect form for it in an enchanting repetitive ostinato accompanied by a shamanic drum. I combined those elements with modern choral technique. The idea of the composition derives from shamanism: in order to acquire power over a material or immaterial thing, one communicates knowledge to the object. Thus the describing and explaining of the birth of iron to iron itself forms a part of the shamanic process. The magical rite is performed to restrain the evil hiding inside iron. Each and every thing created by man may turn against man himself when used without respect towards the living."

The lyrics written in Estonian by August Annist were based on ritual incantations from the Finnish epic poem *Kalevala*, while temporary Estonian poets Paul-Eerik Rummo and Jaan Kaplinski added elements from modern life.

Sydämeni laulu (1898)

Rakastava (1894)

Saarella palaa (1895)

JEAN SIBELIUS (1865-1957)

The *Kalevala* epic was also an inspiration for Finnish national composer Jean Sibelius whose song *The lover (Armastaja)* came to be the pioneer of a new age in Finnish music. In 1859, the conductor of the Helsinki University Chorus, Jalmari Hahl, wrote a letter to his friend Jean Sibelius requesting a partsong for his choir. Sibelius soon responded with *Fire on the Island (Saarella palaa)*. It is typical of how Sibelius' choral songs were born - the majority of them were composed to personal requests from his friends.



The Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir (“EPCC”) is one of the best-known choirs in the world. The EPCC was founded by Tõnu Kaljuste in 1981, who was the artistic director and chief conductor for twenty years. In 2001–2007, the English musician Paul Hillier took over; between the years 2008–2013 the artistic director and chief conductor was Daniel Reuss. Since September 2014 the chief conductor is Kaspars Putniņš.

The repertoire of the choir extends from Gregorian chant and Baroque to the music of the 21st century, with special focus on the work of Estonian

composers (Arvo Pärt, Veljo Tormis, Erkki-Sven Tüür, Galina Grigoryeva, Toivo Tulev, Tõnu Kõrvits, Helena Tulve). The EPCC has introduced many of the works of those composers to the world. Each season the choir gives about 60–70 concerts in Estonia and abroad.

The EPCC has been a welcome guest at numerous music festivals and outstanding venues all over the world, including the BBC Proms, Hong Kong Arts Festival, Moscow Easter Festival, Musikfest Bremen, Salzburg Festspiele, Edinburgh International Festival, Festival Aix-en-Provence, International

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

Cervantino Festival, Vale of Glamorgan, Bergen International Festival, Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival, Sydney Opera House, Wiener Konzerthaus, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Esplanade in Singapore, Kennedy Center in

CDs. EPCC recordings have twice won the Grammy Award for Best Choral Performance: in 2007 for the album Arvo Pärt's *Da Pacem* with conductor Paul Hillier (Harmonia Mundi) and in 2014 Arvo Pärt's *Adam's Lament* with

“ Since that remarkable September day in 1988 when a quarter of the entire population of Estonia assembled in Tallinn to sing out their peaceful rejection of Soviet rule, the Baltic nations have established the most vibrant and relevant choral culture in the world - with the Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir as its flagship. Their music is uncompromisingly modern yet wonderfully infectious, and runs the gamut from the earthy, primitive energy of Veljo Tormis to the stillness and solemnity of Arvo Pärt. This concert offers us a precious fusion of the most exciting living choral tradition to be heard anywhere, with its finest exponents. ”

—Gabriel Crouch, Princeton University's Choral Director

Washington DC, Carnegie Hall, Metropolitan Museum and Lincoln Center in New York City.

Another important aspect in the choir's life is recording music (for ECM, Virgin Classics, Carus, Harmonia Mundi, Ondine), resulting in award-winning

the conductor Tõnu Kaljuste (ECM).

In total, the choir has 14 Grammy nominations. EPCC recordings have won also the award Diapason d'Or, Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik, and the Danish Music Award. This concert marks the ensemble's Princeton University Concerts debut.



Conductor **Kaspars Putniņš**, started as artistic director and chief conductor of the Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir in September 2014. He has been the conductor of the Latvian Radio Choir since 1992. In 1994, he formed the Latvian Radio Chamber Singers, an ensemble of soloists formed from the members of the Latvian Radio Choir. He regularly appears as a guest conductor with leading European

choirs such as the BBC Singers, RIAS Kammerchor, Berliner Rundfunkchor, NDR Kammerchor, Netherlands Radio Choir, Collegium Vocale Gent, Flemish Radio Choir and others.

Whilst Kaspars Putniņš work encompasses a wide range of choral repertoire from Renaissance polyphony to works of the Romantic period, his foremost goal has always been promoting new outstanding choral music. This new repertoire challenges and develops the abilities of his performers and takes their vocal sound to entirely uncharted territories. Kaspars Putniņš has also initiated several theatrical projects, which involve the participation of his choir, in collaboration with visual and theater artists. He often lectures and gives master classes internationally. He is the recipient of the Latvian Music Grand Prix and the Latvian Council of Ministers Award for Achievements in Culture and Science.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

from 9 Sacred Pieces

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

Херувимская песнь

from the Divine Liturgy

Иже Херувимы тайно образующе,
и животворящей Троице
трисвятую песнь припевающе,
всякое ныне житейское отложим
попечение.

(Аминь.)

Яко да Царя всех подыдем,
Ангельскими невидимо дориносима
чинми.

Аллилуиа

Блажени, яже избрал

Communion Hymn at a Memorial Liturgy

Блажени, яже избрал и приял еси,
Господи.

Память их в род и род.

Аллилуия.

Ныне силы небесныя

from the Divine Liturgy of the

Presanctified Gifts

Ныне Силы Небесныя съ нами невидимо
служат.

Се бо входит Царь славы.

Се Жертва Тайная совершена
дориносится.

Верою и любовью приступим,
да причастницы Жизни Вечныя будем.
Аллилуия.

Cherubim's Song

Let us who mystically represent the
Cherubim,
and who sing the thrice-holy song
to the life-giving Trinity,
now lay aside all cares of this life.

(Amen.)

That we may receive the King of us all,
Who is borne invisible to us by the
angelic host.

Alleluia.

Blessed Are They Whom Thou Hast Chosen

Blessed are they whom thou hast chosen
and taken, Lord.

They are remembered from generation to
generation.

Alleluia.

Now the Heavenly Powers

Now the Heavenly Powers serve invisibly
with us.

Lo, the glorious King enters.

Lo, the Mystical Sacrifice is borne up,
perfected.

Let us draw near in faith and love,
and become communicants of Life Eternal.
Alleluia.

ARVO PÄRT

Nunc dimittis

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine,
secundum verbum tuum in pace,
quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum,
quod parasti ante faciem
 omnium populorum,
lumen ad revelationem gentium
et gloriam plebis tuae Israel.

Nunc dimittis

Luke 2: 29-32

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant
depart in peace, according to thy word:
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared
before the face of all people;
A light to lighten the Gentiles,
and the glory of thy people Israel.

The Woman with the Alabaster Box

Matthew 26: 6-13

Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the
house of Simon the leper, there came unto
him a woman having an alabaster box of
very precious ointment and poured it on
his head, as he sat at meat. But when
his disciples saw it, they had indignation,
saying, to what purpose is this waste?
For this ointment might have been sold
for much, and given to the poor. When
Jesus understood it, he said unto them:
Why trouble ye the woman? For she hath
wrought a good work upon me, for ye have
the poor always with you; but me ye have
not always. For in that she hath poured
this ointment on my body, she did it for my
burial. Verily I say unto you, wheresoever
this gospel world, there shall be preached
in the whole world, there shall also this,
that this woman hath done, be told for a
memorial of her.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Dopo la vittoria

Dopo la vittoria definitiva sugli Ariani, Sant' Ambrogio compose un inno solenne di ringraziamento: "Te Deum laudamus." da allora questo canto viene ripetuto in occasione di cerimonie solenni di ringraziamento.

Trascorsi due anni, quando al consesso dei potenti di Milano venne battezzato Agostino, quelle strofe di ringraziamento furono cantate dagli officianti e dai battezzati e quindi entrarono a far parte da quel momento del cerimoniale religioso.

L'antico e ignoto biografo di Agostino scrive: "Sant' Ambrogio allora con voce lieta loda la Santissima Trinità e indusse lo stesso Agostino a proclamare la sua fede nella gloria di Dio".

Lodando e ringraziando il Signore Sant' Ambrogio diceva: "Lodimo Te, o Signore, in Te crediamo; o Signore."

Agostino proseguiva: "A Te, Padre Eterno, tutta la terra rende gloria".

Così entrambi cantarono l'intero inno di gloria alla Santissima Trinità. Sant' Ambrogio diceva il primo verso e Agostino cantava quello seguente. L'ultimo verso venne proclamato da Agostino: "In Te, o Signore, ho posto la mia speranza e mai dovro dolermene. Amen".

... da allora questo canto viene ripetuto in occasione di cerimonie solenni di ringraziamento.

After the Victory

After the complete victory over the Arians Saint Ambrose created the solemn praise: "We praise you, Lord."

This hymn is being performed until today on every festive Thanksgiving and Praising of the Lord.

It was two years later when all faithful were assembled in Milano to witness the baptism of Saint Augustine, that this hymn of Praise was sung to the Baptised and Baptising and from this time on formed part of the great body of church chants.

An unknown early biograph of Augustine writes: "On the occasion of Augustine's conversion the blessed Ambrose praised the Holy Trinity with joyful singing and encouraged Augustine to confess his faith in honour of God."

Ambrose blessed and praised the Lord and said: "We praise you, my Lord, we confess in you, oh Lord."

Augustine added: "You, Eternal Father, the whole world praises. All angels, heavens and powers (in Heaven) praise you forever."

Thus, in constant interplay, they sang the Hymn in honor of the Holy Trinity. Ambrose sang the first verse, Augustine the next. And Ambrose concluded the last verse thus: "In you, my Lord, I set my hope, so that I will be eternally saved. Amen."

... This hymn is being performed until today on every festive Thanksgiving and Praising of the Lord.

The Tower Bell in My Village

VELJO TORMIS

English Translation by Eve and Michael Tarm

Choir:

Oh, tower bell in my village!

Oh, tower bell in my village, sorrowful, nocturnal ringing,
every time that you're chiming,
my soul replies, like an echo. Ah, ah.

Reciter:

I can see as much of the universe from my village as can be seen from anywhere on earth.
Because my village is as big as any country. Because I am as tall as I am able to see...
...and not simply as tall as I am.

Life in cities is smaller than it is there, in my village, by this hillside...

Big houses obstruct the view in the cities; they fill the horizon and keep our eyes from
taking in the whole sky;...

they make us small because we can only grasp what our eyes are able to show us...

and they make us poor because seeing is the only thing that makes us rich.

Choir:

Oh, tower bell in my village!

Reciter:

But something artificial...

...keeps creeping into us and our age – which are like ruins in the moonlight.

Reciter:

A fife in the night...

Is it some shepherd?

This lou-ee-lou-ee lilting sounds so aimless, as life itself.

No beginning nor end, melodies come from the meadow.

Choir:

Melodies come from meadow....

Reciter:

(screaming)... and for it to cease.

And if everything ceases?

Maybe it is not so bad, because my eyes are already getting used to the darkness.

(please turn the page quietly)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Choir:

Oh death, it's a bend in the road
and you can't be seen when you've passed by,
but still your steps continue our own existence
is ceaseless..

Reciter:

The earth is also made from the heavens.
Lies can't be inherited.
Nobody just vanishes.
Everything is only the truth and the way.

Choir:

Thump, thump, thump, thump etc.
la-li-lu-lu-li etc.

Reciter:

St. John's night is over there, beyond my garden wall.
I am here on this side without St. John's night.
Because St. John's night is over there where it is celebrated.
What is mine is only the glow of the bonfires at night,
the echoes of bursts of laughter and of thumping of feet,
who does not know that I exist.

Choir:

Oh, tower bell in my village!
Oh, tower bell in my village, sorrowfull nocturnal,
every time that you're chiming,
my soul replies like an echo.
As ruefully as our lives are,
so measuredly you are ringing,
that first chimes are just recurrence.
Recurrence is all that's ringing.
Oh, tower bell in my village!

Reciter:

Chime as close to me as you want -
to me, who is always wandering
you are like a dream in the distance.

JEAN SIBELIUS SONGS

Sydämeni laulu

Text by Aleksis Kivi

Tuonen lehto, öinen lehto!
Siell' on hieno hietakehto,
sinnepä lapseni saatan.

Siell' on lapsen lysti olla,
Tuonen herran vainiolla
kaitsia Tuonelan karjaa.

Siell' on lapsen lysti olla,
illan tullen tuuditella
helmassa Tuonelan immen.

Onpa kullan lysti olla,
kultakehdoss' kellahdella,
kuululla kehräjälintuu.

Tuonen viita, rauhan viita!
Kaukana on vaino, riita,
kaukana kavala maailma.

Rakastava

Miss' on kussa minun hyvani,
miss' asuvi armahani,
missä istuvi iloni,
kulla maalla marjaseni?
Ei kuulu ääntävän ahoilla
lyövan leikkä lehoissa,
ei kuulu saloilta soitto
kukunta ei kunnahilta.
Oisko armas astumassa
marjani matelemassa,

Song of My Heart

Grove of Tuoni*, grove of evening,
there a sandy cradle's waiting,
there will I carry my child.

There the child is free from sorrow,
in the wood and in the meadow,
tending the cattle of Tuoni.

There the child is free from sorrow,
when the evening casts its shadow,
rocked in the cradle of Tuoni.

There my child is free from sorrow,
lulled to sleep by birdsong mellow,
rocked in a cradle of gold.

Peace of Tuoni, far from passion,
far away from man's oppression,
far from the treacherous world.

*Tuoni is the ancient Finn's place of the dead.

The Lover

Where is she where is my darling,
where dwells she now, my dearest,
where does she sit, my heart's delight,
in what land, my honey flower?
Now nothing moves in the meadowland,
no-one plays in the pine woods,
no voice is heard in the valley,
no cuckoo calls from the valley.
Does my sweetheart weary wander?
Where does she walk by the water?

(please turn the page quietly)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

oma kulta kulkemassa
valkia vaeltamassa,
toisin torveni puhuisi,
vaaran rinnat vastoaisi,
saisi salot sanelemista,
joka kumpu kukkumista,
lehot leikkiä pitäisi,
ahot ainaista iloa.

Täst' on kulta kunkenunna,
täst' on mennyt mieltietty,
tästä armas astununna,
valkia vaeltanunna;
täss' on astunut aholla,
tuoss' on istunut kivellä.
Kivi on paljon kirkkahampi,
paasi toistansa parempi,
kangas kahta kauniimpi,
lehto viittä lempeämpi,
korpi kuutta kukkahampi
koko on kultani kulusta,
armahani astunnasta.

Hyvää iltaa, lintuseni.
Hyvää iltaa, kultaseni.
Hyvää iltaa nyt, minun oma armahani!
Tanssi, tanssi, lintuseni,
tanssi, tanssi nyt, minun
oma armahani!
Seiso, seiso, lintuseni,
seiso, seiso, kultaseni,
seiso, seiso nyt, minun oma armahani!
Anna kättä, kultaseni,
anna kättä nyt, minun oma armahani!

Where are you my own beloved,
travelling untrodden paths?
Loud my horn I will blow once more,
loud the hills will echo in answer,
till the message reaches the marches.
Were she here my horn would speak
till the treetops trembled,
every meadow awakened.

Here my darling has walked,
here my true love has trodden,
here my sweetheart has stood,
here wearily wandered.
Here she moved in the meadowland,
there the rock where she rested,
rock much finer, much brighter,
better than other rocks.
Heather twice as fragrant for her,
woodland seems five times more leafy,
meadows far more full of flowers,
all the forest far fairer
where my fair one's foot has trodden,
where my darling one has walked.

So good evening, pretty birdling,
so good evening, my honey flower,
so good evening now, my own beloved!
Dance, O dance my pretty birdling,
dance, O dance my honey flower,
dance, O dance now my own beloved!
Stop, O stop my pretty birdling,
stop, O stop my honey flower,
stop, O stop now my own beloved!
Give your hand, my pretty birdling,
give your hand my honey flower,
give your hand now now my own beloved!

Käsi kaulaan, lintuseni,
käsi kaulaan, kultaseni,
halausta kultaseni,
halausta nyt minun oma armahani!
Suuta, suuta, lintuseni,
suuta, suuta, kultaseni,
halausta lintuseni,
halausta nyt minun oma armahani!

Suuta, suuta, minun oma armahani!
Jää hyvästi lintuseni,
jää hyvästi kultaseni,
jää hyvästi lintuseni,
jää hyvästi nyt minun armahani!

Saarella Palaa

Saarella palaa.
Tuli saarella palavi.

Kenpä tuolla tulta poltti?
Sulho tuolla tulta poltti.

Mitä sulho raatelevi?
Korjoansa kirjottavi.

Mitä tuolla korjasella?
Neittä tuolla korjasella.

Mitä neito raatelevi?
Kultakangasta kutoo,
hopeaista helkyttää.

Hold me so, my pretty birdling,
hold me so, my honey flower,
and embrace me, honey flower,
and embrace me, my own beloved!
Kiss me, kiss me pretty birdling,
kiss me, kiss me honey flower,
and embrace me, pretty birdling,
and embrace me now, my own beloved!

Kiss me, kiss me my own beloved,
Now farewell, my pretty birdling,
now farewell, my honey flower,
now farewell, my pretty birdling,
now farewell to you, my own beloved!

Fire on the Island

Fire on the island:

Say who lit the fire flaming?
'Twas the bridegroom lit the fire.

Tell me why he lit the fire.
So he can adorn his sleigh.

Why does he adorn his sleigh?
So the bride can ride upon it.

Tell me what the bride is doing.
Golden cloth she's weaving,
silver thread she's spinning.

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

VELJO TORMIS

Raua Needmine

Translated from the Estonian by Eero Vihman, adapted by Kristin Kuutma

oi-joi-joi-joi-jai-jai-jäi-jäi-jäü-jäü-jau-jau-jou-
jou-jou-jou-jöü-jöü-jöi-jöi-jei-jei-jäi-jäi-jai-jai-
joi-joi-joi-joi...

Ohoi sinda, rauda raiska,
rauda raiska, rähka kurja,
liha sööja, luu pureja,
vere süütuma valaja!
Kust said kurja, kange'eksi,
üleliia ülbe'eksi?
Hurjuh sinda, rauda raiska!
Tea ma sündi su sõgeda,
arvan algust su õela!

Käisid kolme ilmaneitsit,
taeva tütarta tulista,
lüpsid maale rindasida,
soo pääle piimasida.
Üks see lüpsis musta piima,
sest sai rauda pehme'eda;
teine valgeta valasi,
sellest tehtus on teraksed;
kolmas see veripunasta,
sellest malmi ilma tulnud.

Ohoi sinda, rauda raiska,
rauda raiska, rähka kurja!
Ei sa siis veel suuri olnud,
ei veel suuri, ei veel uhke,
kui sind soossa
solguteldi,
vedelassa väntsuteldi.
Hurjuh sinda, rauda raiska!
Tea ma sündi su sõgeda,
arvan algust su õela!

oi-joi-joi-joi-jai-jai-jäi-jäi-jäü-jäü-jau-jau-jou-
jou-jou-jöü-jöü-jöi-jöi-jei-jei-jäi-jäi-
jai-jai-joi-joi-joi-joi...

Ohoy, villain! Wretched iron!
Wretched iron! Cursed bog ore!
You flesh-eater, Gnawer of bones,
You spiller of innocent blood!
Wicked, how did you get power?
Tell how you became so haughty!
Damn, you, bastard! Wretched iron!
I know your birth, you purblind fool,
I know well your source, you villain!

Once there walked three nature spirits,
three fiery daughters of the sky.
They milked their swelling breasts to earth,
they squeezed their milk onto the fens.
From the first maid spurted black iron,
this turned into soft wrought iron.
White milk squirted the second maid,
this was the source of tempered steel.
The third maid spouted blood-red milk,
this gave birth to bog iron ore.

Ohoy, villain! Wretched iron!
Wretched iron! Cursed bog ore!
Then you were not high and mighty,
not yet mighty, not yet haughty,
when you sloshed in swamps and
marshes,
when in bogholes you were trampled.
Damn you, bastard! Wretched iron!
I know your birth, you purblind fool!
I know well your source, you evil!

Susi jooksis sooda mööda,
karu kõmberdas rabassa,
soo tõusis soe jalusta,
raba karu käpa alta.
Kasvid raudased orased,
soe jalgade jälile,
karu käppade kohale.
Ohoi rauda, laukalapsi,
rabarooste, pehme piima!
Kes su küll vihalle käskis,
kes pani pahalle tööle?

uu-üü-öö-ää-ee-ii

Surma sõitis sooda mööda,
taudi talveteeda mööda,
leidis soost terakse taime,
raua rooste lauka'alta.

uu-üü-ii-ee-ää-aa-ohoo...

Nii kõneles suuri surma,
taudi tappaja tähendas:
mäe alla männikussa,
põllulla küla päralla,
talu aitade tagana:
siin saab surma sepipada,
siia ahju ma asetan,
siia tõstan lõõtsad laiad,
hakkan rauda keetamaie,
raua roostet lõõtsumaie,
rauda tampima tigidaks.

o-hoo... oi-oi-joi-joi-...

Rauda, vaene mees, värises,
jo värises, jo võbises,
kuulis kui tule nimedä,
tule kurja kutsumista.

A wolf then ran across the fen,
a shambling bear walked in the moor.
And the swamp rose from the wolf tracks,
and the moor from under the bear's paws.
And there sprouted iron seedlings
in the traces of the wolf's claws,
in the hollows of the bear tracks.
Ohoy, iron! Child of boghole!
Swamp's red rust and gentle smooth milk!
Tell me, who made you so baleful!
Who decreed your works of mischief?

uu-üü-öö-ää-ee-ii

Death was riding through the marshes,
plague was on a winter journey.
Seedling steel it found in swampland,
rusty iron in a boghole.

uu-üü-ii-ee-ää-aa-ohoo...

The great death then began to talk,
the killer plague then spoke and said:
In a pine grove on a hillside,
in a field behind the village,
far beyond the farmers' granges,
right here will be the forge of death.
Here I'll build the forge's furnace,
here I'll place the widest bellows,
here I'll start to boil the iron,
fan and blast the rust-red bog ore,
hammer anger into iron.

o-hoo...oi-oi-joi-joi-

Iron, poor man, shivered, trembled,
shivered, trembled, shuddered, quavered,
when he heard fire being called by name,
heard the plea for wicked fire.

(please turn the page quietly)

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Ohoi sinda, rauda raiska!
Ei sa siis veel suuri olnud,
ei veel suuri, ei veel uhke,
kui sa ääsilla ägasid,
vingusid vasara alla.

Taat see ahjulta ärises,
halliparda vommi päälta:

aa-oo-öö-ee-ii

Rauda rasvana venikse,
ila kombel valgunekse,
veerdes alla ääsi'ilta,
voolates valutulesta.

Veel sa rauda pehmekene,
miska sind karastatakse,
terakseksi tehtaneks?
Toodi ussilta ilada,
musta maolta mürgikesta.
Ei see raud kuri oleksi
ilma usside ilata,
mao musta mürkideta.

aa-oo-uu-öö-ee-ää-öö-üü-ii-ee...

Taat see ahjulta ärises,
halliparda vommi päälta:
Varja nüüd vägeva Looja,
kaitse kaunike Jumala,
et ei kaoks see mees koguni,
hoopistükkis ema lapsi,
Looja loodusta elusta,
Jumala alustatusta.

Uued ajad. Uued jumalad.
Kahurid, lennukid,
tankid, kuulipildujad.
Uus raud ja teras,
uhiuued, targad,

Ohoy, villain! Wretched iron!
Then you were not high and mighty,
not yet mighty, not yet haughty,
when you moaned in the white-hot furnace,
whined under beating hammers.

Scolded the old man from upon the oven,
the greybeard from the furnace roof:

aa-oo-öö-ee-ii

Iron stretches, like blubber,
spreads like saliva,
oozing from the blazing furnace,
flowing from the scorching fire.

Iron, you're still soft and gentle.
How have you yet to be tempered
to make steel from you?
Saliva was brought from a viper,
venom from a black snake!
For iron wouldn't harbor evil
without saliva from vipers,
without venom from black snakes.

aa-oo-uu-öö-ee-ää-öö-üü-ii-ee-etc.

Scolded the old man from upon the oven,
the greybeard from the furnace roof:
Shelter us now, supreme Creator!
Keep us safe, God Almighty!
So that mankind would not perish,
mother's child vanish without trace
from life created by Creator,
commenced by God.

New eras. New gods.
And cannons and airplanes
and tanks, and machine guns.
New iron and steel.
Brand-new, intelligent,

täpsed, vägevad tapjad,
automaatsete sihtimisseedmetega
tuumalaengut kandvad,
tõrjerelvadele kättesaamatud
raketid.

Noad, odad,
kirved, taprid, saablid,
lingud, tomahawkid, bumerangid,
ammud, nooled, kivid, kaikad,
küüned, hambad, liiv ja sool,
tuhk ja tõrv, napalm ja süsi.

Uus ja kõige kaasaegsem tehnika,
elektroonika viimane sõna,
valmis liikuma igasse punkti,
kõrvalekaldumatult sihti tabama,
peatama, rivist välja lööma,
hävitama,
võitlusvõimetuks tegema,
haavama, teadmata kaotama,
tapma, tapma raua, terase,
kroomi, titaani, uraani, plutooniumi,
ja paljude teiste elementidega.

Oi-joi-joi-jai-jai-jäi-jäi-jäu-jäu-jau-jau-jou-
jou-jou-jou-jöu-jöu-jöü-jöü-
jõi-jõi-jei-jei-jäi-jäi-jai-jai-joi-joi-joi-joo

Ohoi sinda, rauda kurja,
mõõka sõja sünnitaja,
rauda rähka, kulda kilpi,
sina teras, nurja tõugu!
Hurjuh sinda, rauda raiska!
Oleme ühesta soosta,
ühest seemnest me signud,
sina maasta, mina maasta,
musta mulda me mõlemad,
ühe maa pääl me elame,
ühe maa sees kokku saame,
maad meil küllalt siis mõlemal.

precise powerful killers,
equipped with automated guiding devices,
armed with nuclear warheads.
Missiles invulnerable to defensive
rocketry.

Knives and spears,
axes, halberds, sabres,
and slings and tomahawks and
boomerangs, bows and arrows, rocks and
warclubs, and claws and teeth, sand and
salt, dust and tar, napalm and coal.

Brand-new and up-to-date technology,
the ultimate word in electronics,
ready to fly in any direction,
stay undeflected on its course, hit the tar-
get, paralyze, and knock out of action,
obliterate, disable,
wound, list missing,
and kill, kill with iron and with steel,
with chromium, titanium, uranium,
plutonium,
and with multitude of other elements.

Oi-joi-joi-jai-jai-jäi-jäi-jäu-jäu-jau-jau-jou-
jou-jou-jou-jöu-jöu-jöü-jöü-
jõi-jõi-jei-jei-jäi-jäi-jai-jai-joi-joi-joi-joo

Ohoy, villain! Evil iron!
Blade of the sword, mother of war!
Boghole ore's golden shield,
you, steel, of vile breed!
Damn you, bastard! Wretched iron!
We are kinsmen, of the same breed,
of the same seed we have sprouted,
You are earth-born, I am earth-born,
we are both black soil.
For we both live on the same earth
and in that earth we two will merge.
Then there will be land enough for both.

