

# Tekla Griebel Wandall

## Songs

Louise McClelland Jacobsen  
Sophie Haagen  
Kristoffer Appel  
Asmus Hanke Frederiksen  
Laurits Dragsted

Tekla Griebel Wandall (1866–1940)

## Songs

Louise McClelland Jacobsen, soprano <sup>3, 4, 9, 10, 12, 14, 17</sup>

Sophie Haagen, mezzo-soprano <sup>6, 7, 8, 11, 21</sup>

Kristoffer Appel, tenor <sup>1, 2, 5, 18, 19</sup>

Asmus Hanke Frederiksen, baritone <sup>13, 15, 16, 20, 22, 23</sup>

Laurits Dragsted, piano

### Fem sange (Five Songs) (c. 1892–93)

9:36

1 I. Hvad angår det dig? (What is it to you?) (Chr. Molbech)

1:27

2 II. Rinda, min brud (Rinda, my bride) (Adam Oehlenschläger)

1:58

3 III. Det bødes der for (A reckoning is due) (J.P. Jacobsen)

3:41

4 IV. Stemning (Atmosphere) (J.P. Jacobsen)

1:23

5 V. Genrebillede (Genre Scene) (J.P. Jacobsen)

1:06

### Drei Lieder für eine tiefere Stimme (Three Songs for a Lower Voice) (c. 1892–93)

5:03

6 I. Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt (Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage)  
(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

2:40

7 II. Warum? (Why?) (Emma von Schultz)

0:53

8 III. Mater dolorosa (Sorrowful Mother) (Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

1:31

### To sange (Two Songs) (c. 1889–91)

2:37

9 I. Sang af "Mester Dubitans" (Song of 'Master Dubitans') (Vilhelm Røse)

1:34

10 II. Folkevisen (Folk Ballad) (unknown)

1:04

11 **Bercés par la nuit** (Lulled by the Night) (c. 1889–91) (Charles Marelle)

1:14

### Fem sange af Oscar Madsens "Den flyvende hollænder" (Five Songs from Oscar Madsen's 'The Flying Dutchman') (1893) (Oscar Madsen)

13:53

12 I. I klitten gror ej roser (No roses grow in dunes)

3:36

13 II. Den flyvende hollænder (The Flying Dutchman)

2:09

14 III. Jeg pynted' mig så faur og fin (I dressed myself so fair and fine)

3:09

15 IV. Drages du ung fra det fædrene tag (Drawn young from father's roof)

2:36

16 V. Arions sang (Arion's Song)

2:24

17 **Der kom en liden sangfugl ("Den vanvittige")** (A little songbird came –  
'The madman') (c. 1895) (Emilie Wandall)

3:04

18 **Jeg ville gerne** (I wish I could) (c. 1902) (Frederik Wandall)

4:10

19 **Saphire sind die Augen dein** (Sapphires are those eyes of yours)  
(begun 1900, completed later) (Heinrich Heine)

1:38

### Tre sange (Three Songs)

6:36

20 I. O glem det ej (Oh, forget it not) (c. 1895–98) (Frederik Wandall)

2:02

21 II. Silde ved nat hin kolde (Late at night, so cold) (1901) (Thor Lange)

2:11

22 III. Flyveren (The Aviator) (c. 1916) (Tekla Griebel Wandall)

2:23

23 **Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen** (At first I almost despaired) (1901)  
(Heinrich Heine)

0:36

World premiere recordings

Total 48:31



## Rediscovering a Forgotten Voice

By Thomas Husted Kirkegaard

Tekla Griebel Wandall never imagined she would become a composer. Although she received early instruction in singing, piano, and music theory from her German father, Theodor Griebel, she had seen how gruelling and poorly paid a life in music could be. Theodor had come to Copenhagen to work as a second violinist in H.C. Lumbye's renowned Tivoli Orchestra, but his tenure was short-lived. During Tekla's childhood, he made a living teaching music from morning till night – and in the evenings, he played at dances in the city's taverns.

Tekla had grown up believing she would become a draughtswoman or a painter. She inherited a remarkable talent for drawing from her mother, Camilla Andresen, and at fifteen she was admitted to the Women's School of Drawing in Copenhagen, but she became a composer after all. While a student, she attended a performance of Arrigo Boito's opera *Mefistofele* (1868) at the Royal Danish

Theatre. As she recalled in her memoirs, the experience changed everything: as if by magic, she knew she was destined to write opera – indeed, that she already was a composer at heart. She immediately began writing an opera, enrolled at the Copenhagen Conservatory, and during the 1890s made her debut as a composer of vocal, ballet, and operatic works.

Her later obscurity tells a tragic story: one of likely severe postpartum depression, a failed marriage and a life of poverty in which she, like her father, struggled to make ends meet by teaching music, leaving little time for composition. This makes her determination all the more remarkable: she composed throughout her life, even as performances of her works after 1900 became increasingly rare. She had a particular fondness for songs, which form the core of her *oeuvre*. Perhaps this was because songs, being smaller in scale than opera and more likely to be performed, allowed her to realise her true passion: music that was narrative, expressive and closely tied to action and text. She wrote no symphonies and very little instrumental chamber music, highlighting that her gift lay in the interplay between the expressive worlds of music and language.

### Music as Storytelling

Griebel Wandall's lifelong passion for opera, theatre and dramatic music is evident throughout this album. It opens with *Five Songs*, one of the five collections published at her public debut as a composer in 1893. Among these diverse songs, her setting of J.P. Jacobsen's poem 'Det bødes der for' ('A reckoning is due') stands out; it is a poem that several Danish composers had also set.

The poem conveys a sombre moral: that every smile or moment of happiness is fleeting, and sorrow, the true undercurrent of life, holds no dreams and always returns stronger. In Griebel Wandall's setting, the otherwise static poem acquires a vivid narrative dimension. The song begins in G minor, yet in the first verse attempts are made to modulate to various major keys. Phrases end with hopeful gestures that almost carry us from minor to major – but, naturally, there is a reckoning, and we are drawn relentlessly back into the minor.

As the song unfolds, the verses become harmonically and metrically varied, while attempts to break the minor mode gradually diminish. By the final verse, all evasions have vanished, and the expression is resigned. The musical pro-

gression can be understood through the recurring refrain, 'Der rinder harm, rinder sorg af roser røde' ('From red roses flows both bitterness and sorrow'). This is initially sung to a melody reflecting the opening piano motif, where each note is accented, as if charged with special significance, perhaps symbolising the sorrow explored in the poem. In the first three refrains, this motif is only briefly followed before the singer leaps into a dissonant interval in a painful attempt to escape sorrow.

By the final refrain, after the resigned verse, the melody follows the full opening motif. The narrator, who initially denied sorrow by constantly seeking to escape the minor key and the piano motif, has now reconciled herself with it. In this way, Griebel Wandall creates a narrative of transition from denial to reconciliation. It is characteristic of her songs that immediate, expressive power is combined with subtle, carefully considered layers that reveal themselves only on repeated listening.

In other songs, her narrative interest is more direct. Some draw their texts from larger epic works: for instance, the text for 'Rinda, min brud' ('Rinda, my bride') comes from a scene in Adam Oehlenschläger's novel *Hroars saga* (1817),

where the Swedish prisoner King Skalk sings a lonely song in a prison tower the day before the Danes plan to sacrifice him to the gods. This scene, and much else from *Hroars saga*, Griebel Wandall would later expand in her ambitious but never staged opera *Kong Hroars skjalde (The Bards of King Hroar)* (1892–1925). In *Drei Lieder für eine tiefere Stimme (Three Songs for a Lower Voice)*, the song 'Mater Dolorosa' is drawn from a scene in Goethe's *Faust*, where the unhappy Gretchen sings to the Virgin Mary, saying that only she can feel and understand the depths of Gretchen's pain.

### Dramatic Poetry

The album also features the collection *Five Songs from Oscar Madsen's 'The Flying Dutchman'*. Here, Griebel Wandall has set music to some of the songs appearing in *The Flying Dutchman* by the Danish author Oscar Madsen. The work is described as 'dramatic poetry' and is a play in verse, with a number of interpolated songs to which Griebel Wandall has here given melody and form.

In 'I klitten gror ej roser' ('No roses grow in dunes'), the melancholy and lovesick Karen sings daydreamily while

wandering the dunes of north-west Jutland, where the action is set. In the song 'Den flyvende hollænder' ('The Flying Dutchman'), the fisherman Lars recounts the myth of the infamous ghost ship, with Griebel Wandall musically portraying the shift from calm weather to the raging waves that follow the ship. In 'Jeg pynted mig så faur og fin' ('I dressed myself so fair and fine'), Karen returns, this time in her storming passion for the sailor Ole, who proves to be both absent and distant, at sea as well as at home.

In the fourth song, 'Drages du ung fra det fædrene tag' ('Drawn young from father's roof'), a possible explanation for Ole's absence is given: a captain sings of the Flying Dutchman as a personification of the sea's call, an irresistible wanderlust that every sailor must follow. The final song, 'Arions sang' ('Arion's Song'), is sung by Arion himself, court poet to the sea-king in a fantastical realm beneath the waves. Here, Arion tells how he abducted Agnete, Karen's friend, as a sacrifice to the sea-king.

### Humour and Irony

In *Five Songs from Oscar Madsen's 'The Flying Dutchman'*, humorous touches

abound, as in the line 'du kan tro, at du glemmer din skraver og letter dit sløje kadaver!' ('you can be sure you'll forget your slumber and lift your feeble carcass!'), and in some songs Tekla Griebel Wandall cultivates the ironic in particular. This is heard, for example, in 'Saphire sind die Augen dein' ('Sapphires are those eyes of yours'), set to a text by Heinrich Heine. Here, the narrator longs for his beloved, a woman with eyes like sapphires and lips like rubies, dreaming himself away: *thrice happy is the man whom those eyes behold and whose lips they kiss!* The deep and unattainable longing is underscored musically by a constant striving for a key that is never reached.

Eventually, it turns out that this happy man is a real person, and the narrator dreams himself away again: *if only he were alone with this happy man in the forest!* Birdlike trills in the piano hint that we are now almost at the longed-for key, but here the piano suddenly erupts in murderous stabs, a chilling tone painting that pulls the rug from under the song's stereotypical romantic symbolism. The ending is a sigh of relief, a well-satisfied smile. What we thought was a romantic fantasy turns out to be a macabre murder fantasy.

The irony is as shocking and grotesque as it is amusing and teasing. Heine's poem exposes the less flattering sides of hopeless infatuation, while Griebel Wandall's music goes all in on building an inner romantic longing that suddenly cracks.

**The Wandall Family Texts – and Her Own** Tekla Griebel Wandall drew her texts from both famous and lesser-known writers, from the now-forgotten Oscar Madsen to J.P. Jacobsen and Heinrich Heine. Also among the forgotten was her husband, Frederik Wandall, whom she married in 1902. She hoped his steady income as a catechist would give her time to compose, but once married, Frederik resigned from his job when he realised he was not a believer. Instead, he tried his hand as a poet under the pseudonym Erik Dall, without great success. This meant that it fell to Griebel Wandall to support the family, including their son Svend, born in 1904. The songs 'Jeg ville gerne' ('I wish I could') and 'O glem det ej!' ('Oh, forget it not') have texts by Frederik Wandall and give a glimpse into the collaboration and harmony between what Svend later called 'two artistic souls'. Text by Frederik's sister, Emilie Wandall, is found in 'Der

kom en liden sangfugl ('Den vanvittige') ('A little songbird came – The madman').

Tekla Griebel Wandall, a trained composer and draughtswoman, was also an author and used her own texts: in 1915 she published a feminist novel *Rigmor Vording*, and she wrote numerous unpublished stories and poems. 'Flyveren' ('The Aviator'), which closes this album, is one of these. The poem reflects the spiritual nerve that underpins her always narrative and rich musical language. Deeply interested in the esoteric current of Theosophy, which enjoyed a great flowering in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, she wrote the treatise *Tonernes mikrokosmos (Microcosm of Tones)*, in which she explained on a Theosophical basis how the world of tones corresponded with the spiritual order of the entire universe; how tones, colours, and affects were intrinsically connected, so that all music always expressed more than just sound.

In 'The Aviator', we hear how the harmony of the spheres permeates not only nature and the gentle summer breezes, but also the quiet hum of humanity's most modern technology, the aeroplane. As the aviator moves across the landscape toward distant shores, the machine's

deep, quiet drone is heard in the piano's bass, along with the meditative, fluctuating melodies and harmonies that together capture 'the eternal song of death and life'.

This release presents a selection from Tekla Griebel Wandall's substantial song output, containing both songs published in the composer's lifetime and songs that have lain hidden in archive drawers, unpublished until recently.

That these previously silent archives now come to life as sounding music again was something the composer herself believed in fully and firmly, even when she had been forgotten by the public towards the end of her life. As she wrote in a letter in 1917: 'When we have a number of significant female composers, the first among them will surely be remembered.' Though she was not the first – far from it – there is much to suggest she was right that her time would come. This premiere recording of her songs marks at least a first step toward giving Tekla Griebel Wandall's music the place it deserves.

*Thomas Husted Kirkegaard is a musicologist specialising in women in Danish music history.*

Danish-New Zealand soprano **Louise McClelland Jacobsen** (b. 1997) trained at the Royal Danish Academy of Music and the Hochschule für Musik und Theater Hamburg. She completed the Young Artist Programme at the Royal Danish Theatre in the summer of 2025 and is currently associated with the Semperoper Dresden as a guest soloist. Her operatic repertoire includes roles such as Pamina in *The Magic Flute* and Gerda in Hans Abrahamson's *The Snow Queen*. She also created the role of Alida in the world premiere of Bent Sørensen's *Asle og Alida*, for which *Bachtrack* praised her performance as 'a series of stratospheric pianissimi that took one's breath away'. McClelland Jacobsen has appeared as a soloist with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra, the Royal Danish Orchestra and Concerto Copenhagen. In 2025, she was awarded the Aalborg Opera Prize. Her discography includes the music of Rued Langgaard on the acclaimed album *Songs* and the digital-only EP *Christmas Moods*, both released by Dacapo Records.

Mezzo-soprano **Sophie Haagen** (b. 1991), a graduate of the Royal Danish Opera Academy, has established herself as a

significant voice on both the Danish and international stages since her debut at the Royal Danish Theatre in 2020. Her versatile repertoire ranges from roles such as Flora in *La traviata* and Arbate in *Mitridate* to contemporary parts like New Ofglen in Ruders' *The Handmaid's Tale* and Artemisia in Matias Vestergård's *Lisbon Floor*. She gained particular international acclaim as the Composer in *Ariadne auf Naxos* at both the Royal Danish Theatre and Teatro Verdi in Trieste, and in 2025 she performed the role of Queen Gertrud in the premiere of Ruders' *The Thirteenth Child*. In 2026, her engagements include collaborations with Copenhagen Phil and Teatro Verdi, among others. Haagen has received several prestigious honours, including the Léonie Sonning Talent Prize, the Reumert Talent Prize, and 1st Prize at the Copenhagen Lied Duo Competition.

Tenor **Kristoffer Appel** (b. 1990) trained at LaGrange College in the US, the Danish National Academy of Music in Odense, and the Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen. He has appeared in opera and musical theatre productions but has primarily built a career as a soloist in concerts and oratorios. Appel also has

an extensive career in choirs and vocal ensembles, including the Danish National Concert Choir and Musica Ficta.

Baritone **Asmus Hanke Frederiksen** (b. 1997) is a graduate of the Danish National Academy of Music and is currently pursuing his postgraduate degree at the Royal Danish Academy of Music. He is already a sought-after concert soloist. He has performed solo parts with, among others, the Odense Symphony Orchestra (*Messiah*, Fauré's *Requiem*), the Danish Philharmonic Orchestra (Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem*), and the Faroese Symphony Orchestra (Nielsen's Third Symphony). In 2024, he received the Léonie Sonning Talent Prize, and in 2025 he was named Opera Talent of the Year at the Copenhagen Opera Festival.

Pianist **Laurits Dragsted** (b. 1989) is a graduate of the soloist class at the Royal Danish Academy of Music. Today, he is one of the country's most sought-after young répétiteurs and previously served as a Young Artist at the Royal Danish Theatre. He has been a répétiteur for numerous opera productions, including

*La traviata*, *La bohème*, *Don Giovanni*, *Carmen* and *Peter Grimes*, and in 2023 conducted the Royal Opera Choir backstage for Verdi's *Aida*. Dragsted is a prize-winner of the Copenhagen Lied Duo Competition and regularly performs Lied concerts at festivals such as the Hindsgavl Festival. In 2024, he featured on the Langgaard EP *Christmas Moods* alongside Louise McClelland Jacobsen. Having made his debut as a continuo pianist in the Royal Danish Theatre's 2022 production of Rossini's *Cinderella*, he now holds a permanent position as a répétiteur and teacher at the Royal Danish Academy of Music. In 2026, he is also associated with the Danish National Opera as a répétiteur.

## Genopdagelsen af en glempt stemme

Af Thomas Husted Kirkegaard

Tekla Griebel Wandall havde egentlig ikke forestillet sig, at hun skulle være komponist. Godt nok fik hun fra en tidlig alder undervisning i sang, klaver og musikteori af sin tyske far, Theodor Griebel, men selvom hun havde stor glæde af det, så kunne hun se på sin far, hvor nedslidende og dårligt betalt musikertilværelsen kunne være. Theodor var kommet til København for at arbejde som andenviolinist i H.C. Lumbyes berømte orkester i Tivoli, men hans ansættelse var kortvarig. I Teklas barndom måtte Theodor derfor tjene til dagen og vejen ved at undervise musik-elever fra morgen til aften – og når det så blev aften, måtte han ud og spille op til dans på byens værtshuse.

Tekla voksede op med troen på, at hun skulle være tegner eller maler. Hun havde arvet et stort tegnetalent fra sin mor, Camilla Andresen, og som 15-årig blev hun optaget på Tegneskolen for Kvinder. Men komponist blev hun alligevel: I sin studietid overværede hun en opførelse af

operaen *Mefistofele* (1868) af italienske Arrigo Boito på Det Kongelige Teater. Ifølge hendes egne erindringer ændrede oplevelsen alt: Som ved et "trylleslag" vidste hun, at hun skulle være operakomponist – ja, at hun allerede inderst inde var det. Hun kastede sig straks over at skrive en opera, blev optaget på musik-konservatoriet i København, og i løbet af 1890'erne debuterede hun som både sang-, ballet- og operakomponist.

At hun siden gled ud i glæmsel, er en tragisk historie om en mulig alvorlig fødselsdepression, et mislykket ægteskab og et liv i fattigdom, hvor hun – præcis som sin far – sled med at tjene penge som musikunderviser, med begrænset tid til at komponere. Det gør det kun mere imponerende og sigende om hendes målrettede væsen, at hun faktisk komponerede livet igennem, selvom opførelser af hendes værker efter 1900 blev stadig sjældnere. Særligt sanggenren havde hun en forkærlighed for, og den udgør størstedelen af hendes samlede oeuvre. Måske skyldes det, at hun her – i mindre skala end i operagenren og dermed med større chancer for opførelse – kunne realisere det, som fra starten havde drevet hende: musik, som var fortællende, ekspressiv, gerne

med konkret handling og tekst. Hun skrev ingen symfonier og kun ganske lidt instrumental kammermusik; det tydeliggør, at det særlige for hende som komponist var samspillet mellem musikkens og sprogets forskellige udtryksverdener.

### Musikken som fortæller

Tekla Griebel Wandalls livslange passion for opera, skuespil og dramatisk musik træder tydeligt frem i flere af værkerne på dette album. Albummet åbner med *Fem Sange*, som var blandt de fem samsamlinger, der udkom ved hendes offentlige debut som komponist i 1893. Blandt disse forskelligartede sange skiller hendes udsættelse af J.P. Jacobsen-digtet "Det bødes der for" sig særligt ud – et digt, som adskillige danske komponister i øvrigt har haft i hænderne.

Digtet udtrykker en dunkel morale om, at ethvert smil eller lykkeligt øjeblik blot er en kort glæde, som man må bøde for senere; sorgen, tilværelsens egentlige klangbund, har ingen drømme og vender altid endnu stærkere tilbage. I Griebel Wandalls udsættelse tilføjes det ellers statiske digt en klar narrativ dimension: Sangen indledes i g-mol, men i første vers gøres der adskillige forsøg på at modulere til forskellige dur-

tonearter. Fraserne slutter med håbefulde gestusser, der *næsten* bringer os fra mol til dur – men det bødes der for, naturligvis, og vi rykkes ubarmhjertigt tilbage i mol.

Som sangen skrider frem, varieres og forsimples versene både harmonisk og metrisk, og antallet af forsøg på at bryde mol-verdenen mindskes gradvist. I sidste vers er alle krumspring forsvundet, og udtrykket er resigneret. Den musikalske udvikling kan forstås via det tilbagevendende omkvæd: "Der rinder harm, rinder sorg af roser røde" synges på en melodi, som indledningsvist spejler motivet i det korte klaverforspil, hvor hver tone er accentueret – som om de har en særlig signifikans og måske symboliserer den sorg, som digtet tematiserer. I de tre første omkvæd følges dette motiv kun ganske kort, før sangeren springer væk i et dissonerende interval; et smertefuldt forsøg på at slippe sorgen.

I sidste omkvæd, efter det resignerede vers, følger melodien nu hele indledningsmotivet. Fortælleren, som i begyndelsen fornægtede sorgen ved hele tiden at søge væk fra mol-tonearten og klavermotivet, har nu forsonet sig med den. På denne måde skaber Griebel Wandall et narrativ om at gå fra fornægtelse til forsoning. Det er helt typisk for hendes sange, at

hendes umiddelbare og kraftfulde udtryk også indeholder et subtilt og velgennemtænkt lag, som først åbenbares ved flere gennemlytninger.

I andre sange kommer Tekla Griebel Wandalls interesse for det narrative til udtryk på en mere direkte måde: En række af sangene henter nemlig sine tekster fra større episke værker. Eksempelvis er teksten til "Rinda, min brud" fra en scene i Adam Oehlenschlägers roman *Hroars saga* (1817), hvor den svenske krigsfange Kong Skalk synger en ensom sang i et fangetårn dagen før danerne vil ofre ham til guderne. Denne scene – og meget andet fra *Hroars saga* – skulle Griebel Wandall siden udfolde i sin stort anlagte, men endnu aldrig opførte, opera *Kong Hroars skjalde* (1892-1925).

I *Drei Lieder für eine tiefere Stimme* findes sangen "Mater Dolorosa", som er taget fra en scene i Goethes *Faust*, hvor den ulykkelige Gretchen besynger Jomfru Maria med budskabet om, at kun hun kan føle og forstå dybderne af Gretchens smerte.

### Dramatisk digtning

Endelig omfatter albummet samlingen *Fem sange til Oscar Madsens "Den fly-*

*vende hollænder"*. Her har Griebel Wandall sat musik til nogle af de sange, som optræder i *Den flyvende hollænder* af den danske forfatter Oscar Madsen. Værket er genrebetegnet som "dramatisk digtning" og er et skuespil på vers – med en række indlagte sange, som Griebel Wandall altså her har givet melodi og form.

I "I klitten gror ej roser" synger den melankolske og forelskede Karen dagdrømmende, mens hun vandrer rundt i klitterne på Jyllands nordvestkyst, hvor handlingen er sat. I sangen "Den flyvende hollænder" fortæller fiskeren Lars myten om det berygtede spøgelsesskib, hvor Griebel Wandall musikalsk skildrer skiftet mellem roligt "magsvejr" og de frådende bølger, som følger dette spøgelsesskib. I "Jeg pynted' mig så faur og fin" vender Karen tilbage, denne gang i sin stormende forelskelse i sømanden Ole, som viser sig at være både fraværende og fjern – til søs såvel som hjemme.

I den fjerde sang, "Drages du ung fra det fædrene tag", gives en mulig forklaring på Oles fraværende væsen: En kaptajn synger om den flyvende hollænder som en personificering af søens kald, en uimodståelig udlængsel, enhver sømand må følge. Den sidste sang, "Arions sang",

er sunget af selveste havkongens hofpoet i et eventyrligt rige på havets bund. Her fortæller Arion, hvordan han har kidnappet Agnete – Karens veninde – og bragt hende som offer til havkongen.

### Humor og ironi

I *Fem sange til Oscar Madsens "Den flyvende hollænder"* finder man flere humoristiske indslag – som i linjen "du kan tro, at du glemmer din skraver og letter dit sløje kadaver!" – og i visse sange dyrker Tekla Griebel Wandall især det ironiske. Begge dele høres for eksempel i *Saphire sind die Augen dein* til tekst af Heinrich Heine. Her længes fortælleren efter sin elskede, en kvinde med øjne som safirer og læber som rubiner, og drømmer sig væk: *Trefold lykkelig er den mand, som de øjne kigger på og som de læber kysser!* Den dybe og urealiserbare længsel understreges musikalsk af en konstant stræben mod en toneart, som aldrig opnås.

Til sidst viser det sig, at denne lykkelige mand tilsyneladende er en konkret person, og fortælleren drømmer sig igen væk: *Var han dog bare alene med denne lykkelige mand i skoven!* Fugletriller i klaveret antyder, at vi nu næsten er fremme ved den længe ventede toneart – men her

bryder klaveret pludselig ud i morderiske dolkestød, et gyseligt tonemaleri, som hver tæppet væk under sangens stereotype kærlighedssymbolik. Afslutningen er et lettelsens suk, et veltroede smil. Det, vi troede var en romantisk fantasi, viser sig at være en makaber mordfantasi. Ironien er lige så chokerende og grotesk, som den er morsom og drillende. Heines digt fremviser de mindre flatterende sider af håbløs forelskelse, mens Griebel Wandalls musik sætter alt ind på at opbygge en inderlig romantisk længsel, som pludselig slår revner.

### Familien Wandalls tekster – og hendes egne

Tekla Griebel Wandall hentede sine tekster hos både velkendte og mindre kendte forfattere – fra den i dag glemte Oscar Madsen til J.P. Jacobsen og Heinrich Heine. Blandt de glemte var også hendes mand, Frederik Wandall, som hun blev gift med i 1902. Hun håbede, at hans faste indkomst som kateket ville give hende tid til at komponere. Men da de var blevet gift, sagde Frederik sit job op, da han indså, at han ikke var troende. I stedet forsøgte han sig som digter under pseudonymet Erik Dall, uden større succes. Det

betød, at det i stedet blev Griebel Wandall, der måtte forsørge familien og sønnen Svend, de fik i 1904. Sangene "Jeg ville gerne" og "O glem det ej!" har tekster af Frederik Wandall og giver et lille indblik i samarbejdet og samklang mellem det, som Svend senere kaldte "to kunstnersjæle". Tekst af Emilie Wandall, Frederiks søster, findes i "Der kom en liden sangfugl ("Den vanvittige")".

Tekla Griebel Wandall brugte også sine egne tekster. Den uddannede komponist og tegner var nemlig også forfatter: I 1915 udkom hun med den feministiske roman *Rigmor Vording*, og hun skrev adskillige noveller og digte, som aldrig blev offentliggjort. "Flyveren", som afrunder albummet, er ét af disse. Digtet afspejler den åndelige nerve, som er baggrunden for hendes altid fortællende og indholdsrige musikalske sprog. Hun var dybt optaget af den esoteriske strømning teosofi, som nød en stor opblomstring i slutningen af 1800-tallet og begyndelsen af 1900-tallet, og skrev afhandlingen *Tonernes mikrokosmos*, hvor hun på teosofisk grundlag redegjorde for, hvordan tonernes verden korresponderede med hele universets åndelige orden – hvordan toner, farver og affekter var intrinsisk for-

bundne, således at al musik altid udtrykte mere end bare lyde.

I "Flyveren" hører vi, hvordan sfærerens harmoni gennemsyrrer ikke bare naturen og de milde sommervinde, men også den stille brummen fra menneskets mest moderne teknologi, flyvemaskinen. Mens flyveren bevæger sig over landskabet mod fjerne kyster, høres dens dybe, stille brummen i klaverets bas og den meditative, fluktuerende melodik og harmonik, der tilsammen indkapsler "evighedens sang om død og liv".

Udgivelsen her præsenterer et udpluk af Tekla Griebel Wandalls større sangproduktion, og den indeholder både sange, der udkom på noder i komponistens levetid, og sange, der har ligget hengemt i arkivskuffer, uden at de blev udgivet – før for nylig.

At disse tidligere tavse arkiver nu får liv som klingende musik igen, var noget, komponisten selv troede fuldt og fast på, selv da hun til sidst i sit liv var blevet glemt i offentligheden. Som hun skrev i et brev i 1917: "Når vi har fået en række betydelige, kvindelige komponister, da vil den første af dem nok blive mindet." Selvom hun ikke var den første – langt fra – tyder

meget på, at hun fik ret i, at hendes tid nok skulle komme. Denne førsteindspilning af hendes sange markerer i hvert fald et første skridt mod at give Tekla Griebel Wandalls musik den plads, den fortjener.

*Thomas Husted Kirkegaard er musikforsker med fokus på kvinder i dansk musikhistorie.*

Den dansk-newzealandske sopran **Louise McClelland Jacobsen** (f. 1997) er uddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium og Hochschule für Musik und Theater Hamburg. Hun færdiggjorde Young Artist-programmet ved Det Kongelige Teater i sommeren 2025 og er nu tilknyttet Semperoper Dresden som gæstesolist. Hendes operarepertoire tæller roller som Pamina i *Tryllefløjten* og Gerda i Hans Abrahamsens *Snedronningen*. Hun sang desuden rollen som Alida i uropførelsen af Bent Sørensens *Asle og Alida*, hvor Bachtrack fremhævede hendes præstation for "en række af stratosfæriske pianissimi, der tog pusten fra én". McClelland Jacobsen har optrådt som solist med blandt andre DR Symfoniorkestret, Det Kongelige Kapel

og Concerto Copenhagen. Hun modtog Aalborg Operapris i 2025. Hendes diskografi tæller musik af Rued Langgaard på det anmelderroste album *Songs* samt den digitale EP *Christmas Moods*, begge udgivet af Dacapo Records.

Mezzosopranen **Sophie Haagen** (f. 1991), der er uddannet fra Det Kongelige Teaters Operaakademi, har siden sin debut på Operaen i 2020 etableret sig som en markant stemme på både den danske og internationale scene. Hendes alsidige repertoire spænder fra roller som Flora i *La traviata* og Arbate i *Mitridate* til nyere partier som Ny Ofglen i Ruders' *Tjenerindens fortælling* og Artemisia i Matias Vestergårds *Lisbon Floor*. Særlig international opmærksomhed fik hun som Komponisten i *Ariadne på Naxos* på både Det Kongelige Teater og Teatro Verdi i Trieste, og i 2025 sang hun partiet som Dronning Gertrud i uropførelsen af Ruders' *Det 13. barn*. I 2026 er hun aktuell i samarbejder med blandt andre Copenhagen Phil og Teatro Verdi. Haagen har modtaget en række prestigefyldte priser, herunder Léonie Sonnings Talentpris, Årets Reumert Talentpris samt 1. prisen ved Copenhagen Lied Duo Competition.

Tenoren **Kristoffer Appel** (f. 1990) er uddannet fra LaGrange College i USA, Syddansk Musikkonservatorium i Odense og Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium i København. Han har sunget både opera og musical, men har primært skabt sig en karriere som solist i koncerter og oratorier samt som sanger i kor og ensembler, heriblandt DR Koncertkoret og Musica Ficta.

Barytonen **Asmus Hanke Frederiksen** (f. 1997) er uddannet fra Syddansk Musikkonservatorium og er i øjeblikket i gang med at færdiggøre sin uddannelse ved Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium. Han er allerede en efterspurgt koncertsolist og har sunget solistpartier med blandt andre Odense Symfoniorkester (*Messias*, Faurés *Requiem*), Sønderjyllands Symfoniorkester (Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem*) og Færøernes Symfoniorkester (Nielsens 3. symfoni). I 2024 modtog han Léonie Sonnings Talentpris, og i 2025 blev han udnævnt til Årets Operatalent ved Copenhagen Opera Festival.

Pianisten **Laurits Dragsted** (f. 1989) er solistuddannet fra Det Kongelige Danske

Musikkonservatorium. Han er i dag en af landets mest efterspurgte unge repetitører og var tidligere Young Artist ved Det Kongelige Teater. Han har fungeret som repetitor på en lang række af Operaens produktioner, herunder *La traviata*, *La bohème*, *Don Giovanni*, *Carmen* og *Peter Grimes*, og dirigerede i 2023 Det Kongelige Operakor på bagscenen til Verdis *Aida*. Dragsted er prismodtager ved Copenhagen Lied Duo Competition og giver regelmæssigt liedkoncerter på festivaler som Hindsgavl Festival. Han medvirkede i 2024 på Langgaard-EP'en *Christmas Moods* sammen med Louise McClelland Jacobsen. Efter sin debut som continuo-pianist ved Det Kongelige Teaters opsætning af Rossinis *Askepot* i 2022, er han i dag fastansat som repetitør og lærer på Det Kongelige Danske Musikkonservatorium. I 2026 er han desuden tilknyttet som repetitør ved Den Jyske Opera.

- 1 Hvad angår det dig, at jeg elsker din røst og dit blik og din fjerlette gang?  
Og din hånd og din fod og dit åndende bryst og dit smil og din perlende sang?  
Hvad angår det fuglen, som taber på flugt gennem luften et spirende korn,  
at det vokser og blomstrer og bærer sin frugt midt på heden blandt tidsel og torn?  
Hvad lod eller del har den flyvende fugl i det under, som sker på dens vej?  
At et elskovsfrø tabtes og spired i skjul af mit hjerte, hvad angår det dig?
- 2 Rinda min brud, allerkæreste min, dejlig og fin!  
Lærer dig natten at grue? Sidder du hisset og tænker på skalk, klapper med snehvide hænder hans falk, løfter hans sværd og hans bue?  
Danskernes sejrede, venderne faldt, droten er kvalt, glemt er nu heltens bedrifter. Solen skal finde ham blodig på sten, månen skal se, hvor han hænger på gren, gysende fra sine rifter.  
Månen sig sniger ad natlig sti, var det forbi!  
Kvalen ej ængster den døde. Hævner, I vender på gothen min spot, afbrænder skoven, hvor skalk, eders drøt, slagtes til ulvenes føde.
- 3 Det bødes der for i lange år, som kun var en staket glæde; det smiler man frem i en flygtig stund, man bort kan i år ej græde. Der rinder sorg, rinder harm af roser røde.  
Der ages på lykkens gyldne hjul så fast, at en intet sanser; men sorgens trælsomme tunge læs det venter os dog, når vi standser. Der rinder sorg, rinder harm af roser røde.  
Der leves i lyst som halvt i drøm, men sorgen har ingen drømme: Med vågne øjne den på dig ser, øjne som sugende strømme. Der rinder sorg, rinder harm af roser røde.

What is it to you that I love your voice and your gaze and your feather-light step? And your hand, your foot and your breathing breast, and your smile and your pearling song?  
What is it to the bird, dropping a sprouting grain in its flight through the air, that it grows and blooms and bears its fruit amidst thistles and thorns on the heath?  
What part or share has the flying bird in the marvel that happens on its way? That a seed of love was dropped and sprouted in the shelter of my heart – what is it to you?

Rinda my bride, my dearest love and fairest prize!  
Does the night teach you to dread? Do you sit yonder thinking of Skalk, clapping his falcon with snow-white hands, lifting his sword and his bow?  
The Danes prevailed, the Wends did fall, the king is slain, the hero's deeds are forgotten now. The sun shall find him bloody on stone; the moon shall see where he hangs on the bough, shivering from wounds that bleed. The moon steals along the nightly path – if only it were over! Torment does not frighten the dead. Avenge, ye Wends, my mockery on the Goth! Burn down the forest where Skalk, your king, is slaughtered for the hungry wolves to feed.

A reckoning is due for many years for what was but a brief delight; summoned by a smile in a fleeting hour, yet years of weeping cannot wash it clean. From red roses flows both bitterness and sorrow. We ride upon Fortune's golden wheel so fast we notice nothing; but sorrow's burdensome, heavy load awaits us the moment we halt. From red roses flows both bitterness and sorrow.  
We live in pleasure as half in dream, but sorrow harbours no dreams: with waking eyes it stares at you, eyes like sucking streams. From red roses flows both bitterness and sorrow.

Ej smilet vil lyse din dag i seng, men tåren har gode stunder; thi smil er glans kun af det, der er, gråd skyggen af det, der gik under. Der rinder sorg, rinder harm af roser røde.

- 4 Alle de voksende skygger har vævet sig sammen til en, ensom på himmelen lyser en stjerne så strålende ren. Skyerne have så tunge drømme, blomsternes øjne i duggråd svømme, underligt aftenvinden suser i linden.
- 5 Pagen højt på tårnet sad, stirrede ud så vide, digtede på et elskovskvad om sin elskovskvide, kunne ikke få det samlet, sad og famlede, nu med stjerner, nu med roser – intet rimede sig på roser. Satte fortvivlet så hornet for mund, knugede vredt sit væрге, blæste så sin elskov ud over alle bjerge.
- 6 Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser,  
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,  
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer  
Glatte Fläche ringsumher.  
Keine Luft von keiner Seite!  
Todesstille fürchterlich!  
In der ungeheuern Weite  
Reget keine Welle sich.

Die Nebel zerreißen,  
Der Himmel ist helle,  
Und Äolus löset  
Das ängstliche Band.  
Es säuseln die Winde,  
Es rührt sich der Schiffer.  
Geschwinde! Geschwinde!  
Es teilt sich die Welle,  
Es naht sich die Ferne;  
Schon seh ich das Land!

No smile will light your day to rest, but tears have their time to keep; for a smile is but the gleam of what is, weeping the shadow of what is lost. From red roses flows both bitterness and sorrow.

All the growing shadows have woven themselves into one; solitary in the sky a star shines so radiantly pure. The clouds dream such heavy dreams, the flowers' eyes swim in tears of dew. Strangely the evening wind rustles in the linden tree.

The page sat high on the tower, gazing out so wide, composing a love song about his amorous pain. He could not make it come together; sat fumbling now with stars, now with roses – nothing rhymed with roses. Desperately he set the horn to his mouth, angrily clutched his weapon, and blew his love out over all the mountains.

Deep stillness rules the water,  
Without motion rests the sea,  
And anxiously the sailor views the  
Smooth surface all around.  
No breeze from any side!  
Deathly stillness, terrifying!  
In the immense expanse,  
Not a wave is stirring.

The fog is tearing,  
The sky is bright,  
And Aeolus loosens  
The anxious bond.  
The winds rustle,  
The sailor stirs.  
Haste! Haste!  
The waves divide,  
The distance draws near;  
Already I see the land!

7 Warum folgt er mir nur,  
Dieser schreckliche Mann,  
Warum lächelt er so,  
Warum sieht er mich an,  
Warum zuckt es so oft  
In dem bleichen Gesicht,  
Warum liebt er mich so,  
Warum sagt er es nicht?

8 Ach neige, Du Schmerzenreiche,  
Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner Not!  
Das Schwert im Herzen,  
Mit tausend Schmerzen  
Blickst auf zu deines Sohnes Tod.  
Zum Vater blickst du,  
Und Seufzer schickst du  
Hinauf um sein' und deine Not.  
Wer fühlet,  
Wie wühlet  
Der Schmerz mir im Gebein?  
Was mein armes Herz hier banget,  
Was es zittert, was verlangt,  
Weißt nur du, nur du allein!

9 Sov sødt, sov sødt, mit hjertes lyst! Din vugge  
er din moders bryst, på gænger ej den gynger;  
men aldrig dog den stille står. Ved gråd og suk  
din vugge går og røres, når jeg synger, når jeg  
synger.  
Sov sødt, sov sødt, mit hjertes lyst! Ved tusind  
fugles kvidderrøst og vindens dybe sange. Og  
standser vindens åndedræt, din moder bliver  
aldrig træt, nej, aldrig træt af sang i dage mange.

10 Jeg var mig så lidet et barn udi min fejreste  
grøde. Fader og moder de fulgte mig fra, som mig  
skulle klæde og føde. Det falmer og falder ned  
løvet over alle grønne skove.

Why does he follow me,  
This terrible man?  
Why does he smile so?  
Why does he look at me?  
Why is there such twitching  
In his pale face?  
Why does he love me so,  
Why does he not say it?

Oh bend, You rich in sorrow,  
Your countenance graciously to my distress!  
The sword in your heart,  
With a thousand pains  
You gaze up towards your son's death.  
To the Father you look,  
And sighs you send  
Upwards concerning his and your distress.  
Who feels,

How the pain rakes me in the bone?  
What my poor heart here dreads,  
Why it trembles, what it yearns for,  
Knows only you, only you alone!

Sleep sweet, sleep sweet, my heart's delight!  
Your cradle is your mother's breast; it rocks on  
no rockers, yet it never stands still. By tears and  
sighs your cradle moves and stirs when I sing,  
when I sing.  
Sleep sweet, sleep sweet, my heart's delight!  
By the chirping voice of a thousand birds and  
the wind's deep songs. And if the wind's breath  
should cease, your mother never tires, no, never  
tires of song for days on end.

I was but a little child in my fairest bloom. Father  
and mother left me, they who should have  
clothed and fed me. The leaves fade and fall over  
all the green forests.

11 La maman berce ici son fils,  
au jardin l'air berce le lis.  
L'arbre au bois chuchote et se penche  
en berçant l'oiseau sur sa branche.  
Et puis l'arbre et l'air et le bruit  
dorment tous, bercés par la nuit.

12 I klitten gror ej roser, ej fløjter nattergal i træ,  
kun flyvesand og marehalm mod vestenvind gi'r  
sparsomt læ, og hytterne er trange.  
Dog dag for dag hvert bølgeslag mod revlens  
kind bær bud herind fra havets stærke sange.  
Jeg ved etsteds i klitten, det alleryndeligste sted  
at sidde med sin hjertenskær, som ikke vil sin  
brud fortræd, og drømme timer lange.  
Mens tangens gus og stormens sus os bær forbi  
hin melodi fra havets stærke sange.  
I klitten gror dog roser, der synger nattergal i træ  
for den, som ved at søge ret bag marehalmens  
spinkle læs iblandt de hytter trange.  
Du lille fugl fra redens skjul syng du kun kækt din  
sang i slægt med havets stærke sange.

13 Når i magsvejr det prajer fra toppen, ohøj dér en  
jagende sejler i læ og du ser over bølgekammen,  
hvor havet med luft flyder sammen, et knejsende  
mastetræ, der vokser gesvindt med en fart som  
et ur og rykker dig nærmere, krydser din kurs,  
skønt slet ingen sejl det har oppe. Så er det nok  
ikke en hamburgsk brig eller engelsk bark eller  
Noahs Ark. Nej, det er den flyvende hollænders  
rig, du ser over bølgernes toppe.  
Når i magsvejr du dæser med kroppen, ohøj dér  
en jagende sejler i læ du kan tro at du glemmer  
din skraver og letter dit sløje kadaver, hvis du ej  
er det sølleste kræ. Så pas dine pumper, beslå  
dine sejl det kan blæse til storm fra en sø som et  
spejl, da gælder det, hver mand er oppe. For så  
er det ikke en hamburgsk brig eller engelsk bark

The mother doth rock her infant child,  
Within the garden, air sways the lily mild.  
The wood's deep tree doth murmur, bending low,  
While rocking the small bird upon its bough.  
And then the air, the sound, the tree,  
Are hushed in slumber, cradled by the night.

No roses grow in dunes, no nightingale in trees;  
just drifting sand and marram give scanty shelter  
from west winds; the huts are cramped. Yet day  
by day each wave-beat on the sandbar's cheek  
brings word from the sea's mighty songs.  
I know a dune-spot, the sweetest place to sit with  
one's sweetheart – who'd never wrong his bride  
– and dream long hours. While sea-fret and the  
storm's roar bear us that melody from the sea's  
mighty songs.  
Yet roses grow in dunes, and nightingales sing  
in trees for those who look behind the marram's  
thin screen by cramped huts. Little bird in your  
nest-hide, sing out your bold song, kin to the  
sea's mighty songs.

When in fair weather it hails from the top – ahoy  
there, a chasing sailor to leeward and you see  
over the crest of the waves, where sea flows  
together with sky, a towering mast that grows  
swiftly with the speed of a clock and draws  
nearer to you, crossing your course, though it  
has no sails set at all: Then it is likely not a Ham-  
burg brig, nor an English bark, nor Noah's Ark.  
No, it is the Flying Dutchman's rig you see over  
the tops of the waves.  
When in fair weather you doze with your body –  
ahoy there, a chasing sailor to leeward – you can  
be sure you'll forget your slumber and lift your  
feeble carcass, if you are not the wretchedest  
creature. So mind your pumps, furl your sails;  
it can blow up a storm from a sea like a mirror.

eller Noahs Ark. Nej, det er den flyvende hollænders rig, du ser over bølgerne toppe.

- 14 Jeg pyntede mig så faur og fin, det gik til dans i lunden, jeg skulle træffe kæresten min, ja, allerkæresten min. Jeg havde bundet mig en krans af røde roser til den dans, men troskab er dårskab og tant og løfter så lette i munden. Jeg dansede mig så hed og varm alt til den dans i lunden, han knugede mig så tæt i arm, så tæt i sin stærke arm, den første dans, den sidste dans, det første kys alt blev det hans, men troskab er dårskab og tant og løfter så lette i munden. Han lovede mig de røde sko alt til den dans i lunden, han lovede mig sit hjertes tro, sit hjertes dyreste tro. Hver rose tog han i den dans, til sidst han tog min jomfrukrans, men troskab er dårskab og tant og løfter så lette i munden. Jeg dansede mig fra sans og tid alt i den dans i lunden, jeg dansede mig min kind så hvid, min kind så bleg og så hvid. Men kalder han, er end jeg hans den første dans, den sidste dans, skønt troskab er dårskab og tant og løfter så lette i munden.

- 15 Drages du ung fra det fædrene tag, fra hjemmets den rygende gryde, mærker du blodet i higende jag dig kækt gennem årerne syde, svulmer din udvej mod synskredens spejl at ejlande lokkende blide, den flyvende hollænder låner dig sejl og bærer dig ud på det vide. Tumles du så på den gyngende færd i ungdommens stormfulde dage, prøves din vilje og vejes dit værd, må reb du i sejlene tage, knytter du næven mod himmelens hvælv i timer fortvivlede, stride, den flyvende hollænder bor i dig selv og bærer dig frelst på det vide.

Then it matters that every man is aloft. For then it is not a Hamburg brig, nor an English bark, nor Noah's Ark. No, it is the Flying Dutchman's rig you see over the tops of the waves.

I dressed myself so fair and fine for the dance within the grove; I'd meet my sweetheart there, my very dearest love. I'd bound a wreath of roses red for that dance – but faith is folly and a trifle, and promises light on the tongue. I danced myself so hot and warm at the dance within the grove; he held me tight within his arm, his strong and steady arm. First dance, last dance, first kiss – all became his. But faith is folly and a trifle, and promises light on the tongue. He promised me the crimson shoes at the dance within the grove; he pledged his heart's true troth, his heart's most precious troth. Each rose he took during that dance; at last he took my maiden-wreath. But faith is folly and a trifle, and promises light on the tongue. I danced away my sense and time at the dance within the grove; I danced my cheek so white, so pale and ghostly white. Yet if he calls, I'm his still – first dance, last dance – though faith is folly and a trifle, and promises light on the tongue.

If you are drawn away young from your father's roof, from the home's smoking pot; if you feel the blood in eager chase seething boldly through your veins; if your path swells towards the horizon's mirror of islands alluringly gentle: The Flying Dutchman lends you sails and carries you out onto the wide expanse. Drawn young from father's roof, from the hearth's smoking pot; if blood seethes in yearning chase through your veins; if your path swells to the horizon's mirror and islands alluringly mild: The Flying Dutchman lends you sails and bears you out on the wide.

Han er i dig selv med det bedste, du har, din ungdom, der aldrig vil stænges, står hos når din tanke er stræbende klar, og tit, når du drøm-mende længes, han skammer dig ud, når du sløvet vil tæt under land over lavvandet ride, den flyvende hollænder aldrig blir træt af at kalde dig ud på det vide. Og længes din skude at søge en havn ved trygge og hjemlige kyster, og længes du selv mod et bo og en favn, mod at glemme de farende lyster, fandt fred du end under det huslige tag med hustru og børn ved din side, den flyvende hollænder kommer en dag og lokker dig ud på det vide. Så er du omsider helt gammel og trist og det stunder mod ende på legen. Da sker det, du hører en stemme til sidst, en stemme der ligner din egen. Den melder om livets den brusende sø og får oldingens blod til at glide. den flyvende hollænder aldrig kan dø, som drager din sjæl mod det vide.

- 16 Det banker på skønjomfrus dør ved nattetid – o hør, o hør! Hvem står vel der for ruden? Hun lukker vinduet småt på klem: "Hvo du end er så sig det frem!" Men intet svar foruden de nattevindes tuden. Med tangsnoet hår med havvåd kind ved nattetid han kigger ind, ind i det jomfrukammer: "Og er det dig, skøn havmand kåd, jeg tører dig din kind for gråd og går hvorfra du stammer, til havet uden jammer." Så slog han da en iskold arm ved nattetid om jomfrubarm, det gik mod dybets sale. Hans latter over bølgens klang, og takten til den havmands sang slog fisken med sin hale, den kunne ikke tale.

Tossed on the rocking path in youth's stormy days; if will is tested, worth weighed, and sails must be reefed; if you clench your fist at heaven's vault in desperate, bitter hours: The Flying Dutchman dwells within and bears you safe on the wide.

He is within you, your very best – youth that won't be barred. He's there when thought is clear, or when you dreamily long. He shames you if, dulled, you hug the shore in the shallows. The Flying Dutchman never tires of calling you out on the wide. Should your boat seek a harbour by safe, home shores; if you crave a roof and embrace, forgetting roving lusts; though you found peace with wife and child by your side: The Flying Dutchman comes one day and lures you out on the wide. At last you are old and sad, the game near its end. Then you hear a voice at last, a voice like your own. It tells of life's roaring sea and stirs the old man's blood. The Flying Dutchman never dies, drawing your soul to the wide.

There is a knocking at the fair maiden's door at nighttime – oh hear, oh hear! Who stands there at the window pane? She opens the window slightly ajar: 'Whoever you are, speak forth!' But no answer save the howling of the night winds. With seaweed-tangled hair, with sea-wet cheek, at nighttime he looks in, into the maiden's chamber: 'And is it you, fair merman bold, I dry your cheek of tears and go where you come from, to the sea without sorrow.' Then he cast an ice-cold arm at nighttime around the maiden's bosom; down they went to the halls of the deep. His laughter rang over the wave, and the beat to that merman's song the fish struck with its tail; it could not speak.

17 Der kom en liden sangfugl fra mit vindue en gang; den nynnede så underlig, så sørgelig en sang. Den kvidrede: det du ønsker, det kan du aldrig nå; den kvidrede: ham du elsker, ham kan du aldrig få; thi solen svinder bort under lide. Jeg lyttede efter fuglen tålmodig i sind, men lukkede dog mit vindue, at ej den flagrede ind. Jeg tænkte: det jeg ønsker, det vil en gang jeg nå; jeg tænkte: ham jeg elsker, ham skal en gang jeg få, lad solen så kun svinde under lide. Nu ser jeg aldrig mere, at solen synker ned; thi dagen er jo evig og brændende hed. Nu synger fuglen altid det samme korte kvad: At aldrig jeg i verden kan mere blive glad, før solen atter svinder under lide.

18 Jeg ville gerne sætte mig ned hos din fod og lytte med min sjæl til din tale. Længe jeg på stejle, på stolte tinder stod; du kom – og de sank sammen; da længtes jeg imod den dybeste, den ydmygste blandt dale. Min sjæl er en verden, hvor alting står i brand, alle jordens vande, ej læske den de kan; dertil er kun i stand din røst, der er som dug i aftensvale. Jeg ville gerne klynge mig sagte til dit knæ, når sorgerne knap er til at tælle. Da lænede jeg min pande dertil foruden ord og søgte der en tilflugt, et hvilested, et læ: nu rave jo klipper og fjelde. Og hverken hist i himlen, ej heller her på jord, fandt jeg, hvor jeg for, det sted, hvortil mit hoved jeg kan hælde. Dog allerhelst jeg gemte mit ansigt i dit skød og lå der som død – å, så længe! Og græd for ud at græde al livets bitre nød, alt, hvad jeg forbrød og alt, hvad dybt i sinde der stivnede og blev hårdt. Og hadet, som mit hjerte vil sprænge – følte på mit hoved en hånd så varm og blød – og gid da sjælen sagtelig med tårerne randt bort, som bækken går, i vår, gennem enge.

A little songbird came by my window once; it hummed a strange and sorrowful song. It chirped: what you wish, you can never reach; it chirped: him you love, you can never have; for the sun fades behind the slopes. I listened for the bird, patient in heart, but closed my window, lest it flutter in. I thought: what I wish, I shall one day reach; I thought: him I love, I shall one day have – let the sun then fade behind the slopes. Now I see the sun sink no more; for the day is eternal and burning hot. Now the bird sings that same short lay: that never on earth can I be glad, till the sun fades once more behind the slopes.

I wish I could sit down at your feet and listen with my soul to your speech. Long I stood on steep, on proud peaks; you came – and they collapsed; then I longed for the deepest, the humblest of valleys. My soul is a world where everything is aflame; all the waters of the earth cannot quench it; only your voice is capable of that, which is like dew in the cool of evening. I wish I could cling gently to your knee when sorrows are scarce to be counted. Then I would lean my forehead there without words and seek there a refuge, a resting place, a shelter: now cliffs and mountains are tottering. And neither yonder in heaven nor here on earth have I found, wherever I fared, that place where I can lay my head. Yet most of all I would hide my face in your lap and lie there as if dead – oh, so long! And weep to weep out all life's bitter distress, all that I transgressed, and all that stiffened deep in my mind and became hard. And the hatred that wants to burst my heart – feel upon my head a hand so warm and soft – and would that the soul then ran gently away with the tears, as the brook runs, in spring, through meadows.

19 Saphire sind die Augen dein, die lieblichen, die süßen. O, dreimal glücklich ist der Mann, den sie mit Liebe grüßen. Dein Herz, es ist ein Diamant, der edle Lichter sprühet. O, dreimal glücklich ist der Mann, für den es liebend glühet. Rubinen sind die Lippen dein, man kann nicht schönre sehen. O, dreimal glücklich ist der Mann, dem Liebe sie gestehen. O, kennst ich nur den glücklichen Mann, o, daß ich ihn nur fände, So recht allein im grünen Wald, sein Glück hätt bald ein Ende.

20 O glem det ej, o glem det ej, du forårsfagre pigelil, at kommen nu er vårens tid, da ungdoms lod, den er så blid, når han og hun blot vil. Og alt er glad; i solens bad er saligt hvert et strå, hvert blad, kun ikke han, der elsker dig. O glem, o glem det ej!

21 Silde ved nat hin kolde blæser en svend på lur; ryste må borgens volde, ryste må borgens mur. "Blæs ikke til at ryste hjertet ud af mit liv; gak og lad Gud dig trøste, nu er jeg grevens viv." "Og er du grevens kvinde, var du min brud engang; kort er natten derinde, ude er natten lang. "Hvil i hinandens arme, kryst hinanden og kvæl! Jeg blæser ud min harme og blæser ud min sjæl!"

22 Over jorden, der i sollys henrykt bader, over fjorden med de blanke, lysblå flader. Under himlen med de lette skyers rader, gennem luften med de milde sommervinde styrer flyveren mod andre kyster, brummende sin dybe, stille sang. Snart er synet af ham helt forsvundet, tonerne dog høres end en gang.

Sapphires are those eyes of yours, so lovely and so sweet. Oh, thrice-blessed is the man whom they with love do greet. Your heart, it is a diamond, that sprays a noble light. Oh, thrice-blessed is the man for whom it glows so bright. Rubies are those lips of yours, no fairer can be seen. Oh, thrice-blessed is the man who hears their love-pledge keen. Oh, if I knew that lucky man, if him I could but find – quite alone in the greenwood, his luck would soon end.

Oh, forget it not, oh, forget it not, you spring-fair maiden, that spring's time has come, when youth's lot is so gentle, if only he and she are willing. And everything is happy; in the sun's bath every straw, every leaf is blissful – only not he who loves you. Oh, forget, oh, forget it not!

Late at night, so cold, a swain blows his horn; the castle ramparts must tremble, the castle wall must shake. 'Blow not to shake the heart from my life; begone and let God comfort you, now I am the count's wife.' 'And if you are the count's woman, you were my bride once; short is your night in there, outside the night is long.' 'Rest in each other's arms, clasp each other and stifle! I blow out my wrath and blow out my soul!'

Over the earth, which bathes rapturously in sunlight, over the inlet with its shining, pale blue surfaces. Under the sky with its rows of light clouds, through the air with the mild summer winds, the aviator steers towards other shores, humming his deep, quiet song. Soon the sight of him has vanished completely, yet the tones are heard once more.

Grum og blid som ensomhedens dunkle tale,  
verdensfjern og dog så underligt os nær, gennem  
dagen lig en skygge over engen, drager evighe-  
dens sang om død og liv.

23 Anfangs wollt ich fast verzagen,  
Und ich glaubt, ich trüg es nie;  
Und ich hab es doch getragen,  
Aber fragt mich nur nicht wie.

Cruel and gentle like the dark speech of solitude,  
distant from the world and yet so strangely near  
to us, through the day like a shadow over the  
meadow, draws the eternal song of death and life.

At first I almost despaired,  
And I thought I could never bear it;  
And yet I have borne it,  
But do not ask me how.

DDD

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Tekla Griebel Wandall, 1896. The Danish Music Museum.



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