KJELL HABBESTAD

Orpheus

For Flute and Piano

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Kjell Habbestad:

ORPHEUS op. 34

for flute and piano

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Kjell Habbestad:

ORPHEUS

op. 34 (1993)

for flute and piano

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Commissioned by Ibseniana Festival, Grimstad, 1993
financed by NorConcert

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DURATION:

34 minutes

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1 ORPHEUS
(I EN KOMPONISTS STAMBOG)

Orpheus slog med toner rene
ånd i vilddyr, ild i stene.

Stene har vort Norge nok af;
vilddyr har vi og en flok af.

Spil, så stenen spruder gnister!
Spil, så dyrehammen brister!

2 SPILLEMÆND

Til hende stod mine tanker
hver en sommerlys nat;
men vejen den bar til elven
i det duggede orekrat.

Hej, kender du gru og sange,
kan du kogle den dejliges sind,
så i store kirker og sale
hun mener at følge dig ind!

Jeg maned den våde af dybet;
han spilled mig bent fra Gud; —
men da jeg var bleven hans mester,
var hun min broders brud.

I store kirker og sale
mig selv jeg spilled ind,
og fossens gru og sange
veg aldrig fra mit sind.

3 MED EN VANDLILJE

Se min bedste, hvad jeg bringer;
blomsten med de hvide vinger.
På de stille strømme båren
svam den drømmetung i våren.

Vil du den til hjemmet fæste,
fæst den på dit bryst, min bedste;
bag dens blade da sig dølge
vil en dyb og stille bølge.

1 ORPHEUS
(IN A COMPOSER'S ALBUM)

Orpheus struck, with purest treble,
soul from beast and fire from pebble.

Stones our Norway has no lack of;
wild beasts, too, we've many a pack of.

Play, that stones may spark in wonder!
Play, that hides may burst asunder!

2 FIDDLERS

My thoughts would go out towards her
through the summernight gleam;
but strayed into the dew-mists
of the alderbrake-shaded stream.

Heigh, schooled in both song and terror,
you can spellbind your dear darling's mind,
then in mighty halls and great churches
she'll follow you, well-inclined.

I conjured the sprite from deep waters;
he fiddled, I left God's side; —
in time I became the sprite's master,
but she my brother's bride.

In mighty halls and great churches
I fiddled self-confined,
and torrent-song and terror
have never left my mind.

3 WITH A WATERLILY

See, my dear, the gift I'm bringing;
flower of the witest winging.
Borne on quiet streams and rendered
fraught with dreams that Spring engendered.

Would you keep this gift securely?
Keep it in your breast demurely;
thus beneath its leafy dwelling
hides a deep and placid swelling.

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Vogt dig, barn, for tjernets strømme,
Farligt, farligt der at drømme!
Nøkken lader som han sover; —
liljer leger ovenover.

Barn, din barm er tjernets strømme,
Farligt, farligt der at drømme; —
liljer leger ovenover; —
nøkken lader som han sover.

Child, beware the current's stream there,
perilous it is to dream there!
Water-spirit plays at sleeping; —
lilies but the surface keeping.

Child, your breast contains that stream there.
Perilous it is to dream there; —
lilies but the surface keeping; —
water-spirit plays at sleeping.

4 LYSRÆD

Den tid jeg gik i skolen
var mod nok i mit sind, —
at sige, så længe til solen
gik under bag bergets tind.

Men lagde sig nattens skygge
udover ås og myr,
da skræmte mig spøgelser stygge
fra sagn og fra eventyr.

Og bare jeg lukked øjet,
jeg drømte så meget og mangt, —
og alt mit mod var fløjet —
Gud vide må hvor langt.

Nu er der en forandring
med alting i mit sind;
nu går mit mod på vandring
ved morgensolens skin.

Nu er det dagens trolde,
nu er det livets larm,
som drysser alle de kolde
rædsler i min barm.

Jeg gemmer mig under fligen
af mørkets skræmsels-slør;
da ruster sig al min higen
så ørnedjerv som før.

Da trodser jeg hav og flammer;
jeg sejler som falk i sky,
jeg glemmer angst og jammer —
til næste morgengry.

4 FEAR OF LIGHT

My heart was full of mettle
while I was schoolboy still, —
at least, till the sun used to settle
behind the high-peaking hill.

But once let the shades of nightfall
ridge and the marshland veil,
and terror came, visitants frightful
from legend and fairytale.

The moment that slumber took me
dark dreams in their swarms would be there, —
and all my nerve forsook me,
went — only God knows where.

But now things seem to alter
completely in my heart;
now courage starts to falter
when dawn's first flushes start.

Now it's the trolls of daytime,
now it is life's unrest
that scatter all the chill grey-time
terrors in my breast.

I wrap myself in a corner
of darkness' nightmare-veil;
ambition re-kindles warmer,
once more I'm eagle-hale.

Then water and flame I'll vanquish,
I'll soar like a hawk on high,
forgetting pain and anguish,
till dawn next fills the sky.

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Men fattes mig nattens foerværk,
jeg ved ej mit arme råd; —
ja, øver jeg engang et storværk,
så blir det en mørkets dåd.

5 BERGMANDEN

Bergvæg brist med drøn og brag
for mit tunge hammerslag!
Nedad må jeg vejen bryde,
til jeg hører malmen lyde.

Dybt i fjeldets øde nat
vinker mig den rike skat, —
diamant og ædelstene
mellom guldets røde grene.

Og i dybet er der fred, —
fred fra ørk og evighed; —
bryd mig vejen, tunge hammer,
til det dulgtes hjertekammer!

Engang sad som gut jeg glad
under himlens stjernerad,
trådte blomsterveje,
havde barnefred i eje.

Men jeg glemte dagens pragt
i den midnatsmørke schakt,
glemte liens sus og sange
i min grubes tempelgange.

Dengang først jeg steg herind,
tænkte jeg med skyldfrit sind:
dybets ånder skal mig råde
livets endeløse gåde. —

End har ingen ånd mig lært,
hvad mig tykkedes så sært;
end er ingen stråle runden,
som kan lyse op fra grunden.

Har jeg fejlet? Fører ej
frem til klarhed denne vej?
Lyset blinder jo mit øje,
hvis jeg søger i det høje.

But let the dark's walls surrender,
my poor wits are put to flight; —
if I'm to do work that has splendour,
it must be a deed of night.

5 MINER

Rock-face, burst and boom and ring
to my heavy hammering!
Downwards must I burrow, pounding
till I hear the metals sounding.

Deep in mountain's night obscure
treasures beckon and allure,
diamond and stones past pricing,
veins of gold, red-branched, enticing.

In the depth, too, there is peace, —
peace eternal, wilderness; —
break my way, you hammer, batter
to the secret heart of matter.

Once a boy, I'd sit and play
under heaven's starred array;
tread th spring-time's path of flowers,
tranquil in those childhood hours.

I forgot day's splendid light
in the pit's dense gloom of night,
hill-side too, its sighs and singing,
in my lode's harsh temple — ringing.

When at first I made descent,
all my thought was innocent:
'Earth's deep spirits will unravel
life's great maze that I must travel'.

But no spirit solved for me
puzzle or complexity;
and no sun has risen shining
from this darkened realm of mining.

A mistake then? Can this be
no new path to clarity?
For the brightness blinds my sight
if I seek that in the light.

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Nej, i dybet må jeg ned;
der er fred fra evighed.
Bryd mig vejen, tunge hammer,
til det dulgtes hjertekammer! —

Hammerslag på hammerslag
indtil livets sidste dag.
Ingen morgenstråle skinner;
ingen håbets sol oprinder.

No, still delve I must, not cease;
here lives my eternal peace.
Break my way, you hammer, batter
to the secret heart of matter.

Hammering and hammering
to the last day life shall bring.
Never beam of brightness dawning,
never sun-of-hope's full morning.

6 STJERNER I LYSTÅGE

Just under min kometfærd mod en egn,
hvorhen jeg stevnet for at finde hjemmet,
i verdensrummet viste sig en fremmed
uventet gæst ved Andromedas tegn.

Det bæres bud ned til vor gamle jord,
at ude i det højtidsstille fjerne
der havde kaos skabt sig til en sjerne,
da det slog ind på samlingslovens spor. —

Jeg fandt et andet kaos rundt omkring,
med spredte viljer og med skilte veje
og uden drift til fælles banesving
og uden higen mod et midtpunkts leje.

Men da jeg atter stod i fjernets stilhed,
da tog jeg varsel af hvad der var sket, —
tog varsel af hvad selv jeg havde set:
lystågers samling til en stjernes billed.

Lyståger tror jeg på, skønt uden orden,
kaotisk løst den vælter sig i nord:
jeg tror den er på samlingslovens spor, —
en lysrig stjerne i sin første vorden.

6 STARS IN NEBULA

Just as I set my course from regions far
to find a home again, a comet-ranger,
out in the universe appeared a stranger,
a guest unwonted in Andromeda.

That bears a message for old earth to see,
that in the sabbath-stillness of the distance
there chaos had assumed a star-existence
once it had found the path to unity.

Another chaos closer home I found,
of ways each different, every will, dissenter,
without the urge to march on mutual ground,
without a craving for a common centre.

But when I stood again in far communion,
I took close heed of what had there occurred,—
took heed of what I had myself inferred;
a nebula transformed to star through union.

The nebula, though formless, I believe in,
chaotic though the weltering North's may be;
believe it's on the path to unity,—
a brilliant star-shape in its first conceiving.

7 STAMBOGSRIM

Jeg kaldte dig mit lykkebud;
jeg kaldte dig min stjerne.
Du blev dog også, sandt for Gud,
et lykkebud, der gik — gik ud; —
en stjerne —, ja, et stjerneskud,
der slukned i det fjerne.

7 ALBUM-RHYME

Joy's harbinger, my name for you;
the star of my existence.
And truth to God, just such you grew,
joy's harbinger, that came — withdrew; —
a star — yes, shooting star it's true,
that died out in the distance.

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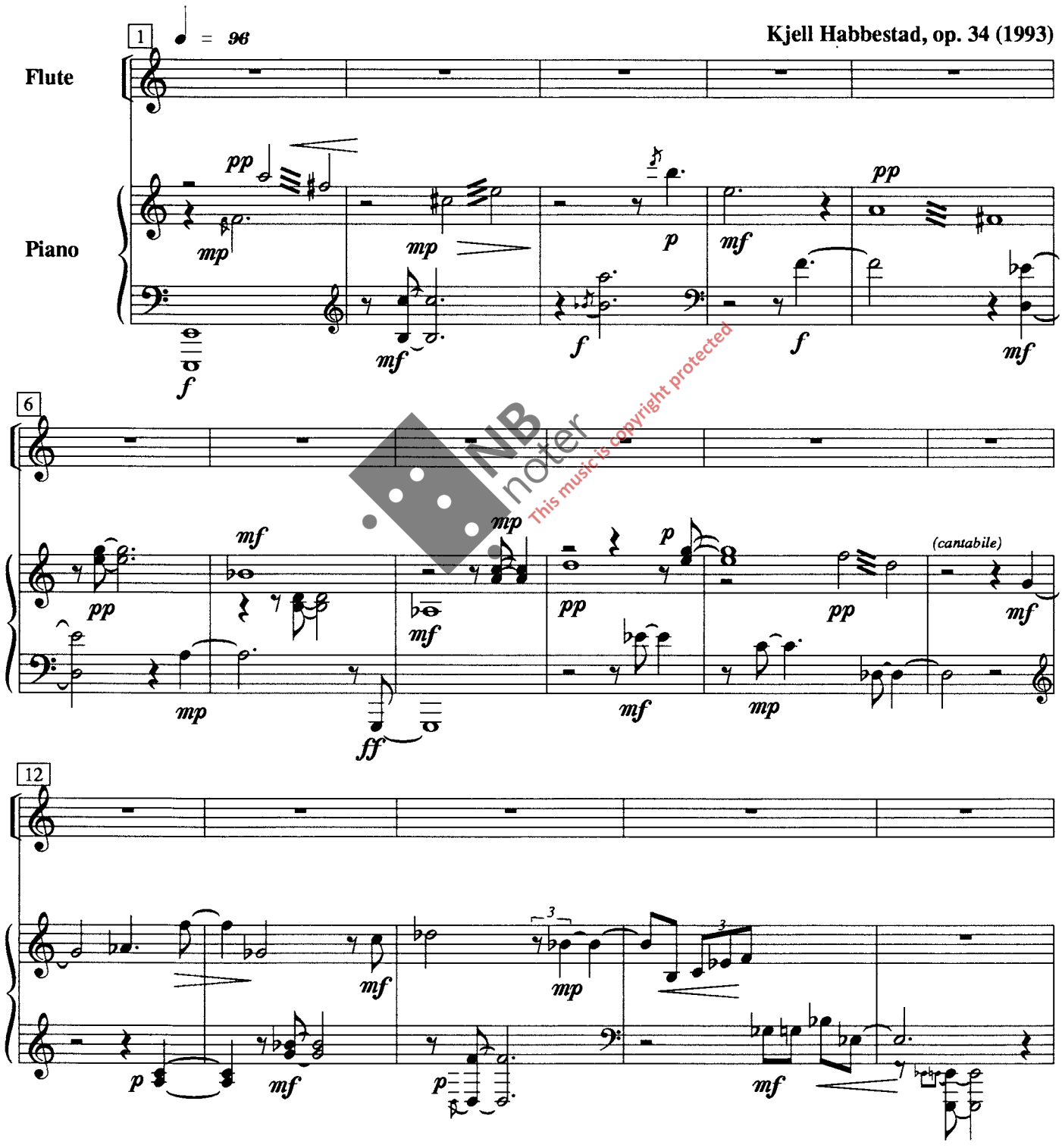
1 Orpheus



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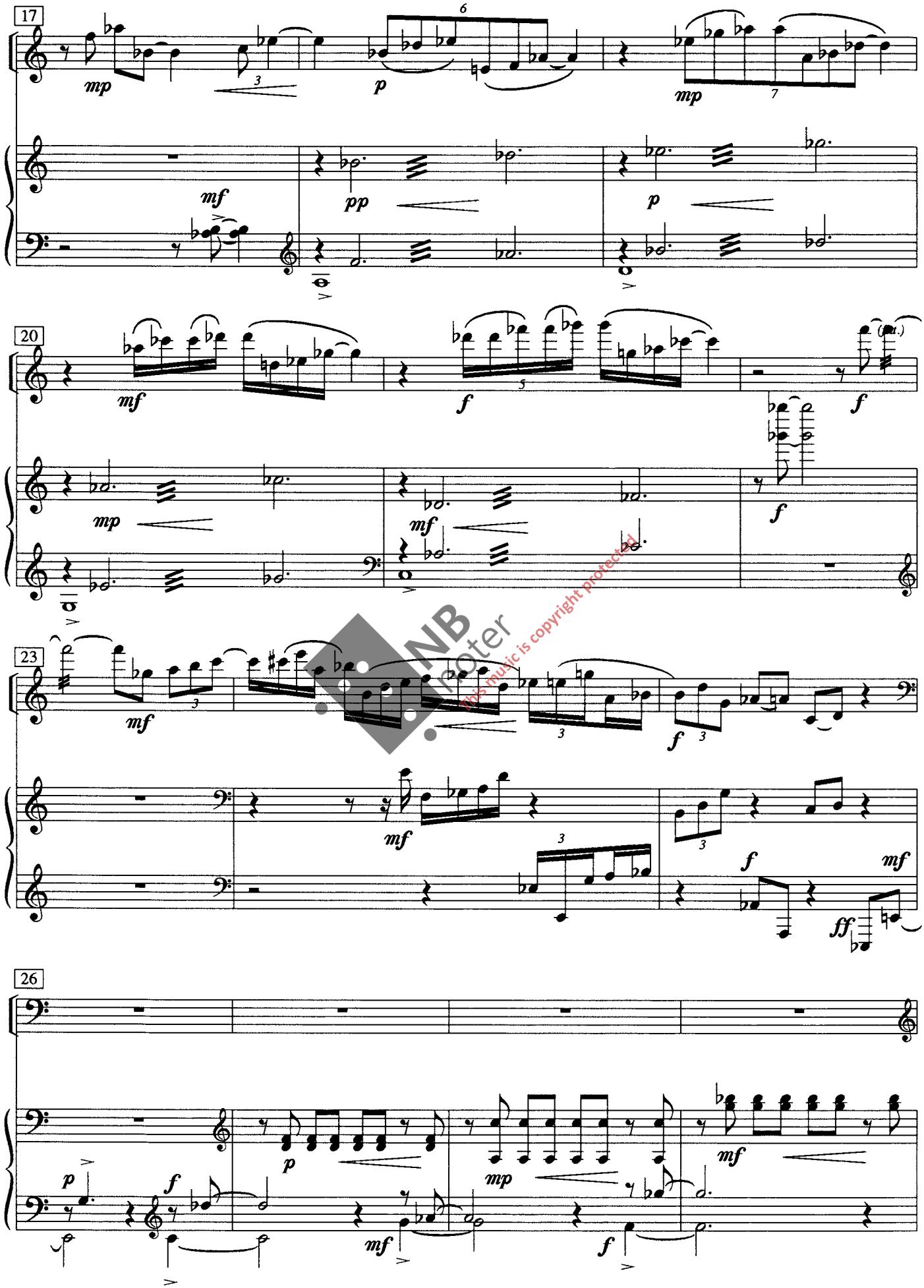

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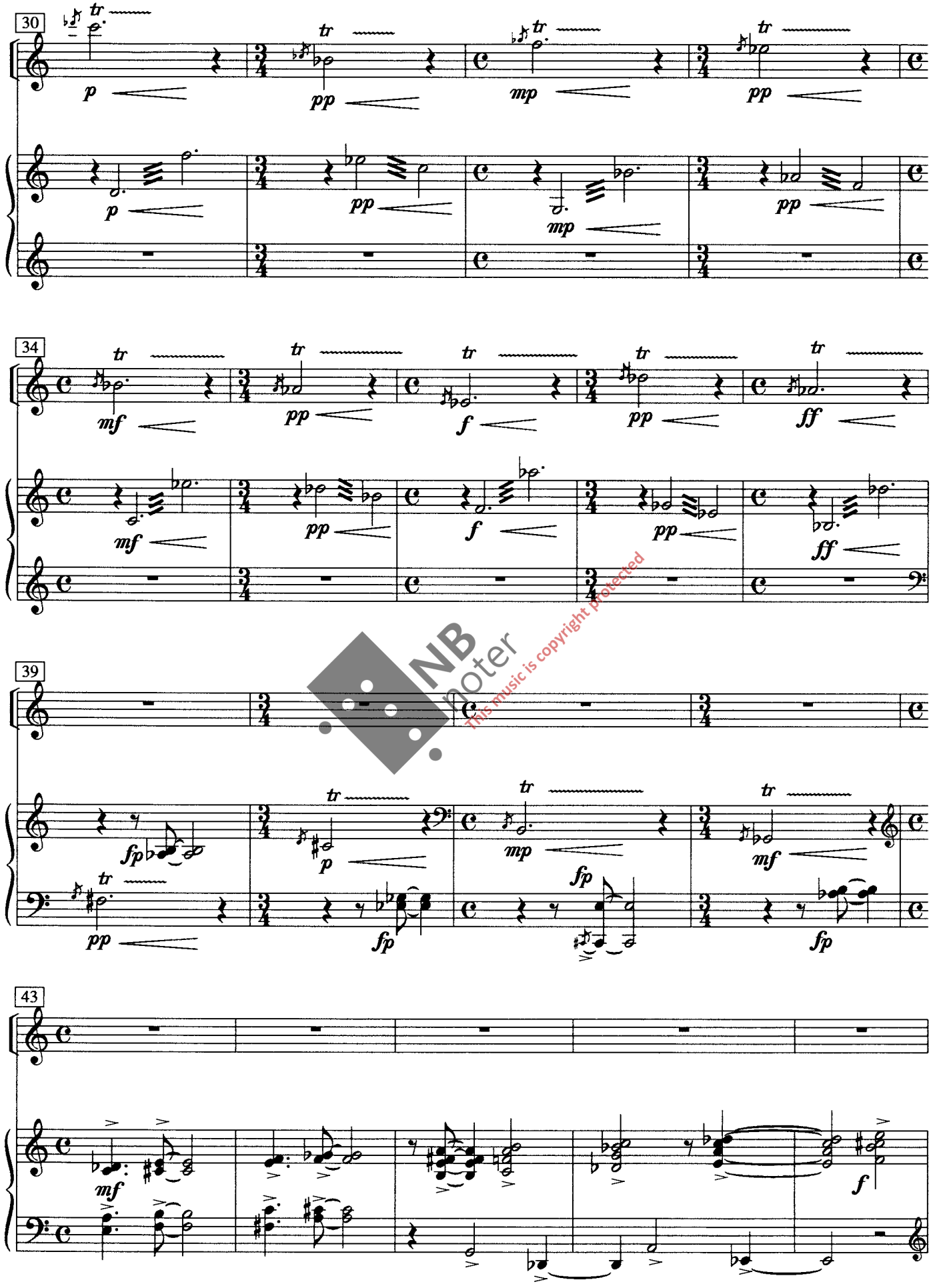

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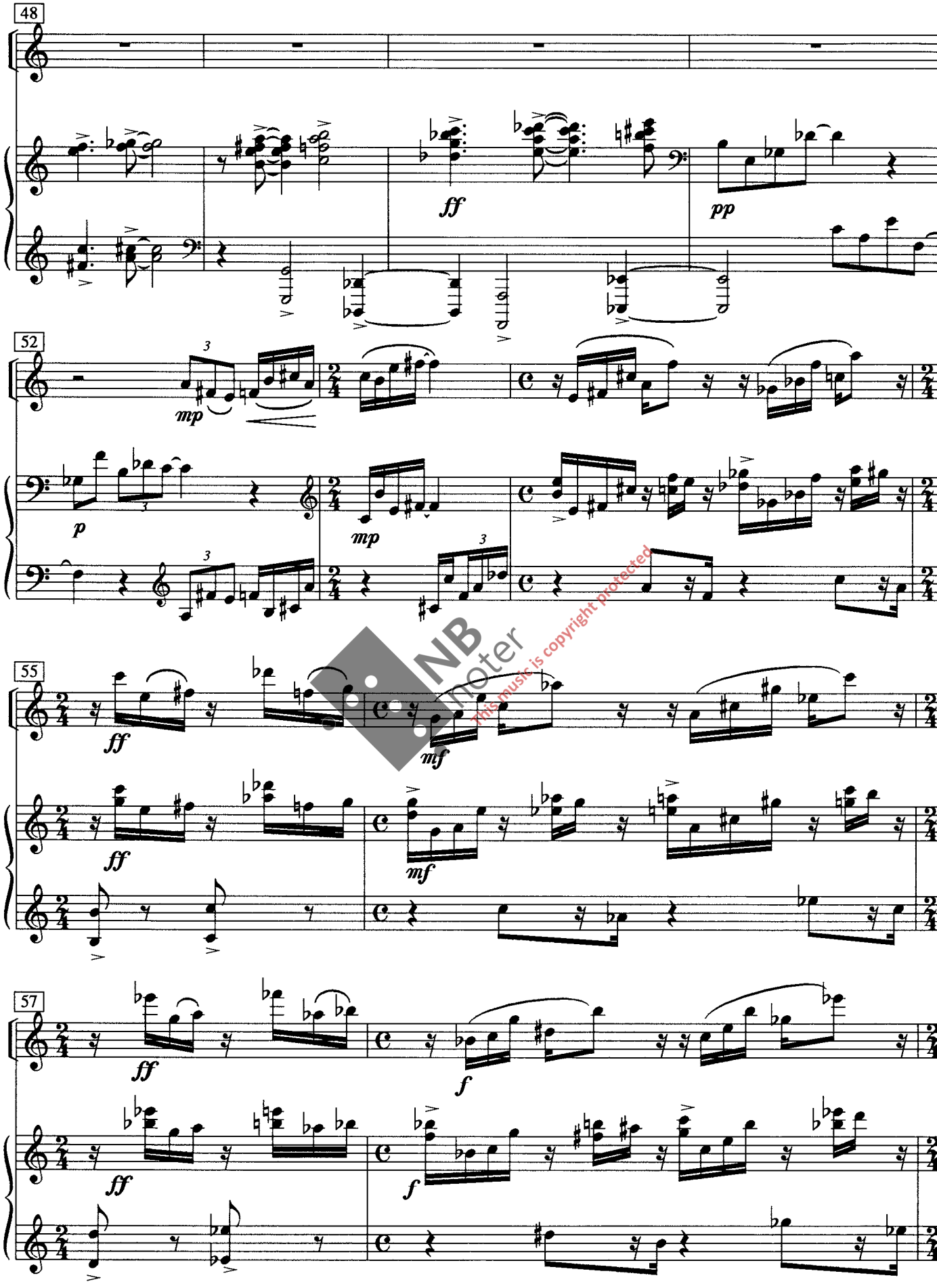

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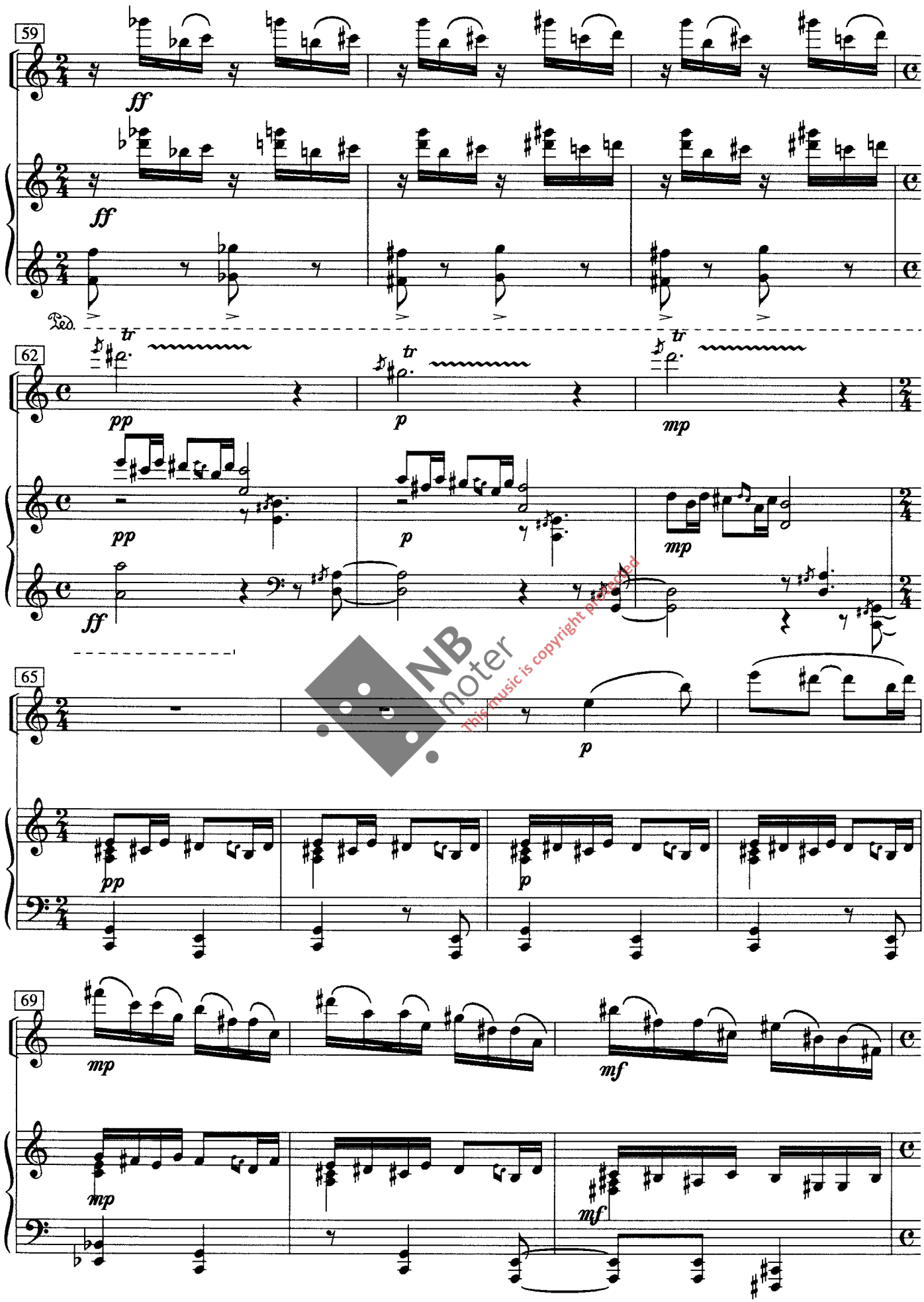

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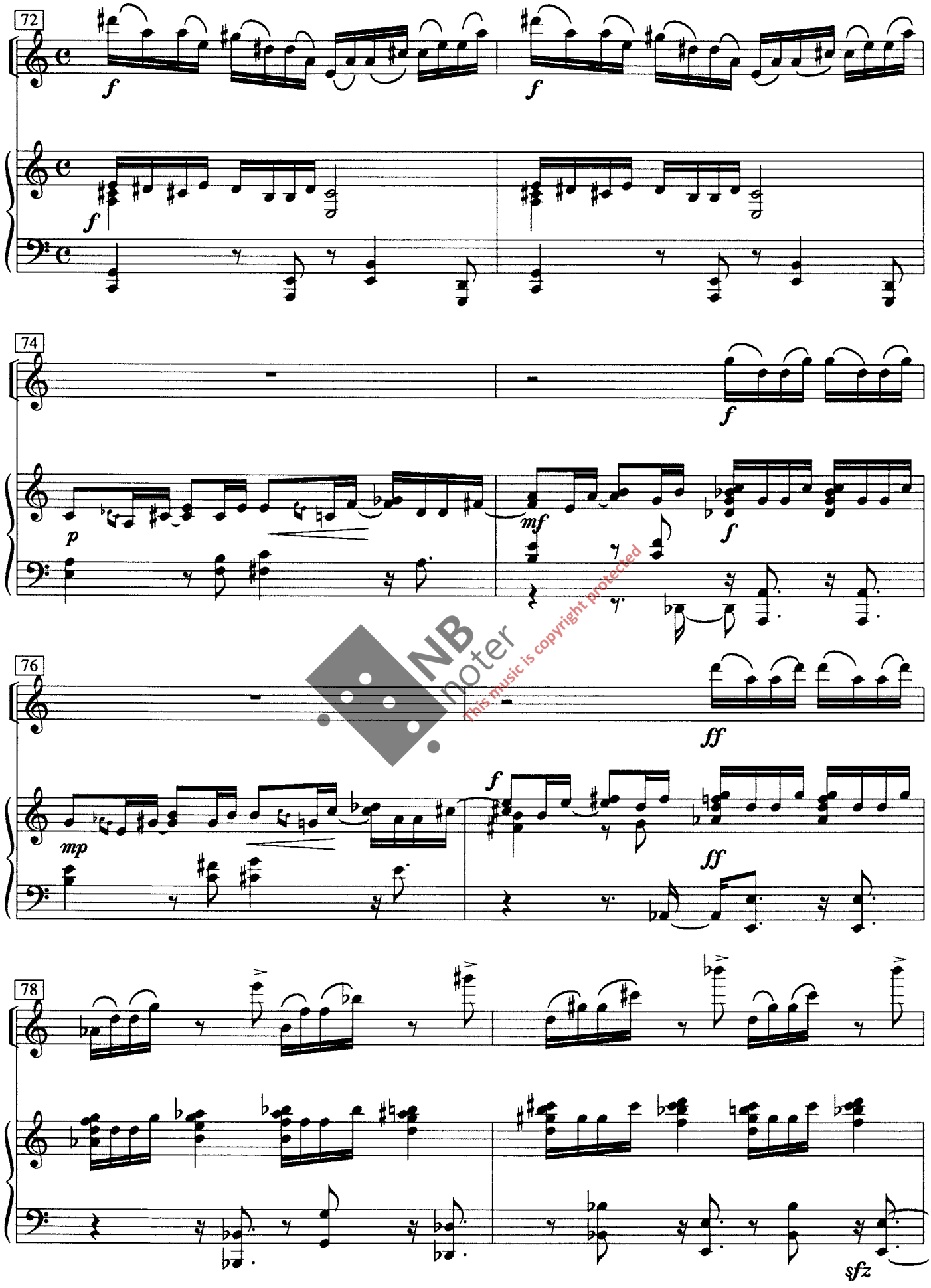

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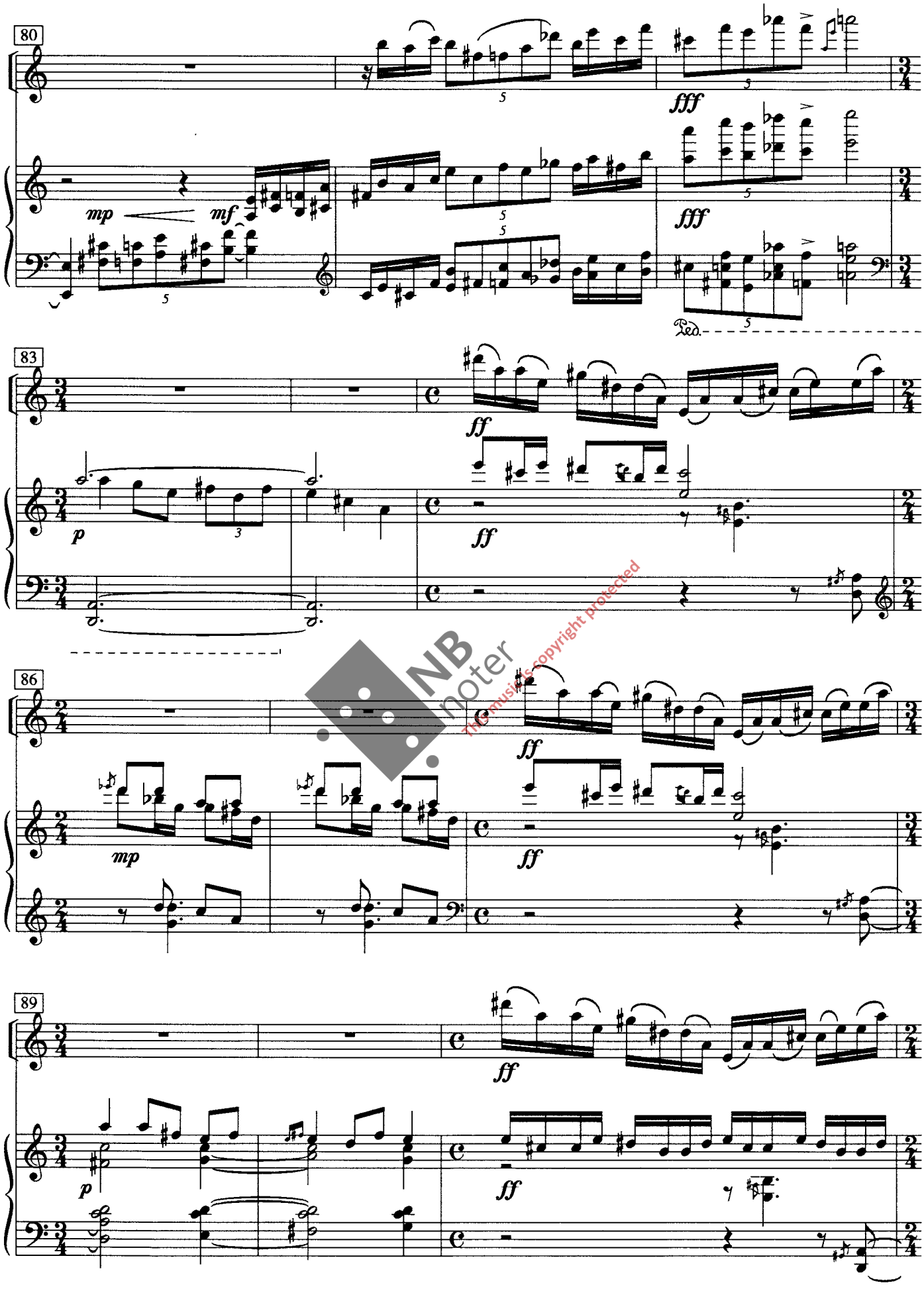

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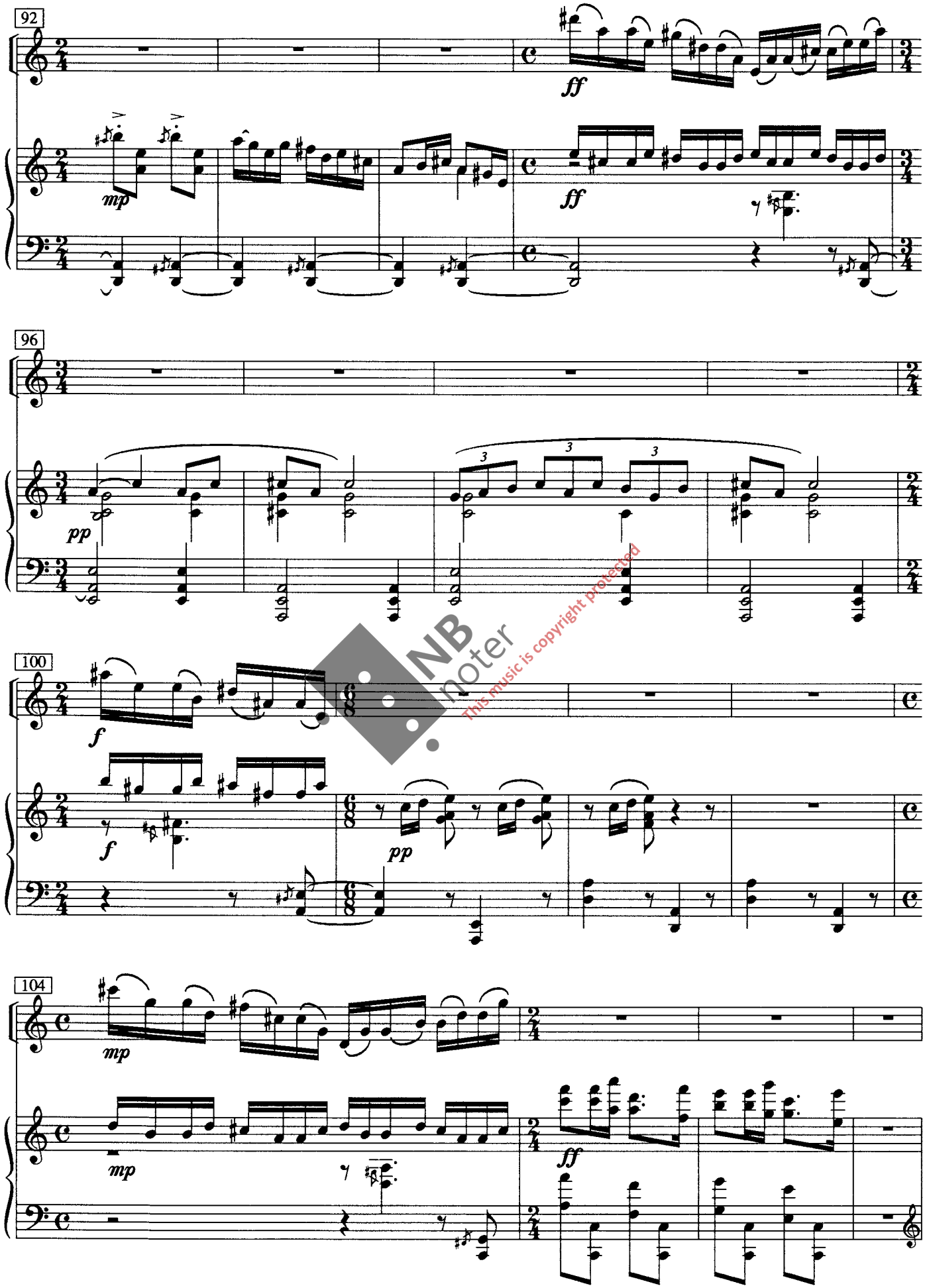

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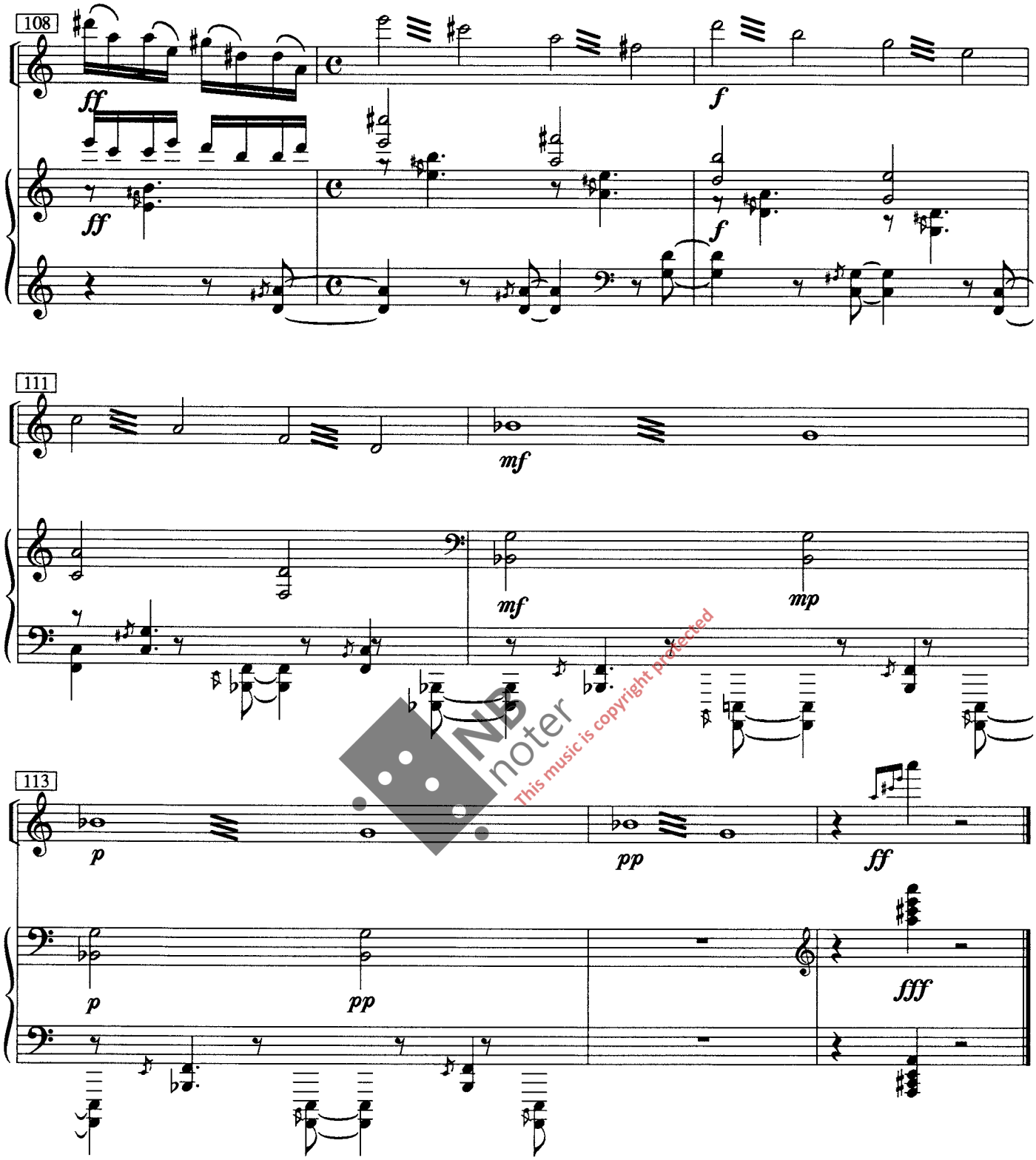

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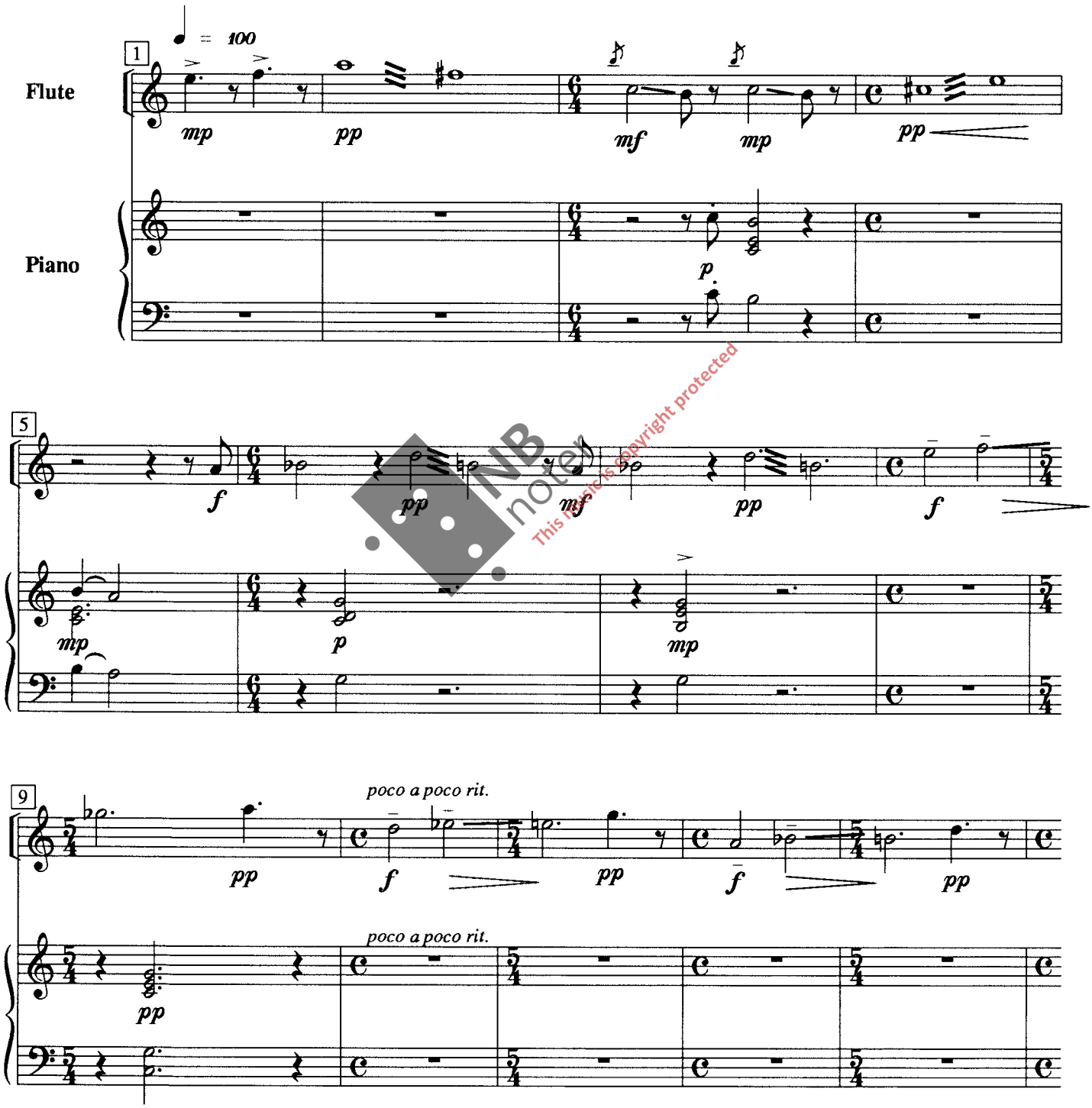

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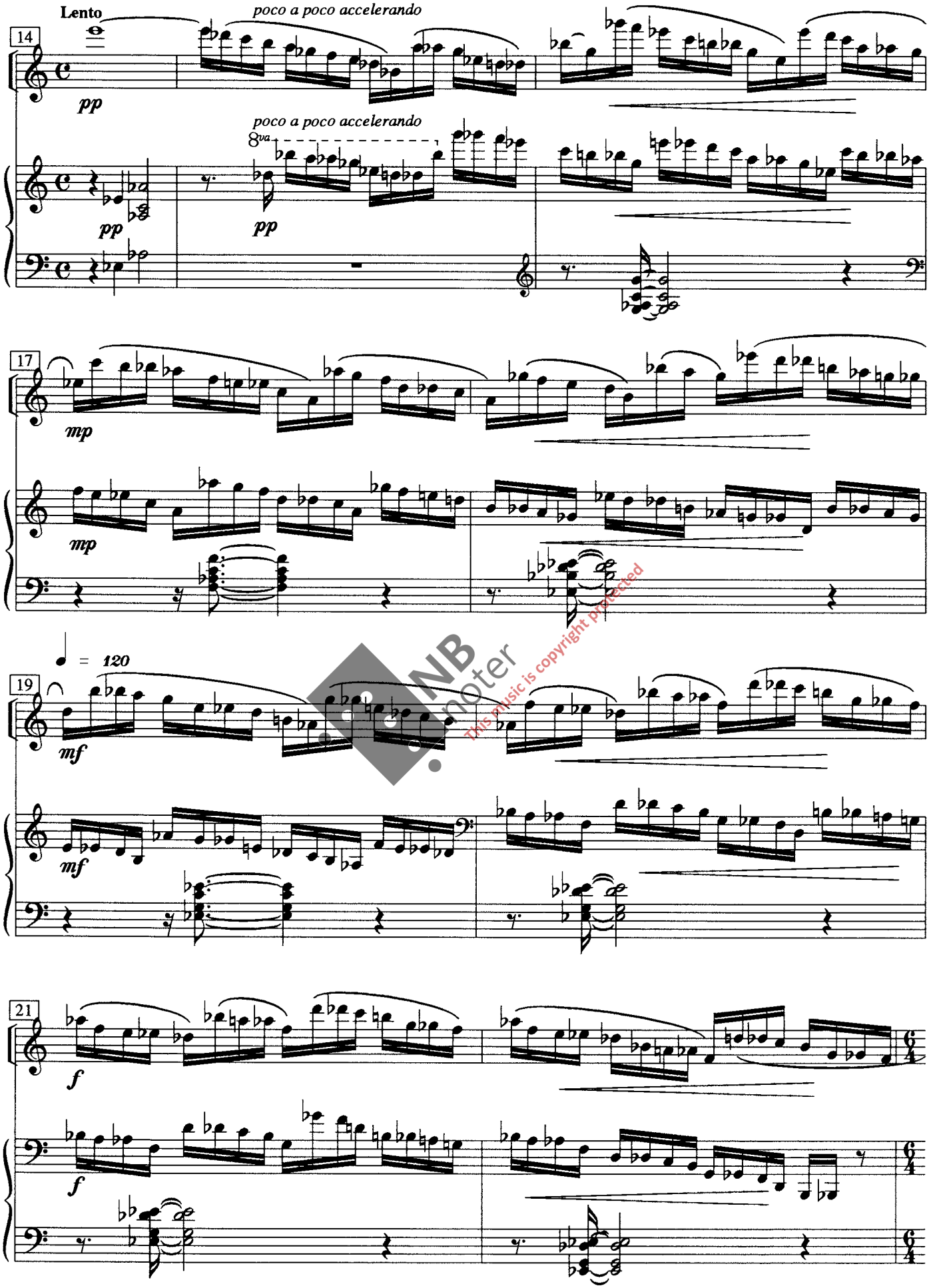

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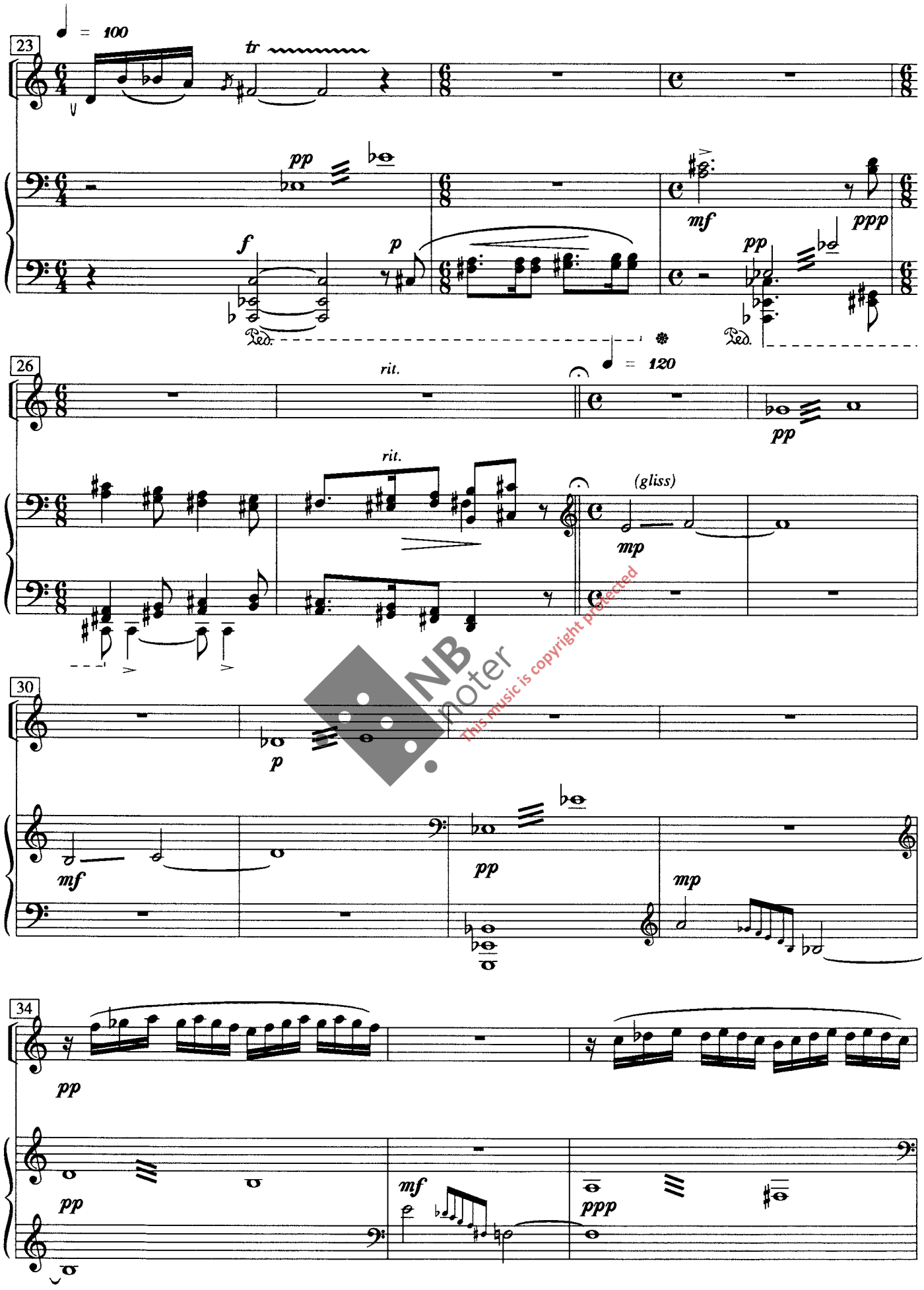

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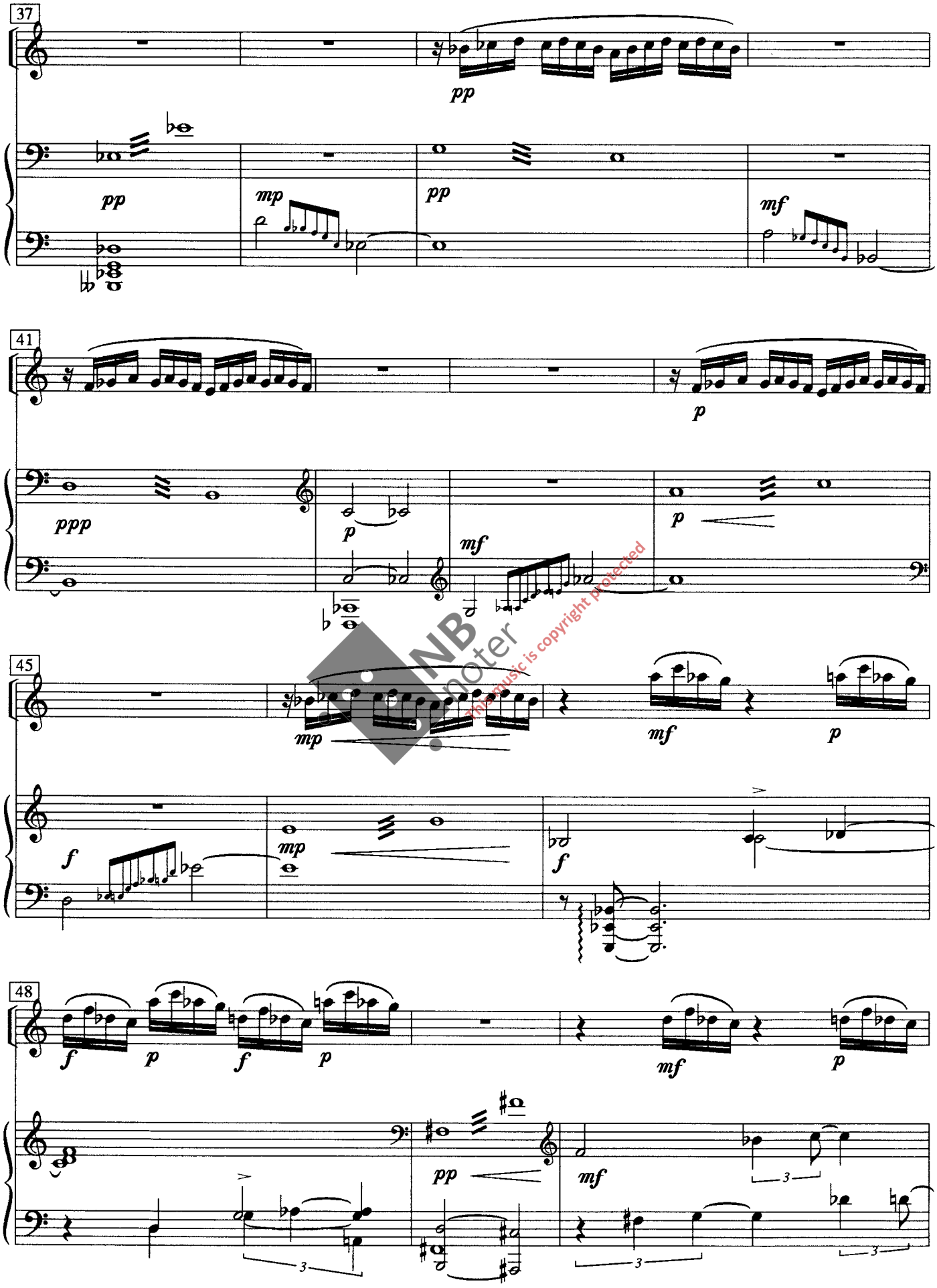

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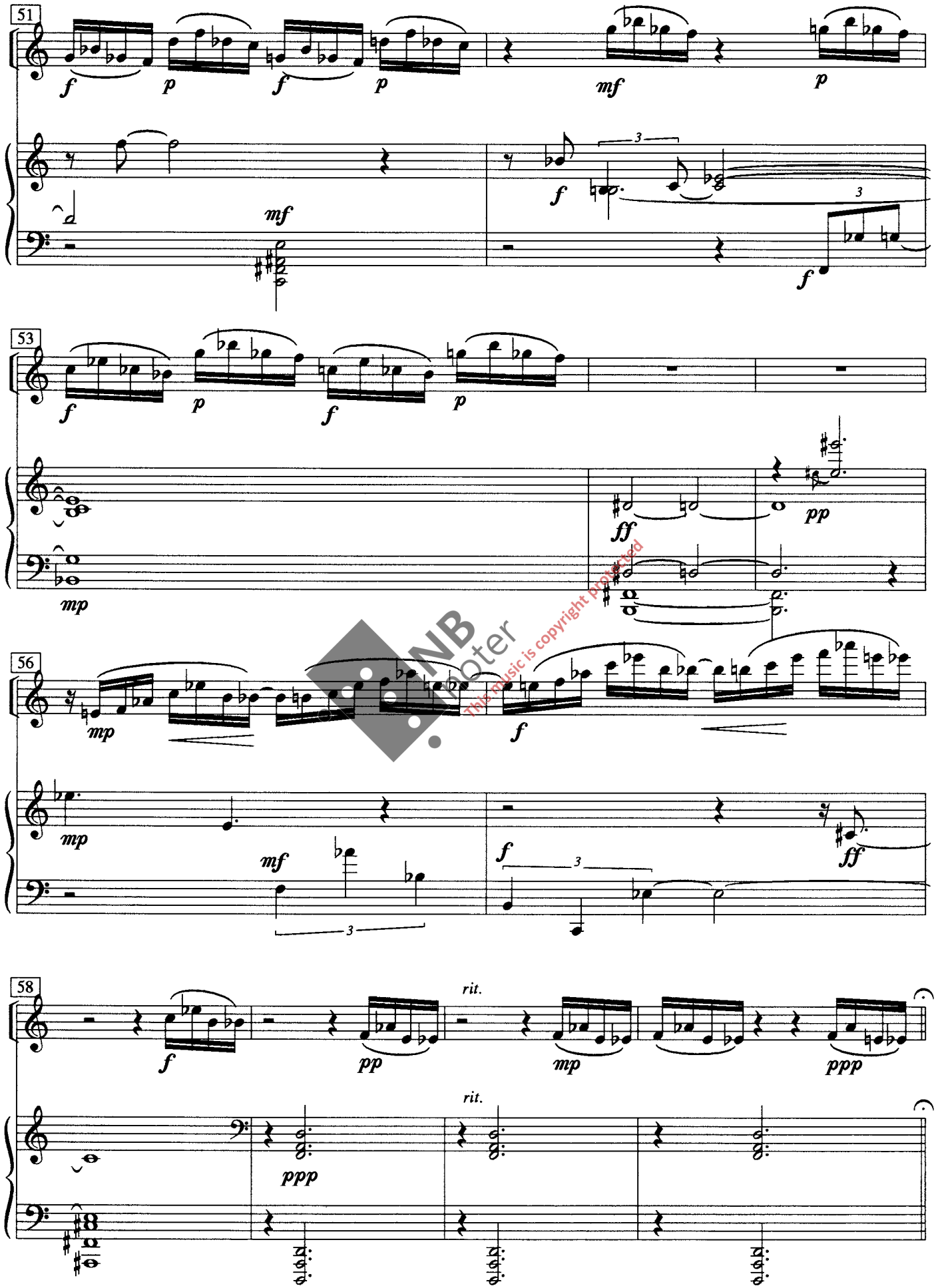

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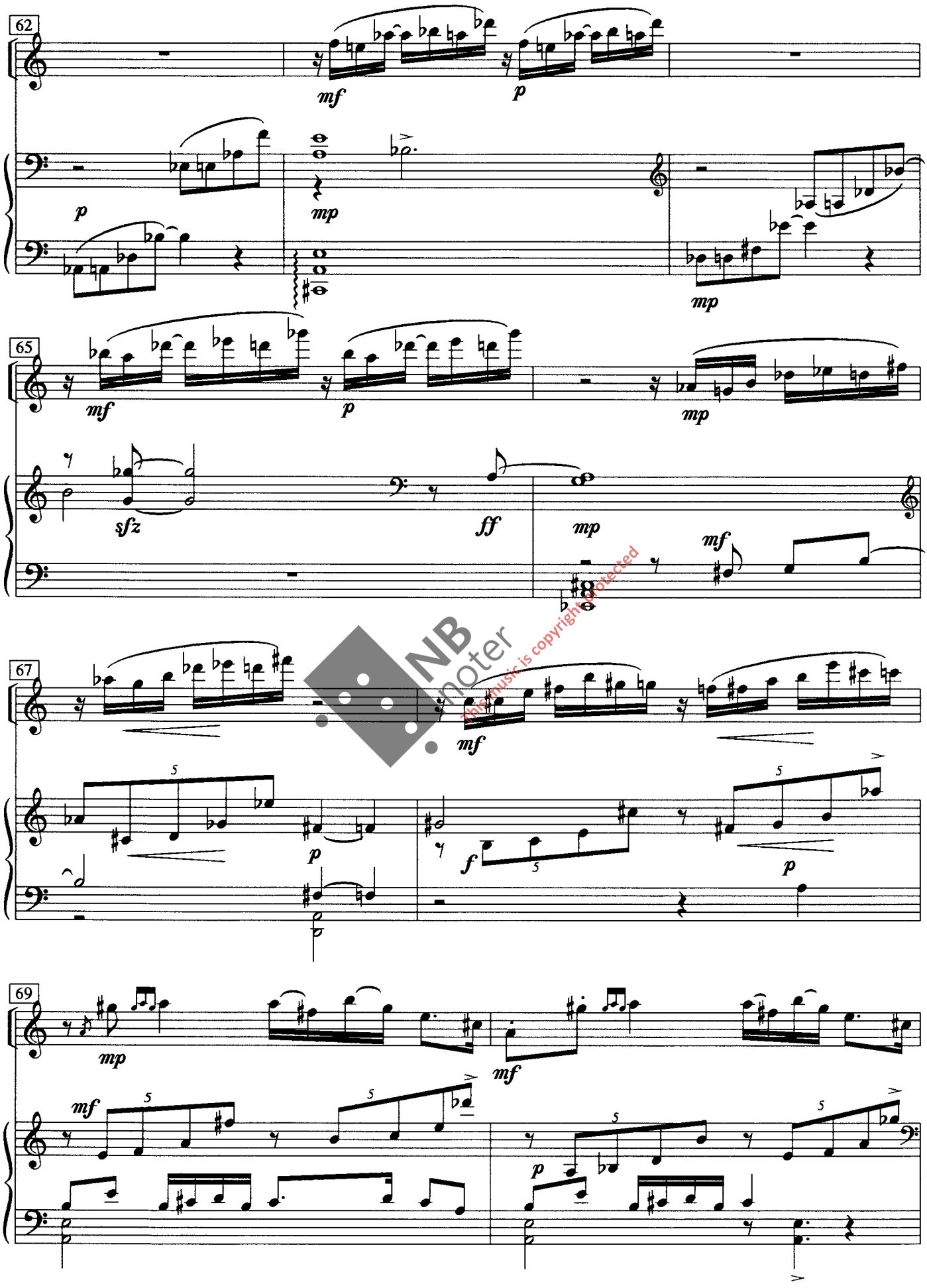

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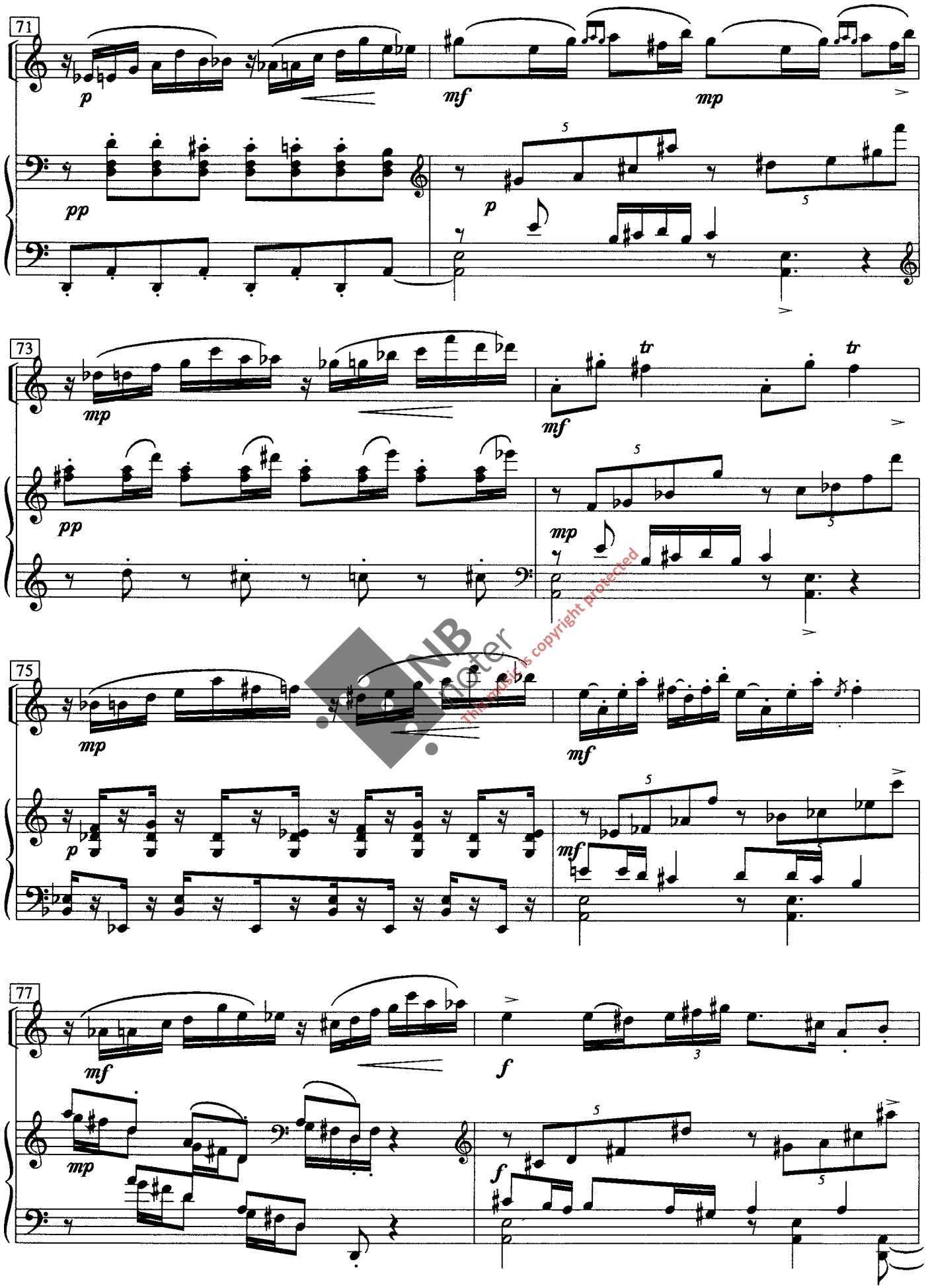

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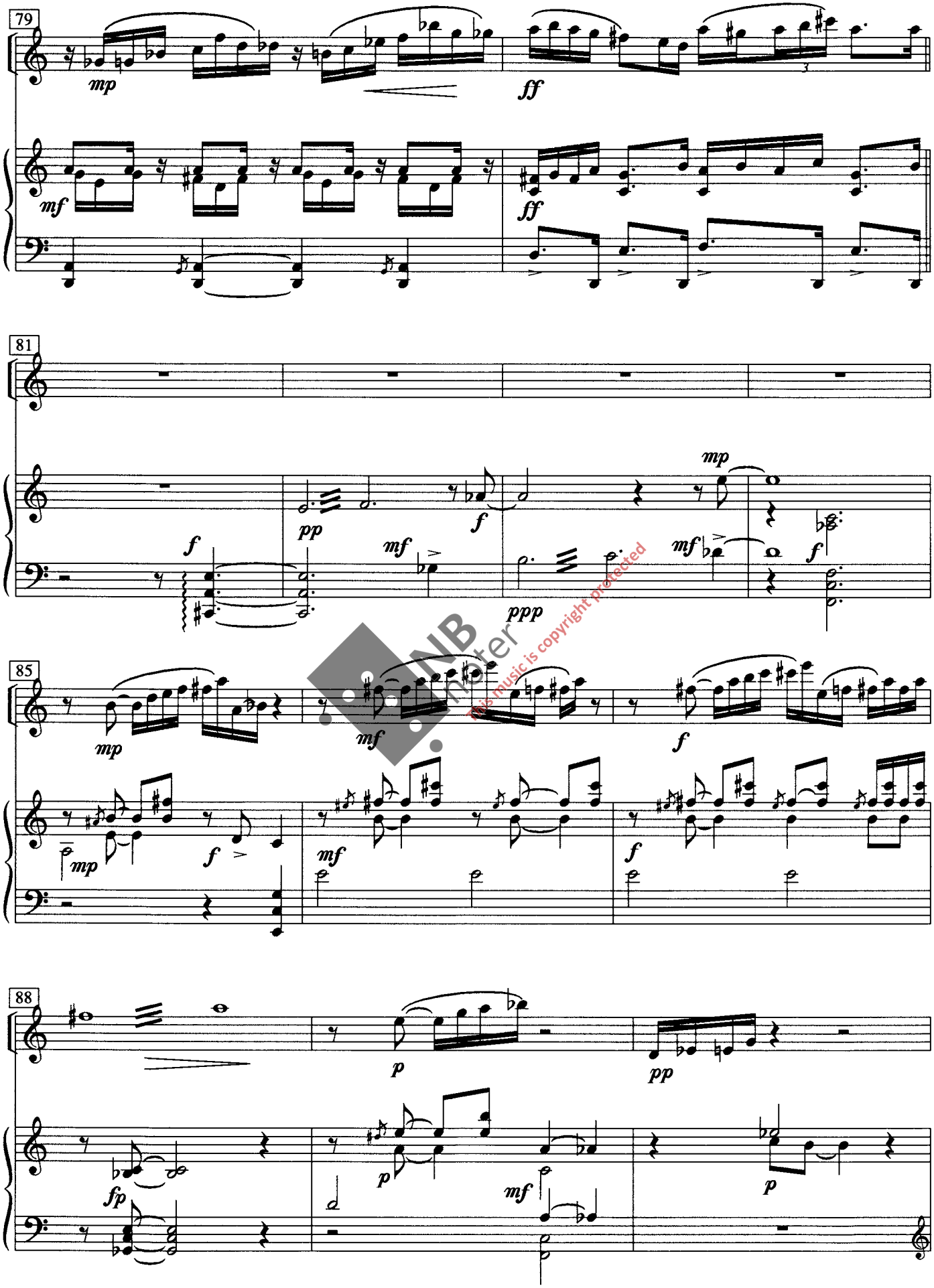

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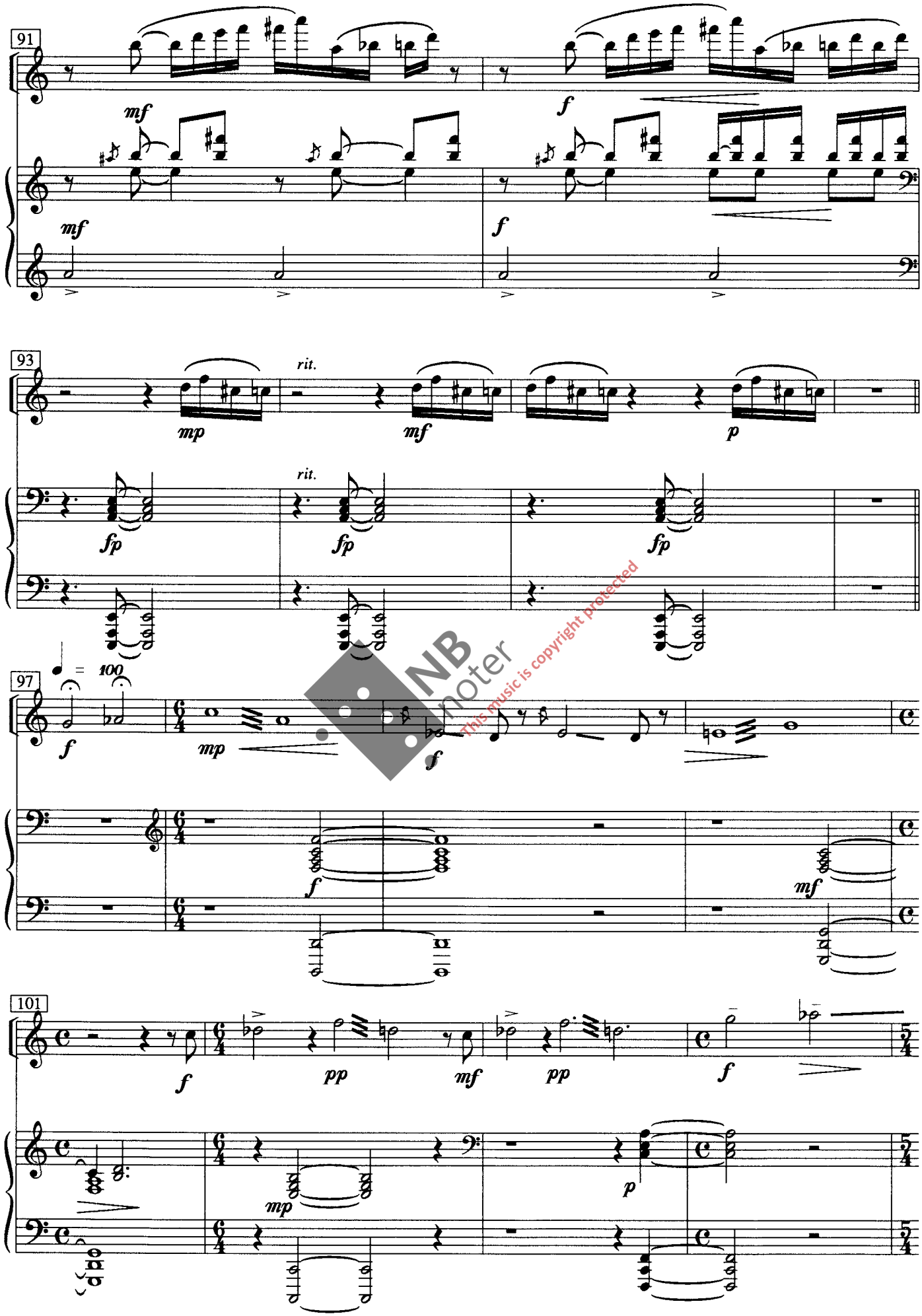

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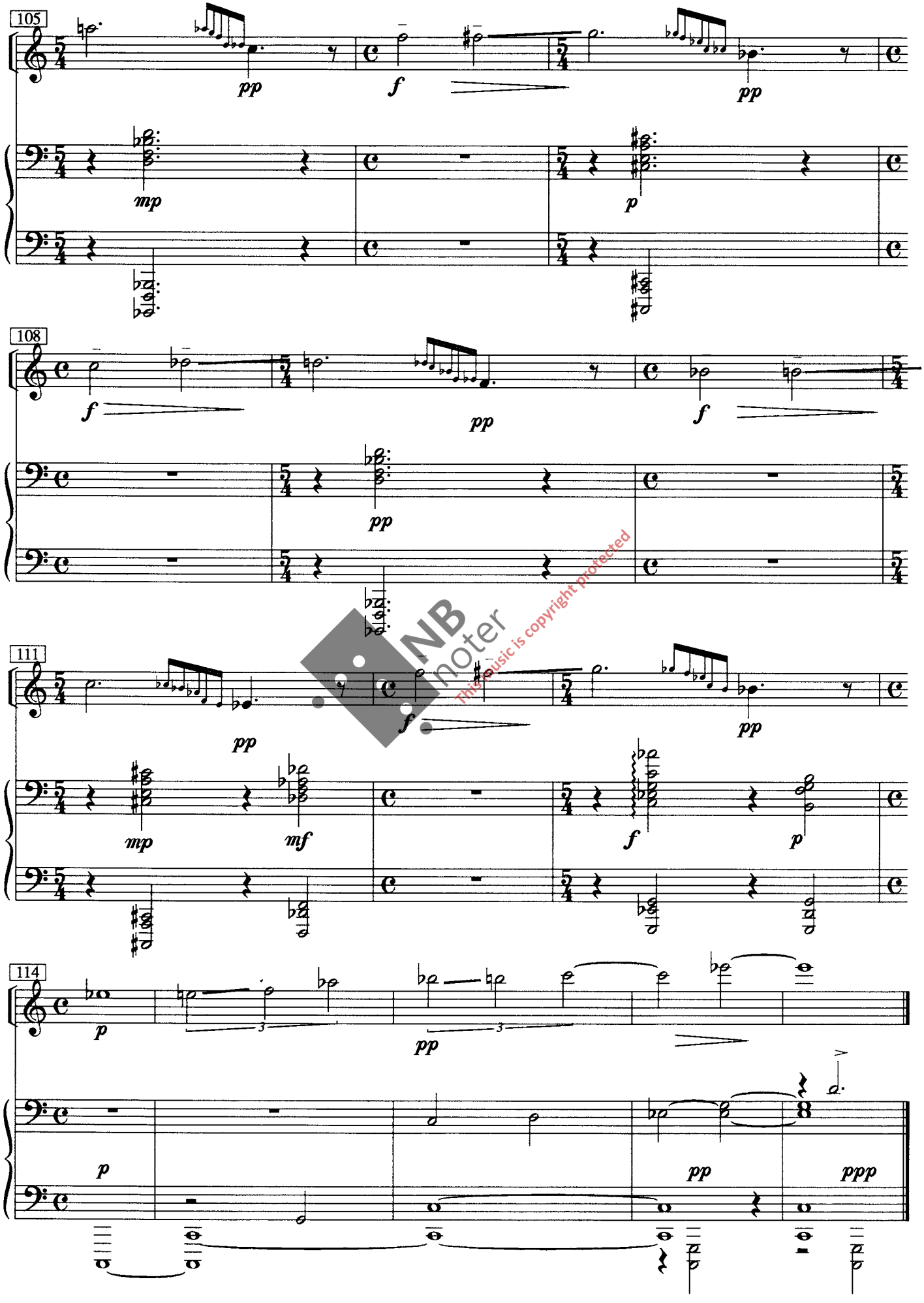

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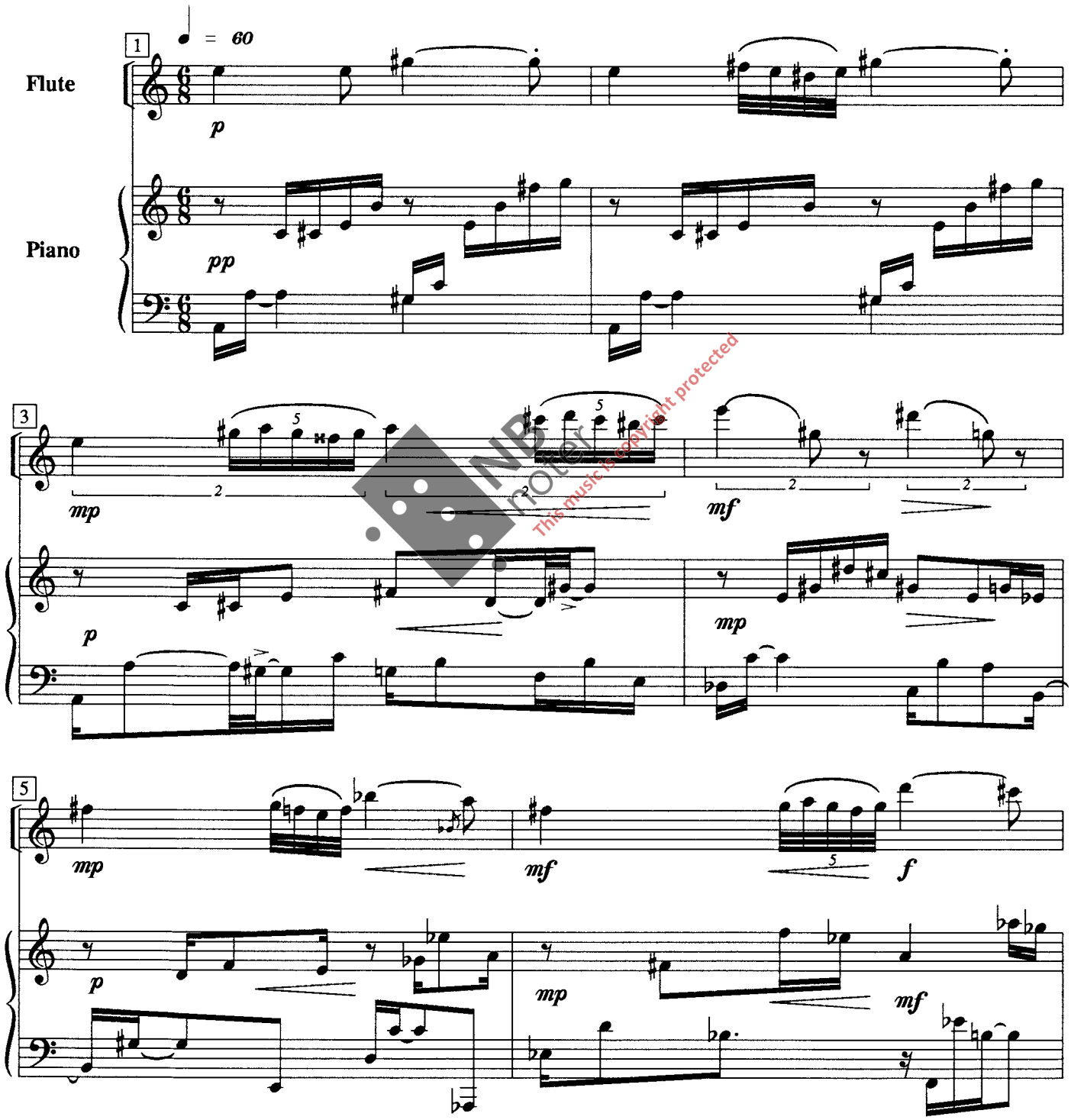
3 Med en vandlilje



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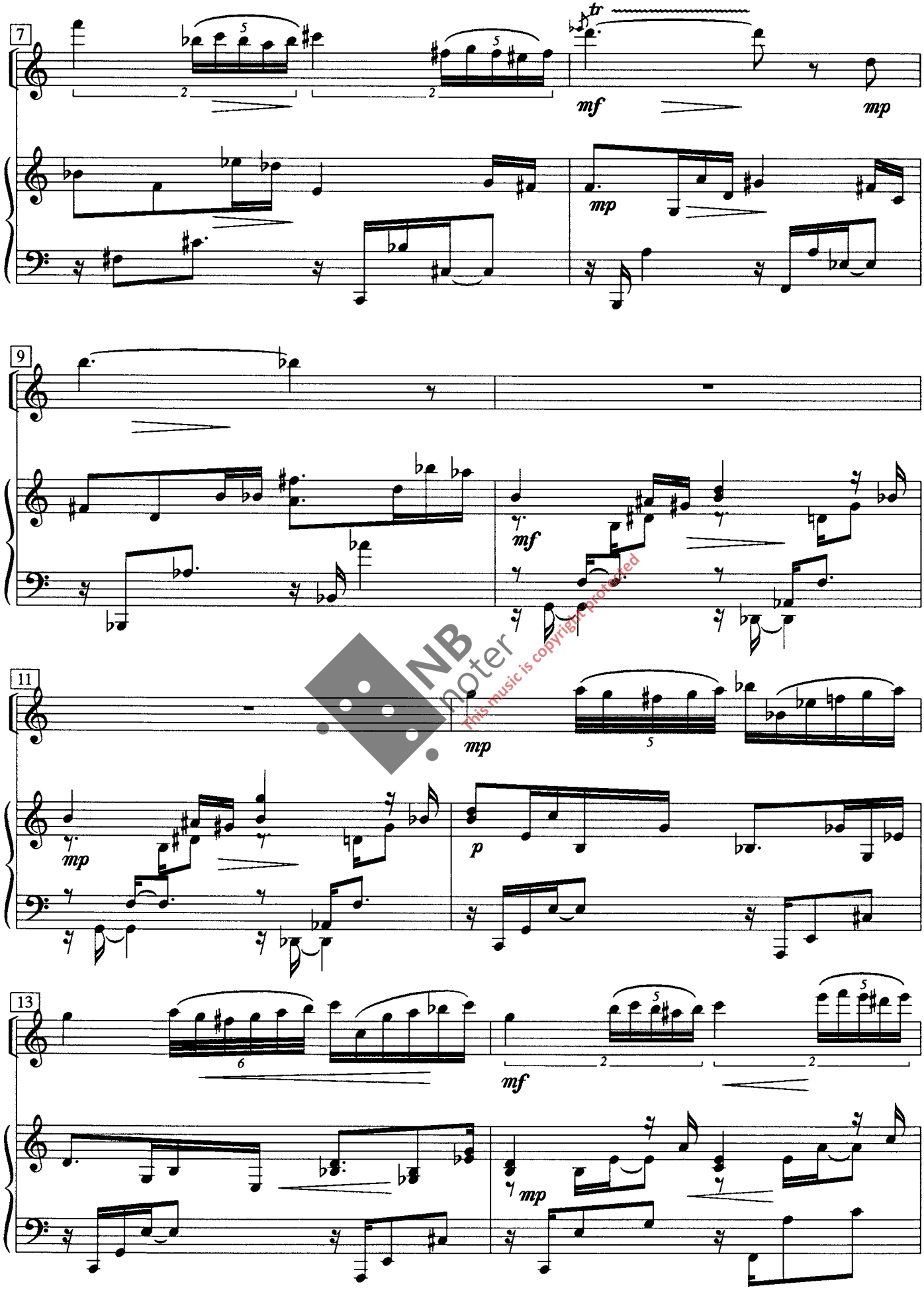

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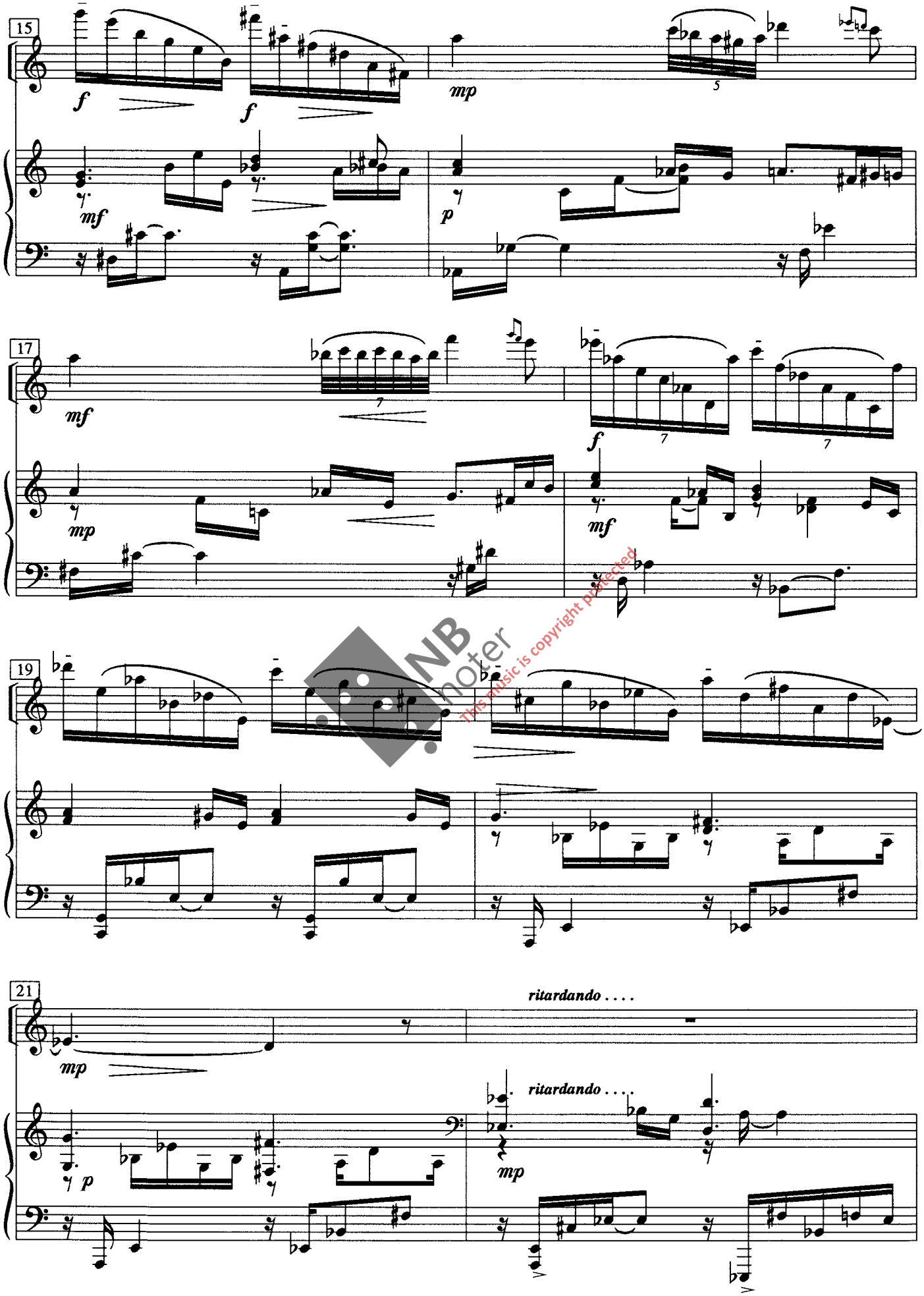

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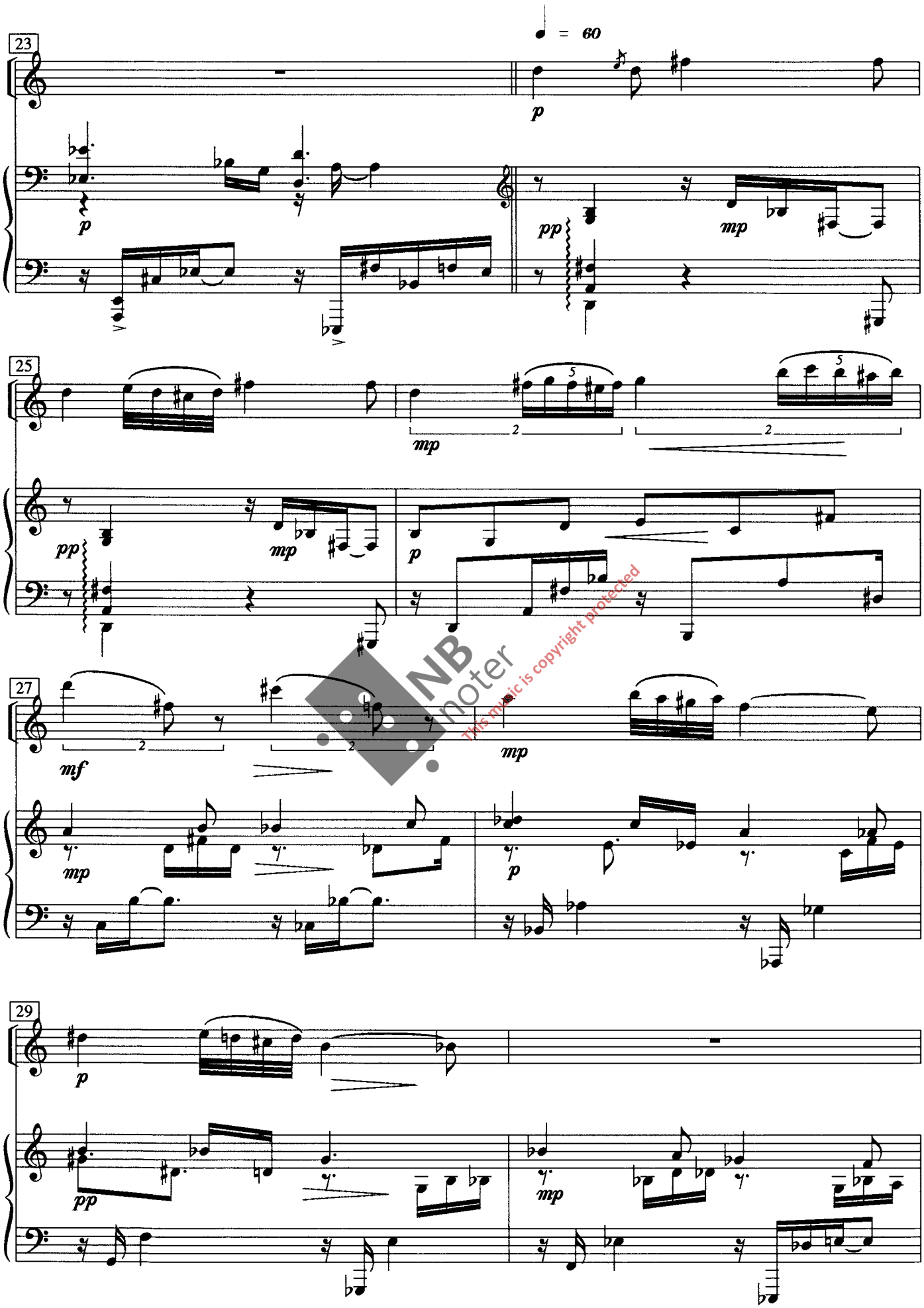

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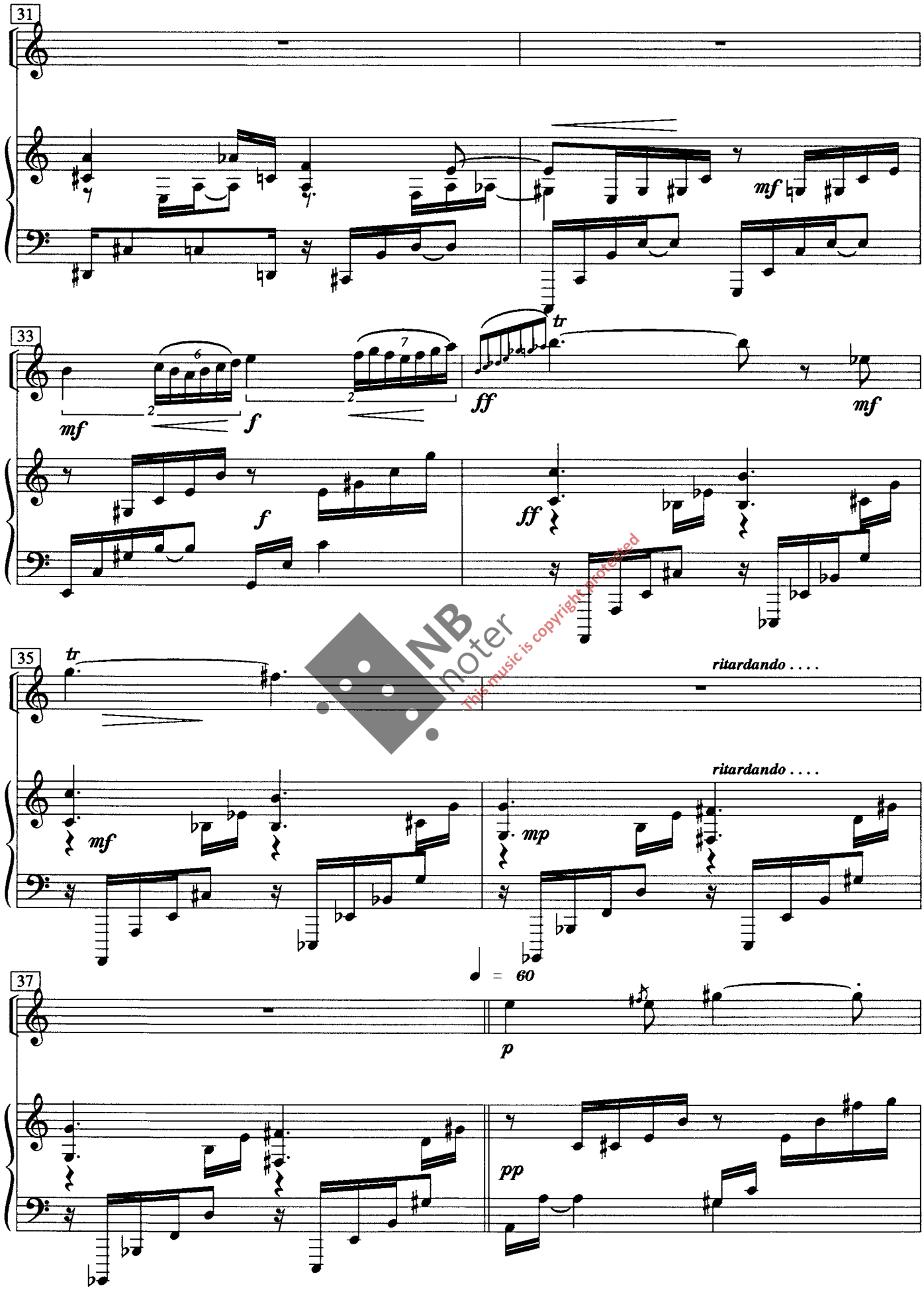

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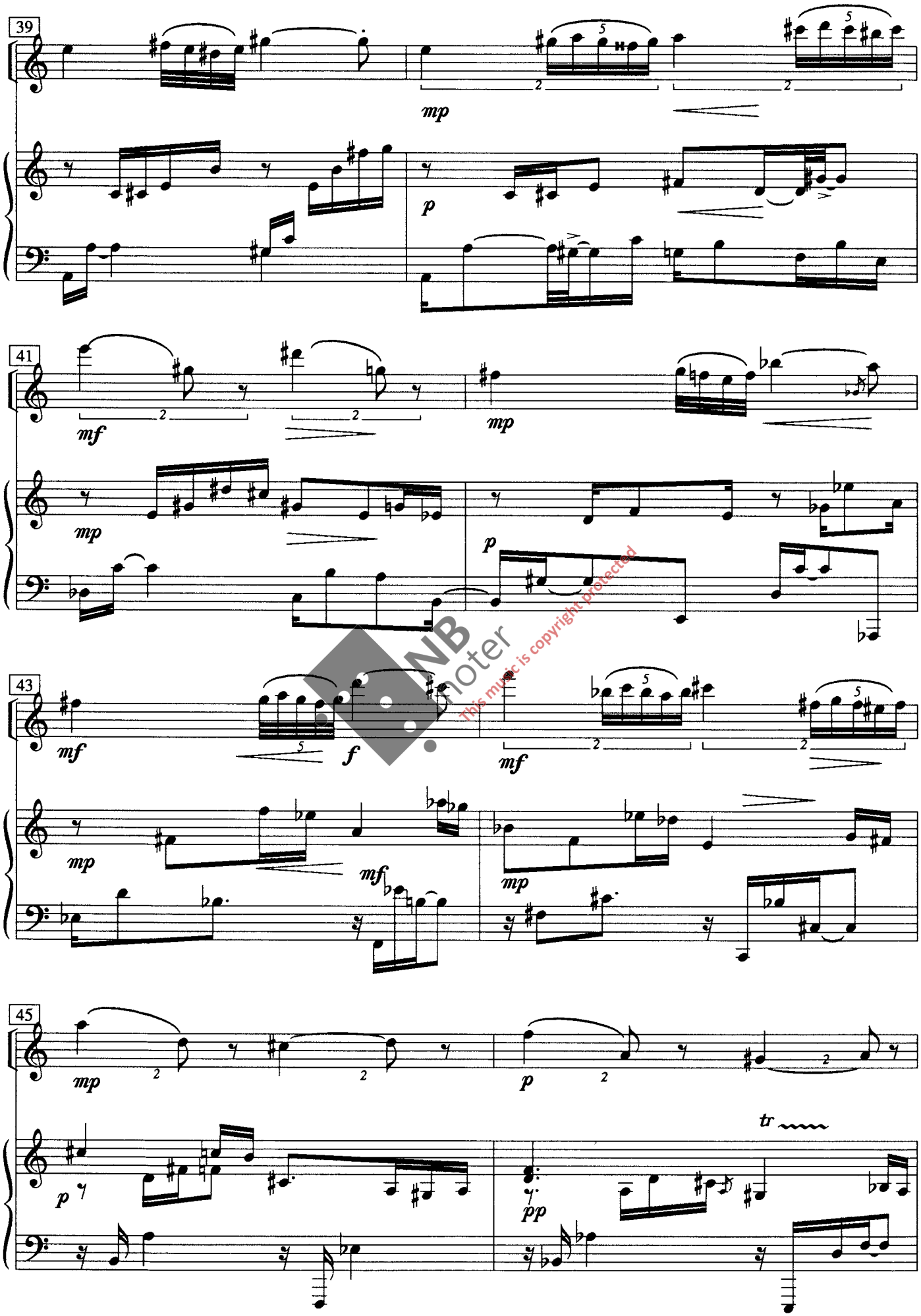

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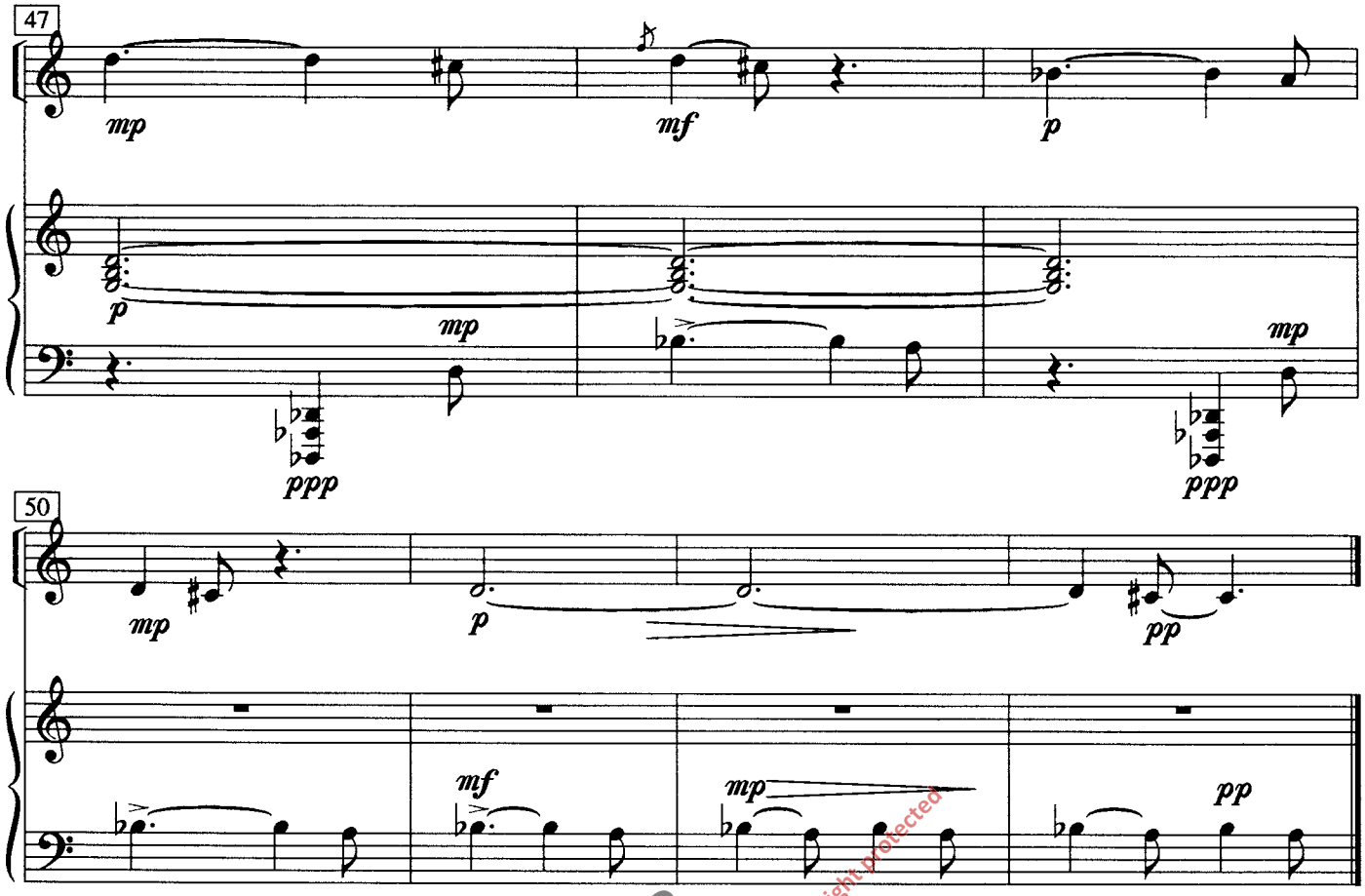

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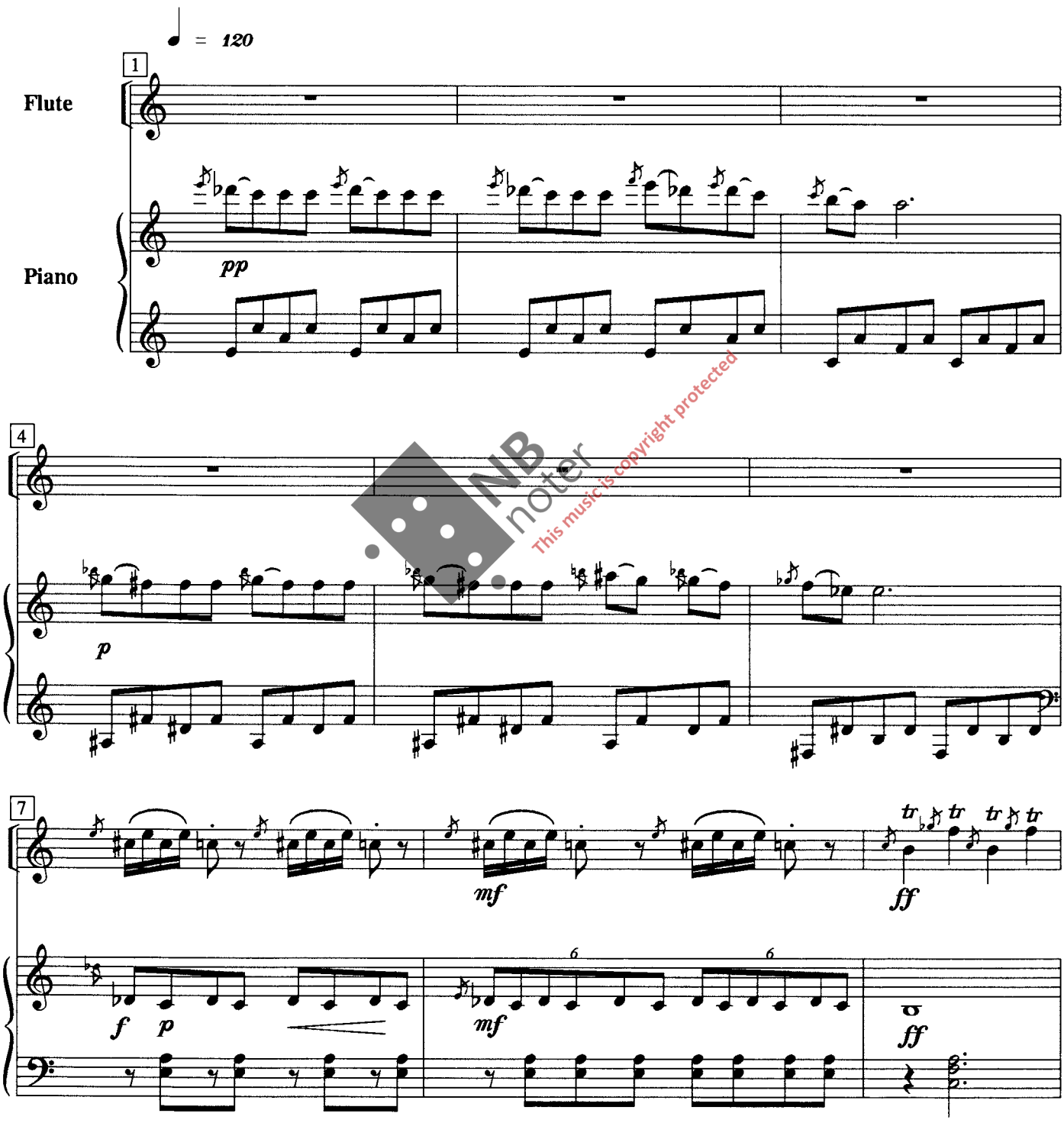
4 Lysræd



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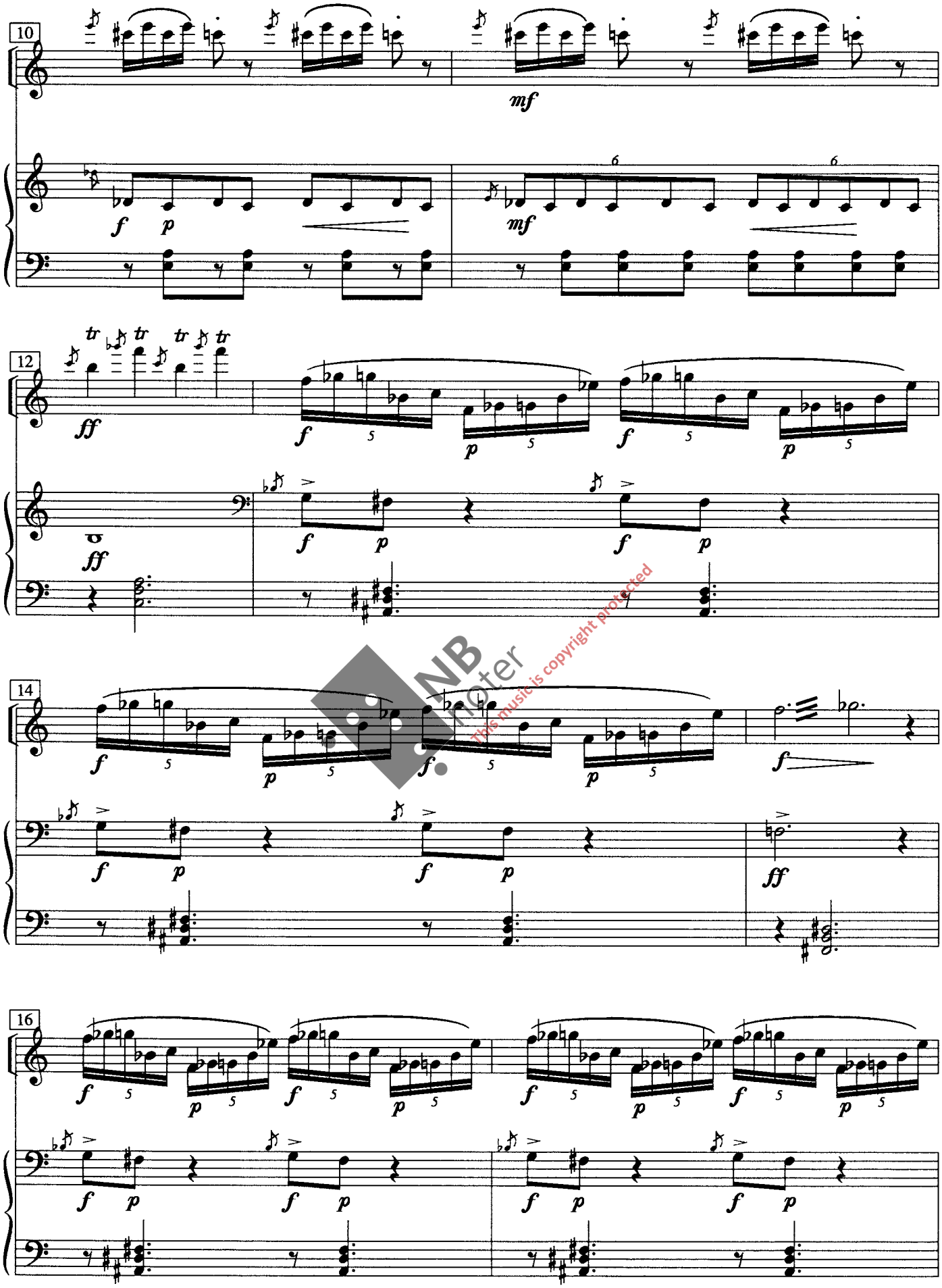

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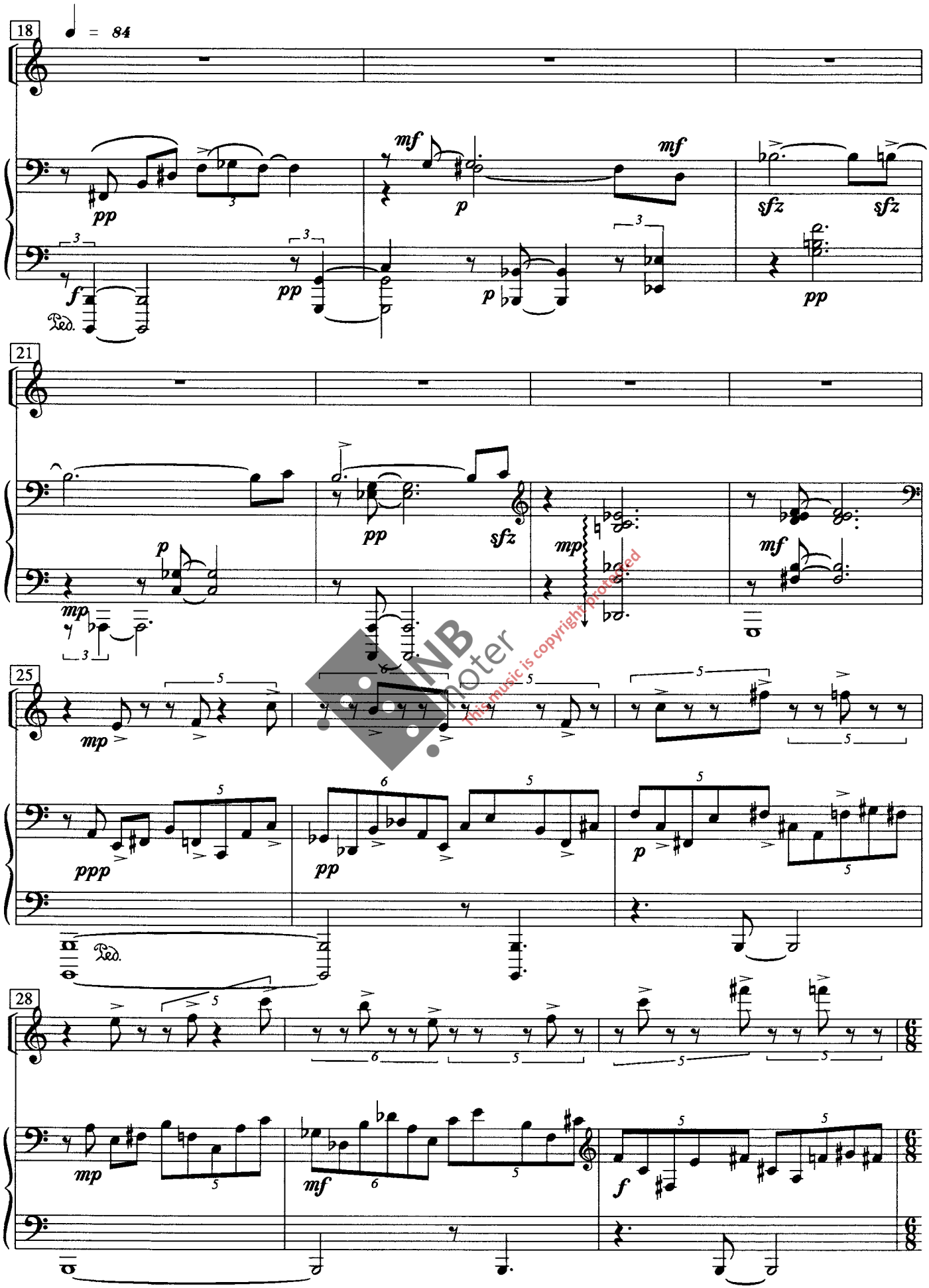

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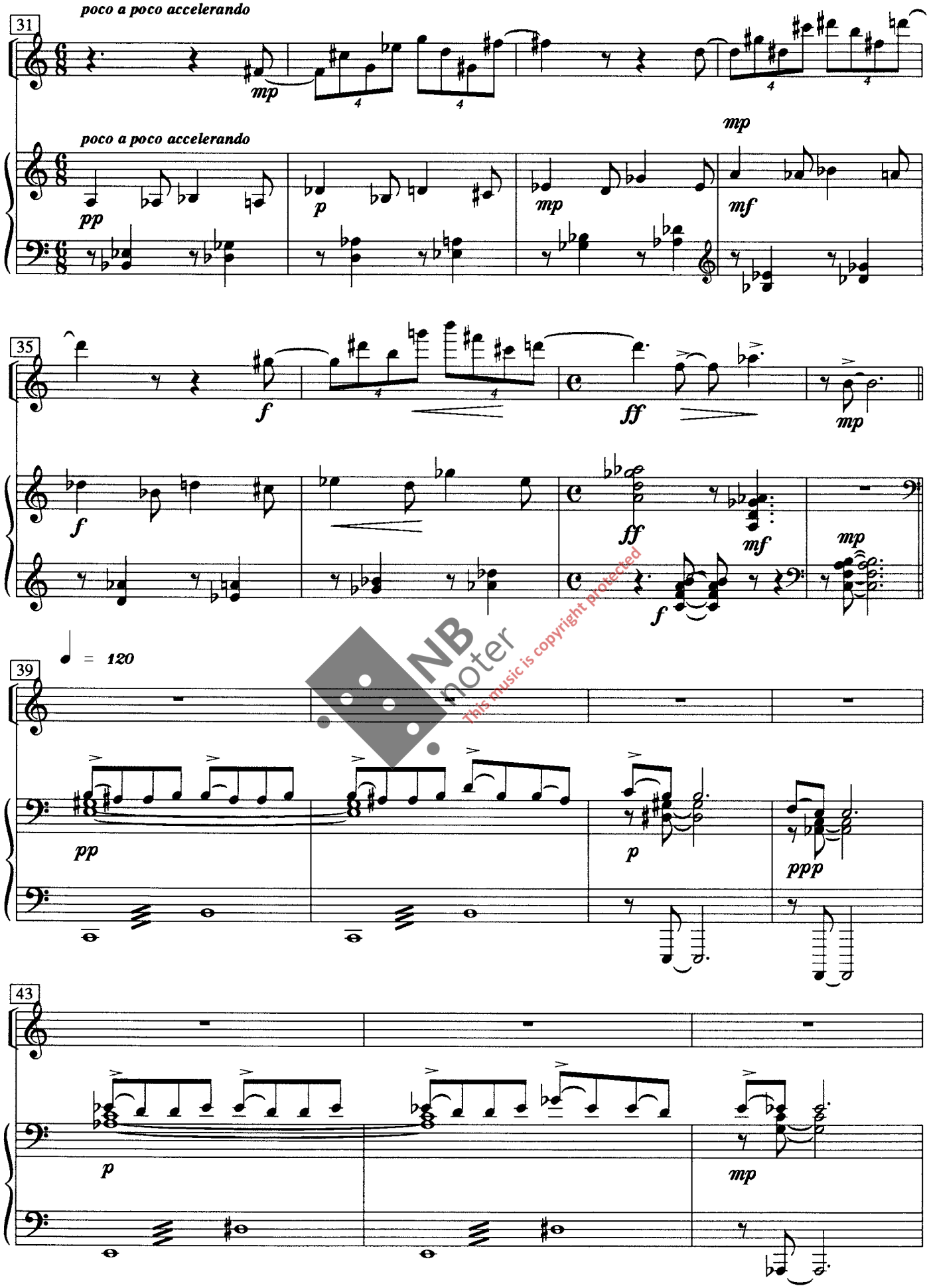

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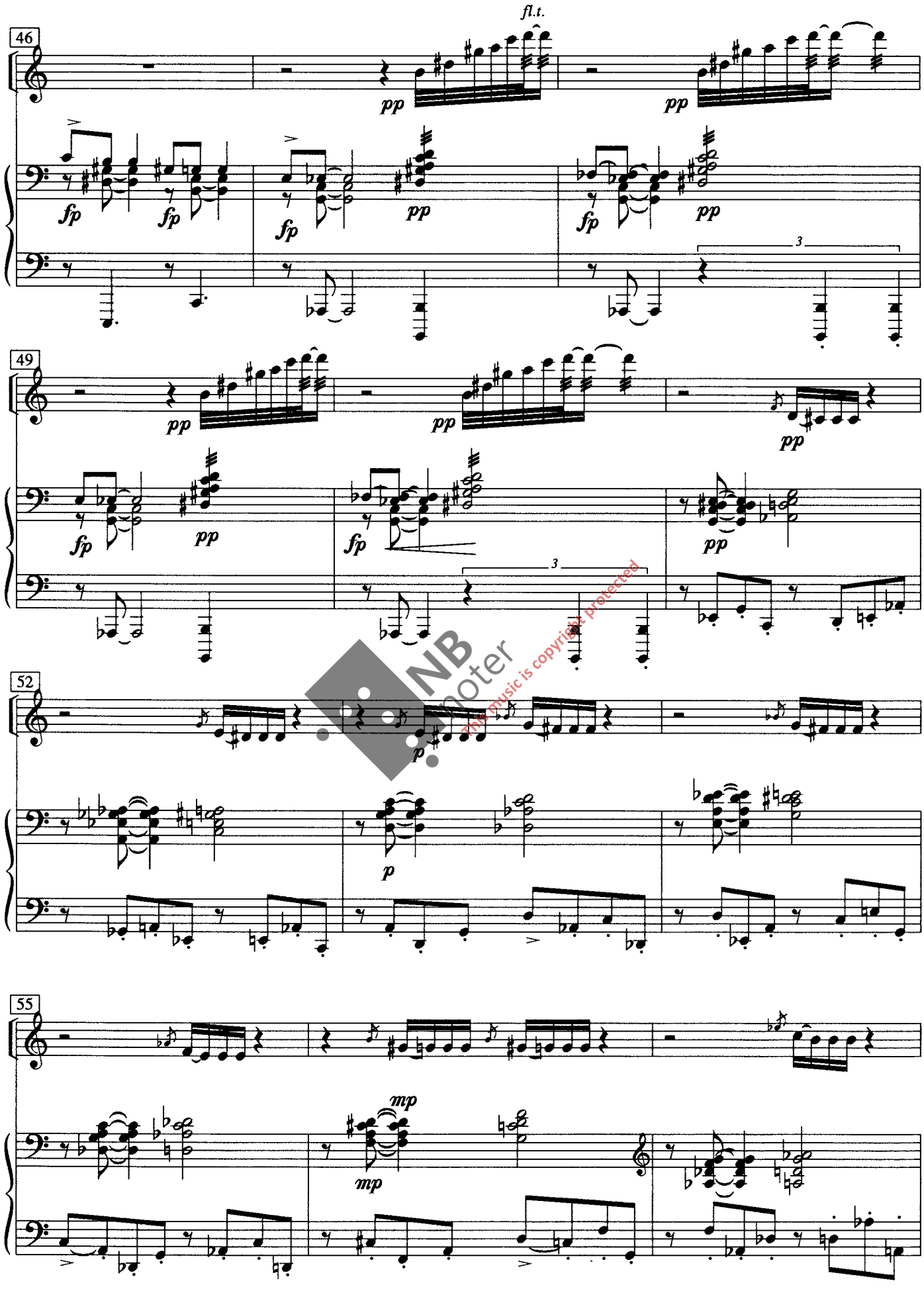

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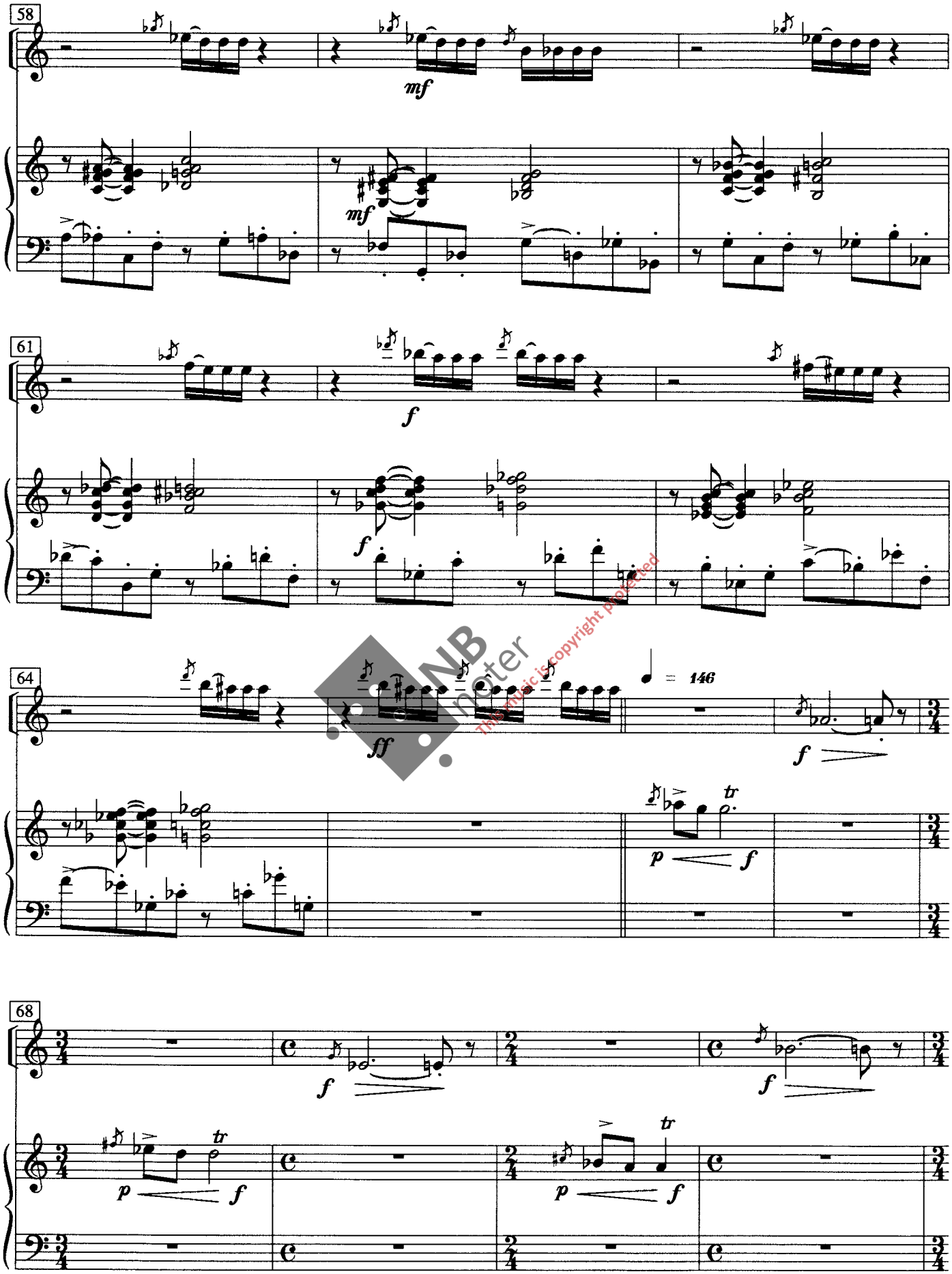

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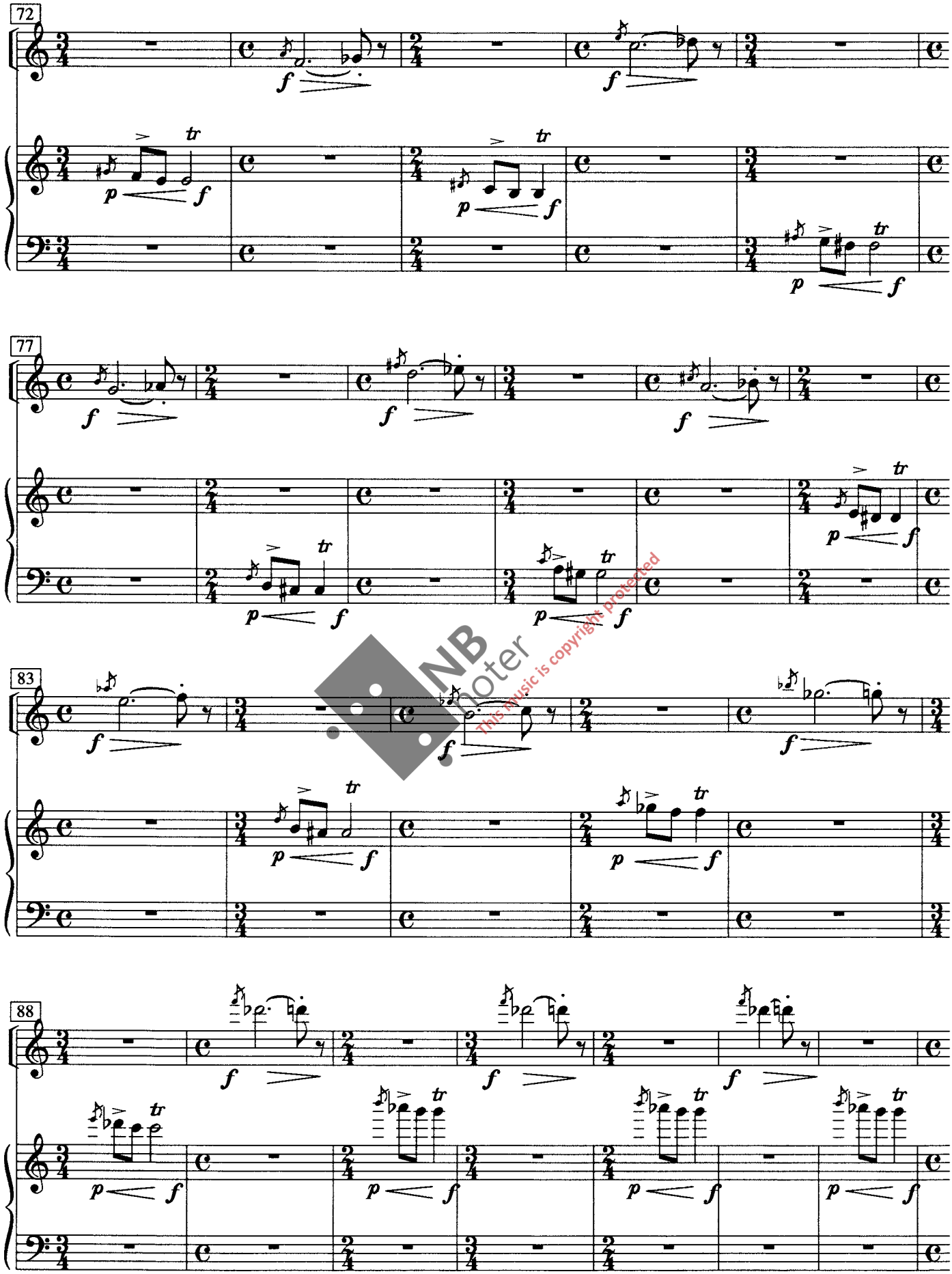

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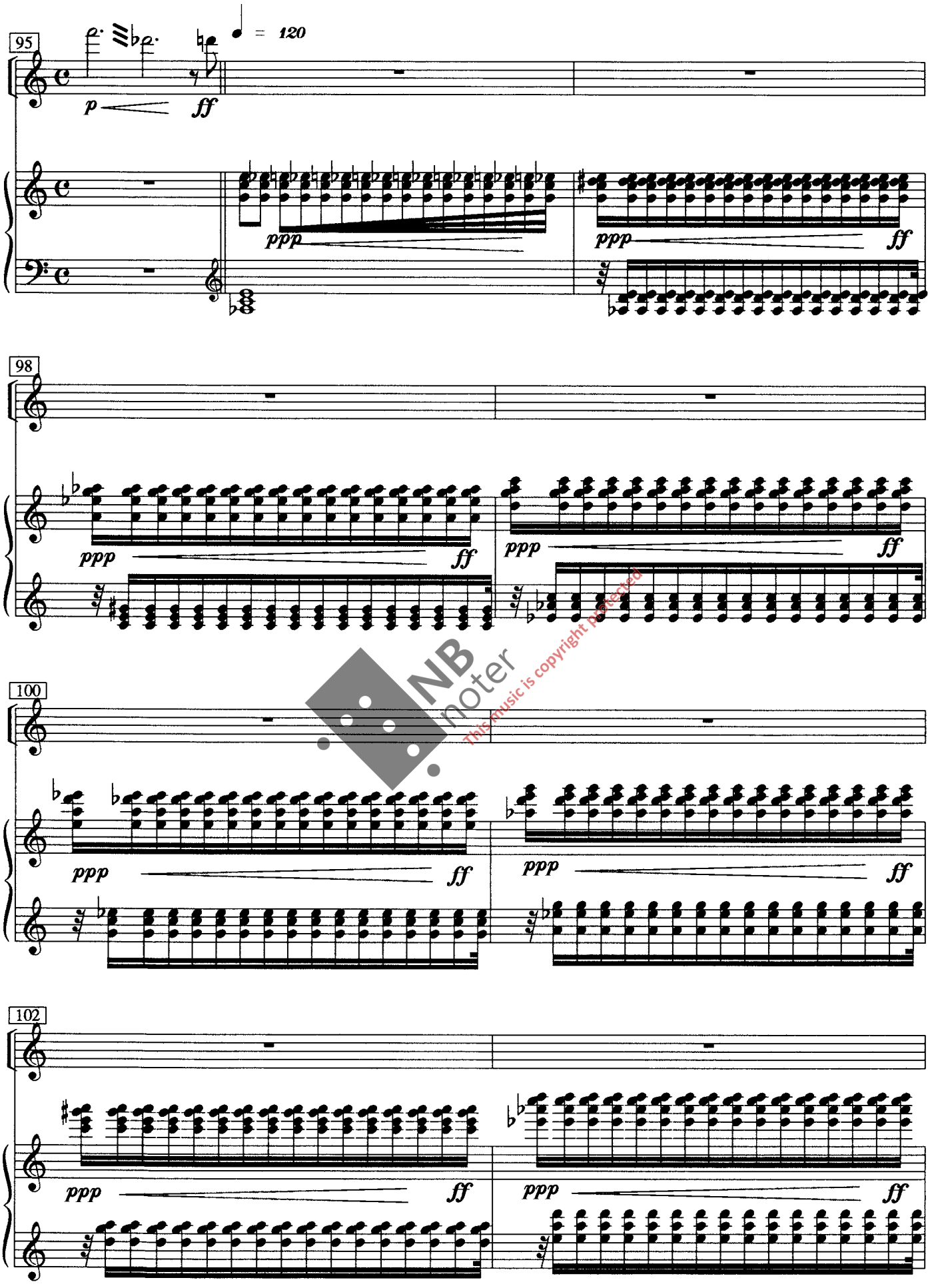

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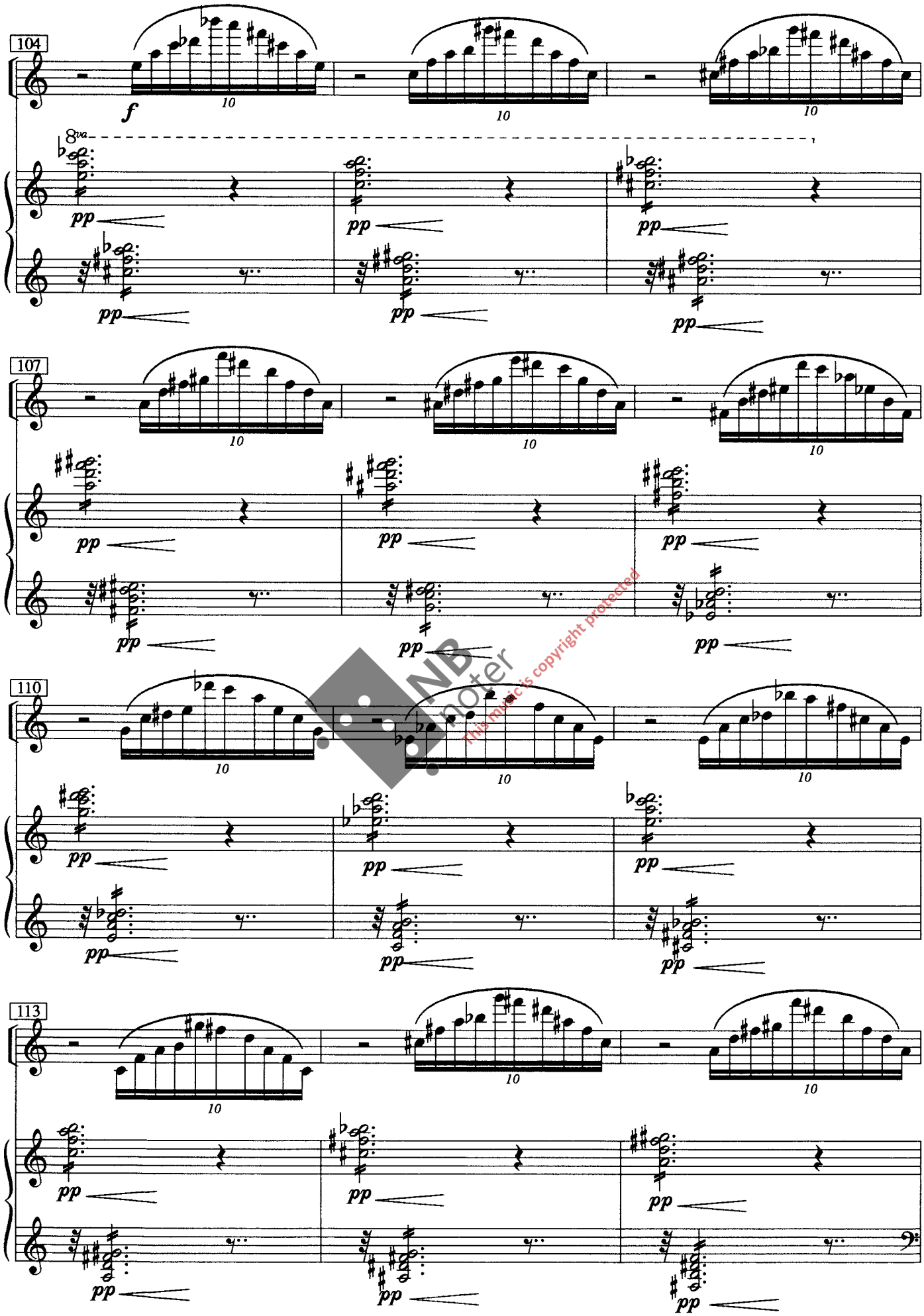

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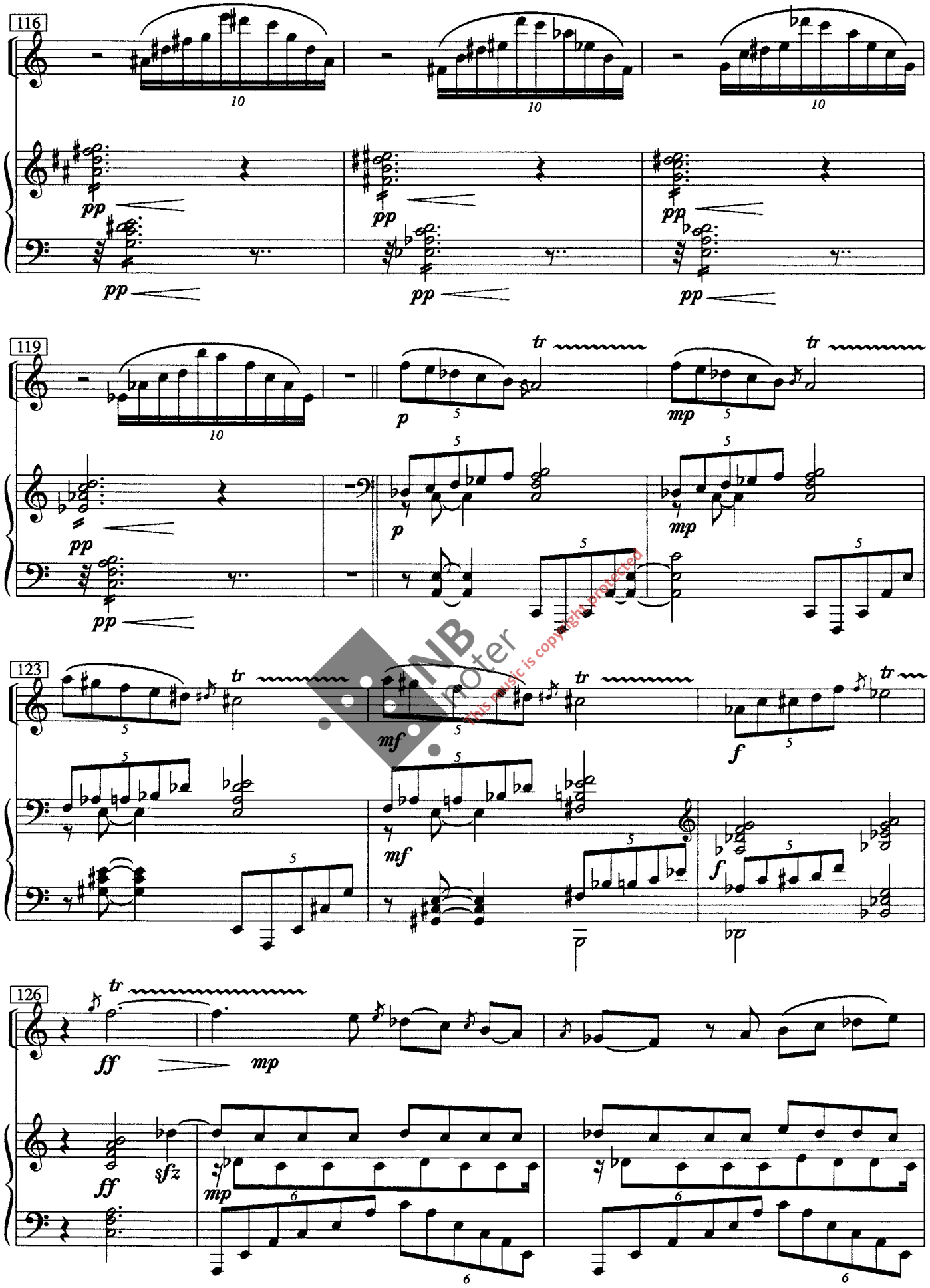

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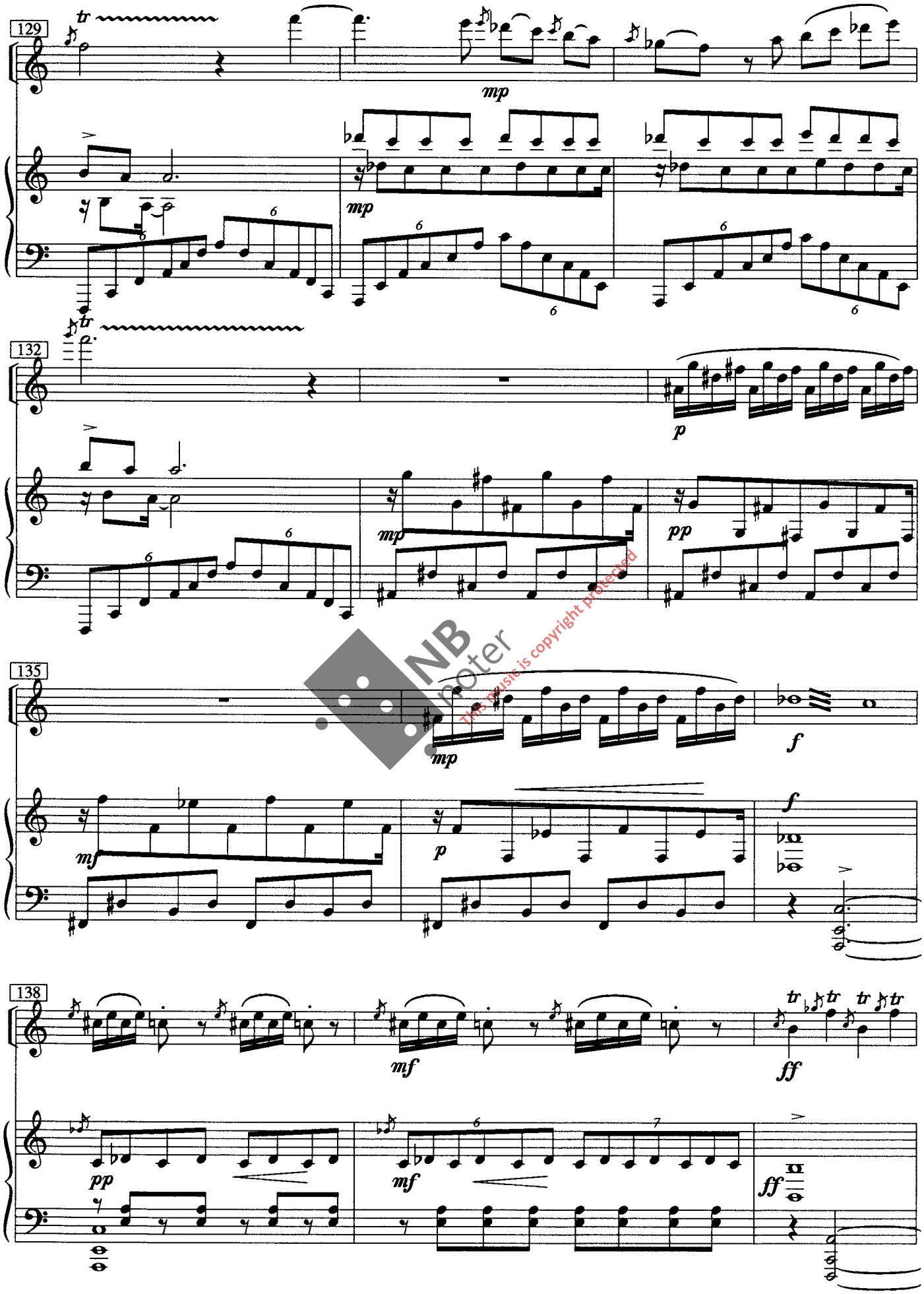

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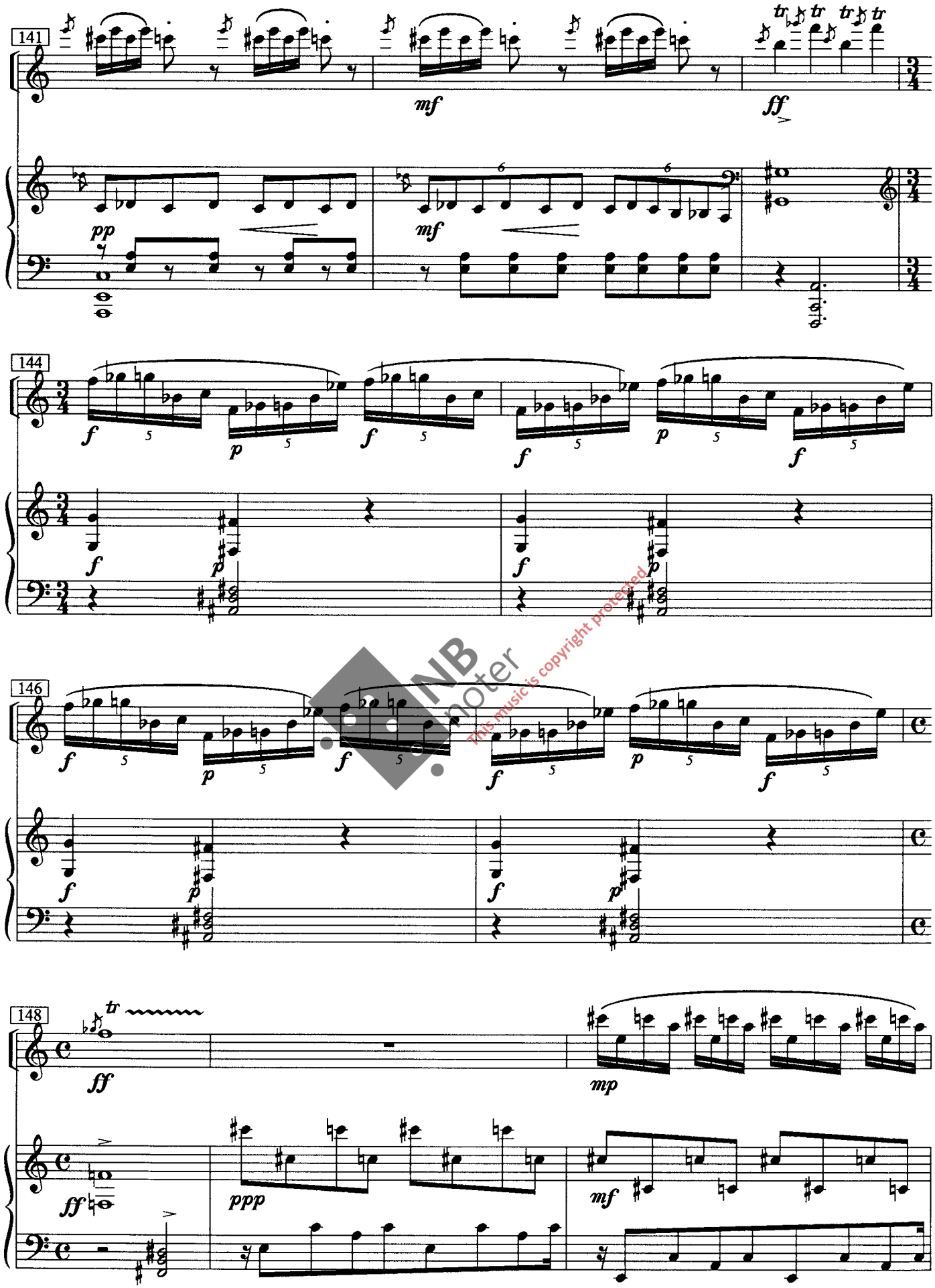

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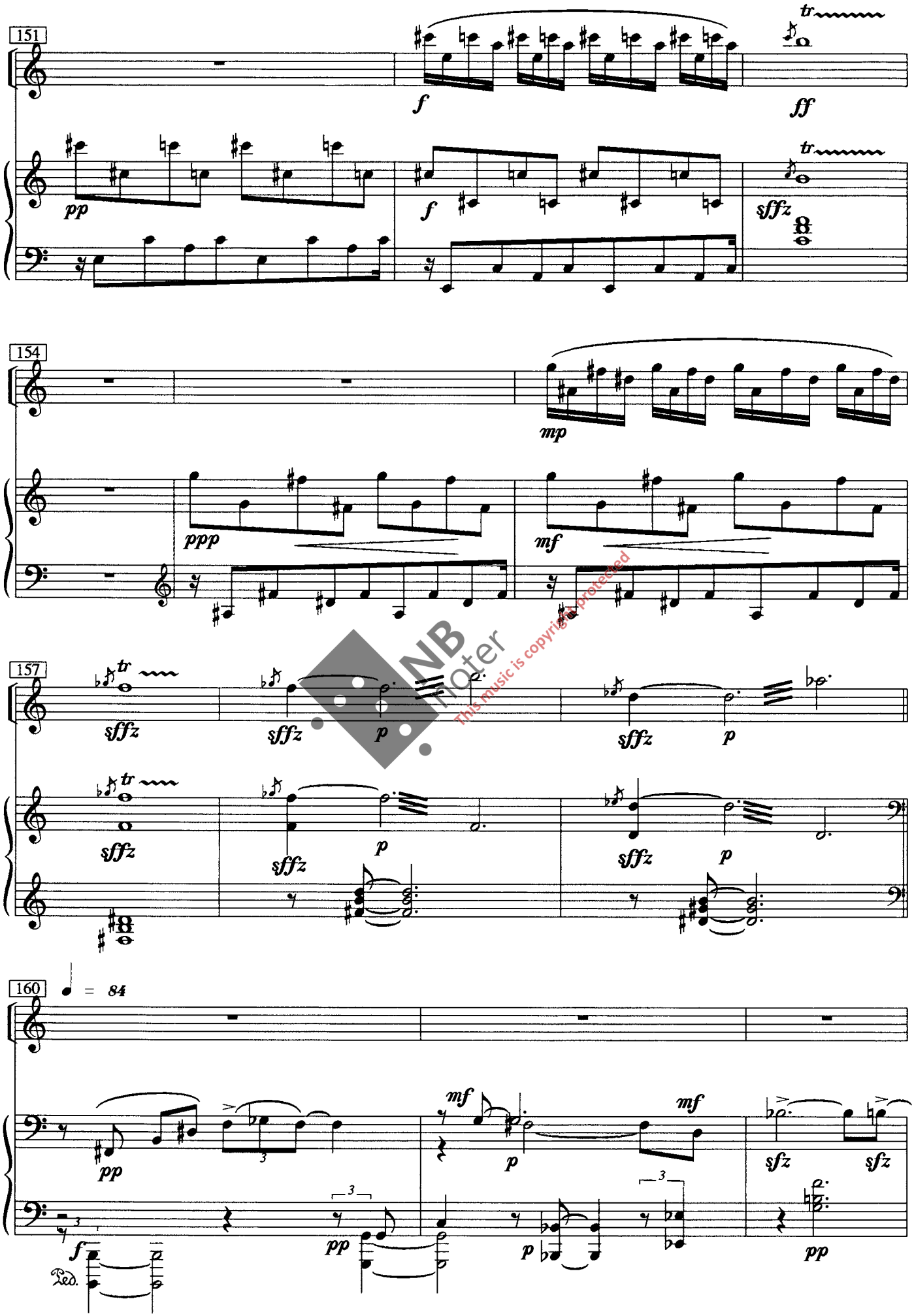

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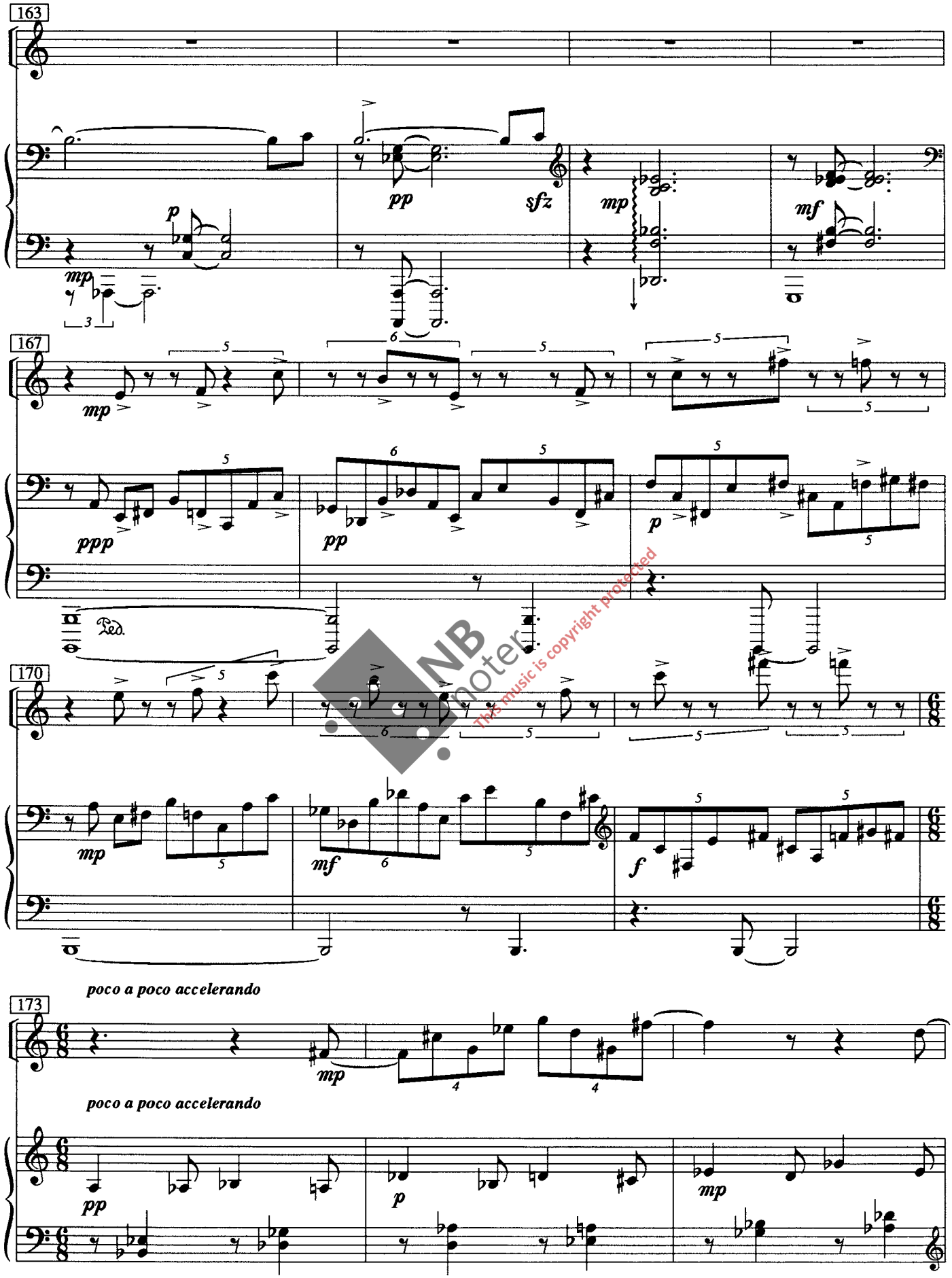

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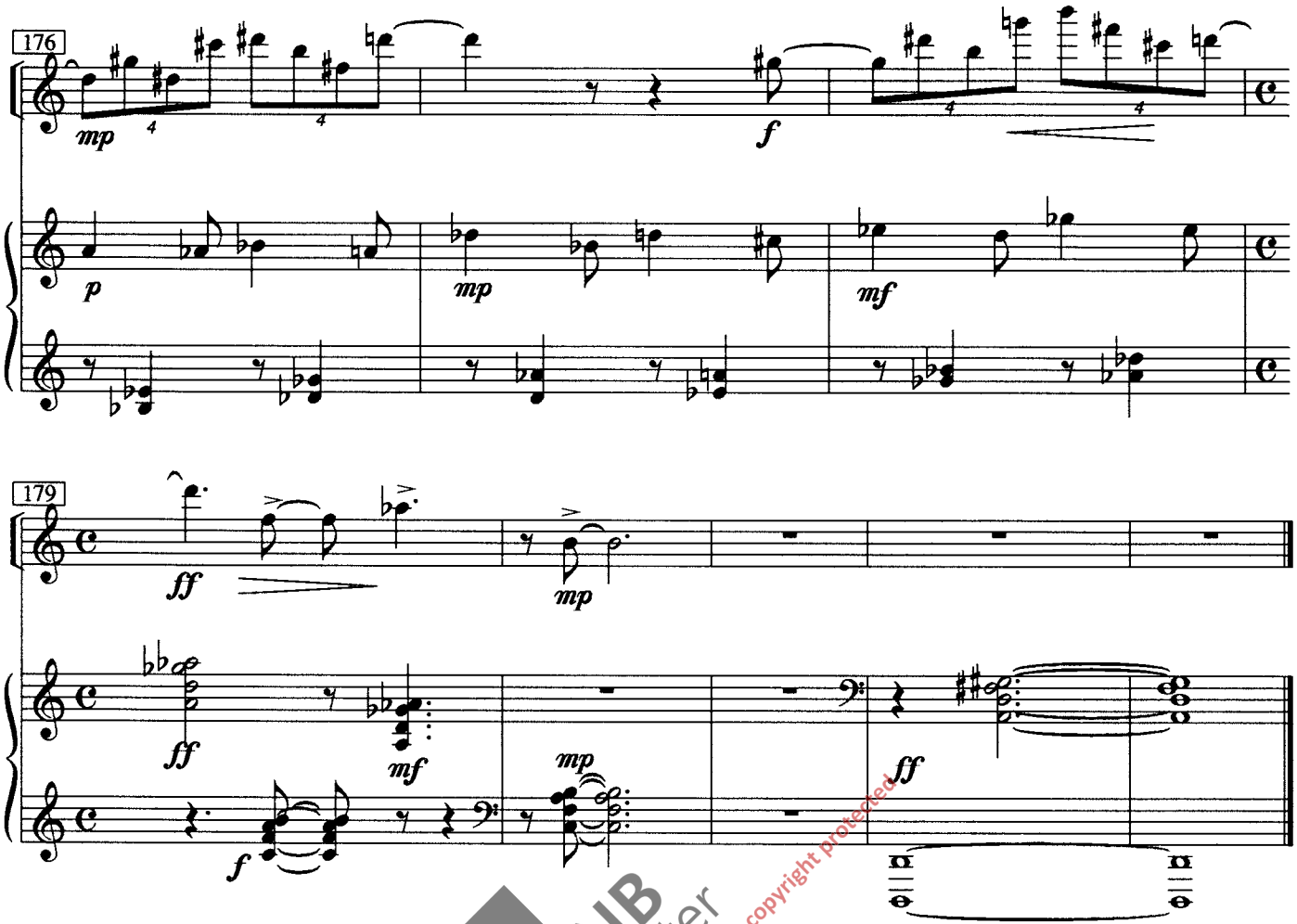

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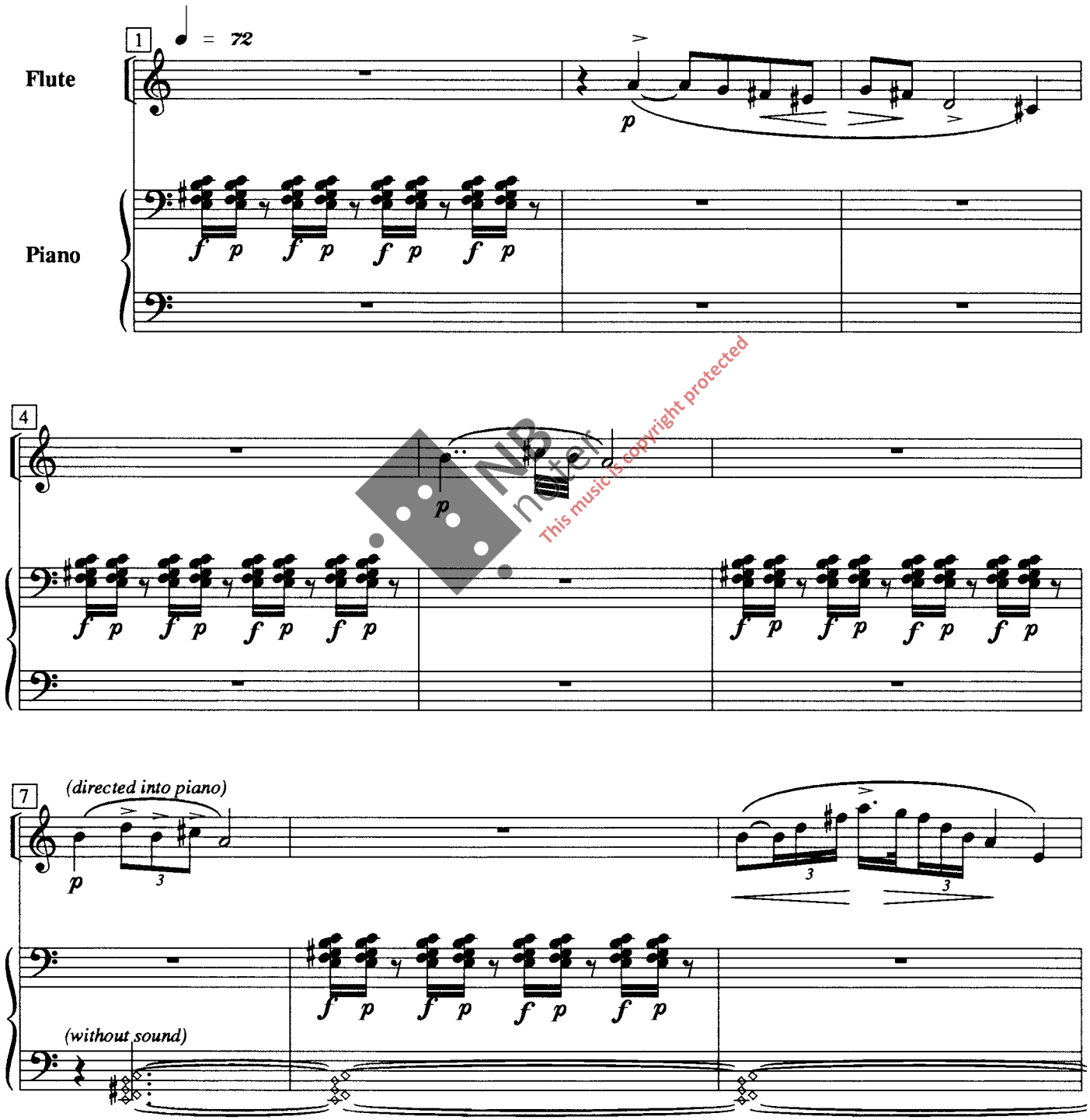
5 Bergmanden



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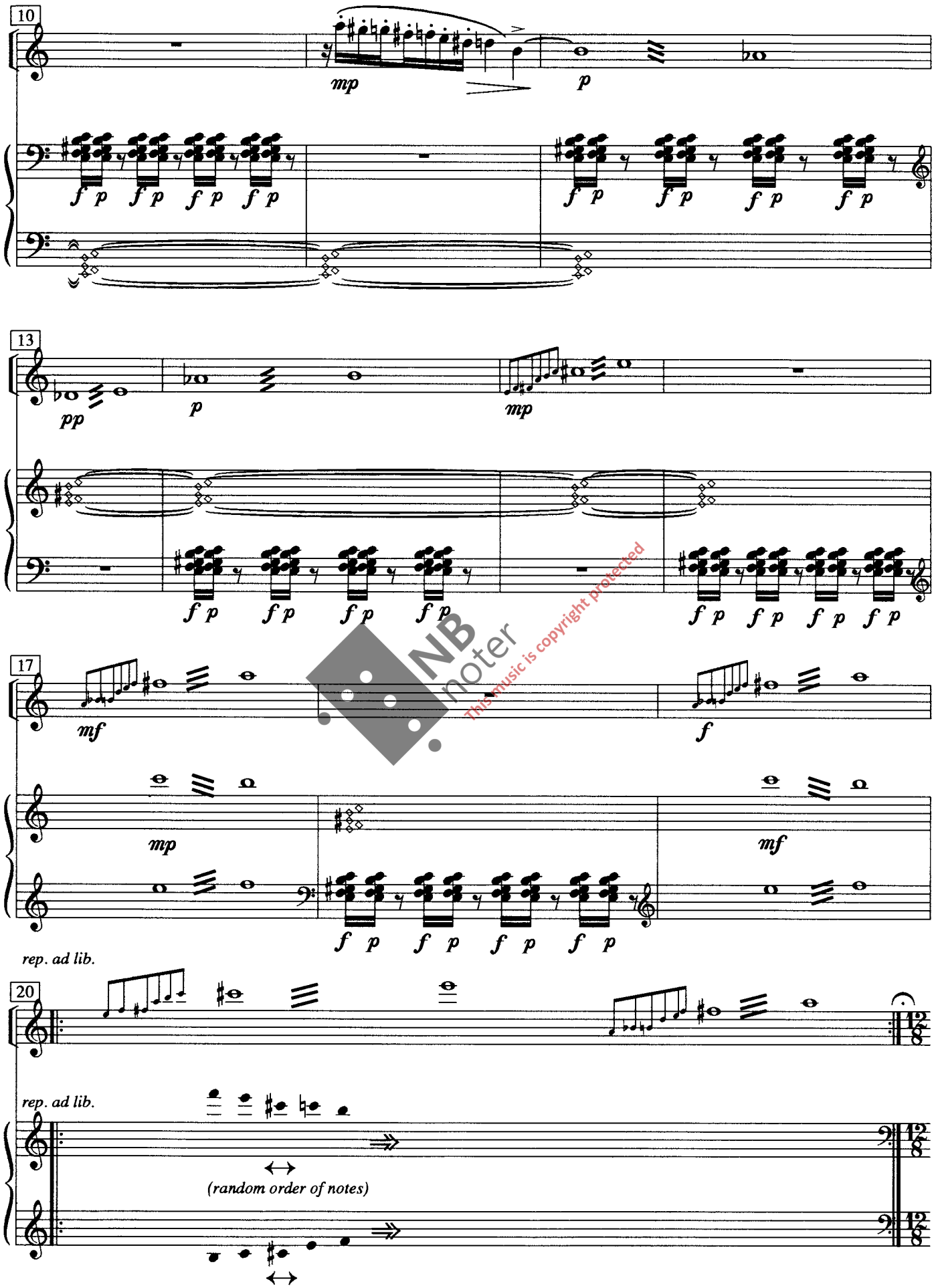

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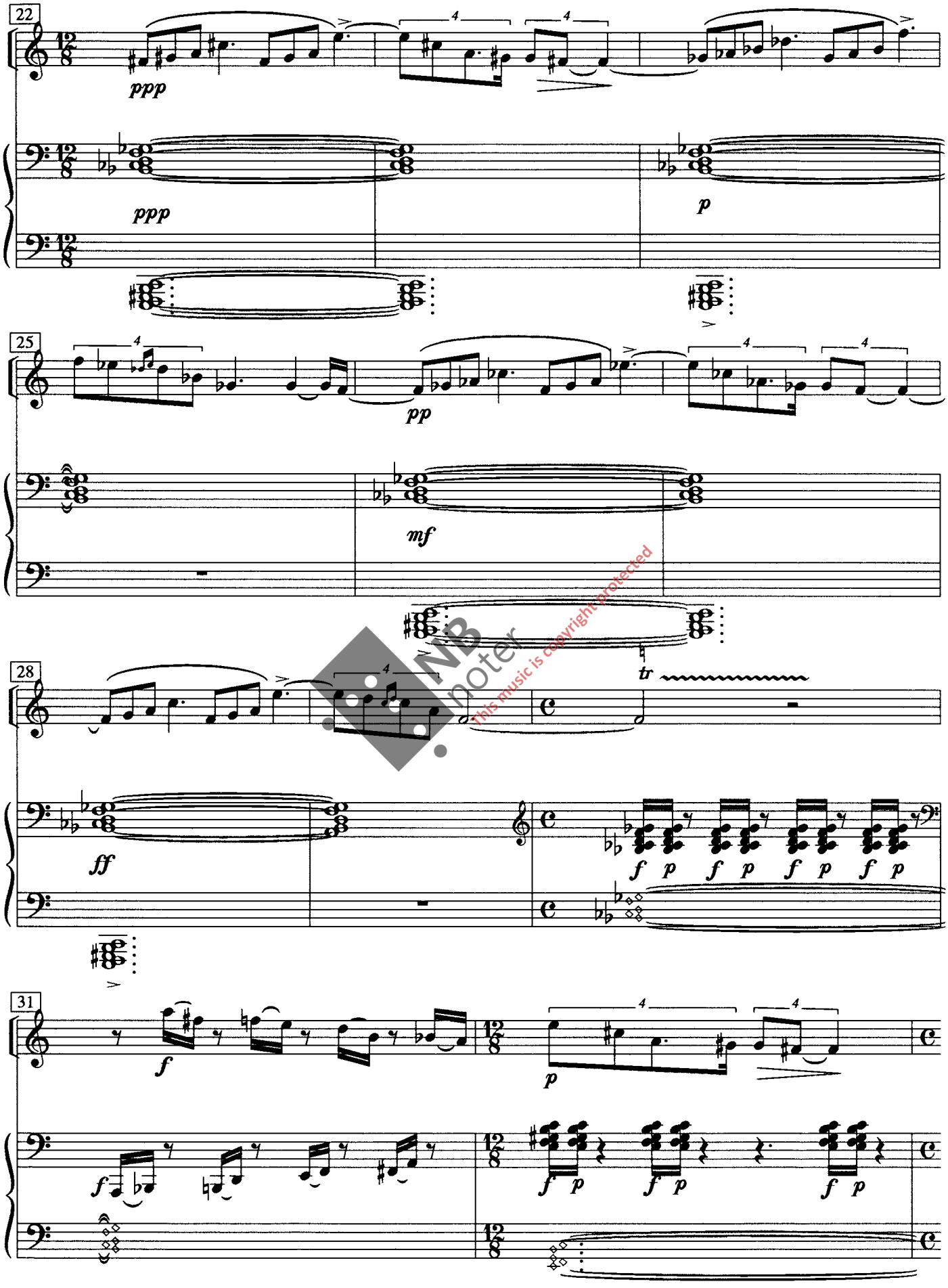

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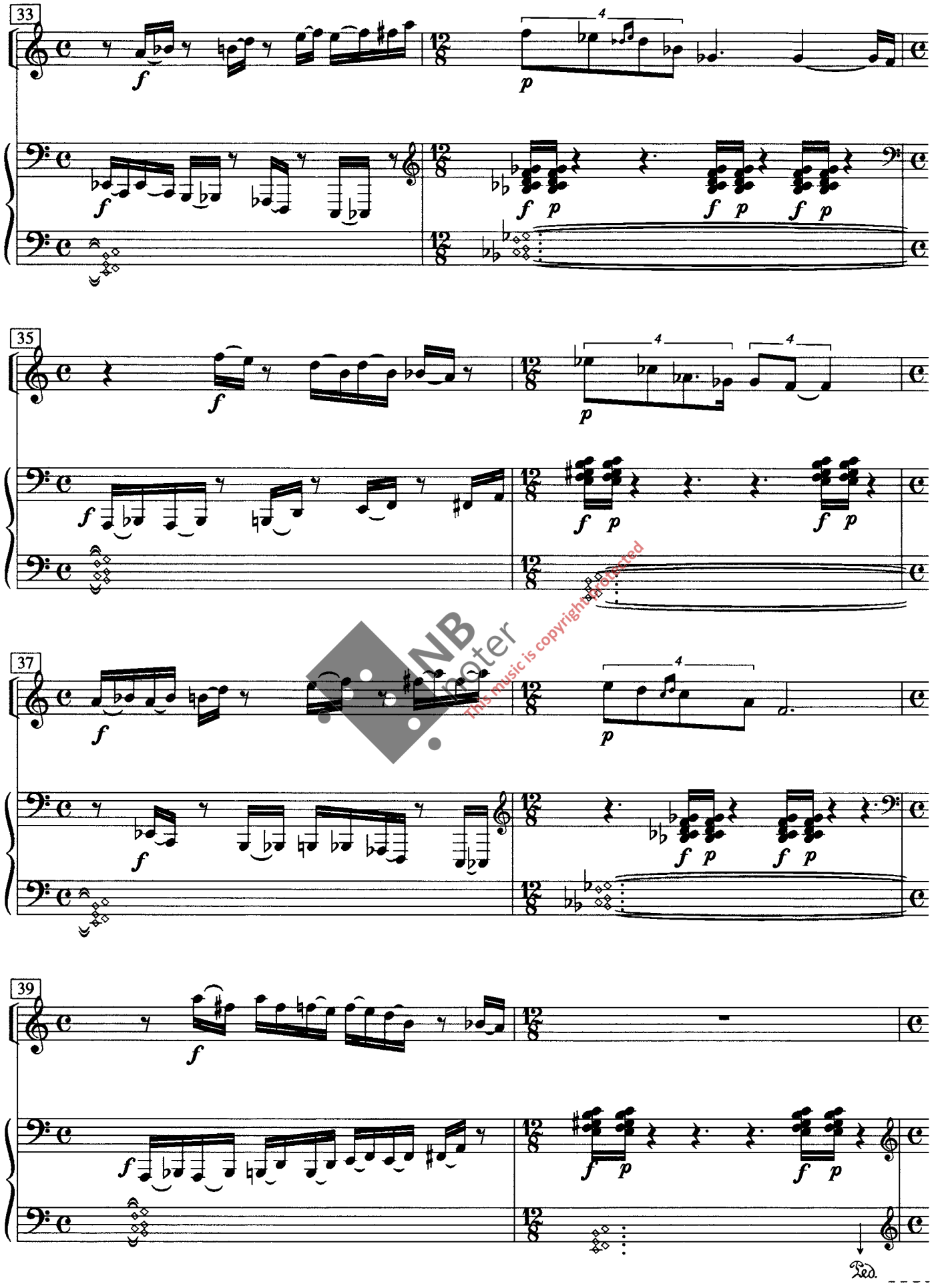

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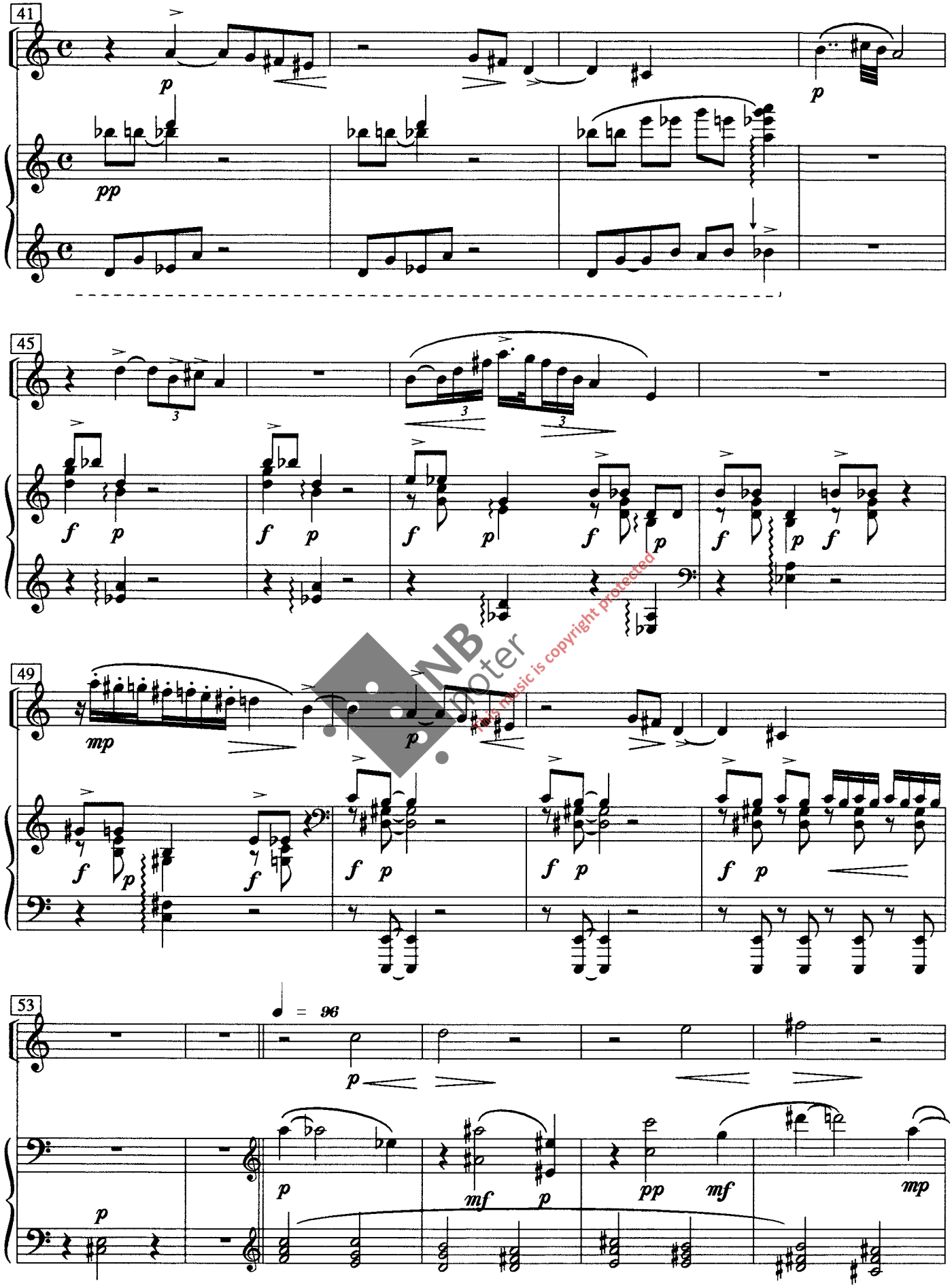

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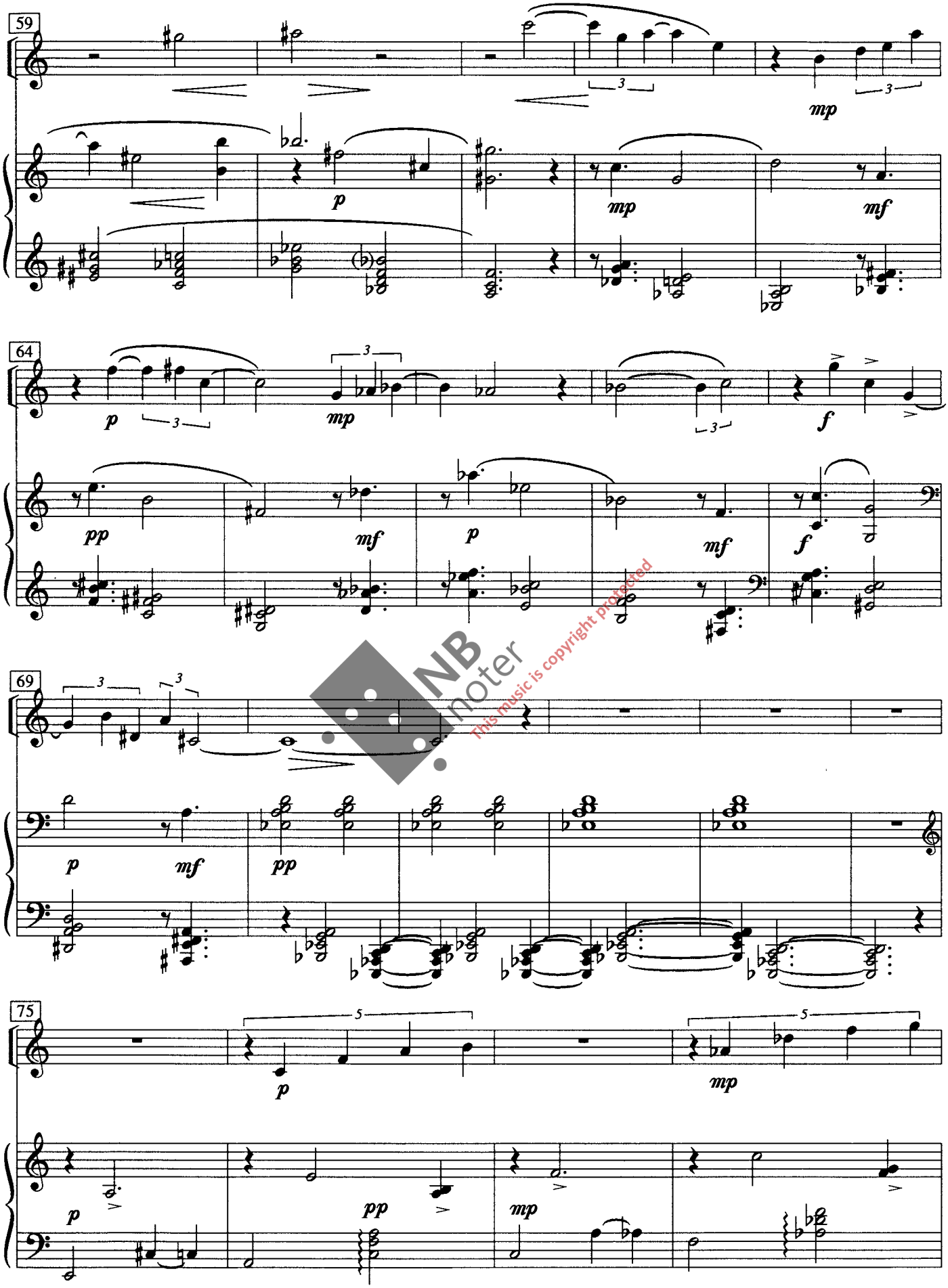

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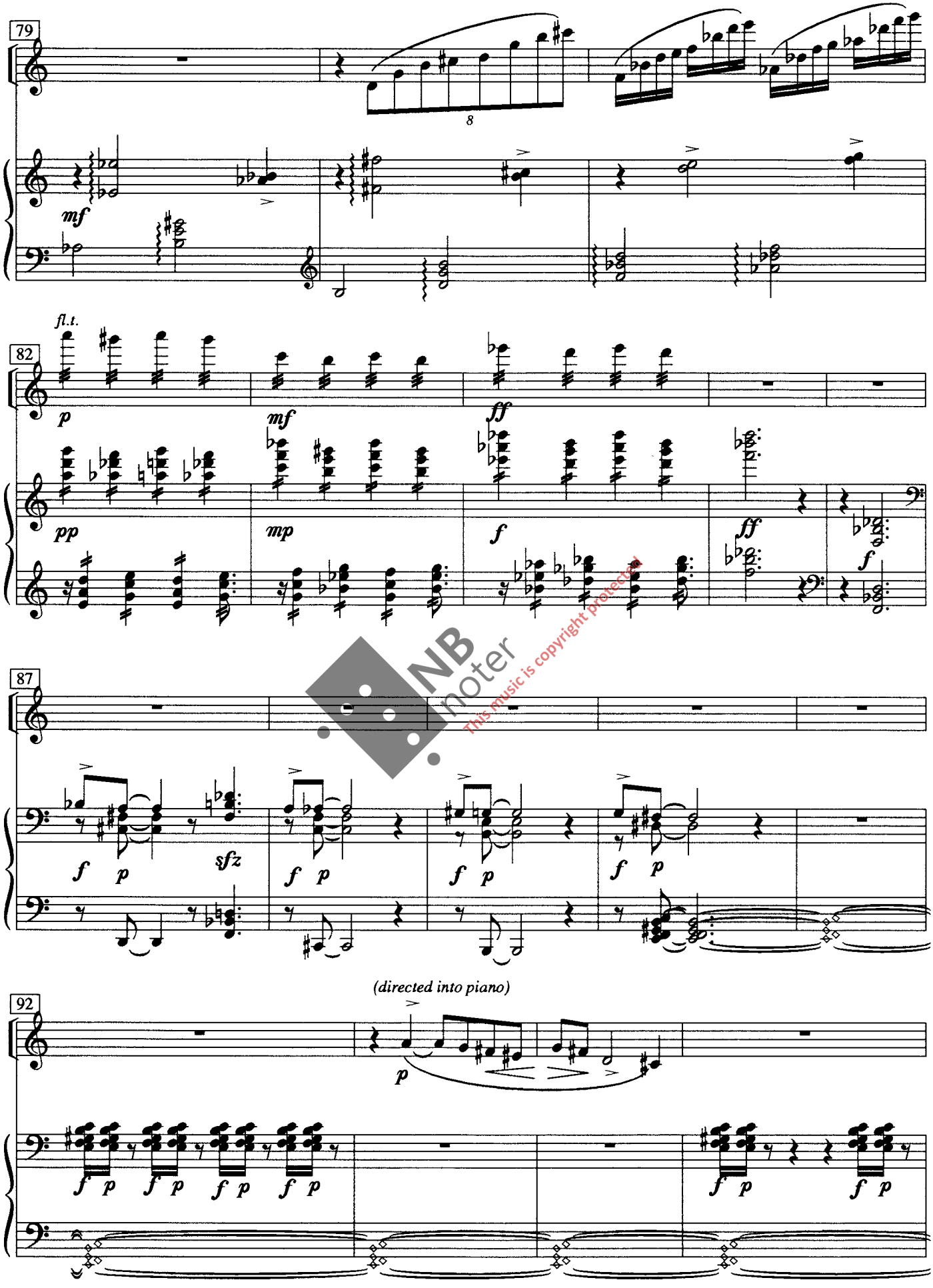

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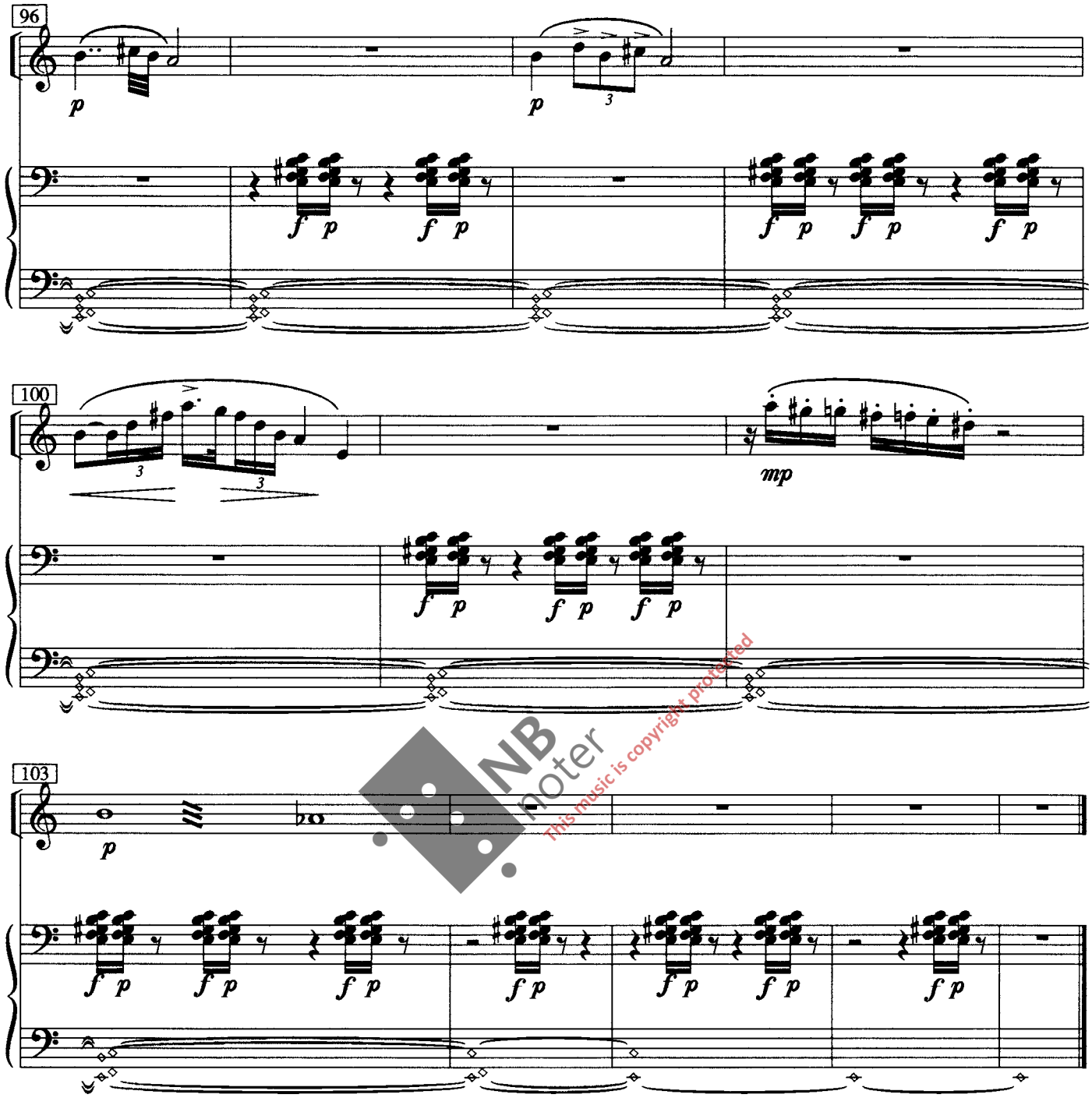

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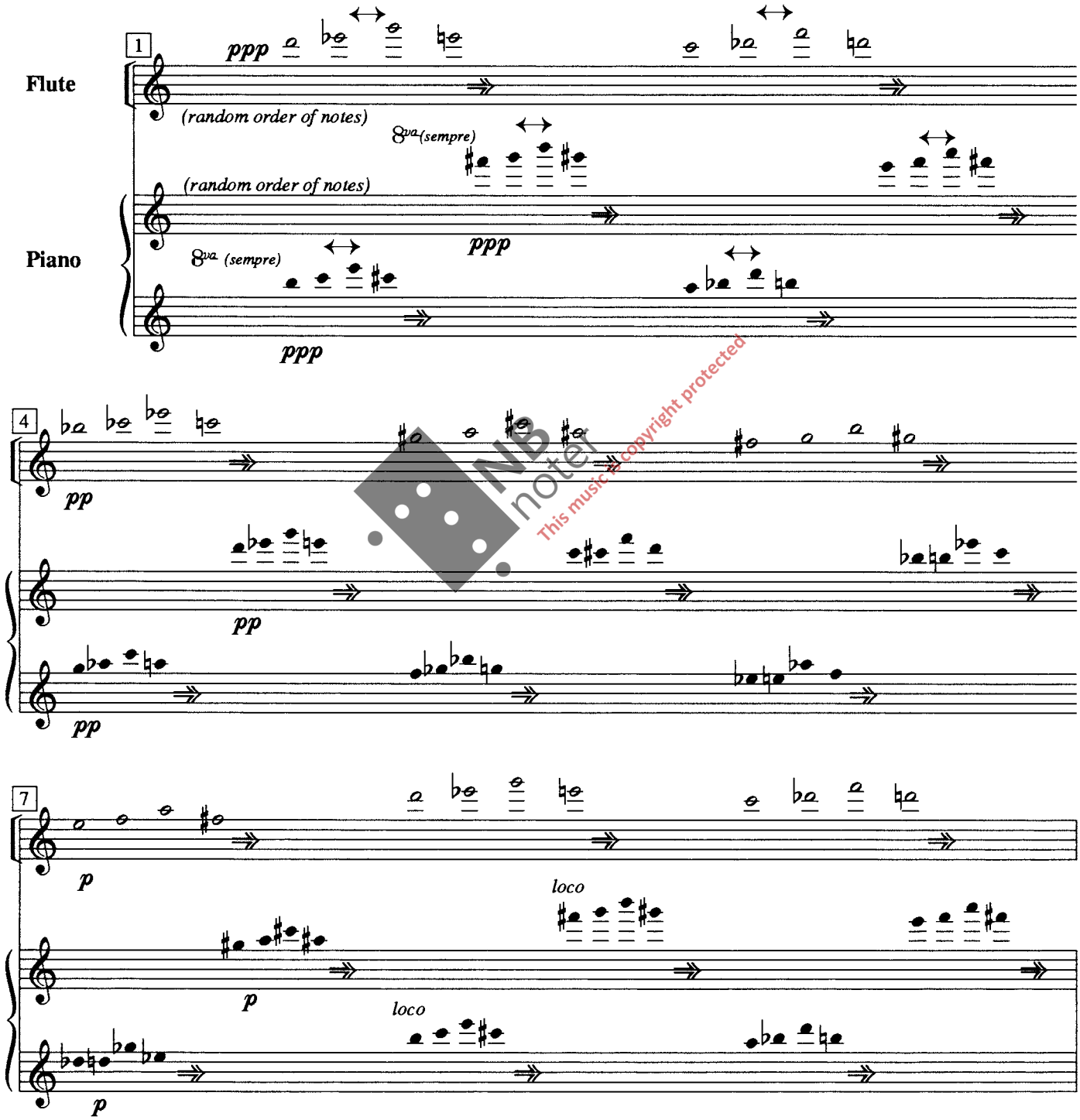

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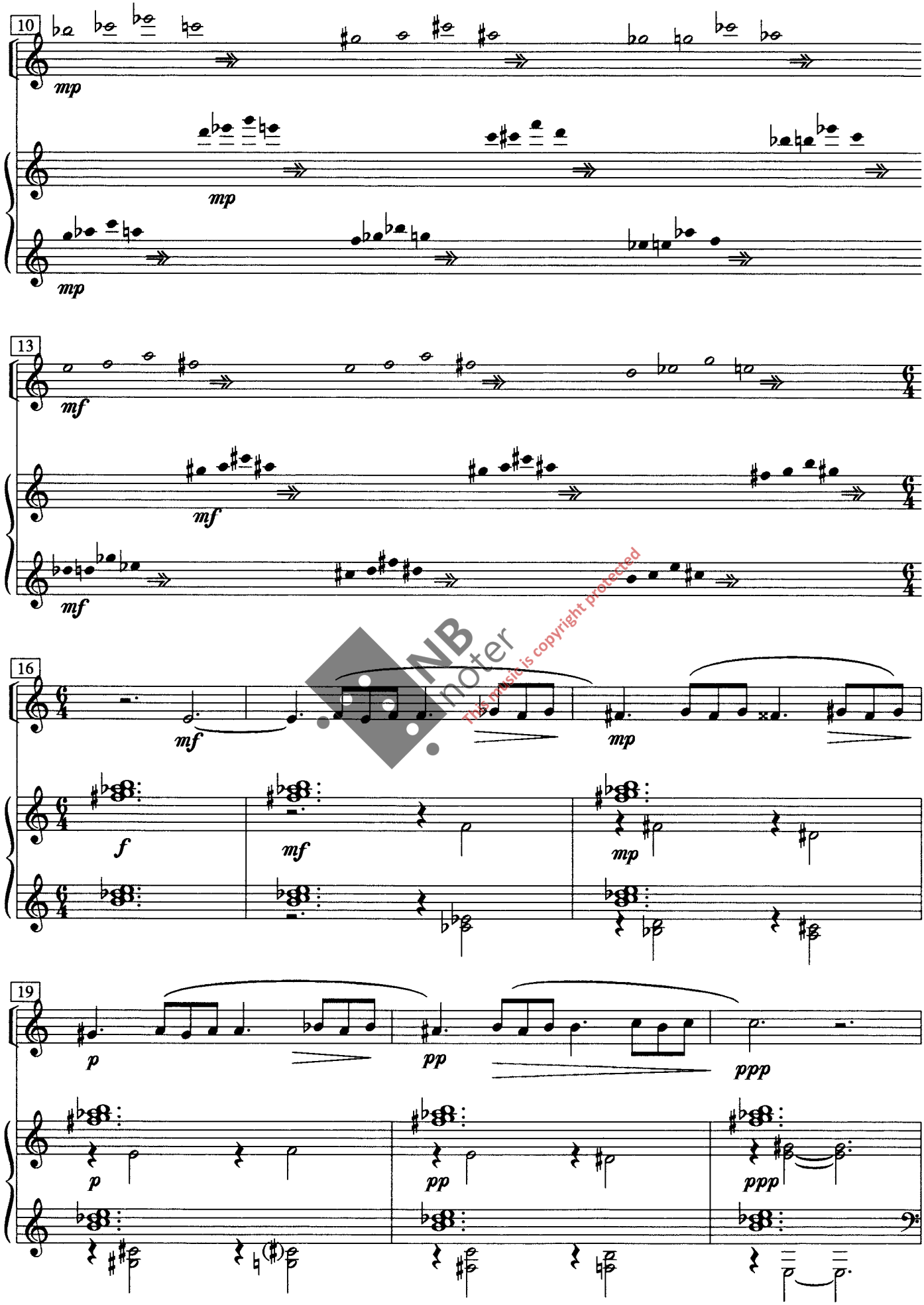

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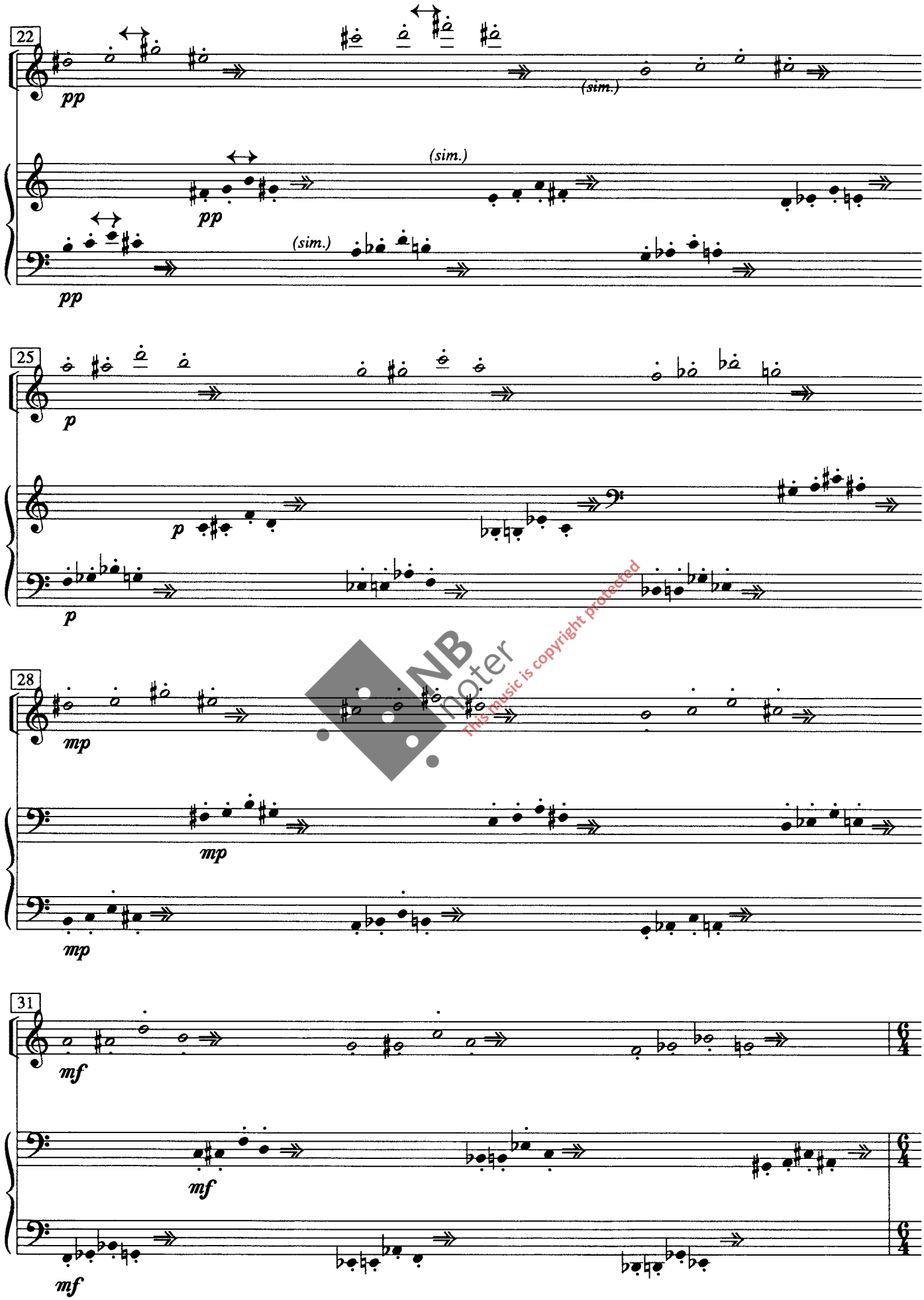

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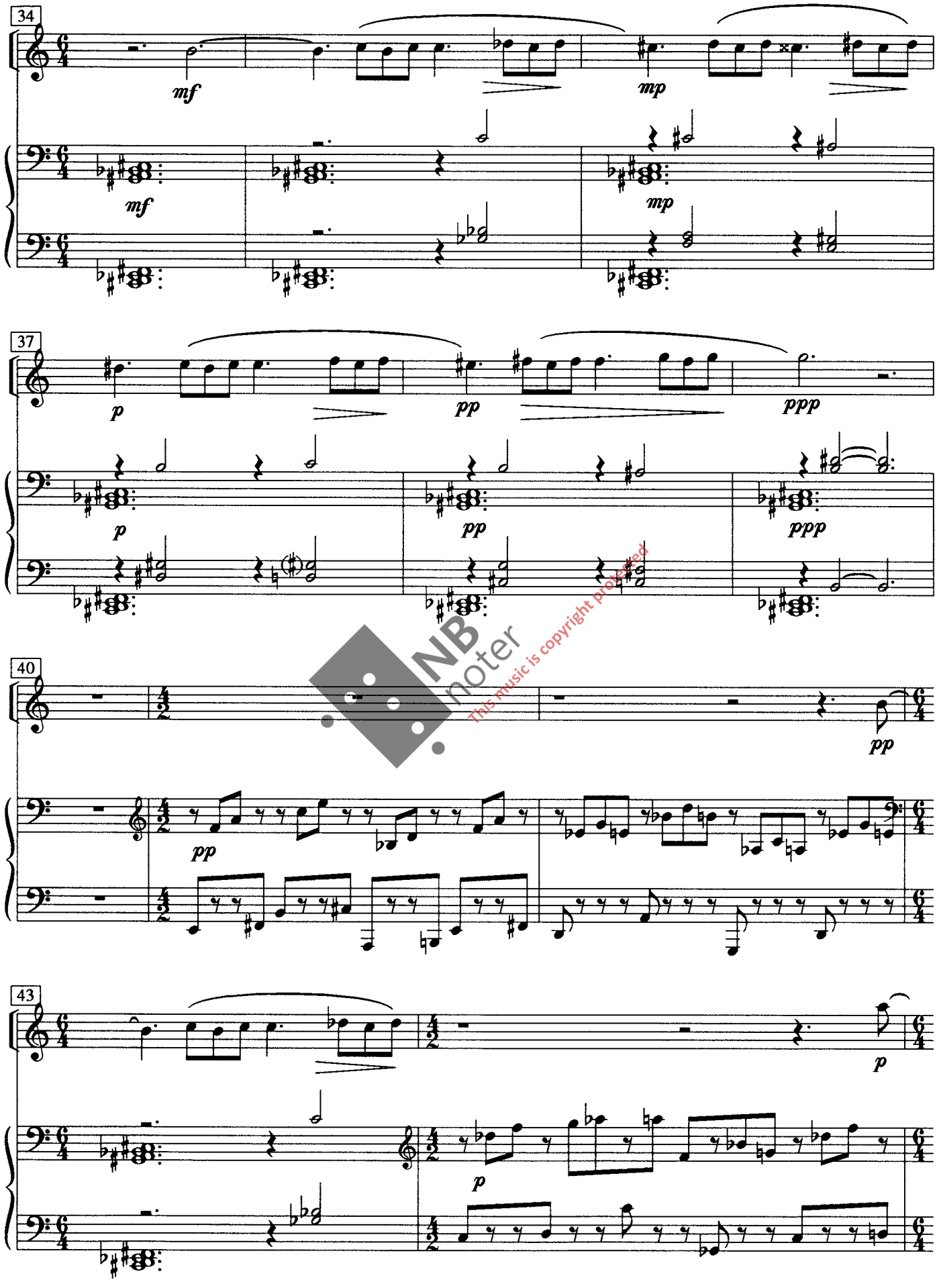

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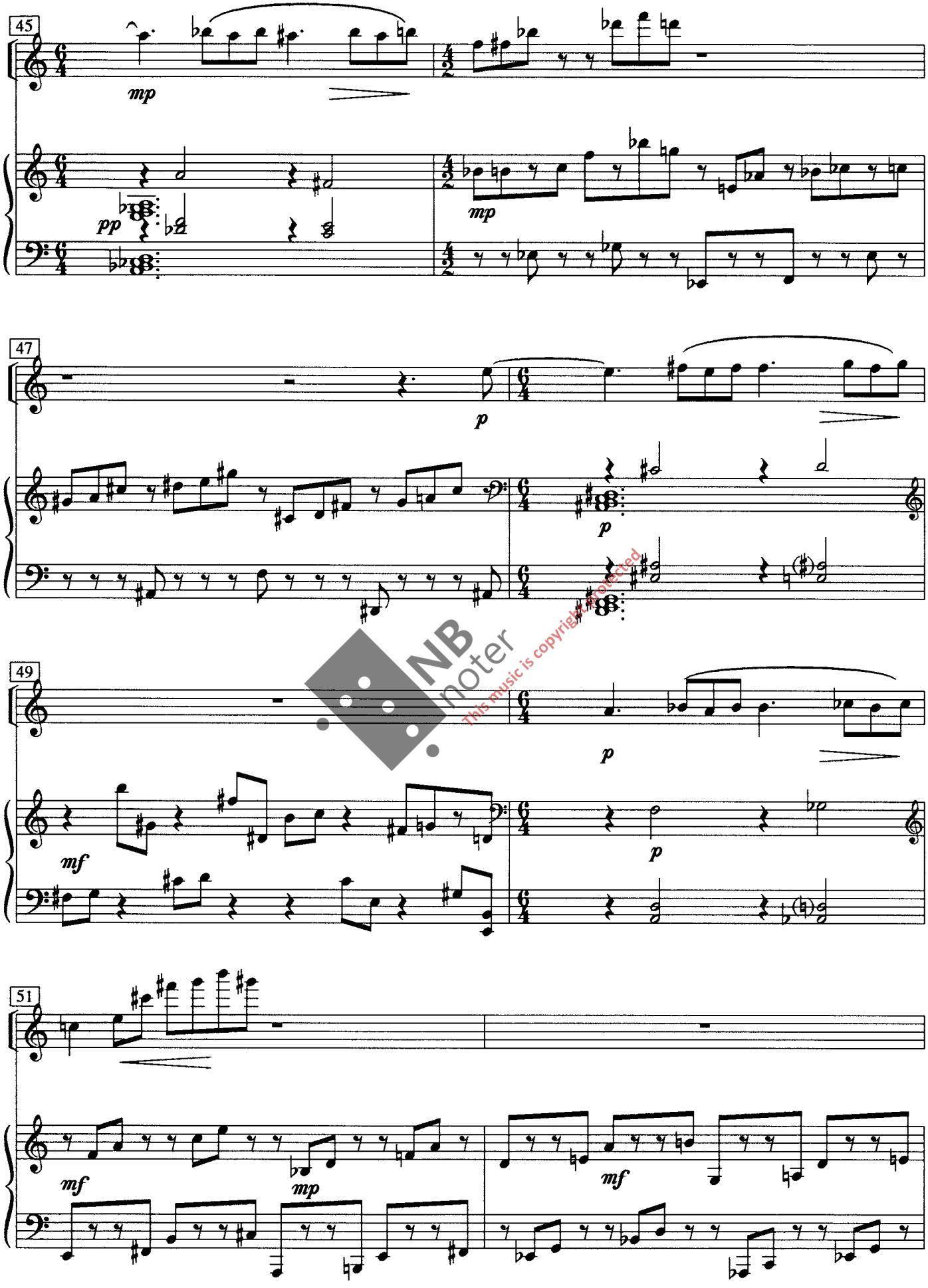

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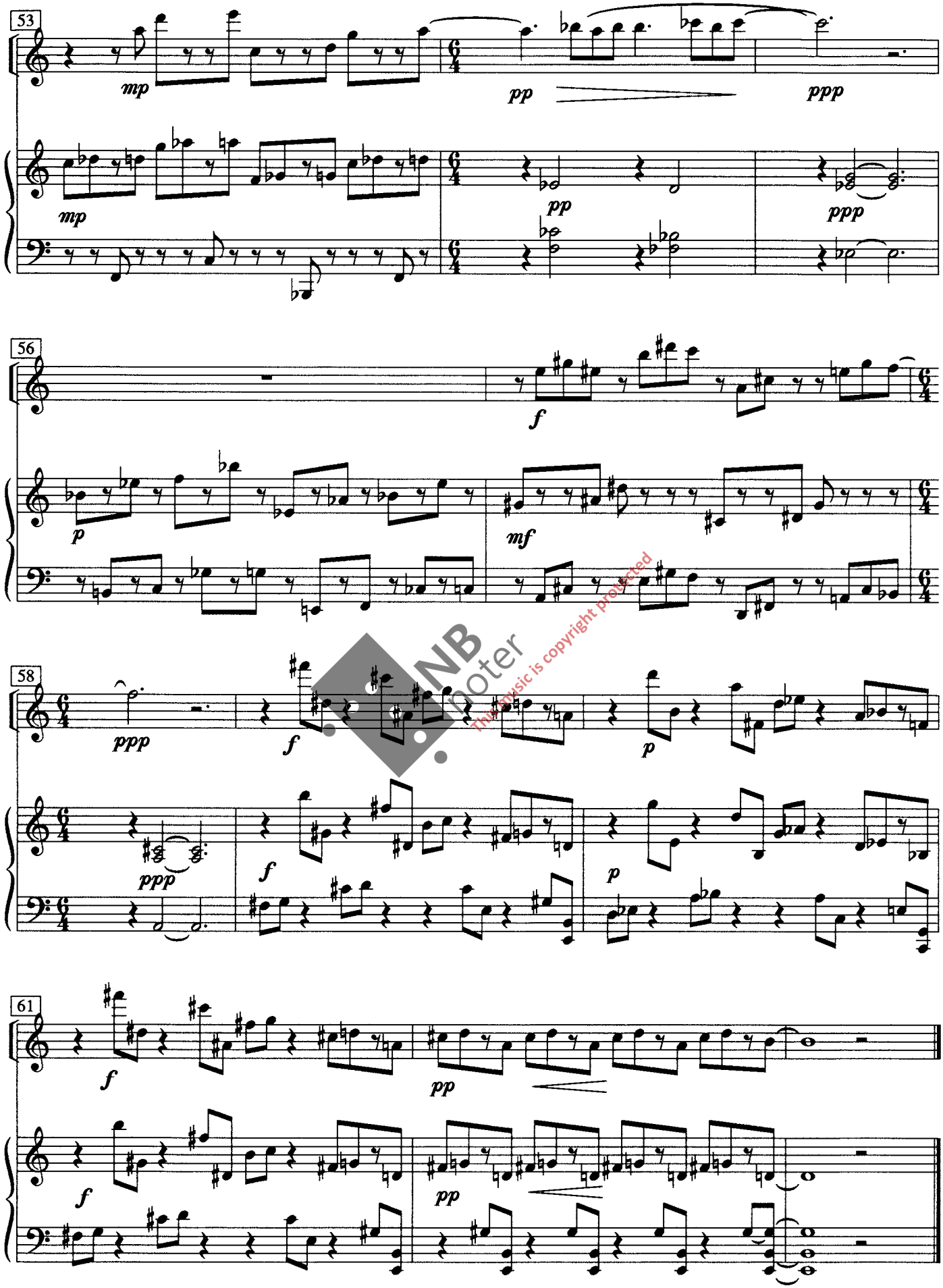

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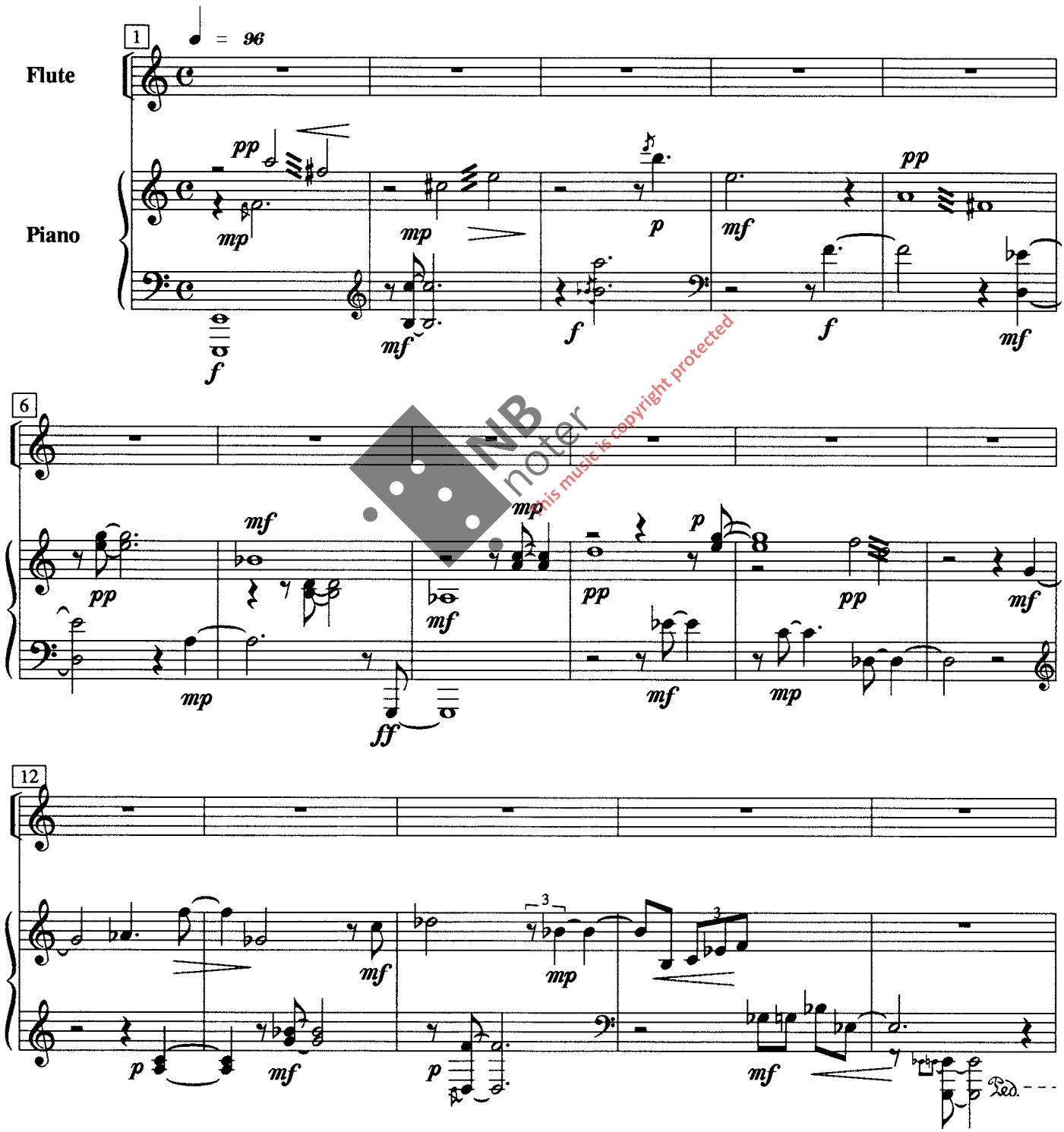
7 Stambogsrim



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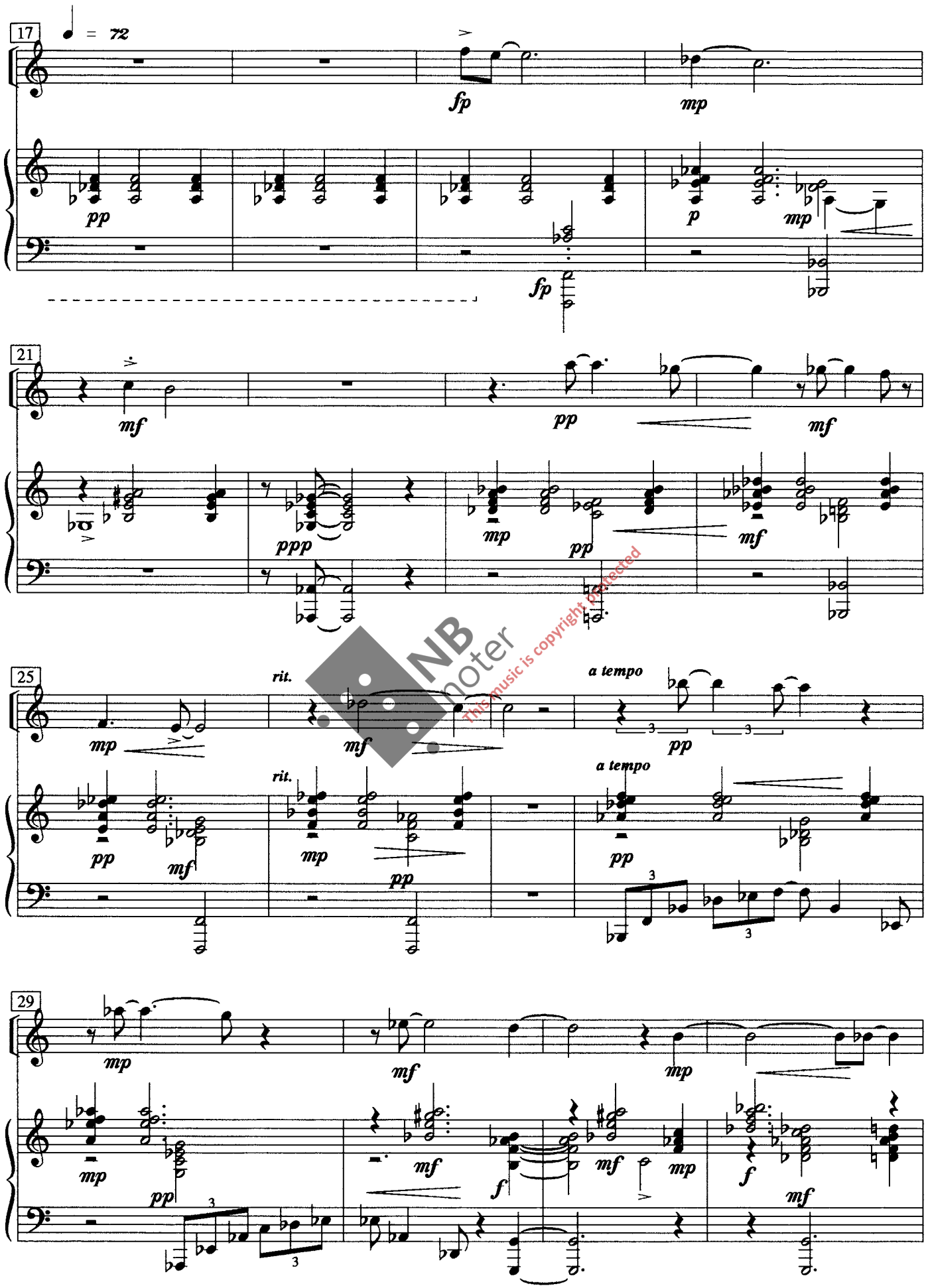

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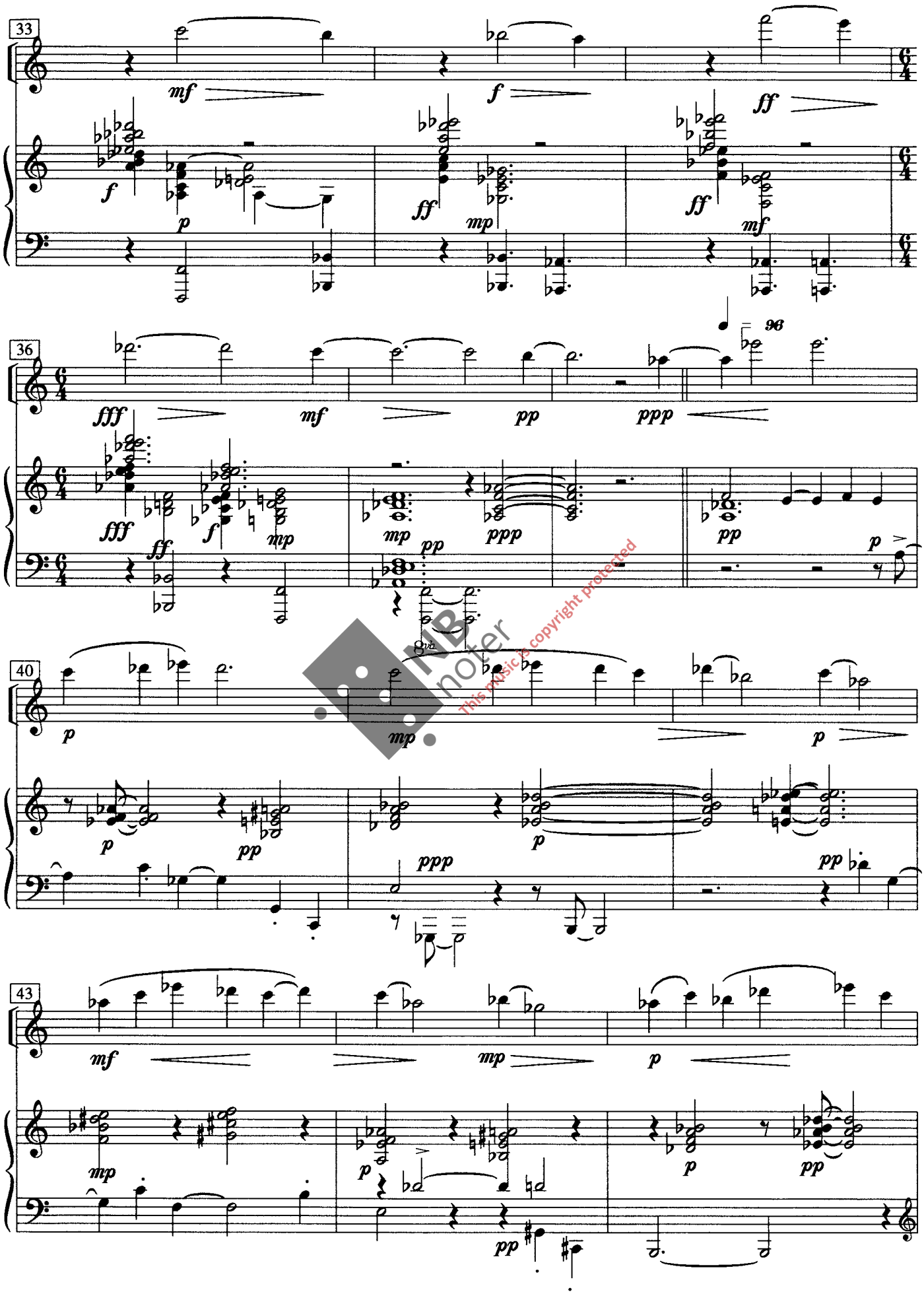
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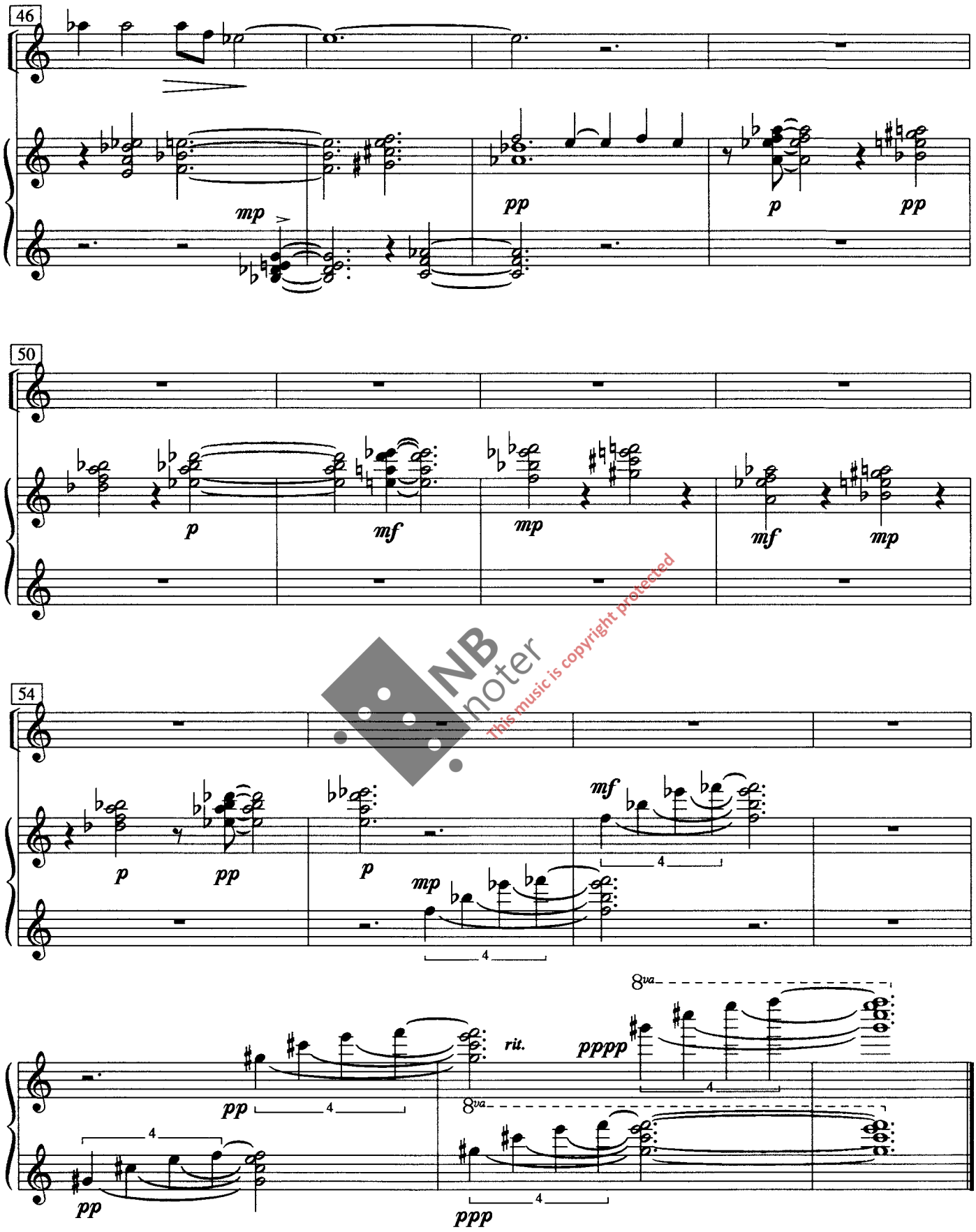

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Farligt, farligt der at drømme
Sofiemyr, 27. mai 1993

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