

Music in Action

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ONCE UPON A TIME | The Fairytales of Hans Christian Andersen

Lotte Betts-Dean, *mezzo-soprano* | Joseph Havlat, *piano*

FRANK LOESSER | 'The King's New Clothes' from *Hans Christian Andersen*

SERGEI PROKOFIEV | 'Gadkiy utyonok', Op. 18 (The Ugly Duckling)

MICHAEL FINNISSY | Andersen Liederkreis No. 3: 'Behind the lake at Sorø'

AUGUST ENNA | 'Im Himmel sitzen die Engelein' (In Heaven dwell the angels fair) from *Das Streichholzmädel* (The Little Match Girl)

ARTHUR HONEGGER | Trois Chansons de *La Petite Sirène* (Three Songs from *The Little Mermaid*)
Chanson des Sirènes (Song of the Mermaids)
Berceuse de la Sirène (Mermaid's Lullaby)
Chanson de la Poire (Song of the pear)

EDVARD GRIEG | *Hjertets melodier*, Op. 5 (Melodies of the Heart)
To brune Øjne (Two brown eyes)
Du fatter ej Bølgernes evige Gang (The Poet's Heart)
Jeg elsker Dig (I love you)
Min Tanke er et mægtigt Fjeld (My heart is like a mountain steep)

SERGEI BORTKIEWICZ | *Aus Andersens Märchen*, Op. 30 No. 4: 'Der Engel' (The Angel)

FRANK LOESSER | 'Thumbelina' from *Hans Christian Andersen*

NIELS GADE | 'Snee-Dronningen' (The Snow Queen)

CARL NIELSEN | 'Studie efter Naturen' (Nature Study)

CARL REINECKE | 'Gesang der Königskinder' (Song of the King's Children) from *Die Wilden Schwäne*, Op. 164 (The Wild Swans)

MICHAEL FINNISSY | Andersen Liederkreis No. 12: We saw each other

FRANK LOESSER | 'The Inch Worm' from *Hans Christian Andersen*

KATE BUSH | 'The Red Shoes' arr. Joseph Havlat

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

THE KING'S NEW CLOTHES

Loesser

Once upon a time there was a King,
who was very fond of wearing new clothes.
One day, two swindlers came to sell him what
they said was a magic suit of clothes.
Now to tell the truth there wasn't any suit of
clothes,
But the swindlers held up their hands like this, and
said
"Your Majesty, this is a magic suit."
Naturally since you're very wise and intelligent, you
can see
How beautiful it is, but to a fool, it is absolutely
invisible."
"I see!" Said the King, and not wanting to appear a
fool, he added:

"Isn't it grand! Isn't it fine! Look at the cut, the style,
the line!
The suit of clothes is altogether, but altogether it's
altogether
The most remarkable suit of clothes that I have ever
seen.
These eyes of mine at once determined
The sleeves are velvet, the cape is ermine
The hose are blue and the doublet is a lovely shade
of green
Somebody send for the Queen!"

And they summoned the Queen and she was told
How only wise people could see the magic suit.
Naturally, not wanting to appear a fool, she said:

"Well, isn't it great! Isn't it rich! Look at the charm of
every stitch!
The suit of clothes is altogether, but altogether it's
altogether
The most remarkable suit of clothes that I have ever
seen
These eyes of mine at once determined
The sleeves are velvet, the cape is ermine
The hose are blue and the doublet is a lovely shade
of green
Summon the court to convene!"

And the court convened: the ministers, the
ambassadors,
The counts and the dukes,
and they were all told about the magic suit of clothes.
And naturally not wanting to seem like fools they quickly
agreed...

"Isn't it ohhh! Isn't it ahhh! Isn't it absolutely (!!!)
The suit of clothes is altogether, but altogether, it's
altogether
The most remarkable suit of clothes as you've already
said,
These eyes of ours at once determine the sleeves are
velvet,
The cape is ermine, the hose are blue and the doublet is a
lovely shade of green.

And the King issued a proclamation as follows:

"Isn't it grand! Isn't it fine! Look at the cut, the style, the
line!
The suit of clothes is altogether, but altogether it's
altogether
The most remarkable suit of clothes a tailor ever made!
Now quickly, put it altogether
With gloves of leather and hat and feather
It's altogether the thing to wear in Saturday's parade
Leading the royal brigade!"

Saturday came and by that time everyone had heard
about the King's
New clothes and that he was going to wear them in the
parade.
The people lined the streets as the Artillery came by,
The cavalry, the Fife and Drum Corps, the Royal Guard,
And finally the King!
And everybody cheered, for nobody wanted to appear a
fool.
Nobody, that is, except one little boy, who for some
reason hadn't heard about
the magic suit and didn't know what he was supposed to
see.
He took one look and exclaimed...

"Look at the King! Look at the the King! Look at the King, the King, the King!
The King is in the altogether, but altogether, the altogether
He's altogether as naked as the day that he was born
The King is in the altogether, but altogether, the altogether
It's altogether the very least the King has ever worn"

GADKIY UTYONOK

Prokofiev / Andersen

Translated to Russian from original Danish by Nina Alexeyevna Krivosheina, née Meshcherskaya

Kak chorošo bylo v derevne!
Solnce veselo sijalo, rož' zolotilas',
Dušistoe seno ležalo v stogach.
V zelenom ugolke, sredi lopuchov,
Utka sidela na jajcach.
Ej bylo skučno, ona utomilas' ot dolgogo sidenija.

Nakonec, zatreščali skorlupki odna za drugoj.
Utjata vylezli na svet.
Kak velik božij mir! Kak velik božij mir!
Poslednij utėnok byl očen' nekrasiv,
Bez per'ev, na dlennyh nogach.

Už ne indjušonok li?! -
Ispugalas' sosedka-utka.
Pošėl utinyj vyvodok na ptičij dvor.
Deržites', deti, prjamo, lapki vroz'.
Poklonites' nizko toj staroj utke,
Ona ispanskoj porody.
Vidite u nej na lape krasnuju tesemku?
Èto vysšij znak otličija dlja utki!

Utjata nizko klanjalis' ispanskoj utke
I skoro osvoilis' so vsem naseleniem
Ptič'ego dvora. Plocho prišlos'
Tol'ko bednomu nekrasivomu utėnku.

Nad nim vse smejalis', gnali ego otovsjudu,
Želali, čtoby koška s"ela skoree ego.
Kury klevali ego, utki ščipali,
Ljudi tolkali nogoj, a indejskij petuch,
Naduvšis', kak korabl' na parusach,
Naskočil na nesčastnogo utėnka!

Utėnok sobral vse svoi sily i pereletel čerez zabor.
Ptički, sidevšie v kustach, vsporchnuli s ispugu.
Utėnok podumal: Èto ottogo, čto ja takoj gadkij...
On zakryl glaza, no vse že prodolžal bežat',
Poka ne dostig bolota. Tam dikie utki
Nakinulis' na nego: Ty čto za ptica?!

Summon the court physician! Call an intermission!
His majesty is wide open to ridicule and scorn.

The King is in the altogether, but all together, the altogether
He's altogether as naked as the day that he was born
And it's altogether too chilly a morn!

THE UGLY DUCKLING

English translation © Marilyn Bulli

It was beautiful in the country!
The golden wheat rolled in waves. The grass was green,
the hay was put to the millstone, the sun shone.
In the shade of the reeds, alone at the bottom of the garden,
a duck sat on her nest.
She was sad and very tired of sitting.

All of a sudden the eggshells gaily burst one by one.
All the little ones saw the day.
"What a grand world!"
Of all the brood, one alone was ugly,
without feathers, his feet too long.

"What a horror, a true turkey!"
cried all the gossiping ducks.
All the little ones reached the farmyard.
"Children, hold your feet well apart.
Say hello to the old duck.
She is Spanish!
Do you see that red scarf around her foot?
It is a distinction very rare among the ducks."

The little ones bowed before her.
Soon they knew all the customs of the farmyard.
Sad and all alone
lived the featherless ugly duckling.

His fate was terrible. He knew nothing but hatred.
Everyone wished him to be eaten by the cat.
He was pecked at by the rooster
and by the guinea-fowl. They found him much too ugly.
The turkey, turning red, clucking and inflating himself
like a sail, attacked the little weak and trembling one.

Then the duckling, by flapping his wings, got over the wall of the yard and flew away.
Birds quickly flew away when he approached.
The poor little one thought, "It's because I am ugly that they fly away when I arrive."

Utěnok povoračivalsja na vse storony.
Ty užasno gadok!
Utěnok klanjalsja kak tol'ko mog niže.
Ne vzdumaj ženit'sja na kom-nibud' iz nas!
Mog li podumat' ob etom utěnok!

Tak načalis' ego stranstvovanija.
Čego tol'ko ne vyterpel on za etu strašnuju osen'!

Inogda on časami sidel v kamyšach,
Zamiraja ot stracha, droža ot ispuga,
A vystrely ochotnichov razdavalis' po vsemu lesu.
Strašnaja past' sobaki zijala nad ego golovoj.

Stanovilos' cholidnej. Ozero postepenno
zatjagivalos' l'dom.
Utěnok dolžen byl vse vremja plavat', čtob voda ne
zamerzla.
Bylo b sliškom grustno rasskazyvat'
O tech lišen'jach, kakie vynes on v etu zimu!

Odnaždy solnyško prigrelo zemlju svoimi teplymi
lučami,
Žavoronki zapeli, kusty zacveli - prišla vesna.
Veselo vmachnul utěnok kryl'jami.
Za zimu oni uspeli vyrasti.
Podnjalsja na kryl'jach utěnok
I priletel v bol'soj cvetuščij sad.
Tam bylo tak chorošo!

Vdrug iz čašči trostnikov pojavilis'
Tri prekrasných lebedja.
Neponjatnaja sila privlekala utěnka k etim
carstvennym pticam.
Esli on priblizitsja k nim, oni, konečno, ego ub'jut,
Potomu čto on takoj gadkij...

No lučše umeret' ot ich udarov,
Čem terpet' vse, čto vystradal on v prodolženie etoj
zimy!
Ubejte menja... skazal utěnok
I opustil golovu, ožidaja smerti.

No čto on uvidel v čistoj vode? Svoe otražen'e!
No on byl teper' ne gadkoj seroj pticej,

He closed his eyes and painfully made his way to a deep
pond.
There, to his surprise, he saw wild ducks.
"What is this monster??"
The poor little duck hung his head, all a-tremble.
"You are very grotesque!!"
The poor one made deep bows.
"Don't you dream of marrying one of us!!"
Oh, he was far from dreaming of marriage.

It was the beginning of his sad adventures.
During the autumn months he endured nothing but harm
and suffering.

He spent the days trembling in the reeds, ravaged by
anguish,
dying of terror,
while hunters shot without stopping, close to the gloomy
lake.
Then an enormous dog hurled himself at the duck,
wanting to eat him.

The weather became much colder. Little by little the ice
covered the waters of the lake.
The duckling had to swim constantly to keep a corner
open.
And he experienced other sufferings, other miseries,
during the terrible icy winter.

The clear sun finally regained its strength; nature was
revived.
The birds sang and the air was clear. Oh, beautiful
springtime!
The duck happily beat his wings,
which felt bigger and stronger.
He flew into space
and landed in a flowering garden.
The park was beautiful!

Suddenly, gliding over the water appeared
three swans, beautiful and graceful.
A strong force attracted him against his will to the proud
and noble birds.
Yet if he approached them certainly he would be killed,
because wasn't he truly a monster?

Better to be killed by these beautiful swans,
than to endure again the misfortunes he suffered through
the winter.
"All right, kill me!" he said quietly,
and resignedly lowered his head waiting for death.

In the dazzling clear water, he saw his reflection. What
joy!

A prekrasnym lebedem.
Ne beda v gnezde utinom rodit'sja,
Bylo b jajco lebedinoe!

He was no longer a bird without feathers,
but a swan, beautiful and proud.
It is possible to be born in the nest of a duck
as long as the egg is that of a swan!

Solnce laskalo ego, siren' sklonjalas' pred nim,
Lebedi nežno ego celovali!
Mog li on mečtat' o takom sčast'e,
Kogda byl gadkim utënkom?

In the rays of the sun the waters of the lake rocked him,
and tenderly the beautiful swans embraced him.
Could he ever have had such a beautiful dream
when he was a bird without feathers?!

ANDERSEN-LIEDERKREIS NO. 3 FOR THE ALBUM OF MADAME GROVE, NEÉ FENGER

Finnissy / Finnissy

Behind the lake at Sorø, with Ingemann and his wife, we enter the presbytery,
We hear the joyful voices of children.
Later, we walk through the forest of beech-trees, to the edge of the lake.
It is now the time of the full moon, and a nightingale is singing.

'IM HIMMEL SITZEN DIE ENGELEIN' FROM 'DAS STREICHHOLZMÄDEL'

Enna

Im Himmel sitzen die Engelein
mit schönen goldenen Flügelein fein
Sie schweben hernieder und tragen empor
manch schlafendes Kind zu der Seligen Chor,
zu Gott, zu Gott in die himmlischen Hallen.

Im Himmel holde Musik erklingt,
die süßeste Freude den Seligen winkt!
Sie lauschen der Engelein Jubelgesang
und goldener Harden sanftem Klang,
dort oben, dort oben in den himmlischen Hallen

Wie freuen sie sich dort im Saale, dem warmen,
doch Keiner beachtet mich und hilft der Armen!
Meine Hände erstarren, kaum noch kann ich sie
rühren,
das Blut in den Adern will zu Eis mir erfrieren.
Ein Streichholz nehm' ich, wie sollt' ich mich
bedenken?
Es wird, so lang es brennt, mir Wärme schenken.

IN HEAVEN DWELL THE ANGELS FAIR FROM THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

In Heaven dwell the angels fair,
And many children they've borne up there.
They float to Earth on their wings of gold,
And gather them into that happy fold,
With God, with God in the heavenly mansions.

In Heaven grow flowers of fadeless bloom,
The blessed there know neither sorrow nor gloom,
Enraptured they listen to the angel choirs,
As they sing and play on their golden lyres,
Above, above in the Heavenly mansions.

How happy they are there near the hearthfire
glowing,
They mind not the frosty wind, which round me is
blowing!
How stiff are my hands! I scarce have any feeling,
And oh, what a drowsiness is over me stealing!
A match I'll light, my blood to ice is turning,
'Twill give a little warmth, while it is burning.

TROIS CHANSONS DE LA PETITE SIRÈNE

CHANSON DES SIRÈNES

Honegger / Morax

Dans le vent et dans le flot
dissous toi fragile écume
Dissous toi dans un sanglot
pauvre cœur rempli d'amertume

Prends ton vol dans le ciel bleu
vois la mort n'est pas cruelle.
Tu auras la paix de Dieu
viens à nous âme immortelle...

BERCEUSE DE LA SIRÈNE

Honegger / Morax

Danse avec nous dans le bel Océan
le matin ou le soir sous la lune d'argent.
Plonge avec nous dans le flot transparent,
chante au soleil dans l'écume et le vent.
Mer berce nous dans tes bras caressants
Mer berce nous sur ton cœur frémissant.

CHANSON DE LA POIRE

Honegger / Morax

C'est l'histoire
d'une poire
on la cueille
dans les feuilles
on la tape
tant et tant,
qu'elle en claque
en trois temps
d'une attaque
Il faut boire
à la poire
un bon coup.
Il faut boire
et c'est tout.

SONG THE SIRENS

English Translation © Richard Stokes 2019

In the wind and in the waves,
Dissolve, fragile foam,
Dissolve in a sob,
Poor heart filled with bitterness.

Soar up into the blue sky,
Behold – death is not cruel.
You shall have the peace of God,
Come to us, immortal soul.

THE SIREN'S LULLABY

English Translation © Richard Stokes 2019

Dance with us in the beautiful ocean,
Morning or evening beneath the silver moon.
Plunge with us into the clear waves,
Sing to the sun in the spume and the wind.
Sea – rock us in your caressing arms,
Sea – rock us on your quivering heart.

SONG OF THE PEAR

English Translation © Richard Stokes 2019

This is the story
Of a pear
You pick it
From the leaves
You tap it
Many times
So that it dies
In triple time
From a stroke
We must toast
The pear
And drink deeply.
We must drink
And that's all.

HJERTETS MELODIER MELODIES OF THE HEART

TO BRUNE ØJNE

Grieg / Andersen

To brune Øjne jeg nylig saa,
i dem mit Hjem og min Verden laa.
Der flammed' Snillet og Barnets Fred;
jeg glemmer dem aldrig i Evighed!

DU FATTER EJ BØLGERNES EVIGE GANG

Grieg / Andersen

Du fatter ej Bølgernes evige Gang,
Ej Aanden, som svulmer i Tonernes Klang.
Ej Følelsen dybt i Blomstens Duft,
Sollysets Flamme mod Storm og Luft,
De Fugles Kvidren af Længsel og Lyst,
og tror dog, Du fatter en Digtets Bryst?

Der svulmer det mer end i Bølgernes Gang,
der findes jo Kilden til hver en Sang,
Der vokser Blomster med evig Duft,
der brænder det uden den kølende Luft,
Der kæmpe Aander i Længsel og Lyst.
De kæmpe mod Døden dybt i hans Bryst!

JEG ELSKER DIG

Grieg / Andersen

Min Tankes Tanke ene Du er vorden,
Du er mit Hjertes første Kjærlighed.
Jeg elsker Dig som Ingen her på Jorden,
jeg elsker Dig i Tid og Evighed.

TWO BROWN EYES

English translation © BIS Records and William Jewson

Two brown eyes I recently spied,
And in them lay my home and my world
There talent flamed and peace of the child;
I shall not forget them in eternity.

THE POET'S HEART

English translation © BIS Records and William Jewson

You understand not the eternal beating of the waves
Nor the spirit that dwells in the sound of the notes
Nor the feeling deep in the scent of the flowers,
The flame of the sun against storm and air
The longing and lust of the twittering birds
And yet you believe that you can grasp a poet's
breast?

For it swells more than the beating waves,
And is the source of every song.
The flower grows there, its scent everlasting
And there is fire with no cooling air.
Spirits struggle there, longingly, lustfully,
Fighting with death, deep in his breast.

I LOVE BUT THEE

English translation © BIS Records and William Jewson

You have become the thought of my thoughts.
You are the first love of my heart.
And I love you like no-one on the earth.
I love you now and for ever.

MIN TANKE ER ET MÆGTIGT FJELD

Grieg / Andersen

Min Tanke er et mægtigt Fjeld,
der over Himlene gaar;
mit Hjerte er et Hav saa dybt,
hvor Bølge mod Bølge slaar.

Og Fjeldet løfter dit Billed
højt mod Himlens Blaa.
Men selv, Du lever i Hjertet,
hvor dybe Brændinger gaa.

MY MIND IS LIKE THE MOUNTAIN STEEP

English translation © BIS Records and William
Jewson

My mind is like the mountain steep,
That towers above the skies;
My hear is a sea so deep
Where wave beats against wave.

And the mountain bears up your image
High against the blue sky.
But you dwell in my heart
Where the deep waves break.

THUMBELINA

Loesser

Though you're no bigger than my thumb
Sweet Thumbelina don't be glum
Now now now, ah ah ah, come come come

Hey, Thumbelina, Thumbelina, tiny little thing
Thumbelina dance, Thumbelina sing
Oh, Thumbelina, what's the difference
If you're very small
When your heart is full of love
You're nine feet tall!

Though you're no bigger than my toe
Sweet Thumbelina, keep that glow
And you'll grow, and you'll grow, and you'll grow

Hey, Thumbelina, Thumbelina, tiny little thing
Thumbelina dance, Thumbelina sing
Oh, Thumbelina, what's the difference
If you're very small
When your heart is full of love
You're nine feet tall!

SNEEDRONNINGEN

Gade / Andersen

Høit ligger paa Marken den hvide Sne,
Dog kan man Lyset i Hytten see;
Der venter Pigen ved Lampens Skjær
Paa sin Hjertenskjær.

I Møllen er stille, see Hjulet staaer.
Snart glatter Svenden sit gule Haar,
Saa hopper han lystigt, hei een, to, tre,
Over Iis og Sne.

Han synger omkap med den skarpe Vind,
Der rødmer saa smukt hans sunde Kind.
Snee-Dronningen rider paa sorten Sky
Over Mark og By.

“Du er mig saa smuk ved Snee-Lysets Skjær,
Jeg kaarer Dig til min Hjertenskjær,
Kom, følg mig høit paa min svømmende Ø,
Over Bjerg og Sø!”

Snee-Flokkene falde saa tyst, saa tæt.
“Jeg fanger Dig vist i mit Blomster-Net!
Hvor Snee-Dyngen reiser sig høit paa Eng,
Staaer vor Brudeseng!”

Ei meer kan man Lyset i Hytten see;
I Ringdands hvirvler den hvide Sne,
Et Stjernes kud spiller bag Skyen smukt,
Nu er det alt slukt.

Klart skinner Solen paa Mark og Eng;
Han sover saa sødt i sin Brude-Seng.
Den Pigelil ængstes, til Møllen hun gaaer,
Men Drivhjulet staaer.

STUDIE EFTER NATUREN

Nielsen / Andersen

Solen skinner i Naboens Gaard,
Husene ere saa lave,
Gaarden har Plads til en Mødding kun
og en trealens Have.
Haven er i sin egen Maner,

THE SNOW QUEEN

English translation © Lotte Betts-Dean

Brightly shimmers the snow on the wide path,
Only a lonely light flickers in a little hut.
There, a girl waits for her beloved by the lamplight.

Silent is the mill, the grindstone stands still.
Quickly the young man smooths his blonde hair;
And cheerfully skips, one, two, three,
Over ice and snow.

Happily he sings through the icy wind,
which burns his beautiful cheeks red.
The Snow Queen travels over the forest
upon the grey clouds.

‘How beautiful you are by the snow’s glow,
I choose you to be mine!
Come, follow me to my swimming cloud of snow,
Over the mountains and seas!’

The snowflakes fall so large and dense,
‘My floral web will catch you; oh do not flee me!
My brides’ bed awaits, shimmering and beautiful,
Come, oh betrothed, come,
And fall asleep beside me!’

The light in the little hut shines no more,
The flakes swirl white in thick rows.
A little bright star shoots from the clouds-
And is suddenly extinguished.

The Sun glows brightly over field and forest,
Asleep in the brides’ bed so icy cold.
The girl grows anxious and goes to the mill,
Yet the grindstone stands still.

NATURE STUDY

English Translation © Rebecka Klette

Sunshine over the neighbouring yard,
The houses are so low,
The yard only has room for a dunghill,
and a garden of trees.
The garden has a way of its own,

den har slet ingen Gange;
 men den ejer een Stikkelsbær-Busk, der er saa
 god som saa mange.
 Mutter i Dag har næstendeels skjult baade
 Mødding og Have,
 thi sine Sengklæder paa et Stillads har hun i
 Solen, den Brave!
 Ungerne sole sig si ogsaa lidt,
 ligge paa Dyne og Pude,
 hver har i Haanden et Smørrebrød, som de
 fortære derude;
 Smørret smelter i Solens Brand, - Søvnens over
 dem daler,
 Gaardhanen stikker sit Hoved frem,
 bryster sig stolt og galer.

It has no paths at all,
 but it has one gooseberry shrub, as good as any
 other.
 Today, mother has nearly hidden both dunghill and
 garden,
 for she has put her bedding on a scaffold in the sun,
 the brave one!
 The children are sunbathing too,
 laying on blankets and pillows,
 each with a pastry in their hands, which they are
 eating,
 The butter is melting in the flame of the sun,
 Sleep falls over them,
 The rooster rears his head, proudly puffs himself up,
 and crows.

'GESANG DER KÖNIGSKINDER' SONG OF THE KING'S CHILDREN

FROM DIE WILDEN SCHWÄNE, OP. 164

FROM THE WILD SWANS

Reinecke

Es war einmal ein König gut, der hatte sieben
 Knaben,
 die sein Gemahl, in Hass und Wuth, verwünscht zu
 sieben Raben.
 Darob grämt' sich in bitterm Leid die Schwester treu,
 Erlinde,
 von dannen zog die Königsmaid, das sie die Brüder
 finde.

Once upon a time there was a good King who had seven
 boys,
 whose wife, in hatred and rage, cursed to become seven
 ravens.
 Their faithful sister Erlinde grieved in bitter sorrow.
 So, this royal maiden went to find her brothers.

Sie sucht und fragt von Ort zu Ort, doch Keiner gab
 ihr Kunde,
 bis dass ein froh/ Verheissungswort ihr ward aus
 Feeen Munde
 Sie sollte schweigen sieben Jahr und sieben Hemden
 spinnen,
 dann würd' sie schweren Leides bar, die Brüder
 neugewinnen.

She searched and asked from place to place,
 but no one gave her any news, until a joyful word of
 promise
 came from the mouth of a fairy.
 She should be silent for seven years and spin seven
 shirts,
 and her brothers would appear again.

Ein Königssohn beim Jagen fand das schöne Kind
 im Haine,
 er beut als Gatte ihr die Hand, Erlinde, Erlinde ward
 die Seine.
 Doch als zwei Knäblein ihr geschenkt, da wurden sie
 zu Raben,
 Erlinde ward im Thurm versenkt, sie sollt'
 verwünscht sie haben!

Another King's son, while hunting, found the beautiful
 child in the grove,
 He begged her to marry him, and so Erlinde became his
 wife.
 But when two boys were given to her, they turned into
 ravens.
 Erlinde sank into sorrow in her tower; cursing herself for
 having them.

Due treue Schwester schwieg und spahn,
 dräut auch der Scheiterhaufen,
 bis, da das siebte Jahr verrann, das Zaubers Frist
 verlaufen.
 So hat die Brüder sie befreit, gefunden ihre Knaben,
 und Schwestertreue preist' noch heut' die Mär von
 den sieben Raben.

The faithful sister, terrified, remained silent,
 Until the seventh year passed, and the spell was broken.
 With this, she set the seven brothers free, as well as her
 sons,
 And the sister's loyalty honours their story to this day.

DA JEG SAA HENDE IGJEN (WHEN I SAW YOU AGAIN)

Finnissy / Finnissy

We saw each other
some years had passed.
I thought the eyes made clear those hidden
thoughts.
Perhaps I dared not show you.
A smile. A glance. Such happiness.
The moment was brief. The warmth and
humour in your voice.
Your voice. Your words. Almost a song.
I sing it softly now, and my cheeks begin to
glow.

From the original Danish by Hans Christian Andersen

‘THE INCH WORM’

FROM HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Loesser

Two and two are four,
Four and four are eight,
Eight and eight are sixteen,
Sixteen and sixteen are thirty-two.

Inchworm, inchworm,
Measuring the marigolds,
You and your arithmetic,
You'll probably go far,

Inchworm, inchworm,
Measuring the marigolds,
Seems to me you'd stop and see,
How beautiful they are.

THE RED SHOES

Bush

Oh, she move like the diva do
I said, "I'd love to dance like you"
She said, "Just take off my red shoes
Put them on and your dream'll come true"

With no words, with no song
You can dance the dream with your body on
And this curve is your smile
And this cross is your heart
And this line is your path

Oh, it's gonna be the way you always thought it would be
But it's gonna be no illusion
Oh, it's gonna be the way you always dreamt about it
But it's gonna be really happenin' to ya

Oh the minute I put them on
I knew, I had done somethin' wrong
All her gifts for the dance had gone
It's the red shoes, they can't stop dancin', dancin'

And this curve is your smile
And this cross is your heart
And this line is your path

Oh, it's gonna be the way you always thought it would be
But it's gonna be no illusion
Oh, it's gonna be the way you always dreamt about it
But it's gonna be really happenin' to ya

She gotta dance, she gotta dance
And she can't stop 'til them shoes come off
These shoes do, a kind of voodoo
They're gonna make her dance 'til her legs fall off
Call a doctor, call a priest
They're gonna whip her up like a helicopter

Really happenin' to ya