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Revecy venir du Printans

comp. Claude Le Jeune

Revecy venir du Printans

L'amourez' et belle saizon

Le courant des eaus recherchant

Le canal d'été s'éclaircît;

Et la mer calme de ces flots

Amolit le triste courrous:

Le Canard s'egay' se plonjant,

Et se lave coint dedans l'eau

Et la grû' qui fourche son vol

Retraverse l'air et s'en va.

Revecy venir du Printans

L'amourez' et belle saizon.

Le Soleil éclaire luizant

D'une plus Séreine clairté:

Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit,

Qui se ioû' et court et noircît.
Et foretz et champs et coutaus
Le labeur humain reverdît,
Et la prê' découvre ses fleurs.

Revecy venir du Printans
L'amoureux' et belle saizon.

De Venus le filz Cupidon
L'univers semant de ses traits,
De sa flamme va réchaufér.
Animaus, qui volet en l'air,
Animaus, qui rampet au chams,
Animaus, qui naget aux eaus.
Ce qui mesmement ne sent pas,
Amoureux se fond de plaizir.

Revecy venir du Printans
L'amoureux' et belle saizon.

Rion aussi nous: et cherchon
Les ébas et ieus du Printans
Toute chose rit de plaizir:

Sélebron la gaye saizon,

Revecy venir du printans
L'amoureux' et belle saizon.

Here Returns the Springtime

Here Returns the Springtime
the loving and beautiful season.

he running waters seek again
their summer channels bright and clear;
and the sea, calmed by gentle waves,
softens all its gloomy wrath.

The duck rejoices as it dives,
and neatly bathes within the stream;
and the crane, with forked-out flight,
crosses once more the open air.

Here returns the springtime,
the loving and beautiful season.

The sun shines forth in radiance

with a more serene and gentle light;
the shadow of the cloud departs,
that plays and runs and darkens all.
And forests, fields, and hillsides green
renew the labor given by man;
the meadow too reveals its flowers.

Here returns the springtime,
the loving and beautiful season.

Cupid, son of Venus fair,
sows all the world with his arrows;
with his flame he warms anew
the creatures flying through the air,
the creatures creeping through the fields,
the creatures swimming in the waters.
Even that which feels no sense at all
melts for love in sweet delight.

Here returns the springtime,
the loving and beautiful season.

Let us laugh as well, and seek
the sports and games of springtime;

all creation smiles with joy.
Let us celebrate the merry season.

Here returns the springtime,
the loving and beautiful season.

Il bianco e dolce cigno

comp. Jacques Arcadelt (1539), text Giovanni
Guidiccioni

Il bianco e dolce cigno
cantando more, ed io
piangendo, giung' al fin del viver mio.
Strano e diversa sorte,
ch'ei more sconsolato,
ed io moro beato.
Morte che nel morire
mi empie di gioia tutto e di desire;
Se nel morir' altro dolor non sento,
Di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

The white and lovely swan

translation by Tinelot Wittermans

The white and lovely swan
dies singing, and crying
I reach the end of my life.
Strange is it
that the swan dies without comfort
And that I die joyfully.
A death that fulfills me
With happiness and longing
Because I don't feel other misery (when I die)
I would be happy to die a thousand deaths a day.

Svanen

comp. Fredrik August Ehrström, poem J. L.
Runeberg

Från molnens purpurstänkta rand
Sjönk svanen, lugn och säll,
Och satte sig vid älvens strand
Och sjöng en junikväll.

Om nordens skönhet var hans sång,
Hur glad dess himmel är,
Hur dagen glömmar, natten lång,
Att gå till vila där.

Hur skuggan der är djup och rik
Inunder björk och al,
Hur guldbestrålad varje vik,
Och hvarje bölja sval.

Hur ljuvt, oändligt ljuvt, det är
Att äga där en vän,
Hur troheten är hemfödd där,
Och längtar dit igen.

Så ljud från våg till våg hans röst,
Hans enkla lovsång då,
Och snart han smög mot makans bröst
Och tycktes qvada så:

Vad mer, om än din levnads dröm
Ej sekler tälja får?
Du älskat har på nordens ström,
Och sjungit i dess vår.

Kevätsointuja

comp. P. J. Hannikainen, text Larin Kyösti

Taas leivoset ilmassa leikkiä lyö,
Kevätvirsiä viidakko kaikaa.
Suli hanget ja nousi jo kukkien vyö.
Sinilaine jo lyö ja jo valkeni yö.
:: Nyt on toivoon ja lempehen aikaa. ::

Nyt rinnass' on lämpö, mi murtavi jään,
Joka huokuili henkeä hallan.
Ja se vaativi voittoa kirkkahan sään.
Elon onnea laulaa se enteillään,
:: Kevättunteille tuottavi vallan. ::

Nyt tunnen kuin sieluni siivet sais
Ja ma leivona nousta voisin.
Ja mun tahtoni talvesta ponnahtais
Ja mun riemuni oikean kaiun sais,
:: Ja ma oikea laulaja oisin! ::

Harmonies of Spring

Again the larks play in the air,
The woodland echoes with songs of spring.
The snow has melted, flower-bands rise,
Blue waves are rolling, the night grows bright.
∴ Now is the time for hope and for love. ∴

Now in my breast there is a warmth
That breaks the ice which breathed out frost.
It calls for victory, for shining days.
Foretelling life's happiness, it sings,
∴ And gives its power to the feelings of spring. ∴

Now I feel as though my soul had wings,
And I myself could rise as a lark.
My spirit would leap forth from winter's grasp,
My joy would find its truest voice,
∴ And I would be a true singer indeed! ∴

Vezzosi augelli

Comp. Giaches de Wert (1586), text Torquato Tasso

Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde
Temprano a prova lascivette note
Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote
Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli augei, più lieve scote.
Sia caso o d'arte, or accompagna, ed ora
Alterna i versi lor la musica ora.

The Joyous Birds

The joyous birds hid under greenwood shade
Sung merry notes on every branch and bough;
The wind, that in the leaves and waters played,
With murmurs sweet now sung, and whistled now.
Ceased the birds, the winds loud answer made,
And while they sang, it rumbled soft and low;
Thus were it hap or cunning, chance or art
The wind in this strange music bore its part.

Kärlekens tid

comp. Benny Anderson, text Ylva Henderson

Rör vid mig nu
Fyll mitt liv ända till brädden
Jag som var ett barn då
Söker min sång.

Vem tog min sorg?
Vem berövade mig gåvan?
Vem gav mig min styrka
Jag var ett barn.

Kärlekens tid
Har bevarat min längtan
Jag som var ett barn då
Söker min sång.

Rör vid mig nu
Fyll mitt liv ända till brädden
Du gav mig min hunger
Jag är ett barn.

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Claudio Monteverdi (1590, 1607 edition)

Ecco mormorar l'onde,
e tremolar le fronde
a l'aura mattutina e gli arboscelli,
e sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli
cantar soavemente,
e rider l'Oriente.

Ecco già l'alba appare
e si specchia nel mare
e rasserena il cielo:
e imperla il dolce gelo,
e gli alti monti indora.

O bella, e vaga Aurora!

L'aura è tua messaggera, e tu de l'aura
ch'ogni arso cor ristaura.

Here are the waves murmuring

Here are the waves murmuring
and the foliage quivering

at the morning breeze; and the shrubs,
and on the tree branches the pretty birds
sing softly;
and the Orient smiles.
Here dawn looms up
and is reflected in the sea
and brightens up the sky
and beads the sweet ice
and gilds the tall mountains.
O beautiful and lovely dawn!
the gentle breeze is your herald, and you of the
breeze
which refreshes every burnt heart.

Juhannus

Comp. Selim Palmgren, text Larin Kyösti

Nyt juhannuksen taivas korkeana kaartaa
ja syvälle sen kuva järven pintaan päilyy.
Juhannuskukat tuoksuu kartanoilla,
ruiskorret vainiolla hiljaa häilyy.
Käy lämmin tuuli niinkuin äidin henkäys,
maaemon loppumaton sydänlempeys.

Nyt juhannuksen taivat korkeana kaartaa
ja päivä kallistuu mailleen seutuvilla.
Mut valo viipyy, viihtyy kukkuloilla,
on leppoisa ja tyyni, tyyni suvi-ilta,
ja vetten yllä suven henki uinuaa,
pian auringon taas nousevan se ennustaa.

Midsummer

Now the Midsummer sky arches high above,
and its image shimmers vividly on the lake.
Midsummer flowers are fragrant by the estates,
while stalks of rye sway softly in the fields.
A warm wind passes like a mother's breath,
the endless loving kindness of Mother Earth.

Now the Midsummer sky arches high above,
and the day inclines toward rest across the
countryside.
Yet the light lingers, dwelling on the hills;
it's a gentle and tranquil summer evening.
And over the waters the spirit of summer slumbers,

foretelling the sun is soon rising once again.

Sumer is icumen in

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed and bloweth med,
And springth the woode nu.
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calue cu,
Bulluc sterteth, bucke uerteth,
Murie sing cuccu!
Cuccu, cuccu,
Wel singest thu cuccu:
Ne swik thu nauer nu!

Perspice Christicola
que dignacio!
Celicus agricola,
pro vitis vicio,

Filio non parcens,
exposuit mortis exicio.
Qui captivos semivivos a supplicio,
Vite donat et secum coronat
in celi solio.

Summer has come in

Summer has come in, loudly sing cuckoo.
The seed grows, the meadow blows,
And the wood springs anew,
Sing cuckoo!

The ewe bleats after the lamb,
Lows after the calf the cow.
Bullock starts, buck farts,
merry sing cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo,
well sing you cuckoo:
Do not ever stop now!

Observe, Christian,
such honour!
The heavenly farmer,

owing to a defect in the vine,
not sparing the Son,
exposed him to the destruction of death.
To the captives half-dead from torment,
He gives them life and crowns them with himself
on the throne of heaven.

Nu är sommarn här

Comp. Erik Bergman, text Arvid Mörne

Nu är sommarn här.
Dikesrenen prunkar röda bär.
Bakom gröna hasslar
slåtterängen prasslar
och lien går i Floras spår och skär.

Och nu är bonden nöjd
Armen styvnar, ryggen värker böjd.
Men då släckt är dagen,
ligger klövern slagen
och höets sträng på mäjad äng ger fröjd.

Och nu i bondens bol

är vintern glömd, när gäcksamt gökur gol
vår i vita landen.

Nu står skördeanden
vid knarrens lät i blåklintsståt och sol.

Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald

Comp. Fanny Hensel, text Joseph von Eichendorff

Abendlich schon rauscht der Wald
aus den tiefen Gründen,
droben wird der Herr nun bald
an die Sterne zünden.

Wie so stille in den Schlünden,
abendlich nur rauscht der Wald,
aus den tiefen Gründen!

Alles geht zu seiner Ruh,
wie die Welt verbrause
schauend hört der Wanderer zu,
sehnt sich tief nach Hause,
Hier in Waldes grüner Klause
Herz, geh' endlich auch zur Ruh!

Already the Forest Murmurs at Evening

Already the forest murmurs at evening
from its deep foundations;
soon above, the Lord will kindle
the stars in heaven.

How still it is within the valleys,
only the forest murmurs at evening
from its deep foundations!

All things go to their rest;
however the world may surge and fade,
the wanderer listens, filled with awe,
and deeply longs for home.

Here in the green retreat of the forest,
heart, at last, go thou also to rest!

En sommardag i Kangasala

Comp. Gabriel Linsén, text Z. Topelius

Jag gungar i högsta grenen
af Harjulas högsta ås;
vidt skina de blåa vatten,
så långt de af ögat nås.
Af Längelmänvesis fjärdar
där skimrar ett silverband,
.: och Roines älskliga vågor
i fjärran kyssa dess strand. .:.

Och blå som en älsklings öga
och klar som ett barndomshem
den gungande Vesijärvi
sig stilla smyger till dem.
Och hundrade öar simma
allt uti dess vida famn,
.: naturens gröna tankar
i blåa vågornas hamn. .:.

Du helige himlens Herre,
hör lilla fågelens bön:
ack, hur är din jord så ljuvlig!

Hur är din himmel så skön!
O låt våra sjöar stråla
klart uti vår kärleks brand!
∴ O Herre, lär oss att älska,
o lär oss älska vårt land! ∴