

## Beethoven & Mustonen 貝多芬與梅斯東能

14 Jan 2020 (Tue) 7:30PM, Concert Hall, Hong Kong City Hall

OLLI MUSTONEN: *Taivaanvalot* ("Heavenly Lights")

Lyrics:

I have a good mind  
take into my head  
to start off singing  
begin reciting:

Steady old Väinämöinen  
played the kantele long,  
both played and sang  
rejoiced in other ways too.  
The music rang in the moon's cabins  
the joy at the sun's windows:  
the moon comes from its cabin  
stepped on to a birch's crook  
and the sun emerged from its stronghold  
squatted on top of a pine  
to hear the kantele,  
to marvel at the merriment.

Louhi, mistress of Northland  
the gap-toothed hag of the North  
then lays hold of the sun,  
caught the moon with her hands  
the moon from the birch's crook  
and the sun from the pine's top  
and she brought them straight  
home to dark Northland.  
She hid the moon from gleaming  
within a bright-breasted rock  
she sang the sun from shining  
into a mountain of steel  
and there she spoke thus:  
"Don't get out of here alone  
don't rise, moon, to gleam  
and don't get out, sun, to shine

unless I go and let you out,  
come and raise you myself  
with nine stallions borne  
by a single mare!"

Still the sun is not shining  
nor the golden moon gleaming  
on those Väinö-land cabins  
on the Kalevala heaths:  
the wealth grows chilly, the herds  
get into a dreadful state  
strange to the birds of the air  
tiresome to mankind  
that the sun will never shine  
nor will the moon gleam.

The pike knew the sea-trough's depths  
the eagle the birds' movements  
the wind how far a day's sail;  
but man's children do not know  
when the morning will begin  
when the night will try  
on the misty headland's tip  
at the foggy island's end.

The young hold counsel  
and the aged consider  
how they'll be without the moon  
live without the sun  
on those poor borders  
the luckless lands of the North.

Steady old Väinämöinen  
put this into words:  
"Bolts won't snap with words  
locks won't crumble with a spell  
nor with the touch of a fist  
the turn of an arm.

Smith Ilmarinen  
forge a three-pronged hoe  
and forge a dozen ice-picks  
a whole bunch of keys,  
with which I will let the moon  
with which I will let the moon  
out from the rock,  
the sun from the cliff!"

He, the smith Ilmarinen  
the everlasting craftsman  
forged the things the man needed:  
he forged a dozen ice-picks  
a whole bunch of keys  
a good bunch of spears  
neither big nor small -  
forged them for once middle-sized.

Louhi, mistress of Northland  
the gap-toothed hag of the North  
gave life to wings with feathers  
and away she flew;  
she fluttered near home  
then flung herself further off  
across the sea of Northland  
to smith Ilmari's workshop.  
The smith opened his window  
looked out: was the wind rising?  
But the wind was not rising how very  
it was a grey hawk.

The bird sets about talking,  
the hawk speaks:  
"Smith Ilmarinen  
perpetual craftsman  
how very clever you are -  
yes, what a skilful craftsman!  
What are you making there, smith  
what are you building, blacksmith?"

The smith Ilmarinen says  
a word in answer:  
"I am forging a collar  
for that Northland hag,  
with which she is to be chained fast  
to a mighty slope's edge."

Louhi, mistress of Northland  
the gap-toothed hag of the North  
felt her ruin coming day of  
trouble catching up:  
let the moon loose from the rock  
let the sun out of the cliff.  
She changed into something else  
turned herself into a dove  
and she flaps along  
to smith Ilmari's workshop  
flew as a bird to the door  
as a dove to the threshold.  
"I'm on the threshold  
to bring you this news:  
the moon's risen from the rock  
the sun is out from the cliff."

Smith Ilmarinen  
went himself to look.  
He steps to the workshop door  
looked carefully heavenward:  
he beheld the moon gleaming  
saw the sun shining.  
He went to Väinämöinen  
he uttered a word, spoke thus:  
"Old Väinämöinen  
O everlasting singer  
go, look at the moon  
and inspect the sun!"

Steady old Väinämöinen  
pushed into the yard  
he says with this word  
he spoke with this speech:

(sings in Finnish)

"Terve, kuu, kumottamasta,  
kaunis, kasvot, näyttämästä,  
päivä kulta, koittamasta,  
aurinko, ylenemästä!

Kuu kulta, kivistä pääsit,  
päivä, kaunis, kalliosta,  
nousit kullaisna käkenä,  
hope'isna kyyhkyläisnä  
elollesi entiselle  
matkoillesi muinaisille.

Käy nyt tiesi tervehenä,  
matkasi imantehena  
päättä kaari kaunihisti,  
pääse illalla ilohon!"

(translation)

("Hail, moon, for gleaming  
fair one for showing your face  
dear sun for dawning  
and daylight for coming up!

Dear moon, you're out from the rock  
fair day from the cliff  
you've risen as a golden  
cuckoo, as a silver dove  
up to where you used to live  
on your old travels.

Fare well now upon your way  
upon your journey sweetly  
end your curve beautifully  
come at evening into joy!")