

Text and Translations

SCHUBERT - *Der Winterabend*

German text by Carl Gottfried von Leitner

Es ist so still, so heimlich um mich,
Die Sonn' ist unter, der Tag entwich.
Wie schnell nun heran der Abend graut,
Mir ist es recht, sonst ist mir's zu laut.
Jetzt aber ist's ruhig, es hämmert kein Schmied,
Kein Klemptner, das Volk verlief und ist müd.
Und selbst, dass nicht rassel der Wagen Lauf,
Zog Decken der Schnee durch die Gassen auf.

Wie tut mir so wohl der selige Frieden!
Da sitz ich im Dunkel, ganz abgeschieden,
So ganz für mich. Nur der Mondenschein
Kommt leise zu mir in's Gemach herein.
Brauche mich aber nicht zu geniren,
Nicht zu spielen, zu conversiren,
Oder mich sonst attent zu zeigen.
Er kennt mich schon, und lässt mich schweigen,
Nimmt nur seine Arbeit, die Spindel, das Gold,
Und spinnet stille, webt und lächelt still
Und hängt dann sein schimmerndes Schleiertuch
Ringsum an Gerät und Wänden aus.
Ist gar ein stiller, ein lieber Besuch,
Macht mir gar keine Unruh im Haus,
Will er bleiben, so hat er Ort,
Freut's ihn nimmer, so geht er fort.

Ich sitze dann stumm im Fenster gern
Und schaue hinauf in Gewölk und Stern.
Denke zurück, ach, weit, gar weit,
In eine schöne, verschwund'ne Zeit.
Denk an Sie, an das Glück der Minne,
Seufze still und sinne und sinne.

SCHUBERT - *The Winter Evening*

English translation © Malcolm Wren

It is so quiet, so secret around me,
The sun is down, the day has fled.
How quickly the evening is now turning things
grey.
That is ideal for me, it would be too loud
otherwise.
But now it is calm, there is no blacksmith
hammering,
No plumber, the people have dispersed and they
are tired;
And, so that the carriages do not rattle as they go
by,
The snow has laid down coverings over the alley-
ways.

How much it suits me, this blessed peace!
I sit there in the darkness, totally cut off,
So totally self-contained; - only the moonlight
Comes gently to me in my room.
But I do not need to feel shy,
I do not have to play cards, to make polite
conversation,
Or give the impression that I am paying attention.
He already knows me, and lets me sit in silence,
He just takes up his work, the spindle, the gold,
And quietly spins, weaves and smiles quietly,
And then hangs his shimmering veil
Around the room and the walls.
It is really a quiet, a dear visit,
Making no disturbance in the house.
If he wants to stay, there is a place for him,
If he is no longer enjoying it, then he leaves.

I then happily sit mute in the window,
And I look up at the clouds and the stars.
I think back, alas, far, far back,
To a beautiful time that has disappeared.
I think about her, about the happiness of love,
I sigh quietly, and reflect, and reflect.

WOLF - Ach des Knabens Auge

German translation © Paul Hayse

Ach, des Knaben Augen sind
Mir so schön und klar erschienen,
Und ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

Blickt' er doch mit diesen süßen
Augen nach den meinen hin!
Säh er dann sein Bild darin,
Würd' er wohl mich liebend grüssen.
Und so geb' ich ganz mich hin,
Seinen Augen nur zu dienen,
Denn ein Etwas strahlt aus ihnen,
Das mein ganzes Herz gewinnt.

WOLF - Die ihr schwebet

German source: Emanuel Geibel

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heiligen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem
Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also!
Schweiget, neiget
Euch leis und lind;
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe
Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd er ward
Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm
Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

WOLF - Ah, the Infant's Eyes

English translation © Richard Stokes

Ah, the Infant's eyes seemed
So beautiful and clear to me,
And a radiance streams from them
That captures my whole heart.

If only He would turn
Those sweet eyes on mine!
If He saw His image reflected there,
He would surely greet me lovingly.
So I surrender myself
To the sole service of His eyes,
For a radiance shines from them
That captures my whole heart.

WOLF - You Who Hover

English translation © Richard Stokes

You who hover
About these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem
In the raging wind,
Why do you bluster
So angrily today!
Oh roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Ah, how weary He has grown
With the sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
Blows down on us,
With what shall I cover
My little child's limbs?
O all you angels
Who wing your way
On the winds,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

BRAHMS - Wiegenlied

German source: Georg Scherer

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Mit Rosen bedacht,
Mit Nägelein besteckt
Schlupf' unter die Deck'.
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,
Von Englein bewacht!
Die zeigen im Traum
Dir Christkindleins Baum:
Schlaf' nun selig und süß,
Schau im Traum's Paradies.

SCHUBERT - Winterlied

German text by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Keine Blumen blühn;
Nur das Wintergrün
Blickt durch Silberhüllen,
Nur das Fenster füllen
Blumen rot und weiß,
Aufgeblüht aus Eis.

Ach! kein Vogelsang
Tönt mit frohem Klang;
Nur die Winterweise
Jener kleinen Meise,
Die am Fenster schwirrt,
Und um Futter girt.

Minne flieht den Hain,
Wo die Vögelein
Sonst im grünen Schatten
Ihre Nester hatten;
Minne flieht den Hain,
Kehrt ins Zimmer ein.

BRAHMS - Lullaby

English translation © Richard Stokes

Good evening, good night,
Canopied with roses,
Bedecked with carnations,
Slip beneath the coverlet.
Tomorrow morning, if God wills,
You shall be woken again.

Good evening, good night,
Watched over by angels!
In your dreams they'll show you
The Christmas Tree:
Sleep sweetly now and blissfully,
Behold Paradise in your dreams.

SCHUBERT - Winter Song

English translation © Malcolm Wren

No flowers are in bloom;
Only the winter green
Is peeping through the silver covering;
It is only the window that is full
Of red and white flowers
Blooming in the ice.

Alas, there is no bird song
Ringing out with a jolly sound
Except for the winter call
Of that little Great tit
Flying around the window
And chirruping as it begs for food.

Love escapes from the grove
Where the little birds
Used to be in the green shade
And had their nests;
Love escapes from the grove
And returns indoors.

CORNELIUS - Simeon (Weihnachtslieder, Op. 8)

German source: Peter Cornelius

Das Knäblein nach acht Tagen
Ward gen Jerusalem
Zum Gotteshaus getragen
Vom Stall in Bethlehem.
Da kommt ein Greis geschritten,
Der fromme Simeon,
Er nimmt in Tempels Mitten
Vom Mutterarm den Sohn.
Vom Angesicht des Alten
Ein Strahl der Freude bricht,
Er preiset Gottes Walten
Weissagungsvoll und spricht:
"Nun lassesst du in Frieden,
Herr, deinen Diener gehn,
Da du mir noch beschieden,
Den Heiland anzusehn,
Den du der Welt gesendet,
Daß er dem Heidenthum
Des Lichtes Helle spendet
Zu Deines Volkes Ruhm!"
Mit froh [erstaunten]1 Sinnen
Vernimmt's der Eltern Paar,
Dann tragen sie von hinnen
Das Knäblein wunderbar.

CORNELIUS - Weihnachtslieder, Op. 8: Die Könige

German source: Peter Cornelius

Drei Könige wandern aus Morgenland;
Ein Sternlein führt sie zum Jordanstrand.
In Juda fragen und forschen die drei,
Wo der neugeborene König sei?
Sie wollen Weihrauch, Myrrhen und Gold
Dem Kinde spenden zum Opfersold.

Und hell erglänzet des Sternes Schein:
Zum Stalle gehen die Kön'ge ein;
Das Knäblein schau'n sie wonniglich,
Anbetend neigen die Könige sich;
Sie bringen Weihrauch, Myrrhen und Gold
Zum Opfer dar dem Knäblein hold.

O Menschenkind! halte treulich Schritt!
Die Kön'ge wandern, o wandre mit!
Der Stern der Liebe, der Gnade Stern
Erhelle dein Ziel, so du suchst den Herrn,
Und fehlen Weihrauch, Myrrhen und Gold,
Schenke dein Herz dem Knäblein hold!

CORNELIUS - Simeon (Christmas Carols, Op. 8)

English translation © Elsa Ebertz

Eight days the mother tarried,
Then to Jerusalem,
To God's great house, was carried
The Child of Bethlehem.
And by the temple meets them
The gentle Simeon,
With reverence he greets them,
Holds in his arms the son;
His eyes the old man raiseth,
They glow with joyful rays,
God's wond'rous works he praiseth,
He prophesies and says:
"Now lettest thou thy servent [sic],
O Lord, depart in peace,
Now that my eyes so fervent
Have known great happiness,
The Saviour whom thou sendest
To bring the heathen light,
Through Him thou gently tendest
The world with wondrous might!"
The parents stand amazed,
With joy the mother mild,
Her glad heart heav'nward raised
She bears away the Child.

CORNELIUS - Christmas Carols, Op. 8: The Kings

English translation © Richard Stokes

Three kings journey from the East,
A little star leads them to Jordan's banks,
In Judaea the three of them seek and inquire
Where the new-born king might be.
They wish to make offerings to the child:
Gold, frankincense and myrrh.

And brightly shines the light of the star.
The three kings enter the stable,
They gaze in rapture at the child,
Bowing low in adoration,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh
They bring to the child as offering.

O child of man! Follow them faithfully,
The kings are journeying, O journey too!
Let the star of love, the star of grace,
Light your way as you seek the Lord,
And if you lack frankincense, myrrh and gold,
Give your heart to that sweet child!

FAURÉ - Noël

French source: Victor Wilder

La nuit descend du haut des cieux,
Le givre au toit suspend ses franges,
Et, dans les airs, le vol des anges
Éveille un bruit mystérieux.

L'étoile qui guidait les mages,
S'arrête enfin dans les nuages,
Et fait briller un nimbe d'or
Sur la chaumière où Jésus dort.

Alors, ouvrant ses yeux divins,
L'enfant couché dans l'humble crèche,
De son berceau de paille fraîche,
Sourit aux nobles pèlerins.

Eux, s'inclinant, lui disent: Sire,
Reçois l'encens, l'or et la myrrhe,
Et laisse-nous, ô doux Jésus,
Baiser le bout de tes pieds nus.

Comme eux, ô peuple, incline-toi,
Imite leur pieux exemple,
Car cette étable, c'est un temple,
Et cet enfant sera ton roi!

RAVEL - Noël des jouets

Le troupeau verni des moutons
Roule en tumulte vers la crèche
Les lapins tambours, brefs et rêches,
Couvrent leurs aigres mirlitons.
Vierge Marie, en crinoline.
Ses yeux d'émail sans cesse ouverts,
En attendant Bonhomme hiver
Veille Jésus qui se dodine
Car, près de là, sous un sapin,
Furtif, emmitoufflé dans l'ombre
Du bois, Belzébuth, le chien sombre,
Guette l'Enfant de sucre peint.
Mais les beaux anges incassables
Suspendus par des fils d'archal
Du haut de l'arbuste hiémal
Assurent la paix des étables.
Et leur vol de clinquant vermeil
Qui cliquette en bruits symétriques
S'accorde au bétail mécanique
Dont la voix grêle bèle:
"Noël! Noël! Noël!"

FAURÉ - Christmas

English translation © Richard Stokes

Night falls from the sky,
Frost hangs its fringes along the roofs.
And the flight of angels in the sky
Creates a mysterious sound.

The star that led the Magi
Stops at last in the clouds,
And casts a golden halo
Above the cottage where Jesus sleeps.

Then, opening His divine eyes,
From His crib of fresh hay
The Child, lying in the humble manger,
Smiles at the noble pilgrims.

They, bowing down, address Him: Sire,
Receive the incense, gold and myrrh,
And allow us, gentle Jesus,
To kiss the tips of your naked feet.

Bow down like them, O people,
Follow their devout example,
For this stable is a temple,
And this Child shall be your king.

RAVEL - Noel of Toys

English translation © Laura Pritchard

The hand-varnished flock of sheep
Rolls in a sudden burst of noise toward the
crèche.
The rabbit drummers, staccato and uneven,
Cover up their [the sheep's] shrill mirlitons.
The Virgin Mary, in crinoline,
Her enamel eyes unceasingly open,
Waiting for Old Man Winter,
Keeping watch over Jesus in the rocker.
Because nearby, below a fir tree,
Furtive, swaddled in the shadow
Of the wood, Belzébuth, the dark-colored dog,
Is on the lookout for the Child made of hand-
painted fondant.
But the beautiful, shatterproof angels
Suspended by brass wires
From the top of the winter garlands
Ensure the peace of the stable.
And their wings of glittery bronze
Jingle in symmetrical noises,
In time with the mechanical cattle
Whose voices bleat like little hailstones:
"Noël! Noël! Noël!"

PÄRT - Christmas Lullaby

И ра-ди-ла Сы-на сво-е-го
Пер-вен-ца и пе-ле-на-ла Е-го
И по-ло-жи-ла Е-го в яс-ли, в яс-ли, в ясли
По-то-му что не бы-ло им ме-ста в го-сти-ни-це
и пе-ле-на-ла Е-го и по-ло-жи-ла Е-го В ясли

I ra-di-la Sī-na sva-ye-vo
Pyer-vyen-tsa i pye-le-na-la Ye-vo
I pa-la-zhī-la Ye-vo v yasli, v yasli, v yasli
Po-to-mu shto nye bīlo im Myesta v ga-sti-ni-tse
I pyelnala Yevo I palazhī-la Yevo v yasli

REGER - Mariä Wiegenlied

German source: Martin Boelitz

Maria sitzt im Rosenhag
Und wiegt ihr Jesuskind,
Durch die Blätter leise
Weht der warme Sommerwind.

Zu ihren Füßen singt
Ein buntes Vögelein:
Schlaf, Kindlein, süße,
Schlaf nun ein!

Hold ist dein Lächeln,
Holder deines Schlummers Lust,
Leg dein müdes Köpfchen
Fest an deiner Mutter Brust!
Schlaf, Kindlein, süße,
Schlaf nun ein!

NORDQVIST - Jul, jul, strålande jul

Swedish text by Edvard Evers

Jul, jul, strålande jul, glans över vita skogar,
himmelens kronor med gnistrande ljus,
glimmande bågar i alla Guds hus,
psalm, som är sjungen från tid till tid,
eviga längtan till ljus och frid!
Jul, jul, strålande jul: glans över vita skogar!

Kom, kom, signande jul! Sänk dina vita vingar,
över stridernas blod och larm,
över alla suckan ur människobarm,
över de släkten som gå till ro,
över de ungas dagande bo!
Kom, kom, signande jul, sänk dina vita vingar!

PÄRT - Christmas Lullaby

And she rejoiced in her Son, her first born,
and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes,
and laid Him in a manger, in a manger, in a manger
Because there was no room for them in the inn
and swaddled Him and laid Him in a manger.

REGER - Mary's Lullaby

English translation © Richard Stokes

Mary sits by the rose bower
And rocks her little Jesus,
Softly through the leaves
The warm wind of summer blows.

A brightly coloured bird
Sings at her feet:
Go to sleep, sweet child,
It's time to go to sleep!

Your smile is lovely,
Your happy sleep lovelier still,
Lay your tired little head
Against your mother's breast!
Go to sleep, sweet child,
It's time to go to sleep!

NORDQVIST - Peace, Peace, Wonderful Peace

English translation © Norman Luboff

Peace, peace, wonderful peace,
Peace to the world is given.
Hush'd are the angels, so still is the night;
Then in the East shone a heavenly light.
Join in the chorus His praises sing!
Glory to God, to the new born King.

Peace, peace, wonderful peace.
Peace to the world is given.
Peace, peace, bearer of peace,
All of goodwill receive Him.
Holiest of nights, O most wondrous of days;
Shepherds and kings lift their voices in praise.

SIBELIUS - The Five Christmas Songs, Op. 1: Giv mig ej glans

Swedish text by Zachris Topelius

Giv mig ej glans, ej guld ej prakt
i signad juletid.
Giv mig Guds ära änglavakt
och över jorden frid.
Giv mig en fest
som gläder mest,
den konung jag har bett till gäst!
Giv mig ej glans, ej guld, ej prakt,
giv mig en änglavakt!

Giv mig ett hem på fosterjord,
en gran med barn i ring,
en kväll i ljus med Herrens ord
och mörker där omkring!
Giv mig ett bo
med samvetsro,
med glad förtröstan, hopp och tro!
Giv mig ett hem på fosterjord
och ljus av Herrens ord!

SIBELIUS - The Five Christmas Songs, Op. 1: Nu så kommer julen

Swedish text by Zachris Topelius

Nu så kommer julen!
Nu är julen här,
litet mörk och kulen,
men ändå så kär.

Han i salen träder
med så hjärtligt sinn',
och i högtidskläder
dansa barnen in.

Ljusen och lanternan
glimma högt kring dem,
som den klara stjärnan
över Betlehem.

SIBELIUS - The Five Christmas Songs, Op. 1: I Seek No Gold or Majesty

English translation © Alexandra Glynn

I seek no gold or majesty,
no pearl or shining gem,
but Lord above, I pray to Thee
for peace on earth to men.
O Lord divine,
my heart is Thine!
Oh, let my thoughts to Thee incline!
I seek no pearl or shining gem
but peace on earth to men.

Among the children, in our home
give blessed harmony.
The light that on the shepherds shone,
oh, let it shine on me!
O Word of light,
O truth and might,
oh, shed thy blessing glad and bright.
O Word of grace and pardon free:
Give peace and harmony.

SIBELIUS - The Five Christmas Songs, Op. 1: Christmas is Coming Now

English translation © David McCleery

Christmas is now coming
Christmas is now here,
A little dark and chilly,
But it's still a time so dear.

He steps into the hall
With a kind and generous heart
And the children dance in,
Dressed up in their very finest.

The candles and the lanterns
Shine down on them from above
Just as the brightest star
Shone down over Bethlehem

ISAAC - Nu vilar hela jorden

Nu vilar hela jorden,
Och luften mörk är vorden,
All världen sover sött;
Men du, min själ, bör vaka,
Din Gud av hjärtat tacka
Och i din andakt ej bli trött.

Sitt ljus nu solen döljer,
Och natten överhöljer
Det stora luftens tjäll.
Min sol, o Jesus blide,
Ditt nådeljus du spride
I natt uti min mörka själ.

GRUBER - Stille Nacht

German text by Josef Franz Mohr

Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
Alles schläft, einsam wacht
nur das traute hoch heilige Paar.
"Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
schlaf in himmlischer Ruh',
schlaf in himmlischer Ruh'!"

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,
Hirten erst kundgemacht!
durch der Engel Halleluja
tönt es laut von Ferne und Nah:
Jesus, der Retter ist da!
Jesus, der Retter ist da!

Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!
Gottes Sohn, o wie lacht
lieb' aus deinem göttlichen Mund,
da uns schlägt die rettende Stund':
Jesus in deiner Geburt.
Jesus in deiner Geburt

PURCELL - Cold Song

English text by John Dryden

What power art thou, who from below
Hast made me rise unwillingly and slow
From beds of everlasting snow?
See'st thou not how stiff and wondrous old
Far unfit to bear the bitter cold,
I can scarcely move or draw my breath?
Let me, let me freeze again to death.

ISAAC - Now All the Earth is Resting

English translation © HarrisonParrott

Now all the earth is resting,
And the air has grown dark,
All the world sleeps sweetly;
But you, my soul, should stay awake,
Thank your God from the heart
And not grow weary in your devotion.

The sun now hides its light,
And night covers
The vast dwelling of the air.
My sun, O gentle Jesus,
May your light of grace shine
Tonight into my dark soul.

GRUBER - Silent Night

English translation © Silent Night Association

Silent night! Holy night!
All are sleeping, alone and awake
Only the intimate holy pair,
Lovely boy with curly hair,
Sleep in heavenly peace!
Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night! Holy night!
To shepherds it was first made known
By the angel, Alleluia;
Sounding forth loudly far and near:
Jesus the Savior is here!
Jesus the Savior is here!

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, O how he laughs
Love from your divine mouth,
Then it hits us - the hour of salvation.
Jesus at your birth!
Jesus at your birth!

**J. S. BACH/STING/Robert SADIN - You Only
Cross My Mind in Winter**

English text by Gordon Sumner

Always this winter child
December's sun sits low against the sky
Cold light on frozen fields
The cattle in their stable lowing
When two walked this winter road
Ten thousand miles seemed nothing to us then
Now one walks with heavy tread
The space between their footsteps slowing
All day the snow did fall
What's left of the day is close drawn in
I speak your name as if you'd answer me
But the silence of the snow is deafening
How well do I recall our arguments
Our logic owed no debts or recompense
Philosophy and faith were ghosts
That we would chase until
The gates of heaven were broken
But something makes me turn, I don't know
To see another's footsteps there in the snow
I smile to myself and then I wonder why it is
You only cross my mind in winter

Benny ANDERSSON - Little Things

Little things like my gentle touch
It's amazing, darling, that so little can achieve so much
Little things like your sleepy smile
As a brand-new day is dawning, it's a lovely Christmas morning
And why don't we stay in bed for a while?
Soon enough, they'll be waking up from their dreams
Children bursting with giggles and screams

Oh, what joy Santa brings
Thanks, old friend, for packing
Christmas stockings full of nice little things

Little things like your naughty eyes
You'd consider bringing me a breakfast tray, but there's a price
Little things like that happy noise
As a brand-new day is dawning on this lovely Christmas morning
It's our children playing with their new toys
Little moments of happiness and of bliss
Does it ever get better than this?

Oh, what joy Santa brings
Thanks, old friend, for packing
Christmas stockings full of nice little things
Thank you, dear old friend, for packing
Christmas stockings full of nice little things

BERLIN - I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm

The snow is snowing
And the wind is blowing

But I can weather the storm!
What do I care how much it may storm?
I've got my love to keep me warm

I can't remember
A worse December
Just watch those icicles form!
Oh, what do I care if icicles form?
I've got my love to keep me warm

Off with my overcoat, off with my glove
I need no overcoat, I'm burning with love!

I can't remember
A worse December
Just watch those icicles form!
Oh, what do I care if icicles form?
I've got my love to keep me warm

What do I care how much it may storm?
Oh, I've got my love to keep me warm
I can't remember
A worse December
Just watch those icicles form!
What do I care if icicles form?
I've got my love to keep me warm

KENT - I'll Be Home for Christmas

English text by Kim Gannon

I'm dreaming tonight of a place I love,
Even more than I usually do,
And although I know,
It's a long road back,
I promise you...

I'll be home for Christmas,
You can count on me.
Please have snow and mistletoe,
And presents round the tree.

Christmas Eve will find me,
Where the love light gleams.
I'll be home for Christmas,
If only in my dreams.

Per-Erik MORAEUS - Koppången

Här är stillhet och tystnad
Nu när marken färgats vit
Från den trygga, gamla kyrkan
Klingar sången ända hit
Jag har stannat vid vägen
För att vila mig ett tag
Och blev fångad i det gränsland
Som förenar natt och dag
Och ett sken ifrån ljusen
Bakom fönstrets välvda ram
Har förenat de själar
Som finns med oss här i tiden
Och jag vet att de som har lämnat oss
Har förstått att vi är
Liksom fladdrande lågor
Så länge vi är här

Per-Erik MORAEUS - Koppången

Here is stillness and silence
Now that the ground has turned white
From the safe, old church
The song rings all the way here
I have stopped by the road
To rest for a while
And was caught in that borderland
That unites night and day
And a glow from the candles
Behind the window's arched frame
Has united the souls
That are with us here in time
And I know that those who have left us
Have understood that we are
Like flickering light
As long as we are here.