

Ester MÄGI

COMPLETE SONGS FOR FEMALE VOICE

TWO SONGS TO WORDS BY ERNST ENNO

SONGS TO POETRY BY BETTI ALVER

THREE SETO FAIRYTALE SONGS

SONGS FROM THE FIELDS

AND OTHERS

Maarja Purga, mezzo-soprano

Sten Lassmann, piano

Mari-Liis Vind, flute

Kirill Ogorodnikov, guitar

Valle-Rasmus Roots, cello

ESTER MÄGI Complete Songs for Female Voice

Viis romanssi ('Five Romances') (1963)	9:53
1 No. 1 Kuis võiksin magada ('How Could I Sleep') – Marie Under	1:48
2 No. 2 Mälestus ('A Memory') – Helvi Jürisson	1:35
3 No. 3 Rannapääsuke ('Beach Swallow') – Kersti Merilaas	2:55
4 No. 4 Tuul ('Wind') – Marie Under	1:45
5 No. 5 Õnne algus ('The Onset of Happiness') – Linda Ruud	1:50
Kaks romanssi ('Two Romances') (1964)	2:38
Anna Haava	
6 No. 1 Suur ja vaikne ('Big and Silent')	1:23
7 No. 2 Mul on tare taeva all ('I have a Shelter under the Sky')*	1:15
8 Kiigele! ('To the Swing!') (1948)*	1:38
Manivald Kesamaa	
9 Leidsid sõnad kalli viisi ('Words Found a Lovely Melody') (1955)*	3:33
Manivald Kesamaa	
10 Lehed langs'sid ('Leaves were Falling') (1946)*	1:34
Juhan Liiv	
11 Lumehelbeke ('A Snowflake') (1948)*	1:32
Juhan Liiv	
12 Vanatühja petmine ('Cheating Old Nick') (1984)*	1:32
Estonian folk-poetry	
13 Valge pall ('White Ball') (1961)*	3:02
Kaarel Korsen	
Kaks laulu Ernst Enno sõnadele ('Two Songs to Words by Ernst Enno') (1999)	5:09
14 No. 1 Sää! kõrgel ('Up There')	2:20
15 No. 2 Kõitke kinni! ('Bind the Eyes!')	2:49

Laulud Betti Alveri luulega ('Songs to Poetry by Betti Alver') (1981)	7:13
16 No. 1 Puust palitu ('Wooden Overcoat')	2:37
17 No. 2 Jälle ja jälle ('Again and Again')	2:21
18 No. 3 Linnud naersid ('The Birds were Laughing')	2:15
Kolm setu muinasjutulaulu ('Three Seto Fairytale Songs') (1984)	9:16
Seto folk-poetry	
19 No. 1 Laulev puu ('The Singing Tree')	3:36
20 No. 2 Uinutamislaul ('A Lullaby')	2:51
21 No. 3 Vaeslaps käoks ('The Orphan of a Cuckoo')	2:49
22 Ööhõlmad ('Night Shades') (2001)	4:43
Valli Naelapea	
Kaks laulu ('Two Songs') for soprano or mezzo-soprano, cello and piano (1998)	7:39
Viivi Luik	
23 No. 1 Öö ('Night')	5:05
24 No. 2 Silmil suletuil ('With Eyes Closed')	2:28
25 Maarjasõnajalg ('The Marian Fern') for soprano, flute and piano (1988)	3:49
Karl Ristikivi	
26 Huiked ('Herding Calls') for soprano, flute and guitar (1995)	9:55
Põllul laulmine ('Songs from the Fields') (1988/2005)	8:53
Estonian folk-poetry	
27 I <i>Moderato</i> –	1:42
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29 III <i>Largo</i> –	1:26
30 IV <i>Allegro</i> –	0:59
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*FIRST RECORDINGS

ESTER MÄGI, A WOMAN OF QUIET AUTHORITY

by Sten Lassmann

Ester Mägi (1922–2021) was a remarkable presence in Estonian music for well over half a century, her status best summed up by the late Estonian musicologist Urve Lippus who stated in 2007 that she was ‘recognised throughout her career as a sovereign, serious and sincere composer’.¹ Though Mägi’s compositions reflect the many different styles and trends of the times, and her output embraces every major genre except music for the stage, her work has always been highly regarded for its integrity, where simplicity and sincerity merge with motivic development of (often folklore-inspired) musical material and psychologically laden expression. Her music presents remarkable strength of will and depth of feeling, although Mägi herself was not an assertive character in life – indeed, she was disarmingly modest and tactful – and so her fame as a composer came neither loudly nor suddenly, with her persistence and quiet manner eventually gaining her the status she deserved. For the many decades at the end of her long life – and, remarkably, to an equal measure both in the Soviet Estonia of the 1970s and ’80s and in independent Estonia from the early 1990s – she was regarded as the ‘First Lady of Estonian music’.

To date there have been a number of albums devoted to Mägi’s choral, chamber and orchestral works,² but none tackling her solo songs. The complete songs for female voice presented here range from Mägi’s very first composition, *Lehed lang’sid* (‘Leaves were Falling’) [10] from 1946, written in a matter of hours for the entry exam of the Tallinn Conservatoire, to one of her last, *Ööhõlmad* (‘Night Shades’) [22], from 2001.

¹ ‘Ester Mägi: Orchestral Music’, booklet with the Toccata Classics release TOCC 0054, which was the first-ever anthology of any Mägi orchestral works.

² For example, an album of her *a cappella* choral music, featuring the Estonian National Men’s Chorus (RAM) under its then conductor Ants Soots, appeared on the Finnish label Alba in 2005: Ester Mägi, *Laulupuul/Tree of Song* (ncd 25).

Having referred to Mägi's humble nature, I have to admit straight away that the date of her birth played no small role in her fortunes. She came of age at the onset of the Second World War, when the Soviet Union first occupied the three Baltic states in summer 1940, followed by three years of German occupation in 1941–44. Once back in the grip of the Soviets from September 1944, Estonia suffered all the physical repressions and stifling ideological witch-hunts of the late Stalinist years. The stasis lasted up to 1955, after which the Khrushchev 'Thaw' took effect and enabled, to a degree, a revivification of culture and society more generally. Mägi had started her musical education rather late, taking up piano lessons at the age of sixteen. Quite soon she entered the Tallinn Conservatoire, but by 1944 she had developed chronic pain in her arms, which effectively ended any ambition of becoming a pianist. In 1946 she was transferred to the composition department and so became a student of Mart Saar (1882–1963), the founding father of the Estonian national choral and solo-song tradition. Saar had based much of his work on Estonian folklore, and he imbued Mägi with a deep sense of mission and reverence towards the older runic tradition.³ From 1951 to 1954 Mägi continued at the postgraduate course in the Moscow Conservatoire with Vissarion Shebalin. After graduation she became lecturer at the music-theory department of the Tallinn Conservatoire, a position she held for thirty years, until her retirement in 1984.

There was an eruption of compositional talent in Estonia at the latter half of the 1950s, with a whole generation of young men born in the early 1930s making stellar entries not only on to the Estonian musical scene but also earning reputations throughout the Soviet block and internationally, starting with Eino Tamberg (1930–2010) and the success of his *Concerto Grosso* in 1957 (hailed as the creating the second wave of Estonian modernism); followed by Veljo Tormis (1930–2017), first with his symphonic Overture No. 2 (1959), although he later became known for his choral music; Jaan Rääts (1932–2020) with his immortal *Concerto for Chamber Orchestra*, Op. 16 (1961); and, of

³ Runosong – *regilaul* in Estonian – is an ancient traditional form of singing common to most Finnic peoples, usually structured as call-and-response with a lead singer and group, and used in communal (not least agricultural) tasks and as a repository of oral culture and myth. Many Estonian composers have taken inspiration from this heritage, chief among them Ester Mägi's friend and younger colleague Veljo Tormis.

course, the globally celebrated Arvo Pärt (b. 1935). This golden generation burst out in style and dominated Estonian music well into this century, whereas Mägi's ascent was rather more measured, her first success being as late as with her only symphony in 1968.⁴ By the 1980s, however, Mägi had become a byword for the highest artistic talent, and her *Bukoolika* ('Bucolica'; 1983) for orchestra⁵ and the piano works *Vana kannel* ('The Ancient Kannel'; 1985) and *Lapimaa joiud* ('Lapland Joiks'; 1987) are some of the most original creations of that decade. Perhaps the most remarkable fact is that Mägi is the only classical composer in Estonia born in the two decades between 1910 and 1929 – male or female – whose works have become a repertoire mainstay for instrumentalists, singers, orchestras and choirs alike.

⁴ The Symphony is one of the works on the Toccata Classics album of her orchestral music, with the Estonian National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mihkel Kütson.

⁵ *Bukoolika* is also to be found on the Toccata Classics album, with the Estonian National Symphony Orchestra this time conducted by Arvo Volmer.

ESTER MÄGI'S SONGS: FOLKTALES, FERNS AND FALLING IN LOVE

by Maarja Purga

These 27 songs by Ester Mägi span over half a century, from 1946 to 2005. The early songs, recorded here for the first time, exhibit a simple, naive style, and yet they hint at the sophisticated direction her music would later take. Following in the footsteps of her mentor, Mart Saar, Mägi found profound inspiration in Estonian folk-music. The simplicity of original Estonian folksong, characterised by minimalist melodies and repetitive verses, is transformed in Mägi's classical adaptations, requiring precision and intense concentration from their performers, as is evident in song-cycles like *Three Seto Fairytale Songs* (1984) [19]–[21] and *Songs from the Fields* (1988, rev. 2005) [27]–[32].

The dark texts of these cycles may raise questions, but here it's important to understand Seto culture (an ethnic and linguistic minority around Lake Peipus in southern Estonia). Seto songs often depict undesirable events to ward off misfortune, transforming foreboding lyrics into protective charms. For instance, 'mother killed me, father ate me' (in 'The Orphan of a Cuckoo' [21]) was not meant literally but symbolically, to prevent such events from occurring. These song-cycles are less morbid when viewed through this cultural lens.

Another folk-inspired piece is *Huiked* ('Herding Calls'; 1995) [26], which captures the essence of traditional communication calls: housewives' calls to shepherds, sounds for calling and driving away animals, shouts between shepherds and berry-pickers, hunters' signal calls and so on.¹ Accompanied by these rhythm-coordinating shouts, ships were launched into the water, logs were rafted and heavy objects lifted. Through voice, guitar and flute, Mägi recreates the soundscape of a time when this

¹ There are close equivalents in the herding calls known in Norwegian as 'kulokk' and in Swedish as 'kulning'. Grieg used kulokker in a number of his compositions. Person-to-person calls are known as 'laling', 'lalning' or 'kauking' in Norwegian and 'lälning', 'lälning' or 'kyrlokk' in Swedish.

whooping was a vital part of daily life, her extensive quilt of allusion offering listeners a vivid glimpse into ancient practices.

Among Mägi's most romantic works are the *Five Romances* (1963) [1]–[5], set to poems by female Estonian poets. These pieces reveal her passionate side. Each romance has a distinct character and storyline. 'How Could I Sleep' [1] bursts with operatic passion and longing, whereas 'A Memory' [2] moves from ecstatic yearning to the poignant memory of past love. 'Beach Swallow' [3] well describes the Estonian spirit: the ability to start all over again, whatever may have happened and however difficult the circumstances may be – the love of homeland always gives Estonians the strength to go on. 'Wind' [4] brings yet another emotional state of mind, conveying a hidden happiness beneath its billowing motif. The cycle concludes with 'The Onset of Happiness' [5], one of Mägi's few strophic songs, portraying the ambivalence of embracing new-found joy. Its four verses outline the story of someone on the verge of happiness, and how he/she would like to give in to this magnificent feeling of falling in love but is held back by fear and in the end rejects love because of it.

In the late 1980s and '90s, Mägi adopted a more modern, Expressionist style, as can be heard in her *Two Songs to Words by Ernst Enno*² (1999) [14]–[15]. Though different from her other works, these songs continue to explore themes of freedom and love for the homeland. This stylistic shift aligns with Estonia's own historical context, reflecting Mägi's choice of poems and their expressive form.

Although most of her songs are for voice and piano, the exceptions include 'Öö' ('Night') [23] and 'Silmil suletuil' ('With Eyes Closed') [24], both from 1998, which add a part for cello. These minimalist, atmospheric pieces blend yearning and tension, with the cello and voice intertwining before parting again. An influence from Mägi's own chamber music is evident in her treatment of the voice as an equal element in the soundscape. Similarly, *Maarjasõnajalg* ('The Marian Fern') [25] for voice, flute, and piano from 1988 features playful interplay, evoking the atmosphere of midsummer night. In Estonia, there is an ancient tradition where, on 'jaaniõhtu' ('St John's Evening', Midsummer Eve,

² Enno (1875–1934) was a newspaper and magazine editor as well as a poet and writer; he also held a number of administrative positions. Among the influences on his poetry are Buddhism, mysticism and symbolism.

23 June) and 'jaanipäev' ('St John's Day', Midsummer Day, 24 June) friends and families meet to sing, dance and light bonfires. As a part of that tradition, young girls pick flowers and place them under their pillows to dream of their future husbands. They also venture out at night in search of the mythical fern blossom, believed to bring good fortune. 'The Marian Fern' references these traditions, intertwining them with the story of the Virgin Mary, who blessed the fern and gave it her name, also bestowing upon Estonia its second name, Maarjamaa – the land of Mary.

Maarja Purga is an esteemed Estonian mezzo-soprano known for her warm voice and extensive vocal range, making her a remarkable performer in late-Romantic opera, *verismo* and *bel canto*. Her creative vocal techniques and musical interpretation also make her a captivating performer of Lieder and contemporary music. In the Bayreuth Festival side-programme, she has performed various roles in Siegfried Wagner's operas, including Frau Kathrin in *Friedensengel*, Trude/Wirtin/Märchenfrau in *An Allem ist Hütchen schuld*, and Eustachia in *Sonnenflammen*. In 2019, she made her debut as Fricka in *Das Rheingold*, conducted by Byron Knutson. Her engagements have also taken her to Cologne, where she sang the alto part in Janáček's *The Diary of One Who Disappeared* and in Holst's *Savitri*.

Her other operatic roles include Orlovsky in *Die Fledermaus* at the Festival Classique, Carmen, Marina Tsvetaeva in Vsevolod Pozdejev's *Sieben Briefe zur Begegnung* (Narva Opera Days, Estonia), Flora in *La traviata* (Theater Solingen), Un Pâtre in *L'Enfant et les sortilèges*, Praskovia in *Die lustige Witwe* (Theater Aachen) and the Third Lady in Krenek's *Das geheime Königreich* (Cologne).

In addition to opera, her passion for vocal-symphonic music has established her as a respected concert soloist. The works in which she has sung include Bach's *St John Passion*, Mass in



Photograph: Anna Tena

B minor and *Christmas Oratorio*, the Requiems of Brahms, Duruflé, Mozart and Verdi, Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*, Handel's *Dixit Dominus*, *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *St Paul* and Palmeri's *MisaTango*. Her repertoire also includes chamber music and Lieder, performing regularly with the Prezioso String Quartet and a number of pianists,

The festivals at which she has appeared include the Festival Classique, Rotterdam Operadagen, Ammerseerenade, Narva Opera Days in Estonia and the Young Composers Meeting in Apeldoorn.

Maarja Purga holds a Bachelor of Arts from the Royal Conservatoire of The Hague, where she studied with Barbara Pearson, and a Master of Music from the Hochschule für Musik und Tanz Köln, where she studied with Lioba Braun. She has participated in master-classes with Nadine Denize, Caroline Dowdle, Edda Moser, Derek Lee Ragin, Dalia Schächter and Ira Siff. Among the conductors with whom she has sung are David Robert Coleman, Lionel Friend, Risto Joost, Byron Knutson, Peter Kuhn, Michael Luig and Reiner Schuhenn.

In recognition of her artistic achievements, she was awarded a Richard Wagner Scholarship in 2016, granted by the Richard Wagner Association in Ammersee, and won the audience prize at the Vello Jürna Vocal Competition in 2020.

Sten Lassmann has been appearing as a soloist and chamber musician since winning first prize in the Sixth Estonian Piano Competition in 2002. He has performed all over the world, and in some of the most prestigious venues, among them the Glenn Gould Studio in Toronto, Purcell Room in London, the Grand and Small Halls of the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire in Moscow, the Giuseppe Verdi Conservatoire Concert Hall in Milan and the Forbidden City Concert Hall in Beijing. He has toured Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto and Prokofiev's Second with the Estonian National Symphony Orchestra (ENSO), and gave the Estonian premiere of James Macmillan's Second Piano Concerto with the Tallinn Chamber Orchestra. Recent engagements include Mozart's B flat major Concerto, K595, with the Orchestra Helikunst, Khachaturian's Piano Concerto with the ENSO and all Bach's multi-keyboard concertos with the Tallinn Chamber Orchestra.



Photograph: Kaupo Kikkas

He began his musical education at the Tallinn Central Music School in 1989 and continued at the Estonian Academy of Music and Theatre with Ivari Ilja. He later studied also at the Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique et de Danse de Paris with Brigitte Engerer and at the Royal Academy of Music in London with Ian Fountain. A major musical influence also comes from his father, Peep Lassmann, an esteemed professor of piano at the Estonian Academy of Music and Theatre and a former student of Emil Gilels at the Moscow Conservatoire. In 2013 Sten Lassmann was awarded a PhD at the Royal Academy of Music in London for his research into the Estonian composer Heino Eller. He has also received the Heino Eller Music Prize (2011), the Estonian Cultural Endowment annual music prize (twice, in 2015 and 2021), and in 2018 was elected Associate of the Royal Academy of Music (ARAM). His ninth and final volume of Heino Eller's Complete Piano Works, for Toccata Classics, a series that has now covered all 206 of Eller's piano compositions, was awarded 'Best Classical Album' at the Estonian Music Awards in 2024. He is currently senior lecturer of piano at the Estonian Academy of Music and Theatre. Also in 2024 Toccata Next released *The Estonian Cello*, featuring his recordings, with the cellist Valle-Rasmus Roots, of all eight Eller compositions for cello and piano, along with works by Herman Känd, Eduard Oja, Villem Reimann and Eduard Tubin.

Sten Lassmann is an avid chamber musician and in recent years has given recitals with the violinists Pavel Berman, Anna-Liisa Bezrodny, Natalia Lomeiko, Mikk Murdvee, Katariina Maria Kits, Movses Pogossian, Stanislav Pronin, Robert Traksmann, Triin Ruubel, the soprano Arete Kerge, mezzo-sopranos Maarja Purga and Karis Trass and bass Pavlo Balakin, as well as with Valle-Rasmus Roots.

Kirill Ogorodnikov studied classical guitar at the Ahtme School of Arts in north-eastern Estonia and, with Tiit Peterson, at the Georg Ots Music School in Tallinn. In 2013 he received his Bachelor's degree from the Estonian Academy of Music and Theatre, in the guitar class of Heiki Mätlik, and in 2015 earned his Master's degree from the prestigious Cologne University of Music under the supervision of Gerhard Reichenbach. He has participated in the master-courses of Sérgio Assadi, Roberto Aussel, Eduardo Fernandez, Martin Fogel, Johan Fostier, Sven Lundestad, Carlo Marchione and Yves Storms.

He has successfully participated in international guitar competitions: in 2014, he was awarded the third prize at the international guitar competition in Gevelsberg, Germany, and in 2010 the second prize and a special prize from the Estonian classical-music radio station Klassikaraadio at the Tallinn International Guitar Competition.

Kirill Ogorodnikov performs both as soloist and chamber musician. He has appeared in several festivals in Estonia and at the SaitenReise Gitarrenfestival in Germany. He has appeared twice as a soloist with the Pärnu City Orchestra, performing the Guitar Concerto by Villa-Lobos and premiering the Guitar Concerto by the Estonian composer Gennadi Taniel.

His wide repertoire includes original works and transcriptions from Baroque to the present day, including new Russian music and contemporary works by Estonian composers (Robert Jürjendal, Ester Mägi, Tõnu Kõrvits, Peeter Vähi). Additionally, he has given the first performances of solo-guitar works dedicated to him by René Eespere (*Twelve in Seven* and *Inventum*) and Lauri Jõelet (*Sonata a la Arpa*). In 2017 he gave the first performance of his own arrangements of romances by Tchaikovsky with the mezzo-soprano Iris Oja.

With Heli Ernits, Kirill Ogorodnikov has formed the Duo Telluur, founded in 2015 and featuring cor anglais and classical guitar. It has performed in several concert venues in Estonia and toured in Germany and Russia. The Duo Telluur is focusing on commissioning pieces by contemporary composers and arrangements for this unusual combination.

Valle-Rasmus Roots, born in 1994, is an Estonian conductor as well as cellist. He began studying cello in 2001 with Mart Laas at the Tallinn Music High School, graduating in 2013. In 2017, he completed his Bachelor's degree at the Estonian Academy of Music and Theatre, obtaining his Master's degree in cello performance in 2020, studying cello with Henry-David Varema. In 2022, he earned a Master's degree in orchestral conducting under the guidance of Paul Mägi and currently he continues as a PhD junior researcher at the Estonian Academy of Music and Theatre under the supervision of Arvo Volmer.



Photograph: Kaupo Kikas

He has participated in the 'Erasmus+' student-exchange programme, studying at the Universität der Künste in Berlin with Wolfgang Böttcher, and at the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki with Marko Ylönen. He has achieved success in various competitions, winning first prize at the Baltic String Players Competition in December 2018 in Vilnius. He was also the winner of the Yamaha Scholarship Competition in 2016.

He has participated in numerous courses and master-classes with such distinguished cellists as David Geringas and Francis Gouton. Additionally, he has attended conducting courses with Leonid Grin, Kristjan Järvi, Neeme Järvi, Paavo Järvi, Vello Pähn, Jorma Panula and Arvo Volmer. He plays a Celeste Farotti cello owned by Maivi Kaljuvee, which has been provided to him by the Estonian Musical Instrument Foundation.

He is the founder and conductor of the orchestra Helikunst. He has conducted several other orchestras, working with such soloists as Hans Christian Aavik, Tähe-Lee Liiv, Marcel Johannes Kits, Katariina Maria Kits, Sten Lassmann, Elina Netšajeva and Karis Trass. As a cellist, he has performed as soloist with the Estonian National Symphony Orchestra, Tallinn Chamber Orchestra, Pärnu City Orchestra, Baden-Baden Philharmonic Orchestra and the Estonian Academy of Music and Theatre Symphony Orchestra, working with conductors who include Jüri Alpernten, Risto Joost, Paul Mägi, Kaspar Mänd, Mikk Murdvee and Arvo Volmer. He has premiered works for cello and orchestra by the Estonian composers Märt-Matis Lill and Age Veeroos. Toccata Next recently released his album *The Estonian Cello*, featuring his recordings, with Sten Lassmann, of music for cello and piano by Heino Eller, Eduard Oja, Herman Känd Villem Reimann and Eduard Tubin.

Mari-Liis Vind has been the Associate Principal Flute of the Estonian National Symphony Orchestra since 2008. A distinguished musician, she graduated from Tallinn Music High School in 2000 under the guidance of Raivo Peäske. She furthered her education at the Karlsruhe University of Music, graduating in 2007 after studying with Renate Greiss-Armin and Mathias Allin. During her time in Karlsruhe, she also specialised in Baroque flute with Heike Nikodemus and later briefly studied Historical Interpretation Practice at the Frankfurt University of Music and Performing Arts under Karl Kaiser.



Photograph: Mart Hirtado

Early in her career, she was a laureate in several national youth competitions, demonstrating her exceptional talent from a young age. Her professional journey has included collaborations with various ensembles and orchestras, covering a spectrum of music from Baroque to contemporary. Notable collaborations include those with the Estonian Baroque Orchestra, Tallinn Chamber Orchestra, Ensemble Floridante and the Ensemble for New Music Tallinn.

In addition to her orchestral work, Mari-Liis Vind is dedicated to teaching and currently instructs flute at the Tallinn College of Music and Ballet. She is also a member of Trio Punctum, contributing to the vibrant chamber-music scene in the city. Her multifaceted career highlights her versatility and commitment to the art of music.



Also available from Toccata Classics



TOCC 0054

'This is fascinating repertoire, beautifully played and recorded, and well worth seeking out.'

—Nicholas Salwey, *International Record Review*

'The performances – recorded between 1992 and 2002 by Estonian Radio – are excellent, their remastering splendidly executed by Raphaelle Mouterde. An absolute gem of a disc, strongly recommended.'

—Guy Rickards, *Gramophone*

'this disc is to be welcomed as proof that her voice is a hugely valuable and distinctive one with music that is immediately accessible and richly rewarding. [...] a worthy introduction to a composer who deserves greater recognition outside her country, where she is rightly highly valued.'

—Steve Arloff, *MusicWeb International*

'The performances are uniformly good, with close attention paid to accenting, firm rhythms, and sectional blending. [...] If this CD is anything to go by, Mägi has far more to offer than the usual East European "picture postcard", and I hope we'll hear more from her.'

—Barry Brenesal, *Fanfare*

Texts and Translations

Viis romansi

☐ No. 1, Kuis võiksin magada

Marie Under

Kuis võiksin magada, kui armastan ma nõnda!
Kuu poetand põrandale hõbelehti,
kui pisaraid on puhkend taevas tähti –
kuis võiksin unustada sind ja iseend!
Kuis võiksin magada, kui armastan ma nõnda,
et igatsusega võin nüüdseid tunde ehti,
öö hallusesse päeva pärleid plehti ja kurbust
kanda nagu õnne mõnda?
Sind mõelda, end lasta rõõmu kõrgest
lainest kanda – mis sest, kui kuskil põrkad
valuranda.
Kuis magada, kuis magada, kui armastan, kui
armastan öid-päevi neid kui esimesi või ka
viimaseid.

☒ No. 2, Mälestus

Helvi Jürisson

Süttivad tuled mu südamekambris –
tuhmid, hämarad.
Kusagilt kaugusest tuleb,
silmad mõtlukult maas, üks tuttav, tuttav kuju.

Ja äkki, ja äkki sähvatab põlema pimestav
valgus ja valus on silmil, valus on südamel –
enam see pole ju algus, vaid lõpustki kaugem,
kaugem mälestus, mälestus.

Five Romances

How Could I Sleep

*How could I sleep when I love so deeply!
The moon has dropped silver leaves on the floor,
as tears have scattered stars across the sky –
how could I forget you and myself!
How could I sleep when I love so deeply,
that with longing I adorn the present moments,
weaving pearls of day into the night's grey
and carrying sadness like some fortune?
To think of you, to let myself be carried by joy's
high wave – what if somewhere you collide
with the shore of pain?
How to sleep, how to sleep, when I love, when
I love these nights and days, as if they were
the first ones or perhaps the last ones?*

A Memory

*Lights ignite in the chambers of my heart –
dim, obscure.
From somewhere in the distance comes,
with eyes thoughtfully lowered, a familiar,
familiar figure.
And suddenly, suddenly a blinding light flashes
and it hurts the eyes, it hurts the heart –
this is no longer the beginning, but a memory,
a memory farther even than the end.*

3 No. 3, Rannapääsuke

Kersti Merilaas

Rannapääsuke, sinisuline,
tiibu laotas, lendas ülesse,
ülalt noolena laskus laintele, valge rinnaga
vooge riivates.
Mida tahtis ta mulle ütleda, kurgul kumedal
siristas?

Kõrsi kogusin, raage riisusin,
sitke saviga seinad silusin,
liitsin kõvasti püha põrmuga,
kalli kaldaga kokku sidusin.
Kõrs kõrrele, raag raole, kalur merele,
kündja vaole, vidiit!
Tõuseb tormihoog, pesa pillutab, ilma äärele
heidab enese:
rannapääsuke, sirjelinnuke, kuhu lähed siis,
mida, mida teed?
Rannapääsuke, sirjelinnuke, kuhu lähed siis,
mida teed?
Ikka uuesti, ikka alati, lendan tagasi, otsast
alustan sada korda ma, tuhat korda ma:
kõrre kõrrele, raole rao.
Siin mu kodupaik, püha sünnimaa,
ainus ilma peal, ainus päikse all.
Rand see tuuline, rand see tormide: tormist
tugevam on mu armastus.

Beach Swallow

*The beach swallow, blue-winged,
spread its wings, flew up,
from above, descended like an arrow
to the waves, touching the currents
with its white breast.
What did it want to tell me, chirping
in a resonant voice?
I gathered stalks, raked twigs,
smoothed the walls with tough clay,
joined them firmly with the holy earth,
tied them together with the dear shore.
Stalk to stalk, twig to twig, fisherman to the sea,
ploughman to the furrow, tweet!
The storm rises, tosses the nest, throws itself
to the edge of the world:
beach swallow, Sirje-bird, where are you going,
what, what are you doing?
Beach swallow, Sirje-bird, where are you going,
what are you doing?
Again and always, I fly back, start anew
a hundred times, a thousand times:
stalk to stalk, twig to twig.
Here is my home, holy birthplace, the only one
in the world, the only one under the sun.
This windy shore, this stormy shore: stronger
than the storm is my love.*

☐ No. 4, Tuul

Marie Under

Lai ja avar akna täis selget kastesinist tuult,
kuldseid lõhnu kuslapuult akna-, akna-,
uksetäis.

Alles une mustad jõed kohisesid öises loas,
nüüd ent hommiktuul mu toas, ja me oleme
kui öed.

Akna-, ukse-, majatäis, akna-, ukse-, maj-,
majatäis ja õuetäis ja põuetäis.

Lai ja avar aknatäis selget kastesinist tuult,
kuldseid lõhnu kuslapuult
akna-, ukse-, majatäis ja õne põuetäis.

☐ No. 5, Õnne algus

Linda Ruud

Sule, sule silmad, kuula vaikust.
Peida, peida oma pilk, peida, peida.
Muidu kardan, et ma haihtun, muidu kardan,
et ma haihtun päikses nagu kastetilk.

Oma kuuma käega, palun, ära puuduta mu
kätt,
ära puuduta.
Sinu puudutus on valus, sinu puudutus on
valus nagu jumalagajätt.

Wind

Wide and spacious window full of clear dew-
blue wind,
golden scents from the honeysuckle window-,
window-, door-ful.

Only the black rivers of sleep roared in the
nightly meadow, but now the morning wind
is in my room,

and we are like sisters.

Window-, door-, house-ful, window-, door-,
house-, house-ful and yard-ful and bosom-ful.
Wide and spacious window full of clear dew-
blue wind, golden scents from the honeysuckle
window-, door-, house-ful and bosom full
of happiness.

The Onset of Happiness

Close, close your eyes, listen to the silence.
Hide, hide your gaze, hide, hide.
Otherwise I fear I will vanish, otherwise I fear
I will vanish in the sun like a dew drop.

With your warm hand, please don't touch
my hand, don't touch.
Your touch is painful, your touch is painful
like a farewell.

Ära, ära küsi, ära küsi. Ühtki sõna ma ei tea,
ma ei tea, ma ei tea.

Sõnad kaovad, nad ei püsi,
sõnad kaovad, nad ei püsi,
sõnast algavad me vead.

Ära, ära keela, kui ma lähen – juba rohul
kastekirm, kastekirm, kastekirm.

Väike õnn on mulle vähe, väike õnn on mulle
vähe, suure ees on aga hirm.

Kaks romanssi

Anna Haava

☒ No. 1, Suur ja vaikne

Suur ja vaikne hiilg ning sära –
mõttest mõtte', hingest hinge-
kahe surelise saatus, teineteise meelespea.

Ei see kadund kaugusega, aegadega ei see
haihtund.

Kantud üle kauguste! Kandub üle kauguste!
Tõuseb üle tõkete!
Tõuseb üle tõkete!

Mõttest mõtte', hingest hinge –
kahe surelise saatus, teineteise meelespea.
Kahe surelise saatus – südamete armastus.

*Don't, don't ask, don't ask. I don't know a single
word, I don't know, I don't know.*

*Words disappear, they don't last,
words disappear, they don't last,
our mistakes begin with words.*

*Don't, don't forbid, if I leave – already dew
is on the grass, dew is on the grass,
dew is on the grass.*

*A small happiness is not enough for me, a small
happiness is not enough for me, but the great
one I fear.*

Two Romances

Big and Silent

*Great and quiet glow and shine –
from thought to thought, from soul to soul –
the fate of two mortals, reminders of each other.*

*It has not been lost with distance, not faded
with ages.*

*Carried across distances! Carries over distances!
Rises above obstacles!
Rises above obstacles!*

*From thought to thought, from soul to soul –
the fate of two mortals, reminders of each other.
The fate of two mortals – the love of two hearts.*

7 No. 2, Mul on tare taeva all
Mul on tare taeva all,
ümber tare pilvevall,
seinte turbeks tuuled suured,
varjuks maru mühinad.
Siiski seinad toevad maas,
nurgakivid sügavas;
laotub laeks taevasina,
põrandaks maamuld ja paas;
vaat' vad aknasse maailmad,
päikse, kuu- ja tähtesilmadd;
kohab kambri laululaas.
Mul on tare taeva all,
ümber tare pilvevall,
mul on tare, mul on tare.
Nõnda elan, majun mina.
Otsid mind kust mujalt sina.

8 **Kiigele!**

Estonian folk-poetry

Teele, teele, ällikene, kiigele, kiigele!
Käi, älli, kõrgele, kiigele, kiigele!
Tulge älmä, äelme, kiigele, kiigele!
Tulge kiikma, kirivä, kiigele, kiigele!
Teele, teele, ällikene, kiigele, kiigele!
Käi älli, kõrgele, kiigele, kiigele!

*I have a Shelter under the Sky
I have a shelter under the sky,
a rampart of clouds around the shelter,
strong winds for the protection of the walls,
roars of fury for the shade.
However, the walls are supported in the ground,
the cornerstones in deep;
azure spreads to the ceiling,
for the floor, earthen ground and limestone;
worlds looking in the window,
eyes of the sun, moon and stars;
the singing grove echoing into the chamber.
I have a shelter under the sky,
a rampart of clouds around the shelter,
I have a shelter, I have a shelter.
This is how I live, how I reside.
Where else are you looking for me?*

To the Swing!

*Off you go, little seesaw, to the swing,
to the swing!
Go, little seesaw, high, to the swing, to the swing!
Come along, into the air, to the swing,
to the swing!
Come to swing, colourful one, to the swing,
to the swing!
Off you go, little seesaw, to the swing,
to the swing!
Go, little seesaw, high, to the swing, to the swing!*

9 **Leidsid sõnad kalli viisi**

Estonian folksong, text by Manivald Kesamaa
Igatsevat, õrna viisi, üle vete kandis tuul.
Aga viisil polnud sõnu, polnud sõnu neiu suul.

Miks küll sõnu, armust helli, viisi ei kanna, rind
ei tea?
Süda, miks su häält ei kuule, sõnadeta laulma
pean?

Olid sõnad, polnud viisi, noormees ükski luhal
käis.
Õelge, kuhu, kallid sõnad, teie viisi tiivad jäid?

Tiivad, mis mu sõnu kannaks, milles süttiks
meel ja rind.
Tule, ööbik, viisi looja, ammu, ammu ootan
sind.

Leidsid sõnad kalli viisi, leidsid sõnad kalli
viisi, silmad leidsid teineteist.
Neid ja noormees käivad kaldal, neid ja
noormees ja õnn loob laule, õnn loob ise
laule neist.

Words Found a Lovely Melody

*Over the waters the wind carried a gentle,
longing tune.
But the tune had no words, no words
on the maiden's lips.*

*Why, indeed, words of tender love, does the tune
not carry, the heart not know?
Heart, why can't I hear your voice, why must
I sing without words?*

*There were words, but no tune, the young man
walked alone in the meadow.
Tell me, dear words, where did your tune's wings
stay?
Wings that would carry my words, that ignite
the mind and heart.
Come, nightingale, creator of tunes, I have
waited for you so long, so long.*

*The words found a cherished tune, the words
found a cherished tune, eyes they found
each other.
The maiden and the lad walk along the shore,
the maiden and the lad and happiness create
songs, happiness itself creates songs of them.*

Nüüd on viisid nüüd on sõnad, vaikne õnn
käib kahe eel.
Ühest armust laule lendab helisedes kaugele.
Nüüd on viisid, nüüd on sõnad,
vaikne õnn käib kahe eel.
Ühest armust laule lendab helisedes kaugele,
helisedes kaugele ja helisedes kaugele.

☞ *Lehed lang'sid*

Juhan Liiv

Tuulehoog lõi vetesse,
lehed lang'sid laintesse:
lained olid tuhakarva,
taevas üle tinakarva,
tuhakarva sügise.
See oli häa mu südamel:
sää! olid tunded tuhakarva,
taevas üle tinakarva, tuhakarva sügise.

☞ *Lumehelbeke*

Juhan Liiv

Lumehelbeke tasa, tasa liugleb aknale,
tasa tasa...
Nagu viibiks ta tasa, tasa, mõtleks tulles ka:
tasa, tasa!
Miks nii tuksud, rind?
Tasa, tasa!
Rahu otsib sind – tasa, tasa...

*Now there are tunes, now there are words, quiet
happiness goes before the two of them.
Out of one love, songs fly far, ringing loudly.
Now there are tunes, now there are words,
quiet happiness goes before them.
Out of one love, songs fly far ringing loudly, fly
far ringing loudly and fly far ringing loudly.*

Leaves were Falling

*A gust of wind struck the waters,
leaves fell into the waves:
the waves were ash-coloured,
the sky above tin-coloured,
ash-coloured autumn.
It was good for my heart:
there were feelings ash-coloured,
the sky above tin-coloured, ash-coloured
autumn.*

A Snowflake

*A snowflake quietly, quietly glides
onto the window, quietly, quietly...
As if it were staying quietly, quietly, thinking
upon arrival: quietly, quietly!
Why do you beat so, my heart?
Quietly, quietly!
Peace seeks you – quietly, quietly...*

12 *Vanatühja petmine*

Estonian folk-poetry

Mu papal oli rikas põld, ta kinkis mulle obu.
Irnu mu obu, irnu mu obu, kiri mu kukeluke.
Mu papal oli rikas põld, ta kinkis mulle lehma.
Irnu mu obu, möögi mu lehma, irnu mu obu,
möögi mu lehma, kiri mu kukeluke.
Mu papal oli rikas põld, ta kinkis mulle lamba.
Irnu mu obu, möögi mu lehma, määgi mu
lammas, irnu mu obu, kiri mu kukeluke.
Mu papal oli rikas põld, ta kinkis mulle peni.
Irnu mu obu, möögi mu lehma, määgi mu
lammas, haugu mu peni, kiri mu kukeluke.
Mu papal oli rikas põld, ta kinkis mulle kana.
Irnu mu obu, möögi mu lehma, määgi mu
lammas, haugu mu peni, kaagu mu kana, kiri
mu kukeluke.

13 *Valge pall*

Kaarel Korsen

Kaunid mänguhetked, kaunis suvepäev,
jälle kaenlas reket, väljakule läen.

Cheating Old Nick

*My dad had a prosperous field, he gave me
a horse.
Neigh my horse, neigh my horse, crow my little
rooster.
My dad had a prosperous field, he gave me
a cow.
Neigh my horse, moo my cow, neigh my horse,
moo my cow, crow my little rooster.
My dad had a prosperous field, he gave me
a sheep.
Neigh my horse, moo my cow, bleat my sheep,
neigh my horse, crow my little rooster.
My dad had a prosperous field, he gave me
a dog.
Neigh my horse, moo my cow, bleat my sheep,
bark my dog, crow my little rooster.
My dad had a prosperous field, he gave me
a hen.
Neigh my horse, moo my cow, bleat my sheep,
bark my dog, cluck my chicken, crow my little
rooster.*

White Ball

*Beautiful moments of play, a beautiful summer
day,
once again with racquet in hand, I step
onto the court.*

Kutsub saatma lendu end ka valge pall,
keelitab mind mängu, mängu, võlu-, võluvõim
on tal.

Valge pall, valge pall, hästi lenda mu löögi all!
Kõrge rabak, täpselt taba õiget kohta võrgu
taga!

Soe ja särav kõrgus, sinab üleval, teel on üle
võrgu katseks löödud pall.

Viib mind uljalt kaasa kasvav mänguhoog.
Kuidas see küll haarab, haarab, võidu, võidugi
ehk toob.

Valge pall, valge pall, hästi lenda mu löögi all!
Kõrge rabak, täpselt taba õiget kohta võrgu
taga!

Ümber pargi vaikus, kõrged pärnapuud,
hetketi vaid kaigub laulu linnu suust.
Saatmas igal sammul meid on päikse helk,
mäng mis algas ammu ammu, jätkud, jätkud
tuliselst.

Valge pall, valge pall, hästi lenda mu löögi all!
Kõrge rabak, täpselt taba õiget kohta võrgu
taga!

*The white ball calls me to send it flying,
It persuades me to join the game, enchanting,
enchanting power it has.*

*White ball, white ball, fly well under my strike!
High lob, hit precisely in the right spot behind
the net!*

*Warm and radiant height, gleaming blue above,
on its way over the net is the try-out ball.*

*The growing momentum of the game boldly
takes me along.*

*How it grips, grips, victory, perhaps bringing
victory too.*

*White ball, white ball, fly well under my strike!
High lob, hit precisely in the right spot
behind the net!*

*Silence surrounds the park, tall lime trees,
occasionally only the song of a bird echoes.
Accompanying us at every step is the gleam
of the sun,
A game that began long, long ago continues
fiercely.*

*White ball, white ball, fly well under my strike!
High lob, hit precisely in the right spot behind
the net!*

Kaks laulu Ernst Enno sõnadele

Ernst Enno

☐ No. 1, Sääl kõrgel

Sääl kõrgel, sääl kõrgel, kõrgel pilvis kus kuldne

koidu käik,

kus pilvekeste kodu,

kus tähte sära, läik;

sääl varjul rada vaikne,

sääl imeline tee...

Hing otsib ilmas, otsib – ei leia ülesse.

Koit kuldne,

koit kuldne hilju hüüab:

sääl hiilgab iludus...

Pilv tasa sosisteleb:

siin asub vabadus...

Ja ihal, ja ihal tähte,

tähte sära käib hinge tasane,

kui kutsuks, kutsuks venda kodu,

kes eksind võõrsile,

kes eksind võõrsile.

Two Songs to Words by Ernst Enno

Up There

Up high, up high, high in the clouds

where the golden dawn breaks,

where the clouds have their home,

where the stars shimmer and shine;

there lies a hidden, quiet path, there lies

a wondrous road...

The soul searches the world, searches –

but cannot find it.

The golden dawn,

the golden dawn softly calls:

there glimmers beauty...

The cloud softly whispers:

here resides freedom...

And yearning, and yearning for the star,

the star's shimmer the soul quietly walks,

as if calling, calling a brother home,

who has strayed into foreign lands,

who has strayed into foreign lands.

☞ No. 2, Kõitke kinni!
Kõitke kinni,
kõitke kinni ta silmad kesk võõrast ilmated –
kõitke kinni,
kõitke kinni ta silmad –
ta leiab siiski oma teed.
Keset ilma, kesk laia,
võõrast rada, juhiks armastus;
keset ilma, kesk laia,
võõrast rada teed tunneb kojuigatsus.

Pange raudu, pange raudu ta jalad ja müüri
needke keed –
pange raudu, pange raudu ta jalad –
ta leiab siiski oma teed.
Keset raudu, kesk vangitare müürde ei jahtu
armastus,
lahti sulatab, lahti müüre, lahti raudu –
teed murrab kojuigatsus,
teed murrab kojuigatsus, igatsus.

*Bind the eyes!
Bind shut,
bind shut his eyes in the midst of a strange
world's path –
bind shut,
bind shut his eyes –
he will still find his way.
In the middle of the world, amid the wide,
unfamiliar path, love being the guide;
in the middle of the world, amid the wide,
unfamiliar path, homesickness will know the
way.*

*Put on cuffs, put cuffs on his feet and wall in
those chains –
put on cuffs, put cuffs on his feet –
he will still find his way.
Amidst the cuffs, within prison walls love will
not cool down,
it will melt, open the walls, release the chains –
longing for home will break the way,
longing for home will break the way, longing.*

Laulud Betti Alveri luulega

Betti Alver

☞ No. 1, Puust palitu

Päike paistis, kaste hiilgas,
viduts vihma veidike,

pojuke mängis memme põlvel,
seljas titekleidike.

Juba need julged jõngerjalad jooksid joovika
rabani.

Tuli rätsep, õmbles riided, nikerdas nõõpaugud
nabani.

Oli see hunt, kes äkki huikas, tusar tihniku
asukas.

Nooruk sõitis laia laande
karuses killakasukas,
karuses killakasukas.

Kihas taplus, loitsid leegid, suitsusid sõja
keerised, mehupoeg vaarus, vaarus keset välja
vammused veidi verised, vammused veidi
verised.

Memmele jäid tühjad nurgad,
taadile hobuste talitus,
pojuke viidi kabelimäele
puhkama puust palitus,
puhkama puust palitus.

Songs to Poetry by Betti Alver

Wooden Overcoat

*The sun shone, the dew sparkled,
a little rain drizzled,
a little boy played on his mother's lap,
wearing a baby dress.*

*Soon those bold little legs ran to the cranberry
bog.*

*A tailor came, sewed clothes, carved buttonholes
down to the navel.*

*Was it a wolf that suddenly howled, a gloomy
inhabitant of the thicket.*

*A young man rode into the wide wilderness
in a rough (military) fur coat,
in a rough (military) fur coat.*

*A battle raged, flames chanted, the whirlwinds
of war smoked, the young man staggered,
staggered in the middle of the field, his clothes
slightly bloodied, his clothes slightly bloodied.*

*Empty corners were left for the grandmother,
horse chores for the grandfather,
the little boy was taken to the chapel hill
to rest in a wooden coat,
to rest in a wooden coat.*

☐ No. 2, Jälle ja jälle
Kui kajab muusika ja naeruhääl on hele,
näod hõõguma ju lõövad rõõmuroast,
siis läbi linna lumevaljadele ma tasakesi põikan
pidutoast.
Nüüd kustub kaugel kumav aknarida.
Täis pillkusid on taevapimedik.
Ma seisatan.
Sa tuled jällegi mu kohtunik,
ja küsid jälle jälle midagi.
Kuid mida, mida sa siis ei tea?
Sa näitad minule mu armetust ning jällegi on
osatada vaja sul minu eluhoolt, mu elumaja,
mu enda hellitust ja edevust.
Su käes on korraga kui kulurohi mu rinnalt
kistud hõbelill.
Nii raske, raske tuule rajuvil sa rebid kõik mu
hingehilbud maha.
Ma oma võimetuses vahel vihkan sind!
Kuid sinuta mu süüdistaja,
ma siiski siiski elada ei taha,
ma elada ei saa,
ma elada ei tohi, tohi!

Again and Again
When music echoes and laughter is bright,
faces start to glow with joy,
then through the city to the snowy fields I quietly
slip away from the feast.
Now the distant row of glowing windows fades.
The night sky is full of glances.
I stop.
You come again, my judge,
and ask once more, once more something.
But what, what is it that you do not know?
You show me my wretchedness and once again
you need to scorn my life's care, my life's home,
my own tenderness and vanity.
In your hand, like dry grass, the silver flower
from my chest is torn.
So heavy, heavy is the stormy wind you tear
away all the shreds of my soul.
In my helplessness, sometimes I hate you!
But without you, my accuser,
I still, still do not want to live,
I cannot live,
I must not live, I must not!

☞ No. 3, Linnud naersid

Une aknale, une aknale
kevad koputas, kevad koputas.
Une aknale, une aknale
kevad koputas.

Tahtsin tumedas majas magada,
tahtsin tumedas majas magada,
näpus härmalill, rinnas räitsakad.

Aga kevade kürgas valusalt öite õhetust,
öite õhetust elu haavale,
elu haavale.

Kõik mu suletud mõtted veeretab tuhka
tuuleke tantsukingaga, tuuleke tantsukingaga,
tuuleke tantsukingaga.

Linnud katusel naersid laginal,
linnud katusel naersid laginal,
linnud katusel naersid laginal,
naersid laginal naersid.
Kui mind ahastus aknal kägistas,
kui mind ahastus aknal kägistas,
ahastus kägistas, ahastus kägistas.

The Birds were Laughing

*At the window of sleep, at the window of sleep,
spring knocked, spring knocked.
At the window of sleep, at the window of sleep,
spring knocked.*

*I wanted to sleep in the dark house,
I wanted to sleep in the dark house,
with a frost flower in hand, snowflakes in my
chest.*

*But spring urged painfully the blush of blossoms,
the blush of blossoms on the wound of life,
on the wound of life.*

*All my closed thoughts were swept away by
a breeze with dancing shoes, a breeze with
dancing shoes, a breeze with dancing shoes.*

*Birds on the roof laughed loudly,
birds on the roof laughed loudly,
birds on the roof laughed loudly,
laughed loudly, laughed.*

*As despair strangled me at the window,
as despair strangled me at the window,
despair strangled, despair strangled.*

Kolm setu muinasjutulaulu

Seto folk-poetry

☞ No. 1, Laulev puu

Sõsar minu ärä tappis, velloni, velloni,
ärä tappis, maalõmattis, velloni, velloni,
mati mähki voiholdõ,
velloni, velloni,

maalõ mattis mar'avaka, velloni, velloni,
mattis suur tii viirde, velloni, velloni,
laia tii lainiille, velloni, velloni.

Ärä tapi sõsarõni, ärä mati maa sisse,
mano pani maravaka maalõ matis maravaka.

Sõsar minu ärä tappis, ärä tappis, maalõ mattis.
Sõsar minu ärä tappis, ärä tappis, mattis maalõ,
mattis maalõ maravaka, maalõ mattis
maravaka, maalõ.

Mattis suur tii viirde, laia tii lainiille, laia tii
lainiille, laia tii lainiille, lainiille, suur tii
viirde.

Sõitsi müüdä suurõ säksa,
kandu müüdä kauba-, kaubamehe.

Sõitsi müüdä säält suurõ säksa,
kandu müüdä kaubamehe,
raie maha tuu kõokõsõ, kaibi kandlõpuukõsõ!

Three Seto Fairytale Songs

The Singing Tree

*My sister killed me, my brother, my brother,
killed me,*

*buried me in the ground, my brother,
my brother,*

*wrapped me in a butterleaf, my brother,
my brother,*

*buried me at the great road's edge,
my brother, my brother,*

in the wide road's line, my brother, my brother.

*Do not kill your sister, do not bury her
in the ground,*

*placed beside the butterleaf, buried
with the butterleaf.*

*My sister killed me, killed me, buried me
in the ground.*

*My sister killed me, killed me, buried me in the
ground, buried with the butterleaf, buried
with the butterleaf, buried in the ground.*

*Buried by the great road's edge, in the wide
road's line, in the wide road's line, in the wide
road's line, in the line, by the great road's edge.*

*Rode past the great Saxon,
passed by the merchant, the merchant.*

*Rode past the great Saxon, passed
by the merchant,*

cut down that cuckoo, chop down the aspen tree!

☞ No. 2, Uinutamislaul

Uinu uinu üt's silm,
uinu uinu üt's silm,
uinu uinu üt's silm,
uinu uinu üt's silm,
uinu uinu otsani magama.

Uinu uinu üt's silm, uinu uinu kat's silm,
Uinu uinu üt's silm, uinu uinu kat's silm,
uinu uinu otsani magama.

Uinu uinu üt's silm, uinu uinu kat's silm,
uinu uinu kat's silm, uinu uinu kolm silm,
uinu uinu otsani magama.
Uinu uinu üt's silm,
uinu uinu kat's silm,
uinu uinu otsani magama,
uinu uinu otsani magama.

☞ No. 3, Vaeslaps käoks

Kuuku, käokõnõ, ime tapp, ese sei,
kuuku käokõnõ, sõsar hellä linnukõnõ kuukuu!

Koras luu räti sisse kuukuu,
vei mõtsa kannu otsa kuukuu.
Säält kasvi käokõnõ kuukuu, säält kasvi
käokõnõ kuu-kuu,
Imeks tapi ese seije, vello mino vere jeije.

A Lullaby

*Sleep, sleep one eye,
sleep, sleep one eye,
sleep, sleep one eye,
sleep, sleep one eye,
sleep, sleep all the way to sleep.*

*Sleep, sleep one eye, sleep, sleep two eyes,
Sleep, sleep one eye, sleep, sleep two eyes,
sleep, sleep all the way to sleep.*

*Sleep, sleep one eye, sleep, sleep two eyes,
sleep, sleep two eyes, sleep, sleep three eyes,
sleep, sleep all the way to sleep.
Sleep, sleep one eye,
sleep, sleep two eyes,
sleep, sleep all the way to sleep,
sleep, sleep all the way to sleep.*

The Orphan of a Cuckoo

*Coo-coo, little cuckoo bird, mother killed me,
father ate me,
coo-coo little cuckoo, gentle sister-bird, coo-coo!*

*Wrapped the bone in a cloth, coo-coo,
carried it to the stump in the forest, coo-coo.
From there grew the little cuckoo bird, coo-coo,
from there grew the little cuckoo bird, coo-coo,
Mother killed me, father ate me, my brother
drank my blood.*

Sõsar koras sõrmõluu, mähkuks sini siidi sisse,
pääle solga räti sisse,
säält sai illos, tsirgukõnõ,
vahajalga varbolanõ.
Ämmäke mä är' tapp, kuu-kuu kuu-kuu,
ese sei minu liha, kuu-kuu kuu-kuu,
velo jei minu vere, kuu-ku-kuu-kuu,
sõsar koras luu kokku kuu-kuu kuu-kuu.

Kiäkäo ärä tappis, kuu-ku kuu-ku ämmäk käo
ärä tappis kuu-ku kuu-ku, sõsar korras kokku
luu kuu-ku kuu-ku,
mähke siniräti sisse kuu-ku kuu-ku,
sealt sai sini tsirgukõnõ kuu-ku,
sinisiibo linduja kuuku.
Kuuku kuu-ku kuu-ku kuu-ku kuu-ku kuu
[etc.]

Ime mu ärä tappi,
vello mu vere jeije,
ese mu liha seije,
sõsar mu hella linnukõnõ, kiä mu luu kokko
koras, kõüdi ta siniräti sisse,
veije ta mõtsa kannu pääle,
säält ma sai illos käokõnõ,
sini ma süva tsirgukõnõ,
kuu-kuu-kuu, kuuuu, kuuuu, kuuuu, kuu.

*Sister collected the finger bone, wrapped it
in blue silk,
over it a grimy cloth,
from there came a beautiful little bird,
a sparrow with wax legs.
Stepmother killed me, coo-coo coo-coo,
my father ate my flesh, coo-coo coo-coo,
my brother drank my blood, coo-coo coo-coo,
sister gathered the bones together, coo-coo
coo-coo.*

*Who killed the cuckoo, coo-coo coo-coo,
stepmother killed the cuckoo, coo-coo coo-coo,
sister gathered the bones together, coo-coo
coo-coo,
wrapped them in a blue cloth, coo-coo coo-coo,
from there came a blue bird, coo-coo,
with blue wings, coo-coo.
Coo-coo coo-coo coo-coo coo-coo coo [etc.]*

*Mother did kill me,
my brother did drink my blood,
my father did eat my flesh,
sister my gentle bird, who gathered my bones
together, wrapped them in a blue cloth,
carried them to the edge of the forest,
from there I became a beautiful cuckoo bird,
blue and deep little bird,
coo-coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo, coo.*

22 Ööhölmad

Valli Naelapea

Sirutan käed, sirutan käed mõlemad
ja vaatan –
valgust pole, valgust pole.
Peopesadel põlevad tuled, põlevad tuled, mida
ei ole, ei ole.
Õõ kiirgus on veider,
kuumendab kätt:
tulipalavalt, palavalt peidus, tulipalavalt peidus
on jumalagajätt
päikest päevadele,
päikest päevadele.
Õõ hoones unetus poetub,
poetub mu käevahele tumetuikav, tume
tunnetus.

Ära mine minust nii kaugele, et ma sinu nuttu
ei kuule,
ära keera oma pead teisele poole,
kuidas saaksin su pisaraid pühkida?
Oma armastuse lasen lahti, lasen lahti, ledu,
lasen lendu kui laperdava liblika.
Ära mine tihnikute taha,
et liblikas takerduks teelt,
ära kao nii kaugele, et ma su murekortse ei
näe.

Night Shades

*I reach out my hands, I reach out both hands
and look –
there is no light, there is no light.
On my palms lights are burning, lights are
burning that do not exist, do not exist.
The night's radiance is peculiar,
warming my hand:
fiercely hot, hidden warmly, fiercely hidden
is the farewell
of the sun for the days,
of the sun for the days.
Insomnia creeps into the night building,
darkly throbbing, dark sensation creeps
into my arms.*

*Don't go so far from me that I can't hear
your crying,
don't turn your head away,
how could I wipe away your tears?
I release my love, I let go, let it fly,
I let it fly like a fluttering butterfly.
Don't go behind the thickets,
so that the butterfly doesn't stumble
from the path,
don't disappear so far that I can't see
your worry lines.*

Tahan olla, tahan olla, olla nii ligi.
Tahan olla, tahan olla, olla nii ligi.
Tahaksin nutta, nutta sinuga koos,
nutta sinuga koos.
Tsuu, tsuu, tsuuh, tsuu, tsuu, tsuuh, tsuu, tsuu,
tsuu, tsuu.

Kaks laulu

Viivi Luik

☞ No. 1, Öö

Tule öö, viibiv öö.
Tule öö, viibiv öö,
jahe öö, sügisöö.
Ära ütle, sa ööde lill,
ära ütle, sa ööde lill,
ära ütle, sa tulilill...
Soo taga on kuu,
soo taga käis tuul,
soo taga kuu.
Soode taga eile tuul, eile tuul, tuul, tuul, tuul.

Ära ütle, et nutab lill, ära ütle, et sügistuul,
ära ütle, et jahe tuul, ööde lill, suve matuste
valge, valge lill!

Tule, öö, viibiv öö.
Tule öö, viibiv öö,
jahe öö, sügisöö, sügisöö.
Tule, öö, viibiv öö, sügis öö, sügis öö.

*I want to be, I want to be, be so close.
I want to be, I want to be, be so close.
I would like to cry, cry with you,
cry with you.
Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh, shh, shh, shh, shh, shh.*

Two Songs

Night

*Come, night, lingering night.
Come, night, lingering night,
cool night, autumn night.
Don't say, you flower of nights,
don't say, you flower of nights,
don't say, you fire lily...
Behind the marsh is the moon,
behind the marsh the wind passed,
behind the marsh, the moon.
Behind the marsh yesterday the wind, yesterday
the wind, wind, wind, wind.*

*Don't say, the flower cries, don't say, it's the
autumn wind,
don't say it's the cool wind, flower of nights,
white, white flower of summer's burial!*

*Come, night, lingering night.
Come, night, lingering night,
cool night, autumn night, autumn night.
Come, night, lingering night, autumn night,
autumn night.*

24 No. 2, Silmil suletuil

Silmil suletuil paljale taevale sõnu vaikseid,
kurb jumal, sõnu vaikseid märkisid lõpmata
kordi.

Nõnda palju, nõnda palju kuldseid, nõnda
palju kuldseid märkisid kuldsele vaevale.

Sõnu vaikseid kaskede okste peal tuul üle
loeb lõpmata kordi, kaskede okste peal sõnu
vaikseid loeb lõpmata kordi, lõpmata kordi.

Su ripsmed, kurb jumal, said vetele ja neil
roopillil sinine hääl,
su ripsmete sinine hääl,
su ripsmed, kurb jumal.

25 **Maarjasõnajalg**

Karl Ristikivi

Ainult Maarjamaal, Maarjamaal
maarjasõnajalg.

Ainult Maarjamaal, Maarjamaal
maarjasõnajalg.

Neitsi jahe lehvik, mille ta jaaniöö kastest röske
surub vastu põske.

Varemeist mööda rinnakust alla, vanade puude
all, varemeist mööda rinnakust alla vanade
puude all.

Vanade puude, vanade puude all mürgise
juurega magusas maas *Dryopteris filixmas*,
Dryopteris filixmas.

With Eyes Closed

*With closed eyes onto the bare sky, silent words,
sad god, silent words you marked endlessly.
So many, so many golden, so many golden signs
you marked onto the golden suffering.*

*Silent words on the branches of birches, the wind
counts endlessly, endlessly counts silent words
on the branches of birches, endlessly.*

*Your eyelashes, sad god, fell onto the waters
and their blue voice of a reed pipe,
your eyelashes' blue voice,
your eyelashes, sad god.*

The Marian Fern

*Only in Mary's Land, in Mary's Land,
the Marian fern.*

*Only in Mary's Land, in Mary's Land,
the Marian fern.*

*The cool fan of the Virgin, which she presses
against her cheek damp with the dew
of St John's Night.*

*Passing by ruins down the slope, under the old
trees, passing by ruins down the slope under
the old trees.*

*Under the old trees, under the old trees with its
poisonous root in the sweet ground, *Dryopteris
filixmas*, *Dryopteris filixmas*.*

Pahklikust tüvest piilub drüaad,
ööl on üheksa poega,
üheksa lillega padja all näed, et üksi üksi jääd.
Maarja millal sa millal sa käisid me maal ja
paitasid sõnajalga?
Maarja millal sa andsid talle oma nime
millal sa andsid talle oma nime?
Maarja!
Lase sündida ime, lase sündida ime!
Lase sündida ime, lase sündida ime!

26 *Huiked*

Uu-uuh, le-lo-lol-loo, la-la-la, alleaa, eo, ekeo,
etc.

Põllul laulmine

Estonian folk-poetry

27 I *Moderato*

Lõpe, lõpe põllukene, saa otsa saarekene,
lõpe põldu leigatessa, saa kokku korjadessa,
sind ju ammu akatiie,
ammu akki leigatiie!

Kui ei lõpe leigatessa, saa ei kokku korjadessa,
küll siis jääned sirgu süia, sirgu süia karja käia.

*From a gnarled trunk peeks a dryad,
the night has nine sons,
with nine flowers under the pillow, you'll see
that you'll remain alone.
Mary, when did you, when did you visit
our land and caress the fern?
Mary, when did you give it your name,
when did you give it your name?
Mary!
Let a miracle happen, let a miracle happen!
Let a miracle happen, let a miracle happen!*

Herding Calls

Songs from the Fields

*End, end little field, come to an end little island,
let the field end through cutting, come together
by gathering,
you have been started a long time ago,
the haystack has long been cut!*

*If you do not end when cut, nor come together
when gathered,
then you will remain to be eaten by the fowl,
eaten by the fowl, trodden by the cattle.*

Ees üle – ees üle- ees üles.
Ees üle- ees üle – ees üle lõõrile, sõõrile, leerile,
veerile!

28 II *Andante tenuto*

Küll mina leikan, ei mina jõua,
ei minu esi edene,
ei minu väljuke vähene ei minu põlluke
põgene!
Tühi teaneb mis minula:
kas on jõudu ära võetud,
või on käed kinni pandud, sõrmed selgaje
seotud?
On minu enese süü või on sandi siribi süü?

Sirp on sandi sepa tehtud, raud on raibete
tautud.
Mul on üks ainus venda minu ella vennakene,
tee mulle terane sirpi, lase vaskine valada,
keera kulda keskeelle, tilguta tina tahaje,
et võin minna meeste ulka, naeste naljaje ajada,
tulla troppi tüterilla, naeste naljaje ajada, tulla
troppi tütterilla aa-aa-aa...

29 *Largo*

Kui meil lõpeb leigatava,
saab kokku korjatava,
siis meil lõpeb lõuna leiba,
vahe kannikad vauvad.
Siis tuua kerves tubaje,
panna paku põrmandale, ootsa lüüa orjalegi,
pähe panna päivilisel.

*Forward over – forward over – forward up.
Forward over – forward over – forward over
to the song, to the yarn, to the finch.*

*Oh, I will cut, but I can't bear it,
the tasks ahead won't prosper,
my fields won't diminish, my plots won't escape!
I wonder what's troubling me:
has my strength been taken away,
or are my hands tied, fingers bound behind
my back?
Is it my own mistake or the flaw of a faulty
sickle?*

*The sickle crafted by an inept blacksmith, iron
shaped by rogues.
I have only one brother, my beloved little
brother,
craft for me a keen sickle, cast it in copper, wrap
gold around its core, coat tin on its back,
so I can join the men, laugh with the women,
gather with the girls, laugh with the women,
gather with the girls aa-aa-aa...*

*When we run out of what we can cut,
when what we can pick shrinks,
then our midday bread will end,
the interim loaves will vanish.
Then bring the hatchet to the chamber,
put a stump on the floor, hit the slave
to his end, send the tasker on his way.*

80 IV *Allegro*

Kui tuli mi' pika põllo mano, leloo, leleleloo
siia lasi mi' laja väla mano, leloo, leoleleoo
inne panõks mi' ilo ii pääle, leloo, leleleloo
lauu panõ mi' laja väla pääle, leloo, leleleloo.

Küll meie siis ilo iih lätte, leloo, leleleloo
Küll meieks ta laulu takahlsi, leloo, leoleleoo
esi keerä mi ilo keskellä, leloo, leleleloo
esi laso mi' laulu vaihõllo, leloo, leleleloo.
Hüä ommõ küll ilol tüüdä tetä, leloo, leleleloo
lauul ommõ küll laapi laka välja, leloo,
leleleloo.

81 V *Rubato*

Leooo, lelo, lelo!
Lõpõ mu kulla põllukõnõ, leloo, leloo, hüü!
Kui no lõpõ siia jäta leloo, leloo, hüü!
Leloo, lelo, lelo!
Lõpõ mu kulla põllukõnõ, leloo, leloo, hüü!
Kui-i no lõpõ siia jäta
leloo, leloo, hüü!

82 VI *Allegro giocoso*

Sirise, sirise, sirbikene, sirise sirise sirbikene,
kõnele, kõnele, kõverikene, kõnele, kõnele,
kõverikene,
räägi, rootsi rauakene, räägi rootsi rauakene.

*When we arrived at the long field, leloo,
leleleloo,
we came to the wide expanse, leloo, leleleloo.
First, we placed joy upon the field, leloo,
leleleloo,
And filled the broad land with our songs, leloo...*

*Then joy will lead the way, leloo,
While happiness follows behind, leloo.
In the midst of this joy, we turn,
letting songs weave between the furrows.
It's truly good to work with joy,
with singing, we'll gather the wide field, leloo,
leleleloo.*

*Leloo, lelo, lelo!
Finish my dear little field, leloo, leloo, hüü!
If you do not finish, I will leave the crop here,
leloo, leloo, hüü!
Finish my dear little field, leloo, leloo, hüü!
If you do not finish, I will leave the crop here,
leloo, leloo, hüü!*

*Chirp, chirp, little sickle, chirp, chirp, little sickle,
Speak, speak, little curve, speak, speak,
little curve,
Talk, little Swedish iron, talk, little Swedish iron.*

Ke meisti ära suresi sene sirpi maa siseje,
ke meisti ära suresi sene sirpi maa siseje.

Ke meisti mehele läheb, sene sirpi kaugeelle,
ke meisti mehele läheb, sene sirpi kaugeelle.
Ke meisti mehele läheb, sene sirpi kaugeelle,
kellel sirp siin ette jõuab, sellel peigmees tulla
nõuab.

Lähme lauldes läbi metsa,
kelle hääl seal kaugel kostab, sellel peigmees
mütsi ostab, sellel peigmees mütsi ostab.

Sirise, sirise, sirbikene, sirise, sirise sirbikene.
Ke meisti mehele läheb, ke meisti mehele läheb,
sene sirpi kaugeelle, sene sirpi kaugeelle, sene
sirpi kaugeelle, sene sirpi kaugeelle.

*For those who will die, their sickle stays
in the ground,
For those who will die, their sickle stays
in the ground.*

*For those who will marry, their sickle goes
far away,
for those who will marry, their sickle goes
far away.
For those who will marry, their sickle goes
far away,
whoever's sickle outpaces the others, their groom
will come calling.*

*Let's go singing through the forest,
whoever's voice echoes far, their groom will buy
them a hat, their groom will buy them a hat.*

*Chirp, chirp, little sickle, chirp, chirp, little sickle.
For those who will marry, for those who will
marry, their sickle goes far away, their sickle
goes far away, their sickle goes far away, their
sickle goes far away.*

—Translations by Maarja Purga



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