

Identity and Independence

English Translations

FATHERS OF FILIPINO & FINNISH SONG

Madaling Araw

Francisco Santiago / José Corazón de Jesús

Irog ko'y dinggin ang tibok ng puso
Sana'y damdamin hirap ng sumuyo.
Manong itunghay ang matang mapunay
Na siyang tanging ilaw ng buhay kong papanaw.

Sa gitna ng kadimlan magdaling araw ka,
At ako ay lawitan ng habang at pagsinta.
Kung ako'y mamamatay
sa lungkot naring buhay
Lumapit ka lang lumapit ka lang at mabuhay.

At kung magka gayon mutya
mapalad na ang buhay ko
Magdaranas ako ng t'wa ng dahil sa iyo.
Madaling araw ka sinta liwanag ko't tanglaw.
Halina irog ko, at mahalín mo ako.

Manungaw liyag ilaw ko't pangarap
At madaling araw na!

Omenankukat

Oskar Merikanto / Eino Leino

Mun onneni kukkii kuin omenapuu
Kevät-öissä valoisissa,
kun kuusten latvat ne kumartuu
ja immet on unelmissa.

Ne yöt pari ympäri helluntain,
ne yöt on suuret ja syvät
ja silloin jos ei tule tuuli vain,
niin kypsyvät heelmät hyvät.

Oi, antaos taivas tyyntä nyt,
ja sitten sa annatkin muuta!
Oi, varjele Luojaani vakainen
nyt orvon omenapuuta!

Dawn

English translation by Hannah Comia

Beloved of mine, listen to my beating heart
Hopefully, it is difficult to feel.
Elder brother, look at my languid eyes.
She is the only light of my life.

In the middle of the darkness, you are dawn
And I am hanging in pity and love.
If I have to die because
of the sadness of life,
Come to me so I can live.

And if you are the jewel
That I am fortunate to have in my life,
I will experience happiness because of you.
Break of dawn, the torch that illuminates.
Come here, beloved, and give me your love.

Look my darling, my light and dream
And break of dawn!

Apple blossoms

English translation by Hannah Comia

My luck blooms like an apple tree
In the bright spring night,
When the tops of the spruce bend,
And virgins are dreaming.

Those two nights around Pentecost,
That night is large and deep
And then if there is no wind,
So mature the good fruit.

Oh, heavens give us calm now,
And then you give change!
Oh, protect my stable, Creator
Now the orphaned apple tree!

MYTHOLOGY & POST ROMANTIC IMPRESSIONISM

Sinipiika

Toivo Kuula / Veikko Antero Koskenniemi

Veit kesäisenä yönä sielun multa,
sä metsän sinipiika loihdullas.
Sen teki kumma laulu laulamas,
sun silmäis sini ja sun kutreis kulta.

Se mikä ennen sytytti
sydämeen tulta,
se kävi kalpeaksi rinnallas.
Veit paljon, paljon multa mukanas,
vain kaihon kalvavan sain sijaan sulta.

Ken lumoiissa on metsänneitosen,
hän omaa sieluansa etsien
käy muille outona kuin unissansa,
hän katsoo kaihoin illan hämärään,
hän riutuu sanattomaan ikävään
ja etsii omaa sieluansa.

Purjein kuutamolla

Kuula / Kalle Wuokoski

Ilman impi sinisiipi,
johda purtta pientä,
johda yli mustan veen
kohti kotinientä.
Rauhoittaos hymylläsi
musta meren syli,
jotta pääsee pursi pieni
suurten vetten yli.
Koske valkosormellasi
purren mastopariin,
ettei särkyis pursi hento
meren salakariin.
Ilman impi, sinisiipi,
johda purtta pientä
kohti kotinientä.

The Wood Sprite

English translation by George L. Buckbee

You robb'd me of my soul one summer ev'ning
entrancing wood sprite with all your charms.
Robb'd me with singing magic melodies,
with soft blue eyes and your golden tresses.

The things which used to tear my heart and
inflame me seem weak and pallid when
compared to you.
So much you robb'd from me,
That longing entered in and fill'd my soul.

Who wanders where the wood-sprite casts her
spell, will lose his soul and seek endlessly,
through unknown lands he'll wander aimlessly,
will watch the setting sun with yearning heart,
and all words will fail him in his deep regret,
while searching for his soul.

I sailed in the moonlight

English translation by Susan Sinisalo

Maiden, blue-winged, of the air,
Guide the little boat,
Guide it across the inky water
And take me home.
With your smile becalm
The inky sea's embrace,
That the little boat
May cross the vast waters.
Touch with your white finger
The two masts of the boat,
That the frail boat be not dashed
On the treacherous rocks.
Maiden, blue-winged, of the air,
Guide the little boat
And take me home.

COLORATURA SINGING STYLE

Ang Maya

Jose Estrella / S. Reyes

Ang ibong sa parang ka pag lumilipad
Madalas ang galaw ng kanilang pak pak.
At kung ma pagod na ay dadapong agad
Sa sanga ng kahoy ay pa lipat lipat

Sa umaga ang awitan ay ma inam na pakin gan
Sa gabi duma dapo di mahuli at maliksi.

Ah!

Pag na gulat ay lilipad papagapak
Ma mga pakpak at huhuning
Kiring kiring, kiring kiring
Pag napagod pag napagod kahalinhing nang.

Ah!

En slända

Sibelius / Oscar Levertin

Du vackra slända, som till mig flög in,
när tyngst min längtan öfver boken drömde,
du kom med hela sommarn till mitt sinn.
Du kom och jag allt gammalt svärmod glömde.
Blott dig jag såg, min dag jag lycklig dömde,
du vackra slända.

Men bäst jag jublade, att du var min
och lifvets skänk i sång på knä berömde,
du flög den samma väg som du kom in,
du trolska slända.

All afskedsgråt i välgångsord förrinn!
Ej beska fauns i bägarn, som vi tömde.
Att du var sol, jag skugga blott vi glömde.
Flyg ljus, flyg blå,
än sommarlycka finn,
välsignade, som en gång varit min,
min vackra slända.

The Sparrow

English translation by Hannah Comia

The bird that is flying in the field,
Their wings moving fast.
And if tired, it will land immediately
The branches of the tree, still moving.

In the morning it sings a beautiful song,
At night, it lands quickly and playfully.

Ah!

If surprised, it flies away,
Fluttering its wings.
It whistles "tweet tweet."
If it's tired, it murmurs quietly.

Ah!

A Dragonfly

English translation by anonymous

You, beautiful dragonfly that flew into me,
when my longing was deepest reading my book
You came to my soul with all of summer.
You came and I forgot all my old sorrow.
Just from seeing you, I judged my day as happy,
O beautiful dragonfly.

When I was most jubilant that you were mine
And praised life's gift on my knees,
You flew out the same way you had come in,
O bewitching dragonfly.

Tears of parting ran into words of farewell,
No bitterness was in the cup we drank clean.
We forgot you were sun and I was only shadow.
Fly light one, blue one,
may summer's joys you find,
You blessed one, who once were mine,
My beautiful dragonfly.

Ano Kaya Ang Kapalaran

Francisco Santiago

Dito sa mun-do'y walang kasing tamis
Gaya ng umawit ng sariling himig.
Bawat taginting ang wiko'y pagibig.
Siyang humahabi ng pusong na giliw.

Mahirap nga palang umirog sinta'y
dalhindalhing may lunos
Araw gabi ang puso ang tibok ay siphayo.
Ano kaya ang kapalaran ng aba't imbing lagay
Asahan mo't di palad kakamtan mo'y saklap.

Ah! kakamtan mo'y saklap.

Oh What so Fate?

English translation by Hannah Comia

Here on this earth, there is nothing better
than singing one's own melody.
Every echo is the language of love.
The one of affection, weaved into my heart.

How hard it is to love, darling,
Quickly bring grief, have compassion.
Day and night, the beating heart is oppressed.
What is the fate of the wretched that lies ahead?
Expect not fortune, you will receive bitterness!

Ah! You'll get a glimpse.

LULLABIES/CHILDREN'S SONGS

Laulan lasta nukkumahan

Oskar Merikanto / Kanteletar

Tuuti lasta, tuuti pientä,
Tuuti lasta nukkumahan!
Laulan lasta nukkumahan,
Uuvutan unen rekehen;
Käy unonen kätkemähän,
Poik' unosen ottamahan,
Kultaisehen korjahasi,
Hopiaisehen rekehen!

Sitte saatua rekehen,
Kopattua korjahasi,
Ajele tinaista tietä,
Vaskitannerta tasaista;
Vieös tuonne vienostani,
Kuletellos kullaistani,
Harjulle hopiavuoren,
Kultavuoren kukkulalle,
Hopiaisehen salohon,
Kultaisehen koivikkohon,
Kussa käet kulla kukkui,
Lauleli hopialinnut.

I sing the baby to sleep

English translation from Kanteletar

Lully baby, lully small,
Lull baby to sleep!
I sing the baby to sleep,
I get tired of sleigh;
Go to the dream,
take the dream of the son,
the repairman of the Golden Elephant,
the sleigh of the Healeress!

After that, get the sleigh,
Knocked out your repair,
Drive the tin road,
Brass trough flat;
Take me there,
Kuletellos from my gold, to the hill of the Silver
Mountain of Harju, to the
hill of Kultavuori, to the
salmon of Hopiaisehen, to
the birch of the Golden Hill,
Where the hands of gold fell,
The silver birds sang.

Lasse Liten

Sibelius / Z. Topelius

Världen är så stor, så stor,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Större än du nånsin tror
Lasse, Lasse liten.

Där är hett och där är kallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Men Gud råder överallt,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Många människor leva där,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Lycklig den som Gud har kär,
Lasse, Lasse liten.

När Guds ängel med dig går,
Lasse, Lasse liten!
Ingen orm dig bita får,
Lasse, Lasse liten.

Säg, var trives du nu mest,
Lasse, Lasse liten?
Borta bra, men hemma bäst,
Lasse, Lasse liten!

Sa Ugoy ng Duyan

Lucio San Pedro / Levi Celerio

Sana'y di magmaliw ang dati kong araw,
Nang munti pang bata sa piling ni Nanay
Nais ko'y maulit and awit ni Inang mahal,
Awit ng pagibig habang ako'y nasa duyan.

Sa aking pagtulog na labis ang himbing
Ang bantay ko'y tala ang tanod ko'y bit'win
Sa piling ni Nanay, langit ang buhay
Puso kong may dusa'y sabik sa ugoy ng duyan.
Ibig kong matulog sa dating duyan ko, Inang

Little Lasse

English translation by Maria Forsström

The world is so vast, so vast,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Vaster than you ever think,
Lasse, little Lasse!

There it's warm and there it's cold,
Lasse, little Lasse!
But God rules over all,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Many people live there,
Lasse, little Lasse!
Happy he who is loved by God,
Lasse, little Lasse!

When God's angel with thee goes,
Lasse, little Lasse,
No snake may bite thee,
Lasse, little Lasse!

Say, where do you thrive most,
Lasse, little Lasse?
Away is good but home is best,
Lasse, little Lasse!

The Sway of the Cradle

English translation by Hannah Comia

I hope the childhood memories never fade,
When I was a child in the care of my mother.
I want to hear the song my mother sang,
The one she sang when I was in the cradle.

When I slept, it was always a deep slumber.
The guardian of mine is the guiding star.
In my mom's love, life is heaven.
My sad heart longs for the sway of the cradle.
I want to sleep in my old cradle, mom.

IMPORTANT COMPOSERS/POETS OF IDENTITY & INDEPENDENCE

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings mote Sibelius / Runberg

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda händer. Modern sade:
"Hvaraf rodna dina händer, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat rosor
och på törnen stungit mina händer."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda läppar. Modern sade:
"Hvaraf rodna dina läppar, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har ätit hallon
och med saften målat mina läppar."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade:
"Hvaraf blekna dina kinder, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Red en grav, o moder!
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,
och på korset rista, som jag säger:

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,
ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro."

Yrtit tummat Leevi Madetoja / L. Onerva

Yrtit tummat etelän yössä
Miksi te katsotte silmäni niin?
Riutuen kaipaa raskas rinta
Hankien valkeaan kaupunkiin

Yrtit tummat etelän yössä
Vieras on teille mun murheeni syy
Kaukana, kaukana pohjolan mailla
Kanerva kankahat kyyneltyy

The girl returned from meeting her lover English translation William Wallace

From her lover's tryst a girl came homeward,
Came with crimson fingers. Said her mother:
"What has made your fingers crimson, dearie?"
Then she answered: "I was plucking roses,
Twas a little thorn that pricked my finger."

From her tryst again the girl came homeward,
Came with lips all crimson. Said her mother:
"What has made your lips so crimson, dearie?"
Then she answered: I was eating berries,
Twas the juice that stained my lips so crimson."

Yet again from trysting came she homeward,
Came with cheeks so ashen. Said her mother:
"What has made your cheeks so ashen, dearie?"
Then she answered: "Dig a grave, o mother!
Hide me there and set a cross above it,
On the cross then cut the words I tell you:

Homeward once she came with crimson fingers,
Crimson were they from her lover's fingers,
Then again, she came with lips all reddened
Redden'd were they by her lover's kisses.
Last of all she came with cheeks so ashen,
Turned to ashes by her lover's falsehood!"

Dark Herbs English translation by George L. Buckbee

Dark-hued leaves in the warm southern ev'ning,
why do you stare in my unblinking eyes?
Longing and yearning stir my memories,
snow covered cities under clear blue skies.

Dark-hued leaves in the warm southern ev'ning,
are you surprised when I tell this to you?
Far in the north is the land that I long for
fair fields that glow in the morning dew.

Mutya ng Pasig

Nicanor Abelardo / Deogracias A. Rosario

Kung gabling ang buwan
Sa langit ay nakadungaw;
Tila ginigising ng habagat
Sa kanyang pagtulog sa tubig;
Ang isang larawang puti at busilak,
Na lugay ang buhok na animo'y agos;
Ito ang Mutya ng Pasig.

Sa kanyang pagsiklot
Sa maputing bula,
Kasabay ang awit,
Kasabay ang tula;

Dati akong Paraluman,
Sa Kaharian ng pag-ibig,
Ang pag-ibig ng mamatay,
Naglaho rin ang kaharian.

Ang lakas ko ay nalipat,
Sa puso't dibdib ng lahat;
Kung nais ninyong akoy mabuhay,
Pag-ibig ko'y inyong ibigay.

Pag-ibig ko'y muling inyong ibigay.

FINAL SONGS

Ang Tangi Kong Pagibig

Constancio de Guzman

Ang tangi kong pag-ibig ay minsan lamang
Ngunit ang iyong akala ay hindi tunay
Hindi ko lilimutin magpakailan pa man
Habang ako ay narito at may buhay

Malasin mo't nagtitiis ng kalungkutan
Ang buhay ko'y unti-unti nang pumapanaw
Wari ko ba sinta, ako'y mamamatay
Kung di ikaw ang kapiling habang buhay

The Maiden of Pasig

English Translation by Hannah Comia

At night, the moon
peaks from the heaven;
Awoken by the wind and breeze
She was sleeping in the water;
The one who is glowing and immaculate
Her hair flowing like a river;
This is the jewel of Pasig.

Her tossing and turning,
Appears foaming bubbles,
Both the song,
And the poem;

Before, I was the queen
Of this kingdom of love.
Should the love die,
The kingdom disappears, too.

My strength is moving,
To the hearts of my people.
If your desire is for me to live,
I give my love to you.

Again, I give my love to you.

My Only Love

English translation by Hannah Comia

My only love happens only once
But your thought is not real
I will not willingly forget
If I am here in this life.

The bad luck of enduring sorrow
My life grew little and little
I think, my love, I will die,
If you are not living in this life.

Kun Päivä Paistaa

Merikanto / Hilja Haahti

Päivyt, paistaos hellien
Pohjan kylmälle hangellen!
Kukat vielä on uinumassa,
aalto jäisessä vankilassa;
vaan sun lämpöinen sätehes'
mulle kertovi terveises':
kohta poissa on nietos, jää,
kohta koittavi kevätsää.

Päivyt, paistaos hellien,
paista Suomeni korpehen!
Miss' on puute ja murhe musta,
sinne saattaos lohdutusta!
Kerro lämpimin sätehin:
päätyy huolien talvikin,
toivo, Luojahan luota vaan,
kevät koittavi aikanaan!

When the Day Shines

English translation by Emili Loiser

Day shines tenderly,
On the ground's cold crust of snow!
The flowers still sleeping,
The ways in icy prison.
Only your warm rays
Give me the promise that
Soon snow drifts and ice will depart
Soon spring will dawn.

Day shines tenderly,
Shines on my Finnish woodland
Where there is lack and dark sorrow,
[the day] will send their solace!
Promise with warm rays:
The end of a worry-filled winter,
Hope, in the Creator trust only,
Spring will come in its own time!